36

must rule a salon and entertain " lions." And such lions ! The babblers, the chatterers and the poseurs who dabble in the arts block the more fashionable pathways of public life by doing nothing talkatively, and generally belong to those futile sets whose elegant vulgarities and absurdities spoil the character of newspapers and sicken the hearts to whom life is not only an opportunity for selfishness and snobs. And that last is the word which makes the trouble of Fleur Mont. For Marjorie Ferrar, one of her guests, in the hearing of a number of people, including her hostess's father, describes Fleur as a snob; a solecism, yet a truth, which leads to immediate hatred, rejoinders, innuendoes, spyings and other mean tricks and vilenesses, some very clumsy efforts at peace-making which-especially with Soames who, as he had practised as a solicitor, ought to have known better-are inexcusably blundering, and culminate in a libel action. Mr. Galsworthy manages the scene in the Law Courts with conspicuous success, as he usually handles such scenes in his plays or his novels. The case of Ferrar versus Mont collapses through Marjorie's inability to answer helpfully a very frank question relating to her indiscreet past, but-and here is the sting of Mr. Galsworthy's purpose-through her defeat, and facing its consequences, at a party to which Fleur and her husband have also gone, she wins the sympathy of the crowd, while they, the virtuous, must suffer the cold shoulder. The touch is subtly and cleverly done. We leave Fleur Mont going with her father on a world tour in order to re-establish herself, and with Jon in the United States, as well as his impressionable brother-in-law, Francis Wilmot, there is ample opportunity for the future activities of this volatile lady before this massive Saga comes to its final full-stop.

Mr. Galsworthy is an artist with a sympathetic insight of the hearts and minds of his fellow men and women, but especially he can see their feathery vanities and criminal possibilities, and some of his people scarcely seem worthy of the care and skill he devotes to their delineation. For his style, and his courage in facing and dealing with the difficulties of his task and with the questions that arise out of it, are admirable; his thoughtful study of character and event is expressed with a lucidity and finish that are a model of literary workmanship.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

create an illusion of

the country sounds

and sights and

savours with which

they are so lovingly

concerned, a temp-

tation to wander

away from the

smoke and noise,

and even from such

good books as hers,

and turn the illusion

into reality. For

what Mrs. Hooley

most often ex-

presses, through her

delicate, sure and

simple craftsman-

ship, is a love of

TERESA HOOLEY'S POETRY.*

"To one who has been long in city pent" Mrs. Hooley's poems are both a refreshment and temptation : a refreshment in that they



Photo by Lizzie Caswell Smith.

Mrs. Teresa Hooley.

nature passionate in its sincerity. To her the things of nature are a perfect consolation :

"So love between us is over? But the mountains and seas remain. The blue of the world at twilight, and the sound of the

summer rain.

* "Collected Poems." By Teresa Hooley. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

The touch of the face of flowers is soft as a child at the

breast, The trees of the wood bring healing, and the far-away star-fields rest."

Or they are a purifying influence :

" I came into the quiet fields With anger in my heart, And the fields sighed and said to me: 'With us thou hast no part. . .' Sudden there sang a little bird. His notes, like silver rain, Washed all my bitter wrath away And I was clean again."

But more often the poet's joy is pure and positive, fruit of no reaction against grief or bitterness, and her poems sheer hymns of praise. Mrs. Hooley's annotations are of an exquisite precision, the precision of affection, like that of the early Florentine painters, as when she writes of the birds-the blue tit :

> "Clad in suit of willow green, Blue, and saffron,"

the wagtail, "dapper in suit of black and white," or the stonechat with "the copper of his throat," his cap of black velvet and his collar of white. She can describe a country scene without comment, but with such truth that we do not merely see it : all our other senses are touched, as though we were actually there.

Not all Mrs. Hooley's poems are of the English countryside. There are songs of Egypt equally felicitous, though nearly always hinting nostalgia for England; tender poems of childhood; a few war-time pieces. But her thoughts are never far from the trees and the flowers and the birds, the winds and the waters. With them she is at home, and in them she finds her surest inspiration.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

INDIAN ART.*

This book is justified by its title. Captain Gladstone Solomon writes charmingly of the charm of Indian art. He strikes a deeper note in his essays on "The Women of Ajanta " and " Sanchi and the Indian View-Point in Art," but, for the most part, the note of the book is æsthetic. The student of esoteric art who approaches Indian art in the light of Indian (spiritual) culture and seeks to find its expression in the elaborate symbology of Indian art may miss in this book that deeper revelation. But it is refreshing to have the rapturous appreciation of Ajanta and Sanchi by a Westerner who never for a moment betrays his Western subjectivity in his wholly objective enthusiasm for these ancient masterpieces of Indian genius. It is where Captain Solomon lets his critical sense be swamped by his unqualified praise of the modern school of Bombay art that the most appreciative of critics would beg to disagree with him.

There is little in the Bombay art of the day that is common to the creative and imaginative art of modern Bengal. It is avowedly mixed in its conceptions, its intentions, its technique and its results. It worships at many shrines. What element of inspiration it derives from the frescoes of Ajanta and the sculpture of Ellora, Sanchi and other sources of ancient Indian art is to the good. But all that admixture of imitation that it derives from Victorian representational art is to the bad.

Delightful features of the book are the legends and fairy tales which the author has culled from a wide field to illustrate the origins of many of the decorative examples of domestic art which is so large a part of the Indian housewife's special province and which is in direct continuity of the æsthetic tradition of Indian culture. The book is not so much a serious study of Indian art as a rhapsody of the abundant manifestation of the artistic vision of the average Indian in his daily life. Captain Solomon is a poet and his view of art is identical with his

* "The Charm of Indian Art." By W. E. Gladstone Solomon. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

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