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The Crown.

by D. H. LAWRENCE.

II.

The Lion beat the Unicorn
And drove him out of town.

Life is a travelling to the edge of knowledge, then a leap taken. We cannot know beforehand. We are driven from behind, always as over the edge of the precipice.

It is a leap taken, into the beyond, as a lark leaps into the sky a fragment of earth which travels to be fused out, sublimated, in the shining of the heavens.

But it is not death. Death is neither here nor there. Death is a temporal, relative fact. In the absolute, it means nothing. The lark falls from the sky and goes running back to her nest. This is the ebb of the wave. The wave of earth flung up in spray, a lark, a cloud of larks, against the white wave of the sun. The spray of earth and the foam of heaven are one, consummated, a rainbow mid-way, a song. The larks return to earth, the rays go back to heaven. But these are only the shuttles that weave the iris, the song, mid-way, in absoluteness, timelessness.

Out of the dark, original flame issues a tiny green flicker, a weed coming alive. On the edge of the bright, ultimate, spiritual flame of the heavens is revealed a fragment of iris, a touch of green, a weed coming into being. The two flames surge and intermingle, casting up a crest of leaves and stems, their battlefield, their meeting-ground, their marriage bed, the embrace becomes closer, more unthinkably vivid, it leaps to climax, the battle grows fiercer, fiercer, intolerably, till there is the swoon, the climax, the consummation, the little yellow disk gleams absolute between heaven and earth, radiant of

both eternities, framed in the two infinities. Which is a weed, a sow-thistle bursting into blossom. And we, the foreshore in whom the waves of dark and light are unequally seething, we can see this perfection, this absolute, as time opens to disclose it for a moment, like the Dove that hovered incandescent from heaven, before it is closed again in utter timelessness.

“But the wind passeth over it and is gone.”

The wind passes over it and *we* are gone. It is time which blows in like a wind, out of either eternity, a wind which has a source and an issue, which swirls past the light of this absolute, like waves past a lighted buoy. For the light is not temporal nor eternal, but absolute. And we, who are temporal and eternal, at moments only we cease from our temporality. In these our moments we see the sow-thistle gleaming, light within darkness, darkness within light, consummated, we are with the song and the iris.

And then it is we, not the iris, not the song, who are blown away. We are blown for a moment against the yellow light of the window, the flower, then on again into the dark turmoil.

We have made a mistake. We are like travellers travelling in a train, who watch the country pass by and pass away, all of us who watch the sun setting, sliding down into extinction, we are mistaken. It is not the country which passes by and fades, it is not the sun which sinks to oblivion. Neither is it the flower that withers, nor the song that dies out.

It is we who are carried past in the seethe of mortality. The flower is timeless and beyond condition. It is we who are swept on in the condition of time. So we shall be swept as long as time lasts. Death is no part of the story. But we have being also in timelessness, we shall become again absolute, as we have been absolute, as we are absolute.

We know that we are purely absolute. We know in the last issue we are absolved from all opposition. We know we are never purely relative. Timelessness is our fate, and time is subordinate to our fate. But time is eternal.

And the life of man is like a flower that comes into blossom and passes away. In the beginning, the light touches the darkness, the darkness touches the light, and the two embrace. They embrace in opposition, only in their desire is there unanimity. There are two separate statements, the dark wants the light, and the light wants the dark. But these two statements are contained within the one "They want each other." And this is the condition of absoluteness, this condition of their wanting each other, that which makes light and dark one and whole even in opposition. The interrelation between them, this is constant and absolute, let it be called love or hate or what it may. It is all the things that it can be called.

In the beginning, light touches darkness and darkness touches light. Then life has begun. The light enfolds and implicates and involves the dark, the dark receives and interpenetrates the light, they come nearer, they are more finely combined, till they burst into the crisis of oneness, the blossom, the utter being, the transcendent and timeless flame of the iris.

Then time passes on. Out of the swoon the waves ebb back, dark towards the dark, light towards the light. They ebb back and away, the leaves return unto the darkness of earth, the quivering glimmer of substance returns into the light, the green of the last wavering iris disappears, the waves ebb apart, further, further, further.

Yet they never separate. The whole flood recedes, the tides are going to separate. And they separate entirely, save for one enfolded ripple, the tiny, silent, scarce visible enfolded pools of the seeds. These lie potent, the meeting-ground, the well-head wherein the tides will surge again, when the turn comes.

This is the life of man. In him too the tides sweep together towards the utter consummation, the consummation with the darkness, the consummation with the light, flesh and

spirit, one culminating crisis, when man passes into timelessness and absoluteness.

The residue of imperfect fusion and unfulfilled desire remains, the child, the well-head where the tides will flow in again, the seed. The absolute relation is never fully revealed. It leaps to its maximum of revelation in the flower, the mature life. But some of it rolls aside, lies potent in the enfolded seed. *My* desire is fulfilled, I, as individual am become timeless and absolute, perfect. But the whole desire of which I am part remains yet to be consummated. In me the two waves clash to perfect consummation. But immediately upon the clash come the next waves of the tide rippling in, the ripples, forerunners, which tinily meet and enfold each other, the seed, the unborn child. For we are all waves of the tide. But the tide contains all the waves.

It may be that waves which meet and mingle come to no consummation, only a confusion and a swirl and a falling away again. These are the myriad lives of human beings which pass in confusion of nothingness. the uncreated lives. There are myriads of human lives that are not absolute nor timeless, myriads that just waver and toss temporality, never become more than relative, never come into being. They have no being, no immortality. There are myriads of plants that never come to flower, but which perish away for ever, always separated in the fringe of time, never united, never consummated, never brought forth.

I know I am compound of two waves, I, who am temporal and mortal. When I am timeless and absolute, all duality has vanished. But whilst I am temporal and mortal, I am framed in the struggle and embrace of the two opposite waves of darkness and of light.

There is the wave of light in me which seeks the darkness, which has for its goal the Source and the Beginning, for its God the Almighty Creator to Whom is all power and glory. Thither the light of the seed of man struggles and aspires, into the infinite darkness, the womb of all creation.

What way is it that leads me on to the Source, to the Beginning? It is the way of flesh, the senses. Down the road of the senses, further and further into the darkness, I come to the Almighty God who was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. I come to the Almighty God. I am received back into the utter darkness of the Creator, I am once again with Him.

This is a consummation, a becoming eternal. This is an arrival into eternity. But eternity is only relative.

I can become one with god, consummated into eternity, by taking the road down the senses into the utter darkness, till I am one with the darkness, beyond knowledge of any opposite.

It is thus, seeking consummation in the utter darkness, that I come to the woman. She is the doorway, she is the dark eternity. When I put my hand on her, my heart beats with a passion of fear and ecstasy, for I touch my own passing away, my own ceasing-to-be, my own consummation in a darkness which obliterates me in its infinity. My veins rock as if they were being destroyed, the blood takes fire on the edge of oblivion, and beats backward and forward. I resist, yet I am compelled; the woman resists, yet she is compelled. And we are the relative parts dominated by the strange compulsion of the absolute.

Gradually my veins relax their gates, gradually the rocking blood goes forward, quivers on the edge of oblivion, then yields itself up, passes into the borderland of oblivion. Oh, and then I would die, I would quickly die, to have all knowledge at once, to come instantly to pure, eternal oblivion, consummation. But patience is fierce at the bottom of me; fierce, indomitable, abiding patience. So my blood goes forth in shock after shock of delirious passing-away, in shock after shock entering into consummation, till my soul is slipping its moorings, my mind, my will fuses down, I melt out and am gone into the eternal darkness, the primal darkness reigns, and I am not.

Shock after shock of ecstasy and the anguish of ecstasy, death after death of trespass into the unknown, till I fall down into the flame, I lapse into the intolerable flame, a pallid shadow I am transfused into the flux of unendurable darkness, and am gone. No spark nor vestige remains within the supreme dark flow of the flame, I am contributed again to the immortal source.

Till new-created I am thrown forth again on the shore of creation, warm and lustrous, goodly, new-born from the womb out of which all time has issued.

And then, new-born on the knees of darkness, new-issued from the womb of eternity, I open my eyes to the light and know the goal, the end, the light which stands over the end of the journey, the everlasting day, the oneness of the spirit.

The new journey, the new life has begun, the travelling to the opposite eternity, to the infinite light of the Spirit, the consummation in the Spirit.

My source and issue is in two eternities, I am founded in the two infinities. But absolute is the rainbow that goes between, the iris of my very being.

It may be, however, that the seed of light never propagates within the darkness, that the light in me is sterile, that I am never re-born within the womb, the Source, to be issued towards the opposite eternity.

It may be there is a great inequality, disproportion, within me, that I am nearly all darkness, like the night, with a few glimmers of cold light, moonlight, like the tiger with white eyes of reflected light brindled in the flame of darkness. Then I shall return again and again to the womb of the darkness, avid, never satisfied, my spirit will fall unfertile into the womb, will never be conceived there, never brought forth. I shall know the one consummation, the one direction only, into the darkness. It will be with me forever the almost, almost, almost, of satisfaction, of fulfilment. I shall know the one eternity, the one infinite, the one immortality, I shall have partial being; but never the whole, never the

full. There is an infinite which does not know me. I am always relative, always partial, always, in the last issue, unconsummated.

The barren womb can never be satisfied, if the quick of darkness be sterile within it. But neither can the unfertile loins be satisfied, if the seed of light, of the spirit, be dead within them. They will return again and again and again to the womb of darkness, asking, asking, and never satisfied.

Then the unconsummated soul, unsatisfied, uncreated in part, will seek to make itself whole by bringing the whole world under its one order, will seek to make itself absolute and timeless by devouring its opposite. Adhering to the one eternity of darkness, it will seek to devour the eternity of light. Realising the one infinite of the Source, it will endeavour to absorb into its oneness the opposite infinite of the Goal. This is the infinite with its tail in its mouth.

Consummated in one infinite, and one alone, this soul will assert the oneness of all things, that all things are one in the One Infinite of the Darkness, of the Source. One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so. This is the cry of the Soul consummated in one eternity only.

There is one eternity, one infinite, one God. "Thou shalt have no other god before me."

But why this Commandment, unless there were in truth another god, at least the equal of Jehovah?

Consummated in the darkness only, having not enough strength in the light, the partial soul cries out in a convulsion of insistence that the darkness alone is infinite and eternal, that all light is from the small, contained sources, the lamps lighted at will by the desire of the Creator, the sun, the moon and stars. These are the lamps and candles of the Almighty, which He blows out at will. These are little portions of special darkness, darkness transfigured, these lights.

There is one God, one Creator, one Almighty; there is one infinite and one eternity, it is the infinite and the eternity of the Source. There is One Way: it is the Way of the Law.

There is one Life, the Life of Creation, there is one Goal, the Beginning, there is one immortality, the immortality of the great I AM. All is God, the One God. Those who deny this are to be stamped out, tortured, tortured for ever.

It is possible then to deny it.

Having declared the One God, then the partial soul, fulfilled of the darkness only, proceeds to establish this God on earth, to devour and obliterate all else.

Rising from the darkness of consummation in the flesh, with the woman, it seeks to establish its kingdom over all the world. It strides forth, the lord, the master, strong for mastery. It will dominate all, all, it will bring all under the rules of itself, of the One, the Darkness lighted with the lamps of its own choice.

Darkness slays darkness and light alike, so that it may assert its own infinite and its own lamps. The night of stars and moon and that greater star, the sun, devours the night of clouds and obscurity, devours the assertion of the day. It is David slaying the dark, cloudy Goliath, it is David destroying his enemies, the enemies of the lord, the powers of cloudy darkness, it is David taking Bathsheba and sending Uriah to death, it is David dancing naked before the Ark, asserting the oneness, his own oneness, the one infinity, himself, the one God, I AM. And David never went in unto Michal any more, because she jeered at him. So that she was barren all her life.

But it was David who really was barren. Michal, when she mocked, mocked the sterility of David. For the spirit in him was blasted with unfertility; he could not become born again, he could not be conceived in the spirit. Michal, the womb of profound darkness, could not conceive to the over-weak seed of David's spirit. David's seed was too much of darkness, it bred and begot preponderant darkness. The flood of darkness set in after David, the lamps and candles began to gutter.

It is this unfertility of spirit which sends man raging to

the woman, and sends him raging away again, unsatisfied. It is not the woman's barrenness: it is his own. Clytemnestra murdered Agamemnon because of his intrinsic sterility.

This is the course of the barren spirit, to assert One God, one Way, one Glory, the glory of power and might. And this One God is indeed God, this one Way is the way, the one Glory is an eternal glory. But only part, half. The other half is denied.

The One God of Power and Might and Glory, this is David who slays Goliath and dances naked before the Ark this is Agamemnon who sacrifices Iphigenia and departs for the glory of killing, the splendour of the Trojan war; it is the later ecstasy of naked Dionysos, it is bread and circuses of Rome, it is Napoleon, with his conquests, his "vite, une femme," his ermine and his self-display. It is all the same thing, and always the same thing.

It is the unfertility of the spirit giving utter supremacy, absoluteness to the flesh, the flesh conscious and unconscious. The night has its lights, the flesh its own consciousness, its own accomplished righteousness. But this righteousness takes the form of Law, it is given absoluteness and finality.

So David with his righteousness, Agamemnon with his bad justice, Caesar with his clemency and largeness, Napoleon with his Code. They are all genuine, and sincere, and fair. But it is the assertion of the one infinite, the Source, the Beginning, the God Almighty who has established Creation upon poles of Law, for ever.

They all die in anguish of grief and failure, or by murder. They have asserted the part as the whole.

They are the lions of the world, who devour all virginity, devour the white light of the End, of that which shall be, other than what is, devour it all up into that which IS, which IS, and is eternal, absolute. The unicorn, defender of the unborn Spirit, they drive out of town.

They are the lions, they have their lights and their lamps, their eyes are golden. But there are also the tigers. These are

pure and unbroached. Their light is indeed the light of darkness made visible, a phosphorescence, a moonlight, Dionysic. They are purely of the One, the Other has no part in them.

They devour the gentlest creatures, the creatures of the spirit. Foes they have none, only prey.

They are supreme, perfect, supremely beautiful, the pure revelation of one eternity, pure, terrible in its awful concentricity, its awful swoon into conclusiveness that is never even then conclusive, never free, never absolute, always tense with fierce obliviousness. They are perfect in their singleness, but they are trembling, they are brindled shadows wavering back into the utter darkness. Their eyes are concentrated upon oblivion. Soon the last light will go out of their night, and they will be back in the dark source, gone.

They are the foot of the rainbow, the last band of iris standing upon the eternal night. They are the last banded ripples that pass into infinite darkness, the last ebbing out of light, the last tremor of the dark infinite, before it is at peace again.

The Little Governess.

by MATILDA BERRY.

Oh dear, how she wished that it was'nt night-time. She'd have much rather travelled by day, much much rather. But the lady at the Governess Bureau had said: "You had better take an evening boat and then if you get into a compartment for "Ladies Only" in the train you will be far safer than sleeping in a foreign hotel. Don't go out of the carriage; don't walk about the corridors and *be sure* to lock the lavatory door if you go there. The train arrives at Munich at eight o'clock and Frau Arnholdt says that the Hotel Grünewald is only one minute away. A porter can take you there. She will arrive at six the same evening, so you will have a nice quiet day to rest after the journey and rub up your German. And when you want anything to eat I would advise you to pop into the nearest baker's and get a bun and some coffee. "You haven't been abroad before, have you?" "No." "Well, I always tell my girls that it's better to mistrust people at first rather than trust them, and it's safer to suspect people of evil intentions rather than good ones... IT sounds rather hard but we've got to be women of the world, have'nt we?"

It had been nice in the Ladies' Cabin. The stewardess was so kind and changed her money for her and tucked up her feet. She lay on one of the hard pink-sprigged couches and watched the other passengers, friendly and natural, pinning their hats to the bolsters, taking off their boots and

skirts, opening dressing-cases and arranging mysterious rustling little packages, tying their heads up in veils before lying down. *Thud. thud, thud*, went the steady screw of the steamer. The stewardess pulled a green shade over the light and sat down by the stove, her skirt turned back over her knees, a long piece of knitting on her lap. On a shelf above her head there was a water bottle with a tight bunch of flowers stuck in it. "I like travelling very much," thought the little governess. She smiled and yielded to the warm rocking.

But when the boat stopped and she went up on deck, her dress-basket in one hand, her rug and umbrella in the other, a cold strange wind flew under her hat. She looked up at the masts and spars of the ship black against a green glittering sky and down to the dark landing stage where strange muffled figures lounged, waiting; she moved forward with the sleepy flock all knowing where to go to and what to do except her, and she felt afraid. Just a little—just enough to wish—oh, to wish that it was day-time and that one of those women who had smiled at her in the glass when they both did their hair in the Ladies' Cabin was somewhere near now. 'Tickets please. Show your tickets. Have your tickets ready.' She went down the gangway balancing herself carefully on her heels. Then a man in a black leather cap came forward and touched her on the arm. "Where for, Miss?" He spoke English—he must be a graud or a station-master with a cap like that. She had scarcely answered when he pounced on her dress-basket. "This way," he shouted, in a rude, determined voice, and elbowing his way he strode past the people. "But I don't want a porter." What a horrible man! "I don't want a porter. I want to carry it myself." She had to run to keep up with him and her anger, far stronger than she, ran before her and snatched the bag out of the wretch's hand. He paid no attention at all, but swung on down the long dark platform, and across a railway line. 'He is a robber.' She was sure he was a robber as she step-

ped between the silvery rails and felt the cinders crunch under her shoes. On the other side—oh, thank goodness!—there was a train with Munich written on it. The man stopped by the huge lighted carriages. “Second class?” asked the insolent voice. “Yes, a Ladies’ compartment.” She was quite out of breath; she opened her little purse to find something small enough to give this horrible man while he tossed her dress-basket into the rack of an empty carriage that had a ticket, *Dames Seules*, gummed on the window. She got into the train and handed him twenty centimes. “What’s this?” shouted the man, glaring at the money and then at her, holding it up to his nose, sniffing at it as though he had never in his life seen, much less held, such a sum. “It’s a franc. You know that, don’t you? It’s a franc. That’s my fare!” A franc! Did he imagine that she was going to give him a franc for playing a trick like that just because she was a girl and travelling alone at night. Never-never! She squeezed her purse in her hand and simply did not see him—she looked at a view of St. Malo on the wall opposite and simply did not hear him. “Ah, no. Ah, no. Four sous. You make a mistake. Here, take it. It’s a franc I want.” He leapt on to the step of the train and threw the money on to her lap. Trembling with terror she screwed herself tight, tight, and put out an icy hand and took the money—stowed it away in her hand. “That’s all you’re going to get,” she said. For a minute or two she felt his sharp eyes pricking her all over, while he nodded slowly, pulling down his mouth: “Ve-ry well. *Trrrrès bien.*” He shrugged his shoulders and disappeared into the dark. Oh, the relief! How simply terrible that had been! As she stood up to feel if the dress-basket was firm she caught sight of herself in the mirror, quite white, with big round eyes. She untied her ‘motor veil’ and unbuttoned her green cape. “But it’s all over now,” she said to the mirror face, feeling in some way that it was more frightened than she.

People began to assemble on the platform. They stood

together in little groups talking; a strange light from the station lamps painted their faces almost green. A little boy in red clattered up with a huge tea wagon and leaned against it, whistling and flicking his boots with a serviette. A woman in a black alpaca apron pushed a barrow with pillows for hire. Dreamy and vacant she looked—like a woman wheeling a perambulator—up and down, up and down—with a sleeping baby inside it. Wreaths of white smoke floated up from somewhere and hung below the roof like misty vines. “How strange it all is,” thought the little governess, “and the middle of the night, too.” She looked out from her safe corner, frightened no longer but proud that she had not given that franc. “I can look after myself—of course I can. The great thing is not to—” Suddenly from the corridor there came a stamping of feet and men’s voices, high and broken with snatches of loud laughter. They were coming her way. The little governess shrank into her corner as four young men in bowler hats passed, staring through the door and window. One of them, bursting with the joke, pointed to the notice ‘*Dames Seules*’ and the four bent down the better to see the one little girl in the corner. Oh dear, they were in the carriage next door. She heard them tramping about and then a sudden hush followed by a tall thin fellow with a tiny black moustache who flung her door open. “If mademoiselle cares to come in with us,” he said, in French. She saw the others crowding behind him, peeping under his arm and over his shoulder, and she sat very straight and still. “If mademoiselle will do us the honour,” mocked the tall man. One of them could be quiet no longer; his laughter went off in a loud crack. “Mademoiselle is serious,” persisted the young man, bowing and grimacing. He took off his hat with a flourish and she was alone again. “*En voiture. En voiture!*” Some one ran up and down beside the train. “I wish it wasn’t night-time. I wish there was another woman in the carriage. I’m frightened of the men next door.” The little governess looked out to see her porter coming back again—the same

man making for her carriage with his arms full of luggage. But — but what *was* he doing? He put his thumb-nail under the label *Dames Seules* and tore it right off and then stood aside squinting at her while an old man wrapped in a plaid cape climbed up the high step. “But this is a Ladies’ compartment.” “Oh, no, Mademoiselle, you make a mistake. “No, no, I assure you. Merci, Monsieur.” “*En voi-turre!*” A shrill whistle. The porter stepped off triumphant and the train started. For a moment or two big tears brimmed her eyes and through them she saw the old man unwinding a scarf from his neck and untying the flaps of his jaeger cap. He looked very old. Ninety at least. He had a white moustache and big gold-rimmed spectacles with little blue eyes behind them and pink wrinkled cheeks. A nice face — and charming the way he bent forward and said in halting French: “Do I disturb you, Mademoiselle? Would you rather I took all these things out of the rack and found another carriage?” What! that old man have to move all those heavy things just because she..... “No, it’s quite alright. You don’t disturb me at all.” “Ah, a thousand thanks.” He sat down opposite her and unbuttoned the cape of his enormous coat and flung it off his shoulders.

The train seemed glad to have left the station. With a long leap it sprang into the dark. She rubbed a place in the window with her glove but she could see nothing — just a tree outspread like a black fan or a scatter of lights, or the line of a hill, solemn and huge. In the carriage next door the young men started singing “*Un, deux, trois.*” They sang the same song over and over at the tops of their voices.

I never would have dared to go to sleep if I had been alone, she decided. *I couldn’t* have put my feet up or even taken off my hat. The singing gave her a queer little tremble in her stomach and hugging herself to stop it with her arms crossed under her cape she felt really glad to have the old man in the carriage with her. Careful to see that

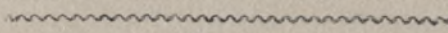
he was not looking she peeped at him through her long lashes. He sat extremely upright, the chest thrown out, the chin well in, knees pressed together, reading a German paper. That was why he spoke French so funnily. He was a German. Something in the army, she supposed — a Colonel or a General — once of course, not now; he was too old for that now. How spick and span he looked for an old man. He wore a pearl pin stuck in his black tie and a ring with a dark red stone on his little finger; the tip of a white silk handkerchief showed in the pocket of his double-breasted jacket.— Somehow, altogether, he was really nice to look at. Most old men were so horrid. She couldn't bear them doddering — or they had a disgusting cough or something. But not having a beard — that made all the difference — and then his cheeks were so pink and his moustache so very white. Down went the German paper and the old man leaned forward with the same delightful courtesy: "Do you speak German, Mademoiselle?" "*Ja, ein wenig, mehr als Französisch,*" said the little governess, blushing a deep pink colour that spread slowly over her cheeks and made her blue eyes look almost black. "Ach, so!" The old man bowed graciously. "Then perhaps you would care to look at some illustrated papers." He slipped a rubber band from a little roll of them and handed them across. "Thank you very much." She was very fond of looking at pictures, but first she would take off her hat and gloves. So she stood up, unpinned the brown straw and put it neatly in the rack beside the dress-basket, stripped off her brown kid gloves, paired them in a tight roll and put them in the crown of the hat for safety, and then sat down again, more comfortably this time, her feet crossed, the papers on her lap. How kindly the old man in the corner watched her bare little hand turning over the big white pages, watched her lips moving as she pronounced the long words to herself, rested upon her hair that fairly blazed under the light. Alas! how tragic for a little governess to possess hair that made one think of tangerines and marigolds, of apricots

and tortoiseshell cats and champagne! Perhaps that was what the old man was thinking as he gazed and gazed, and that not even the dark ugly clothes could disguise her soft beauty. Perhaps the flush that licked his cheeks and lips was a flush of rage that anyone so young and tender should have to travel alone and unprotected through the night. Who knows he was not murmuring in his sentimental German fashion: "Ja, es ist eine Tragoedie! Would to God I were the child's grandpapa!"

"Thank you very much. They were very interesting." She smiled prettily handing back the papers. "But you speak German extremely well," said the old man. "You have been in Germany before, of course?" "Oh no, this is the first time" — a little pause, then — "this is the first time that I have ever been abroad at all." "Really! I am surprised. You gave me the impression, if I may say so, that you were accustomed to travelling." "Oh, well — I have been about a good deal in England, and to Scotland, once." "So. I myself have been in England once, but I could not learn English." He raised one hand and shook his head, laughing. "No, it was too difficult for me.. 'Ow-do-you-do. Please vich is ze vay to Leicestaire Squaare'." She laughed, too. "Foreigners always say..." They had quite a little talk about it. "But you will like Munich," said the old man, "Munich is a wonderful city. Museums, pictures, galleries, fine buildings and shops, concerts, theatres, restaurants — all are in Munich. I have travelled all over Europe many, many times in my life, but it is always to Munich that I return. You will enjoy yourself there." "I am not going to *stay* in Munich," said the little governess, and she added shyly, "I am going to a post as governess to a doctor's family in Augsburg." "Ah, that was it." Augsburg he knew. Augsburg — well — was not beautiful. A solid manufacturing town. But if Germany was new to her he hoped she would find something interesting there too. "I am sure I shall." "But what a pity not to see Munich before you go. You ought to take a little holiday on

your way" — he smiled — "and store up some pleasant memories." I am afraid I could not do *that*, said the little governess, shaking her head, suddenly important and serious. "And also, if one is alone..." He quite understood. He bowed, serious too. They were silent after that. The train shattered on, baring its dark, flaming breast to the hills and to the valleys. It was warm in the carriage. She seemed to lean against the dark rushing and to be carried away and away. Little sounds made themselves heard; steps in the corridor, doors opening and shutting — a murmur of voices — whistling... then the window was pricked with long needles of rain... But it did not matter... it was outside... and she had her umbrella... she pouted, sighed, opened and shut her hands once and fell fast asleep.

(*To be concluded.*)



There was a Little Man...

By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

II.

I should be freely doing. And that I suppose is the end of it all — free activity, active freedom. The words begin to fascinate me, spinning round and echoing musically in my brain. A moment and they are the shining key to all things; another moment and they are the barren echo of my own tumultuous blood. But I believe they are the key, for the very thinking of the thought seems to caress me and to make me smile. I am smiling now.

Then what I seek, and the whole world with me, is a right understanding of freedom: yet not a right understanding only, for the mind is teacher, and itself the taught. This freedom must be embraced by the whole being, not by the mind alone. It is not freedom to achieve a purpose, for the purpose is freedom. Freedom is itself the end of freedom.

Oh, I must hold you tight, for you can vanish, if my touch be not a grasp, into the grey and vacant spaces of my mind. You must be shaped and defined, or you have no form, no beauty, no life. Yet you may not be shaped like the clay by the pressure of a hand without, else you are not freedom but a slave. Then you must be controlled gently and musically from within. Yours is the hand that sets your bounds, Freedom self-controlled!

And you it is, my wonder Freedom, that holds me here writing these vain and foolish words to you. I who cannot write save with labour, I have no labour in writing for you. Though words come slowly they come freely, my angel Freedom, for you within me urge me on, though I sit in the room where I deny you everyday and I write with the pen that blasphemes you in the morning, in the evening you call me

to be your willing, gracious slave. Yes, I am a slave, your slave, Freedom my delight, for you are in me now, guiding me through strange words.

Freedom, you know how I do deny you and will not write pæans such as these, and, because you knew, you smile me on to strange words and hold me back from none, for the strange words are mine and the familiar are not my own; for the strange words are free and the common ones are slave, and I in you am free and no slave at all.

How long shall it be, my freedom? Only a little space, or for years and years, until having freely lived I shall freely die? Or to-morrow shall I lock the door upon you when you knock and say that you never lived within me? But you are mine, however much I deny and blaspheme. Though the door be locked you will abide on the step waiting for the day when I shall open to you again. I shall open to you, my freedom, not as a to a stranger, not as to a guest, with a shake of the hand and a smile, but joyful and sorrowful both, for I shall open to myself.

Freedom! How wonderful is your name. Your name—your name is mine. That I should have won such a name, even for a moment! And the name will never be lost, for I am baptised and can never be utterly cast out. I shall return for ever to the fold, to the warm fold of my own heart.

Miracle Freedom! You seem to me so beautiful and so calm; you seem to smile at me because I hasten and stumble in my running, because I am anxious and afraid that you will dissolve from before my eyes and be gone for ever. You smile and are calm. Is it not, my Freedom, that you know that I can never lose you, that you are not standing there beyond my touch, but grown, fashioned, breathing, smiling in me?

You are mine, my Freedom, you are me. But how shall I know you again? I am oppressed now by the thought that, although you are me and mine, I shall not find you again. Something smiles within me with the smile you smiled just

ago and says to me that there is nothing harder to find, more terrible to hold, than my own soul — for you are my own soul, my freedom. Because it smiles as you smile, I believe it. How long will it be before I shall find you again?

Shall I open the door night after night and see nothing but the dark, with the wind in my ears and the rain beating and blinding my eyes, so that even though you lie on the step of my door I shall not see you, even though I call through the storm you will not hear? Oh, my Freedom, why should the door of my heart ever be locked against you? And yet I know that it will be locked, even if it be only to open again. And in the space between you will be gone.

Shall I find you again, my Freedom? Will you come bravely into the house of my heart and sit by the fire; — bravely, because I welcomed you once, when you were a stranger and unknown, and you smiled at me so sweetly and gravely that I wrote these words to you. Was it strange that I wrote, and strange that I could not forbear to smile on you as you smiled on me? Because it was strange, will you remember the road and the house again, will you know that from this night and ever on I shall set a candle in my window that you may see the light and come?

For you are mine, my Freedom, you are me. You cannot go and knock at another's door and sit by his fire and smile while he makes music to you. Freedom, tell me you are mine.

You will not say. Because you will not say, I doubt again. May be you are not mine. May be you are not Freedom but some spirit that comes to me as Freedom, and your smile is meant only to mock me. May be there are other houses and other lights to guide you. May be you strayed from the way, and as you came tired along the road you saw that my door was open a little and a thin crack of light showed out. For my door was opened a little. May be you heard me pulling at the rusty latch, tugging at the handle, for the hinges were old and set. May be you came only to deceive me.

Oh, Freedom, I did not look for you. I sought only to open the door and look what might be beyond. Yet you came. No, my Freedom, you are not mine. I have no right to you — and you are leaving me now...

And now here I am in the morning, wondering whether it has worn off and whether it could have been really worth while. Strange the discoveries one may make in rummaging the cellars of one's soul. And how hard it is to decide whether the things I find there are my own. They are so odd and unfamiliar that they frighten me a little. I am more than a little dubious of that outpouring. It was hardly what I should have expected of myself, seeing that three years of gentlemanly blasphemy have turned me into a blasphemous little gentleman. No, I should *not* have expected it.

"Personal truth," said my philosophical Adam.

"Damn personal truth," I said. "Can't you see its hardly the thing to say of a wonderful woman. I don't think I would dare to say to my beloved after a miracle night together, 'Thank you for the pleasant evening!' I tell you, I would rather say nothing at all, Adam."

"Oh, call her Freedom then. *I* don't care. Though why you should always be put off by some woman or other when you really are beginning to get at things, I can't understand... You *are* serious, aren't you? Why can't you stay serious?"

I don't like Adam this morning. I'm very glad he's gone, slamming the door behind him. But he shouldn't have left that *souvenir tendre* with me,

"Am I serious?"

I wonder. But you visitor of last night, you have taught me something. You don't like Adam yourself, I know; and so you whispered to me how I might beat him, playing his own game.

"Come back, Adam!... Tell me. Is it a good thing to be serious?"

"It all depends what you mean by a good thing".

"You unregenerate... To hell with your 'depends.' You

know what *the* good thing is. I don't mind even if you call her Personal Truth. She answered to the name last night after all. But I don't believe she will come again unless you call her rightly — darling Freedom, Angel Freedom, wonder Freedom. (Turn back my pages, Adam, and you will find a not intolerable choice.) But you have a prejudice. Well, we won't quarrel. I will say Personal Truth with my lips and whisper Angel Freedom in my heart. But tell me now, Adam ... No, I see you want to go, standing impatient on the threshold there... But answer this first. You came back of your own desire. I didn't abuse you for slamming the door. Tell me, is it good to be serious when my Delight holds her lips warm to my ear and whispers: "Don't be cold or cruel" — forgive me, Adam — when personal truth (what a harridan she seems!) *forbids?*"

Adam has slammed the door again, twice as loud. I had no idea he could be so pettish. He always seemed so calm and dignified. He always impressed me: now I've begun to suspect that he oppressed me as well. Yet Angela says that he is very like me. Perhaps he is: but I can't believe it. Anyhow I hate him to-day.

I think it must of been Adam who said to Angela about the money: "Put it in the bank!" It was Adam she kissed in the cupboard, while he held a plate of lemons in one hand and a dish of apples in the other. It was Adam said: "Buy her. She won't be more than a hundred twelve pounds. Ninety-nine more!" It wasn't Adam said that he would put a candle in the window so that she might see her way.

And I don't see very well how I could say to her, "I'll pay you twelve pounds." She wasn't wearing very much, if she was wearing anything: and if she was wearing anything, I know there wasn't room for a pocket. And I don't think she would care to read my pass-book instead of talking to me.

Now that I come to think of it, I don't believe that anyone will understand a word of this. And yet there's no getting away from it that I am writing to be understood. How can

anybody understand, when here am I rushing three strange people out the wings, without a word of warning on the programme?

I know there's nobody watching except the illustrious paper in the stalls. I can see they haven't brought any womenfolk with them because they knew it would be boring. And I must confess it was rather foolish of me to send them tickets for "A Play without a Title, Actors at present Unknown, Programmes to be obtained after the Performance." No wonder they are going — and I can't even run after them with a signed photograph of my leading lady for their Sunday theatrical page.

"I don't remember that there was a leading lady," said the Old Man with a Beard in the corner seat.

It's kind of him to speak out loud like that. There's nobody else left in the theatre, and it would be lonely without a voice.

"Perhaps you were asleep," I venture.

"Perhaps I was," he acquiesces, so gently that I like him. "But couldn't you bring her on again?"

I knew he would ask me that. I was afraid, yet certain that the question would come.

"She might come," I say timidly, "with a little persuasion; but she's — *varium et mutabile semper*."

"Young man," — there was a new sternness in his voice — "I stayed here because the seats are comfortable, and because I don't believe you are quite such a fool as you look; but if you give me any of your Oxford back-chat, I'll leave the house this minute. I'd have you know I paid to come in."

"Paid?" I stammer.

"I tell you I paid half-a-crown."

"Are you sure .. you paid to hear me? There are others before me. Perhaps you came too late, mistook the time?"

"For God's sake say what you have to say, young man, without all this palaver!"

"I'm not quite sure whether..."

"Come, come... I've not been asleep all the while. You were talking to someone just now. Who was she? I'd like to make her acquaintance. Then there was that fellow Adam — and Angela — very attractive. Who the devil are they all?"

"It would take a long time..."

"Yes, yes... but tell me, do they all live with you?"

"I don't exactly know..."

"You don't know whether you have two women living with you! Don't know! What the devil do you mean, don't know!"

"I mean," I stammer, "I've never seen them in the same room at the same time..."

"You mean..." The Old Man spoke in a whisper. Quickly, hands invisible in the darkness were pulling the dust covers over the plush chairs. "You mean... Very interesting, very interesting indeed!"

I nodded. "Of course I can't say... but it is conceivable."

The Old Man nodded too. For a moment I thought he was pondering. Then I felt sure that he was nodding in sleep. But a thick low voice came through his beard. I could scarcely hear a word, but I fancied that I could distinguish "Go on!"

"Did you say," I shouted, "that I was to *go on*?"

"Yes!" he roared, and instantly fell asleep.

And he hadn't asked me who they were — the Angel, Adam and Angela. Since there's no-one else to ask, why there's surely no need to tell. But to get on, that's more of a business.

Yes, decidedly a business. I am never sure that it's not becoming nonsense. Yet if I go down and sit by the Old Man, there will be no one to talk on the stage. Not the Angel nor Angela nor Adam — none of them will come on, unless I am there to push them. Certainly the Angel came without having to be pushed exactly; but she must have seen I was there. And if I go down to sit with the Old Man, she won't be able to tell which is which. It's very dark down there. All the dust covers are on. All the stage lights are off. It's very dark everywhere.

I know why the stage lights are off. Adam has told me many times that I shall never be able to do anything without the illumination of a general idea. I haven't a single one now; and I am afraid that if I wait in the dark even the Old Man will creep away,

Yes, to get on.

Well, there was that about Personal Truth.

At least I have turned the lights on again... But they are too bright, too hard. The covered chairs are sordid as the parlour of a Bloomsbury boarding-house. The Old Man's cheeks are yellow and lank. I hate this light.

Angel Freedom!

It is dark again. I would rather talk softly with you in the dark than speak of Personal Truth in the light of a thousand lamps. The light blinds me. I can see in the dark.

I was ready to see you and speak with you in the dark, when another thought came to me, an ugly, mean thought, that I am writing this; that this is mine; that I would go now and read it all, and wait in the anxious certainty that Angela would say: "But that is really very good."

I am a weak vessel, my Angel Freedom. I sit with the Old Man and clap my exits and my entrances. You have no use for such as me.

"No *use* for such as me; no *use* for such as me." The racing clock ticks it again and again, and I begin to blaspheme against you.

That I will not. I will declare an interlude. It is not on the programme; but I am writing the programme now. The Old Man will not awake, for we will not turn on those hateful lights again.

Angela said: "Let's go for a little walk in the garden."

I hesitated, for I was not sure that I had the right to give myself an interlude.

"Right?" whispered the Angel.

"Right! What about duty?" said Adam.

"Come now," said Angela.

So I went, wondering whether the Old Man would be there still on my return...

Perhaps the interlude was too long. The Old Man was no longer there when I returned. It is a pity, for now it seems empty to speak to an empty house. The words will not come.

It is in fact a pretty problem in Freedom. (I am afraid Adam has been at me in the interval.) I want to go on, yet it is pain to me to go on; and I stand on the edge of the stage shivering and tongue-tied. Somehow I have lost the thread of my oration. I cannot continue freely nor can I freely cease. The door is locked, bolted and barred. I cannot get outside; I will not stay within.

Inevitable that I should become feverish and talk about anything.

I have read a book in the interval—a long book with a pertinent title: "Of Human Bondage." It is written by a man of whom I believe no more than he compels me to believe. The gist of the story is that a boy with a club foot, halt in soul, has all the doors in life to open on to Freedom. There is no doubt that that is the right theme. We may treat that in different ways according to our insight and our age; but there has never been a novel which we within our hearts considered great, but was built according to that plan.

And yet, I am not interested whether this young man wins or fails to win his freedom. Not for one single moment has it mattered to me. Yet I should not wonder if Philip Carey (and his creator with him) should subscribe to all that I have said about Freedom. Where then is the difference?

For that he was bound captive to a despicable woman I despise him; yet then, might he not be free? Or is my despite the measure of a man's capacity for freedom? But he is not free. Are there then two kinds of freedom?

The freedom of the free man and the freedom of the slave these are two. The slave is defined by his bondage;

the freeman by his aspirations. The slave is free when his material fetters are broken? the free man is free when his aspirations are suddenly linked to his own heart. But the slave may aspire — to the freedom of a slave, "Remove these chains and I am free." Free, only in name and to the eye, but not less a slave. For freedom is of the spirit and won by the spirit; and whether he be bound or free the slave is the captive of the life that is but a hard and ugly means to living. But the free man when in the spirit he touches the hem of the garment of the spirit's freedom, leaps beyond life to living. He is free, and by his freedom he frees all men. The freedom of the slave frees no man, not even himself.

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