

where uncouth markers, two miles off the main highway of those parts, indicate the site of the McLean House, and where the trees stand gaunt and somehow aloof from the pleasant Virginia countryside, because of what they saw take place. By Appomattox in the cold mist of the April evenings pass long files of ghosts; and they are not all of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Go forward into the future, to the day when the Industrial Revolution has merged into the Social Revolution. Throughout this Totalitarian Republic all persons will speak with the same accent, by order. The last Georgia oxcart will be housed in a museum as a sample of capitalistic transportation. The natives of the Southern Appalachians (vacation area) will don their quaint native costumes and chew

tobacco for the edification of Party members on tour. The soldier monuments will have been pulled down, lest people remember; all historical reference to chattel-slavery deleted, lest people think; all romantic writing suppressed, lest people dream again. But in corners away from the *Gestapo*, they will whisper: *Once, down there to the South and West, there was a fabulous country, where all the men were valiant and all the women lovely; and people went singing at their toil. They had stately buildings with tall white columns, and their ornaments were ivory and gold. On them the sun shone through the day and the moon was bright in the night time, and the birds made music. . . .* In effect, our Lost Atlantis.

For you will never kill that Myth. Too much of it is true.

## THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front advertising section)

### BIOGRAPHY

★★★★ THE GREENWOOD HAT: Being a Memoir of James Anon, by J. M. Barrie. \$2.75. *Scribners*. Barrie in a revealing new biographical device: a dredging-up of the

occasional sketches he did for the public prints over the name of James Anon, in the days of his beginnings; each selection is brought up to date in the light of the after

years. You note that Barrie was Barrie from the first. Forty-five years of writing have brought the things that go with accumulated experience in a medium; but have not ground away his early freshness: a thing both rare and beautiful. The introduction is from the noble hand of the Earl Baldwin of Bewdley.

★★★★ HEINRICH HEINE, PARADOX AND POET: THE LIFE AND THE POEMS, by Louis Untermeyer. 2 volumes. \$6.00. *Harcourt Brace*. If Heine can be translated into English, Louis Untermeyer is the man to do it. He now presents some five hundred poems, and his translations are worthy of being called brilliant original work. The accompanying volume, a biography of the poet, is an engrossing study of the strange, erratic, and unhappy singer. Mr. Untermeyer uses an interesting biographical device in frequently quoting his subject as an authority on his own actions. He brings a new understanding to Heine's paramount personal problem — that of his being a Jew; and is the first biographer to treat frankly of the disease, syphilis, which racked the poet all his life and finally killed him.

★★★ KING GEORGE VI, by Hector Bolitho. \$2.00. *Lippincott*. Urbane and loyal account of the life and acts, to date, of George VI. From this and from other accounts, he seems a modest, sensible gentleman; and in this day when so many heads of government are neither modest nor sensible nor gently disposed, it is a relief to contemplate the English King.

★★★ CHARLES LAMB, by Edmund Blunden. \$1.25. *Macmillan*. Another volume of the Cambridge Miscellany, this life of Lamb is a competent and scholarly piece of work, though not distinguished.

★★★ COMPOSERS IN AMERICA, by Claire Reis. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Twenty-five years of American composers — 1912–1937; musicians who, whether born in this

country or abroad, have done their work here, interpreting the American scene. Two hundred persons now living are considered, from Achron, Joseph; to Woltmann, Frederick. For each there is a biographical sketch, with the record of fellowships, awards, and commissions; phonograph and radio contributions, and major performances. The selection is limited to men and women who write in the larger forms; orchestral, choral, state works, and the like. For interested parties, a valuable reference work.

★★★ THE LIVING TORCH, by A. E. Edited by Monk Gibbon. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. An affectionate and graceful sketch of the late Mr. Russell by a man who loved him; and a collection of his fugitive writings. If he had left nothing else, these scraps would prove him to have been one of the most gifted persons of his time.

★★★ PEPITA, by V. Sackville-West. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Pepita was a glamorous Spanish dancer, mistress, and, as they say, common-law wife to one of England's most distinguished diplomats, when good Queen Victoria set the patterns of behavior; the affair had its remarkable aspects. A daughter of the union, Victoria Sackville-West, was her father's hostess at H B M Embassy in Washington in the virtuous era of President Arthur, and there were no doors closed to her: her father was recalled after a brilliant tour of duty in Washington, but it was because he was held to have dabbled in American politics. Here Miss Sackville-West, granddaughter and daughter respectively, sets forth their stories, with customary vivacity. It is Victoria that will be remembered, rather than Pepita, but unusual material marks the lives of both. You are reminded that fiction has to be probable, while the truth is under no such hard necessity.

★★★ VICTORIAN CRITICS OF DEMOCRACY, by Benjamin E. Lippincott. \$3.75.

*University of Minnesota Press.* Notes and critical comments on the intellectuals — Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Stephen, Maine, Lecky — who raised much fury in the nineteenth century by their attacks on the common man's ability to rule. Today, such thoughts are held un-American, if not worse. We see democracy in the saddle in such areas as the United States, France, and Great Britain: Carlyle and his contemporaries are long since dust. Yet they discerned a certain handwriting on the wall, written in somber ink. Could they live again in these United States, A.D. 1938, they might prove difficult to defeat in argument. After all, is the New Deal a true monument to democracy? . . . Professor Lippincott's book is dedicated to Professor Harold J. Laski, a leading advocate of Socialism. An omen, perhaps.

★★★ MARK TWAIN: A PORTRAIT, by Edgar Lee Masters. \$2.75. *Scribners.* A portrait based apparently on the ascertainable facts; and those facts interpreted ruthlessly, with neither charity nor tolerance. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters concedes that Mark Twain "was above the others for having written beautiful pages about the lives of boys, about the Mississippi. For the rest, he was a clown, with a clown's reward in money, and in a popularity that needed his sensational interviews and articles, his white suits and princely ways of life, to continue him as a figure". It is a capable piece of work. But you remark that Mr. Edgar Lee Masters is terribly embittered about something.

★★ SEQUOYAH, by Grant Foreman. \$1.50. *University of Oklahoma Press.* A brief sketch of the life and works of George Guess, called Sequoyah, the Cadmus of the Cherokees. Of the native American tribes, the Cherokees had advanced somewhat beyond the Stone Age; and might have advanced farther if permitted by the paleface. Sequoyah was the most enlightened of them, and therefore perhaps the saddest,

but he did what he could for his people. The book is documented and indexed, and is a special piece of printing.

★★★ CLEOPATRA, THE STORY OF A QUEEN, by Emil Ludwig. \$3.50. *Viking Press.* Herr Ludwig is notable as a romanticist, and his output is heavy indeed, encompassing many books and many characters. Historical accuracy, therefore, is not one of his fetishes: time runs too fast. And so with Cleopatra, the Queen. On a framework of fact, the romanticist has hung a gaudy story of what may have happened many centuries ago: but it is more fiction than biography. Accepted as such, it has its points, and sex is not the least of them. No doubt that was the greatest jewel in Cleopatra's diadem.

★ UNFLINCHING: A DIARY OF TRAGIC ADVENTURE, by Edgar Christian. \$1.50. *Funk & Wagnals.* From 1926, when the eighteen-year-old author and two others set out to trap and explore the Barren Lands of Northwest Canada, until 1929 no word of the adventures reached the outside world. The Summer of the latter year a Canadian mounted police patrol found this diary beside the skeletons of the three men. It is a stark record of gruesome suffering and starvation in the sub-zero cold.

EVERYBODY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Gertrude Stein. \$3.00. *Random House.* Words, words, words. Could publicity be the clue?

#### MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ JOHN OF THE MOUNTAINS, Unpublished Journals of John Muir, edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe. \$3.75. *Houghton Mifflin.* In these stray records and fragments John Muir shows forth more clearly than ever as an authentically great nature-mystic and a writer of rare distinction, "whose memory is destined to be ever with the silent places". Mrs. Wolfe has performed her job admirably, and this hand-