

that the critics will not be aware of the substitution.

Piano interlude directly before the missing page. I pray, O pianist, save me, play with me and as I think. Piano chords departing from the still written music. He has noticed the absence of the page. He is ready for our improvisation. Time to play now. The Concerto will tell.

The lord of the critics fumbled at his moustache and said, "Good, good. Very good. Best ever of the Concerto. Best ever. Genius. Young genius, promising young genius." And the small quiet man bowed, very deeply, very slowly.

"I'm extremely delighted to hear you say so. Really, you're too kind. Really."

AFTER DIANA

MARY WILEY

The clink of coffee-cups is pleasant here.
See, I have drawn the curtains fast, and shut
The moon's distracting light from our bright hearth.
Your grave brown warmth is heightened so
And I do not remember with such pain how sweet
The star's carress falls on the traveller's face,
When first he lifts it up to worship them.

But I am well content here by the fire
To sit and sip and never contemplate
The time the goddess took my hand and sat
With me atop the hills, while down her back
The long gold hair cascaded soft, and brushed
With fire my tingling cheek, and reverent lips.

Oh it is very pleasant here indeed.
I am well cushioned and well feathered now,
And you who sit beside me here are all
The things man takes to cherish and adore.
But still, my love, your hair is dark, and there
Is not the faintest glimmer of those pale
And lovely strands that long ago were loosed
To stroke my face. You are too kind to me;
I grow quite fat and torpid, loving you.