

ELIZABETH JANE MCDONALD WEINRICH
The Genesis of George MacDonald's *Lilith*: A Study of Pre-Publication Documents
(Under the direction of SIMON GATRELL)

In March of 1890, George MacDonald inscribed in a notebook an untitled text which became the basis for *Lilith: A Romance*, published in 1895. Although initially discounted by reviewers as an aberration, *Lilith: A Romance* eventually became known as one of MacDonald's greatest works. Attention was not drawn to the notebook manuscript and subsequent documents recording the revision of the text, however, until late in the 1970's. The pre-publication materials include the 1890 manuscript, which has been designated as *Lilith A*, as well as seven more documents, *Lilith B* through *H*. The second document in the series, *Lilith B*, is comprised of passages inscribed during at least two distinct phases of composition. This study examines both *Lilith A* and *Lilith B*, then provides materials preparatory to an edition of *Lilith*. The text of *Lilith A* was apparently copied into a notebook from a pre-existing text and relates a fairy tale-like narrative which includes many elements present in the final *Lilith: A Romance*, yet it does not include many episodes and characters which became central to the revised text. Analysis of MacDonald's life between 1890 and 1895 when *Lilith: A Romance* was published provides evidence that the writer underwent personal crises during that time which probably account for the many changes to and the complex revising process of the text. The most important and radical changes occurred during the inscription of *Lilith B* which was made with two different typewriters, apparently over a protracted period of time. Examination of those changes suggests that MacDonald's thinking about and purpose for the text changed as *Lilith B* was inscribed and revised.

An edition of *Lilith A* and three apparatuses are included as appendices. A diplomatic transcription of the *Lilith B* document and a fair copy of the text are also presented in parallel in an electronic appendix which provides hyperlinks between pages.

INDEX WORDS: George MacDonald, *Lilith*, *Lilith A*, *Lilith B*, manuscript, pre-publication documents, electronic text, fantasy, fairy tale, textual criticism, textual editing, transformation of text, revision, gothic, science fiction, dream-vision, hypertext, Victorian, universalism

THE GENESIS OF GEORGE MACDONALD'S *LILITH*:
A STUDY OF PRE-PUBLICATION DOCUMENTS

by

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Approved:

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Dedication

For my mother, Delores Hayes McDonald, who taught me to love books and respect writers.

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Introduction

Although *Lilith* was published in London in 1895 by Chatto and Windus, George MacDonald began composing the work at least five years earlier when he inscribed a text in a notebook. As he revised and rewrote, MacDonald generated several drafts which vary significantly from one another. Despite the fascinating history of this text, however, no scholar or publisher has attempted to provide either a thorough analysis of the pre-publication documents or a scholarly edition which takes them all into account. While such a task is too great in scope for a dissertation, this study will provide an edition of the manuscript text, preliminary work toward an edition of the second document in the series, an analysis of the texts of the work — or works — recorded in the first two documents, and theories as to how and why MacDonald composed as he did.

As important as this work is in the canon of George MacDonald, an adequate edition has never been published. In print for much of the twentieth century, publishers have reprinted early editions, most incorporating corruptions of each previous publication. In 1997, however, *Lilith: A Variorum Edition*, edited by Rolland Hein and published by Johannesen Printing and Publishing, was produced in an attempt to offer readers a glimpse of the evolution of this complex work by presenting texts derived from the pre-publication documents along with an edition created from the 1896 second printing. This publication provides texts never before available to readers, yet it also introduces problems scholars will have to address if they are to make use of it. In order to understand these problems before attempting to rectify them, however, it is necessary to consider what is commonly known about the origins of *Lilith* and its history.

Publication history of *Lilith*

On March 28 or 29, 1890, George MacDonald copied by hand onto the rectos of one hundred sixty-one leaves of a bound notebook a text without a title. The manuscript includes remarkably few corrections; those which exist are mostly single words here and there, while on occasion a phrase or clause is added or deleted. This text is the first of the documents MacDonald gave to his daughter Winifred in a bundle, inscribed, “Winifred Louisa MacDonald from her father . . . to close the series of development. May 1895.” Chatto and Windus published the final version of *Lilith* in September of that year.

This series consists of nine documents designated *Lilith A*, the bound notebook, through *Lilith I*, the published version. The second, *Lilith B*, requires most attention because, of all the documents, it is most obviously the work of several stages of revision. Three different typewriters and at least four different kinds of paper were used in the typescript. At least three different kinds of ink, including red, were used to make the handwritten revisions and many page-long insertions. Extensive renumeration of folios gives evidence of the many stages during which MacDonald rewrote sections, added typed passages many pages in length, and changed the original order of events and narration. One can only conclude from examining the radical changes to this draft that during its writing and rewriting the author’s intentions for the text changed dramatically.

I will argue that this document records the re-envisioning of the work which created a text quite distinct from that which he inscribed in March, 1890. *Lilith A* and *Lilith B*, in fact, belong to two separate creative processes. The first process produced the document known as *Lilith A*, then the *Lilith B* typescript created with a pica typewriter. The second process began when MacDonald revised that typescript, introducing changes and new material which resulted in a text dramatically different from

that initially recorded with the pica typewriter. This revision was the first text to bear the title *Lilith*.

Although the first edition was met with mostly ambivalent, even disparaging, reviews, four editions of *Lilith* appeared before the end of the century, two in England and two in the United States. During the twentieth century it remained in print after an edition produced by Greville MacDonald in 1924 initiated fresh interest. Since then, it has seen over twenty editions, alone and in tandem with *Phantastes*.

Interest in the status of the *Lilith* text was aroused when Roderick McGillis called attention to the pre-publication documents in his article “George MacDonald — the *Lilith* Manuscripts” (*Scottish Literary Journal*, December 1977). After explaining what documents are included in the “series,” as MacDonald called it, Professor McGillis demonstrated how the early manuscripts differ dramatically from the final version. He included illustrations of isolated passages which MacDonald had revised with each draft in order to show the transformation the text underwent in the process. Revision from one draft to another changed the book, Professor McGillis wrote, from a theological or philosophical parable into a story which should be read “poetically.” In fact, MacDonald revised God out of the book through each of the early versions. McGillis claimed this “absence releases these works from religious doctrine and opens them up to wider interpretation” (56).

Partly for this reason, *Lilith* has held appeal for several audiences: fantasy enthusiasts, scholars interested in late nineteenth century Romanticism, devotees of mystical religious literature, and twentieth century followers of George MacDonald. From this last group has emerged a coterie devoted to studying and recovering what they consider to be the original texts of MacDonald’s works. While no one has undertaken to provide a rationale as to what constitutes an “original” text, one couple, Andy and Debbie Jo Johannesen, have established a publishing house with the expressed purpose of

publishing “unedited editions”¹ of MacDonald’s works. Following this plan as self-styled textual critics, Johannesen Printing and Publishing has already published nearly all of the works printed in MacDonald’s lifetime. This series includes a volume, first published in 1994 then re-set and issued again in 1998, entitled *Lilith First and Final: A Duplex* which is comprised of *Lilith A* and *Lilith*, based on the 1896 Chatto and Windus second edition². Then in 1997 they produced a two volume set of the rest of the *Lilith* documents entitled *Lilith: A Variorum Edition*. This set of *Lilith* books was edited by the recent MacDonald biographer Rolland Hein who, in collaboration with the Johannesens, has attempted to provide an unrevised version of each draft.

Acting on the cue from Professor McGillis as to the value of these documents in reading *Lilith* and understanding MacDonald’s mind-set at the time, Professor Hein set out to provide texts which would enable readers to trace the author’s intentions at each stage. His method was to try to restore the first version of each draft — that is, what was inscribed before MacDonald took a pen to it in revision. This effort required the stripping away of all pen emendations from each typescript with the goal of achieving a fair copy of the previous revised draft. While this approach greatly simplified the task of *editing* and enabled Professor Hein to work quickly through the very troublesome manuscripts, typescripts, and proofs, it also excluded much material which was part of second and third revisions of the drafts. This edition of the *Lilith B* text results, then, in a conflation of two drafts produced at different times. Also, because of the illegibility of

¹In the introductory note to their edition of *Lilith A*, the Johannesens explain that “all transcription work done by Mr. Docherty [their editor and transcriber for this edition] and the Publisher for this unedited edition of *Lilith A*, has been achieved with the utmost care to preserve and establish the original text.” (*Lilith First and Final: A Duplex*, 271)

²Andy Johannesen explained that they scanned the 1896 edition using an optical character recognition scanner then formatted it using a font they re-created from a first edition of one of MacDonald’s earliest novels.

the typescripts and Professor Hein's sole reliance on microfilm copies, much material is omitted, even portions as long as three pages. Since the *Lilith B* document records a turning point in the creation of the *Lilith* text, the material which is introduced in revision then canceled before the inscription of *Lilith C* should be carefully considered. More important, however, is the fact that many portions which were typewritten were introduced very late in the revising process. Professor Hein acknowledges the variations in the typewritten copy by distinguishing in his edition between the early material typed with one typewriter and the later material typed with another; nevertheless, this *method* obscures the complexity of the composing process. The resulting text is disjointed because handwritten revisions and insertions which connect the early and late typewritten portions are not included.

Professor Hein reasoned that meticulously deciphering handwritten revisions was unnecessary since each document should incorporate changes made to the previous draft. His method, therefore, contains certain assumptions about the roles of the typist and the writer: first, that the typist acted mechanically and without error; second, that MacDonald intended in revising to go directly from step one to step two, so any material introduced between steps is irrelevant to the final outcome; third, that MacDonald did not make changes while the typist inscribed the text; last, that MacDonald himself did not type any portion of the typescript and therefore could not have introduced changes while doing so. If a critic aims to reconstruct the process by which this document was created, all such details are vital to consider. Moreover, attempting to understand MacDonald's mind-set during this process likewise requires the consideration of all available *evidence*.

Editing *Lilith*: Theory and Method

At this point, understanding theoretical concerns becomes necessary. In *Scholarly Editing and the Computer Age*, Peter Shillingsburg provides a useful overview

of critical approaches to textual editing by categorizing theories regarding textual authority, an element central to addressing the problems of the *Lilith* documents. The “historical” critic believes that authority “usually resides in the historical document, warts and all” (21), so he or she supports microfilm and facsimile projects for preserving manuscripts and first editions. The “aesthetic” editor and critic sees authority “in a concept of artistic forms — either the author’s, the editor’s, or those fashionable at some time” (22). This approach will lead to an eclectic text, a text which never existed before the editor exercised his aesthetic judgment to create what he believes to be the best combination of variants. A third point of view is that authority “resides with the author, though editors do not agree on what that means” (24). The “authorial” critic recognizes only changes made by the author; yet those changes can be highly problematic and require the editor to make choices based on aesthetic elements or on other factors affecting the historical documents or the composition and publishing process. The “sociological” critic believes authority “resides in the institutional unit of author *and* publisher” (25). Changes “imposed” by a publisher’s editor, a publisher, or a compositor are as legitimate as the manuscript the author submitted and, at times, can supersede its authority. No author works in total isolation or in a social void; the text is the nexus between the work of many individuals.

In establishing theoretical underpinnings for this project, I have found it helpful to look to the writings of MacDonald himself. Asserting his own theories of textual criticism in a number of his works of fiction and essays, MacDonald contemplated the value of examining the various texts of works. For example, in the novel *There and Back*, which was published one year after committing the first draft of *Lilith* to paper, two main characters discuss the value of reading early versions of a poem. The female pupil asks the young hero why he should care about the first version if a poet had revised his work. Richard Tuke, bookbinder and amateur critic, responds,

“Just because it is different. A thing not so good may have a different goodness. . . . So you see a new form may be much better, and yet the old form remain much too good to be parted with. In any case it is intensely interesting to see how and why he changed a thing or its shape, and to ponder wherein it is for the better or the worse. . . . If I were a schoolmaster, I should make my pupils compare different forms of the same poem, and find out why the poet made the changes.” (123)

Perhaps here MacDonald set his critics the task of examining early versions of his poems, which he was editing at the time he wrote *There and Back*. Also, he had already composed *Lilith A* and may well have been planning its successor when he issued the challenge. By MacDonald’s standards, then, is it possible truly to understand “how and why he changed a thing or its shape” without examining the transitional forms of *Lilith*, that is, the changes which do not appear in subsequent versions?

To accomplish such examination, however, editors must first establish the texts, preserving or conveying as many details as possible of what MacDonald did as he inscribed them. While even scrupulous examination of the texts of *Lilith* cannot provide enough evidence to establish every intention of the author, we can — following the directives of both historical and authorial critics — learn a great deal from studying the documents and how they were constructed. We can also provide texts previously unavailable to readers of MacDonald who might enjoy an early version “just because it is different” from the published text.

Even now we know much more about the pre-publication documents than ever before. Yet no one has provided thorough analysis of the substantive changes in the texts of this work as it evolved. For this reason, the study which follows will provide the edited text of *Lilith A*, a preliminary transcription and fair copy of the *Lilith B* text, overviews of their distinctive features, and an interpretation of their significance to the

work of *Lilith*. As G. Thomas Tanselle writes in *A Rationale of Textual Criticism* there is “no detail that is not potentially significant for interpreting meaning and assessing the writer’s frame of mind” in the composing process (62). The examination of these details will accordingly be accompanied by a discussion of their significance.

The first phase of the project required transcribing and editing the two documents, both of which are held by the British Library. Working from microfilm copies, I used PC-CASE, the personal computer version of the Computer Assisted Scholarly Editing program developed by Peter Shillingsburg, to produce fair copies of both texts. Due to the peculiar features of *Lilith A* and the complexity of *Lilith B*, examining the documents themselves was absolutely essential in order to produce a creditable edition. A two-week trip to the British Library allowed me to examine the documents and read passages which were too obscure in my copies. The scope of the project, however, did not permit scrutiny of every detail of both documents, resulting in a few unfortunate gaps in the transcription and documentation of material evidence. Professor Gatrell also provided follow-up checks during a subsequent visit to the British Library.

Establishing the text of and creating the apparatuses for *Lilith A* was a fairly straightforward task. The introduction to that text and the headnotes to the apparatuses explain my standards for editorial decisions and methods for constructing the notes. As I suggest in the apparatus on special diplomatic features, my purpose is not to provide a diplomatic transcription but a text which conveys what MacDonald attempted to do in this document. Where errors are clear, they have been corrected, and changes which appear in the diploma are recorded in the textual notes. Where MacDonald’s intentions for punctuation, word, or phrase are obscure, the passages appear as well as they can be construed from the diploma. Such troublesome passages are likewise noted, usually in the list of editorial emendations and sometimes with comments in the other apparatuses

in order to provide the reader or scholar with any detail which might be significant to analysis of the text.

The transcription and analysis of *Lilith B* required extensive consideration, even creativity, in creating. First, I transcribed the text, making notes regarding each page of that version, describing the physical aspects of the document, and recording every item inscribed, canceled, or added. Next, I ran the PC-CASE program on this transcription, generating a text which omits deletions and includes emendations. Both the diplomatic transcription and the fair copy of the text appear in the electronic appendix with an introduction explaining their features and purpose. Although I have made many corrections to both the diplomatic transcription and the fair copy text, neither should be considered a substitution for an edition or an end in itself. Neither has been subjected to thorough proofreading, and some portions are incomplete. I have included the transcription and the fair copy, however, in order to provide a frame of reference for the scholar who seeks a general understanding of MacDonald's composing process and of the relationship of the *Lilith B* document to the rest of the *Lilith* series. Also, in order to facilitate examination of the texts and to explore how the electronic version can be used as a vehicle for the text, I have included hypertext links between the transcription and the fair copy at the markings indicating the beginning of each folio.

Biographical Evidence

The process of transcribing, examining, and analyzing the first two *Lilith* documents has shed light on what happened when the author transformed the text from *Lilith A* to *Lilith B*, for, as MacDonald himself suggested, the details of the versions attest to his changes of mind about the story and its purpose. Other influential factors can also be deduced from biographical study and from MacDonald's writings from the years prior to and during this period which are examined in detail in the chapter on that subject.

Before beginning any discussion of the manuscript and subsequent documents, however, it is helpful to consider the facts commonly known about them.

The first source to consult in any study touching on MacDonald's life is Greville MacDonald's 1924 biography of his parents, *George MacDonald and His Wife*.

Published the same year as the centenary edition of *Lilith*, Greville took the opportunity to claim inspired status for the work which had previously drawn such criticism. His version of the genesis of the book would have it that the *A* manuscript proceeded all but automatically from his father's pen:

He was possessed by a feeling — he would hardly let me call it a conviction, I think — that it was a mandate direct from God, for which he himself was to find form and clothing; and he set about its transcription in tranquillity. Its first writing is unlike anything else he ever did. It runs from page to page, with few breaks into new paragraphs, with little punctuation, with scarcely a word altered, and in a handwriting freer perhaps than most of his, yet with the same beautiful legibility. The mandate thus embodied in symbolic forms, over which he did not ponder, he then gave it more correct array: he re-wrote it, allowing the typewriter its help, but adding his usual and profuse pen-emendations. (*George MacDonald and his Wife*, 548)

Beyond this explanation of its origins, Greville MacDonald offers no more description as to how the other drafts came to be written. He does take credit, however, for having provided the final impetus to publish the work. By Greville's account, his father and mother seemed to have disagreed about what Louisa called *Lilith's* "strange imagery" which caused her to urge George to withhold the book from publication. Greville claims to have settled the matter by proclaiming it the "Revelation of St. George," and "husband and wife were made happy and the book was published" (548).

Despite the scanty or distorted information about the evolution of *Lilith* in Greville's biography, *George MacDonald and His Wife* provides other details necessary for the task of reconstructing this period of the author's life. Descriptions of the MacDonalds' life in the 1880's, as well as portions of letters included in the biography, provide copious details of events and activities, yet Greville suppresses some significant bits of information or portions of letters because of his own role in the family. For example, his marriage in 1888 to a woman of whom his family did not approve was one of the events of that period which contributed to MacDonald's distress in the early 1890's. Yet the strain on the family produced by the marriage never surfaces in the biography.³

Other more recent biographies include portions of letters, as well as information which sheds light on Greville's account of his parents' lives. William Raeper's 1987 biography *George MacDonald* was the first of much depth since Greville's and likewise the first to give careful attention to the collections of the MacDonald family's letters and papers. Following up on Raeper's work, Rolland Hein also published *George MacDonald: Victorian Mythmaker* in 1993 which highlights the development and importance of MacDonald's views and influence as a spiritual visionary. One edition of letters has been published, but it offers little which has not already been included in one of the biographies. Glenn E. Sadler's *An Expression of Character: The Letters of George MacDonald* includes portions of letters written throughout MacDonald's life, although few include the kind of details useful to a scholarly consideration of MacDonald's writing habits and publishing projects. An occasional example of correspondence with his literary agent or publishers appears; these are helpful but leave the reader wondering about other letters of the kind.

³As Professor Hein has noted in *Victorian Mythmaker*, Greville's quotations from letters are useful if considered with caution. On occasion, he omitted significant portions of letters or added details as he recalled them or as his purposes required (426, 431).

While the biographies and Professor Sadler's collection together provide some help in re-creating MacDonald's composing process, many questions are left unanswered. Consulting the collections of letters themselves seems advisable. Yet, because they are located in libraries in the United States and Scotland which are not easily accessible, I have relied on copies of the few letters which provide information important for the analysis of the manuscript and typescript. Consideration of MacDonald's other writings of the period also contribute to the framework for his activities and mind-set. From 1890 to 1894, MacDonald published three novels; edited and wrote an introduction to the works of Sir Philip Sidney; edited a book entitled *Scotch Songs and Ballads*; produced a volume of sermons; published a two-volume edition of his poems, many of which he revised; and published an enlarged edition of a book of essays called *A Dish of Orts*, including a new piece entitled "The Fantastic Imagination." This period of prolific output was followed immediately by the publication of *Lilith*, as well as by a decline in physical and mental strength.

As the culmination of this productive period, and as the work prior to the twilight of MacDonald's life, *Lilith* itself provides unique insight into the visionary's struggle to "work out his salvation with fear and trembling" through his art. Examining the pre-publication documents *Lilith A* and *Lilith B* in the light of the remarkable events and writings of this period provides perspective necessary for an attempt to reconstruct the creative process through which MacDonald re-shaped his work. Biographical details help to explain when these changes probably occurred and what personal factors might have prompted MacDonald to make them. Certainly, the writer's attitude toward this work was transformed, for the *Lilith* which appeared to the reading public in 1895 was not the same work as that of the text which was inscribed in a notebook bearing the date of 28 March 1890 and later included with the *Lilith* series.

In his book *Flawed Texts and Verbal Icons*, Hershel Parker presents a theory regarding such transformations. He posits that pre-publication documents reveal the fluctuation of writers' intentions, or even that entirely new creative processes initiate particular moments which occur with the generation of those documents. In MacDonald's case, biographical and textual evidence lead to the conclusion that, like the texts of Wordsworth's *Prelude*, the first and subsequent texts of *Lilith* seem to have been products of distinct processes and should be considered as texts of separate works. The study which follows will both provide and review this evidence, offering new materials essential to an understanding of George MacDonald's purposes and the evolution of *Lilith*.

Chapter One

The Genesis of *Lilith*: the Manuscript Text

The origin of George MacDonald's *Lilith* has long interested enthusiastic readers of the work. Beginning with a 1924 edition which included a summary of the first known draft or version, scholars have found this first text in the *Lilith* series worthy of attention in itself. An overview of its history, an analysis of the narrative, and an examination of the document will provide information which establishes the text known as *Lilith A* as a work in itself worthy of consideration independent from its textual progeny. This study will also provide information essential to an understanding of the evolution of the final *Lilith* text.

History of the text of *Lilith A*

Greville MacDonald's 1924 biography of his parents, *George MacDonald and his Wife*, and his centenary edition of *Lilith* published the same year brought to light the first version of the work now known as *Lilith A*. With his accounts of the composition of *Lilith* contained in these books, Greville attempted to redeem his father's literary reputation and to ensure that this particular work would endure. Because of Greville MacDonald's efforts to preserve the texts of *Lilith* through donating, with his sister, the pre-publication documents to the British Library, scholars have a unique opportunity to explore the creative process which produced them. Ironically, examination of the first of these manuscripts gives evidence that Greville's account of its creation was not strictly accurate and was probably based upon his own speculation.

Greville MacDonald's accounts of the genesis of *Lilith* offer biographical details and a look at the history of *Lilith A*. In his professional and personal autobiography, *Reminiscences of a Specialist*, Greville devotes passages to his father's life, including a discussion of the origins of *Lilith* in which he suggests that the manuscript was composed in one concentrated creative act. Rather than passing on information he might have received directly from his father, he bases his account on assumptions regarding the textual evidence:

It looks as though he allowed the book's leading idea to take possession of his imagination completely that by something like "unconscious cerebration" he in the first place wrote it in unbroken sequence, never altering a word, and hardly allowing it to rest in momentary paragraphs.
(320)

George MacDonald did, in fact, alter wording, even adding or deleting sentence-long portions of text. Yet Greville insisted, even in the biography of his parents that "scarcely a word was altered" (548) in this one hundred sixty-one page manuscript which gives evidence of a number of starts and stops in composition. This incomplete or misconstrued account of a process which his father might never have discussed with him has created a sense of mystery, even sanctity, around the document which records the inception of this work.

Greville's evident anxiety to rehabilitate his father's literary reputation and to establish *Lilith* as his master work led him, in 1924, to publish an edition offering an introduction and a plot summary of *Lilith A* complete with his own critical commentary. While the publication of this edition created interest among readers who have greatly influenced the revival of this and others of MacDonald's works, it is clear that Greville's intentions for *Lilith* differed greatly from his father's, in view of the elder MacDonald's silence on the book after negative reviews. In fact, the purpose of Greville's interpretive

introduction and paraphrase of *Lilith A* runs counter to his father's principle of letting his works, especially his fantasies and fairy tales, speak for themselves and call forth different meanings in each reader. As George MacDonald wrote in his essay "The Fantastic Imagination," "So long as I think my dog can bark, I will not sit up to bark for him" (*A Dish of Orts* 321). By interpreting *Lilith*, especially *Lilith A* which the audience could not have read, Greville disregards his father's intention to make his readers think for themselves.

Despite his errors and misguided designs, Greville MacDonald made possible the preservation and accessibility of the *Lilith* documents. In 1946 he and his sister Winifred Louisa Troup made a gift of the series of nine pre-publication documents to the British Library which have been designated Additional MS 46,187 A-H. Since that gift, interest in the work and its genesis has gradually grown.

The Johannesen edition of *Lilith A*

When in 1977, Roderick McGillis examined these documents, briefly describing the remarkable evolution of *Lilith A* to the text published as *Lilith* in 1895, he ignited interest in *Lilith*. After having gone through a number of reprints and careless and corrupt editions, the book clearly required some attention by a conscientious publisher. In the wake of the debate which followed McGillis's article and the publication of a number of abridgements of MacDonald's novels,⁴ a small family press dedicated to

⁴Beginning in the early nineteen eighties, Michael Phillips created abridged versions of many of MacDonald's novels. Published by Bethany House, the paperbacks attracted many new readers to MacDonald by providing the narratives without the sermonizing exposition, long descriptive passages, and Scottish dialect which characterize many of the originals. While Phillips himself re-titled the novels and urged readers to consult the original works, many MacDonald scholars and enthusiasts nevertheless denounced the series of abridgements for obvious reasons. Because nearly all of MacDonald's works were out of print, the Johannesens launched their project to reprint or publish new editions of every one of them, including *Lilith* — which was not part of the series of abridgements — and its pre-publication texts.

reprinting all of MacDonald's works produced in 1994 an edition based on the Chatto and Windus edition of 1896 with their own edition of *Lilith A* in the same volume.

Although they lacked expertise in conventional textual editing procedures, Andy and Debbie Jo Johannesen set out to present a text of *Lilith A* which would preserve authorial changes of both substantives and accidentals. Set in italic print so as to distinguish it from the edition of the final *Lilith*, their *Lilith A* also attempts to incorporate many features of a diplomatic transcription, such as designation of original pagination, unreadable cancellations or changes, marginal notes, every attempted emendation, ink blotches, and the use of a new pen or nib. All this information is presented in the body of the text itself, indicated by editorial symbols of the Johannesens' own invention and without footnotes or apparatus.

The second phase of the Johannesen project was to publish the texts of the rest of the *Lilith* series. MacDonald biographer and critic Rolland Hein undertook the project, developing a unique set of procedures for transcribing and presenting his editions of the four typewritten documents which precede the printer's copies. Although he initially intended to present, as a conventional editor would, all the textual changes made in each document whether by the typist or by the author, he believed the magnitude of the task compelled him to simplify the editing by eliminating some of the changes. In his preface to *Lilith: A Variorum Edition*, Professor Hein explains his method:

Given the immense complexity of the original manuscripts, such facsimiles, laborious to read, would be of interest only to advanced MacDonald scholars who would want to consult the originals anyway. We therefore took as our goal the production of readily readable texts that would present faithful and accurate transcripts, insofar as this is possible, of the original typewritten texts, minus all marginalia and interlinear

revisions, confident that all such were picked up by the typists (perhaps MacDonald's daughters) in the succeeding manuscript versions. (iii)

What the Johannesens have published is a series of transcriptions of typescripts excluding all hand-written emendations. Their edition of *Lilith A*, preserving in their self-styled system as many features of the document as possible, stands in sharp contrast with the editions of *Lilith B-E* which omit all these significant idiosyncracies.

The Johannesen series, beginning with a careful — albeit unorthodox and flawed — edition of *Lilith A*, lacks any description of that document or analysis of the text. Furthermore, while scholars and editors have acknowledged the inescapable importance of these documents for understanding *Lilith*, no one but Roderick McGillis has made any case for reading the series based on the evidence of the documents themselves. This study, therefore, will offer an overview and preliminary analysis of *Lilith A*, assuming the reader's familiarity with that text through the edition which is contained in the appendix of this dissertation and with *Lilith I*, the text of the first edition.

Analysis of *Lilith A*

The framework of each of the *Lilith* narratives is the narrator's journey into another world beginning in his family home. The impetus for this journey and the narrator's familial situation in *Lilith A*, however, result in a narrative quite distinct from the series of texts which later developed. In this initial version, the narrator intends to enter the world of the fourth dimension in search of his father but forgets his original purpose as he confronts his own spiritual blindness, as well as the moral blindness of society. Although *Lilith A* shares many elements with the subsequent texts, MacDonald's treatment of the material changes dramatically in the later developments. Aspects of the text which distinguish this as a work separate from the rest of the *Lilith* series include the

narrator's situation and purpose, the character of the princess, the process of the narrator's transformation, the narrative tone, and the secondary characters.

Structure and Plot

The exploration of this other world takes the narrator, Mr. Fane, first on an introductory excursion, then on a prolonged visit in which he passes through its various regions several times. As the narrative moves through each cycle of the journey, MacDonald shows the reader his vision of how society is to be transformed: first through the individual; next, through the education of children or encouragement of child-like imagination or innocence; finally, through personal sacrifice and confrontation of those self-destructively given to violence and addiction of all kinds. Last, he holds out hope for those completely resistant to change in the form of a purgatory in the next world. The act of reading the text follows Fane's journey through the fourth dimension and ends with the book being closed on Fane's, as well as the reader's, experience in it.

Nearly the first fourth of the book establishes the narrator's situation, as well as MacDonald's main themes, before the journey into the fourth dimension begins. Mr. Fane lives in a large house with many siblings but without parents. Anxious to know more about his father (once he comes to "know that I was myself"), Fane spends most of his time in the library with books on science. Here a strange old librarian suddenly shows up and describes Fane's father's disappearance through a mirror in an attic laboratory where he studied polarized light. The boy follows the librarian to the garret where the latter works a mechanism which allows light to shine onto a mirror into which it vanishes due to the nature of polarized light. When the old man disappears with the light into a land of mist and mountains, Fane runs back to the house below where no one admits to knowing of such a librarian.

On another morning, he steps out of the breakfast room and into a pine wood where he is approached by the librarian who has taken the shape of a rook. A discussion about identity ensues, followed by the rook's direction for him to leave the land which he has entered, evidently before his appointed time. The boy finds himself at home. Not long after this, he goes to school where he spends so much time in athletics he forgets about his strange experience. When he returns home, he believes himself ready to begin life as an adult. He plans to write books, whether or not he knows anything worth writing about. He also becomes entranced with a friend of his sister, and finds the house "full of her eyes" (16).⁵

These various elements create the psychological state which prepares him for the crisis he undergoes during the journey of his dream-vision. His superficial schooling, social experiences, introduction to the fourth dimension by the librarian, and readiness to "lose himself" in love foreshadow the moral and spiritual lessons to come. They also set the scene for the social criticism apparent in MacDonald's portrait of society's corruption.

Before the foray into the other world begins, the narrator is shown to be spiritually dead, morally senseless. Although he has supposedly learned right from wrong, he is only superficially interested in people and books. His self-knowledge is limited mainly to an awareness of social position, a drive to satisfy his own needs and appetites, family affection, and literary ambition. While the moral state of *Lilith A's* Mr. Fane is reproduced in the character of Mr. Vane of subsequent texts, his position in his family and the presence of the sister's friend in the house, as we shall see, are only repeated in the first draft of *Lilith B*. His experience at school and as part of a family thus establish him as an "everyman" gentleman: educated but not wealthy, much like MacDonald's own sons. Mr. Vane who emerges in revision of *Lilith B*, however,

⁵Page numbers here refer to those at the bottoms of pages of the edition contained in Appendix A.

occupies a somewhat different station. As sole heir of a large estate, Mr. Vane represents men of wealth and influence, the class of whom MacDonald was most critical in *Lilith B* in particular.

One morning as Fane gazes into a star sapphire thinking of his sister's friend, an eye appears in the stone and a rook on the window sill. The bird leads Fane to the library and out onto the lawn where they arrive in another world. There the rook introduces himself as a sexton, then promptly digs up a worm and tosses it into the air where it becomes a butterfly. He also shows Fane a rose-tree which occupies the place where he says the sister's friend is playing Grieg's wedding march. This remark prompts a debate as to the possibility of two things coexisting or happening in one place.

Fane is told the concept of "home" is not what he thought it. To arrive at home, says the rook, Fane must enter in at the front door, which will require a long journey. Having no inkling as to the nature of the journey on which he is about to embark, Fane wonders whether he can expect to be taken care of in that world since he had nothing to do with getting into it. He then realizes the same problem exists in the world which he just left. This problem identifies the nature of the journey: Fane is encountering his interior world where he will learn to justify and maintain his own existence.

The purpose of this encounter is made clear when he enters the cottage of the rook who says he is also a sexton. Fane meets the sexton's wife who reminds him so much of his sister's friend that he is not sure they are not the same woman. She asks her husband if Fane is ready to sleep. The sexton answers, "No gentleman would turn the shell of his egg into a bedroom, and go to sleep in it" (26). Apparently assuming they might be wrong as to Fane's preparedness to sleep, they invite him to lie down in the frigid chamber of the dead among the long rows of "sleepers." The prospect, however, repulses Fane, who flees the cottage for the lonely moor outside. Repenting his choice, he asks the sexton, now a crow (not a rook), for directions home and receives none. He

is left to find his way under the palpable “gaze” of the moon and with the light of a firefly.

Here at the close of the first fourth of the text, the narrator’s situation is established, his journey before him. His purpose to find his father has receded: now that he has stumbled into the next world himself, he wants only to return home. The concept of “home,” however, correlates with achieving moral growth, spiritual life, and individual value. While this purpose also appears in subsequent texts, here the awakening of sexual desire is overtly associated with spiritual regeneration, as the sexton’s wife is associated with the sister’s friend. In fact, because the sister’s friend is not included beyond the first draft of *Lilith B*, sexual desire in that text is associated mainly with the Lilith/Lona dichotomy which appears in *Lilith B* and remains in the final version. *Lilith A* associates the initiation of a sexual relationship with self-forgetting love of which Fane, at this point, is entirely incapable.

The next stage of the text prepares Fane for his encounter with the princess and his realization of his own spiritual state. As he sets out to find his home, or at least beings like himself, Fane feels the earth shake and erupt with the teeming of horrible subterranean creatures which he believes to be the “outissue of my own soul, the under soil of the vineyard of my own being.” (36.10-11) While this passage is expanded in the subsequent documents, here is the only explicit reference to the creatures bursting through the surface as manifestations of his subconscious, confused and driven by selfishness, greed, and lust. The monsters are controlled, however, by the light of the moon or the reflection of the sun’s light from the moon’s cold surface. Each time Fane returns to this “bad burrow,” he will further understand the landscape, discovering first its dangers, then its beauty. This scene prepares readers for Fane’s later encounters in which the inhabitants, structures, and topography of the fourth dimension all reflect his inner state.

Fane proceeds on his journey, walking in hollows which wind through the surface of the ground, feeling absolutely free to choose his course though it also seems predetermined. The hollows appear to be dry channels where water once flowed, but not a drop is now visible. Although Fane later retraces his paths through these hollows, here they appropriately mirror his own dry spiritual condition.

He soon discovers signs of a culture of small people which he first thinks must be Lilliput. When he meets them, he believes them superior in some ways to human beings as they are more capable of expressing or demonstrating their thoughts and feelings. In *Lilith A* alone the narrator meets this race he calls the “dwarfs.” Although they entertain and easily teach Fane their language, these people possess no aspirations, no purpose, no desire for improvement, no idea of spirituality, and no self-knowledge. Yet they theorize as to reasons for the occasional appearance of a giant, representing many religious myths and prejudices — which MacDonald was always eager to impugn in religious leaders and church people. Their well-developed theories about the “big man” do not, however, allow for the possibility of considering him a benevolent father they should seek to know. In this complacent ignorance of their possible origins, they reflect Fane’s own lack of relationship with his father — as well as his ignorance of God.

Lilith A is the only *Lilith* text which clearly associates this set of people with the narrator’s moral and spiritual state. In subsequent versions, the dwarfs become two sets of people: the Little Ones, or Noborns, and the Giants, Stupids, or Bags, as they are called in various revisions. Whereas in *Lilith A* the children of the dwarfs eventually leave their families and assist Fane in the princess’s rehabilitation, *Lilith B* introduces the idea of spiritually sensitive but immature children as the “Noborns” who see themselves, in a Wordsworthian way, as the parents of the Stupids.

During his stay with the dwarfs, Fane hears the sound of water underground when he lies down. Although he fails to see his own spiritual dryness and small-mindedness

reflected in this landscape and in the dwarfs themselves, he does associate the aridity with the dwarfs' inability to progress or grow. Yet, like them, he also fails to make even an attempt to provide them with water. Instead he strikes out on his own, seeking companionship with beings more like himself but immediately encounters a loneliness which convinces him that any companionship is better than none at all. Walking through a forest of fir trees, he realizes he is nothing but a "consciousness with an outlook," and that he has always preferred "the company of a book or pen to that of a live man or woman of my own kind. . . the dead thought to the live one, the thing thought to the thing thinking" (54). This state of mind and the scene which follows prepare him for a consuming relationship with the princess.

Soon he comes upon the decaying structure of a great house eaten by ivy, "the picture of life in death, of a destroying life that lived by the loss of its companion." He remembers "how many partnerships in the world I had left were like it" (56). After falling asleep on a bed in the garret, he awakens at midnight to the sound of revelry and goes downstairs to find the place transformed into a ball room with gorgeously dressed figures performing archaic dances. Looking closer, he sees their faces are skulls with living eyes which reveal only selfishness. The ghost dancers pass right through Fane until a warm wind blows away the illusion.

While this scene appears in the later versions, nowhere is the social criticism as simply satiric and allegorical as it is in *Lilith A*. The dancers embody attitudes toward social relationships fostered by Fane and his class: their own self-importance is the sole purpose of their participation in the dance. Likewise, the bed which seems to be provided especially for Mr. Fane — unique to *Lilith A* — highlights his membership in an old land-holding family which, perhaps, decayed due to its voracious consumption of the land and the abuse of traditions it was once charged with protecting. The ivy-eaten

house itself represents more graphically than in subsequent versions the prodigal and selfish tendencies of the upper classes whom MacDonald often criticized.

Apparently because this setting provides no opportunity for interaction with its characters, oblivious as they are to their surroundings, Fane never revisits it as he does in *Lilith B* and later texts which include the quarreling of the skeletal Lord and Lady Cokayne. This scene sets the stage, however, for the mutually parasitic relationship Fane initiates with the princess in the episode which follows.

Fane proceeds from the ruined hall into the forest where he discovers what appears to be a woman's corpse at the foot of a tree. The hand grips something which Fane cannot remove. He does everything possible to revive her: he squeezes the juice of grapes into her mouth, puts his undergarments on her, then finally bathes her in a hot stream and makes a bed for her across its origin in a small cave.

The motif of parasitism of the ruined hall introduces the central conflict of this and of all the *Lilith* texts: the narrator's encounter with the princess. The description of the woman and the ensuing relationship which begins while she sleeps are here established as they largely remain through revisions. Long passages chronicling Fane's attempts to nurse the woman back to life illustrate how Fane's hopes for companionship with her ultimately change from unselfish humanitarianism to obsession. Months of lonely watching and nursing, however, prompt Fane to realize that the essence of humanity lies in the ability to love — an accomplishment which MacDonald portrays as only achievable through the death or loss of self-consciousness, despite an individual's efforts to work for the good of another or show affection.

During this episode leading to the structural center of the narrative, Fane comments in retrospect on his musings during his long vigil over the princess:

Then first I knew what solitude what loneliness meant. I knew that a man was as no man who had no company but himself — that only by the reflex

from others upon him could a man attain to the genuine individuality which is the idea of a man. . . . Had I not then had that hope, however it might be a hope to disappoint, had I not had it then, I do not know how I should have kept alive. . . . The soul of man cannot breathe its own atmosphere without degenerating into less than a man. In a word to love one's neighbour can alone keep a man alive to love anything. (69-70)

The solitude of the cave brings Fane to the realization of his need for love, but it does not teach him how to love. He tends the woman devotedly, voluntarily, and sacrificially, even while expecting her to return his love when she awakens. Instead, she preys on him as he sleeps, improving in health because of feeding on his blood.

Finally, Fane awakens one night to discover her bending over him, an action she explains by claiming to have rescued him from a giant leech. After fainting, he discovers his hopes for companionship crushed when she insults and abandons him in the cave. Weak from loss of blood, he pursues her, begging for pity which she says she is already giving him, gazing at him hungrily with a look he misinterprets as love. As he follows at her heels, he soon sees city lights in the distance when she falls, exhausted, under the moonless sky. Although she warns him not to touch her, Fane nevertheless lifts her. Suddenly she locks him in an embrace and pierces his cheek with her teeth, rendering him senseless.

This encounter precedes the structural center of each of the *Lilith* texts. In *Lilith A*, however, several key differences reveal that MacDonald's purpose for the text changed markedly in revision. First, the princess of *Lilith A* warns Fane not to follow her in an attempt to avoid attacking him. This princess is never identified as Lilith, that ultimate *femme fatale*; in fact, she is never given a name at all. The desire for repentance, appearing at the outset of her conscious relationship with Fane, sets her apart from her successor in the series who utterly rejects moral law and human feeling.

Second, this encounter propels Fane into circumstances which in *Lilith A* result in his preparation for “sleeping” in the sexton’s house. Although the episode which follows removes any pretense of his desire to cultivate a disinterested relationship, it also introduces elements which enable him to move on toward the “good death” he must die in the sexton’s cottage. In revision, Vane learns to die through a much more protracted process.

When he comes to consciousness after the attack, the princess remains with him, only to warn him that if he enters this city where her father reigns he will be stoned by the crowds. She strikes him with the object gripped in her hand, knocking him out. As Fane re-awakens, he watches her run toward the city, then sees a leopard⁶ appear in her place. The spot where he lies has been drenched with water gushing from the stone she has thrown at him, which he puts in his pocket. This stone becomes one of the key elements introduced in this third section of the narrative; another is the princess’s leopard, Astarte. Each serves as a catalyst for the transformation Fane later undergoes. Fane’s pursuit of the princess to the city confirms ambitious and obsessive motives to have replaced his hopes for fellowship and companionship. The setting provides opportunity for MacDonald to satirize Victorian England’s infatuation with material prosperity and social position.

When Fane enters the city, he suffers blows and insults among the complacent and inhospitable people solely because of his beggarly appearance. Yet the crowd’s attention soon focuses on the leopard which has bounded over the wall. A woman tells Fane the animal is a pet of the princess which sometimes gets loose and kills children in the city, but others believe the animal to be an evil spirit which attends the princess, the very woman Fane has nursed back to life. He later learns, however, that two leopards

⁶MacDonald calls this and the other leopard either a leopardess or a panther. In the interest of simplicity, I will use the neutral term leopard.

haunt the city: Astarte, the princess's pet leopard, and the princess herself who changes into a leopard when a fit comes upon her, as happened when she abandoned Fane outside the city. Fane is warned to leave, for the wrath of the citizens will prove more deadly than the pet leopard which appears and, with muffled claws, attacks the woman who has dared speak to Fane, a ragged stranger. When Fane leaps to defend her, the leopard cowers before him, submissive as to a master before slinking away. Then, from a hiding place, he overhears the princess bemoan the leopard Astarte's escape and describe the powers of the sapphire she threw at him. Fane determines to use the power of the sapphire for protection against her.

Stepping into the moonlight, Fane confronts the princess who summons Astarte to attack him. The leopard fawns on him instead, sending the princess into the rage which transforms her from woman to cat. The two animals struggle, with the princess clearly dominant until Fane strikes her with the sapphire, changing her back into a woman. The princess quickly turns the tables with false submission, luring him to the palace where she provides him with princely clothes, introduces him to her father, and feeds him a lavish meal. Even after his experience among the spectral dancers, Fane easily yields to her appeals to his class superiority, allowing the princess to prey upon him once more. He later briefly awakens from a drug-induced stupor to find the princess standing above him with blood on her mouth, his self-indulgence and snobbery having made him her victim. The trip to the city has, however, yielded two benefits for him: the leopard's friendship and the stone which he determines to retain at all cost.

This discovery of his "animal passions," manifested by Astarte (named for the Phoenician fertility goddess), demonstrates the awareness of his need for companionship and his sexual desire, aiding his quest for psychological and spiritual integration. In his summary and analysis of *Lilith A* in the 1924 edition, Greville MacDonald claims that the leopard is named after the goddess

who, in the purity of her idea and office, brings sense of shame and misery to those who worship her hideous graven image. She was as much Lilith's own ideal before she fell infatuated with her self as she is every simple-hearted man's and woman's; so that when at last Lilith lies down in the House of the Dead, Mara's⁷ White Panther must lie at her feet until both shall awake. (371-372)

Astarte, however, appears in this early version before MacDonald has made the princess into the mythic rebel Lilith. Like the leopard-agent of Mara who inflicts suffering which brings either sorrow at wrongdoing or further rebellion in *Lilith B*, this leopard's activities seem to be morally neutral; she will be the servant and companion of the person who will command her, be it Fane or the princess.

The next time Fane regains consciousness, he finds himself in the wood where he first discovered the princess — and in much the same condition as she. Like her, he lies nearly dead, gripping the sapphire in his hand. Fane's situation differs, however, in that Astarte accompanies him and has buried the hand holding the stone which creates a stream of water when it touches earth. Musing on the irony of situation, Fane realizes that, had the princess realized the power of the stone, she would not have thirsted for blood. In its ability to nourish and strengthen, the stone plays a key role in leading him back to the sexton's house and preparing him to sleep. The source of a life-giving stream, it recalls the one in which Fane earlier bathed the princess and appears later as the river of God. It is distinguished as a spiritual force distinct from Fane's subconscious desires when, as he later crosses the swamp, its dripping enervates, even terrifies, the monstrous inhabitants. Astarte also aids in Fane's return journey, acting as an encouraging companion and embodying the “animal spirits,” or physical passions, which,

⁷Mara, whose name in Hebrew means “bitterness,” is also called the “Woman of Sorrow” in early versions because she functions as a catalyst for redemptive suffering.

MacDonald once wrote, were “a more immediate saviour than in the wisest selection and treatment of [human] faculties” (“The Imagination and its Functions,” *A Dish of Orts*, 1). Her attachment to Fane begins to awaken the most basic of affection which eventually leads to the Platonic ideal of love rendered possible through the forgetting of self in the sexton’s house.

Before returning to the sexton’s house, however, Fane follows the “sapphire stream” back to the land of the dwarfs who seem to have grown due to its salutary presence as it reached them from its source in the wood. Instead of recognizing their own growth, however, the dwarfs believe Fane previously deceived them on his earlier visit as to his size. Despite their antagonism and suspicion, he now determines to help them by introducing irrigation and cultivating their orchards by pruning the trees, realizing that “to live only for what one can get out of the world is but to lead the lowest kind of life — the existence of a mere parasite” (102). One day he is assaulted by a group of little people and is knocked unconscious. When he awakens, he finds that Astarte, in passionate loyalty to her master, has defended him by slaying his attackers. Having failed to induce them to work for their own benefit and then exposing them to the fatal wrath of the leopard, Fane dejectedly resumes his journey with Astarte at his side.

The dead dwarfs lie as testimony to the failure of philanthropy motivated by duty rather than by humble and empathetic love proceeding from the spiritual death to selfishness which occurs only in the sexton’s house. This theme of the common errors of philanthropists is further developed in later versions and should be seen as a central element in all the texts. MacDonald’s message focuses explicitly on the transformation of the individual as the key to social transformation: without it, humanitarian works proceed from selfishness and do no one any good. Furthermore, since the dwarfs embody Fane’s own spiritual immaturity, his failure to teach them self-discipline mirrors

his own lack of self-control in confronting the princess. Astarte's attack thus re-enacts Fane's moral failure in his surrender to the princess's seduction.

Upon arriving at the swamp of the subterranean creatures, Fane walks across fearlessly, hoping to be devoured rather than continue his present existence after his failure with both the princess and the dwarfs. Although he crosses safely, Astarte lunges at each apparition until the moon goes down and she is caught and pulled under by the most human-looking of the monsters. Astarte's disappearance illustrates the lesson Fane has already learned in the princess's palace: without the light of reason, the "animal instincts" fall prey to the passions which lie below the surface of consciousness.

The sexton and his wife in the forms of a raven (rather than a crow or a rook⁸) and a dove appear and send Fane on to the cottage where, this time, he eagerly asks to lie down with the sleepers. A meal of bread and wine precedes his seeking the couch to which the sexton and his wife also carry the leopard. As he sleeps, Fane is overwhelmed with love for those he has wronged and dreams of making restitution through devoted service. He awakens, with Astarte, to a "resurrection morning" on which he starts a new journey in order to warm himself from death, for "the idle man must henceforth be the cold man." Not only does he feel a new love for humanity, he feels at one with the universe around him: "The existence of these things and my consciousness of them was as one, so entirely did I live in everything that entered at any door of my sense. The microcosm and the macrocosm were at length in harmony" (117). Personal transformation leads inevitably to a union with nature and the lives of others; unity of outer and inner world results from self-forgetting. This spiritual death closes the third quarter of the narrative and initiates the final structural phase. Now that he has died to

⁸The inconsistency of the sexton's bird-identity in this text attests to the rapidity with which it was inscribed. A possible explanation for the final change to raven is provided in the discussion of the details of MacDonald's life during 1890 in Chapter Two.

selfish ambition and desires, he is fit to serve his fellow creatures and to face the temptations which previously defeated him. The rest of the text illustrates how cultivating and following true human feeling results in the redemption of others, both spiritually and socially. Those who reject help and love, however, degenerate into something less than human.⁹

Crossing the swamp accompanied by Astarte, he weaves a belt out of rushes while watching the hideous creatures coiled beneath the surface, now illuminated by the “serpent stone” left there by the dove who is now identified as Eve. The whole mass of monsters writhes when the sapphire drips its water on the surface, but this time the creatures never break through. The experience continues to open Fane’s eyes to the nature of his surroundings as he realizes “that one day the holy song of the praising universe would enter in at the ears of even the lost tribes of incompleated life, and hell itself *would* pass away” (119). In this original version, MacDonald emphasizes the power of redemption for all forms of life, and — like Coleridge’s ancient mariner — finds beauty even in the hideous and terrifying.

This passage also seems to depict MacDonald’s own struggles with discovering forms in which to clothe his ideas, probably even in the instance of writing this tale. In his essay “The Imagination: Its Functions and its Culture,” MacDonald claimed that nature itself provided the forms in which the writer should embody his thoughts:

[For] the world around him is an outward figuration of the condition of his mind; an inexhaustible storehouse of forms whence he may choose exponents — the crystal pitchers that shall protect his thought and not need to be broken that the light may break forth. . . . The man has but to

⁹In *The Princess and Curdie*, MacDonald presents the degeneration of the human spirit into the bestial in the character of Lina, a hideous creature-companion of Curdie, who redeems her own humanity by selfless service.

light the lamp within the form: his imagination is the light, it is not the form. (5)

In fact, the world is “the human being turned inside out. . . . a sensuous analysis of humanity, and hence an inexhaustible wardrobe for the clothing of human thought” (9). Fane discovers the swamp to be the manifestation of human nature in which, illuminated by the serpent stone left when he submits to death, appear forms which may be redeemable through artistic acts of the imagination. After sleeping in the sexton’s house, his imagination has come alive; his frustration in controlling his world and creating himself are over; art and nature are in harmony.

In the swamp Fane finds a bejewelled sword, a third aid in his journey. Drawing on the Christian tradition of God’s word as the sword of the Spirit, MacDonald uses the image to illustrate the necessity of death to selfish interest before this spiritual force or authority can be used constructively. The blade is transformed from a weapon to an agricultural tool — a sword turned not to a plowshare but to a pruning hook — as Fane cuts back the orchards of the dwarfs, thereby providing more room for the growth of fruit. He encounters only rejection and their small-mindedness, however, then leaves their country, taking a number of their children with him without any protest from their parents.

The imaginative and responsive children of the dwarfs seem to be their parents’ only hope for the improvement of the race. As yet unaffected by prejudices and pettiness, they frolic happily as they proceed across the terrain, quickly responding to Fane’s instruction as he molds them into a small army and Astarte retrieves stragglers. When they reach the hot stream, their ranks swell as many animals who drink the water join them on their journey toward the city of the princess. Fane, the new man, is joined by the children and the animals, innocent warriors who will be mobilized against masses of jaded and selfish subjects of the princess.

After the small army enters the ancient and rusty gates of the princess's city, the citizens treat them with "the contempt which made so large a portion not of their being but of the consciousness they had made for themselves" (127). At the palace, the large leopard again attacks Astarte whom one child defends by striking the animal with the flat of the bejewelled sword, transforming her into the princess. The children smother her with hugs and kisses while she submits, this time genuinely, to Fane's leadership. With the princess's subjugation, the "Power of the Air" descends on the palace, blasting its doors and windows, since the princess seems to have been freed from his mastery.

Here the princess's spiritual condition is distinguished from Fane's in that she is shown to be the prisoner of a power which forces her to play the vampire. MacDonald portrays her as the part of the personality liable to addictive and self-destructive behavior, thus subject to the irrational power of the devil or outside power. She also brings to mind the female miscreant or addict enslaved to a male figure who controls her by her dependence. Although such women were demonized by Victorian society, MacDonald depicts the princess as more readily redeemable than either the cruel capitalistic citizens or the small-minded, "middle-class" dwarfs, making another thrust at self-righteous religious people. Likewise, the manifestation of this kind of subjugation to obviously self-destructive behavior in any soul is more easily recognized by the addict, drunkard, or abuser than pride, complacency, or hypocrisy and therefore, in MacDonald's view, more easily rehabilitated.

The princess is clearly not to be trusted although she willingly submits to Fane's plan to take her to the sexton's cottage. He appropriately takes the precaution of binding her hand and foot and making a litter for her on the backs of the bears. On the way there, she repents of having discarded the sapphire and succumbed to lust. This remorse and desire for change stands in sharp contrast to the dwarfs' hostility to Fane when he pruned their orchards and provided streams of water with the stone. Nevertheless, she falls prey

to her master's power and attacks Fane one night when the "black bat" overshadows the little camp. Although he has urged her to exert control herself, he stops her with a blow from the flat of the sword. Then, crossing the swamp, the children defend her from the monsters who, like the "big black bat," would otherwise devour her. For her, the light of the moon and Fane's careful and reasoned persuasion toward resisting the addiction provide no protection.

In the hall of the dead, the children lie down with sleeping surrogate mothers while the princess takes Fane's former bed with Astarte for a companion. While they sleep, Fane, Adam, and Eve listen to the flapping of the wings of the devil who "has himself within himself and therefore is himself" (145). Then, from afar, they hear the cock crowing on the clock of the universe, "a clear jubilant outcry from golden throat; the notes that sang in defiance of the gates of Hell, the infinite hope and expectation of the troubled universe of God, his better chaos, not yet his kingdom" (146).

In this denouement, the reader discovers the purpose for the children's journey and witnesses Fane's arrival at his destination. When the children awaken, they lead Fane out of the cottage and leave behind the princess, with her companion Astarte, to finish sleeping. Outside they meet "the most glorious of resurrection mornings" and look back to find they have gone through a great iron-studded door of a half-ruined church on the spire of which sits the golden cock as they begin their journey through valleys and up mountains.

Although Fane's original purpose seems long-forgotten, his father suddenly appears walking beside him.¹⁰ When a glorious city appears in the distance, the two men embrace, Fane expressing regret in not having lived for his father who explains he must serve only "the head of the clan — the father of all" (149). When they arrive in the city,

¹⁰In a marginal note on folio 153 (146) indicates his own oversight in omitting Fane's father from the narrative before this. It reads, "His father wakes with the children."

they will be brothers; he will only be the father “through whom you came to go home to the real father” (150). Since references to Fane’s father dropped out of the narrative with the re-entry into the fourth dimension, this abrupt appearance seems at odds with the rest of the plot. From *Lilith B2* and onward, the *Lilith* texts retain many of the details of this trek to the heavenly city, but omit the father’s presence.

Approaching the mountain, they see in lightning flashes a vision of the whole of the cosmic order: the faces of the “Son,” angels, humans, and creatures. They cross a river, ascend stairs of gorgeous stone, and meet an angel like Dürer’s *Melancholia* who opens the gate and is swarmed by the children. “Woman angels” take them to the colonel of the angel guard who invites them to form an infantry corps to send against “a certain army of black bats that I hear of on the outskirts! These will make short work of them!” (153).

Fane expresses that “now the thing I wanted but knew not was about to be given me.” He and his father approach the cloud-enshrouded throne from which a hand reaches out and draws in his father. When it takes his own left hand, he feels it “warm and soft and strong — the very hand of a brother” draw him to a little door next to the cloud and push him gently through. He turns to see only the back of a large volume close behind him. Then in front of him he sees his sister and her friend at the breakfast table regarding him as if he has just come in from the garden. When afterward he tells them his story, they believe it to have been a dream, but he does not concur. He ends his narrative tersely, explaining, “Life was rather dull for a while; but a comforter was given me, and the name of my comforter is Hope.” (154)

The journey ends as abruptly as it began, but not with a deliberate stepping into or out of a world to begin or end a search for his father. Rather, Fane enters the world of the fourth dimension with his self-forgetting musing on the beauty of his sister’s friend as he looks in the sapphire; he ends his journey having forgotten her but having found

fulfillment of his desire by union with nature and humanity through self-forgetting love. Fane's journey also mimics the act of reading in that he goes into another world which exists in the space and time of his own. He ends that journey by coming out of what appears to be the physical back of a book. The narrative structure invites readers to follow Fane's act of dying and rising through "losing" themselves in the text and then awakening from it, having experienced a transformation.

This ending begins to change in subsequent versions in ways which deliberately perplex the reader as to whether or not the narrator was — or is — asleep or awake. A greater ambivalence and tension also develop, distinguishing Vane's experience of several excursions into the seventh dimension from Fane's one trip into the fourth dimension from which he clearly seems to awaken and return, transformed, to the life which was before him when he stepped out of it. The structure and purpose of the book likewise undergo many changes in which it loses the tightness and unity which exist with the one main journey of this text. Other elements, worth exploring in greater depth, also distinguish this from later textual developments.

The character of the Princess

As this analysis of structure has made clear, the character of the princess differs markedly from the Lilith of later versions. Most strikingly, the princess of subsequent texts, beginning in the earliest portions of *Lilith B*, is identified with the rebellious first wife of Adam according to Hebrew legend. Another concurrent difference appears, however, in her obdurate resistance to repentance central to the development of the narrative from *Lilith B* onward. MacDonald set aside other aspects of his characterization of the princess during the re-writing process.

While the description of Fane's discovery of her in the wood remains in later versions largely as it was originally set down, his relationship with the princess as she

sleeps varies somewhat. All the texts contain comparisons between Fane and the woman with the original couple, Adam and Eve. In *Lilith A*, however, MacDonald does not rely exclusively on this motif. In fact, the comparison of the woman with Eve is only one of a series of images in which she is associated with female archetypes seen in the goddesses of pagan, as well as Christian, cultures:

However from two blankets I made a very wearable jacket and petticoat, and then of one of the sheets made something like a long Greek chiton, and of the other, which was easiest of all to make, something very like a Greek pharos, to wear above all. . . . I even embroidered the shoulders of the chiton in a thin rough fashion, remembering some work I had seen taken from an Egyptian coffin. (74)

In *Lilith B* the image of Fane as Adam and the princess as Eve is emphasized with only a brief reference, included in the first draft and later canceled, to making a garment for her like a Greek chiton. While the Fane of *Lilith A* is clearly intended as a sort of everyman gentleman, the princess comes to embody what he might lust for: beauty, position, material wealth, power, and sexual fascination. She is the goddess who appears in every culture and who is both beautiful and deadly.

Despite Fane's intentions to possess and control her, the princess of *Lilith A* is an individual aware of her weakness and need for redemption. From the outset of her flight from the cave, her behavior toward Fane exhibits a desire to spare him; her motive in rejecting him is to avoid making another attack. When he finally catches up to her after a long pursuit, she pleads with him to leave her: "Stay now where you are until I am out of your sight, that I may be as if I had not been and my being not be to yours an evil thing, yea a curse! I am not worthy of you" (78). Fane persists in begging her to have pity on him and not leave him alone. She answers, "I am having pity on you. . . . You do not know at what a cost to myself!" (79). While *Lilith B* retains some of this dialogue, that

description of the princess, who is also identified as Lilith, distinguishes her as imperious, dominant, and willfully violent. The princess of *Lilith A*, however, understands her addiction and reviles it; her self-loathing reveals her much more ready to die in the sexton's house than is Fane at this point. In *Lilith A* she weeps as she resists the urge to attack him, yet her suffering continues as Fane forces his attentions on her. Then she eventually gives way to temptation when, after her collapse from fatigue and hunger, Fane embraces her. In this scene from *Lilith A*, many of the explicitly erotic elements which appear in later versions are absent:

When I moved her, both her arms hung down as if lifeless. Suddenly she threw them both round my neck and drew my face toward hers. I could not hold her up then. She fell back on the grass, and drew my face to hers. — She began, as I thought to kiss my face, and cling to it kissing, and my lips sought hers. A sudden sting of pain shot through my cheek— so sharp that I started back. But her strong arms held me tight; her mouth clung to my cheek; the pain ceased; a slumberous fatigue, a dreamy indifference crept over me, and presently I knew nothing, not even that such arms were around me, and such lips pressed to my face. (81)

Fane preys upon the princess for attention and affection, effectively pushing her to succumb to temptation despite her repeated resistance to it.

While she is later shown as seductive and duplicitous, she is also depicted as a naive young woman. When Fane later appears in the palace, she seduces him with officious attention and a lavish feast in order again to victimize, then abandon him. These actions effect her deliberate plan to eliminate Fane's unwelcome devotion, although she fails to regain her sapphire. Earlier scenes when Fane first enters the city, however, reveal her to be a princess having much in common with the princesses of

MacDonald's fairy tales for children. The stone clenched in her hand when she was all but dead is a magic talisman she received from her godmother:

“But I ought to have borne anything rather than lose the gift of my godmother. . . a very wise woman. I believe she is alive somewhere still, but she has never been seen since she gave me that sapphire. The good of it I do not know, but I know two strange things of it that not all my father's power could take it from my hand without my own will; and that from whatever strange reason, as often as I laid it aside from contact with my person it would begin to weep.” (87)

This stone, had she used it properly, would have provided the princess with nourishment to fortify her against the craving for blood. Having used it as a weapon against Fane, however, she loses it to him who eventually uses it to help rescue her from the Power of the Air. Like other princesses in MacDonald's fairy tales, her godmother protects and provides for her, leading her through the trial imposed on her by a devilish, conniving figure preying on her youth and weakness.¹¹

The stone also links the princess with the sister's friend, “with the eyes,” whom Fane contemplated while looking into the sapphire just prior to his entry into the next world. Like Astarte, the stone is a symbol of the love between Fane and the princess, whatever their initial motives and selfish actions. A sign of fertility with its emission of life-giving water, it only “weeps” when it comes in contact with the earth or is moved by its possessor. The godmother's gift provides physical and spiritual nourishment, provoking the monsters of the swamp but calming the princess when it is properly used. Sexual love, even when awakened by lust, leads both Fane and the princess to recognize their isolation and prepare to die to selfishness.

¹¹In *The Princess and the Goblin*, *The Wise Woman*, and *The Light Princess*, and *The Golden Key*, a grandmother, a godmother, and an ancient woman each supernaturally protect a princess or young girl from evil and direct her destiny toward good.

The scene of the confrontation between the princess and the army of children also contrasts sharply with the revised scene in later versions, revealing a fundamental shift of MacDonald's purpose. In *Lilith A*, the children are met by the princess in leopard form when they swarm into the palace. A boy strikes her with the flat of the sword, turning her back into a woman now crowded with the children's embraces. The event then turns into an exorcism:

The boy on my shoulders made a blow with the sword at something I did not see, and through the very marrow of my bones went the shudder as of an electric shock. The next instant there was a noise like a clap of thunder and all the doors of the palace seemed to fly open as with a furious blast of wind. The lady raised herself sitting, filled her arms with children and hugging them to her, burst into tears. (129)

Remarking that weakness easily leads again to enslavement, Fane has the princess bound then carried to the sexton's house where she dies once and for all to the devil's addictive power. In *Lilith B*, MacDonald transformed this scene from a triumphant confrontation into a nightmare, with Lilith killing her daughter by dashing her to the stone floor of the palace. Rather than successfully carrying out all his plans of serving those he has wronged and bringing good to all he meets, as he does in *Lilith A* after sleeping in the sexton's house, "Vane" of subsequent versions discovers that even a man spiritually alive and motivated by love cannot by himself wring repentance out of a rebel. In this early version, however, Fane acts as the agent of change for the princess, successfully subjugating her and delivering her to the sexton's house ready to die.

This difference emphasizes one of the fundamental changes from the original text to the later versions. *Lilith A* presents a relatively simple depiction of spiritual and moral transformation, whereas the text which develops in revision portrays a tortuous, complex process fraught with difficulties and contradictions. The psyches of Vane (as he is

named in *Lilith B*, ff.) and Lilith also become so enmeshed as to erase the distinctions which appear clear in *Lilith A*, creating a powerful portrayal of the many levels which MacDonald perceives as existing and struggling together within the individual personality.

Genre

In the essay “The Fantastic Imagination,” MacDonald expressed his ambivalence regarding the use of allegory in fairy tales: “A fairytale is not an allegory. There may be allegory in it, but it is not an allegory. He must be an artist indeed who can, in any mode, produce a strict allegory that is not a weariness to the spirit. An allegory must be Mastery or Moorditch” (*A Dish of Orts* 317). Rather than producing a traditional allegory, as some readers have thought *Lilith* and others of his fantasy writings, MacDonald used allegory as one mode of symbolism in this and other works. In *Victorian Fantasy*, Stephen Prickett calls to mind Mr. Raven’s remark in the final version of *Lilith*, “There is in your house a door, one step through which carries me into a world very much another than this,” which makes use of the medieval convention of the human body as a house (175). Other such examples of allegory appear in these texts, yet any attempt to see each character in either *Lilith A* or the published *Lilith* strictly as a personification of an abstraction falls decidedly short of comprehending the complexities of the narrative and imagery. MacDonald preferred, instead, to provide an interplay of allegory with a narrative-driven text, developing psychologically compelling characters in Fane and the princess while they work their ways through a landscape replete with symbolic figures and phenomena. While this is true for all the *Lilith* texts, *Lilith A* is distinguished from the later revisions in that it occupies a place among MacDonald’s fairy tales while relying on the tradition of the allegorical dream-vision for its structure and some of its imagery. Several elements contribute to these peculiarities.

The technique of blending allegory with the imagery of narrative, as well as other elements of the text, calls to mind both Dante's *Purgatory* and the middle English masterpiece, *Pearl*. Ever the student of Chaucer, Spenser, and Sidney, MacDonald found the dream-vision both a fascinating and a useful model in constructing this fantasy. Like *Pearl*, in particular, *Lilith A* centers on the transformation of the dreamer, giving the journey from his point of view. In *Pearl*, as Malcolm Andrew and Ronald Waldron point out in the introduction to *The Poems of the Pearl Manuscript*, "the focus of attention is the dreamer's mental and spiritual life and the effect upon it of his revelation" (29). Likewise, the first-person narration of *Lilith A*, the swiftly moving action, and the narrow perspective of Fane's point of view encourage the reader to identify his revelation and transformation as both universally and personally significant. Both works intend to teach a lesson by taking readers along on the journey, even while we read the allegorical signposts to which the dreamer is oblivious. The abrupt ending which closes the circular structure of each work leaves readers wondering what exactly has happened and pushes us out of the world of the book or poem into the journey of our own lives where the lesson is supposed to apply. We are then to attempt to decipher elements which seem allegorical but which do not easily yield to systematic unpacking. Rather, the main images of the works function poetically, eliciting imaginative rather than — or in addition to — intellectual responses, therefore performing the transformation at a level deeper than the intellect. In contrast to the text of *Lilith A*, subsequent texts of *Lilith* rely upon the genre of the novel for modes of description, narration, and perspective.

The main action in both *Lilith A* and *Pearl* begins in a garden. In the former work, the dreamer/traveler is transported from the garden to a region where he discovers other landscapes including a graveyard, a haunted swamp, a wasted landscape, a pine wood, a life-giving stream, and, ultimately, the mountain of God. Like the *Pearl* dreamer, he also debates with an inhabitant of that other world, although in *Lilith A* Mr.

Raven, unlike the girl in *Pearl*, suggests more than he reveals in the form of doctrinal teaching. This ambiguity exists because, for MacDonald as for most post-Romantics, spiritual perception centers in the imagination, not in the intellect; therefore, both the dreamer and the reader must be actively engaged in “reading” or interpreting his experience in order to undergo the transformation of the self-forgetting sleep, or death, necessary to achieve spiritual life. After traveling through this region and undergoing that death, the narrator re-enters the garden a different person with a new outlook on what lies before him, a new vision of the garden of God. In contrast to the several journeys to the seventh dimension of later texts, the unity of the psychic excursion of *Lilith A* emphasizes those elements the narrative shares with other dream visions: its origination in the garden, the cycles through the symbolic landscape of the fourth dimension, and the sudden return to every day life.

Having immersed himself in *The Divine Comedy* in the original language while living in Italy, MacDonald made use of some of Dante’s imagery and themes in this manuscript and retained them in later versions, even alluding directly to that work. For example, he compares the monsters in the bog to the creatures in the Malebolge of Dante’s *Purgatory*. Also, as Fane moves through the landscape of the fourth dimension, he passes from the sexton’s house across this swamp of horrors, identified as a manifestation of his own dark thoughts, and into a land where he encounters several types of human error, all of which he himself possesses. This part of the journey corresponds with the *Inferno* in which Virgil introduces the dreamer to the levels of hell and their inhabitants. Although Dante’s visit to hell does not allow extended interaction with the damned, MacDonald has his dreamer carry on relationships in which he tries to help some of the doomed out of their cycle of misery. This activity reveals Fane to be one of the region’s inhabitants, not merely a visitor, who has to work out his own salvation and escape from his own personal hell of self-consciousness. The facts that the

participants in the vision undergo change and Fane encounters his own besetting sin also identify the narrative with *Purgatory*.

In this respect, *Lilith A* depicts MacDonald's conception of revelation: an experience in which the receptor is an actor, not a passive participant. Although he had previously used this mode in fairy tales in which a young person underwent a transforming journey, this manuscript presents a text in which MacDonald more thoroughly sets his doctrine of universal salvation through achieved rather than imputed righteousness. In revision, this idea is more fully developed, clearly illustrating the extent of his departure from orthodox Protestantism. In his view, Christ's crucifixion did not replace humanity's punishment for sin; rather, Christ paved the way to reconciliation with God through redemptive suffering, a process every person would ultimately undergo.¹² MacDonald thus creates a vision in *Lilith A* in which the dreamer participates and draws the reader along with him in an imaginative journey. While that portion of his vision is conveyed in the first manuscript, *Lilith B* and the texts which follow work out other elements discordant with orthodox Protestant doctrine. Despite MacDonald's message of hard-won salvation, he was a firm believer in universal predestination, a sort of re-worked Calvinism, in which God will see to it that each individual comes to repentance, whatever suffering that might require. This idea might be inferred from *Lilith A* in which the enslaved princess is nevertheless saved through death in the sexton's house; but in drawing on the cabalistic tradition in *Lilith B* and following versions MacDonald was able to convey powerfully the conviction that all of God's creatures— even Satan himself — would one day be redeemed.

¹²In *George MacDonald: Victorian Mythmaker*, Rolland Hein summarizes this view which MacDonald preaches in *Unspoken Sermons, Series Three*: "The only true atonement for sin is practical: the complete repentance of sinners, their making full restitution, and their practicing righteousness thereafter. This is the work Christ has begun and is accomplishing within people, not for them" (370).

Other elements of *Lilith A* recall Dante's great work in ways which are lost in the process of revising and re-writing. Like Dante's, Fane's vision includes an apotheosized version of the girl he loves. Eve, radiating with the beauty he sees in the sister's friend, invites Fane to the couch of self-forgetting sleep which initiates revelation, the realization that the "microcosm and macrocosm were one," just as Dante's earthly love, Beatrice, represents revelation in his *Paradise*. As the final phase of the vision takes place, Fane and Eve are separated in order for him to bring the princess back to the House of the Dead and complete the process of redemption by enabling him to follow through with repentance from his sin, reconciliation with those he has wronged, and restoration of what he has destroyed. Similarly, Dante meets his final vision without Beatrice as she takes her place in the Celestial Rose. As James Wimsatt points out in *Allegory and Mirror: Tradition and Structure in Middle English Literature*, Beatrice also functions on several levels, representing simultaneously "Revelation, Sanctifying Grace, and by analogy the Host and Christ himself" (125), roles which could equally apply to Eve of *Lilith A*. Her appearance is also linked to that of Beatrice in subsequent versions, but only here is she also identified with the girl in waking life who prompts his journey. In *Lilith B* Vane's relationship with Eve functions, therefore, on a different symbolic level in which she is distanced from his desires, with Lilith and the child-mother, Litha, embodying his conflicting desires for sexual relationship and Platonic love.

In contrast to his wife, the librarian/sexton, who evolves through this text to become Mr. Raven, serves a function similar to that of Virgil in the *Comedy*. Just as Virgil personifies human reason which leads the dreamer through contemplation of the levels of hell and purgatory, the rook/raven poses questions which task Fane's reason to the limit. Rational searching helps to propel the journey, but it raises more questions than it answers, indicating the inadequacy of this faculty to lead the dreamer to penetrating or integrating knowledge of himself and his place in the universe. Mr. Raven

leads Fane, however, to the house where revelation through death can do its work, just as Virgil leads Dante to Beatrice and the revelation of heavenly truth.

Many of the fantastic elements of *Lilith A* are not unique to this work. In fact, most of the main events and symbols appear elsewhere in MacDonald's writings, particularly in his works for children, which also share the unity and conciseness found in this text. In *The Wise Woman*, a selfish princess is carried off to a cottage where she must forget her own desires in order to obtain goodness and a true sense of self. She, too, steps into the landscape of a picture and hears predatory night creatures beating against the outside of a cottage. The short story "The Gray Wolf" has a male student traveling through the mountains seek shelter in a cottage with an old woman and her daughter. During the night, he awakens to find an animal close to his face: "Its claws were in his shoulder, and its mouth in the act of seeking its throat" (*The Gray Wolf and Other Stories*, 5). The next morning reveals the daughter to be the gray wolf who attacked him and who, tormented by her condition, slays her mother but spares him. Another short story, "The Giant's Heart" features dull and greedy giants, like the Stupids of *Lilith B*, who attempt to eat children (in *The Light Princess and Other Stories*). A beautiful woman named Lilith appears in "The Cruel Painter," which also alludes to the legend of the vampire (in *The Gray Wolf and Other Stories*). And the willing self-sacrifice of a young prince for the princess he loves breaks the spell placed on the girl and returns water to her land which her evil aunt has stolen in *The Light Princess* (in *The Light Princess and Other Stories*). Other stories also include the motifs of the journey to the throne of God, manifestations of other aspects of self in the shapes of animals, and immoral or spiritually obstinate humans transformed into beasts or monsters.

MacDonald's familiarity with the fairy tale and its conventions may have prompted his resorting to this hybrid of first-person dream-vision narrative and fairy tale, such as he had used in writing *Phantastes*, when he was contemplating a work of greater

proportions. Ultimately, however, his work took on a different shape as he revised it in many stages. The unity of focus on the dreamer and his spiritual state and the simplicity of the theme of the first text in the series — which resounds with echoes of great allegorical dream-visions — are lost with revision, while the subsequent texts more deeply convey a notion of the suffering MacDonald perceived as necessary for spiritual transformation.

Tone

A glance at *Lilith B* is sufficient to convince a reader that MacDonald changed his mind about the purpose of this work as he revised it. A closer look at verbal changes in *Lilith A*, however, show that even while that manuscript was being constructed the writer began to alter the tone and purpose of the text. Beginning with a tale having much in common with his fanciful journey-narratives for children, MacDonald created a tone which was, in many ways, light and familiar, like that of a story-teller entertaining an audience which he wished neither to terrify nor embarrass. This tone enabled him to address the topics of sex, spirituality, and materialism without absolute affront to Victorian values, changing as they were in the 1890's. Yet, as subsequent revisions show, MacDonald did not seem to be satisfied with this treatment of the material and later opted for a tone which expressed dissatisfaction with waking life and greater concern with the division between the ideal and present reality.

Later versions witness the transformation of the text to a hybrid of the gothic novel with the science fiction romance which was emerging late in the nineteenth century. In *Lilith A*, however, many passages link this text more with his fairy tales for children. Description of natural details, for example, encouraging readers to delight in nature for its own sake, was a hallmark of MacDonald's fairy tales. This passage in

Lilith A in which the narrator describes the sight of the night sky from the bed in the ruined hall exemplifies this type of writing:

I could now see all the tracery of the branches and leaves over my head. I saw the flowers growing dark for the sun was down and the darkness was gathering. In a few moments I saw the first star hanging like a topaz in the leaves, and soon the whole canopy of my room was like a tree in Aladdin's cave, where the fruit was of jewels, for it was sparkling with stars some of them throbbing now one colour now another, a thing I had never seen in the country I had lost except when the star was within a few degrees of the horizon. The night closed down as I watched the nests above me, and the little heads that now and then shot out over their edges with their bright peering eyes were all drawn in, and after a few faint chirpings they all went to sleep. But there were flutterings here and there among the branches, for an owl would come sailing out. I could not see him except he came fairly between me and the sky right above me, but I often felt the cool waft of his silent wings through the room. No one came to take my bed from me, and I fell asleep. (*Lilith A* 56-57)

Unique to *Lilith A*, this version of the passage emphasizes one of the main themes of this early text: union with nature through the imagination. Childlike delight in his surroundings brings on a self-forgetting sleep; description like this is intended to transport the reader into the world of the book, as well as to emphasize the significance of the narrator's experience. Fane then awakens to the scene of the spectral dancers, starkly contrasting the world of empty social rituals and show of wealth with the enchantment of the jewels in the night sky. While the social satire is made more powerful by this contrast, this descriptive passage, as well as others which appear in *Lilith A* and drop out or are heavily revised in later versions, demonstrates MacDonald's

tendency to focus more on poetic imagery and less on psychological introspection in the manuscript than in the *Lilith B* text.

Although this lighthearted tone in no way permeates every corner of the text, the writer's diction and style regularly recall the mood of this passage. Long, galloping sentences often appear as they do in the pages of MacDonald's fairy tales. The sentence describing the morning after the princess attacked Fane during the trek to the House of the Dead is a good example:

So the night passed as the night always must, and the dawn came as the dawn had always come hitherto, and the children all came alive, and some mounted their bears, and some mounted Astarte, and one mounted me, and then I went and yoked the bears, and then went to put the cushion again upon them, and lay the princess on it. (133)

Prior to this passage, MacDonald also describes the scene of the animals and insects traveling with the company finding individual children for bedfellows — including the “flutterbies and dragonflies” (132). These types of diction and syntax drop out in the construction of *Lilith B*.

In writing the sister's friend out of the narrative while revising *Lilith B*, MacDonald also omits one of the loveliest passages in the text. Explaining his own state of mind at the time he stumbles into the fourth dimension, the narrator describes his sister's friend in language which carries the reader into the delight of his discovery of love:

I am not going to try to describe her, for the effort, as far as conveying my notion, or any true notion of her, would be altogether useless. Yet I must, seeing I am about to compel my reader to have some shadow of her in his thinking place, contrive that that shadow of her shall not be too glaringly unlike her. I say therefore that her features were lovely; if they had a fault

it was that they were too regular, and too white. Corresponding with these facts they were very still, as still almost as death when they were not in any movement. And yet her face had in it fire and life and motion enough for many faces, only it was all condensed and gathered in her eyes, which were large and dark and deeping, making one, that is me, think that a whole night-heaven was condensed to make each pupil, with the stars remaining to give the flashes of their motion, and an eternal twilight gathered about for the horizon of the iris. What those eyes really were God only ever knew or could ever tell, and that only to himself, for never sure was there such another mystery as the creation of those. The still face was like an eternal repose, the live eyes like an eternal creation. From what I say my reader will at once conclude that I fell in love with her. For myself I do not know what love is and therefore cannot tell whether I fell in love with her or not. All I know is that now I went into the house on the doorsteps of which I had played for so long, and found it full of her eyes. I could not open a room but there were the eyes looking at me. I could not look out of a window but the eyes were looking in. Not a drawer — I mean not a book could I open but the pages were flashing so with her eyes that I could not see a word in it. So I gave up, and sat down for the eyes to flash me and absorb me to death.

Although portions of this passage are used in later versions to describe Eve, in *Lilith A* it conveys the self-forgetting state of mind which transports Fane into the world of his dream and initiates his spiritual transformation through an encounter with a human woman and the discovery of a world outside himself. The tone of the passage conveys the narrator's ability to take himself lightly, illustrating his transformation from a self-centered to a self-forgetting man.

As Roderick McGillis has pointed out in his article on the *Lilith* series, MacDonald created in these texts a “personal vision of the individual’s growth,” rather than a homiletic asserting doctrine. With each revision, he filtered out references to God which occasionally, through explicit or thinly veiled allusions, characterize the early texts overtly Christian. Certain passages which clearly refer to God — such as the description of prayer on pages twenty-two to twenty-three — remain in subsequent versions, but other references which could be considered religious or spiritual are unique to *Lilith A*, showing MacDonald’s intention for the direction of the text to have changed. For example, the narrator’s discussion of the dwarfs’ theories regarding the big man appear nowhere in *Lilith B*, omitting much of what could be considered satire of theological debate. Other such allusions are likewise omitted in *Lilith B*. In the *A* text, Eve explains the children must sleep because “It is the only way to sit down with Someone. He did too” (141). When Fane discusses the black bat or Shadow with Adam and Eve, they call him the devil. Then, when the morning comes, Adam invites him to go out and see a sight “to make God glad” (145). They hear

. . . a clear jubilant outcry from golden throat, the notes that sang in defiance of the gates of Hell, the infinite hope and expectation of the troubled universe of God, his better chaos, not yet his kingdom. (146)

By the time this passage appears in the published version, the references to Hell and God have both been dropped. Other overt references to God, the Son of God, and prayer are likewise modified or omitted in *Lilith B* and subsequent revisions, creating a tone more in keeping with romantic mysticism than with the religious allegorical dream-vision tradition.

MacDonald’s treatment of erotic material also differs in subsequent versions, as the scene describing the princess’s initial attack on the conscious Fane demonstrates. As Roderick McGillis has also noted, the changes in this passage with each revision

epitomize a certain type of change MacDonald made to the text. In *Lilith A* the passage reads as follows:

She lay with the hand that still clenched the stone — not that then I knew what she clenched — under her. When I moved her, both her arms hung down as if lifeless. Suddenly she threw them both round my neck and drew my face toward hers. I could not hold her up then. She fell back on the grass, and drew my face to hers. — She began, as I thought to kiss my face, and cling to it kissing, and my lips sought hers. A sudden sting of pain shot through my cheek — so sharp that I started back. But her strong arms held me tight; her mouth clung to my cheek; the pain ceased; a slumberous fatigue, a dreamy indifference crept over me, and presently I knew nothing, not even that such arms were around me, and such lips pressed to my face. I came to myself in the chill of the morning. I lay alone. (81)

The initial inscription of the corresponding passage in *Lilith B* first adds explanation as to why Fane believes himself justified in forcing his attentions on her, “ministering” to her as she lay weak. This portion is canceled, however, in order to emphasize the actual encounter. MacDonald enhanced the erotic and violent elements of the scene in revision, especially with the narrator’s explanation that the princess’s “limp arms suddenly closed round my neck, and knotted there like serpents or the arms of the iron torture-maiden” She draws his face to hers “irresistibly,” then holds him “absolutely motionless, and her mouth cleaving to my cheek.” (*Lilith B*, fo. 110) The later attack in the palace is similarly altered in the two stages of the *Lilith B* inscription and revision.

Examining the ending of *Lilith A* and subsequent revisions likewise throws into relief the magnitude of the changes MacDonald introduced as he re-wrote and created

what essentially became a new work. In *Lilith A*, the narrator's last words after passing through the book-door into his own garden provide a rather ambivalent ending:

This the hand opened and gently pushed me through. I turned quickly, but saw only the board of a large clasped volume close, and heard its lock shut with a little click. I turned again — and lo, I stood in the morning room of the house where I was born, and my sister and her friend sat at the table at breakfast. They bade me good morning as if I had just come in from the garden. Afterward, when I told them some things, they said I had dreamed. But I have my own thoughts.

Life was rather dull for a while; but a comforter was given me, and the name of my comforter is Hope. (154)

This ending is consistent with the conventions of the allegorical dream-vision, teaching a moral while providing little transition for the return to the life of this world. The reader understands the journey to have taken place in the reader's mind — however profound the experience — and that he has before him the possibility of love, both familial and marital, even while he feels the loss of heaven.

The intermediate revision in the *Lilith A* to *Lilith B* transformation, which will be called *Lilith B1*, provides elements which vary from both the manuscript and the subsequent versions. As I will explain in Chapter Three, the earliest typewritten material in this document belongs to the creative process which produced *Lilith A* and should be considered another text of that work, essentially a revision. Typewritten portions of the last page, the *B1* portions, have the narrator ascending the throne in the clouds after his father who is drawn into the cloud by the hand which then reaches for him. The hand pushes him through the back of a book which closes behind. These elements follow the pattern established in *Lilith A*, but in the *B1* text alone Fane turns to see the book on a desk. He attempts to read it but discovers it to be a book he knew before but could not

read because it is written in the Syriac language. He then finds himself in the library of his family home and says, “A comforter was left with me, and her name was Hope.” Another paragraph follows this line, however, which creates an entirely different tone for this ending:

I used in after-years to tell parts of this story, such as would not terrify them, to my children. They always listened with delight, but never thought it was other than what they called a think story. They are all before me, and now know better than I how much of it is true, and how much I have told so ill that it cannot be believed by those who read it.
(fo. 258)

Although this closure retains the familial element, it does present a clear departure from the dream-vision ending of the earlier text, providing a frame for the story which, in this revision, begins with addressing a school friend. In *Lilith B1*, MacDonald introduces a fairy-tale ending which suggests the fictional nature of the tale and implies the narrator married and lived happily ever after, himself becoming a father.

After *Lilith B1* was extensively re-written, resulting in a text to which I will refer as *Lilith B2*, the ending eliminates the father from the quest for the throne and includes Litha (in *Lilith I*, Lona) who enters the cloud as the narrator is pushed through the book-door and finds himself alone in his library. Instead of the paragraph above, the following lines are added:

I stood in my library, and Litha was not there. I have not yet seen her again, but Mara is often with me, and teaches me many things.

It may be that I am still lying in the chamber of death, dreaming with the dead around me. (258)

In the published text, Vane holds Lona’s hand while ascending the stairs to the cloud — as in *B2* — then lets go and feels a “hand, warm and strong, laid hold of mine,

and drew me to a little door with a golden lock” (348). As in each of the earlier versions, he turns to see the board of a large book closing upon him and, like the texts from *Lilith B1* onward, finds himself alone in his library. The story, however, does not end here. A final chapter entitled “The Endless Ending” follows, expressing the narrator’s disorientation and longing to return to the dream in which he saw “such lovely things.” Here again he states that Mara — the agent of redemptive suffering — is with him and teaches him while he lives expectantly, wondering when that other world will break through into this one. “Strange dim memories . . . look out upon me in the broad daylight, but I never dream now” (350), he says, while he waits for the next life to begin. MacDonald closes this text with the lines from Novalis with which he began *Phantastes* nearly forty years earlier: “Our life is no dream, but it should and will perhaps become one.” (351)

The passage thus implies the continuation of the dream cycle in the life of both the narrator and the reader, emphasizing the great divide between earthly life and the heavenly ideal. This change from the text of *Lilith A* seems to express the suffering MacDonald had experienced since the losses of his children culminated with the death of his eldest daughter, Lilly, in 1891, eighteen months after the inscription of the first text. His longing to be reunited with his children and his physical suffering from various maladies seem to have produced a text in which pain is a much greater catalyst for change than reason, disappointment, or failure — as in *Lilith A* — resulting in the presence of Mara, the Woman of Sorrow, throughout the text and her prominence in the ending which hovers between sorrow and hope. Descriptive passages which earlier conveyed delight and enchantment with nature give way to the exploration of the topography of the psyche as it is manifested in what becomes the seventh dimension. In this exploration, *Lilith B* introduces a candor which is absent in the manuscript in an effort to portray the darker side of human nature which is, in MacDonald’s scheme, ruled

as much by God's mercy and light as are beautiful natural phenomena. In conveying his anxieties through violent scenes and troubling imagery, MacDonald actually expressed greater confidence in the redeeming love of the Father whom he asserted in the later texts as capable of saving both Lilith and Satan himself. The tone of the texts from *Lilith B2* onward, while it is sorrowful and even angry, seems to express the faith which MacDonald had consistently preached throughout his career as a writer.

Secondary characters

This analysis has already drawn attention to some of the major changes MacDonald made to his cast of characters in his revisions. Simply scanning the pages of *Lilith A*, *Lilith B*, the final *Lilith: A Romance (Lilith I)* immediately creates in the reader's mind a list of characters added at later stages: Mara, the muffled woman; Lona/Litha, Lilith's daughter; Old Sir Cosmo, Vane's ancestor; the soldier/ghosts battling in the Evil Wood; the "floating woman" (actually Lilith) in the Evil Wood and the ruined castle; Lord and Lady Cokayne; the Little Ones; the Giants/Bags; the woman who flees Bulika with her baby; a number of animals; and children individually named. In *Lilith B*, some characters are added then omitted, but the cast essentially becomes fixed. Characters unique to *Lilith A* or omitted by the final version include Fane's siblings, the king, Fane's father, and the dwarfs, who are actually changed into the two groups of the Stupids (later the Bags) and the Noborns or Little Ones. Most noteworthy, however, are changes in the treatment of the secondary characters which remain from *Lilith A* through the final version. These characters, in fact, provide the framework for MacDonald's narrative and probably remain most consistent of all the elements which he reworks from draft to draft.

As was mentioned in the analysis of the narrative, Astarte appears in this early version, even before MacDonald transforms the princess into Lilith. Because of her name, readers, like Greville MacDonald, have been tempted to read her as a purely

allegorical figure. In his 1924 edition of *Lilith* Greville assigned Astarte the role of ideal beauty, who,

. . . in the purity of her idea and office, brings sense of shame and misery to those who worship her hideous graven image. She was as much Lilith's own ideal before she fell infatuated with her self as she is every simple-hearted man's and woman's. (371-372)

Certainly, in the texts which later develop Astarte appears as an agent of suffering to bring repentance in her service of Mara, but in *Lilith A* that role is not so clear. She attaches herself to Fane when his own passions are aroused at her attack on a woman who has unselfishly done him good. Empathy prompts his defense of the woman and wins him Astarte's affection, making her his companion for the rest of the journey. More than an ideal of beauty or purity, Astarte takes her place as Fane's friend. MacDonald takes pains to develop her character as an animal companion and devoted servant, describing her as a lying at Fane's feet like a "crusader's dog" in the House of the Dead. He also describes her gambols with the children, as well as her role in their training as Fane attempts to turn them into a little army. As a lover of animals and believer that they possessed eternal souls, MacDonald seems to have conceived of Astarte as a full-fledged character who functions the way he found animals to function in the lives of many humans: as friends who teach humans to learn to express affection unselfishly.¹³ In *Lilith B*, however, she functions more on a symbolic level, as her role is conflated with that of the sapphire. Instead of the stone providing the life-giving stream, Astarte's paw, which

¹³One of the many instances in which MacDonald used animals as such characters occurs in *The Wise Woman*. A sheep dog belonging to a couple who take in a homeless princess "disciplines" the girl by knocking her down and shaking her without actually hurting her, "though for her good he left her a blue nip or two by way of letting her imagine what biting might be." (61) Elsewhere he wrote clearly regarding his opinions of animals as children of God, including referring to them as "our brothers and sisters in lower kind" in a letter to a woman who wanted interview him for a newspaper story in support of animal rights. (qtd. in Sadler, 358)

seems to hold a similar stone, emits the water when it is wounded. In the revision of *Lilith B*, MacDonald also limited her part in Vane's transformation, partly attributing to his relationship with the Litha/Lona character the awakening of Vane's better nature.

Eve's function and character change somewhat through revision. In *Lilith A* she is clearly associated with the girl "with the eyes," Fane's sister's friend with whom he is entranced. When in the revision of *Lilith B* this girl drops out of the narrative, giving way to the romance between Fane and Litha/Lona in the seventh dimension, MacDonald omits the connection of Eve with ideal beauty even while he overtly associates her with Beatrice. At the same time, however, she retains her character as partner of Adam in the fall, those who introduced humanity to sin and death, as well as to the redemptive sleep. *Lilith A* also associates Eve with the many "grandmothers" of MacDonald's fairy tales. When the princess arrives at the house of the dead in *Lilith A*, Eve greets her with a welcome unique to this early version. The princess says Eve frightens her with her talk of the universal need to sleep, to which the sexton's wife responds with the fairy tale tone: "Come in at once for mercy's sake!" (141). She is the original human mother yet appears later with her husband as one of the "two angels of the resurrection" (145) surrounded by light, who usher Fane and the children out of the House of the Dead and onto their quest for the heavenly city. Her role in *Lilith A* is much larger than in later versions because of the symbolic matrix MacDonald creates around her, associating her with ideal beauty and love, the good sleep of death, and even the host of Christ.

Eve's husband, the librarian who appears in several other guises, shifts identities through this version, particularly as the type of bird he appears to be shifts from rook to crow to raven. MacDonald seems to have been making up his mind as he inscribed the text, although the character's role was fairly well established. While the librarian's physical description changes in *Lilith B* as MacDonald enhances details, his primary function as the guide who challenges the narrator's conception of his identity and his

perceptions about the order of the world remains primarily as it began in *Lilith A*. Yet, even as the role of Eve diminishes with revision, Adam's mythical marriage to Lilith links him to the princess who is transformed into that original female rebel in *Lilith B*. MacDonald seems to have fixed the character of the librarian/sexton/raven as *Lilith A* developed and saw potential for further growth as he drew on cabalistic legends surrounding Adam's first wife.

Finally, the Shadow receives surprisingly little attention in this text. While he is mentioned as the princess's master to whom she refers as "the big black bat," she never directly encounters him in this narrative, nor is he presented to the reader. He is always on the periphery: outside the palace, outside the ring of children, outside the sexton's cottage. When they reach the heavenly city, the captain of the guard mentions preparing the children "to send against a certain army of black bats that I hear of on the outskirts!" (153). He has no voice and never appears in this version; in fact, his only personal characteristics appear to be his sexual aggression, personal dominance, and willful rebellion. The princess describes her encounters with him on the way to the House of the Dead: "When he comes he makes me feel strong to do what he tells me" (135). After the princess and the children lie down on their couches, Adam and Eve explain that the "black bat" assails the house outside but cannot come in. He cannot rest, Adam tells Fane, because "he has a devil within him that will not let him rest. . . . he has himself within himself, and therefore is himself — the devil" (145). In subsequent versions, MacDonald experiments with different ways of personifying the force of evil but finally settles on the insubstantiality of the Shadow, allowing him to appear, but shifting the focus to Lilith as his agent and lover.

As these discussions of fundamental aspects of the texts demonstrate, details which are recorded and changed in this manuscript greatly affect its direction and status

in this series of documents. An examination of specific features of the document and changes to it will help clarify MacDonald's composing process as he inscribed it.

Description of the document

Greville MacDonald correctly stated that certain aspects of *Lilith A* distinguish it from the common first draft. Analysis of the material and textual evidence presented by this unusual document suggests two possible sets of circumstances for composition. First, MacDonald might have composed it while he himself inscribed it during only a few sittings. The second possibility is that parts of the manuscript were copied from notes or a text no longer extant, while the rest was composed during inscription and over a period of several sittings. In either case, revisions were most likely recorded during composition or immediately after the draft was complete.

The document, designated the British Library Additional Manuscript 46,187 A, is a hand-inscribed, a hard-bound notebook which measures 240 x 200 mm, 9 ½ x 7 ½ inches. The spine is leather, and the front and back are of blue paper reinforced with cardboard. The three hundred white leaves feature blue horizontal rules for writing on both sides, although MacDonald only inscribed the rectos of one hundred sixty-one. Vertical rules approximately one-inch from the top and left edges of each side of the leaf set those margins for each page, to which MacDonald meticulously adhered in the greatest part of the manuscript. Inside the cover of the notebook is an address which has been crossed out: 13, Addison Road, Kensington, W. 14. A date appears in the top right margin of the first recto which is difficult to explain. MacDonald appears to have written "March 28, 1890," then changed it to "March 29, 1890." It is not possible to distinguish whether the "8" was superimposed on the "9" or vice versa, but the latter seems more likely. He probably began the inscription on the twenty-eighth, a Saturday, then continued on the twenty-ninth at which time he changed the date.

Both ink and handwriting are relatively consistent throughout the manuscript. The same black ink was used for the entire inscription, but the way MacDonald pressed on the paper, possibly due to his regularly shifting positions or taking breaks, produced varying applications of the ink. Examination of these elements actually provides some of the strongest evidence that this manuscript was copied from a pre-existing document and was produced in an unconventional way. The instances of MacDonald's having stopped inscribing and then restarted seem to have occurred in intervals of, roughly, five, ten, and twenty pages. This pattern suggests that the writer was not composing since invention is more likely to occur in fits and starts than in neat portions; a plausible explanation is that MacDonald copied, in regular increments, a pre-existing text.

Another explanation for breaks at these regular intervals arises with examination of the pen strokes and application of the ink. For example, on the top of the first folio,¹⁴ pen strokes are thick; inscription was done quickly though carefully, and correction and revision seem likely to have been made at the time of initial inscription with the same pen. Half-way down the folio, pen strokes suddenly become notably thinner, as though the nib of the pen had been changed or MacDonald had picked up another writing instrument. This pen or nib seems to have been used until about one-third of the way down folio eleven where both pen strokes and handwriting change dramatically. What is noteworthy, however, is that the nib seems to have weakened or deteriorated by this point, applying ink much more thickly than it had on page one. This process occurs regularly, with similar changes in the appearance of ink and thickness of strokes on the following folios: seventeen, twenty-four, forty-one, forty-seven, fifty-one, fifty-six, eighty-one, ninety-one, one hundred-one, one hundred-six, one hundred-eleven, one

¹⁴Here and in the discussion which follows, I will refer to the folios of the manuscript in order to establish facts about the production of the document. Elsewhere, in analyzing the text, I will continue to use page numbers from the edition in Appendix A.

hundred twenty-one, one hundred twenty-six, one hundred thirty-one, one hundred thirty-seven, one hundred forty-six, one hundred fifty-one, and one hundred fifty-nine. On folio one hundred forty-seven, a reverse in the process occurs: MacDonald seems to have picked up a pen with a thicker nib or changed the nib with one which was thicker than the previous, for here pen strokes become noticeably heavier.

With the exception of this passage from one-hundred forty-seven to one-hundred fifty-one, the pen strokes become progressively thicker until the pen is changed. This process in which the nib grows progressively thicker, applying the ink more heavily as it is used, suggests MacDonald might have used a quill pen, anachronistic though that practice would have been in 1890. The regular stops and starts with a thinner nib could indicate he had ceased copying or composing in order to sharpen the quill. Internal evidence as to this practice is inconclusive, yet a photograph made of MacDonald, probably in the 1870's shows him sitting at a desk writing in a notebook with a quill pen.¹⁵ Certainly, the portrait is a stylized representation of a writer, but, given MacDonald's penchant for antiques, showy attire, and books and documents as artifacts, a fancy for such a symbol of the tradition of the scribe might well have attracted him to such an eccentric mode of inscribing or composing.

Changes in MacDonald's penmanship also help to tell the story of how and when the inscription most likely occurred. Considering the state of most first draft manuscripts, *Lilith A* is remarkably readable. At points the hand deteriorates, showing signs of the writer's fatigue. It also becomes less clear, even sprawling, near the end of many leaves, a likely result of a weary writer poisoning his hand at the lower edge of a notebook not flush with the table or desk on which he is working. The fact that these factors — the ink and the handwriting — are rather consistent argues that the inscription

¹⁵I have been unable to ascertain the source of this photo which appears on the cover of Rolland Hein's *The Harmony Within*, although I have contacted him regarding it.

probably occurred over a short period of time, perhaps even the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of March, 1890, which would have been a very short time indeed to have composed a manuscript text of one hundred sixty-one pages.

The margins, fastidiously kept throughout the manuscript, also provide evidence to support this theory. On folios one through four and thirty through one hundred sixty-one, he preserved strict one-inch margins along the top and left edges of each recto. On folios five through twenty-nine, he altered this practice, however, by beginning each line in the gutter at the left edge of each page. Abruptly in mid-sentence, he returns on folio thirty to the practice of allowing a left margin, following the vertical rules of the page. The right margin is also painstakingly kept. In many instances MacDonald shrinks a word or causes the letters to taper off or drop below the horizontal rule so as to make it fit inside the right margin.

Instances in which MacDonald writes in the right margin are particularly instructive. First, he makes a number of corrections which extend into the right margin. These include adding isolated words or phrases to a line and inserting text into the middle of a line and carrying it into the margin. The longest of these insertions occurs on folio sixty-three in which a textual addition extends approximately two inches down the right side of the body of the text. He also makes odd notes, apparently as reminders of elements to be included during revision. For example, on folio sixty, the word “grapes” appears in the right margin next to the passage in which he describes the roof of the ruined hall as he saw it from the bedroom in the crumbling garret. Elsewhere he makes notes regarding the stone in the hand of the princess as Fane nurses her (folios seventy-seven and seventy-nine); the question, “Insert here what he did for the dwarfs?” when Fane picks up the princess’s sapphire outside the city (folio eighty-six); the phrase, “How it had helped me,” after he learns the properties of the stone (folio ninety-two); the phrase, “finds knife dropped there,” when he wakes up after having been left to die in the

wood (folio ninety-nine); the name of Adam at the passage describing the light of the serpent stone Eve left in the bad burrow (folio one hundred twenty-three); and the instruction, “Make her go and dress,” next to the description of the princess as bound after having been changed from a leopard into a woman then captured (folio one hundred-thirty-six).

MacDonald also used the clear right margin to make notes which seem to refer to another draft or document. On folio one hundred thirty-one, he wrote “125” in pencil in the right margin; then on one hundred thirty-three, he wrote “127.” The latter was either crossed out with a large “X,” or perhaps that mark indicates the portion of text to be canceled and replaced with another passage from another document. Nothing on folios one hundred twenty-five and one hundred twenty-seven from this document seems to correspond to the text where those numbers are noted. Neither do any leaves bearing those numbers in *Lilith B* seem to correlate with these instructions. This evidence seems to indicate, then, the existence of a previous draft or extensive notes from which MacDonald was working as he inscribed this one.

The consistency and energy with which MacDonald preserved a right-hand margin suggests he was attempting either to create a fair copy of a text he had already written in draft form or quickly to inscribe a text which he had already mentally conceived and for which he had ample notes. *Lilith A* seems to have been intended as a clear copy on which he could make legible notes to present to a typist.

Another theory as to MacDonald’s intentions for this document arises with the consideration of the blank versos. While he seems to have preserved the right margins in order to make notes and extend insertions, he might have had similar intentions for the versos. A superficial look at *Lilith B* and other manuscripts and typescripts of MacDonald’s publications reveals his practice of thorough revision and emendation of his texts for which extra paper was often required. Having clear versos when he revised

would eliminate the need to introduce loose leaves to the bound notebook, risking their loss or misplacement.

Why do these versos remain clear after revision? Three possibilities present themselves. First, he might have changed his mind and decided to give the manuscript to a typist because he did not plan to make extensive revisions. If this was the case, the typescript which was produced must now be lost in view of the fact that the earliest portions of *Lilith B* vary significantly from the text of this manuscript. The second possibility is that MacDonald changed his mind about the direction of the text, all but abandoning it. Perhaps he worked from this manuscript, preserving portions, and introduced much more material before giving it to a typist or typing it himself. The resulting typescript exists now only in the portions of *Lilith B* typed with a pica typewriter. In view of the fact that this manuscript is preserved and that he turned over the bundle of drafts to his daughter as a series, the latter scenario seems more likely. If it is, MacDonald himself probably typed part of *Lilith B*, as well as producing *Lilith A* without an amanuensis. The third possibility is that MacDonald carefully copied this text into the manuscript, creating a document that looked like printed book, in order to present it as a gift to someone. He had, in fact, printed small numbers of a long poem for friends earlier in his career. In view of the pains he took to create a legible copy, this seems entirely possible. As the following chapter will show, he might have intended the notebook as a gift to his son Ronald, perhaps even sent it to him and later received it back. In this case, he might have used an earlier copy of the text for making notes and changes prior to the typing of *B1*.

Analysis of changes to the text

The changes MacDonald made while inscribing or revising this text attest to what he intended to do in that process. In order to take adequate account of these changes, it is

important to consider the ways the writer physically recorded them, as well as their content. These details reveal a number of reasons for which changes were made.

First, MacDonald introduced greater specificity. Alterations often provide greater tactile detail, creating a text which is at the same time more sensual and more frightening than the original. For example, a portion of a sentence in the passage describing Fane's first trip across the bad burrow originally read,

. . . if I were found within the circle of that ground after the moon was set,
I should in a moment be the struggling prey of a group of the nearest
monsters. (36.20-22)

In revision, MacDonald added "not long" to modify "struggling," emphasizing the fatal power of the monsters. In another passage, he introduces details which likewise produce a chilling effect. In this and other examples which follow, words between pipes were added while those between forward and back slashes were canceled.¹⁶

I was seized with a fear that after all I held in my arms one of the dancers
of that strange night, and that when I laid her down, I should see /the\ |that
the head then leaning against mine was in truth a| fleshless skull. (68.8-
11)

Changes to the description of Fane's injuries by the supposedly unconscious princess also introduce elements which enhance erotic overtones:

I was still every now and then, it seemed to me at regular or nearly regular
intervals, annoyed by the same sort of bite or puncture, |now in one part of
my person, now in another, generally neck or arm|. . . (73.9-12)

¹⁶The system used here and in other quotations from the manuscript and typescript is that presented by Peter Shillingsburg in "Guide to PC-CASE: Computer Assisted Scholarly Editing for Micro-Computers," Mississippi State University, 1987. The guide accompanies the PC-CASE software which was used in editing the *Lilith A* and *Lilith B* documents for this study.

When she later succumbs to the temptation, attacking him on the way to the sexton's house, a slight change of verb emphasizes the nature of the injury. MacDonald originally wrote that Fane "knew that the triangle had broken the gates of my life" (137.9), but he changes "broken" to "burst," altering the image entirely.

Greater specificity also helps to strengthen or modify characters in a number of instances. For example, one change enhances the reader's perception of the cruelty and pettiness of the city inhabitants. To the sentence describing the half-grown children as hurling insults at him, MacDonald adds the phrase indicated below:

. . .for /they\ |those who could not get near enough to pinch and otherwise harass me,| began to throw stones from the outskirts of the crowd. (103.3-4)

This and the previous examples illustrate MacDonald's aim to imbue the text with sensory details which often provide sharper, more specific characterization, as well as descriptions of setting.

MacDonald also corrected the sense of sentences or altered details. In Fane's first trip across the bad burrow, a serpent "came out of the ground close by me," but in revision it came out "a little way off." (35.20) In the description of the spectral dancers, the following changes were made:

The ears were there and the diamonds |glittered| and |the| pearls /glittered\ |glimmered| in /the\ |many| /a\ tip/s\ that /are the jewels of the ears;\ |was "the jewel of the ear";| . . . (59.5-6)

In the above passage, the writer achieves a cleaner style, as well as a more correct sense of the details. Certainly, pearls are more likely to glimmer than to glitter, so using the verbs in parallel creates both an alliterative and musical sentence — perfectly in keeping with the fairy tale-like tone of the *Lilith A* text — as well as a compelling image of the outer splendor of the skeleton phantoms otherwise bereft of human identity and value.

On certain occasions MacDonald gives attention to geographic details. When Fane pursues the princess to the city, MacDonald describes her as “climbing a slope to the east,” but then he changes the direction to the north. In a later passage, he eliminates a reference to direction all together. In the sentence, “Suddenly far away in the north, I thought I saw a dim light on the horizon” (80.9), he first changes “in” to “toward,” then all together cancels the directional reference. These details attest to an effort to establish and create a consistent geography for the world of the fourth dimension which here remains quite simple. Because this world is obviously intended to be neither realistic nor elaborately allegorical, references to direction and description of topography are limited. Yet the fact that MacDonald was coming to grips with the need to supply greater detail and consistency in order to establish a sense of place suggests that he was probably beginning to consider how to develop this narrative, whether it belonged in such a fairy tale setting, or whether a different atmosphere was warranted.

Elsewhere, changes were made to strengthen style or to shift emphasis. For example, Fane is confronted by the princess’s attempts to seduce him in order to get back her stone by asking him what magic he uses. The first version of his response reads as follows: “I know of no magic,” I answered. “I but stand by my friend.” MacDonald created a more emphatic denial by adding repetition and altering the second sentence to contrast the princess’s motives with Fane’s: “I know of no magic,” I answered. “I know no magic but to stand by my friend” (91.10). He also repeated words or phrases on other occasions to create similar effects.

As might be expected with any level of revision, some spelling was corrected and punctuation added or altered. These changes include the correction of careless errors which occurred in inscription. For example, MacDonald wrote “seven long days and knights” (69.1), which he later corrected. At other points, similar errors were made but stand uncorrected. He also introduced quotation marks which, in view of the lack of

space allowed for them, seem to have been added after long sections were completed or in review of the whole manuscript.

Clearly, in view of the small number and narrow scope of changes to this manuscript, revision was a hasty and limited effort. Most changes seem to have been made nearly at the same moment as the inscription. A cursory re-reading of the complete manuscript introduced the marginal notes and substantive revisions which indicate a change of direction or focus for the text. To gain a clearer notion of how this process occurred, it is necessary to examine the mechanics of revision.

Evidence for method of composition

I have already cited evidence pointing to the possibility of extensive notes or a draft from which MacDonald worked while inscribing this manuscript. Numerous instances indicate either that he greatly digressed from his original text or that the text from which he worked was incomplete and required much invention before the composition could be complete. Consideration of errors and corrections made during inscription paints a rough picture as to how this process occurred.

Many errors seem to have been the result of copying from another document. When Fane leaves the sexton's house, he is followed by the crow who

. . . presently /through\ |threw| something up into the air, which burst into a gentle flame, and came through the air pulsing toward me. (34.14)

The verb "threw" was initially written as "through," a word which appears in the next line. This kind of slip of the eye can easily occur during copying and seems to have happened in a number of other places in the text. Elsewhere MacDonald wrote "that heat that heat that" (64.5), seemingly copying twice a phrase made up of similar-looking words, but which should read, "that that heat that." In the phrase on folio eighty-six, "whence she came, I did not see, neither, I am sure did the woman," MacDonald

originally started to write “whence she came, neither” but changed it apparently because it was a copying error. One line on folio sixteen ends with the word “face,” which is then repeated at the beginning of the next line. “They gave a universal howl” is written as “They have a universal howl” (100.2), possibly because MacDonald’s eye skipped up to the “h” of “howl” in his notes or rough draft. Part of another sentence reads, “He would not even tell me even whether he was librarian or sexton, not even whether he was the old Adam or the new man” (144.22-24). Because the writer’s intention for this sentence is unclear, it remains as written in this edition. The error creating the ambiguity seems obvious: MacDonald’s eye jumped to a line below the one he was copying which contained “even,” a word in both this line and the one above, thus he was prompted to repeat it. Many other instances of such “eye slips” also confirm the probability of MacDonald’s having worked from notes or another manuscript.

Omissions and errors, like the repetition of “not even,” point to the fact that, whether MacDonald was composing an original document or transcribing a draft, he was often tired when he worked on this text. Sometimes he omitted significant words from sentences or letters from words. In other instances, he misspelled words or omitted important punctuation. For example, he wrote “mossow hollows” (38.8), “nearer that it had yet appeared” (39.25), “their was” (42.2), “that that illumined” (71.22), and “such a face such a form” (79.8). The sentence, “I could think of making them march sedately” (124.40), omits the negation necessary for the context. The similar omission of a comma at the end of a line creates confusion in the sentence, “They were very small something in proportion to the smallness of their trees” (41.16). Other misspellings include “stiches” for “stitches” (74.8) and “farther” for “father” (123.19), both of which attest to the fact that MacDonald’s concentration was not fully focused on the task of putting words to paper. On repeated occasions, he misspelled “moonshine” as “monshine.”

As notes in the apparatuses provided in the appendices indicate, MacDonald made many changes which prove this text to be made up of material invented while he transcribed, in addition to passages copied from a pre-existing text. The list below provides a record of many alterations made within sentences, demonstrating changes of intention to have occurred while the text was being inscribed.

- 24.16: . . . filled with maiden-hair /and trickling\ |over which small| streams went trickling.
- 25.21: . . . not she/ — \|. The| only difference seemed to be. . .
- 31.14: . . . cannot come alive./” “But do\ There is your couch!”
- 32.6: I turned to /go\ say farewell . . .
- 60.11: /I groped my\ |But I felt| disinclined to remain. . .
- 72.24: No one would ever claim /those garments\ |that furnishing! I| wondered that I had not thought of it before.
- 84.17: It was useless to think of following it. /In the\ |Everyone| made way for it, crouching close to the wall.
- 89.12: . . . where /they\ |the princess| stood . . .
- 92.15: . . . until /they\ |she| was certain of success.
- 93.17: . . . /At\ |In| a few minutes. . .
- 126.24: /The g\ |They were|. . . (The previous sentence begins “The gates.”)

Many of these examples show changes to have been made in the midst of a copying process. Words added require alteration in the sentence: if they are excluded, the sentence makes no sense. While this list does not include all such changes of intention, it does help to clarify what MacDonald was attempting at this stage. Clearly, he was still roughing out and exploring directions for his narrative, even though he was probably copying a largely complete text.

These changes, some of which seem minute, help to create a picture of the process this text went through as it was recorded. Working from some other manuscript or notes no longer extant, MacDonald wrote quickly in order to capture the ideas he wanted to add, probably fitting this burst of creativity into a schedule heavy with demands. Many sentences which are not revised seem to be unfulfilled attempts at conveying ideas, describing scenes, or portraying characters. In view of the fact that these passages remain unrevised, bearing little significant notation as to revision, MacDonald might have worked from this manuscript as he had from the previous set of notes or text, drawing from it certain portions and entirely rejecting other passages as he composed the version which follows this and remains only in part in *Lilith B*. If this notebook was given to his son Ronald, he might have worked from the original of this text in constructing *Lilith B*.

Conclusion

While certain aspects of the creation of this document remain mysterious even after careful examination, some of MacDonald's reasons for the drastic revision of the next stage do, however, seem clear. First, he discovered that the material on which he wanted to elaborate was not suitable for young people whom he seems to have consciously included in his original audience. While in other fairy tales he dealt with themes of an overtly sexual nature,¹⁷ the violence and sexuality at the center of this story demanded different treatment. He also might have realized that in order to initiate

¹⁷John Ruskin had written to MacDonald about *The Light Princess*, an early fairy tale, that it was "too amorous throughout— and to some temperaments would be quite mischievous— You are too pure-minded yourself to feel this— but I assure you the swimming scenes and love scenes would be to many children seriously harmful" (qtd. in Raeper, 222). Nevertheless, the "amorous" nature of the tale remains, showing MacDonald to have been less timid than other Victorians in treating controversial material, even in stories for children.

spiritual transformation in the reader, the imaginative journey through redemptive suffering would require greater force than the fairy tale-like narrative of *Lilith A* conveyed. Personal hardship, which will be discussed in the next chapter, also brought on a crisis which provided new fuel for a cathartic creative process, resulting in a text replete with emotional pain.

Clarifying his rhetorical purpose then led MacDonald to alter the form and adopt a different style and structure for the text. While he began writing in the dream-vision genre, borrowing elements of works such as *The Divine Comedy*, he found himself using gothic elements. The conventions and imagery of the gothic novel would serve the purpose of unburdening his loaded psyche; however, the form was an inappropriate vehicle for the text he wanted to be his masterpiece. Novels of that sort had enabled him in the past to put food on the table, but MacDonald intended with this work to create myth, not sensational fiction, in an effort to appeal to the imagination of adult readers rather than to make money.

By shifting to the format of the novel, retaining elements of fantasy with which he had had such success in 1858 with *Phantastes*, and enhancing the element of scientific discovery as a means by which to unite the modes, MacDonald came up with an innovative work with a greater literary and psychological reach, as well as more numerous flaws, than the original text, *Lilith A*. The transformation process from one text to another is what is recorded in the next document in the series, *Lilith B*.

Chapter Two

The Transformation of *Lilith*: The Biographical Evidence

Greville MacDonald's account of the generation of the manuscript draft of *Lilith* is well known. Despite his knowledge of the rest of the *Lilith* drafts, he never described the revising process either in his discussion of the text or in other parts of *George MacDonald and his Wife*. Examination of the next document in the series, *Lilith B*, reveals that a tortuous and recursive composing process began with a typescript made from the *Lilith A* manuscript or an intermediate text and ended with extensive hand and typewritten emendations.

Why did this text undergo such extensive revision? Both the *Lilith B* typescript and the facts of MacDonald's life following the inscription of *Lilith A* and prior to the revising process give credence to the theory that the writer was undergoing a personal crisis at this time. What he was attempting to do with this work radically changed as the composition became a vehicle for a personal apocalypse. Through the creating and revising of *Lilith B*, MacDonald tested his long-held faith that God's goodness pervaded even deepest of suffering. His reasons for engaging in an ambitious project so different from his usual fiction can be understood, to a degree, by an examination of his life and the available letters of the period before and after the production of the *Lilith* documents.

The 1880's had been a time of change and grief for the MacDonald family. Living in Bordighera, Italy, for health reasons, the family of George, Louisa, and eleven children experienced the deaths of several of their number, in addition to the death of the mother of the two girls they had adopted. The popularity of MacDonald's fiction had declined, although he was still in demand during his summer lecture tours in England. Until 1889, the family had also toured England, performing their own dramatic version of *Pilgrim's Progress* in the homes of friends and acquaintances in order to raise funds. As

the children grew up and began to scatter, however, this routine ended and the writer's summer lecturing and preaching filled the financial gap. Life seemed to be settling into a new rhythm when the decade of the 1890's dawned.

Having weathered the turbulent 1880's, MacDonald occupied himself with many new projects in 1890, including the inscription of the *Lilith* manuscript. Although this document is never mentioned in any correspondence, a letter to friend Henry Cecil alludes to some of the imagery and themes which appear in *Lilith A*. Cecil's eldest son had recently died, an event which prompted the letter and may have influenced the writing of the manuscript:

What can I say to you, for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon you. But it is his hand, and very heaviness of it is good. . . . There is but one thought that can comfort, and that is that God is immeasurably more the father of our children than we are. It is all because he is our father that we are fathers.

It is well to say "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," but it is not enough. We must add, And the lord will give again: "The gifts of God are without repentance." He takes that he may give more closely— make *more ours*. . . . The bond is henceforth closer between you and your son. . . . (qtd. in Sadler, 341)

The image of the hand of God and the focus on God as a father filled MacDonald's mind just prior to the inscription of *Lilith A*, as did the notion of death leading, ultimately, to a greater union between loved ones. These ideas are fleshed out in the denouement of *Lilith A* in which Fane is reunited with his father. As the two characters approach the heavenly city, they discuss their union with God which will make them even closer, both being sons of "the head of the clan."

Two works under way in 1890 introduced themes and images which became fully developed as *Lilith* was revised. During his lecture tour that summer, MacDonald was revising proofs of *There and Back*, the novel in which a bookbinder restores the holdings of a library in a large house and expounds upon the value of the early texts of works. The image of the deteriorating library of an old house must have filled MacDonald's mind. The novel also includes the bookbinder's search for his father, criticism of the morally degenerate upper classes, the transformation from materialism to faith of the young man — all central subjects of *Lilith* beginning with the manuscript. Other passages pre-figure imagery and themes central to *Lilith*, including fascination with the moon and references to spectral dancers like those in the ivy-eaten hall. Another project was the *The Flight of the Shadow* in which he explored the extent to which evil can be embodied in a powerful female figure. In this novel the writer was clearly experimenting with the character who was to become Lilith.

While these works provided a testing ground for some of the ideas and images he was to explore in the fantasy, several facts of his family life provide a basis for a theory as to how and why he came to produce the unique document of *Lilith A*. MacDonald's son Ronald had earned a degree at Oxford and became a teacher. In 1888 he married Louise Virenda Blandy, then made plans to emigrate to America to take a position as a headmaster in a school in Alabama, much to the dismay of his father and brother. Instead, he accepted the position of headmaster at a boys' school in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, in 1889, only to leave after a term in order to take over at Ravenscroft Episcopal school for boys in Asheville, North Carolina, for the benefit of his wife's declining health. In fact, the MacDonalds were listed as communicants at Trinity Episcopal Church in Asheville on March 29, 1890, the very day *Lilith A* was inscribed (Slusser 48).

What does Ronald's career have to do with the inscription of this document? In addition to this odd coincidence of the date of the couple's communing at the Asheville church, several factors suggest his displacement in America and the trials he was undergoing might have prompted his father to create the manuscript as a gift for him. Ronald, MacDonald's second son, was very close to his father, the two apparently having literary interests and common tastes which Greville did not share. At a challenge from Ronald, George had composed *There and Back*, the realistic novel which embodied many themes and images which later appeared in *Lilith*. The book was actually dedicated to him in February, 1891, with the following statement clearly evoking a theme of the manuscript text: "In the sure hope of everlasting brotherhood, I offer this book to Ronald MacDonald, my son and friend, my pupil, fellow-student, and fellow-workman."

That MacDonald was deeply concerned for his son's well-being and that he missed him deeply during their separation is evident from the fact that he himself made plans to visit Ronald and Virenda in the summer of 1890. Virenda's poor health had steadily worsened, prohibiting her husband even from attending to his duties as headmaster. Ronald obviously needed the practical help his father was ill-equipped to supply, so the family sent Lilia in his place. She arrived in September, only to find Virenda had died while she was en route. Nevertheless, she stayed with Ronald for nine months, caring for his small daughter and providing moral support.

The deep difficulties of Ronald's situation call to mind the painful trials of Mr. Fane in *Lilith A*. The unbridgeable distance between MacDonald and the son he probably felt best understood him seems to be expressed in the alienation between father and son. Another apparent coincidence suggests an influence on the making of the text. The school Ronald took over in January, 1890, was called "Ravenscroft." As MacDonald inscribed *Lilith A*, the crow/librarian eventually changed into a raven who oversees God's cemetery out on a heath. While the wide heath to which Mr. Raven points in *Lilith A*

could not be mistaken for a croft or enclosed field, the raven's field might have been suggested by the school's name and crept into the story as an oblique allusion intended for the amusement of the boys to whom Ronald might have read the story. Certainly, the material and tone of the manuscript text were quite suitable for just such an audience.

If these factors did prompt MacDonald to produce the manuscript for Ronald, perhaps he copied it into the notebook from a pre-existing manuscript for the purpose of sending it to his son, choosing to hand-inscribe rather than type it in order to present it in book form. After that fair copy reached Ronald, he marked up the original for use in composing *Lilith B* but disposed of it after Ronald returned the notebook manuscript to him. When MacDonald presented the series of drafts to Winifred, he included the notebook because the original was lost or unreadable due to heavy marking. The manuscript might have been sent by post to Ronald; MacDonald might have intended to bring it with him on his visit that summer, then Lily took it with her in September, 1890; or, perhaps, Ronald never received it. In the last case, MacDonald might have saved the manuscript while using the original in the revising process, finally including it with the rest of the documents because of the state of the original. This might account for the marginal notes in the notebook. As he re-read the clean copy which he realized would not reach Ronald, he started making plans for the text's renovations, jotting down ideas for changes which germinated as he carried out the heavy lecture tour of the summer of 1890.

Records of that time show that after the tour of England, MacDonald returned to Italy with a new typewriter. In a brief biography of his father, Ronald MacDonald claims he "was among the first of literary men . . . to make use of the typing-machine; the bulk of his work, from the year 1880, being composed by this means, and worked upon afterwards with the pen; he always cheerfully accounting the machine a great saving of labour" (48). Although Rolland Hein explains that both MacDonald and his wife had

been using a typewriter for at least two years, what machine they had used is not known because so few of the letters of this period were typed¹⁸. Also, identifying details about the machine which he brought to Italy in 1890 are not known.

In January of 1891, MacDonald wrote a birthday letter to his eldest daughter, Lilia, who was then turning 39 and still in Asheville with Ronald. This letter provides some hints as to his mind-set at the time, as well as his plans for his writing:

I could say so much to you, and yet I am constantly surrounded by a sort of cactus-hedge that seems to make adequate utterance impossible. It is so much easier to write romances where you cannot easily lie, than to say the commonest things where you may go wrong any moment. . . . When we are all just as loving and unselfish as Jesus; . . . when the fact that a being is just another person from ourselves is enough to make that being precious — then, darling, you and I all will have the grand liberty wherewith Christ makes free — opening his hand to send us out like white doves to range the universe. . . .

I have still one great poem in my mind, but it will never be written, I think, except we have a fortune left us, so that I need not write any more stories — of which I am beginning to be tired. . . .

My dear love to Ronald. I could not bear you to leave him any more than you could yourself. Tell him from me that Novalis says: “This world is not a dream, but it may, and perhaps ought to become one.”

¹⁸Glenn Edward Sadler, editor of *An Expression of Character: The Letters of George MacDonald*, wrote in a personal letter, 20 June 1998, that in the period 1887-1901, only the letter of 29 October 1893 was typed, despite the fact that Professor Hein identifies the letter to Winifred in June of that year as typed, as well. A copy of the 29 October letter indicates it was probably typed with the typewriter used to create the latest typewritten materials of *Lilith B* and therefore might have been the machine MacDonald brought with him when he returned in the fall of 1891.

Anyhow it will pass — to make way for the world God has hidden in our hearts. (qtd. in Sadler, 343)

Numerous points of this letter anticipate the text of *Lilith B*. MacDonald expresses frustration with verbalizing thoughts and feelings, a strong undercurrent which begins to emerge in the earliest portions of *Lilith B*. His mention of the “one great poem” suggests financial constraints inhibited his writing, a factor which indicates he might have produced the story of *Lilith* — which he never expected to be a commercial success — as a vehicle for his less popular ideas. The quotation of Novalis was one which he often employed, including it in his first published work, *Phantastes*. Although it is not introduced in *Lilith B*, the idea of the confusion of dreams and reality is introduced with the revision of that text, then the text of the quotation is added by hand on galley proof, *Lilith F*. Finally, the image of a hand opening to let fly a white dove as a symbol of creative spirituality appears in the letter as it does in all the *Lilith* texts.

Shortly after this letter was written, *There and Back* appeared, as did an anthology of writings by Philip Sidney, a writer who profoundly influenced MacDonald as the ideal of the writer and gentleman. The summer which followed, however, prepared MacDonald for the crisis which seems to have overshadowed the composing process which he had begun one year earlier. He embarked on a long lecture tour, beginning in Belfast, where his audiences numbered as many as fifteen hundred people. A later trip to Scotland enabled him to complete *Scotch Songs and Ballads*, a collection of 38 poems in Scots dialect which was published two years later. He also spent two weeks at his family home in Huntly, Scotland, visiting the cemeteries where many ancestors and friends were buried, as well as the grave of the beloved fool of one of his short stories. These churchyard burial places haunted him, undoubtedly intensifying his imagination of “God’s cemetery” which he had introduced in the manuscript he had inscribed a year

earlier. The year which had begun with frustration at an inability to verbalize his thoughts confronted him with months heavy with speaking and writing.

The rest of the summer included a lecture tour which became increasingly heavy, work on a volume of sermons, and news of the illness of another of his children. This time it was Lilia to whom he had written the birthday letter. Having returned from America in May in order to nurse a friend with tuberculosis, Lilia became ill with the disease. Through the summer she also exhibited signs of mental illness or reactions to severe stress by mimicking the speech and manners of other people, as though she were playing the parts of her close friends. These symptoms caused her father great concern, for good reason, which he repeatedly expressed in letters to his wife.

Despite Lilia's illness, MacDonald continued his tour in England and completed yet another book. In August, he gave the finished volume of sermons, eventually entitled *The Hope of the Gospel*, to his literary agent. Then the pace of the lecture tour picked up, and by early October he had begun to lecture every day except Saturdays. On 5 November he wrote to his wife about having lectured forty-eight of fifty-eight days. Driven by crushing financial need brought on by the loss of an investment in a bank which had failed that summer, MacDonald extended the tour despite constant concern for Lilia who had returned to the family home in Bordighera. Apparently, publishing two books, writing two more, and keeping up with a five-month lecture tour did not adequately provide for the needs of his family, though it was now diminishing in number.

In addition to his fears for Lilia's health, the pressure of finances, and constant lecturing, MacDonald continued to make plans toward his next writing projects. On October 18, as he was completing his tour, he mentioned to Louisa the possibility of writing another fantasy: "God will help my brains to make sure of it, for they feel tired of inventing within mere human laws" (qtd. in Hein, 384). Yet he made no reference to the manuscript he had produced in March the previous year, nor that he had any specific

work in mind at the time. This absence of a specific connection suggests that he might have intended either to begin afresh, or even at this point an entire re-working of the text was his plan. Another possibility is that he did not reveal anything about the book to Louisa for fear of her reaction to its darker elements.

MacDonald repeatedly wrote home of the possibility of Lilia's death, at times blaming a spiritual problem for her physical condition. On 22 October, he wrote to Louisa: "For Lily, it seems just the old story of ups and downs" (qtd. in Raeper 361), then on 30 October, "I cannot help thinking if Lily would give herself up quite to him to whom she belongs, she would be at peace and then perhaps grow better. . . . I do think Lily will be much better when she consciously gives in to the will of God" (Raeper 361). A letter of 31 October, however, expresses in terms familiar to *Lilith* and many of his other works a more characteristic resignation and hopefulness about the result of physical death: "[W]e are only in a sort of passing vision here, and . . . the real life lies beyond us. If Lily goes now, how much the sooner you and I may find her again. Life is waiting us. We have to awake — or die — which you will— to reach it" (Raeper 361).

These attitudes toward Lilia's illness and impending death converge in the changes introduced as MacDonald re-worked *Lilith B*, specifically associating spiritual death with resistance to God's will. A new character called the Woman of Sorrow and "Mara" is introduced in the *BI* typescript as the force of suffering which facilitates the process of repentance. As the text was reworked and augmented, a decaying spot on the side of the princess, Lilith, became an important metaphor for her spiritual degeneracy — an image which readily recalls the consumption which killed Lilia. In the *BI*, Lilith is forced to open her tight-closed hand in order to fall asleep in the sexton's house, requiring an effort which is produced as the result of deep suffering in Mara's house. In revision, however, Lilith expresses the desire to open her hand, but the hand is cut off instead, at her request. This painful relinquishing of will seems to express the change

MacDonald thought Lilia needed to undergo in order to be free from her physical affliction. The scene comes off powerfully, perhaps because MacDonald's own life was plagued by the difficulty of giving up his daughter.

MacDonald returned to Bordighera during the second week of November, 1891. Exhausted from lecturing and traveling, he nevertheless took his part in nursing Lilia, relieving his wife and daughters who had spent several months diligently caring for her. He had written to Louisa on 6 November, offering to tend Lilia's fire at night since neither of her sisters was strong enough to do nocturnal nursing, according to their physician brother, Greville (qtd. in Sadler 348). Even the tending of the night fire becomes an important image in the *Lilith B* scene in which the narrator witnesses Lilith's being confronted by her true nature after a worm from the fire creeps into the wound in her side. The agony of Lilia's illness ended quickly when after a brief recovery she died on 22 November in her father's arms. Certainly, the scenes of these last days were deeply impressed on MacDonald's imagination.

The experience produced another image which became a part of the *Lilith* mosaic of past writings and recent experiences. The memory of holding the body of the woman who was also his child, the daughter who had helped raise the rest of his eleven children, and his fellow actor in hundreds of performances of plays from *Pilgrim's Progress* to *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, seems to have haunted him as he revised the text which was begun in the manuscript and transformed into *Lilith* over the next three years. In the rewriting of *Lilith B*, he introduced a scene in which the character who came to be called Lona is killed by Lilith, the princess and her mother. The narrator then takes up the body of the girl — who acts as a child/mother to many other children — and carries it for days until the company of the narrator, Lilith, and the children arrives at the house of the dead. A letter from Louisa described MacDonald's behavior at Lilia's funeral. His profound grief was evident in the cemetery when, after the coffin had been interred in the rain, he came

back twice to the grave after the rest of the family had left (qtd. in Greville MacDonald, *George MacDonald and His Wife* 516).

In contrast with this scene of deep grief, a description of the MacDonalds' Christmas festivities only one month later shows that the family acted on their belief that death was to be celebrated as the beginning of greater life. A long-time friend, Frank Troup, wrote about his visit with the MacDonalds at that time, describing a family which had obviously rejected Victorian strictures regarding mourning. They all dressed for dinner, played cards, and imitated barnyard animals for entertainment at which "Cousin George . . . nearly split himself laughing" (qtd. in Raeper 386). Going on with life, however, seems to have delayed the grieving process for George, for the season was followed by a depression during which he worked steadily, producing the re-worked text which became *Lilith B*.

In an otherwise cheerful letter to an old friend, he described his feelings in April of 1892, six months after Lilia's death:

I think we feel— Louisa and I at least— as if we were getting ready to go. The world is very different since Lily went, and we shall be glad when our time comes to go after our children. I hope and trust more and more as I grow older. (qtd. in Raeper, 363)

He gave up lecturing that summer, writing to his secretary in June that he did not think he "should feel at all sorry if I were told I should never preach or lecture again" (qtd. in Sadler, 350). Yet he had begun a new edition of his poems which was published in 1893 as *Poetical Works*. This became a ponderous project which was not completed until the following year due to much revision and tedious collecting of verses scattered through his many books. He also mentioned finishing a story called *Heather and Snow*, also published in 1893, before spending the summer in Switzerland where Louisa seems to have had bouts of nervous fits .

In January 1893 he was revived by his work, for, as he wrote to his friend W. Carey Davies, he felt younger than when he was a child: "Certainly I am happier and more hopeful, though I think I always had a large gift of hope." The same letter includes the comment that he thinks himself "rather driven with work," but that he should not "feel that" if his faith were what it should be (qtd. in Sadler, 354). Despite this drive, however, he took a break some time after this, for he wrote to his literary agent, A.P. Watt, 11 June, that he had begun again to work, although "writing takes all the strength I have to spend." (qtd. in Sadler, 355) He also mentions the "frosty invasion of old age," in contrast with the youthful vigor he described in the letter to Davies of January. Apparently, the months of work had taken their toll. As he sat down to revise both the essays of the enlarged edition of *Orts* and the typescript or manuscript of *Lilith*, he felt the weariness produced by intense labor at age sixty-nine.

An event during the spring of 1893 probably encouraged him to press on with the writing of the fantasy which would contrast so strikingly in imagery and tone with his other works. In April of 1893 Greville wrote to his mother saying their investment in their sons' education was about to pay off, that "Father need never write another stroke if that would be better for him!" (*Reminiscences of a Specialist* 314). With the earnings from his lucrative practice as an ear, nose, and throat specialist in addition to royalties from a text book and other articles, Greville intended to match his father's annual income. Although Louisa and George evidently became concerned that their son's success was making him too interested in money, the financial support must have provided a needed impetus for MacDonald to devote himself to a work which could not promise monetary reward.

Weary from months of work, yet with the financial burden a few degrees lighter, he apparently set to work on the *Lilith* text. Three days after the June letter to Watt, he wrote to his daughter Winifred: "I am a little tired having been hard at work cutting and

killing and re-embodiment and shifting, and trying generally to restore or order, and draw out hidden meanings from their holes.” He went on to warn Winifred not to speak of his project to friend Percy Harrat whom she was nursing through an illness: “There must be no allusion to my present work as you know, so you cannot read the rest of my letter to him.”¹⁹ That “present work” might have been the new edition of *Orts*, but why should he have been so secretive about it? The answer could lie in a determination to conceal the composition of *Lilith* from Percy, a young friend who was close to Louisa and who might have known of the original manuscript, having spent the summer of 1890 with them in Bordighera. MacDonald probably dreaded another episode of nerves from his wife who had been rather unstable since Lilia’s death. The imagery which produced her later reaction to the work might well have prompted him to keep it hidden until it was complete. His urging to Winifred not to speak of it suggests her previous knowledge of the project; perhaps she typed parts of the *Lilith B1* copy. If she were the typist, the *Lilith B1* document might have been produced during the spring of 1891 since Winifred was in Bordighera until the family’s summer trip to Ireland.

During the summer of 1893 MacDonald also continued work on the revision of *Orts* which included a new essay entitled “The Fantastic Imagination,” a piece which has particular relevance to *Lilith*. While he apparently re-wrote and re-worked the fantasy, he was also producing this treatise on the construction of fairy tales in which he discusses the need for harmony in such works and the possibility of multiple meanings to different readers. An illustration of the ways a fairy tale may act on a reader echoes a passage which appears in each version of *Lilith*:

¹⁹My copy of this letter comes from Rolland Hein who quoted the early portion in *Victorian Mythmaker*, 385, but omitted the latter reference to Harrat.

Let fairytale of mine go for a firefly that now flashes, now is dark, but may flash again. Caught in a hand which does not love its kind, it will turn to an insignificant, ugly thing, that can neither flash nor fly. (321)

As it was first inscribed, the passage does not convey the meaning suggested by the metaphor in the essay. In *Lilith A*, the raven

presently threw something up into the air, which burst into a gentle flame, and came through the air pulsing toward me. I saw that it must be some kind of firefly. But it seemed larger than any I had heard of, and its light was more yellow than green. It flew past me away over the heath. (34)

Fane soon loses sight of the creature as the moon rises. During the inscription of *Lilith B1* and in the *B2* portions, the episode proceeds quite differently. In a *B2* addition, Vane explains the difficulty of expressing what he experienced in that other world where things seemed to have many meanings:

The things themselves, and the way they affected me, were just so far like the things and feelings of this world that I am able to make the attempt to embody them in our speech, although with a constant sense of failure, and often that of an impossibility to set down more than one side or phase or concentric sphere of a multitudinous presentation of involved significance and relation. (*Lilith B*, fo. 45)

Vane's experience seems to parallel the phenomenon MacDonald describes as part of reading a fairytale; Vane, however, experiences being both a character in and reader of the fairytale. When Vane watches the firefly burst into view, he follows it with his eyes as it seems to change shapes, flashing colors he has never seen before, and even appearing as an octavo volume. Then, when it comes near him, he reaches out to grasp it. Its light immediately goes out, and he finds in his hand "nothing but a book!" (fo. 46) The episode demonstrates the narrator's inability to use his imagination to "read" his

experience. He insists on grasping, possessing, and thereby destroying the beauty of truth that can only be understood by forgetting that kind of desire.

MacDonald also borrows imagery from the *Lilith* manuscript in order to illustrate the role of imagination in enjoying and understanding music:

The best way with music, I imagine, is not to bring the forces of our intellect to bear upon it, but to be still and let it work on that part of us for whose sake it exists. We spoil countless precious things by intellectual greed. He who will be a man, and will not be a child, must — he cannot help himself — become a little man, that is, a dwarf. He will, however, need no consolation, for he is sure to think himself a very large creature indeed. (321-22)

It is not unreasonable to suppose MacDonald might have been composing this essay while he worked at revising *Lilith B*. *Lilith A* is the only version which includes the dwarfs as the embodiment of rationality without humility or imagination, and the problem of whether or not to change the characterization might well have been occupying him at the writing of this essay. If this assumption about the concomitant composition of *Lilith B* and the essay is correct, then he would have already produced the first typed draft of *Lilith* on the pica machine prior to June of 1893. This sequence also fits with the suggestion from the June letter to Winifred that she knew about the work and might have served as MacDonald's typist.

From 23 July to 5 August, MacDonald corresponded with Mr. Reid of Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. regarding the proofs and title of the revised edition of *A Dish of Orts*. He requested copies of the earlier edition in order to compare it with the new one since he apparently did not possess one. He also mentioned being very busy and wanting to avoid unnecessary work. Yet he avoided lecturing, and no new book other than *Lilith* seems to have been under way at this time. MacDonald was obviously consumed with

re-writing and re-ordering *Lilith* in its many phases, embarking on the effort which resulted in four full re-writes before it was sent to his agent or publisher. Although most fundamental changes to the text occurred in the construction of the *Lilith B* text, subsequent drafts likewise entailed extensive alterations. Before fall of 1893, therefore, MacDonald was most likely well into the revising process and beyond the construction of *Lilith B2*.

By the summer of 1894, his capacity for work had dropped off dramatically. In January of 1894 he wrote to a friend that he was “put on half-time because of my years but am yet able to get through a good deal” (qtd. in Sadler 360). That spring MacDonald was seized with a bout of influenza which seems to have precipitated a decline in both his physical and mental condition. In order to recuperate and escape from the heat of the Italian coast at Bordighera, he and Louisa went off to the moderate climate of the mountains surrounding Florence.

Writing on 1 June to daughter of friend and mentor A. J. Scott²⁰, MacDonald attributed his having lost a letter from her to “being in some trouble at the time, and to my mental condition being a good deal affected by the influenza, especially my memory” (qtd. in Sadler, 360). Although the “trouble” is not identified, hints as to his mental condition appear which help to identify this period as a time of strain, possibly even crisis. He mentions reading A. J. Scott’s writings, and being “a good deal with your father lately . . . learning from him afresh.” He also encourages rather than consoles her at the loss of her brother, seeming to think of the deaths of his own children as he writes, “The morning is at hand, as I feel more than ever, when we shall all go to our own.” The letter even seems to echo the final pages of the published *Lilith* in which Vane vacillates

²⁰A. J. Scott, according to Rolland Hein, probably influenced MacDonald’s career more than any other single person. Having been indicted for heresy in the Presbyterian church, Scott became a lecturer at University College, London, where MacDonald heard, then met him. MacDonald patterned his own practice and style of speaking on both literary and theological subjects after Scott’s lecturing.

between believing he is in a dream and waking, agonizing over his separation from his beloved and the heavenly city: “Even in my worst times I am able to look forward to the glory to be revealed.” This separation produces a suffering which he hopes will bring about good: “For my own part I know that I have needed to be afflicted, and yet need it, but at the last I shall say it was well to be afflicted.” He could easily say, as the narrator says in the final pages of the book beginning with *Lilith B2*, that Mara — the woman who represents suffering which leads to repentance — is with him and is teaching him many things. Finally, MacDonald remarks that this period has impeded his writing, that he has “done no work for some months, but hope the change now at hand may revive me in some measure.” He may, he says, have been working too hard, “but how is one to know.”

Evidently, *Lilith* had been completed before the illness came on, and he had sent the typescript to his agent or publisher. A physical and, perhaps, mental collapse followed, accompanied by uncharacteristic idleness, spiritual questioning, grief, and resignation. Evidently, the intense work and grief of the previous three years had taken their toll.

A letter of 18 June, 1894, reveals that by that time MacDonald had begun to revive, although he was never to achieve his previous level of productivity. Writing from Florence to literary agent, A. P. Watt, he stated that he was feeling better “and begin to imagine it possible I should one day begin another book.” Despite his hopefulness, he admits to being “very weak mentally” and able only to “read and understand books worth reading, mixed with a good story now and then” (qtd. in Sadler 362). He also mentions being “buried” in the *Life and Times of Savonarola*, although he was incapable of creative work with no project awaiting his pen.

After the completion of *Lilith* in 1894, MacDonald gave it to his wife to read. Greville explains in his *Reminiscences of a Specialist* that his mother “found the narrative

often distressing, its hidden meaning too obscure; and she feared lest it should be taken as evidence of weakening power, rather than the reverse.” Later she described it to him as a “terrible book, though portions, such as the loveliness in death, and the grand ending are exquisitely beautiful” (320). George and Louisa agreed, however, to allow Greville to read it. He pronounced it “enthraling,” and “the Revelation of St. George,” a judgment which settled the argument in favor of sending the book on to the publisher. Whether or not Louisa was actually “made happy,” as Greville claims she was, is doubtful, but she did not stand in the way of the book’s publication (*George MacDonald and Wife* 548).

Possibly because of Louisa’s objections and Greville’s enthusiastic support, George anticipated rejection of the book in some quarters and acceptance in others. In a letter of 17 September 1894, MacDonald wrote to Greville concerning his anxiety about it:

I have been and am still going through a time of trial. That my book is not to be a success in the money way is not much of a trial, thanks to you; but the conscious failing — the doubt if I shall ever write another book — is a trial that stirs up other mental and spiritual trials, one being the great dread of becoming a burden. . . .

But God may have some relief in store for me, and work seems a little more probable to me, and I have got some good in having my pride brought down a little. (*Reminiscences of a Specialist* 321)

With Greville’s success as a physician, MacDonald’s financial fears had diminished. Yet he continued to express anxieties, both about *Lilith* and about the decline in his ability to work. In a letter of 18 December 1894 to Georgina Mount-Temple, he mentions his doubts as to ever writing another book, then adds that “There is one in the printers’ hands now, which, however, I fear you may not quite like” (qtd. in Sadler, 364).

Later, in July of 1895, however, he wrote to friend Henry Sutton of the upcoming publication of *Lilith*, expressing his confidence in Sutton's approval of it despite what he expected to be its popular reception:

I have no doubt about your liking it, but much as to the reception, for which in itself I care next to nothing, of what they call the Public, which is long-eared, and long-tongued embodiment of the cumulative imagination. N.B. I do not demand your intelligent reception of this unintelligible sentence. (qtd. in Sadler 365)

His expectations paralleled the responses he had received from Louisa and Greville: the wife was repulsed by the book, the son enthralled by it. The incoherence of the sentence likewise attests to his declining ability to express his thoughts, as well as his consciousness of this creeping ineptitude.

After *Lilith*, MacDonald published three more works. He also produced a new edition of his translations of selections from German Romantic poets and hymns of Luther published in 1876 as *Exotics*, to which he added *A Book of Strife in the form of The Diary of an Old Soul*, which was first published in 1880. The only new material in this book, entitled *Rampolli* and published by Longman's Green, and Co., was a short poem, two poems of Novalis, and one poem of Schiller. From January to May 1897 the *Glasgow Weekly Mail* serialized *Salted with Fire* — a short novel re-working many themes of *Lilith* — which was then published in one volume by Hurst and Blackett in October. His last work, a tribute to his wife entitled *Far Above Rubies*, appeared in the Christmas number of *Sketch* and was published in the United States by Dodd, Mead, and Company in 1898. Both works are short and attest to his reflecting on the direction of his life as a writer and visionary, as well as his growing appreciation of and dependence on Louisa. Their scope, narrower and much less ambitious than previous works, give evidence of the decline of his creative energy.

The fact he was able to write at all in light of his circumstances and condition is remarkable. By 1896 he began to withdraw from visitors who thronged to Casa Coraggio, the MacDonald's house in Bordighera, which had long been open for twice weekly gatherings during which the writer would speak on spiritual or literary topics. Sensing that he was increasingly being regarded as a curiosity and performer rather than as a sage sharing truth, he wrote to Greville: "Bordighera keeps advancing in the loss of its virtues and repose. We shall be compelled, I fear, to open our doors only half-way before long" (*Reminiscences* 312). Frivolous attitudes and chatter annoyed him during these gatherings, and the burden of opening his home further increased the stress he felt. As his work on *Lilith* came to a close, his eczema flared up, causing him greater physical suffering than anything he had before experienced (Hein 395). The skin affliction interrupted his usually sound sleep, yet he continued to follow strict reading schedules and to study languages, including Dutch and Spanish.

By 1898, he was often confused and regularly asked Louisa to reassure him of his sanity. Louisa described such an instance to Greville in October of 1898:

Suddenly Father exclaimed, "They say, don't they, my wits are all gone?"
 "No," I said, "the wits are out in the back premises at present. We all know that." Then that despairing look came into his face: "I know you are all going away from me and I'm going to be left in a strange house. . ."
 I with my arms round him told him *I* should never leave him and that Irene and I loved nothing in the world so much as to be with him. He really is not worse, only I think not having you, it seems worse for him and for us."
 (*Reminiscences* 335)

The dementia of old age seems to have set in as *Lilith* was under way, then the illness following its completion hastened his decline. Some time after the incident above, MacDonald seems to have reached a turning point, for his eczema cleared up and he was

able to sleep. He may, however, have suffered a stroke, for he ceased to speak and seemed unable to understand what was happening around him. In 1905 after five years of nearly total silence, he died of a brief bout of pneumonia in the home of Winifred and her husband in England.

The writing of *Lilith* is the culmination of George MacDonald's work as a writer and of his struggle to grieve for his children while holding to his faith in God's goodness. Certainly, other complex psychological processes also occurred during this grief, the analysis of which would provide greater insight into this work. In this summary of the final years of MacDonald's life and writing, however, it is sufficient to state that the texts of this work record two different states of mind as the writer was composing. First, the mentality which produced *Lilith A* and *Lilith B1* focused on the alienation of father and son, the role of the imagination in personal transformation, social satire, and the necessity of human relationship in achieving true individuality. Although these themes remain in the subsequent versions, the tone and purpose of the work seem to have changed dramatically as *B1* was enlarged and altered with *B2* material. Marked by verbal tension and emotional intensity described in the following analysis, the emerging text aims much higher than does *Lilith A* with its fairy tale motifs. Instead, it is characterized by darker imagery, frustration at verbal expression, feelings of confinement by temporal reality, and anxiety as to the outcome of a life filled with constant work, struggle, and failure. Despite having a great capacity for hope, as he once claimed, MacDonald seems to have openly recorded in *Lilith B2* the fears which lurked beneath the surface of his characteristic optimism. The inscription of the typescript launched MacDonald on a creative endeavor he probably considered his master work.

Chapter Three

The Transformation of *Lilith*: The *Lilith B* Texts

George MacDonald remarked to his daughter Winifred in June, 1893, that he was “cutting and killing, re-embodiment and shifting” material in a text which he did not identify. The pages of *Lilith B* give the strong impression that this must have been the project at which he was laboring at the time of the letter. It is constructed, essentially, of two texts. The first, which will be referred to as *Lilith B1*, was clearly intended as a revision of *Lilith A*. The second text, *Lilith B2*, incorporated most of the *B1* text while introducing much new material and augmenting the text with handwritten emendations. From the myriad bits of physical evidence this document provides, it is possible to trace the direction — tortuous as it was — of the transformation of *Lilith A* to *B1*, then of *B1* to *B2*. Textual analysis provides grounds for understanding MacDonald’s decisions which led to radical changes in the narrative, including the re-drawing of characters, re-ordering of scenes, and introduction of many new elements. The following study will examine both the document and the text in an attempt to reconstruct the process of their creation.

Description of the document

Typed portions of the *B1* and *B2* texts stand in sharp contrast to one another. The typewriter which produced the revision of *Lilith A* — that is, the *B1* document — can be identified by its pica font, creating ten characters per inch. The machine used for typing the pages and interlinear material introduced later in the process can be identified by its elite font, creating twelve characters per inch. Yet the typewriter evidence is not the only

means of sorting out the abundant changes indicating the two main phases of *Lilith B* creation. Many aspects of the document point to the fact that the pica material and the elite material were made at different times for different purposes and probably by different typists. Examination of paper, ink, folio numeration, page format, impressions made by typewriter keys, and the text itself provides evidence crucial for understanding the process.

The evidence of the paper suggests the differently typed pages were created, perhaps, in entirely different circumstances. For the text with the pica typewriter, *Lilith B1*, the typist used white paper with the watermark of "Antique Vellum Note." The paper for the elite portions, *Lilith B2*, came from four different stocks: grey paper marked with fleur de lis; white paper watermarked with a "219" and an intertwined "A" and "S"; white paper watermarked "De la Rue & Co."; and white paper of a heavier stock without a watermark which is used for only one page. The grey paper is used for folios 1-7, 14, 15, 46, and 47. Text on these leaves was typed by the elite typewriter and either replaces earlier pages or augments the existing text. White paper with the De La Rue & Co. watermark was used to create the long portions of the *B2* document which replace sections of the pica copy after fo. 139, or to add to it. Paper with the "219" watermark was used to insert passages within the text. Folios 52-54, 61-63, 68, 87-92, 112-118, 122, 171, 202, and 254 were drawn from this stock.

Ink used for handwritten revision and correction varies between black, dark brown/black, and red, but the changes are made uniformly in MacDonald's hand. Such are the extent of the hand-made changes, however, that without the use of special lighting, equipment for careful examination of each of the two-hundred fifty-eight folios, and dozens of uninterrupted hours in the British Library, little can be determined from the evidence it provides. Holding leaves up to ordinary sunlight demonstrates that black ink, which appears to be uniform, actually varies. This variation and the nature of the

textual changes suggest that MacDonald probably re-worked most pages more than once — in many cases, several times. Many pages which were produced by the pica typewriter — thus belonging to the *B1* portion of the document — also include emendations made during the reconstruction of the text or creation of *Lilith B2*. Yet changes might have been made with similar ink during the two phases: first, with minor revisions, such as corrections of typing errors or re-wording of sentences as the *B1* document was created; later, to correct errors and alter style or wording, as well as to introduce new narrative elements, change names, or eliminate material no longer salient to the emerging *B2* text. These alterations can be differentiated by changes in the handwriting or, more easily, by linking their origins with other elements in the *B2* text or by examining the contexts in which they occur. The one clear difference in ink belongs to the early pages of the text in which MacDonald made changes in red. This anomaly will be considered later with analysis of both physical and textual evidence.

More telling than the ink used to make hand-written emendations are the format of typewritten pages and the characteristics of the typewriters themselves. Folios inscribed with the pica typewriter have one-inch margins all around, lines are double-spaced, and the last line on the page often runs down as though the typist consistently failed to realize the copy had reached the end of the paper. This last feature suggests that the typist was neither composing nor typing from dictation. Instead, he or she worked from a pre-existing draft, transcribing without looking at the leaf in the typewriter. This theory is also supported by the fact that the carriage occasionally fails to advance the paper to the next line, resulting in one line of text being superimposed on another. Had the typist watched the page while typing it, this error would not have occurred. Also, a typist with eyes on the leaf in the typewriter would have consistently hyphenated end words or advanced to the next line rather than typing an incomplete word at the end of the line. Such errors occur, however, with the pica text beginning at about fo. 20. Here

the typist often fails to hyphenate and often stops typing only when forced to do so, resulting in many incomplete words at ends of lines which are then corrected by hand or retyped at the beginning of the next line. Most likely the typist was experienced, able to type quickly without looking at the keys. Moreover, he or she — perhaps MacDonald himself — was aware that this document was a working copy and need not be perfect in appearance since the writer planned to use it as the basis for a refined version to be typed later from this text after revision. The errors also might indicate that the typist's goal was to produce the document quickly, a factor not particularly telling in itself since MacDonald kept a full schedule, usual working on several writing projects at once.

The pica type is often faint, with several broken letters. For example, the top of the “b” is gone, as is part of the loop of the “g.” Other letters which are broken or faintly typed are the “B,” “M,” and “G.” In the conventional way of typing, these keys are all struck by the index fingers, a fact which suggests that the faintness of the letters might result at least partly from the weakness of the typist's index fingers rather than from the condition of the typewriter. It also suggests, as does the evidence that the typist did not keep his or her eye on the paper, that he or she used standard hand positioning on the typewriter. An efficient typist, this individual was probably a regular typist for MacDonald, perhaps one of his daughters who often assisted in his work.

While the above evidence indicates that the typist worked from a draft no longer extant in producing the pica typescript, other features lead to the conclusion that portions of the text were composed or revised while the typing took place. Numerous instances of changes introduced by the typewriter, as well as handwritten revisions obviously made in the midst of a page being typed, point to the fact that MacDonald was directly involved in the production of the document. Folio 25 records such an instance of mid-sentence revision. The last sentence in the first paragraph was typed as follows:

The wind of the moor seemed to come with a rush behind me, and push me into a living grave of rest, prison of enforced repose?

The question mark at the end of the sentence, however, only makes sense in light of the changes introduced both by hand and by the machine. The sentence must have gone through at least two phases of revision before it was completely typed, for the first changes are typed but accompanied by hand-made alterations, resulting in the intermediate version as follows:

The wind of the moor seemed to come with a rush behind me — was it to push me into a grave, or a prison of enforced repose?

The dash, the “and,” and the “to” after “was it” were introduced by hand obviously in the initial phase when “was it” was typed above “me into.” Then “grave of rest, a prison of enforced repose” was changed to “a grave, or a prison of enforced repose?” with “or” typed above and to the left of “a.” Then “?” was super-imposed by typewriter on the original period, and the rest of the phrase was emended by hand. The sentence finally comes to read,

The wind of the moor came with a rush behind me — was it to push me into a living grave, or a refuge from the cold of a live Death?

When making the final changes, MacDonald wrote the phrase as, “live personal Death,” then canceled “personal.” The rest of the changes, at least the substitution of “a refuge from the cold of a live Death?” were made later, perhaps after the page was complete. The progression of these changes attest to MacDonald’s involvement with the initial inscription of the text by the typist, suggesting he dictated the text, dictated changes, or typed the document himself.

Elsewhere errors occur which are far more likely to have been made by a typist taking dictation than by someone transcribing visually from a manuscript. For example, on fo. 10, the following portion of a sentence was typed:

I stretched out my arms and felt about me on every side — went walking about me in this direction and that, feeling if happily I might touch something I could not see, but all was in vain.

The sentence was then revised by hand to read as follows:

I stretched out my arms, and felt about me on every side — went walking in this direction and in that, if haply I might come into contact with something where I could see nothing; but all was in vain, . . .

Here, further material is added by hand. The most striking change in this sentence is the correction of “happily” to “haply.” Clearly, the context requires the use of the latter word, yet a typist transcribing from dictation might have heard “happily” when the writer dictated “haply.” It is unlikely that a typist would have missed the double “p” in “happily” in a pre-existing manuscript, so unless the word was originally misspelled, the most logical conclusion is that it was an aural mistake. The repetition of “about me” could have been a transcription error. Given the proximity of the phrases in the sentence, it might also have occurred if MacDonald stop dictating for a moment after “every side,” forgetting he had already used the phrase “about me.” Another example of an error which probably resulted from a typist taking dictation include, in the *BI* typescript, “cage” for “cave” and “cave” for “cage” in two separate sentences on fo. 110.

Taken together, these bits of evidence lead to the conclusion that the creation of *Lilith BI* was the result of a typist transcribing a manuscript based on *Lilith A* as MacDonald augmented that text with dictated material. Although portions of this text are directly lifted from *Lilith A*, too much is changed to allow for dictation of the entire typescript. While MacDonald himself could have typed portions of it, errors — such as the transcription of “happily” — indicate that much of this typescript was produced by a second party. Particular instances in which he seems to have acted as typist will be noted and discussed in the analysis of the text.

Folios entirely inscribed by the machine with the elite font, and insertions typed with it onto *B1* folios, seem to have been produced during an entirely separate process and probably by a typist other than he or she who typed most of *B1*. Evidently, the same typist prepared the first seven folios of the typescript and introduced material on the versos of succeeding leaves. This typist followed a different format from that used by whoever transcribed the pica pages. Margins are smaller, one-half inch on each side. The bottom line is only occasionally typed off the page, although this tendency increases later in the document. Each line is usually completely full, resulting in many end words missing final letters or being re-typed on the next line. As with similar but less abundant errors in the *B1* typescript, MacDonald made fairly thorough corrections on these pages, completing partial words at ends of lines, sometimes forming letters as though to make them appear to have been typed, a practice which MacDonald himself followed in his own typing as is demonstrated in the letter to Georgina Cooper-Temple of October, 1893.

The *B2* portions also include several typed insertions on the versos in the shapes of triangles, or with slanting left margins, as though the typist were attempting to create a triangle and was able to achieve the effect only on that edge. Either MacDonald typed each himself, or the typist attempted to approximate the appearance of a hand-written bit of copy MacDonald had provided with the direction to produce it in that shape. A few hand-written insertions are also constructed as triangles in the *B2* text, particularly in part two, and will be noted in the analysis of the text. Arriving at a theory to account for this anomaly is difficult, however. Did MacDonald, with his love of geometry, find constructing such shapes to be particularly helpful in the creative process? Did he hold some belief in the occult power of the pyramid about which nothing is known? Without examining other documents of his composition, it is impossible to explain adequately this idiosyncrasy.

Finally, the most obvious clues as to the order of this recursive composing process occur in numbers which appear at the top right corner of each recto. Some leaves bear only one number, many bear three, four, or even five. All but one of these were inscribed at the times of composing and revising. First, on most folios, the typist provided a number which fitted the leaf into the sequence as it existed at the time of the typing and during the phase of production to which it belonged: either 1-138, that is, part one of the document; or 1-119, the second part of the document on fos. 139-258. Numeration will be discussed in more detail with the analysis of the text. Important to establish at the outset of any discussion of folio numeration, however, is that fos. 139 through 258 were marked in pencil by the British Library in that sequence in order to connect the second section of the document with fos. 1-138. In the interest of convenience, therefore, this study will discuss the document in terms of the sequence of numbers set by those markings on the individual folios, 1-258.

Analysis of the text

While obvious distinctions exist between portions of text typed by the two typewriters, it is important to clarify of what *Lilith B1* and *Lilith B2* consist. *Lilith B1* was once a complete text inscribed by the pica typewriter. The text inscribed with the elite typewriter, however, was never complete in itself. *B2* should be understood to include the elite-typed portions, pica-typed portions revised so as to incorporate them into the altered narrative of *B2*, and extensive handwritten addenda obviously made as part of the late revision process. These portions of text together were parts of a creative act distinct from that which produced the *B1* document and attest to different intentions for the text. This study will attempt to peel back, so to speak, the layers of composition and revision which resulted in the text inscribed on the leaves of this document.

One other crucial division in the composing process also occurred. Having begun to revise the *BI* text, MacDonald stopped at fo. 138 and gave the completely revised leaves to a typist. After receiving these back, a fair copy of that portion having been produced — that is, the first part of *Lilith C* — he set to work on the rest of *Lilith B*, creating another 119 pages by augmenting and rejecting parts of the rest of *BI*. Because these two phases of the construction of the text seem entirely separate, they will be referred to here as “part one,” fos. 1-138, and “part two,” fos. 139-258. Evidence for the occurrence of these two phases will be examined in the following analysis.

At times, it will be necessary to refer to the text which was published in 1895 as *Lilith: A Romance*, in which cases I will use the British Library’s designation, *Lilith I*.

Folios 1 through 16

The first seven leaves of the document, typed by the elite typewriter on grey paper, belong to the *B2* text and replace three leaves originally included in the *BI* document. At the top of the first leaf appears a title typed in capital letters: “ANACOSM: A TALE OF THE SEVENTH DIMENSION.” This title is canceled and replaced by the handwritten title: “Lilith.” The “Chapter I” heading is also inscribed by hand. The text, written in the first person, describes the narrator’s situation, which differs significantly from that of *Lilith A*. He has recently inherited the house of his ancient family, his parents having died when he was young. Explicitly writing for a friend from college, he claims a propensity for seeing analogies — perhaps too readily — between physical and metaphysical sciences. The library, which grew extensively from one room to the next, seems to have overtaken a good part of the house and occupies much of the narrator’s time. One day while reading in the central room of the library, the sun shines on a portrait of an ancestor and catches the narrator’s eye. When he looks

away, he sees a small old man reaching up to a bookshelf who promptly disappears. Under the portrait is a curious door with a false front of books, one of which is a manuscript cut diagonally then thrust on top of some books to make it appear to have just been set there. Vane reaches for this volume but cannot extract it, then another day becomes angry when he notices the volume is missing. Later, while studying another book on optics, he again sees the small old man who leads him to the closet in back of the false door and again disappears. The butler tells him the old man is a former librarian, Mr. Raven, who served the ancestor of the portrait, Sir Cosmo, and had read forbidden books with him. Returning to the shelves, they find the mutilated volume back on the shelf but fixed there as before. Vexed by the problem of the shelves, Vane decides to remodel the room; then, as he gets up to set about a task, again sees Mr. Raven whom he follows through the house — which is largely unknown to him — to the attic.

This portion of the narrative is inscribed on paper taken from a stock which is used only here and for fos. 14 and 15. Revisions are made in red ink which appears through fo. 9 but not on fos. 14 and 15, although they were inscribed at the same time, presumably, as 1-7. Several conclusions can be drawn from these bits of physical evidence. First, MacDonald replaced the first three folios of the *B1* document with seven typed by the elite typewriter. The text of the original leaves most likely contained less description of the house but more of Vane's family, focusing on his relationship with his sister, whom he seems to have wronged, and her returning from school with a friend, as she does in *Lilith A*. Second, the red ink used to revise the copy on these leaves must have become unavailable or MacDonald decided it was undesirable for some reason. The fact that it appears on leaves beyond the first seven indicates an intermediate or late phase of revision to have included both the text of the added leaves and text of the *B1* document. This pattern of making changes to early portions of the text — much of which had already been revised at least once — while revising copy introduced in the *B2*

process predictably extends through the entire document, creating complicated and sometimes unreadable passages rewritten several times. Finally, both the change of the title of the work and the introduction of chapter titles by hand suggest that even after MacDonald had augmented the text with the elite typewriter, he continued to re-envision his work, arriving at a title late in the process which was only inscribed while he was yet again revising the much emended copy before giving it to a typist.

Two other characteristics of this portion of the document are also worth noting. First, these leaves were typed by a strong, swift typist looking at a pre-existing document. Second, one of MacDonald's hand-written triangle-shaped addenda appears on the verso of fo. 3. Comprised of only one sentence, this block of text calls attention to MacDonald's fastidious attention to the appearance of words on a page, something like the impulse which prompted him to so carefully preserve the margins in the notebook manuscript, *Lilith A*.

Folio 8, which also bears a pica-typed 4, merges the replacement text of *B2* with *B1*. Several lines of pica type are canceled by the elite machine at the top of the page and several more are introduced interlinearly. The paper is now taken from the stock with the watermark "Antique Vellum Note," as are the rest of the leaves typed by the pica machine which continue unbroken by any elite insertions until the introduction of fos. 14 and 15.

Vane discovers a small enclosure or room in the middle of the garret (introduced on fo. 8 by the elite typewriter) into which Mr. Raven seems to disappear. The entire chamber full of light, Vane realizes — in a *B2* triangularly typed addendum — that someone has experimented here with polarized light using a number of odd mechanisms. In extant *B1* text, he finds a frame topped by a black raven with a golden chain which seems to hold a picture; then, leaning forward to examine a huge raven which seems to be walking toward him, he falls into the "picture." The third chapter, "Somewhere or

Nowhere,” begins with the preoccupation, as distinct from *Lilith A*, with the difficulty of reconciling language and experience, the problem that words function “only by more or less of a shadowy approximation” of what is meant. Folios 10 through 12 record his peculiar conversation with the raven who introduces riddles similar to those of *Lilith A* and challenges the limits of Vane’s ability to understand and use language to make sense of this strange experience. Adding to the perplexity of the situation, the raven turns and appears as the librarian who offers to Vane what he calls a lesson:

“No one can say he is himself, until first he knows that he is, and then what *himself* is. In fact nobody is himself, and himself is nobody. There is more in that than you can see now. . . . Home, you know, is the only place where you can go out and in. There are places you can go into, and places you can go out of, but the one place, if ever you find it, where you can always go out and in, is what I say and will not say again.” (fo. 12)

As in *Lilith A*, the narrator faces a perplexing process of self-discovery — much like the tortuous revision process of this text — before he can achieve both self-awareness and understanding of others. This passage existed, except for some hand-written revisions, in the *B1* text.

Folio 13 initiates a portion of text extending through fo. 16 which MacDonald extensively revised, and augmented with a substantial amount of new material during the *B2* process. Mr. Raven walks away, leaving Vane in a pine-wood “not merely not knowing where I was, but not knowing any longer who I was, or in what direction to go to find out that I was anybody.” Vane observes a shimmering in the woods which he approaches, only to find himself having come back through the mirror into the room in the garret. In a canceled portion of the *B1* text, Vane expresses sorrow at having returned from the other world to this where brooding over an unfulfilled love fills his days. In that version, which continues on what is now fo. 16, he returns downstairs where his

sister sits drawing and her friend, Unasola, looks over some music. He remarks that he was “a little annoyed with myself also to find how little emotion the sight of her wakened in me” and turns to go to the library. This passage is canceled, however, as MacDonald rejects with the inscription of *B2* copy the narrator’s infatuation with the sister’s friend — or the loss of that relationship — as an impetus for self-discovery.

The introduction of *B2* fos. 14 and 15 interrupts the original narrative, contributing changes to both plot and tone. The typed chapter heading, “The Half-Book,”²¹ apparently added after the earlier handwritten headings, turns the reader’s attention to the mystery of the elusive manuscript which — as another part of the *B2* modifications — later takes a central place in the text. Vane stumbles out of the garret and through winding passages in terror, feeling as if his own house is “too strange” for him and as though someone or something was ready to leap upon him. Safely back in his library, he is haunted with the feeling that the attic is the brain of the house and is “even now brooding over it,” a description which both elaborates the house/body allegory and links this text to the gothic genre. As in gothic novels, the narrator is about to embark on an adventure of self-discovery through terrifying encounters with the sources of family secrets, those secrets belonging to the entire human family, of which he is representative.

The narrator muses on his situation with a lightness and directness which appears similarly in *Lilith I*: “What do *I* know of my own brain or heart? . . . What is behind my *think*? Am *I* there at all? What *am* I?” These thoughts send him to the bookshelf to examine the old volume which he finds to contain a poem of which he can read only portions of lines. They arouse in him an “indescribable longing to know what they did mean, and what they wanted to say” and prompt him to record what he can construe. A typed note before a gap in the copy reads, “PUT THESE IN HERE AFTER I HAVE

²¹This is the only typed chapter heading in the document. Introduced inconsistently, these headings seem to have been an after-thought which bear little upon the construction of the text. They will rarely be noted in analysis.

WRITTEN THE POEM,” indicating that MacDonald planned first to include a poem which could not have been the same as what appears on fos. 151 to 154. Recording the verses this early in the narrative would have entirely changed its direction. Instead, he declines to include the verses, allowing this perplexing experience of encountering incomplete portions of the text of a poem to function as a catalyst for the rest of the journey.

Another chapter heading, “Mr. Raven,” is handwritten above the bottom paragraph on fo. 15, introducing a passage composed with the purpose of blending with some of the text of fo. 16. After the top half of the copy of that leaf was canceled, including the description of Vane’s entry downstairs where he finds his sister and her friend, MacDonald introduced new material with the help of the elite typewriter or a typist. Elite lines appear in the spaces between lines of canceled pica copy, the *B2* copy being emended by hand, as well. More additions were also made by hand, as are notes directing the rearrangement of typed text. This radical textual surgery results in an amalgamation of the texts with *B2* material added to portions from *Lilith A*, as well as a refinement of that early material. These changes produce a more understandable narrative which creates a transition between the discovery of the poem and a scene in which any thought of Mr. Raven has disappeared from Vane’s mind. In the scene as revised, Vane picks up his star sapphire ring from a table and, looking into it in order to see how it reflects the sun’s rays, finds an eye gazing back at him. The eye disappears just before he observes a raven walking toward him through torrential rain and into the house. Although he fears what is about to happen, Vane follows the bird out onto a little lawn. Revision this extensive — including both hand and typed addenda and canceling so much of the original copy — does not appear again until fo. 42.

MacDonald seems to have encountered a turning point as he made changes to fo. 16, realizing the narrative was taking a new direction and acquiring new thematic

dimension. He therefore rejected the portion of the plot involving the sister and added details inconsistent with the aims of a fairy tale. Despite these alterations to the story, he retained the text of the next twenty-five leaves much as it was originally recorded in *BL*. This text relies heavily on *Lilith A*, introducing new material which can be seen as developing rather than re-envisioning the earlier version.

Folios 17 through 41

Folio 17 initiates Vane's second excursion into the land of the seventh dimension. The existence and identity of that place is called into question immediately in a conversation between Vane and Mr. Raven as the latter begins digging up worms in the lawn. The bird croaks that it "will be a grand time on the steppes of Uranus, for . . . I believe it is raining there too: it has been for the last week." This remark seems to suggest that the location to which Vane had previously traveled was, in fact, the planet Uranus. Yet the later narrative reveals the land of his journey to be an arid wilderness. This detail is no error, however, as it introduces the possibility of Vane's embarking on a journey similar to that of Dante the pilgrim who visits several spheres of paradise which exist on different planets. At many points of the *Lilith* narrative, MacDonald overtly alludes to Dante's *Divine Comedy*, quoting lines and borrowing images. Mr. Raven's reference to what is happening in Uranus suggests an intention to enlarge Dante's allegorical vision rather than re-write it, since Uranus is not included as one of Dante's circles of heaven. Instead, MacDonald represents a level of consciousness which exists beyond the scope Dante envisioned. This is one instance in which MacDonald's training and interest in science informs the motifs of this work, here providing him with a way to incorporate aspects of the *Comedy* into a Romantic apocalypse of the transformation of the self through an inner purgatory. This plane of existence functions as a metaphor for the sphere of the psyche where one works toward the attainment of righteous self-

knowledge through self-forgetting. While initially incongruous, it is nonetheless appropriate that Mr. Raven mentions the rain on Uranus where time, perhaps, is irrelevant. The water which fills the desert at the end of Vane's journey is foreshadowed in this initial visit, prefiguring his coming transformation.

Mr. Raven mentions that the animals in Uranus are burrowers but that the sight of the bog-serpent wallowing out of the ground is a frightful thing — a warning which Vane forgets when he crosses the fearful swamp. The traveler in Uranus can expect to encounter there the monsters of the sub-conscious, as Vane later comes to discover. Mr. Raven, however, speaks of them without disdain or disgust, setting a tone which reappears when Vane has died to the power of his “fiercest greed and lust” and discovered beauty in these creatures as he re-crosses the bog. At this early point in the plot, however, Vane is merely perplexed at the discontinuity of the bird's conversation and actions, watching him dig up worms and throw them into the air where they become butterflies. His class prejudices also make an appearance, as in *Lilith A*, with his disgust at the transformation: “It must tend to pride, making them forget where they came from!” (fo. 18). Seeing nothing in the change relevant to himself, he turns to go back inside and finds his house gone.

Mr. Raven informs Vane that he is now in the seventh dimension, though he does not equate that location with Uranus. On this new plane of existence, a pine tree grows in the kitchen of Vane's home, a hyacinth in the strings of the piano, and a rose bush among its legs. Though two things can be at the same place at the same time in this world, two people cannot, suggesting that this place is not merely a psychological level where everything but the thinker himself is objectified and therefore a possible choice for a metaphor. On the contrary, as Vane will eventually learn, the transformation process hinges on his willingness to allow others to exist independently and to exist independently of them. The place repels him, but the raven offers no help toward escape:

“To get in again, you must go through your own heart, and that way no man can show to another” (fo. 21). Vane decides he must take this adventure as he finds it and attempts to follow Mr. Raven’s enigmatic advice: “the sooner one begins what has to be done, so much the better.” What has to be done, according to the bird, requires a visit to his wife.

The journey to the house of the raven — who calls himself a sexton — takes them through a forest where a certain strain of music on the breeze embodies the thoughts of many hearts. A prayer also appears in the form of a white pigeon, a sign that the “nearer a heart comes to completion, the abler it becomes to make its thoughts into live things.” When they see a prayer flower and Vane begs to be taught how to identify one when he sees it, the raven reproves him as an author might a reader for asking for an interpretation of his work: “Why should you know a thing for what it is, when what it is you do not know? Whose work is it but your own to make a wise man of you? The business and the plague is to make a fool of you, that you may know yourself for a fool, and so be wise” (fo. 23).

The two approach the cottage which closely resembles the sexton’s cottage of *Lilith A*, surrounded by a heath which the sexton/raven calls his cemetery. As the sexton introduces Vane to his wife, he refers to him as “Fane” in the typescript which is changed by hand to “Vane” (fo. 25). There they meet the sexton’s wife who, in both *B1* and *B2*, does not remind Vane of his sister’s friend, even though the friend might have remained in the narrative at the time of the inscription of this page. Instead, the description of the friend from *Lilith A* is here conflated with that of the sexton’s wife, resulting in her personifying from the start the purity and beauty of the redeemed without any association with a sexual interest which may have prompted the excursion into the inter-dimensional journey.

The sequence which follows, however, preserves the pattern of Vane’s refusal of the couple’s offer of sleep in the chamber of the dead, then his return to them in order to

beg for rest and shelter. After seeing Mr. Raven change from a bird into a sexton, they eat bread and drink wine before going into the chamber which has air as of an ice-house. MacDonald makes explicit his associating the place of death with Dante's heaven, for Mrs. Raven's eyes flash

with a beauty no more by human words to be approached than the beauty of Beatrice as she drew near her seat in the white rose of the church redeemed. Life itself, eternal, immortal, invisible, streamed from it as in a continuous lightning-flash. The light of the candle fell also upon her hands, and every "pearl-shell helmet" shone like a moonstone. So overpowering was her beauty that I was glad when she turned again and took the lead. (fo. 29)

Again, MacDonald borrows language he had used in *Lilith A* to describe the sister's friend with the image of the pearl-shell helmet. The description of the life streaming from her like a continuous lightning-flash also prefigures the narrator's arrival at the heavenly city where lightning flashes reveal all the classes of beings who exist there. Introducing the Beatrice figure at the outset of Vane's journey, therefore, provides a frame for the story, revealing his destination from the beginning. The journey and the narrative are nonetheless necessary for their end having been predetermined: the narrative itself brings on the transformation. Without a story, without the experience of losing oneself in a book, journey, or another life, the experience of forgetting self cannot take place.

Because he has not yet lost or forgotten himself, Vane's experience in the House of the Dead is unwelcome, even terrifying. Walking through the icy chamber of the dead, he views the rows of sleepers with growing dread when, as the moon rises, he sees the "soul's history written upon them to be read as men read the history of the world in the dead marks it has left upon it" (fo. 30). Questioning Mr. Raven as to whether or not

they are actually dead, he finds he and the sexton mean two different things by that word. Words and identities seem to have several layers in this dimension: Mr. Raven explains he is also the bellringer, much like the parson, who calls people to awake from the dead.

In this scene, Vane's name suddenly seems to be important. In a phrase which was added then revised, the sexton makes a pun on Vane's name: "[T]he parson will be calling aloud from the top of his straw-heap — that is, if he be not hoarse with crowing from the top of the /Vane that tells\ |steeples the quarters whence the wind blows], *'Awake; thou that sleepest; and arise from the dead!'*" (fo. 32). In the course of re-writing the *Lilith A* text while inscribing the *BI* document, MacDonald decided to alter his narrator's name in order to take advantage, apparently, of at least this association. Instead of retaining "Fane," which suggests pretense or inclination, MacDonald opted for a name with richer associations. This narrator is changeable, like a weather vane, but he also ultimately signals the direction of divine influence, moved by it himself and compelled to proclaim in his book the effects of that experience. The name also indicates his prideful, resistant, and self-absorbed nature, his central problem and the sticking point in the transformation of any person into a true individual. In MacDonald's view, he fits in well with a world where phantoms dance on in the hell of their vanity, ghosts battle over minute theological distinctions, and vain aristocrats cling fiercely to their social position, even when stripped to their bones. Finally, he has within him a source of life, a vein, which can either nourish his soul or, for a time, feed corrupt desires. Ultimately, he discovers another source outside himself which only flows — like the underground waters of the arid land — with sleep in the House of the Dead.

As the sexton invites Vane to lie down among the dead for a short rest — not to sleep the final sleep, as they do — the narrator is horrified at the thought and flees through the coffin-lid door, as he does in the initial version of *Lilith A*. This time, however, he does not exit into the cottage room which opens onto the heath. Instead, he

steps into the little hidden room of his library with his hand upon the knob of a little drawer in the wall which he opens, perplexed at how this world of three dimensions relates to that of seven. Might not the dead even now surround him?

At this point in the typescript, MacDonald made significant revisions, changing details of place and action, even as the typist seems to have taken a break in inscribing or run out of paper. After reaching the bottom of fo. 33, the leaf was turned upside-down and text was typed in the bottom margin instead of continuing on the next leaf, presumably in an attempt to complete the passage. When the stock of paper had been refilled, the typist resumed with the next leaf, the text of which follows directly from the sentence which was typed upside-down. This peculiarity does not seem to bear upon MacDonald's revision, for, although he cancels that portion as well as the sentence which precedes it, he adds a new passage to fo. 33 by hand right-side-up, continuing his revision on fo. 34. He probably made his changes some time after the inscription was complete, not during the typing process.

These changes involve details which later become significant. In the original typescript, Vane holds a vellum manuscript, suggesting his excursion into the seventh dimension was entirely through his imagination and prompted by the mystical writings of an ancient book. In revision, he has his hand on a knob in the closet he had found earlier, not on a book, creating a sense that the house, not the book, was the means of conveyance to the other world. In both versions, he discovers a document sticking out of a drawer in the library and sits down to read.

The contents of the document which MacDonald includes are enough to convince any reader that *Lilith B* certainly is the next textual generation after *Lilith A*. The manuscript Vane finds was written by his father and begins with the following words. All variations are here included to show the similarity to *Lilith A*:

When first I became aware/, that I was myself,\ I found myself one of a family /living\ in a /strange\ old house/, which might be worth describing/, for none alive know it so well as I do, but that it does not concern the more wonderful things\|in a story less strange than that| I have to tell. /Even now\ I am filled with /wonder and\ awe when I think of what I have to write. The sun is shining /his best\ |golden| above me; the sea lies blue beneath his gaze; /it\ |this| is the same air /about\ |around| me that I have breathed from my infancy, save /for\|during| a few years of |travel in| my youth; yet /every now and then, while I sit thus alone, I know that\|I know that| the /whole\ outspread splendour /will suddenly seem\ |/any moment\ is| but a passing show, /or rather a mere envelope that\|like the drop-scene of a stage, which| may any moment be /|for what I know|\ drawn aside/, \|to| reveal/ing\ wondrous things— /or perhaps\ |though| nowise more wonderful than those I now /see. I cannot tell\|behold if I could see and read them aright— | things that though at this moment I do not see them are yet there all the time, |as these will yet be when I no longer behold them but those which will seem to have taken their place when they have but shown themselves where they are all the time— | if indeed the words here and there are to be used |at all| concerning them.

The original wording of this text makes clear the striking similarities of this portion of *BI* to the opening pages of *Lilith A*. Apparently MacDonald rewrote the beginning of the narrative as he started composing *BI* and saved this portion to use as the basis for Vane's father's manuscript. In a sense, *Lilith A* did not *become* but fathered or generated *BI* from which the *Lilith* text evolved. This section shows MacDonald himself to be considering quite deliberately the relationships between texts and lives; revising and repentance; death, re-writing, and imagination. He seems to have discovered, with the

inscription and revision of *Lilith B*, the very process he was enacting to be central to his topic: the dreaded and loved writing and revising which taxed his strength and tormented his mind dramatized the event of spiritual resurrection.

The document which MacDonald entitled “My Father’s Manuscript” proceeds, at first, much as does *Lilith A*. In the ensuing narrative, however, it diverges from the initial direction in order to accommodate *Lilith B* which, though the next textual generation, nonetheless makes use of much of the material of *Lilith A*. Vane’s father, who is yet called Mr. Fane, meets Mr. Raven who tells him of an encounter with Fane’s father. This father, the current Mr. Vane’s grandfather, once led Mr. Raven up to the attic where he had constructed the mechanism for manipulating polarized light. There he disappeared into the mirror with mist and blue mountains around him as Mr. Raven watched, just as he did in *Lilith A*. The discussion arouses in Fane a desire to search for his father, prompting a discussion with Mr. Raven regarding doors in and out, then the ascent to the attic. The working of the light and mirrors, the librarian’s disappearance into the mirror, and the narrator’s rushing from the room in terror are all adapted from the *Lilith A* text, in many places copied verbatim.

Folios 42 through 49

Contemplating his grandfather’s, and possibly his father’s, excursion into the world which has so bewildered him, Vane resolves to return and beg the librarian and his wife to let him sleep in the House of the Dead. At this point, on fo. 42, substantial revision and augmentation of the text begins and continues through fo. 47. In a canceled paragraph of the *BI* document, Vane stops in an antechamber to the garret and looks in an old cabinet, only to find his father’s most prized possession: a hollowed-out ruby brought home by an ancestor who had fought in the crusades. This he places in his pocket before he goes up to the attic and into the seventh dimension. In revision, this

detail is replaced with more description of the workings of the mechanism in the chamber in a passage more than one-half page in length typed with the elite typewriter on the verso of fo. 42. Such a change introduced during the *B2* phase represents the shift which takes place as MacDonald re-envisioned his text. With the inscription of the *B1* document, MacDonald was still endeavoring to develop associations with tales and legends, even the *marchen* genre which he loved and imitated in many short stories and works of fiction for children. As it developed, however, MacDonald included more realistic description and rejected details such as the ruby cup from the crusades, enhancing the role of science involved in the transference to the world of the seventh dimension, as well as other allusions to scientific knowledge or concepts.

Following the addendum on fo. 42, this much revised portion of the *B1* text continues on fo. 43 with the account of Vane arriving in the seventh dimension and again meeting Mr. Raven. After his request to sleep in the House of the Dead is refused, Vane questions Mr. Raven about his father. In the *B1* text, Raven answers he has heard of someone he takes to be Vane's father but cannot say where he is. The ambiguity of his response foreshadows the encounter between Vane and his father later in the narrative as his search continues. In new material — belonging to the *B2* process — carefully handwritten down the right margin of the leaf, Mr. Raven explains Vane's father is probably in the evil wood and his grandfather has been asleep in the Ravens' house for many years. The situation of the different generations of Vanes was apparently introduced when MacDonald decided to illustrate more carefully the different phases of transformation the sleepers must undergo before they are prepared to awaken into true life. These stages, some of which appeared in *Lilith A*, are enlarged in allegorical and satiric scenes in *B2* which begin to appear early in Vane's journey through the seventh dimension subsequent to this conversation with Mr. Raven. Vane begins this paradoxical journey through the unknown landscape in search of what is actually with

him all along. He asks Mr. Raven to show him the way home, only to receive the response which echoes through this and others of MacDonald's works: "Home, as I understand it, is always ever so far away in the palm of your hand, and how to get there, as I say, it is of no use to tell you. But you will get there; you must go there; you have to go there" (fo. 42). The current Mr. Vane therefore follows his forefathers in a journey through regions where they suffer through experiences defined by the evil tendencies they have followed in life. Such suffering is inevitable and will lead Vane and the other inhabitants of that realm to the sleep which brings them "home."

After a series of ontological riddles, the scene is interrupted by two inserted leaves drawn from the same stock of blue/gray paper which provided folios 1-7, 14, and 15. This segment of text, inscribed on the elite machine on fos. 46 and 47, was probably introduced during the time MacDonald was working on or preparing to write the essay "The Fantastic Imagination" which appeared in the new edition of *Orts*. Including the passage in which the firefly turns into a book, the text on these folios expounds at length the narrator's inability to verbalize the multi-dimensional nature of the world into which he has stumbled. MacDonald takes pains to emphasize the imaginative nature of the journey, attempting both to convey his vision of what a fairy tale should do in the mind of the reader and to create a scene which itself calls forth multiple associations. While the *BI* text contains the kernel of the passage in the image of the firefly on fo. 45, the text added with the elite machine enlarges the metaphor and provides Vane's interpretation of his experience.

Vane's greedy grasping at the firefly leads directly to his discovery of the region in which burrowing monsters burst from the terrain, attempting to seize him as he did the firefly. This portion of the narrative is established in *BI* largely as it remains, but numerous sentence level changes were later made even as some details were deleted or added. One such detail from this passage indicates MacDonald's reliance upon the *Lilith*

A manuscript in composing, as well as his possible negligence in revision. In Vane's early conversation with the raven in the garden outside Vane's house, the bird had mentioned the burrowing creatures on the "steppes of Uranus." This passage records Vane's speculation as to whether or not he is in Saturn, the planet the bird had mentioned in the previous conversation as recorded in *Lilith A*. This reference is dropped in the published version, eliminating confusion and focusing on the actions of the monsters. Yet the narrator's concern with his physical location in *Lilith B* is consistent with MacDonald's attention to geographical and psychological detail.

Even while Vane attempts to convince himself that what he sees is but a "dream-sea," one of the creatures actually grabs then drops him as it is unable to consummate the attack due to the presence of the moon. The monsters' nature and power is made more explicit with handwritten emendations such as the following:

And had I known it, the worst horror would have been that the
abominations could have had no power over me save for that of their own
kind which was within me. (fo. 49)

In a deliberate allusion to Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, MacDonald added by hand a reference to the shimmering colors of the monsters, suggesting even these "abominations" have a value and beauty which promises the redemption of the most hideous lives or passions.

Added on the verso of fo. 49 is a paragraph which seems to be of a piece with other passages similarly introduced. Closely associated with the statement regarding his inner monsters being outwardly manifested, the image of a woman floats above the haunted ground "like an exhalation" and displays to Vane an old wound in her side, representing to him "but one of the indwelling horrors of the region." The first of a series of passages added late in the revision of this first section of the typescript, this

paragraph introduces the woman who is to confront Vane with the depths of his own depravity, embody his spiritual sickness, and enact the process of transformation.

Scarcely as Vane reaches the safety of the other side of the ditch bordering the monsters' territory, the moon drops, and wolves bound after him. Both here and in subsequent scenes in which the narrator encounters danger, the moon oversees his plight, protecting him through the imaginative experience which seems only to occur in darkness. Here she (as Vane refers to the moon) protects him from overpowering greed which would put an end to his exploration of the region before it can properly begin. By the time he escapes the wolves, he looks back over that land in contemplation:

[T]he quiet expanse was but a skin covering a world of buried passion and fiercest greed. . . . [H]ow fares the human world in which the buried evil is alive still and ever ready to break ravening forth? (fo. 50)

Folios 50 through 60

Pica-typed fos. 50, 51, and 55-58 bear heavy revision augmented with material inscribed by the elite typewriter, both on the versos and on separate leaves. Working with the *BI* text which here was largely a superficial revision of *Lilith A*, MacDonald introduces a new scene to the narrative which carries out his purpose of illustrating various levels of the psychological purgatory through which individuals must pass in their spiritual evolution. It begins in the desert which the narrator crossed in the manuscript text and adds an encounter prefigured in Vane's conversation with the sexton in the House of the Dead.

After the fluid landscape of the region of the monsters, Vane embarks on a trek across a desert etched with dry channels, walking along them in "patterns of a carpet" (*BI*) and "along geometrical diagrams" (revised fo 51). In a paragraph which he canceled, MacDonald recorded Vane's musings on his destiny:

I seemed to be taking my own way and yet was well aware that I had no way. I think I was led all the time, for I have learned that the freedom that comes of ignorance may be informed, with a most determinate leading. . . . Happy the man who while he thinks himself free is not the merest and the more because he is utterly unconscious of it — the merest fool of some power lower than himself that makes use of him to do what he cannot effect without him. No man is free who is not actively willing the right. (Fo. 51)

This philosophical speculation is replaced with a description of the mere physical difficulty of progressing through such a landscape, then Vane's imaginings of the rocky channels when they formerly flowed with water. By rejecting this passage, MacDonald minimizes sermonizing while focusing on the metaphor of the landscape which directs Vane through presenting difficulties and preset paths. His apparently undirected wanderings lead him to a pine-forest in which he must spend another night.

The inserted text of fos. 52-54 record an experience in the forest in which Vane encounters another kind of spiritual violence. Before the sun sets, he examines the foliage and flowers of an unknown tree which look like a skull out of which flowed a brain. This lurid description not only reflects the conflict between Vane's inner and outer worlds, but it sets the tone for the nocturnal disruption which appears around him when the moon rises. As the forest grows dark, he sees in the leaves of the trees the figures of horses rearing, ready to be mounted. Then he hears the "tumult as of a gathering of multitudes." With the moon rising, Vane finds himself surrounded with furiously battling religious factions. "Prayers, curses, scraps of creeds, and mocking laughter" fill the air as phantoms and skeletons engage in violence which leaves heaps of bones, the debris of a war between unnamed groups wielding fragments of truth as weapons.

Despite the combatants' creeds, Vane witnesses no one helping the wounded, no deed which demonstrates compassionate faith.

In a passage typed on the verso of fo. 54, Vane watches a woman floating above the battle and urging it on. Again she holds her hand against a wound in her side as she oversees the brutality in this dark wood of religious error. With this second encounter in his exploration of the nature of sin, Vane sees the violence of the sins MacDonald portrayed more darkly than any other in most of his works: spiritual duplicity and hypocrisy. As soon as he begins to anticipate the sunrise, Vane sets out through the wood in which no living creature comes into view. The elite insertion ends, remaining in the published version much as it appears here, and situating the composition of this passage entirely in the *B2* phase of revision.

Leaving the wood, Vane winds through the network of dry channels which manifest his own thirst for human companionship. This longing is answered with an episode in which he encounters the double nature of humanity in two groups of human-like inhabitants: greed, selfishness, brutality, vulgarity, and shortsightedness embodied in people called the giants, Stupids, or Stupid Selves; generosity, curiosity, creativity, gentleness, and innocence embodied in the children, little ones, or "Noborns." These two groups, introduced in *B1*, replace the dwarfs of *Lilith A* with the children taking a much more central role in this text than in the manuscript. MacDonald realized, probably as he developed the characters of the dwarf children, that a satire of vulgar, middle-class values which starved childish curiosity and punished creativity could best be achieved by the distinguishing between the two types early in the narrative, only later revealing their connection to each other.

Hand-written revision in this section and elsewhere gives attention to topographic and geographic details which set the scene for action later in the narrative. While some such specifics are eliminated by the publication of *Lilith I*, MacDonald seems to have

used the *B2* phase, in particular, to fill out his vision of the setting, characters, and actions of the revised narrative. For example, a paragraph at the bottom of fo. 56 includes a general description of the lake basin where a grove of fruit trees has been cultivated. MacDonald replaced this paragraph with an account of precisely what Vane saw when he looked across the basin:

From where I stood I could see the higher ground on the opposite side. A mile or two from where I stood the bank was covered with forest, which stretched away seemingly beyond the sight. Where the water had left the lake, I could see no sign: it must have had an outlet, for there was no deposit of salt that I could see, and the ground in the bottom was partly cultivated, and partly covered with fruit-bearing trees, and shrubs or small trees, I could not tell which.

Defining Vane's perspective and the physical features of the landscape enables MacDonald to focus on the narrator's experience, as well as on the setting for several adventures which follow.

When Vane reaches for an apple from one of the miniature fruit trees which he has been careful not to crush — the first sign of kindness he has shown to another living being in this world — children suddenly surround him, shouting and laughing with approval of his action. They are delighted when he rejects a larger apple but scatter when a full-grown man appears who threatens Vane with violence as punishment for rejecting his fruit. He and another man attack, taking him prisoner to a crude hut built of stones and wood which displays “little intellect, and no taste.” Though not ugly, these people are characterized by a dullness which makes Vane wonder whether they might not have originally been well-carved wooden dolls which are animated by something other than their minds.

Extensive revision of fo. 60 provides lengthy description of Vane's situation and the contrast between the brutishness of the giants and the delightful sensitivity of the children, or Noborns. Canceling every line of copy on the leaf, MacDonald added a long passage by hand at the top, then down the right margin, filling the recto with fresh copy. The original text contrasts the work of the giants — dull, slow, long, and irksome — with the effective but lighthearted and playful work of the little ones. The children carefully attend to Vane, whom they call the “good giant,” giving him their fruit and amusing him in his enslavement. The re-written text emphasizes the hatred of the blind and dim-witted Stupids for the swift and loving Noborns who try to convince Vane to leave his slavery.

Folios 61 through 70

Folio 61 initiates a three-page section inscribed by the elite typewriter on paper taken from a stock not used before this point of production: white with a “219” watermark. The copy is relatively clear, being little revised and apparently belonging to the late phase of *B2*, part one, since pages bear only one number. In addition to being typed on paper from a different stock, this segment provides evidence of more than one typist producing the elite copy, or that the original typist changed his formatting habits. While margins and numbering conform to the format of preceding pages, folios 62 and 63 make inconsistent use of a left bracket to indicate the beginning of a paragraph rather than the tab setting, particularly with the recording of dialogue. This feature suggests MacDonald himself probably typed the copy of these leaves, since he frequently used brackets when writing dialogue by hand in this typescript.

This material provides further elaboration of the characters of the little ones as their purpose has grown by this stage of revision, emphasizing their creativity, readiness to learn, swiftness, adaptability, and devotion to the narrator in his captivity. Central to this section, however, are two elements which seem to have gained importance or

emerged with the revision and enlargement of *B1* with *B2* material. First, Vane learns that the children care for babies whom they intuitively know to seek in a nearby wood and feed with juice from berries. He repeatedly asks questions about the babies' origins and growth, learning through observation that some of the children begin to grow selfish as they get bigger and later turn into giants themselves. Second, he cultivates a special relationship with one of the bigger girls, remarking at "what a lovely woman she would one day be if ever she grew up." Even in this late revision of the first part of the text, MacDonald still does not seem to have lighted on the idea of developing the character of the girl-queen into a motivating force in the narrative. Perhaps he had some idea of creating a leader among the children and even gives her a name, "Bina," in the text of fo. 67, but by the time *Lilith I* is published, the girl is identified early in Vane's relationship with the children as the central figure in the group and begins to win his heart in the conversation about the babies.

As the *B1* text continues with fos. 64 through 67, Vane's desire for companionship is rewarded with the attention of the little ones. Now thankful he escaped the House of the Dead, he feels he has discovered what a real child is in these ministering angels who entertain him and lift his spirits with their stories and earnest innocent sermons. MacDonald's reliance on Wordsworth's concept of childhood is clear when Vane interrogates the Noborns as to their origins and the giants' childlessness. They respond by asserting that they themselves are the giants' fathers and mothers. A case study comes up as they describe the inexorable decline of one of their ranks, Blunty, who is drawn to eat the giants' bad fruit. As he grows more and more greedy, he suddenly wakes up and finds himself one of the stupid, blind big people who take great pride in growing fat. MacDonald indulges in explicit social commentary as Vane explains that in his world "fat" is the same as "rich."

At this point, a *B2* leaf is substituted for an original *B1* leaf, probably because MacDonald had rearranged the explanation of the origins of the children and retyped the copy which appears here. The new material explains Vane's restlessness with the children, despite his love for them. He describes his vague but healthy sense that he "ought to be doing something," suggesting that, in the world of this text, he is beginning to improve morally although his efforts later prove to be misdirected. Strangely, his plan involves leaving the children in order to learn about the laws of the world and therefore to help them to grow. In a paragraph added very carefully by hand on the recto of fo. 68 and with only one word altered, Vane speculates about the possibility of teaching the children mathematics or music, with a telling observation that "I knew that knowledge made bad people worse: would it not make good people better?"

His departure is precipitated by a crisis. One day as he frolics with his friends, the group is ambushed by a giant who beats him unconscious but is driven away by the children throwing apples. When Vane awakens, he finds the children sobbing, tears running down their cheeks — the first sign of water he has seen in that world. Apparently a variation of the episode in *Lilith A* in which Astarte slays a mob of violent dwarfs, this incident starts Vane on the next phase of his journey with a purpose, though he is not yet prepared to sleep in the House of the Dead. In the land of the Noborns and Stupids he has observed many of his own failings and tendencies, as he did with the dwarfs in *Lilith A*; yet his love for the children provides an impetus for growth which that original encounter, entirely satiric in purpose and tone, did not. The lack of ambition in the dwarfs is transformed into a childish acceptance of circumstances and state of being in the children who, like their counterparts in *Lilith A*, believe that to leave their place of abode would be to "not" themselves. Vane wonders if they might not be right, that they need no improvement, since "the part of the philanthropist is a dangerous one, especially when he has confidence in the philanthropist" (fo. 71). The little ones escort him to the

edge of their territory and point him in the direction where they have heard is a city where a giant girl lives who, as handwritten revision adds, wants to kill them. Why they would suggest he seek out her city is unclear, but that he will encounter the “giant girl” is inevitable.

Folios 72 through 78

Beginning on fo. 72, MacDonald introduces a character and theme entirely new in the *B1* text. Although the passage is much revised by hand and augmented with *B2* material, *B1* establishes the characters and sequence of events here much as they appear in the final version. This portion of the document bears witness to the difficulty MacDonald encountered in taking the text in a new direction. He tried out several ways of presenting a new figure — variously called the Woman of Sorrow, the muffled woman, and Mara — and experimented with the circumstances of Vane’s encounter with her.

Journeying through the desert away from the children, Vane sees outlined in the rising moon the shape of a cottage where he intuitively believes someone is waiting for him. He lies down for the night in the bottom of a dry channel, only to awaken to see the shape of a figure standing over him. The woman invites him to come stay in her house where he will be safe from the creatures of the night. While they walk, he discovers he has forgotten his name. She begins to tell him the history of the giants and the Noborns, the city of Bulika, and the queen of the city who is a witch. Older than this world, the queen came to it from another, taking power over the giants and draining their land of water, which she gathered up in her lap and enclosed in an egg, although she was unable to touch the underground water. Some day the giants will be punished for their complicity with her and will serve as slaves to the Noborns who will endure hardship prior to that time.

MacDonald's description of the woman establishes her as one of the purely allegorical figures in the text. As she walks through the darkness, she seems to float because of her black garments, causing her shape to be ill-defined. Even when they reach her cottage and she takes off her black wrappings, her figure is "clumsy" and completely hidden. Before Vane has the opportunity to see her face, she goes to a corner where she stands with her back to him in *BI*, and in revision takes a white cloth from the cupboard, wrapping her head with it. During their walk, they discuss names, the woman telling Vane he should call her by the name which seems right to him. His choice will help her to know him. In the *BI* text, she explains that in that country she is the executioner, for a woman is better able than a man to provide comfort in punishment. By the time she addresses him by his forgotten name in handwritten revision, she introduces herself as "Lot's wife" in a hand written emendation to fo. 76, explicitly associating herself with the sorrow that occurs because of loss due to sin. In *Lilith I*, however, she introduces herself as Mara, adding that some people "take me for Lot's wife, lamenting over Sodom; and some think I am Rachel, weeping for her children; but I am neither of those" (104). More clearly in that text, she comes to represent the experience of bitter suffering which confronts Vane with his own moral and spiritual failures through their painful results.

Upstairs in the strange house, Vane eats a dry loaf and drinks a cup of water. In a *B2* addition, he awakens to a disturbing noise and looks out his window to see his hostess send a white panther, later identified as a leopard, shooting across the landscape in the direction of the moon. When in the morning Vane asks her about the animal, she says it came from his own brain though it does not belong to him, for his will is not a factor in its existence. Again, his interior world is manifested outwardly, this time in the shape of a creature which will serve the purpose of the Woman of Sorrow who brings repentance. The canceled *BI* text closes with Vane stealing a look at the woman's face through the

window. In handwritten revision, he also looks but sees her beautiful face streaming with tears. When he tries to re-enter the cottage, he finds no door, but a black and gray cat with hair standing on end — included in the original *BI* text — shoots out from the house and across the direction from which Vane came. These two elements of the panther and the gray cat — a shape taken by Lilith in a subsequent passage — later appear as forces which struggle for power as Vane begins to suffer from his errors.

Folios 79 through 86

As Vane resumes his journey, he spends the first night sleeping on a bank of moss through which he hears more loudly than ever the musical sound of underground waters when he realizes he is lying at the foot of what must have once been a cataract from which water flowed into the valley of the children. The *BI* description then records the initial phase of the journey into the forest beyond the valley. The passage closely echoes *Lilith A*, particularly Vane's musing that "a wonderland which delights not is a dreary country," as well as his speculation as to whether or not he has been wandering in the land of the dead. Revision, however, introduces more realistic details regarding the varieties of the trees, as well as the possibility that he has traveled in a circle. He finally concludes, as in *Lilith A* and subsequent drafts, that he is but a "consciousness with an outlook," and that to make nowhere into a place he must do something. He resolves to see out his journey, even if he is offered re-entrance to his own world, by walking in a straight line through the wood. Though well-meaning, this resolution is soon forgotten as he encounters some unusual phenomena.

A section of text begins which is largely drawn from *Lilith A*, though certain details are omitted. For example, the journey through the forest reinforces his feelings of isolation, creating a desire for human companionship as powerful as his thirst, even though at home he would have preferred the company of a book to its author. He also

follows what seem to be cultivated plantings of roses until he arrives at the ivy-eaten hall which appears in *Lilith A*. The *B1* text contains a description of the house, canceled in revision, very similar to that of the manuscript: it was “a terrible, sucking sycophant. . . a picture of life in death, of destroying, selfish life that lived by and to the loss of its companion life” (fo. 83). Vane sleeps in the hall rather than in the garret — as he does in *Lilith A* — although he watches the birds in the vines overhead with the stars glowing through them until he falls asleep.

Before midnight he is awakened with the sound of revelry to find himself in the corner of a splendid room in which “gorgeously dressed men and gracefully dressed women” perform archaic dances with the blaze of jewels clouding the view of their skeletal faces. MacDonald paints the *B1* scene with more careful and elaborate description than in *Lilith A*, but its purpose remains the satirizing of social relationships among people who love only themselves and attempt to deceive others as to their importance. Suddenly a warm wind blows the garments in flakes from their bones, and Vane is left alone.

Folios 87 through 91

The next stage of Vane’s journey allows him to witness “A Grotesque Tragedy,” as a chapter heading indicates. Folios 87 through 91 introduce a scene belonging to the *B2* phase and numbered once with the elite typewriter, dating it late in *B2*, part one. With canceled segments several lines in length and many sentences reworked, it seems reasonable to suppose that, if MacDonald typed any of this document himself, he probably composed this portion on the typewriter then revised it by hand, perhaps even as each leaf was completed. In fact, the sentence which is typed at the bottom of fo. 90 is broken off in the middle, canceled and replaced by hand with a complete sentence, and

then not continued at the top of fo. 91. These factors indicate MacDonald did make the changes immediately after fo. 90 was typed and before fo. 91 was begun, suggesting the possibility of page-by-page revision. Folio 91 might have substituted for an earlier page of text, but this seems unlikely given the consistency of the format of the pages and the fact that this segment was added late in the augmentation process.

The scene begins when Vane exits the hall. He immediately comes across the ruins of a carriage among the trees which leads him to discover two skeletons nearby. His presence unacknowledged by them, they struggle to stand erect and walk, the male skeleton having to rely upon the female because of a broken leg. Their conversation reveals them to have been vain, vice-ridden aristocrats, the Lord and Lady of Cokayne, who are unhappy and unfaithful in their marriage. In this dimension, however, they find themselves, embarrassingly enough, “out in their bones,” stripped of beauty, wealth, and physical features which might distinguish them from the most humble of humanity. Now they have no one but each other to rely on, condemned to endure their chosen partnership as they must now tie up broken bones with grass and hobble with sticks, all the while playing games of mutual hatred. Vane wonders how this realm can be hell if the delightful children are here, as well as the skeleton couple, when Mr. Raven appears and explains that while he and Vane are not in hell, this couple is. Both the Cokaynes and the spectral dancers are in the process of restoration wherein every “grain of truthfulness will add to their nature, will be an added fibre to their human garments” (fo. 90). Obviously, this hell is not *the* hell, for change is inevitable.

Before he turns back into a bird and flies off, the librarian offers a warning. Although Vane might not be in hell, he is in danger:

Danger awaits you. Life without danger would be a life poor indeed!
Always remember that the worst danger lies in being afraid. You will
however avoid a great danger by remembering never to trust anyone who

has once deceived you. Do not do anything such a one ever may ask you to do. (fo. 91)

If he forgets, says the librarian, “some evil that is good for you will follow”; if he remembers, “some evil that is not good for you will not follow.” This scene in which two individuals who exploited others for their own gain, as well as the raven’s warning, provides immediate preparation for the following episode which initiates the text’s central action. Although Mr. Vane, to this point, has only observed the correctional suffering of others, he is about to encounter an opportunity to have his desire for companionship both fulfilled and purged.

Folios 91 through 105

The episode which follows belongs to the *BI* text, containing few digressions from the account in *Lilith A* of Fane’s discovery of the princess’s body in the wood. This event had obviously crystallized in MacDonald’s mind with the inscription of *Lilith A*. Several factors, however, necessitated the omission and introduction of elements of the passage as early as the *BI* inscription. These include the alteration of the princess’s role and identity, as well as MacDonald’s shift from the fairy tale/dream-vision hybrid to the narrative of an interior journey told with the kinds of description and pacing common to the novelist.

The *B2* fo. 91 adds the chapter heading, “Dead or Alive?” to connect the text of this leaf with the pica copy which continues on fo. 92, picking up directly from *BI* fo. 86. In the wood, Vane comes upon another skeleton-like figure which is naked and apparently dead. In the scenes involving the soldiers of the Evil Wood, the spectral dancers, and the skeletal Cokaynes, Vane is a witness to the purgative states to which souls were consigned, just as Dante the pilgrim observes the purification of believing sinners in *Purgatory*. In Vane’s alternate world, sinners also undergo rehabilitation in

environments they have made for themselves. This fact is presented more clearly in *Lilith B* than in *Lilith A*, partly due to enhanced description of settings and the states of the characters in addition to the omission of the dwarfs who never improve. Since MacDonald has made clear the purposes for which inhabitants suffer in such states in this dimension, the appearance of another skeleton alerts the reader that another scene in which a sinner will suffer or change is about to commence.

Before discovering the ivy-eaten hall Vane explains that he always preferred the thing thought to the thing thinking, the book to the writer. He has made for himself a solitude which has prevented his knowing himself or forgetting himself — both equally necessary in MacDonald's scheme of knowledge. In encountering the figure in the forest, he realizes his need for companionship, relationship, and communication. Nonetheless, he continues to prefer the thing which he thinks — that is, the companion he imagines he will create through her resuscitation — to the thing thinking, which is a living, breathing, independently existing woman. Her development seems to him a result of his ministrations of water, warmth, and nourishment, whereas it actually arises from her taking his life from him as she sucks his blood. The poem added fifty pages later makes the point that she cannot exist apart from the desires of a man, clarifying this scene as initiating the process of Vane's transformation as he experiences, like the Cokaynes and the spectral dancers, the hell which he has created for himself.

Apart from some enhanced description of the setting, this narrative proceeds much as does *Lilith A*: Vane wonders repeatedly whether or not the woman lives; he tries to feed her grapes; her hand is locked on an object; he bathes her in the warm stream where the animals drink, then puts his undergarments on her; he makes a platform on which to lay her above the stream in the cave. The garments he makes for her, however, are described less elaborately in this version than in *Lilith A*, omitting associations with Greek and Egyptian myths while focusing on parallels to Adam and Eve in the garden.

He wonders if this “awful duty” of nursing her results from his refusal of the “lovely privilege” of sleeping in the company of the dead in the sexton’s house. Vane even realizes the need for companionship with other live and independent minds in a passage which repeats and expands the *Lilith A* reflection that “only in the air of other souls can [man] find the atmosphere of his life. . . . This necessity of relation rebels against all massing, demands endless differentiation” (fo. 100). Yet, as the ensuing passage reveals, this realization fails to penetrate his desire to absorb rather than reflect the light-life of the companion.

Again, Vane is wounded in the night by what he thinks must be a leech-like creature sucking his blood and weakening him. As he goes about making garments for the woman, this time out of “leaf-skeletons” instead of linens from the ruined house, his hope grows as she does. Vane refers to her as “Viva” in the *BI* text, then the sentence is rejected in revision, perhaps as the name might later detract from her identity as Lilith. On her waking, other differences become evident in her character, beginning in the *BI* typescript. Immediately, the narrator mentions her seeming to be familiar with him, although she has been unconscious. Also, her duplicitousness becomes apparent with her description of the leech being “more than five inches — more than five feet, I mean,” which is followed by a suppressed laugh when she changes her story. Perplexed by her behavior and feeling the need for air, Vane attempts to rise but falls unconscious from the loss of blood.

Folios 105 through 111

The next six pages, all from the *BI* text, show evidence of having been typed quickly, with copy both corrected and augmented with the pica typewriter. They are then revised by hand, at times with heavy corrections, lengthy cancellations, and significant additions. The text worked out here through several phases describes Vane’s pursuit of

the woman, establishing their attitudes toward each other and narrating events which occur as they approach the city. These leaves epitomize the complexity of the revising process of this document and the difficulty with which MacDonald brought about this transformation of the text.

As Vane comes to, he finds himself on the couch over the stream and the woman standing clothed in the garments he had made. She stands “erect as a pillar,” regarding him without emotion. His heart sinks with disappointment at her treatment of him: “If there was no soul in her to be waked, or none that I could wake, then was I indeed alone and miserable!” (fo. 105). She questions him as to how she arrived in the cave, convinced he robbed her of her jewels and abducted her. Repeatedly commenting on the darkness of her eyes, the narrator says, in a hand-written insertion on the verso, they might be “the twin gates of hell, so black were they in the midst of her beauty” (fo. 105). After he explains how he found her apparently lifeless then revived her, she explains his wrongs to her. He did not allow her to die when that was her desire, and he saw her when she would not have looked upon herself. At this point in the *BI* text, she turns and walks out of the cave. In revision, however, she strikes Vane with her left hand. He feels as if ice-cold water has been dashed across his face and again falls senseless.

When he comes to, he hurries from the cave “as if I had just come alive in my sepulchre” (106). Although he feels his life resides in her companionship, he begins to wonder if she is actually human and that bringing her back to life might have been wrong. This offense, however, gives him an excuse to follow her: if he has wronged her, he is bound to serve her. The *BI* text first explains his wish to have bathed in the stream before following. A pica-typed sentence on the verso of fo. 107, however, modifies this detail. Instead he throws himself down and takes great draught of the “wholesome water” which immediately revives him. As he follows her, he muses on her behavior to

him and whether or not he should be blamed for the conditions of his care, asserting, in another pica-typed addition on the same verso, “She did not know how reverently I had handled her, how like a father with a motherless child I had tended her and ministered to her in the arms of death!” Vane is perplexed and confounded at the creature’s rebellion against the creator, the child’s rejection of the parent, as he has now cast the woman’s relationship to him. He alternates between reverence for her and the conviction that she will cause “mischief,” particularly because of her perpetually closed left hand. He remains convinced, however, that a heart must lie at the center of such glorious beauty which he might have the joy to awaken as he had awakened her life. As his strength returns and she deliberately slows her pace, he approaches her. She turns, pale and with eyes which “seemed to fill the heavens, and give light to the world,” confronting him with a warning to stay where he is until she is out of his sight, saying she would like to have spared him. To his insistence that he see her to a place of safety — as though she now needs his help — she responds, “Then love me” (fo. 109). Again she walks on, and Vane pursues her, begging for pity like “a child whose mother pretends to abandon him,” now shifting the terms of the relationship. She says she is having pity on him, gazing at him with a look of hunger as tears pour down her cheeks. Clearly, the woman resists her desire to attack him, yet he misreads the look and continues his pursuit until she throws herself down on the grass at twilight.

In the *BI* text, the woman staggers toward the city lights on the horizon, then collapses. An elite-typed addition on the verso of fo. 110 which is excised before the publication of the work introduces an element consistent with MacDonald’s aim of adding both gothic and scientific elements to the narrative in order to enhance its cosmic and mythic scope. Vane looks to the sky and sees a strange astronomical phenomenon:

It was a luminous ethereal body, the strange shape of the nebula in the sword of Orion. This statement will be sufficient for one who can refer to

its representation or remembers the appalling description of it given by De Quincey, as seen first through Lord Ross's telescope. A reproduction of its appearance to mortal eyes thus aided, I here give for the assistance of my reader's imagination; only the bolt of blackness issuing from its right eye, which is intensified in the drawing of it given by De Quincey in the first volume of his *Miscellanies* was yet more intensely black in the dread thing which I now beheld in the cloudless heaven under which we were journeying, and which thus surpassed what had seemed till then unsurpassable in horror, namely, his description of the said nebula.

Vane calls the woman's attention to the sight, which makes her start, then again collapse. As he kneels in an attempt to revive her with grapes, she warns him off though he persists in his efforts to hold her.

Suddenly, her arms close around his neck, "knotted there like serpents or the arms of the torture-maiden," and she clings to his cheek while holding him motionless. A "slumberous fatigue, a dreamy indifference" overtakes him, leaving him senseless. When he awakens, he sees the moon which has risen but does not shine, all the light having been absorbed by the woman who stands "radiant as the sunrise" and gazing at the nebula which reflects both her horrific emptiness and her dazzling beauty. He staggers toward her despite her warning. At his approach, she strikes him with her clenched hand as though with an iron bar, again knocking him unconscious.

Folio 111 records the events following Vane's waking, revised and augmented in several stages. The *BI* text first explains that he found no mark of any wound but contains a typed note in all caps: "SHOULD NOT THE DISCOVERY OF THE NO WOUND BE MADE AFTERWARD?" Either MacDonald dictated this portion to a typist as he read from an earlier draft and requested the notation to be made, or he himself typed the copy and included the comment to be considered in revision. The

narrative proceeds as he looks up to see the woman drop her garments and stand “gleaming white in the glory of the moon,” then fall forward. From where she stood he sees a white thing shoot forward toward the city. Evidently it is a great spotted cat or leopard which he thinks might have instantaneously devoured her. As he watches, it leaps over the city wall.

Revision to fo. 111 alters a number of significant details. MacDonald omits any mention of the wound or lack thereof, adding that Vane’s lapse of consciousness was brief. When Vane looks toward the woman, he knows rather than sees how she casts off her garments then stands “in the glory God had given her” before falling. In a pica-typed addendum on the verso, Vane gazes at the city, expecting to hear an outcry from the crowds as the leopard wounds and slays, when a swift black cat, which looks like a shadow, shoots from behind him in apparent pursuit of the huge white leopard and likewise vanishes over the wall.

Handwritten emendations of both the recto and the verso at yet a later phase of re-writing change many of these elements. When the leopard appears, it streaks away in the direction of “the strange portentous shape in the heavens” which hovers over the city. Vane’s attention is directed from the princess, who must be safe from the animal, to the leopard’s form as it speeds toward the city, black spots streaming across its back. While he gazes in terror at its descent on the city, another large white creature without spots, rather than the black cat, shoots from behind him with yet greater speed toward the place where the first leopard disappeared. The lady has now vanished. Doubts begin to arise in Vane’s mind as he searches for her, discovering no sign of a wound on his forehead where he had been struck, although he feels dreadfully weak.

What do these changes reveal about the stages of revision? At the time of the late pica changes, MacDonald had not quite established the purpose of the muffled woman and her cats. As he began to revise, however, he decided to alter the role of Astarte, the

original leopard-pet of the princess, changing her into an agent of the muffled woman but attempting to retain some aspects of her friendship with Vane which arises later.

Introducing both leopards before Vane's entrance to the city re-directed the story, resulting in the subsequent replacement rather than enhancement of a portion of *BI*, as the following discussion will show.

Folios 112 through 118

The elite-typed copy of fo. 112 picks up directly from the hand-written sentence at the end of fo. 111, attesting to the fact that these late changes were made at the time MacDonald or his typist was using the elite machine. The succeeding folios through 118, seem to have been produced of a piece, for the typed numbers follow the late sequence, format is consistent, all typed portions of the narrative follow logically, and revision enhances details and improves syntax. These leaves, however, underwent more than one revision: probably once immediately following their inscription, then again when MacDonald was preparing this portion of the typescript for another typist, leaving main textual elements intact.

The story proceeds as Vane attempts to get his bearings after the princess's flight and the appearance of the two animals. Another woman carrying a child approaches from the direction of the city, apparently attempting to escape someone or something. As Vane pursues in order to help her, a white creature springs over his head, knocking him down as it streaks away toward the woman. He soon encounters it on its way back to the city, observing its oval spots and a new wound in its paw which gushes with enough fluid to create a small stream. Coming upon the woman with her baby, Vane learns that she had wounded the leopard's paw with a rock, causing it to scream like a woman in pain — this last detail being added in revision. The woman, who is not a native of Bulika, warns Vane not to go to the city where the princess's leopard terrorizes the people, sucking the

blood of the babies. Witches, like the immortal princess herself, prescribe contraceptive spells and potions, since the princess's doom is predicted to come at the hand of a child. When babies are born, mothers take them to a wood on the other side of the hot stream where the witch-princess cannot go. There the babies are cared for by a race of fairies, according to the woman, who help them grow into good and happy children whom the mothers might some day see if they go there and say an incantation. Distrustful of strangers, the woman declines Vane's offer to accompany her to the wood where he supposes the Noborns find the babies.

The woman directs Vane toward the city. On his way in the darkness, he finds himself wading in the stream which flowed from the leopard's wound. Disturbed at the thought of wading in blood, he tastes it and finds it to be water, suggesting what was broken was not the leopard's foot but, possibly, what it held. Recalling the clenched fist of the woman he had nursed back to life, as well as the triangular hole which appeared both on his body and on the baby's face, he begins to realize the strange connection between the leopard and the woman. As he approaches the city in the growing light, he observes piles of refuse, ill-cultivated gardens, perpetually open gates, and no sign of life.

At this point of revision, MacDonald had determined to make use of the many legendary associations of the Lilith figure. In his article, "George MacDonald and the Lilith Legend in the Nineteenth Century," Roderick McGillis summarizes the numerous aspects of the Lilith mythology which are here valuable to recall. Ancient Semitic texts portray her in several ways:

She . . . appears in the Shabbath, as a frightful succubus who seizes those who sleep alone, terrorizes women at childbirth, and who often selects small children as her special victims. She is noted for her long hair. . . . Some Jews, in an effort to ward her off, placed "in the chamber occupied by the new mother four coins with labels on which are inscribed the

names of Adam and Eve accompanied by the words ‘Avaunt thee Lilith!’”

(3)

The first attributes mentioned all appear in the *Lilith B* narrative by the time Vane approaches the city. These details are enhanced by *B2* additions expanding her role as the terror of mothers and attackers of babies when she is in the leopard form. The last detail is alluded to in the subtitle of the *Lilith C* typescript and subsequent texts: “Off, Lilith!”

McGillis goes on to relate the Jewish myth explaining Lilith’s existence as the first wife of Adam who refused to take the subservient sexual position because she was created, like Adam, from the earth and as an equal. She abandoned Adam, resulting in her punishment through the slaying of many of her children. As revenge, she dedicated herself to infanticide and the murder of sleeping men, also taking Satan as her new mate. By the fourth century she was associated with the Greek Lamia but was also said to suck blood. In the Christian tradition, she appears in Old Testament scripture as the night hag, a female demon or vampire, while New Testament imagery links her with the whore of Babylon and the ruins of Rome, both traditions which focus on her sexual sin (3-4).

MacDonald obviously knew these aspects of the legendary character and began to exploit them with the inscription and revision of *Lilith B*. He also drew on ways in which other writers had depicted her. In *Paradise Lost*, Milton compared her to the allegorical figure of Sin, associating her with incest and the hell hounds who gnaw and howl in Sin’s womb. Similarly, MacDonald includes the image of the consuming wound on Lilith’s side. And, as McGillis points out, both writers link her with the figure of the Shadow.

MacDonald also would have known of Goethe’s treatment of Lilith in *Faust* and probably also Shelley’s translations of this scene in which the night hag becomes both alluring and destructive. The most likely and potent image of Lilith which MacDonald most likely knew was D. G. Rossetti’s 1864 painting, “Lady Lilith.” As McGillis notes,

Rossetti described his painting as that of “a *modern* Lady Lilith combing out her abundant golden hair and gazing on herself in the glass with that self-absorption by whose strange fascination such natures draw others within their own circle.” McGillis’s description of the portrait is apt:

In the picture the voluptuous Lilith is cold and languid, oblivious to anything but her own image with which she is wrapt. She gazes into a mirror and combs her long thick hair. Around her are roses and poppies, the first flower representing sexual passion and the second the narcotic power of her beauty. On the table, as on a small altar, are placed two candles and a container for perfume or possibly incense, indicating that this is the shrine of the goddess of Beauty. Outside, which is visible in the mirror, it is summer indicative of the ripeness of this fleshly beauty. (4)

Swinburne evaluates her as morally indifferent, entirely self-absorbed, “and because of this she attracts and subdues all men at once in body and spirit. Beyond the mirror she cares not to look and could not” (in McGillis, 4).

By the time Vane has been deceived by the princess, MacDonald has established her character as that of the legendary Lilith. In ensuing narrative events, these associations and Lilith’s power over Vane become more clear. It is, in part, the determination to develop and recast the princess as Lilith which controls subsequent revision.

Folios 119 through 137

At the point in the narrative at which Vane arrives at the city, MacDonald planned for the new and the old narratives to converge. He picked up the *B1* fo. 93, which followed directly from *B1* fo. 92 which became 111, and attempted to integrate the text of that leaf with the *B2* text ending on fo. 118. The result is the cancellation of all the

text on fos. 119 through 121 but about ten sentences. Where was the narrative going in *BI*? How did that text change from *Lilith A*? Why did MacDonald cancel so much? What replaces the original material? In order to extricate the *BI* from the *B2* texts, it is helpful to summarize what is included in each.

The text of *BI* fo. 93 begins as Vane watches the leopard disappear over the wall. Making his way toward the city, he reviews his motives for going there: his desire to look again on the beauty of the woman he has saved from death; his desire to reform her; and a feeling of urgency to warn the sleeping inhabitants of the leopard. He also feels it is his destiny to follow her to the city:

It was strange too that while I felt I must go on, that indeed I had no choice but to go on, all felt so dead about my heart that I would far rather have lain down and died, had the choice been given me, than gone forward to meet the most glorious fate. (fo. 118)

The gates stand perpetually open with hinges heavily rusted and no warders to monitor the entrance of visitors. The inhabitants are completely alienated from their country neighbors, each harboring prejudices toward the other which limit their contact and mutual benefit to the sale of a few agricultural products by a handful of farmers. Vane considers his beggarly condition as aptly indicating his state as someone who has lost both his world and the one thing which “had promised to make the new world more precious than the old” (fo. 119). Yet he does not anticipate the hostile response he receives from a group of children who attack him and are aided by the adults who gather at the commotion. Poverty and sickness are great offenses to these people who give gifts to the rich and drive the poor and ailing out of their places of worship.

Dodging into a doorway along with a woman, Vane sees a leopard with pale spots shoot past. The woman, who is pregnant, explains the leopard is a pet of the princess and is normally kept muzzled and with claws covered in the palace, except when the princess

takes her out to walk in the city. Pica-typed text on fo. 123, *B1* fo. 96, completes this scene as the woman, having married into the community, confesses they were not a good people, speculating that the leopard might be at the root of their degeneracy. They greatly fear both the beast, who attacks men and leaves them weak, and the princess, who “blasts men with her beauty,” leaving them possessed by her as though by a devil.

The *B2* text of necessity takes a slightly different direction, given the material which has been added with its augmentation of *B1* to this point. Beginning again outside the city with fo. 119, Vane leaves the woman with her baby to find her way to the wood. He resolves that he must live by acting; he must do something to make life endurable. His fascination with the princess is expressed much more strongly here, described as mingling with a natural repugnance to her predatory nature. Vane nevertheless desires to know more about the princess’s past and future; moreover he longs to analyze the inscrutable power of her beauty, as if it were an indifferent and amoral aspect of her being. Finally, he wants to penetrate the mystery which surrounds her: “To understand her would be to look into the marvels of her existence, such as my imagination could never have suggested to me” (fo.119). He fancies he might be able to restrain her in her destruction, perhaps even protect the children since he now knows something about the secret of the leopard’s clenched paw.

Entering the city, he sees the outline of the luminous object in the lightening sky. Then, all but naked, he is accosted by the people of the city who hate anyone who is not like them, including animals and the poor. Loiterers who strongly resemble the giants of the valley of fruit trees gather around to harass him, but he sees no children among them. He also learns they give to the princess presents of the treasure they inherited and had nothing to do with earning. They also own no books and know no history. In a long addendum on the recto of fo. 121 written large in a hand more reminiscent of the inscription of *Lilith A* than any of the carefully small handwriting of other *Lilith B*

revision, the narrative continues with the crowd chasing Vane beyond the city gates, one youth throwing at him a hunk of bread which Vane takes as a meal. He then sleeps in a field through the day, waiting to re-enter the city at night when the nebula hangs over it.

For fo. 122 MacDonald adds a sheet of paper from the same stock which supplied the inserted leaves of 112 through 118. On this page MacDonald tried out a characterization he later rejected. Vane catches a glimpse of a “huge white thing” which darts from shadow to shadow, then follows a man who walks with a limping gait, repeatedly looking over his shoulder at the animal as though disturbed by its presence. This shadowy man wears a black cap which appears to be made of the wings of a large bird, and his “carriage was rather proud than dignified.” The man’s identity finally becomes unmistakable with the last details of the description:

The next and stranger thing I noticed was, which indeed startled me, was, that in the moonshine, any more than in the dark, he cast no shadow. Not a blot lay on any side of him upon the whiteness of the paved street.

Instead of an attendant black distortion of himself, he was closely accompanied, as if that had been his shadow, by the gleaming whiteness of the creature I took for a spotless white leopard. (fo. 122)

The white leopard — not the spotted one — appears as a reverse shadow, a white shape attached to this black one. In yet another instance of allegory appearing in the midst of the narrative, MacDonald depicts Mr. Raven’s injunction that as a result of sin “evil that is good for you will follow.” This is the purpose of the muffled woman’s leopard: to inflict suffering in order to bring about repentance. The raven says evil ends in good; thus the purification of repentance follows and annoys the devil, just as the attachment of the white leopard irritates the shadowy man. In another elite-typed section on the recto of fo. 122, MacDonald describes the Shadow’s face as bearing “an expression that showed the spirit within capable of any villainy ever conceived by, received into it, or

cherished by the heart of man.” The unrevised elite-typed copy also describes the shadowy man as having the “distinguished air and carriage, altogether such as we in our country would call that of a gentleman.” In *Lilith B2* alone, the Shadow is depicted as a person rather than a two-dimensional negation of existence. Moreover, this depiction of the devil as a self-satisfied, wealthy gentleman provides the most bitter social satire in this work. Presumably MacDonald altered the character in order to define him as a state of being rather than as an individual representative of a social class, particularly since the process of achieving individuality is one of the text’s chief concerns.

Hiding in a doorway, Vane learns from a woman, who is apparently pregnant, about the activities of the leopard and promises to accompany her home and defend her against the beast, if need be, since he has so little to live for. She also explains the situation of the city: no one works but relies solely on riches amassed by ancestors to buy goods made elsewhere. When one loses all his money, he is cast out for his poverty. Here the *B2* text merges with the *B1*, but one final *B2* insertion provides a commentary on the snobbery of the Bulikans. In composing what seems to be either an early insertion or one made after taking a break from working intensely at revision, MacDonald or his typist produced another triangular addendum on the verso. In this addition to Vane’s conversation with the pregnant woman, she explains that the Bulikans know themselves so much nobler than any other race that the presence of a stranger defiles the city. She utters what MacDonald must have thought the creed of many English aristocrats: “To meddle with one’s sense of personal dignity is a most dangerous thing, and how is dignity to be kept up except by the isolation of perfect exclusiveness?” Vane realizes the uselessness of seeking accommodations in such a city and moves on to the subject of the princess’s identity, listening to the woman reiterate tales of how the princess stole the water from the region of a prince who refused her his love, then died of thirst. When they arrive at the woman’s house, Vane is shut out.

Folio 124 through 137

With fo. 124 the *B1* copy ends, the original folio number 96 being the last in a continuous sequence since *B1* fo. 54. *B1* fos. 97 through 104 are replaced by *B2* fos. 124 through 137, at which point *B1* fo. 105 appears as fo. 138. It is possible only to conjecture what the early narrative contained through clues which appear later in the text. With the introduction of this section of fourteen leaves MacDonald obviously turned the narrative an entirely new direction, eliminating elements which remained in *B1* from *Lilith A* and others which he had introduced in that version alone. The new *B2* text was introduced at about the same time or soon after the material of fos. 112 through 118 and bears thorough revision which was probably performed in two phases.

As Vane crouches on the doorstep of the pregnant woman, the white leopard runs up the steps, then disappears when it sees him. Prepared to defend the woman's baby against the creature, Vane is admitted to a room where the muffled woman from the desert receives him and shows him a bench on which to lie down, providing a comfort he had not anticipated. Unable to sleep, he eventually hears a moan. Through the door to the next room steps the white leopard with the baby in its mouth. Vane attacks and makes it drop the baby whom the muffled woman snatches up and takes away. He and the leopard exit into the street where he expects a brawl with the animal; instead it submits to him and makes clear its submission to him. Presently, the window of the next house is opened and a mutilated body is thrown from it onto the street. Apparently the form of a woman, it has been tortured and burned. When he looks up, he sees the shadowy man walking down the street followed by the leopard who has now left him. Vane concludes his new friend to be a creature of good intentions, all together distinct in nature from the spotted leopard. When Vane attempts to approach the shadow and his attendant, the leopard warns him off with a snarl, apparently protecting him from the shadow's evil influence.

He turns to walk to the palace in order to attempt to right the wrong he has done by allowing the princess to live. On the way, he observes a form “moving like a thing mechanical,” which is the animated body of the dead woman who had fallen from the window. Now, however, instead of her head it wears a “dim-gleaming skull” like the nebula which shines over the city. The body is apparently compelled to follow the stranger who killed her. Vane finds shelter for the rest of the night on a bench in a recess in the palace wall where the white leopard joins him, keeping him warm. He sleeps, dreaming he is in his bed at home and awakens with new hope now that he has discovered an unlikely friend in this creature. Like Fane’s discovery of simple affection in his friendship with Astarte, Vane’s relationship with the muffled woman’s leopard inspires him to risk a confrontation with the princess. This new strength provides limited protection, however, for the scene which follows in the palace parallels Fane’s seduction by the princess of *Lilith A*.

He approaches the castle but finds no easy way in, the gates being locked. With some effort, however, he climbs the wall and finds a way down the other side, then into a vestibule where a large stuffed spotted leopard stands in a cage guarding the doorway. Gaining submission from the servants is a simple matter when he — as well as they — discover the white leopard standing behind him. Preparing to encounter the enemy, he is shown into the princess’s room which is made entirely of black marble in a beehive shape with only a hole in the roof at the top to admit light and air. The details of the room are described in an addendum on the recto of fo. 131 in another handwritten triangle-shaped inscription. Suddenly the princess appears, illuminating the darkness as her white dress radiates the light coming in at the apex of the ceiling. Here her hair is “as black as the marble of the roof,” whereas in the wood it was dark burnt brown.

Appearing as young and as innocent as a girl, she seems more threatening to Vane than ever with her deferent manner and coy looks. Leading him to a room where she

offers him fresh clothes and a bath, she tells him she had once been in his world but could never find the way back. More and more perplexed by the princess's strange behavior, Vane gets in the bath, which he realizes might have originated from a questionable source when he remembers the water pouring from the leopard's foot. Nevertheless, he sinks into its luxury then puts on the rich, Asiatic-looking garments before going downstairs to seek his hostess. On the way down the winding stairs, he blunders into the princess's room then, quickly choosing another door, into a black chamber where he sees the animated body with the luminous head he had encountered in the street. Shocked, he backs away, finding his hand in that of the princess who leads him into an alabaster hall.

In the midst of shining whiteness, the princess is clothed in a garment embroidered with silver plates which give the effect of delicate armor. She leads him to a table set with bread, milk, fruit, and wine, for, as she explains, her people do not eat meat because they pursue "a more refined way of living which required no taxation of the life of other living things" (fo. 134). After they drink of her exquisite "wine of life," she explains to him that those of her race undergo a continual ripening, so old age brings them to perfection. This revelation leads to her distorting the facts of recent events of her abuse and abandonment of Vane in order to explain her actions as a test of his love, as she does in *Lilith A*, for the purpose of seducing him. While he plays along with her, planning to use what advantage he can from the information she gives, he is drawn into her trap. She promises that oneness with herself will make him immortal, then gives a false account of her purpose for being in the wood and her resulting condition.

This last scene presents a strong contrast to the feast in *Lilith A*. In that version, the princess brings Fane to a banquet where her father, the king, presides. She indulges Fane's feeling of superiority by giving him all the best, drugging him, then attacking him while he sleeps off the stupor. A revision of that sequence must have originally been

included in *B1*, for the section is entirely removed and replaced with this drama in which the princess affects simple beauty and a graceful manner in an attempt to captivate Vane. The *B2* text goes much farther in developing the princess's character than *Lilith A*, providing her explanation of her seeking out the children to destroy them, then being stranded in the wood after trying to cross the hot stream which is enchanted with a spell of the Woman of Sorrow to whom the princess refers as the "Cat Woman." A slip of the tongue during her explanation that she had "bounded across the stream" reveals the truth of the story: in the shape of the leopard she had sought the Noborns in order to destroy them. When she and Vane were in the cave, she claims that he was able to survive the leech bites because each time after an attack she sucked the poison out of the wound. Purporting to show him what he has made her, she rises to her full height, lifts her arms and flashes her beauty on him — a canceled phrase originally allowing her robe to fall apart, revealing "yet more of her radiance." Vane's repulsion at her true nature, however, compels him to avert his eyes when a crashing roar shakes the room, visibly frightening the princess. Playing the ignorant pawn, however, Vane feigns exhaustion and retires to his chamber where he immediately falls asleep under the influence of the wine. Here the inserted *B2* segment ends, halfway down the verso of fo. 137.

Folio 138

Folio 138, which completes roughly the first half of the text, introduces elements which help to explain why *B1* fos. 97 through 104 were rejected. Taken from the *B1* document, fo. 138 bears the original folio number 105, indicating it comes at the end of the canceled segment. The top seven lines are canceled, as is the bottom paragraph of fifteen lines. The text which appears between these cancellations, including the changes which are there introduced, is repeated in another typed paragraph at the top of fo. 139 which will later be described and explained.

The text of this folio records the scene of the princess's attack on Vane as he sleeps in the palace. MacDonald performed only light revision on it as, perhaps, he dictated it to a typist, provided the copy of an intermediate draft, or typed it himself. It begins as does the passage on fo. 97 of *Lilith A* with Vane awakening from his stupor: "A delicious languor was upon me." He feels as though he is floating; the thought of death is a delight. A shooting pain arouses him to realize a weight lies across his chest, paralyzing him. When the weight is lifted, he looks up and sees the princess rising from the bed, her eyes calm and with "a look of satisfied passion about her mouth, from which, as I looked, she wiped away a streak of red." When she realizes he sees her, she strikes him across the eyes with her handkerchief which feels to him like a knife. At this point in the *Lilith A* text, Fane loses consciousness, only to awaken back in the wood where he had discovered the princess with Astarte at his feet. In *Lilith B*, however, he hears the sound of a heavy animal drop to the floor and sees a tail disappear out the door.

The canceled text of this page provides more evidence than any other single leaf in the document of the original purpose and direction of this part of the *BI* narrative. The text recorded in the seven lines of copy at the top of the leaf runs as follows:

thereby soon moved to make seeming friends with me yet again, and possibly but I doubt that, what followed me was in the same design to bring me the more under her power. If this were the case then surely I should find means of contriving some means with my father for escaping her power — especially as it was plain he was not without at least one friend in the castle — the muffled attendant. Thinking these things I fell fast asleep.

I half came to myself in the night. The lamp still burned with a clear softness.

Judging from the quality of the prose, MacDonald might have composed this segment on the typewriter or dictated it and canceled it without making any improvements. Several facts about the *BI* text can be deduced from this fragment.

First, the *BI* narrative follows *Lilith A* in that, once in the castle, Vane is in danger of falling under the princess's power, although he seems to be more self-aware than in the manuscript text. Second, Vane has somehow discovered his father trapped in the castle or similarly under the princess's power. Unique to *BI*, this element indicates the text had gone several steps beyond Vane's setting out on his journey in pursuit of his father, then forgetting his purpose as he does in *Lilith A*. On the contrary, the plot had taken a decisive turn, with the narrator joining his father in an effort to oppose the princess. Later portions of the *BI* text show, however, that the two are separated, and Vane is left to continue his journey with Astarte alone, as he does in *Lilith A*. The third factor revealed here is the presence of the "muffled attendant" who befriends the father in the castle. Obviously, this figure is the same as the Woman of Sorrow, Mara, and the cat woman, who takes a prominent place in *B2*. As earlier portions of the text have shown, the presence of suffering as an essential element in the process of repentance and personal transformation was a central change made in *BI* which distinguishes it from *Lilith A*. The introduction of this figure demonstrates that MacDonald's intention for the text had already changed notably by the time of the *BI* inscription.

The final paragraph of the page also reveals drastic changes in tone, purpose, and narrative direction from *Lilith A* to *BI*. The quality of that passage can best be understood when read in its entirety. After Vane watches the animal exit the room, the following scene ensues:

I lay staring. The next moment it opened wider, and in came the muffled woman. She came up to the bed, and I saw that she had a whip in her hand. She struck me with it unmercifully I thought. It drove away my

faintness and sleepiness.

“Get up at once,” she said, but without any anger in her voice, although she continued to strike me on the face; “you have but a moment to get there before her; I will be your guide. Throw but one garment over you and come. I will tell you as you go.”

I obeyed her at once, and followed her down a grand staircase and out of the castle. Not a single person did we meet on our way. When we were in the street,

“Make haste;” she said, “but listen to me as you go — Faster! faster! I can keep up with you. The woman who gave you bread in the archway yesterday had a child at home of which she dared not tell you. The princess has heard of it, and means to destroy it this night. You only can prevent her if you are not too late. Rescue the child and the mother will be able to escape. Come! Come! Faster!”

The night air seemed to have restored my strength, though I felt exalted

Here the text ends. In the *B2* text, the pregnant woman from the archway has already lost her baby to the white leopard and been killed by the shadow, after which her body walks about the city and palace. Here, however, that episode seems about to take place, with the princess herself on the way to carry out the violence in the form of the spotted leopard. The muffled woman’s role in the matter is a bit more difficult to pin down. Certainly, her beating of Vane — which, he mentions later in the narrative as having done him good — represents his guilt and desire for punishment at having succumbed to the princess’s flattery and enjoyed her violation of him. Yet her instigation of the rescue of the princess’s next victims is only clear when considering MacDonald’s view of the components of true repentance: suffering, change of heart, death to self, and reparation

through creative works. If indeed Vane is truly sorry for his part in allowing the princess's sin, he will act in a way which, through his own self-sacrifice, will serve to liberate others. This pattern is seen, though less clearly, in *Lilith A* when Fane fails to reform the dwarves, sleeps in the house of the dead, and rises prepared to serve those he has wronged through creative works of love. The sequence, however, seems muddled in this *BI* scene, which might be the reason for its excision. Instead of being allowed to die, Vane is compelled to rise immediately from his bed of punishment and launch into an effort of heroism. The reader might suppose this effort to have failed due to the hasty nature of the process, but it is impossible to determine exactly the sequence of events which followed since the subsequent eleven pages of the *BI* text are now lost.

Description of folio 139

The first portion of the text is typed in a block on the top half of the recto, single-spaced with a two-inch margin at the top and along each side. The paper is of a heavier stock than that used for the rest of the typescript, bears no watermark, and is creased on the sides and at the top. If the paper were folded along those creases, one-inch margins would appear around the top block of copy. This leaf was most likely inserted into a smaller bundle of leaves or notebook, or someone experimented to see how the text would look on the page. The copy was typed by neither the familiar pica nor the elite typewriter, although it too features a pica typeface which is clear of broken or fuzzy letters. The "t" and the "T" sometimes fall below the line, indicating the typist might have struck that letter more strongly than others, perhaps indicating he or she had a stronger left hand. This fact combined with other evidence leads to the conclusion that the typist who produced this top block of copy did not type the rest of *Lilith B*.

The unique aspects of fo. 139 are simply explained when one sees the next document in the series, *Lilith C*. That typescript was obviously produced on the same

typewriter using the same page format on paper drawn from the same stock as fo. 139. Apparently, MacDonald gave fos. 1-138 of *Lilith B* to a typist before he went on with revision of the rest of the text. When he received that portion back, he took this folio and began to revise and re-write, beginning with adding text to the bottom of it using the elite typewriter. This is why the text of fo. 138 is repeated: the text from the middle of fo. 138 to the end (which is uncanceled) is copied as it was revised on the top of fo. 139. It is obviously left uncanceled on fo. 138 because someone had already typed it and would only have to pick up with fo. 139. The odd numbering of the page can also be understood in this context. Numbers appear as follows: 281, typed and canceled; 276 and 1, hand-written and canceled; note reading, “This is page 276 and the numbers must be carried on.” The 281 and 276 place this in its correct position in the document of *Lilith C*, corresponding with the foliation of that text before and after it was revised. The number “1” indicates that this is the first page of the new installment of the *C* text as MacDonald began to revise it and as numeration on succeeding folios of *Lilith B* bears out. The note directs the typist to pick up the typing of the new document here at fo. 276 and number the pages with 276 as the first, apparently because he or she would not have been working with the first portion of *Lilith C* — that is, fos. 1-275 — in his or her possession. Probably MacDonald was revising those pages even while constructing fos. 139-258 of *Lilith B*.

These facts of page numbering, as well as numerous details from the text, suggest that MacDonald had already partially revised the first portion of *Lilith C*. How extensive that revision was and what it included are not possible to know without an inspection of that document beyond the scope of this project. The evidence does suggest, however, that by the time he had finished revising fos. 1-138 of *Lilith B*, he had undertaken a project which he evidently planned to complete quickly but with painstaking care. Rather than finish the *Lilith B* text entirely, he first turned it over to a typist who would

produce a fair copy, perhaps with the original intention of sending it to his agent. After receiving back the first portion, more revision ensued as he produced the rest and worked on the *C* draft, efforts which resulted in *Lilith C* being another intermediate text in the series, but one in which the main elements in the text had been established.

Folios 139 to 145

The scene of the princess's attack on Vane at the top of fo. 139 results in his pursuit of her and, finally, the discovery of her identity, which occurs at the structural center of the novel. Rather than meet his father and learn about the princess — as in *Lilith B1* he presumably proceeded to do — Vane pursues the princess through her palace to a tree where she again deceives him. The section of text relating this part of the narrative was produced of a piece, but with the insertion of fo. 145. Some false starts at numbering occurred, perhaps due to leaves of paper being numbered prior to the beginning of typing, and folios proceed sequentially with three numbers each. Paper is taken uniformly from the same stock. The elite typewriter alone is used, and changes seem to be made either soon after the pages were typed or all within the same later time frame. Many points indicate that the typist was working from a pre-existing text or extensive notes with MacDonald closely involved in the transcription, perhaps even typing portions himself. Certainly, the production of this second portion of the document seems to have occurred with a deadline in view and with a much more coherent vision of the text than the first half. Drawing ideas from *B1*, MacDonald combined that text with a new emphasis on the identity of the princess as the legendary Lilith.

In this portion of the typescript the tortuous revising process is suggested by the perplexing numeration of the folios. Beginning with fo. 140, the leaves bear two numbers: one number following a sequence starting with fo. 139, another two numbers higher. That is to say, fo. 140 bears both a typed “2” and a typed “4” in the top right-

hand corner. If MacDonald rejected two pages between fos. 139 and 140, he probably did so immediately after they were inscribed, for the sentence at the top of 140 picks up directly from the end of 139. Two other explanations for this instance of double numbering suggest themselves. First, the typist had numbered the folios before typing any of the document, then he or she removed or misplaced the first two leaves before beginning and was forced to renumber. This would explain the existence of two typed numbers on fo. 140. The numeration is complicated, however, by the construction of fo. 141. The top of that leaf bears the canceled numbers “3” (typed) and “5” (handwritten), both canceled in addition to “142.” Six lines down from the top, the paper was cut and another folio taped to it, evidently the upper portion of the original fo. 141, for that number appears in the upper right-hand corner of the appended page. This represents a curious bit of revision, for the text which appears to have been the top of fo. 142 does not seem to follow from the text at the bottom of fo. 141, for that would be to make the narrative go in a circle. It is possible that the leaves were damaged and that MacDonald’s directions indicated a sequence such as now appears. Then the British Library cut and taped them together, resulting in the strange arrangement of the fo. 142/141.

The puzzle continues with the initial numeration of fo. 143. That leaf bears the handwritten numbers “2” and “4.” This leaf seems to have been removed and reinserted after the first two words were typed. Those words follow directly from the typewritten text at the bottom of 142/141; thus the text of fo. 143 seems to have been typed after that page was pieced together or directions indicated the sequence of the text.

The narrative of fos. 140 to 143 takes a markedly different direction from the narrative of *Lilith B1*. While the fragments of the *B1* text suggest that the narrator will find out the princess’s identity from his father and that through the muffled woman’s directions he will save an infant from the jaws of the spotted leopard, *B2* omits the father

and the muffled woman. Vane sets out to find the princess — be she cat or woman — by exploring the palace. In the “hall of blackness” he encounters phantasmagoric forms from his early travels: the spectral dancers, monsters from the marsh, and soldiers from the evil wood. Figures are “interpenetrated” — a word which first appears in this text and pervades the final version — by darkness and seem independent from their shadows. In the entrance-hall he witnesses a battle between two leopards, one spotted and one white. The spotted leopard follows the shadowy man to the house of the woman whom Vane had met outside the city. Like the woman with the baby taken by the white leopard, her mutilated body is thrown out of the window and lands on the street when the spotted leopard emerges from the house with a baby in her mouth. The white leopard suddenly appears, forcing the princess/cat to drop the baby which Vane retrieves. The shadowy man observes the action then glides away while another battle between the leopards ensues, ending with the white one snatching the baby from Vane and fleeing. Vane watches while the spotted leopard turns back into the princess, its spots all gathering into the darkness of her eyes. MacDonald here establishes the map for the narrative which he carefully follows in the rest of the versions. In fact, these passages appear in the first edition text, *Lilith I*, very much as they are written in *Lilith B*.

Folio 144 bears both a typed “3” and a handwritten “5,” following the pattern of fo. 143. The numbering of fo. 145, however, includes only a typed “6” in addition to the final 145, suggesting that page was inserted. The text inscribed on the page also bears out this theory, as well as the fact that, were that page removed, the text at the bottom of fo. 144 would continue at the top of fo. 146. Furthermore, fo. 146 bears a typed “4,” as well as “7,” indicating this insertion to be a part of a large phase of revision which occurred after an entire typescript had been completed.

Folio 144 records a scene, the cancellation of which demonstrates a clear change of intention for the text early in the first phase of revision of *B2*, part two. All but six

lines of the text are deleted with no trace of intervening emendation. In the canceled passage, the princess returns to her castle followed by a shadow: “. . . one with a luminous head whose shape was itself a horror — a skull so ruined and distorted that it hardly retained a claim to be called human yet frightfully suggestive of what might befall self-outraged humanity.” The narrative proceeds ambiguously with the description of another such phantom which emerges from the palace and meets the first. The souls or shapes of the two women who have lost their children then faced execution themselves meet face to face “with a gesture of utter horror” as each is confronted with a reflection of her spiritual or moral state in the other, much as do Lord and Lady Cokayne.

This passage is replaced with two addenda typed with the elite typewriter and augmented by handwritten text on the verso. The revision omits the two female shadows, describing only Vane’s meeting with the princess in the palace as she puts on her robe and explains her wounds as resulting from a run-in with the cat woman whom she has punished. In the early version, the princess leads him out into the court where she asks him to climb a tree and pluck a blossom which would cure her wound. Instead, folio 145 is introduced — bearing only a typed “6” in addition to the “145” — before they exit to the court. Evidently added in the first major revision of this second portion of the text, this passage provides an explicit connection between the princess and the many legends of Lilith, both in cabalistic tradition and in nineteenth century art and poetry. Feeling pity for her after her defeat by the white leopard, Vane follows the princess back to the black hall where “nothing was clear, nothing definite,” realizing finally that in the black room, here shaped like an ellipsis instead of a beehive, he views the macabre thoughts and terrors of the princess’s inner world, culminating in the final horror of dismemberment:

Her change came; she fell on the earth; her limbs forsook her and fled, and

her body, frightfully dismembered and alive with lower vitalities, broken up into all the creatures that had part in her, hurried into the earth, leaving her invisible where she lay.

Like the vision of her dismemberment in the bad burrow, this scene associates the princess with the night-hag Lilith. She is so addicted to material consumption she cannot avoid the end of all material substance: decomposition. In *Lilith I*, this sentence is revised to omit mention of “lower vitalities” and the “creatures that had part in her,” but it introduces a confrontation with Adam — or her memory of him — as precipitating her disintegration: “Then first I was startled at what I saw: the old librarian walked up to her, and stood for a moment regarding her; she fell; her limbs forsook her and fled; her body vanished” (190). In *Lilith B*, MacDonald emphasizes the physical, earthy, and sexual dimension of Lilith’s character — even relating her to the process which the text was undergoing at this point: the “cutting and killing, re-embodiment and shifting” MacDonald was performing on these pages seem to relate to the character of Lilith, as well. Moreover, after the narrator’s witnessing of this scene, he mentions returning to the entryway by the cage where he stood a few moments trying to “compose” himself, in contrast with the princess who has just “decomposed.” The character of Lilith here seems to personify the text MacDonald was creating: his struggles with it are reflected in her struggles to exist and Vane’s torment in both loving and hating her, desiring her and being consumed by her.

The excision of the passage in which the two shadow-women meet enables MacDonald to focus the narrative on the princess’s actions and identity as Lilith, rather than on the character of the city of Bulika. The association of the luminous skulls of the shadow-women with the frightful nebula over the city which symbolizes both the princess’s spiritual emptiness and the greed of her subjects would have enhanced the satiric allegory, an element central to the *BI* text. Instead, MacDonald rejected this

passage and, with the insertion of fo. 145, took the narrator directly into the palace where he is confronted with the princess's inner hell, establishing this portion of the story as it exists in succeeding versions.

Folios 146 to 156

Folio 145 introduces a section inscribed on fos. 146 to 166 which corresponds to no part of *Lilith A* and which does not seem to have existed in *B1*. Folios 146 to 155 form the structural center of this text, explaining the mystery surrounding the princess and identifying Vane's predicament in having resuscitated her in the forest. Folios 156 to 166 return Vane to the world of the seventh dimension where his cyclical journey begins again.

Typed entirely by the elite typewriter, fos. 146 to 166 follow the numbering established by fo. 144. Folio 146 bears a "4," typed by the elite machine and following the typed "3" of fo. 144, a handwritten "7," indicating the insertion of 145, and the librarian's handwritten 146. Folios through 166 also follow in unbroken succession; the only insertions are handwritten or typed on the backs of existing leaves, not introduced on new ones. Moreover, the paper comes from the same stock, that with the De La Rue & Co. watermark, a fact which suggests the section was produced at roughly the same time and by the same typist.

The text of folio 146 has Vane follow the princess into the courtyard where she asks him to pluck a blossom from high in a tree. This tree reminds him of one described by Dante in *Purgatory* which resembles a fountain, growing broader at the top. She claims she cannot climb the tree because a little snake which lives near the blossom would give her a bite "far worse than that great cat." *B2* first rendered this last phrase as "than any cat of my sister's," revealing that, in the *B2*, part two typescript, the muffled woman, or Woman of Sorrow, was the sister of Lilith. This sisterhood of Lilith and her

attendant executioner makes allegorical sense: the muffled woman inflicts “good” death as a result of Lilith’s evil, an idea which is also illustrated in the white leopard’s devotion to the Shadow, or shadowy man.

Instead, MacDonald chose to alter Lilith’s relationship to Mara by making the latter the daughter of Adam and Eve and thus, symbolically, the issue of their union after the fall. This change, eliminating the confusion arising from the possibility of the Woman of Sorrow being yet another of Adam’s wives, belongs to one of a category of changes introduced with the major revision to this section: the clarification of the relationships between Mr. Raven (Adam) and his wife (Eve), Lilith, Litha, and Mara, the Woman of Sorrow. The configuration of this dysfunctional family emerges from this revision as it remains in the published version.

The scene in the courtyard proceeds from folio 146 to 147 with Lilith tying bark to Vane’s feet to protect him — rather than strips of cloth from her robe as she does in *Lilith I* — and then Vane climbing the tree. Rising through the silvery moonlight on the branches, he begins to feel cold and finds himself falling through water into the basin of a fountain at his home in this world. The raven, standing nearby, croaks, “I told you to do nothing anyone you had cause to distrust might ask of you!” Vane changes out of his wet clothes and returns to his family library to have a conversation with Adam who is also the raven/sexton/librarian, recorded on fos. 148 through 156, which explains Lilith’s origins and nature.

First, Mr. Raven addresses Vane’s mistakes in the seventh dimension. By refusing to accept the hospitality of Mr. Raven and his wife and sleep in their house, Vane was unprepared to help the Noborns. Then by leaving them, says Mr. Raven, Vane abandoned them, whereas he could have found them water which would have helped them to grow. The sexton’s commentary on Vane’s behavior toward the giants here also

contributes to MacDonald's satire of art and literary critics and the influence of traditional religious groups.

Nevertheless, in his capacity as leader of the children, Vane set them the example of cowardice by submitting to the Stupids, whom he should have mastered and made to serve the Noborns. Folios 148 to 149 record this portion of the conversation with a moderate amount of revision, mainly at the sentence level to create emphasis or correct sense. MacDonald seems to have taken time with these pages. His markings are careful and thorough, and his corrections of typographic errors imitate the machine-made letters. Whether lingering over these pages as he thought about his plans for the text or something else entirely, or whether he was making an obsessive attempt to create a document which looked like a finished book, MacDonald neither changed the narrative direction, nor introduced any new significant elements.

On fo. 150, the conversation takes a turn when Vane learns that the Princess has followed him on his return to this world. By holding onto one of the wrappings of his feet she arrived with him and has taken the form of a Persian cat who resembles the gray cat which appeared at Mara's house and outside Bulika. The librarian removes the mysterious mutilated volume — now whole — from its shelf and begins to read the text of a poem which fills the ancient book. Folios 151-154 record the fifteen stanzas, interspersed with narration of the action which occurs during the reading. Written in the first person, the poem tells, from Lilith's point of view, the story of her creation, rebellion against marriage to Adam, quest to exist and wield power through embodying the desires of men, and her misery in corporeal decay. Once a queen, the poem explains, she relinquished substance and became one with Satan. She thus takes her form from men who believe in and desire her as she represents all women and is the "Venus conscia vixtrix." Yet, for all her power, she longs for the simplest pleasures of bodily existence as she contemplates the horrors of her decomposing flesh.

Bearing some changes, mostly to individual words and only twice to an entire line, the poem was obviously transcribed from an earlier copy. Two small typewritten revisions are made, suggesting that MacDonald himself probably typed the pages.

The poem culminates with the description of Lilith's two worlds:

“Ah, the two worlds! So strangely are they one,
 And yet so measurelessly wide apart!
 Oh, had I lived the bodiless alone,
 Nor to defiling sense laid bare my heart!
 Then had I scaped the canker and the smart,
 Nor dwelt with Death in misery and moan!”

Lilith's error reflects Vane's: her insistence on autonomy leads, paradoxically, both to isolation and to parasitic dependence on the lives and souls of men. Likewise, to this point, Vane has derived his thoughts from those of others which have been recorded in books, not from fellowship with thinkers. Embodying the beauty Vane desires to possess, Lilith is the female representation of his own heartless selfishness for which death in the sexton's cottage is the only cure. Back in the world of the three dimensions, this relationship is made clear, although Vane fails to realize the significance of Lilith's appearance and control over him.

The text of fos. 154-156 presents Lilith's situation from the point of view of Mr. Raven, now known to be Adam. He explains that after bearing one child Lilith insisted Adam worship her. When he refused, she killed herself and joined “the army of the aliens” where she became the Queen of hell with Satan, the Shadow, as her slave. Hating her child but unaware as to her whereabouts, Lilith desires to destroy what she believes she created. At Adam's description of Eve and the consequences of the couple's sin which resulted in repentance and redemption, the cat, having changed to a leopard, rears and changes back into the Princess, exulting in her beauty. Her hand holds her side,

however, covering a spot which, Adam says, will consume her beauty unless she repents. Stung by this truth, Lilith shrinks back to her leopard form. Adam again challenges her to repent and “be once more an angel of God, cleansed by thy weeping.” At this, she rises and proclaims her resistance: “While I can, I will kill and not spare. I will drink the blood of the child,” she says. Overpowered by Adam, she resumes the form of a house cat which Adam throws into the little closet, warning Vane of her cleverness and self-deception that feeding on the blood of children gives her everlasting life.

Folios 156 to 166

At this point at the bottom of fo. 156, the exposition of Lilith’s origins and condition closes. The next section of text, through fo. 166, sets up the action for the remaining narrative. Attention shifts to the state of the seventh dimension where Mr. Vane must attempt to end Lilith’s power, first by helping the Noborns take their rightful place as innocent rulers. Vane remains unprepared for the task, however, not having yet slept in Adam’s house, which now clearly serves as the entry way to life. Before helping anyone else, Vane must cast off all selfishness and self-concern, by which he can then live to love: essentially, he can regain an innocence like that of the children. This task proves too much for him as he seems to be missing the point that in order to help anyone else he has to forget himself. Instead, as his continued infatuation with Lilith illustrates, he is still controlled by his passions and ambitions, unable to separate a desire to do good from selfish interest.

Folio 157 which starts this section bears heavy revision, resulting in a text which subsequent versions closely follow. Adam provides Vane with the story of Lilith’s — and his — child who was sent into a region which offered a barrier from her mother’s influence. Lilith followed Vane to the world of the three dimensions by holding onto the wrappings on his foot. Since she had destroyed her body, she had been banished from

this world, so a human vehicle was necessary to bring her to a place through which she might gain access to the wilderness home of her child. Vane presses Mr. Raven for details as to how the relationship between the worlds works, but the librarian insists that admitting to a lack of understanding is the only way to begin to know things, and that until Vane is willing to trust he will never understand. As it is, Vane must now do something among the children, an effort which must begin by sleeping in the sexton's cottage. Merely destroying evil does not eliminate it; evil must be transformed to good.

A typed note, "SEE BACK," evidently added during revision, points to yet another triangle-shaped addendum. The typist successfully formed the left edge of the triangle by starting the block of copy three inches from the left edge and each succeeding line one character closer to the edge. The right side, however, is ragged, not running to the right-hand margin but roughly approximating the right slope of a triangle. As he revised this portion of the narrative, MacDonald condensed the information and provided more precise details. A typist might well have been trying to reproduce a hand-written block of copy from another page and found the task too ponderous. The text of the addendum follows up on Mr. Raven's point about the need for evil to be transformed by relaying Vane's thoughts during the conversation. He feels pity for Lilith as he remembers how she had floated across the bad burrow, "and how, self-dismembered, she passed away into the earth," but he muses that "an evil thing . . . must live with its evil until it refuses the evil and chooses the good." This understanding obviously fails to effect an evaluation of his own condition, for his subsequent behavior leads only to further evil.

He and Mr. Raven rush to the garret where they hope to enter the mirror before the cat in the closet can escape. Delay due to the sun's position gives her time to reach them, however, and she vanishes through the mirror as soon as the other world appears in it. The spotted leopard is pursued by a white one evidently sent by the sexton's wife.

Mr. Raven persuades the reluctant Vane to sleep in his cottage before going on to the children, the Noborns. Here on fo. 160 a chapter heading is inserted: "Chapter XXXII. The Sexton's Horse." From here on, chapter headings are introduced which correspond with headings also inserted by hand in *Lilith C* but only inconsistently included in this typescript.

Vane follows Mr. Raven across the heath toward the cottage, growing less willing to sleep there the closer they come. Another a triangular insertion, here describing Vane's dread of the chamber of death, is inscribed on the back of fo. 160, this time by hand and in perfect form, with lines narrowly spaced. Accompanied by the sexton, Vane sees the inhabitants of the "earth-sea" subdued as they cross it. At the other side, the sexton calls a great horse to carry Vane the rest of the way to the house. The typed text describes the horse as bursting out of the earth as out of a bubble, but, perhaps to distinguish the horse from the burrowing creatures, the passage is revised to show the horse thundering across the heath with the moon making a "halo in the steam that rose from his mighty bulk, and clothed him as he came." The typescript also describes him as "eighteen feet high" which is corrected to "eighteen hands high," a measurement much more reasonable, even for a supernatural horse. Overtaken by the desire to have the horse and avoid the cottage, Vane mounts and rides in the opposite direction, claiming he wants to save time by going straight to the children. Mr. Raven's warnings follow him, however. "May your impending humiliation open to you the ascent toward humility!" reads a hand-written insertion.

The horse gallops across the channel-scored terrain until "the moon reached the keystone of her arch, and began to descend on the other side toward her nightly burial" (fo. 163). Another hand-written insertion at the top of fo. 164 describes the moon as beginning to roll "as if she were the round nave of Fortune's wheel, which the gods were bowling down the hill to the fiends below," an image which remains in *Lilith I*. Indeed,

the result of Vane's determination to go his own way soon appears in the form of a wolf pack howling around him. As the moon drops below the horizon, the horse falls dead on the far side of a channel. Just as the wolves come at Vane — their greedy snarls expressing his own lust to possess the horse — he hears a group of cats arrive which battle the wolves. Soon the wolves depart and the cats attack Vane, driving him onward until the sun rises and he finds himself in the orchard-valley, the land of the children and the stupid giants. After a short sleep he finds himself bound hand and foot by the Stupids, a condition which obviously reflects his own spiritual state. "To what people else do I belong?" he asks.

Folios 167 to 178

This section — as well as the previous ten pages — seems to have undergone two phases of revision. First the text was typed from a pre-existing copy by a competent and quick typist who ran each line to the end without necessarily completing final words or making corrections. These corrections MacDonald made himself, at the same time revising in order to improve style and sharpen details. The second phase occurred later, probably occasioning the introduction of the addenda, as well as the introduction of fos. 169-173.

A few details occurring on fo. 167 shed light on the inscribing process. Although most changes might seem to have been made during one concentrated act of revision, this portion shows two phases occurring. For instance, the following sentence was obviously revised twice. The typed copy reads: "My heart beat swiftly, and I felt a rush of strength through every limb, and I uttered a loud cry." The sentence finally comes to read: "My heart beat swiftly, and a rush of strength went through every limb, as I gave a loud cry of delighted welcome." In initial revision, the word "loud" was deleted. Later, however, it was reintroduced. Elsewhere on the page, the phrase, "and I felt that the girl was nearer

to me,” was first changed to “and I felt her nearer to me” before it was completely canceled.

A most interesting aspect of the text of this folio, one which ascertains the relationship of this portion of the document to *Lilith C*, is MacDonald’s treatment of the child-mother of the Noborns and the blank provided by the typist for her name to be written in by hand. To this point in the text of the *Lilith B* typescript, the only girl among the Noborns identified by name has been Bina, one of the eldest, with whom Vane talked previously about the children’s origins. The portion which included this conversation was given to the typist of *Lilith C* before this second phase of *Lilith B* was created. The text here, however, presumes a knowledge of the special relationship between this girl and Vane which has not yet been developed to this point in *Lilith B*, and it shows MacDonald’s intention to change her name. Apparently, MacDonald had already begun revision of fos. 1-275 of *Lilith C* before creating part two of *B2*, altering the characterization of the girl with whom Vane falls in love and who comes to be identified as Lilith’s daughter. Parallel modifications were never made to part one of *Lilith B*, although the girl becomes a central figure in the narrative as the catalyst for Lilith’s transformation and Vane’s repentance as a result of her murder. Yet MacDonald was experimenting with names for her even after having developed her character, so the typist provided blanks on these pages. This fact confirms the revision of *Lilith B*, part two, and *Lilith C*, part one, as taking place almost simultaneously.

Folio 168 also demonstrates two main phases of revision having taken place in this portion of *Lilith B*, part two. The final sentence of the last full paragraph was revised, then canceled entirely, probably when the final incomplete paragraph was also canceled. Two notes placed together, “See Back” and “Here insert pages 27 & 28,” which precede and are canceled with the final paragraph, suggest details. First, MacDonald planned to revise a portion of the *B1* by writing it on the back of this page.

Second, he changed his mind and decided to include two *BI* pages in their entirety. Last, he rejected the final bit of text on this page, as well as a succeeding page which a typist had already produced before inserting the *BI* folios. This is evident because the next page of copy produced by the elite machine, fo. 171, does not follow directly from the interrupted sentence at the bottom of fo. 168.

Instead, MacDonald drew folios 118-120 from the *BI* typescript and inserted them here. Fo. 120 was actually pasted onto the back of 119/170 then canceled, perhaps because he decided to reserve the content of that portion of the text for a later place in the narrative. What became of fos. 106-117 of the pica copy cannot be determined. It is possible, however, to piece together some aspects of the narrative which must have been recorded on the rejected folios. Nearly two thirds of the text on fo. 169 — that is, 118 of the *BI* text — is canceled. From that portion, it can be concluded that, in the text of the missing fos. 106-117, the muffled woman punished both the narrator (in that version) and the princess with her whip, perhaps taking Vane to the sexton's cottage where he resigned himself to death. In contrast to *Lilith A*, however, he awakens with the whip of the muffled woman (Mara), as well as with Astarte, then returns to the children and their neighbors, the Stupids, to attempt to rectify their situation.

Like *Lilith A*, the *BI* text focuses on Astarte in a way which is lost in *B2*. In the canceled portion of fo. 169, the narrator remarks that she probably had not been allowed to bear offspring, and that the little ones who now surround her are like replacements for those she never had. As in *Lilith A*, she has to learn to eat bread and fruit rather than drink blood, but, unlike the leopard of the manuscript, she seems to be evolving into a higher state of being. Vane thinks she is “very far on toward some higher stage of existence, when she should have left her leopard skin, and with it all her few spots.” Astarte here is no pure white leopard; instead she is still the servant of the princess converted to serving Vane under circumstances similar to those of *Lilith A*.

The change in the friendship between Vane and Astarte indicates a radical departure from *Lilith A* which took place before *BI* fos. 106-117 were replaced with fos. 139-168. Instead of having Vane sleep in the House of the Dead and restart his journey equipped with a weapon and a companion, as he did in *BI*, MacDonald took Vane, in *B2*, back to his home where he learned of the princess's identity as the legendary Lilith. The story then acquired mythic proportions, and the fairy tale tone was abandoned. Vane's own inner state becomes murkier in *B2* as his dreams of helping the children become mixed with lust and ambition. Furthermore, the sexton's reading of the poem reveals Lilith to be a manifestation of Vane's own self-consuming desires which he refuses to put to death, thus allowing them to threaten the children who embody the trusting, self-forgetting innocence MacDonald portrays as an essential characteristic of ideal humanity. Only suffering inflicted by the white leopard controls Lilith and allows the children to survive, just as the punishment of the cats in the darkness drives Vane to be reunited with them. If Vane slept in the sexton's house, as in *Lilith A* and, apparently, *Lilith BI*, his destiny would be separate from Lilith's. As MacDonald re-wrote the narrative, however, Vane's sleep is postponed until the end when Lilith, too, is ready to die.

On the two pica folios, 169 and 170, a portion of the narrative is introduced which is retained largely as it appears here. The children come to Vane in the forest and ask him to close his eyes. When he opens them, the children are nowhere to be seen, but he soon hears the sounds of birds and realizes they have built nests and begun to live in trees in order to avoid the giants, their enemies. This passage was introduced, according to Greville MacDonald, after he had written to his father reporting that two of his juvenile patients had hidden from him on the top of a wardrobe, then peeped out like birds, much as do the children of the story. If MacDonald did write this scene at the suggestion of Greville's letter, which does seem likely, he would have done so after 18 January 1891. This would place the inscription of the *BI* manuscript before Lilia's death. After

completing it, MacDonald might not have picked it up again until two years later, a lapse which could easily account for the dramatic changes.

Folio 171, a *B2* leaf, also presents more than one problem for the editor or critic. First, the ribbon of the elite typewriter had become, at this point, worn to the extent that much of the copy is absolutely unreadable, yet the type on the previous elite page, fo. 168, is legible. Furthermore, the paper is drawn from a different stock than either 168 or 172, both of which bear the “De La Rue & Co.” watermark. Instead, this leaf bears the “219” watermark indicating it belongs to a phase of revision when text was typed on new leaves to be inserted between existing copy. Because the copy is so light, the text on this page contributes little to understanding the narrative, other than the fact that MacDonald was still introducing new pages at this point in revision.

The text on fos. 169 to 173 includes Vane’s account of the growth of Litha (who is also called Lia), how the children came to live in the trees and why, and that their bodies had grown along with their minds — in contrast with the mental degeneration and physical growth of the dwarves in *Lilith A*. MacDonald seems to have decided to shift his focus from criticism and satire of small-minded people to a depiction of ideal human growth: mental expansion without spiritual decay. The Noborns figure out ways to avoid the Stupids but eventually decide it would be better to drive them out of their territory. This they accomplish with the help of friendly animals, demonstrating MacDonald’s view that spiritual innocents — or innocence — need not be victimized by inferior but powerful oppressors. In such a context, violence is entirely justified and is particularly appropriate when the situation is seen allegorically. The purging of dull-minded, unimaginative, grown up selfishness is achieved by innovative energy of childish innocence. One only retains one’s childish delight in life by aggressively resisting the pressure of the world to forget it.

Beginning with the text of fo. 174, the children inform Vane of another new experience: they have met a mother with a baby in the forest. The woman is the same Vane had encountered on the outskirts of the city who had wounded the leopard's paw and fled to avoid the consequences of that action, as well as to save her baby. The children learn that the woman might be like the "good giant," Vane, in her love for her baby, and they accept her among them. A canceled portion of fos. 175-176 shows MacDonald first intended to portray this woman as a benevolent stranger to the children. Originally, she wanted to help them in any way possible and "was willing to lose her own life in the attempt to help them to growth and liberty" (fo. 176) by attacking the city, driving out the cowardly inhabitants, and bringing to pass the prophecy that a child would bring the demise of the princess. In revision, however, the woman is changed to an opportunistic manipulator who lures the children into a scheme to attack Bulika which will benefit her whether they fail or succeed. Evidently, *Lilith B1* introduced the woman in order to provide a motivation for the children to take the city, a weak point of the narrative of *Lilith A*. As *B2* develops, however, MacDonald lays stress on the selfishness of people who have not yet slept in the House of the Dead. The woman's self-interest is thus cultivated even while she serves to propel the narrative.

The details of this section help to clarify what MacDonald was attempting to do with the composition and revision of *B2*. While the *B1* typescript highlights the appearance of the woman, her observations of the children, and her idea that they might resist the giants then take the city, revision introduces a conversation between Vane and the child-mother as she relates what has occurred during his absence. Handwritten revisions identify her as "Litha," a name which now consistently replaces "Lia" and "Dalitha" as the narrative continues. Obviously, the introduction of her name and the development of her character belong to a late phase of revision which occurred after most of the *B2* typescript was complete. MacDonald did not break up part two of *Lilith B* and

hand it over to a typist. Rather, he constructed it from a pre-existing draft which was re-typed with the elite machine. These new portions he combined with some folios from *B1*, made some changes as he received the newly typed copy, then mounted a major campaign of revision, arriving at a text distinct from that of both *Lilith A* and *Lilith B1*. After arriving at the essential components of the narrative as he re-created it, he then refined the text in subsequent drafts, which include the second part of *Lilith C* through *Lilith E*.

Folios 177-180 close this portion of the narrative which portrays the growth of the children. Here MacDonald transforms a conversation between Vane and the Bulikan woman into an exchange between him and Litha. Yet another half-triangular typed insertion on the back of fo. 177 forms a bridge between the *B1* and *B2* texts, explaining that Vane learned about some of the details of what had occurred later from the woman herself. Because the typed portion of the insertion includes the name of Litha, it must have been added in the late phase of concerted revision. On fo. 178, in fact, MacDonald alters dialogue in order to highlight the girl's importance, as well as the growing attachment between her and Vane.

Folios 179 to 186

Folio 179 recounts the appearance of the two leopards in the forest and their fight under the trees in which the children have their nests. The page is heavily revised and includes some changes which help to form a hypothesis about the document from which this section of text was typed. As the children watch the leopards, they come down from their trees to try to comfort the animals in their pain. The revision of this portion, as well as the final version, has the white leopard run at the children to scare them back into their trees should the spotted leopard attack them. The typescript, however, records that the spotted leopard actually seizes one of the boys in her mouth and attempts to escape with

him, “for they were in the way of carrying any children they took alive to their mistress that she might suck the blood of it before it dies, and then I thought could the dreadful woman be anywhere near.” Both the text and the haphazard style of this sentence suggest it was transcribed from a hastily composed draft which did not take into account Vane’s awareness of Lilith’s identity as the spotted leopard. The paragraph ends, however, with the children explaining that the white one held onto the throat of the spotted one until the latter “grew a white giantess and ran away.” Obviously, this developed after MacDonald had rejected the emphasis on Astarte’s friendship with Vane. It could have gone on in much the same way, however, with the white leopard befriending the children and undergoing a transformation similar to that described in the canceled portion of fo.169.

Folio 180 relates the success of the children in defeating the giants, using stones and the help of elephants to drive them from the forest. Then the text turns, with the insertion of folio 181, to the plans for taking the city. Here Vane realizes the plans of the woman and states he did not at first understand her selfish motives in suggesting the campaign. He also explains his hopes of Litha taking her rightful place on her mother’s throne with him at her side. This text was evidently added at much the same time as the text of fo. 171, for the type is quite faint, although the paper is taken from the De La Rue & Co. stock. Folio 182 clearly followed originally from 180 and belongs to a much earlier phase of composition than the text of fo. 181. Numeration of the page places it among the first typed in this section, the text being consistent with that transitional phase.

The canceled portions of this page reveal several significant aspects of the early direction of the *B2* text. First, Vane suggests they dig for water in order to help the children grow. The Bulikan woman rejects this idea on the grounds that it might make them unfit for taking the city. Up to this point in the early typescript, no mention has

been made of the child-mother; all references to her have been inserted in revision. Here, however, the narrator mentions he has “hitherto shrunk from saying anything of the girl Dalitha, whom I have mentioned in the account of my first visit.” No trace of a Dalitha having appeared in the *Lilith B* document to this point, the name must have been introduced first in a revision of the portion of *Lilith C* derived from *Lilith B* fos. 1-139, confirming the theory that revision of *Lilith C* had already begun even before the early typescript of *Lilith B* was created. In revision the girl’s name is changed to Litha, and the description of her character, beauty, sensitivity, and growth are retained.

Several aspects of the narrator’s description of her reveal her to be an embodiment of desires antithetical to those embodied by Lilith. A canceled sentence states that, “All the time I had been away, she had presented to my imagination the whole of the little people,” revealing her synecdochic representation of the innocence epitomized in the race of children. As such, Vane’s love for her indicates his moral improvement and desire for the self-forgetting innocence and acceptance of the children. The above sentence is eliminated, however, to provide a different emphasis. In a following sentence which is lightly revised, Vane goes on:

Every excellence, every beauty of childhood seemed to belong to her, and yet she was almost a woman. I seemed to have known her for ages—always, before time began. I had scarcely known, and hardly remembered my mother, but when the thought of her came to me, she not only looked like Litha, but it seemed as if she had always looked like her. If I imagined sister or child, invariably she had the face of Litha: she had become my thought-wife!

In revision, MacDonald tacks on the phrase, “but it seemed as if she had always looked like her,” to strengthen her symbolic power. Otherwise, this text, as it was first transcribed, exhibits elements which only could have appeared if the earlier portions of

this typescript had already been significantly revised, highlighting the late introduction of Litha, probably at the time Astarte's friendship with Vane was excised.

MacDonald thus made a significant shift in theme: in *Lilith A*, Fane's friendship with the leopardess Astarte begins to satisfy his need for affection and companionship, awakening his desires for a higher relationship which prompts him to sleep in the sexton's house. *Lilith B1* serves as a transitional text in that MacDonald tried to include Astarte's friendship while discovering the narrative possibilities inherent in a relationship with one of the children. After revising *Lilith C* fos. 1-276, he changed his mind about these characters, drastically altering the character of the leopardess and including only minimal references to their alliance in the princess's palace. He also realized the need to replace Vane's passion for Lilith with an ideal love as he developed the idea of evil being replaced with good instead of simply being destroyed. As an epitome of the innocence of the children, and as the princess's foil, the mother-child perfectly served this purpose. The prophecy that a child would bring Lilith's destruction was subsequently introduced in *B2*, part one, with the woman as she fled Bulika. This prophecy set the stage for Litha to supplant her mother both in the kingdom and in Vane's affections.

In the revision of *B2*, MacDonald discovered the symbolic possibilities of making Mara, the Woman of Sorrow, the daughter of Adam and Eve rather than Eve's sister which she is in *Lilith B1*. He thus reconfigures the characters to create two triangular relationships: Lilith, Adam, and their pre-lapsarian offspring, Litha (later Lona); and Eve, Adam, and their post-lapsarian offspring, Mara. The triangles involve Vane in two different ways. In the first, he is able to assist and observe the redemption process which mirrors his own transformation; in the second, he finds himself the offspring who must look to his parents for the way to redemption. The introduction of the Litha/Lona character also provides the impetus for a prolonged journey which brings about the suffering necessary to prepare Vane to die in the sexton's house.

Folios 184-186 proceed in sequence and of a piece with the section proceeding from 183. Again, this portion shows signs of having undergone two phases of revision, with changes made to changes. The resulting text describes preparations for the march on the city, with Vane making a garment of feathers for Litha, she a garment of leathery leaves for him. They find and tame a group of full-size horses which they add to their menagerie of tame dwarf animals, including elephants, horses, and bears, before gathering provisions. The Bulikan woman assures Vane that the city-dwellers, all cowards, will certainly give way to the children and animals, and that the little ones will prove immune to the princess's magic. She says she will covertly become a part of the crowd in order to rouse the support of the women for the children, for, she says, the women, not the men, are the only citizens who possess the courage to oppose the princess. In a speech typed on the back of the page, Vane explains the purpose of the expedition to them: that they have mothers in the city whom they will seek out as they overthrow the princess in fulfillment of the prophecy that a child will cause her downfall. This portion of the narrative is thus established here as it remains, though in a compressed form, in the final version.

Folios 187 to 194

At this point in his construction of *B2*, MacDonald introduced three pica pages from the *B1* document. They are numbered 124 through 126, therefore following the copy introduced as fos. 169 and 170, although fos. 121-123 are missing. MacDonald apparently replaced three pages of the earlier document (since fo. 120 is present but the text is canceled in *B2*) with sixteen produced with the elite machine.

The text of folio 187 reveals another great difference between *B1* and *B2* in the treatment of the Litha character. In the pica copy here, the narrator mentions that after his talk preparing the children for the campaign, one of the "loveliest children among

them” and one of the eldest, “as it came out afterward,” steps forward on her white charger to speak to the group. He describes her as sitting like a queen, “with just a touch of imperiousness in her carriage,” when she claims she would give her life to have just one kiss from her mother. “She might kill me if she liked, I should love her so,” she asserts in a canceled passage. Vane rhapsodizes about how “splendid the little darling looked in her love-hunger and self-forgetting.” In early revision, the girl’s name is “Dalitha” which is later changed to “Litha.” Vane refers to her as “mother, queen, and sister to them all,” clearly characterizing her as Lilith’s daughter and heir to the princess’s beauty, as well as to her power. MacDonald’s intentions in the *BI* text are not clear; whether or not he planned to reveal her to be the princess’s daughter and the one child who would bring an end to her reign cannot be determined, as later portions of the text also affirm.

A canceled sentence of fo. 187 provides an important clue as to what happened to Vane and his father earlier in the story, as well as a motive for his encouragement of the conquest of Bulika. After describing the preparations and arming of the children, the narrator in the *BI* text makes the following remarks:

At all events the presence of such a multitude not forgetting the vassal animals would almost be enough to initiate a revolution — at least would make it much easier to carry out one. Then I could soon free my father and he and I together would be enough for a hundred of such soldiers as those of the princess — from what I had seen of them; while for the princess herself I had good hope that my whip would be quite enough for her.

Apparently, Vane and his father had not journeyed together to the House of Death. On the contrary, Vane probably failed in his attempt to liberate his father from the princess, a failure for which he felt deep sorrow which led him to submit to the sexton. The rescue

of his father also creates an incentive for him to muster his child-troops to reunion with their own parents, an effort which fails miserably.

Folios 187 and 188 also show *BI* to be a transitional text in Vane's attitude toward the military undertaking. In a canceled passage on fo. 188, the narrator describes his feelings which differ notably from both the lighthearted, near aimlessness of the campaign with the dwarf children of *Lilith A* and the militaristic conquest of *B2*:

So when everything was ready, we set out. But I was not clear enough in my own mind what I was about. Whether I was to trust to the unseen influence of the invading army, the powers that go invisible, or the force that I knew, unlikely as it seemed, I could bring to bear. And there I made the mistake of mingling the two. I would use the highest but I could not feel confidence in them without a reserve of the lower and more material aid.

In addition to the contrast between the attitudes expressed in the two versions, Vane of *BI* has had some experience which revealed "powers that go invisible" which empower or reside with the children. He arms them with weapons, showing his lack of confidence in what must be powers of good. Although at this point in *BI* he has already slept in the House of Death and understands, to some degree, the nature of the children, he yet commits errors of judgement which have tragic consequences.

Again in the canceled portion of the *BI* text, Vane mentions riding in front with the "eldest of the girls, looking a little queen on her small white charger." He also says that Astarte had the very small children in her charge in the rear as they start out across the wide plain, "making a truly gallant show." The rest of the text of fo. 188 describes their start and the gathering of animals to join them. One notable aspect of this passage is MacDonald's description of the children who ride elephants on the way. The light tone is consistent with descriptions in *Lilith A* in which MacDonald gets caught up in

imagining the gambols and merriment of the dwarf children. While this element is transformed into dialogue with individual children in *Lilith I*, both *B1* and *B2* retain it in this instance, which is given in an addendum typed on the back of fo. 188, then heavily emended by hand.

These folios are notable for their heavy revision, including changes made by the pica typewriter which introduced interlinear material soon after the main text was produced. Then MacDonald revised the initial text at an early phase, later going back to mark out long passages and add new material which was also altered before revision was complete. Evidently, this portion of the narrative was one with which he was dissatisfied, even as it was first inscribed. Perhaps he was discovering deficiencies and realizing other possibilities inherent in the confrontation between the princess and the children.

The text of only one folio, 188, thus records the journey to Bulika, and in the text of fo. 189, they arrive in the city. The group proceeds with apprehension, doubting they can find mothers in such a lifeless place and, for the first time, experiencing fear. Because the type is so faint on this page, it is impossible to make out the text of numerous lines which are entirely canceled, even when examining the document itself. Hand-written emendations are clear, however, and emphasize Vane's self-reproach at having imagined himself fit to lead the innocents before he had slept in the House of Death. Other emendations also make clear the fact that the people of the city who come out to see the army of children and animals are led by women, just as the Bulikan mother predicted.

Folios 190 through 193, typed by the elite typewriter and bearing little revision, establish some of the encounters between the children and the citizens of Bulika as they remain in *Lilith I*. First, a boy embraces a woman he thinks is his mother. His action prompts her husband to seize him, instigating a girl with a spear to attack the man,

sending him fleeing into his house. Litha — again, first Dalitha here and in text which follows — concludes these people are just bad giants. Another incident involves a boy telling a man to address the king, meaning Vane. The man hits the boy's horse on the head with a hammer but falls and is trampled by the elephants and the rest of the crowd, though not killed. Then the white leopard appears whom the children recognize from the fight in the forest, though she has not accompanied them on their journey as Astarte did in *Lilith A* and, presumably, in missing text of *BI*. A small boy mounts her to ride with Vane and others to rescue some children taken away by women. The women hide them under their houses in tunnels used for excavating for gems. These encounters all appear in *Lilith I* much as they evolved here in revision.

One canceled portion which helps to trace the transformation of the text and details which have been omitted with discarded pages appears at the bottom of fo. 192. After the white leopard rescues the child from the dungeon-like cavern under the woman's home, Vane approaches her

to greet her as an old friend, but she turned her back on me with a low growl and refused to take further notice of me. Then I felt afresh the burden of my wrong doing and presumption for the servant of the veiled woman refused to know me. I turned from her with a sigh, and took care not to make any approach to her but acknowledge myself justly shut out of her favour.

Through some transgression Vane has incurred the disfavor of the white leopard who here is neither called Astarte nor given the role of the leopard of either *Lilith A* or *BI*. This text might have taken such a turn in one of three ways. First, the page might have been inscribed while an edited portion of *BI* remained which is no longer extant. Second, it might have been transcribed from a text which linked the two versions and was only partially edited when the typist took it up. Last, this growl might express her

disapproval at Vane's having refused to sleep in the House of the Dead or at having brought Lilith to the world of the three dimensions resulting in her gaining access to the Noborns. If the last case is true, which seems most likely, MacDonald must have realized after re-reading the narrative that he had failed to include any previous references to the white leopard's displeasure and decided to omit this one all together.

Folio 193 records the death of one of the children and the leopard's vengeance on the murderer, killing him then dragging him through the city. Lilita is appalled at the city: "There can be no mothers here!" she says here, as she does in *Lilith I*. After the leopard terrorizes the crowd, the children settle down for the night with Vane wondering what the princess is up to, since she has neither shown herself since their arrival, nor sent any messenger or guard to confront them.

A canceled sentence serves as a reminder of how the character and narrative purpose of the white leopard changed by the time *Lilith I* was complete. It reads: "She had certainly got no gloves or stockings on that day!" In this text, the white leopard is closely associated with Lilith, acting as her executioner though seeking the good of the children and distancing herself from Vane. Critics, including Greville MacDonald and Roderick McGillis, have interpreted the white leopardess as representing Lilith's true self, the ideal which she could not kill but which brings about the terrifying results of her actions as just consequences of sin. In *Lilith B*, however, the white leopard is clearly associated with Mara as an agent of bitterness and suffering serving to produce repentance, not an alter-ego of the princess.

Folios 194 to 200

Folios 194-200 depict the showdown which propels the rest of the narrative. All but one page belong to the second phase of transcription with the elite typewriter and bear revision from the late phase, sometimes quite heavy.

The princess — on fo. 194 called “queen,” apparently in error — observes the arrival of the children in the city and retreats to the hall of darkness in order to think by observing her own image in a mirror which reflects no light but that which emanates from her as the sun passes overhead. Ignoring both the phantoms of her own thoughts swirling around her and the presence of the Shadow, “wisdom departed from her” (fo. 194), and she freezes in her place, forming no plan for resistance. At the same time, Vane resolves to take Litha to confront her. In the typed text, the narrator comments on the Bulikan mother’s dread of the leopardess and reluctance to enter the palace, indicating again her role in the inscription phase of the elite *B2* text as a true ally of the children rather than as the manipulator who leads the children to the city as a means of sneaking back in herself, an element which develops in revision.

Another sentence which was typed then canceled describes Lilith’s reaction to seeing her image in the mirror. She is horrified that the black spot on her side has grown to twice its former size but takes comfort in the idea that

she could leave the body when she pleased that had ceased to respond to her presence. She did not know that the form in which she was had then begun to respond truly to her presence and therefore it was her own and she could no more leave it at her will or find another. (fo. 195)

The cancellation of this sentence indicates MacDonald’s tendency in this revision to excise expository elements in order to emphasize description and narrative development. The above quotation is also a part of the one place in the text in which the perspective shifts from the narrator’s point of view to Lilith’s. No explanation is given — either here or in *Lilith I* — but in light of other comments about retrospective analysis the reader is somehow to assume that Vane gained knowledge of the princess’s thoughts and actions at the time he and the children approached the palace. This description is important to

MacDonald's theme in that it illustrates Lilith's dedicated self-absorption which is enhanced in the solitary scene.

Strangely, MacDonald then uses fo. 126 of the *B1* typescript as fo. 196 of *B2*, only to cross out all the typed copy but part of one sentence. The leaf originally contained about three inches of typed text. It was then removed from the typewriter and reinserted so that margins were slightly misaligned. Only two or three corrections were made to this original text before the comprehensive cancellation, except one line of type near the middle of the page. This excerpt from *B1* originally recorded the end of Vane's speech to the Noborns before they approach the city, their entrance to it, and their entrance to the palace. In revision, MacDonald retained a comment about the gate standing open and unguarded, though in *B2* he refers to the gates of the palace rather than of the city. He also includes a revised description of encountering the spotted leopardess in the cage who falls and lies like "a dead thing" when she sees the children.

Folio 197 carries on the page numbering with the canceled numbers "49," "50," and "58." This numbering indicates that this and the next folio were obviously part of the initial phase of the inscription of fos. 139 and following, showing that as this text was inscribed MacDonald had developed his idea for the central confrontation between Lilith and her child. As the company of Vane and the children enter the black hall, the princess radiates with light. Bounding toward her, Litha cries out, "Mother! Mother!" to which Lilith responds by seizing her, lifting her high, and dashing her on the marble floor. Failing to perceive the powerful significance of the girl's sacrifice, Vane holds her as she dies, then exits the hall, dejected as Lilith shrivels to the emaciated condition in which he originally found her in the forest.

Outside he meets with scorn from the people of the city who believe their princess to have triumphed, even over the prophecy. The white leopardess now dogs Vane's steps; he kicks her away in resentment that she did not prevent Litha's murder. Here fo.

198 records Vane's return to the children in the courtyard and their grief. It also explains Vane's resolution to devote himself to caring for the living children upon seeing the woman of Bulika who had led them there with her baby. One significant detail appears which is later omitted: he gives the body of Litha to the woman to hold as he decides to tend the rest of the children.

Folios 199-202, bearing the canceled numbers 60-63 are then inserted in order to replace this passage and an original fo. 60. Introduced during the late rewriting phase which included the addition of fo. 181 and others, the text of these leaves picks up with the narrative and alters its course. Vane first reaches the square only to find it empty, the army of children having left and the woman of Bulika absent since, in this phase of the rewrite, she has left the group to rejoin her husband in the revised *B2* text of fo. 191, as soon as conflicts with the crowd begin. He moves through an angry, abusive mob toward the gate when he sees the children coming out of the palace with the princess bound and tied to the backs of the elephants as though on a litter. They catch up with the rest of their group in the desert outside the city walls where they grieve for their "queen," Litha, with tearless sobs. They realize Lilith is also the leopard who fought in the woods, a wild beast, and wonder if her shadow is the one which they saw in the city and which passed through them, introducing them to the feeling of hatred.

The text connecting fo. 201 with 202 provides some indication of how these leaves were created. The last typed line of fo. 201 ends with the first two words of a sentence: "I too." The first typed words of fo. 202, however, begin a sentence: "Unseen and uninterrupted, we went about . . ." Apparently, MacDonald revised the text of fo. 201 before typing or dictating the text of the next page, for the bottom two lines of that leaf are revised, and several lines of text are handwritten which lead in to the typed text on fo. 202. This new copy of fo. 202 might have been produced at a different time or at a different place than where transcription normally took place, for the pages are typed on

two different kinds of paper: fo. 201 on the paper with the De La Rue & Co. watermark, fo. 202 on paper with the 219 watermark. Folio 203 then returns to the De La Rue & Co. paper. On fo. 202 MacDonald recounts how the little army found food outside the city and on their journey, most details of which are omitted in *Lilith I*. Then he explains his decision to take the body of Litha to Adam and Eve to lay in the House of Death and to hand over the errant Lilith to Adam since “he had property in her and power over her.”

The text of fo. 202 is connected to that of fo. 203, produced in the earlier phase of the *B2* typescript, by a typed insertion on the back of fo. 203. This insertion replaces a discussion of Vane’s musings on what he should do with Lilith which is canceled on the top of that page and condensed into a statement of his decision to go the sexton’s house. The narrative proceeds with a description of Lilith’s hateful hunger and attempted attack on a child who feeds her grapes, then that child’s forgiveness and persistence in feeding her. The group spends the night in the ruined hall of the spectral dancers where the children join in the ritual. Vane remarks that they were “no doubt a refreshment to the weary souls that brooded on the past because their present was taken from them” (fo. 204). The image of the princess appears and dances with the ghosts until the moon goes down, although Vane then finds her still bound where she had lain. The next day the children befriend the Lord and Lady Cokayne, who have evidently grown stronger and less quarrelsome since Vane last saw them. Gathering herbs for them to rub their bones, the children bid farewell to the couple, saying “they did not know they had such nice people in their wood” (fo. 205).

When the group finally arrives at the nest-village of the children, Vane offers his arm to Lilith to suck in order for her to survive long enough to reach the sexton’s house. She takes advantage of the offer, causing him to faint and not awaken until morning. Then he assembles the caravan which sets off toward Mara’s house, where they might expect to get directions for the rest of the journey.

Again, fo. 206, an inserted page belonging to the late rewriting phase of *B2*, begins with text following, not from the typed copy at the bottom of fo. 205, but from the handwritten revision on that leaf. It describes one night in the desert when Vane sees a shadow like the wing of a bat lying against the moon and feels the princess attack him, biting his shoulder. He stops her by striking her closed hand, then forces her to lie back down, resisting her pleas to be released. As evidence on fo. 209 indicates, this scene belonged to the *B1* document and was included in the *B2* inscription as he revised it by hand on that folio. Dramatic changes, however, were made, as the following discussion will explain, and MacDonald decided to re-type it rather than include the much marked up copy or record complicated directions.

Folios 207 to 228

Fo. 207 initiates a twenty page-long section lifted from the *B1* typescript which bears increasingly heavy revision until copy typed by the elite machine again appears at fo. 228. From that point on, most folios were produced in the late re-writing process with the elite typewriter. Near the end, however, copy produced by the pica typewriter, forming part of what was the *B1* document, again appears. Some leaves, however, are constructed of portions of leaves from both phases, having bits of copy typed by one typewriter taped to a page originally typed on the other. As MacDonald brought his revision to a close, he seems to have made use of every possible bit of the earlier text but found himself, nonetheless, performing massive revision.

A glance at fo. 207 indicates that MacDonald dropped a significant portion of *B1* in revision, for this page, typed on the pica machine bears the pica number “150,” whereas the last extant leaf of pica-typed copy, fo. 196, bears the pica number “126.” The original text on fo. 196 included material depicting the entrance of Vane and his army to the city of Bulika. Here, ten *B2* pages after the army’s entrance but twenty-four

pages further into the *B1* text, canceled pica copy shows the little ones to be just at the point of leaving the city. What was contained in that elaborated portion of the narrative is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps the confrontation with the princess was protracted and the children's encounters with the people of the city were much more involved than they become in *B2*. Most likely, however, MacDonald also included the report of the search for and deliverance or demise of Vane's father. He does not accompany the group when they exit the city, however, and later appears in the sexton's house. The first one-third of the typed copy of fo. 207 is deleted, and four and one-half lines of elite type are introduced interlinearly to blend the text of the pica version with the first phase of the *B2* re-writing. More material was also canceled before MacDonald took up his pen to continue with extensive revision in the final phase.

In canceled portions of this *B1* folio, the gates of the city — which stand ajar in *B2* — open for the little army and their captives as they leave. After putting down the serpent/sword, Vane takes the body of the seemingly lifeless princess from the “bearers” who are not identified here and who do not appear in *B2*. (Possibly they are the “bears” of *Lilith A.*) That the princess here is Lilith can only be construed from the context since the lifeless body could be that of Litha. The rest of the text of this page addresses the allegory of the cat-woman through a discussion between Vane and one of the children. Clearly, MacDonald presents the children as the ideal of innocence who do not understand the good of suffering, represented by the muffled or cat-woman and the affliction she brings. They have heard the giants talk about her and fear her because she is supposed to have claws on her feet instead of toes and is quite ugly. On the contrary, says Vane, she is beautiful, but she only shows her face to people who are ready to be good. This discussion continues on fo. 208, though much of the pica copy there is also deleted. The canceled portion of that leaf explains that the muffled woman did once give Vane a beating, perhaps providing the turning point for him in the *B1* text and replacing

the beating at the hands of the dwarves of *Lilith A* which led to his willingness to sleep in the sexton's house.

Folio 208 also includes comments, common to both *B1* and *B2*, which explain that no one who is truly good can be harmed. The elite copy adds Vane's musings concerning Litha's death: although Lilith seems to have killed her, her death was not real harm. In an addendum handwritten on the back, Vane asserts that the muffled woman is Lilith's friend because she will give her what she needs: a terrible scratching. The text of fo. 209 proceeds with them arriving at the cat-woman's house and the children expressing their fear of being afraid, as well as their repugnance to the faceless cat-woman.

Apparently revised in the *B1* stage, the typed copy continues on the back of fo. 209 with an addendum including extensive hand-written revision which is subsequently canceled completely. Several elements in this text provide significant clues as to what occurred in the rejected portions of *B1*. Although the text which appears first on the page continues with the discussion about the children's fear of the cat-woman, the addendum introduces the scene in the desert — which has already occurred in the *B2* narrative — in which the bat-like shadow covers the moon, inducing the princess to attack Vane. In this early version, however, they are near the House of Affliction, Vane is lying down with the serpent/sword beside him which he had evidently acquired after sleeping in the House of Death. Astarte is somewhere close by. Portions of many sentences are established here as they remain in *Lilith I*, but several details differ notably. First, Vane makes a telling comment recorded in the typed copy before revision: "Had I been as before my death, I should in another moment have been beyond resisting." The *B1* text evidently included Vane's death in the house of the sexton before confronting Lilith. Second, when Lilith attacks him, Vane "caught up the serpent at my side, and laid the shining

blade²² on her back, reaching it over her shoulder.” This serpent-sword must be the same sword which, in *Lilith A*, he is given by the sexton and his wife and which, as *Lilith A* suggests, guarded the entrance to the garden of Eden after Adam and Eve were expelled. Another comment on the verso of the leaf mentions that the “serpent sword had gone into her deep without wounding her body, and yet her body had withered up.” This sentence suggests that the *B1* text did not initially depict the scene in the House of Affliction which occurs following this scene in *B2*. Instead of allowing Vane to inflict Lilith’s purgative suffering as in *B1*, MacDonald changes the text so that Mara confronts Lilith with the image of her true self, thus producing the suffering formerly induced by Vane’s serpent/sword. The text of this folio, therefore, reveals that Vane underwent a beating at the hand of the muffled woman, slept in the sexton’s house, and received the sword as he left that house and began his journey to assist the children and confront the princess.

MacDonald obviously intended to retain but revise this passage with the *B2* inscription, for he canceled the allusion to Vane’s earlier death and included a comment to the effect that he struck Lilith’s clawed hand with his knuckles, rather than laying the sword across her back. The new text, however, required more revision than hand-written emendations could provide, so in the process of revising *B2*, he re-wrote this passage with the elite typewriter and inserted it as fo. 206, making it much more clear for the *Lilith C* typist to follow.

Folios 210 through 220 record the group’s experiences in Mara’s house as the scene is inscribed on the pica typewriter. Changes to fo. 210 are light, mostly verbal; as the scene progresses, however, emendation becomes heavier, to the extent that most of the copy on fo. 220 is canceled and re-worked several times.

²²This phrase in the typed copy reads “the sword the shining blade,” indicating that MacDonald himself might have typed this portion and made the change immediately. In final revision, both terms are canceled.

The children take the princess to the house of the muffled woman who greets them with her dry bread and water and accepts their burden, saying this is a day she has awaited for a thousand years. The children spend the night upstairs, dreaming terrible dreams of an earthquake, wind, a flood, and the howling attack of a brood of cats. The *BI* text explains that they had not seen Astarte since leaving the evil city but here she cowers in a corner, “not yet dead.” In revision, “the white leopardess had followed us all the way home to her mistress,” and now lies in the corner afraid of what she might see. This revision shifts the leopardess’s allegiance from Lilith to the muffled woman, again emphasizing MacDonald’s change of intention for her character.

The narrative which follows taxed MacDonald’s powers of description to their limit, for he attempts to explain a process in which Lilith is made to understand that her rebellion has not resulted in independence but slavery, not self-creation but self-destruction. The author’s goal is to depict allegorically the suffering which leads to repentance, though not in the way of conventional allegory. While this might have been accomplished using conventions familiar to the dream-visions of Dante, Spenser, and Bunyan, MacDonald attempts to offer realistic dialogue and interaction which would convey the feelings of his characters, enabling the reader to share vicariously the suffering of both Lilith and Vane. His aim is to engage the reader’s imagination and emotions — not simply the intellect — in order to initiate the same death to self-consciousness he portrays as in his characters’ taking their couches in the House of the Dead. Crafting the scene in the House of Affliction presented one of the greatest challenges of this work, initiating the climax of the plot and embodying MacDonald’s central theme regarding the necessity of suffering.

MacDonald expressed the difficulty of creating this portion of the text as the princess’s torment begins with a sentence in *BI* in which the narrator says the body “was prepared for a process far more terrible than any that may suggest itself to the mind of a

reader.” The muffled woman uncovers her face and speaks to the princess: “Will you repent of the wicked things you have done?” she asks. The princess answers, “I will be myself and not another!” Similar questions and answers follow, with Lilith asserting her autonomy and pleasure in killing, the muffled woman answering that she is deceived in thinking herself her own. Revision introduces variations on these ideas. Lilith claims, “I am what I choose to think myself. That makes me me, and is me. I will not let another make me.” A thoroughly post-modern woman, Lilith chooses her own reality and refuses to relinquish the illusion. Mara, however, confronts her with the unity of truth and thereby the falseness of her defiant position.

Folio 213 illustrates MacDonald’s change in his use of the serpent/sword. The typed copy describes it as creeping out of the fire, up the table leg on which Lilith lies (in *B1*), and into her garment. In revision, a fiery “worm-thing” creeps out of the fire, over the floor, and toward the princess, “glowing like silver white-hot from within. It seemed the living heart of essential fire, save that it went so slow.” It creeps up the settle where she lies (in *B2*), into her garment, and into her wound. Then the princess’s suffering begins (in both versions) as the serpent enters her heart.

This page also records a moment when MacDonald seems to achieve his focus with the “muffled woman.” Here he first consistently refers to her as the “Woman of Sorrow,” and begins to refer to her as “Mara,” a name not heretofore mentioned.

Lilith’s torment begins in earnest. In the middle of the night, she leaps from the settle, hair standing on end and crackling with sparks, yet with eyes closed. Mara tells Vane the princess is in the “hell of her own consciousness of what she is. Nothing is touching her save the central fire of the universe with its knowledge of good and evil.” She continues to refuse to set right the wrongs she has done until a flood enters the cottage and bears her back to the settle where she utters an incomprehensible soliloquy of agony, though not repentance. Vane senses a nothingness, that he is in the presence of a

positive negation, death absolute, whereupon Lilith dashes herself to the floor, begging Mara, "For pity's sake, . . . tear my heart out and let me perish." This approach at surrender brings a calm in which a mirror appears before Lilith showing her what she was intended to be and what she has made herself. She concedes to Mara who tells her to open her hand "and let flow the life thou has wrongfully kept back." The hand, which appears to be fused closed, Lilith asks Mara to open for her. When Lilith resists Mara's encouragement to make the attempt herself, Vane feels that "an unseen blackness of darkness was in the room," although "what we felt was but the reflex of what was present" in the princess. The initial inscription explains that "God had withdrawn from the creature he had made so far as it was possible for him so to withdraw and she to live to know that he had been with her all the time." This passage on fo. 217 is revised to read, "Something was gone from her, which then first, by its absence, she knew to have been in and with her every moment of all her many wicked years."

Folio 218 records an extended explanation of Lilith's appearance as death in life, including the statements that "she had not made herself live and she could not make herself die," and "she must death it for ever and ever," the latter of which remains in *Lilith I*. This death leads the princess to yield to Mara who leads her back to the settle where she lies down, weeping as she sleeps. On fo. 219, the morning arrives with the waking of the children who are amazed at the river of the princess's tears and Mara's direction that they proceed to the sexton's house.

Folio 220 introduces a section which continues through fo. 227 in which MacDonald used the pica copy as the basis for his text but revised extensively, resulting in the original being unreadable and the composing process a complex puzzle. Several aspects of the inscription, however, help to provide some sense of the order in which the rewriting occurred. Folio 220, for example, includes two separate insertions on the back, one by the pica typewriter in the *BI* process, the second by hand. The bottom one-third

of the copy on the verso was revised by hand then entirely deleted and replaced by handwritten copy, recording at least four distinct phases of composition: first, the *B1* inscription with the pica typewriter; second, the revision of the *B1* text; third, the *B2* rewriting which occurred when most of the elite-typed copy was produced; fourth, the revision of the *B2* text. The inscription and revision of the succeeding seven pages reveal further complexities, indicating that the early revision of the *B1* text included the augmenting of that text with copy typed by the pica typewriter.

The narrative of this section describes the journey of the company of the children, along with Vane, the princess, and the leopard, to the house of the sexton. Initially, Astarte creeps from the corner, and the serpent crawls up her back. This passage, typed on the back of fo. 220 as though added at an early *B1* stage, was then canceled and replaced with the mention of the white leopard accompanying Mara on the journey. Also, the text of the typed copy ends on fo. 220 with the group arriving at the sexton's cottage, although MacDonald seems to have dictated or typed an afterthought regarding Astarte and the serpent at the end of this paragraph with the note "PUTINBEFORE" to indicate it should be inserted in earlier on the page. The text of this leaf seems to have been revised before the typing of the next page because the text at the top of fo. 221 has the children just stepping onto the swamp.

Most likely, fos. 221 through 223 were inserted during the early revision of *B1*, for the text at the top of the *B1* fo. 224 follows from the typed text of fo. 220 and the typed number of that page, "164," follows from fo. 220's "163." This insertion includes the initial *B1* text which appears very much like the passage in *Lilith A* in which the creatures of the swamp attempt to attack the princess and actually succeed in dragging Astarte down to the depths of their lair. Here, however, they fail because the children form a rampart around her which they cannot cross, and Vane wields the serpent-sword. The dove pulls a jellyfish-like creature off Lilith, however, whereupon the group

proceeds to the cottage. In revision, the children cannot see the monsters, although the leopard does and is attacked by them as the moon drops below the horizon. They are joined by the sexton's wife — in the last stage of this revision called “Eva” — who escorts them to the House of Death.

In at least the initial inscription of *BI*, Eva shows fear at the sight of the serpent-sword, Eva and Mara are sisters, and Lilith is wrapped in tapestries until she steps defiantly into Adam's house. At some point in composition, therefore, Eva, Mara, and Lilith might all have been sisters. Handwritten emendation mingles with early copy to create a scene in which Lilith is confronted with her need to lie down in the chamber of the dead. In one of the most complex passages of the document, including much canceled *BI* material and later interlined text, first Eve then, in revision, Adam carries Lilith to the chamber where she walks to a couch and willingly lies down, though afraid of the shadows around the house. The text is revised in an addendum typed upside down on the verso in which the princess is stricken with fear as the Shadow blasts the house, although Adam reassures her that the Shadow cannot enter. She asks if the children are all inside, “and at the word the heart of Eve began to love her.” This addendum also includes a reference to “little Queeny,” or Litha, whom Adam has laid on a couch and who is not mentioned in the pica copy on the verso or in the pica folios just prior to this point.

The pica text also includes a reference to Vane's father who lies “just as I had left him” and wears a look of “more perfect peace.” The fact that he lies in the House of Death suggests one of two things might have taken place earlier in the narrative. He was not present in Bulika at the time of the children's campaign because he had already escaped to the House of Death in during Vane's absence from the city. Vane's remark about having left him would be inconsistent with this event and indicate the narrative had been changed before this *BI* passage, a revision though it is, was typed. Second,

something which happened during the Bulika campaign resulted in the liberation of the father and his subsequent arrival at the sexton's house. While it seems unlikely that Vane would have interrupted the conquest of the city in order to follow or take his father to the House of Death, it also seems reasonable to suppose that the text of the thirty leaves unaccounted for in the *BI* typescript would bear upon the father's fate in some way. Either scenario seems inadequate, however, without further evidence to fill in details.

After entering the house, the group eats a meal of bread and wine, although the princess refuses both. They then proceed to the chamber of death where the children scramble to lie down with the sleepers, and Lilith unknowingly takes a bed next to her daughter.

On the recto of fo. 226 a canceled passage reveals that MacDonald had written an earlier version of the text of this page. In that pica-typed copy is recorded Mara's request to Lilith to open her hand, Lilith's falling asleep, and Mara's prying open the hand out of which falls something like a green egg. A similar description is repeated in a canceled portion on the verso of 226. Again, the text of this leaf provides an example of the early extensive revision of *BI* before MacDonald began to augment it with *B2* text typed by the elite typewriter. Likewise, the text of fo. 227 was canceled then replaced with typed copy on the recto which was then extensively edited and augmented by hand.

In the original text of these pica fos. 226 and 227, several elements vary from the narrative as it becomes established in revision and largely remains in *Lilith I*. The princess is able to move the fingers of her closed hand just slightly, then falls asleep, at which time Mara pries them open and something falls out. The serpent-sword crawls up her body and appears as a flashing sword next to her bosom, then creeps down again as a serpent. Then the group exits the cottage and is nearly overtaken by a torrent gushing from the broken egg in Lilith's hand. Vane follows the flow, watching it invade the region of the monsters who flee from the pure water which threatens their "vile

corruption of muddy slime.” The creatures scramble out of the lake and head for the city where the “inhabitants had long been breeding monsters in their own homes, and was now ready for the possession of these demons,” a detail consistent with MacDonald’s emphasis in the early text on social criticism.

The narrative which replaces this passage, however, depicts the princess as incapable even of moving a finger, requiring drastic measures in order to release her into sleep. Lilith inquires about the sword which would “divide anything that was two and not one,” requesting that Adam use it to cut off her hand in order to let her rest. This request and the resulting action represent a radical departure from the earlier resolution of the plot in which the egg falls from the hand and releases the water Lilith had stolen from that barren world. She holds out her hand to Adam who takes the sword which flashes “through the dark the pale light of a northern streamer”²³ and severs the hand clean from the arm with only a few drops of blood. Lilith sleeps, three children lying down with her. Vane and the others return to the cottage from the chamber of the dead where they find elephants carrying in the body of “Mara’s favourite leopardess” who is laid at the feet of Litha. He begs to be allowed to occupy the empty bed next to the girl, but Adam tells him he must take Lilith’s hand and bury it.

Folios 228 to 246

Folio 228 was introduced apparently during the late *B2* phase and probably after fo. 190 was added but before fos. 199 to 202. Two addenda on the recto which record details of the children’s lying down with Lilith and Vane’s commission to take the severed hand of the princess were typed with a fresh ribbon which seems to have been used at an even later stage of revision. This folio begins a section of text which — with

²³This is probably another word for the northern lights or aurora borealis which might be visible from the northern extremities of Scotland.

the exceptions of fos. 229 and 232 — was obviously inscribed as a piece. Folios 230 through 249 were typed with the elite machine on paper from the De La Rue & Co. stock and bear numbers following from those of fo. 228. Although the typewriter ribbon sometimes appears to change, the pages are numbered as though gathered in sequence. On several are pasted bits of copy cut from pica-typed leaves of the *BI*, indicating that MacDonald made use of that document insofar as it was possible and that changes were sufficiently extensive as to require the re-typing of the text.

Folio 229 obviously replaces a leaf which originally occupied that place in the sequence. Although its introduction does not alter the numeration of subsequent leaves, it bears only two numbers — 90 and the British Library's 229 — with copy insufficient to fill the page. The text includes Adam's instructions to Vane as to how to convey Lilith's hand across the country to the dry cataract and bury it there using Adam's own spade.

At the bottom of the leaf is a handwritten note: "See if /you\|I| have obliterated notice of his mother before this. *Note for self.*" MacDonald apparently worked closely with his typist and wanted to indicate clearly which directives were intended for him or her and which were self-reminders about changes in the plot. The content of the note also suggests that MacDonald was wrestling with or rectifying his intentions as to what to do with Vane's family: he had obviously digressed from his initial direction involving Vane's father in his adventure. By the time of the publication of *Lilith I*, Vane's mother appears coequally in the narrative with his father.

The journey takes him back across the evil swamp, now quiet, then across the terrain which he has traveled time and again, on fos. 230 through 234, completing the relationship between him and Lilith before he is able to lie down to sleep himself. While Lilith is required to relinquish control of what her hand contains, Vane is required to bury the part of her which once yielded power over him, symbolically burying the princess

herself. Lilith's death and burial bring an end to Vane's dreams of possessing her beauty and power. As he makes his final journey through the arid land, he encounters figures which, like Lilith herself, also manifest his desires and impulses, tempting him from his task. The apparitions appear in a sequence which makes them increasingly fearsome or difficult to resist: the image of Lilith, a group of armed men, the Woman of Sorrow, and the Shadow. He passes through each illusion, eventually finding the dry cataract where he buries the hand and lies down to sleep. When he awakens, water is rushing from the spot. On the way back, he meets an old man who says he wishes to lie in the House of the Dead but has been rejected there. Vane suggests that perhaps it is because he does not want to live and that he should go see Mara first and do whatever she tells him. This digression is evidently intended to emphasize Vane's own readiness to sleep and the fact that age has little to do with one's worthiness to enter into spiritual life — perhaps providing a comment on MacDonald's own frustration with encroaching old age and imminent physical death.

Vane returns to the cottage to find himself alone among the dead and feels a desolation greater than that of the old man. The sleep-walking, marble-cold Litha opens and walks through the coffin-door, leading him to a couch by her where he lies down “more blessed at heart than ever man on the morn of his wedding” (fo. 235). He hears a voice like his mother's singing:

Never a life was lost,
 But laid in a secret spot;
 Hid for an age or two at the most,
 Never a moment forgot. (fo. 237)

This verse, recalling the many losses MacDonald had suffered in recent years, is substituted in the published text with the following:

Many a wrong, and its curing song;

Many a road, and many an inn;
 Room to roam, but only one home
 For all the world to win! (316)

Clearly, MacDonald attempted in revision to gain an emotional distance from the text and focus on his theme, distilling his feelings of loss into the metaphoric representation of the journey, rather than on sentimental expression.

Adam and Eva show Vane his mother and father growing younger on their death couches as they give him bread and wine, dress him in a white garment, and lay him down to sleep. Introduced in the *B2* phase, they omit any reference to the father having gone to the House of Death after imprisonment in the castle. Also, the addition of a careful description of Vane's mother emphasizes the need to sleep in the sexton's house is universal, not a male rite of passage. Death begins with a growing awareness of existence, of the comfort of the cold, and — much as in *Lilith A* — “the souls of the daisies and primroses, of the crocuses and snowdrops, waiting in million-folded crowds to embroider the garments of the Spring” (fo. 237). Contemplating the bliss belonging to mere existence in this state, he remembers his conversation with Adam when they stood by the skeleton horse. Evidently cut from the *B1* document and pasted on to this leaf of elite-typed copy, the fragment conveys his frustration and confusion at Adam's riddle that he was dead though he lived. He now remembers his determination to continue with his own way, and that, in doing so, “Dalitha died.”²⁴

Anomalous in this section of text is fo. 239 which alone is drawn whole from the *B1* document. Bearing the pica-typed number 110, it is excerpted from the portion of the *B1* text in which Vane undergoes his transformation before returning to the children in the forest. Like the passage in *Lilith A*, dreams crowd upon Vane. First, he lies on a

²⁴Revision seems to have been made quickly at this point, for this handwritten insertion names the girl wrongly. The decision to call her “Litha” was probably made quite late in the process.

snow peak, like Adam “waiting for God to breathe into me the breath of life.” He proceeds through other phases, culminating with the reconciling of wrongs through creative acts of love and service to all those he sinned against in life, including, before cancellation in revision, his sister, toward whom “I had sometimes, perhaps often been tyrannical . . . with the not unusual male brutality.” Another portion of the pica text pasted onto the back of the page sums up this vision: “Love had conquered! Love possessed my heart. Love was my life. Love was all in all. I lived by love, in love, and to love!” He awakens, “full of the peace intense that comes of fearing nothing and hoping infinitely.” As this passage appears in the *B2* text revised from *B1*, it initiates the new vision which includes several phases.

The next phase occurs when the peace is shattered. In the *B2* text of fo. 240, he looks around to find the sleeping dead are gone, leaving him desolate and alone. He leaves the house, walking through the country where he sees the region of the earth-monsters calm and “filled with the loveliest water” and the desert once scored by dry channels “alive with streams innumerable.” His joy returns at seeing that his labors had had such fruitful results and sets out across the country in search of those he calls his dead. Soon he feels a hand on his shoulder and turns to meet Adam who is now in the prime of life and tells him he is still dreaming in the house of the dead. Confused, Vane asks, “how am I to distinguish between that which is true and that which is not true in my dreams where both alike seem real?” Adam answers that he cannot distinguish because he is not quite dead and gives him a test to prove he still lies on the couch. To Vane’s doubts he answers that they show Vane to love truth because he wants to be sure of truth and is not content to live in a dream which might pleasantly deceive. “He who has once seen the Truth, and believes in it when the vision is not with him — to him the vision will come, and depart no more, but abide with him forever” (fo. 243). Adam also warns him

that trials await him, whereupon he looks around and, finding himself alone, sets out again on his journey.

After lying down to rest, Vane discovers nearby an oblong pool in a rock. He remembers that in the world of his birth he could awaken himself from any dream by making himself fall from a height. Hoping that such a trick would return him to the “company of my blessed dead,” he rolls himself over onto the rock, only to find himself in the garret of his house next to the strange mirror.²⁵ Despondent and weary, he goes to the little room in the library where he meets the butler whose advanced age confronts him with the duration of his absence. After a night of actual sleep, Vane seeks out the chamber in the garret, attempting to return to the seventh dimension but fails repeatedly to do so, both that day and the next. After these defeats, his heart dies within him at the loss of Litha. “I was like Sterne’s starling: I could not get out!” he mourns.

Coming at the end of fo. 246, this passage seems to have been an initial attempt at ending the narrative. He describes returning at longer and longer intervals to the garret, and speculates that he will “depart this life in the act of trying for the last time.” A canceled paragraph ending with an incomplete sentence includes the following text:

Of late it has been caused always by something seemingly fortuitous, but I daresay having to do with unperceived mood of my own. A breath of wind will bring it; the scent of some flower will waken it; oftenest a glance in the eyes from some child I happen to meet, but the merest sound of running water separating itself so it seems from the rest for no reason

²⁵MacDonald’s attention to detail in the circumstances of Vane’s return signals a marked difference in the purpose of this text as compared with the *Lilith A* text. He takes pains in explaining that, though Vane fell horizontally into the pool, he awakens lying perpendicularly to it, indicating that he entered the mirror in the same way a ray of polarized light would. Such use of scientific principles ties this text closely to the genre of science fiction which was emerging with the works of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. Wells himself wrote to MacDonald, commending him on the publication of *Lilith* and the use of polarized light as a means of inter-dimensional travel.

known to me will suffice. Every night when I lie down, I feel for a moment as if I lay in the cold chamber of death and I lie with eye . . .

Here the copy ends, the typed text of the next folio picking up directly from the handwritten text which replaces the portion above. MacDonald must have paused in the revising process at this point, reviewed the direction of the text, and decided to return to the ending he had modified in *B1* from the *Lilith A* text. He obviously felt torn about this decision, nevertheless, for in subsequent revision he combines the two endings to arrive at a final chapter entitled “The ‘Endless Ending’” in which Vane returns to his home via the throne of God but finds himself experiencing many of the same feelings of displacement expressed in the passage above.

Folios 247 to 258

Folio 247 initiates the final section of text in which many pages are patchworks of both elite and pica text, evidently cut and pasted together after the inscription of most of both the *B1* and *B2* documents were complete. MacDonald apparently changed his mind, choosing to reincorporate some of the *B1* text, and arrived at an amalgamation of the two endings, even after performing extensive revision to some portions of the *B2* text. Reconstructing the originals would be next to impossible, at least of the *B2* text, since most of it is missing.

As in *Lilith I*, in the text of fo. 247 Vane falls asleep on the fourth night home, after which he awakens in the House of the Dead to find Litha standing by his side, now a woman and “lovely with the loveliness of life essential.” The two join Adam, Eve (here not Eva), and Mara who welcome them into life where they will not have to die again. Vane’s parents are gone, so, after Litha kisses the sleeping Lilith, she and Vane return to the cottage where Eve and Adam appear as the two angels of the resurrection and Mara as Mary Magdalene. They hear the flapping of wings of the Shadow who “has

himself within him, and therefore, he can never rest.” Adam gives silent assent to Vane’s speculation that there is “something deeper yet” in the Shadow, implying the devil must find substance through his own submission to death.

Outside they hear “the golden cock that sits on the time-piece of the universe.” In a revision of a sentence of *Lilith A*, the narrator expresses the anticipation of this apocalypse: “[the] jubilant outcry of the golden throat. . . . hurled defiance at death and the dark; sang infinite hope, and coming calm. It was the ‘expectation of the creature’ finding at last a tongue, the cry of a chaos that would be a kingdom” (fo. 250). At the sound, the children rise from their beds and attempt to arouse the leopard who is now sleeping at the feet of the princess, instead of with Litha, as she did in *Lilith A*.²⁶ Neither the leopard nor the children with the princess will awaken, however, until Lilith herself does. So the rest of the company exits and, in an elite-typed passage, encounter a landscape in which nothing casts a shadow and “all things exchanged a little light,” apparently operating in the reflexivity which is essential to individuality in the *B2* text.

As in *Lilith A* and all texts onward, everything “showed me its own shape and colour, and the indwelling, informing thought that was their being, and meant their shape and colour.” Their souls enter into his: “the microcosm and macrocosm were at length atoned and in harmony! . . . Now I knew that life and truth were one; that life mere and pure is itself bliss; that where being is not bliss, it is not life, but life-in-death” (fos. 251, 252). These sentences remain almost exactly as they were inscribed in the manuscript, so they are among the few passages which MacDonald preserved throughout the revisions.

When they pass the swamp, the pica copy includes Vane’s observation that the serpent stone lay in the depths, but this detail is canceled. After they observe the shapes “more fantastic in ghoulish terror than ever rose in brain of poet wearied with births of

²⁶This leaf was taken from the *B1* document and was only lightly revised from *Lilith A*, hence the error. MacDonald included a note to himself at this point: “Let the leopardess lie across the feet of the princess. Set this right.”

beauty,” the sun rises and brings with it an expectation that something is coming. Butterflies and dragonflies join them as they walk along, with Litha replacing Astarte as Vane’s companion in the revision of the *BI* copy. In a passage which is entirely canceled, Astarte finds in one of the channels over which they are walking the glowing serpent which had penetrated Lilith’s heart. When Vane picks it up, it is transformed into a sword which he carries with him.

They arrive at a deep, silent river which they follow for days through wilderness and forests until they see a glorious city on a mountain enshrouded with clouds. As they come closer, the clouds toss and gyrate, emitting thunder and lightning in which a voice beckons them to continue. In the flashes they see angels, then loved ones, and beautiful beasts of every type. After a refreshing rain, they plunge into a beautiful river and climb out on stairs which ascend from it to the city from which the river issues. They are greeted by angels, some of whom catch the children in embraces and carry them off. An angel general tells Vane and Litha the little ones will serve him well against an army of black bats on the outskirts of the human world. The animals are likewise led away while the general takes Vane and Litha up the stairs. The experience fulfills a deep longing for Vane:

All my life I had wanted I knew not what, and thus I was welcomed to receive it! I had the earnest of it in me, but could not tell what was coming behind. The thing I wanted but knew not, was about to be given me! (fo. 257)

The arrival in heaven represents the manifestation of desires antithetical to those manifested in Lilith.

Onward they go, through a gate built with living stones and to a huge pile of rocks out of which flows the river. At the top, Vane dimly sees the steps of a great chair, surrounded by the cloud out of which had come the “lightnings alive with living things.”

The final page, taken from the *BI* document, is heavily revised, obviously in several phases of rewriting. In the typed copy, Vane's father disappears into the cloud, a narrative remnant from *Lilith A* which is, of course, deleted. In revision, Vane ascends, holding Litha's hand as they draw near the edge of the cloud. A hand comes out of the cloud and takes hold of his other hand, leading him to a door which it opens and pushes him gently through. He loses hold of Litha's hand, then turns to see the cover of a large volume close behind him. The following lines end the text abruptly, but they introduce elements which remain in *Lilith I*:

I stood in my library, and Litha was not there. I have not yet seen her again, but Mara is often with me, and teaches me many things.

It may be that I am still lying in the chamber of death, dreaming with the dead around me. (fo. 258)

The tone of the initial ending of *BI* was quite different, an apparent attempt at a lighter tone than that of *Lilith A* and an approach to something more like the "happily ever after" ending of some fairy tales:

I heard its lock shut with a little click. I know the volume and opened it again quickly. But within it was the same as I had always known it, though I had never learned to read it. It was in the Syriac language.

I turned again, and lo, I was in the library of the earthly house of my forefathers!

A comforter was left with me, and her name was hope.

I used in after-years to tell parts of this story, such as would not terrify them, to my children. They always listened with delight, but never thought it was other than what they called a think story. They are all before me, and now know better than I how much of it is true, and how much I have told so ill that it cannot be believed by those who read it.

Much intervening revision occurred, subtracting and adding details.

Clearly, this ending shows *BI* to represent an attempt to develop the *Lilith A* text into a novel which focuses on the reunion of a father and son through which the son achieves moral maturity. The theme of ideal love and its loss is absent, resulting in a text which emphasizes the adventures of the journey in spite of the danger and suffering it brings. This ending mentions the book which later became the mutilated volume but here contains a text in the Syriac language which he never learned to read but which, perhaps, served as the vehicle for his journey in this narrative. In the *BI* text, such exotic elements add an aura of mystery and romance: the Syriac book; the hollowed-out ruby brought back by an ancestor from the Crusades; the “Asiatic” style clothes Vane is given to wear in the princess’s palace. Exploring the possibilities of changing the princess into the legendary Lilith, MacDonald seems to have been experimenting with the introduction of these elements to create a feeling of foreignness or otherness about Vane’s escapades which would imbue the journey with excitement. In revision, these elements are rejected in favor of enhancing Lilith’s character and developing symbolic complexity by linking her transformation so closely with Vane’s.

MacDonald also rejects the ending in which the whole journey is a fantastic tale which he tells his children, apparently just another part of growing up. Instead, he emphasizes the tentativeness of knowledge in waking life and the isolation of the individual until the perfection of heaven is attained. Vane’s final solitary state represents not a lifestyle MacDonald advocated for the seeker, but the state of any soul which awaited the perfection of heaven. After being given a taste of the ideal, no one will be satisfied until such is attained.

His own recent losses and feelings of failure must have brought home this dissatisfaction to MacDonald. Surely his bereavement, his struggles to say the unsayable

in this and other books, and his growing anxiety about the weakness of old age are expressed in Vane's final words in *Lilith I*:

But when I wake at last into that life which, as a mother her child, carries this life in its bosom, I shall know that I wake, and shall doubt no more.

I wait; asleep or awake, I wait.

Novalis says, "Our life is no dream, but it should and will perhaps become one." (351)

Conclusion: Summary of the Transformation of *Lilith*

Having set down a loose but coherent narrative in *Lilith A* which was a revision from an earlier draft, MacDonald experimented with altering the tone and structure, modifying certain elements and introducing new ones, in an intermediate text no longer extant. From this document or series of re-written scenes, he constructed, with the help of a typist, a new text recorded in the *Lilith B1* document — perhaps early in 1891 nearly one year after inscribing the *Lilith A* manuscript — which was a logical outgrowth of but distinct from *Lilith A*. While introducing some elements which remain throughout subsequent re-writes, *Lilith B1* takes the narrative in a different direction from the rest of the series and emphasizes different themes. In effect, it is a text of the work to which *Lilith A* belongs but initiates a process from which the texts of a new work emerge.

Elements unique to *Lilith B1*, though not numerous, obviously set it apart from the rest of the series. Apparently attempting to introduce a catalyst for Vane's journey to the other world and his "death" or forgetting of self, MacDonald developed the motif of the quest for the father, through Vane's pursuit of him through the seventh dimension, including his discovery of his imprisonment in the princess's palace and climaxing with his release from Lilith's power. This narrative thread might have originated with an intention to compose this text for his son Ronald. MacDonald might have tried to

express his empathy for his son's trials by illustrating how both fathers and sons can undergo moral transformation separately but simultaneously. Whether such an intention motivated the re-writing or not, MacDonald used the reunion and transformation of father and son both as a theme and a plot device, associating Vane's journey through self-knowledge and repentance with that of his ancestors and recalling the doctrine of original sin and universal need for atonement. The enhancement of this theme through elements which create an exotic motif — the hollowed-out ruby, Asiatic garments in the princess's palace, the ancestor's participation in the Crusades — also contributes to the gothic overtones which first appear in this version. These particulars are rejected during the *B2* re-writing, but they help to effect the transition from *Lilith A*'s heavy reliance on the fairy tale and allegorical dream-vision as patterns for imagery and structure to MacDonald's innovation of combining these genres with conventions of the gothic novel. The exploration of that sub-plot also introduces a focus on the human continuum with each generation undergoing the cycle of sin and repentance, *Lilith I* portraying that legacy passing from parents to children, not just fathers to sons.

MacDonald must have realized the relationship between Vane and the princess was the stuff of myth rather than of a fairy tale in which the couple should have lived happily ever after. This relationship could be explored and exploited in the gothic genre in which family secrets, forbidden love, incestuous abuse, and sexual violence express the tensions and guilt central to the inner struggle MacDonald was attempting to depict. Although the original discovery of sexual love or the rejection of the beloved provided a stimulus for the plot and an illustration of the role of love in self-forgetting in *Lilith A* and *B1*, MacDonald rejected in the *B2* process the relationship between Vane and Unasola as an insufficient foil to the fatal liaison with Lilith. No remnant of that relationship, the brothers and sisters of the original family in *Lilith A*, or even the children who gather round to hear his story at the end of *B1* appear in the *B2* revision.

As MacDonald re-wrote the princess as the legendary rebel, he found great symbolic possibilities in the juxtaposition of selfish, self-consuming desire with self-sacrificing love. The idea of depicting the latter presented itself as he re-wrote the characters of the dwarfs, introducing individual children and elaborating on their activities and growth. Only after creating a connection between the children and the inhabitants of Bulika in *B1* and completing the entire story of their conquest of the city, capture of Lilith, her death, and Vane's arrival in the heavenly city, did MacDonald realize that giving Lilith a daughter would substantially enlarge the symbolic and psychological scope of the text. Litha/Lona would not represent the triumph of innocence over evil alone; on the contrary, she would embody the innocence which resides in every individual and to which MacDonald preached in an attempt to revive, for which he wrote fairy tales in order to awaken. Portraying the conflict between self-obsessed sin and self-forgetting innocence then began to inform his revision. This evidently took place as he added finishing touches to the first portion of the text, *Lilith B* fos. 1-138, and before he gave it to the *Lilith C* typist. When he received that portion back, he made some changes, then completed constructing the second portion, fos. 139-258.

Other elements unique to *B1* appear with the introduction of the muffled woman who comes to be called Mara in *B2*. MacDonald realized he had failed to achieve a psychologically convincing plot by having Vane's repentance take place simply as a result of his failure to teach the dwarfs and master the princess. The idea of including a figure to represent the suffering which purifies the soul, preparing it for repentance, seems to have been a primary reason for the re-writing of the text. The muffled woman, or Woman of Sorrow, was probably added, however, before the death of Lilia after which MacDonald's grief for the losses of several of his children and feelings of old age began to weigh heavily on him. In *B1* Vane sleeps in the House of Death after receiving a

beating from the Woman of Sorrow but without suffering the loss of Litha as he does in *B2*. As MacDonald went through his own trials, he must have discovered that intensifying Vane's suffering and identifying Lilith as a part of his personality required postponing Vane's sleep in the House of Death until Lilith herself submitted. Lilia's death in November of 1891 — most likely after the whole of *B1* was completed earlier that year — also helped to generate the idea of introducing the child/mother, Litha, who so resembles her. The image of Vane carrying the lifeless body of the girl, much as MacDonald had held Lilia when she died, pervades the ending of *B2*. This image increases the feeling of sorrow even while Lilith voices the resolution to control her own destiny, an impulse MacDonald might have felt as his life seemed to be falling to pieces around him. Instead of having Vane inflict suffering on Lilith with the serpent/sword in order to bring her to repentance as in *B1*, MacDonald changed the direction of the text to allow Mara, the Woman of Sorrow, to confront Lilith with herself, requiring Vane to witness but not take part in that process. Then he altered the ending in which Mara pried open the hand of Lilith, releasing the waters held in the egg, to have Adam sever the hand from the arm and give it to Vane to bury, involving Vane in the putting to death of Lilith who in *B2* comes to represent his own tendency to self-absorption. These shifts of emphasis help to bring the purpose of the character of Lilith into focus.

Other changes between the *B1* and *B2* texts also contribute to MacDonald's final vision of Lilith. The *B2* additions and enhancement of stages of Vane's journey through the seventh dimension prepare readers to expect the encounter with the emaciated woman in the wood. The early scenes of the spectral dancers in the ivy-eaten hall, the warring factions in the Evil Wood, and the Cokaynes — the last two of which were added in the *B2* phase — present situations in which penitential acts occur in community settings as they do in the various levels of Dante's *Purgatory*. Then, in the last stages of revision of fos. 1-138, MacDonald added the image of Lilith presiding over these settings, as well as

over the monsters in the marsh outside the sexton's house. These changes establish Lilith as the queen of this inner landscape, associating her with the terrors and traumas of the underside of the human psyche. Vane's fate is then tied to hers from early in the text; he discovers the necessity of ridding himself of her before he can "come home" only after he has allowed her to destroy Litha who represents the innocent part of his nature. The introduction of Lilith's poem early in the revision of part two of the text — that is, after he had received the first part of *Lilith C* back from the typist — brings her purpose and relationship to Vane into focus. Adam's explanation of Lilith's condition and her connection to Vane creates a new structural center which replaces Vane's failure in Bulika and subsequent sleep in the House of Death. This replacement defines the difference between MacDonald's concept of Lilith in *B1* and *B2*. In the first, she is a personality distinct from Vane's whom he must confront and aid in her rehabilitation. In the second, she is a manifestation of Vane's own troubled psyche whom he must put to death in order to undergo redemption himself. This change represents a turning point in the creation of the *Lilith* texts, one which separates *Lilith B1* as a text of a work distinct from that to which *B2* belongs.

The modification of Astarte's character and function also helps to distinguish the two texts as belonging to separate works. In *Lilith A* and *B1*, she appears as a manifestation of Vane's passions and "animal" nature. She helps him to realize his fundamental need for companionship and affection and awakens desires for a higher level of relationship. His friendship with her also results in his recognition of his need to sleep in the House of Death, both in *Lilith A* and partly in *B1*. In *Lilith B2*, however, a radical shift occurs in the role of the white leopard who acts as a servant of the Woman of Sorrow and who only develops a peripheral friendship with Vane. She is shown to be the white shadow — the "evil that is good for you" or redemptive suffering — which

follows the shadowy man and sin. Her role in bringing Vane to realize his need for a higher and purer relationship is reassigned to Litha.

Another dramatic change in the text appears as the satiric scenes and events which function as social criticism give way to the depiction of the inevitable redemption of all humanity. Even more in *B1* than in *Lilith A*, MacDonald pronounces judgment on narrow-minded religious people, capitalists, aristocrats, and the unimaginative middle-class, some of whom he portrays as degenerating into beasts without suggesting any possibility of change. In *B1* he shows the greedy monsters of the swamp to flee the pure, life-giving water pouring out of the egg in order to escape to Bulika where the inhabitants have long prepared to welcome them. He also portrays the shadowy man, in a transitional emendation, as a gentleman capable of any atrocity which ever was perpetrated by a human being, bringing heavy criticism to bear on the gentry and professional classes. These figures, like the dwarfs who devolve into beasts in *A1*, are not given opportunity to change, although the children's conversation with Eve at the end of *B1* asserts the notion that the devil is destined for redemption. The *B2* revision emphasizes universal redemption through the transformation which results from suffering the results of sin, either in the world of the three dimensions or another. In clarifying this point, MacDonald creates in the work which develops in the texts of *Lilith B2* through *Lilith I* a statement rejecting the orthodox Protestant Christian doctrine of salvation by grace through faith. In MacDonald's view, righteousness cannot be imparted but must be acquired through conscious submission and deliberate remediation in the performance of penitential acts which effect reconciliation and purification of the soul.

Finally, in the re-writing which occurred with *B2*, MacDonald seems to have consciously discovered that *Lilith* served as a metaphor for his own experience of composing the text. Aware of his weaknesses as a writer, MacDonald felt a keen anxiety about controlling his text. Even as he was "cutting and killing, re-embodiment and

shifting” parts of *Lilith*, as he told his daughter, it seemed to be disintegrating before him as it took on a life of its own, came together again, and presented itself whole and beautiful, though flawed, in the pages of the *Lilith B* document. Despite the extreme effort exerted in the writing and re-writing of *Lilith B*, revisions ascended the purgatorial continuum with each successive document, *Lilith C* through *E*, until MacDonald released it into the hands of his publisher. As Vane nearly reached the throne of God then ended up back in his library wondering whether he was awake or asleep, MacDonald must have felt a strange discontinuity between the upwardly spiraling process of perfecting *Lilith* and the book’s failure to receive any significant recognition. Indeed, his expectation of its rejection by reviewers is recorded in his letters. Even his depiction of the stupid giants who mistreat anyone different from themselves, surround themselves with ugliness, and attempt to stamp out all imagination embodied in the Noborns seems to anticipate the response of the public to this unusual work.

That MacDonald wanted the texts of *Lilith* to be examined is apparent from his preserving and presenting most them to his daughter, as well as from his remarks in other works about the value of pre-publication documents. Having studied the varying texts of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and compiled the texts of poems for *Scots Songs and Ballads* which was published in 1893, MacDonald was probably well aware of the importance of the series for understanding the work as a whole. Consideration of the composing process and study of the many forms of the work will unquestionably enrich the study of *Lilith*, most likely resulting in striking new readings and a fresh understanding of MacDonald himself. Certainly, this series of documents provides an extraordinary example of the ways in which a writer composes, revises, envisions, and re-envisions a work, the documents of which record — in all their complexities, errors, and illegibility — the trials and exultation of the creative process.

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Appendix A

Introduction to the Edition of *Lilith A*

This edition was made from facsimiles of the British Library Additional Manuscript 46187A, the first document in the series which George MacDonald designated as leading to the publication of *Lilith: A Romance*. The editor procured microfilm copies of the original document, transcribing the text mainly from photocopies of that microfilm. The original document was also consulted, in cases of doubt, both by the editor and by Professor Simon Gattrell. After both visual collation and several visual checks of the transcription against the photocopy, the edition was proofread orally with the editor holding the photocopies and an assistant following the characters on the typescript.

Because one of the purposes of this edition is to reconstruct the composing process, some idiosyncracies of spelling, grammar, and punctuation have been retained where they might have otherwise been changed so as to facilitate the identification of patterns of errors or textual anomalies. Editorial changes of substantives and accidentals are recorded in the list of editorial emendations, except those indicated in the note to that list, in order to provide the fullest possible body of evidence as to how the composing process occurred. In cases of incoherence or multiple readings, editorial choices were based upon two factors. First, where meaning is obscured through incomplete revision, hasty or unrevised composition, or copying errors, editorial changes were made with a view to what MacDonald seemed to be trying to do with a given passage. Where it is necessary or would be helpful, explanation for the choice is offered in the apparatus, and possible scenarios for what MacDonald was attempting to do with the passage are suggested.

Although much of the text is remarkably clear and carefully inscribed, many apparent errors or omissions demand that changes be made in order to provide a readable text. Some changes seem as though they should be automatic: for example, inserting omitted punctuation and correcting spelling. Noting occurrences of these errors,

however, offers some information as to the way the composition process occurred. Therefore, instead of introducing the obvious corrections without remark, I have recorded most of them in the apparatus. A couple of categories of changes are not recorded but are noted in the headnote to the apparatus of editorial emendations. A comprehensive list of all other changes offers the reader the opportunity to observe patterns in the creative process which would otherwise be obscured in the edition. For example, on fos. 57 to 58, six instances occur where commas are absent. Other obvious errors, such as missing letters and words, also appear. This pattern suggests that at this particular point the author was quickly copying from an original document and neglected to introduce the needed punctuation, or that he was tired while inscribing the document. Establishing such patterns or observing anomalies can help to establish what was occurring during steps of the process of composing or copying.

Since MacDonald did not revise this manuscript with any approach to thoroughness, some of his corrections or changes remain incomplete, thus requiring an editorial decision. For example, on several occasions a word is written above a line of text, apparently as an emendation without the cancellation of the initial word. In such cases, the word which seems to have been introduced in revision has been selected, the apparatus recording both words which appear. Although a case could easily be made for choosing the original word, I have decided to follow the principle that MacDonald intended to make the change but did not follow through with the necessary markings. The apparatus records the state of the sentence so the reader will understand the progression of the revision.

Other instances of error require more complex editorial choices. In several sentences omitted words obscure the direction or meaning of a sentence. For example, giving a description of the dwarfs, the narrator says, "They seemed as no speculation so to have no imagination." (50.24-25) This has been rendered in the edition, however, as,

“they seemed as having no speculation so to have no imagination.” What MacDonald was intending to do with this sentence is not quite clear, so the sentence has been rendered so as to record what might have been the original version, despite the awkward structure. Elsewhere blatant errors appear, many of them most likely resulting from fatigue. Near the end of the text when the company of Fane, the children, and the princess cross the marsh, the manuscript records that “the bears that bore Astarte stepped on the shaking quags.” (139.21-22) Of course, the bears never bore Astarte which is clear in a sentence two lines above: “Astarte leaped fearlessly upon it.” (139.19) The logical change is made, therefore, to substitute “the princess” for “Astarte” in 139.21-22. Other similar difficulties arise which are likewise recorded in the apparatus of editorial emendations. Where it seems necessary or helpful, I have offered an explanation for my choice and suggested possible scenarios for what MacDonald was attempting to do when he inscribed the passage.

Two more lists of notes provide other information about the text and document. First, a list of textual notes indicates all changes made by the author. Second, a list of special diplomatic features provides details unrelated to textual changes or errors. These include indications of where the text of a folio begins and ends, where paragraph breaks occur, unusual marks evidently made by the author, marginalia, and other items which are explained in the headnote to that list. Again, such information, although not usually provided in an edition, is useful in following the inscription process and identifying the phases of the manuscript’s development.

Because manuscripts such as this one seldom survive, unusual diplomatic features and textual anomalies are particularly worth studying. While such aspects of the text as the rarity of paragraph breaks would be corrected in some editions, those very idiosyncracies make this document all the more interesting to textual scholars and students of MacDonald. They set apart *Lilith A* as an artifact of a unique creative

moment, providing evidence that *Lilith A* was inscribed for an unusual purpose and as a part of a remarkable process.

Appendix B
Edition of *Lilith A*

1 ²⁷March 28, 1890

2 When first I became aware that I was myself, I found myself one of a
3 family, living in a rather strange old house, which might be worth
4 describing were it concerned in more than a very small part of my
5 narrative. We loved each other a good deal, my brothers and I, but not
6 enough to kill the selfishness in us. There was no day passed without
7 some quarrelling, neither, happily, without reconcilings both mute and
8 expressed. What the result might have been had we gone on as we were
9 going, until we grew up quite, I cannot say, but a certain strange exper-
10 ience on my part led to the altering of many things and to this day I cannot
11 tell where the results or consequence of it will stop. Even now I am filled
12 with wonder and awe as I write. The sun is shining his best above me; the
13 sea lies blue below his gaze; it is the same air I have breathed from
14 infancy--and yet every now and then the whole out-spread splendour will
15 suddenly assume the aspect of a passing show, or rather of an envelope
16 that may any sudden moment be drawn aside revealing things hidden but
17 there all the time. This experience is the thing I have now undertaken--not
18 to write--but to try to convey some impression of--weak or strong, partly
19 as I am able to give it, partly as my reader is able to receive it.

20 My mother I had no memory of, and my father had become to me as a
21 shadow, and an old shadow, of whom even the name was seldom heard in
22 the house. But there were things told of him among the servants that kept
23 alive in the hearts of some of us a vague sense of something we did not

²⁷A number assigned to each page of the *Lilith A* edition will appear at the end of the page, as below.

1 well know what to call it. For my part I could not tell whether I
2 remembered anything of him or not, though I must have seen him. The
3 portrait of him hung in the entrance hall of the house, and there was an
4 hour in every evening for the space of three summer months at which if
5 the door happened to be open the light of the sun as it approached the
6 western horizon fell upon the picture and made its shape and colour come
7 out wonderfully. For it was one of those portraits that, the more light you
8 throw upon it, the more colours appear as having been used in producing
9 the general effect of the likeness. I was not in the habit of studying this
10 portrait, but several times in my life I knew that I had seen it with the
11 sunlight from the open door upon it; and now, when I happened, which
12 was not often, to think of my father, I never could tell whether the form
13 that appeared to my imagination had been left in my mind by his own
14 person or by the portrait which always hung there; and indeed, as often as
15 we went into the hall, seemed somehow to influence the whole air of the
16 place, and to dominate all that entered, for as black as it was in the absence
17 of the direct sunlight.

18 There were persons in the household who said that he was dead; there
19 were others who said that all they were justified in saying was that he had
20 disappeared: whether he was dead, especially as what *dead* meant they
21 could not tell, they did not know: one thing only was certain, that he was
22 nowhere to be found. There was indeed one solemn old person, always
23 dressed in black as if he were always mourning his master's absence, who,
24 as often as he was questioned, expressed himself as unspeakably shocked
25 at the wickedness of thinking he was dead, but would tell you things about

1 him that made you wish he were dead indeed--at least would have made
2 me wish he were dead but that I did not believe what the butler told me
3 about him, and after one or two interviews with him never sought him any
4 more but always avoided him as much as I could, though that was difficult
5 especially on Sundays when he was more talkative than on other days.
6 For, soon after, I came to know that I was myself, I was anxious to know
7 about my father, and did that once or twice seek enlightenment from the
8 butler--but no more. There were guardians of the family, no doubt, but at
9 that time I had never come in contact with any of them, and it was a great
10 wonder that the affairs of the household did not go to utter confusion.
11 They were I believe bad enough at times, but it was like a watch too old
12 and dirty to keep good time but which yet never actually stopped or quite
13 turned day into night by its false testimony.

14 There were two younger than myself--the youngest a girl--and a good
15 many older, who were rather rough with us little ones, though as we grew
16 we got stronger and abler to stand up for ourselves. Some of them made
17 great game of me because I was fonder of study than most of them and
18 was more in the library than any other room of the house, reading
19 whatever came in my way that I felt any inclination to read. Hence it
20 came that I learned a good deal of what the people of that time called
21 science--always changing the thing they gave the name to, but never
22 changing the name, so that the name seemed the permanent part and the
23 thing named in continual change--which showed really that the name was
24 not the right one, but ought to have been in constant change like the thing
25 it represented. But I wander from my purpose. One day when I was

1 reading a book upon light and its properties, I looked up suddenly and saw
2 a thin pale little man beside me whom I did not remember having seen
3 before. He told me he had been the librarian in my father's time, but had
4 been so troubled by his disappearance that he had not been able to endure
5 the house after he was gone, and had forsaken the post. I asked him if he
6 knew anything as to the circumstances attending his disappearance, and he
7 sat down by me, and gave me the following narrative. "I do not under-
8 stand the thing," he said, "but I will tell you as much as I know myself. I
9 was never, I need hardly say, on what you would call terms of intimacy
10 with your father, but he did honour me by using what service I was able to
11 render him; I was a good deal in this room with him, and know that he
12 made much use of the volume you now hold in your hand. Some indeed,
13 have said to me since that from their knowledge of the book they are
14 convinced that he must have written it himself, although he had not put his
15 name on the title page. As to that I can say nothing, for, although my
16 business is with books, I know next to nothing of what makes them
17 books--the souls of them, that is--just as the doctor, whose business lies
18 with men and women, may know them only as live bodies, not as the
19 beings that make these bodies live and not dead. If you would let me look
20 in the book a moment, I could tell you what he was at that time chiefly
21 occupied with:--yes, here it is! It was polarized light. One day he laid
22 down the book and saying, 'Come with me,' went out of the room. I
23 followed him up the stairs of the house, one flight after the other, without
24 any surprise, for though I had never been in it, I knew that he had a room
25 we took to be a laboratory of some sort, away among the huge rafters of

1 the house. He came to a door, to reach which I had to step from beam to
2 beam to avoid breaking through into some room below me. I entered after
3 him. The room was very dark. Through the faint brown light from the
4 open door, for there were but a few dusty, glimmering skylights about me,
5 I saw him open another door in the middle of the room, leaving it open
6 behind him. I followed, and came to an inclosure of about four feet
7 square, in which was a kind of light I had never seen before, and there I
8 saw your father, but he seemed far off, and wandering away to a great
9 distance through a misty kind of atmosphere, beyond which I saw what I
10 took for the blue tops of mountains sharp against the paler blue of the sky.
11 I would have followed, for I loved your father and was not afraid, but the
12 moment I took a step after him I struck against the glass of either a
13 window to some supernatural region or of a mirror that reflected nothing,
14 for I could not see myself in it; and gradually the mist deepened, and I saw
15 your father no more. I came down trembling, as you may well believe, and
16 foolishly, in my fear, told the butler what I had seen, but he said I had lost
17 my senses, and he would not believe a word of my story. Neither was he
18 the least more inclined to believe it as the days passed and your father
19 never appeared. No one but myself had seen him go up the stair and
20 everyone looked for his coming in at the front door as usual. But the years
21 have passed and passed and he has never come. I do not know what to
22 think. I only know that I have lost the one man to whom I was able to
23 look up with a love that desired nothing but to please him.” “Was my
24 father such a good man then?” I asked. “Ah my child! my child! to have to
25 ask such a question!” Now I was at the moment fifteen years of age, and

1 was not pleased to be called a child by anyone. But the eyes of the old
2 man were filled with such genuine regret and commiseration that I could
3 not show any offence. On the contrary the sight of his emotion awoke in
4 me suddenly a desire for which my life had, unknown to me been
5 preparing me, a desire, which at first but as a grain of the smallest seed,
6 grew and grew so rapidly that almost in a moment it filled my whole mind
7 and became a determination.--to seek my father until I found him. Little
8 as I knew or could yet know about him until I found him, I was convinced
9 that he was not dead, and that he could not have gone where he could not
10 be found— except indeed that if he were anywhere whence he could have
11 returned he would not have left his children so long without him and so
12 helpless. “I will go and find him,” I said. “I would have started long ago,”
13 he answered me, “but I did not know how to set out. I do not know where
14 the door is!” “How can you have been so long in the house,” I said, “and
15 not know where the door is?” “I know all the doors to the house as well
16 as, perhaps better than you my boy; but they are all doors out, and what we
17 want is a door in, that we may get into the world into which I believe your
18 father has entered.” “I do not understand you,” I returned. “There out
19 there is the world, and the way into the world is out at the hall door.” He
20 made me no answer for a moment or two, but leaned his head on his hand
21 and his elbow on one of the bookshelves. The red glow of a setting sun
22 shone into the room, and washed with a rosy light all the gilded titles and
23 backs of the books around us. “Almost every one of those books is a door
24 into another world than that the hall-door opens on,” he said. “But,” he
25 went on, “look here:” — and again he closed his eyes: — “what world is

1 the image of your father in now as I see him with my heart swelling with
2 love toward him?" "Oh, that's a world inside your own head!" I answered,
3 with a little laugh of amused unbelief. "Just so," he replied. "Then you
4 allow there is at least one other world your hall-door does not open
5 upon--the world of my thoughts?" "Yes, that!" I replied, with childish
6 scorn of being found in any blunder. "Think a little," he resumed;
7 "nothing that the hall-door opens upon ever was or ever could be yours
8 except it got into the world that is inside your head--and yet the world
9 inside your small head is ever so much bigger than the world to which the
10 hall-door is the door!" "My father ain't in it!" I answered. "Then you will
11 never find him" "I *will* find him," I replied. "Just you show me where you
12 saw him last and I will find him." "I will show you where I stood when I
13 saw him," he answered. "But believe me there are more worlds and kinds
14 of worlds than you have ever thought of or will be able to think of for
15 many years to come. You shall not say, however, that I did not do what I
16 could to help you. For the door--that you must find. I cannot show it to
17 you, nor do I believe can any man. Come, however, I will show you what
18 you ask of me." He turned as he spoke and led the way from the library. I
19 followed in silence. As I walked behind him I saw what a curious-looking
20 old man he was. When I stood with him face to face I thought he was a
21 little bald man; but now that his back was to me, I saw that he was very
22 thin and very tall, and that at the back of his head the hair hung down long,
23 and was as white as snow. He had a long garment on, whether a coat or a
24 dressing gown I could not tell, but instead of the slippers one might have
25 looked for, he had on a pair of stout shoes. I learned afterwards that he

1 was almost always out of doors, and that, although he was the librarian he
2 was very seldom seen with a book in his hand. Out of doors they said he
3 never seemed to be looking at anything, and indoors when anyone saw
4 him he was always writing, but no one ever took a letter to the post for
5 him or saw what he had written. Up and up the stairs he went--at last up
6 short stairs here and there, with passages between, which I had not known
7 to be in the house at all, and at last into a waste empty place immediately
8 under the great slabs of stone that formed the roof of the old house. "Take
9 care how you cross here," he said, speaking for the first time since we left
10 the library, "for there is no floor: you must keep on the beams." I was not
11 afraid, and was steady enough to follow without a false step till we came
12 to a small door which he opened, and then I saw myself in the place he had
13 before mentioned. It was a great low room, with what looked like a closet
14 built in the middle of it, from which rose something that looked like a
15 comical chimney and went right up through the roof. Into the closet I
16 went and there we found ourselves almost in the dark. "That is where I
17 saw him last--at least that is the direction in which I saw him," said my
18 companion, and pointed. I looked. There was just light enough for me to
19 see before me what looked a mirror, rather, but not very large--about the
20 size of an old-fashioned door to an unimportant room. I saw my own face
21 and figure, and those of my strange guide reflected in it. "I think you are
22 amusing yourself with me, sir!" I said, but felt as I said it a little
23 frightened; the place and everything in it seemed so solitary and so
24 strange. "That is nothing but a common old fashioned mirror." For I
25 knew, as my eyes got more accustomed to the dim light, that I had often

1 seen such a mirror in other rooms of the house, though indeed this was
2 larger than any I had seen before--with a great black eagle with outspread
3 wings on the top of it. "Yes," he answered. "You are quite right. There is
4 nothing very peculiar about the mirror; there are others very like it in the
5 house. All the difference lies in the kind of light that falls upon it."
6 "Light!" I returned. "There is no light to fall on any mirror here!" "You
7 will soon see how far you are mistaken!" he answered. With that he
8 pulled a small chain, and I heard a creaking, and saw that the thing like a
9 chimney that went through the roof began to turn round. The old
10 gentleman looked at his watch. He had to put it close to his nose to see
11 what the time was. It was, he said close upon noon, and the sun was--so
12 many degrees, I do not remember what he said--so many degrees, so many
13 minutes above the horizon. "We will wait a moment. And now tell me,
14 do you know what is polarized light?" I told him that I had seen the word,
15 but did not know what it meant; and as I said so I saw that there was a
16 second mirror just like the first standing at right angles to the other, and
17 that the mouth of the chimney seemed to be looking at it. The librarian
18 pulled this and that chain yet again, and the chimney turned creaking.
19 Then he pulled a third, and a great blaze of noonday sunlight fell upon the
20 face of the mirror I had just discovered. It did not fall perpendicularly, or
21 at right angles upon it, but, as I afterwards discovered at a certain angle, so
22 that all the light or nearly all was reflected on the face of the first mirror.
23 Then I saw a marvel. The light thrown upon the first mirror vanished--
24 went through it--came back no more to our eyes. "Where is the light
25 gone?" I said to my companion, full of amazement. "Gone to look for

1 where it came from, I fancy,” said he. “I cannot tell. Perhaps it is gone to
2 light up the fourth dimension somewhere. The phenomenon is well
3 known. The light that vanished was polarized light. Perhaps it is the
4 correlative of some sense that is not yet developed in us, but belongs to
5 creatures fashioned on principles of being or at least of manifestation quite
6 different from ours.” I did not in the least understand his words at the
7 time, but somehow they staid with me, and afterwards I understood the
8 words, but the phenomenon no more than he did who said them. But I still
9 believe that the mirror that refused to reflect them was no ordinary mirror,
10 but of a mysterious kind like certain others on record the belief in the tales
11 of which used sorely to try my sense of the absurd, but concerning which I
12 have now learned at least to hold my tongue. Had it been an ordinary
13 mirror, it would indeed have given free passage to the polarized rays; but
14 although everyone now knows something of the marvellous powers of
15 such light in revealing the structure of crystals, how could it have
16 shown--or had it any part in showing what I then saw in the mirror--a land
17 of mist out of which emerged the blue tops of a distant mountain
18 range--and--could I believe my eyes, the long back with its long garment
19 of the librarian plodding through the mist toward the far-off mountains! I
20 turned to make sure that it was but a vision, expecting to see him by my
21 side, but he was nowhere to be seen. He was gone after my father! Terror
22 seized me. I rushed from the place, fell as I ran, but happily across the
23 beams so that I did not break through to the story below, but got up
24 sobered, and reached the library in safety, half expecting to see the old
25 man standing there when I got to it. But he was not there, and he never

1 came there again, neither did anyone in the house appear to miss him. I
2 questioned the old butler, but he had never heard of such a person, and
3 advised me to watch the gates of my lips lest that which was not might slip
4 through them. I told him I would and also I would watch the gates of my
5 ears lest what was should be refused admittance. I was angry with the old
6 dullard, who presumed on the length of his service and his wisdom--not
7 upon his love for the family. I set myself from that moment to learn what
8 I could about polarized light, and to find out what the strange old man
9 could have meant by a sixth sense and a fourth dimension, but so far from
10 being able to imagine what the things might be then, I could not even
11 know what his words meant. But one morning early, I think it must have
12 been about a week after these things happened, I woke suddenly, with a
13 feeling that I had been called, and listened. The house was as still as an
14 empty church, except that a bird was singing at my window. It was at the
15 spring time of the year, but too early, I would have said for the primroses
16 to be in blossom; nevertheless I saw a bunch of them in a vase on my
17 dressing table, and thought how kind it was of my little sister Imogen to
18 put them there for me: I had not seen them till then. Then I turned on my
19 other side and went to sleep again, and did not wake till the bell rang for
20 breakfast. I was the first down after all, except Imogen, whom I thanked
21 for the primroses. She told me she was sorry to say she had had nothing to
22 do with them, and that she had looked to see if any were out on a grassy
23 bank in the garden looking to the south, where they always came first, but
24 there were none there. I ran up the stair to bring mine down to show her. I
25 caught them up, but tripped as I left the room and dropped the little vase

1 that held them. I picked it up uninjured, but looked in vain for the
2 primroses. They were gone, and I had to return without them, feeling
3 curiously unwilling to speak on the subject. A moment after I called out.
4 From the room where we sat a door opened into the garden, straight upon
5 the grass of a little lawn. It was a little open now, and I saw as if growing
6 within the door, or at least on the very threshold, a small bush of
7 primroses. I jumped up with a cry, stepped out, turned, and began to
8 gather them for my sister. When I raised my head with the small bunch in
9 my hand, and thought at once to step into the room again, I gasped: there
10 was no door, no house there, but a wood of tall pines which stretched in
11 every direction with the rays of a level sunset pouring into it. I looked
12 down, and there was the bush of primroses at my feet. What was I to do.
13 How was I to find my sister? and where was my half-eaten breakfast? I
14 was in a great perplexity. But I remembered a tradition in the family of an
15 ancestor to whom something similarly strange had happened some
16 hundreds of years before, and I concluded that if he had come out of it all
17 right I knew no reason why I should not too, though I must confess my
18 heart did beat rather uncomfortably at the strangeness of my position. I
19 thought too what would my little Imogen think at my leaving her so
20 suddenly without a word. She would imagine I was somewhere in the
21 grounds, and she would be looking for me in vain; for she could never find
22 the pine wood in which I was now. As I was thinking in which direction I
23 had better go, I saw a bird, something like a rook approaching me with
24 slow deliberate pace through the boles of the fir trees, casting a long queer
25 shadow before him for the sun was at his back. He came straight toward

1 me, and I felt that he came with the confidence of an old acquaintance. He
2 stopped at a little distance, made me a bow and said, with a tendency to
3 caw which gave him something of a bur in his speech, "Who are you, sir?"
4 I was so amused at the creature who I thought had been taught certain
5 phrases that I answered, "Who am I? Why, myself of course! Who else
6 should I be?" "You might be your own father now, or your own fool!"
7 answered the rook with another bow, and a twirl around as if he were on
8 the point of departing-- when I saw by his back very plainly that he must
9 be my old friend the librarian, for no one, I have since learned, can assume
10 any new shape so that he shall not retain--not so much some distinguishing
11 feature, as a general air, acting as a reconciling solvent to all the
12 peculiarities, recognizable as his own. But this is premature. I felt that I
13 was caught in the wrong, and as he turned again toward me, took off my
14 hat, and begged his pardon, saying I had mistaken him, I could not tell
15 how, for a rook. "Suppose I were a rook," he returned, "I live and move
16 and have a being: why should you be rude to me?" "Why indeed!" I
17 returned. "Forgive me." "Why should I forgive you?" "Because I sorely
18 need your forgiveness, having done wrong to you." "I forgive you,"
19 returned the rook; "and more I will tell you two things that you need to
20 know. One is that no one can say he is himself, until he knows what *he* is,
21 and what *himself* is. In fact nobody is himself and himself is nobody--and
22 there is more in that than you know, but not more than you need to know.
23 The other thing is that you have somehow got into this country too soon,
24 therefore I must tell you the way. You must walk on due east through the
25 wood, for the space of a mile or so, where you will meet a squirrel with his

1 cheek full of nuts. You will ask him the way home, and he will tell you.”
2 “But I have not a compass, and I do not know which way is due east.”
3 “Don’t you know the south from the north side of a fir tree?” “No.”
4 “Then I must show you the way myself.” He set out, walking in a straight
5 line, much faster than I could have thought any bird less than an ostrich
6 could have walked, and I followed. And the longer I followed, the more
7 convinced I grew that I was following the ex-librarian at home. Indeed,
8 after we had gone about a mile, and were drawing as I could see by the
9 light to the outskirts of the wood, he was so like the same to my mind that
10 I constantly expected him to turn and show me the same countenance I had
11 seen that day in the library. Yet he remained only the size of an ordinary
12 rook. When we stepped out from among the trees, he stepped somewhere else
13 for I could see him no more, and I saw that I was at the bottom of our own
14 garden, and that the sun was almost at its height, though in the wood I had
15 left I had seen the bars of sunset crossed like heavenly rails athwart the
16 posts of the fir tree-boles. “Is this the fourth dimension at work?” I asked
17 myself, “or have I got a sixth sense that amuses itself with making a fool
18 of me?” However I walked in at the same door by which I had left, and
19 found the remains of breakfast still upon the table, some of my brothers
20 having been late down. I said nothing of what had happened to me, as,
21 naturally, I was afraid of being set down as a liar or a madman, and I knew
22 I was neither. After this I went to school, and from school to college,
23 where I learned a good deal of mathematics without any approach to the
24 discovery of a fourth dimension; and though I very seldom thought of it,
25 yet I came to the conclusion that if such existed it could be made manifest

1 to us only by the discovery not of the existence but of the possession of a
2 sixth sense. I had also gradually agreed with what I continued to call
3 myself, in spite of what the librarian rook had told me, that the circum-
4 stances in which I had lost the house and found a pinewood instead must
5 have been those of a dream, though so curiously interwoven with those of
6 waking that consciousness could only feel without being able to separate
7 them. I was then full of the pride of life and strength, spending much,
8 indeed most of my time in rowing, running, and fencing, so that, if there
9 was indeed a world inside me, I was too much outside it to know anything
10 about it, or claim any part of it as my inheritance. The time was to come
11 however when I was no longer to sit on my own doorstep to receive my
12 friends, while the moth and the rust the rain and the heat was devouring
13 and crumbling the house at my back. When, finally, having taken my
14 degree, I went home with the intention of pondering seriously how I would
15 thereafter dispose of my time, leaning in my foolishness to the idea of
16 writing books, though if I had but entered my own house or world I would
17 have seen that there was positively nothing there visible at least as yet that
18 it would do any live creature good to know about--and that therefore to
19 make books, I must rob the houses of other people,--I say when I went
20 home with this foolish thought in my head, but with considerable gladness
21 in my heart at the thought of seeing my sister Imogen again; I found that
22 she had a friend with her whom I had never seen before. She too had been
23 to school, and the main result was this friend. I am not going to try to
24 describe her, for the effort, as far as conveying my notion, or any true
25 notion of her, would be altogether useless. Yet I must, seeing I am about

1 to compel my reader to have some shadow of her in his thinking place,
2 contrive that that shadow of her shall not be too glaringly unlike her. I say
3 therefore that her features were lovely; if they had a fault it was that they
4 were too regular, and too white. Corresponding with these facts they were
5 very still, as still almost as death when they were not in any movement.
6 And yet her face had in it fire and life and motion enough for many faces,
7 only it was all condensed and gathered in her eyes, which were large and
8 dark and deeping, making one, that is me, think that a whole night-heaven
9 was condensed to make each pupil, with the stars remaining to give the
10 flashes of their motion, and an eternal twilight gathered about for the
11 horizon of the iris. What those eyes really were God only ever knew or
12 could ever tell, and that only to himself, for never sure was there such
13 another mystery as the creation of those. The still face was like an eternal
14 repose, the live eyes like an eternal creation. From what I say my reader
15 will at once conclude that I fell in love with her. For myself I do not know
16 what love is and therefore cannot tell whether I fell in love with her or not.
17 All I know is that now I went into the house on the doorsteps of which I
18 had played for so long, and found it full of her eyes. I could not open a
19 room but there were the eyes looking at me. I could not look out of a
20 window but the eyes were looking in. Not a drawer--I mean not a book
21 could I open but the pages were flashing so with her eyes that I could not
22 see a word in it. So I gave up, and sat down for the eyes to flash me and
23 absorb me to death. I would not have mentioned them, however, in this
24 book, had it been possible to make my story true and intelligible without
25 them. But my very being would now be unintelligible without them, then

1 how could any story I have to tell of myself be other than a mockery
2 without them. Then somehow the light of those eyes appeared to sink
3 down and permeate all her body, so that every “pearl-shell helmet” of a
4 finger was a thing to wonder at and worship; and then it flowed away from
5 her out into the heavens and sank like a flood into the earth and made the
6 universal cosmos lovely with itself. In a word she was so beautiful that I
7 dared hardly look at her, possessed with a feeling that if I did so I did not
8 know what might not happen to me. Certain if she were to let the light in
9 her, I thought, flash out upon me, I should be burnt up and disappear. One
10 sweet summer morning, or rather fore noon, for it was, I think, about ten
11 of the clock, I was gazing out of the window. I was in my own room, a
12 small study that opened out of the library, and looked out on the same
13 piece of smooth green on which the window of the breakfast room opened.
14 I was holding a star-sapphire in the sunlight, and wondering, I thought,
15 what might be the secret between the six knife-edge rays that showed in it
16 and the sun from which they came; but I think now that I was really
17 wondering what kind of a star the light of her eyes would make in the gem,
18 when the sun-star disappeared, and a wonderful change passed upon the
19 stone. Then first I began to know that the Arab tribes who count it a
20 magic talisman are scarce to call mistaken. For just one moment an eye
21 looked out of the stone. I started and looked up. No one was near me, but
22 the sun had disappeared, the sky was overclouded, and the air had
23 suddenly grown sultry. There had been heavy rain the night before, and
24 underneath the window a thrush was acting the house-breaker, for he was
25 forcing his way into the shell of a snail that he might devour him, when I

1 saw come walking up toward the window a solemn-gaited rook. A strange
2 feeling at once possessed me that something was going to happen, nor had
3 I long to wait before something rather more than important, as it turned
4 out, did happen. The rook made a bow to me, then with a sudden spring
5 flew up to the window-sill, there stood and bowed again. I threw up the
6 sash, and he stepped on the inner ledge, bowed again, flew down on the
7 floor, and walked toward the door without looking behind him. I followed
8 to see what he would do. In truth, although I seemed not quite a stranger
9 to the bird, I had no thought at the moment of my old friend the librarian,
10 but thought he was some tame rook belonging to the neighbourhood which
11 I had better follow to see that he did no mischief. He led the way through
12 the library, into the back hall that opened on the little lawn. No one was
13 there. He went up to the door that opened on the little lawn. It was closed.
14 I turned the handle to let him out. The moment I did so, I heard the first
15 roll of a thunderstorm. The rook walked out, and stood on the doorstep. I
16 would have followed, but the rain suddenly came in torrents. I stood
17 looking out, and my companion kept his place, turning his head this way
18 and that with a satisfied approving look. So human were his motions that
19 I involuntarily remarked, "Fine weather for the worms, Mr. Rook!"
20 "Yes," he answered, and it did not at the moment seem odd that he could
21 speak--or was it only that I understood him?-- "The ground will be soft
22 now. They will get in and out with ease. It will be a grand time on the
23 steppes of Uranus. Perhaps you do not know that all the animals there are
24 and will be till the end of the age, burrowers like the mice and the moles.
25 It is a grand sight there to see the ground heave and out come--well what

1 you would call a mammoth, or hairy elephant I think you call him. I was a
2 little frightened the first time I saw the bogserpent come out. You never
3 saw such a head and mane! But the shower is nearly over. Don't you
4 think we had better be going?" "Going where?" "Where you've got to
5 go," he answered. "I don't want to go anywhere." "I know that, but it
6 makes no difference--at least not much." "I don't mean to leave the house
7 today." "I know that, but you mean to go out into the garden." "Ah, that
8 is another thing." The rook stepped off the threshold, and as there were
9 now but a few drops falling, like soft diamonds in the sunlight, for the
10 thundercloud had rolled away, I stepped out after him onto the stone he had
11 left. He walked away across the lawn. "You will wet your feet!" I said.
12 "And my beak," he answered, beginning to wipe it first this side and then
13 that as if he were sharpening it on the grass. Then he suddenly dug it deep
14 among the roots of the grass, and drew out a great wriggling red worm.
15 He threw back his head, and opening his beak, tossed the worm into the
16 air. To my astonishment, I confess--for nothing astonishes me now except
17 selfishness--the worm spread out great wings of gorgeous red and black
18 and flew away. "Tut, tut!" I cried; "I am astonished at you, Mr. Rook!
19 Worms are not the larvae of butterflies!" "Never mind; I'm not a librarian
20 now; I'm a sexton." "Is that the way you carry on your trade then? I vow I
21 thought sextons buried dead bodies, but you dig up live ones and make
22 them yet livelier!" "A good deal," he answered. "Yes, that's my way now!
23 What's yours? --You're a man of your word anyhow, for you said you
24 would not leave the house today!" "What do you mean by that?" "That
25 there was no occasion: the house has left you!" I turned where I stood on

1 the doorstep, and my eyes went deep into a pine-forest. My feet were on a
2 mossy stone, the top of a great rock that went deep into the earth--at least
3 so it seemed. "Where am I?" I cried. "In the Four Dimensions, or
4 somewhere of that sort, only your corresponding senses are not awake yet.
5 You had better follow me lest you should hurt some one." "Hurt some
6 one! I see nobody but you!" "That's just it. You see that fine--I mean
7 that very fine tree away fifty yards to your left? That grows on your
8 kitchen hearth." "You are making a fool of me." "Nobody could do that
9 but yourself." "That's a good thing." "Perhaps. I don't know." "Shall I
10 walk into the fire?" I said, going straight for the tree he had pointed out.
11 "No," he answered, "but you will, I think, knock against Miss--I don't
12 know her name--the lady with the eyes. She is playing Grieg's Wedding
13 March on the grand piano in the drawing room. There! That rose-tree is
14 hiding its legs, or at least what you call taking the place of them." "But
15 two things can't exist in the same place at the same moment!" I said. "Oh,
16 can't they?" he answered. "I did not know." "Why, how could you be a
17 librarian and not know that?" "I daresay I knew it when I was a librarian,
18 but I am a sexton now, as I told you. I do know that you and the lady with
19 the eyes can't be in the same place at the same moment; so I thought I had
20 better tell you. Don't you hear her playing?" "No, I don't." "I do. If you
21 don't believe me, go and smell the wedding march in those quivering
22 rose-petals. It's there." I did as he told me, and certainly though I did not
23 recognize the odour as that of the wedding march, which I knew very well,
24 it was, although plainly a rose-odour, yet something very different from
25 any scent of rose I had ever been before aware of as entering my being.

1 But suddenly I was seized with consternation. I knew not why at first.
2 Then I remembered that I had promised to drive my sister and her friend to
3 a lovely spot a few miles away where there was an old church and a still
4 older churchyard, neither of which had been in use for many years though
5 there was a talk of restoring the church for service again. "I wish you
6 would kindly show me the way back," I said. "No use; the door is shut,"
7 he answered. "You must go a long way round and go in at the front door."
8 "Then tell me how." "You will have to go through your own heart," said
9 the sexton, "I believe; but I am not very sure, and cannot direct you. I can
10 only lead you on the way you have to go." "Home you mean?" "Yes,
11 home, certainly," he answered, with a little hesitation between the words,
12 but I thought that might be because he was a rook. I could not help giving
13 a sigh of bewildered disappointment. I had heard of persons being
14 carried away by the fairies, but that seemed quite natural and credible to
15 what had befallen me! Everything seemed topsy turvy. I did not see how
16 life was to be led at all on these new conditions. How was a man to make
17 his living if he were liable to be whisked away at any moment to the
18 country of four dimensions or whatever the rooks called it. True I had
19 never done a stroke to make my living in the country I had left, or rather
20 which had left me, but apparently I would have to do so in the country I
21 had come to. I felt in my pockets: there was scarcely a coin there, and I
22 had my doubts whether even my one sovereign would be current here.
23 Perhaps money too required to have four dimensions! My only
24 consolation was that I had come into this condition by no wish or fault of
25 my own; and therefore I had a feeling as if I might look to be taken care of.

1 It did not occur to me then that I had had just as little to do with
2 coming into the world of three dimensions or indeed with coming into
3 existence at all. That however did not make the reflection in the least less
4 reasonable. All this time the rook stood regarding me. "There's no
5 hurry," he said. "We don't go much by the clock here. But perhaps it
6 would be better to go. I will take you to see my wife. She is nicer to look
7 at than I am." "She may be that and no beauty," I thought, but politeness
8 prevented me from saying it. He led the way and I followed. After we
9 had walked some distance, still among trees, though for the time we had
10 left the pines behind us, my guide said, "You see that hawthorn?" "I see a
11 gnarled old man with a great white head and beard," I said. "No, no; look
12 again." Then I saw it was an old hawthorn in blossom. "That grows where
13 the altar of the old church used to stand. Listen." I heard like the ghost of
14 a glad music, but I was not sure that I heard anything. "They still go
15 there," said the ex-librarian. "Who goes where?" I returned. "The people
16 that used to pray there--some of them--only they never go to pray there
17 now." "What do they go for then?" "They go to sing out their thoughts.
18 They would hurt them if they didn't. They're so strong and burn so. With
19 only one throat each they can't make music enough to let it out in private;
20 but what one hasn't another has, and so they gather to help each other's
21 love and thanks out by singing, because everyone then feels that what they
22 all sing he sings and every one sings with one mighty voice, and on the
23 great torrent of that voice their big thoughts float out of every heart like
24 great ships out of the harbour to cross the eternal seas." "And why don't
25 they meet to pray?" I asked. "Because our people at least find they can

1 best pray alone. They're always at prayer. Look look!" he cried, and even
2 he showed a little excitement, as he pointed with his beak up in the air,
3 where a white pigeon was flying round and round, mounting higher and
4 higher, with the sunshine flashing from its wings. "There's one!" "One
5 what?" "A prayer on its way up home. I wonder now who has prayed that
6 prayer!" "But how can a white pigeon be a prayer?" said I. "A prayer is a
7 thought of the heart!" "Ah, you don't understand yet! The heart from
8 which you come is so strong in making that he can even make the power
9 to make; so that he gifts certain of his children with the power to make
10 things. So sometimes they pray to him, where others would only wearily
11 lift their heavy thoughts upward, by sending their thoughts in the shapes of
12 live things, shapes natural to them, as if they said, Here is one of thy own
13 things made as I would make it. And that's a prayer--a word to the big
14 heart from the little one. — Look there's another!" We were walking now
15 over a rocky moorland sort of place, with dry plants and low flowering
16 shrubs about it. My guide pointed to a small flower that blossomed fresh
17 and lovely at the root of what seemed--for I felt sure of nothing in this new
18 country--a rough granite block. No description could convey a sense of
19 the grace of form and colour sweetness of the flower, of a pale rose, with a
20 purple heart. "That is a prayer flower," said my guide. "How do you
21 know it?" I asked. "I know it, but how I know it I cannot tell you. If you
22 know it, you know it, if you don't, you don't. What better would you be if
23 I were able to put you up to knowing one, if you did not know it of
24 yourself and itself? Why should you know a thing for what it is when
25 what it is you do not know? Whose work is it to make a wise man of you.

1 The business and the plague is to get you made a fool to yourself that you
2 may begin to learn the right way.” But for all his contemptuous words, for
3 so they sounded to me then, I could not help imagining that I saw
4 something in that flower different from any flower I had known in the land
5 that had left me. And an awe came over me as I thought of the heart that
6 might then be listening to what that flower had to say to the inventor the
7 father of all the flowers in heaven and in earth. I fell into deep thought,
8 and noted little more until I found that we were drawing near to a small
9 cottage that stood alone in the middle of the heath, on which, as far as the
10 sight could reach, there were no more trees than a few scattered solitary
11 stunted pines. The sky was covered with cold gray and blue clouds, and
12 the heath looked as if the sun had never shone radiant upon it since the
13 hour it was made what it was. The wind blew curiously cold as if it came
14 from some world beyond the reach of the sunrays, yet it seemed to refresh
15 me rather than make me shiver. It was like the coolness of a mossy
16 hollow, filled with maiden-hair over which small streams went trickling.
17 “Here we are at last!” said the crow. “What a long way it is! I could have
18 called on my cousin the bird of paradise in half the time.” “I don’t think
19 we’ve been so very long,” I said. “Neither we have. In this country we
20 pull up the plumblin you call gravitation-- only you can’t see us do
21 it--and then to see the world spin round under your feet! Do you know
22 how fast the world spins?” “That depends on what part of it you are in.”
23 “Not at all; not at all!” said the crow. “That’s only half of the affair. But
24 here we are at the sexton’s house! You are welcome.” “Where is the
25 churchyard, if I may ask?” I said. The crow turned round and round with

1 outstretched neck, as if he meant to say that all round, wherever I looked, I
2 saw the churchyard. The dreary wind swept more than was the crow's
3 churchyard! Was it the churchyard of the universe? Was I to be here with
4 no companion but this bird until spring and sunshine should wake this
5 dreary place? I had left the spring in the world behind me: here was
6 winter, and as the sun went down the winter came on apace, and then I
7 began to see and found it was so indeed, that all the seasons of the year
8 were constantly passed through in each day on this moor. The winter lay
9 frozen there all the night. The spring came with the sunrise, and at noon it
10 was hot summer. The autumn was its afternoon, and then with the sun it
11 darkened down again to the winter. Oh how cold it was growing already,
12 as I stepped across the threshold upon the earthen floor of the sexton's
13 cottage! A wind from the moor seemed to come blowing in behind me, as
14 if it pushed me into a haven of rest or a prison of enforced repose--what if
15 both. In front of me on the opposite wall I saw what in my fluttered
16 confusion of thought I took for the lid of a coffin leaning up against it with
17 bright plate and handles, but presently, almost as soon as I crossed the
18 threshold, I saw that it was only a door, for it opened, and a woman came
19 out dressed like her husband in black. To my shuddering astonishment
20 she was most marvellously like my sister's friend with the live eyes, so
21 like that to this day I cannot say I know that it was not she. The only
22 difference seemed to be that her face was yet whiter, with a tint of the blue
23 of ice in it; and her eyes were yet larger and more radiant than hers, though
24 not so full of changes, but glowing with a steadier and more ethereal light.
25 "Here is Mr. Fane, my dear!" said the crow; but when I turned toward him

1 he was the long-coated librarian of my father's house. "Mr. Fane is
2 welcome. Does he wish to sleep?" said the woman. "I think not," replied
3 her husband; "he has not yet done his day's work. He has neither made
4 nor discovered nor invented anything, neither is he weary or heavy laden.
5 No gentleman would turn the shell of his egg into a bedroom, and go to
6 sleep in it. Mr. Fane has not earned his night's rest yet." I suppose that
7 instead of replying I looked astonished at the change in him. He saw it
8 and resumed. "You thought I was a crow! Not I." "I saw you dig the
9 worms from the wet lawn!" "And then?" "Toss them in the air and they
10 grew butterflies." "Was that like a crow?" "No." "Very well; I told you I
11 was a sexton! So I am. But it was more convenient for my purpose that I
12 should be my bird-self for the moment. Everyone has a beast-self and a
13 bird-self, and a very fishy, yes, and very snaky self in him. There are
14 periods in his life when you can determine what sort of a fellow he is by
15 seeing which predominates in his countenance." He was thin and tall, and
16 his face came full in the light of the small window high up in the cottage
17 wall. I looked at him more attentively than I had yet done. His face was
18 pale like his wife's; his eyes were yellowish, and his nose reminded me
19 much of the beak of my crow-companion; his mouth was very thin lipped
20 and his lips were pale, but the curves of it were beautiful, and there
21 quivered about them a shadowy smile that had in it love and pity and a
22 touch of hearty humour as well, as if he knew something that was all right
23 but he must not tell it you just yet. "Can you give us anything to eat and
24 make the world look a little more friendly, wife?" he said. Her still face
25 never moved, but she went to a cupboard, and brought out bread and wine

1 and put them on the table. "I have nothing else," she said. "Nothing but
2 the best!" said her husband; and nothing loath I sat down as he desired me,
3 and began to eat. Never had I before enjoyed a meal as I enjoyed that
4 bread and wine; for they seemed to go straight--not to the hunger only, but
5 to the deeper need that made the hunger. I grew stronger and stronger as I
6 ate, and before I had done all my discomfort at finding myself in such
7 strange new circumstances had vanished, and was replaced by a wondering
8 desire to know what was to come of my very strange adventure, to account
9 for which I had been all the way in vain endeavoring to fashion a theory,
10 even falling once upon the wild notion that I was under the mesmeric
11 influence of a madman who was causing me to dream all these things that
12 came to me. But I would believe anything rather than that my soul was
13 the slave of anyone that could not create me or had not created me. I
14 would rather cease to be than be in the power of any, even myself, save his
15 that had called me into being and so was my life. I now felt I could go on
16 to meet whatever should come. But I felt tired and in need of rest, and
17 remembered with some anxiety that the sexton had said he hardly thought
18 I would want to sleep there yet. So I said to him, "I don't know, sir,
19 whether you think a man ought to have no rest at all except what he has
20 earned. It seems to me that a man without sleep will never be able to earn
21 sleep. Never was anything given that did not come of something given
22 before." "Good," said the sexton; "I never meant that you should not have
23 a little slumber now and then just to wash your poor brain from the
24 phantoms of the human day. What is this I have brought you to but a
25 halfway house of mine, a hostelry, an inn as of old." "Then after all you

1 are no sexton, only an inn- keeper?" I said. "True for you!" He answered,
2 as if he had been an Irishman, and patted the table with his palm,
3 reminding me irresistibly of the way they pat down the turf on the graves
4 in the sweet country churchyards--lovingly, coaxingly as if the
5 accompaniment to an inward lullaby. Perhaps I started at the thought: I
6 would not be so foolish now, having seen more, but he smiled with
7 unutterable sweetness--a smile that redeemed all the oddity of his face and
8 his figure and his long coat, and said, "I am not going to bury you Mr.
9 Fane, though I am called the sexton of God's best parish. I go by other
10 names too, but never mind. Will you trust me?" He looked me full in the
11 face. I looked him full in the face, and said, "I will." "Then come," he
12 returned; "You shall see my chambers, and choose your own bed, so far as
13 I am able to give you a choice." He rose, and as he rose his wife took a
14 chamber-candle from another table and led the way. I rose to follow.
15 Again it seemed to me that the door I approached was the lid of a coffin
16 set up against the wall, but the woman opened it and walked in. I
17 followed. The chill air as of an ice-house met me, and what the place was
18 like I could not see, but it felt strange--I should have said like a vault or
19 cellar, but that there was no mustiness in it--only clear pure cold. But I
20 was hardly a step inside the door when the light of the candle the woman
21 bore flashed upon something white that lay a little raised from the floor.
22 Was it a bed, prepared to give sleep to any live soul in such a place of
23 mortal cold? Beyond I saw another glimmering more faintly, and on the
24 other side as we walked another. As we came near to the first, I saw that
25 under a cold white sheet, nor any covering more lay stretched straight and

1 motionless as if in death, the form of man or woman, its lines appearing
2 through the covering that lay close to the shape, but I could see the
3 features too vaguely to read anything upon them. We walked on between
4 two rows of couches, on every one of which lay a human figure covered
5 with one cold white sheet. I could not speak. I asked no question, but
6 waited in growing dread. Did they mean me to lie down among the dead
7 and sleep? “The place is dark, wife,” said the sexton. “The moon will be
8 up soon. She is rising now.” As my hostess spoke, in a clear sweet voice
9 that sounded of old sorrow to which she had long bidden farewell, the first
10 rays of the level moon shone through the low windows of the building, of
11 which there were many, though small, and I then saw what the place was
12 like. It was low and narrow and long--how long I could not see. Away
13 and away it stretched, with its two rows of beds foot to foot and side by
14 side, about six feet between, and on every couch lay one that slept but
15 whether the sleep of death I could not tell; something seemed different in
16 it from either. The place had a strange mingled look also--whether more
17 like a barn or the interminable aisle of a church I could not tell in the level
18 light of the moon. It shone cold indeed upon the cold drapery and the
19 pallid countenances that lay each turned upward. Now I could see that
20 they were all different in expression and history. There lay one in the
21 prime of manly strength, the dark beard flowing down from the still white
22 frozen face, the forehead as smooth as marble, but a last vanishing shadow
23 of pain about the corners of the mouth which looked as if it must smile ere
24 long. Next to that lay the form--I dare not, in my ignorance of the whole
25 strange thing, say *body*--the form of a girl, where a submissive sadness

1 possessed the placid features. She was very lovely to look at, lovely as the
2 finest marble from the marble mountains, and her form revealed no
3 wasting from disease or sorrow from killing care or grief of heart. If such
4 there were it had been charmed asleep. Some seemed to have died in
5 childhood, some in youth--at all ages indeed; and nowhere was there
6 greater loveliness than on the face of an old lady--though how I should
7 have known her to be aged but for the white hair, I cannot tell. There was
8 no submissiveness on her stately countenance but a right regal acquies-
9 cence, a testimony strong as the foundations of the heavens that all was
10 well. But on the faces of some there were the lingering signs of strife, of
11 hopeless loss, of a secret that nothing could console. This last was rare,
12 and somehow the face that bore it bore the look of having died but lately,
13 while some of the dead faces seemed to have been dead long years, so
14 utter was their repose. We came at last to an empty couch. The form of a
15 very old man lay on one side of it, his arm outside the sheet and the white
16 strong hand clenched as if on the grip of a sword, but no sword was there.
17 On the other lay the form of a beautiful woman of middle age. Her arm
18 also lay outside the sheet, abandoned and open, and I saw one dark spot in
19 the centre of the palm. The heavenly sexton, for such I now counted him,
20 went up to this one, and stooping looked at the hand but did not touch it.
21 "It heals well!" he said. "There is no poison in those nails." Then, turning
22 to me, I ventured to speak. "Are they dead?" I asked. "I cannot say,
23 because I do not know what you mean by dead. If I say, as I should to my
24 wife, that this or that one is quite dead, it would mean something quite
25 different to you. Therefore I say not whether they are dead or alive, but

1 there they are! This is only one vault in my churchyard. Out there on the
2 moor they are lying, thick as leaves, or rather as the shakings of the great
3 white rose of heaven, and the moon is all night reading their faces.” “But I
4 thought the part of a sexton was to bury the dead!” I said, hoping to get
5 him to explain. “Some sextons’ duties go farther. But if it be his part to
6 bury the dead, surely it is not his part to keep them dead. Is it not the way
7 in some of your villages--of the three dimensions,” he added the words
8 with a parenthetic smile-- “that the sexton is also the bell ringer? And if
9 he should mingle in his call the two flocks in his care, who shall blame
10 him? Is he never to cry, ‘Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the
11 dead?’ But it is no use talking for nothing of all that has anything to do
12 with what you see before you now. These ought to be dead. They did not
13 creep here before their time greedy of sleep. But some of them are not
14 quite dead and therefore they cannot come alive. There is your couch!” I
15 shuddered. “But I am alive!” I said. “Too much alive, but you will soon
16 be more alive--praised be the life that throbs and pauses and throbs again!”
17 “This place is too cold for sleep!” I said. “Look,” he answered; “do these
18 find it so? But in truth thou art not as these, yet will it do thee no harm to
19 sleep with them though it may be not as they sleep. Be not afraid. Gather
20 to thee thy courage, and yield up thyself that thou mayest rest indeed.”
21 But the man and the woman seemed to me as those that are familiar with
22 death, and would persuade me that a charnel house was a place of lordly
23 repose. “I will not,” I said; “I am my own master, and I will sleep where I
24 will sleep, not in a place of mortal cold.” “On that couch thou wilt feel no
25 cold,” he said solemnly and kindly. But something evil seemed to wake in

1 me with anger against him, and I said, "Yes, because I shall be too cold to
2 feel any cold!" And with that I turned my face toward the door. It was
3 easy to find, because I had but to walk back between the rows of the dead.
4 The woman followed with her candle, and the sexton came behind. But
5 what a long way it seemed that I had to go before I came back to the
6 cottage! In the middle of the floor I turned to say farewell, for I would not
7 be rude to those with whom I had eaten and drunk. They looked very sad,
8 and their faces looked like the faces of those who lay stored in their
9 treasure-house behind. A twinge of self-dissatisfaction crossed my mind.
10 They meant well by me, I said in my heart; but their offer was but a sort of
11 mockery, for how can a live man go to sleep among the dead? And with
12 that I said, "I thank you kindly, but I cannot in reason accept your offer. A
13 live man is no tenant for the chamber of death!" "Alas, didst thou not find
14 the air of it sweet?" said he, while his wife stood like one chidden
15 unjustly. "Sweet indeed," I answered, "but cold." "Knowest thou," said
16 he, and his voice grew a little stern, "that thou didst bear with thee into
17 that chamber the odours of death, and that the air is the purer that thou hast
18 left it?" Then I was angry and turned away and strode from the door.
19 Once I turned as I stumbled over the rough heath. There in the moonshine
20 on the threshold of the cottage, which looked like a ruined hovel, stood a
21 crow and a white dove. I walked on, thinking of what I had escaped, but
22 still indulging the notion that the pair meant to take some advantage of me
23 with their mysteries and their offered shelter. They did not indeed look
24 bad or deceitful, but there are tricks. All the same I was far from satisfied
25 with myself. I had a vague suspicion that I was a coward, and an

1 undeveloped shame was burrowing within me, ready to lift its head when
2 the time came. Why should I have feared to lie down by the dead? Was I
3 not alive? Then the lovely face of the woman with the stigma upon her
4 hand came back to me, and I said, "What ill could have come to me with a
5 face like that so near. Evil could not have come nigh! I will go back and
6 say I am sorry, and will thankfully avail myself of their good hospitality."
7 So I turned and went back toward the cottage. I could see it nowhere. I
8 did not then know that only he who enters a house at the front and goes
9 out at the back will ever find it again in that country. But looking about, I
10 saw the crow walking about among the plants that covered the rough face
11 of the moor. I went up to him and said, "I beg your pardon. I behaved
12 very badly. I will go back with you now and spend the night with your
13 flock of the dead." Somehow I found I could not help speaking as he
14 spoke when I addressed him. "Ah! is it you?" he returned, looking up.
15 "Yes, you will one day, but not now, not now. Your hour was not come,
16 or you would have staid. But I should have liked seeing how you looked
17 when in the spring you saw how they looked, when the blood began to
18 flow again. But I can do nothing more for you now." "Will you not tell
19 me which way to go to get home?" "Ah there again! You and I mean
20 such different things by home. As to what you call home, I do not know
21 the way to it. If I did I do not know that I would tell you. We are not at
22 liberty in this country to tell people anything just because they would like
23 to know it. That would be to please ourselves. But home as I understand
24 the word is always ever so far away in your hand. How to get there it is no
25 use telling you. But you will be forced to go to it for all that. Everybody

1 who is not at home has to go home. You thought you were at home where
2 I found you. If it had been your home you could not have left it--and
3 nobody ever was or ever will be at home without having gone there.”
4 “You talk riddles!” “No, no; the riddles keep talking me--that is it.” “But
5 you can tell me what direction I ought to go in?” “For what?” “At least to
6 find some people of my own kind.” “I cannot. I do not know what
7 direction you have to go in.” “I think it is not very friendly of you to come
8 and take me away from my home and then leave me a stranger in a strange
9 land without a guide or the least instruction how to direct my steps.” “You
10 took yourself out of my hands, and thought to do better. And it may be
11 better in the end. I hope it may. Good night.” Having said this, he turned
12 and walked away, looking at the turf as he went. Having nothing else to
13 do I stood and watched him. He pounced upon a spot and began digging
14 with his bill, then presently threw something up into the air, which burst
15 into a gentle flame, and came through the air pulsing toward me. I saw
16 that it must be some kind of firefly. But it seemed larger than any I had
17 heard of, and its light was more yellow than green. It flew past me away
18 over the heath. I thought I could not do better than follow it. But it was a
19 strange and terrible night in which I found myself awake from having
20 refused to lie down among the dead. And first of the terrors was the cold
21 regard of the moon. I did not observe it at first, for I began to wonder
22 whether her light would be easier or harder to polarize than that of the sun,
23 being already reflected. But as I looked up I saw that she was staring at
24 me as I say. I felt annoyed at first but then I thought I saw that there was a
25 pitying curiosity in her gaze as if she was wondering what would come to

1 me next, seeing I was so foolhardy as to be out there alone instead of
2 asleep in the sexton's cottage. Presently I felt the earth begin to shake and
3 heave under me; then it settled again, and I saw a ripple of earthquake,
4 running endways on like the forward motion of some burrowing creature
5 run away from under my feet in the direction the firefly had taken. I saw it
6 heaving and settling again. Then I saw one similar coming toward me out
7 of the distance, vaguely perceptible in the stare of the moon. Now I knew
8 she was watching to see how I would take it. Like a solid, but unextended
9 wave the solid ripple approached me, and when about six yards away it
10 burst open and with a scramble and a bound issued an earth-tiger, with the
11 mould hanging around his mouth. His eyes flamed, and he came on as if
12 he would tear me to pieces, only he was utterly silent, no cat-roar issued
13 from the red throat behind the snarling jaws. I had no weapon, and indeed
14 I had little doubt that weapon would have nothing availed. All I could do
15 was to stand and stare at him. But just as I thought he was going to seize
16 me, he turned his head to the ground, and sunk into it burrowing out of
17 sight. "It was but a phantom of night and the moon!" I said. "I will fear
18 none other that comes." But I thought it a terrible thing that I should be
19 walking over the top of a sea filled with such awful fishes. The next
20 moment the head of a serpent came out of the ground a little way off. It
21 was as big as that of a polar bear, and after it followed in long wriggles of
22 self- extrication the huge body of the reptile. In a moment, swift as any in
23 Dante's Malebolge, it threw itself upon me cold and clammy, smelling of
24 the earth. "Does it live on the dead?" I thought, "and knows not how to
25 harm the living?" Sure enough it wound me round and round, but neither

1 squeezed me too hard nor bit me, and at length dropt from me as if
2 exhausted and hid itself in the earth. “What does this mean?” I thought
3 with myself. “Is it my presence on the surface of this moor of the dead that
4 brings the creatures out? Do they scent their prey from below? and if so,
5 why do they leave me unharmed?” I did not know then that because I had
6 sat in the house of holy death and looked upon the faces of them that dwelt
7 therein, they could not for that night harm me or turn me aside from my
8 journey. When in some after time, I speculated on what, vision or reality,
9 the thing might mean, I thought I knew that the ground of that moor
10 outside the house of death was but the outissue of my own soul, the under
11 soil of the vineyard of my own being, deep in which, unknown to myself
12 lay such nameless horrors. All that night they assailed me, until I grew so
13 accustomed to their fierce attack and foiled retreat, that I not only smiled
14 at their terrors, but speculated in the imagination of what might be the next
15 form of the excellent monstrosity of the place. Little I thought that I owed
16 my safety to the shining of the moon, which though but a poor reflected
17 light and not the radiance of the primal truth of the system, did yet utterly
18 hamper and for the time debilitate the evil swarms of the place that they
19 did not hurt me. How much quicker would I not have followed the firefly
20 had I known that if I were found within the circle of that ground after the
21 moon was set, I should in a moment be the not long struggling prey of a
22 group of the nearest monsters. Yet in my ignorance I beheld with
23 calmness the gradual descent of the weary solemn moon adown the hollow
24 sides of the vaulted heaven. Just ere she set I came to a deep but narrow
25 ditch filled to the brim with water horribly discoloured. I sprang across,

1 and up a rocky ridge that surrounded the place, which had been growing
2 more and more swampy as I advanced. The same moment the moon
3 disappeared from the upper part of the world in which I wandered, and
4 therewith from behind me arose a wild and waste cry as of frustrate greed,
5 and fathomless rage of disappointment. Several wolves came leaping over
6 the ditch after me, and startled by their howls I thought the moment had at
7 length arrived when I must fight for my life, but ere they reached me they
8 fell groaning to the earth: their hour not mine was come; they could not
9 crawl back even to the edge of the ditch they had overleaped, and I walked
10 on my way rejoicing. And now came another strange thing. For the
11 firefly which had been my guide thus far came to me and went pulsing
12 with golden bursts of flash around my head, seeming to indicate that there
13 was no need for him to guide me any farther and to show that if such was
14 his intent, I understood it, I sat down where I stood. The same instant the
15 firefly shot away eastward at an amazing speed. Now whether it grew
16 larger I cannot tell, or whether it was the law of the country that distance
17 cannot make some things look smaller, I do not know, but that firefly
18 shone and shone away in the east like a yellow star, till the sun came and
19 absorbed its light, and then I looked around me and was able to see the
20 kind of place in which I was. The moor lay calm and still on one side, as
21 seemingly quiet as any in the land or world or system I had left; for was it
22 not in Saturn that the sexton told me the bogs were full of burrowing and
23 wallowing creatures? Who would have thought that all that peaceful
24 expanse was but a skin stretched over a world of buried passions and
25 fiercest greed. Ah! it were well thus to bury the dead evil, but how fares it

1 when the buried evil is alive still, and ever ready to break ravening forth!
2 It was but a rough land that lay around me still, and I saw no sign in it of
3 human presence. No smoke sweetly stained the horizon, no plough had
4 scored the ground within my sight. All I could do was but to change the
5 horizon around me, the ground under my feet. I rose and without design
6 began to walk. As soon as I began, I seemed to have a choice, for between
7 the rocky lumps that broke the ground--old hard rocks covered with the
8 ancient lichens, there lay mossy hollows winding through, little more than
9 broad enough to walk in, constantly joining other depressions, as if the
10 stony crust of the surface had been in all directions scored through down
11 to the moss. There the walking was easier, and I amused myself walking
12 out patterns as of a carpet as I went, following this and that waterless
13 channel. I seemed to be taking my own way, but the most absolute
14 freedom of ignorance may be but the kernel to a most determinate leading.
15 I seemed so free that I was hardly moved by any the weakest choice, and
16 was aware of no leading, no impulse. But the only man who can be
17 absolutely free is the man who made himself, and where does that man
18 dwell? Or what man can be free but the man who is more than free--
19 namely the man who by love shares in the freedom of his perfect origin
20 the being who willed him forth. I went wandering and maundering along
21 through this plain of cracked rocky crust, glad that my feet were on the
22 soft moss and not on the hard rock, and thinking whether all these fissures
23 had ever been filled and flowing with cool limpid waters. The sun rose
24 higher and the shadows that mottled all the surface about me drew in and
25 in as he rose as if they were being sucked back into themselves by the

1 rocks that threw them. A hope that I was destined to arrive somewhere
2 grew stronger in my mind, and though hours passed during which I
3 trampled a waving line through the low rocks without an idea of whither I
4 was going, for one time I went eastward by the sun and then found I was
5 going westward without heeding or more than just perceiving that I was
6 constantly changing my direction, though in the main going southward,
7 and with a curious sense that there was a fifth direction in which I was
8 going without being able to find what the sense meant, when suddenly I
9 came on a little shrub on my way. I greeted it as a messenger of wonder
10 and hope, and I thought with myself that in some wars, the outposts and
11 pickets are of the feeblest soldiers of the army. But my brain could not
12 find what the idea led to or even whether it was correct or not. I showed
13 the little shrub the respect of going round it and not stepping over it, never
14 thinking that my fate in a sense hung upon the action for I was all the time
15 being watched from behind a hundred rocks by keen eyes. Yet I heard no
16 sound or if I did took it for that of some small bird or wild thing of the
17 rocks and moss. Had I seen the faces in which were set those peeping
18 eyes, I should have taken them for those of goblins, very likely, but there I
19 should have been wrong as we shall see. By and by I came upon another
20 shrub to which I showed a like respect. Soon a third appeared, and now I
21 came upon them at shorter intervals. They were also a little larger but still
22 very small, and before long I began to see that they had all the appearance
23 of full grown trees except in size. In fact they were like those trees
24 dwarfed by the Chinese. The general level of the ground at length rose, so
25 that I saw the horizon much nearer than it had yet appeared, and when I got

1 to the top of a ridge I saw that a great forest of these dwarf trees lay
2 before me, with clearings every here and there, in most of which were
3 what looked like dwellings, and in some of them great gatherings of these
4 dwellings into miniature towns. I thought at first I had surely found the
5 land of Lilliput. I could not remember how Gulliver got there, but I
6 fancied it was by sea: then I had approached by the land-side. If it was
7 Lilliput, which I do not believe however, my experiences were a good deal
8 different from his. I had now to take a good deal more care as I went not
9 to break the trees for they grew in the cracks that had hitherto been my
10 paths, as indeed how could they grow anywhere else where all was hard
11 rock? So I got on the rocks, and stepped over the cracks and the tops of
12 the trees. But now the rocks began to yield. The cracks grew into spaces,
13 and the trees grew in the larger masses of unbroken forest, and as I looked
14 farther into the country I saw that there was cultivated land, but no gleam
15 of water came to my eyes, either as lake or river, or well; and yet the
16 whole region was green. I lay down at the foot of a rock where there was
17 for some reason a small space clear of trees, for I was now weary and
18 thirsty. As it occurred, I lay down on the edge of what was in reality an
19 orchard of miniature fruit-trees, for when my eyes were on a level with the
20 foliage I saw that close to me, within easy reach of my hands was what
21 seemed an apple tree, full of rosiest cheeked apples, only they were not
22 bigger than small cherries. It was a lovely tree, like some toy, of which
23 the fruit was represented by precious stones of varied hues in which red
24 and green predominated. I pulled one and tried if it was eatable. It was
25 delicious. I pulled and ate, and though they were so small, yet on

1 gooseberries I had often made so much of a meal when I was a boy that I
2 could not eat much dinner after. I found them greatly refreshing; and if
3 the fruit did not open my eyes, it cleared them surely, for then, after my
4 thirst more than hunger was assuaged, I became suddenly aware that I was
5 the centre of a dense multitude of beholders, for hearing a little
6 whimpering sound as I threw away the core of an apple I looked down,
7 and there were eyes as the sand on the seashore for multitude looking up at
8 me. A great crowd of little people went stretching away among the trees
9 till I could not see where it ended. The sight of all the eager wondering
10 multitudinous little faces all staring at me made me burst out laughing,
11 whereupon a storm of sweetest prettiest laughter rippled the sea of faces,
12 and the air around us at once. The sound was like the wind in the bells of
13 the heather as one lies amongst it on a hot summer day, only louder and
14 more plainly laughter. They were delighted evidently that I had shown
15 myself friendly by my laughter, whence they responded to it so gladly.
16 They were very small, something in proportion to the smallness of their
17 trees, and the impression they have left on my mind is that their heads
18 were larger in proportion to their bodies than with us--only that may have
19 come from my seeing them so much from above, and not receiving the
20 proper impression from not being on their own level of being. They were
21 faces of all sorts that were turned up to me--but mostly pleasant, for now
22 good humour was prevalent. My glance was lost in their multitude
23 however, and I could tell as little concerning them as I could have told
24 from sending my eyes as far as my sight could reach over such a multitude
25 of upturned faces of the size of my own. After the laugh which went

1 rolling away and reviving with many a returning surge, followed a shout
2 and a waving of hands in the air. Presently there was a scattering and then
3 came, after a few moments, some of their women crowding up to me, with
4 their little aprons full of other kinds of fruit, friendly offerings for the
5 acceptance of the great being who had come to visit them. I found
6 afterwards that they thought I was their deity come down from the sky to
7 show himself to them. Having things I am more anxious to tell while I
8 can, I shall not linger here to set down at full how I fared among these
9 little people. I saw them again afterward. Therefore I will not say how I
10 came to understand them, nor how cleverly and with what painstaking
11 they managed to communicate with me, in a great degree by the exceeding
12 expressiveness of their signs, the whole rooted in the fact of their excelling
13 powers of personification. Every shade of feeling, I had almost said of
14 meaning or intellectual significance, they knew how to put in human
15 shape. Their bodies were perhaps made more plastic than ours--certainly
16 they were more capable somehow of being *informed* by their souls in all
17 their varieties of conscious condition, and I cannot but think that in a
18 higher state of being to which we men hope to attain, there will be a
19 similar enlargement of power or rather a similar intensifying of the
20 relation between soul and body, so that through all the body its
21 movements and changes, and not those of the face only or of the mouth by
22 speech, shall we be able to convey the things in our hearts that need and
23 seek to be conveyed. They made me, before I left, understand them so well
24 that when I went away it was with no weak conviction that I knew in a
25 great measure what sort of people they really were. The general courses of

1 nature were much the same with them as with us, else communication
2 would not after all have been so satisfactory, for all intercourse is founded
3 on sameness with the differences of sameness and not of difference. In the
4 process of learning from them what they thought of me and of my
5 convincing them that there was no essential difference between them and
6 me for that mere size in itself indicated nothing on which I could lay the
7 stress of smallest importance--telling them that they felt just the same
8 amongst their small trees and in their small houses as I and my people who
9 were larger than they felt among our larger trees and in our larger houses, I
10 came upon what they had to tell me concerning the religion of the country
11 which had favoured the mistake they had made concerning me and my
12 involuntary presence in their country. For they told me that there was a
13 tradition through all the country, though whether really believed or not it
14 was hard to say, because nobody made any difference for it, except to call
15 certain trees that were bigger than the rest by a peculiar name, a tradition
16 that at one time there was a great huge man much bigger they thought than
17 even myself who once lived in the country, but who was not in it now— at
18 least so far as they could tell, only the country was larger than any of them
19 knew. There were some, they confessed, who said that he was in the
20 country still and had indeed never gone out of it, only he was never seen
21 now, and went abroad only in the night when they were all asleep and
22 could see and hear nothing. They said he lived on the top of some great
23 mountains away in the south country which were much too high for any of
24 them to climb. Others, but they were philosophers by trade, said he was
25 there still and always, only as some things were too small to be seen and

1 yet were, so this man was too big to be seen and yet he was, but that it did
2 not matter much for if that was true of course they were much too small
3 for his seeing them: there was therefore no relation at all between them,
4 and certainly if there was no other bond than filling at different times
5 portions of the same space, the philosophers might well be in the right.
6 Others said it might be so in part, but they were sure he had to do with
7 certain things that occurred now and then, though not very often. They
8 said that some years before they were born the earth shook and shook as if
9 it had been a great beast quivering with fear--from which had arisen a sect
10 of philosophers who said the earth was an animal, and we lived on it like
11 certain small creatures that, if we do not take care to drive them away, will
12 plant colonies in our persons. But others said it was only the walking of
13 this person through the night. Then in their own memory there had been a
14 great storm of wind that blew down many of their trees and made some
15 parts of the country quite desolate; doubtless that was he with his great
16 breath. "But why should he hurt you so?" I asked. That led to another
17 idea, they said, that was believed by some: they said he did not like them,
18 and showed it every now and then--though in the main he left them alone
19 so much that the thing as stated was hard to understand. Some said he
20 had been very friendly to them once but they had somehow--they did not
21 know how, offended him, and first he had left them and gone out of sight,
22 and sometimes, when the thought of them came to him, he showed his
23 ancient offence by thunder and lightning and wind.--Even then I noticed
24 that they did not mention rain, and I soon found that no rain ever fell in
25 that rocky land, though it did seem to me always when I lay down to sleep,

1 especially when I lay on that ear with which I hear best, that I heard the
2 murmur and babble of many underground waters, hurrying from some-
3 where else--perhaps from the throne of God down into the abyss. I dared
4 not conjecture--but I heard them. And then one by one came out other
5 things that were said about this being whom they neither believed nor
6 disbelieved in. There was even a most remarkable report that, strange as it
7 might seem, all these little people were the actual children of the great big
8 unseen person too big for his own children to see; but that a wicked man
9 had come who was a wizard, and he had said a spell over them, and made
10 them all so small that their father could not any more find them, and that
11 he went about always over the earth looking for them. Some said that they
12 heard and felt the wind of his sighs in the still summer nights as he walked
13 along searching; and they heard the trees rustle as he stooped among them
14 and sent his fingers through searching as if they were like grass to him to
15 see if there were any of his little ones among the roots of them. They said
16 that the summer lightning, for there was no other in that country, were the
17 gleams of his searching lamp as he turned it in their direction; but he had
18 not found them yet and would never find them they thought--they hoped
19 not, for they did not know what he might do to them. He got miserable
20 about them sometimes they said, for they had seen spots on the ground
21 that could be nothing but the tears he shed as he went because he could not
22 find them. "But could you not then do something to help him to find
23 you?" I said. "Ah no--no--he's so big!" they answered; "and then I daresay
24 it is all nonsense." "Has no one of you ever seen him?" I asked. "There
25 again there are some rumours, but never anything but rumours," was the

1 answer. One person said he had seen him standing at sunset with his head
2 up against the middle of the sky, and his arms stretched out in deep
3 blackness over the land, when there arose such a wind that he threw
4 himself on the ground in terror of being blown away, and the trees bent
5 and groaned and sighed all around him as the mighty rushing passed over
6 them, and when it suddenly ceased he raised his eyes and the figure was
7 gone. “That certainly is not much of testimony,” I acknowledged. “For
8 how should those ever bear worthy testimony concerning him, who dared
9 not look him in the face, and would be glad not to see him!” “The only
10 others who have ever said anything about him were children; and children
11 with us are such imaginative little things that no one would be foolish
12 enough to heed what they say.” “What sort of things do they say? Do you
13 remember any of them?” I asked. After some hesitation a woman present
14 said, “My two children came home one day and said they found the big
15 man sitting in the woods. He spoke to them, and they had looked up as
16 high as his knee, and they heard his voice, but could not see his face.” “If
17 they had seen his face you would never have seen theirs,” said another.
18 “You know my children died soon after they came home and said they had
19 seen him!” “Yes, but you know they would play with fire!” There was
20 however one story worth hearing. In it also were two concerned. One
21 came home saying that they saw the big man and he was very kind to
22 them. He took them both up one in each arm, and they saw right into his
23 great big eyes, and there were such lovely pictures in them. “And little
24 brother smiled at him,” said the child, “but I was frightened. Brother put
25 his hands on his face and kissed him; but I tried to get down. Then he set

1 me down, but brother wouldn't let go, and so he carried him away with
2 him, and I came home alone. If he would come again I wouldn't want to
3 be set down. I want to see brother.” As often as he said this the child
4 would cry afresh; for certainly all bore witness that no trace of the child
5 had been discovered. And this made almost all the mothers regard him as
6 an ogre who took as many children as pleased him and carried them away
7 to devour them. I could get no nearer to any religion among them.
8 Neither could I at all persuade them that if there possibly might be such a
9 being, they ought to try to learn about him, or as that did not seem easy, to
10 get to some speech of him, for they might really belong to him though
11 they did not know for certain. Did they not ever cry out to him in the hope
12 that their voices would reach him? But they answered no. They never did
13 that, and indeed all they wanted of him was that he would leave them
14 alone and forget them if he could--at all events that he would not trouble
15 them. And I thought with myself how miserably sad it was if the being
16 were indeed their father and was going about the world in sorrow of heart
17 saying, “All the day I stretch out my hands in vain, and all the night I bend
18 over them but they will not hear, will not see me!” I sought to interest
19 them in the country I had come from. They could not believe me that
20 there were nations of men as big as I was. They heard me and did not
21 show any doubt of my truthfulness, but I found that the old idea was still
22 in possession of their minds, and that to them I was still a prodigy, an
23 exception. I then discovered that they seemed to have no faculty for
24 progress of any kind. Their fertile country provided them with everything.
25 They neither ploughed nor sowed nor reaped but lived on the fruits of the

1 earth. They were a pleasant friendly people without any religion. I saw no
2 sign of their worshipping the earth even as the giver of the plenty that kept
3 them in life. As to the giver of that life, as to the maker of their bodies or
4 the author of their conscious being the only sign they gave of any instinct
5 of the kind was that they turned away with dislike from the notion of the
6 big man--except as I say, one or two of the children who seemed to have
7 had some sort of revelation into which I could not inquire. They were
8 quite satisfied with themselves, with their life and living. As for the
9 universe, they had not a thought beyond this that what came in contact
10 with them was the beginning and end of things. They were because they
11 were: it was enough for them! All was right, nor did they ever doubt that
12 it would keep so. They never even thought how they could do nothing to
13 keep it so. Their rainless waterless country was their perfect condition of
14 life. After I had learned so much of them, I began to find them uninter-
15 esting. Where there was no self-dissatisfaction there was no aspiration.
16 Where there was no goal the race could wake no eagerness. I wondered
17 what it meant, and wondered the most when I lay down at night and heard
18 the sounds of the waters, gurgling and flowing underneath. But the sound
19 of them was very faint. They were far down in the rocky bowels of the
20 earth. All this time I was never thirsty. That is my body was not thirsty.
21 As the trees grew and flourished without visible communion with water,
22 so my body seemed to go on without drought or longing. But it was not so
23 with my mind. That longed for the sight, the coolness, and the motion of
24 the live part of the world. I wondered whether water would not do
25 something for this race of dwarfs. Surely they were not in their natural

1 condition! Surely they were stunted! Everything must be stunted where
2 there was no more than just a keeping alive, and giving birth to the same
3 sort of beings on and on. Was there for them an eternal wandering along
4 dry channels in which no water ran with frolic and strength along to
5 somewhere else? Was there for them no mountain, not even a hill to
6 climb? Was there not even a stair to climb--no tower to ascend--no
7 churchspire that overlooked the land? Their houses, the building of which
8 seemed the sole call for their strength and ingenuity had not even a step up
9 at the door, and were all of but a floor and walls and a roof--not one story
10 above another anywhere. I wandered about but nowhere saw rising
11 ground, nowhere any source or possible storage of water. I could do
12 nothing for them. I must go elsewhere! But whither? My home was lost;
13 my people were I knew not where. I might be in the planet Saturn for
14 aught I knew. Wherever I was for any knowledge or definite hope I had of
15 return or progress, I was but as the people I was about to leave. I might as
16 well be afloat on the roaring ring of Saturn, whose waters, though to our
17 eyes but a calm lucent motionless ring of splendour, rush raving on
18 mountainous conflict of billows ever round and round the far-off spinning
19 planet--a shoreless sea, to escape from whose swiftness, the swiftness that
20 holds it shining aloft in its million-miled circuit, would be to fall into the
21 limitless abyss, without even the support of a tumultuous ocean, perhaps
22 without the attraction of any orb to ensure a swiftening fall and ultimate
23 deliverance from the power of material relation. Yet I lived, and that was
24 a hope if not a pledge that I was not an outcast from the world where life
25 seemed worth having. Had I but one companion of my own kind, I

1 thought, how different would it not be! Walking was a little difficult for
2 fear of damaging their property as I went with my big feet, of whose
3 smallness I had at one time--how far away and how dreamlike that time
4 now--been conceited. The ways were narrow, very narrow, and where
5 there were no ways through the interminable orchards, I could not pass
6 through between the trees. I could step over three or four perhaps at once
7 but it would be to crush down another beyond. And then their leaves were
8 so thick and the children were lying about everywhere! One thing I
9 noticed that, as the children gave their mothers very little trouble of any
10 kind, gathering their food like their education just as it came from the All
11 about them, they did not love them quite so much as many girls love their
12 dolls. They did love them in a way and degree, but when anything
13 happened to any of them such as their dying, which did not seem often to
14 happen--oftener indeed they disappeared--they did not shed more than a
15 very few tears. They did not say like the people of a certain tribe in my
16 world, "Never mind, it will come again;" but they did say another would
17 do as well, and it was therefore wrong to grieve; and that when a thing was
18 gone, it was foolish to treat it as if it were not gone by thinking about it.
19 When I told them I must go, they smiled. "Perhaps another will come!"
20 they answered. I offered to take two of them with me if they would go.
21 But they laughed at the idea. "That would be to 'not' ourselves!" they
22 said. They had not a notion of any form of existence, not even of space
23 beyond the region that held them and their fruit-trees. When I was out of
24 their sight it seemed to them just that I was not. They seemed as having
25 no speculation so to have no imagination. That I had come to them, they

1 knew, but not that I had come from anywhere. I asked them how I had
2 better go to get out of their country without doing more mischief than
3 could not be helped. They did not seem to understand me. So I filled my
4 pockets with all the fruit they would hold and set out one fine morning--all
5 mornings were fine there--after having slept and dreamed well to the
6 music of the underground streams, which were, I found, quite inaudible to
7 the little people. In what direction I set out I do not know. I found myself,
8 when I woke from a reverie, walking, and although I was in a daydream
9 yet stepping carefully. It was only left me to resolve that I would keep in
10 as straight a direction as I could, for then, even if I were going right across
11 the dwarfs' country, I would sooner get out of it than if I went this way and
12 that, constantly hoping to find a shorter way out in some other direction.
13 That would be to resemble the man that never finds his calling in life but
14 goes on changing and changing. And I was glad, after keeping to my
15 resolve throughout a whole day in which I had walked very wearisomely,
16 stepping over some thousands of full grown trees upon my way, to find
17 that I had done even better than I had been able to hope. For as the sun
18 was near his setting I saw before me at last the reflection of his rays from a
19 rugged rocky slope to which I was slowly approaching. The slope was not
20 steep, but chiefly of bare stone, fissured and furrowed and lined with green
21 just as the flatter country through which I had come to the country of the
22 dwarfs. Between the trees and the slope, there was a space of a few yards
23 of the softest greenest moss, and there I lay down to rest myself, for the
24 sun though never very hot in those parts had yet added a little to the
25 weariness of my footfaring--while all the time somewhere in the universe

1 my horse was pawing the question what could have become of his master.
2 The moment my head was down on the moss, I heard the sound of the
3 hidden waters much nearer. They did not seem at half the distance down
4 in the earth. I glanced up at the slope beneath which I lay, and saw or
5 seemed to see plainly enough that I was at the foot of a dry cataract--a
6 phrase, if you will think of it, just as proper as one in commoner use--a
7 dead man; as if it could be a cataract where were only the rocks down
8 which the water had once flowed! and as if there could be a dead man!
9 My heart swelled in me with delight at the thought of the merry lovely
10 delicious tumult that had once laughed in the face of the universe from
11 those dry rocks. Then it was pretty clear that the country I was just
12 leaving behind me had once been a lake or rather had held a lake instead of
13 a forest of dwarf fruit trees, and that all the channels I had walked along or
14 stepped over as I came from the haunted swamp, had once been channels
15 "where the water was want to go warbling." But how the water came now
16 to be underground that I could not tell. Neither did it follow that the
17 underground had not been there all the time before as well as since the
18 upper waters disappeared. Certainly it seemed that if they were to flow
19 once more as they had once flowed the dwarfs and their country would
20 vanish in a week. What the utter lack of water, evidently for ages long,
21 might have to do with the dwarfed stature of the inhabitants, I could not
22 quite see, so long as they were able to live at all without it. But they most
23 likely were associated. It would be impossible to walk along such ground
24 as from the look of the slope I concluded that above to be, in the night
25 would be hardly possible, so I lay still where I was and ate the fruit in my

1 pockets intending to fill them again in the morning. The dew fell heavily
2 in the night, but did me no harm. I woke in the morning as refreshed as
3 damp, and rose to walk eastward and meet the sun. I climbed the slope,
4 along the dry mossy channels, and as I expected upon just such a country
5 as I had walked over to the country of the dwarfs. All day long I walked,
6 and came at length to some tamarisk and juniper trees, after which came
7 stunted firs, and these came quicker and quicker, until at last I found
8 myself in just such a forest of firs as I stepped into from my own door into
9 the wonderland in which I had now been a banished man for so long. A
10 wonderland that delights not is a dreary country, and so I had found it. I
11 wondered if it was possible that I had suddenly dropt down dead, so
12 suddenly that I did not know it, and that I had been wandering to find my
13 place in what they call the world beyond the grave ever since. I seemed to
14 myself to be in just such a body as I had had before, and yet I could
15 perceive, I thought, some differences: I felt no necessity, however, for
16 settling the question. Here I was! Where I was however was of small
17 debatable consequence seeing I did not know in the least where *here* was.
18 It was enough that I was a consciousness with an outlook: the distance of
19 the outlook was a small matter--and now a very small one for I could not
20 tell any more than when I was in the world of my birth what the next hour
21 would bring forth. Here as ere I entered the wood, I walked on and on as
22 nearly in a straight line as I could judge, and as I went I saw signs of the
23 place being kept by the hand to the mind of man. Not that the wildness
24 was in any way interfered with. The same warm brown carpet of
25 needle-leaves was everywhere spread, and the bits of branches lay

1 everywhere ungathered, but the trees had been planted with some approach
2 to regularity, and at equal distances, or nearly so, from the boles, were
3 planted various flowering shrubs of which different kinds of roses were
4 the most numerous. These grew more cared for as I went on so that I
5 could not help hoping that I was coming near to some large house where I
6 might at least meet with something of interest. One of the things that
7 made me think very likely I was not dead was that though I could and did
8 eat and drink when food came in my way, and though sometimes I was
9 quite hungry, I never felt the least anxiety as to how I was to fare in the
10 matter of these necessities. Something to fill my dream was what I
11 wanted. The horror would be to wander thus limited to bare existence,
12 without a friend or companion. I had not once since I entered these
13 regions begun to sing a song, either when waked by the sun or resting in
14 the evening. If I only had a dog that could understand me! Then I began
15 to think how I had been given to loneliness in the world I had left, how I
16 had preferred the company of a book or a pen to that of a live man or
17 woman of my own kind. I had never then learned to come really near to
18 man or woman, but always talked from the surface of my thoughts, and
19 was glad to get off again to my silence and my book. If the author of the
20 book had come along, I should have left him for his book. That might
21 happen to be necessary with some, but it was in any case to prefer the dead
22 thought to the live one, the thing thought to the thing thinking. A man is
23 more than the greatest of books. So perhaps now, I thought, I am left
24 without a human presence that I may learn what “made in the image of
25 God” means. As I went on the wood thinned away a little. The trees were

1 larger and sent great stems up like columns that might support the dome of
2 the heavens. The shrubs between were now all great rose trees, and they
3 were gorgeous. Suddenly, I spied, as I looked far forward through the
4 wood what looked like a great house or castle, but it was so undefined
5 both in form and colour that I could not be sure about it. Neither as I came
6 nigher did I grow more certain as to what it was. At length however I
7 stood in front of it. Now to this day I cannot quite tell you what it was, but
8 it seemed a ruin, everywhere and throughout overgrown with ivy, the ivy
9 intermingled with various blossoms of other plants that hung in it thick. It
10 almost looked as if the ivy had devoured the building from which it had
11 gathered its own shape, and now stood by the self support of its own
12 interlacing. At the porch, there were plainly however the stones of the
13 doorstep, lintel and sideposts; but when I entered, I saw to be sure the stair
14 that led at once to a higher level or what seemed such a stair; but the
15 twistings of the ivy were such about the individual stones that the ivy
16 seemed to support them and not they the ivy. In parts there was nothing to
17 step upon but lacing ivy branches, and then would come a stone or two
18 again. It grew plain to me that the ivy was a terrible sucking sycophant
19 and had devoured the building by whose help it grew. What can there now
20 be in such a place, I thought but birds. What a splendid place for their
21 nests where the foot of man no more can find safe support. All the same I
22 was going up and up myself as I said.

23 The stair conducted me to the first-floor of what had been a great house
24 indeed. The rooms were large and lofty, but broken in every direction, and
25 the breaches filled with a solid darning of ivy. It was a picture of life in

1 death, of a destroying life that lived by the loss of its companion. I
2 thought how many partnerships in the world I had left were like it. I had
3 to give great good heed where I set my feet. Then I came upon another
4 stair, rather more solid than the former, and up this I went easily to a
5 second floor much like the first; and from that again I ascended to the
6 garrets of the building, where I found, in a largish room, almost roofless
7 but for the canopy of ivy leaves and other leaves and flowers mingled with
8 it, a large bed in one corner, upon which some hangings of cloth of gold
9 yet showed that it had once been a state bed in the house, and had been in
10 its old age sent up to the garret, where it had already all but outlasted the
11 house itself. Strange to say it was prepared with both wool and linen
12 coverings as if for the reception of a guest. It could hardly be for me, I
13 thought. Yet what harm if I threw myself across the foot of it and rested
14 for a bit. No very fastidious guest surely would accept the shelter of such
15 a strange bedroom of such dangerous access. I obeyed the impulse and
16 threw myself upon it. I could now see all the tracery of the branches and
17 leaves over my head. I saw the flowers growing dark for the sun was
18 down and the darkness was gathering. In a few moments I saw the first
19 star hanging like a topaz in the leaves, and soon the whole canopy of my
20 room was like a tree in Aladdin's cave, where the fruit was of jewels, for it
21 was sparkling with stars some of them throbbing now one colour now
22 another, a thing I had never seen in the country I had lost except when the
23 star was within a few degrees of the horizon. The night closed down as I
24 watched the nests above me, and the little heads that now and then shot out
25 over their edges with their bright peering eyes were all drawn in, and after

1 a few faint chirpings they all went to sleep. But there were flutterings here
2 and there among the branches, for an owl would come sailing out. I could
3 not see him except he came fairly between me and the sky right above me,
4 but I often felt the cool waft of his silent wings through the room. No one
5 came to take my bed from me, and I fell asleep. I was waked at midnight
6 by a great noise of revelry. It came from below. The room where I was
7 revealed nothing. I carefully felt my way to the stair and stole down, and
8 as I went the sounds grew clearer yet more tumultuous. Down another
9 stair I felt my way with hand and foot carefully scouting till I reached the
10 great room at the head of the first stair. I peeped in at the door, and what a
11 sight it was. I saw a splendid room, filled with gorgeously dressed men
12 and gracefully robed women, all mingling in old time dances one after the
13 other, the minuet, the pavin and the hay, the coranto, the Cavolta, with
14 right hearty dancing. I was at first so dazzled with the lights and the
15 shining of the jewels they wore that I could see nothing of their faces but
16 the flashing of their eyes. But presently a mist seemed to fall from my
17 eyes, for I saw their faces, if faces they could be called. What a sight it
18 was, what a horror, and what a discord with the music and the motion. For
19 every face was of bone that carried no covering of flesh, the face of a
20 skeleton, with its bare jaws, truncated nose, and lipless disclosure of teeth,
21 grinning as at the wide universe, while, most fearful of all, the eyesockets
22 were not empty, but in every one of them shone a living eye. From out the
23 wreck of the face shone every colour of eye, and every expression of
24 character and feeling that eye could have shown in a live frame. The
25 beautiful proud eye dark and lustrous, seeming to condescend to

1 everything on which it bent was perhaps the most terrible; the languishing
2 eye was the most repellent, while the sad eye was at one with its setting,
3 sad exceedingly, sad with an infinite sadness. I went nearer; I walked
4 about among them. Visionary or real they took no notice of me. What
5 they were to each other I knew not, but I thought they did not see each
6 other as I saw them but as each thought of self. They were different from
7 those I had counted live men and women in this: that they did not know
8 they had no faces over their skulls and the living do not know that they
9 have skulls behind their faces. I concluded that everything seemed to
10 them as they had seen it in life. To them the floor on which they danced
11 was solid, not broken masonry the holes in which were filled with the
12 tracery of climbing plants. It looked solid even to me for moments when I
13 was among them, but I soon found I had to heed my steps. I was no
14 obstruction to their motions, but every one seemed to affect me in an
15 individual manner as he or she passed around or through me I could not
16 tell which. Is there, thought I, a fifth, a sixth, any number of dimensions,
17 that so many worlds can coexist, and so little influence each other? Is
18 there material of which many other senses we have not are yet cognizant?
19 May there be a hundred orders of beings alive in the same space and each
20 individual with abundance of liberty? How unlike this world, I thought, in
21 which I have been moving of late! How like yet how unlike the world I
22 have left behind. Is it their doom for their folly in the days of their earthly
23 being that they must meet thus? Or is it their folly still that will persist in
24 endeavouring to draw the good of life from the bones of death? How long
25 will it thus endure? Will they ever learn to love and so become wise?

1 Alas, I knew not much my own heart as I questioned and spoke! What
2 added to the horror of the sight in my eyes was their hair remained
3 uninjured. It was dressed in the fashions of the time, and lay lovely in
4 itself, but loathsome on the white bones of the forehead, the temples, the
5 cheeks. The ears were there and the diamonds glittered and the pearls
6 glimmered in many a tip that was “the jewel of the ear”; while various
7 gems glowed and flashed from the night of raven locks, from the sunrise
8 of golden tresses, or from the moonlight of pale vaporous interwoven
9 curls--from beneath each of which, with immodest self-assertion gleamed
10 the ivory bones--some clear white, others creamy or yellow with age. As,
11 thought I, it were well for some that they thought of the scaffolding of
12 their beauty--a scaffold that stands when the walls are gone! I looked at
13 their feet. The dresses were short and I saw the dainty, silk clothed instep
14 domed like the temple of the dance; I saw the ankle that told the symmetry
15 of the leg; I looked above and saw the white shoulders and neck, perfect
16 halfway up, and then beginning to wither into the pedestal of the skull-
17 face. The music grew wilder, the dance faster and faster, the eyes glowed
18 and gleamed, when suddenly a warm wind that grew stronger swept
19 through the hall and blew out the lights. But the glow of their eyes yet
20 gave light enough with the help of the starry heavens for me to see that it
21 was melting the forms around me, for the flesh was peeling in flakes from
22 their bones, and dropping like rain on the floor, while the whole white
23 skeleton was emerging from garment and flesh together. A shiver went
24 through the assembly; the lamps of their eyes went out, and I stood alone,
25 or seemed to stand alone amid the broken stones and the cold glimmer of

1 the ivy-leaves while an owl went sweeping silently through the skeleton of
2 the great silent empty room where for anything I knew those hundreds
3 whom I had ceased to see might be dancing on still in a region to me more
4 inaccessible than the heaven of heavens. I had felt no fright, had not for a
5 moment been discomposed. The country itself had prepared me for
6 anything. Whoever is able and therefore intended to cross its threshold
7 must leave fear behind him or be lost. But I can claim no merit of my
8 courage. As the region of my birth had forsaken me so had fear gone from
9 me. The power that sent me hither had given me the armour needful for
10 the country-- fearlessness, for surely the most dangerous thing in the world
11 is fear--save of one power, and that is Evil. But I felt disinclined to remain
12 where I was any longer. I had slept, and now sleep was quite gone from
13 me. I descended the remaining stair, and went out into the wood,
14 resuming my walk as nearly as I could judge keeping the same direction in
15 which I had come. The moon was just rising, a battered crescent, looking
16 weary of her own constant round of change. She was listless and
17 dispirited. Not a cloud was near her to keep her company, and the stars
18 were too bright and happy: she did not care for them. She seemed to say:
19 "Is the world going to last for ever?" I felt something of the same, and
20 seemed to walk along in an uninteresting dream, in which I knew only the
21 moonlight and the tiresomeness. I walked with my eyes bent on the
22 ground, looking hardly on this side or on that, when seeing something
23 sideways lying at the foot of a tree, I was interested just enough to cast a
24 clearer glance in that direction. It was something white, and had a look of
25 human shape about it. There was just enough of level quarter moonlight to

1 show, as it fell upon it that it was something different in colour from the
2 brown earth. I went nearer. I went up to it. I knelt beside it. Yes; it was
3 the body at least of a human being. Was it alive? I could not tell. It
4 seemed quite dead. I laid my hand upon the face. It was cold as that of a
5 corpse-- with that more and other than stony coldness there are few that do
6 not know. It was naked, and worn so, either with want or sickness that at
7 first I thought it must be one of the company I had so lately seen at the
8 wild dance. It was not a skeleton, but so nearly one that even in that dim
9 light I could have counted every bone of the ribs, and the whole contour of
10 the skeleton was as visible as if there had been but elastic leather drawn
11 over it. I found it was the body of a woman. How could she have come
12 there in such a condition? There was no sign of the decay of death about
13 her. All that wasting was the wasting of life not of death. My natural
14 reverence for whatever had been a woman's, her earthly garment most of
15 all, compelled me to stand and consider. How could I leave it, possibly to
16 the gaze of irreverent eyes, or the dishonour of brutal indifference?
17 Beasts, if such were here, though as yet I had seen none, might tear it to
18 pieces or devour it, before "the friendly rains" could wash it into the soil!
19 But what could I do. The ground was hard with the roots of trees, and I
20 had no tools with which to fashion a grave. And even as I said so,
21 something said it might be she was still alive. But if she were, was it at all
22 likely that she would live? Certainly not if I did not do something to help
23 the life in her. I had in my pocket a bunch of the grapes I had found
24 hanging from the airy bedroom I had occupied in the spectral castle--but I
25 could not bear the thought of squeezing the juice into the mouth of a

1 corpse. I must see more closely if there was any sign of life about her. I
2 put my hands under the sharp bony shoulders, and raised the body a little.
3 The leaves were not quite so cold that were under her. If she was dead,
4 she had not died so very long ago, and there was no indication of decay
5 about her. I laid my hand against her heart, but there was not motion at
6 least that I could discern, nor was there any sound or sign of breathing. I
7 laid the form down again to think, for I was sorely bewildered. This might
8 be the very thing I had come there for, but how was I to tell? What was I to
9 do? Glad I was however that I had nothing else to do, that no known duty
10 was calling me away from the office of helper, if here there was anything
11 to help. I observed as I stood looking down on the cause and object of my
12 perplexity, that I had laid it so that one of the hands was uncomfortably
13 beneath the body. At least I could right that! I raised it again and drew it
14 out. Then I noticed that the bony hand was clenched hard like a fist, and
15 that it seemed to hold something. I looked closer, and saw that there was
16 something in the hand— not very small, but I could not see what it was or
17 how big. I tried then with both mine to open the hand, but could not. It
18 seemed one solid piece so firmly were the fingers closed. But as I still
19 tried, it seemed to me that I felt more than once the slightest movement of
20 active resistance to my efforts, whereupon I desisted, and with a glimmer
21 of something that could hardly be called hope, I began to treat the body as
22 something that might yet live. I squeezed a grape into the mouth, but there
23 was no sign of swallowing. Then I took off my garments and put all my
24 under clothing, warm from my person, upon her, then gathered a quantity
25 of dry pine-needles and covered it right over in the hope of bringing some

1 warmth into it. That done, I tried another grape, but still there was no sign
2 of swallowing. The juice however was, I thought, in the mouth, and might
3 find its way down. I doubt if in the country that had left me I should have
4 had the hope to persevere so long, but I knew that the same laws did not
5 hold in everything of this country, therefore, just because I did not know I
6 would and could go on. I was not like some who make the fact of their
7 ignorance a plea for doing nothing at all. Then I sat down beside the form,
8 corpse or woman, I could not tell, until the day should dawn, and perhaps
9 bring with it some knowledge of what I had better do. It was drawing
10 toward sunrise, and the moon was gone down, when I caught sight of
11 something moving in the leaves not far from me. Presently I saw that they
12 were two snakes slowly moving across the line along which I looked as I
13 sat. They never looked toward us, but kept a line straight on. A little
14 later two rabbits or hares, I could not in the dim light tell which went past
15 us a little farther off, but apparently moving in the same direction. A
16 moment more and two deer went thitherward, wherever that thither was.
17 Again a while, and what seemed to me like two quite small bears, and then
18 three or four foxes. Then long bodied things of the weasel and pole-cat
19 kind darted past. These were followed by small flights of doves and
20 sparrows and woodpeckers and squirrels and monkeys. So that I began to
21 wish very much to know what it could be that was drawing them all
22 seemingly in one direction. But I would not leave the body yet to go and
23 see lest some of the animals, particularly the bears or monkeys might
24 meddle with it. But all through the night I had heard no cries, certainly no
25 roaring of larger and more dangerous animals, so that I was not very

1 anxious. I sat therefore until the sun should rise. Once I put my hand into
2 the heap of pine-leaves, and could not help thinking that the thermometer
3 had I had a thermometer would have stood a quarter of a degree higher,
4 only of such a small difference I could not be certain. I was certain of this,
5 however, that that heat that comes of being covered must be a generated
6 heat, and that if you covered a corpse with all the blankets in the world it
7 would not grow warm--except by the change of decay, and that I could not
8 believe was there. So my hope grew a little, by about as slow and
9 uncertain degrees as the warmth grew in that heap. I longed for the
10 sunlight that I might be doing something, for my body was threatening to
11 be as cold soon as that I was trying to warm if I did not get up and move
12 about. At length the east level through the boles of the trees began to grow
13 clearer, to light up to glow with golden promise, and then the sun looked
14 up, with his great innocent glory, and I rose too, and going to the heap,
15 withdrew the pine-leaves from the face, and looked to see whether I was
16 the miser of a great treasure, or the owner of a case of jewels, the box
17 whence the rarities were gone. Alas, she lay as motionless as when I
18 found her. But now first I saw the face--ah how drawn and hollow! how
19 sharp on the bones, and how the teeth seemed to show through the lips, a
20 little parted. But it was not a face like those I had seen in the night. The
21 outer garment of the human was still there, and yet it might be that the bird
22 was in the nest. I covered up her face again, and set out to see whether
23 there might not be some help where all the creatures had gone trooping at
24 the hour of dawn. I could follow the tracks here and there of the different
25 animals through the pine needles. I saw them converge and meet and go on

1 in one trail. And as I went the trees grew fewer, and the grass appeared
2 between them, and by and by the forest ceased and a great expanse of
3 loveliest grass appeared, stretching away to the very horizon, a very
4 paradise for cattle and sheep but none such appeared. Still the trail led me
5 on, and I came at length to a deep stream that flowed through the meadow
6 not more than three feet wide, and about the same depth. I stooped to
7 drink, but found it was very hot and had a somewhat strange, but not
8 altogether unpleasant metallic taste. I found afterward that there must be
9 arsenic in it. Here at least was warmth--heat in plenty, and possibly
10 healing. Anyhow the banks showed that plenty of birds and animals came
11 thither to drink, and what all kinds of creatures drank of could hardly be
12 hurtful to human beings. It was not nice, and I was not thirsty having had
13 plenty of fruit, so I did not drink, but returned at once to my care. Taking
14 her from her temporary grave I raised her in my arms, and carried her the
15 way I had just come. She was tall, but little weight, for there was little
16 more than bone left; so I had no difficulty in carrying her lying like a child
17 across my arms: I feared to hurt her by carrying her in a more convenient
18 way for myself. I made haste with her for I could not protect her from the
19 currents of air as I went. I reached at length the bank of the stream. It was
20 too hot to lay her in it, lest the shock should be too great; so I laid her
21 down on the bank, and with my handkerchief proceeded to bathe the poor
22 wasted, gaunt form from head to foot in the water as hot as I could lift,
23 filling my shirt with it like a sponge. So wasted was she I could not tell
24 whether she was young or old except that the plentifulness and colour of
25 her hair a dark burnt brown declared her not beyond middle age. Her eyes

1 were closed, but not quite. There was a little opening between the lids as
2 if over that horizon the sun of her life might yet look forth, but now it
3 made her seem but the more deathlike. Indeed as I went on bathing the
4 poor bones I was hardly able even to hope that any breath would return or
5 that they would ever stand up to be a watchtower whence the soul might
6 look out over the world once more. I had to keep bathing her fast that no
7 part might have time to get cold while I bathed the other. It seemed very
8 hopeless to go on, but who could tell how things might go where so many
9 things went differently from the ways of the world that had left me! There
10 was no sign or motion, but the body did gradually get so much warmer
11 that I ventured at last to get into the stream, which ran slowly here, and
12 take her with me into the water. Holding up her head I thought to let her
13 float with the slow sway of the stream, but the rest of her sank to the
14 bottom and so I let her lie, holding up her head and shoulders, but only her
15 face above the water. After about ten minutes, I laid her again on the
16 bank, got out, and having dried her as well as I could, I put on her all my
17 clothes except the wet shirt, and running back to the wood brought
18 pine-needles by armfuls enough to keep in the warmth. The bank of the
19 stream was very dry and warm from the heat of the water. Then I ran up
20 the course of it to see if there might not be some covert next its source if
21 that were within my ken. All the time she had kept her left hand firmly
22 closed upon the something that was in it, and I was too much occupied
23 with her life to think of discovering the nature of the one possession she
24 had. I had not to go very far to find the source of the stream. The horizon
25 in that direction was occupied with distant hills, which sank slowly down

1 till within half a mile of where I stood, and at my feet was the final rocky
2 gasp of the hills in a rugged heave of the ground: behind me all was level
3 plain, through which the stream floated serenely away. It issued from a
4 little rocky cave which looked as if from level to level of the hills behind it
5 the water had been trying to get out and had at last been able only by the
6 failure of the hills to confine it any longer. It was but a little cave from
7 which it burst, and at first I thought it was not large enough to give shelter
8 to the dead one of us; but creeping in through the narrow opening, I found
9 that there were several big stones that I could roll out of it, and thus make
10 a little more room. Indeed if I could but find broken boughs strong
11 enough in the wood, I might lay them across the stream, which having no
12 confluents issued at the same size from the very heart of the rock that
13 formed the back of the cave, and thus make a bed on which she could lie
14 comfortably, and here there would be no danger from cold. If I could but
15 bring her back to life she would be warm enough to nourish the life in this
16 cave of the hot river. I would run back and see how she fared, and then
17 run to the wood to gather some of the fallen boughs. I found her lying just
18 as I left her. The heat had not brought her to life but neither had it
19 developed any sign that was against hope. I gathered a few small boulders
20 that had apparently rolled hither from the hills on some temporary torrent,
21 put them in the water to get hot, and then placed them on both sides of the
22 body. I then ran at full speed to the wood, and had not to go much into it
23 before I had gathered plenty of branches for my purpose, with bunches of
24 their dry and dried leaves still clinging to them. With these I went back to
25 the cave a shorter way, and had soon succeeded in constructing the bridge

1 over the torrent that was to be a bed of recovery or confirm the death of
2 what might be my neighbour or but her rejected garment. I then went back
3 to where I had left her or her body lying. I will say her now as easier to
4 use. I gathered her up in my arms, holding her close to me to keep her
5 warm. But the air was not cold, and indeed all the time I was there,
6 though it was never too hot, and the sun was sometimes clouded over it
7 was never cold any more than in the Sandwich Islands. But so near to a
8 skeleton was my burden that I was seized with a fear that after all I held in
9 my arms one of the dancers of that strange night, and that when I laid her
10 down, I should see that the head then leaning against mine was in truth a
11 fleshless skull. It was a relief to find that the face was as I had seen it
12 hitherto not indeed in contour far from a skull, but the difference made all
13 the difference between possible life and certain death. I had to lay her
14 down and get into the cave first, and then draw her in as gently as I could.
15 I then laid her down across the hot stream that rushed full and plentiful
16 from the rock, covered her over with the softest pine leaves I could find,
17 and now put on myself the outer garments she could do without, for it
18 would be now impossible she should miss them. I then tried her with
19 another grape. To my joyful hope I found I could open her mouth to put it
20 in. There it lay unheeded by consciousness or will, but I hoped some of its
21 life-juice might find its way down into her body. In other respects the
22 only change was that she was now no longer cold. It was not just like the
23 warmth of life, but I reasoned that if she were not alive the heat that I had
24 placed her in would work the changes that follow death. So there I sat
25 down, and there I sat day after day, night after night, seven long days and

1 nights waiting what would come. I felt as Adam might when he woke
2 from the deep sleep into which he had been cast, if he found, instead of the
3 live lovely Eve gazing down upon him, such a body as I now had lying
4 motionless beside me, picture and symbol of the death of which he knew
5 nothing yet. For, only think, I had not seen one of my own kind since I
6 saw the sexton and his wife, and their great stores of the dead, and the last
7 I had seen of them was as a raven and a dove. I had nothing to do, nothing
8 to interest me, no ambition from sheer ignorance of the state of the life in
9 which I found myself, of what went before it, and what might or could be
10 coming after it. Of the country in which I was I knew nothing and seemed
11 to have little enough ground for hope. But here by my side lay a wasted
12 form, of which I could at the least say I was not sure that she might not
13 live and be one to whom my soul could speak. Then first I knew what
14 solitude what loneliness meant. I knew that a man was as no man who had
15 no company but himself--that only by the reflex from others upon him
16 could a man attain to the genuine individuality which is the idea of a man.
17 I had a prevision of what it was yet many years before I came really to
18 understand, that man to be a true man and capable of spending any time
19 alone, must have had the education that a whole world of his fellows could
20 give, and that that was not enough without something more. Had I not
21 then had that hope, however it might be a hope to disappoint, had I not had
22 it then, I do not know how I should have kept alive. If I had not slain
23 myself, I see nothing else but that I should by slow degrees have sunk to
24 be one of those that came trooping through the wood of a morning to drink
25 the waters of the hot stream that flowed through the land. The dream of a

1 woman to be my mate and friend was enough through all that dreary time
2 to keep away the fiends of hopelessness, and make it possible for me to
3 continue to be a man--a man with an object in life, a present purpose and
4 the lambent intermission of a great glowing hope. In vain I endeavour to
5 express what I mean. The soul of man cannot breathe its own atmosphere
6 without degenerating into less than a man. In a word to love one's
7 neighbour can alone keep a man alive to love anything. Every morning I
8 put a fresh grape in the mouth of the woman, taking away what was
9 unconsumed. For every day I left her for a time to seek the environs of the
10 shattered castle, and gather of the grapes and other fruits that grew
11 untended there. Upon these I found I could live very well, and almost
12 began to think that much of the evil in the world that had left me must
13 come from eating things that were less fitted for the organism of man than
14 these about me. But then I forgot that the whole system of things was
15 different here. Still there might be something in it. I kept to the grapes,
16 however, as being the fittest for the woman. At length one night a curious
17 thing happened. When I woke in the morning, I found that my hand was
18 painful, and looking at it I found that I had been bitten in the night, and the
19 back of my hand was much swollen. In the centre of the swelling was a
20 triangular puncture which looked like the bite of a leech. I concluded that
21 some sort of snaky creature had got into the cave, and had done it. I
22 remembered that I had seen some on their way to the hot stream that
23 morning in the wood. As the day went on it grew better, and I thought no
24 more about it. Surprised however I was when I found in the evening that
25 the swelling had quite gone down and that the wound was almost healed. I

1 had searched the little cave, turning over every stone where it seemed as if
2 any creature might be coiled beneath; searched all the couch where my
3 companion lay lest something might hurt her, but found nothing, nor the
4 slightest trace of anything. As the days went on now, I could not help
5 becoming aware, and with what a rush of glad hope the first perception of
6 the fact dawned upon me, that the sharp edges of her skeleton form had
7 begun to disappear. Oh joy! there must be life or there could be no
8 growth! The tide that had been asleep such a long interval in the ocean of
9 life, had begun again to flow. Its first rising ripple showed in the bones of
10 her neck. Like a rock on the sea shore betwixt sea and land there was a
11 thin pellicle of water covering its bareness. I now watched in the hope of
12 verifying that which might only be a hope, watched so closely that the
13 very closeness would have prevented me from distinguishing the gradual
14 change. I had to make the effort of recalling what I could remember of
15 what she had been, and every time I did so I was sure she had made
16 progress; and yet every day would the fear return that I had been misled by
17 my anxiety and eagerness to believe. So another week passed, and then
18 came a night when I could not sleep. I rose at last, thinking I would go out
19 into the open air. The moon was shining and the bright air sent some light
20 into the cave. Naturally the first thing when I got up was to look at my
21 charge. Oh bliss eternal! thought I, do I see her eyes? I looked nearer.
22 Great dark orbs, like globes cut from another night, that not illumined by
23 any star, shone from the dim spot where she lay, and seemed to light up
24 the cave. I bent over her. I could not speak. My heart beat so that I feared
25 it would break all the machine of my body in pieces. Then I saw that they

1 were closed, and was in doubt whether it was not some illusion caused by
2 the longing of my endless hope that had made me see my heart's desire
3 where it was not and never would be. I did not go out. I lay down again
4 and wept, but whether from hope or disappointment I could not, I think,
5 have told. Certainly I did not question my feeling as to what it was. I
6 presume it was the reaction from the overpowering gladness, mingled with
7 the doubt whether in that gladness there was any ground of reality. So
8 exhausted was I by the feeling that I fell fast asleep. That night I was
9 bitten again, just as before. Everywhere I searched, but could find nothing
10 to account for the wound, which was of the same peculiar form as before.
11 I concluded at length that there was some large creature of the leech kind
12 that lived in the hot stream, and came out now and then, and had both
13 times bit me, sucking a wound and then my blood as does a leech. I
14 fancied indeed that I felt as if I had lost blood, though there was no sign of
15 bleeding about my ground or the place on the floor of the cave where I had
16 been lying. The place was swollen as before--but only a little, and the
17 wound as before, was nearly well before night. But had the woman really
18 opened those glorious eyes upon me, or had she not? The very possibility
19 involved a new care, brought a new difficulty: what was I to do to clothe
20 her if she were indeed going to rise as from the dead. Then I remembered
21 the bed on which I had thrown myself for the night in the ruined castle.
22 Thither I took my way as I did almost every day. I climbed to the roof,
23 and entered the little room. It was plain it had not been slept in since I was
24 there. No one would ever claim that furnishing! I wondered that I had not
25 thought of it before, but it was well. Those sheets and woollen things

1 would make quite good garments for her--if only we had the implements.
2 The way however would show itself! When I returned with the spoil and a
3 fresh supply of fruit, she lay as before, but when I put a grape within her
4 lips, she made a slight motion to receive it, and to my delight swallowed it
5 by slow degrees, sucking it apart. Then my joy rose full grown. I knew
6 that indeed she lived. For another week there was no sign, except that I
7 was now sure she was growing in flesh--fairer and fatter, though the
8 progress was slow. But I never once saw her eyes open, and greatly
9 doubted yet whether I had really seen them on that one occasion. I was
10 still every now and then, it seemed to me at regular or nearly regular
11 intervals, annoyed by the same sort of bite or puncture, now in one part of
12 my person, now in another, generally neck or arm, and my constantly
13 renewed endeavour to find the creature that did it was as unavailing as
14 before. I certainly suffered a little in strength in consequence, but not very
15 seriously. It could hardly be, I thought, from any great loss of blood, but
16 then fruit was not the best food to restore any such loss however slight.
17 We should, I trusted, before long, be able to forsake the place altogether,
18 and set out on our travels together, and then the annoyance would cease.
19 After all what did it signify! What was such a trifle when, visibly before
20 my eyes, death was passing into life, and a soul gathering strength out of
21 the wells of the infinite to be my companion, and deliver me from the hell
22 of my loneliness! I now had plenty of occupation to fill up the long
23 intervals of my much too easy task of nursing. I was employing all the
24 ingenuity of which I was master, to prepare garments that she might put on
25 the moment she desired to do so. Happily I had a useful knife in my

1 pocket. I drew threads out of the sheets, and the points of aloe-leaves, a
2 few plants of which grew on the borders of the forest made me wonder-
3 fully good needles, except that they made much too large holes for the
4 small thread that followed to occupy them. However from two blankets I
5 made a very wearable jacket and petticoat, and then of one of the sheets
6 made something like a long Greek chiton, and of the other, which was
7 easiest of all to make, something very like a Greek pharos, to wear above
8 all. I was very much pleased with my own handiwork. The stitches to be
9 sure were of the largest, but I took care they should be well fastened, and
10 as I had plenty of time, and a small strip of the linen gave me a good many
11 threads, I even embroidered the shoulders of the chiton in a thin rough
12 fashion, remembering some work I had seen taken from an Egyptian
13 coffin. Then came the difficulty about her feet. But I soon bethought me
14 of something that would do, I thought. On the borders of the wood, along
15 with the aloes grew some bushes of the prickly pear. I knew what the
16 inside of the ugly leaves of this was like--its layers of the netted fibre and
17 pulp. I got out a good many of the reticulations, and fastened them
18 together in every direction both with fibres of its own and with linen
19 yarns, then covered them with pieces of woollen substance, drawing all
20 close together with as many threads as it would hold. Then I cut off the
21 tops of my boots, and fitted the leather to the one side of them sewing it on
22 firmly in the same way--so that there was what seemed to me a very fair
23 sort of sandals, which tied to her feet with strips of sheet or blanket,
24 whichever might seem best upon trial might I hoped serve to protect her
25 feet until we should reach some place inhabited by people more or less of

1 our own kind. And still as I worked for her she seemed to be growing
2 more and more ready to receive and use the things I had been so long
3 making. All this time the hot stream was flowing underneath her, the
4 warm air from its surface rose and filled the cavern, and when I touched
5 the body that lay over it, I could not but believe that the evident warmth
6 that was now to be felt in it was from within itself in part as well as from
7 the heat of the river. One night I woke feeling breathless and faint, and
8 sorely in need of fresh air. What was my delighted amazement when I
9 saw, yet scarcely saw, in the pale morning light that filled the place, a tall
10 gleaming form, which immediately sought refuge in the couch it seemed
11 to have but just left. "I have caught the vile creature," said a sweet, rather
12 feeble voice, "and killed it." With what seemed to myself at the moment a
13 praiseworthy presence of mind I answered so as not to cause her any
14 embarrassment, "What creature?" "The creature," it answered, "that was
15 sucking your blood." I felt then that the blood was trickling down the
16 inside of my arm, and knew that that was the cause of my faintness.
17 "What is it like?" I asked. "A horrid gray leech," she answered, "inches
18 long. I have thrown it into the river." "Ah!" I returned, "I fear it will only
19 be too comfortable there, and will come again!" I was vexed with myself
20 the instant I had said it. "I am very sorry," she answered. "I heard you
21 moaning and got up to see what it was. There was the horrid thing sucking
22 at your arm which lay bare. I snatched it away at once, and then was in
23 such a fright at it that I threw it from me and it plashed into the water."
24 "Never mind. We'll kill it next time!" I answered. "Thank you for
25 delivering me." I was astonished at my being able to restrain myself as I

1 did. Surely it would have been more natural had I burst into a passionate
2 welcome from death into life! What was it that made me able, even for
3 her sake, to keep composed in manner, if not quite so composed in feeling.
4 It was this--the perplexity at her coolness, at her taking my sleeping
5 presence as a matter of course, at her having done what was needful for
6 my deliverance from the reptile without waking me, or at least doing
7 anything intended to wake me. Her manner was as if she had known me
8 for days and weeks at least, while now first I knew with certainty that she
9 was rescued from death, and that my patience was rewarded with success.
10 I rose to my feet, but whether from having lost blood or from agitation and
11 excitement, I turned faint and fell. When I came to myself, I lay in the
12 couch she had left. We seemed all at once to have changed places. The
13 sun was up, and the cave was full of light. She was dressed in the
14 garments I had prepared for her, grand at once and graceful as a goddess,
15 with her pale, almost colourless face, and the same glorious eyes I thought
16 I had seen open once to rival the darkness of primeval night. She looked
17 at me inquiringly. There was no emotion of any kind in the look--only a
18 simple questioning. "Would you mind letting me get up?" I said. "By all
19 means," she answered. "I suppose I must creep through that hole?" "That
20 is how I brought you in," I answered. "You brought me! Why?"
21 "Because I found you lying dead, as it seemed in the neighbouring wood,
22 and worn to a skeleton, apparently with hunger.--Tell me how you came to
23 be there." "Did you bring me to life?" "I did. I have been trying to do so
24 for the last three months, I think, and only now do I seem to have
25 succeeded. But I cannot understand how it has come about so suddenly at

1 the last!” “Did you find me in these clothes?” “No; those I made for you
2 as well as I could to be ready when you should come to yourself.” “Where
3 are my own?” “You had none. If it had not been that I found this hot
4 spring, I could never have recovered you from the deadly cold.” She
5 turned her pale face from me, and with the ease of a strong woman passed,
6 not ungracefully, through the narrow difficult entrance and left me to get
7 up and put on what clothes I had. I was a little disappointed. I do not
8 think I was looking much for thanks, but I was discouraged, and some-
9 thing of my sense of loneliness returned when I found that she showed so
10 little interest in me. If she did not like my having found her in such a
11 plight, yet had I not delivered her from the death that the condition
12 implied. She did not know how reverently I had handled her, how like a
13 father left with a motherless child I had tended and ministered to her
14 during her life in the very arms of death--or was it not rather her death in
15 the arms of life? I had, knowing only our utter loneliness save for each
16 other, been building on the assured hope of her loving me, and holding by
17 me in our desolate condition. And might it not be so yet? Such glorious
18 beauty could not be without a heart beneath it, however deep it might be
19 hidden!--The deeper hidden, the truer! I should call back her heart as I had
20 called back her life! I said all this as I was preparing to join her. Then I
21 stooped and drank of the hot water with its curious taste, and washed in it,
22 and went out to join her. I could not at first see her anywhere. Then I
23 descried her half a mile away, climbing a slope to the north, and walking
24 swiftly, as if she knew perfectly whither she was bound. I started after her.
25 Whether from dread of losing her, oh how much more suddenly than I had

1 found her, or that the water I had drunk had given me unexpected strength,
2 I do not know, but my faint sleepy weariness was gone, and, I seemed to
3 myself to follow light as the wind and confident of overtaking her. Nor in
4 this was I disappointed; but we had passed, I should judge, over about five
5 miles, before I actually came up with her. She seemed indeed to be using
6 all her strength and speed to escape me, unwilling as I was to believe it,
7 and not once did she look around though by her motions she seemed
8 perfectly aware that I was coming nearer to her. But in all her movement
9 there was swiftness rather than haste. She moved, to my love-sight, like
10 one of the goddesses of the Greeks on her way to the rescue of one of her
11 human favorites. Alas that favourite was not myself! Away, away she
12 was bound from me; and it was only when I was within three yards of her
13 that she stood and turned sharply though still with such a grace as seemed
14 born of composure, to meet me. I was hot and breathless and panting; she
15 pale, quiet, and with strong measured regular inhalations, but with eyes
16 that seemed to fill half the heaven of her face and give light to the world.
17 And, could I believe it?--those eyes seemed filled with as much invisible
18 dew as makes the stars look larger on a clear summer night. "Why do you
19 follow me?" she said. "Can you ask?" I returned. "Have I been living so
20 long in the one hope of seeing you open your eyes, and now you ask me
21 why I follow you!" "I wish you had let me go in peace," she answered. "I
22 would have spared you if I might. Stay now where you are until I am out
23 of your sight, that I may be as if I had not been and my being not be to
24 yours an evil thing, yea a curse! I am not worthy of you." She turned and
25 at once resumed her swift gliding walk, and would soon had I waited, have

1 disappeared beyond the level horizon. But was it possible, even had what
2 she said been true, was it possible to choose the loneliness of an empty
3 world rather than the company of a creature, whatever she might be that I
4 did not know, so glorious to the eyes that she filled with her beauty? The
5 strange difficult question arose in me. Is not any life better than no life?
6 Bad cannot live but in virtue of the good in it: therefore any life is more
7 than emptiness. Then I rebuked myself for any argument involving the
8 possibility that any evil could dwell beneath such a face, such a form. “It
9 is,” I said to myself, but the modesty that comes of an unattained ideal; “it
10 is but the weakness born of illness!” I did not ask myself was it weakness
11 that gave her that large pace that but for the beauty the grace of it would
12 have been a stride. In truth I feared she would outstrip me, and compel me
13 into loneliness again. I ran and rejoined her. “Have pity on me,” I said.
14 “Do not leave me,” I laid my hand on her arm. She drew back from me as
15 if a serpent stung her. She stopped. “I am having pity on you,” she
16 answered. “You do not know at what a cost to myself!” Her eyes blazed
17 full upon me, and to my infatuation they seemed full of some-thing like
18 love: they looked hungry. Then suddenly they clouded, and in moment
19 like a spring released, the tears poured in two rivulets down her cheeks.
20 But there was no storm of sighing, no sobs or any other commotion--only
21 a sudden gush of tears that as suddenly ceased as she turned to renew her
22 journey. But after seeing her weep because of what she counted a
23 compulsion to forsake me, how could I leave her. My heart swore in itself
24 that nothing should make me forsake her but the death itself. I followed
25 and followed. All that day I followed, but she never paused— never ate,

1 never drank. I offered her a few grapes I had caught up at my sudden
2 departure. She would not stop even to look at them. Her whole anxiety
3 seemed, so far as I could understand, to weary, to distance, to leave me, to
4 escape where I could never find her. But now the night was coming on.
5 The sun had gone down, and the twilight had deepened so much that I had
6 to keep near her to make sure that she did not vanish from me in the
7 deepening darkness. All the time we had been walking over soft grass,
8 like the grass of an English down, only thicker and greener. Suddenly far
9 away I thought I saw a dim light on the horizon, and I hoped the moon was
10 going to rise and then I should more easily keep her in sight. But the
11 moon never rose, yet still the light was there. As soon as she saw it she
12 altered her course a little, and went straight for the light. Slowly it spread
13 a little, as we went, but it did not grow much brighter. I could not think
14 what it might be, except indeed it were the light of a great city. But
15 suddenly, as if her heart had burst, she dropt on the ground and lay still.
16 She was defeated—utterly exhausted. Her goddesslike energy was
17 vanished. She lay in a heap, but even then could not be other than
18 graceful. I drew near and knelt beside her. “Do not touch me,” she cried
19 in a low voice almost of agony that ended in a shriek. I did not heed her,
20 but put my arms under her to lay her so that she could better repose from
21 her fatigue. I seemed to have the right to minister to her as I thought best.
22 Had I not been the means at least of restoring her to life? Did she not
23 belong to me by the right of something next to creation? Had she shown
24 that she hated me, I must have let her go; but to loose her for some
25 fastidious fancy--except indeed there were some prior insuperable claim

1 upon her, fit antagonist to mine-- that would be the folly of weakness! She
2 lay with the hand that still clenched the stone--not that then I knew what
3 she clenched--under her. When I moved her, both her arms hung down as
4 if lifeless. Suddenly she threw them both round my neck and drew my
5 face toward hers. I could not hold her up then. She fell back on the grass,
6 and drew my face to hers .--She began, as I thought to kiss my face, and
7 cling to it kissing, and my lips sought hers. A sudden sting of pain shot
8 through my cheek--so sharp that I started back. But her strong arms held
9 me tight; her mouth clung to my cheek; the pain ceased; a slumberous
10 fatigue, a dreamy indifference crept over me, and presently I knew
11 nothing, not even that such arms were around me, and such lips pressed to
12 my face. I came to myself in the chill of the morning. I lay alone. One
13 little drop of blood I found congealed upon my face. I rose feebly to my
14 feet. Away in the distance lay a great city. A few paces from me stood
15 the woman, radiant as a sunrise, looking at me in silence. I staggered
16 toward her. "Back!" she cried, imperiously. "You can do no more for me.
17 You see that city?--There my father reigns. There I am at home. If you go
18 there the people will stone you!" But I was deaf to her words. How could
19 I heed them while she stood there, flashing with beauty. I went toward
20 her. She drew back. She stood up to her full height, and raised her arm, at
21 once lovely and strong, as if she were about to throw a spear with the full
22 force of all her body. The stone in her hand she threw. It struck me on the
23 forehead, and I fell as one dead. In a little while I came to myself. My
24 forehead was badly bruised and cut, but not much blood had flowed. How
25 my heart felt I need hardly say. I rose to my feet. The sun was not yet

1 risen. I could not have lain very long. I looked toward the city. Was it the
2 dimness of my sight? Was it some hallucination caused by the blow?
3 Was it the lingering remnant of some dream I had been dreaming?
4 Halfway to the city, bounding with great leaps over the level grassy plain
5 as if eager to reach it ere the people woke, I saw or seemed to see a
6 creature like a panther, but white, its skin spotted with many spots. I
7 gazed and gazed, but saw still the same bounding thing, growing smaller
8 and smaller, till at last I saw it with one great leap, clear the wall of the
9 city, and I saw it no more. I think I must have again sunk on the earth, for
10 there is a gap here in my memory. When I came to myself, I was wet from
11 head to foot, and there was a slight sound of flowing or rather the
12 murmuring of a ripple of water near and about me. I raised myself. I lay
13 in a great sponge of soaking grassy turf. Where did it come from? The
14 place had seemed quite dry all the way in the day and the night! Then to
15 my surprise I felt my body quite well. My heart was sore enough with the
16 treatment it had received, but the wound on my head was almost healed! I
17 looked about me for the source of the spring and could see none. But in
18 the water I saw lying what I at once knew must be the stone with which
19 the woman had struck me. It was a strange stone of a dim cloudy blue,
20 with shifting pallours in it--shaped like an egg, and about the size of a
21 pigeon's. I took it up, and put it in my pocket, then, without thinking why,
22 I set out toward the city. Whether I went in the hope of again seeing the
23 woman who had taken such a hold of my love, or whether it was the love
24 of my kind drawing me out of the wilderness and its loneliness, I cannot
25 say. Very soon there was mingled with both the desire to protect the

1 people of the place from the terrible depredations of such an animal as I
2 had seen stretching its lithe body in long cat-like leaps toward its crowded
3 streets. What I could do I did not know, but I felt that anyhow that was the
4 next stage of my journey whatever might be the end of it; that I foresaw as
5 little now as at the first. I set out, so refreshed that I could not but think
6 some power was interested in my welfare, and had reached forth a hand
7 through the morning of the world and the night of my swoon and restored
8 me to more than my former strength, showing me that work was required
9 of me which was independent of my own inclination, for all was so dead
10 in my heart that I would rather have lain down and died than gone forward
11 to meet the most glorious fate. But when I drew near the gate of the city I
12 remembered how I must look to the eyes of the inhabitants. I was in a
13 right beggarly condition as regarded my dress. But there was no help: I
14 must look what I was--a being that had lost his world, and then lost what
15 had promised to make the new world in which he found himself more
16 precious far than the former. I entered the gate unchallenged for no one
17 was near at the moment, but there passed but a moment ere my troubles
18 began. Some children fell upon me with rudest mockery and jibes and
19 words of insult; then when I would not heed them but passed on, they took
20 to throwing things at me, and all I seemed able to do was to make haste
21 into the more crowded parts of the streets, thinking that at least the better
22 sense of their elders would protect me from violence, seeing that I did
23 none. But here I was mistaken. I was struck and pushed and hustled about,
24 simply, so far as I could learn, because I was very plainly in a condition of
25 extremest poverty. I several times stopped and sought to address some

1 more benevolent-looking person as he passed me. But invariably, with a
2 glance, he passed on; and the women seemed much the same as the men
3 though they were not so actively injurious, leaving me to the inhospital-
4 ities of the poor stranger. For I found afterwards that the great offence
5 among these people was to be poor. It was not that the poverty was
6 regarded as a demand on their wealth. That they never felt and they never
7 gave to meet the need of anyone, though I learned afterward that they were
8 profuse in their giving to their friends who had no need. They laid gifts of
9 great price on their altars, and drove the poor man out of their churches.
10 But I cannot tell much about the place, neither do I care to describe
11 anything of its outward appearance, for I was not long in it, and was glad
12 to hear it. But one thing I must tell. I had taken shelter in a small
13 archway, and for a moment had escaped the notice of the little crowd that
14 had been following me: another something had attracted their attention,
15 and presently I saw what it was; for past the arch shot with a great bound a
16 white leopard or panther covered with spots. It was useless to think of
17 following it. Everyone made way for it, crouching close to the wall. As
18 they persecuted me so they stood in terror themselves of this animal. As
19 soon as it passed, I ventured, in the gloom of the little court, to ask a
20 woman who had rushed in for refuge beside me, what the cause of the
21 terror was. Humanized by it perhaps, for a moment, she answered, trying
22 to peer at me through the dark, as wondering what sort of person I could
23 be who required to ask such a question, that it was a pet of the princess's;
24 that it was generally kept in a cage, or when loose, had its mouth in a
25 muzzle and its feet in strong leather stockings, but that once and again it

1 had broken loose and had killed several children; she could not tell now
2 whether or not it was muzzled, and nobody now waited to see, but got out
3 of its way as quickly as possible. There were very strange unaccountable
4 things told of that panther she said. She did not know what to believe, and
5 would not dare let pass her lips some of the things she had heard con-
6 cerning it. Some went so far as to say there was an evil spirit attendant
7 upon the princess, and that when it pleased it entered into the princess and
8 drove her mad, and that when it was driven from the princess, it went into
9 the leopard. She did not know whether the people feared the princess or
10 the leopard more. The leopard would tear them to pieces if it had the
11 chance, but the lady actually blasted men with her beauty. There were
12 worse things too that were said about her, but it was time she held her
13 tongue, only I was a stranger and if I dared say a word of anything in the
14 city that was not pleasant, the mob would be worse than panther or
15 princess either. I asked her where I could go to lodge for the night. She
16 said no one in that country ever received a stranger. It was not the custom
17 of the place and would not do. She would advise me to remain where I
18 was; the people would go home to their houses now for fear of the
19 leopard, and when it was dark I had better get as near the gate as I could,
20 and if I escaped being eaten by the panther, I might creep out unseen as the
21 gate was opened, and after I was out nobody would care to go out after me.
22 I thanked her for her good counsel, and she left me there, after giving me
23 a piece of bread from a basket she carried. "Why are you alone of all the
24 city good to me?" I said. "I do not know," she answered; "but I think you
25 must have something about you that makes me." The moment she was

1 beyond the archway, she stooped down, picked up a stone and threw it
2 with all her force into the darkness where I stood. The same instant with a
3 roar the white panther seized her: whence she came, I did not see, neither,
4 I am sure did the woman. I rushed to deliver her, for she was in worse
5 trouble than I in the grasp of the terrible beast, which, for her mouth was
6 muzzled and her claws were muffled, was giving her terrible blows,
7 knocking her this way and that as a cat does with a mouse she does not
8 want immediately to kill, but to have her fun with first. I threw myself on
9 the animal, and grasped it with both hands by the throat. It needed little
10 courage indeed to do so, for since the treatment of the princess I cared
11 nothing about my life, and felt that the blow that slew me would but break
12 down my prison wall and deliver me. Then came another wonder. The
13 creature let the woman go who rose and fled nor ever looked behind her,
14 while the panther tearing herself from my grasp, neither attacked me nor
15 fled from me but lay down at my feet. "Go home," I said, and she rose
16 and went away with cringing creeping steps, and I followed her. If anyone
17 saw me in the company of the panther, no one took any notice of me, and I
18 followed to the gateway of a great castle that stood with a large open
19 square in front of it. She led me round to the back quarters of the place,
20 suddenly sprang up a wall and disappeared. I waited I did not know for
21 what, but all that interested me now--I could not say that I loved for what I
22 felt did not seem like love, and yet I was drawn thither by it, was within
23 those great castle-walls. I went along by the wall until I came to a small
24 door--so small that no full-grown person could have passed through
25 without stooping nearly double, and there I waited for what might happen

1 next. Presently the door opened. I did not see it for I stood close to the
2 wall outside, and the door was in the inner face of the wall, leaving a deep
3 recess in its thickness outside of it. The little door opened, and I heard the
4 rustling of garments but no one appeared. Then a voice I knew well said
5 in a whisper, "It will not do tonight: it rains." "Not much, your royal
6 highness," answered the voice of another woman. "It may rain so much
7 before we get there that I shall not be able to find it. I cannot think how I
8 could be such a fool as to part with it as I did, for pure rage, nothing more.
9 The creature actually presumed to love me. I could have forgiven him that
10 but that he should have presumed to see me in the state I was in then! The
11 thought was unendurable to me! But I ought to have borne anything rather
12 than lose the gift of my godmother." "I can't think why you prize it so
13 much!" "Neither can I give you any better reason. But my godmother
14 was a very wise woman. I believe she is alive somewhere still, but she has
15 never been seen since she gave me that sapphire. The good of it I do not
16 know, but I know two strange things of it that not all my father's power
17 could take it from my hand without my own will; and that from whatever
18 strange reason, as often as I laid it aside from contact with my person it
19 would begin to weep. That is how I shall be able to find it again: all the
20 ground about it will be wet. Only if it rains, and the ground everywhere be
21 wet, what good will that do me!" "See, your highness, the moon is
22 coming out from behind that cloud. She looks a little strange, as if the
23 neighbouring prince of the air had something in hand tonight, but I think
24 we might make the attempt." "Very well. We can but turn back. Is
25 Astarte shut up?" "She is now. She broke loose again this afternoon but

1 came home quite cowed.” “If one of the citizens, be he the best in it, has
2 dared to hurt her, I will let her loose on the city unmuzzled and unmuffled.
3 My precious Astarte! But we must not both be out at once. That would
4 bring mischief--especially now that I have not my sapphire about me.
5 That young fellow in rags! I fear he is at the root of some mischief against
6 me. The insolence of the beggar! Fit only to feed Astarte--or her betters!
7 He to think one thought of love to me!” Then followed the silence of rage;
8 and I knew the glorious creature stood silent with rage against me within
9 three feet of where I stood. And this was she whom I had taken in my
10 arms from the arms of the ghastliest death and born her in the gaunt
11 nakedness of every bone her body held to the only shelter I could find for
12 her, and there nursed her back to life as if she had been but a newborn
13 infant! And then! and then! how had she used me ere she drove me from
14 her presence! But might it not be true that the woman had told me, that an
15 evil spirit had possession of her, and when not in her very body, was by
16 her side in that of her panther? Should I return evil with good, and restore
17 the stone she had lost? That I must not do, for I had no right to strengthen
18 her in her evil ways. No, I would keep the stone, and learn how to use it
19 for the good of men, perhaps of those to whom she had done nothing but
20 evil. It would be but evil to her to give her security in evil. I put my left
21 hand in my pocket, and grasped the stone--remembering well how no force
22 I had ventured to use had been of the least avail to take it from her
23 otherwise powerless hand. At the same time I knew I had feared to hurt
24 her, and that no such fear would influence her in repossessing herself of
25 the talisman. Then the thought came to me that she could not touch me to

1 hurt me while I held the talisman, and with that came the temptation to
2 dare and drink yet more of the poison of her beauty. I longed to look on
3 her again, and let my eyes revel in a glory that was not the glory of truth
4 but of false-seeming. And therein I sank into sin, and the prince who was
5 gathering his airy forces about the town had me in his power, and I had to
6 learn that where the heart is not pure, no good talisman has any power to
7 help. I knew I was wrong, or might have known had I cared enough for
8 what was right--that it was not good to have to do with evil, and that to
9 love the sight of the rich casket in which I knew lay a fierce plague was to
10 sin against humanity. I knew that I did not love her soul, therefore I ought
11 not to have desired to look on her beauty. I knew from their words and my
12 own eyes that the moon shone straight into the recess where the princess
13 stood, looking out, not yet determined whether to set out that night in
14 search of what I had in my hand. I stepped forward from the wall, turned
15 and confronted her. The moon shone full upon her face, so it was white
16 like snow in the contrast of her great orbs of blackness. But the whiteness
17 turned to the pallor of death when she saw me, but not with fear, with the
18 rage of hate. "Beggar!" she said between the clenched pearls of her lovely
19 teeth. Then she turned to her attendant and said, "Go quick. Tell them to
20 remove Astarte's--you know--and bring her down to this door. Quick!"
21 The other went, closing the door behind her and leaving the princess alone
22 in the niche, and me outside in the moonlight. I knew well enough what
23 she meant, but I did not budge. She stood looking at me, with the flame of
24 the most towering scorn in her eyes, but did not vouchsafe a word. Her
25 cloak had fallen half-way from her person, and her neck and shoulders

1 gleamed radiantly white in the moon, and her eyes glowed like black fire
2 above the whiteness. A few moments passed, and the princess began to
3 listen. Then swiftly she stepped from the niche sideways, and stood where
4 I had been before. The same moment the door opened, and with a
5 suppressed but blood-curdling roar, out leaped Astarte, with one bound she
6 was clear of the wall and upon my shoulders, aiming at my throat; but
7 before I could grapple with her she dropped from me like a withered thing,
8 like a scorched caterpillar, and lay huddled up at my feet. Immediately
9 she stretched herself out and began licking my bare feet. But instantly she
10 sprang up again and stood erect rearing on her hind legs, nor one moment
11 too soon, for like a great solid bar of glowing silver, and with another
12 suppressed roar that seemed to hold suspended in it all the essential hate of
13 hell and its every demon, another panther, larger and whiter more lovely
14 and more terrible leapt not upon me, but upon Astarte. I looked around:
15 the princess had disappeared, and the new come panther was white with
16 her skin and spotted all over with her eyes. I saw as they rolled and
17 writhed and mingled like the two great lithe cats they were, that the contest
18 must be of brief duration, for Astarte could not hold her own before the
19 new-comer. My soul took the part of Astarte, and I threw myself into the
20 contest. I sought to drag the larger panther from the other but she had her
21 throat in her mouth, and must certainly in a few moments kill her. I found
22 myself compelled to strike. With my left hand in which I held the
23 sapphire, I struck her as strong a blow as I could send from me between
24 her eyes. She left her hold of Astarte and fell backward. I was on her
25 instantly with my knee on the creature's chest, under its forelegs. Then the

1 great eyes of the princess looked up at me pitifully, and I knew with horror
2 that my knee was crushing her under me. I sprang to my feet, but was
3 scarcely sooner up than she, with the blood streaming from her forehead.
4 But what a change had passed on her. She was gentle as Astarte who lay
5 again at my feet, caressing them with every limb of her body. The fact
6 was she knew now what I held in my hand, and knew that by force she
7 could not regain it. With the swift lithe panther-mind, she threw herself
8 into another temporary life. "I yield," she said. "You are my master.
9 Your magic is more powerful than mine." "I know of no magic," I
10 answered. "I know no magic but to stand by my friend. It makes my heart
11 ache, nonetheless, princess, to see you bleed!" "You could not help it.
12 You did quite right. You have conquered the woman in the panther.
13 Come into the palace and rest. All that is mine in it is yours. I am sorry I
14 cannot myself wait on you, for I am dizzy and my mind wanders from the
15 blow you gave me--for which I thank you, for now I know what you are,
16 and am no longer ashamed to be overmastered by you. I thought of you as
17 a beggar into whose power fate had thrown me, and I hated you. Now I
18 know you for royal as myself. I am your property, by you rescued for
19 from the jaws of death; I am your slave with the willing service of love."
20 The door behind her opened. She entered and I followed, with Astarte at
21 my heel. A long double row of servants stood with lights in their hands
22 forming a live avenue from the door in the wall over the moat to the great
23 portcullis of the castle. Her attendant had given out that a certain prince
24 she expected had come in disguise and without attendance. I was with
25 ceremony conducted to a great chamber gorgeously appointed, with silver

1 sconces round the walls, and a fire of sweet scented pine-logs blazing on
2 the hearth as if I had been expected but I knew that could not be. It was
3 too early to go to bed. Supper was to be ready in an hour. Fine garments
4 were brought me by the man appointed to wait upon me, and glad I was to
5 feel that I was once more dressed, though not in the fashion of this world
6 yet in a way that satisfied my notions of myself. How delightful were all
7 the small necessities of the toilet once more! And I dressed with care. I
8 would have the princess see that I was not unaccustomed to the ways of a
9 life not altogether unlike her own. But however carefully I dressed, not for
10 one moment did I let the sapphire out of my hand. Even when bathing and
11 washing I held the sapphire in my hand, and was careful not to let it go.
12 How could I tell what unfriendly eyes might be watching me and ready to
13 pounce upon me. When I could not manage with it in my hand, I put it in
14 my mouth for the moment. But failure would have ruined everything, and
15 so I suppose she would attempt nothing until she was certain of success. I
16 cannot to this day understand how I could have been so silly as to put
17 myself thus in the dreadful power of the woman. But so it was. The king
18 received me with courtesy, and looked a good natured lazy old man who
19 liked to be let alone and would interfere with nobody were it not upon
20 compulsion. The feast was gorgeous. I sat next to the princess, and she
21 showed me every attention fit to show at table. For the first time for many
22 months, it seemed as I supped. I ate and drank freely, and with an
23 enjoyment to which I had been long unused, living as I had been on the
24 plainest viands or on nothing at all. The wines were specially excellent,
25 although all of them were such as I did not seem ever to have tasted before.

1 When the king rose, we all rose. After he left the room a good
2 many of the gorgeous company sat down again, but the princess, ere she
3 followed her father from the room turned to me and said, "I imagine you
4 would prefer to retire early: you must be greatly fatigued." I thanked her
5 and said I should go to my room at once if she would kindly order one of
6 the servants to show me the way for I was certain I could not find my
7 room unconducted. She answered she would herself show me the door of
8 my room: her own was close to it, so in a minute I was again alone in my
9 large chamber. I undressed and lay down, giving myself up to all the
10 delight of a soft sweet bed after the hardships to which I had been of late
11 accustomed. Probably this delight would have been marred by certain
12 anxieties as to what thoughts they really were that ruled the sudden change
13 in the princess's behaviour to me, but that as I have confessed, I ate and
14 drank so freely. But I wonder yet that I should have so compliantly filled
15 the gold cup set for me as often as my hostess invited me to partake yet
16 again of the king's own favourite wine and vintage. I was young, and the
17 wine of old age was hardly filled for me. In a few minutes I was fast
18 asleep, a silver lamp hung from the roof continuing to light the chamber
19 with a soft subdued light. I half came to myself once in the night. The
20 lamp was still burning. A delicious languor was upon me. I felt as if I
21 were swiftly floating far from land on the bosom of a sunset sea. Whether
22 I should reach any shore I could not tell, did not care. To live was in
23 itself--or was it not to die that was dearly delightful--and surely I was
24 dying. I had no pain. Ah, what a shoot what a sting on my arm, my left
25 arm in whose hand lay the sapphire. But it was there! through all the

1 keenness of the sting, which seemed to shoot right down into my heart I
2 felt it. But ah! there again! that was sharp! Something was holding me,
3 some other, some unsympathetic life was near me where I lay, too near
4 me. I tried to draw my arm nearer and ease the pain by a change of
5 position, but I could not. I would have struggled, but I could not even try
6 to struggle. Yet I suppose I quivered and shook with the pain, for a hand
7 was laid on my face, and my head was pressed down into the pillow. I
8 could see nothing but a weight lay across me. I yielded. The last glimmer
9 of consciousness showed me rise from the bed the splendid form of the
10 princess, with something terrible in her eye, but a look of satisfaction
11 about her mouth. She smiled, and I saw on her white teeth a streak of red.
12 I suppose she saw me look at her. She struck me on the face. It seemed as
13 if she drew a knife across my eyes, and they flashed in my head. I think I
14 gave a cry, but I remember no more. I came slowly to myself, but after
15 how long I cannot even conjecture. It must have been weeks, I think. I do
16 not know how I came to myself though I cannot help thinking that my
17 companion had something to do with the holding back of my life--for on
18 my feet lay the white spotted panther. Perhaps also the strange sapphire
19 firmly clasped in my hand may have had its share. I moved a little, and
20 then I saw the strange friend that was caring for me, for she got up from
21 my feet, and came and licked my face. I do not think I started when I saw
22 the big head and the long tongue come over me. I did not seem to care
23 about anything. But from that moment I knew that I was growing better. I
24 found that I was lying at the foot of a tree in a pine-forest: afterward I
25 knew that I lay on the very spot where I had found the princess, and the

1 stone which then I sought in vain to loosen from her hand was now as
2 firmly clasped in my own. I laid my hands on my own body and found
3 that I was the living skeleton now; that if I had lain there altogether
4 untended, I must ere now have been altogether dead, and then, with the
5 mouldering away of my muscles, the sapphire would have been set free:
6 this, I conjectured, but not for a long time after this, must have been the
7 object in laying me down there. Some law I did not know rendered it
8 necessary for the recovery of the stone that the dead hand that held it
9 should moulder away in the open air. The princess's people must have
10 brought me here, I said, or how could Astarte have found me. Thinking
11 about the creature's affection for me I concluded that, although the stone
12 was my defence from her attack at the castle, and she was subdued by its
13 force, yet my defence of her from the panther princess must be what had
14 roused her gratitude and made her attend to me all the time of my seeming
15 death. Then there was another difference between the princess's fate and
16 mine. How she came to be such a skeleton I could not tell; how I had
17 come to it I knew and she knew, and if the people of even such an evil city
18 as she ruled in were to come to know what I knew, surely they would burn
19 her at the stake! But I found the stone in her hand cold and dry. But in
20 mine I fancy there was a difference caused by its touching the earth. Was
21 it possible that Astarte, taking me at first for dead had proceeded to try and
22 bury me, and had, as I found it, covered my hand and arm with earth--then
23 finding what followed had left me alone and waited. For from the stone in
24 my hand was flowing a small stream clear as crystal, away from where I
25 lay through the wood. Of this stream Astarte had drunk, and it had kept

1 her alive. I now drank of it, and found that my strength began at once to
2 come back to me. I thought if the princess could have drunk of the
3 treasure she carried about not knowing its worth, it would have stilled the
4 demon thirst of her soul, and she would not have longed for blood. There
5 is a water that is better than any blood. Whoever had such a stone as I
6 bore, carried with him endless supply of all that was needful for life and
7 comfort. I got up and looked at the water as it went flowing and flowing in
8 a ceaseless trickling stream from my hand. What a lovely rivulet it was
9 that went meandering through the trees. Presently its source ceased, and I
10 found that if I would have it outflow, I must lay it again on the earth when
11 with a burst the water again rushed from it. I thought I would follow
12 whither it had been flowing all the time I lay as dead. By slow walking and
13 many rests, I followed it out of the forest, regaling myself as I passed with
14 the grapes of the ruined castle. The water took nearly the path I had come;
15 but soon I began to see that the volume of the little stream diminished
16 rapidly. In my hand, and not upon the earth the sapphire gave out no
17 water. Yet it was plain where it had flowed; and as I went on I could trace
18 its course even after all the dampness ceased by the brighter green of the
19 mosses in the channel it had taken. For I was soon in the scarred and
20 broken surface of rock that circled the country of the dwarfs; and it was
21 clear what choice of channel the water had made as it flowed toward what
22 had once been a sounding fall of waters, but which now I found dry as
23 before. But the strange thing to me was the breadth to which the water
24 seemed to have spread; the green was so wide; and soon I saw as I went on
25 that here and there were other little streaks of green that came from this

1 side and that and joined the main channel from the sapphire spring. I was
2 driven to the conclusion that the water as it went along the surface woke
3 and drew toward itself such hidden springs as were under the earth; for I
4 remembered how when I lay under the dry waterfall I heard the sound of
5 many waters under the earth; and I thought that if it went on flowing like
6 that it would draw water enough to itself to make at length a river that
7 would fill all the scored channels in the broken country. But when at
8 length I reached the head of the old waterfall, and looked down into the
9 valley of the dwarfs beneath, I was greeted by a shout and a mingled
10 outcry of which it would have been hard to say whether cursing or
11 blessing predominated. Through it all however was mingled an astonish-
12 ment I could not account for, seeing they had already known me. Also I
13 was possessed by some wonder what change had passed upon the people,
14 which, looking down on them from above I could not unravel; but when I
15 descended and joined them, I found they had all grown very considerably,
16 and were now about three feet high. But as all their trees had grown in
17 like proportion, they were not aware that any change had passed upon
18 them; for I found by and by in my further brief intercourse with them that
19 the cause of their wonder was that, though I was still larger than they I had
20 grown to about half the size I had been; and this, I found presently, altered
21 in a great degree their feeling toward me. They treated me rather as a
22 deceiver who had passed myself off upon them for a greater man than I
23 was. And very speedily a party among them began to prophesy that they
24 had only to have patience and full confidence in themselves as the crown
25 of the universe, and they would soon find that the man who, fact or myth,

1 was said to haunt the place, would soon be compelled either to get out of
2 the way altogether, in order to escape dwindling to the proper artistic
3 reasonable size that was assumed or at least possessed and approved of by
4 them, or that he must give up his pretensions and appear to them in their
5 own size and show them what he could do for them, or what on the whole
6 he was fit for. They had not got very much brains yet, or they would have
7 better understood how it was that their orchards had turned into impene-
8 trable thickets, for of course space had not grown as well as the things that
9 filled it, and they had now hard work to get at fruit enough for their
10 subsistence. Had they known that it was they themselves that had grown
11 they would doubtless have been filled with an overwhelming pride, and
12 the consequences would have been more disastrous still. That things
13 tended that way with them was shown in a certain combination that began
14 for the purpose of mastering and enslaving me, and compelling me like
15 Samson, not only to labour for my captors but to make them sport in my
16 degradation. Having no wild beasts in their country they showed not the
17 smallest fear of Astarte, who seemed as changed in disposition toward
18 humanity as toward myself. I came concerning her to the conclusion that
19 the devil could no more find refuge in her when he left her former mistress
20 because of the gratitude she felt towards me for taking her part and
21 preventing the princess from tearing her to pieces. They had gained no
22 moral growth of any kind with their physical, except that downward
23 growth of pride from seeing the decrease of others. They had seen the
24 water flowing into their country, but had neither recognized its potency, nor
25 suspected its better virtues; and when it ceased at length to fall down the

1 ancient paths, they only looked at it as a curious phenomenon, without
2 suspecting it of any relation to themselves or their own conditions. Their
3 pride alone had grown by the influx of that element which no country can
4 make any progress without. The possession of the wonderful sapphire
5 gave me no advantage here, though it did not bring upon me the deadly
6 danger of the princess. At first they were tolerably friendly, and the
7 children would ride on Astarte's back, nor did she mind their teasing
8 much; but they showed me an amount of dull rudeness they had never
9 showed when I was to them twice the size. In fact they regarded me as in
10 decadence, and thought that if they did not get some good of me now, I
11 should very soon be too small and feeble to render them any service. Now
12 I had been but a little while there, resting under their trees and partaking of
13 their plentiful fruit, seeking to recover from the great vital losses I had
14 undergone at the palace when I became aware of the difficulty they now
15 had in gathering sufficient fruit because of the tangled condition of their
16 country which was one great orchard. As soon therefore as I had
17 recovered a little, I took my knife and began to cut away as much of the
18 tree under which I had lain as I thought it would bear. They came and
19 looked on with doubtful understanding, and thought from the first that I
20 was doing them an injury. I had imagined at first that they abstained from
21 clearing the trees a little because they had not grown in strength but only
22 in size--as was not indeed the case--they were stronger in body. They
23 grumbled and growled afraid to interfere because of my knife in part
24 which they had not seen before, and took for something mysterious before
25 which the twigs fled in fear. But when the next day they saw me attempt

1 to cut away the bushes of small fruit that the others might have more
2 room, bear better, and be more accessible, they gave a universal howl of
3 such rage as made Astarte prick up her ears, and give an internal
4 answering growl; but I patted her and she was quiet again. I saw they
5 thought I was destroying their property. They were just like the miser who
6 regards as a robber the nurse who takes of his cold dead coin to buy the
7 warm life for him. That night as I lay asleep, I was, like Gulliver by the
8 Lilliputians, overwhelmed by a multitude. They sat upon me with a dead
9 weight of live bodies till they had hampered me hand and foot with the
10 long stems of creeping plants. I could at first have thrown them from me,
11 perhaps; at least I would have made the attempt, but I perceived that they
12 were not attempting to kill me, and I had seen how they misunderstood my
13 efforts for their good. Still I would have made a fight for it but for the
14 certainty of what would happen if I did. As it was it was all I could do by
15 my voice and words of which Astarte at least understood the tone, to
16 prevent her from leaping among the poor stupid creatures and tearing them
17 everyone to pieces. Her tail was lashing from side to side, and no doubt
18 astonished not a few of them by knocking the uppermost off the heap that
19 swarmed above me: they had scarce a notion of force; weight was all their
20 idea of it. By keeping my voice even however and my tone cheerful I
21 gave her the idea that whatever they did it was with my consent and
22 approval. I would wait to see what they meant before I would do anything
23 lest I should punish them more than was needful. As soon as they thought
24 me tolerably secured, they began to search me. Then they saw the stone in
25 my hand, for I always slept with it in my hand, carrying it in a pocket

1 during the day, such as it was, for my dress was now very primitive, as I
2 had been laid out naked to die. This they tried for sometime to take from
3 me and hurt me not a little in the attempt; but I restrained every expression
4 of resentment or annoyance or suffering, for dread of the four-footed
5 vengeance by my side. Becoming at length satisfied that they could not
6 open my hand, they desisted; and resumed their search, for so it turned out
7 to be, for my knife. This they soon found and took, and I made no sign.
8 Then they went away and left me. I released myself with some difficulty
9 from the thorny withes with which they had bound me, and would have
10 left the hut but found they had tied the hut all round and round in like
11 fashion, and the door they had secured as well as soon as they were all out
12 of it. I thought it better therefore to wait till the morning, for still I was
13 afraid what the least sign of dissatisfaction or endeavour might rouse in
14 Astarte. In the morning they came to me and told me I had done their
15 property much wrong, and now to make up for the injury I must work for
16 them, and pull the apples and other fruit which it was now impossible for
17 them to reach. In vain I expostulated with them telling them why I had
18 been cutting down some that they might get at the rest, and that where they
19 could not get through they could not expect a larger man like myself to
20 pass. If they would give me the knife I would do my best for them as I
21 began to do before. But they laughed at me, and, because I had made so
22 little resistance in the night appeared to think I had lost my strength with
23 my apparent decrease in stature. One of them thrust the point of the knife
24 into my leg from behind, so that I but just caught a cry of wrath in time,
25 for I knew all would be over in a moment if Astarte were roused. So the

1 strength of my ally was the cause of my weakness. I could soon have
2 beaten a hundred of them into abject submission, but buffets from me
3 would have been teeth and claws and blows to kill from the rage of my
4 companion, so I endured and tried to obey as best I could. And certainly I
5 could reach higher than they to find the fruit on the treetops, and I could
6 bend boughs and even stems to get through where they could not, but the
7 moment I broke a branch or crushed a shrub, there were fierce outcries
8 backed by fierce threats, and I had to be so careful that life grew weary to
9 me by the end of a month. At length the evil spirit of the people grew
10 rampant. I ought to have left them sooner, perhaps, for I could always
11 have done so in the night, but I had a strong feeling that I would do for
12 them what I could, and bear while I could because of the kindness they
13 had in a passive kind of way shown me when first I visited them. I
14 thought with myself that if I could but gain their confidence so that they
15 would believe what I said to them and do what I told them, I would find
16 some way whereby they might reap the good that wonderful thing I carried
17 could work for them under right and true conditions. For the means of
18 doing this I was waiting. Besides where was I to go for something to do,
19 for surely the working of some help in the world is the chief hold that one
20 has upon the world. To live only for what one can get out of the world is
21 but to lead the lowest kind of life--the existence of a mere parasite. So, as
22 I say, I endured until the bad conditions of those I tried to serve brought
23 their doom. I was going home weary one night after a hard day's work,
24 unable to enjoy under the moon the sweet scents that had all day mingled
25 with the beating of the sun upon my head as I laboured. Perhaps it was my

1 dejected appearance that encouraged the insolence of the half-grown
2 children to gather about and insult me with evil words, which presently
3 bore the fruit of evil deeds, for those who could not get near enough to
4 pinch and otherwise harass me, began to throw stones from the outskirts of
5 the little crowd. In this amusement some of the grown men presently
6 joined, and seeing that the more I expostulated the worse they grew, I at
7 length held my peace. But by and by a stone, well or ill aimed I do not
8 know, but I think the intention was not serious hurt, struck me on the head,
9 and I fell senseless, and knew nothing more that happened before I came
10 to myself, and found great silence around me, and Astarte standing licking
11 my face, as she often did in the morning to wake me up. But this was not
12 the morning, and there were many asleep around me, for when I rose and
13 walked a step or two I found the ground plashy under foot, and soon I
14 found it was no sapphire-dew that made it so, for every here and there the
15 moon shone on a face the light of which was like her own, a mere
16 reflection from the surface. How many Astarte had slain in her wrath I
17 cannot tell. There was no good in waiting to count where I could not
18 restore. All the others had fled to their houses, and were still trembling
19 through the night, when Astarte and I were threading gulleys like those
20 down which I had come by slow descent to that foolish valley of little men
21 who did not care to be greater. Whither we were going I did not know.
22 When the sun rose we were a long way into the stony, trailless waterless
23 desert, and we were weary. I sat down. Astarte began sniffing about the
24 pocket where rested the Sapphire. I took it out and laid it down in a bed of
25 moss. Immediately the water rushed from every pore of it, and a little

1 stream went tinkling along the moss-covered channel up which we had
2 come. I drank and Astarte drank and we felt mightily refreshed. Then she
3 crept into my arms, and we lay and slept. When we awoke the sun was
4 setting, and the moon about to rise just opposite. We rose and set out on
5 our journey. I knew that we must be in the same desert I had traversed
6 before, but I had no idea what road I was taking. The moon did rise, and
7 we journeyed on, Astarte happier than she had been for a long time. She
8 had, I think, been perplexed between my will and her own all the time the
9 dwarf people made me work for them; and now that I was free and she had
10 had her vengeance upon them, sweeping them away like mice, she was
11 more than content, and beguiled for me the tedium of a journey without a
12 goal by her gambols all around in the moonlight. I could not see her spots
13 much in the moonshine; she would dart from my side and away in a long
14 white streak over the channels and scores in the rocky ground, now
15 vanishing for a moment as she would run along a bottom for a while, then
16 suddenly emerge like a white flash, and stretch away in a great round,
17 sometimes taking tremendous leaps over some ravine, and coming back to
18 my side with a bound and a sudden stop as if she had just leaped down
19 from the moon to pay me a visit, a four-footed Diana, but, not like Diana, I
20 hope, hanging out a long red tongue like a dog and panting like one too.
21 Indeed the way she ran I might have taken her for a cheetah but her feet
22 and claws were indeed those of cat and bore no likeness to a dog's. Thus
23 we travelled a long time, and at length came to a general dip in the surface,
24 and so to the margin of a swampy lake. I thought without a doubt this
25 must be the marsh, in some part or other of its extent, which I had crossed

1 when I left the sexton's house. I knew it was haunted with horrible
2 appearances, but I had found them no worse than appearances, for though
3 they had menaced me frightfully they had done me no harm. So without a
4 thought of fear I stepped upon the uncertain surface. I had almost forgotten
5 to fear anything now. I had come through so much, and had learned
6 myself such a poor creature that there was no great reason why I should
7 remain alive. Therefore danger was nowhere. We had not walked three
8 paces when Astarte came close up to me, and walked touching my leg, and
9 I felt that she trembled with fear or shivered with cold, one or the other: I
10 felt neither. Had she been small enough, I would have taken her in my
11 arms and carried her, but she was as heavy as I was myself, and the ground
12 I say was here swampy, there boggy, and now and then nothing but a skin
13 of root-interwoven turf, afloat on water of unknown depth. So we walked
14 carefully along. Suddenly as before the ground began to heave at some
15 little distance and come heaving toward me like a wave; then out of the
16 heave rose a terrible head with fleshy tubes hanging on it for hair. It
17 opened a great square mouth and snapped at us. The same moment,
18 trembling as she was Astarte sprang right at it, and fell into a great pool of
19 water beyond it in which the moon shone clear. In a moment she was out
20 and by my side again, trying to shake herself but not quite knowing how.
21 Presently came the head of a fearful snake, fearful for size and its great
22 lamping glare. At it flew Astarte, with a similar result, though this time
23 there was no water near enough to fall into. After a third such trial she
24 made up her mind, and paid no heed to the variety of frightsome shows
25 that seemed only to pretend to attack us. But little she or I knew how the

1 thing really was! We approached the other side of the bog. Just ere we
2 reached it, the moon whose light had been growing less and less powerful
3 as she approached the horizon, went down, and all the hollow of the bog
4 was dark. The same moment reared itself before us the long neck of an
5 unknown and indescribable creature with the face of a corpse, but with
6 mouth wide open and long human teeth. The old shudder laid hold of
7 Astarte, and she flew at its throat. I dreading nothing stepped on the firm
8 land and turned to see why she was not by my side. Then I saw her in
9 fierce combat with the last apparition. They seemed twisted together
10 inextricably, but the water was beaten into a mist about them by their
11 struggles, and I could ill see in the moment I had to look, what was taking
12 place. It lasted but a moment, and then all was still. I looked to see my
13 loved Astarte issue victorious, but there was neither sound nor motion
14 more till presently up came a great breaking bubble from the deeps, and I
15 knew it was the last breath of my friend. The bubbles seemed indeed to
16 send out her last groan as they broke, and I knew I was left alone, and that
17 it was no use for me to plunge into the unknown abyss after her. I sat on
18 the shore and wept. Now indeed I was friendless. Ever since I had set out
19 I had been in trouble. I had done nothing well. I had helped to worse
20 those who were not ready for help. I had brought to life one whose being
21 was a curse to the country she had oppressed, and who had apparently
22 been cast out as an evil doer: I had had wonderful gifts given me, yet
23 nothing had succeeded. My best friend was a panther, and she had died
24 for me. I was a useless worthless creature, not worth living, and unworthy
25 of any creature dying for me. How was it all? Then I knew that I had been

1 all the time caring, if not only, yet chiefly for myself, that I had not
2 been valiant for the truth in the earth, and felt that my life was a failure. I
3 threw myself down on the bank of the frightful marsh, and lay there in
4 despair. Long necks with fangs came out of the water and curved over me,
5 and heads came down and looked me close in the eyes, and opened their
6 jaws and shot out forked tongues as if they would soon make an end of
7 me, but I did not move. I did not care for life. They could not touch me
8 although the moon was down, for I was across the border of their power.
9 How long I lay I cannot tell, but at last something touched me on the
10 shoulder, and I rose on my elbow and looked round. I could see nothing,
11 and lay down again. Presently I felt something again touch me, again
12 looked, and again saw nothing. The night was dark and I looked too high.
13 A third time came the touch, and with it the voice of the Raven, "I thought
14 it was about time for you to come back. I have been out looking for you
15 every night for the last few nights." "I'm not worth looking for," I said
16 sulkily. "Don't bother about me." "That's just why," he answered. "You
17 are hardly worth looking for, and that is just why I am looking for you.
18 You cannot be left in such a miserable condition as not to be worth
19 looking for! That would never do." "Don't talk to me," I said. "I have
20 just lost the best friend I have--the only--" "No, no; one of them," he
21 interrupted; "and you have not lost your friend. Has your philosophy not
22 taught you that nothing can be lost? Tell me who it is." "A panther," I
23 answered. "If you go down to the bottom of the bog and look about, you
24 will know her by her white skin and dark brown spots--that is if they
25 haven't eaten her up already in that hell of horrors." "Ah," said the Raven,

1 “it is time I did!” Now I had been talking in bitter mockery of my grief,
2 and thought in return as I deserved, the raven, whether he was sexton or
3 librarian, was mocking me. But he gave a loud caw, and the next instant
4 came shooting through the dark, like a great white arrow-head, the shining
5 pigeon his wife. She had a shining stone in her beak, like a serpent-stone,
6 but much larger. “That's right!” said he. “You have brought the lantern! I
7 thought you would know! You go home, if you please, sir, to the cottage,
8 and wait there till we come. You are of no use here!” “I know it!” I
9 answered bitterly. “I am of no use in any part of the wide universe!” “Yes
10 you are--and at this moment, you are of use to do as you are bid and go
11 home.” I rose and went, but just turned my head with my first step, in
12 time to see the dove--it was too dark to see the raven--shoot head foremost
13 with folded wings into the water close to the edge of the bank. I wandered
14 carelessly along the dry heath. “Let my feet take me!” I said, “if they
15 know how; I neither know where the cottage is, nor care to find it. It were
16 better I had never been born!” But whether my feet knew the way without
17 me, I cannot tell; there was no telling what might be in that country, but at
18 last, as I walked with my eyes toward the ground which I could not see, I
19 struck my head against the door. The house gave back a hollow sound, and
20 I thought of those that lay silent within--if indeed they still lay there, and
21 all was not altered since I went away. With a great awe, which could not
22 be called fear, I opened the door and went in, groped my way to a chair for
23 it was very dark and sat down. One thin door and a whole night of
24 darkness was all that lay between me and the endless chambers of the
25 dead, and I sat down there with them--the only waking amid all that sleep.

1 How long I sat I do not know; I think I dozed, perhaps I slept. I was very
2 weary. I thought if I had only had a light to guide me I would have gone
3 into the--what--God's library--was it?--and seen whether I could not find
4 an empty bed whereon I might lie down and rest and grow very cold. At
5 length I was roused by a little noise outside. The latch of the door moved;
6 it opened; and then came slowly in, stepping backward, the raven; then
7 came the tail of the drowned, limp, dejected body of Astarte, the root of it
8 in the beak of the sexton, her white skin mudded amongst the eye-like
9 spots, and then came the dove, struggling along with difficulty, for she
10 help up the head of the panther by a beakful of its skin. Thus all the great
11 body of the drowned creature was borne in between the two birds, and laid
12 on the floor of the cottage. "What did you do with the lantern?" said the
13 raven. "I left it in the bog," answered his wife. "I will go and get it
14 tomorrow night. They won't touch it." "That they won't!" answered the
15 raven. Then she lighted her candle. It looked the very same candle with
16 which she had lighted me through her vaults, and when I looked again, I
17 saw that I was with my father's long-coated librarian, and his wife, the
18 still, pale woman that loved the dead. "I think you had better go to bed,"
19 said the librarian. "We have this creature to prepare for--" "I will *not* have
20 her skinned and stuffed!" I cried. "You may call it embalming--I don't
21 know, but I won't have it done. It's a mockery. I'll go and bury her in the
22 heath. I thank you very much for the trouble you have taken, but it is my
23 part to do the rest for her!" They left the body on the floor and came to
24 me. The woman set the candle on a little deal table, and they brought
25 chairs and sat down one on each side of me. Then the woman said, "I

1 should like to sing to you a song I learned when I was in my nursery in the
2 other world--the world you came from. I used to think it silly then, for I
3 was too silly to understand it, but I know what it means now, and I think it
4 may do you some good to hear it. This is it." With a voice a *little*
5 cracked, but of wonderful sweetness, she began to sing; and as she sang all
6 the crack or the hoarseness went away, and before she had ended, I seemed
7 to hear a strong woman-angel singing high in heaven, higher than ever any
8 man had lifted up his heart to the Lord. And this is what she sang--for I
9 never forget a word I heard in that cottage. [See opposite page.] I sat silent
10 and listened, and when she had done I said nothing. Then her husband
11 began. "Do you know why you have been so unsuccessful since you left
12 us?" he asked. "Yes, I do," I answered. "It is because I am a fool."
13 "How do you know that? What have you done foolish?" he returned.
14 "Oh, everything," I answered. "Can you tell me the first and most foolish
15 thing you ever did?" he persisted. "Bringing a dead woman back to life," I
16 answered. "No," he returned; "you never brought her to life! How could
17 you when all the time you left yourself dead?" "Me dead!" I said. "Yes,
18 and you will be dead so long as you refuse to die." "You talk in riddles!"
19 "Perhaps; but all the more I talk what is true.--Come now, and go to bed."
20 "Yes, yes!" I answered; "that is all I want; that is all I have been waiting
21 for! Welcome the cold world and the white neigh-bours!" "He must have
22 a little supper before he goes to bed!" said the sexton's wife. "There is no
23 need of that," I said. "Where is the good? I shall but sleep the sooner in
24 that bed that I do not eat before I lie down." "There is a kind of food that
25 helps one to go to sleep and to dream well," she answered and rose. She

1 set bread and wine on the table, and I ate and drank and was more sleepy.
2 So she took the candle and led the way, and I followed, and the sexton
3 followed me, and so we entered the long vaulted chamber. And there were
4 the beds in rows, and I looked at every face as I passed, and everyone lay
5 just as I had left them. The same expression lay still upon every
6 countenance just as I had then remarked it--or at least if there were a
7 change it was too faint for me to recognize it. On and on we went through
8 between the double row lying feet to feet, until we came to the same place
9 where we had the former time stopped, and there was the bed, vacant yet,
10 that had been then offered to me. "Has no one lain down for the long
11 sleep since I was here before?" I asked. "Yes, a few--not very many. Why
12 do you ask?" "Because I find the bed you offered me before vacant still."
13 "But we knew you were coming back, and why should you not have it
14 kept for you?" "How did you know?" "For one thing we know that every
15 creature must one day lie down in such a bed." "What a time it will take
16 then before all the lives in the world have thus laid themselves down!" "It
17 will. They are not coming fast now; but of all things of which there are
18 plenty, time is the most plentiful; and of all things of which there is least
19 except among men, hurry is the rarest. No vital process knows it. And
20 then there are beds constantly though slowly becoming ready for others by
21 the departure of those that are in them. Then again we could see from
22 your face that you were on the way, that the ripening process had gone so
23 far that the cold chamber would soon be the next." I suppose I looked
24 surprised to hear that my face had revealed any such fact, for the sexton
25 went on: "Look here, and you will see," he said, leading me a pace farther

1 to the foot of the next bed, where I had before remarked the beautiful
2 matronly face of active resignation. "There is the next who in this part
3 will be ready to go. She is ripening fast. Her soul is now away in--" Here
4 he checked himself, and resumed. "She will probably be up and away by
5 the time you come to yourself." "I am sorry for that," I rejoined. "I
6 should have liked to see such beauty as that when it came awake." For I
7 saw that beautiful as I remembered her, she had grown greatly in beauty
8 now. "When you come awake, you can go and look for her. There will be
9 plenty of time. Only you must not look for a middle aged matronly
10 woman then. She is growing younger every hour until she reaches the
11 very prime of womanhood, and then she will open her eyes and see--ah,
12 what she will see!" By this time I had grown very cold, and as sleepy as I
13 was cold. "His time to undress," said the sexton. I sat down on the side of
14 the bed, and the two carefully and tenderly undressed me, talking all the
15 time to keep me awake until they had put upon me a long linen nightgown,
16 and removed the last of my garments. Then they helped me on to the bed,
17 and laid me out quite straight, and covered me over with the one cold linen
18 sheet. They took up my clothes and the candle, said goodnight and went
19 away and I heaved a great sigh of relief to find myself where I was--in the
20 dark vault with the pale dead. Oh the sense of quiet content to find that I
21 need no more stand up, that I was stretched out with nothing more to do
22 than to lie stretched out! It was cold, cold, cold; how cold I cannot convey
23 by any words--colder than any imagination of mine could have touched, or
24 could now touch, for I found that the reality could only be felt, could not
25 be conceived or even pictured by the imagination when actually present to

1 the body. But it brought with it no pain, no longing for the warmth, but a
2 welcoming of the cold. It seemed to soothe all care, melt away every pain,
3 comfort every sorrow. I felt like one who breathes with delight the damp
4 odours of the earth's bountiful bosom, aware in it of the ghosts of all the
5 daisies and primroses, crocuses and snowdrops waiting in million folded
6 crowds to take their bodies again, and rise into the upper world of sun and
7 wind. I grew colder and yet colder, and as I grew colder, and less and less
8 conscious of myself, I grew the more blessed with a content that I could
9 not create a divine satisfaction. Then like dreams began to come. The last
10 I remember till the time of my awaking began to approach was that I lay
11 naked on the snowy-peak of the loftiest mountain in the world. The white
12 mists were rising slowly from below, but up with me was the cold moon
13 and the colder sky in which she dwelt. I had done with my Self and all its
14 world, and I slept. What followed that night I only know by what I learned
15 afterwards. My entertainers went back to their outer cottage, and set
16 themselves to wash and clean the panther. Tenderly they smoothed down
17 her shining skin, and combed any tuft they found on her, then having
18 waited a while and assured themselves that I was asleep, they carried
19 Astarte into the hall of the dead, and laid her across my feet as I slept. She
20 gave me no heat as she had so often done before, for she was now one of
21 the waiting dead like myself. I know by what I saw afterwards how
22 lovingly they laid her out too. They laid her couching with her hind feet
23 under her and her forefeet stretched out like a crusader's dog, only she was
24 on my feet, not my feet upon her, and her head couched on her fore paws,
25 her tail decently curled round, and the tip laid on her spotted back, ready to

1 be wagged the moment she should start to her feet. And so through the
2 long long night we lay in the frozen luxury of Death. But how long that
3 night was what mortal, certainly not myself could tell! It might have been
4 three hours, it might have been three centuries. I doubt if time had much or
5 anything to do with it. If I was in the land of the fourth dimension, or the
6 land of two or three more senses, or rather four, if I was in the land of
7 thought, deeper in higher up than any of those, it may be that it all took
8 place during the solemn aeonian march of one second pregnant with all
9 eternity: I cannot tell. I knew nothing. But the next thing was I began to
10 dream of all the wrongs I had done to anyone and everyone in the world
11 where I used to live. But the lovely thing was that I was in the act always
12 of declaring my sorrow, and making reconciliation with him or her whom
13 I had hurt or offended. Every human soul to which I had anyhow caused a
14 moment of uneasiness had, apparently in great part in virtue of the wrong
15 done become unspeakably dear to me. Oh how tenderly precious was my
16 younger brother over whom I had sometimes tyrannized. How I wept and
17 abased myself before him! how graciously and lovingly he consoled me.
18 So with my father whom I had disobeyed; so with my mother whose
19 injunctions I had thought absurd; so with my sister whom I had looked
20 down upon with the usual male brutality of pride. It seemed that the joy of
21 my life henceforth would be to be the ceaseless slave of every one of
22 them. I was now continually contriving plans of serving now this one now
23 that. I would build them such houses as had never been built before; buy
24 them such horses as had never run before; make for them with my own
25 hands such jewels as would gladden their hearts with colour and form. I

1 would write them such books as would make their hearts burn within them
2 to read; I would invent such things, with the help of all I knew of physics
3 and mechanics and the forces of the world, as would make glad with
4 wonder! Then there fell a cloud of great darkness over all my spirit, and I
5 awoke--awoke in cold darkness, not a glimmer of light about me, but my
6 heart filled with the intense peace that comes of fearing nothing and
7 hoping infinitely. I had lain but a moment thinking how glorious would
8 the light be when it came, what a new creation it would bear with it into
9 the world of my brains, when something moved on the bed, and a moment
10 after heavy feet came up by my side, and a tongue began to lick my face. I
11 knew at once. Of course it is Astarte! I said to myself, and was no wise
12 astonished, although when I saw her last she lay as limp and dragged as
13 ever was drowned cat. I clasped her to me and we made a jubilee of our
14 meeting such as might have waked the dead though not a sound from us
15 broke the stillness of the universal death. But Astarte was cold through
16 and through, cold as an icicle, and I could just feel her tongue upon my
17 cheek--no more; for I was as cold as she. I did not yet know that the only
18 way to get warm now was to do things. Action was now the sole source of
19 heat: the idle man must henceforth be the cold man. No more fires to heat
20 the half live corpse! no more glow save from the will to do, the one real
21 furnace of life! This I learned by insight, and Astarte in her degree soon
22 learned it by experience. It was yet dark, but why should I remain where
23 life was growing indeed, but was not yet? I tried if I could move, and
24 sprang light from the bed, and Astarte sprang after me. Through the
25 darkness I could see her green eyes lamping with full blown pupils to seize

1 on what light lay to me imperceptible even in the darkness of that home of
2 death. But scarcely was my foot on the floor, I had not gained the alley
3 between the rows of deathbeds, when I saw the candle coming along
4 through the darkness, and went to meet our host and hostess. They greeted
5 me with a quiet good morning, but I felt it as full of meaning and love as
6 the sun is of light. "Please let me have my clothes before I go out," I
7 said. The woman answered me with a smile, "If I were to give you them
8 you would not like the look of them now. They are all moth-worm-eaten,
9 and scarcely hang together." "Then what am I to do?" "You have upon
10 you the long shining garment of death: what do you want more! When
11 you come to the swamp, gather a few rushes like Dante, and make a belt
12 for your waist, and then you will be right well equipped, for that garment
13 never wears out." "Farewell for a time," said the sexton. "You may have
14 to come back this way, I do not know, but you will never have to die
15 anymore. What they call death down in your country is no death at
16 all--and is no good at all except you die here as well." I thanked them for
17 all the kindness they had shown me, and especially for helping me to bed,
18 and then we took our leave, and following the hint given me we went
19 straight for the swamp of horror. It was still, so far as regarded the night,
20 very dark, but a curious change had come over the world, affecting the
21 face of the darkness itself. For I saw every bush of heather, every juniper
22 tree, every blade of grass that grew under and around us as we went along.
23 Yet I saw nothing I could have called light. There was nothing to cast any
24 shadow. Shadow would come with the sun. But everything that grew had
25 just light enough in itself to show its own shape and colour, and so it

1 placed itself in my being. And this was but one outer shape that my new
2 life took; for the world around me and my own being seemed all one. The
3 existence of these things and my consciousness of them was as one, so
4 entirely did I live in everything that entered at any door of my sense. The
5 microcosm and the macrocosm were at length in harmony. When I heard
6 the heatherbells ring as I passed a full bush, then I felt the joy of the little
7 breeze that waked them, and the joy of the bells that responded with their
8 sweet tinkle, and I lent them the hall of my being to rejoice and be glad in.
9 For now my being was a gladness of perfect peace, on whose ocean rose
10 ever and anon the waves of a fresh joy. One day and how many might
11 they not rise wind and waves together to a wild exulting tempest! I knew
12 now that life, mere and pure, is itself bliss, and where it is not bliss it is not
13 life, but life mingled with death. Everything lived that did not live for
14 itself, and so every life about me was bliss, and in myself I knew it was
15 bliss. Every breath of the dark wind that blew where it listed was in me, as
16 often as I gave it heed, was a glory equal to an organ blast of soaring
17 hallelujahs. I *was* at last. I lived and nothing could touch me! And all
18 this was before the sun of the first morning of my new life arose. We
19 came to the swamp, and fearless, for Astarte followed me like a dog, we
20 stepped upon it. Close at my first footstep grew a bunch of long rushes,
21 with its brown flower outbreaking from its side to see the world and
22 perpetuate its kind. I gathered as many as Astarte could carry in her
23 mouth, and went on over the swamp, weaving my girtle as I went. And
24 thus bending down my eyes I became aware that all the horrid depth was
25 illuminated. This I cannot account for except on the supposition that the

1 woman, whose name I have since learned is Eve, had left there the serpent
2 stone that it might a little awe and restrain its inhabitants. Certainly a dim
3 greenish light pervaded the whole watery substructure, so that I saw every
4 hideous form that lay coiled there--forms more fantastic in ghastly making
5 horror than ever the reaction of poet's brain from more delight of beauty
6 than it could bear ever was able to invent. I will not attempt to describe
7 them. What the diver who went down into the whirlpool to fetch the
8 king's cup saw there was nothing to these. Coils and bulges and glares of
9 octopian life are mild beside them--every one topped with a head
10 concentrating the terror of all the body out of which it came as an evil
11 flower out of an evil stalk. But they lay all perfectly quiet as we passed
12 above their heads. Not one of them moved or gave a wallow in its sleep,
13 so that I thought they must be dead. But I soon saw I was mistaken. I
14 need hardly say that not death itself had made me lose my hold of the
15 sapphire which I had folded in my hand as usual when I settled myself to
16 my long repose. I had it in a little pocket in the breast of my gown, but
17 having finished my belt and fastened it about my waist, I took it again in
18 my hand, and not thinking why passed it from one hand to the other. Now
19 in that country every motion is meaning or wish. The moment the stone
20 was in my right hand, it began to drip; and the moment a drop fell into the
21 water of a pool, the whole swamp was one heaving, wallowing, up and
22 down tumble of utter confusion. It was as if a sharp and mightily potent
23 poison had entered the very centre of life of the place and every mass of
24 ugliness was writhing in direst torture of death. But not a head rose above
25 the surface in attempted escape. I made haste and put the marvellous thing

1 again in my pocket, and soon, with an occasional returning heave or
2 shudder now here now there, the slimy mess sank once more to rest. Then
3 I knew that one day the holy song of the praising universe would enter in
4 at the ears of even the lost tribes of incompleated life. And hell itself *would*
5 pass away. And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. But we
6 went on and left them lighted in their sleep by the serpent-stone that Eve
7 had left there, when Adam the sexton librarian helped her to rescue my
8 beloved Astarte. But the sun, the sun was coming, and at last through his
9 curtains of crimson and gold he looked out "like God's own head," and
10 then first I knew what a blessed child of God that acrid storm of molten
11 metals was. Then I saw every little flower--on the way we went they were
12 mostly humble flowers of the lowly mosses--straighten its stalk and lift up
13 its neck, with outstretched head looking for the sonship of the children of
14 God. Everything was alive and expectant. Something was coming,
15 coming--none the less coming that it was long upon the road. It mattered
16 not whether it were today or tomorrow or in ten thousand years, it was
17 coming, and the little necks were stretched out to see and every morning
18 would thus be stretched out until it came indeed! The very rocks drank the
19 rays that fell across them slantingly like the light-sponges they were.
20 Every moment was a joy a bliss a delight, and we walked sedate and swift,
21 for even Astarte was too blessed to gambol, two joy-fires, two altars which
22 as the earth offered its flowers and fruits and odours to the skies, steamed
23 heavenward with the thoughts or at least sensations of a divine conscious-
24 ness. We were walking over the same dry scored rock country I had gone
25 through twice before, and right before me in the hollow in which we were

1 walking, I saw something shining clear as lightning in the moss, and
2 stooping and drawing it out, for it was in great part overgrown, and but a
3 small portion had revealed it to my eye, I found it was the most lovely
4 sword I had ever beheld--such strength, such flexibility, such an edge on
5 both sides, such radiance of essential steel--straight as a line, save that its
6 edges were two converging lines to an invisible point. The hilt was a
7 cross, and the guard of wrought iron, beautifully chased and inlaid, and the
8 grip was covered with jewels of all hues and kinds, the pommel being a
9 pearshaped diamond. It had no sheath, but I managed to suspend it by my
10 belt of rushes--only fit belt perhaps to be the hanger for such a sword.
11 Astarte seemed a little afraid of it at first as it swayed flashing by my side;
12 but she soon learned to walk close to it with a humble gait, and indeed,
13 though before she used to walk almost always at my right side she now
14 always went at my left, as if she would be near the glorious weapon. So
15 we went until we came to the valley of the dwarfs. They came rushing out
16 to see. Their country was less cultivated than ever, and the crops of fruit
17 seemed fast dwindling. It was plain that were any water anyhow to
18 appear, it would become a swamp like that we had left, a dwelling for
19 owls and cormorants and evil beasts. I think they knew me, for some of
20 them began to lay their heads together and eye me with evil looks and
21 gestures of contempt. But I was no more angry with them than if they had
22 been, as indeed they were, my own baby- brothers. I spoke to them
23 seriously, begging them to consider that if their orchards went on
24 deteriorating as since first I knew them, they would soon cease to be a
25 people at all, for there would be no fruit to keep them alive; but they would

1 hardly listen. I told them that I was going to clear their ground for
2 them, and I hoped they would not interfere with me, for they might anger
3 my companion, and that they had before found dangerous. They dared not
4 mock but they looked very sullen. I drew my sword. They thought I was
5 about to attack them and fled; but when they found that my campaign was
6 against the crowded trees, they came back and surrounded me with howls
7 and execrations. I did not heed them however, but laid on lustily with my
8 weapon. Never was there a better. I was astonished to see what a blow
9 with that sword would do. First I made alleys in all directions through the
10 universal orchard, till I had thus cleared a large space of the country by
11 cutting down their trees, then I began to prune individual trees, and so
12 leave room for the fruit to grow, and for the sun and wind to reach it that it
13 might grow. The people crowded into the walks and avenues, and seemed
14 heartily to enjoy the room they had. They seemed actually to expand
15 themselves in bodily size, for the trees had been actually crowding them
16 out of the country. They did not now venture to interfere, and all the time
17 the edge of my sword was unnotched-- remained indeed altogether
18 undulled. Then when I had got a quarter of the land thus cleared, I tried to
19 persuade them to go to work on the rest. They had certain rough tools
20 with which they could have done something. But they absolutely
21 declined. They said it was all very well for me whose great tool did
22 everything for me without my having any trouble myself; but for them
23 they could do nothing with such miserable tools as they had. I told them
24 that if they would only begin, I would work alongside of them for their
25 help and encouragement. But they saw they were content as they were and

1 did not want me to do anything. They were a contented people till I came,
2 they said; and yet they would be contented if only I would leave them
3 alone. So I resolved I would give them one parting gift and leave them
4 alone. So I dug a hole where I heard the sound of the underground waters,
5 and there I laid in my sapphire, and stood watching it with my sword in
6 my hand till gradually the hole was filled, and not only with the water
7 from the stone but it had drawn to it the waters from beneath, and now
8 there was a well-spring where there had been none in the memory of man.
9 Then having taken again my sapphire, I dug a trench round one of the trees
10 and watered it plentifully from the new well, and telling them to do the
11 same that day week for some weeks, and watch the result, I left them to try
12 if I could not teach the children something. So I spent one week more
13 with them, but when the day came and went and I saw they had done
14 nothing to water the tree again, I saw it was all of no use. I saw that until
15 they suffered they would not grow a hair's-breadth; but I did not know
16 how I was destined to bring that same suffering upon them. All the time
17 that I was busy with the trees, the birds and the butterflies and the
18 dragonflies, even the owlets when it was broad day, kept crowding about
19 us and flying sometimes in quite a thick cloud about and over our
20 heads--attracted we could not tell by what: and in nothing was the change
21 in Astarte more evident than in the patience with which she took all the
22 teasing of the flies and of the children. Now when we started to go, an
23 army of creatures, and not merely those of the air but those of the earth as
24 well came crowding after us--all kinds of creatures that live in the trees
25 and burrow among the roots set out to accompany us. But to my astonish-

1 ment we were hardly out of the valley in which the orchard nation lives
2 when the children--I think from the number almost every child that could
3 walk, and some were such toddlers that I set three of them in turns on
4 Astarte's back as we went along, only I am anticipating--came running in
5 a scattered crowd up the sides of the slope to join us. They were dancing
6 and shouting and looked better children than I had seen them before, and
7 certainly I had never before seen them half so merry. What to do with
8 them I did not know, but I could not help thinking what a tyrannical act it
9 would be to send them back to such dull parents as did not value them, and
10 so leave them to grow up like their fathers and mothers. However I did
11 not feel that I had a certain right to interfere, when up from the valley
12 came panting all the mothers of the children, not entreating their return or
13 drowned in tears at the thought of their wishing to leave them but raging
14 and scolding because they had gone without leave, and threatening the
15 most frightful things they knew, to be inflicted the moment they had them
16 in their power again. At the moment of their coming within a few yards of
17 the hindmost of them, and as one of the mothers was pursuing one of the
18 children who ran with terrified speed to escape her in the crowd, a little
19 boy who, I learned after was an orphan, having neither father nor mother,
20 and whom Astarte had especially befriended, rode, mounted on the spotted
21 back of his friend, couching a long reed he carried like a lance, full tilt into
22 the middle of them. They scattered and fled in all directions, and in a
23 moment or two more they were down the slope of the valley, and we saw
24 them no more. Thus easily did they put up with the loss of their little
25 ones! But my hope was that though they did not love them much, they

1 would in that dullest of places, soon miss even their teasing, and would
2 begin to lament for them, and so sorrow might do something to deliver
3 them from their ruinous self-satisfaction. So we went on our way a
4 shining company. For a moment I was a little thoughtful as to how I was
5 to feed the large company, but I soon discovered that the sapphire water
6 was food as well as drink, and every morning I chose a hollow in a rock
7 and filled it with water, and thither they all flew to drink, and thither after
8 them all the creatures with and without wings flew when they had done,
9 and they needed nothing more, though travelling all the time till they went
10 to sleep, until the next morning before we set out again. And oh the
11 merriment and the frolics of that journey of the children and the creatures!
12 But whither were we travelling? Indeed I did not know then and did not
13 know for sometime. But as we went I bethought myself that it might be as
14 well to teach them something besides gladness, though of course that was
15 perhaps indeed the best thing for them to learn. They ought to have some
16 initiatory lessons in self-control. They were perfectly obedient for any one
17 moment but they could not be for two moments together, and it was not
18 wholesome for them or for me to have to be continually and always telling
19 them things to do and not to do. So I proceeded to drill them, in a faintly
20 approximate sort of a way into a little army. I could not think of making
21 them march sedately. They could not live on sapphire water and be able to
22 take two steps the same together! But I thought I could make them
23 scamper in some resemblance to rank and file, and I succeeded in a
24 measure. I would now marshal them in a square, now in a triangular
25 phalanx now in a solid circle, and even tried the pentacle, but that they

1 could not manage. The resemblance however was very often of a general
2 kind and far enough from being exact, only they did try to keep together as
3 I told them, and more or less succeeded; and so I led on my little army of
4 children, little knowing that it was indeed a crusade, for I was going I
5 knew not whither. They learned to obey the word of command so far as to
6 keep tolerably together. For armour, they were mostly naked, the little
7 darlings; for weapons there was but my one sword gleaming in front for
8 the whole array; for commissariat, there was my sapphire stone with its
9 many shifting milky glammers; for the transport service at once and
10 rear-guard, Astarte the spotted panther. And so with sunlight and wind
11 and jubilation and laughter went the crusade of the children along the
12 desert way that led toward the great wicked city. And as it went the
13 children were growing more and more beautiful. I could not in the time
14 perceive any difference in their size, but they grew more and more perfect
15 as children--more and more angelic at once and more human. The plainest
16 of them had grown almost lovely before that march over the channel
17 scored plain was over. Seldom was there any quarrel, and never any hate.
18 As soon as one began to grow selfish he began to grow weary and unable
19 to keep up with the rest, and when any of them stopped behind to keep
20 him company, Astarte would join them, and if he was quarrelsome, she
21 would drive the others away from him, and leave him. But presently she
22 would creep back by the clefts, and lie near him though he did not know it,
23 and when he had wept a while and approached despair she would bound
24 up to him, take him on her back, and fly like a level streak of white
25 lightning, with the child clinging round her neck to rejoin the army. He

1 was sure to be good for sometime after that. We came to the pinewood in
2 which I had seen the strange spectral dance, and passed the tree under
3 which I had found the body of the princess. It was the early morning and
4 the time when all the creatures were trooping to drink of the hot stream.
5 As many as we met, all but the foxes, joined our company and followed
6 us. The great butterflies and dragonflies, mingled with bats and owls and
7 pigeons and many song-birds, some of which sang as they flew went
8 circling round and round the heads of the children, now lighting on their
9 heads and shoulders, now dropping on the grass, and letting them go far
10 ahead, then following with whirl of wing and many cries as if calling to be
11 waited for. One little fellow there was whom sometimes you could not see
12 for the multitude of birds that perched on and clung to him. Most of them
13 had their favourites among the children. Then the animals followed, and
14 after the bears joined us, we had quite a little troop of ursery, for the
15 children very soon learned to mount the bears, and soon you would not see
16 one of the bears without a child on his back, shambling along. We crossed
17 the hot stream into which all the animals plunged, and came out fresh and
18 happy. Most of the children too plunged into it, and had to be lifted out
19 again, the low banks were so steep. We came at last to the rising ground
20 whence we could see the inhospitable city. It was mid-day when we
21 reached it, and most of the people were out in the streets as was their
22 custom before the principal meal of the day. The gates stood wide open,
23 the sole appearance, and that but an appearance of hospitality about the
24 city. They were unguarded, for, of a long time strangers had avoided the
25 place, until at length there were none to exclude and so the gates stood

1 wide open and unguarded. We entered it jubilant. No road led to it; it
2 opened just on the grassy plain. The few we met in the first street stood
3 aside and stared, and uttered not a word. But when we came to the market
4 place, the crowd, with many a cry of astonishment closed in before us and
5 prevented our proceeding. We were bound for the palace. The children
6 showed not the smallest fear, but sought playfully and merrily to push
7 their way through the close crowd. But the men and women that
8 composed it, as soon as ever their eyes became accustomed to the sight of
9 an army of children began to treat it with the contempt which made so
10 large a portion not of their being but of the consciousness they had made
11 for themselves. I did not know what to do. I had no desire and was not
12 aware at the moment of any right to use the sword I carried against my
13 own kind, and to threaten with it if I did not intend to use it would have
14 been false, and I had left all pretence behind me in the temple of the dead.
15 At length one of the bigger boys, but quite a child, in pure exuberance of
16 merriment threw himself upon a very tall man who was next him in the
17 crowd, and before he knew was astride of his shoulders, and patting his
18 head with his plumpy palms. The man swore and flung him on the street,
19 lifting his foot in his brute wrath to strike him. But ere he struck, like a
20 gleaming projectile Astarte shot over the heads of those that intervened,
21 and placed herself instead of the child on the shoulders of the man, dealing
22 him such a blow on the head with her paw as stunned him, so that they
23 dropped together while I lifted the child and set him on my shoulders
24 instead, where I gave him my sword to carry and so staid his weeping.
25 This he waved slowly about his little head, and it flashed in their eyes like

1 the flaming sword that turned every way at the gate of the garden of the
2 world. "Cavalry to the front!" I cried. The children shook their files a
3 little asunder as they could for the press and through them came slowly
4 trotting to the front, all the bears, each with his trombone of a growl.
5 Astarte walked in front without a rider, so ready to spring. The bears
6 walked after and cleared a way by snapping this side and that at the legs of
7 citizens. I let the army pass me, and brought up the rear among the other
8 animals, with the boy on my shoulders waving the flaming sword. So we
9 had no more molestation on our way to the palace. The noise had not
10 come to the ears of the warden with any alarm in it. We found the gates
11 open there also. Here I took my place in the middle of the army, that I
12 might see all round lest some little ones might be mischievous, and so we
13 marched to the attack, for the place was not taken although we were inside
14 of it. The garrison was at dinner, and we were crowding up the main
15 staircase, when I suppose we were seen from the top, for down like a live
16 avalanche came the spotted white panther that was larger and stronger than
17 Astarte, doubtless taking her for the power in which we put our trust,
18 emboldening us to the attempt. The other panther destroyed, she might do
19 as she would with the infant crusaders! In an instant arose a noise of hate
20 and strife, with howling and tumbling, crashing and tearing, feline curses
21 and yells. I hastened through to the front. "When we get to them," I said
22 to the child on my shoulders, "hit the big one with the flat of the sword. It
23 would be a pity to spoil her white skin." The child was eager to get at
24 them, I too dreading what might befall Astarte before we succeeded. An
25 opportunity came presently in one of the convolutions of the striving mass,

1 and the child struck the larger panther a sharp sounding blow on the
2 shoulders with the flat of the sword. With a shuddering sigh, “the lofty
3 lady stood upright,” and as she rose the panther shape seemed to wither off
4 her, and all the spots to hurry in a dizzy swim up to her eyes and there
5 settle in her dark flashing orbs, leaving her white as snow from head to
6 foot except for the red mark across her shoulders left by the flat of the
7 sword. Astarte fell down and began to lick her feet, but she turned to flee.
8 Then as with one accord the children rushed upon her, grasping her
9 wherever they could lay hold, some climbing on the shoulders of the
10 others to reach her neck. She stumbled on those about her feet, and they
11 crowded over her till I feared they would smother her, kissing and patting
12 her and behaving as if they had all and each found their mother. Little
13 they knew that a moment before she would have torn their heads from
14 their bodies in her rage. That moment Astarte who stood outside the
15 tumult gave a howl of terror and fled behind me. The boy on my
16 shoulders made a blow with the sword at something I did not see, and
17 through the very marrow of my bones went the shudder as of an electric
18 shock. The next instant there was a noise like a clap of thunder and all the
19 doors of the palace seemed to fly open as with a furious blast of wind.
20 The lady raised herself sitting, filled her arms with children and hugging
21 them to her, burst into tears, which the children nearest to their source
22 began to wipe away with their hands and kiss away with their innocent
23 mouths. Then she would have crept away screened by a convoy of the
24 little ones. But I dared not let her escape. Open doors invite presence, and
25 where the Power of the Air has been before he will seek entrance again,

1 and a castle where he can find refuge at will must either be destroyed or
2 have its doors fast-locked. For weakness is the stronghold of vice. I tore
3 down the great cords that looped up a curtain near me, and without
4 remorse, though my heart was sore at handling untenderly the beautiful
5 limbs that might in a moment be again those of a panther, relentlessly
6 while yet she wept nor made the smallest resistance, I bound her hand and
7 foot. The leaving her with Astarte, and telling the boy with the sword to
8 mount guard over her, and if he saw any sign of her turning again into a
9 panther to strike her with the flat of the sword, I went on with the rest of
10 my army through the palace. Now the old king had turned foolish, and
11 had a fancy for always sitting on his throne. He felt his strength both of
12 body and mind failing him, and fearing that his people would learn to
13 laugh at him, he thought to preserve his dignity by sitting always on his
14 throne and never receiving in any other way even the commonest visit.
15 When I entered the throne room with my army the little ones swarmed up
16 the steps of the throne, and up on the king's knees, and so bewildered the
17 poor old man that he stared and for a time could not speak. He thought he
18 had died without knowing it and that the cherubs were come to carry him
19 up to the country of old kings. I called them down and told them to amuse
20 the king with their gambols while I went to arrange things for our going. I
21 saw now that I had done my work in this direction. I went back and saw
22 that the princess was safe. She lay as I had left her bound hand and foot
23 with Astarte and the child with the flaming sword standing over her,
24 attended by an outer ring of the small but powerful bears. I took four of
25 these bears and hid them together side by side with but a little distance

1 between; then I took a long cushion from a sofa near and laid it across
2 their backs, and bound it upon them; then I laid her upon the cushion, and
3 covering her up with the curtains of red silk, I recalled the children, and
4 told them to form in marching order in the court. The soldiers had seen
5 the white panther, and probably mistook. They interfered with nothing I
6 did. Probably all impulse had for the time left them. I took the sapphire
7 from its pocket and sprinkled the face of the princess with a few drops.
8 She shuddered and opened her eyes, saw the sapphire, and wept afresh.
9 Then first I think she recognized me, and a light flush rose to her face. We
10 set ourselves in motion. The carrier bears behaved well. I set four
11 children at their heads, and they kept them well together so that the lady
12 was borne along without any great inconvenience to her--down the stairs,
13 across the court, and into the streets. Again the people crowded around us,
14 but when they saw their princess borne away on the backs of four bears,
15 they were filled with consternation and dared not speak. As we went
16 along I saw the woman who had first told me what to do and had then
17 thrown a stone at me. I stopped and asked if she remembered me. She did
18 not until I recalled myself to her memory. Then I told her that I had been
19 a stranger in their city and they and their princess had abused me, and now
20 I was carrying her away in consequence, and that the same thing would
21 befall them if they went on in their evil ways. She was on the point of
22 laughing me to scorn, but that instant Astarte laid her cold nose to her
23 hand. She looked down, and fell on her knees at my feet. I told her she
24 needed not fear me, but that her own pride was the one beast to be afraid
25 of, for that would bring her to what she would know as ruin if she did not

1 change her ways. I went on again after telling her to tell the same thing to
2 the rest of them. So we left the city, and went out again on the wide plain.
3 I walked by the side of the bears but said nothing to the princess, only now
4 and then sprinkling her face with a little sapphire water. The sun went
5 down and the moon rose. The flutterbies and the dragonflies and the birds,
6 all but the bats and the owls went to bed--that is each went to the child he
7 liked best, and on his or her shoulders or hair went to sleep, while out
8 came the moths from the fur of the bears, and went flying along in the
9 moonlight over and about all the little heads. At last I thought we must
10 rest for a while, and I stopped the army, and I undid all the ropes of the
11 bears, and holding the mattress at the lady's head made the bear at the
12 other end walk from under the cushion, and then the next and the next, till
13 she lay on the ground without any shock. But the moment I was going to
14 leave her, she cried out: "Oh pardon me, and do not leave me. I know
15 why you have brought me here." "Where have I brought you?" I asked.
16 "You must know," she answered, "that this is where I had you cast out, for
17 here I meant you to lie until--until your hand should drop the sapphire. I
18 know I deserve it, but I pray you take me with you and I will be your
19 slave." Now I had no intention of leaving her in any misery, but not
20 therefore could I trust her. "We shall all remain here for the rest of the
21 night," I answered. And they all slept, and I think the princess slept but I
22 kept watch, not knowing what might happen. And all the night long
23 terrible shadows out of which flashed fierce and cunning eyes kept
24 prowling about our camp; but I had placed the princess in the middle of
25 the host of children and so not an evil creature was able to come nigh to

1 her. And all the night long I walked round and round the camp, with my
2 sword in my hand, whose blade and hilt kept flashing in the moonlight;
3 and all the night Astarte walked behind me in my footsteps at half the
4 distance of the circuit. It was a terrible night for both of us; for me I was
5 defending the princess from the longing of the demon to re-enter where
6 once he had been; and Astarte knew that if he entered again there would be
7 the old horrible fight to fight once more, and all the good might be
8 undone. But Astarte did not know that the best guard between the woman
9 and the demon were the little ones that lay huddled like dead cherubs in
10 the moonlight about her couch. So the night passed as the night always
11 must, and the dawn came as the dawn had always come hitherto, and the
12 children all came alive, and some mounted their bears, and some mounted
13 Astarte, and one mounted me, and then I went and yoked the bears, and
14 then went to put the cushion again upon them, and lay the princess on it.
15 But she begged hard to be allowed to walk; so I undid her bonds, saying
16 “You promise me then to follow me wherever I choose to take you?” for
17 by this time I saw what I had to do with her. “I promise,” she said, and I
18 allowed her to walk on between myself and Astarte. Soon we came to the
19 hot stream. She looked up its course and saw the cave whence it issued,
20 the place where I had brought her to life, and shuddered. Then we came to
21 the spot where I had found her lying bound, and I said to her, “Did you
22 ever see that place before?” And she answered, “No.” I told her that was
23 where I had found her to all appearance dead of hunger. She looked at
24 me with her great eyes, and I had not before seen them so soft. “I do not
25 know whether I can honestly thank you,” she said. “You will before we

1 have done with each other,” I said. “You are not going to torment me?”
2 she said, and her eyes dilated with horror. “Certainly not,” I answered,
3 “except to persuade you to do what is right be to torment you.” She was
4 silent, and I went on. “Will you tell me,” I said, “how you change yourself
5 into the white leopard? I do not need to know for I am your master now,
6 but I might be able to help you if I knew.” “I do nothing,” she answered.
7 “I just be one.” “Well,” I returned, “the next time you are wanting to be
8 one, don't be one.” “Ah but I can't help it.” “So long as you don't help it,
9 you will be in the power of your enemy to make a princess a beast as often
10 as he pleases. He likes to get into you and then you are not yourself any
11 more; you are you and he together. Then you think you are taking your
12 own way--and so you are all the time, but you are taking his way much
13 more than your own. You know what kind of things you do when you are
14 pleasing yourself! Look there!” And I showed one of the triangular marks
15 on my arm. “Is it your own self alone that would do a thing like that?”
16 She looked ashamed--the first show of shame I had ever seen on her face.
17 “You lost this lovely thing,” I said, “because you would please your own
18 self by throwing it at me to drive me away! There is the mark of it on my
19 forehead! Why did you care so much for it if you could part with it so
20 lightly?” “I believed it was of value.” “What good did it ever do you?”
21 “None that I know of.” I had it in my hand and passed it to the other,
22 when my hand filled with water and I threw it on her as we walked
23 through the wood. “Oh!” she cried, “how good it is! It will make me
24 good!” “No, it cannot do that! You yourself must want and try to be
25 good, else it is no use. It is helping you now but it cannot make you. It is

1 bringing back the thought of a time when you were much better than you
2 are now, when you loved your mother, and the black- browed man had
3 never come to your door at night, and taught you to make yourself
4 beautiful to *him* by--” I showed her my arm again. “What *am* I to do!” she
5 cried. “When he comes he makes me feel strong to do what he tells me.”
6 “But think how weak he leaves you when he goes away!” “Yes; then I
7 hate myself.” “Wherever he has once been, he always comes and comes
8 again. Do you know that all the night long he was prowling about the
9 camp trying to get in to you?” “Yes, I knew it and lay trembling. How
10 was it that he did not?” “It was because you lay in the midst of the
11 children! A child is stronger than the being whose power you obey!”
12 “How can a child be stronger?” “Because he is not alone. In the true child
13 the strongest of all dwells, for he is as a child himself.” “How am I to
14 keep him out of me? I cannot be always in the midst of children.” “And if
15 you were, you would never be clear of him. As long as he could get in if it
16 were not for something else outside of you, he is sure of getting in. The
17 only place he cannot get into is one where he is driven from the door by
18 the person that dwells in that house. It is not possible for her to send him
19 out once he is in, but there is a watcher always ready to help her who tries
20 to keep the door shut and not let him in. Sometimes he goes away of
21 himself, but then if the person does not make haste to get the strong
22 watcher to come in and take his room he is sure to come back and make
23 her worse than ever. When he comes again you must keep him out, and
24 keep keeping him out, and then all the things in all the universe will come
25 in to help you. There is however a way to get rid of him altogether, and

1 drive him from you like a howling dog, but I cannot tell it to you now. I
2 am going to tell you, if I find you a true woman but not yet, for I am not
3 sure of you yet.” Then we walked on in silence for a long while. The next
4 night we spent on the border of the land of the dwarfs. Again we were
5 besieged all night long in our camp. The children slept through it
6 undisturbed; and the princess slept, but as often as I looked down on her, I
7 saw the sweat pouring from her forehead. Was it he that was making her
8 dream? If it was, and that in spite of the children, then she was resisting
9 him. I woke her. “Come,” I said, “we will meet him together!” She rose
10 trembling, and I led her through the multitude of the sleeping children, and
11 out of the charmed environs of the camp. But I took care to have my
12 sword in my hand. We walked a little way on to the plain, she trembling a
13 little as if with cold. “I will help you,” I said, “but the victory that sets you
14 free must be your own: it cannot be mine.” The moon was halfway down
15 in the west, a clear, thoughtful waning moon, whose radiance fell wide all
16 over the country round, mottling all the land with short shadows.
17 Suddenly she was eclipsed as if the shadow of the world lay upon her. We
18 looked up. She was still visible, but seemed to send out no light. A thick
19 film of something lay over her patient beauty; for that which bears but
20 reflected light always must need patience. There the film swept off to one
21 side, and I saw against her light the jagged outline of a hooked bat-like
22 wing. “He is coming, princess!” I said. “Be strong to keep him out.” A
23 cold wind with a kind of burning sting in it blew over us. The princess
24 would have fallen to the earth but I said, “Stand, and meet him like a
25 princess.” Something I could neither see nor feel yet shook me from head

1 to foot, but I stood. The next moment the princess turned and sprang upon
2 me. She was nearly my height. She tore my one garment from my
3 shoulder and took the flesh in her teeth. I did not move. “Now is your
4 chance, princess!” I cried. “For all he urges you, and makes you think it is
5 you and not he that would have it, *do not*. It will be the grandest victory if
6 you do not yield now. You see I do not resist you. I would have you
7 overcome.” She seemed to sob, but it was not a sob. She heeded no word I
8 said. Suddenly a sharp pang went through me. Then I knew that the
9 triangle had burst the gates of my life, and that life from me was flowing
10 into the foul hollow of a life in death. A moment more and I should have
11 fallen and for the time all would have been lost. Swiftly I laid the cold
12 blade of steel along her back, reaching it over her shoulder. She shuddered
13 violently. Again the cold stinging wind enveloped us; again the moon was
14 eclipsed. The princess lay at my feet, but did not touch me. “Rise,” I said.
15 “Another failure!” “Bind me hand and foot!” she said. “I am vile, but do
16 not cast me out.” “I will not. But you love yourself, and while you love
17 yourself, he will come and come and come. You are not good.” “I know
18 it; I know it; I hate myself; but if you knew what the longing was like!”
19 “If you knew what it was like--how vile it looks to that moon! But you do
20 not. Go and lie down. We start in the morning for the house of Death!”
21 “You are not going to kill me?” “That would be no good. I could do that
22 now here at once. But what good would that do you?” “It would rid you
23 of me.” “I do not want to be rid of you. I want you to be rid of the other!
24 There is no way for it but you must die. I must help you, as I am now
25 doing, today yourself.” “I never can do that!” “Not without help.” We

1 went back to the camp. She lay down, and again I watched all night, and
2 in the morning we came to the orchard valley where dwelt the halfgrown
3 dwarfs. "Oh there's home!" cried the children. "We'll go and see father
4 and mother!" "Go," I said; "and as many of you as please can remain with
5 them. As many of you as would like to be taught more, come back here in
6 an hour." They ran away with shouts and laughter. I went after them to
7 the verge of the valley. The place was as we had left it. The sun was up,
8 but the people all asleep. Some of the trees were dead, and some stood
9 rotting upheld by the overgrown mass of the crowded foliage. There were
10 no signs of cutting down--of any effort after restraint and betterment. I
11 went to look at the well I had dug. It was dried up, and the grass had
12 grown high above it. There was no sign that footstep had sought the place.
13 Yet the trees near it looked the only healthy ones I saw. I went back to the
14 place where I had left the lady with Astarte and the bears. She was lying
15 with her arm round the neck of the panther, and she was licking her hand.
16 Before the end of the hour, the children came running back but not
17 shouting as they went away. Some were weeping; all were silent. A few
18 were missing, but I knew at once which they were; for all children are not
19 children. I knew every child of my army. "Well?" I said. "Mother would
20 not have me!" they said, one after the other. "If we could do without her
21 we had much better go, mine said." "Mine said we were a great expense
22 and there was some chance of their getting on if only we would stay away.
23 So we came back to you." Here there was a general burst of weeping. "I
24 want you if your mothers don't," I said. "Come along." Then they dried
25 their tears; some mounted their bears; some got upon Astarte; others

1 crowded beside the lovely lady who lay on her cushion and was again
2 carried by the four bears, for she was very white and unhappy. The little
3 ones did what they could to cheer her, but she hardly heeded them, only
4 gave one a kiss now and then. I may mention here that the next time I saw
5 that valley, the orchard was full of small wild beasts. I went among them,
6 and knew by their faces who they were. But that was not until long after.
7 The children are all right as you shall hear. I do not know how it is but
8 everytime that I had to cross the terrible swamp, it was at night, and every
9 time I went to the house of Death it was in the evening or the night. I was
10 afraid for the children, for how easily, I said to myself, would not those
11 horrors pick one out here and there and swallow him before I could
12 interfere. But I soon learned I needed have no fear for *them*. I ought to
13 have remembered that the last time I passed, the enemy lay still as a stone
14 until I was passed over. But then I had gone through the cold house and
15 these little ones had not. Still something told me that I must not delay;
16 that if I would rescue the princess there was no time to be lost. We came
17 to the swamp after the moon was down. It was lighted up through its
18 every watery cavern--none the less terrible for that. The serpent-stone
19 must still be there! Astarte leaped fearlessly upon it. So did the children--
20 the first half of them--looking down with curious eyes into the deeps but
21 not making out the shapes they saw there. But when the bears that bore
22 the princess stepped on the shaking quags, the whole horrid brood was in a
23 sudden uproar. The whole pit boiled and heaved. They wanted the
24 princess, whether as a companion of their life or to devour her I do not
25 know. On all sides around the little army as it went on, arose long necks

1 with billed heads, and tried to reach across those of the children to reach
2 the lady, and for a moment or two at first for all the efforts of Astarte and
3 myself, for we could not be on both flanks in front and at the rear at once,
4 it seemed as if one of them must catch her by the arm and lift her aloft
5 over their heads. But the danger was caused, negatively, by the
6 momentary terror of the children at the horrible creatures that appeared
7 around them. The next moment instead of shrinking from them they
8 began with small feet and chubby fists to fall foul of the presumptuous
9 monsters. They punched and they kicked, they cleared the way and
10 defended the flanks in an untiring and most childlike manner, and when
11 the lady saw how the innocent fought for her, the longing I know grew hot
12 in her heart to be innocent like them. One little one, finding his antagonist
13 in front too unimpressionable, came to me complaining he could not get
14 the beast to mind him or even look at him, and begging for one cut of my
15 sword. I gave it him but went behind him not sure of what might happen.
16 The child took the sword in both hands and dealt such a downright blow
17 on the leg of the monster, the only place he could well reach that the
18 creature gave a snort, looked down at the child and dived out of sight with
19 a great splash. Then he gave me the sword with a word and smile of
20 thanks and flew at the next. Slowly we fought our way onward. What we
21 saw beneath and around us was terrible, but we were glad that it was
22 lighted up, else I do not know how we should have got through: we
23 should of course! At length we gained the shore. The children crowded
24 on the bank. The bears could not get up with their litter so easily, and for
25 one moment the princess was left unguarded. A shapeless jelly dashed

1 upon her, with a poisonous outburst. A white dove dropped upon her and
2 began making holes in the jelly with her beak. It rolled off into the marsh
3 with a squelching sound. The princess moaned, and said it seemed to set
4 her on fire: she was sure she must be one blister such was the pain. I got
5 my sapphire and sprinkled her well with it, and the pain departed. The
6 dove hopped down as soon as the bears were on the firm land, and then
7 with its whiteness, which was all the light we had, she led the way to the
8 house of the sexton. The door stood open, but the cottage would not hold
9 the fifth part of us, crowded ever so much. "I have brought you a great
10 company tonight, Eve!" I said. "We are glad to see you all." "Of course
11 you cannot give us all beds, and indeed I am not anxious about more than
12 one," I returned; "but one, if you please, I must have, for this lady." "I can
13 lie on my cushions," she said. "Ah no, dear lady, you must go to bed!"
14 said the woman. "But we can put you all up--all but you--you don't want
15 any more sleep. You took out all your dying at once." "Surely," I said
16 "the little ones don't need that sleep!" "Everyone does. It is the only way
17 to sit down with Someone. He did too. You'll see how those little ones
18 will go to bed! I know the sort! My husband is busy getting the beds
19 ready for them." "You frighten me," said the princess. "Come in at once
20 for mercy's sake!" cried the woman, and she lifted the princess from her
21 litter and carried her in, and shut the door in haste. "The children!" "No
22 harm will come to them," she answered. The same moment a blast of wind
23 dashed against the house, and made it rock, then died moaning away. The
24 princess looked like a corpse. "It is he," she murmured. "Who?" I said.
25 "The big black bat," said the woman, "but he can hurt no one in here. You

1 may open the door to the children now.” “If that is your friend, will you
2 go to him? The door is open!” I said to the princess. “No, no, no!” she
3 cried. “I know what I deserve; but pardon me once more.” “If you do not
4 go to bed where this woman, I know her well, will show you, he will have
5 you again, and then you will try to kill me.” “I know. I will die. I will
6 not be his horrid friend anymore. How am I to do it.” “If you lay yourself
7 down on that bed, you will never die; but his power over you will die, and
8 he will be as much afraid of you as he is of this sword I carry.” “Kill me
9 with it.” “No, you must die. It won't do to kill you. I could not kill you.
10 The only one who can kill you is the black bat, and when he kills you you
11 never know you are dead, but do whatever he likes and think you are
12 doing it yourself.” “I will go. Please, hostess, if you will show me my
13 room! I am very tired and not fit to live!” The woman lighted her candle,
14 and led the way to the strangely shaped door. As she opened it, Adam met
15 her. When he saw the lady, “Let her see the children go to bed first,” he
16 said; “that will encourage her. She is afraid to sleep. She thinks it is
17 death! You know better, my son!” The chill air made the princess shiver,
18 and she was scared at the sight that dimly met her eyes in the poor light of
19 Eve's one candle--so many people asleep! such a great room! But at the
20 motion of the woman she stepped aside. The sexton was gone out to call
21 in the children. I looked about, and saw no beds prepared. The same
22 forms, so far as I could see and distinguish yet lay on the same couches,
23 and had not moved since I had seen them last. The children came running
24 in on their bare little feet. They came dancing merrily up to the strange-
25 shaped door, but not a sound crossed the threshold of it. The darkness, the

1 cold, the silence, the something mysterious and strange about the place
2 made them still. Then they began to talk in suppressed voices, almost
3 whispering. "What a curious place to sleep in!" said one. "It's *so* cold!"
4 said another. "Yes, it is a cold chamber," said our host the sexton, "so you
5 had better go to bed at once." "Where shall we go?" they said. "Go and
6 choose," said he. "Sleep wherever you like." They all scattered over the
7 place, running fearlessly on into the darker parts. "Oh!" cried one to Eve,
8 who kept as near as she could in the middle of them with her candle, "I see
9 such a beautiful lady! May I sleep with her? I will creep in so quietly, and
10 not wake her!" "Yes, you may," said Eve. The little fellow crept under
11 the sheet, and lay quite still, looking out for a moment. But quickly his
12 eyelids fell, and he was white as the woman he lay beside. "Mamma!
13 Mamma!" cried another little thing, and crept into the bed. "Oh, she's so
14 cold! I'll make her warm." He crept close to her and put his arms round
15 her. In one moment he was asleep with the sweetest smile of contentment
16 on his face. "My mamma won't have me!" cried a third peeping up over
17 the edge of another bed: "will *you* have me?" And receiving no reply he
18 began to climb up and was presently under the snowy sheet. Thus every
19 one of them sought and found at least an unobjecting bedfellow, and in a
20 few minutes every child lay still and white by the side of a still white
21 woman, asleep in the arms of the holy Death. Then I turned to the
22 princess. "Come," I said, "let us follow and find your couch." Eve led the
23 way, she followed, then I, and then Adam. "How awfully cold it is!" she
24 said. "When it is cold enough," I answered, "it will begin to be pleasant."
25 "How do you know about it?" she asked. "Because I have gone through

1 it.” “Then you know what you say to me?” “I do.” “But you are alive!”
2 “Very much alive!” I answered; “and you can never be alive, you do not
3 know what life is until you have gone to sleep in this holy cemetery!” “*He*
4 cannot come here?” she said, with sudden terror as we walked along. “No;
5 he cannot. Not one of your dreams will he disturb. If ever he come here it
6 will be to lie down on one of those beds of his own will and go to sleep.
7 He does not know himself that the day must come when he will do that.
8 Now he is the terrible thing that all the horses in heaven start and rear at
9 the sight of except one white one!” “I will; I will!” I heard her saying to
10 herself as we went along. We came to an empty bed. I looked on this side
11 and that, and knew it. “There,” I said, “that is where I lay, and had the
12 sweetest of dreams, and woke so blessed in the morning. I think I had
13 some bad dreams at first, but when I woke I had forgotten them all.” She
14 said not another word, but laid down the sheet, and stretched herself out
15 straight with a sigh of safety. “Would you like Astarte to lie at your feet?”
16 “Yes, please.” I called Astarte, who came bounding. I told her what was
17 required of her. She sprang on the bed and lay down on the princess's feet.
18 I looked at the princess: she was already asleep. I turned to Astarte: she
19 slept also. We left the low hall of death, and went forth to await the
20 morning. We sat and talked and I learned many things, but whether I was
21 passing through a vision, or other people were alive in it as well as myself,
22 even as it seemed to me, I could not get Adam to say. He would not even
23 tell me whether he was librarian or sexton, not even whether he was the
24 old Adam or the new man, whether Eve was the old Eve or the new
25 Jerusalem. I seemed in a maze about everything. But the sexton said,

1 “The night is here, and the morning is at hand: hold fast. The night
2 positive is around us; you cannot, but I hear the slow flap of the bat-wings
3 against every side of the cottage. There is one he loves inside--that is one
4 he would devour because she is pleasing to him--for that is what the
5 children of the night in every world call love--the same love that makes
6 the swine devour their young. But the sun is coming; I hear him not,
7 neither see him; nor can I prove to any soul that he is coming, but I believe
8 it and hold fast.” The old man rose as he spoke; his wife rose also; they
9 looked at each other and smiled; and from their mouths, and faces the two
10 smiles spread over their bodies, and ere I could say they are changing,
11 before me stood the two angels of the resurrection; his countenance was
12 like lightning, and she held in her hand a napkin that flung great flakes of
13 splendour about the place. Then they sat down again and I saw Adam and
14 Eve--the sexton of the world, and the keeper of the church-library. The
15 night began to thin. A moaning wind began to blow in pulsing gusts.
16 “You hear his wings now?” said the sexton. And I said I heard them. “He
17 will depart presently,” he added, “for he has a devil within him that will
18 not let him rest.” “A devil,” said I. “Yes,” he answered; “he has himself
19 within himself, and therefore is himself--the devil.” “But is there not a
20 something deeper yet in him, for he did not make himself!” The old man
21 smiled and said nothing, and with that I heard a soft rush of wings, and
22 saw that the room was lighter. “Come,” said the sexton, “and you shall
23 see a sight to make God glad.” We rose and followed him to the chamber
24 of death. We had scarcely entered it when he said, “Hear the golden cock
25 that sits on the clock of the universe!” I listened, and heard, but oh so far

1 away!--millions of miles away, it seemed--a clear jubilant outcry from
2 golden throat, the notes that sang in defiance of the gates of Hell, the
3 infinite hope and expectation of the troubled universe of God, his better
4 chaos, not yet his kingdom. "Amen, bird of God!" cried the old man, and
5 the words rang through the silent house, and seemed to go on and on into
6 the infinite spaces. But at the sound of it like the rising of a cloud of white
7 doves with wings of silver from among the potsherds, up sprang the army
8 of little ones, calling aloud, "Crow again, golden cock." They leaped on
9 the floor, and began hugging and kissing each other as if they had been
10 parted for centuries or rather, as was the truth, as if they were newborn and
11 found their real selves each in the others. Then they came running to me,
12 and such faces for gladness I had never seen--such gladness I had never
13 even dreamed of in my own soul into which it went. One caught sight of
14 Astarte as he passed the foot of the princess's bed. He reached up and
15 threw his arms round the great sleeping head. "Wake up, Astarte!" he
16 said. But Astarte slept on. "She has slept herself cold!" said the child, and
17 went up to look in the bed. "Wake up, princess!" he cried. "It is morning,
18 and we must go." But the princess slept on. He touched her. "She is cold
19 too!" he said, and looked round with a wondering dismay, in eyes that
20 searched for comfort. Adam went up to him. "Her wake is not ripe yet!"
21 he said. "She is busy forgetting, and when she has forgotten enough, she
22 will be ripe, and will wake." But as the old man spoke, the child spied
23 another child that lay by her side--the only one of the company that had
24 not sprung to answer the golden cock. "Peter!" he cried. "Wake, Peter!
25 we are all awake but you!" But the child did not wake, and the other child

1 wept. "Let him sleep. He's not *quite* ripe for waking yet. Let him wait for
2 his mother! He is quite happy. The princess, the child, and Astarte will
3 wake together and not be lonely even for a moment." So we set out. It
4 was the most glorious of resurrection mornings, for all mornings are
5 resurrections, and all springtimes and all lamentations. But now the order
6 of our march was different. I used to lead the children in the time past; but
7 now they took the lead, and I followed. The butterflies and darting
8 dragons hovered about the heads of the children in a cloud of colours and
9 flashes, sometimes falling down on them and rising again like a snow
10 storm of many-coloured flakes, as they flew on. I came after with the
11 bears and all the other creatures about me. And when we set out, it was
12 not in the direction again of the fearful swamp. We had done with that and
13 the worm that dwelt in it. We went on through the cold sleepers on and
14 on, and came at last to a huge iron-bound and iron-studded door. It
15 seemed to open of itself as we drew near but if there were those that
16 opened it though we could not see them. What a burst of glory was it that
17 rushed into our souls as the two leaved gates gave way. I looked back
18 when we had got a little way off, and beheld the front of a splendid
19 church, but all in ruins, more than half fallen, but on the highest peak that
20 was left stood the golden cock that shouted to the universe. It was a
21 summer day like the best in the world I had met, but somehow it was
22 different by being more like itself. The new heavens and the new earth
23 were the same, only I saw into the soul of them--or rather the soul of them,
24 of everything I met, came into me, and made friends with my soul, and
25 told me we came from the same place, and meant the same thing different

1 ways, and I was going to him and they were always with him where they
2 were for they never had meant anything but him for they were only the
3 lightning that took shape as it flashed from him to me. Something like this
4 was the talk that everything held with us as we went. But whither we were
5 going, I knew but vaguely. The children had taken the lead, and I
6 followed, not altogether blindly, but altogether willingly. The country
7 now was richly diversified. We walked over soft meadows filled with the
8 sweetest flowers, who--for *which* had nearly dropped out of our
9 vocabulary-- who looked up in our faces with a clear meaning in their
10 own, and whatever that meaning was, there was a welcome mingled with
11 it. We came to deep rivers, into which the children threw themselves with
12 joyous cries, and sported as they swam. But they never paused in their
13 onward way. They took everything as it came, and let go as it went. We
14 came to thick forests with many a pillar supporting their "high embowed
15 roofs," and the children would often climb the trees as they went following
16 the squirrels of their army, going up one side and along the roof and down
17 on the other rather than go round the trunk--but so swiftly it was but a
18 frolic of a moment's delay: they were up with the rest in a moment or two.
19 We came to great mountains, where sometimes they seemed to know the
20 path of the serpent through beneath, sometimes led us straight up
21 precipices where they only saw the steps by which it was possible to
22 climb, and I and the bears only after they had used them. My father and I
23 walked together. At first we did not say much. I had always loved my
24 father but had been brought up in a certain awe of him, so that I could not,
25 much as I was moved to speak, begin the conversation; and as he seemed

1 inclined to silence my heart went on smouldering in me, and no flame
2 burst forth. But I had no doubt that all was right between us, for in him
3 who has slept in the eternal cemetery, there is no dividing element left
4 when he wakes. So I waited without fear. And then I knew that a tide was
5 gathering, a spring swelling in both our hearts that would presently break
6 forth, as of itself without a conscious will of the speaker. By and by we
7 saw before us a great city, built somehow like a city of old on a plain
8 around a mountain and up the sides of the mountain to where the great
9 palace stood among the clouds. Never had I seen such a glorious show of
10 city. The moment it came in view, my father turned to me, and we fell
11 each in the other's arms. "The one thing we have of all in the world we
12 have left is our love," he said. "I love you more than ever I loved you. I
13 watched you for a long time after I left you, and even through a time when
14 you thought far too much of yourself, I loved you as my own. I knew you
15 were a little afraid of me, but I did not know how to cure that without
16 doing you harm, and I thought it, and yet believe that it was safer to let
17 you grow up to the discovery of my real feelings than to try to make you
18 know them before you could understand them. Now tell me what you are
19 thinking." "I want to tell you how sorry I am that I did not understand
20 you better," I said. "But I always loved you. That is what brought me
21 here. For I was always longing to be able to tell you I was sorry that I had
22 not made it the aim of my life to serve you." "No," he replied; "that you
23 could not do. It is only the head of the clan--the father of all that you can
24 give your life to serve. For do you not know that the nearer we come to
25 that great city there, with the palace in the clouds, the more I feel that I am

1 not your father!” “Father! father! you will break my heart!” I cried. “No,
2 no;” he answered. “I am going to make you very happy. You have heard
3 in the days when you used to read the old book, One is your father, and all
4 you are brothers! In a few miles more, you and I will know that we are
5 brothers, dearer than any brothers in the world you have left, because I was
6 your father there, and because now we know the father of us both. The
7 father of fathers and of sons is one and the same. Come, come! My heart
8 is longing to find him as your heart never could have longed to find me.
9 The relation is so infinitely closer and brings us his children so immeas-
10 urably closer!” “I shall always think of you as my father!” I said. “As the
11 father,” he returned, “through whom you came to go home to the real
12 father.” For an hour we walked in silence. The children sped on before,
13 never looking behind them. Great clouds gathered about the palace on the
14 mountain-top. Gray and dark and purple they began to move as against
15 each other and toss and gyrate. Suddenly a blinding flash played about the
16 little army, but it blinded none of them. We heard them through the great
17 darkness that followed, in which we could not see our way although we
18 held on our way, we following when the children led, talking to each
19 other. “Did you see?” “I saw! Yes, I saw!” “What did you see?” “The
20 beautifullest man I ever saw.” “I heard him speak!” “What did he say?”
21 “He said, ‘You's all mine, little ones! Come on.’” With that there came
22 another flash, and then my eyes and my father’s were opened too, and we
23 saw that the great quivering flash that played about us was all made of
24 angel-faces, that lamped themselves visible for a moment, crowding and
25 centring, and then vanishing. We walked on and on. These were the

1 messengers that came to welcome us. A third flash came: it was full of
2 the faces of men and women and children. A fourth: it was full of the
3 souls of all kinds of creatures, beasts and birds. Oh such horses! such
4 dogs! such creatures we had never before seen! Strong birds with wings
5 that seemed to cover half the heavens, with beaks that would not tear and
6 claws that would not carry away. Oh such cranes! and flamingoes! And
7 such pigeons and peacocks! all in one heavenly flash. "I saw my old
8 pony!" I said to my father. "I am sure it was she!" "I saw her too! The
9 father has taken care of her for us!" Then the lightning ceased. And all
10 the time it had not thundered. Then came a sweet rain, and it made us so
11 cool, and breathe so deep, and step out with such strong strides! Before it
12 was over the sun came out, but the rain was better than the sun, and shone
13 like all the gems we knew on the earth. "Now I know," said my father,
14 "why he gives precious stones to them that dwell on the earth!--It is
15 because they cannot always have the sun and rain of this country whence
16 they went out to make them glad!" The clouds gathered again, and the
17 rain fell in torrents. Still and always it made us cooler and happier, and we
18 walked faster and faster. The youngest children indeed had begun to run,
19 and we had to walk faster to keep up with them. We were all put to it
20 before long to keep up with the youngest children--bears and all except the
21 dragonflies, who took to shooting as straight ahead as arrows. Then
22 suddenly we came to the margin of a great full river that ran in great
23 volumes of rushing water through the midst of such a meadow! such
24 grass! such daisies and buttercups and crocuses and Narcissi, and
25 anemones! And they all went on growing in the bottom of the river just

1 the same as on the banks of it, only they were larger and lovelier under-
2 neath the waves. And they did not break off or lose a petal, though the
3 water bent them nearly to the earth as it rushed along. With a great shout
4 of jubilation, the children dashed into the rushing sweeping radiant almost
5 silent river. And one wonderful thing was that, although there was such a
6 torrent of rain, which had hardly yet ceased, yet not one turbid spot was to
7 be seen upon the face or in the bosom of the limpid waters, which took a
8 pale green tint as of a pale beryl from the grass over which it ran so deep
9 and strong. They plunged in with a shout, and were swept away
10 swimming strong in the great torrent. We followed all of us and swam,
11 but were borne far down the torrent--else how should we have found the
12 great stairs that went right into the water--stairs of malachite and prophyry,
13 that rose higher and higher on the crown of arches that rose higher and yet
14 higher toward the city. Out upon these stairs the children scrambled, in
15 ones and twos in threes and fours, now a dozen and now but one, and off
16 at full speed up and up. The stairs went right across the tops of the houses
17 in the plain, and straight to the palace gates. The children were almost
18 breathless such a climb it was before they reached them. An angel, as like
19 Albert Dürer's Melancholia as she could look sat at the open gate. They
20 tumbled on her in swarms. She tried to stop them, that their entrance if it
21 was permitted might be decent and orderly. It was no use; they over-
22 crowded her and away up more stairs and more. Then came more angels
23 down meeting them. They swarmed upon them that they could move
24 neither hands nor feet, and pushing up and up they went till they were
25 filling the street of the city within the last of the gates, and the woman

1 angels had crowded out upon them, and caught them one by one and taken
2 them away and fed them and put them to bed. So was the kingdom of
3 heaven taken by storm by the children of the dwarfs. “Ah!” said the
4 colonel of the guard, “it is good! I wanted another corps of infantry to
5 send against a certain army of black bats that I hear of on the outskirts!
6 These will make short work of them! I will have them properly armed as
7 soon as the darlings are rested!” The name of the colonel was Cacourgos
8 Heteros. Then he saw us and the bears. “Take these animals to the royal
9 stables,” he said, “and turn the rest into the king's grounds.” Then
10 approaching us, he bowed low, and without a word more than “Welcome
11 home!” he turned and led the way still further. How my heart felt now,
12 thoughts cannot form themselves to tell. All my life I had wanted I knew
13 not what, and now the thing I wanted but knew not was about to be given
14 me. We went in at a lovely gate, but what it was made of I could not tell,
15 but it had something to do with what the sunrise is built of. I talk
16 foolishly, but I cannot help it. Then I saw the source of the great river we
17 had crossed. It came rushing from among rocks--oh with what a perfect
18 plentifulness! and something seemed built over it from beneath which it
19 came out, but it was neither a bridge nor a house nor a church. What it
20 was I could not see for a white cloud upon it but I knew that that was the
21 cloud out of which had come the lightning alive with livings. But before
22 we got up to it along the torrent dash of the live water, the white cloud
23 sank down to us--close to us. A hand came out of the cloud and took that
24 of my father, and drew him within the whiteness. Then the hand came out
25 again and took my left hand, and the hand was warm and soft and

1 strong--the very hand of a brother, and drew me along by the edge of the
2 cloud to a little door with a golden lock that I saw just through the edge of
3 the cloud. This the hand opened and gently pushed me through. I turned
4 quickly, but saw only the board of a large clasped volume close, and heard
5 its lock shut with a little click. I turned again-- and lo, I stood in the
6 morning room of the house where I was born, and my sister and her friend
7 sat at the table at breakfast. They bade me good morning as if I had just
8 come in from the garden. Afterward, when I told them some things, they
9 said I had dreamed. But I have my own thoughts.

10 Life was rather dull for a while; but a comforter was given me, and the
11 name of my comforter is Hope.

Appendix C
Textual Notes for *Lilith A*

The following notes record changes made to the text of Lilith A in manuscript. Phases of inscription are designated A1, A2, and A3, where A1 indicates what was first inscribed, and A2 and A3 indicate intermediate revisions. In some cases, these designations point to changes having been made during initial copying or composition; others indicate revision occurred some time after initial inscription. Explanation sometimes accompanies notes where a sentence seems to have been altered during initial inscription in order to aid the reader in understanding MacDonald's creative process.

- 1.6 There] so that there A1
- 1.8,9 What . . . I cannot say] How the experiment resulted I cannot say, had we gone on as we were going until we grew up quite, A1
- 1.11 results . . . it] alteration A1
- 1.18 some impression] some poor weak impression A1
- 1.19 as I am able to give it, partly] as I am worthy and partly A1
- 1.21 seldom heard] nearly forgotten A1
- 2.6 made] d *superimposed upon another letter*
- 2.8 used in producing the] used in the A1
- 2.11 sunlight] light A1
- 2.13 had] h *superimposed upon another letter*
- 2.23 as if he were always] as if he had been A1
- 3.10 did not] were A1
- 3.14 There were two] I was with two A1 I had two A2
- 3.22 permanent] chief A1
- 4.5 him if] him how A1
- 4.12 Some] Som A1
- 4.18 not] neither A1 *preceded by part of a canceled letter or possibly &*
- 4.24 had] knew A1

- 5.2 some *superimposed upon another indecipherable word*
- 5.7 there] there, through what seemed a window A1
- 5.15 came] told A1
- 5.18 your father] my father A1
- 5.19 but] however A1
- 7.12 I stood] you stood A1
- 7.18 what you ask of me.”] what I ask of y A1
- 7.24 of the slippers] of slippers A1
- 8.6 up short stairs] up stairs A1
- 8.25 I knew] I had A1
- 9.2 great black eagle] black eagle A1
- 9.14 word] words A1
- 9.18 pulled this and that] pulled and that A1
- 9.20 fall perpendicularly] fall strai A1
- 9.24 light gone?” I said] light gone I said A1
- 10.17 the blue tops] the tops A1
of a distant] of distant A1
- 11.9 but so far] but I A1
- 11.10 what the things] what they A1
- 11.11 meant.] meant, nor A1
- 11.15-16 at the spring. . . blossom; nevertheless I saw] at a time of the year when Spring is treading on the skirts of spring and the primroses were in blossom. I saw A1; at a time of the year when summer is treading. . . blossom. I saw A2; at the spring time of the year, but too early, as far as I ha A3. *This last version seems to have been changed immediately to the final.*
- 11.18 for me: . . . then. Then] for me. Then A1
- 11.20 except Imogen] except my sister Imogen A1

- 11.22 looked to see] looked for t A1
- 11.23 bank in the garden looking to the south] bank to the south A1
- 12.1 I picked] When I picked A1
- 12.4 garden, straight upon the grass] garden, the grass A1
- 12.8 with the small bunch] with the bunch A1
- 12.14-15 family of an ancestor] family of some ancestor A1
- 13.6 “You] “Wh A1
- 13.10 he shall] she shall A1 *possibly*
- 13.12 peculiarities, recognizable] peculiarities, and A1
- 15.5 though so] though it had been so A1
- 16.8-9 think that. . . condensed] think each was condensed A1
- 16.9 each pupil] each one pupil A1
- 16.20 drawer *superimposed upon* bo
- 16.23 absorb] draw A1
- 17.6 the universal cosmos] it all look A1
- 17.18 sun-star] light of the sun-star A1
- 17.20 magic] magical A1
call] blam A1
- 17.21 the stone. . . .near me, but] the stone--whose eye I did not need to ask but A1
- 17.22 disappeared, the sky] disappeared, and the sky A1
overclouded, and the air] overclouded, the air A1
- 18.1 solemn-gaited] solemn-eyed A1
- 18.12 library, into. . . . No one] library, and into the breakfast room beyond. No one
A1
- 18.15 rook walked out] rook stepped out A1
doorstep *canceled, then reinstated*
- 18.20-21 odd that. . . him?--] odd that I understood him A1

- 19.1 mammoth, or a hairy elephant] mastadon, a hairy elephant A1
- 19.10-11 after him . . . walked away] after him. He stepped away A1
- 19.21 sextons] sexton's A1
- 20.2 stone] rock A1
- 20.4 corresponding] other A1
- 20.8 your kitchen] the kitchen A1
- 20.9 yourself] f *superimposed upon another letter*
- 21.3 church and a] churchyard A1
- 21.4 neither *superimposed upon w*
- 22.6 go.] go." A1
- 22.13 I heard like *word or phrase omitted in ms*
- 22.22 one mighty voice] a mighty voice A1
- 23.10 where] w *superimposed upon another letter, probably an o*
- 23.11 in the shapes of live things,] in shapes to God of live things A1
- 23.18 No description] No a A1
- 23.24-25 Why should. . . not know?] A2
- 24.2 begin *superimposed upon* be wise
- 24.13 hour] day A1
- wind blew curiously cold] wind blew cold A1
- 24.16 maiden-hair over which small] maiden-hair and trickling A1
- 24.17 crow. "What] raven A1 *This change was made immediately or a copying error occurred so "What had to be inserted.*
- 24.20 we pull up the plumbline] we can pull up the pendulum A1
- 25.7 found it] found the A1
- 25.15 In front of me on the opposite wall I saw] In front of me was A1
- 25.19 out dressed like her husband in black.] out. A1
- 25.21 she. The only] she--only A1

- 25.23 radiant than hers, though] radiant, though A1
- 26.4-5 anything, . . . No gentleman] anything yet; and no gentleman, A1
- 26.8 dig] throw A1
- 26.18 wife's; his eyes] wife's, and A1
yellowish] gree A1
- 26.19 much of the beak] much of what A1
his mouth] but his mouth A1
- 27.5 the deeper need] the need A1
- 27.10 wild notion] idea A1
- 28.9 God's best parish] God's parish A1
- 30.3 killing care] "killing care" A1
- 30.15 his arm] his hand A1
- 31.7 villages--of] villages of A1
- 31.14 alive. There is] alive." "But do A1
- 31.16 more alive--praised be] more happily. Praised be A1
- 31.19 with] by A1
- 32.6 to say] to go A1
- 32.17 death, and] death? A1
- 33.3 a face] one A1
- 33.10 the crow walking about among] the raven about among A1 *The way this change has been made seems unusual, for raven is not substituted with crow but with crow walking. Either a copying error was occurred before the MacDonald changed his mind about the bird, or his revising practice was itself unusual.*
- 33.11 I went] "I went A1
- 33.23 understand] comp or came to A1
- 33.24 far away in] far away be in A1
- 34.4 talk riddles] talk in riddles A1

- 34.8 a stranger] *possibly* an u A1
- 34.14 threw *superimposed upon* through
- 35.3-4 earthquake, running endways on like the forward motion] earthquake, like the motion A1
- 35.8 Like a solid, but unextended wave] Like a solid wave A1
- 35.9 away it] away the A1
- 35.20 ground a little way off.] ground close by me. A1
- 36.5 because I had] I ha A1
- 36.8 what, vision or] what the A1
- 36.18 debilitate *superimposed upon* debility
the evil swarms] the swarms A1
- 36.21 the not long struggling] the struggling A1
- 37.6 startled by their howls] startled at howls A1
- 38.12 that waterless channel] that channel A1
- 38.13 a most] the most A1
- 38.24-25 in as he rose as if they] as if they A1
- 39.1 A hope] A strange hope A1
- 39.5 perceiving I was] was *replaces another canceled but unreadable word.*
- 39.24 Chinese *The C has been changed from a lower to an upper case letter.*
- 40.3 them *superimposed upon* the g
- 40.13 grew in the larger masses] grew the closer masses A1
- 40.14 land, but no] land, and the gleam A1
- 40.15 eyes, either as lake or river, or well; and yet] eyes, though as yet I had seen no river yet A1
- 40.16 foot of a rock] foot of the A1
- 40.20 close to me, within easy reach] close to my easy reach A1

- 40.22 tree, like some toy, of which the fruit was] tree, and the fruit filled the leaves like jewels was A1
- 40.23 varied hues] hues *replaces a word begun then canceled.*
- 40.24 I pulled] It A1
- 41.7 at me. A great] at me, and stret A1
- 41.16 small something in proportion *MacDonald's intention for this sentence is not quite clear.*
- 41.18 larger *superimposed upon another word*
- 41.19 from my] from kn A1
- 41.20 from not being] from being A1
- 42.3 some of] a few of A1
- 42.7 Having things. . . to tell] Having more things to tell A1
- 42.13 said] saide A1
- 43.6 in itself indicated nothing on which] in itself only indicated a way which A1
- 43.14 because nobody] that nobody A1
- 45.7 as he] as the A1
- 46.14 "My two children] "My children A1
- 46.16 knee *uncertain as the word is very light*
- 46.25 hands *possibly superimposed upon another word since it contains a blotch and the h is written in the left margin*
- 47.5 almost all] not a few of A1
- 47.8 that if *A letter was begun above the space between these words which was then canceled.*
- 47.13 that he would] that they would A1
- 47.15 being were] being had A1
- 47.25 on the] the *superimposed upon fr*
- 48.16 could wake no] was unin A1

- 48.22 drought] dryness A1
- 48.23 the sight, the coolness] the sight and the coolness A1
- 49.9 of but a floor] of but one floor A1
- 50.24-25 The seemed. . . no imagination. *MacDonald's intention for this sentence is unclear.*
- 51.19 was slowly approaching] was go A1
- 51.21 flatter country] flat country A1
- 52.14 been channels] been the channels A1
- 52.20-21 What the utter lack. . .to do] What the ceasing of the waterflow, evidently in ages long back might have had to do A1
- 53.3 and rose to walk eastward and meet] and rose to meet A1
- 53.9 been a banished man] been wander A1
- 53.13 in what they call the world beyond] in the world beyond A1
- 54.4 went on so that *canceled letter or beginning of word between on and so*
- 54.18 my thoughts,] my being A1
- 55.2 The shrubs] The trees A1
- 55.9 blossoms of other plants that hung] blossoms that hung A1
- 55.21 safe support *a letter begun and canceled after safe*
- 55.22 said. *Two letters which look like follow this word but are indecipherable in the context.*
- 55.23 The stair. . . what had] I may here remark that hitherto in A1
- 57.2 branches, *possibly a semi-colon here instead of a comma*
- 57.4 felt *A c is written above this word as if the writer mistakenly began to insert cool here instead of later in the sentence.*
- cool waft of his silent wings] silent waft of his wings A1
- 57.8 grew] crew A1
- 57.13 with right] with g A1

- 57.18 was, what] was, and A1
- 57.19 bone that carried no covering of flesh, the] bone, without flesh a A1
- 57.22 every *canceled letter above*
eye.] eye w A1
- 57.23 every colour of eye, and every expression] every colour every expression A1
- 58.2 sad eye was at one with its] sad eye itself A1
- 58.4 Visionary or real] Vision or reality A1
- 58.7 women in this:] women this A1
they did] they they A1
- 58.11 broken masonry. . .tracery] broken masonry and wholes in which were tracery
A1 58.12 even to me for moments when] even to me when A1
- 58.18 which many other senses] which no senses A1
- 59.5 diamonds. . . glimmered] the diamonds and pearls glittered A1
- 59.6 in many. . . ear"] in the tips that are the jewels of the ears A1
- 59.12 beauty] bed A1
- 59.13 instep domed like the] instep the A1
- 59.18-21 when suddenly . . . around me, for the flesh] when I began to see that the flesh,
A1
- 59.21 peeling in flakes from] peeling from A1
- 59.22 and dropping. . .skeleton] and the whole skeleton A1
- 59.23 from garment and flesh together.] from the garments both of the flesh together,
not dropping A1. *Here MacDonald seems to have stopped and revised the sentence or
perhaps the section, for the phrase A shiver went through appears above as though to
replace not dropping which is followed by the assembly. Obviously the sentence was at
no point intended to read not dropping the assembly.*
- 60.2 great silent empty room where for] great room. But for A1
- 60.4 more inaccessible] quite inaccessible A1

- 60.6 Whoever is able and therefore intended to cross] Whoever could cross A1
- 60.7 must leave *another word inserted and canceled*
- 60.9 thither] hither A1
- 60.11 But I felt] I groped my A1
- 60.25 quarter moonlight] half moonlight A1
- 61.3 body at least] body of A1
- 61.5 that more & other than stony] that stony A1
- 61.9 I could have counted] I could count A1
- 61.12 the decay of] the wastin A1
- 61.16 eyes, or *changed to eyes, and then back to eyes, or*
- 62.1 see more closely if] see if A1
- 62.3 The leaves were] It wa A1
- 62.6 nor was there any] nor did any A1
- 62.17-18 It seemed one solid piece] Either the rigor mortis A1
- 62.23 garments] outer garments A1
- 62.23-24 put all. . . her, then] put upon it, then A1
- 63.1 tried another grape] tried the A1
- 63.7 ignorance] ; *appears above this word.*
- 63.7-8 form, corpse or] form of a A1
- 63.17 like two quite small bears] like two bears A1
- 63.19 by small] by li A1
- 64.13 sun *replaces a canceled word which also appears to be sun.*
- 64.15 pine-leaves from the face and] pine-leaves, and A1
- 64.16 owner of a case of jewels, the box] the owner of the box A1
- 64.20 in the night] the *superimposed upon my*
- 65.7 hot and had] hot and ve A1

- 65.10 plenty of birds and animals] plenty of animals A1
- 65.10-11 came thither to drink, and] came thither, and A1
all kinds of creatures] all creatures A1
- 6.16-17 carrying. . . : I feared] carrying her, though because of her height I feared A1
- 65.19 the bank] the hot bank A1
- 65.22 wasted, gaunt form] wasted, unlovely A1
- 65.23-24 I could not tell whether] you could not have told whether A1
- 66.2 if over that horizon the sun] if out there the sun A1
- 66.7 might have time to get] might get A1
- 66.12 I thought to let her] I let her A1
- 66.13 but the rest of her sank] but she sank A1
- 66.15 I laid her] I dr A1
- 66.17 except the wet] the *superimposed upon* an *or another short word followed by g*
- 66.18 to keep in] cover her up against to keep in *The first part of this phrase remains, probably by mistake, but MacDonald's intention is not quite clear.*
- 66.21 her left hand] her hand A1
- 66.22-23 her life. . . the one] her life to trouble myself to see A1
- 66.24 The horizon] Toward the horizon A1
- 67.1 and at my feet was] and there was A1
- 67.8 through the narrow] through a rather narrow A1
- 67.11-12 which having no confluent issued] which issued A1
- 67.19 against hope. I] against hope, and A1
few small] few great, A1. *small immediately follows great on the line and then is followed by boulders, showing this change was made just after great was first written.*
- 67.20 some temporary torrent] some torrent A1
- 67.24 their dry and dried] their dried A1
- 67.25 way, and had soon succeeded] way, succeeded A1

- 68.1-2 of what might be] of my A1
- 68.10-11 see that. . . skull] see the fleshless skull A1. *The s of skull is superimposed upon another letter, possibly a p. the of the early version remains, presumably as a result of error*
- 69.1 nights] knights A1
- 69.3 lovely Eve gazing down] lovely image A1
- 69.8 sheer] er *superimposed upon another letter*
- 69.21 had that hope] h of hope *superimposed upon another letter, possibly an s.*
- 70.23 it grew] it *superimposed upon I*
- 70.24 about it. Surprised] about it, surprised A1
- 71.3 nor] or A1
- 71.8 asleep such] asleep in A1
- 71.21 her eyes?] her eyes open? A1
- 71.23 shone up from the] shone up the A1
- 72.5-6 I presume it was] I presume now that it was A1
- 72.11 some large] some *superimposed upon other letters, probably sm*
- 72.13 sucking a wound and then my] sucking my A1
- 72.15 my ground] *MacDonald's intention for this phrase is unclear.*
- 72.24 claim that furnishing! I] claim those garments A1. *Another example of mid-sentence correction.*
- 73.4-5 swallowed it by] swallowed it, by A1
- 73.11-12 or puncture, . . . and my] or puncture, and my A1
- 74.6 a long Greek chiton] a long smock A1
- 74.18-19 linen yarns, then] linen yarns from A1
- 75.9 saw, yet scarcely saw, in] saw in A1
- 75.9-10 a tall. . .in the] a tall graceful form, scarcely concealed in some of the A1
- 75.17 "What is] "What wa A1

- 76.3 keep composed] keep so co A1.
- 76.12-13 The sun. . .light. *added*
- 76.14 for her, grand at once and graceful] for her, graceful A1
- 76.17 no emotion of] no other A1
- 77.2 I could to be ready when] I could when A1
- 77.5 with the] with an A1
- 77.15 the arms of life] the very arms of life A1
- 77.15-16 save for each other] save each other A1
- 77.20 all this as *Canceled letter or letters follow* this
- 77.23 north] east A1
- 78.9 love-sight] sight *replaces a canceled and indecipherable word*
- 78.13 with such a grace as seemed born] with a grace as was born A1
- 78.15 but with eyes] but eyes A1
- 78.18 a clear summer] a summer A1
- 78.23-24 yours an evil thing, yea a curse!] yours a curse! A1
- 79.4 so glorious to] so gloriously beautiful to A1
- 79.11 that large pace] that pace A1
- 80.1 her a few *canceled letter or letters between her and a*
- 80.9 away I thought] away in the north A1
away toward the north A2
- 80.17 heap, but] heap, that A1
- 80.20 could better repose] could repose A1 *re inserted above could then canceled.*
- 81.6 hers.--She began,] hers--I A1
hers--she A2
- 81.21 throw a spear] throw her spear A1
- 82.11 or rather the murmuring] or murmuring A1
- 82.12 water near and about] water about A1

- 82.19 dim cloudy blue] dim milky blue A1
- 82.20 in it--shaped like an egg, and about] in it--about A1
- 82.23 was the love of my kind] was the natural drawing to my kind A1
- 82.24 the wilderness] the desert A1
- 83.3-4 the next stage] the goal of A1
- 83.7 the morning] the night A1
- 84.17 Everyone] In the A1
- 85.5 would not dare] would dare A1
- 85.20 panther *superimposed upon* leo
- 86.1 archway] gateway A1
- 86.3 came, I did not see, neither] I did not see *replaces* neith *which is canceled*
- 86.5-6 mouth was muzzled and her claws were muffled] mouth and claws were muzzled
A1
- 87.18 strange reason] stranger reason A1
- 87.24-25 Is Astarte] the leo A1 the panther A2 Ashtaroth A3
- 87.25 now. She] now. But she A1
- 88.9 three feet] two feet A1
- 88.9-10 taken in my arms] carried in my own arms A1
- 88.10-11 gaunt nakedness] nakedness
- 88.20 to give] to put A1
- 88.22 least avail to take it from] least use to take from A1
- 88.25 thought] conviction A1
- 89.9 to love the sight of] to covet A1
- 89.11-12 words and my own eyes that] words that A1
- 89.12 the princess] they A1 princess *follows immediately, indicating change was made during composition.*
- 90.2 princess began to] princess, who A1

- 90.10 sprang up again] sprang to her feet A1
- 90.13-14 whiter more lovely and] whiter and
- 90.14 Astarte] *A superimposed upon another indecipherable letter.*
looked around] looked up A1
- 90.19 threw *superimposed upon* through
- 91.2-3 feet, but was scarcely] feet, nor was I sooner A1
- 91.7 swift lithe panther-mind] swift panther-mind A1
- 91.10 answered. . . .stand] answered. "I but stand A1
- 91.21 long double row] long row A1
- 91.22-23 over the moat to the great portcullis] to the great portcullis A1
- 91.24-25 with ceremony] with great ceremony A1
- 92.7 more! And] *! probably added*
- 92.10-11 when bathing and washing] when washing A1
- 92.11 I held the] I used the
- 92.15 suppose she] suppose they
she] they A1 *This word is followed by was so must have been immediately changed.*
- 92.21-22 first time for many months, it] first time, it A1
- 93.15 the gold cup] my glass A1
- 93.17 In a few] At A1 *At followed by In.*
- 93.18 lamp hung from the roof continuing] lamp continuing A1
- 93.20 I felt as if] as if A1
- 93.25 arm in whose hand lay] arm where lay A1
But it] But th A1
- 94.7 my head] I A1
- 94.9 the splendid] the ma A1
- 94.12 suppose she] she *superimposed upon* I

- 94.20 she got] she came A1
- 94.21 started when] started. Th A1
- 94.24 a pine-forest] the pine-forest A1
- 95.10 here, I] here,' I A1
- 96.10 outflow *uncertain*
- 96.14 ruined] old A1
- 97.1 sapphire] sp A1
- 97.6 river that] river large A1
- 97.7 the scored channels in] the rifts in A1
- 97.9-10 mingled outcry] torrent of A1
- 97.10 of which it] so the A1
- 97.11-12 astonishment I] astonishment ha A1
- 97.22 deceiver who] usurper A1
- 97.25 man] being A1
- 98.3 size that] size of A1
- 99.5 here, though] here, yea A1
- 99.10 and thought that] and that A1
- 99.15-16 their country which was one great orchard.] their great orchard. A1
- 99.22 was not indeed] was indeed A1
- 99.25 the twigs] the lea A1
- 100.5-6 who regards] who li A1
- 100.8 They sat upon me with a] They did not come A1
- 101.6-7 for so it turned out to be for] as turned out for A1
- 102.21 lead] be A1
- 103.3-4 those. . .harass me] they A1
- 103.6 and seeing that the] and the A1
- 103.19-20 gulleys like those down] the gulleys down A1

- 104.4 the moon about to rise] the moon rising A1
- 104.15 run along] reach A1
- 104.17 leaps over] leaps of A1
 over some] over more than A1
 some ravine] some deeper A2
- 104.21 ran I might] ran you might A1
- 104.22 of cat] of a cat A1
- 105.3 had menaced] had threatened A1
- 105.9 trembled with fear or shivered] trembled or shivered A1
- 105.16 with fleshy tubes] with little tubes A1
- 106.8 land and] land but A1
- 106.11 what was] what had A1
- 106.15 The bubbles] I A1
- 106.21 had oppressed] ruled A1
- 107.3 down on the bank of the frightful marsh] down on the frightful marsh A1
- 107.21 lost your friend.] lost her. A1
- 108.2 thought in return] thought that in return A1
- 108.7 know! You] know!” “And A1 You *is superimposed upon what is most likely*
 And.
- 108.18-19 I struck my head against] I struck against A1
- 109.6 slowly in, stepping backward] slowly in backward A1
 then came the tail of the drowned] then came the drowned, A1 then came the
 tail end of the drowned A2
- 109.7-8 Astarte, . . . , her] Astarte, her A1 Astarte, in A2 *in seems to have been*
immediately canceled.
- 109.10 held up the] held the A1
 skin. Thus] skin, and A1

- 109.11 borne in between] borne between A1
- 109.13 “I will go] “We shall go A1
- 109.15-16 raven. Then . . . vaults, and] raven; and A1
- 109.17 was with my] was in company of the A1 was in the A2
and his wife, the] and of his A1
- 109.22 for the trouble you have taken,] for your trouble, A1
- 110.19 but all the more] but not the A1
true. Come] true.” A1
- 110.23 sleep] in *written above then canceled*
sooner in that bed that] sooner that A1
- 111.6 had then] then *is questionable here. It could be intended as there, their, or them, none of which seems to make sense in the context.*
- 111.8 double row lying feet to feet] *A word or words seem to be omitted. The phrase might have been intended to read double row of sleepers lying feet to feet, or something similar.*
- 111.16 all *superimposed upon* I
- 111.19-21 knows it. And. . .them. Then] knows it. And then A1
- 111.20 ready for others] empty A2
- 112.2 of active resignation] of resignation A1
- 112.6 For] Wh A1
- 112.24 the reality could only be felt] only the reality was A1 *changed immediately*
- 112.25 pictured. . . present] pictured to the mind itself while present A1
- 113.3 my Self] me A1 my self *or* myself A2
- 113.16 clean the panther] clean panther A1
- 114.2 in the frozen] in frozen A1
Death *superimposed upon* death
- 114.9 knew *could be read as* know

- 114.13 soul to which] soul which A1
- 115.10 and a tongue] and a cold tongue A2
- 115.13-15 cat. . . . But Astarte] cat. But Astarte A1
- 115.16 through, cold as] through as an icicle A1
- 115.16-17 icicle, and I. . .she. I did] icicle. I ha A1 icicle. I did A2
- 115.19 the idle man] the cold man A1
- 115.20 the half live] the half alive A1
- 117.16-17 little breeze] breeze A1
- 117.10-11 One day. . .they not *MacDonald's intention for this phrase is unclear.*
- 117.21 outbreaking from its side to see] outbreaking to see A1
- 118.3 whole watery substructure] whole substructure A1
- 118.4-5 ghastly making horror] ghastliness A1 *changed immediately*
- 118.5 from more delight] from over delight A1
- 118.7 down into the whirlpool to fetch the] down to fetch up the A1
- 118.16 in a little . . . gown, but] in my pocket now, but A1
- 119.4 incompleting life] incompleting animal life A1
- 119.11 flower--on] flower on A1
- 119.11-12 were mostly humble] were all humble
- 119.13 its neck, with] its head, and with A1
- 119.14-15 coming, coming--none] coming--none A1
- 120.6 invisible] absolute A1
- 120.8 jewels *appears to have been crossed out but not replaced with another word.*
- 120.13 though before] though at first A1
- 120.18 become a swamp like that we had left, a dwelling] become a dwelling
- 121.5 attack them and fled;] attack them, A1
- 122.8 well-spring] spring A1
- 122.9 Then having. . .sapphire, I dug] Then I dug A1

- 122.10-11 telling them. . . weeks, and] telling them to do that every week, and A1
- 12.2.24 all kinds of creatures] all the creatures A1
- 123.12 children] children! A1
- 12.4.23 in some] in les A1
- 124.23-24 file, and. . . marshal them] file, now marshalling them A1
- 125.6 armour] defensive armour A1
- 125.9-10 service at once and rear-guard] service and rear-guard A1
- 125.16 grown almost lovely] grown lovely A1
- 126.5 but the foxes, joined] but the bears and the foxes, all joined A1
- 126.20 inhospitable city] city A1
- 126.21 most of] all A1
- 126.24 They were] The g A1
- 127.7 through the] between A1 *changed immediately*
- 127.13 and to threaten with it] and pretend to do it A1
- 127.14 temple of the dead.] cave A1 church of the dead A2
- 127.22 such a blow on the head with] such a blow with A1
- 127.24 to carry] to pla A1
- 128.2-3 children. . . them came] children made what way they could and through the ranks came A1
- 128.6 after and cleared a way] after and made way A1
- 128.11-12 Here . . . mischievous] Here I resumed my place at the head of the army, alongside of Astarte the little ones were mischievous A1 *were here is questionable.*
- 128.14 were crowding] were sw A1
- 128.16 spotted white panther] panther
and] th A1
- 128.17 power in which we put our trust, emboldening] power that emboldened A1

- 128.20 tumbling, crashing and tearing] tumbling and tearing A1
 curses and yells] curses and yelling A1
- 129.1 sharp sounding] sounding A1
- 129.3 panther shape] shape A1
- 129.9 some climbing] and climbing A1
- 129.11 her till I feared] her till A1
- 131.10 four] two A1
- 131.11 their heads and] the heads of the A1 *changed immediately*
- 131.12 without any great] without great A1
- 132.3 of the bears] of bears A1
- 132.10-11 undid all the ropes of the bears] undid all the bears A1
- 132.11-12 and holding. . . walk from] and made the two middle ones walk from A1
 under the cushion, and then the next and] between the other two, and A1
- 133.14 to put the cushion again] to undo again A1
- 133.17 with her.] with her.” A1
- 133.19 hot *another word begun and canceled here*
- 134.5 leopard?] leopard?” A1
- 134.12 so you are all the time, but] so you are, but A1
- 134.16 face.] face.” A1
- 135.15 be clear] be quite clear A1
- 135.16 he is sure] he alone *or* he alwa A1
- 136.10 multitude of *replaces an indecipherable word which has been canceled*
- 137.5 would have it] wants it A1
- 137.9 burst] broken A1
- 137.12 reaching it over] reaching over A1
- 138.19-20 do not.] do not.” A1
- 138.1 camp. She] camp, she A1

- 138.15 and she was] and he was A1
- 138.16 Before] At A1
- 138.18-19 for all children are not children. I knew] for I knew A1
- 138.21 better go, mine said.”] better go,” A1
- 139.10 not those] not one of those A1
- 139.17 up through its] up to its A1
- 139.19-20 children--the first half of them--looking] children--looking A1
- 139.21 that bore] *that is superimposed upon another indecipherable word*
- 139.24 whether] whether to A1
- 140.3-4 myself, for. . . it seemed] myself, it seemed A1
- 140.8 small feet] little feet A1
- 140.13 too unimpressible] quite A1 *changed immediately*
- 141.1 dropped upon her] dropped into her lap A1
- 141.13 on my cushions] on the mattress A1
- 141.20 lifted] drew A1
- 142.15 “Let her see the children] “Let the children A1
- 142.16 to sleep] to die A1
- 144.15 straight] safe A1
- 144.19 the low hall] the great hall A1
- 145.1 hand: hold fast. The] hand. The A1
- 145.9-10 the two smiles] the smiles A1
- 146.1-2 from golden throat] from a golden throat A1
- 146.2-3 the notes . . . infinite hope] the hope and expectation A1 the bu A2
the troubled universe] the creation A1
- 146.5 silent house] silent spaces A1
- 146.12 seen--such] seen--or A1
- 146.18 must go.”] must be A1 *changed immediately*

- 146.19 said, and] said. He A1
- 146.20 Adam] I A1
- 147.6 to lead the children in the] to lead, A1 *changed immediately*
- 147.9-10 a snow storm] a storm A1
- 147.17-18 back when we had got a little] back as we stepped a little A1
- 147.25 we came] we all came A1
- 148.4-5 But whither. . . but] It wanted nothing of the foregone but A1
- 148.19-20 know the path] know a path A1
- 148.21 steps by which] steps which A1
- 148.22-23 My father and I walked together] Once we came to a great A1
- 149.10-11 fell each in the other's] fell in each other's A1
- one thing we have] one thing I have A1
- 149.19 I want] I am A1
- 150.3-4 One. . . brothers!] “One. . . brothers!” A1
- 150.8 longing to find] longing to go A1
- 150.11 he returned] he *superimposed upon* I
- 150.18 when the children *probably should read* where the children
- 150.22 my eyes and my father's were] my eyes were A1
- 150.25 centring] centreing A1
- 151.9 Then the lightning ceased.] Then the sky cleared, and A1
- 151.18 The youngest children] The children A1
- 151.20 children--bears and all] children--all A1
- 151.21 took to shooting as] took to flying as A1
- 152.11 far down the torrent] down to the stre A1
- 152.19 Albert Durer's] Alberto Durer's A1
- 153.3 taken *superimposed upon* taking
- 153.6 I will] They A1 *changed immediately*

153.22 the live water] the water A1

153.22-23 cloud sank down] cloud came down A1

153.24-25 out again] out of A1

154.1 hand of a brother] hand of loving frie A1

154.3 and gently pushed] and pushed A1

I turned] I heard the click of the lock as it closed behind me. I turned A1

154.4,5 close, and . . . click.] close, and its lock shut with a click. A1

154.6 of the] of my A1

154.7 They bade] They said I A1 *changed immediately*

Appendix D
Special Diplomatic Features of *Lilith A*

The following list provides specifics about peculiarities and physical features of the diploma. Although this edition is not intended as a diplomatic transcription, this information is useful in the attempt to reconstruct the process of composition. Indicated here at the approximate line where they occur are the first words of each folio, marginal notations, idiosyncracies of page numbering, occurrences of paragraph breaks or indentation, abnormalities regarding margins, where the pen nib seems to have been changed or a quill sharpened, changes in handwriting, and alterations of any usual practice or form.

- 1.1 Date appears in the upper right-hand margin just below the page number 1.
- 1.20 This indentation at the bottom of folio 1 is one of the few incidents of paragraphing in the ms.
 become *Folio 2*
- 2.18 There were *Folio 3*. This is the second instance of indentation.
- 3.13 turned *Folio 4*
- 3.14 There were two This is the third instance of indentation.
- 4.7 I do not *Folio 5*. Beginning here and on each recto through 29, the left margin starts in the gutter.
- 4.13 from their *fresh pen or nib*
- 5.3 faint *Folio 6*. The first two lines are written so as to create a one-inch left-hand margin. All succeeding lines begin in the gutter.
- 5.8 away *compressed so as to fit into the right-hand margin*
- 5.23 love *Folio 7*
- 6.5 rapidly *compressed into right-hand margin*6
- 6.19 hall door. *Folio 8*
- 7.17 nor *Folio 9*
- 8.13 with what *Folio 10*

- 9.10 He had *Folio 11*
- 9.17 The librarian *Here MacDonald begins to use a new pen or nib. The handwriting is also smaller and finer, appearing to have been done more slowly and carefully.*
- 10.2 dimension *compressed into the right-hand margin*
- 10.8 phenomenon *Folio 12*
- 11.5 admittance. *extends well into the margin*
I was *Folio 13. 13 superimposed on 12.*
- 11.7 I set *Again, the nib or the manner of writing changes here, for letters are now finer.*
- 12.4 From *Folio 14*
- 13.1 He stopped *Folio 15. Again, the first two lines begin at the ruled left-hand margin, but the third and following return to the gutter. The one-inch right-hand margin remains.*
- 13.24 You must *Folio 16*
- 14.20 I said *Folio 17*
late down.] late down *written in margin*
- 15.18 and that *Folio 18*
- 16.17 into the house *Folio 19*
- 17.17 wondering *Folio 20*
- 18.15 The rook *Folio 21*
- 19.14 worm *Folio 22*
- 20.15 the place *Folio 23*
- 21.13 persons *Folio 24*
- 22.14 music *Folio 25*
- 23.14 heart from the little one. *written into the right-hand and bottom margins*
--Look *Folio 26*
- 23.19 grace of form] of form *written in the right-hand margin, probably added*

- 24.14 yet it *Folio 27*
- 25.13 A wind *Folio 28 begins with new pen or nib.*
- 26.9-15 *This is a clear example of quotation marks having been introduced after a passage was initially inscribed.*
- 26.15 He was *Folio 29*
- 27.15 could *Folio 30 begins with the one-inch left-hand margin restored.*
- 28.15 the door *Folio 31*
- 29.13 by side *Folio 32*
- 30.12 died *Folio 33*
- 31.11 for nothing *Folio 34*
- 32.9 behind. *written in the right-hand margin*
 A twinge *Folio 35*
- 33.7 turned *Folio 36. The number 36 is superimposed on the number 37 which is in dark ink and smeared. Another 36 is written in lighter ink immediately above this.*
- 34.5 what direction *Folio 37*
- 35.3 under *Folio 38*
- 35.25 round but *Folio 39*
- 36.23 weary *Folio 40*
- 37.20 lay *Folio 41*
- 37.24 skin stretched over] *stretched is written into the right-hand margin as though added*
- 38.10 the stony crust of the *written small, extending into the margin*
- 38.20 being who willed him forth. *A long downward mark follows this phrase, which is written in the bottom margin.*
- I went *Folio 42*
- 39.20 shrub *Folio 43*
- 40.20 I saw *Folio 44*

41.19-20 the proper *Folio 45*

42.20 its movements *Folio 46*

43.19 who said *Folio 47*

44.19 Some said *Folio 48*

45.19 know *Folio 49*

46.18 after *Folio 50*

him!” “Yes, *Placement of punctuation clearly suggests quotation marks were added after these sentences were first inscribed*

47.16 of heart *Folio 51*

48.17 when I *Folio 52*

49.18 mountainous *Folio 53*

50.17-18 was gone *Folio 54*

51.17 had been *Folio 55*

52.15 But how *Folio 56*

53.3 and rose to walk eastward and meet] walk eastward and meet *written into the right-hand margin.*

53.15 I felt *Folio 57*

54.15 how I *Folio 58*

55.16 In parts *Folio 59*

55.23 The stair *The indentation for the paragraph beginning here, small though it is, seems definite. Such a separation is so rare in the text at this point, however, that it is worth noting. It might indicate a break in composing or copying, although the ink and handwriting do not seem to change in any way. Yet the phrase which MacDonald cancels and replaces indicates that he changed his mind about the content of the section beginning at this point.*

56.16 of the branches *Folio 60*

56.18 *Note in right-hand margin: grapes.*

- 57.15 jewels *Folio 61*
- 58.15 I could *Folio 62*
- 59.15 and saw *Folio 63*
- 60.19 I felt something *Folio 64*
- 61.19 of trees, *Folio 65*
- 62.20 whereupon *Folio 66*
- 63.20 So that *Folio 67*
- 64.22 I covered *Folio 68*
- 65.22 head to foot *Folio 69*
- 66.21 All the time *Folio 70*
- 67.22 I then *Folio 71*
- 68.21 into her body *Folio 72*
- 69.20 that that *Folio 73*
- 70.19 swollen. *Folio 74*
- 71.19 into the open air. *Folio 75. Note in upper left-hand margin: where did he sleep?*
- 72.17 woman *Folio 76*
- 73.18 our travels *Folio 77*
- 73.23 *Note in right-hand margin: always the stone in her hand.*
- 74.18 with fibres *Folio 78*
- 75.19 comfortable] com-|fortable, *divided at the end of folio 78, beginning folio 79.*
- 76.2 *Note in right-hand margin: Stone in her hand all the time.*
- 76.19 creep *Folio 80*
- 77.7 do not] donot A1 *divided with a |*
- 77.20 I said. . . *The final sentence of this page written in the bottom margin with large, thick pen strokes.*
- 77.21 and drank *Folio 81 begins with new pen or nib.*
- 78.19 so long *Folio 82*

- 79.18 clouded, *Folio 83*
- 80.16 goddesslike *Folio 84*
- 81.15 woman *Folio 85*
- 82.13 soaking *Folio 86*
- 82.22 *Note in right-hand margin:* Insert here what he did for the dwarfs?
- 83.11 But when *Folio 87*
- 84.9 drove *Folio 88*
- 85.7 when it *Folio 89*
- 86.5 the grasp *Folio 90*
- 87.3 The little *Folio 91*
- 88.2 her loose *Folio 92*
- 88.20 *Note in right-hand margin:* How it had helped me.
- 88.25 Then the *Folio 93*
- 89.24 in her eyes *Folio 94*
- 90.22 left hand *Folio 95*
- 91.22 over the moat *Folio 96*
- 92.21 first time *Folio 97*
- 93.20 I felt *Folio 98*
- 94.18 also *Folio 99*
- 95.7 *Note in right-hand margin:* finds a knife dropped there
- 95.16 a skeleton *Folio 100*
- 96.12 By slow *Folio 101*
- 97.11 Through *Folio 102*
- 98.8 as well as *Folio 103*
- 99.7 mind their *Folio 104*
- 100.6 robber *Folio 105*
- 101.4 of resentment *Folio 106*

- 102.3 buffets *written above* blows *which remains*
 have been *Folio 107*
- 103.2 which presently *Folio 108*
- 104.3 we awoke *Folio 109*
- 105.2 found them *Folio 110*
- 106.1 We approached *Folio 111*
- 107.1 all the time *Folio 112*
- 108.1 Now I had *Folio 113*
- 108.5 serpent-stone] serpent-|stone *end of line*
- 110.3 understand *Folio 115*
- 110.9 [See opposite page.] *This note appears in the text as it is here, but no corresponding text appears on the opposite page or anywhere else in the manuscript.*
- 111.5 The same *Folio 116*
- 112.6 when it *Folio 117*
- 113.4-5 all the daisies *Folio 118*
- 114.2 But how *Folio 119*
- 114.25-115.1 I would write *Folio 120*
- 116.3 when I saw *Folio 121*
- 117.2 and my own being *Folio 122*
- 117.25-118.1 that the woman *Folio 123*
- 118.3 *Note in right-hand margin: Adam*
- 118.24 not a *Folio 124*
- 119.23 or at least *Folio 125*
- 120.21-22 had been, as *Folio 126*
- 121.25 But they *Folio 127*
- 122.21 than in the patience *Folio 128*
- 123.19 father *Folio 129*

- 124.20 into a little *Folio 130*
- 125.20 quarrelsome *Folio 131*
- 126.1 We came *MacDonald uses new pen or nib, or he might have stopped writing and resumed here after some interval.*
- 126.5 *In right-hand margin: 125 with a large X next to about eight lines, ending with what is here 129.19.*
- 126.18 had to be *Folio 132*
- 127.17 and patting *Folio 133*
- 128.5 *In the right-hand margin a 127 is crossed out with a large X.*
- 128.16 stronger *Folio 134*
- 129.16-17 see, and through *Folio 135*
- 130.15 the little ones *Folio 136*
- 130.23 *Note in right-hand margin: Make her go and dress.*
- 131.13 crowded *Folio 137*
- 132.12 under the cushion *Folio 138*
- 133.10 So the *Folio 139*
- 134.9 make a *Folio 140*
- 135.7 and comes *Folio 141*
- 136.5 slept through *Folio 142*
- 135.7 and makes *Folio 143. The number is first written 144 then changed to 143.*
- 138.3 “Oh there’s *Folio 144*
- 139.1 cushion *Folio 145*
- 139.24 as companion *Folio 146. The 1 is superimposed on a 3. The same error occurs on each succeeding folio through 150.*
- 140.23 At length *Folio 147.*
- 141.22-23 “No harm *Folio 148*
- 143.18 Thus every *Folio 150*

144.17 the bed *Folio 151*

144.20 We sat and talked *Here again MacDonald seems to have resumed writing after taking a break.*

145.16 hear *Folio 152*

146.15 he said. *Folio 153*

146.22 *Note in right-hand margin:* His father wakes with the children

147.15 there were *Folio 154*

148.15 as they went *Folio 155*

149.13 a time *Folio 156*

150.11 real father.” *Folio 157*

151.2 *Note in right margin:* Father & mother & child

151.9 And all *Folio 158*

152.7 the bosom *Folio 159*

153.5 a certain *Folio 160*

154.3 This *Folio 161*

Appendix E
Editorial Emendations to *Lilith A*

The following changes were made to the text of Lilith A for this edition. To the right of each entry is the original reading or punctuation of the text along with any necessary explanation. No notes are made of spelling out ampersands because MacDonald's use of the sign was quite frequent although not universal. Full stops are introduced where they do not appear. Superfluous or redundant punctuation— such as an occasional period placed after a question mark or exclamation point— has been omitted.

- 1.8 on] one
- 6.24 But,"] But"
- 6.25 "what world] what world
- 9.3 Yes,"] Yes,
- 13.23 too soon] to soon
- 14.3 "No.]" No."
- 14.17-18 "or have. . .me?"] or have. . . me?
- 16.13 still face was] still face face was
- 20.16 "Why, how] "Why how
- 21.10 "Home you mean?"] "Home?" you mean.
- 22.12 "That] That
- 23.12 things,] things
- 23.22 don't] dont
- 24.21 see the world] see world
- 24.23 "Not] Not
- 25.2 than] then
- 26.4 discovered] found *remains with* discovered *written above*
- 28.11 said,] said
- 31.8 smile— "that] smile-- that
- 31.10 cry, 'Awake . . .dead?'] cry Awake . . .dead?
- 32.16 and his voice] "and his voice

- 32.19 moonshine] monshine
- 35.1 as to be] as be
- 35.13 throat] throught
- 36.3-5 “Is it my presence . . . unharmed?”] Is it my presence . . . unharmed?
- 38.8 there lay mossy hollows] their lay mossow hollows
- 39.15 a hundred] hundred
- 39.25 nearer than] nearer that
- 41.3 eyes,] eyes
- 41.11 prettiest] pretties
- 41.16 small,] small
- 41.18 than with] that with
- 42.2 there] their
- 45.2-3 somewhere else] somewhere elsewhere *This could be an instance of incomplete revision during the copying process, with MacDonald intending to write “elsewhere” and cancel “somewhere.” More than likely, however, it is a copying error.*
- 45.15 They said] The said
- 46.7 acknowledged. “For] acknowledged. For
- 46.24 child, “but] child, but
- 47.12 him?] him.
- 47.17-18 saying, “All the . . . me!”] saying All . . . me!
- 47.22 prodigy,] prodigy
- 48.9 contact] contact
- 48.23 the sight, the coolness] the sight the coolness
- 49.3 an eternal wandering] an eternal wanderings
- 50.21 ‘not’] “not”

50.24-25 seemed as having no] seemed as no *The other choice for this sentence creates a more grammatical sentence but does not seem to be where MacDonald was heading:*

They seemed to have no speculation, so to have no imagination.

57.13 coranto, the Cavolta] the coranto the Cavolta

57.20 its bare jaws, truncated] its bare jaws truncated

58.6 They were different] They different

58.7 women in this:] women in this

58.16 there, thought] there thought

58.20 thought, in] thought in

59.4 forehead, the temples, the] forehead the temples the

59.10-11 As, thought I,] As thought I

60.6 intended to cross] intended cross

60.25 moonlight] monlight

64.5 , however, that that heat that] however that heat that heat that

66.17 brought] brough

69.20 enough to keep in the warmth.] enough to cover her up against keep in the warmth. *MacDonald seems to have changed his mind about the direction of this sentence without canceling the first rendering which would probably have been completed as cover her up against the cold.*

69.20 that that] that hat

71.22 that not illumined] that that illumined *Considering this context and the development of this sentence in the subsequent version, the editor has determined that negation seems to have been MacDonald's intention, rather than the insertion of another clause or phrase.*

73.12 neck or arm, and] neck or arm and

74.8 stitches] stiches

75.8 delighted amazement] delighted amaze

- 80.16 such a face, such a form] such a face such a form
- 80.16 exhausted] exhasted
- 85.23 “Why] Why
- 88.22 avail *written above* use *which remains*
- 89.19 turned to her] turned her
- 90.25 knee] knew
- 91.2 knee] knew
- 92.7 more! And] more! and
- 93.4 fatigued.”] fatigued.
- 93.16 king’s] kings
- 96.23 strange *written above* curious *which remains*
- 97.4 dry *written above* old *which remains*
- 99.1 phenomenon] phenomen
- 100.2 they gave] have
- 100.14 did. As] did, As
- 102.3 buffets *written above* blows *which remains*
- 108.14 said, “if] said, if
- 109.20 may] my
- 110.12 us?”] us?
- 111.15 “What a] What a
- 114.17 consoled] consold
- 119.4 life. And] life, And
- 123.2 when] when when
- 123.19 father] farther
- 124.20 could not think] could think *The context of this sentence clearly requires the negative.*
- 125.12 And as it] And it

127.9-10 made so large a portion] made a so large a portion

128.6 side and that] side at that

128.24 them, I too] them; I too

131.21 befall] befal

132.16 “that] that

135.11 children!] children? *The context of this punctuation suggests this was probably a copying error.*

136.24 I said,] I said

136.25 princess.”] princess.

137.7 overcome.”] overcome.

139.22 the princess] Astarte *This blatant error is clearly an example of “tired writing” or copying.*

141.12 “but] but

143.22 couch.”] couch.

144.1 “But] But

144.22-23 even tell me whether] even tell me even whether *The redundancy of even—appearing four times in two ms lines— indicates a copying error most likely occurred. MacDonald’s intention for this sentence, however, remains obscure.*

145.6-7 not, neither] not neither

146.18 He touched her. “She] “He touched her. She

149.24 life] live

151.8 “I am] I am

153.10 approaching] approach

Appendix F
Introduction to the Diplomatic Transcription
and Fair Copy of *Lilith B*

This diplomatic transcription was made from facsimiles of British Library Additional Manuscript 46187 B. From photocopies of microfilm, the editor recorded all textual variants using symbols prescribed by Peter Shillingsburg in the *Guide to PC-CASE: Computer Assisted Scholarly Editing for Micro-computers*, version 2.1. Those symbols are listed and explained below in order to aid the reader in reconstructing the text as it existed in its many forms. Particulars regarding paper, typewriter characters, hand-made emendations, notes, positioning of copy on the page, and other physical characteristics were also recorded insofar as they were visible on the photocopies. The transcription was then spot-checked against the original for the purpose of clearing up notable problems and correcting errors of which the editor was aware. Time did not permit, however, thorough proofreading of the document, either by visual collation with the photocopies or with the document itself. This transcription was then run through the PC-CASE program in order to produce a fair copy. At that time many changes were made both to the transcription and to the fair copy, although the fair copy was not proofread.

If the transcription and fair copy did not undergo the proofreading necessary to ensure reliability, of what value are they for study or inclusion in a dissertation? Several aspects of these texts, which should be considered an extensive set of notes, will be valuable for students of *Lilith* and of textual editing. First, the transcription is the most comprehensive report of the state of the document available, including comments on the size and condition of the leaves, the quality of the typewriter ink, the colors of ink from the pen, positioning of both typewritten copy and hand-written emendations, and other details which attest to the ways in which the various stages of the text were produced. When this text is edited in the future, whether as the next stage of this project or for another purpose, this transcription can provide either the basis for the reconstruction of the *B1* text and the *B2* revision or a body of information which an editor might consult in order to enlarge his or her understanding of the text's complexities. These notes also

offer a case study to the student of textual criticism in that they report and attempt to trace the many phases of inscription. Last, recording the transcription and fair copy of the text electronically affords the editor a means of testing this medium as a vehicle for presenting the information contained in the document. Exploration of electronic texts integrated with hypertext links will help editors to discover new ways of presenting editions, as well as ways of refining the conventions of traditional scholarly editing.

The transcription and fair copy text of *Lilith B* recorded here should in no way be seen as a replacement for an edition. Again, they should be considered as incomplete compilations of most of the information contained in the document. For example, the transcription of fos. 196-199 is missing due to the loss of a computer file. In constructing the fair copy of and analyzing those leaves, the editor resorted to re-reading carefully the photocopies and consulting for clarity Dr. Hein's transcription of the typed *BI* text in *Lilith: A Variorum Edition*. Even if all information was recorded here, however, no transcription, no matter how thoroughly it has been proofread, can substitute for the careful presentation of the information through a scholarly edition. Such an edition explains and unravels the inscription of a text in ways not even the examination of the document itself can match. As a result of careful study of all the details of a text, a good editor will convey the story, so to speak, of the inscription of each leaf from the perspective of a comprehensive understanding of the work to which it belongs.

PC-CASE Specifications

The following is a list of the conventions prescribed as input specifications for manuscript texts as given in *Guide to PC-CASE: Computer Assisted Scholarly Editing for Micro-Computers*, version 2.1. (8-13) (Numbering belongs to this text, not Professor Shillingsburg's, but examples are his.) By following them, readers of the transcription can de-code the transcription and identify how the variant readings appear.

1. Page numbers corresponding to original documents are entered on a separate line in the form: .p1.
2. First lines of paragraphs are indented three spaces.
3. Opening quotation marks are typed using the grave accent mark (`) for single and two (` `) for double marks.
4. Italics and underlining are indicated by curly brackets: {bracket}.
5. Material that is very deeply indented or flush right is typed line-for-line beginning at the left margin and followed by the entry *k.
6. Canceled words or passages are enclosed in slanted slashes: /words\. For cancellations within cancellations, the symbols are doubled: ///canceled\\ word\. (This latter specification is not always followed in the transcription. Sometimes single slashes are used to indicate cancellations within cancellation. The reader carefully following where cancellations begin should not find this troublesome.)
7. Inserted words are enclosed in upright (vertical) lines or pipes: he went |slowly in|to town. Inserts within inserts are enclosed in double uprights: he went |slowly ||up|| in|to town. (This will be rendered as: he went slowly up into town. Again, the editor was inconsistent in the use of double uprights.)
8. Letters, words, or punctuation written over (on top of) each other (i.e., not interlined but occupying the same space — strikeovers) are rendered within square brackets with the final reading first and the original reading last, separated by the word “over”; [and over but], [H over h]e, wen[t over d].
9. Words canceled by mistake (usually caused by a cancellation mark that went too far) can be enclosed in a combination plus and minus mark to begin and minus and plus mark to end: We went /slowly\ +-to-+ town. (This will be rendered as: We went to town.)

10. Words mistakenly left uncanceled (usually caused by a cancellation mark that stopped short or by a replacement passage superseding the original) can be enclosed in double angle brackets: We /went\ <<to>> |will go to| town.
(This will be rendered as: We will go to town.)
11. Any further peculiarities about the manuscript will be described within square brackets.
12. Commentary about changes in color of ink, handwriting, page numbering, paper quality, and other physical details will be enclosed in double ****asterisks****.