

# This is an ABLE book

## INSTRUCTIONS

If you work in an office, you work in a print shop! Seize the means of production, Friend, and make a book of your own!

First, you'll want to print this file back and front (duplex, or double-sided, depending on how your printer describes it.)

If you want the cover to be nice, print this first sheet on a heavier card stock.

Next, take the two body sheets (with the text of the book on them), and make the flowers in the center kiss. This is a 16 page quarto booklet! With the sheets standing tall, fold the sheets in half so that the upside down text top front becomes the back, right side up (phew, does this make sense?)

Now, you have page 1 on the right, with a

large initial Capital, and page 16 on the left. Fold this in half again to make a booklet.

Cut the cover free from the lower half of this sheet, and fold it in half.

Trim the top of the text block so that the pages are free. (You can use a paper cutter, scissors, or a pen knife).

Staple or sew the pages and the cover together, to make a book. You can also insert another half-sheet of paper between the text block and the cover to have a fly-leaf.

You are now a printer and book-maker.

Post the Wolverine mini-poster (otherside of these instructions) proudly at your desk. Tell people that fine books can be acquired "At the Sign of the Wolverine".

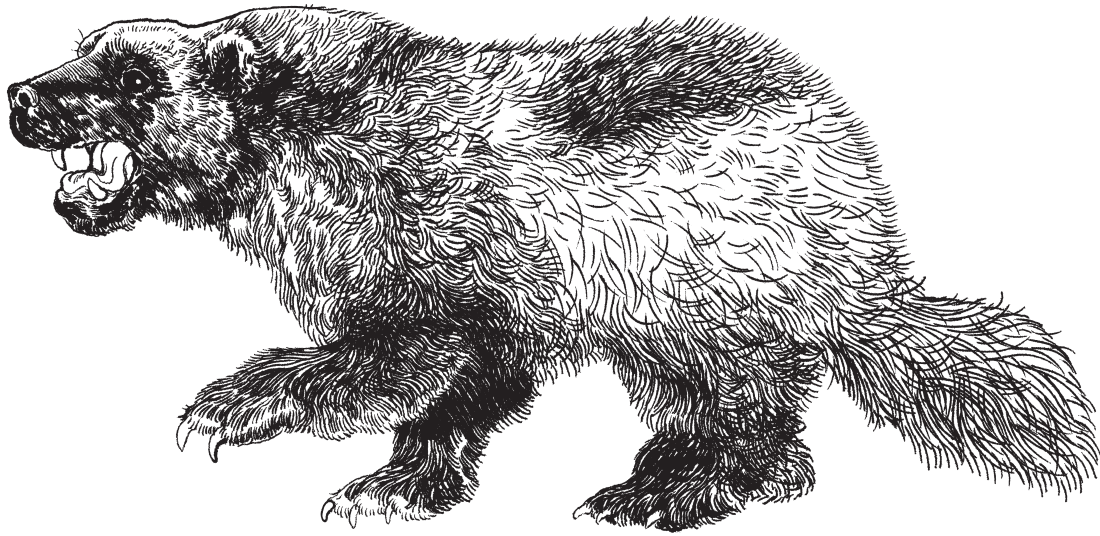
# WP

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## Where There is Nothing There is God

By William Butler Yeats

**WP**  
an ABLE book



Official  
**Wolverine Press**  
Design & Production Environment

THE MONOTYPE RECORDER  
March, April 1928

**About the Type**

The body text for this edition is Century Schoolbook, designed by Morris Fuller Benton in 1918. The titles are set in Futura, designed by Paul Renner in 1927. Both are well-established in American utilitarian design, with Schoolbook both a popular educational face, and the mandated typeface of all US Supreme Court opinions, and Futura widely used in aeronautics, most famously in the plaque placed by NASA on the moon during Apollo 11.

pity moved me;” but I was afraid and I ran away, and did not stop running until I came here; Then all the Brothers began talking together, one saying it was such and such a saint, and one that it was not he but another; and one that it was none of these, for they were still in their brotherhoods, but that it was such and such a one; and the talk was as near to quarrelling as might be in that gentle community, for each would claim so great a saint for his native province. At last the abbot said, “He is none that you have named, for at Easter I had greeting from all, and each was in his brotherhood; but he is Aengus the Lover of God, and the first of those who have gone to live in the wild places and among the wild beasts. Ten years ago he felt the burden of many labours in a brotherhood under the Hill of Patrick and went into the forest that he might labour only with song to the Lord; but the fame of his holiness brought many thousands to his cell, so that a little pride clung to a soul from which all else had been driven. Nine years ago he dressed himself in rags, and from that day none has seen him,

the tears in his eyes that his stupidity was too old and his wisdom too new to save him from terror of the rod. When he was in the quern-house I went to the window and looked in, and the birds came down and perched upon my head and my shoulders, for they are not timid in that holy place; and a wolf passed by, his right side shaking my habit, his left the leaves of a bush. Ollioil opened his book and turned to the page I had told him to learn, and began to cry, and the beggar sat beside him and comforted him until he fell asleep. When his sleep was of the deepest the beggar knelt down and prayed aloud, and said, “Thou Who dwellest beyond the stars, show forth Thy power as at the beginning, and let knowledge sent from Thee awaken in his mind, wherein is nothing from the world, that the nine orders of angels may glorify Thy name;” and then a light broke out of the air and wrapped Aodh, and I smelt the breath of roses. I stirred a little in my wonder, and the beggar turned and saw me, and, bending low, said, “O Brother Dove, if I have done wrong, forgive me, and I will do penance. It was my

The little wicker houses at Tul-  
lagh, where the Brothers  
were accustomed to pray, or  
bend over many handicrafts, when twilight  
had driven them from the fields, were empty,  
for the hardness of the winter had brought  
the brotherhood together in the little wood-  
en house under the shadow of the wooden  
chapel; and Abbot Malathgeneus, Broth-  
er Dove, Brother Bald Fox, Brother Peter,  
Brother Patrick, Brother Bittern, Brother  
Fair-Brows, and many too young to have won  
names in the great battle, sat about the fire  
with ruddy faces, one mending lines to lay  
in the river for eels, one fashioning a snare  
for birds, one mending the broken handle  
of a spade, one writing in a large book, and  
one shaping a jewelled box to hold the book;  
and among the rushes at their feet lay the  
scholars, who would one day be Brothers, and  
whose school-house it was, and for the suc-  
cour of whose tender years the great fire was

At first Brother Dove thought this was an answer to his own prayers to the Virgin, and took it for a great proof of the love she bore him; but when many far more fervid prayers had failed to add a single wheat sheaf to the harvest, he began to think that the child was trafficking with bards, or druids, or witches, and resolved to follow and watch. He had told his thought to the abbot, who bid him come to him the moment he hit the truth; and the next day, which was a Sunday, he stood in the path when the abbot and the Brothers were coming from vespers, with their white habits upon them, and took the abbot by the habit and said, 'The beggar is of the greatest of saints and of the workers of miracle. I followed Olioll but now, and by his slow steps and his bent head I saw that the weariness of his stupidity was over him, and when he came to the little wood by the quern-house I knew by the path broken in the under-wood and by the footmarks in the muddy places that he had gone that way many times. I hid behind a bush where the path doubled upon itself at a sloping place, and understood by

unless, indeed, it be true that he has been seen living among the wolves on the mountains and eating the grass of the fields. Let us go to him and bow down before him; for at last, after long seeking, he has found the nothing that is God; and bid him lead us in the pathway he has trodden.'

They passed in their white habits along the beaten path in the wood, the acolytes swinging their censers before them, and the abbot, with his crozier studded with precious stones, in the midst of the incense; and came before the quern-house and knelt down and began to pray, awaiting the moment when the child would wake, and the Saint cease from his watch and come to look at the sun going down into the unknown darkness, as his way was.



supposed to leap and flicker. One of these, a child of eight or nine years, called Olioll, lay upon his back looking up through the hole in the roof, through which the smoke went, and watching the stars appearing and disappearing in the smoke with mild eyes, like the eyes of a beast of the field. He turned presently to the Brother who wrote in the big book, and whose duty was to teach the children, and said, 'Brother Dove, to what are the stars fastened?' The Brother, rejoicing to see so much curiosity in the stupidest of his scholars, laid down the pen and said, 'There are nine crystalline spheres, and on the first the Moon is fastened, on the second the planet Mercury, on the third the planet Venus, on the fourth the Sun, on the fifth the planet Mars, on the sixth the planet Jupiter, on the seventh the planet Saturn; these are the wandering stars; and on the eighth are fastened the fixed stars; but the ninth sphere is a sphere of the substance on which the breath of God moved in the beginning.'

'What is beyond that?' said the child.  
'There is nothing beyond that; there is God.'

turn the great quern in the quern-house, for he was too stupid for anything else, was getting old for so heavy a labour; and so the beggar was put to the quern from the morning to summer, and the quern was never idle, nor was it turned with grinding labour, for when any passed the beggar was heard singing as he drove the handle round. The last gloom, too, had passed from that happy community, for Oil, who had always been stupid and unteachable, grew clever, and this was the more miraculous because it had come of a sudden. One day he had been even duller than usual, and was beaten and told to know his lesson better on the morrow or be sent into a lower class among little boys who would make a joke of him. He had gone out in tears, and when he came the next day, although his stupidity, born of a mind that would listen to every wandering sound and brood upon every wandering light, had so long been the byword of the school, he knew his lesson so well that he passed to the head of the class, and from that day was the best of scholars.



And then the child's eyes strayed to the jewelled box, where one great ruby was gleaming in the light of the fire, and he said, 'Why has Brother Peter put a great ruby on the side of the box?'

'The ruby is a symbol of the love of God.'

'Why is the ruby a symbol of the love of God?'

'Because it is red, like fire, and fire burns up everything, and where there is nothing, there is God.'

The child sank into silence, but presently sat up and said, 'There is somebody outside.'

'No,' replied the Brother. 'It is only the wolves; I have heard them moving about in the snow for some time. They are growing very wild, now that the winter drives them from the mountains. They broke into a fold last night and carried off many sheep, and if we are not careful they will devour everything.'

'No, it is the footstep of a man, for it is heavy; but I can hear the footsteps of the wolves also.'

He had no sooner done speaking than

martyrdom.  
'Come to the fire,' said the abbot, 'and warm yourself, and eat the food the boy Olli will bring you. It is sad indeed that any for whom Christ has died should be as poor as you.'  
The man sat over the fire, and Olli took away his now dripping cloak and laid meat and bread and wine before him; but he would eat only of the bread, and he put away the wine, asking for water. When his beard and hair had begun to dry a little and his limbs had ceased to shiver with the cold, he spoke again.  
'O blessed abbot, have pity on the poor, have pity on a beggar who has trodden the bare world this many a year, and give me some labour to do, the hardest there is, for I am the poorest of God's poor.'  
Then the Brothers discussed together what work they could put him to, and at first to little purpose, for there was no labour that had not found its labourer in that busy community; but at last one remembered that Brother Bald Fox, whose business it was to

somebody rapped three times, but with no great loudness.

'I will go and open, for he must be very cold.'

'Do not open, for it may be a man-wolf, and he may devour us all.'

But the boy had already drawn back the heavy wooden bolt, and all the faces, most of them a little pale, turned towards the slowly-opening door.

'He has beads and a cross, he cannot be a man-wolf,' said the child, as a man with the snow heavy on his long, ragged beard, and on the matted hair, that fell over his shoulders and nearly to his waist, and dropping from the tattered cloak that but half-covered his withered brown body, came in and looked from face to face with mild, ecstatic eyes. Standing some way from the fire, and with eyes that had rested at last upon the Abbot Malathgeneus, he cried out, 'O blessed abbot, let me come to the fire and warm myself and dry the snow from my beard and my hair and my cloak; that I may not die of the cold of the mountains, and anger the Lord with a wilful