

**MARY BUTTS**

***Mappa Mundi***

**McPherson's Fortnight**

*Series One N° 12*

FORTNIGHT SERIES ONE, NUMBER 12  
[www.mcphersonco.com/fortnight.html](http://www.mcphersonco.com/fortnight.html)

Copyright © 2014 by McPherson & Company  
All rights reserved.

No unauthorized copying or distribution permitted.

Published in April 2020 by McPherson & Company,  
P.O. Box 1126, Kingston, NY 12402

“Mappa Mundi” is borrowed for this occasion  
from the author’s *Complete Stories*  
as published by McPherson & Company.

The cover patterns of the Fortnight series have been adapted from the tartan notebooks created by Waverley Scotland of Glasgow in association with Kinloch Anderson of Edinburgh: ([www. https://tinyurl.com/slxqebq](https://tinyurl.com/slxqebq)) and available in the U.S. from our sister company, Waverley West ([www.waverleywest.net](http://www.waverleywest.net)).

This cover is **Kinloch Anderson Romance** tartan, and is reproduced by kind permission of Geddes and Grossett, Ltd.

# CONTENTS

Mappa Mundi

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

## Mappa Mundi

PARIS IS NOT a safe city. It is never supposed to be, but so often for the wrong reasons. Perhaps the only place in the world that is really and truly both a sink of iniquity and a fountain of life at one and the same time; in the same quarter, in the same place, at the same hour, with the same properties—to even the same person.

It is no use, or not much use, to know it only as a spree, or as an aesthetic jolt, returning very sophisticated about it. Like all the great feminine places, behind its first dazzling free display, you come quickly upon profound reserves. After the spree a veil is drawn, a sober, *noli me tangere* veil. Isis, whose face on a first swift initiation you think you have seen, even to the colour of her eyes, Isis you believe you have kissed, withdraws, well wrapped-up, grown instantly to her own height—as is the property of a Goddess. Colossal, as Apuleius saw Hecate, and made of stone which is goddess's material; and for lover and mistress you are left with an image, remote as St. Geneviève where she stands looking upstream, an inviolable city behind her.

Properly snubbed, or enchanted, if you remain, above all if you live there, you learn that the delights of that first spree are repeated and confirmed as pleasure does not often repeat itself. Not only these, you find that there are others, possibilities of thrilling ways

## MARY BUTTS

of life that do not depend on wealth or sex or the excitements between midnight and dawn; vistas of well-being that touch the commonest acts with the service of the goddess and her law, the quality of sheer living, sufficient in itself, as Tamar Karsavina tells in her book.

That is as far as most people get. Wise men stay there; more than the ghosts of good Americans settle down to the bliss of it. Only remember we are dealing with the goddess Isis. Her forbidding veil is off and not for a long time replaced. She moves now in transparencies. Only do not pretend to yourself that you have seen her eyes. Still less her smile. Least of all perhaps, do not ask what she is smiling about.

If you do you must be prepared for other things to happen.

There are people who do. That is how I account for what became of Curren Mileson, the american boy I met outside the Café des Deux Magots. Who was seen, who was seen less, who was not seen. Until he was never seen again. It was a business people explained in various ways—so far as it was explained at all. Until they gave it up. For he had come to Europe, so I gathered, all by himself out of the Middle West; and there one supposes were a few people who said: “that wicked Paris got him.” Which about sums up, perhaps omitting the adjective, all that was ever said.

Yet american boys usually take some killing—if Curren Mileson is dead. As nuts they are tough, and as eggs hard-boiled. Their imaginations having less historic exercise than ones over here, they are inclined to be superficial—that is, romantic. Or, their national culture not yet achieved, when they do not despise they gobble. Or, anxious to assert their capacity, become culture-fans.

Enough about american boys. As rare and no rarer

## MARY BUTTS

than rarity the world over, there are some of them who do not fit into any convention of their land.

I knew he was a rare one when I saw him, sitting alone on the round-the-corner part of the *terrasse*. The beautiful lean body, immense strength the generations had fined, even to over-fineness. All length that old age would make gaunt, and wild bright hunter's eyes. Eyes that were looking east, towards the shabby end of the Boulevard St. Germain where behind the Boul' Miche rises the Sorbonne, and behind the Sorbonne, the Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, where Strindberg ran away from two crossed sticks when he was finding the philosopher's stone.

We had met before. I sat down beside him and we each looked. The spring sun made one's senses ache as they ache nowhere but in Paris.

"Have you ever thought?" we both began at once. Both meaning the same question, but it was he who explained.

"Have you ever thought what lies behind this city—above all behind the ancient part we're sitting looking at? What, if you go at it long enough, comes through, comes *out*, what you walk into when you're awake and when you're asleep?" I stared at him. He went on:

"It's easiest on the Quai Notre-Dame, by the little old shop where they sell books on how to raise the devil. There it's pretty well done for you."

"What about when you're asleep?" said I.

He turned half round to have a good look at me, as though to be sure of my face for the first time:

"So you go there too?" he said. I nodded.

"Here? In Paris? But I might have seen you."

"Here and other places—places I have really known, got inside of, worked into myself."

Like him I sat, my face lifted towards the quarter

MARY BUTTS

which is the womb of Paris, where her young still go and her secret poor. Down the street where the broken bits of Julian's baths lie about, which he built when the legions occupied the little city of the Parisii called Lutetia. Stones cluttering the grass railed off from the pavement, round the house full of symbols of the real story, the Cluny Museum. All the Parises were about us, behind us, on our right and our left. Only before me, invisible behind the high roofs, stood the matrix of Isis' temple, the darkened shrine. He went on suddenly:—

“What do you think is the meaning of it? What do you see there when you go? What is it, that kind of sleep?”

“Well,” I said, “I think, I'm nearly sure, that then, in *that* way, we are seeing, or even being shown, as much as we can see of what is really there.”

“Why do you say ‘sometimes’?” I hesitated.

“You know what dreams are—even these sometimes begin and sometimes fade away into quite ordinary dreamstuff.”

“Mine don't. They're as sharp and separate as two kinds of being alive. But this other thing that happens when we're awake, that we're watching here right now, sitting on the edge of the Boulevard St. Germain—that's different, that's another thing, isn't it?”

“Yes,” I answered slowly, “I'm pretty well sure by now that it's not the same thing at all; that these two experiences are different. If your sleep and mine are a pair, then we are moving about in places we know, and we can recognise this place or that. Only more real. Only in splendour. Great houses and courts and terraces climbing the sky from squares and steps and streets. A perfectness.

“When we're awake, as we are now, sitting together, it is much more like ordinary living, extended in

MARY BUTTS

time.” He interrupted: “That’s it. Trailers for half the films that have made Paris, or a hundred and one ways of Queer Street.”

I agreed. I have a weakness for Queer Street, and people who have that are soon past being astonished at anything. So I did not ask him the questions I might have asked, but took it as I found it that a boy from the other side of the world should have walked straight up one of my own particular streets. A long way further up than I had ever gone.

I followed his eyes again, pitched high on the roofs on the other side of the street beyond the trams.

“It’s there it all begins,” he said. “Every corner you turn will be the next and the last. How’d you describe that?”

I tried again: “An extraordinary, a unique sense of all sorts of mixed pasts, a sense of the ancient city and all the fury of life that went to make it. Especially for me, in Villon’s time and in the seventeenth century. That and”—he gave me a quick look—“that and something else. Like something out of which they *all* came. A matrix, which is Paris and the secret of Paris.”

“The pot-boiling,” he said, “and the bubbles coming off the stew.”

“You can go home,” I said, “when you’ve prowled enough, and pick it over and make plans and patterns. Even maps. But I think we’re right to be careful, to keep this wholly separate from what we see in sleep. For there is nothing glorified about it.” The look in his eyes troubled me, the look of a hunter of his race at a terrible quarry approaching from a long way off, a quarry that made him the hunted as much as the hunter.

“‘Glorified’ is the word,” he said. “Alone there in a light of a finer quality than day. Funny I didn’t meet you. D’you know the white cliffs with the poplars and

MARY BUTTS

the fountains, east of the city near the old fortifications?" (I did, it was one of my "places," and I knew the Orphic tablet too.)

"No one to speak to—just a few lovely quiet people about on their own blessed business. All Edens man's been working on. But what are the great birds?"

"Of course you're right. It *is* two different things. But what luck on my first trip to have walked back straight into the lot. History by day and Plato's patterns by night—*Garçon!*" He ordered two long, golden, starry drinks.

Like two travellers we compared notes. Yes, any time of day did, but a misty dusk was propitious in the broken hill-country at the back of the Sorbonne. Yes, and we both knew the ancient church at the foot of the wicked slum, called after Port Royal; and I had broken new country in the three great parallels along the river, of which the lowest was the Rue de l'Université and the highest the Rue de Grenelle. To us both had come the moment when walls slid in and out, to reveal others; both understood *crains dans le mur aveugle un regard qui t'épie*. Pure past or pasts, with their mystery and their passion; and as it were *through* them, the over-powering sense of one energy roaring through each, the crucible, the power-house in which each was formed.

After such wandering you could go home, turn over in your mind what you had walked through. That was why I had spoken of maps. For by now I had in my mind a chart of the place, of a Paris upon which the city of our time was no more than superimposed. One aspect of a central fire, or the womb of Isis, eternally fertile, eternally bringing forth. An activity of which we were the latest *eidola*. Admitted perhaps to this knowledge because we had not been content with her carnal gifts,

## MARY BUTTS

had never boasted that we had seen her face.

Not even in our dreams, though there was no intellectual work, remembering or researching. There we strayed. Into the courts of her perfected work, the threshold of the completion of her labours; within and beyond the *simulacra* which were all we, in our bodies, could share.

It is one of the curious things about such experiences, whatever their reality, their ultimate significance or insignificance, that no one can discuss them for long. (It has been years before I could bring myself to write this.) After that morning we saw a good deal of one another, Curren and I; and though we knew perfectly what each was doing, what each was thinking about, we never spoke of it again.

Yet I thought of him as well, this young man, strayed round the side of a planet, carried across an ocean to stray again, awake or asleep, in two wholly new forms of experience.

The dreams, so I concluded after some meditation, were safe. So long as you woke up in time. Nor could you prevent them, nor had I ever come to harm in that country. Rather I loved them, as a promise and an exquisite reassurance; knowing too that like the "sensible fervours" of prayer, they were not to be sought or asked for or even longed after, but, like the grace of God, only to be enjoyed.

So much for the Goddess's more legitimate work. No, it was the other business, this waking awareness of what one could only describe as the "goings-on," the furies of dark energy, for which our Paris, with its brilliance, its exquisite sobrieties, was the mere shell—it was there that I felt less happy about him.

He did not know (for one instance) that along the line of my three glorious streets was once the waste place

## MARY BUTTS

where the witches met—*quartier des Sorciers*; that when it was known what had happened in the little church by the river, the judge ordered a cloth to be hung over the crucifix, in sign that man if he could would spare God the knowledge of what had been done there.

He did not know, and I shied at my own guess, why the Tour St. Jacques stands alone as it does, or who the Child is who visited there.

He did not know the things Strindberg did not tell—even less than the things Joris Karl Huysmans told—in part.

He did not know that it is a curious fact that Madame de Montespan could not even get buried properly.

He did not know that the work of Isis implies the opposite of its own activity, that the Courts of the Morning stand on ground won from the Waste Land. He did not know that there was a were-wolf in Paris as late as the Franco-Prussian War.

He did not know what Hugo meant when he wrote about the Wicked Poor.

Any more than he knew what the Surréalistes were up to.

He did not even know the Song of Paris, how every century she had taken civilisation and made it dance to her tune. Built it and sung it and dressed it, prepared it for the table, for the assembly, for the bed. For prayer, for wit, for treachery, for rhetoric, for devotion; for its life and for its death.

Nor understand what goes with this and what must go; until the ἀνακατάστασις, the renewal of all things, which Paris will be the last place to notice.

*Puis ça, puis là, comme le vent varie*—that most dreadful line of a terrible poet, the most dreadful line in French literature of the dead men rotting on Mont-

## MARY BUTTS

faucou, might have been written about a girl's scarf, fluttering in the Tuileries in a spring gale. Might be said of the Goddess, flirting with her admirers.

I went across the river, to the Paris of the Empire and the Third Republic, but only depressed myself by the sight of women buying lovely things I should never be able to afford.

Across the Seine, still high, still racing last winter's rains, ancient Paris sat watching the light splendours that had risen across her stream. So that it seemed that a giant, straddling the river, would have one foot in time and one foot out of it; and little doubt, for all the contrast and the easy splendours, on which side the Bird-Priestess who under Isis is the city's *daimon* has her nest and lays her eggs.

Anyhow all mine were in that basket, and I walked home across one of the bridges that have a spring to them like a bent bow.

## II

The next time we met was in the Rue de l'Hapè—this was in the days before the playground of the Wick-ed Poor had become one of those spots for vice without tears in which Isis specialises the first time you meet.

I had not thought to find him there, "on the zinc," and the centime-in-the-slot jazz, among the youth in their coloured linen and skimpy suits.

It appeared that he was expecting someone. A friend just over and calling loudly for adventure? He did not want to tell me about it and he did. It was an exquisite night. I suggested a cooling walk along the quays, away from, not towards, the Tour St. Jacques.

We strolled west under the moon. The Paris moon, of all moons the most nostalgic. For what? For every-

## MARY BUTTS

thing. Love-in-a-mist at eighteen; for a night spent with a vampire in a vault; for a court ball; for an adventure at sea. For staying in Paris forever; for running away from it at once. For delicate vice, for sanctity, for a great laugh—the moon who creates out of all these longings the final mood of divine high spirits, for which again only Paris has the receipt. The laughter no other city can evoke—except Vienna before we murdered her—the joy and daring she distils out of one like a dance, a running up and down between the alcove and the stars.

Shadows on the moon-candied stones, cat-black and sharp. It was late. Spring night or no spring night, the city was indoors at its play. My companion in his tuxedo was black and white too, the stones not paler than his young cheeks nor the night brighter than his eyes. Nor any hunter moved on a lighter step—I thought of great woods, and of his forbears' watching in the woods for the feathered, silent warriors of the Five Nations, stepping, score by score, on the war-trail in the night. Then noticed him (we were silent) glancing right and left, checking his step as if to listen. For this friend?

With my mind on secular things, "Who *are* you looking for?" I said.

As though already I was not there, and his question to the wide world (as our questions often are), to *anyone* who would answer:

"Have they never spoken to you in sleep?"

As I have said, you cannot dwell for long on these things. My active mind was on the Boeuf sur le Toit and the friends I had left. "No," I said, was suddenly glad, now I came to think of it, that they had not. Even if they were the souls of just men made perfect (as one hoped).

MARY BUTTS

“No, they never speak—Why?”

“Well,” he said, with again that flash across his shoulder—“believe it or not, when it happens in the other way, there are some about who do.”

“They’re *not* the same thing—” I began, pedantically. Then suddenly felt as if I were pulled up short. By an intense cold. As though the little perfumed breeze that rose across the river were iced. Blown off some glacier—a breath, but a more than polar chill. And if you are to believe Dante, there is ice in hell. Then from behind a shadow I could not account for all but caught me up. Came up and dropped back into an angle in the walls. A little dark that had been following us, catching up and falling back, all the way, a thing that I had noticed and I had not noticed. A shadow thrown from one tree to another, traveling with them as they bent in the night airs on the embankment over our heads? I did not think so. Somehow I was wanted away. Instantly I wanted myself away also.

An interesting adventure, a perception to play with from time to time, wet one’s toes in that sea. This man by my side had plunged straight in, with more intuition and even less knowledge, was already past hailing distance from the shore.

Argument and near-panic raced up me together.

“Don’t,” I managed to cry, “come away. It’s not safe. Come tomorrow, and I will tell you everything I know about it”—I caught his arm and it felt as if it was something a long way—an infinite distance—off, and cold, and made of something else; and between us something that was not space, and cold from where cold comes from, was separating us. I heard myself saying:

“Ariadne it’s like. You can’t go without your thread.”

Hearing his answer:

“He’s got it. He’s past the Minotaur he said. Round

MARY BUTTS

the next corner he'll wait."

We had been standing facing one another. Now we began to walk again, and into my mind flashed images of men who had been too far. The young publisher who vanished on Olympus; the man in Buchan's story who discovered the corridors and that space, like murder, is "full of holes." We hurried as though driven. Already our feet were on the incline that leads up to street level again; as with the tail of my eye I saw the shadow dart out of its hiding-place.

Just at that moment a taxi drew up to the curb at the top.

He did not follow even so far as to put me in; nor the taxi wait so long as for me to see what happened to the American left alone on the white moon road below the street, beside the stream.

It was an hour later, at the Boeuf, that I remembered to wonder who had paid that taxi, and how he had known that he was to bring me there.

I was with friends. But not to one of them could I say: "I've been out with a man who was followed by a ghost, and I left them making friends; and because I was upsetting its vibrations, it drove me away."

Next day this dumbness Montagu James describes as "common form" still held me; and it was three days before a mixture of conscience, curiosity and Paris high spirits sent me out to try if I could find him again.

I learned nothing at all; or rather that he had been seen, and that he had not been seen; alone and not alone (or possibly with a friend beside him, or with a bad character at his heels) by the concierge of his hotel, the *dame du bureau*, a waiter at the Deux Magots and one or two of his acquaintances.

Pensive, I left them, and walked east towards Notre-Dame along the Quai Voltaire.

## MARY BUTTS

Oh but the place was sweet! On the Quai des Fleurs I bought some. Country flowers, larkspurs and *giroflées*, and the orange marigolds the French call *soucis*. Looking up at the towers of Our Lady of Paris, thinking of Our Lady at Chartres, who could believe—in the demon who from her roofs looks down upon the city of Paris? That ubiquitous demon they can make into a door-knocker and the simple tourist's souvenir; who may even be a fake, a restorer's idea for a devil. Who, set in the crown of Our Lady in Paris, is yet the best known portrait of the Evil One that exists.

On my way back I passed again by the very dirty deserted house, beside which an alley runs back into the web of old streets at the wrong end of the Boulevard St. Germain. A house that saw the Musketeers in and the Revolution out, high-pitched, crazy, the kind of house etchers love, rat-worn, with something abominable about it. On my secret map a black spot and a question-mark—*crains dans le mur aveugle*—and the alley beside it is filthy. If you could not see the far end nothing would make you walk up it. You never meet anyone in it, and from the river end I was half-way up when I saw him cross the mouth of it; and I could not be sure if the figure at his heels was accompanying him or not.

I hurried up, to find myself in a street market, in a crowd walking round in circles, and on the Boulevard a knot of trams, all starting at once.

It was clearly, perfectly Curren Mileson, seen with something of the small perfection of a figure seen down the wrong end of a glass.

Reassured, I walked back to the Café des Deux Magots.

It began to get about that he was gone, to get about and be contradicted. I said nothing, and as I have told, he was new to Paris and he had no close friends. No

MARY BUTTS

one to start the inquiries which set the machinery of society in action. It was some time after that a man from the *Sûreté* came to see me; and I suggested, which did not please him, that Paris was a city in which one might easily be lost.

“Have a look round here,” I said at last, “and see if I’m hiding him.” It was the quietest of still days. The turquoise and gold dust of early summer—*maquillage d’Isis*—lay upon the city. Yet a picture, a map of old Paris, suddenly clattered on the wall, the *agent* turned his head, and a curious silence fell between us, like a shutter between his incredulity and my reserve.

You can only really give to people the kind of truth that is serviceable to them. I dined early, and when dusk came shut myself in to consider very carefully what I knew that I could be sure I knew, in the policeman’s sense, in any sense, and possibly in another.

I ought to be able to believe that Curren Mileson was doing no more than wander about, neglectful of his meals or the people he knew or his bed. That overwhelmed by his discoveries, by the release of certain imaginative and intuitive faculties, he was working off a crisis in himself. That in time he would either snap out of it or be picked up by the police. “Partial loss of memory” was the phrase that rose—until I considered the sense of it and began to laugh rather shakily.

Yet it was the obvious way to approach it. It was what I should ordinarily have believed, even in the face of far stranger-seeming evidence. Only this time I did not believe it, I could not believe it, a single image recurring to my mind continually—of a young man to whom an order had been given: “step out of your body.” An order he would obey (the means given, the means would certainly be given) as lightly as he would change his shoes.

## MARY BUTTS

Swept up, hurried off into an extension of that knowledge we both shared. Only an extension I had the sense to keep out of or the inability to pursue. "*Something far more deeply interfused.*" That was it. So far that he would never return.

It was after this that people came to see me. Americans mostly. People I had met and people I had not met. Few, or very few, with the idea that I had harmed him or even had some private knowledge, but (as I did not at first understand) as if some of them, at least, had a question to ask me they could not ask themselves. They came for help, and I had no help to give that would have helped them. Yet they seemed to feel that I felt something, and would one day produce it on a plate. One of them got so far as to hint about "vibrations"—but they none of them knew Paris.

Now and then I would try them out. "In the Rue Férou—did they remember who had lodged there?" Or did they know Jean Goujon's fountain, in a panel of which the inner genius of water is shown in stone? Or who had died on the Pont Henri-Quatre, calling upon a Pope and a King to meet him within a year before the Court of God? (A point which taken only provoked a reaction about the Templars and homosexuality.)

Or at Versailles even—had they noticed the silver birch that stands alone in the rough field beside the choked tank between Petit Trianon and Hameau?

Or that in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal there is the manuscript with the squares, and the receipts for letting out what, as Montagu James says, most certainly ought to be kept in? Or the emptiness of Boulevard Arago where, for all its broad leafiness the horses shy because of the work that the guillotine does there? Or? Or?

It was during this time, too, more than once, as I

## MARY BUTTS

had seen it that night on the quays, a shadow would follow me home. A slip of dark I could not account for; and like Punch hiding behind the curtains, so it used my windows. Hanging half in, half out when my back was turned, as though keeping an eye on me to see if I knew enough either to be drawn in or to interfere. One evening it leaned out, shamelessly stretched up over my shoulder, as though to follow the page on which I had been writing down my helplessness. An eye it had on me, but I did not know and I could do nothing; and that was what it wanted, what it had come to find out. And all the time I was aware of this also; that there was a step I could take, simple and obvious, that I was a person with a key in one hand, a box in the other, without the wits to make them fit. Like Punch it sniggered at me, like Punch it was somehow annoyed.

Until one night it gave it up; and this time I was so certain of it that I hurried to the window, to see what appeared like a thin blackness swarming down the face of the house, dart across the moon bar in the narrow street, to be swallowed up in the dark of the opposite wall.

“Goddess,” said I, “keep an eye on your servants.”

But it seemed, too, that she was laughing at my ignorance; and as the summer drew to its height began to be bored with me, having given me, and in more ways than this, of her best and of her worst.

. . . . .

The *agent* came once more. This time he was more amiable. It seemed that Authority was still asking questions. Strange as it seemed, even the most insignificant of Americans were not allowed to vanish utterly. As one European to another, he implied that I would see the point. As if one of them, supposing they came from the place they said, supposing there was such a place for

MARY BUTTS

them to come from, mattered more or less.

Especially, as I pointed out, the object of his inquiries did not seem to have made a good job of it. There always seemed—just to be a little ghost of evidence that he was still occasionally seen. Then, for the sake of trying to say something, I added:

“Last time, Monsieur, you would not admit that your city was a bad place to be lost in. Yet would you admit that it is a place where you might make a bad friend?”

His answer surprised me:

“I entreat you, Madame, to tell me what you mean.”

“I have told you all I can tell you, and you know that.” Again there was silence, again our eyes met, and this time it was his eyes led mine to the map on the wall.

Then he surprised me even more. He crossed himself:

“I am not of Paris—I am from Corsica, I; and I do not mean its brothels or its criminals, but I say there are parts of this city that were better burned to the ground.”

I nodded: “That is why I do not think you will ever see him again. Can you not get a corpse, any corpse, and satisfy them as to its identity?”

“That,” he said simply, “will no doubt be done.” Then surprisingly: “It is not you, Madame, who could bring him back?”

“No,” said I, “then there would only be two of us. Besides, I assure you that if I could I would have done so long ago.”

He stood there, no longer the Paris policeman but a tall man from the pure mountains in the South. And he believed me.

“He met then?”

MARY BUTTS

“A shadow. Who has drawn him into the shadows. But remember, he was good. He may come to no harm there.”

“How is that possible?”

“I mean that on the other side of the shadows there is another country, the Courts of the Morning that lie only just outside the gates of Paradise. When you are off duty, pray for him.”

The map on the wall was still.

## MARY BUTTS

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A distinctive and original voice within the Modernism movement, the English novelist MARY BUTTS was a prodigy of style, learning, and energy, who wrote with powerful insight about the Lost Generation. She was born in 1890 in Dorset, England, a great-granddaughter of Sir Thomas Butts, William Blake's patron. By the time of her premature death in 1937, her work had gained a formidable reputation; hailed for their brave originality and stylistic panache, her many stories, novels, and poems were compared with Katherine Mansfield, D.H. Lawrence, and T.S. Eliot. Her career was championed by Ezra Pound, Robert McAlmon, Ford Madox Ford, Charles Williams, and May Sinclair.

Her flamboyant lifestyle in London and France in the 1920s unfortunately overshadowed the importance of her work. Over the last several decades, however, there has been a resurgence of interest in Mary Butts the writer, and, after being "lost" for more than 50 years, her work has joined her contemporaries H.D., Djuna Barnes, Virginia Woolf, and Mina Loy, in the pantheon of literary Modernism.

*The Complete Stories*, <https://tinyurl.com/y78t84cp>

*The Taverner Novels*, <https://tinyurl.com/yaqksnwz>

*The Classical Novels*, <https://tinyurl.com/y90t2lx8>

*Ashe of Rings and Other Writings*, <https://tinyurl.com/ycw8gwez>

*A Sacred Quest*, <https://tinyurl.com/yckuo6p8>

*Mary Butts: Scenes from the Life*, <https://tinyurl.com/ycut6tjx>