



And in her fortieth year she suddenly gave birth to her own mother. Oh it was immoral. It was frightening. It was probably sacrilegious. There are laws against that. But she cited precedent: Zeus' headache, Pinnocchio's parentage, the Titan's genitals, all sorts of unnatural and perplexing acts. They caught her up short: in all these instances the father was known and none reversed the order of the facts. But she wasn't listening. She was staring at the figure she had just created. That well-known face was dribbling tears of melted wax. She tried once again — this time in stone. The marble image had great dignity. But it could not think, nor speak, nor react. She felt disheartened. She turned to her mother. And her mother, who had watched these peculiar antics, spoke to her daughter. What she said has not been recorded, but it made her glad, very glad.

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