

matter that was never intended for publication and that would undoubtedly have wounded the writer greatly if he had ever seen it between book-covers. It is Gauguin without his armor. It is the despairing outcry of a man who sees nothing ahead but destruction.

For the superficial reader there can be nothing but disappointment in these letters, for the note they harp upon is practically a single one—the painter's abject need of money. Page after page is taken up with pitiful pleas to Monfreid to raise a few hundred francs by the sale of the Tahitian canvases. Can the friend in Paris not get fifteen art lovers to promise that each one of them will purchase one of Gauguin's paintings a year for 160 francs, thus assuring Gauguin of a yearly income of 2400 francs? Can Chaudet—a Parisian dealer—not be hurried up in his payments? The pleas are repeated time and again. Hardly a letter is not taken up with frantic appeals for money, threats of suicide, descriptions of illness. All this is dreary but at the same time it is illuminating. In the first place, it throws a sudden light upon Gauguin's painting. He cannot lay his paint on thickly for he does not possess enough money to acquire the amount of paint necessary. Neither can he paint carefully for he must finish his pictures hurriedly in order to ship them off to Monfreid and, even while he is handling the brushes, he is shaken with illness, with nervous worry and the fatalistic vision of the destruction that looms before him. These are things that one must take into consideration when viewing the 1897-1903 canvases of Gauguin. They are the work of a man whom life has crowded aside and who is inexorably disintegrating under the strain of torturous months.

No one looks for style in these letters. Neither does one look for comments on art and life. The style may be found in Noa Noa. The comments on art and life are in the pages of the Intimate Journals. Here is nothing but Gauguin, a painting done in harsh lines and with no softening colors.

In spite of the books about Gauguin already mentioned and others, too (Mr. John Gould Fletcher's readable but superficial little biography, for instance), the real book about the French painter is yet to be done. It is possibly many years too soon for such a volume, but when it is written it will present a pioneer who lost his way.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

This Freedom

This Freedom, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

NO reader with a temperament less easily excited to ecstasy than Mr. Hutchinson's own, will dispute him when he says, in his Postscript to *This Freedom*: "There was to have been some more of it; but there, they're in each other's arms, and one has suffered so with them one cannot any more go on. One's suffered so!" One has! *This Freedom* portrays Rosalie Occleve, a cool, talented, aloof young Englishwoman, putting up a gallant fight to pursue her career as a business woman—a conspicuously successful department-head at Field and Company's, private bankers—alongside her career as wife and mother. But after it is too late—when Huggo, her eldest, has come to a bad end, and Benji, her youngest, has thrown himself under a train in the underground for grief over his sister Doda's death from an abortion—Rosalie succumbs, and in that ecstasy of self-abnegation which, in fiction at least, brings peace, gives up her work. One suspects

that Mr. Hutchinson's intention has been defeatist all along: of course it may be true that not even an exceptional woman can bring up a family and carry on a career at the same time, but this story of Rosalie Occleve does not prove it; the evidence has been tampered with. Throughout, *This Freedom* is written with that peculiar emotional incoherence which marred the later chapters of *If Winter Comes*. There is here a hard kernel of sound characterization and interesting event blighted by an emotional instability that throws the author into gusty rhythmic prose and interlards his narrative with such incredible asides as "The thing's too poignant for the words a man has."

FLORENCE HAXTON.

Books of the Month

- Europe and Beyond
by J. A. R. Marriott. (Dutton; \$3.00)
- The Balkan Peninsula
by Ferdinand Schevill. (Harcourt; \$5.00)
- World History: 1815-1920
by Eduard Fueter. (Harcourt; \$3.75)
- State Government
by Walter F. Dodd. (Century; \$3.75)
- The Northward Course of Empire
by Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. (Harcourt; \$2.00)
- Americans by Choice
by John Palmer Gavit. (Harper; \$2.50)
- The Church in America
by William Adams Brown. (Macmillan; \$3.00)
- The Diary of a Journalist: Later Entries
by Sir Henry Lucy. (Dutton; \$6.00)
- The Private Diaries of Sir Algernon West
by Horace G. Hutchinson. (Dutton; \$7.00)
- The Last Harvest
by John Burroughs. (Houghton; \$2.00)
- Still Life
by J. Middleton Murry. (Dutton; \$2.50)
- The Altar Steps
by Compton Mackenzie. (Doran; \$2.00)
- In Single Strictness
by George Moore. (Boni & Liveright; \$10.00)
- One of Ours
by Willa Cather. (Knopf; \$2.50)
- Babel
by John Cournos. (Boni & Liveright; \$2.50)
- Don Rodriguez: Chronicles of Shadow Valley
by Lord Dunsany. (Putnam; \$2.00)
- Little Plays of St. Francis
by Laurence Housman. (Sidgwick & Jackson; 10s. 6d.)

Contributors

RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY is a civil engineer experienced in the valuation of public utilities properties.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER is a frequent contributor of verse and critiques to the *New Republic*.

ADAMANTIOS TH. POLYZOIDES is the editor of *Atlantis*, a daily newspaper published in the Greek language in New York.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, Harvard 1917, has taught sociology at the University of Oklahoma and is now writing on social subjects.

HERBERT S. GORMAN is assistant editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, and the author of a volume of verse, *The Bacarole of James Smith*, soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

FLORENCE HAXTON has been a member of the editorial staff of *The Dial* and an associate editor of *Hearst's*.