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THE ARROW

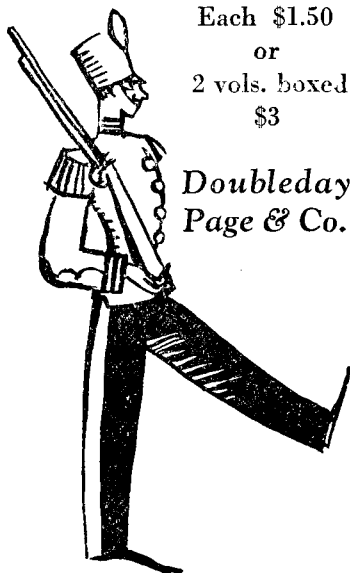
by Christopher Morley

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

by Christopher Morley

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The Phoenix Nest

WHILE ago we spoke in this column of a book of beasts both fabulous and authentic known as "The Elizabethan Zoo." It is one example of the beautiful book-making of the Haslewood firm who produce the Haslewood books. We also spoke of "The Phoenix Nest" of 1593 reprinted, which is another. The Chaucer Head, at 32 West Forty-seventh Street now announces itself as sole agent for the Haslewood Books in America. It offers its services not only to supply forthcoming issues, but in the out-of-print titles as well. We commend these books. They are not inexpensive, but they are rare and delightful. Send for the Chaucer Head Broadside, Volume 1, Number 4, which tells all about them. . . .

A gentle subscriber advises us, peremptorily, to leave any discussion of music out of the column, (apropos of our comment on George Antheil's "Ballet Mechanique"), and not to make a damn fool of ourselves. This wistful admonition our wayward fancy may not heed. It tempts us, in fact, to quote Mr. Ben Hecht on the subject of the concert, as he enjoys himself in a recent Chicago Daily News:

As for the audience—I have never beheld so shocked a body of men and women. Their reactions to Mons. Antheil's music were a study in bewilderment, shame, anger and incredulity. And this was pleasing. For I had come to fancy New Yorkers a sort of race sired by James Joyce and Jack the Ripper. It was pleasing to see something get under the skin of this high-tight crowd.

There is some nice hot shot in New York: A Four-Page Journal of Ideas for the General Reader, edited by Harold De Wolf Fuller. In a recent issue for instance, this:

All journalists who honor the high tradition of their craft must rankle at the actions of the Boston Post and the New York News in printing prematurely Governor Smith's answer to Colonel Marshall's letter in the Atlantic Monthly. All papers were given advance notice on the story and promised simultaneous releases of it on April 25. These two obtained copies surreptitiously and printed the story last Saturday. These papers have broken the law; for this they deserve the maximum penalty. They have done worse; they have reduced the honor of newspapers and newspaper men to the honor of thieves; for this they deserve the contempt and condemnation of all true members of the writing craft.

and this—

The ghost of Anthony Comstock is stalking on Boston Common. This hound of heaven is reincarnated in the person of William J. Foley, Boston's district attorney. With all the vigor of his previous incarnation he is swatting the "indiscriminate sale of salacious literature." Ten books, among them some of the season's most popular, must not be sold. Even "Elmer Gantry" is barred (we still contend that it can only stimulate more and better revival meetings). Publishers, writers, and editors—including Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the Atlantic Monthly; M. A. De Wolfe Howe, author; and Alfred R. McIntyre, president of Little Brown and Company—have signed a public protest in the name of "the historic tradition of Boston and New England," against the high-handed action.

The books of the month chosen by undergraduates of Yale University for publication in the Yale News Literary Supplement were, as of April 21, "Revolt in the Desert," by T. E. Lawrence; "The Old Countess," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick; "The Arrow," by Christopher Morley; and "The Rebellious Puritan," by Lloyd Morris. . . .

The School for Irish Studies, founded by Joseph Campbell, the distinguished Irish poet, has now kept itself in being for nearly two years. Beside the founder of the school, three others have been associated with its work, namely, Padraic Colum, Edward J. Kavanagh, M.A., (Lecturer in Classic Languages at Fordham), and Marie Collins Rooney (Mrs. John Jerome Rooney) of the Local School Board of the City of New York. The School has made for itself a unique place in the intellectual and aesthetic life of New York City. Up to the present it has been financed out of Associate Membership dues and the receipts from lectures and plays. It has now been decided to inaugurate an endowment fund. All donations will be much appreciated. Those who cannot give large sums can assist materially by becoming Associate Members. The dues are ten dollars a year. All communications should be addressed to the School of Irish Studies Endowment Fund, 6 East Twelfth Street, New York City. . . .

The Playreaders, Inc., assisted by the Laboratory Theatre and School recently presented a first dramatic reading of Christopher Morley's "Where the Blue Be-

gins," which has now been done into a play. We enjoyed the reading mightily, particularly the interpretation of Mr. Gissing by Greely Curtis and of Mrs. Spaniel by Ellen Whitman. The Playreader will continue to seek to foster the development of the American drama by means of Dramatic Cast Readings before discriminating audiences able to supply constructive criticism. . . .

We are privileged to print the following verse by Edwin Stanton Babcock, addressed to "The Critics," and written "after reading eight successive numbers of The Saturday Review:"

At first I thought to hang above their reach,
Limpeted to a rock whereon I sought
To pearl my hermitage with azure bleach
Swayed o'er their foamy gallantries of thought;

But, severed shell, lifting along the beach,
Lip-levelling to their scattering swirl and surge,
I fill and drain, swept by their brilliant urge
Of salty glitter. Dazzlingly fraught,
Tossed, counter-currented, outflung; to lie
Foundered on cross-rips of lucidity!

Karl Edwin Harriman, so long pilot of the fortunes of The Red Book, has resigned after a quarter of a century's toil as editor (of which fourteen years went to the R. B.) to take up other activities. His place will be filled by Edwin Balmer, well-known novelist and short-story writer, and Arthur McKeogh, of the Saturday Evening Post and later of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, will come in as resident New York representative and associate editor. . . .

Reform and Orthodox Rabbis of the United States have been asked to observe Jewish Book Week, during the week of May 21-27, following the action of The Chicago Rabbinical Association, which recently passed resolutions endorsing the movement, and which is urging all its members to make the week a success. . . .

Louis Bromfield has a good title for his new novel which will be published by Stokes in July. It is to be called, "A Good Woman." The energetic Mr. Bromfield will begin a first lecture tour of the United States in October, under the auspices of the Leigh-Emmerich Bureau. His subjects are, "Mr. Babbitt, the Man who Had the World Wished on Him," "The Things We Live Too Fast to See," and "Fads and Fancies in Contemporary American Literature." . . .

Of Marcel Proust is told the following delightful anecdote in "Marcel Proust, His Life and Work," written by Leon Pierre-Quint (Knopf), translated by Hamish and Sheila Miles, and just published:

"You have taken a lot of trouble for me," he said to an hotel waiter who had brought him a letter. "Here's fifty francs. Oh, but I have kept you talking till one o'clock in the morning. You've no longer got any means of getting home. Here's another two hundred francs. And then, did you not tell me that your mother was on a visit to Paris? You will be wanting to go with her. That will lead you into various expenses." A gesture like this, though it seemed at first sight exaggerated and incomprehensible, was not astonishing coming from him. It was only the culmination of his wonderful kindness of heart.

Speaking of the theatre, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has now been playing for sixty-two years straight, which beats even "Abie's Irish Rose." There's an article on the author of "Uncle Tom" in the current American Mercury. . . .

Be sure to get John Livingston Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu" if you have any interest whatever in the way literature is created. It is a brilliant performance. . . .

Inaugurating their New Playwrights Series, the Macaulay Company announces the early publication of the plays already produced and those scheduled for production next season by the New Playwrights Theatre. "Loud Speaker," by John Howard Lawson and "Earth" by Em Jo Basshe will be published immediately. "Fiesta" by Michael Gold, "Suburb" by John Dos Passos, and "Picnic" by Francis Edwards Faragoh will be issued in the early fall. . . .

We have a letter from the honored Alexander Harvey which we wish to print and are going to very soon. Also we wish to make the correction that Professor Partridge's "Main Currents in American Thought," two volumes (Harcourt), is priced at four dollars a volume, not four dollars for both volumes, as we recorded. . . .

And, by Golly, next week we may put on a Supplementary Ferocious Sonnet Number at that, as we have been receiving some good ones. . . .

And as we hate to work,—for fear spring should actually arrive while we were hard at it! . . .

THE PHENICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM of SIMON and SCHUSTER

Publishers • 37 West 57th Street • New York

Since KARL K. KITCHEN, the Boswell of the Roarin' Forties, has already blurted out the story in his own column, we feel constrained to set down here the precise transcript of a recent exchange of telegrams:

"How big an advance will you offer on a manuscript of eighty thousand words?" read a cryptic dispatch to THE INNER SANCTUM, from an unknown writer.

The same Western Union messenger took back the reply:

"How big are the words?"

The news that FRANZ WERFEL, author of Coat Song and Juarez and Maximilian is about to release a new novel, Der Tod Des Kleinburgers, brings to mind (at least to ours) his last work of fiction, Verdi, A Novel of the Opera. Here in The Inner Sanctum that book is the object of affection and adoration. We rank it not far behind Jean Christophe as a masterpiece on a musical theme. For us, it made not only Verdi live again, but Wagner as well, and it carried the lure of Venice in Carnival time.

Perhaps these lines will be read by someone who can explain why Verdi, A Novel of the Opera hasn't sold better in America. We doubt it. In Europe the book rapidly went through fifty editions and put WERFEL in the running for The Nobel Prize. Here in the States, the book received a superlative press, but is still only in its third printing—selling steadily, but far, far too slowly. It is just one of those enigmas that makes every editorial sanctum a heart-break house.

But we have our moments—especially when PETER ARNO comes dashing into the shop with an illustration and a "gag" for his new opus, Whoops Dearie!, a novel about The Whoops Sisters. Arno is an ideal author: he does his own ads. His first blast for Whoops Dearie! shows the bemused and befuddled Grande Dames of New Yorker fame (their names turn out to be Pansy Smiff and Mrs. Flusser) parked in front of a book-stall, in mad guffaws over their new novel. (The book will be ready in about two weeks.) Here is the dialogue:

"Lordy! Now they got us in a book we'll ave no privacy at all!"
"Privacy? Fer a dollar seventy-five? Ain't you th' little wag, though—Whoops!"

This week we are publishing a rance on Ten Words a Day by H. McCARTY-LEE, also with illustrations by ARNO. If you want to know the ten words before you sail, you'll have to see your bookseller at once, or let out some potent hints to your friends for the bon voyage basket.

Perhaps it is more exciting to list only our three best-sellers this week. Here they are:

The Story of Philosophy
Rhapsody by SCHNITZER
Lenz on Bridge

We understand that the New Haven book-stores are stocking up Father RONALD KNOX's latest detective story in preparation for the senior society elections. His book is called The Three Taps.

—ESSANDESS

