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must be a devil in one if one is to understand the diabolism of the State. The State is the devil, or rather a multitude of devils. Its name is legion. It has been questing all about this region to find the fountain of unrest in society. At first men went about alone. But yesterday I found some dark and surly brutes together, exotic to this country, and I guess by that the old devil not dead in me yet, that they intend some devilry . . .

This is a kind of prophecy the truth of which becomes more and more apparent as the years advance. Its truth is more manifest now than when AE declared it. He was a seer and if there were not many other evidences of this, the statement quoted would be enough to prove his power of prophesying.

But it is not as painter, poet, or seer that I would acclaim AE and remember him but as a human being in whom goodness was innate and radiantly active That he was grateful for his good fortune appears from his words whispered to me as he lay "conscious of his own eternity" at the point of death: "I have realised all my ambitions. I have had an astounding interest in Life. I have great friends. What more can a man want?" There are many still alive who, like myself, consider themselves fortunate to have lived while AE was on earth. He was an angelic anarchist.



AE: A PROPHET OUT OF AN ANCIENT AGE

By HENRY A. WALLACE

IT is a pleasure to write of AE because I looked on him as one of the finest, most gifted, and most colorful people I ever knew. During the first decade of this century my grandfather, Henry Wallace, had much correspondence with Sir Horace Plunkett, George W. Russell, and others in the Irish Coöperative movement. When I went to Europe in 1912 to study agriculture, my grandfather made it a number one order of business for me to visit AE. Before I went he had me read to him every day or two for half an

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hour from AE's editorials as they appeared in the *Irish Homestead*. It was therefore with real appreciation that I sat down to talk with the famous artist, writer, and agricultural economist. In those days his hair and beard were an attractive shade of dark brown. He was sitting in a room which was completely a mess with pamphlets and books lying around in disorder. We talked largely about economic matters, the high cost of living, the competitive desire to spend on non-essentials for the sake of show. Then he branched off into a discussion of the beauties of handicraft weaving, how fine it was for an Irish girl to be wearing the cloth which she herself had woven. He took me to lunch with the board of the Irish Coöperative, and AE and Sir Horace Plunkett and the latter's colleague, Mr. R. A. Anderson discussed at length the impracticability of much of the agricultural experimentation being conducted in Ireland. At this point it became obvious to me that AE was a philosopher and not in any sense an agricultural technician.

It was nearly twenty years later, just as the depression was beginning, that I saw AE again and really became acquainted with him. Mary Rumsey, the sister of the present governor of New York, had arranged for AE to make a number of talks at various places; and I listened to him lecture at the University of Wisconsin, at William Penn College at Oskaloosa, Iowa, at Grinnell College, and at Des Moines, Iowa. Part of the time I served as his chauffeur. Leland Olds, who later was associated with the Federal Power Commission in Washington, acted as his secretary and traveling companion. It pleased AE to think that Olds' soul was continually expanding and that he was constantly seeing more into the inner nature of things. Quite unlike, the two men complemented each other beautifully.

I found AE at his best, not in his public talks, but on Sunday afternoon gatherings with fifteen or twenty people listening to him as he talked on and on, quoting tens

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of poems, bits of wisdom from the ancients, all strung together by his own poetic prose. He had a curious rhythmic lilt, not quite a sing-song but with a lulling, up and down motion. He rendered some of Yeats' poems with especial effectiveness. ("I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree . . .") When the afternoon was over you never knew quite what he had said. It was like hearing a symphony which you could not repeat, but you knew that you wanted to hear it again and that you were the better for it. Probably I heard him on a dozen different occasions of this sort and he often used almost the same words. His sense of euphony was so great that, having once found the best sounding words, he could not change. I marveled at his precise verbal recall of the most effective combination of words. Once I spoke to him about the matter and he told me that he consciously was trying to render his subject matter in the same way he thought the old Irish bards had done. He had a tremendous passion for the Ireland of long ago, for the legends of the Red Branch and Deirdre and Cuchulain. When he stayed in our house, he had colored crayons with him and he drew my twelve-year-old daughter because he thought she looked as did the Irish maidens of long ago. (She might very well have; she had plenty of Irish blood in her.) And then he drew the coast of Donegal where he had a little house and where he loved the particular sweep of the hills. Once he drew, in my copy of *The Candle of Vision*, what he called the Dragon's Crest, the profile of a Grecian lady with many colored rays radiating out from the head. Someone borrowed this book and I never saw it again. This was the only drawing by AE which I ever saw which did not follow the outward world as you and I see it.

AE could tell endless stories about the different members of the Irish literary group, including the account of the first time he met Shaw in a Dublin gallery. In many ways they were two of a kind and that conversation should have been taken down by dictaphone. Many of this group

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acted like a lot of bad boys in their conversation with each other but they did it in beautiful English. I never knew AE to tell a story which was in the slightest degree off color or irreverent. And yet, of an evening, he could grip your closest attention as you listened steadily to an endless flow of words from nine in the evening till two in the morning.

In 1934 Mary Rumsey offered to pay AE's expenses to come to this country to consult with the Department of Agriculture. Robert Frost was somewhat annoyed because he felt we should have called him in rather than AE. At the moment, however, AE, when talking to our Extension people, furnished a type of profound inspiration which I thought was exceedingly important. He worked largely out of the office of M. L. Wilson, who later became Under-Secretary of Agriculture and Director of Extension. In this period I had him out to our apartment with Justice Stone, the Morgenthau, and others. Justice Stone and Mrs. Morgenthau were enormously impressed by him. A short time later he felt his strength slipping away and he wanted to go home to die. Never a complaint. Never anything but the utmost humility, simplicity, sweetness and light. A prophet out of an ancient age. May God grant that the Irish may be able to produce such a man again.



THE GEORGE RUSSELL COLLECTION AT COLBY COLLEGE

A Check List compiled by CARLIN T. KINDILIEN

THIS check list of AE items is divided into six parts in which, with the exception of the final two parts, the entries are arranged chronologically. The final section—biographical and critical material—is arranged alphabetically. In the check lists of AE's works, information concerning publication, autographs, inscriptions, revisions,