

THE LONDON
MERCURY
AND BOOKMAN



OCTOBER 1937

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THE LONDON MERCURY

INCORPORATING

THE BOOKMAN

Edited by R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

VOL. XXXVI. No. 216

OCTOBER 1937

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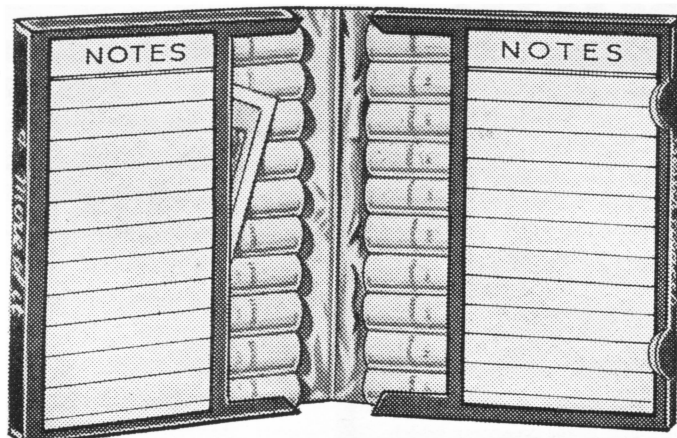
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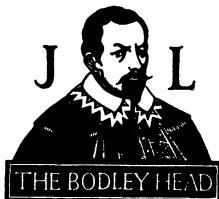
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THE BODLEY HEAD

THE LONDON MERCURY

Vol. XXXVI No. 216

OCTOBER 1937

EDITORIAL NOTES

THESE "autumn announcements," says Mr. Geoffrey Faber in the article which appears on later pages, "still stir my sophisticated blood." If they move him, hardened in the "art and business" of publishing, I may take it for granted that readers of *The London Mercury* will find some agreeable excitement in examining our list of representative books due for publication between now and Christmas Day. No little labour has gone to the preparation of this list. Since the review copies have not yet arrived we do not of course claim that no good books have been omitted or that all shown here are of the highest merit. The list must be provisional, but I think it will prove a useful indication of the more important books to be looked for this Autumn. It will be amplified or corrected by actual reviews appearing in subsequent numbers and by more detailed announcements.

THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS

Whilst the publishers are busy preparing and issuing these books the libraries and booksellers are considering what they should order, and readers, perhaps, what they will borrow or buy. On these readers and their capricious attention everything depends. The whole normal organization for keeping the intellectual life of the country at full stretch, so far as that life turns on the study of contemporary literature, is to a considerable extent at the mercy of the Chance which presides over public sensations. Last Autumn the whole organization was thrown out of gear by the abdication, last Spring by the Coronation. A war, a ministerial crisis, a general election or any short-lived sensational event in public life may upset the delicate balance and do more than temporary harm to the literary and publishing world. A period of historical dullness is now desirable, with time to exercise the mind, indulge the fancy, and read a few books at leisure.

The condition of the publishing trade concerns a far wider circle even than that which includes authors, publishers, printers, binders, booksellers, librarians, reviewers, and conductors of literary journals. Since its conduct and its prosperity affect the whole intellectual life of the nation it is a matter of high national importance that the business should flourish, and flourish in a creditable way. Its health is as necessary to cultural welfare as hygiene in towns is to physical welfare; and it cannot be healthy if it is driven to keep its head above water by stunts, spurious publicity appeals, and tricks of salesmanship. Upon the rewards that can be offered to authors depends to no small extent the books that will be written; and upon the character of the books that are successfully brought to the notice of readers depends in no small measure the development of the taste of the growing literate public. It is idle to pretend that authorship is not affected by economic conditions. Genius is sometimes prepared to starve in a garret, but starvation in a garret is not conducive to the production of masterpieces; it is a deterrent. Talent will be diverted from authorship if authorship does not pay.

* * *

A sound publishing trade is a condition of a plentiful production of sound literature; and such a trade will be as much concerned about quality as quantity. It would be a great mistake to suppose that publishers, because they want to sell large numbers of books, are interested in quantity only. Even if they did not take a pride in publishing books of high literary quality, as most of them do, it would still be to their interest as business men that the success of a book should depend upon its literary character, which is calculable, rather than upon the incalculable accident which makes a best-seller. If the choice lay between sound judgment and a gamble the publisher would of course prefer sound judgment. It is not to his interest that success should depend on best-sellers, and on the stunts and precarious publicity dodges which help to exploit them.

BOOKS—BEGGED, BORROWED, OR STOLEN

Nothing would be so conducive to the prosperity of the publishing business as a large increase in the sale of those books which are least affected by stunts and rackets—namely, the best books. This increase would be ensured if a large number of the people who read books bought a small proportion of those that they read. If to the habit of borrowing books could be added the habit of buying a few books, that would be mainly to the advantage of the better sort of literature; for when people are buying something with a

view to possession they like to be sure it is of lasting value. If a habit of buying books could be promoted, that would not only increase sales, but it would increase sales of the best; publishing would depend more upon wise judgment, and less upon chance; it would enjoy greater stability.

What I have to say rests upon the assumption that there is now, as there has been for a long time, much under-consumption of books on the part of the reading public; that whilst enormous numbers of volumes are distributed on loan through the lending libraries (and will continue to be, since they meet a real need), far fewer books are actually bought by readers for permanent possession than is consistent with a rational expenditure of their incomes; and that this unwillingness to buy is especially injurious to the best books and so to the stability of publishing. Since this under-consumption of books is an obvious fact—since the book-market is far below saturation point—it must be worth while to seek new means of exploiting that market. The solution appears to lie in the conversion of the reading public to a new frame of mind, one in which they will admit that the pleasures of literature, like all other pleasures, cannot be had for nothing or next to nothing, but positively must be paid for.

* * *

In addressing readers of *The London Mercury* (those at least of them who buy it, and do not merely borrow it), I am aware that I am speaking to the converted, since those who buy this magazine belong to the class which believes in the buying of books. But I would ask them to consider how many people they know take it for granted that by some ingenious dispensation of providence the pleasures of literature can be obtained free, or nearly free, like the air they breathe. (*Fresh* air, by the way, generally has to be paid for.) People who do not hesitate to spend money freely on a theatre or a cinema or a choice meal refuse to contemplate the occasional expenditure of 7s. 6d. or 10s. on a book. If a modest fraction of all the money which is lightly frittered away were invested in the purchase of books the publishing trade would assume a different aspect and good authors would become solvent citizens. If every person interested in literature acquired the habit of thinking that some expenditure in buying books was a small normal demand on his purse, and that to devote 1 or 2 per cent of his income to the acquisition of a small library was not a wild extravagance, the result would be a happy revolution for publishers and booksellers. Books thus bought would be a small proportion of the books read

(so that the libraries would not be appreciably affected), but they would be a large proportion of the books sold. They would constitute a solid addition to the total—all gain.

“BUY MORE BOOKS”

It is not my function to work out a scheme by which the public could be induced to form so desirable a habit. Producers in other fields of industry have discovered that far less promising markets than this can be expanded by ingenious suggestion. I do not know what were the results of the mustard campaign years ago, or of the bread campaign more recently. The “Eat more fruit” appeal succeeded because when it was made the consumption of fruit was much smaller than it should be. I would not like to prophesy about the results of an intelligently conducted “Buy more books” campaign, but surely something of the kind is worth serious consideration. The campaign, as I envisage it, would be conducted, not by individuals, but by publishers and booksellers working together through their associations. Perhaps a little of the money which is now poured out so lavishly in buying expensive advertisement space in popular journals, the majority of whose readers would never under any circumstances think of buying a book, might profitably be devoted to a fund to encourage the habit of buying. (Mr. Faber hints that the direction which book advertising takes at the moment is largely determined by the insistence of certain authors. I wonder how many of these authors have made a simple arithmetical calculation, and contrasted the values of very expensive publicity addressed to a few hundred thousand readers of whom 5 per cent buy books, and comparatively cheap publicity addressed, say, to ten thousand readers who are *all* buyers of books.)

* * *

The energy of a few newspaper proprietors has made the British public “newspaper-minded.” It has not yet been made “book-minded.” There is a vast and almost unexplored field awaiting development for publishers and booksellers acting in unison to foster a demand not merely for this and that book (which must always be individually announced), but for books in general as possessions—books, in the first place, on private shelves, to be read, to be kept as heirlooms, or acquired by the weaker brethren as reputable furniture, and secondly, books in self-respecting hotels, ships, hospitals, village institutes, and workmen’s clubs.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

LEGLLESS

By T. Sturge Moore

"And legless birds of Paradise"—Keats's reference to a popular error.

Thou perfect mock, Thou beauty,
Endue our clay with grief!
Could flesh acquire duty
Were heartache not a thief?
Although fair form be dumb
Whence else can rapture come?
A consonance from dove-tailed shapes
Like started hare escapes.

Nay, pinioned to aspire,
Footless to scorn the mire,
A torch-flap of that fire
About the night dispersed,
Is beauty, coursed and coursing, so cursing, so accursed.

On, on, her flight devours
An endless file of hours.
Pursuit reaps no requiting
There lacks her for alighting
Leg, claw and grip. . . .
A gaudy ship,
Havenless she floats in air,
And hearts grow sick, she tacks so wide and luffs so fair!

Trim, trim, antennae gleaming,
The coquet toy,
Far swept with soundless swish
O'er gloom sequestered fish,
Angles for joy. . . .
All feel they must be dreaming,
Watch that and nought beside
Cross the unbounded, the unfathomed, the unenlumined
tide,
Leaving in the darkness
Our longing to its starkness.

Man, over leagues of jumbled impenetrable forest
Flitteth what thou adorest;
Then thy sore need grows sorest.

LEGLESS

Yet, once or twice, like angel,
 She stoops down t'ward a pool;
 Flames roaring to estrange all
 The still, the mute, the cool. . . .
 Then wavers, circles, pulses
 Retrieving rash descent

Hovers and convulses,
 While flowing plumes back bent
 Wreath gorgeous like a rose
 About an intense core,
 Purpose lapsed! . . . yet soon anew her fate
 she knows
 Darts downward as before. . . .
 Ah! not with power of healing,
 But with excess of feeling,
 Both courting and revealing
 Herself in an abyss.
 Responsive to such kindness,
 Comrade for headlong rapture,
 Rises from depths of blindness
 A prey who hopes to capture,
 To woo, to kiss.

Twain, all but one they near
 Mutually waxing dear!
 Eyes, big with image clear,
 Fashion the best to be,
 Fusion and ecstasy
 Of heart in heart!

Truth dawns, they start;
 Then, equally wronged, part, part!
 One retreats o'er tree-tops far
 Mounts, dwindles, grows a star:
 What gulfs those black depths are
 To quench that other
 Neither mate nor brother,
 Without connection
 A mere reflection!

Bravely winged from Paradise
 Promise stooped, but promise lies!
 A bird so incomplete
 Lacking both legs and feet
 Can neither tread nor yet be trod
 In imitation of the god

Projecting on unending line
Beings fine and superfine.

Yes, a sheer mock is beauty
Endowing clay with grief!
Had flesh conceived of duty
Were heartache not a thief
Robbing the nameless, the unknown
Of kindness and conception?
A bodiless coupling blind and dumb
Whence
Many perfect numbers come;
From consonance of dream-denatured shapes
Melody escapes.
Hence,
Occurrence wholly odd,
Which pairs with nothing ruled by law
But braves the world mechanic and its god. . . .
Causes that pain which brings love awe. . . .
Incalculable, yet can wed with hope
For which the universe yields nowhere scope. . . .
And, cramped in light's house, feels compelled to grope
Disdaining sidereal islands which men learn
With instruments to number and discern:
Here is an alien immaterial kind
Not to be likened unto aught, save mind!

RHONDDA VALLEY

By Mervyn Peake

Here, are the stiffen'd hills, here, the rich cargo
Congealed in the dark arteries,
Old veins
That hold Glamorgan's blood.
The midnight miner in the secret seams,
Limb, life, and bread.
Here are the strong hands hard,
And furrow-palmed alike
With the grasped pick.
These are the men; they chance
Another existence
Alien
To the fresh seasons of the sun and moon,
And where no winds are blown.



In the portentous dark
 For bread
 They make their stake,
 And gamble with the spark
 Of the non-dead.
 Their fear
 Is of the seeping gas; they pin
 Their faith in props, and wear
 Their labour on the skin,
 As soldiers home
 From the hot battle come,
 With red
 On hands and head.

Here are the gentle women with black lashes,
 And here the infant in the shoulder-shawl.
 With every man his bright bird at the throat,
 And every girl a mavis at her heart,
 Under the hills of coal.
 I see the weary mountain and the mine;
 Here lies the doldrum army, stranded men,
 Rusting the shovel.
 Yet these are they that knew the cage at morning,
 They trod the plashy dew-shine at the cock-crow,
 Through the Welsh fields to pit-head, line, or level.
 For them the glimmering evenings and the voices;

They ran their darling dogs across the valley;
The callow nights upon the gun-gray mountains;
The street-lamp song; the fishes of the Taff;
When through the dim air rang an easy laugh.

Remains no lure along the hill-rich river
Now that their hands hang loose with barren creases
That feel no pick, only the cigarette,
Pale substitute
For the once strenuous fingers.
The swarming stars gesticulate like torches,
Across the vaulted coal-mine of the sky;
The virile sunlight's irony
Burns on the gray pit-head
Like a mouth toothless, and dead,
And the sleek greyhounds
Mock with their streaming speed
The feet
That root the pavements of the grievous street.

At every door a ghost; I saw them lean
With tightened belts and watch the sluggish tide,
Through the long hours at the riverside.
Their shoulders prop the lintel-posts at evening—

And then, I heard them sing,
And loose the Celtic bird that has no wing,
No body, eye, nor feather,
Only song,
That indestructible, that golden thing.



A CRITICAL PUBLISHING SEASON

By Geoffrey Faber

HOW thrilled I should have been, in my 'teens or even in my earliest twenties, if some trustworthy Sibyl had told me: "In X years you will be a Publisher." And now that I am a Publisher, and even a sufficiently reputable Publisher to write articles about my trade for *The London Mercury* (and what an extra thrill *that* would have given me long ago!), I find myself often regretting the innocent days when a book was just a book, and not an article of merchandise branded either with my own or with somebody else's name. Publishing (I have laboured this point more than once) is as much an art as a business. As an artist then, I claim the privilege of the artistic temperament. I allow myself to have an occasional mood, to essay *la recherche du temps perdu*. There is one phrase in particular which unlocks the past for me; and that phrase is "the autumn publishing season."

If you ask me where the magic of the phrase resides, I do not know that I can give any coherent answer. It suggests so many things at once. It suggests my own eager, optimistic, half-gullible, half-critical youth, excitedly aware of the coming feast. It suggests a kind of secret, harmonious conspiracy, between benevolent Uncle Author and benevolent Uncle Publisher, devising for me the kind of Christmas present I should like best. They—admirable, unimaginable powers—were in conclave behind a curtain. What could be going on? Would there be a new Kipling, a new Wells, a new Shaw, a new last volume of Meredith's poems, a new blank verse tragedy by Stephen Phillips, a new novel of genius by somebody one had never heard of? And—what added somehow to this pleasurable excitement—there was the uninstructed belief that on my side of the curtain, no less excitedly expectant than myself, waited a whole phalanx of candid reviewers, on the alert to acclaim whatever of good might, in due time, be revealed to us all. . . .

Well, I am old enough now to know better. I am old enough to know that authors and publishers are driving a trade, not affectionately planning kindly surprises for the young; that most of the critics who matter are familiar figures behind the scenes; that my probable reactions (were I still a buyer, rather than a purveyor, of books) have been subjected to a cold, if frequently erroneous, calculation;

and that the autumn season is, before all else, a scramble to take advantage of the strangely persisting tradition, which obliges us to give unwanted presents to our nearest and dearest—and what can there be which they want so little as a book?

For all this acquired cynicism, I still look forward to “the autumn publishing season.” Those “autumn announcements” still stir my sophisticated blood. If I am not mistaken they have had the same effect upon the readers of *The London Mercury*.

Is it the nip in the air, warning us that “verily now is our season of seed, now in our autumn?” Already, as I write, the evenings are drawing in. They begin to be chilly and dark. Bathing-beach, swimming pool, and tennis-court come to be deserted long before dinner. There is nothing, may be, one wants to hear in the wireless; and the harvest moon, large though it begins to hang in the sky, has no warmth and only suggests that, indoors, there is light enough to read by. Summer is passing; by the time this is in print, summertime will be on the point of passing too. An abrupt transition, through which books can well hope to get some advantage.

The spell lies, perhaps, especially in the blessed word “season.” No other word, in any language, can be more comfortable. It means that we know the world we live in; that year after year it goes on behaving in the same old way. Left or right, marxist or tory, we are thrown back upon ourselves by the onset of winter, in the heart of which is to come a ceremonial occasion, pagan or Christian as we choose to interpret it, which we shall use to illuminate our northern night. And, being a season, being something that repeats itself with annual certainty, it has established an elaborate preparatory ritual—a ritual of which customer and manufacturer take all the advantage they can, with full mutual approval.

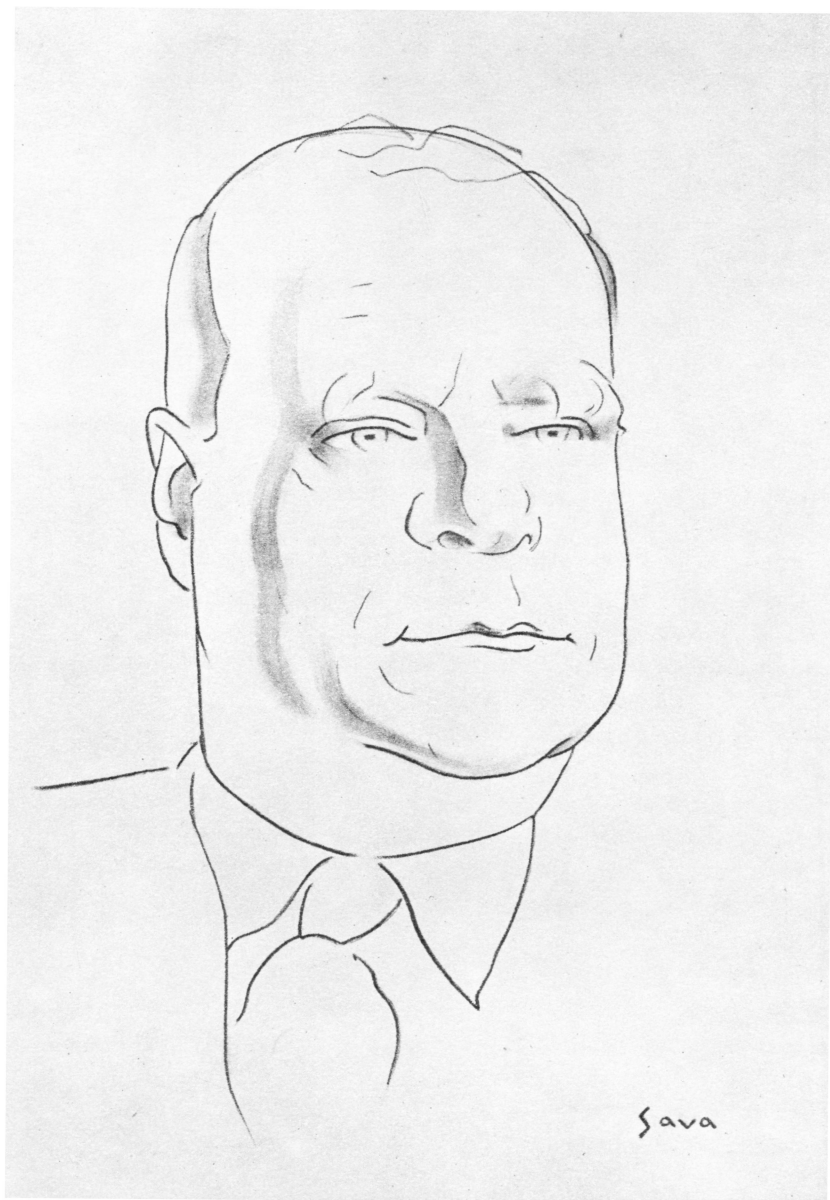
But this particular “season” upon which we (as I write) are beginning to enter? Is it likely to differ, and if so how should it differ, for publishers and authors and those who buy or (mostly) hire their books, from other seasons that have preceded it?

Going back, in memory, to the earliest publishing seasons of which I have any personal memory, I seem to find reason for thinking that it will differ greatly. I remember, very clearly, the Christmas of 1899 (I was ten years old then) when the present-giving and general festivity in my own family circle (and, no doubt, in numberless others) was blacked out by Magersfontein and Colenso. But, except for that one year, past autumn seasons come back to me with just that colour of hopeful expectation or pleasant melancholy upon which the writers and makers of the typical autumn book instinctively rely. Most strongly so, I think, just before, and also a little after, the World

War. As for the years of the World War itself, I am incompetent to speak, for I was a soldier then, divested of any responsibility for what was happening, treasuring the past in pledge for a hoped-for future, and carrying Robert Bridges's anthology *The Spirit of Man* in my haversack. In retrospect, the whole period of the War, has, for me, the colour of a prolonged autumn. But, in this autumn of 1937, whatever we publishers may be preparing, our side of the curtain, it cannot well have that general character of hopeful expectation or pleasing melancholy. Here and there our lists may contain a genuine book of the old quality written by someone whose fancy has escaped the infection of current events. And there will, of course, be the usual literature of pretence, manufactured to please the great middle-class public, which (the manufacturers believe) will use the long approach to Christmas as if it were a long retreat from present fact. The manufacturers are, I think, likely to find their estimates falsified this year. The present fact is too big to be escaped. Spain, Japan, Italy, Germany, Russia—even the English library-subscriber cannot avoid thinking of these names; or prevent the newspaper headlines from floating between the book-page and his eyes. He is in a more serious mood now than he has ever been; and his mood should favour the lists of the more serious publishers. There may be some unpleasant surprises for booksellers who put their trust entirely in the old-style confectionery.

One must be careful, nevertheless, not to over-estimate the effect of the present upon a tradition so deeply rooted in the past. The season is still a season, and it still leads up to a festival. War is not yet; and, if the night-traveller sees the blast-furnaces reddening the dark to right and left of his train, are not the heavy industries booming? There will be more money to spend this season; it will be strange if some of it does not flow into the channels of the book-trade; and not all, nor even much, of it will be spent upon serious books. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. But it may be a rather forced merriment. The English genius for humour is at its best when things are at their worst. It functions uneasily when the worst is present only in the imagination.

For these sketchily suggested reasons it is not easy to forecast the fortunes of the book-trade this winter. From the financial point of view, there are favourable and unfavourable omens. Trade this summer—after the decline caused by the Coronation—has certainly shown signs of improvement; and the improvement ought to continue up to Christmas. There is no sign as yet, however, of a boom, or even of a boomlet. And, on the other side, publishers are faced with an alarming increase in the costs of production, which it is impossible



BRUNO FRANK
Drawing by SAVA

for them to pass on to the public. Esparto paper is already up by 33 per cent, wood paper by 40 to 50 per cent, and a further advance is not unlikely before the year is over. Binding costs are already up by more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, in consequence of the rise in the price of materials; and must be further increased in consequence of the reduction of working hours which comes into operation on October 1st. Printing costs are similarly on the eve of an advance.

Now a publisher works normally on a rather narrow margin between his costs and his receipts. (Though there is considerable variation in the discounts given to booksellers, wholesale retail and export, and to circulating libraries, a publisher may be said to net on an average about two-thirds of the published price of a general book or novel. Out of this he has to pay manufacturing costs, advertising costs, the overhead expenses of his organization, the author's advance and royalties, and find—if he is to continue in business—something over as profit for himself.) If manufacturing costs move against him—as they are now moving—one of four things must happen. First, the situation may be saved by an increase in the sales of his books: in other words, if the public buys more, he may be able to afford to work on a smaller margin *for each copy sold*. If this does not happen, or does not happen to a sufficient degree, then he must either (second) raise the published price, or (third) reduce his outgoings, or (fourth) run the risk of being put out of business.

This is a very much simplified statement of an extremely complex problem, of which the first stage must work itself out this coming season. Publishers will be scrutinizing their sales returns with more than ordinary anxiety. Will the public buy more books? Will the revival of national prosperity—so much more evident to the Chancellor of the Exchequer than it has yet shown itself to the book-trade—lead to a real revival of book-buying? Or will the world-tension prevent such a revival? I can only put the question. I do not know the answer.

There is, indeed, one factor which might cancel out a favourable answer. The yearly output of new books has been rising faster than the capacity of the public to absorb it. If this year's output registers a further increase, average book sales may show no improvement, even though the public may be buying more. One consequence, therefore, of the rise in manufacturing costs may be that publishers will find themselves obliged to reduce their future programmes.

But this is by the way. Let us now assume that the answer is unfavourable. Can publishers follow the usual course of manufacturers and merchants and raise the price of their goods to the consumer? That happened in the War, when the normal selling-price of fiction

was advanced, by general agreement under the pressure of necessity, from six shillings to seven and six. I doubt, however, if a further advance is practicable. It would mean a reduction in the already small number of copies of novels sold to the private buyer; and it would necessitate the raising of library subscriptions. And of books generally it is true, not that they are expensive—for the truth is that they are too cheap—but that the public thinks them expensive. This habit of mind on the part of the consumer has been seriously stiffened by the Penguin Books and their sixpenny competitors; for the consumer cannot understand that these cheap reprints are only made possible by previous publication at normal prices. Book-clubs of one sort and another are contributing to the widespread illusion that books are needlessly expensive. There would be so widespread a resentment against higher published prices that publishers are very unlikely to attempt to raise them, until they are forced to do so.

There remains—apart from the solution of publishing fewer books, which is not a solution for the individual publisher but a co-operative solution presenting great difficulties—the third possibility, namely a reduction in the publisher's outgoings. The field of action here is small. By using inferior paper, and the cheapest binding materials, and putting work out to second- or third-grade printers, he may to some extent counteract the rise in costs. That solution will not be attempted by any publisher who values his reputation. Quality of book-production has come to mean a great deal more, to authors and to book-buyers, than it meant a few years ago. Nor can any firm of importance do much—if anything—towards the reduction of its overhead expenses. On the contrary, with the general rise in prices, these expenses are more likely to increase.

There is, however, one very large item of expenditure, which publishers have it in their power to control; and that is advertising expenditure. It is a matter of common knowledge that the newspaper advertising of books, as it has been practised during the last few years, has not justified itself by its economic results. One publisher after another has found himself forced to cut his profits solely in order to cut a figure before his (and other publishers') authors. There have been very definite signs recently that this cut-throat rivalry may be nearing its end. Nothing is needed to stop it, except agreement between the rivals. Agreement, impossible a few years ago, has been brought into the region of practical politics by the decision of at least one great paper to raise its advertisement rates; and it is quite possible that the volume of publishers' advertising this winter will be markedly less than it has been.

This, I believe, is the clear course for publishers to take. Let us

abandon these extravagantly expensive, and increasingly unconvincing, eulogies of our own books, and content ourselves with straightforward announcements of reasonable size.

Perhaps the readers of *The London Mercury* may think that this is not an issue which concerns them. The book-trade as a whole has shifted its basis during the last decade or so. It relies less and less on the steady average sales of worth-while books, and more and more upon the inflated sales of factitious super sellers. Extravagant advertising is part of the effort to obtain or to create super sellers. The idea is that, even if it doesn't sell the book, it buys the author. Now this pursuit of the super seller is a dangerous thing. It infects the minds of everybody concerned in it, and has a demoralizing influence upon the quality of literature. Best sellers—even super sellers—should come naturally. They would be there, quite enough of them, even if advertising stopped. They can and do make themselves. It is not the fact of their existence which is objectionable, but the extent to which they dominate the book-world.

The ordinary reader can find his way to the book he wants without the assistance of a double column in his Sunday paper. What of the author whose name dominates the double column? Perhaps he is beyond the reach of argument. Yet authors as a class ought to desire a return to simpler advertising methods. There is no other way—unless their average sales go up much higher than they stand at present—of safeguarding the current rates of authors' royalties and of the advances paid on account of royalties.

Such, then, briefly described, are the elements of the economic problem which the fortunes of the coming season will particularly shape. It can scarcely be described as a crisis, in that it will not present itself suddenly and will not be suddenly productive of dramatic consequences. Yet it certainly constitutes a critical stage toward which British publishing has been steadily moving. The publishing trade in this country still exhibits, more clearly perhaps than any other, the characteristics which belonged to British commercial enterprise in the most prosperous times of the nineteenth century—a determined individualism, and a blind faith in the market. These characteristics have been weakening latterly; and the present situation is highly favourable to those forces and personalities in the publishing world which are making for common action to meet common dangers. The tendency to co-operation extends beyond the bounds of publishing. On the one hand, publishing and bookselling stand much nearer to each other than they did; on the other, publishers and authors are becoming more and more aware of the fact that their collective interests are, in the long run, identical.

The critical character of the season which is now beginning has been sharpened by the effect of the Coronation upon the season which is behind us. Whatever help the Coronation may have given to other trades, it did nothing but damage to the book-trade. One well-known publisher announced that he would cease publishing "during this time of national preoccupation"; and most houses wisely cut down their spring programmes. In consequence the "spring" season prolonged itself further into the summer than usual; and there were those who prophesied that this marked the end of the customary division of the publishing year into "seasons." In point of fact, the so-called "spring" season has long covered the whole of the first six months of the year, usually reaching its height about April (though the peak fluctuates rather mysteriously) and falling away as the summer holiday season gets into its stride. The autumn season, on the other hand, begins at the beginning of September and continues in full force up to the middle of November, after which the volume of books falls rapidly away. In effect, therefore, there are normally two quiet periods, during which relatively few books are published—July to August and mid-November to mid-January. I see no reason why these natural breaks between the seasons should disappear, and I profoundly hope that they will not. The pace is hot enough as it is.

By the time that the Book Fair, sponsored by the *Sunday Times* and organized by the National Book Council, is held in Dorland Hall early in November, most of the autumn books will be out and the battle will be fully joined. We shall know by then whether the season has anything of the character prognosticated at the beginning of this article, and what sort of books are likely to do best. But of the way the battle goes, and of its effect upon the future, we shall not be able to speak with any certainty until the mad pre-Christmas rush is over.

SITTING ROYAL

By James Hanley

THE two old men sat on the green park bench, their heads close together; sometimes they bobbed, looking like two curious flowers blowing together in the wind. Beneath them the grass was of the brightest green, the strong sunlight made them keep their heads down, their eyes could no longer stand the glare; tired eyes, they had seen many things, but power was gone from them, and the old wonder. They sat, these two, and the tale was spun. A tale that was interrupted every now and again by one or other exclaiming, "But where's 'Arry? It's funny 'Arry 'asn't come." The other old man nodded his head, as much as to say, "Aye. It's funny." "But never mind," he said, clapping his hands together like an impatient child who is waiting for the tale-teller to go on with the story. "Never mind, 'e'll be here along any time now." And he looked at his companion. "Talking of 'Arry," said the other, "d'you ever know of any man who could sit royal like 'im? I mean sittin' real proper. That's what they used to say about 'Arry. ' 'Im can sit royal all right,' fellers would say. Aye, it's funny 'e 'asn't turned up yet. Not like 'Arry that. Always 'ere on this bench every dinner time. Maybe 'is old missus 'as 'im washing up." And the two of them laughed, their toothless mouths looked like caverns. The older slobbered a little as he laughed, and his whole frame shook from the exertion. Ah! 'Arry were all right. He'd along now any minute. "But go ahead, mate, what was that you were saying about that feller Garrity?"

"He's dead," replied the other old man. His name was Simon. "Simon—no—'im—that grand man—why, I went round the Horn four times with 'im." The speaker looked astonished. He raised his head and looked up at the sky, he seemed to be momentarily contemplating. Then he was saying under his breath, measuring every word, "Dead. 'Im. Mad Garrity. No. I don't believe it. Why, that there man were everlasting." "True enough anyhow. I heard from Jack Stout that he died in New York." They were both silent for a few seconds, then the taller of the two, a man by the name of Larry Devine, exclaimed, "Why, you're a caution, so you are. Here you are spinning a high yarn about a chap as though he were alive and now you just say, 'He's dead. I heard it from Jack Stout.' Gosh! You fair surprise me, Simon. So 'e is dead. Well! Well! Poor old Garrity. I never thought 'e'd go. Never! 'Struth! I've seen fellers in my time, I

have, but 'im—Lord"—and he uttered the word "'im" with great emphasis, as though he were talking of God Himself. "Im dead. No. I don't believe it. Anyhow, where'd Stout get the news from? Simon, you've made me a sad man. I never dreamt I'd hear about 'im going off like that. So sudden. Ah! 'E were a one, 'e were. I remember that feller when he was only a lad, aye, and the things 'e did. But Lord have mercy on 'im. It's hard lines, isn't it?"

The old man was visibly touched by this news. He clasped his knees with his bony hands and began gently rocking to and fro, a kind of far-away look in his eyes, and then he said "Well, there it is. Everybody gets what's comin' to 'im and that's about all life is, God knows."

"Aye. Well, as I was sayin', till you interrupted, as I was sayin', we tied up in Port Said on a Sunday morning. My, it were a grand morning, and the sun—it was 'ot I can tell you. You could 'ardly walk them iron decks we 'ad. It was so 'ot mind you that nobody could sleep in the fo'c'sle at all. I was bunking up on the fo'c'sle 'ead with Garrity. 'E'd rigged up the queerest lookin' hammock you ever saw in all your born days. 'E were a one for lookin' after 'imself 'e were. But this bright Sunday morning put an idea into that feller's 'ead and nothing you could say or do, nothing anybody could say or do would drive it out. You couldn't 'ammer it out if you 'ad a 'ammer and chisel. So you see what kind of a feller 'e was. Lord 'ave mercy on 'im when 'e was in the mood. And he did 'ave moods, 'e did. But all Irish sailors are tarred with the same brush, if you follow what I mean. But what am I talking about anyhow, sure you sailed with him yourself, didn't you?"

"Aye," replied the other, "but not on that particular trip, of course. Go on with the tale. With 'im dead it almost seems a tribute to 'is memory to recount the things 'e did and said in 'is lifetime. I suppose this yarn you're telling me now is that one about the skipper's suit. If so, I've 'eard it before and you're wastin' your breath, old lad." He smiled at his companion, then withdrew a cheap-looking gunmetal watch from his vest pocket. It hung dangerously in his trembling fingers. It was held by a piece of bootlace, and he looked at the time, and for the moment he appeared to have forgotten his companion's existence; he was thinking of 'Arry. The time was getting on, he could see that plain as a pikestaff, "him" hadn't shown up. Were they not to have their usual wets in the "Robber's Nest" to-day? It set the old man thinking. Then he put the watch back in his pocket saying, "Well, go ahead. But I've 'eard it."

"Ah! What you heard weren't the whole story by far. I know that story from the very beginning. It began on that fo'c'sle head where

I were bunkin' with 'im. I mean 'e got the idea up there, lying on 'is back in the sun as though 'e were a real duke or something, and there was the bosun down on the well-deck. He were a caution, he were. Bellowing 'is lungs out for Garrity, and 'im never stirring an eyelid. Course we knew what it was. He were diver to our watch and the bosun was shouting up at 'im when the 'ell are you going to get them men washing down. Well, that got the wind up Garrity. 'E were never one for work on a Sunday morning. 'E were dead against such a thing. Mind you, I agreed with 'im—we all did. No man should soil 'is 'ands on a Sunday morning. But there you are, the bosun gave the orders. You know how clever this feller was. He'd be the one to read the ship's articles proper on signing-on day. That were the only time I never saw 'im drunk. 'E always kept sober, maybe so he could read them articles proper. Aye! 'E were a grand sailor, knew 'is job inside out, and he knew that 'e weren't supposed to wash down ship in port, not on a Sunday morning. Well, they argued the tails off each other's shirts. It were simply grand listenin' to it, but then along came the mate. 'E were a real terror and, mind you, that there war was on at the time. So up 'e comes and says to Garrity, 'Look 'ere, my man, if you don't get these decks washed down right away I'll 'ave you put in irons.!' Well that was that. They looked at each other. They hated each other like poison. Then Garrity said, 'If it's all the same to you, sorr, I'll see the skipper.' I think that was when the idea first came into 'is 'ead. 'E were simply determined not to wash down on a Sunday morning, and if he had to, then somebody was going to 'ave to pay for it, d'you see?"

The old man paused now to get his breath, whilst his companion was too preoccupied watching the wind playing queer antics with the tail of his long coat even to notice the sudden halt in the narrative. Then the other continued his story. He laid more emphasis on his words, he struck his clenched fist on his knee, he waved his hands in the air with a sort of resignation, he laughed; his expression changed every few minutes, though none of these things were noticed by his companion, who sat very quiet, looking down at the gravel path and impatiently waiting for the story to go on.

"Well," went on the other, "Garrity *did* go to see the old skipper. You see, 'e'd set his mind on the thing and nothing would put him off it. He were a Catholic, of course, all them Irishers are anyhow, and he wasn't going to desecrate no Sabbath. So along he went to the skipper. Let me tell you here and now, Lord have mercy on 'im, he were the biggest, yes, and the most charming and fascinating liar I ever met in my time. He spun a long story to that skipper and I'm sure it must have touched his heart. You knew old Prodggers anyhow,

didn't you? Good sailor, fine navigator, but strict, Lord!—aye, and pious too, though he weren't a Catholic like 'im as you know. Now I got all this from old Prodgers's tiger, and he ought to know. He were making the bed in the skipper's room when this feller Garrity went up to him and says, 'Where's the captain? I want to see him right away.' The tiger looked at this man and said 'There he is, there,' and strike me if he weren't standing behind Garrity all the time. 'Well,' he asked, 'what do you want, my man?' He were a great feller for this 'my man' business as you know. Garrity looked at Prodgers and then told the most beautiful lie you ever heard.

"What did that feller say? What did he not say? First he said that though he realized Duty was Duty, at the same time he had his Duty to think of—you see he were aiming on touching pious Prodgers on the soft spot. 'Duty! What duty?' thundered old Prodgers at him.

"Well, sir, I always go to Mass when I'm in port, and to-day is my old mother's birthday, and I feel I *must* go ashore to the chapel this morning. On the other hand, if you wish me to wash down decks, I'll certainly do it, sir.' You see how that feller was touching that skipper in all the soft spots. He were a pious old devil, he were, and he had a great respect for any man, no matter what his religion, so long as he attended to his religious duties. So what could he say to *that* lovely lie? Why, Garrity had no more intention of going to Mass that morning than this here bench. I know for a fact. His own mother told me, God rest her soul, she said, 'Mick hasn't seen the inside of a chapel for twenty-two years.' So there you are."

The old man paused very dramatically, and the other, his impatience growing, said, "Yes, go on. Go on."

"Well, he goes ashore, though he had to do his job just the same, because soon as he came down from the bridge he calls out 'Hands out. Hoses amidships. Shake your legs there.' Yes sir, he'd got what he wanted. Believe you me or believe you me not, when I tell you, as true as I'm sitting on this here bench, that man Garrity not only got permission to go ashore to Mass, not another soul could get ashore but him, not only that but he was so charming with that skipper that before he left that cabin he'd even got the skipper turned so generous, maybe so amazed at Garrity's piousness and devotion to his mother in Ireland and his sacred duty, that Prodgers even gave him a suit of his own, saying, 'Well, I'll lend you this, my man, and here's five shillings which you'll need when you go to the chapel.' Would you think a man of his wide experience would have swallowed such bait? Damned if ever I saw a Catholic chapel there, all the time I bin sailing to the place.

"You should have seen that man's face when he came and told

us of his good luck. We were all rare mad at him for his Irish cheek, though none of us had the nous to do something like it ourselves, and besides with a grand liar like that anything was possible. The feller just oozed 'em off his tongue like it was running water. We all saw him to the gangway and chivvied him about his Mass and his mother, but he took it all in good part and waved us a cheery farewell. Some of the fellers were shouting, 'Well, don't forget to bring something wet aboard anyhow, even if that five bob is only a sub. out of your pay.' And one chap said, 'If you see a nice-looking dame down by London Street, Mike, make a date for me,' but he didn't hear any more. He was down the gangway before you could say 'knife.' He knew what he was on, a thorough good lay to my way of thinking, and, by the Lord Harry, that's just what it was!"

"Aye, indeed," put in the other, suddenly breaking the other's rhythmic flow of words, "that reminds me, where the hell has our 'Arry got to? That's what I want to know. Maybe 'e's took bad or something. Lumme! 'E ain't never missed his chin-wag ever since I can remember him. I wonder. Ah, well, if he's going to turn up, he'll turn up, but he'll 'ave to hurry else there'll be no three milds in the 'Robber's Nest' to-day."

"Well, d'you know——" dramatic pause—"d'you know that feller Garrity walked straight into the first pub as soon as a gharry took him up to town and he got drunk—and when I say drunk, sir, I mean real drunk, though how he did it on five bob I don't know. What else could you expect? The man could drink beer out of an old boot. You know that.

"Now, how could any skipper of a ship swallow that lot? That's what I often think about. How he was able to work it on old Prodggers, easy as winkin' you might say. I never saw Garrity all that day—nobody did. He was far, far away, in the realms of gold as the sayin' goes, though his realms were in large glasses, and he never made no date for our lamptimmer. Gone the whole day. It must have taken him a hell of a time to drink through five bob—so *I* thought—so we all did. But something else happened, d'you see?"

Here the tale-teller began thumping his knee again with his clenched fist. "Yes, something else had happened. And, by Harry, we found that out soon enough. Of course, soon as it was gone five o'clock we were all free to go ashore, and everybody was washing and polishing themselves up and all hoping to get a sub. from the old skipper, but it weren't more'n two bob a man, and the three lads we had, he give them a bob. Well, anyhow, we went ashore.

"Not all together mind you. We all had our own mates on that old cockleshell. I went along with our storekeeper. He were a quite

decent chap, 'cept that he never drunk a drop in his life, so he couldn't be real *decent*, could he? Still, we went ashore. He always had a few bob, this feller. Why wouldn't he? Him never drinkin' or smokin'. So we got into one of them gharries and off we went up town. Lord! It were a grand day. All day it had been hot as hell, now it were nice and cool, and everything was going fine, 'cept I never could take to the abominable stinks in the place. They're curious people, them Arabs.

"Well, strike me pink, when we got out of our gharry, there was a whole crowd of these here Arabs come rushing round us, yelling and screaming like mad and all you could hear was 'Inglese, Inglese.' We took no notice of that until my mate said to me, 'Why look! There's our Garrity. Look at him. Why, heavens above, the man hasn't a stitch on his back.' And that was true enough. No chapel saw him that day. Anyhow we went up to where this crowd was and there he was standing stark naked in the middle of it, waving a shirt round his head and crying out 'Who'll buy this shirt? Three piastres for a real good shirt! Who'll buy? Who'll buy.'

"Now he were dead drunk then I might tell you, drunk as a blurry lord, which was one of the reasons why we didn't go sticking our heads into the affair. He were always an ugly customer when he got drunk. You know. You got tight with him many a time, didn't you? Well——"

A long pause now, as though the narrator were intent on each word being thoroughly heard and thoroughly weighed, and he looked hard at his friend whose head still was bent upon his breast. No doubt memory was stirring in him too, as he thought of this old shipmate who had all so suddenly slipped his cable for the last time; maybe he got the breath of the past, the sound of old winds and words of command in his ears, the deep, impenetrable, enchanting smell of the sea into his nostrils. He never moved, only his head bobbed from time to time. But suddenly, as though he thought this pause far too long, he asked, "Well, but what happened to 'im then?"

"Ah," said the other, and for the first time that morning he burst into a fit of laughing. "That's the best part of the story. D'you know, believe you me or believe you me not, that confounded man had had the cheek, no other name for it, aye, he had the cheek to sell old Prodgers's suit. What was five bob to him anyhow? He were a man used to pounds. And it were natural soon as that money went he wanted more and he hadn't got it, but, by gosh and by damn, he had old Prodgers's suit and wasn't it natural to a man like that that there was only one thing to do with it? Why, sell it. Which he did. I believe the coat and vest went first, then this public auctioneering stopped

for a while and he went into the International Bar and spent his twenty-five piastres and had all the drink he could get. Ah, but him were a man like this, see?"

Here the narrator waved both hands wildly in the air. "Him were a man like this. One weren't enough. Two weren't enough. By God! Twenty-two weren't enough for him. And what is the result of that? Didn't the crazy fool take off his trousers in the public street, aye, and I'll bet he shocked some of them there women that wore those queer bandages round their faces, 'case a white man saw them. Yes, sir, sold his blinkin' pants, or I should say Mr. Prodgers's pants, and they were good ones too, for old Prodgers only bought from the best tailors. This was towards half-past nine that night. He'd just drunk every stitch of clothing off his back. Did he care about the faithful promise he'd made to that pious old fool of a skipper? No, sir. Not him. Did he care about shocking common human people in that square, what with girls and children standing about in the crowd? No, sir, He 'adn't any shame. Why him would drink on his mother's tombstone. Ah, he could take his stuff all right——"

"We know that, but what 'appened? Did he sell the shirt? That's what I want to know, because if he did and went back to that pub stark naked, well, I'd—I mean—you see, Garrity, I remember, I——"

"Well, he *did*," said the narrator, and down came the clenched fist upon his now shaking knee for the tenth time that morning. "Yes, sir, he sold the shirt for five piastres or something, while me and this storekeeper was lookin' on. Then he walked right into that pub and called for whisky. You can strike me dead if he didn't. He stood at that counter, naked as he was born, and called for a whisky, and the queer-lookin' bloke gave it to him, and everybody in the place were in stitches, laughing their sides off you might say. And there stood his lordship gulping down the stuff. Conscience! Well, he actually raised a glass and drank the skipper's health. Fact! He did. Mind you, I'm not agreein' with what he did, after all there's a limit to everything, and he was such a damned liar. But, honest, man, you just had to laugh. The whole of Port Said must have come out of their holes that night, to come and look at the crazy Irishman who had sold every stitch off his back in the market-place.

"He wasn't thinking of no skipper, not he. He never gave a hang for any skipper. He was chucked out of the Navy for the drink business. Anyhow, the man drank hisself soft, so he did, and then suddenly to his great regret, I always think of that part of the show, he suddenly realized he'd come to the end of his tether. He hadn't

another rag to sell; he hadn't a cent left, and if he had there was no pocket for it, so he just walks out of that pub, singing and shouting his head off, calling everybody in Port Said the meanest, lousiest lot of so-and-so's he'd ever seen in his life.

"What happened after that I didn't see, but Jack Crawford who met Garrity on the quay told me all about it. You see, me and the storekeeper, we went back to the ship because we were going to clear the wires that night and lie out in the stream. We had no cargo to collect and we were bound for Marseilles, carrying nowt but sand as ballast. And *we* only got aboard in time. An hour after we were aboard we were actually making for out stream and when we'd got a mile out we dropped the old hook. Everybody was beginning to turn in. You couldn't hear your own breathing in that fo'c'sle. Then suddenly some chap up and asks where the devil is this man Garrity. Suppose we shifted off sooner than arranged, he'd miss his ship. So one and another said this and said that. They'd all seen him up town, singing and shouting just like one of them mad dervishes, and one feller said, 'When I last saw him he was trying to get off with one of them Arab women who hide their faces away from white men.' Then the whole fo'c'sle began to laugh. You never heard anything like the row.

"And there was old Prodgers safe and sound in his bunk, reading his old Bible, never thinking of what had happened to his five bob, nor for that matter his old suit which he'd only lent the man. Indeed, he'd forgotten all about Garrity long since.

"Well, he didn't turn up. We were all turned in, some of us ragging, others quietly smoking, thinking their own thoughts, and believe me, everybody must have been asking himself the same question, 'Will he turn up in time?' and 'How the hell is the crazy loon getting on? He'll have to hire a boatman to row him back to the ship.' One by one we dropped off to sleep. It was past midnight now, but I wasn't sleeping. I was just lying there picturing in my mind all I'd seen while ashore, and the biggest one was seeing that feller stark naked in the middle of London Street waving his shirt in the air and offering it to any buyer who produced the required number of piastres. I must have dozed off or something, anyhow, the next minute our quartermaster on duty was shaking me and saying, 'Hey there! Wake up and come out and see this mate of yours.'

"I was fair startled, 'What mate?' I says to him. 'What blinkin' mate?' 'This cracked guy, Mike Garrity,' says he, 'He's just arrived. Better come and help him over the side,' and he kept pulling on my arm so's in the end I got quite mad with him. 'But he's no mate

of mine,' I said. Hm! He wasn't caring anyhow for he lugged me out of my bunk, and when I got to the bulkhead there was his lordship just climbing over the rails. Was he drunk? Believe me or believe you me not, that man was as sober as a judge. What d'you think 'ad happened? Why, when he got down to the quay he found we'd moved out stream and he was real drunk then, so he calls to one of them boatmen, 'Hey there! Johnny, or Mohamed, or whatever the hell you like, come here and row me back to my ship.' But that old boatman was wiser than any drunken Irishman. He saw this feller in a state of nature and simply said, 'No pockets, John, no money, no row boat.' And that was that. He wouldn't budge an inch. There was a devil of a row I believe, so in the end there was only one thing Garrity could do. Mind you, he wasn't never a one for caring whether he missed his ship or not, but as it was, he had quite a wallet of pay to draw when he reached home, so of course he decided to get back his own way.

"It's amazin' to my way of thinkin' how he did it. He said 'Emshe' or something and no doubt a good few Irish swears went with it, but he took a running dive into the river. That's what he did—dead drunk as he was. Man, he was a rare swimmer. That water was cold, believe me, you'd hardly credit water being so ice-cold in that part of the world, but it was and he was in it, swimming like a porpoise. Aye. He swam the whole mile back to that ship, in the dark. 'Ow he did it I don't know. It was all the talk on the way home. But he was a masterful man, even though he did go a bit crazy when he went on the bottle.

"Of course, a report came to the skipper. The shore police wanted Garrity on half a dozen charges, one of them being for attempting to kidnap the wife of an Arab coffee-house keeper. Well, Prodgers was like a madman himself when he heard. It wasn't the five bob, he didn't even mind the suit he'd lent. It was just the hard face, the lies, and all the blabber about going to Mass on his mother's birthday. It was simply terrific. They were at it hammer and tongs in the cabin the next morning, and Garrity was crying like a kid. 'Well, I'm ashamed of you. I'm disgusted. I'm——' but I reckon old Prodgers was too full to go cataloguing his hates for that Irishman.

"'Well,' said he, 'you're logged. You're logged exactly one half your voyage's pay and I hope that will be a lesson to you,' and Prodgers kept his word and, believe you me, I never saw a more surprised man in my life. You ought've seen Garrity's face at the pay-off. And when we chided him about it he merely said, 'Well hang it all, you got value for money. The whole hanged lot of you.' I never saw him from that day to this, and I——"

"Yes, with all respects to the man, poor feller, Lord have mercy on him, but with all respects to him, just look at the time. You bin talkin' for nearly an hour, but that's not the point, the point is where the devil is 'Arry? That's what's worryin' me. Old Garrity's dead, all right, but 'Arry's alive and now I'm worried about 'im. He's never as late as this. Here us three's been havin' our daily chat and a drink in that pub and on the very mornin' I thought he'd be surprised to hear about Garrity, he doesn't turn up."

"But here he is, after all. Well, strike me pink! I say, 'Arry where the hell have you bin? Courtin' the missus, or somethin'? We bin sitting here this last two hours and we've bin fair worried about you. Got your coppers off the missus, 'cos we're going right in now. It's gettin' on closin' time. Come on, man."

"Ah! You're a caution, so you are," said the other old man, and he got up from his seat, linked arms with 'Arry, and the three old men then walked slowly across to the "Robber's Nest."

It was so delightful, the lovely day, the shining sun, the silken grass, and 'Arry turning up. When they sat down in the pub Simon exclaimed, "Ah! It's grand to be alive! What say you, 'Arry?" But 'Arry just laughed and said, "When's them milds coming along? Ah! Here she is," and he winked at the barmaid. The other old man looked at Harry and said, "Guess who we was talking about this morning, guess who?"

"Too old for guessing," 'Arry said, and raised his glass to his lips.

"Why, Mike Garrity. Didn't you hear about him? Poor devil's chucked it." "Chucked it!" said Harry, "What you talking about Garrity chucking it."

"He's dead. That's what. Aye. He's dead. Dead," and there was almost something like a note of triumph in the old man's voice. "Ah! It's grand livin', isn't it, 'Arry? Well——" and he raised his glass high in his trembling hand. "Come on," he said, "raise yours too." And the other cronies raised their glasses, and Simon said, "To the memory of the finest sailor I ever knew, who were a damn liar and a rare hard drinker, but gosh, what a man!" And the trio suddenly bowed their heads and were silent.

IBSENIANA

LETTERS FROM WILLIAM ARCHER TO
CHARLES ARCHER

Edited by Charles Archer

I

IBSEN IN ROME

"DON'T talk to me of your health," wrote Sydney Grundy to William Archer in 1881. "You went to Italy simply and solely to meet Ibsen." The meeting* took place in December of that year at the Scandinavian Club in Rome, and Archer found the poet, while not at first sight imposing in personality, unexpectedly human and approachable.

"I saw at once," he wrote to his brother, "that he did not connect my name with *Samfundets Støtter*,† so after a little I told him about it. He had heard of the production, but not my name, and took my rather lame excuses for not having got his permission very readily. . . . He invited me to call at his house, which I shall do some day this week. . . .

"Altogether the interview was a success. . . . For the present 'the old min's friendly,'‡ and that's the main point."

"He says *Gjengangere* (*Ghosts*) should be out in Copenhagen by this time."

The letters which follow describe the development of the acquaintance, and the poet's reactions to the storm raised in the North by that epoch-making publication.

ROME, Decr. 25th, 1881.

MY DEAR C.,

I have a lot of Ibseniana of more or less importance to report after last night's festivities [at the Scandinavian Club]. The first thing that met my gaze when I entered "the banquet's sunlight-blaze"§ was the great Henrik, resplendent with *all* his orders and looking really leonine. . . . I sat quite close to him, but unfortunately

* Described at length in the letter on pp. 101-2 of *William Archer: Life, Work, and Friendships*.

† Archer's translation of which, *The Pillars of Society*, had been produced in London in December, 1880.

‡ "Is the old min friendly?"—Mr. Richard Swiveller.

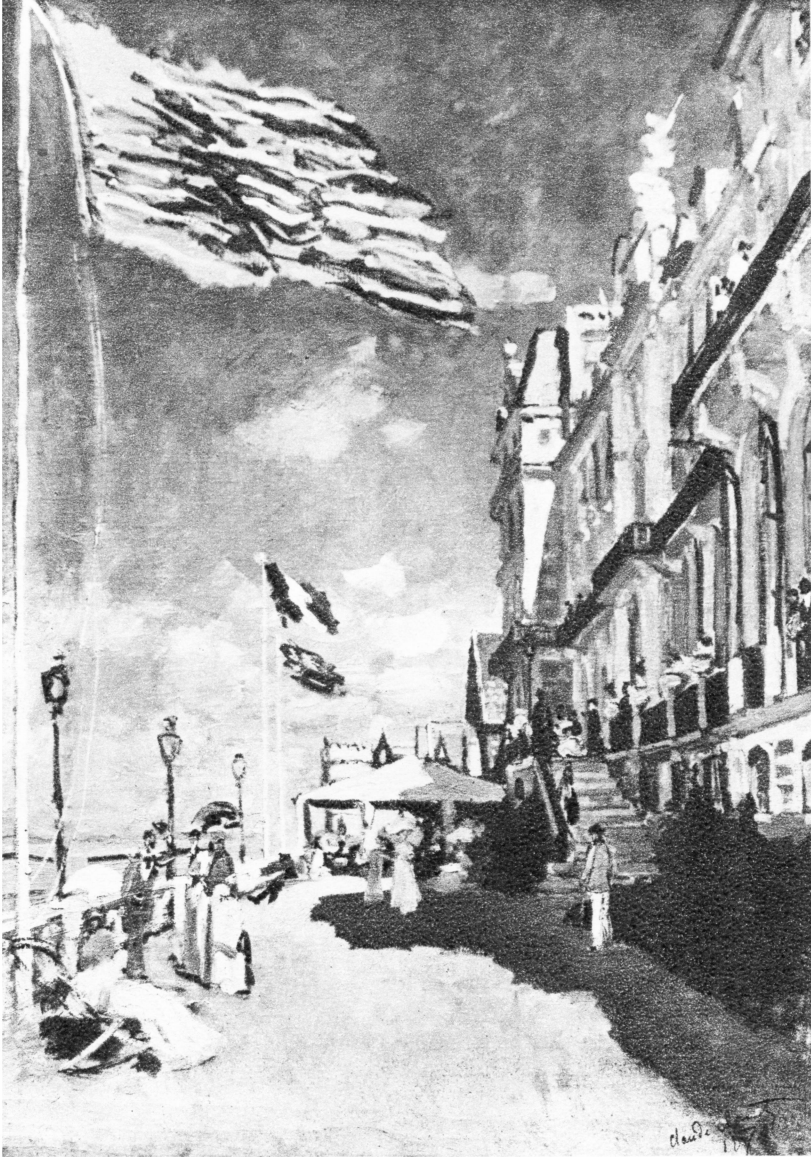
§ Ibsen: *A Brother In Need*.

back to back. At dessert up got an old Dane and brought out Ibsen's skaal, which was drunk with enormous enthusiasm. (N.B. I think my copy of *Ghosts* is the only one which has penetrated to Rome, except his own). Like all the other people round I had the honour of clinking glasses with him, and then he made a very short reply. He said that it was a great pleasure to him &c. &c.; that Christmas was usually associated with peace, but that for him it was often a time of anything but peace, since his books usually appeared a little before Xmas, so that that was perhaps the least peaceful time of the year for him. But he did not at all believe that peace was the most wholesome state of things;* on the contrary he believed that conflict was best for mankind—and it was always a great pleasure to him to find that people, however much their point of view might differ from his, did not let that interfere with their friendship and kindness of feeling towards him. That was the substance of his speech, and it did not consist of many more words. Then, after dinner, as the tables were being cleared, I stood in the lobby talking to Frøken R., who had been Ibsen's dinner partner and declares that she has the distinction of being the only lady he ever danced with—in Bergen many years ago. I suggested that perhaps the honour was greater than the pleasure, and she admitted that there was a good deal in that. Just then Ibsen came up, shook hands with me, and the conversation turned on smoking, as he was smoking a cigar and offered Frøken R. one. He said he couldn't work without smoking, not cigars, but a short pipe, so that you didn't know you *were* smoking, until it was done and you had to refill it. Then he said people talked as if some special things were poisons and some not; but in fact there is no such thing as poison, only certain things, under certain circumstances and in certain quantities, did more or less harm—and that you could say of everything; for instance cold water, if you come "douche" into it from a height will kill you.—I thought of Peer Gynt and his ride on Gjendineggen.

Then afterwards I talked a good deal with Frøken R. about him, and she said that people were very unjust to Ibsen's character, and that he had more than once said to her himself: "Pray believe that I, like other folks, am not altogether lacking in human kindness." She said, too, that he hated to talk about his books, and that it went the length of a weakness of character with him. Consequently I was rather astonished when, further on in the evening, Ibsen came up to me, and, after we had discussed the Ring-Theater fire,† said:

* The concluding part of this sentence, and numerous other sentences and phrases which occur in these letters, were written in Norwegian. They are here rendered in English.

† The recent terrible catastrophe in Vienna.



HOTEL DES ROCHES NOIRES À TROUVILLE

by CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926)

*In the possession of M. Jacques Laroche. Exhibited in the
Exposition des Chefs d'Œuvre de l'Art Français in Paris*

"I can tell you my new piece is making a stir in the North," asked if I had read it, and told me he was getting heaps of letters every day about it. I told him a villain in the *Berlingske Tidende* had said the very thing I was looking forward to saying about it some day or other, namely that he had made good his promise of setting "Torpedo under Arken."* Then he said he doubted whether it would be played just now on account of its tendency, and said it was always the same—when he wrote *Kjaerlighedens Komædie* there was a great outcry, another when he wrote *Peer Gynt*, another over *Samfundets Støtter*, but little by little people got accustomed to the pieces. Just then I was called away by Frøken R., and Ibsen again apologized for not having called upon me. I told him I couldn't expect him to, but hoped he would let me call upon him. He said I should be heartily welcome, we shook hands, *und damit basta*.

Yours, W. A.

ROME, *Jany. 2nd, 1882.*

More Ibseniana. At the *festa* on Saturday I discussed *Else* and *Arbeidsfolk*† with him. He is very much down on Kjelland for the tendens of his thought, to the effect that vice comes from the rich to the poor always, and is not developed among the poor themselves, who are naturally virtuous; he says this is a Gjenganger, and so it is, but I think it is a misinterpretation of Kjelland's work. But then, when most of the people had gone away, Ibsen and Ravnkilde, the President of the Club, and one or two others and I were sitting round a table smoking, when a Dane who had been acting as a sort of master of the ceremonies during the dancing came in, and began talking and laughing very loudly . . . but not, to my mind *too* obstreperously. Ibsen was silent for some time, and at last the Dane asked some question of Ravnkilde—I didn't hear what it was—when Ibsen turned on him savagely: "What have you to do with that? That is a matter for the Committee." The Dane replied: "I was only asking," and went on talking at a great rate. In a moment Ibsen got up, muttered something very plainly about an "intolerable fellow," and went into the passage to get his hat and coat. He was visibly fuming, and someone told the Dane, who took it very coolly, that he couldn't stand loud talking. Then, as we were all going away a few minutes afterwards, I heard Ibsen speaking to Nicolaysen, the

* "I'll gladly put a torpedo to the Ark."

Ibsen: *To My Friend The Revolutionary*.

† Novels by Alexander Kjelland.

Secretary, and making some quotation from Holberg which I didn't catch . . . and applying it to "that bald, disgusting Gjenganger, that takes it on himself to lead the dancing." I think "skallede vaemmelige Gjenganger" isn't a bad phrase, though I must say from an outsider's point of view I thought Ibsen decidedly in the wrong—the Gjenganger was not *so* disgusting. The hue and cry about *Gjengangere* is going grandly. Munch has written a poem on Ibsen called *A Fallen Star*, in which he consigns him to Hades, on the plea that there is forgiveness for all sins, "only not for the sin against the Holy Ghost"—from which I conclude that he holds the Holy Ghost akin to the Gjengangers. Ploug has written a learned critique in *Faedrelandet* in which he gravely announces that, as a matter of science, it is extremely doubtful whether Oswald could be infected with disease from merely smoking his father's pipe ! ! ! Altogether, Ibsen is having a lively, if not a happy, New Year.

Glaedeligt Nytaar!

W. A.

ROME, *Jany. 3rd, 1882.*

The cry is still they come—and this is the most important batch of Ibseniana yet. You must know that I wrote home for copies of the *St. James's Magazine* with my article on Ibsen, and sent them to him yesterday, with a note saying I didn't know if he read English, but in any case it might be interesting for him to have what "stands written" [Peer Gynt's catchword] about him in England. Well, this evening I went down to meet a fellow called Bond at a caffè in the Corso, at the corner of a street which leads to the Via Capo le Case where our friend lives. The first person I saw in the caffè was Nicolaysen, the Secretary of the Club, and I discussed with him Ibsen's outburst against the bald, disgusting Gjenganger. Nicolaysen said Ibsen was quite right, and the fellow had been making himself most objectionable, only no one else had the pluck to say so to him. While we were talking, who should we see in the further corner but Ibsen himself, in a huge wideawake hat, drinking vermouth and reading the illustrated papers. In a little Nicolaysen left. . . . Then Ibsen got up and left, but to get home he had to pass a glass door close to where I was sitting. I saw him stare in at me through his gold spectacles, which he always wears; then he went past, and then came back again, opened the glass door, and came and shook hands with me most effusively and thanked me for the magazines. We sat and talked for about a quarter of an hour; he began by apologizing for not having called on me, on account of the fearful amount of letter-writing he had to do just now; said he knew English people

were very particular about these points of politeness; but I told him I wasn't an Englishman in that respect. He says he can read English with difficulty, but his son can read it quite well; and we discussed my translation and Gosse's, in the course of which discussion I elicited the sad fact that he has quite given up verse, so far as the drama is concerned at any rate. I suppose another *Peer Gynt* was hardly to be expected in any case, but I must say I'm sorry to hear he is entirely devoting himself to prose. Then, of course we got on to *Gjengangere*. He said: "These people in the North are terrible—I write a play with five characters and they insist on putting in a sixth—namely Ibsen. There never was a play with less utterance of personal opinion." And then he went on to say that what he wanted to do was to show how a badly educated, badly trained woman was certain to be driven by men of Pastor Manders' way of thought and feeling into opposite extremes. He said: "People talk as if I preached Free Love, and marriage between brother and sister, etc., etc." In short, as far as I could make out, his argument was that he was throughout only "asking," and taking absolutely no side in the discussion of the question—a rather thin position, it seems to me, if you take it literally, but interesting as his own statement of the case; and it certainly throws light on one or two points. Then I asked him right out: "What do you conceive as taking place after the curtain falls?" He laughed and said, in his sort of unctuous, deliberate way: "That I can't say—everyone must work that out for himself," or something of that sort. "I would never think of deciding such a difficult question," he said. "What do *you* think?" I said what I said to you: that if she didn't give him the helping hand it was the result of a Gjenganger still going in her—always supposing, I said, that the illness was ascertained to be absolutely incurable. He said he thought perhaps the solution lay in that; the mother would always take refuge in the uncertainty which hangs about even a question of science like that, and hope against hope, always waiting a little longer and a little longer for the chance of a favourable turn. I suggested that she would naturally kill herself too, and that he agreed in. Then we chuckled over Ploug's remark [about the pipe]; but in this I noticed a little thing which seems to me to show that the criticisms rather gall him; for he accused Ploug of doing it purposely, so as to get a temporary advantage over him with people who hadn't read the play. I suggested that it was probably a mere piece of carelessness, and he admitted it might be, but said, what was quite true, that a critic shouldn't be careless in that way. "No," he said, "my only object in bringing in the pipe was to show that the only thing Oswald could remember about his father was that he had made him vomit—and that, it seems to me,

is about the worst thing one *can* remember about anyone"—in which I entirely agreed with him. . . .

ROME, January 28th, 1882.

. . . You should see a poem in the *Morgenblad* about Ibsen, by a priest called Monrad—I don't think it's old Monrad—*On the Beautiful*, but probably a descendant. He treats him and Bjørnson with the loftiest contempt, and says that those who follow them go wandering in a circle, following the lights which mark out

"Ellipsen

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson og 'Stjernen' Henrik Ibsen."

This seems to me the finest thing in Alexandrines I've seen for a long time.

I had a long talk with Ibsen yesterday at a caffè on the Corso where he goes regularly every evening. The old boy is really as amiable as possible, and talks with the utmost readiness. . . . I spoke to him about Kjerkegaard, and he says it is all nonsense to say that *Brand* has anything to do with Kjerkegaard. He says he always draws from "modeller" to a certain extent, and a man who formed a sort of model for Brand was a Pastor Lammers who went out of the State Church and took any amount of people with him, and then saw he was on a wrong track, but neither could nor would take his followers back into the fold, and so left them in the wilderness and came abroad. Ibsen himself knew him in Dresden. However he can't have been by any means a precise prototype of Brand, for Ibsen says he was full of the joy of life, went to the theatre, and was a painter and musician. Brand played on the organ, but that was the only accomplishment of his I ever heard of. We spoke of Turgénjev too, whom Ibsen praised highly; and as I had a book of Zola's with me we discussed him. Ibsen hasn't read anything of his, he says, and is inclined to undervalue him from what he has read *about* him. I was rather interested to hear this, for of course the *Morgenblad* is profoundly convinced that *Gjengangere* is directly inspired by the study of Zola. . . .

W. A.

II

EARLY PRODUCTIONS IN NORWAY

IN 1883 a holiday in Norway, prolonged, in default of regular work in England, into the late autumn, gave William Archer his first opportunity of seeing Ibsen's work brought to the test of stage performance. These memorable experiences are described by him in the following letters:

I

To *Charles Archer*.

TOLDERODDEN, *Sept. 27th/83*.

MY DEAR C.,

When I came down last Friday morning and took my morning's look at the theatrical advertisements, what should I see announced for Saturday but *Et Dukkehjem*. I at once packed up my knapsack and started by the "Excellensen" at 4 next morning—second class return ticket to Christiania, 4 kroner; and I certainly got enough for my money, as you shall hear in the sequel.

Well, arrived in Christiania, I went and called on [Hartvig] Lassen, who had procured for me a general free admission to the theatre. The Nora of the evening, I learned, was a débutante from Bergen, a Frøken Johansen, of whom conflicting accounts were abroad; but Lassen warned me not to expect much. At five minutes to seven I took my place in the første parquet, the orchestra strummed *Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, and then the curtain went up. The scene, to begin with, was not really well set—a heavy red-papered room, by no means the fine light sitting-room of the Helmers. Then the Nora was a little vulgar girl, not without cleverness in her way—a good singing chambermaid, but little more. Helmer was the beauty-man of the theatre, and anything more ludicrously feeble I never saw—he certainly maintained one's sympathy with Nora, only that one wondered she hadn't run away from him long before. Dr. Rank was a tall, heavy, tragic personage, utterly unlike Ibsen's idea. Krogstad was good—a well-marked figure, a little too coarse, perhaps, but for the rest intelligently and forcibly played. Fru Linde was heavy but tolerable, and the children poor. The end of the first act Nora utterly muddled, assisted by the bad stage management, which did not ring down the curtain soon enough nor bring it down quick enough. Some scenes in the second act were rather fairly played—especially that with Dr. Rank; but the first thing that really fetched me was "the miracle"—I mean Nora's first mention of it. The tarantella was utterly bad; but the end of the second act was much better. The third act was tolerable throughout, except that Helmer varied from very bad to indescribably beastly—but what do you think fetched me most of the whole evening? What but the final scene—the argument between Nora and Helmer, which I have always considered not only psychologically but dramatically bad. The latter part of my objection I unconditionally withdraw. The old min knows what he's about. There is a grim earnestness in the whole situation, a nervous force in the dialogue, that keeps one intensely thrilled. They didn't play it a bit better than the rest, but I felt that it was

something new and genuine and powerful in the way of dramatic effect—in short, that the interest was not merely one of logic and paradox, but of genuine drama, of a piece with the rest of the play. I saw it twice, and learned several things from it. First, that Nora requires an actress of even more uncommon physical and mental gifts than I had imagined, but that for anyone with these gifts it must be an unapproachable part. Second, that the play is not a mere realistic drama, but a poem, and that its poetry should be emphasized to give it full effect. Third, that it is a pity Ibsen doesn't rehearse his own plays, for if he did I am sure there are two or three repliks he would change—they play it with every comma of the printed play. . . .

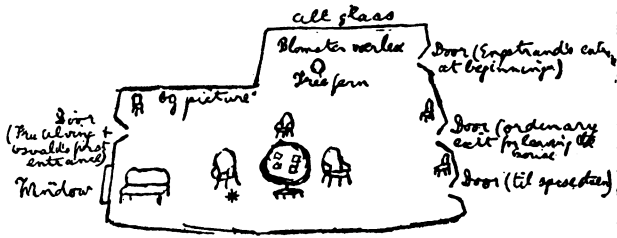
Yours ever, *W.A.*

2

RØGESTUE (TOLDERODDEN), Oct. 18th, 1883.

MY DEAR C.,

Well, the miracle has come to pass—I have seen *Gjengangere*,* or *Gengångere* as the Swedes call it, and I am (until further notice) alive to tell the tale. The Folketheater in Christiania is a nice enough little house, about the size of the Olympic, and so far suitable to the piece. It was packed with an admirable-looking audience, by no means noticeably masculine in its appearance—indeed there were many women, most of them young and some of them . . . pretty. I paid three kroner for a capital place in the stalls, and went down early so as to see and study the audience. There was no music I am happy to say (though indeed a few bars just to stir up the spinal marrow a bit might have been appropriate)—a bell rang two or three minutes before the curtain rose, and then came the dear old French three thumps as the immediate signal. The scene was good—something in this fashion:



I trust you will appreciate the perspective of the table, also the realism (not to say naturalism) with which the freethought publications upon it are represented. There were a lot of old Norwegian tapestry hangings and so forth about the room, and altogether,

* First produced in Sweden. Played in Christiania by the original Swedish company.

though by no means elaborate, the scene was perfectly adequate and characteristic (of course it had been specially painted).

First scene: Regine and Engstrand. Regine a pretty, middle-sized dark girl, looking the part well enough, only that to give herself the requisite full figure she had gone in for patently false breasts. Engstrand rather too tall for *my* idea, but admirably made up. Scene between them fairly, not remarkably, played. Enter Pastor Manders, too tall, bad wig, but cherub face which, when you got accustomed to it, suited the part not badly. Nevertheless he was decidedly the weak point of the cast, doing some things very badly, and never entering really into the skin of the character. Regine good in the scene with him. Then enter Fru Alving (Fru Hedvig Winter-Hjelm)—middle-sized, not too stout, plainly dressed—fine, intelligent face and fair hair slightly grey; in short, looking the part to perfection, and in all her first scenes playing it almost to perfection—afterwards an occasional touch of staginess came in, and a tendency to declamatory bitterness in one or two of her speeches to Manders; but on the whole an excellent performance, perfectly intelligent and in several points really original and fine; she made the character thoroughly sympathetic and ladylike, which is the great matter. Lastly came Oswald's entrance, and you may believe I was excited. At first I thought that Lindberg's make-up was wrong—you couldn't look at him without seeing that he was more than slightly damaged inside. It was a masterly make-up so far as illusion went—short curling black hair and a small black moustache, a very pale face, and those blinking, uneven, sort of light-shy eyes one so often sees in broken-down debauchees, one or other of the eyebrows having a tendency to rise now and then, without any apparent cause, and seemingly involuntarily. Altogether he was uncanny to look at—too much so I thought at first, and I'm not sure but what I was right; but before he had been three minutes on the stage I saw it was going to be a masterly piece of playing. The mere time that he took it in was admirably conceived—slow, deliberate, dreamy, the manner of a man to whom the world has become unreal. I never saw a part better filled out, as it were—it deserved to be called a creation, because Lindberg had actually invented and worked out in its smallest details the *manner* of the man, which, though it harmonized entirely with Ibsen's indications, was by no means to be found ready-made in them. He spoke his lines perfectly, but it was the business and in fact the *mimik* of the performance as a whole which specially struck me. The man is an original artist, that there is no doubt of—a great actor he may or may not be.

The sammenspil of Fru Alving and Oswald was excellent

throughout—they were evidently artists of similar temperament and mental calibre, though I suspect Lindberg is out and away the more gifted (a word which I believe is a terrible solecism). The first scene between Oswald, Fru Alving and Manders went excellently, and in the next scene (after Oswald goes out) Fru Alving's account of her married life fetched me strongly—she played the passage perfectly. In the second act the scene between Manders and Engstrand "went" like wildfire, and the explanation between Oswald and his mother was extraordinarily moving—if possible more so than I had foreseen. Fru Alving, though, as I said, occasionally stagey, had some touches of irresistible nature, and Oswald was really fine. The end, however, fell flat, partly because the last replik is symbolical, and you *can't* get a great scenic effect out of symbolism; but mainly because of bad stage management (the stage-lighting throughout was so bad that I think it must have been owing to their playing for the first time in a new theatre), combined with the feebleness of Manders, who has the last word.

JUNIOR REFORM CLUB, LIVERPOOL, *October 23rd.*

As I was about to say when I was interrupted (by three days' sea-sickness) the last act was in some respects the least satisfactory. The feebleness of Manders made the opening scene ineffective, and both Lindberg and Fru Winter-Hjelm, though they were very good, failed to get quite the proper effect, it seemed to me, out of the last scene. I don't think they sufficiently recognized that its utter untheatricalness is the very essence of the tragedy of the situation. They were not still enough. They jumped up and crossed the stage too often. They relied too much on getting effects out of single speeches, instead of concentrating their effort on grasping the audience at the beginning and keeping what may be called the quiet suppressed horror of the scene at a level height. I am not *sure* that I'm right in this; to be sure I should have to rehearse the scene with them carefully, speech by speech; but I'm quite sure that *some* of their speeches and business were wrong, and I think I see how, by giving a more even, conversational tone to the whole, a more sustained effect might have been attained. In short, they broke up the scene too much, and kept the audience not breathless but panting. Then in the very catastrophe they neglected the externals both of time and place. I would have a marked pause after Fru Alving has promised the helping hand. Then she should, with a nervous effort, throw off the horror, go to the back of the stage, open the curtain and show the sunrise, speaking her lines with an almost lyric fervour, while Oswald should sit in front, motionless

and feeling the end coming on. As it was, there was no marked pause, she scarcely went to the back of the stage at all, there was no adequate suggestion of the sunrise in the background, but through the window *in front, right*, there fell a glow upon Osvald, who was sitting in the chair marked with an asterisk. When he said: "Mother, give me the sun," she was merely standing at the other side of the table, instead of, as I would have had her, right back, looking at the sunrise. I think, too, that Lindberg should have made Osvald's catastrophe more marked, on the one hand by making him less wretched in appearance during the rest of the act, and on the other by collapsing more markedly than he did. I would have had a green light rather than the red sunrise on his face. I believe Lindberg played it actually realistically, but he shrank from the grotesque, and I think he was wrong. He certainly made: "The sun! The sun!" tearingly pathetic, by saying it in a tone of querulous idiocy which was indescribably fetching, and I believe more effective than the deep dead mechanical tone in which I had imagined it. But I think on the whole, after playing the rest of the scene too staccato, he made the mere catastrophe too piano. I was the sorrier for this, as it is clear that he *could* have done it to perfection, and that the part may never again have such a chance of being played to perfection as in his hands. . . . Yours ever, *W. A.*

[An article on Laura Keiler, the woman from whom Ibsen derived the character of Nora, will appear in the November number of *The London Mercury*. The author is the Norwegian writer, Mr. B. M. Kinch, the translator Colonel Charles Archer.]



The Fishermen. Wood-cut by T. BLACKBURN

THE PIOUS WOMAN

By Suresh Vaidya

"O, CHARITABLE passer-by, give a copper to this hungry beggar," came the cry of despair from Jiva, who was standing in a corner of the bazaar, eagerly holding out his conch to the passing crowds.

But the townspeople had got used to the sight of him and his raucous voice. They passed him without taking notice of his cry.

"O, charitable passer-by, give a copper to a lame beggar. God will bless you with many children," persisted Jiva, striking his wooden leg upon the stony ground to prove the fact of his lameness.

However, his solicitations went unheeded, and the bazaar was over by midday.

"Hey, Jiva! Why do you not select another place for your begging?" bawled the sweetmeat vendor Dulari. "You scare away the people from coming to my stall."

Jiva struck his wooden leg firmly upon the ground and turned aside to look at the sweetmeat vendor. "I will stand where I like," he protested testily, "You have no reason to meddle with my business so long as I do not stand in front of your stall."

"But why do you come to the bazaar at all?" asked Dulari, getting annoyed at the beggar's obstinacy.

"I wish you were starving like me. Then you would know why."

"But they do not heed you any more here."

"All the same I must come here. Man, do you know I have had no food for the last four days. I am feeling weak and faint. Will you give me a piece of coconut cake from your stall?" he added in an ingratiating tone.

The sweetmeat vendor laughed. "No, I cannot give you anything. I have given you enough in the past. I am not a rich man, able to be always giving away things."

Jiva became sullen. Dulari had given him pieces of sweets in the past. But surely a piece of coconut cake to-day was not going to make any difference in his wealth. "I am really hungry," he pleaded with piteous eyes, "May God strike me dumb if I tell a lie, but honestly I have not had a morsel of food in the last four days."

"It is no use approaching poor folks like me for alms," replied Dulari, driving away the flies from over his sweetmeat trays. "You should ask a rich person. One rich person can give you more than ten of us put together."

"Rich person!" groaned Jiva, "there are no rich persons in this

town,” and his gaze turned towards the sky, as if all the world’s wealthy had temporarily assembled there.

“Why not go to the Kotwalin’s* house?” asked Dulari, in a confidential manner. “She gives away a lot of money in charity. If you were to go to her house and solicit for alms she is sure to drop you a silver coin. And that will mean more than what you get by standing here for days.”

“But she lives far away,” grudging Jiva, tightening a strap on his wooden leg. “I cannot walk all that distance, man. Do you not know that I am lame?”

“Ah, but try. Try,” insisted the sweetmeat vendor. “You might get a silver coin. Perhaps two silver coins, or even more. The Kotwalin is a pious woman.”

Jiva considered the suggestion. He felt too weak and faint to walk there. Besides his wooden leg was catching the flesh under his knee. But being hungry he was tempted to undertake the journey.

He hobbled over the stony road, putting all his energy into his effort. Panting and exhausted he managed to reach the Kotwalin’s house.

He surveyed the house from a distance, and selecting a stunted balcony on the right corner of the building, behind which was the Kotwalin’s private room, he began vociferously begging for alms.

“O, charitable woman, give something to this hungry beggar. He has had no food for the last four days,” he shouted in his husky voice.

The Kotwalin was sitting on a sofa reading a religious book. She was moved by the beggar’s pitiable cry and decided to drop him a silver coin. But as she was in the middle of a chapter she postponed doing so till she had completed it. Unfortunately when she finished reading, it began to rain. “If I go out on the balcony now,” she reflected, looking through the window, “my clothes will get wet. Let the rain stop, and then I will go.”

But the rain did not stop. Jiva kept on shouting frequently. However, he realized that there was no chance of the balcony door opening. He was disheartened. “Oh, God,” he moaned, and began retracing his steps homewards.

He decided to try again on the following morning. It was now five days since he had had any food. But his hunger urged him on to hobble to the Kotwalin’s house again, although his legs protested against carrying him even a yard. By sheer will-power he managed to reach his destination.

* Kotwalin in Hindusthani means the wife of the local District Officer.

"O, charitable woman," he shouted, standing under the balcony, "please do give something to this hungry beggar. He has had no food for five days." His voice contained a tragic harshness.

The Kotwalin was seated on a carpet, shelling peas. She was feeding two Brahmins at midday, it being the anniversary of her husband's death. It was already getting late, and the cook in the kitchen was waiting for the peas. So she decided to wait till her job was finished, when she would drop a coin to the wretched mendicant who was shouting outside. "May God relieve him of his suffering," she murmured to herself.

However, when she had shelled the peas it began to rain again. It was a torrential downpour, and the Kotwalin did not want to catch cold as she was prone to an attack of pneumonia.

"O, charitable woman, please do, do give something to this lame beggar. He is dying of hunger," Jiva implored at the top of his voice, his clothes wet through and through.

Jiva cursed himself heartily on his way back to town. "Surely," he reflected, "the pious woman wants to give me something. But it is the elements who have conspired against me."

On the following day, though now completely exhausted, he was again hobbling in front of the Kotwalin's house, begging for alms. "O, charitable woman. . . ."

The Kotwalin was genuinely desirous of dropping him a coin to-day, but at the very moment when she was feeling for one in her purse, a servant came in saying: "The Mamledar* Sahib is here. He wishes to speak to you urgently." So she went down to see the Mamledar Sahib and they talked for a long time.

It was the mighty force of hunger which gave Jiva the strength to go to the Kotwalin's house the next morning. His wooden leg was badly worn, and his voice sounded weak. He swore not to return to the town unless he had got something from the pious woman. How could he, as her alms constituted his only salvation? He decided to fix himself there all day long, should it become necessary. In fact, he had not energy even to walk back home.

"O, charitable woman, give some money to this hungry beggar. Honestly I have had no food for the last seven days. I am dying," he shouted, straining his throat.

The Kotwalin heard his cry, but did not move from her seat.

Jiva kept on shouting till he was nearly hoarse. A mongrel, frightened by the raucousness of his voice, ran away, yelping.

"O, charitable woman. . . ."

There was no cloud in the sky. The sun was shining brightly upon

* Mamledar in Hindusthani means a subordinate District Officer.

the balcony windows. From the house the delicious smell of cooking wafted into the still air.

"O, charitable woman. . . ." Jiva was persistent.

The Kotwalin decided to go on the balcony. But then she hesitated.

"O, pious woman, O, charitable woman, why do you not heed the cry of this hungry beggar? I am dying for want of food. Please give me some money. At least, come on the balcony, O, noblest of noble women."

The balcony door opened at last, and a beautiful, grey-haired woman stepped out. She leaned on the banisters and looked down at the lame beggar. Her countenance expressed no emotion save curiosity.

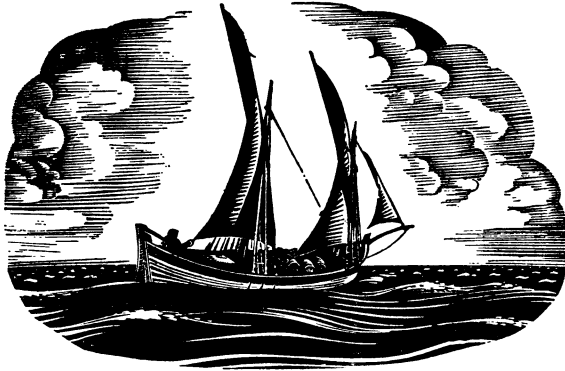
Jiva frantically hobbled closer to the balcony, and holding up his black conch and striking his wooden leg upon the ground—because it was pinching his flesh—he demanded hopefully, "May God bless you eternally! O woman, you have saved my life. I am hungry. Please do give me alms," and holding up his arms to catch the coin he began looking at her with a fixed, beatific gaze.

The woman observed him, her expression unchanged.

"O, great lady, may God give you all the happiness in the world. Please give me some money."

The Kotwalin lifted up her hands and watched Jiva for a while. Then, smiling benevolently, she said: "But you are always asking for money."

She turned back and re-entered her room, and the balcony door closed gently behind her.



*Wood engraving by REYNOLDS STONE
From "A Book of English Wines" (High House Press)*

ART AND THE COMMUNITY

WHAT AMERICA IS DOING

By E. M. Hugh-Jones

"THE country needs," wrote President Roosevelt in *Looking Forward*, "and, unless I mistake its temper, the country demands, bold, persistent experimentation. It is common sense to take a method and try it; if it fails, admit it frankly and try another. But above all, try something." In these words he expressed one of the salient characteristics of the American, his willingness, as he would phrase it, "to try anything once" in the expectation that something of value will turn up. As a principle of government we may, if we choose, look down upon it as too happy-go-lucky for our tastes. Most, if not all, of the first New Deal of President Roosevelt was admittedly experimental and much (but not all) may in the end have to be written off as a failure. But this does not prevent the years since his inauguration in 1933 being full of interesting developments and valuable examples for the rest of the world.

Of these developments few are as interesting as those which have grown out of the Federal Relief Administration under the guidance of Harry Hopkins, a man of dynamic energy and possessing one of the most fertile minds ever to apply itself to the problems of social service. Incidentally he is one of the few members of President Roosevelt's original team to survive the changes and chances of the last four years. His organization has had to deal, during this period, with a mass of destitute persons amounting at times to one-sixth of the total population, and has been driven by the magnitude of the problem, as also by the specifically American attitude to it, to initiate policies which have no parallel in this country. The purpose of this article is to draw attention to one aspect of the American relief programme which has received relatively little attention in this country, namely its provision for white-collar workers, and especially for those of them who have been artists, whether as painters, sculptors, actors, musicians, or writers. For the projects which have been designed for their relief bid fair to exert an enormous influence on America's cultural development.

The conviction that relief should be given to white-collar workers as well as to manual labourers was forced upon the American people by the very magnitude of the problem of poverty at the beginning of President Roosevelt's first term of office. Now it was an integral

part of the American philosophy of poor relief that such relief should be associated, where possible, with some form of work, and in this their outlook does not differ from our own. But whereas in practice we have too often reduced "relief work" to its lowest common form and made it rather dull and repellent than otherwise, the American schemes contemplated the employment of relief workers at jobs suitable to their skill and training so that that skill, and with it their own self-respect, should be maintained as valuable assets for ultimate prosperity. It was in line with this view that unemployed teachers were given classes (also of unemployed) to teach and that poor students were given scholastic tasks to qualify them for grants to complete their college careers. The Federal Works of Art Project, and the Federal Theatre Project were also the result of this attitude.

The original impulse towards government patronage of art seems to have come from the Philadelphian artist, George Biddle, who suggested that President Roosevelt might follow the example of the Mexican President Obregon in setting artists to work on public buildings at workmen's wages. The first relief organization for artists was set up in December 1933. It paid a flat rate of wages per week and provided materials. In return artists received definite commissions to produce works for the adornment of the inside or the outside of public buildings, such as post offices, law courts, administrative offices, and schools. These works included paintings (some 15,000 were turned out during the scheme's six months of existence), sculpture, and especially murals. It is, perhaps, the original influence of George Biddle, together with the presence in the United States of such artists as Oroczó and Diego Rivera, that has been responsible for the great development of mural painting in the United States of recent years. Not only government buildings, but those of private institutions and individuals have been thus embellished with subjects drawn directly from the contemporary life of the American people. The fact that in many cases they express—to quote the temperate words of the Fine Arts Commission—"a social faith which the public does not share" lends a piquant touch to their acceptance by the Government and others. The guardians of Rockefeller Centre did, it is true, erase from their walls a mural by Rivera containing a portrait of Lenin, but they have left untouched others by the same artist in which the Socialist interpretation of history is even more definitely displayed. Of course, the acceptance of such works does not imply acceptance of the point of view. But they can hardly fail to have some influence on public opinion.

Not all the artists, however, were the equal of Biddle and Rivera, and candour compels the admission that not all the results of this experiment were artistically successful. Many of the better artists kept off the relief rolls or were excluded for technical reasons; many of those who were admitted were deficient in technical training or in artistic sensibility. But even if artistically the experiment was not a great success, at least it can be asserted that, by making the country conscious of art, it has given a new stimulus to the plastic arts in America. Moreover, the fact that relief artists generally drew their subjects from everyday life has produced a new conception of their place and function in the life of the people. And although this original art project was terminated with the closing of the Civil Works Administration in May 1934, it is yet the germ from which have sprung all the literary, musical, and theatrical Federal projects. In the specific field of plastic art it was followed by the W.P.A. relief scheme for artists and by the establishment of a department in the United States Treasury, which is not a relief scheme at all but a permanent organization to commission artists, on the basis of merit not of need, to work on public buildings. It is this organization which is now engaged on the vast new block of government buildings in Washington, and it is, perhaps, significant that it has succeeded in overruling the official conservatism of the Fine Arts Commission.

The Federal Theatre also began as a relief scheme for white-collar workers. At the peak 12,500 unemployed actors and stage technicians were on its rolls, and even now it employs nearly 11,500 men and women in the work for which they are skilled. From the first it was realized that not everybody wants the same form of entertainment, nor have all actors the same kind of skill and that, therefore, the productions must be diversified. So their 28,000 performances have included Aeschylus and modern farce, Shakespeare and current social drama, minstrel shows, revues, circus, and ballet. They have been given under all sorts of conditions—in real theatres where these were available to be hired, under canvas, in schools, beer halls, and public squares, each local group making its own arrangements at the lowest possible cost. Rehearsals have been held in barns, in attics, and in the safe deposit vault of a derelict bank. In a little over a year nearly 15 million people have seen these shows, and about one-third of them had never seen living actors before. Even if productions had been confined to revivals of established plays, to have shown them to such an audience would have been a stupendous achievement. But the Federal Theatre has also aimed at experimenting in new forms of drama, and of presen-



CARIATIDE

Drawing by MODIGLIANI

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tation and at the encouragement of talent among its relief clients. Old plays have been produced with a modern twist. The *Lysistrata*, done by a negro group in Seattle, was adapted, also by a negro, to the Abyssinian situation. Playing *Julius Caesar* in modern dress has given added significance to its theme of dictatorship and revolt. Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here*, which commercial managers were afraid to present, was triumphantly played before crowded audiences in twenty-seven cities in the Union.

"Obviously," said the National Director, Hallie Flanagan, one-time director of the Experimental Theatre at Vassar, "it is a timid wasting of an unprecedented chance to regard the theatre only in terms of what we have already experienced." And so new plays have been written, drawn from the present-day experience of the country. The "Living Newspaper" series is only one, though perhaps the best-known, example of this. Under the direction of Morris Watson (whose discharge from the Associated Press for trade-union activities was recently the subject of a Supreme Court decision) productions have been staged dealing with agricultural policy (*Triple-A Plowed Under*), labour problems (*Injunction Granted*), events of 1935 (*1935*), and the electric power industry (*Power*). The Federal playwrights are reaching out for new plots into the life of the people—of the cotton-grower, the Mid-West farmer whose soil is eroded away, the vanishing Indian. Groups who have never before had the chance to develop their dramatic experience have been organized. Notable among these is the growth of the negro theatre, whose avowed purpose is to produce plays written by negroes for negroes. In this endeavour the group has yet to find the best method of approaching its particular problems. But the mere recognition of this normally submerged group is a fact of vital importance, and it may be recorded that a negro production of *Macbeth* caused an hour's traffic block in Seventh Avenue, New York, on its opening night. Another interesting group is one in Oklahoma, whose director and members are totally blind.

These practical activities are supplemented by a teaching programme covering all the elements of acting and production. This is not merely designed for budding actors and producers. Classes are also held in schools with the aim of laying the basis of a more intelligent appreciation of the drama. Isn't this what a really National Theatre ought to be?

It is from this aspect that all this activity should be considered. In itself it is especially typical of America, as much in its huge scope as in its experimental character. For the first time in American history the arts have become a definite responsibility of the Government.

This responsibility has been assumed on a scale not to be matched in the history of any other country. During the past two years over 150,000 painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, and writers have been salaried employees of the Government. It may well be asked what will come of mass patronage of the arts on so vast a scale? That the visible results are likely to be poor may be conceded. No country is likely to contain 150,000 geniuses, all starving, and it must be admitted that much of the work produced was artistically poor. Much, also, both in the plastic arts and in the theatre, is propaganda in the sense that it expresses a point of view, but not often has this been pressed beyond the point where art stops. Obviously some problems of selection both of artists and subjects, which in the beginning were subordinated to the original problem of poor relief, may come up for solution if and when government patronage of art becomes a permanent part of American life.

But meanwhile a quiet transformation appears to be being effected both in the role of the artist in a modern community and in the relation of the community to the artist. The artist, working for a fixed wage, has recognized that he is also an artisan. The writer vividly recalls asking an extremely talented sculptor, who had studied in Paris under Bourdelle, what it felt like to be producing carvings to order at \$18.25 a week and receiving the reply: "I think it is very good for me." What she meant was that her awareness of the outside world had been sharpened, and this was clearly true. For while it has always been the case that the artist should know as much as possible of the outside world it remains equally true that many of our more famous and successful artists seem, so to say, to canalize their interests. Our exhibitions abound in landscapes painted in one or other "celebrated manner," of strapping half-naked women of noble aspect, bearing pots, of elegant and highly polished horses. It is impossible not to long for a change from these hackneyed and meaningless subjects, to wish that artists would paint ordinary things from everyday experience, or in the theatre to want something different from the apparently endless cycle of society comedy, thriller, or ritualistic musical show (built to the unvarying formula: "Bring them together—tear them apart—bring them together") if only authors and managers would provide it.

It is this need that the American Federal movement is supplying. The artist now seeks his subject from the life of the people around him, from their everyday difficulties and problems. He has thus discovered a new world of subjects to redress the exhausted balance of the old. And he is reaping a reward in a wider appreciation of his efforts than he has hitherto enjoyed, since art is no longer a luxury

for the privileged few but is becoming an essential part of the life of the unprivileged many. That the maximum charge in the Federal Theatre is only about one-fifth of the minimum in the commercial theatre is very far from being the only reason why it steadily outdraws the commercial theatre. The enthusiasm of its audience is obvious and sincere. Richard Lockridge, of the *New York Sun*, wrote: "It is an engaging audience. Its face is not frozen. It is not sitting on its hands, when it hisses it is not self-conscious and when it cheers it means it."

Clearly in this more intimate association of the artist with the life of the people we have a most powerful vitalizing force. It manifests itself in a closer feeling of collaboration between the artist and his public, which is, perhaps, the mainspring of the whole movement. "This consciousness that we are one with the worker on the stage and in the audience is the very core of the Federal Theatre." When art is thus made of the people, for the people, and by the people, it may be said to be truly democratic.

But to what end is it being directed? May it not be that through the very magnitude of the scale on which it is being conducted the movement may lose all sense of direction? This is, indeed, an obvious danger. But for the time being, at least, it is not acute. What will keep the movement with its feet firmly on the ground is that the impulse in the artist to seek everyday subjects is reinforced by the demand that he shall interpret everyday life. In an age marked by acute conflict of rival social philosophies, the artist is finding that his function is to dramatize this conflict so that it may be apprehended and understood, not by the artist alone but by the whole people of whom he is a part. America is struggling, for the first time, to understand herself, and both the successes and failures of the art and theatre projects derive from the fact that they are the outward and visible sign of this struggle for self-knowledge.

Save, perhaps, in the minds of a few, no such developments were anticipated when the United States Government decided that its white-collar workers must not be left to starve. Yet, from what began as a system of relief work, has developed these unique social, cultural services. It may be truly said that often the ideas for which men have striven unsuccessfully, as they think, are finally achieved, but in a form which they never envisaged, and by a road which they never expected.

P.S.—As this was being written it was reported from the United States that the appropriations for all the Federal Art Projects are to be cut down. It is to be hoped that these reports are not true.

DOLOROSA

By Dan Pedoe

THE normal undergraduate finds his third and last year at Cambridge the best. He is inured to the discomforts, resigned to the discipline, and has learned to extract the flavour from what there is to enjoy with the art of a connoisseur. But my friend Joseph was different, as even his name suggested, in a place where most men are called Michael, David, or John. Joseph felt everything so keenly that his reactions were hardly ever those one might have expected.

Nevertheless, I was surprised to find him looking so gloomy on the first really warm spring day of our last year at Cambridge. I myself, strolling to his lodgings for supper, had felt very buoyant. Besides the spectacle of ancient buildings warmly reflecting the glow of the sunset, there was another sight which pleased me even more. The streets were filled with happy girls, wearing for the first time their gay spring clothes. But precisely the latter spectacle, as I discovered after supper, had been the cause of Joseph's mood.

"It's all very nice," he said, "but I wish they were not so disappointing as people. It would take more than clothes to make me speak to a waitress or a shop-girl nowadays."

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed in astonishment, "I had no idea you were a snob."

"I'm not," he answered impatiently, "but you must admit that talking to a waitress is hardly a satisfying experience. The subjects one can discuss are so few, and one could guess in advance her reply to anything one might say to her."

I had to agree.

"Of course," he went on, "that may not be the true reason for my being annoyed. The trouble is that I feel strongly attracted, and yet know at the same time that I am merely responding to the much-advertised allure of clothes and make-up."

"It is annoying," I said, "but the fact that you are so depressed must mean that you need a change of scene immediately. Why not take the 10.10 up to London to-night? You can arrange it with your landlady."

"The 10.10? That's rather late. What would be the good——" He stopped, and became rather confused. I saw that he might have misunderstood my suggestion, and so hastened to explain. "It's all right," I said, "I've done it once or twice myself when I felt completely fed up with this place. A walk along the Embankment, looking

at the reflection of the lights in the river, then up Whitehall, and a coffee in Piccadilly Circus—that's all you need. The main thing is to see that there's a world outside Cambridge. You won't be feeling all the time, as one does here, that you might meet a proctor round the corner and have to raise your cap to him."

"What about meeting a proctor on the way to the station?" said Joseph gloomily. "If you think I'm going up to town lugging my cap and gown, you're mistaken."

It was evident, however, that my suggestion had made a strong appeal to Joseph, and it was not long before I had persuaded him to risk being caught on his way to the station, and I left him early to give him time to pack his bag. As I walked home I envied Joseph his little excursion. I felt sure it would put an end, for the time being, to morbid analysis of his own emotions. It was the sort of warm, transparent evening on which any adventure seemed possible; but not, I thought, in Cambridge.

I did not see him for the next few days, as I had some work to finish, but this done, I was anxious to find out whether my proposed cure had been effective. I always knew where I could find Joseph after lunch, for he had the habit of walking straight up Castle Hill in the direction of Girton for half an hour, and then coming straight back. So I waited for him at the corner of Chesterton Lane, and soon saw his tall form striding down the hill.

He greeted me as he usually did, very pleasantly, but I could see that he had been deep in thought, and would have preferred not to have his meditations interrupted. I questioned him about London.

"I haven't been to London," said Joseph. "No! I didn't go. Only to the station." He stopped there as if the answer were quite sufficient.

"That must have been a nice change of scene," I said. "However did you miss your train?"

"I don't remember," replied Joseph simply. "I did not see it come in. I don't think I was on the platform—no, of course, I must have gone home some time or other."

"Look here!" I said, "are you really so vague, or did something happen?"

Joseph was always truthful. "Yes," he answered, "but I don't think it would interest you."

But I was very much interested, and insisted that he come with me to my lodgings. There I made him comfortable, ordered tea, and proceeded to get his story out of him. The following is what I gathered had happened.

On that fateful evening Joseph had set off in good time, for he

remembers that the clock of the Catholic Church was striking half-past nine as he hurried by on his way to the station. His mood seems to have been a mixture of eagerness for the little adventure I had suggested and fear of being seen by proctors. He attained sanctuary at the small, gas-lit station without mishap, but he was half an hour too early.

A train from London had just come in, and Joseph stood aside to let the crowd of passengers pass by. There was no point in going on to the platform then; and besides, I imagine that, like me, he enjoys watching people coming from a train. As Joseph waited, the crowd thinned, and he was moving towards the platform when a woman came through the barrier and walked slowly past him. The very first sight of her seems to have upset Joseph. He was unable to give any clear description of her face, but that is not surprising. She was dressed in deep black, and her hat had a little veil attached to the brim. Altogether there was something mysterious and aloof about her.

She had been the last of the outcoming crowd, and Joseph concluded, quite reasonably, I thought, that she was not a passenger; that she had gone to meet the train, not come from it. So slowly did she walk, and, Joseph thought, so sadly, that he was convinced that she had been expecting to meet some person who had not come. Moreover, it began to dawn on him that there was something more in all this than the non-appearance of an expected arrival. She looked as though she had known all the time that he would not come.

But Joseph's next idea was a little too much for even a sympathetic friend to swallow. I know he has more imagination and insight than I have, but it did seem to me rather rash to conclude that the man she had come to meet was the dead man for whom she wore such deep mourning, and that, as part of a ritual, she had deliberately gone to meet the train, knowing he would never come any more. . . .

I protested that such an idea was fantastic, but Joseph was able to supply convincing evidence for his belief. The mourning lady had passed through the barrier without looking to right or left, and without remembering to give up her platform ticket. But neither the ticket-collector nor the policeman who, as usual, stood at his side, had made any attempt to stop her. They had both looked after her compassionately, and the policeman had remarked aloud: "That's the second time this week, isn't it?" The ticket-collector had nodded, and then added: "She does keep it up. Been going on for three months now, I should say," and he had shrugged his shoulders, as if to dismiss a painful subject.

Joseph had turned back from the platform. He could not let the matter rest there, and even before she had left the station he had

determined to follow and speak to her. There was still twenty minutes before his train went, and she was walking slowly down a long, straight road in which the proctors seldom appeared; so he set off in pursuit. I must explain that all Joseph had in mind was an overpowering impulse to help the lady. He soon caught up with her, but accosting her was another matter. What could he say? Before he was really aware that he had intended to speak at all, he heard himself ask: "Are you taking a walk?"

His nervousness must have been apparent, and I doubt if any woman would have been offended with the question, asked in Joseph's gentle voice. But the lady did not answer. Neither did she give the slightest sign of having heard him. In desperation he repeated the question, rather more loudly. His mind was in too much of a whirl for him to be able to think of any other opening. This time she turned her head and looked at him quite simply, but her eyes had a far-away look. "Perhaps I am," she answered. Joseph assured me that there was nothing coquettish in the reply. It was as if she really did not know. Her simple and dignified answer had abashed him, and for a moment he felt that it would be best to retrace his steps at once. But his urgent sense of her distress drove him on.

"You're in deep mourning," he said.

It was the most fatuous remark possible in the circumstances, but he had to make it. She gazed at him as he said this, almost as though surprised out of a trance, looked down at her black dress, and murmured: "I suppose I am." Joseph detected a bitter note in her voice, and fear seized him. Who was he to attempt to fathom the depths of such a profound sorrow? With a muttered apology, he ran from her.

All he could recall after that is that quite an hour later he found himself on the doorstep of his lodgings, and there remembered, with bewildered surprise, that on that same evening he had been going up to London. He was out of breath, and thinks he must have spent the interval walking about Cambridge very quickly. It was lucky for him that he met no proctors I thought, as he came to the end of his narrative; but he was in such an exalted and yet downcast mood by the time he had finished that I refrained from comment.

I had felt uneasy while Joseph told his story; and after he had gone I was overcome by a fit of depression. A foreboding that the events of that strange evening would affect our friendship weighed on me. I had been startled to hear that Joseph now found it difficult to restrain himself from haunting the station, particularly at night. "Every time I think of the place," he had said, "with people coming from a train, hurrying through the barrier, and white faces moving

towards me under the dim lights, I almost recapture the sensations of our meeting, and seem to be on the point of knowing what it is I should have said." "If I were you," I had exclaimed rather irritably, "I should try to forget all about it now."

Joseph had risen to go. "That is impossible. Think what she has been through this winter, and what she must feel, going to meet that train," and with a brief leave-taking, he was gone.

My foreboding was a sound one. During the remainder of that term, I found myself more and more out of sympathy with Joseph. It was impossible to talk to him. Before that night, his interests had been similar to my own; and he had brought to bear on them a keenly critical mind which had made conversation with him a pleasure. But now he regarded his former interests as trivial and without permanent value. "Never again do I want to feel such an empty idiot as I did that night," he said; and to my dismay, his bookshelves began to bulge with enormous tomes on philosophy and metaphysics. I became finally discouraged when I found that, for the sake of filling up the supposed emptiness in his psyche, he was prepared to swallow assumptions which would have made him rock with laughter a short time ago.

Therefore, when the vacation came, I did not expect to see much of him, although we both lived in London. We met only once, at his suggestion, to have lunch in Soho and visit the National Gallery. I hoped to find him his old self, but was shocked to see how thin and pale he looked. He showed little interest in food, and talked incessantly. I gathered that his metaphysics had led him on to mysticism. Certain esoteric doctrines had made a great impression on him, and he was thinking of joining a society so as to meet with other seekers. As we walked down the Charing Cross Road after lunch I was not surprised to see him pounce on any book with a religio-mystical title. And his desire to visit the National Gallery was soon explained. The only pictures he looked at were of the Pietà type, for which I have no taste. Nor had he any wish to discuss them. He gazed at them ecstatically, forgetting my presence; and I wondered why he had invited me at all. Riding home in the bus, I felt thankful that, like myself, Joseph had his final examinations to face next term.

Once term had started, I wasted no more thoughts on him. Our friendship had come to a sad pass, and I had things of more immediate importance to think about. Only when the examination results were posted, and I found that we both had reason to feel pleased with ourselves, did my heart begin to soften towards Joseph. The results showed that he must have given up his metaphysics for a

time, at least. Meeting him outside the Senate House, I invited him to spend the evening celebrating our triumph. He also was going down next day, and accepted cordially.

Joseph was quite like his old self until after our fourth glass of sherry, which induced in both of us a mood of gentle melancholy. We began to talk of our memories of Cambridge, and he was soon telling me the whole romantic story over again, but in a rather more highly coloured form. Even in my fuddled state, I felt a passing surprise that this time the whole thing seemed of profound personal importance to myself; and when Joseph ended his recital by expressing the conviction that sometime, in this world or another, he would meet the mourning lady again, knowing what he wanted to say to her, I had to confess, with tears in my eyes, that lately the thought of a railway station at night moved me to the depths of my soul. When I thought of a train arriving, and the mysteriousness of it all, the going and the coming and everything, it made my heart ache. I too expected someone but I should never know whom. . . .

At this moment I was dimly conscious of a hand patting me on the shoulder, and a voice murmuring: "It's all right, old chap, we understand each other. We must stick together. I shan't let you go down alone." My gratitude was intense, for at that moment I could not bear the thought of waiting on the station for a train that would never come, without Joseph, without a friend. . . .

Next morning my head was fairly clear, for mercifully we had kept to sherry. I did not care to remember most of the previous evening, but I did remember at what time Joseph's taxi was coming round to pick me up, and I felt some anxiety lest his memory of the arrangement should not be so good as mine. However, I trustfully got everything ready for the appointed hour, and Joseph arrived on time. There was a slight embarrassment in our greeting, and riding along in the taxi neither of us spoke much. We were both looking our last as undergraduates on familiar scenes. Also, there was a great deal of luggage to attend to.

None the less, I could not help feeling uneasy as we entered the station, and I watched Joseph nervously for any sign of melancholy or ecstasy; but to my relief he remained composed. In fact, when we had gone through to the platform, and our luggage was beside us, piled on a barrow, all he said was that he was dying of thirst, and suggested we should have a drink.

Just as we were about to enter the bar, however, I was seized with panic lest alcohol should again bring his demon to the surface, particularly in view of the favourable environment.

"No, no more sherry!" I protested. "If you're really as thirsty as

I am, home-made lemonade is the thing. We can get it in the tea-room, and it's not bad at all."

"I've never been inside the lousy place," Joseph grumbled. "Station tea-rooms always make me think of spades and pails, and infants spilling their milk. I couldn't stand it, to-day above all. Besides, there is hardly time." Nevertheless, while he was speaking, I had led him firmly towards the tea-room.

Entering, I looked round from force of habit to see who was there. The tables were empty, and only one waitress was to be seen, standing behind the counter, and serving the one other customer with a sandwich from under a glass bell. I felt disappointed, for this particular waitress did not appeal to me at all. She had a rather sullen, far-away look which might have been caused by fatigue or illness, but which suggested to me an unsympathetic wench who despised and disliked the whole human race. I reflected, as many times before, that only the smart, sophisticated type, or the rosy, cheerful, milkmaid type looks attractive in the uniform of a waitress. A woman who is neither smart nor healthy looks as if she were in mourning.

Mourning? I winced at the thought, and turned to Joseph. He was staring at the girl with startled eyes and slightly opened mouth. All at once he turned, and in a clumsy state of agitation that caused him to bump against a table, made for the door. I followed him in amazement. Yet the faint beginnings of a vague hope were stirring in me. The waitress—the black dress—the tea-room that shuts in the evening before the 10.10 goes out. . . .

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Couldn't have recognized me, anyway," muttered Joseph. "Come on, can't you! Here's our train!"

Hope, amazement, incredulity, then certainty possessed my mind, as we boarded the train and checked the luggage piled into our compartment. The door was fastened, the porter tipped, and I turned to face a free Joseph, the Joseph of a year ago.

THE THEATRE

TIME AND THE CONWAYS. By J. B. Priestley. *Duchess*.

RICHARD II. By William Shakespeare. *Queen's*.

PYGMALION. By Bernard Shaw

GHOSTS. By Henrik Ibsen

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. By William Shakespeare

} *Buxton Festival*.

MEDIOCRITY has had so long a run in the theatre this year that there is the law of averages behind the optimistic prophet who sees in the beginnings of the new season signs of better times ahead. But apart from that law, which has made many gamblers and economists look foolish, the signs themselves are definitely encouraging. *Time and the Conways* is, next to *Eden End*, the best play that Mr. Priestley has yet written. It has been generally praised in terms that may frighten away both the highbrow and the lowbrow public, something too much fuss having been made about the philosophical idea which has been used to illuminate the history of a middle-class provincial family. It is the idea that past, present, and future are one and that but for a lack of perception in us we should all be aware of this unity and our own immortality. The lowbrow may well think that this conception of Time is something he will never understand, and, as likely as not, the highbrow will recall Mr. Shaw's saying that ideas are exhausted long before they have battered their way into the commercial theatre. One will stay away because he sees no promise of entertainment in a philosophical disquisition, the other because he is unwilling to submit himself to an elaboration of the obvious; both will thus deprive themselves of a good evening in the theatre, and a distinguished play will become a distinguished failure.

For the point about *Time and the Conways* is not Time, but the Conways. They—mother, two sons, and four daughters—are drawn with knowledge and precision, and, though rather too fond of charades, they are people whose affairs are sufficiently varied and significant to hold the attention apart from the main point which the dramatist is making about them. The point is made by showing them in the happiness of a birthday party just after the war; by showing them again nineteen years later when all their hopes have come to ruin; and by switching back to the end of the early birthday party when the future is being planned in a way which, we already know, fate will falsify. The hardest acts to write must clearly have been the first and last. In the first there was the heaviness of exposition to be overcome, and in the third danger of pressing the irony too hard. Mr. Priestley tackles these difficulties with admirable skill and in the second, easiest act carries us beyond admiration by bringing off an extraordinarily clear-cut picture of hope betrayed. Neither the players nor the producer have let the author down. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, Miss Barbara Everest, Miss Rosemary Scott, Miss Eileen Erskine, Mr. Raymond Huntley, and Mr. Mervyn Johns show the best collective acting that London has

at present, and Miss Irene Hentschel handles this splendid team and this rich play with all possible nicety.

As happy an augury for the future is the opening of Mr. John Gielgud's season at the Queen's. It begins with Shakespeare's *Richard II*, and of Mr. Gielgud's performance one may say that no other contemporary actor has given such a satisfying impression of the king who was so much of an artist that he could observe the processes of his own ruin with gusto. The interpretation owes something to Sir Frank Benson, who was the first to read into Richard that chameleon quality of apprehension which might have made a great artist of the foppish and rakish king, but Mr. Gielgud adds to the insight and subtlety of the earlier performance a grace and a power that are his own yet perfectly suited to the part. Even so, the character is not wholly consistent, but that is Shakespeare's fault for having changed his plans in midstream. Mr. Gielgud is handsomely supported, Mr. Leon Quartermaine and Mr. Michael Redgrave playing Gaunt and Bolingbroke, and in the matter of scenery perhaps too handsomely.

However these fair beginnings are followed up in Shaftesbury Avenue we can be assured of a good season in the Waterloo Road. *Pygmalion*, the Old Vic's opening piece, will have Miss Diana Wynyard in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's old part. Her performance at the Buxton Festival was under-rehearsed, but no doubt it will grow in authenticity before it comes to town. There is a pleasantly humorous Higgins in Mr. Robert Morley, and as Doolittle Mr. Jay Laurier does his best, very amusingly, to forget that he ever played in pantomime. But, to judge from the Festival performances, the two most distinguished things in the coming season at the Old Vic will be Miss Marie Ney's Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts* and her Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. Her portrait of Mrs. Alving is beautifully clear-cut. It presents a woman we can respect as well as pity, and the appeal to the emotions, when made, is done with flawless art. Mr. Emlyn Williams shows both his technical proficiency and his natural discretion as Oswald, and there is a questionably correct but extremely interesting study of Pastor Manders by Mr. Stephen Murray. The heroine of *Measure for Measure* is an ungrateful part, and most actresses who essay it are content to assume that it cannot be made sympathetic to a modern audience. They make themselves icy monuments of righteousness and get through the inconsistencies with what grace they can. But in the hands of Miss Ney Isabella becomes as sympathetic as she is ever likely to be, and this because the actress has seized on impulsiveness as the key to the character. It is this impulsiveness which leads her into her unconscious temptation of Angelo and causes her—in an almost hysterical outburst—to prefer her brother's death to her own dishonour. The reading is disputable—but what reading of Isabella is not? At any rate, it works on the stage and is one of a number of reasons why Mr. Tyrone Guthrie has been able to present this difficult play so lucidly.

A. V. COOKMAN

ART

TO return from a Paris overcrowded with people and pictures to the London of late August and early September is a restful experience, and to find oneself in exhibitions where one can enjoy all at leisure, instead of making a somewhat despairing choice before a practically infinite, supply is perhaps in itself conducive to an unusually receptive state of mind. This must be remembered while one considers the good impression made by one or two of the summer exhibitions, still lingering on, so to speak, into September in London, particularly as in the eyes of their originators they are, I suppose, primarily stopgaps between more important exhibitions.

Nevertheless, when all allowances of this kind are made, the collection of English and French pictures at the Lefevre galleries remains an exhibition which would be well worthy of study at a more crowded time than this. The work by the two nations is kept apart. In the French section most of what is shown will be familiar to any regular visitor to the galleries. An exception to this, in the case of the present writer, was the series of paintings by M. Dufy, hung together along one wall. It is curious that the peculiar and, one would say, easily imitated method which this painter has evolved for himself, has had no imitators in these days of rapid imitation of any new method invented. It is all the more curious as the method is in itself a source of great charm in M. Dufy's pictures. This last point was very noticeable in the exhibition by the contrast afforded between the central picture on the wall, a beach scene painted in a fuller manner than usual, and the more typical pictures of soldiers at St. James's Palace on either side of it. It set one wondering how much of the attractiveness of M. Dufy's painting is due to the method rather than to his vision or his feeling.

Among the familiar works it was interesting to see again two landscapes by Renoir, differing in their style and illustrating the number of different influences at work in later impressionist painting. Gauguin's theory of the use of colour for its own beauty, not for the imitation of nature, must have made an appeal to the colourist in Renoir, and one of these pictures, a landscape of two trees in the foreground framing a building in the middle distance, shows clearly his influence, more clearly than any other Renoir that I know. Under this influence Renoir's colour has developed much of Gauguin's boldness and simplicity, his pigment has become fuller, and his touch has exchanged softness and complexity for hardness and a simple incisiveness. The other picture is an Algerian scene, painted therefore either during the visit of 1879 or after the visit to Italy between 1881 and 1882. It has an interesting similarity to the later work of Delacroix, which is no doubt made more obvious by the nature of the subject. The similarity of Delacroix's later method, of an elaborate series of glazes applied in thin discrete strokes, to that of Renoir has already often been described at length, so that there is no need to elaborate upon it here. It is worth noting, however, that this picture, which might be a fine copy of an unknown Delacroix, is the perfect illustration to such a description.

Interesting as some of the French pictures are, it is to the English section that the exhibition chiefly owes the good impression which it makes. Among other good paintings, several may be mentioned as notable for various reasons. As the work of an artist making his *début* there is a landscape, showing allotment gardens with little suburban houses in the background, by Mr. Tod Wardlow. Painted in a manner rather reminiscent of Renoir, it shows a quiet, intimate feeling for the scene and a fine sense of tones. Quite its opposite in feeling and in handling is a portrait by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. There have been very few of this artist's pictures to be seen in recent years. In this one he shows himself in a realistic mood, but that this is not a permanent change from his more abstract style is proved by another picture at present on view in the Leicester galleries, *Sheik's Wife*, which is very close in its abstract rhythm to the cover of the first number of *The Enemy*. Two landscapes on canvas by Mr. John Aldridge are also worthy of notice as showing a marked advance on his previous smaller paintings on panel. He has attained a very effective method of handling his subject, very direct and simple, but quite unaffected and genuine, as being the result of natural development. His simplicity forms an interesting contrast with that other simplicity, sophisticated and consciously contrived, which is very effectively employed by Mrs. Nicholson in some excellent examples of her work, also in this exhibition.

Among the exhibitions of this quiet period is one which may well be of far greater importance than the modesty of its material at first glance suggests. This is the exhibition of photographs at the Building Centre of the work of Mr. Raymond Loewy. During the past eleven years Mr. Loewy has been producing with great success designs for industry in the United States. The photographs show a wide range, from small objects such as pencil-sharpeners to railway-engines and ships. Aesthetically they are very satisfying. Besides its beauty, what is interesting about Mr. Loewy's work is that it is directed primarily towards beautifying the object, although incidentally some functional improvement may be made. It is, therefore, opposed in principle to the Ruskin-Corbusier theories. In view of this, it is curious to notice, in comparing an object before and after it has been, so to say, in Mr. Loewy's hands, that his design has given it an increased *appearance* of efficiency. This is important in weighing such evidence as exists for the Ruskin-Corbusier doctrine. It also suggests a reason for the enormous increase in sales which results from his design. But such a cynical explanation of the cause of this last fact by no means diminishes the comfort which it brings. It does not alter the fact that aesthetically good design is in more demand than bad design. The exhibition is primarily intended to inaugurate the placing on the market of Mr. Loewy's first work for an English firm, the Otto stove. He is working now in England with one or two English assistants, whom he is training in his style. To judge by his success in America, his own work here and the competition which it should evoke may reasonably be hoped to have a very beneficial effect on industrial design in this country.

WILLIAM GIBSON

FRENCH MUSIC

INNOVER dans la tradition—démarche essentiellement française. These are the words used by M. André Coeuroy in his excellent *Panorama de la musique contemporaine* to describe the rôle of Gabriel Fauré in French music: and it has been the rôle of other great French composers. Rameau and Bizet, it is hard to remember to-day, were innovators and prophets—"non pas ce prophète écumant que rêva d'être Berlioz, mais ce précurseur ferme et doux . . .," to quote again M. Coeuroy. Such men have the worst of both worlds, in a sense. In their lifetimes their innovations are held against them; but the very fact that these innovations are legitimate and organic developments of a tradition, easily and quickly assimilated by the language they enrich, causes the innovators to appear to future generations the conventional children of their time. Fauré appeared in the heyday of Wagnerian enthusiasm in France and twenty years before Debussy laid the foundations of twentieth-century French harmony: but it was Debussy who made the striking gesture of revolt, openly abandoning the conventional tonality which Fauré had often, quietly and without rage, stretched and moulded to his own subtle uses.

Now, at least outside France, while Debussy is still remembered as a revolutionary genius, Fauré tends to be remembered for the affinity of his melodies with their poor relations, the melodies of Massenet: and his suave, unruffled and unpretentious profundity is neglected for the more strident timbres and more glaring palettes of later and more saleable idioms. Yet it was Fauré who first understood Verlaine, and though Debussy's settings are the more perfect in prosody and from a purely literary point of view, the settings of Fauré are the perfect recreations of Verlaine's poems in music. For Fauré has always this in common with the very greatest, and only the very greatest composers: that there is never any incommensurability between the conception and the execution of his works. With so many composers the listener feels that here, perhaps, is a magnificent conception whose execution is somehow unsatisfactory—pompous and grandiloquent or jejune and unworthy—for the reason that the composer was not equally developed. I personally have this feeling with the symphonies of Mahler: others will recall other composers or single works. Mahler, I feel, wishes to express all the pain and all the beauty which his sensitiveness showed him in the world: but the result, often loveable for the very sincerity and pathetic earnestness of the composer which is never for a moment in doubt, is a vast bombination *in vacuo* which leaves me at first cold and then irritated. Fauré's conceptions are never grandiose: and indeed if one tries to determine what the *conception* behind the music is, one is baffled. The conception and its musical shape are inseparable, or as separable as the conception and expression of a lyric by Sappho. This quality alone gives Fauré a claim to the highest musical rank, and has given him the position which he holds to-day in France.

But why in France only? There is a most unsatisfactory theory according to which certain composers, like certain wines, are not for export. Fauré is considered by many, even reputable musicians, to appeal to some sense possessed only by the French: and Elgar and, until recently, Bruckner, are quoted as similar exclusive possessions of the English and German-speaking nations respectively. I believe that inasmuch as this theory has any truth in it at all, it is due not to circumstances of nationality, but to certain preconceived ideas. The greatest beauty of music, as against the other arts, is that it is an international language, because it is the language of the emotions, which vary little all the world over, and hardly at all in Western Europe. The intonation may be unfamiliar and the pronunciation strange at first; occasionally there will be a word or a phrase that needs explanation. But it is a conventional commonplace that a foreign accent is in itself not unpleasant but rather engaging: and to pretend that it makes the substance, or even—with a little concentration on the part of the listener—the fine points of a conversation unintelligible is nonsensical.

A proof of this is the recent fashion for Bruckner's music in some musical circles in England. A symphony by Bruckner is not easily accessible to the average English musician: I myself find the vast length, frequent repetitions, and wavelike climaxes irritating and distracting from the main point, which is the genuine beauty and nobility of the music itself. But I refuse to pretend that, because Bruckner was an Austrian and I am an Englishman, these difficulties are insurmountable. I know people, originally as little attracted by Bruckner as myself, who with a little patience and hard work, and a sincere will to understand and appreciate, have come to admire and enjoy Bruckner's work enormously. And the same could easily be achieved in the case of Fauré. But here we strike a deep-seated prejudice against French music, not so much in the ordinary public or the fully-trained musicians, but in the half-educated musical public, the musical middle class.

The remedy is as simple as it always is with neglected music—more performances. In the case of Fauré this is equivalent to saying "performance," since I doubt if there are in England more than three performances a year of any major work of his. I should like to see the establishment of a Fauré Society, on the same footing as the Hugo Wolf and Sibelius Societies (it is strange, by the way, that we find that most Finnish of composers more easy to assimilate than a nextdoor neighbour like Fauré). And ideally, that Fauré Society might be affiliated with an Elgar Society in Paris. With Fauré French music might recover from its double disgrace—a disgrace caused by Gounod and Massenet who originally revolted more serious musicians, and by Debussy, *les Six*, and the children of the musical Franco-Soviet Pact who frightened the more simple. Fauré may act once again, as he acted in real life, as a link between the old and the new, the two strains of tradition and innovations blending perfectly and uniting the finer points of the musics of the past and the future.

MARTIN COOPER



THE DUKE OF AREMBERG

Pen and ink study for the portrait at Holkham by VAN DYCK (1599-1641)

*Recently acquired by the Department of Prints and Drawings at
the British Museum*

FILMS

VICTORIA THE GREAT. *British.*

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD. *British.*

A STAR IS BORN. *American.*

JUDGED by average standards of screen entertainment, *Victoria the Great* is an unusually good picture. Judged as a piece of craftsmanship, it is not brilliant but very skilful. Judged as a social document, it is trivial and false. Are these discrepancies inevitable in commercial film production? To a large extent, yes; an expensive film must try to make an immediate appeal to huge mixed audiences. Certain elements in the life of Queen Victoria can be trusted to make this appeal, others cannot. And in any case there must be drastic selection if a reign of sixty-four years is to be rendered somehow in two hours of screen time.

The scenario, by Miles Malleon and Charles de Grandcourt, is neatly planned to isolate the Queen's love story, with pageant-like impressions of her accession and finally (in Technicolor) of her Diamond Jubilee. The dialogue is natural and agreeably economical, and Herbert Wilcox's direction is particularly skilful in the interweaving of moments of romance and touches of comedy with glimpses of ceremonial. Mr. Wilcox has taken great pains, too, with the settings and costumes, and sometimes, as in the first railway journey of the royal couple—antedated to coincide with their honeymoon—he brings off a vividly entertaining period effect. But there are lapses: Melbourne, Palmerston, and Gladstone all seem to me singularly unconvincing. The best part of the film comes when the Queen is middle-aged. Miss Anna Neagle, rather tall for the part, makes her too regal as a young girl, and as an old lady she has no chance to be much more than an aged figure, seated stiffly on a throne or in a carriage, receiving homage. But her performance is always intelligent and dignified, and as a middle-aged woman still in love with her husband, and again as a widow some years after her husband's death, she brings a real human character to life on the screen. In Anton Walbrook's playing of Prince Albert there is a greater range of accomplishment—more variety and subtlety of style—and the gradual stages which transform him from a stiff, unpopular foreigner to a man with an assured influence on the country's affairs are well brought out. But the scenario shows us an idealized Albert. We see the lover, the musician, the shrewdly far-seeing statesman, never the pedant. And whenever the film gets away from the Queen's domestic life, its idealizing tendency is still more obvious. The reign is shown as a triumphant progress, social reform and imperial expansion marching forward complacently together.

A fine film could be made about the Victorian age—its energies and cruelties, its achievements and hypocrisies, its great men and its mean men, and in the midst of it all the Queen, turning gradually from an exuberant girl to an archaic figure, a woman conscientious and obstinate, her outlook

scarcely influenced by the tremendous discoveries of her time, blindly resisting progress and coming—perhaps for that very reason—to symbolize the solid foundation of moral rectitude on which her people wished to think their imperial prosperity was built. But such a film would have to be a film of stress and conflict, a symphony of discords and harmonies inextricably interwoven and indispensable to each other. This is not the kind of film Mr. Wilcox has tried to make: and who shall blame him for not gambling wildly with his own and other people's money?

Making *The Edge of the World* was a gamble, perhaps, but one of those valuable gambles which are occasionally possible in the film world when a good idea can be fitted with modest overhead costs. Michael Powell, who wrote and directed it, took a few professional players to the island of Foula, in the Shetlands. His story—paralleled in real life on other Scottish islands—shows the inhabitants, their numbers dwindling, struggling to keep alive on their rocky home and at last forced to abandon it. Mingled with this is a love story—the rivalry of two young men for a girl, daughter of a dour elder who stands obstinately for the old ways of island life. Mr. Powell does not succeed entirely in blending the two themes: at moments the love story has a slightly forced, artificial air compared with the natural drama of its background. The leading parts are simply and sincerely acted by Belle Crystall, John Laurie, and Niall MacGinnis, but here, too the professionals are sometimes a little too easily distinguishable from the islanders. However, these contrasts are never obtrusive; the island life is faithfully rendered and finely photographed. The barren landscape, the islanders filing to their whitewashed kirk, the sea beating against the rocks, the farming and shepherding and the desperate cliff-climbing match between the two young men—all this is turned into such a visual experience as only the screen can provide. The accompanying music, orchestral and choral, is mostly a mistake, I think: it overpowers the natural sounds, the surge of waves and the crying of the gulls, which should have been treated on an equal footing with the images and used to give them all the harmony they need. But *The Edge of the World* is the best British film of the year so far; and it drives home the main criticism already directed at the Government's new quota plans, which seem positively to discourage the producer with good ideas and not much money.

A Star Is Born is worth seeing partly for its intelligently restrained use of colour and partly for the vivid impression it gives of the heartless glare of Hollywood publicity and the atmosphere of feverish rivalry among the nerve-wracked population of the film colony. The early part, showing the swift rise to fame of an "extra" girl (Janet Gaynor), is no more than a Cinderella romance, but there is some effective realism later on, when the girl's film-star husband, gradually failing to draw his old public, goes downhill and finally drinks his way to suicide. He is very well acted by Frederic March, who at last has again a modern part that suits him, and there are some good terse performances in support. *A Star Dies* would be a title giving a much better idea of the best qualities of this picture.

CHARLES DAVY

BOOK PRODUCTION NOTES

BEN AT HIS RAREST*

NONE of the Golden Cockerel books which I have chronicled in these pages has given me greater delight than this. Yet I took it up with a certain prejudice; for its title, *A Croppe of Kisses*, borrowed from the Epithalamion with which the selection opens, led me to suspect that in choosing it the editor had somehow missed the true character of the sturdy and lusty Ben. My prejudice was quickly dispelled by his preface and by his choice of poems. "He must be a sad fellow," he says, "who cannot find it in his heart to love Ben Jonson"; and with happy discrimination he contrasts the spontaneous singing of Jonson, not only with the self-conscious artistry of Pope, but also with the "specialist" art of our own day; in which "technique, experiment, legerdemain win the bays." The selection, admirably made (and I am proud to find that my own edition of Ben Jonson's poems has materially helped its making) is no mere collection of *basia*, but contains sterner stuff also, like the *Ode to Himselfe*, and even that solemn repudiation of the world and its "toyes, and trifles, traps, and snares" which begins, "False world, good night." But Mr. Wallis implies that Ben wrote those lines towards the close of his life, and about himself. Far from that, they were written "for a Gentle-woman vertuous and noble," who, perhaps, was renouncing the world for the cloister; and they are found in *The Forrest*, printed by Jonson in his first folio of 1616.

And the printing? It is a tall book, narrow and thin: I should call it a folio, if the chain-lines of the Batchelor paper, showing the Golden Cockerel watermark, did not run across the page as in a quarto. The type is Caslon's Old Face in the Great Primer size on an 18-pt. body. Compared with some of the more mannered and manicured types which of late years have come into vogue for fine book printing, Caslon's letter in this larger size seems to have some of the spontaneity which the editor recognizes in Ben's poetry. I should have liked it better still if the type had been spaced a little closer. The book is bound by Sangorski and Sutcliffe in buff-coloured buckram boards with a back of niger morocco. The title-page is variegated, being printed in red and green with a yellow cockerel strutting across; and each poem begins with a four-line versal letter, printed green or red or blue. The book is a worthy tercentenary tribute, and nearly, if not quite (I quote Ben himself):

A curious forme without a fault,
A printed book without a blot,
All beauty, and without a spot.

* *A Croppe of Kisses*. Selected Lyrics of Ben Jonson Chosen with an Appreciation by John Wallis. The Golden Cockerel Press. 250 copies. Two guineas.

LETTERING OF TO-DAY*

KINDLY critics of views which time and time again I have put forward in these Notes have argued that I insist too much on the close relationship which, as I hold, should subsist between calligraphy (in its literal sense of fine lettering) and letterpress printing. To them, and indeed to all others who are interested in book production from whatever angle, I most heartily commend this special number of *The Studio*. Lettering has become the universal craft; it intrudes into every relation of life in a way unknown to the ancients and in a degree unparalleled by any other human invention. And in this number of *The Studio* richly illustrated articles on Hand Lettering (by Dr. Eberhard Hölschen), Calligraphy (by Alfred Fairbanks—I should prefer to call it Penmanship), Lettering in Book Production (by Anna Simons), in Architecture (by Percy J. Smith), and in Advertising (by R. Haughton), show how in all these uses and for all these purposes there is but one art of lettering, however manifold its manifestations, and whatever the material and the tool used in its making. Attempts at lettering done in disregard or defiance of good tradition and sound practice are nearly always deplorable, as we may see not only in the printed books and advertisements but also in the monumental inscriptions of last century. Then, indeed, the sculptors and painters were amongst the worst offenders. The unity of the craft is fully recognized in the classes of lettering established at Offenbach-am-Main by the late Rudolf Koch. There every student of lettering follows the same course, whatever the art or industry—sculpture, painting, printing, weaving, or what not—which he is to practise.

I must especially commend the article on Lettering in Book Production by Fräulein Anna Simons. It is a privilege to draw instruction and information from so near the fountain-head; for, as my readers will remember, it was she who translated Edward Johnston's book on Lettering into German, and so helped to introduce into her own country the movement which dates from that work, and has been so rich and happy in its fruit.

Though it is sometimes held [she writes] that writing and printing are heterogeneous, I know of no craft which imparts so easily and perfectly a strong feeling for rhythm. . . . It also provides for the best training for both hand and eye in the execution and adjustment of well-proportioned, properly spaced, uniform masses of letters, things quite as important to the typographer and the letter designer as to the calligrapher.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

* *Lettering of To-day*. "The Studio" Ltd. Wrapper 7s. 6d.; cloth 10s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

SOMETIMES, in writing these notes, I get a little depressed by the feeling that too small a proportion of the works I have to review is of English origin. Then comes something to show that English bibliographers, though possibly not very prolific, are yet capable of work of the very highest quality. Such a reassuring occasion is the publication of Mr. Geoffrey Keynes's *John Evelyn: a Study in Bibliophily and a Bibliography of his Writings* (Cambridge University Press, 3 gns.). There is, presumably, at this time of day no need to commend the method and thoroughness of Mr. Keynes's bibliographical work, which is well known to all who are interested in such things. In his general preface he tells us that he began his research upon Evelyn's writings in 1915, while serving with the army in France, "having as my most fruitful correspondent in England the late A. T. Bartholomew," to whose memory the book is dedicated, and with whom for some years he collaborated in this task. He also obtained introductions to, and assistance from, the representatives of the Evelyn family still living at Wotton. Mr. Keynes's preliminary essay, "on Evelyn's character and his attitude towards books," occupies the first thirty pages of the text, after which comes the bibliography itself, and this, with the indexes, brings the number of pages to over three hundred. Each of Evelyn's books is treated in a separate section, consisting of a short preface followed by collations of the first and all subsequent editions. Mr. Keynes has done a massive and unhurried piece of work, which all lovers of good scholarship will appreciate.

* * *

The announcement was made last month that the Trustees of the British Museum have agreed to buy the library of the late T. J. Wise, the finest collection of books and manuscripts made by any Englishman in recent times. The amount to be paid is not disclosed, but it is said to be much less (owing to the generosity of the beneficiaries of the will) than the estimated market value of the library. At the same time it is certainly a very large sum, in relation to the funds which the Museum has available for making purchases, and, though no public appeal is made, there is no doubt that the authorities would welcome it were some generous person or persons to offer to subscribe towards the cost. No one who has studied the catalogue of the Ashley Library (as Wise called his collection), or who had the privilege of being shown some portion of it by the collector, can fail to feel glad that so great a treasure of fine things should be added to the British Museum Library. The poetical and dramatic books, from the time of Spenser to the present, in which Wise specialized, contain an exceptionally large proportion of very rare things, and the copies are always either in extremely good condition or of special association interest.

I. A. WILLIAMS

PUBLISHERS' AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS

A selection of books due to appear in October, November, or December.
The dates, when given, are provisional.

ANTHROPOLOGY

CARL W. BLEGEN. *Prosymna: The Helladic Settlement preceding the Argive Heraeum*. Cambridge University Press. 7 gns. Oct. 7. Results of the excavations of the American School of Classical Studies.

LEO FOUCHÉ. *Mapungabwe: Ancient Bantu Civilization on the Limpopo*. Cambridge University Press. 50s. Late Autumn.

SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, O.M. *Totemica*. Macmillan. 25s. Early Oct. A supplement to *Totemism and Exogamy*.

ART

WILLIAM BLAKE. *Illustrations of the Book of Job*. Reproduced in full-colour facsimile from the original drawings of the "New Zealand" set, in the possession of Philip Hofer. Dent. 21s. Oct.

CHIANG YEE. *The Silent Traveller: A Chinese Artist in Lakeland*. Country Life. 7s. 6d. Oct. 14. 14 lithographs by the author.

CHIANG YEE. *Chinese Calligraphy*. Methuen. 15s. Nov. 18.

RANDALL DAVIES. *Victorian Water-Colours at Windsor Castle*. Country Life. 21s. Oct. 14.

MYFANWY EVANS, edited by. *The Painter's Object*. Gerald Howe. 10s. 6d. Essays on their art by various artists.

T. H. FOKKER. *Roman Baroque Art. The History of a Style*. Oxford University Press. 5 gns. Nov.

BASIL GRAY. *English Prints*. Black. 7s. 6d. Late Autumn.

JAMES LAVER. *Taste and Fashion, from the French Revolution till To-day*. Harrap. 12s. 6d. Late Oct.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Narrative Paintings*. Batsford. 21s.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

C. BRUYN ANDREWS, edited by. *The Torrington Diaries*. Vol. IV. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s. G. P. BAKER. *Augustus*. Grayson. 12s. 6d.

J. M. BARRIE. *The Greenwood Hat: Being a Memoir of James Anon*. Peter Davies. 8s. 6d. Late Autumn, or next year. Autobiographical, 50 copies privately printed seven years ago.

VERNON BARTLETT. *This is My Life*. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. Oct. 21.

H. M. BATEMAN. *H. M. Bateman*. Collins. 10s. 6d. Oct. 18. Illustrated.

HILAIRE BELLOC. *Louis XIV*. Cassell. 8s. 6d. Nov.

NICOLAS BENTLEY. *The Time of My Life*. A Pictorial Biography. Michael Joseph. 6s. Oct. 4.

EDWARD J. BING, edited by. *Letters of Tsar Nicholas and the Empress Marie*. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 15s. Oct. 14.

HECTOR BOLITHO, edited by. *Letters of Queen Victoria*. Thornton Butterworth. 21s. Oct. Unpublished letters, from the Brandenburg-Prussian State Archives. Illustrated.

MARJORIE BOWEN. *Wrestling Jacob*. Heinemann. 15s. Nov. A study of John Wesley and his family.

JOHN BUCHAN. *Augustus*. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s. Oct. 25.

M. L. CLARKE. *Richard Porson*. Cambridge University Press. 6s. Dec. Includes 10 unpublished letters.

LORD CLONMORE. *Pope Pius XI and World Peace*. Hale. 12s. 6d. Oct. 18.

EVE CURIE. *Madame Curie*. Heinemann. 12s. 6d. Autumn.

CLARENCE DAY. *Life with Mother*. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. Oct. 7.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. *Without Apology*. Rich and Cowan. 12s. 6d. or 15s. Late Autumn. Autobiography.

JOHN EGLINTON. *Life of A. E. Macmillan*. 6s. Oct. 14.

ROSITA FORBES. *Autobiography*. Hutchinson. 18s.

GERALD GRIFFIN. *The Wild Geese*. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d. Memoirs of famous Irishmen.

ELIZABETH S. HALDANE. *From one Century to Another*. Maclehose. 12s. 6d. Oct. 21. Reminiscences.

MARY AGNES HAMILTON. *Uncle Arthur*. Heinemann. 15s. Late Autumn. Biography of Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson.

JAMES HANLEY. *Broken Water*. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d. Oct. 7. Autobiography.

SIR ANTHONY JENKINSON. *Seldom a Gun is Heard*. Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d. Nov. 15.

HELEN KELLER. *Journal*. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d. Oct. 18.

P. WYNNDHAM LEWIS. *Blasting and Bombarding*. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. Oct. 29. Autobiography.

RT. HON. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON. *Peep-Show*. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d. Early Oct.

R. BRUCE LOCKHART. *My Scottish Youth*. Putnam. 10s. 6d. Nov.

EMIL LUDWIG. *Cleopatra*. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. Nov. 16.

W. F. R. MACARTNEY. *Zig-Zag*. Gollancz. 10s. 6d. Autobiography.

HUGH MACDIARMID. *A Pageant of Scottish Doctors*. Hairap. 10s. 6d. Nov.

MAJ.-GEN. SIR FREDERICK MAURICE. *Lord Haldane*. Faber. 18s. Oct. 21.

ELEANOR MORDAUNT. *Sinabada*. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d. Oct. 11. Autobiography.

R. H. MOTTRAM. *Noah*. Rich and Cowan. 5s. Late Oct.

C. R. W. NEVINSON. *Paint and Prejudice*. Methuen. 12s. 6d. Nov. 11.

HAROLD NICOLSON. *Helen's Tower*. Constable. 15s. Late Oct. Autobiography.

LORD EUSTACE PERCY. *John Knox*. Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. Oct. 11.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.C. *Men, Women and Things*. Faber. 25s. Nov.

WILLIAM POWER. *Should Auld Acquaintance . . .* Harrap. 8s. 6d.

PUSHKIN. *Letters*. Edited by Dr. Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Edward Arnold. Late Nov. or Dec.

PETER QUENNEL. *Private Letters of Princess Lieven*. Murray. 18s. Mid Oct.

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. *Contemporaries*. Faber. 12s. 6d. Oct. 21.

PRINCESS STEPHANIE OF BELGIUM. *I Was to be Empress*. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 21s. Oct. 28.

SIR RONALD STORRS. *Orientations*. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 21s. Oct. 7.

GUSTAV STRESEMAN. *Diaries, Letters and Papers*. Translated and Edited by Eric Sutton. Macmillan. 25s. Oct. 29.

A. F. TSCHIFFELY. *Don Roberto*. Heinemann. 15s. Nov. Biography of Cunningham Graham.

J. R. WEAVER, edited by. *Dictionary of National Biography, 1922-1930*. Oxford University Press. 28s. Early Oct.

L. MACNEILL WEIR. *Ramsay MacDonald*. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 15s.

V. SACKVILLE WEST. *Pepita*. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d. Oct. Story of her maternal grandmother.

CHARLES WILLIAMS. *Henry VII*. Arthur Barker. 10s. Nov. 15.

HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Goodbye West Country*. Putnam. 10s. 6d. Oct. 15.

HELEN WILLS. *Fifteen-Thirty*. Scribners. 10s. 6d. Oct. Autobiography.

STEFAN ZWEIG. *Magellan*. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

DRAMA

CYRIL BEAUMONT. *The Complete Book of Ballet*. Illustrated. Putnam. 21s. Nov. 5.

CYRIL BEAUMONT. *Design for the Ballet*. Studio. 7s. 6d. Oct. 15.

D. JOHNSTON AND ERNST TOLLER. *Blind Man's Buff*. Play in three acts. Cape. 3s. 6d.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON. *Mr. Gladstone*. A Play. Constable. 2s. 6d.

W. B. YEATS. *The Herne's Egg*. A Theatre Play. Macmillan. 5s. Oct. 14.

ESSAYS

R. BRIFFAULT. *Reasons for Anger*. Hale. 7s. 6d. Oct. 4.

LORD HEWART. *Not Without Prejudice*. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. Oct. 4.

ROBERT LYNDE. With line-drawings by Steven Spurrer. *In Defence of Pink*. Dent. 6s. Oct.

LORD MACMILLAN. *Law, and Other Things*. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d. Oct. 1.

A. R. POWYS. *From the Ground Up*. Dent. 6s. Essays collected into a memorial volume by Sir J. C. Squire.

LLEWELYN POWYS. Photographs by Wyndham Gooden. *Somerset Essays*. Bodley Head. 8s. 6d. Oct. 26.

VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA. *Notes on the Way*. Macmillan. 6s. Oct. 22.

G. M. YOUNG. *Daylight and Champaign*. Cape. 8s. 6d. Early Oct.

H. R. L. SHEPPARD. *Second Helping*. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

FICTION

HERVEY ALLEN. *Action at Aquila*. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

MICHAEL ARLEN. *The Crooked Coronet*. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

VICKI BAUM. *A Tale from Bali*. Bles. 8s. 6d. Oct. 18.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY. *Sleep in Peace*. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

ELIZABETH BOWEN. *The Death of the Heart*. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

ELIZABETH BOWEN, edited, with an Introduction by. *The Faber Book of Modern Stories*. Faber. 7s. 6d. Oct. 14.

MARY BORDEN. *The Black Virgin*. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. Late Oct.

KAY BOYLE. *The First Lover, and other Stories*. Faber. 7s. 6d. Oct. 14.

ANN BRIDGE. *Enchanter's Nightshade*. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6s. Nov. 1.

JOHN CONNELL. *Prize-Giving*. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

SHAW DESMOND. *Chaos*. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

SUSAN ERTZ. *No Hearts to Break*. Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d. Oct. 18.

HANS FALLADA. *Sparrow Farm*. Putnam. 5s. Oct. 10.

RALPH FOX. *This Was Their Youth*. Secker and Warburg. 7s. 6d. Oct.

GILBERT FRANKAU. *The Dangerous Years*. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. Oct. 14.

DAVID GARNETT. *Castle Bigod*. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. Later.

WILLIAM GERHARDI. *Renaissance of Baldrige*. Faber. 7s. 6d. Later.

WALTER GREENWOOD. Illustrated by Arthur Wragg. *Jack Crawford's Wife, and other Tales of Two Cities*. Selwyn and Blount. 10s. 6d.

Lord Halifax's Ghost Book, Vol. II. Bles. 8s. 6d. Late Autumn.

JAMES HANLEY. *Half an Eye*. Bodley Head. 8s. 6d. Sea Stories.

JAMES HANLEY. *Grey Children*. Methuen. 8s. 6d. Nov. 4.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *To Have and Have Not*. Cape. 7s. 6d.

WINIFRED HOLTBY. *Pavements at Anderby*. Collins. 7s. 6d. Oct. 25. Stories.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Sally Bowles*. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d. Oct. 28.

WILLIAM LAMB. Three Wood Engravings by John Farleigh. *The World Ends*. Dent. 7s. 6d. First novel.

ERIC LINKLATER. *The Sailor's Holiday*. Cape. 7s. 6d.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. *The Fortunes of Bridget Malone*. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. Oct. 11.

JOHN MASEFIELD. *The Square Peg, or The Gun Fella*. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. Oct. 18.

VIOLA MEYNELL. *Kissing the Hand, and Other Stories*. Cape. 7s. 6d.

E. J. O'BRIEN, edited by. *Best Short Stories 1937*. Cape. 7s. 6d.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN. *A Purse of Coppers*. Cape. 7s. 6d. Early Oct. Short stories.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY. *Short Stories*. Cape. 7s. 6d.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS. *Dark Horses*. Murray. 7s. 6d.

V. S. PRITCHETT. *You Make Your Own Life*. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

- ELMER RICE. *Imperial City*. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.
 HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON. *The Young Cousin*. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. or 8s. 6d.
 MAZO DE LA ROCHE. *The Very House*. Macmillan. Oct. 5.
 WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Little Children*. Faber. 7s. 6d. Oct. 21. Stories.
 VINCENT SHEEAN. *The Pieces of a Fan*. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d. Oct. 22. Short Stories.
 STEVIE SMITH. *Over the Frontier*. Cape. 7s. 6d. Late Oct.
 G. W. STONIER. *The Goat*. Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.
 SYLVIA THOMPSON. *Recapture the Moon*. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. Oct. or Nov.
 SIGRID UNSET. *The Faithful Wife*. Cassell. 7s. 6d. Oct. 28.
 EVELYN WAUGH. *Scoop*. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
 H. G. WELLS. *The Brothers*. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
 EDITH WHARTON. *Ghosts*. Appleton-Century. 7s. 6d.
 E. H. YOUNG. *Celia*. 7s. 6d.
 ARNOLD ZWEIG. *The Making of a King*. Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d. Nov.
 ARNOLD ZWEIG. *Insulted and Exiled*. John Miles. 8s. 6d.

FICTION (DETECTIVE)

- AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Death on the Nile*. Collins, for the Crime Club. 7s. 6d. Nov. 1.
 G. D. H. & M. COLE. *The Missing Aunt*. Collins, for the Crime Club. 7s. 6d. Dec.
 M. G. EBERHART. *The Pattern*. Collins, for the Crime Club. 7s. 6d. Oct.
 JEFFERSON FARJEON. *Mystery in White*. Collins, for the Crime Club. 7s. 6d. Dec.
 S. S. VAN DINE. *The Pow Wow Murder Case*. Cassell. 7s. 6d. Nov.
 ETHEL LINA WHITE. *The Elephant Never Forgets*. Collins, for the Crime Club. 7s. 6d. Oct. 4.

HISTORY

- C. J. M. ALLPORT. *Kingdoms in Partnership*. Lovat Dickson. 8s. 6d. Study of British Imperial Commonwealth to-day.
 PIETRO BADOGGIO. Preface by Mussolini. *The War in Abyssinia*. Methuen. 25s. Oct. 28.
 E. R. HUGHES. *The Invasion of China by the Western World*. Black. 15s. Late Autumn.
 STEPHEN KING-HALL. *The World Since the War*. Nelson. 2s. 6d. Oct. 11.
 NAOMI MITCHISON. *Days before Yesterday*. Constable. 5s. Late Autumn. Historical sketches and plays based on those given on the radio to schools.
 H. G. RAWLINSON, C.I.E. *India, a Short Cultural History*. Cresset Press. 30s. Oct. Edited by Prof. C. G. Seligman, F.R.S.
 HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM. *Great Britain and Palestine*. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. Oct. 26.

HUMOUR

- ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. *The Laughter Omnibus*. Faber. 8s. 6d. Oct. 21. From *Punch*.
 PATRICK BELLEW. *Private View*. Arthur Barker. 10s. Oct. 18.
 K. R. G. BROWNE and HEATH ROBINSON. *How to be a Perfect Husband*. Hutchinson. 5s. Oct. 21.

- Evening Standard* Limerick Competition. Illustrated by Joyce Dennys. *There Was a Young Lady*. Collins. 5s.
 ANNE FISHER. Illustrated by Soglow. *Live with a Man and Love It*. Duckworth. 3s. 6d. Oct.
 FOUGASSE. *Drawing the Line Somewhere*. Methuen. 5s.
 G. C. NASH. *Whelk's Postbag*. Chatto and Windus. 5s. Oct. 21.
 H. A. REY. *Zebrology*. Chatto and Windus. 1s. Oct. 21.
 FRANK REYNOLDS. *Off to the Pictures*. Collins. 7s. 6d.
 JAMES THURBER. *Let Your Mind Alone*. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED AND CHRISTMAS BOOKS

- CYRIL BRUYN ANDREWS. *The Railway Age*. Country Life. 10s. 6d. Reproductions of Nineteenth-Century pictures and prints.
 GORDON ANTONY. Introduction by Arnold Haskell. *Ballet*. Photographs. Bles. 2 gns. Oct. 8.
 H. E. BATES. Wood Engravings by Agnes Miller Parker. *Down the River*. Gollancz. 10s. 6d. Oct. 4. Uniform with *Through the Woods*.
 JOHN BETJEMAN. *An Oxford University Chest*. John Miles. 10s. 6d. Photographs by Moholy-Nagy.
 E. G. BOULENGER, Director of the Aquarium at the Zoo. *The London Zoo*. Dent. 5s. Nov. Photographs.
 BERNARD FERGUSON. *Eton Portrait*. John Miles. 12s. 6d. Photographs by Moholy-Nagy.
 ROBERT GIBBINGS. Woodcuts by the Author. *John Graham (convict), 1824*. Faber. 6s. Oct. 7.
 NINA SCOTT LANGLEY. *Youth at the Zoo*. Country Life. 10s. 6d. Oct. 21. Black and white drawings by the author.
 CLARE LEIGHTON. Wood Engravings by the Author. *Country Matters*. Gollancz. 10s. 6d. Uniform with *Four Hedges*.
 F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES. *Battling with Sea Monsters*. Duckworth. 15s. Oct. Photographs.
 MRS. J. B. PRIESTLY. Woodcuts by C. F. Tunnicliffe. *The Book of Birds*. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
 PETER QUENNEL. *Victorian Panorama*. Batsford. 7s. 6d.
 ERIC RAVILIOUS AND HAMISH MILES. *High Street*. Country Life. 10s. 6d. Oct. 28. Coloured lithographs of famous shops.
 V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Some Flowers*. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. Illustrated.
 SIR J. C. SQUIRE, edited by. Illustrated by Ernest Shepard. *Cheddar Gorge*. Collins. 10s. 6d. Essays by various authors on English Cheeses.
 DR. A. N. TUCKER, collected by. Drawings by John Farleigh. *The Disappointed Lion and other Stories from the Bari of Central Africa*. Country Life. 7s. 6d. Oct. 21.
 E. L. GRANT WATSON. Wood Engravings by Barbara Greg. *More Enigmas of Natural History*. Cresset Press. 6s. Oct. 20.
 CHRISTOPHER WHITFIELD. 8 engravings by Dorothea Braby. *Mr. Chambers and Persephone*. Golden Cockerel Press. 8s. 6d. Nov.
 FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. Wood Cuts by Joan Hassall. *Portrait of a Village*. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. Early Nov.

The Zodiac Books. Chatto and Windus. 1s. each. Oct. 21. Decorated books of short works by Shakespeare, Marvell, Donne, Keats, Cobbett, Addison, and Steele.

JUVENILE

- JEAN DE BRUNHOFF. *Barbar's ABC*. Methuen. 5s. Oct. 14.
- JEAN DE BRUNHOFF. *Barbar's Friend Zephir*. Methuen. 7s. 6d. Nov. 18.
- JOANNA CANNAN. Illustrated by Anne Bullen. *We Met Our Cousins*. Collins. 8s. 6d. Oct. 25.
- WALTER DE LA MARE. Illustrated by Harold Jones. *This Year, Next Year*. Faber. 7s. 6d. Oct. 14.
- Children's Poems.
- J. H. DOWD AND BRENDA E. SPENDER. *Serious Business*. Country Life. 10s. 6d. Drawings of children.
- J. W. DUNNE. Illustrated by Stuart Tresilian. *The Jumping Lions of Borneo*. Faber. 5s. Oct. 28.
- J. R. EVANS. *The Junior Weekend Book*. Gollancz. 5s.
- ELEANOR FARJEON. Illustrated by J. Morton Sale. *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard*. Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d. Nov. 1.
- WANDA GAG, translated and illustrated by. *Tales from Grimm*. Faber. 5s. Oct. 21.
- J. B. S. HALDANE. Illustrated by L. Rosoman. *My Friend Mr. Leakey*. Cresset Press. 6s. Oct.
- A. HILLMAN AND WALTER SKEAT. Illustrated by Barbara Shaw. *Salam, the Mouse-Deer*. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. Oct. 19.
- ARTHUR RANSOME. *We Didn't Mean to go to Sea*. Cape. 7s. 6d. Oct.
- L. A. G. STRONG. Illustrated by Jack Matthew. *The Fifth of November*. Dent. 5s. Nov. 4.
- Story of Guy Fawkes.
- KATHARINE TOZER. *Mumfie the Admiral*. Murray. 6s. Oct.
- ALISON UTTLEY. Illustrated by Alec Buckels. *The Adventures of No Ordinary Rabbit*. Faber. 5s. Nov.

LITERARY

- CLAUDE COLLIER ABBOTT, edited by. *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins*. Oxford University Press. 16s.
- ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, edited by. Introduction by Laurence Binyon. *The Bible*, designed to be read as Literature. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. Late Oct.
- A.E. *The Living Torch*. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. Oct. 14.
- Essays unpublished in book form, edited with an introduction by Monk Gibbon.
- FORD MADOX FORD. *Mightier than the Sword*. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. Oct. 5.
- Portraits of literary celebrities.
- G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON. *Poetry and Contemplation*. Cambridge University Press. 6s. Nov. A New Preface to Poetics.
- JOHN HAYWARD, collected and edited by. *Silver Tongues*. Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d. Famous speeches from Burke to Baldwin.
- A. HENRY HIGGINSON. *Peter Beckford, Sportsman, Traveller, Man of Letters*. Collins. 15s. Oct. Illustrated.
- LAURENCE HOUSMAN. *A. E. H. Cape*, 10s. 6d. Poems, letters, and a personal memoir.
- P. MANSELL JONES. *French Introspectives, from Montaigne to André Gide*. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. Nov. or Dec.
- JOHN PURVES, edited by. *Seventeenth-Century Studies, in Honour of Sir Herbert Grierson*. Oxford University Press. 15s. and 21s.
- ENID STARKIE. *Arthur Rimbaud in Abyssinia*. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. Oct.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE

- E. C. BOULENGER. Introduction by H. G. Wells. *World Natural History*. Batsford. 7s. 6d.
- C. D. BROAD. *Examination of McTaggart's Philosophy*, Vol. II. Cambridge University Press. 2 gns. the 2 vols. Late Autumn.
- E. R. HUGHES, edited by. *The Individual in East and West*. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. Oct.
- ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Ends and Means*. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d. Late Autumn.
- SIR JAMES JEANS. *Science and Music*. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d. Oct. 4.
- C. E. M. JOAD. *Guide to the Philosophy of Morals and Politics*. Gollancz. 6s.
- DAME EDITH LYTTTELTON. *Experiences in Prediction*. Bell. 3s. 6d. Oct. 21.
- VISCOUNT SAMUEL. *Belief and Action: An Everyday Philosophy*. Cassell. 7s. 6d. Oct. 14.
- GEORGE SANTAYANA. *The Realm of Truth*. Constable. 10s. Oct.
- W. B. YEATS. *A Vision*. Macmillan. 15s. Oct. 7.

POETRY

- RICHARD ALDINGTON. *The Crystal World*. Heinemann. 5s. Late Oct.
- JOHN BETJEMAN. *Continual Dew, a Little Book of Bourgeois Verse*. Murray. 6s. Late Oct.
- EDMUND BLUNDEN. *An Elegy, and Other Poems*. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.
- JOHN DRINKWATER. *Collected Poems*, Vol. II. Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. Early Oct.
- RALPH GUSTAFSON. *Alfred the Great*. Michael Joseph. 5s. Oct. 11.
- T. F. HIGHAM AND MAURICE BOWRA. *The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation*. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. Late Autumn. English translations ancient and modern.
- WINIFRED HOLMES. *Peace without Honour*. Duckworth. 5s. Oct.
- LAURENCE HOUSMAN. *Collected Poems*. Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. Early Oct.
- ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *The Fall of the City*. Boriswood. 3s. 6d. Verse-Play.
- HERBERT H. MARKS. Wood Engravings by John Farleigh. *Pax Obligato*. Cresset Press. 6s. Oct.
- JOHN MASEFIELD AND EDWARD SEAGO. *The Country Scene*. Collins. 3 gns. Poems and Paintings of Country Scenes.
- SIR CAMPBELL MITCHELL-COTTS. *A Lute-Player in Avallon*. Muller. 5s. Late Oct.
- THOMAS MOULT, edited by. *Best Poems, 1937*. Cape. 6s.
- SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN. *The Silver Branch; an Anthology of Irish Poetry*. Cape. 5s.
- D. KILHAM ROBERTS AND GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *The Year's Poetry*. Bodley Head. Nov. 26.

RELIGION

- J. F. BEZZANT, B.D. *Aspects of Modern Belief*. Nisbet. 7s. 6d. Oct.
- VIOLENT CONOLLY. *Soviet Tempo*. Sheed and Ward. 6s. Oct.
- REV. CANON G. COOKE, D.D. *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Ezekiel*. T. and T. Clark. 20s.
- ETIENNE GILSON. *The Philosophy of St. Bonaventura*. Sheed and Ward. 18s. Oct.
- ARCHBISHOP GOODIER, S.J. *History and Religion*. Burns Oates and Washbourne. 6s. Oct.
- PHILIP HUGHES. *Pius XI*. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d. Oct.
- IRATAT HUSSAIN. *Theology of John Donne*. S.P.C.K. 8s. 6d.
- T. LYON. *The Theory of Religious Liberty in England, 1603-39*. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. Late Autumn.
- JUSTIN MACCAN. *Life of St. Benedict*. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d. Oct.
- SIR CHARLES MARSTON. *The Bible Comes Alive*. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d. Oct. 1.
- REINHOLD NIEBUHR, D.D. *Beyond Tragedy*. Nisbet. 7s. 6d.
- W. C. DE PAULEY, D.D. *The Candle of the Lord*. S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d. Studies in the Cambridge Platonists.
- REV. CANON E. BASIL REDLICH, B.D. *The Forgiveness of Sins*. T. and T. Clark. 10s. 6d.
- HUGH SCHONFIELD. *According to the Hebrews*. Duckworth. 10s. 6d. Oct. Study of Jewish Life of Jesus.
- H. R. L. SHEPPARD, edited by. *Letters, Honour, Peace*. Cobden-Sanderson. 3s. 6d.
- REV. B. T. D. SMITH. *The Parables of the Synoptic Gospels*. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.
- REV. F. HAROLD SMITH, D.D. *The Elements of Comparative Theology*. Duckworth. 5s.
- DON LUIGI STURZO. *The Right to Rebel*. Burns Oates and Washbourne. 5s. Oct.
- MAISIE WARD. *Insurrection v. Resurrection*. Sheed and Ward. 15s. Oct.
- PETER WUST. *Naïveté and Piety*. Sheed and Ward. 10s. 6d. Nov.
- DR. BASIL YEAXLEE. *Religion and the Growing Mind*. Nisbet. 8s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS

- MAJOR ATTLEE, edited by. *Constructive Democracy*. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. Nov. 16.
- PROF. ERNEST BARKER. *The Citizen's Choice*. Cambridge University Press. 6s. Late Autumn.
- SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL. *Drifting to War*. Hutchinson. 3s. 6d. Oct. 14.
- ANDRÉ GIDE. *Afterthoughts on the U.S.S.R.* Secker and Warburg. 6s. 6d. Oct.
- J. B. S. HALDANE. *Heredity and Politics*. Allen and Unwin. 6s. or 7s. 6d. Oct. 19.
- M. L. JACKS. *Education as a Social Factor*. Routledge. 5s.
- STEPHEN LEACOCK. *My Discovery of the West*. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. Oct. 26.
- NAOMI MITCHISON. *The Moral Basis of Politics*. Constable. 8s. 6d. Late Autumn.

- RAMSAY MUIR. *Liberalism and the Problems of To-day*. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
- THEODORE ROOSEVELT. *Colonial Policies of the United States*. Nelson. 7s. 6d. Oct. 25.
- HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON. *Who is for Liberty?* Cresset Press. 10s. 6d. Nov.

SPORT

- UFFA FOX. *The Beauty of Sail*. Peter Davies. 21s. Mid. Oct.
- UFFA FOX. *Racing, Cruising and Design*. Peter Davies. 35s. Late Nov.
- STEPHEN GWYNN. Illustrated by Roy Beddington. *River to River: a Fisherman's Pilgrimage*. Country Life. 10s. 6d. Oct. 14.
- JOHN IRVING. *The Yachtsman's Week-end Book*. Seeley Service. 8s. 6d.
- E. C. KEITH. Illustrated by J. C. Harrison. *Gun for Company*. Country Life. 10s. 6d. Oct. 14.
- GORDON WINTER. *The Horseman's Week-end Book*. Seeley Service. 8s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- SUMNER AUSTIN, translated by. *Himalayan Campaign*. By Paul Bauer. Blackwell. 8s. 6d.
- KAREN BLIXEN. *Out of Africa: Life on a Farm in the Ngong Hills*. Putnam. 10s. 6d. Oct. 15. By the author of *Seven Gothic Tales* under her own name.
- BROR VON BLIXEN-FINECKE. *African Hunter*. Cassell. 12s. 6d. Oct. 7.
- RT. HON. the late SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. *Seen in Passing*. Cassell. 15s. Oct. 21. Travel Sketches in France and Belgium.
- JEAN COCTEAU. *Round the World again in Eighty Days*. Routledge. 7s. 6d. Oct.
- LADISLAS FARRAGO. *The Riddle of Arabia*. Hale. 12s. 6d. Oct.
- MRS. ADA GALSWORTHY. *Over the Hills and Far Away*. Hale. 10s. 6d. Oct. 18.
- PETER KEENAGH. *Mosquito Coast*. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. Oct. 13. Journey to the jungles of Honduras.
- H. S. MARCHANT. *Scratch a Russian*. Lindsay Drummond. 7s. 6d. Journey from north to south of Soviet Russia.
- H. J. MASSINGHAM. *The Golden Fleece*. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. About the Cotswolds.
- SIR JOHN STIRLING MAXWELL. *Shrines and Homes of Scotland*. Maclehose. 10s. 6d. Oct.
- MAJOR W. BROOK NORTHEY. *The Land of the Gurkas*. Heffer. 10s. 6d.
- FRANCIS RATCLIFFE. *Flying Fox and Drifting Sand*. Chatto and Windus. 16s. Late Autumn. Adventures of a biologist in Queensland.
- HANS SAUER. *Ex Africa*. Bles. 18s. Nov.
- FREYA STARK. *Baghdad Sketches*. Murray. 12s. 6d. Late Oct.
- PATRICK M. SYNGE. Drawings by Stuart Somerville. *Mountains of the Moon*. Lindsay Drummond. 15s. Oct. Account of exploration in South Africa.
- H. W. TILMAN. *Snow on the Equator*. Bell. 15s. Nov. 2. Adventures in E. Africa, climbing and otherwise.
- SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. *The Heart of a Continent*. Murray. 9s. Oct. Journey in 1887 from Peking to India.

NEW LITERATURE

HOMER IN MODERN DRESS

By R. A. Scott-James

THE STORY OF ODYSSEUS: A Translation of Homer's *Odyssey* into plain English. By W. H. D. Rouse. *Nelson*. 7s. 6d.

In a prefatory note to his translation of the *Odyssey*, T. E. Lawrence remarked that his rendering of the epic, being the twenty-eighth, could hardly be considered a "literary event." There can be "no final translation of Homer," said Butcher and Lang in a preface to their own rendering more than half a century ago. "In each there must be, in addition to what is Greek and eternal, the element of what is modern, personal and fleeting." Perhaps this has only become true because the perfect translation that might have been made long ago at the right time and in the right mood never came into being. By rare good fortune the Bible was thus translated. The Authorized Version has served for the poetry of the Psalms as well as for the prose of the Chronicles. A biblical language has been handed down to us, simple, familiar though not quite the language of modern speech, just as the Greek of the *Iliad* was handed down, to be read by the author of the *Odyssey*, and the *Odyssey* itself was handed down, to be read by Plato.

But Homer, unlike the Bible, was not translated in the ideal inspired moment. It is now too late—the enduring, definitive version can never appear, and we must be content with the best that each generation can provide. When we read Chapman it is rather for the Elizabethan's sake than for Homer. To turn to Pope is to marvel at a sophistication complacent enough to turn all things into its own image. Matthew Arnold was probably right—the "simple truth about the matter of the poem" (all

we can ask for in a translation) can only be given in prose. Butcher and Lang came nearer to giving the gist of the *Odyssey* than anyone had ever done before. Their translation had the merit of being literal, the language was simple, its slight archaisms including nothing unfamiliar to Bible readers. Perhaps there was a slight excess of romantic sweetness, something of the accent of "the idle singer of an empty day." It was the age, after all, of William Morris.

In Lawrence's translation there is nothing thus cloying. "Whenever choice offered between a poor and a rich word," said Lawrence, "richness had it, to raise the colour." That was a sound decision. In practice, however, he is often cumbersome. He is dignified, powerful, but not plain enough—did he see Arabs where he should have seen Greeks? What is to be said of this unfortunate passage?

The return gifts of Odysseus were a keen sword and formidable spear—earnests of a cherished acquaintanceship that, however, failed to ripen into mutual entertainment because the son of Zeus too soon murdered god-like Iphitus. . . .

Both Butcher and Lang and Dr. Rouse do better than that.

Dr. Rouse has not the least doubt in his mind as to the proper way to set about his task. A Homeric scholar, he has been among the Greeks themselves, listening to the tales of the islands, catching the very accents, as he believes, of the ancient bards. This, the *Odyssey*, is "the best story ever written," a favourite of three thousand years. "It enchants every man, lettered or unlettered, and every boy who hears it." Homer "speaks naturally, and

we must do the same"; and he argues very persuasively and with knowledge that the words which Homer used were the words of common speech, the colloquial language of ordinary practical men talking gaily among themselves after good food and good wine.

So his Homer is to tell his story racily in conversational English. It must not lag. There must be no dullness, no cessation of arresting liveliness. We must assume Dr. Rouse to admit that he is translating Homer for this generation and this generation only; for his liveliness is won by using the colloquial language, even the slang, which belongs peculiarly to our own time. His book has the holding power of a first-rate popular novel, with vivid, simple description, swift narrative, and humorous dialogue. He has set out to be readable, to keep his audience curious, anxious, amused, agog for more. He has succeeded. Homer, presented like this, should be enjoyable to the many—an Autumn season best-seller.

Enjoyable, yes—and that is a justification for any book. But the next question is, is it Homer? In his vigorous, plain narrative and description there is some gain, some loss—it is fair to remember the postulate that in a prose translation the actual music of the verse must go. In the dialogue the translator uses various kinds of colloquialism. The old nurse thus addresses Telemachus who is setting off on his journey to Sparta:

Eh, what on earth put that into thi head, love? Why wilt thou go to foreign parts, and tha an only son, and reet well loved? He's dead, far away from home, my blessed Odysseus, in some foreign land! Aye, and if tha goes, they'll up and plot mischief against tha by and by, to murder thee by some trick, and all that's here they will share among 'em. Stay thee where tha bist, sit down on thi property; what's the sense of wanderen over the barren sea and maybe happenen an accident?

Now that is Dr. Rouse in his more inspired mood. I don't know what rustic

dialect this may be, but in its setting it rings as true as the talk of Marty South in *The Woodlanders*. Its simplicity strikes a high note of pathos and poetry. But Dr. Rouse does not always show the same tact. There are times—far too many—when gods and heroes and heroines talk not merely uproariously or intimately, but in the language of the bar-room or the nursery. "Daddy dear, couldn't you let me have a good big cart with plenty of room?" says Nausicaa to Alcinous. The goddess Athene tells Telemachus that she met Odysseus "ever so often in the old days." And Penelope says that it would be "most improper" to suggest that she is thinking of marrying a tramp. Dr. Rouse carries his theory of the use of common speech too far. It is all very well to approach Homer as if he were Dickens, but Dickens did not write in verse. Something has to be done to make amends for the loss of the nobility of Homer's music. True, an affectation of dignity will not do, but neither will an affectation of slanginess. Moreover, is it true that the author of the *Odyssey* was speaking in the vernacular of his time? Was he not using a traditional poetic language that had been handed down for centuries by the bards, in which the ancient stock epithets and whole lines were kept unaltered? Could we successfully mingle the language of Shakespeare, even of the clowns in the comedies, with the language of a modern boy's camp? The mateyness of the latter would mix ill with the former. There is too much mateyness in Dr. Rouse's translation. It would entertain me if I had never read Homer, but it occasionally distresses me since I have.

But this is only to say that Dr. Rouse's translation has the defects of its qualities. There is much in it that is brilliantly successful, that is unique in its manifestation of the author's love of Homer, his enthusiasm for his humanity, his eagerness to make the story live again for English readers. Perhaps I should add that one could not feel this occasional resentment if Dr. Rouse's achievement were not a

very positive one, if he did not show the whole courage of his convictions, never flinching when the task becomes most difficult. At any rate here is a *way* of

translating Homer, an original and interesting way, deserving not only to be read, as surely it will be, by the crowd, but studied by the few.

CORNO DI BASSETTO AND SHAW

By Martin Cooper

LONDON MUSIC IN 1888-89, AS HEARD BY CORNO DI BASSETTO (later known as Bernard Shaw). *Constable*. 7s. 6d.

In a long and interesting autobiographical preface Mr. Shaw explains the genesis of this book of criticisms and expresses an unusual diffidence in their power to interest after fifty years. This diffidence—and it seems quite genuine—is not necessary. There must certainly be very few fifty-year-old books of musical criticism which are readable; but this is one of them. "Corno di Bassetto" was the name under which Mr. Shaw wrote musical criticism for *The Star*, "then a ha'penny newspaper, not catering for a fastidious audience: it was not addressed to the bicycle clubs and the polytechnics, not to the Royal Society of Literature or the Musical Association." "I purposely vulgarized musical criticism," he continues, "which was then refined and academic to the point of being unreadable and often nonsensical!"

The articles are certainly gay, personal, and chatty: they are frankly based on great enthusiasm for music rather than great technical knowledge. In his preface, Mr. Shaw tells how he was brought up on Bellini, Donizetti, early Verdi, and Meyerbeer, for whom—as an almost impossibly perfect Wagnerite—he has never lost his enthusiasm. Contrasting the star singers of Italian opera with the severe artists of Bayreuth, he vents the *cri de cœur* of every lover of singing since his time.

In musical charm neither Gudehus nor Reichmann (Wagnerian singers) touched De

Reszke and Lassalle, though at every other point they far surpassed them. I wish some man of science would provide critics with a psychology capable of explaining how the same man may sing through an opera like a genius and act through it like a country gentleman; or, conversely, why he may interpret the book like a student and a philosopher, and sing through the score like an improved foghorn.

He is full of both admiration and bitter criticism of the great singers—Patti, Sembrich, de Reszke—whom he could never forgive for betraying their artishood by playing not so much to the gallery (where, like a good musician and a good Socialist, he looked for real appreciation and understanding) as to the stalls. At a time when music in England was still largely exotic he encouraged the idea of English singers and English composers not being automatically counted out by reason of their nationality. With typical Shavian exaggeration, he writes: "You cannot be too intensely insular on the art question in England. If England wants music to reach her own highest standard, she must make it for herself."

This enthusiasm did not blind him to the barrenness of nationalism as an artistic, any more than as a political creed. He had a healthy dislike of the music of Grieg—for whom he applied what should have by now become the stock epithet, "infinitesimal"—"He is a national composer: and I am not imposed on by that sort of thing. I do not cry out 'How Norwegian!' whenever I hear an augmented triad. . . . All good 'folk music' is as international as the story of Jack the

Giant Killer, or the Ninth Symphony." For Parry's *Judith* he was merciless. "There is not a rhythm in it, not a progression, not a modulation that brings a breath of freshness in it. . . . It is impossible to work up any interest in emasculated Handel and watered Mendelssohn even with all the modern adulterations." Sullivan does not come off much better. "As to Sir Arthur's scores, they form an easy introduction to dramatic music and picturesque or topical orchestration for perfect novices; but as I had learned it all from Meyerbeer . . . and was pretty well tired of Offenbach before *Trial by Jury* was born, there was no novelty in the affair for me."

It is astonishing how seldom Mr. Shaw, re-editing in 1936 what he said in 1888, has to apologize for his opinions. Brahms is the only outstanding instance: and he inserts an apology after a paragraph where, in 1888, he had written that "Brahms's music is at bottom only a prodigiously elaborated compound of incoherent reminiscences." Occasionally he amazingly anticipates modern critical opinion. He writes of Hamish McCunn's overture, *Land of the Mountain and the Flood*—"I object by the bye, to the working out section, which Mr. McCunn would never have written if his tutors had not put it into his head. I know a lady who keeps a typewriting establishment. Under my advice she is completing arrangements for supplying middle sections and recapitulations for overtures and symphonies at twopence a bar, on being supplied with the first section and the coda." Mr. Shaw's views on the ballet, too, were in considerable advance of his time.

If you want a rule of thumb to guide you in determining the merits of two dancers comparatively, then simply see *how much of each* dances and award the palm to the larger quantity. . . . The dancer who dances to the tips of her fingers and the top of her head: that is the perfect dancer; her dancing being a sort of pulsation of grace in the limbs which dance, the perfect dancer is all grace; and if she has, to boot, a touch of

tragic passion in her, it will find instant and vivid expression in her dancing.

The composer about whom he has the most interesting things to say is, oddly, not Wagner but Verdi: and he has appended to his criticisms of the years 1888-89 an article written on Verdi's death for the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. He is vehement in his contention that Verdi's last works owed nothing to Wagner.

The utmost that can be said to connect [Verdi] with Wagner is that if Wagner had not got all Europe into the habit of using the whole series of dominant and tonic discords as freely as Rossini used the dominant seventh, it is possible that Falstaff might have been differently harmonized. . . . Verdi uses the harmonic freedom of his day so thoroughly in his own way and so consistently in terms of his old style, that if he had been as ignorant of Wagner as Berlioz was of Brahms there is no reason to suppose that the score of Falstaff would have been an unprepared thirteenth the worse.

The whole volume, apart from its purely musical interest, gives one a curious sidelight on the nature of Victorian journalism. There is an air of banter and chaffing, a slight facetiousness in the presentation of his opinions that may be partly Shavian humour in embryo, but was certainly very much conditioned by the period. Letters of complaint to the Editor, whether real or imaginary, referred to "Corno di Bassetto" as the "Captious Frolic," and were signed "The Amused One." An amazing licence was allowed by the editor of *The Star* to the "advanced" political and social opinions of his music critic: and it is surprising to find the article for July 26, 1889, beginning: "The season is over. By the end of next week there will be hardly four millions of persons left in London, mostly riff-raff, mere working people, for whom nobody thinks of running an opera house or a series of St. James's Hall concerts." As a propagandist Mr. Shaw was as accomplished fifty years ago as he is to-day: I only wish that we might have some more of his musical criticism.

ELLA MAILLART'S NEWS FROM TARTARY

By Major-General Sir Neill Malcolm

FORBIDDEN JOURNEY. By Ella K. Maillart. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.

Ella Maillart has long been known to the world as an able-bodied seaman, an intrepid traveller, and a champion exponent of all the Alpine sports. To these triumphs she can now, without any doubt, add that of being acknowledged an author of distinction. It is no mean feat to challenge Mr. Peter Fleming on his own ground and to emerge with, at the least, honours even. This is what Miss Maillart has done. Her forbidden journey was exactly that already famous through Peter Fleming's *News from Tartary*. The great adventure was the same and the incidents identical. Yet both adventure and incidents are always fresh and vivid. The travelling companion, servants, and animals are those we already know, but they are differently observed. Only Peter himself is something rather new to us. He is no longer only the intrepid, resourceful, and at all times impatient traveller. He is also a mere man whose pants have to be mended, who has to be cared for, and even taught manners before paying a visit of ceremony to the Prince of Teijinar. "Once more I took Peter over his lesson in behaviour. He was very lazy and had never mastered the art of gnawing a bone. Nomad etiquette demands that a guest must not abandon a bone until it is bare. Only thus does he show the high value that he places on that precious animal the sheep."

Yes, the story is the same, but always the reader is conscious of the masculine and the feminine element. Peter is the hunter whose duty is to find game on the line of march and furnish the larder; Ella is that remarkable housewife who, after a hard day's march, has to provide the evening meal while her companion not seldom consoles him for the day's disappointments with a game of patience. It is permissible to wonder whether the

pack reached Srinagar, and if so, in what condition. Were the cards still recognizable? And there is another difference. Peter was travelling on behalf of a great London journal; Ella was travelling for sheer joy. That is why he was in a hurry while she was not.

But though both authors treat their fine achievement in much the same spirit of levity they cannot blind the reader to the great demands which it made upon their resolution, courage, and powers of endurance. Their object was to penetrate to the remote province of Sinkiang, "which in area is twice the size of France, is shut off from the rest of the world by the highest mountains and the greatest deserts that exist—the Celestial Mountains, the Pamirs, the Karakorams, the Kuen Lun, and the Gobi. The one normal line of access to this vast country is by Siberia."

It is hardly necessary to mention that the author and her companion for very good reasons avoided the normal line of approach and took that through the southern part of the Tsaidam and the foothills of the Kuen Lun; thereby with becoming modesty avoiding the attentions of suspicious frontier guards, and at the same time adding a great deal to our knowledge of that region.

A very interesting chapter is devoted to the strategic and political importance of Sinkiang and the somewhat mysterious personality of Ma Chung Ying, otherwise known as Ga Ssu Ling. It is in this province that British, Russian, and Chinese interests meet and clash, and have done so for many years, Russia and India striving for domination of an important trade area two thousand miles from the Government at Nanking to which it owes allegiance. There is nothing new in this state of affairs, which existed long before the Tsarist régime came to an end. It is an old, old struggle in which the latest phase is Sir Eric Teichmann's remarkable journey

by motor lorry from Peiping to India via Urumchi where he met the British Consul-General from Kashgar and, of course, all the high Chinese officials. But for the moment, at all events, the Soviets hold most of the trumps, and especially they seem to hold the evasive Ma Chung Ying.

After leaving Sinkiang the journey was comparatively easy. We say comparatively because, although there were still difficulties to be overcome, every step carried the travellers nearer to instead of farther from civilization. Transport became easier and tragedies such as the loss of a little Wawa and the last of Slalom, inevitable on such a journey, were at an end.

Slalom looked at me. His eyes had become very large. His eyelids were puckered up like circumflex accents. He was as though rooted to the ground. All that he could do

he had done. He knew we needed him and had brought us across the river. But now it was time to say good-bye to him, to say good-bye to the friend on whose back I had spent so many never-to-be-forgotten days. I kissed his nose and called to Peter. We transferred my old Chinese saddle to the filly. And I went away, leaving my little horse motionless in the solitude behind me.

Alas, the great trade routes of Central Asia are littered with bones of many Slaloms. Perhaps it is well that the days of motor transport are at hand. But, again, perhaps it is not so well, for the internal combustion engine has intensified man's means of destruction and brought the peaceful regions of the world within easy reach of the war zones.

More than a word of praise is due to the translator whose work is excellent.

BALZAC'S "TRUEST FRIEND"

By William Plomer

THE UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC AND MADAME ZULMA CARRAUD, 1829-1850. Translated by J. Lewis May. *The Bodley Head*. 15s.

Everything to do with Balzac savours of the prodigious. He only lived to be fifty, and it is a wonder he lived so long. It is another wonder that he ever found time to write letters. This particular correspondence, collected and preserved by that eminent Balzacian the Vicomte de Lovenjoul and very well arranged and annotated by Monsieur Marcel Bouteron, reflects his charming and almost lifelong friendship with a woman whose part in his life has not received the attention devoted to the parts played by Mesdames de Berny, de Castries, and Hanska, no doubt because she was never his mistress. Her rôle was sisterly.

Zulma Carraud was the wife of a soldier. She describes herself as "plain of feature, undersized and lame." What she may have lacked in looks she more than made up in warmth and constancy of affection. She

followed Balzac's career with mingled adoration and anxiety and gave him advice on women and other subjects which was evidently of the kind that is comforting to receive and need not necessarily be taken. On the whole she reveals herself as a person of good sense and good taste, though sometimes enthusiasm gets the better of her, as when she praises *Louis Lambert* at the expense of *Faust*. Her republican sentiments prompted her to try and turn Balzac from his royalist inclinations, and her cool country life and hospitality were pleasant for him to think about in the midst of the toiling and moiling from which he could never escape: even when he came to stay with her he wrote furiously. Her slightly exotic tastes in certain small matters accord with the romantic tendencies of the period. She cultivated a volcameria, which she often mentions, perhaps because Balzac admired it; and she christened her sons Ivan and Yorick.

Her husband had a good brain, but he

had never recovered from having been held a prisoner for seven years by the English. His captivity had left him in a state of "moral inertia" and a martyr to gout. Through Carraud Balzac came in touch with those military circles by which, as M. Bouteron remarks, he was so powerfully attracted. They furnished him with numerous ideas and anecdotes of which he was able to make use, not least in *Le Médecin de Campagne*, a work to which there are numerous allusions in this correspondence, and over which Balzac took infinite pains.

Not a sentence, not an idea but has had to be revised and corrected over and over again; it's dreadful. But when you are trying to achieve the beautiful simplicity of the Gospel, to surpass *The Vicar of Wakefield* and to show the *Imitation of Christ* in action, you've got to work, and work hard.

It may be remarked that *Le Médecin de Campagne* is a novel well worth re-reading at the present time. I have lately drawn attention to the fact that it was Lenin's favourite novel, and it is rich in political wisdom.

What with politics, the *Comédie Humaine*, journalism, business, speculation, social life, the collection of objects of art, strivings to be a dramatist, women, litigation, and the acquisition of property, it is hardly surprising that Balzac should have said he found an eighteen-hour day too short and sometimes allowed himself only two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. When Zulma Carraud addresses him as "my poor friend, for ever goaded, for ever being hounded by a horde of publishers, printers, brandishing bundles of proofs at you," when she twits him about his English horses and Gothic chairs, "the gilded happiness you love," she is on the right track. She understood that, as an artist, in the midst of the hurly-burly he was a solitary. "To be a man apart from the rest," he wrote to her, "one has to begin by really cutting oneself off from them." He is an active volcano, always in eruption. He has "the persistent energy of rats that would gnaw through steel."

I'm not living, I'm wearing myself out, dreadfully.

I work night and day. . . . My brain is everlastingly on the stretch. . . . No relaxing for a moment! My life is a continual struggle.

. . . I am up to my eyes in work. . . . I go to bed at six or seven in the evening, like the hens. I am called at one a.m. and work until eight. At eight I go to sleep again for an hour and a half; then I have something very light, a cup of pure coffee, and harness myself to my cab until four. At four I receive visitors, and have a bath or go out. After dinner I go to bed.

In himself, he says, is a financier, an artist at strife with the newspapers and the public, an artist at grips with his job, and a man of passion. Off he goes into hiding to avoid the bailiffs, to Sardinia to try and make a fortune out of silver mines, to the Ukraine for a wife—or to his desk to write a long-delayed answer to one of Zulma's letters. And somewhere in the background sweated printers' devils are presumably going blind if not mad over the interminable, scarcely legible, scrawled and scribbled corrections and corrections of corrections.

There is one letter here, that numbered 90, about a protégé of Madame Carraud's who wanted to be a writer. It might well be read and inwardly digested by young men indulging a similar wish.

This young man is typical of our times. When a man can't do anything, he becomes a man of the pen, a man of talent.

As every reviewer and every publisher knows.

In May 1850, after Balzac's marriage to Madame Hanska, Madame Carraud wrote to invite the pair of them to come and enjoy a little country air. Three months later Balzac died. Thirty-nine years later Zulma died. Two thousand people attended her funeral: like the Country Doctor she had been a benefactor to the countryside. She was Balzac's "truest friend," says M. Bouteron, "one of the noblest women that have ever entered into the life of a man of genius."

THE MASTERY OF FORREST REID

By V. S. Pritchett

PETER WARING. By Forrest Reid.

Faber. 7s. 6d.

All the coinage of current praise has been debased and it becomes, in consequence, almost insulting to pick out superlatives for Mr. Reid's new book. It deserves them; but I would rather say *Peter Waring* will last this generation where most "masterpieces" are dead in a twelvemonth. *Apostate*, written over ten years ago, is still the most interesting autobiography of childhood we have had, a delicate but firm study and neither "arty" nor tearful as most of its competitors have been: *Peter Waring*, a tale of first love told in the first person, has the same firm, distinctive ring. I have not read *Following Darkness*, of which the present story is a revised version, but the mastery which Mr. Reid has of his young narrator, his girl, and their callow friends staring, laughing, suffering, showing off in the passionate stupor of adolescence, suggests *Peter Waring* is the more satisfying book.

The obvious attractions of the subject to a writer are the abundant supply of material running free and brilliant in memory; its pristine romance, the exquisite pain and pleasure as "the shades of prison house" fall upon innocence and the spring of nostalgia which starts from the very moment the writer touches his theme. This nostalgia is what brings a pretty-pretty ruin on most books of the kind, for it is the most facile of emotions. And it conceals from the writer the difficulties of his task, which are far greater than they seem: how to make a gawky youth interesting, how to present his half-baked friends sympathetically, how to draw a girl who will almost certainly be dull and unawakened and whose future none but a satirist could guess, and yet give her that inevitable quality which will make her the focus of all the imagination and sensibility in youthful desire.

The awful thing about early youth, from a writer's point of view, is its lack of

character and shape; or, at least, the difficulty of perceiving these under the flush, turbulence, and torpor of mere growing. The absence of character moreover combines with a terrible intensity of consciousness. Over and over again, in the autobiographical novel, the writer fulfils repressed wishes—especially erotic wishes—makes the past grow up ahead of its time. Again, the inevitable conflict with parents turns a lifetime's desire for justice into revenge and we get grotesques and not full portraits.

These difficulties must be stressed because maturity and genius, the extreme faithfulness of considered art, alone overcome them as Mr. Forrest Reid has done. None of our contemporaries can describe childhood and youth as truly as he does. None catches the subtleties which puritanism scores upon its nature. Owen, the prig, who fights his religion and writes to Tolstoy; Gerald, the young pianist, vain, detached, and insatiable in friendship; George, the smutty, vulgar, Belfast boy, healthy in body, jovial and filthy in mind—these three friends of Peter's are quiet triumphs of portraiture. The balance between the beautiful memories of the County Down which feed Peter's spirit and the ugly lower-middle-class realities of Belfast is perfect. What pleases so deeply is that Mr. Reid, who has all the sensibility of the Irish school, can put on a realistic scene which gets down to the bone of lower-middle-class ugliness in a way that makes things in *Kipps* or *Mr. Polly* look like mere pantomime. In this kind of tale which is about the beginnings of people and their problems it is easy for the novelist to betray that he knows too much. Peter, for example, is going to be in the difficulties that a half pagan will have among Ulster Presbyterians, but Mr. Reid never exploits Peter philosophically. He remains a youth—and, in the end, no more than a youth with a broken and baffled heart.

EDWIN MUIR'S NEW POEMS

By Stephen Spender

JOURNEYS AND PLACES. By Edwin Muir. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

This new volume by Edwin Muir contains the best poems he has written and some of the most serious, interesting, and individual poems of our time. It is necessary to emphasize this because superficial qualities of vocabulary and form in his poems may put off the reader familiar with a far looser "modern" idiom than his. The ballad form of his poems, the familiarity of the surface themes—Tristan and Iseult, the enchanted Knight, Troy, Judas, Merlin, etc.—the use of words like "helm" and "eld," the often romantic imagery, may give the reader a false idea of their real content. For in writing about the past Edwin Muir is not endeavouring to evade the present, he is illuminating problems of time, of death and of the relation of the past to the present.

In these poems, in which journeys are made through time so that the past may be expressed in terms of the present, his artistic aim is similar to that of Henry James, in *The Sense of the Past*, where the modern young American enamoured of Europe and the past, endeavours to live out his life in eighteenth-century England, whilst his counterpart, living in the eighteenth century, endeavours to live in the young American's world; or as that of Hölderlin, whose obsession with a classical Greece in which Hercules seems the brother of Christ is a desperate endeavour to resolve the disharmonies of the present by discovering unexpected harmonies in the historic past.

But the unity for Edwin Muir is not that unity in which Hölderlin, as in *Der Einzige*, loving Greece as much as his fatherland, searches for Christ on Olympus:

Denn zu sehr
O Christus, häng ich an dir,
Wiewohl Herakles' Bruder.
Und kühn bekenn ich, du
Bist Bruder auch des Eviers, der

An den Wagen spannte
Die Tiger. . . .

It is a unity in which time is static and single, the poet,

Dreaming of a peak whose height
Will show me every hill,
A single mountain on whose side
Life blooms for ever and is still.

It is this vision of the "single mountain" which is the core of most of these poems, the peak towards which the poet is always travelling in his journeys through time.

Sometimes his journey takes him to the remote past, sometimes he questions the meaning of the present, sometimes he explores a possible future. But what he seeks is not historic actuality but a pattern, and therefore it is to the psychologically significant past of legend and religion rather than of H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, to which he turns.

Since it is in these legends that the pattern for which Edwin Muir is searching through time can be found, the triumph of his "method," where the whole of time, past and present, can be viewed as the same pattern, would be to offer, as it were, the contemporary world to the past world, in terms of the same legend. To my mind, he succeeds wonderfully in "The Town Betrayed":

Our yellow harvests lie forlorn
And there we wander like the blind,
Returning from our golden field
With famine in our mind.

Far inland now the glittering swords
In order rise, in order fall,
In order on the dubious field
The dubious trumpets call.

Yet here there is no word, no sign
But quiet murder in the street.
Our leaf-light lives are spared or taken
By men obsessed and neat.

The comment made on our own time here is part of the same landscape as takes

him to so many other times and places in a mythical journey which discovers a unity through time.

Only the little hills,
Head-high, and the windy valleys,
Turning, returning, till there grew a pattern,
And it was held. And there stood each in
his station
With the hills between them. And that was
the meaning.

Edwin Muir is a poet who has certain very definite limitations, but in these new poems he has explored these limitations to their farthest extent. His great strength, which enables him to press the meaning of his poetry very deep, is a metaphysical way of thinking, and it is to the metaphysical poets, exploring set and limited forms, rather than to the romantics, that

one has to look for poetry at all resembling his. His style is epigrammatic, his symbols, beautiful and living as they are, are not sufficient in themselves, they carry always the weight of their reference to an argument, which although it is contained within the poem, exists outside the poem. His poetry is not poetry for poetry's sake, it develops an argument about time, which it strikes one, might have been developed in a prose thesis or in an imaginative fiction. Yet in his poetry Edwin Muir has discovered a language which expresses this argument in the most vivid and direct way possible by means of an imagery so precise that the prose meaning would seem a circuitous way of describing what can be held instantaneously by a single poetic image.

HITLER'S EXILES

By Charles Davy

CLOSED FRONTIERS. By Bruno Frank.

Translated from the German by Cyrus Brooks. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

"Thus, precisely thus," Herr Frank says in a concluding Author's Note, "were men and women treated in the 'thirties of the twentieth century in the heart of Europe." But "this book," he says too, "is a novel. The characters are fictitious, the action is fictitious . . . but every single fact is authentic." And most of these facts are taken from the recent history of Germany, so that Herr Frank stands very close to them, perhaps too close. His story is of a young German prince, younger son of the ducal house of Camburg. In 1933, when Hitler seizes power, Ludwig is writing a university thesis; he is compiling a complete catalogue of Goya's portraits. His teacher, the celebrated art historian, Professor Rotteck, has poured scorn on a Nazi art critic; soon he is hounded from his post and escapes with his young and beautiful wife to a cheap lodging in Prague. Ludwig, living alone in Berlin, is drawn into a monarchist conspiracy against the

Nazi Government. It is discovered and its leaders tortured—two of them flogged with steel rods in cells on either side of Ludwig's cell, in prison, at night. Ludwig is not tortured but banished: he goes to Prague and finds that he is in love with Rotteck's wife, Susanna, who becomes his mistress. But even in the midst of this episode he knows that his inescapable duty is to his imprisoned friends. At great risk, re-entering Germany disguised, he rescues his old tutor, Steiger, from a concentration camp and gets him to England. In London he teaches German, while Steiger, prematurely aged, cooks for him in a tiny apartment near the Zoo; and here gradually, for Ludwig, a fresh chapter unfolds.

Herr Frank's novel, though it follows this quite simple outline, has a curiously uneven structure; I feel it to be made up of several distinct parts. His record of events in Germany is grim and graphic: the facts need not be doubted, but they are not the whole truth. From them alone we should have to believe that the rise

of the Nazis was nothing but a conspiracy of thugs and degenerates, supported from behind by industrialists and a few army leaders. The book might have gained immensely if Herr Frank had shown us also some of the youthful idealists who believe whole-heartedly in Hitler—who, indeed, supported his movement before it came to power. What do they believe in? What in the old Germany were they in revolt against? Whatever in Germany may be denounced, this must be explained. As a story, too, the book suffers from anticlimax after Ludwig has reached London. In its affectionate account of England there is a note of sentiment which is, perhaps, the counterpart of Herr Frank's hatred of Hitlerism: his English outlines are softened, just as his German outlines are too sharp. But there is never any doubt of his gifts as a writer. His sensitive economy of style, his tersely vivid descriptions of people and places, his quietly expressive dialogue—all these qualities give his book a distinction which is admirably preserved in the translation by Cyrus Brooks. And there is one section, Ludwig's stay in Prague and his affair

with Rotteck's wife, in which Herr Frank proves himself equally a born novelist. Ludwig visits Rotteck, meaning to confess his liaison with Susanna, but he cannot speak: the old man, no longer quite rational, is absorbed in continuing his great history of portraiture which now may never be published or read.

In the light of the dying day his grand old face was pallid to greyness, and for the first time Ludwig noticed with a shock that the left corner of his mouth was drawn downwards, producing a distorted, even a paralytic, expression. But his pen lay, as usual, across the half-written page of manuscript. The little iron stove was dull red and the tiny room stifling.

Prague, for Herr Frank, is neutral country: here he is free to see the tragedy of Professor Rotteck from all sides at once. In Rotteck, German culture is betrayed, but he is also an old man whose wife has deceived him; and this is at the same time a consequence of his exile and also a purely human event. Perhaps this is why the figure of Rotteck stands out unforgettably from the rest of the book.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCHÜCKING

By E. H. W. Meyerstein

THE MEANING OF HAMLET. By Levin L. Schücking. Translated by Graham Rawson. *Oxford University Press*. 6s.

Successive ages interpret *Hamlet* according to their needs and fribbles. The eighteenth century, concerned with reason and the strictures of Voltaire, found art in the supposed artless; the epoch of Lamb and Coleridge, saddled with Goethe and Fichte's ego, saw in the Prince of Denmark the tragedy of the reflective soul; the period of criticism that started with Dowden and ended with A. C. Bradley, witness of the growth of psychology as a separate science, no less than of the

Hegelian Absolute, tended to treat Shakespeare's people as people with problems to solve, moving in a philosophic totality rather than on the boards or after the fall of Essex. Our own time, nervous, sceptical, scholarly, concerned with transmission of texts in its working hours and (save the mark!) with detective fiction outside them, runs the risk of metamorphosing a masterpiece for all time into a foolproof melodrama understandable only by a specialist in late Elizabethan political and supernatural shibboleths.

With each age clear gain accrues, no doubt. We of to-day, graduates in "melancholy," waste small time in speculating

whether Hamlet was at any time certifiable, though, to be sure, common sense always pointed triumphantly to Ophelia in the fourth act, and said "There's the *real* thing." Similarly, the problem of *delay* has ceased for many to be the core of the play now that Professor Dover Wilson has shown them that the ghost has to be proved honest before anything drastic can be done, apparently unaware that *anybody*, bowed down by domestic grief and disillusion, and faced with the awful job of murdering a relative on supernatural soliciting, would hardly go about it *at once*.

Professor Schücking, author of a book on character problems in Shakespeare's plays, and jointly responsible for *A Shakespeare Bibliography*, is readier than Professor Wilson to take his play as he finds it. He tells its story scene by scene, between a long chapter, on *Hamlet* as a baroque work of art, and a short chapter (very lucid), on sources and text. The freedom of our blank-verse perplexes him (sc. n., p. 114), but his observations on Ophelia ("she has a docility that only women of dangerously oversensitive emotions show")—has it ever been remarked, by the way, as an instance of tragic irony, how the most helpless and ineffectual of all Shakespeare's heroines bears for her name the Greek for "help" or "use"?—and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern ("both a precisely similar mental make-up, as though people of this kind were to be had at two a penny"), are refreshing. His refusal to believe that Shakespeare was interested in the legal background of the action, and his insistence that the play within the play awakes no superfluous interest in a new action and new characters, are in happy contradistinction to recent English criticism, and even induce a belief that the time is not far off when *Hamlet* will once again be looked at as the work of a poet.

High time! We have learnt, or are learning, that the circumstantial evidence of the stage is not that of the Old Bailey, that for instance the two totally different

versions given of Horatio's antecedents (thank you, Mr. G. F. Bradby!) do not trouble the spectator, and only concern a very perspicacious reader. But we have yet to realize that when the Prince says "from whose bourn No traveller returns," he has not become suddenly oblivious of his ghost-seeing, but that the playwright is all poet for the nonce, and dramatic consistency goes by the board. So too in the matter of Gertrude's botanical excursus apropos of Ophelia's drowning. You can hardly contend that she is trying to break the news gently to Laertes. Did ever human being (except Polonius or Mrs. Quickly) so embroider a tragic fact? Had the lines come, say, in an Euripidean messenger's speech, critics would have bracketed them as a scholiast's interpolation; and Ben Jonson, if censor of plays, would certainly have glossed the script "*sufflaminandus*" here. But all that has happened is that the poet has chosen at this point to write poetry and nothing but poetry. The Age of Reason was saner than our precisians. Look here, upon this picture, and on this:

The reference of Bernardo (i.i. 36 *sqq.*) to "yond star that is westward from the pole . . . where now it burns" is, it seems, made principally for technical reasons. Those on watch are standing down-stage facing the audience, and turn up-stage to look at the star: and at this moment the ghost appears.

So, in 1937, Professor Schücking. Thus, in 1769, Elizabeth Montagu (unindexed in *A Shakespeare Bibliography*):

The bell then beating one
Here enters the ghost, after you are thus prepared. There is something solemn and sublime in thus regulating the walking of the spirit, by the course of the star. It intimates a connection and correspondence between things beyond our ken, and above the visible diurnal sphere.

The italics are the lady's; she was, I believe, the first Englishwoman, if not the first woman, to publish a book on Shakespeare. Puzzle: find the blue-socking.

AN HISTORICAL TRILOGY

By Harold Temperley

CIVITAS DEI: Volume II. By Lionel Curtis. *Macmillan*. 12s. 6d.

This is the second volume of a trilogy. The first volume attempts to discover a guiding principle in world affairs; this volume states the position of world affairs; and a third, in the press, will apply principle to position. This volume is (p. vi) "a breathless race from Plantagenet times to catch up with the present," and our author says "I found myself in December last dealing with news in the daily papers, and closed the story at the end of the year 1936." It is a study of "how far the past has led to the present," and the author complains of his "ignorance," and implores historians to emulate his effort but to use "knowledge" instead.

It is the "knowledge" rather than the "ignorance" of our author that I admire. He gives a world-survey from the fifteenth century. He tells us a great deal more about the Mongol Empire, about the impact of China upon Europe, about how we borrowed printing and gunpowder from the East, about why Japan shut herself up, than most professional historians know, and much more anyhow than they tell us. Chapter XVII, on "the mutual reactions of four continents," mostly in the seventeenth century, is particularly admirable for its breadth. Later on Scotland is brought into connexion with the American Revolution and Captain Cook with China in a most suggestive way. Mechanization is connected with the French Revolution to the illumination of both.

After that I don't find so much help or so much knowledge. Our author is not so original in his views on the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, perhaps because he bases his knowledge on the newspapers, at any rate "in December last." Personally I rather doubt if the way in which the democracies of the British Commonwealth acted over King Edward's abdication

(pp. 521-2) was an "answer to the challenge which dictators continue to hurl at the constitutional system for which the democracies stand." I think that, possibly in the present day, we are doing dictators too much honour and that they may yet be a passing phase. The Soviet dictatorship has lasted a year longer than Napoleon's, but I am not convinced that it is a permanent form, still less that other and as yet shorter-lived and more personal dictatorships are destined for eternity. After all, in say any time between 1660 and 1688 the betting was all on absolutism, but in the end absolutism was defeated by the parliamentarians with inferior numbers.

In his impressive final chapter, LXXIV, Mr. Curtis says the kingdom of God is within us and that security is in effect the reign of law. He concludes that the reign of law is at present threatened, and (p. 532) "I can point to no time which appears so fraught with disaster to the human race as a whole as the present." I could point myself to several periods, since the fifteenth century, when the prospects of disaster seemed as great or greater. There was peril indeed from Charles V, peril from Philip II, peril from Louis XIV, peril from an armed Europe in the eighteenth century, peril from Napoleon, peril from Russia, and all these perils passed. So may they pass to-day. And, though I have a great respect for Mr. Curtis's earnestness, the effect is "I want to make your flesh creep." But a knowledge of history should prevent our flesh from creeping; it is a knowledge of politics and the daily papers which raises the gooseflesh. History seems to me to reveal many instances of danger no less grave than those threatening us to-day. To me the message of history is confidence not doubt, serenity not alarm.

Whatever ills we now endure,
We've weathered worse of old.

FOREIGN IMPRESSIONS OF TUDOR ENGLAND

By W. J. Lawrence

THOMAS PLATTER'S TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, 1597. Translated from the German with introduction by Clare Williams. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

The uncomprehensive title of this absorbing book sadly discounts its value and saddles Miss Clare Williams with an unbecoming humility. One is forced to ask in the words of Sir Toby Belch: "Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em?" Noteworthy as is the fact that Thomas Platter's journal, although long familiar to Elizabethan scholars, has now been translated for the first time, it needs to be emphasized that the primary importance of the book of which it forms somewhat less than half lies in the accomplished translator's wide-sweeping introduction which extends to no fewer than seven chapters and yet is not a line too long. Miss Williams's profound knowledge of the *ars peregrinandi* in the sixteenth century, advanced as it is with such alluring grace, proves delightfully revelatory. It was about the time of the Armada, we are told, that Europe first became England conscious. Cultured foreigners began to think our shores worthy of a visit. Just then a manual of travel written in Latin for widespread reading had been published in Germany, laying down a code of rules for the use of the itinerant, and exhorting him to keep a diary, for "whatsoever the eye seeth is the easier and better remembered if it be once written."

Several visitors to Elizabethan England took this particular precept to heart, and, had they been content to rely solely on personal observation, their journals now would be replete with valuable information. But, unfortunately, most of them when rewriting their hasty notes amplified the data by secretly appropriating sundry hoary fables from Polydore Vergil or some other early chronicler, much to the perpetuation of historical and other absurdities.

It is not surprising to find Thomas Platter, for all his learning, giving credence to the old myth of the barnacle goose, but it certainly is so to find him so far intellectually dishonest as to advance another myth as if it were a matter of personal experience. He practically vouches for the accuracy of the time-honoured fable that live pikes were kept for sale in tanks in Tudor London, and their bellies slit open on occasion with a knife to show the intending purchaser whether they were of a sufficient fatness. Those that remained unsold, so the story goes, were sewn up with needle and thread, and thrown back into the tank, not a whit the worse for the slitting.

In the matter of personal observation there are two points on which most of the foreign visitors to Elizabethan England agree. First, they marvel over our forebears' gargantuan appetites (probably due to the fact that they only ate two meals a day). In alien eyes this remained for long an English characteristic. Writing at the end of the eighteenth century, Misson observed that: "The English eat a great deal of dinner; they rest awhile and to it again till they have quite stuffed their paunch." But nothing surprised the earlier birds of passage so much as the freedom allowed to women. (It was probably a onesided freedom, the privileges of the married state, not of womanhood generally. Spinsters had it in much less degree). On this score we find Platter writing, with unconscious humour:

There are a great many inns, taverns, and beergardens scattered about the city, where much amusement may be had with eating, drinking, fiddling, and the rest. . . . And what is particularly curious is that the women as well as the men, in fact, more often than they, will frequent the taverns or ale-houses for enjoyment. They count it a great honour to be taken there and given wine with sugar to drink; and if one woman

only is invited, then she will bring three or four other women along, and they gaily toast each other; the husband afterwards thanks him who has given his wife such pleasure, for they deem it a real kindness.

There is only one point which Miss Williams fails to stress. It needs to be said that we owe much of what we know about

the physical disposition of the Elizabethan theatres, the methods of admission and the habits of the audience to the recorded observations of Samuel Kiechsel, Johannes de Witt, and other foreigners, including Platter himself. It is Kiechsel who reveals that in adopting the principle of the three galleries, the Elizabethan players initiated the modern auditorium.

MR. WELLS WRECKS THE SCHOOL

By Richard Church

BRYNHILD, OR THE SHOW OF THINGS. By H. G. Wells. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Wells has always been a bad boy in the schoolroom of Letters. For more than forty years he has been throwing ink at the prize scholars who sit in the front row and are good at grammar and the dead languages. He is still doing it in his new book, *Brynhild*. I do not understand why he has given it the sub-title of *The Show of Things*. There is no particular show, and there are no particular things. The book is merely Mr. Wells in an outrageous mood, setting up an Aunt Sally, which he calls Mr. Rowland Palace, and throwing nasty objects at it.

Rowland Palace thinks the nastiest of those objects is Mr. Alfred Bunter, a robust but unrefined novelist who is attracting too much attention. The excitement caused by Bunter in the literary world cramps Rowland Palace's style, and provokes him to some very Balliol-and-Bloomsburyish demonstrations of superiority. Those demonstrations are emphasized because he has just made rather a fool of himself by allowing a press photograph to appear which shows him as a figure of fun, toggled up as an ancient bard with a harp giving away prizes at a folk-dance festival. He fears that this mistake will never be lived down.

But his wife—calm, classically educated, lovely, and diplomatic Brynhild—reassures him. She is amused by his pettiness about

Bunter and his anxious vanity about his specially moulded and fostered reputation. She loves him all right, and remembers with charming sentiment the early days when he took her from her father who had brought her up on the Greeks, and began the honeymoon as he meant to go on, by talking about himself and his career of highbrow literateur. Rowland has *got there*; but he wants to stay there, and resents rivalry. In fact he has made a fine technique of sneering and depreciating *sotto voce*. He damns life with faint praise, and thus has become a cult with literary snobs and the society dabblers. He does not need Brynhild's support quite so obviously; only in his weaker moments, say at four in the morning, when he also sometimes wants a little of something else.

Brynhild, though she is too loyal to acknowledge it, is bored. And in this dangerous condition she meets Alfred Bunter, who at once reaches out and clings to her like a drowning man. Her boredom at once vanishes, and she listens with considerable curiosity and finally a well-stimulated sensuous interest to Bunter's tale of his absurd past. Now although Brynhild has heard *ad nauseum* from her husband all this stuff about souls and careers, she falls once more and allows all her scruples and loyalties to go overboard. The result is fruitful, but another case of fake, in which Rowland plays the time-dishonoured part of cuckold.

He is innocent of all this, however,

because for one thing he is far too busy with a brilliant scheme by which he proposes to defeat the professional rivalry of Bunter. He employs a publicity agent, a very Wellsian character named Cloote, who is also a talker with breezy and nebulous ideas. But Cloote proceeds to put over Rowland Palace in a new way. Gone is the esoteric and aloof literary figure, his place being taken by a familiar public personage who appears in everything and is duly photographed and interviewed. This alien reputation is fathered

upon him by the incredible Cloote at the same time as Bunter is busy fathering something even more substantial upon him. And Brynhild lets it all happen without losing for one moment her discreet smile, her sense of loyalty to her husband of whom she is so fond, her amused self-respect, and her motherliness toward these eternal children, her novelist and her literary lion.

It is all too one-sided to be taken seriously; and I doubt if Mr. Wells wants it to be taken seriously.

RIPENESS IS ALL

By R. C. K. Ensor

MEN AND THINGS. By J. A. Spender.
Cassell. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Spender has collected into this volume between thirty and forty pieces of his writing, some new, but most picked out of the past, choice samples of his daily work. Perhaps the first thing that strikes one is how well the newest pieces sustain comparison with those of his middle maturity. To few who have written for so long is it given to hold an unwavering pen after the labour of over fifty years.

As contributions to history, some of the latest-written pages are indeed the most noteworthy. For they are biographical, and on the most important of their subjects—Grey, Haldane, Knollys, Esher, and Alfred Krogh—new lights are extremely welcome. Mr. Spender was at Balliol with Grey, and very intimate with him later; and his picture is a rich first-hand supplement to that drawn by Professor Trevelyan. One of the minor riddles about Grey is: How did a man, who had done fairly well at Winchester and was afterwards to do well in life, manage to spend nearly four years at Balliol in its greatest time under Jowett, and waste them so badly that he was sent down as hopeless? Mr. Spender's first page may perhaps for some old Balliol men provide the answer. For if

Grey was the then leader of the tiny Balliol clique wont to drink and revel in the manner indicated, his being sent down ceases to be any mystery. Certainly he must have undergone thorough "conversion" soon afterwards; but all accounts suggest that—from Acland and from his first wife—he did.

Of Grey as a statesman much may here be learned; yet some of the other sketches are even more useful in proportion as their subjects are less known. Why has no one yet written a good all-round book on Haldane? Here was indeed a paradox—that a man so sagacious, so generous, so public-spirited, and with such pronounced gifts of sociability and entertainment, should yet be so widely distrusted and at last so thanklessly hounded down. Mr. Spender's explanation of the distrust is no doubt the right one. The hounding he does not seem so clear about. It was surely at least 90 per cent the work of Lord Northcliffe—started perhaps as a self-protective diversion (since Northcliffe himself had German connections), but developed as an example of the native Northcliffean passion for displaying power by breaking somebody.

Following the biographies come a number of essays on politics and history,

the distinction of which lies in their wide outlook and mellow, yet often pungent, commonsense. "The Old Politics and the New" is a keen criticism of post-war "Left" mentality. "History and Propaganda" is a fine plea against tendentiousness in the treatment of facts. "A Certain Moderation" is a picture of liberalism in politics. "The Origins of the War" and "British Hypocrisy" are subtle studies in international action and reaction. Then come a series of varied travel-pictures; and, last of all, a series chiefly concerned, one way or another, with literature.

The last set yields what will be a surprise to many in the form of an admirable parody of G. K. Chesterton, published in 1906, when he was at the height of his fame, and conveying, as the best parodies should, not only raillery but criticism. Almost as good however, are some parodies of modern poetry, composed by cutting into lengths excerpts from the evening papers! "Sowing and Reaping" at the very end of the volume is an epilogue, moving enough, on hopes and disappointments, and on how life comes to look when we near the end of it.

PLOT AND CHARACTER

HARVEST COMEDY. By Frank Swinnerton. *Hutchinson*. 8s. 6d.

"We are betrayed by what is false within," is the well-known quotation which Mr. Frank Swinnerton chooses for the title page of his long new novel. He omits, however, the preceding lines of the quotation which explain Meredith's point of view:—

In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot.

Mr. Swinnerton's *comédie humaine* has a modern substitute for the old-fashioned villain; and coincidence, assuming the mortal guise of Mr. Swinnerton, spins the plot. With an ingenuity and resourcefulness which are really prodigious, Mr. Swinnerton traces the mingling careers of three men from boyhood to age, transferring them gradually from the small

town of Moreton to London. Willy Harvest, a good-natured journalist, and Bob Whistler, a small shop-keeper, become victims of their former school companion, Dick Firth. An unscrupulous share-pusher, Dick had started on his career by becoming the financial adviser of 'Daddy' Griffin, a local magnate. Bob's wife, Julia, becomes a victim to Dick's cupidity and we may note, incidentally, that Willy's wife had also been a victim before her marriage. In the elaborate pattern of the web, Julia, who marries the wrong man, is a feminine counterpart to Firth. Willy's wife eventually dies of consumption and Minna, a Moreton girl who had long been in love with Willy, is married to him at last. Minna, incidentally, had successfully resisted the advances of Dick Firth. Such a summary is crude but it indicates that Mr. Swinnerton gives us plenty of plot as well as a large number of characters. Through six hundred pages of vivid detail and episode our curiosity is excited and its reward appropriately delayed. Did Mrs. Whistler push her husband down the stairs, and when her own neck was broken in similar fashion, was it Sarah, the jealous servant, who gave her the final push? Was Willy's father an illegitimate son of 'Daddy' Griffin? How long, too, must we wait for a solution of that mysterious and interrupted whispering in a public house?

Mr. Swinnerton has all the gifts but the one which he has mislaid. He has immense range, active interest in the teeming millions of the towns. He writes in a careful vivid style and we cannot be too grateful for this, when we consider the horrible jargon in which most monthly masterpieces of to-day are phrased. "This is a novel of ideas about living," according to the wrapper, but I cannot personally find these ideas. Mr. Swinnerton sends the dishonest financier to gaol for five years and distributes happiness to his virtuous characters in the approved manner. But with a characteristic touch of humour he veils the popular sentiment of his conclusion.

AUSTIN CLARKE

FOUNDERS OF THE RUSSIAN THEATRE

By Viscount Duncannon

MY LIFE IN THE RUSSIAN THEATRE. By Vladimir Nemirovitch-Danchenko. *Bles*. 18s.

The modesty of the author of this book has not prevented him from telling an enthralling story about the early years of the Moscow Art Theatre. The passionate conviction in the hearts of Stanislavsky and the author, its two founders, was the principal factor in its establishment and continuance. The reader is infused with this conviction and infected by Nemirovitch's superbly controlled enthusiasms. The early chapters are full of the joys of theatrical existence. Some passages show the author's remarkable powers of describing country life, others his full-blooded liberalism. But while the book is absorbing, it is at the same time so informative that one can only address the author in Chekov's words: "Your knowledge of life is enormous."

It was Nemirovitch who excited Stanislavsky's interest in Chekov. That *The Sea Gull* had had an early failure in no way lessened Nemirovitch's rapture at being allowed to produce it. Its sensational success at the new theatre was almost entirely due to the simplicity and realism of the acting. It was an untheatrical production, and for the first time, according to Nemirovitch, a Russian audience had the impression of eavesdropping behind a door or peeping through a window. The Art Theatre's methods, which eventually developed into a kind of craft, had been vindicated. At that date the principal innovation consisted in making the actors discuss the play before rehearsing it. During rehearsals the chief factor seems to have been the intuition of the directors, and Chekov must have done more perhaps than Nemirovitch admits to influence the methods. Although he treated the theatre merely as an additional source of income, and although he was never a champion of new forms (in both he was opposite

to Stanislavsky, the amateur fantastic), Chekov it was who stated that actors "act too much" and that it would be better if they acted more as in life. On the other hand, it must be remembered that if it had not been for the Art Theatre's insistence, Chekov might never have continued to write plays after his dissatisfaction with that piece of "vaudeville," *The Cherry Orchard*.

But if the world owes a debt to the Art Theatre in respect of Chekov, it must be still more indebted in respect of Gorky, who would never have written plays had it not been for Nemirovitch's determination to inspire him to do so. When *The Lower Depths* was written, no one worked harder for its success than Gorky, with the exception perhaps of Stanislavsky. It was only the advent of the 1905 revolution that cooled Gorky's ardour.

Now the extraordinary thing about this book is its tacit assurance of the inevitability of the theatre's recovery after low periods, and the conclusion must be drawn that in spite of his modesty Nemirovitch had a lot to do with these recoveries. One hankers after more autobiographical detail. While it is obvious that Nemirovitch was a very clever organizer, the manner in which he gained the financial assistance of Savva Morozov and subsequently of Tanassov and Baliev tends to show that he was also a very good advocate of the theatre's artistic claims. Something more must, however, have been needed to revive the spirits of the actors themselves; and Nemirovitch's shrewdness in obtaining the rights of Tolstoy's *The Living Corpse*, regardless of price, and the character of Tolstoy himself were probably responsible for at least one recovery. Tolstoy's world perception, his idealism, and his tender relation to the human being—all these, Nemirovitch informs us, were understood by the actors. This outlook apparently helped them to understand Chekov, but

made them hostile to Strindberg and cold to Ibsen.

This is such an enthralling book that it is difficult to criticize it objectively. Although Nemirovitch does not treat his material as subjectively as Stanislavsky, the reader is nonetheless swept along by the story. He reads of the difficulties connected with threats of strikes, with the censors and with other officials, and of the influence of the wives of the officials in overcoming these difficulties. There is an excellent description of the theatre's first European tour. Finally Nemirovitch discusses briefly but none too clearly the relation between art and politics, and in reading this book it should be borne in mind that the Moscow Art Theatre, in spite of being at the outset in the "right" group of Russian theatres, eventually came to serve Bolshevik ends.

MISS SITWELL

I LIVE UNDER A BLACK SUN. By Edith Sitwell. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

To make her first novel Miss Sitwell has done something that would have been an intolerable impertinence in a writer of less dignity and power. She has taken for the basis of her book the story of Swift, Stella, and Vanessa, using Swift's own writings here and there, but changing the period to the present day. Miss Sitwell is too finely disciplined an artist to have made this loose patchwork of the generations from mere wantonness, so one may guess her motive to be a feeling that Swift, with his fierce indignation, should have been living at this hour. Three main characters, however, are scarcely modernized. Swift still goes to see his friends on horseback instead of motor-car, sends letters to them by hand instead of telephoning, and their London has a seventeenth-century remoteness from their Dublin. Thus, the three seem to live in a twilight untroubled by the storms of today, while the other, original, characters are torn by its wars and racial hysterics.

The whole of this strange novel is in-

formed by indignation and pity, undefeated by Miss Sitwell's charming and characteristic decorations. Scenes are set out with the cool delights of cherry blossom and stars; there are rhapsodies on garden flowers and the names of orchard fruits, but these give greater force to the passages expressing horror at human ferocity and a deeper pathos to the long twilight which falls on the brief and shining youth of the characters of the queer triangle—the twilight in which Vanessa dies with her broken pride, the lively, lion-eyed Stella dwindles into a quiet woman hiding her wound, and Jonathan at last meets the madness he has always feared and his body goes tramping and roaring about his echoing house long after frenzy has consumed the last vestige of his noble mind.

Miss Sitwell offers no ingenious storyteller's solution to the now probably insoluble mystery of Swift's relations with the two women, but proceeds as though no mystery existed. Her Jonathan requires the occasional companionship and the con-

WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY

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NELSON, 8/6

stant devotion of her Anna and her Essy as he requires food, and he dooms them to sterile melancholy as though by right of his genius, hiding from Anna the partial explanation of his dread of madness, as though the long years of indignity at arm's length were not far harder to bear than any shared knowledge of lurking doom.

The Jonathan of public life is never shown. Only his great shadow lies over these pages. But one way of giving an estimate of this strange book is to say that those who cannot think of Swift without a rush of pride in human grandeur, those, that is, who may be irritated by the idea of Miss Sitwell taking the Swift triangle as a substantial frame for her exquisite modern embroidery, may find themselves reading it without resentment, brooding over its odd fascination, returning to it as one returns to a poem.

EDITH SHACKLETON

A POET'S ASIA

THE SEVEN WHO FLED. By Frederic Prokosch. *Chatto*. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Prokosch has made another imaginative excursion into the continent of Asia. His seven travellers—an Englishman, a Russian, a Belgian, a Frenchman, a German, an Austrian, and a Spanish woman—are forced by a political crisis in Chinese Turkestan to flee from the town of Kashgar. By describing the experiences of each of them on their devious routes to Shanghai, he has sought to reveal the Asiatic spirit through its impact on the consciousness of widely differing types. His theme is the cohabitation of beauty and corruption—an alliance exhibited in its most startling form in a land where grandeur of landscape throws into startling relief the varied depravities of man.

In all the travellers' reactions, there is a common element—complete abandonment to the fatalism of the Asiatic mind. The self-contained English explorer submits to his impulse to follow the Tibetan road though he knows that it will be his last journey. The simple, giant-like Russian, in his miserable inn at Aqsu, con-

templates all winter the murder that he knows he will commit. The sinister Belgian, the narcissist, stands waiting almost joyfully to be killed by his enemy. The bored, weary Frenchman seems detained by some extraordinary magnetism in a cholera-stricken town. The charming Austrian relinquishes himself mindlessly to the experiences of every passing day. The voluptuous, impersonal Spaniard drifts inevitably into the brothels of Shanghai. Even the German disciplinarian, the Nietzschean visionary, is fascinated, in the midst of his fanatical plans for self-perfection, by his awareness of the imminence of death. All of the seven, it is suggested, shedding the rationalism of Europe, discover their essential selves.

Through their reflections and their perilous adventures, Mr. Prokosch exhibits the Asiatic scene—the great snow mountains of Tibet, the parched deserts of Sinkiang, the vicious and disease-infected town of Aqsu, the red-foaming waters of the Yang-tze. Certain scenes are unforgettable.

Mr. Prokosch is a poet and he has attempted to maintain the lyric note throughout—an impossible task. His novel suffers from over-writing, from his refusal to make salutary descents into the valley of plain, straightforward prose. However, at his best, he is an extremely fine descriptive writer. As a student of human nature, he is much more vulnerable. It is not merely that his people are types, each exaggerating the characteristics of a nation. That is permissible in the context. But they are scarcely more than painted figures, distorted into curious shapes; creatures fantastically unresponsive to *human* as opposed to *atmospheric* influences. Clever, imaginative, poetic as this strange novel is, it has a curious air of falseness. Perhaps it is because an epic work demands of the writer a coherent and considered view of the universe—something more than the perception of the canker in the rose which is all that Mr. Prokosch has to offer.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

HAVE YOU WORKED OUT

what proportion of your income you spend on Books? It has been said that a true bookman spends at least 10 per cent of his revenue on books, but with taxes what they are, you can spend a smaller percentage and still be a genuine bibliophile. How will you allot your expenditure this autumn? Here are a few suggestions from Jonathan Cape's autumn list.

Our Winter List includes *A DATE WITH A DUCHESS*, stories by ARTHUR CALDER MARSHALL, wry in their humour, dramatic in their themes; *YOU'RE IN THE RACKET TOO*, by JAMES CURTIS, whose 'rapportage' of the London underworld is unsurpassed; *STARTING POINT*, by C. DAY LEWIS, beautiful for its prose, stimulating by the modernity of its characters and plot; a collection of *SHORT STORIES*, by LIAM O'FLAHERTY; *TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT* by ERNEST HEMINGWAY, a description of gun-running off the Keys of Florida (incidentally his first novel since *A FAREWELL TO ARMS*); LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S *THE ROYAL RUNAWAY*, which completes the history of King John of Jingalo and his son, Prince Max; a riotous extravaganza by ERIC LINKLATER—*THE SAILOR'S HOLIDAY*; and *CELIA*, another perceptive study of Upper Radstowe, by E. H. YOUNG, who wrote *MISS MOLE*, *WILLIAM*, etc. (All prices 7s. 6d.)

The modern dictators have stimulated an interest in their forerunners. *OLIVER CROMWELL, THE CONSERVATIVE DICTATOR*, by MAURICE ASHLEY, a brilliant young scholar, re-assesses Cromwell in the light of the most recent research; it contains several novel illustrations, and is priced 12s. 6d. Recent research has also thrown new light on Marlowe, and in *CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE* (illustrated, 10s. 6d.) JOHN BAKELESS produces a new estimate of the poet,

showing his place in the contemporary scene and solving the mystery of his death. *ANTON CHEKHOV*, by PRINCESS TOUMANOVA (10s. 6d.), reveals the great story-teller as a subtle analyst of the paralysis of soul which afflicted nineteenth-century Russia. And in *ROBERT BROWNING AND JULIA WEDGWOOD*, edited by RICHARD CURLE (10s. 6d.) we publish, with John Murray, the record of a friendship which will increase appreciation of Browning as man and poet. Julia Wedgwood had a vigorous intellect, and these letters show how she stimulated, criticised and admired Browning's work.

THE TALL SHIPS PASS, by W. L. A. DERBY (25s.), is a requiem for the 'sailor of the sail.' From the East Indiamen to the Erikson fleet, the rise and decline of square-rig is expounded with great skill and learning. There are 96 illustrations. The history of the ill-fated 'Herzogin Cecilie,' forms a fitting conclusion to what Basil Lubbock in his introduction calls 'a valuable addition to the bibliography of sail.' And for those who buy travel-books, we recommend *PLANT-HUNTER'S PARADISE*, by F. KINGDON WARD (illustrated 12s. 6d.), an account, by the distinguished botanist and explorer, of a plant-hunting expedition in the 'terra incognita' between Burma and Tibet; and *MAKASSAR SAILING* by G. E. P. COLLINS (10s. 6d.) which is as fascinating a description of life in the Celebes as its predecessor *EAST MONSOON*.

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

TOM MOORE

By Sylva Norman

THE MINSTREL BOY: A PORTRAIT OF TOM MOORE. By L. A. G.

Strong. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 18s.

At a time when the novel of sensibility was matched with the despairing lyric and the steel engraving of beauty in distress, when even major poets could aim, in weaker moments, at "a certain ideal melancholy," the little Irish bard, Tom Moore, moved London by his song. A voice described by one female intellect as "new and strange and beautiful" was heard in the fashionable drawing-rooms and applauded with ready tears. Early environment might have made Tom Moore an Irish patriot; his own nature tamed him into a London lion. While the friend of his college days, Robert Emmett, was to die for Ireland's sufferings, Moore slithered out of danger by slick answers and lived to sing for his supper. The supper—or rather the dinners—came, as many as three in an afternoon at times, since the eager little "tuft-hunter" would not willingly decline a nobleman's invitation. If Moore often lacked money, he was never short of popularity. The curious little boyish figure, himself moved to easy sentiment by an Alpine sunset or one of his own melodies, was born at the right—perhaps the only—period to ensure success. In the eighteenth century Moore would not have been tolerated; in the twentieth he would have been swamped. The Regency clasped him to its fluttering

bosom, and his poetical works were issued and re-issued throughout the century.

Mr. Strong's biography is, then, no plea for a neglected figure. He himself has known his Moore from childhood, but not worshipped him, being born in the wrong century. His story is inevitably a digest of the eight volumes of *Letters and Journals*, with additions from other sources. One may regret his choice of a title, though Moore himself would have proudly acquiesced. What is mainly needed, to place the portrait in perspective, is an emphatic viewpoint, other than Moore's own close scrutiny of his daily activities, and a keen assessment of his qualities as man and poet. Mr. Strong, though treading a little warily, is not without his conclusions on these points. Of the melodies he says, in summing up:

They transcended the audience at whom they were aimed, and inspired the soul of a people. If it be a test of great art that it appeals to the untutored, Moore's *Melodies* have at least a title to greatness. They caught something that was struggling to be born, and gave it birth. The baby was a girl instead of a boy, but the Irish people took it passionately to their hearts.

The question of how far, in his actions and relationships, Moore was capable of complete singlemindedness, has also to be decided. Mr. Strong settles it, and not in Moore's favour, in the most debated case—the failure to save Byron's *Memoirs* from the flames.

If Moore was honest, he was without the deeper sincerity that arises from philosophic thought; and this lack affected both his art and his actions. His soul, like his body, was of small stature, enjoying romantic emotion, but dodging life's harder responsibilities. Like Felicia Hemans, L. E. L., and others of the fashionable bards, he voiced the prevalent wistfulness; but his musical ear, added to the Irish theme, lent it a significance and poignancy that carried him beyond them.

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They Are Transformed	By <i>SETON PEACEY.</i>	7s. 6d.
There Are Four Seasons	By <i>RICHMAL CROMPTON.</i>	7s. 6d.
Gone With the Wind	By <i>MARGARET MITCHELL. 90th thousand.</i>	10s. 6d.
Nothing Is Safe	By <i>E. M. DELAFIELD.</i>	7s. 6d.
As Others Hear Us	By <i>E. M. DELAFIELD.</i>	7s. 6d.

It's Perfectly True! By *HANS ANDERSEN.* Translated from the Danish by Paul Leyssac. 7s. 6d.

Salam the Mouse-Deer Wonder Stories from the Malayan Forests.
By *A. HILLMAN ("Orang Bukit") and WALTER W. SKEAT.* 7s. 6d.

GENERAL LITERATURE

Dear Youth	By <i>LADY WILSON (Barbara Lister).</i> <i>Fourth impression.</i>	12s. 6d.
Town and Country in Southern France	By <i>FRANCES STRANG.</i>	12s. 6d.
Æ : A Memoir	(George W. Russell). By <i>JOHN EGLINTON.</i>	7s. 6d.
The Living Torch	By <i>Æ (G. W. RUSSELL).</i> Edited by Monk Gibbon.	About 8s. 6d.
A Vision	By <i>W. B. YEATS.</i>	15s.
The Herne's Egg	A Theatre Play. By <i>W. B. YEATS.</i>	About 5s.
The Dead March Past	By <i>GERALD GRIFFIN.</i>	8s. 6d.
Notes on the Way	By <i>VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA.</i>	About 6s.
Vienna	By <i>EDWARD CRANKSHAW.</i>	About 10s. 6d.
Great Britain and Palestine	By <i>HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM.</i>	About 10s. 6d.
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Crisis in China	By <i>JAMES M. BERTRAM.</i>	10s. 6d.

[All prices are net]

MACMILLAN

OTHER BOOKS: SELECTED LIST

The books in this list, in addition to those which have been reviewed in the preceding pages, have been chosen after careful scrutiny from a much larger number of current publications.

FICTION

A DATE WITH A DUCHESS. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Calder-Marshall has an extraordinary gift of flexible and living prose. He conveys, better than any other contemporary writer, the spirit of the life about him—of men in bars, of spinsters in villas, of miners on strike, of dull, slothful, futile, self-indulgent, and occasionally of courageous and charming people. But as a rule he is content merely to note characteristics and to leave it at that. One of these studies, "The Smuggler's Wife," is a short story of the first order. Most of the others are indications for unexploited themes.

SUMMER HALF. By Angela Thirkell. *Hamilton*. 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Thirkell has a knack of imposing subtle changes on her characters, who are a little, but only a little, funnier, sillier, and kinder than their models in our midst. Her story of schoolmasters and schoolboys makes pleasant reading; entertainment which neither strains nor insults the intelligence, but keeps it happily stirring.

UNDER CAPRICORN. By Helen Simpson. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

Miss Simpson is a first-class entertainer: she writes excellent prose, she can, without being sentimental, tell a delightfully romantic story where everything turns out well, at the same time skilfully and imperceptibly imparting information about an unfamiliar society. The scene is Sidney in 1831, with its curiously assorted population of English officials, fortune-hunters, convicts more or less reformed, and cheap but intractable native labour. A lively and convincing period-piece.

PASTORAL. By Eleanor Green. *Cape*. 5s.

Two young lovers spend a year on a marshland farm. Miss Green, who has a reputation for delicate, lyrical prose, sees with a painter's eye, and records with a poet's imagery; the trouble, here, is that James and Matilda, whose emotions interact upon the evanescent plane of "vision" and "memories" (while the seasons melt gracefully into each other) have

little connection with actual life, nor any essential core of personality that might give them imaginative significance.

LOST SURVIVOR. By L. A. Pavey. *Michael Joseph*. 7s. 6d.

A quiet, conscientious study, reminiscent of Mrs. Humphry Ward, of a man whose life is wrecked by the belief that he was responsible for the death of his friend. It is difficult nowadays to preserve a sustained interest in the conscience of a rather uninteresting person, but Mr. Pavey's book is worth reading for its admirable descriptions of the Essex and sailing background.

FOR US IN THE DARK. By Naomi Royde Smith. *Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.

This might be described as a matronly novel: ample, a little elderly in manner, and what a countryman might call "high-completed." It has nearly everything in it that belongs to the M. E. Braddon period. The final catastrophe is pure melodrama and, it seems, pure fact. Digressions give the tale some unwieldiness, but the several parts are all competent, and Francie has charm.

DAPHNE'S FISHING. By George A. Birmingham. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay) has returned from Ruritania to the humorous Ireland which he discovered for himself in the first years of this century. Circumstances have changed, but his characters still react in the same way. Lady Margaret Dare, an aged and headstrong survivor of the *ancien régime*, has as little respect for the law as Peter O'Farrelly, the local publican whom she accuses of poaching. Daphne, straight from an exclusive English College, aids and abets her aunt in illegalities. Amusing and essentially a yarn for law-abiding people.

DESCENT INTO HELL. By Charles Williams. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.

Another of Mr. Williams's metaphysical melodramas. He creates a two-dimensional world where the dead co-exist with the living and may have need of them, and where the Day of Judgment is just round the corner; the forces

of good and evil walk abroad in an English village—sometimes personified, sometimes manifested in curious natural disturbances—while a girl, through the “doctrine of substituted love,” finds salvation, and a man loses it. The writing is too often heavily didactic, but Mr. Williams’s belief in the supernatural is very deeply felt, and sometimes he can communicate his enthusiasm.

THE MOTHER OF CLAUDINE. By Colette.

Translated by Charles King. *Werner Laurie*. 7s. 6d.

Colette’s genius for conveying the nuances of emotional relationships finds full play in this gay and subtle study of an original, and happy, family. The portrait of her mother is lovingly conceived, yet sharpened by her clear-eyed realism; she evokes all the magic, the fun, and the perplexities of childhood; and sketches in a delicious picture of French provincial life.

OF MICE AND MEN. By John Steinbeck.

Heinemann. 6s.

Mr. Steinbeck’s tale of two cattle-ranch hands, Lennie, the “natural,” and George, his devoted protector, is an extremely skilful variant of the tough tabloid. The companions have an escape-story of a place of their own with cows and rabbits where they will live “on the fatta of the lan’,” which George tells Lennie on their long tramps from job to job. Lennie’s daftness takes the form of killing small, soft things, including women. The final scene, in which George, preparing to shoot his friend to save him from being lynched, tells the little story for the last time, is a triumph of the sentimental macabre.

YOU’RE IN THE RACKET, TOO. By James Curtis. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Curtis has assembled a completely unpleasant group of characters. In this story of the London underworld there is little to choose between Snowey, the blackmailing burglar, and Mr. Krebs whose house he burgles. Morality is mainly a question of keeping within the law. But the cool, detached style, the expert knowledge, the sheer wealth of cockney idiom and rhyming slang (an education in itself), and the right picaresque pace make this a decidedly amusing book.

A MATADOR DIES. By Joseph Peyre. *Bles*. 7s. 6d.

This translation by James Whitall of Peyre’s Prix Goncourt novel gives a notable picture of that section of Madrid life which lives (or used to live) on bull-fighting. It is as true and vivid

a picture as an outside foreign observer could give. Ricardo’s fate is typical. Sensitive, nervous, the prey of managers, agents, hangers-on, and an exacting mistress, the unfit matador is forced to return to the ring, though past his prime, to recoup his fortunes, and is killed. The characterization of the minor figures is often brilliant, but Ricardo is not compelling enough for the genius he is supposed to be.

SANDWICHMAN. By Walter Brierley. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

It is a pity that Mr. Walter Brierley, in his new study of unemployment, did not pursue more fully the theme of adult education. His account of the miner’s contacts with middle-class students and of the agonizing attempt to study in a hostile environment is extremely interesting. The particular tragedy described—of a young man tortured by his step-father, deserted by his girl, and emotionally exploited by his mother—is crude, unconvincing, and arbitrary. Mr. Brierley knows his Lawrence too well.

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST.

By George Bernanos. *Boriswood*. 10s. 6d.

A curious portrait of a parish priest in Northern France. The supposed diarist is a delicate, morbid, fanatically introspective man tortured both by a sense of his own inadequacy and by bodily disease. The life of the French village—a small hell of meanness, petty jealousy, boredom, dirt, and malice—is brilliantly conveyed. But the study of the priest himself is weakened by the author’s tacit condonation of Catholic hysteria at its worst.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS. By N. Brysson Morrison. *Collins*. 7s. 6d.

The wind of adversity blows and a Glasgow family of a hundred years ago falls from its place of pride, variously affecting its various members. This period piece is done with fidelity and charm, each portrait, each background, clear, pleasing, unencumbered by unnecessary detail, and the whole balanced, simple, and moving.

LITTLE VALLEY. By Raymond Otis. *Cresset Press*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Otis seems to know his Mexican peasant life well, an affair of dirt, passion, quarrelling, feuds, knives, drought, superstition, and general emotional and physical violence. The valley itself, the serious Juliano, his attractive wife Rosa, the gay Ben Ortiz—these take the foreground and provide the rather obvious but well-presented and well-written drama.

FICTION (Detective)

CLUNK'S CLAIMANT. By H. C. Bailey.
Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

If it were not for love, this would be one of the best of the fertile and ingenious H. C. Bailey detective series; but the love interest that is directed upon the pale and shrinking form of an apparently half-witted Irish strolling player and fraudulent medium is an exasperating check on enjoyment. From what part of Ireland did she get her remarkable local patter? Why was she at large, anyhow, in a careful England, and not in the kindly charge of some suitable humane committee? It is too bad of Mr. Bailey, whose inventive best in his own line is second to none, to take our attention from that admirably drawn rascal Clunk, a lawyer among thieves and a thief among lawyers, by introducing these Little Nell at East Lynne diversions.

THE DUSKY HOUR. By E. R. Punshon.
Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The astute, well-tailored gentry, some infectionally genial, some tantalizingly reserved, who earn a splendid if fluctuating living on both sides of the Atlantic by share-pushing, with a clever game of mid-ocean poker to help things out, are effectively assembled by Mr. E. R. Punshon, and let loose in a quiet English scene. There, among the country-houses and the poultry farms, with the village chorus to confuse the issue and mislead the law by its comments, he tells one of his energetic, likeable tales with Detective-Sergeant Bobby Owen in action, and the worthy Chief Constable of the county to lumber after him in slow-thinking, soldierly pursuit.

THE THREE HUNTING HORNS. By Mary Fitt. *Nicholson and Watson*. 7s. 6d.

A disconcertingly tame mystery to come from an author whose originality and finish gave her earlier stories a place apart. The setting in a château on the outskirts of a French provincial town is agreeably done, but the stealth and tension of crime are not evoked, and although we are told that the ghostly echoes of the fatal horn caused consternation among the Marquis's guests, we are regretfully unable to share their uneasiness.

POLICEMAN IN ARMOUR. By Rupert Penny. *Collins*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Penny's policeman is an agreeable person, neither unduly cultured nor dull, with an engaging penchant for female suspects. He is here

at work upon a murdered judge who may have been disposed of by an ex-convict, several grasping relations, or a couple of medical men. Mr. Penny provides a first-class time-table and plenty of evidence before asking the reader to make his guess. But the solution is a little too ingenious for the pedestrian follower of clues.

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

GUSTAV MAHLER. By Bruno Walter.
Kegan Paul. 6s. 6d.

An encomium of the great conductor by a disciple and admirer, and an uncritical appreciation of the composer. Mahler's gift as a conductor—the combination of accurate scholarship with deep insight into the composer's intention, a faithfulness to both letter and spirit—is illustrated by reports of conversations and of individual performance. There are emotional analyses of Mahler's symphonies, in which the vast conception often seems, though not to Herr Walter, to swamp the execution. Mahler himself is painted as an intensely suffering but quite insufferable character. He had an apparently successful and happy life, but suffered from the hangovers of Romantic *Weltschmerz*.

SPANISH CIRCUS. By Martin Armstrong.
Collins. 15s.

"Circus" is Mr. Armstrong's superficially apt name for the Spanish court of the second half of the eighteenth century. The behaviour of its lesser members and its periodic moves from palace to palace—the whole show loaded into mule-carts and carriages—alone justify it. Carlos III receives less than justice; his idiosyncrasies are emphasized at the expense of his qualities. Carlos IV, Maria Luisa, and Godoy, are the central figures of this tragic period in Spanish history. But Mr. Armstrong, like so many before him, is baffled by the obscure and conflicting contemporary records, and his picture is uncertain.

THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLES OF SCOTLAND: A Historical Survey. By W. C. Mackenzie. *Moray Press*. 15s.

There is nothing two-pence-coloured about this solid survey. Using the results of recent research, Mr. Mackenzie gives an account of the Highlands in Roman, British, and medieval times, of the conflict between the clan system and the feudal system, of the relations between the Highlands and Ireland, and of Montrose's campaigns and the Jacobite movement, in order

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The most endearing of story-writers and modest of men deserves to have only good books written about him. Mrs. Carswell's is a good book. It succeeds in being scholarly without pomposity; picturesque and romantic, yet free from the grosser forms of sensationalism. The portrait stands against a well-filled background of contemporary events, scenes, and persons.

NOW I'M SIXTEEN. By Douglas Pope. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

"Now I'm sixteen, with no settled job, I have decided to write my autobiography, and by publishing it make a little money." Such candour should be encouraged. Douglas Pope writes rather priggishly and snobbishly about his elementary school friends, and is superior about his parents. But he tells a refreshingly unvarnished tale of life at school and at home in a Kentish town.

WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED? By Otto Eisenschiml. *Faber*. 15s.

After reading this book one begins to understand why so many intelligent Americans incline to share Mr. Henry Ford's perhaps over-curt dictum that "history is bunk." The real reason for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln still remains an unsolved mystery. Mr. Eisenschiml, a Chicago scientist, here assembles an enormous mass of direct and circumstantial evidence, but comes to no definite conclusion, maintaining that many more facts await discovery. He has accomplished both a scholarly and a thrilling piece of historical detective work, highly disruptive of the mentality that accepts too readily traditional and arbitrary versions of great events.

THE HUMAN COMEDY. By James Harvey Robinson. *Bodley Head*. 10s. 6d.

In this posthumous volume, introduced and partly edited by Harry Elmer Barnes, one of the most enlightened of America's historians states the world's urgent need for bigger and better intelligence, and urges its development through increased "historical-mindedness." Not academic but living history is the solvent of prejudice, "the great illuminator, the most-potent instrument for human regeneration." Though not quite of the startling freshness of *The Mind in the Making*, this work is clearly from the same distinguished pen.

FOR DEAR LIFE. By Belinda Jelliffe. *Hurst and Blackett*. 10s. 6d.

An autobiography of distinguished quality. The story of a country American girl who, born with every sort of dice loaded against her, yet determines to become a cultivated person and a woman of the world—and by quitting home and facing the world, succeeds. Her first conscious prayer—"Please, God, send me some books," is characteristic. She writes with dexterity and terseness and without sentimentality. She paints a number of arresting pen-portraits, and tells of many remarkable episodes. Not a book to miss.

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I CHOSE TEACHING. By Ronald Gurner. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

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A CENTURY BETWEEN. By Robert Henrey. *Heinemann*. 15s.

A chronicle of four generations, pleasant and human in its interest, with side glances at the famous. It begins with the marriage of Henry FitzRoy and Hannah, daughter of Nathan Mayer Rothschild, founder of the English branch of the great banking family. The marriage was opposed by both the FitzRois and the Rothschilds, but the two persons chiefly concerned were not to be gainsaid. Mr. Henrey, who was at Eton with the present King of the Belgians and the Duke of Gloucester, is a great-grandson of that marriage. He has had an adventurous career as a journalist.

OLIVER CROMWELL, THE CONSERVATIVE DICTATOR. By Maurice Ashley. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Ashley's book is fair and temperate, backed by an impressive scholarship and cool in its approach to vexed questions. He admits to

taking his view of Charles I's character mainly from Mrs. Higham. His allusion to the Palatinate family as worthless seems a little casual, seeing that Charles Louis did pretty well for his country when he was restored to it. But in the main the examination of events and persons is scrupulously careful and just. It is mainly with Cromwell the ruler that Mr. Ashley is concerned, though he has some new comment on the battles of Edgehill and Dunbar. His study of the Protector's economic policy is particularly interesting.

MEMORIES OF AN EDWARDIAN AND NEO-GEORGIAN. By Edgar Jepson. *Richards*. 10s. 6d.

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LITERARY

JAMES, JOYCE, AND OTHERS. By A. J. A. Waldock. *Williams and Norgate*. 5s.

Five essays, on Henry James, James Joyce, *The Dynasts*, William Lisle Bowles, and *Macbeth*, which the author, Professor of English Literature at the University of Sydney, originally delivered as lectures. If not always a very sound critic, he is never a dull one, and his opinions and suggestions are as stimulating to read as they were, no doubt, to hear.

ALL OF A PIECE: New Essays. By E. V. Lucas. *Methuen*. 6s.

Mr. Lucas concludes his latest book of essays with a skilfully annotated selection from a diary kept by George du Maurier in 1867-8. It is so entertaining that one hopes the whole may be published, perhaps under Mr. Lucas's editorship. For the rest he shows once again his keen eye for a good subject, as, for example, Mr. Cox (the orange pippin man), or those who have given their names to famous dishes, or the sinking of the *Royal George*. He does not go very deeply into anything, but what he says is always deftly put.

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NINETY-NINE WIMPOLE STREET. By J. Johnston Abraham. *Chapman and Hall*. 5s. A series of pleasant essays by a "Harley Street" doctor on semi-medical topics such as "What Doctors think of Novelists" (poor novelists!), "Pioneers of Medicine," "Evolution of the Doctor," and "The Fear of Death." He is best when keeping closest to his last, most interesting of all, on so-called "incurable" diseases, least interesting on women's dress and "sunshine cruises."

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INVITATION TO THE BALLET. By Ninette de Valois. *Bodley Head*. 12s. 6d.

If Miss de Valois has no great facility in expressing aesthetic criticism of the Ballet, her description of the practical issues of production, training, and finance, and her judgments of the psychology of audience and performers are shrewd and informative. She stresses the importance of the Repertory Theatre in keeping the Ballet alive and progressive.

SOCIOLOGY & POLITICS

MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION. By Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. *Constable*. 18s.

Middletown (published 1929) was the fruit of an experiment in contemporary social anthropology; this book continues the study of that industrial town in Middle-West America from 1925 to 1936. The impact of six years of depression, and of Roosevelt's New Deal upon this small-businessman culture—with its tradition of *laissez-faire*, a belief in the inevitability of American Progress and in opportunity for all, combined with the growing civic power of a wealthy family provides a situation whose effect on the institutional life of the community and upon its more personal activities the Lynds trace out in great detail. The result is an absorbing example of a fruitful method of social investigation, though the conclusions are less spectacular than might be supposed.

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