

prove my strongest argument in favour of your going to America.

England is an old country with a mature culture. America is still a bouncing adolescent. If a British author has a sufficiently youthful turn of mind to come out and play with the kiddies, it might well prove instructive to them and to him.

It is really unfair to make comparisons between any two countries unless you align them accurately *vista to vista* and *strata to strata*. This done and the inevitable differences in individuals discounted, it is possible to sift out the remaining qualities which are indisputably national.

The British financier will be more at home with the American business man than he would be with you, John, and you would undoubtedly prefer the company of the American author.

WILLIAM ROEHRICH
Cpl. U.S. Army

STEPHEN SPENDER LESSONS OF POETRY 1943

READING the year's poetry, for the third year now, I cannot help sometimes wishing that instead of schools of poets, there were schools *for* poets. In all the arts today, there are a great many people conscious of the general æsthetic effects of art: the paint in painting, the colour in music, the purity in poetry. One goes to exhibitions of painting, where, although few things are good, no painting is as obviously bad and vulgar as three-quarters of the paintings in any Royal Academy show. One reads anthologies, such as the two volumes of *Poems from the Forces*, where no poem is as obviously bad as a quarter of the poems in *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, and yet in the general blur of poetic good taste, it is extremely difficult to hunt out what is distinguished. Impressionism, imaginism, etc., in the arts, have taught numbers of people to be half-æsthetic, just as masses of people who read the newspapers are half-educated. But the total effect is an all-pervading blur in the arts, and the critic of contemporary literature who has to examine poems and novels feels as though he were condemned to look at innumerable photographs of objects slightly out of focus.

Actually, in the past, poetic schools have had aims which amounted to a syllabus. For an Elizabethan to write blank verse, for an Augustan to write heroic couplets, involved a discipline which we recognize in all good blank verse or heroic couplets.

However, today, we have no such disciplined objective formal aims in art. In matters of technique, we live in an irremediably romantic age. That is to say, there is no accepted style of the time, no blank verse line, or heroic couplet, which is the common aim of all artists. The lack of a traditional style explains

the extraordinary confusion of stylistic aims which is to be found in any anthology of contemporary verse. Every poet is, stylistically a law unto himself, and the critic judges a modern poet by attempting to measure his personal style against his personal subject matter.

Since there is no objective grand style in our age, there is a tendency for poets (indeed for painters also) to arrive, after a short period of experimenting, at a kind of Lowest Common Multiple of personal style, which is a mixture of personal subject matter and free verse technique, both curbed by inability to develop beyond a certain stage. The autobiographical subject, the blurred technique, are both symptoms of this inability to get outside one's own subject and one's own manner.

If this account of the contemporary situation in poetry be just, an obvious reaction would be to blame 'free verse' and experimentation for the blurred standard of contemporary colourless good taste, and to recommend a return to writing in accepted forms. Such an 'obvious reaction' is, though, one of the dangers of the present situation. Experiment, the search for new forms, the discovery perhaps of a form as objective and powerful as blank verse, suited to drama and narrative today, are more than ever desirable. But if experiment is to lead to strength, instead of declining into the weakness of a general slackening of the demands in rhythm and rhyme, then poets must vary their experiments with exercises in the old forms. They should, moreover, constantly search not merely for novelty, but for new ways of using old forms. The sonnets of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the numerous exercises of Auden in old forms, the *Aubade* of William Empson, the translation of the *Georgics* by Cecil Day Lewis, and his numerous poems in regular metres, show how much there is to be gained from putting new wine into old bottles. All these poets, when they write *vers libre*, bring to it the strength that comes from an athletic vigour which has led them to develop their powers further than they would have done by exploring their personal limitations. The great advantage of objective form and traditional subject matter is that it thus gets outside and at the same time strengthens the subjective impulse. In an age of experiment it is as necessary to experiment backwards as forwards; to recover the past as to explore the future.

In the past, most composers have been virtuosi, although playing an instrument superbly well has no obvious connection with composition—indeed, it might at first sight seem to be a disadvantage. A poet should, if possible, acquire a virtuosity in interpreting the great poetic achievements of the past, as Mozart, Brahms and Beethoven had in playing the works of their predecessors and contemporaries. For a poet, translating foreign poetry is the best possible exercise in interpretation. A poet's aim as a translator (from this viewpoint) should not be absolute accuracy, but to return to the source of the poet's inspiration and to create a parallel poem in the English language. Thus the poet gains sympathy with poetic experiences outside his own, and with techniques outside the ones he would use to express his own experience. Poets in the past have devoted enormous powers to the unrewarding task of translating. Today, there seems a regrettable tendency to treat translators as a race apart. Yet a translator is no good unless he happens also to be a poet. It is obvious, for example, that Mr. Maurice Bowra is a poet, and therefore his translations from

the Russian, and those from other languages, fall into a class of their own. Perhaps one day we shall enjoy the original poems of Maurice Bowra. In Frances Cornford's translations, we also have the great advantage of renderings by a poet of accomplishment in her own language.

So poets can go to school and do exercises. All the great poets of the past and present have done so, with few exceptions, though the schooling of the moderns has been less direct and obvious in method, since modern poetry has no technical aims binding all poets to a common discipline. In a serious poet whose work has appeared this year, David Gascoyne, we see the Exercise in his poems written in French, whilst in Miss Raine's poems we see how enormously her work has been widened by the use to which she has put the formal influence of Dante's *Terza Rima*.

But poetic schooling can teach more than exercises. The really important lessons are those of the eye, the ear, the athletic muscles and, indeed, all the senses. A poet can go a long way without a developed heart, but he can get nowhere at all without a developed eye, or ear. The aim of poems is to produce sensuous experiences, quite obviously of ear and eye, more subtly of muscle, and even of thought. The poet must ask continually of his lines: 'Do they make the reader see, or hear, or feel, this experience which I am trying to create?' Every impression which the poet wishes to create in a poem must be new, and it is safe for the poet to assume that the reader knows nothing of the experience which he is trying to create. War poetry and poetry of violence is particularly difficult to write because the images the poet uses mean either too much to the reader, or too little. A bomb means either the bomb which fell next door, in which case the reader ceases to think the poem, and thinks his own experience, or else it means the thousand tons rained last night on Berlin, which are beyond our comprehension. It is difficult to create experiences which are too close to us in the real world, within the ordered world of an imaginative use of language.

A lady, explaining the up-to-date principles on which she was educating her children, said to me once: 'I'm trying to make them see the connection between Mickey Mouse and *Æschylus*'. This remark has the kind of whimsical, pointed originality, based on a juxtaposition of ideas not obviously related to each other, which is to be found in much contemporary verse. We feel ourselves to be more poetical than the Victorians, because we are not so easily shocked by incongruous associations of ideas. Accordingly, we mock Lord Tennyson, conscious of our own superiority. Here is Mr. D. S. Savage shoving his well-worn halfpence on a well-worn board:

Lord Tennyson walked pensively from the green plush sitting-room
To pat the head of the mastiff on the lawn.
The pampas-grass grew round the Crystal Palace
Whose splendour put the Palace of Art to scorn.
The grimy buffers of industry had shunted his carriage
Down a dead siding where even the air was dead.
He had taken a look out of the sooty window.
'Trespassers will be prosecuted' the notice read.

The point of this little Audenesque folly is that history has revealed to us the volcano under the Victorian world. Our claim to superiority over the

Victorians lies in our realizing that conventional attitudes cannot shut out the grime and soot of reality. A volcanic restlessness causes the associations of images in our minds to be much freer than those of the Victorians. Mr. Savage again:

This sodden evening mortuary peace
 Enwraps the drenched suburban groves
 Brahms pumping slowly from the radiogram
 Swells over pavements swept with rain
 Boughs drag the heavy air with noisy birds
 The week-end cyclists race for home.

Here Mr. Savage's superiority is maintained in his condescending attitude to Brahms (unless the reader is expected to sympathize with him for his poor quality radiogram). Otherwise, I cannot see that the lines are in any way an advance on any minor verse, Victorian or of any time. Let the reader apply the test of the senses to the above lines. If a comma is inserted after 'evening', a full-stop after 'groves', and another full-stop after 'rain', the lines will be seen to be a description of a dull evening. The claim to originality of the lines is found to rest on three things: (1) their lack of punctuation; (2) Mr. Savage's taste in music, which is conventionally up to date and bad; (3) the line 'Boughs drag the heavy air with noisy birds'. This line seems quite out of place in the photographic picture presented by the other lines. One wonders, seeing the rest of the picture, how the noisy birds attune themselves to pumping Brahms. The picture is confused, and the last line with the well-placed word 'race', seems the only living image.

I do not ask the reader to agree with me in every detail of criticism. But I ask him to apply the test of seeing, and then the test of hearing, and of whatever other senses seem to be effected, to lines such as those quoted. I ask him not to be taken in by lack of punctuation, ideologies and negative attributes such as lack of rhyme and rhythm, by which some poets distract their readers.

In contrast to Mr. Savage, here are some lines by Geoffrey Grigson:

I look at the conifers: the blue row of leeks
 The buddleia now naked, and the Michaelmas daisies:
 I can feel with its tassels the gentle cloth
 On the table inside: and the tall dog, gone white
 At the mouth, waves his tail and goes lazily
 Between the sweet shop and chapel.

Now this is honest description. Mr. Grigson says 'I look' and he does look. Mr. Savage seems to say 'I'm superior to Tennyson and Brahms', thus, like a conjuror distracting the reader's attention from the scene which he describes.

Mr. J. F. Hendry is seriously trying to say something, but he also presents us with blurred, unfinished effects. We strain our eyes and ears, but although we feel that some real experience was felt by Mr. Hendry, he does not convey it to us:

I have seen the secret city
 Where Pity walks like a wave
 And glad as tides are glad
 Sad brides mock the brave.

A city, you may say, whose rivers
Bridged by sighs of men,
And winged by lion wishes
Mount beyond all ken.

A city where walls of water
Adrift on an ocean's breath
Crown the moat of darkness
With sepals wreathing death.

Timid are we who walk
Its broad avenues of Love,
Shy and blind but-bound
By the sweet stars above.

This is evidently the New Romanticism, since there must be some reason for such an extraordinary vagueness. The reader is willing not to demand a realistic appearance of this city of imagination, especially since Mr. Hendry is evidently trying to say something which is vivid to him. But there is no point in pretending that any clear vision emerges. A city whose rivers (bridged by sighs and winged by lion wishes) mount beyond all ken, is the picture presented in lines 4-8. What does one see when one reads them? Only a vagueness.

Referring Mr. Hendry back to the Romantics, it is surely true to say that the admirable quality of romanticism was the precision with which Keats, nearly always, and Shelley often, defined their dreams. With Mr. Hendry we feel that he had a dream, but he has already forgotten it before he started to put it down on paper. Mr. Hendry is a sincere writer, and if he can spur his imagination to a greater audacity of communicativeness, he may be very good.

In case it appears to the reader that I am merely out of sympathy with Mr. Hendry's romantic world, or his spiritual aspirations, or his love of past modes, I hasten now to refer him to the poems of Lawrence Durrell, David Gascoyne, and Edwin Muir, each of which has one or more of these qualities, and in all of which I find much to admire. Durrell is a poet who has lived long in Greece, and he is soaked in the Greek landscape, the Greek climate, the Greek ghosts. His best poems, quiet, assured, are word-paintings in which there is no false colour. His poetic world is derived essentially from the Eastern Mediterranean, and yet it is neither a tourist's nor a scholar's view of scenery and history, it is a world of Mr. Durrell's own, and it seems to me that the best of these poems are worthy to be set beside Landor:

A song in the valley of Nemea:
Sing quiet, quite quiet here.

Song for the brides of Argos
Combing the swarms of golden hair:
Quite quiet, quiet there.

Under the rolling comb of grass,
The sword outrusts the golden helm.

The publication of David Gascoyne's *Poems* 1937-1942 may count as the

most important event in poetry in 1943 (the volume did not appear till January 1944, but it is dated on the title page as 1943). Gascoyne writes poetry with a singleness of mind which is only present, amongst contemporary poets, in the rarest instances. There is every reason why in our totalitarianized world, the poet's whole being should not be directed towards poetry. Even in T. S. Eliot's later work there is an air of preoccupation with things outside the poem in hand, revealed in the self-consciously sententious passages. Auden's very virtuosity produces the effect of each phase in his work only being a part of himself. The feeling of a poet writing each poem with his whole self today is, indeed, very rare. And Mr. Gascoyne achieves this rare virtue, even if we feel, as with Cowper, that the wholeness of the poetry may come out of the man himself having a somewhat incomplete personality. Mr. Gascoyne's world is a terrible one, which does not matter. What may matter, in the long run, is that it is also an unhealthy one. I do not use the word 'unhealthy' here censoriously, but to define the kind of limitations which I feel in the very clearly charted scene of the poem called *Noctambules*:

Along the Rue Guynemer
Where as the wheezing chimes
of Ste. Sulpice strike three,
In his tight attic high
Above the street, a boy
With a white face which dreams
Have drained of meaning, writes
The last page of a book
Which none will understand.

This has the desperate excitement which we associate with absinthe, rather than the despair of tragedy. It is exciting, none the less, and beautiful. The despair is at second-hand, it is not the immediate facing of fire and terror. Perhaps tragedy through a veil of self-pity and drugs is the only tragedy we are able to write of today, because it is only people who are disqualified from belonging to the totalitarian conflicts, by ill-health or by neurotic hypersensitivity, who are able to devote themselves completely, as Keats, and Tennyson, and Browning, devoted themselves, to poetry. The atmosphere of Christian conversion in Gascoyne is seen through the same veil:

An English drunkard sits alone
In a small *bistrot* in Les Halles
And keeps rehearsing the Lord's Prayer
In a mad high-pitched monotone
To the blue empty air.

Ah, shades of Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson!

After Gascoyne, the poetic event of the year is, I suppose, the publication of Kathleen Raine's volume, *Stone and Flower*. David Gascoyne's poems are fluid, and seem to flow naturally out of a semi-conscious state of mind. As Miss Raine's title indicates, her flowers are wrung out of a stony land. The rather terrifying poem 'Invocation' expresses her determination to wring poetry out of her experiences:

Let my body sweat
let snakes torment my breast
my eyes be blind, ears deaf, hands distraught
mouth parched, uterus cut out,
belly slashed, back lashed . . . etc. etc.

if only the lips may speak,
if only the god will come.

Such Cassandra-like determination has something admirable about it, and, indeed, it may be that a woman can only be an artist in the spirit of the Vestal Virgins. Miss Raine does succeed in producing line and stanzas of crystalline clarity, passionate yet gemlike.

A little rain falls out of amethyst sky;
if there were a rainbow, it would be on the ground.
If I were here, that single swallow would be I,
if these green trees are heavy, their weight is in my hand.

In Miss Raine's poems, as in those of Gascoyne and Durrell, there is an order which springs out of the natural sense of proportion of the imagination. To develop the power of the imagination to create whole sequences of images, requires a withdrawn habit of mind, and to express such images in words requires an effort of attention and inattention which is similar to prayer.

The concentration of prayer is, indeed, the solution which some of the better modern writers find to the problem of writing in modern conditions. Their poems are prayers, meditations set aside from their everyday life. Edwin Muir is a case in point, and his title *The Narrow Place* shows the sense of seclusion, as do those of the books by Miss Raine and Mr. Durrell. Mr. Muir is also a poet whose work is the fruit of concentration, which is as much as to say he is not an easy poet. He is not easy, and his work lacks something of spontaneity. But the reader who takes the trouble to accustom himself to Mr. Muir's stiff, almost heraldic imagery, will have his reward in contact with a grave, thoughtful, sensitive and beautiful mind. I recommend these poems as contemporary meditations, and I think the reader will find that they also contain genuine poetry.

Richard Church's *Twentieth Century Psalter* falls also into the growing contemporary category of meditative poetry. These poems are a sequence of day-to-day poetic meditations. They are a kind of diary, with something of the quality of the journalistic essay, reminiscent of Louis MacNiece's *Autumn Journal*. Richard Church lacks the intense concentration of Edwin Muir, but he has an attractive discursive sincerity, which makes his book extremely readable.

Twentieth Century Psalter is, in the most respectable sense, a kind of poetic journalism, which fulfils a function of day-to-day thoughtful observation and moralizing, which is lacking in our Press. Miss Ann Ridler's quiet and sometimes exquisite poems of domestic life and rural piety also have a journalistic quality. They seem improvised from day to day, written simply and well, like letters to a friend.

A poet to watch is Peter Yates, author of *The Motionless Dancer*. These poems,

strongly visual and musical, show a remarkable power of seeing abstract ideas in terms of flesh and blood:

Light dazzles on the turning globe;
Divides the ache of counted time,
Revealing through the carnal robe
The spirit's hunger in its flesh—
A swimmer drowning in warm blood:
A vivid ghost illuming dark.

I put Mr. Peter Yates together with Roy Fuller and W. R. Rodgers, as poets who may have a considerable future. All three are already skilful writers.

Word Over All, by Cecil Day Lewis, contains the best poems he has written, and also some less strong ones than the best in his other books. The Sonnet Sequence (printed in *HORIZON*) *O Dreams*, *O Destinations*, *The Album*, and the other love poems are a high-water mark in his work. In his poems on being in the Home Guard, he seems to show a rather facile response to the dramatic occasion. Day Lewis is a poet of great skill, with a keen eye, and with a true, if rather conventional, musical gift. He writes well when he is analysing a sequence of past experiences, as in the Sonnet Sequence, which concerns growth from childhood, and very well when he is deeply moved. At other times, there seems to be a lack of certainty about his emotional touch. He seems to lack an absolutely sure sense of the difference between deep feelings and histrionic occasions—I suppose that is a way of saying he lacks a sense of humour, at any rate about the Home Guard. But the best poems in this book are very good indeed, and at least half the poems here qualify as his best work.

Mr. Norman McCaig in *Far Cry* shows a powerful imagination, capable of producing good lines. He seems to write at top speed, involving the reader in a gale of generous images. He uses far too many words:

What fantastic animal is this that lies
weakly waving its limbs in an unexplained problem;
Do this or that, we hinge ourselves on a balance,
wax on our wings of reason, into the empyrean
attempt the sun itself in terror of ocean,
and fall like bats into our terror's mesh
drowned, in broad sun, the food of simple flesh.

Publishers of poetry all seem to specialize in their own line. Routledge's seem most partial to young poets who use an enormous number of words in which they say very little, although they (the young poets) obviously do have something to say, if only there were a blue pencil handy. Mr. Savage, Mr. Hendry, Mr. McCaig, they all suffer from an overload of words, even though their words hurtle through the air with great violence. An exception, perhaps, is Mr. George Woodcock—but he is not altogether an exception. Read this:

For those who, magnolia tall, confront us,
Stately and pale, gods of a golden earth,
And south's inheritors of suns and status
There is no place among the quiet shadows

Of grey men drenched in brine and crowned with dirt,
There is no kingdom in the drowning furrows,
Or under the brimming towers, ambiguous trees
Where the dead water and women find their peace.

Here Mr. Woodcock is trying to make a statement of the following simple form: For those who . . . (have certain attributes). . . . There is no place among the quiet shadows (which have certain attributes). Not feeling quite satisfied with 'quiet shadows', he then goes on to say 'There is no kingdom in the drowning furrows', and then he has a shot at the attributes of 'brimming towers'. This seems to me a somewhat complicated way of expressing the simple postulate which Mr. Woodcock evidently has in mind: the question for the reader, and the critic, is whether this complication justifies itself, by proving to be a clarification of the simple postulate.

However, when Mr. Woodcock writes simple straightforward descriptions of Hampstead, or a windy day in March, he can be effective.

Two volumes of selections should be mentioned. One is the *Selected Poems of Osbert Sitwell*, which contains selections from *England Reclaimed* and several other volumes. The poems are arranged in an order specially suited to this volume, by which they gain considerably. The poems from *Demos the Emperor*, together with the selections which have appeared in *Life and Letters* are the most savage satire that Osbert Sitwell has written.

The other noteworthy selection is *Forty Poems* by John Lehmann. These poems of the last ten years show a steady development, from Cambridge, through the political 'thirties, up to the present war. In his recent ballads, Mr. Lehmann seems to have recovered the lyric grace of his earliest poems, and added to it the strength and experience of the world. Although they do not fall within the scope of new poetry, I should also mention that the Hogarth Press has published an interesting selection of the poems of Hermann Melville, and of the Spender-Gili translations of Lorca.

Since I wrote the above, a small volume called *The Inward Animal*, by Terence Tiller, has appeared. This is the second volume of this poet's work, and like most second volumes, it does not quite fulfil the promise of the first volume, *Poems*. Mr. Tiller is evidently absorbing many influences at present, and as many of the poems are written from abroad, he is evidently writing in difficult circumstances. But some of the simple descriptive poems, such as *Bathers*, live up to the first volume.

A reviewer of the year's poetry is always in the embarrassment that the interest of poetry does not lie in the immediate impression it makes, but in its power to be of interest over a period of many years. To say that nine or ten of the books reviewed here are of lively interest is to court a certain snub by time. However, another way of looking at contemporary poetry is to regard it as a laboratory in which experiments are being made, from which the literature of tomorrow will emerge. The books I have chosen for praise are those which I regard as written in a spirit of genuine and perhaps significant experimentation. I have criticized other poems unfavourably because it seems to me that the methods of the authors are not to pursue true conclusions, but to produce the effect of a colourful mist. Here is the list of nine books, roughly in order of interest, which

I recommend serious students of modern poetry to read. I put the books by new authors first, assuming that they will be of greatest interest to the reader, who wants to know what is particular to 1943.

- (1) *Poems 1937-1942*, by David Gascoyne (Poetry London, 8s. 6d.)
- (2) *Stone and Flower*, by Kathleen Raine (Poetry London, 6s.)
- (3) *A Private Country*, by Lawrence Durrell (Faber, 6s.)
- (4) *The Middle of a War*, by Roy Fuller (Hogarth, 6s.)
- (5) *The Motionless Dancer*, by Peter Yates (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)
- (6) *Word Over All*, by C. Day Lewis (Cape, 3s. 6d.)
- (7) *The Narrow Place*, by Edwin Muir (Faber, 6s.)
- (8) *Under the Cliff*, by Geoffrey Grigson (Routledge, 5s.)
- (9) *The Inward Animal*, by Terence Tiller (Hogarth, 3s. 6d.)

Add to these the selected volumes of Lorca (Hogarth, 3s. 6d.), Osbert Sitwell (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.) and Lehmann (Hogarth, 3s. 6d.); and two volumes of poems from America: *A Witness Tree*, by the veteran Robert Frost (Cape, 5s.), and the effective and fresh poems by Dunstan Thompson (Simon and Schuster, 2 dollars). It looks as if the presence of Auden in America were providing young poets there with exactly the School that they require over here.

Intelligence, sensitivity, imagination, perception and an enormous quantity of good intentions, flow into the stream of contemporary poetry, even though they distract it with cross currents and cross purposes. In some ways the picture is a promising one, and yet one cannot help feeling that something is wrong. On looking closer, I suspect that what is wrong is the lack of a critical sense and of a defined purpose at an early enough stage in each poet's development. Most of the poets whom I have singled out for praise have found their way, by themselves, without the help of any critic, or of any other poet. The poets who are not so good have lost their way, and they belong to schools, not like students, but like porpoises, where they dive in and out of the rainbows and mists of each other's enthusiasm. They should ask themselves seriously what effect they intend to produce by using words, and if they belong to some school of 'apocalyptics' or 'personalists' or 'anarchists' or what not, they should ask themselves what connection these programmes have with arranging words into poems. Critics should discover what objects of experience the poet is trying to create in a poem, and ask whether he does so. In modern conditions the poets need each other's help, but they need above all the atmosphere of mutual sympathy and mutual criticism of a circle preoccupied with the problems of art, rather than with problems of advertising.

Other books mentioned: *A Time to Mourn*, by D. S. Savage (Routledge, 2s. 6d.); *Far Cry*, by Norman McCaig (Routledge, 2s. 6d.); *Selected Poems of Herman Melville* (Hogarth, 3s. 6d.); *The Centre Cannot Hold*, by George Woodcock (Routledge, 2s. 6d.); *More Poems from the Forces*, edited by Keidrych Rhys (Routledge, 8s. 6d.); *A Book of Russian Verse*, edited by Maurice Bowra (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.); *Poems from the Russian*, translated by Frances Cornford and E. Polianowsky Salaman (Faber, 3s. 6d.); *Twentieth Century Psalter*, by Richard Church (Dent, 5s.).

The Sun Stood Still

by J. C. MUSTARDÉ

This account of life in German and Italian P.O.W. camps is written by an R.A.M.C. doctor. It is objective—Captain Mustardé's summing up of camp conditions appeared in the *January Practitioner* and was widely quoted in the press—and it is also personal. A number of poems written in Tobruk, Tarhuna and Piacenza appear in the story. *The Sun Stood Still* will recommend itself to those who see, in the soldier of today, the thinker and writer of tomorrow.

8s. 6d.

Hercule and the Gods

A Novel by PIERRE AUDEMARS

Hercule is a philosophical Paris engine driver who becomes involved in a series of kidnappings, set against a background which has the fantasy and satire of René Clair or *Cleopatra*. Pierre Audemars, who is of English birth, is serving in the Royal Artillery. Hercule will become a favourite character with English readers.

8s. 6d.

PILOT PRESS LTD

45 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1



Have You Exchanged Your Book Tokens?

Now that paper is rationed and labour scarce, the books you want are often here today and gone tomorrow.

No use waiting for a particular book to come back into stock—it may take weeks or months. Exchange your token for some other book. There are still plenty of good books on the bookseller's shelves, so please make your choice from those that *are* in stock.

ISSUED BY BOOK TOKENS LIMITED

C. V. WEDGWOOD

WILLIAM

THE SILENT

By the author of *Strafford* and *The Thirty Years' War*

Apart from Motley's classic, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, little has been written in English about the Dutch war of independence, or the remarkable man whose courage and tenacity alone laid the foundations of freedom in the Netherlands. The story was never more timely than today.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, generally and rather ineptly known as the 'Silent', was a brilliant social figure in the Netherlands at about the time when Queen Elizabeth began to reign in England. How this gay young nobleman came to devote himself to the people's cause, how he fought almost alone for the liberty of the Netherlands against Spanish tyranny, how he built up through years of exile and underground work the strength to defeat the greatest king in Europe, and brought into being the Dutch nation, is one of the great stories of world history,

C. V. Wedgwood gives in this volume a clear and authoritative picture of this epic struggle for freedom, and a full-length study of the national hero of the Dutch.

15s. net

JONATHAN CAPE

Published by the Proprietors, HORIZON, 6 Selwyn House, Lansdowne Terrace, London, W.C.1, and printed in England at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, E.13