

ABOUT THIS NUMBER

HENRY MILLER, who lived in Paris for ten years and wrote *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn* there, returned to America in 1940. He wrote a book about Greece, *The Colossus of Maroussi*, which Secker and Warburg are bringing out and, in *HORIZON*, 'Reflections on Writing'. He then set out round the United States to write a travel book, *Air-Conditioned Nightmare*, of which we print a pre-Pearl Harbour fragment. In case any reader considers 'Good News! God is Love!' to be our 'tu quoque' to the article in *Life*, we would point out that there is nothing Henry Miller says of America that is not true of England (see Lawrence, *passim*, and Orwell). It is important that we remember that though, until we have defeated Hitler, we cannot begin to live, until we have cured Western civilization of the diseases which are the effect of the industrial revolution (for which England was responsible) we can have nothing to live for.

Miss Petre, who is the last survivor of the 'modernist' group round Von Hügel and Father Tyrrell, has a book on Loisy coming out. Robert Melville, a young Birmingham writer, is also author of *Picasso: Master of the Phantom*.

The Christmas Number of *HORIZON* will include a further instalment of Augustus John's Autobiography, the first of three articles on Boswell by Peter Quennell, and an account of a girl's day in a munition factory by Mass Observation, 'Fuseli' by Ruthven Todd, a story by Maclaren Ross.

Will subscribers who find it a trouble to renew their subscriptions take note of our Banker's Order?

MICHAEL BARSLEY RURAL SUNDAY

WITH vacant stare in the market square,
Tricked out in a lilac suit,
The villager stands with great red hands
And chaffs with a raw recruit.
The heat comes down on a sleepy town
Like a blanket over the head,
And a church clock beats in the silent streets
Saying 'Dead, dead, dead.'

The *News of the World* is at last unfurled
In the strait-lace-curtained window.
Far from the steeple they read in the *People*
The words of the prophet Lyndoe.

Yesterday's rape was a fine escape
But today there are tales more thrilling,
Atrocity stories for people whose war is
A matter of endless killing.

Back from their pews in time for the News
The faithful flock has hastened,
For the polished word of an Oxford Third
Has left them cheerfully chastened.
Respectable mattins in suits and satins
Is not for the wretched sinner,
But for those who nod to a friendly God
And go to a well-cooked dinner.

The flicks are shut and a volunteer hut
Is the only building alive,
Where a colonel's niece in a smart two-piece
Serves cups of tea till five.
For those browned-off this attractive toff
Adds zest to a dreary day,
But the tin doors close and away she goes
And the world is suddenly grey.

The hour of seven is just like heaven,
The moment of wishful drinking!
Giggling wenches on bar-room benches
Can guess what the boys are thinking.
Shropshire lads look a bunch of cads
As they jingle the week-end cash,
And girls on munitions in certain conditions
Regret they were once so rash.

Oh, the *Hare and Hounds* may be out of bounds
To all below rank of sergeant,
But the barmaid's charms at the *Talbot Arms*
Shine gules on a face of argent.
The men say 'cheers' to a round of beers
And Waafs have a gin and lime,
And the same again till the clock strikes ten
Saying 'Time, time, time'.

Night must fall but there's nothing at all
To disturb their accustomed slumber.
They peacefully snore in the midst of war
An intact and eclectic number.
There comes no ghost to the Wardens' Post
To break the eternal lull,
And to folk like me when the clock strikes three
It's dull, dull, dull.