

The BOWLING GREEN

Sky Line

UNDER what star was granted me
To live immersed where I can see
Her terrible tall majesty?

Who fated it
That I should squander youth and wit
To see her blaze and ride so high
On peacock sky?

Wind of what hazard came to sow
My mortal dust where I could know
Her comedy, both high and low,
Her evenings lit
With pride and lustre infinite;
Servant of all her changing moods
And magnitudes.

Town of all towns earth ever knew,
Sierra man-made on the blue
Miraculous to thought and view,
I only ask
To make your madrigal my task
Where rhyming perpendiculars
Reach toward the stars.

Sorceress beyond compare,
City of glory and despair
So terraced on the Western air,
Your music pour
Over and round me evermore,
Symphony fatal and divine
City of mine.

Marcella, as everyone knows her in the Book Trade, viz., Mrs. Marcella Burns Hahner, the head of Marshall Field and Company's big book department in Chicago, is in London on her annual spring trip. Much of her time over there she spends in browsing about the second-hand shops in search of unusual "items," and I thought it was characteristic of her amiable shrewdness when she told me that she always keeps an outfit of old clothes in London to wear while book-hunting. Many of the bookshops she explores are, to American thermal wont, rather chilly; and we are all familiar with old books' affinity for dust. So the sagacious Marcella keeps an old suit and "an old raglan coat" (so she described it: who was Lord Raglan, by the way?) on deposit at her London hotel. At the end of her month's excursion she has them cleaned and put away to wait her next visit. If I had been a little quicker in journalistic instinct I should have asked her for a technical description of her book-hunting *complet*.

Speaking of the spring modes: I have often written with due homage of the great templed lobby of the Telephone Company at Broadway and Fulton Street. The efficiency and good nature of the priestesses who preside at the switchboard-altar is an article of faith among their own particular congregation of customers. Now, *nihil femina a me alienum putans*, I observe with admiration that the Company has given its priestesses special dresses to wear. They sit side by side in their little quadrangle wearing twin costumes in a delightful shade of red. The effect is very demure. Maroon, they called the color: again I was not enterprising enough to gather modiste's data, but I can report that there are small white collars and cuffs of a muslinish (or is it organdy?) nature. The Company has wardrobe them with three of these dresses, in different shades of red, so these ladies told me with pride. The costumes light up charmingly in the subdued luminescence of the hall. If I understand correctly, the telephone ladies at Grand Central have also been tailored in the same way. They are greatly pleased about it, and if any of our students of such matters happen to see how agreeable is the effect, there will be a run on the Telephone Company's dressmaker.

It struck me as odd that my old friends Beagle and Company, in their lively exhibition of French modernist furniture, did not round out the effect by putting a few more modernist books on their Euclidian shelves. Such books as they put into their neo-sophisticated décor were mostly of an earlier

generation: sets of Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and old encyclopædias. There was a gently humorous effect in finding a copy of "A Good Woman" prominently displayed in the set called A MAN'S BEDROOM. But, among furnishings so merrily eccentric, one might have expected books with more Algonquin tinge—let's say Clara Tice's edition of Pierre Louys, or Middleton Murry's "Wrap Me Up In My Aubusson Carpet," or a copy of Wyndham Lewis's review. If you're going to keep up with the mode, why not keep all the way up with it?

Quite the best book of its kind that I've seen, and highly amusing, is "Brighter French," published lately by Payson & Clarke (\$2.00). This, planned by H. T. R., is a lively little phrasebook of French casual chatter, dealing apparently with only the more sophisticated sort of palaver, but containing more solid information than you might suspect. The compiler describes his intention as "trying to make you think like a Frenchman." The book is not intended for those who know no French; or for those who take seriously the French in Three Weeks hallucination; but for anyone who wants to amplify his frequency in that slippery tongue it is a hip-flask of inspiration. Excellent man, he gives (for example) 210 idiomatic uses of the champion verb *faire*.

We were speaking of carelessnesses often committed by even the most famous writers of detective stories. One thing that has often interested me is how an obvious error will persist through innumerable editions, no one ever taking the trouble to correct it. I believe that the discrepancy in dates in Conan Doyle's story *The Red-Headed League* has continued through all editions (in this country at least) since the story was published in 1891. Vincent Starrett reprints it unchanged in his recent collection "Fourteen Great Detective Stories."

If I were ever to compile an anthology of detective yarns I should certainly want to include one of Arthur Crabb's stories about Samuel Lyle. "Samuel Lyle, Criminologist," published in 1920 by the Century Company, was an inordinately good book; Lyle, his lawyer hero, is humorous, credible, and completely *conveyed*. I re-read the book once every two years or so, always with pleasure. Isn't it time Mr. Crabb (which is a pseudonym) gave us another? Besides Mr. Crabb is a Philadelphian, and the literary average of that city sadly needs a little stimulation.

You were asking why *Variety* is my favorite magazine. Well, hardly a week goes by that you won't find in *Variety* some shrewd saline anecdote—such as the story (told by Harold MacGrath) of the absent-minded drummer "who gave the legit star a roll and cymbal crash when the latter took a dramatic fall during a tragedy." It appears that this celestial episode happened to Henry Irving playing "The Bells" in Syracuse in 1890. According to *Variety* the drummer is still playing the traps at the Strand picture house in that city. It would be pleasant to hear from him what was Irving's comment.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Thomas Hardy Memorial

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

A HARDY Memorial Committee has recently been organized in England with the following members: Sir James Barrie, Sir Edmund Gosse, John Galsworthy, Walter de la Mare, Lord Gorell, E. M. Walker (Provost Queen's College, Oxford), A. Pope, G. Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Granville Barker, Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, Cecil Hanbury, C. H. St. John Hornby, and the Mayor of Dorchester. The signatories have issued the following statement:

"There appears to be a general desire, not only in Wessex, but also universally, that some permanent memorial should be erected in honour of the late Mr. Thomas Hardy. The form which this memorial is to take has now been definitely decided, with the entire approval of his representatives. It is to consist of the three following: (1) The preservation of his birthplace at Bockhampton. (2) An obelisk to be erected on a suitable site in the neighborhood. (3) The founding in Dorchester of a Hardy Memorial, housing a collection of his works and relics. It is felt that, as Thomas Hardy's reputation as a poet and novelist is world-wide, and that as he has hosts of admirers in America, and, in fact, nearly every country, an opportunity will thus be afforded to everyone to participate in creating a permanent shrine to his memory in the very centre of the Wessex that he loved so well and immortalized in his writings."

It is hoped that a considerable sum can be raised in this country as America's contribution to the Memorial. The campaign for raising funds will be conducted by the publishers of Mr. Hardy's novels in America, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and by *The Saturday Review of Literature*. All contributions should be sent to The Hardy Memorial Fund, c/o Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City. Statements as to the progress of the Fund will be printed in the *Saturday Review of Literature* and correspondence in regard to it will be welcome.

THERE should be an immediate and general response to the appeal to America to aid in erecting in England a permanent memorial in honor of Thomas Hardy. Why?

Hardy attained eminence in four branches of art. He was a successful and distinguished ecclesiastical architect; he became the foremost living novelist in the world; he made what looks like a permanent contribution to dramatic literature; he won an undisputed place in the front rank of the English poets of the twentieth century.

Hardy's career as a novelist lasted twenty-five years, from 1871 to 1896, from "Desperate Remedies" to the completion of the revised version of "The Well-Beloved." He was the last of the Victorians, and as the last of his fifteen novels appeared more than thirty years ago, we can view and estimate his work with the same detached aloofness that we examine and weigh the production of George Eliot. Although in his later years he himself professed to care comparatively little for these prose fictions, the world has never allowed the same man to be both author and critic. We are only faintly interested if we are told that Milton thought "Paradise Regained" his masterpiece; that Tolstoy was ashamed of having written "Anna Karenina"; that Wordsworth was proud of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Barrett Wendell remarked shrewdly, that Shakespeare, with a perversity characteristic of authors, probably thought "Coriolanus" his greatest play.

The fact is that "The Return of the Native," "Tess," "The Woodlanders," "Far from the Mad-ding Crowd," have given their creator a place with Richardson, Jane Austen, and Dickens; and after the death of Tolstoy in 1910, there was not a living novelist in the world equal in rank to Hardy.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago appeared the first volume of "The Dynasts," and although there is a legitimate difference of opinion about its place in the world's literature, it certainly bears the stamp of original genius, and its position now is so much higher than it was twenty years ago, that it seems destined never to be forgotten. There are some contemporary works of art that one feels are built successfully to withstand both the nibbling tooth of criticism and the sharper tooth of Time.

Hardy's career as a poet, going only by dates of publication, extended over thirty years. But it should be remembered that poetry was both his first and his last love. He wrote novels from professional necessity, and poetry from an inward necessity. As Mrs. Hardy expresses it, the novels "were dictated by accidents and circumstances not under his own control," while the poems "were the result of uncontrolled personality."

He published, in addition to "The Dynasts" and "The Queen of Cornwall," seven volumes of lyrics; and I fervently hope that there are a sufficient number of manuscripts to make up a final book. It is not often that a successful artist at the age of fifty-eight challenges criticism with work in a new vein.

There are authors who have outlived their reputation; but the older Hardy grew, the greater and wider spread his fame, so that in the last ten years he reached something like an apotheosis. Fortunately he never dwindled into a "Sage," which so often means a bore. Polonius was not a wise man, he was a sage; as Coleridge happily expressed it, "Polonius was the personification of the memory of wisdom no longer possessed." Hardy's mind, both in creative composition and in private conversation, was as vigorous and as alert as ever. Visitors talked with him as they talk with Arnold Bennett. The public awaited his next book as they look for one from Rudyard Kipling.

A figure of such solitary supremacy in his own country and of such eminence in the world is bound to have a visible memorial. It should be our privilege to contribute. It is proposed to preserve his birthplace, to erect in Wessex an obelisk, and to house in Dorchester a collection of his works and memorabilia. Let us now praise this famous man.

Various Books

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Books of Special Interest

The Bartrams

THE TRAVELS OF WILLIAM BARTRAM. New York: Macy-Masius. 1928. \$2.50.

JOHN BARTRAM established his collection of trees, shrubs, and plants (later called "Bartram's Garden") at Kingsessing, on the Schuylkill near Philadelphia in 1728. It is now a part of the public park system of Philadelphia, though it is not kept up as an aboratum. The bicentenary of the founding of the first botanic garden in North America (and for all I know in the Western Hemisphere, for I find no records of an earlier one in the Spanish colonies) could not have been better celebrated than by reprinting in the American Bookshelf series these travels of William Bartram, in North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida. The book has long been out of print and was difficult to obtain even in public libraries. It is now available in a pleasing format, unabridged, and with an excellent index which was lacking in the original edition.

The Bartrams, father and son, were so closely associated in their travels and in their botanic studies that a brief biographic note may be of interest to readers unfamiliar with the old brown leather quarto beloved of Dorothy and William, Coleridge and Carlyle, Emerson and Thoreau, and a host of others. John Bartram was born in Darby, Pennsylvania, in 1699, the son of English Quakers who had come to America in 1682. He early developed an interest in natural history and botany and the explorer's passion for the discovery of new plants in a New World. Self-educated and self-disciplined, he was brevetted by the great Linnaeus as "the greatest natural botanist in the world." Through a Philadelphia Quaker, Joseph Breintnall, he became the correspondent of an enthusiastic botanist and plant collector in London, Peter Collinson; and through Collinson, Bartram came to correspond with some of the most eminent men of science in Europe. Encouraged by Collinson, Fothergill, and other members of the Royal Society, who supplied him with money and apparatus, the elder Bartram made annual excursions, in the late summer when seeds were ripe, to collect plants and specimens which were shipped to Collinson and distributed by him to scientists, public botanical gardens, and private collectors.

The correspondence which passed between the European savants, aflame with eighteenth century "curiosity," and the New World Quaker, bred to a pioneer life, and amusingly detached from Old World conventions, was published by William Darlington in 1849 ("Memorials of John Bartram and Humphry Marshall") and is, for the present reviewer, the most interesting collection of eighteenth century letters extant.

Bartram kept journals of his botanical expeditions which were duly sent to his London friends. Two of these have been published; the "Journey to Lake Ontario" in 1743 (published in 1751), and the "Journey from St. Augustine up the St. Johns," in 1764-5 and published in 1765. This latter was his most extensive expedition, undertaken after he had been appointed by George III "Botanist to the King," and it resulted in a harvest of hitherto unknown plants, which were distributed among the great botanists, Dillenius, Gronovius, and Linnaeus for identification and classification. His son William (the "Billy Bartram" of the letters) accompanied him on this occasion and was so fascinated by the beauties of tropical Florida that he remained on a plantation on the St. Johns river and was found a year later by Col. Henry Laurens struggling for a livelihood on "poor land, with few necessities and bad negro slaves."

William Bartram was born in 1739 and died in 1823. Concern for his career is recorded in many of his father's letters to Collinson, Franklin, and Dr. Fothergill, but unfortunately, William cared only for two things, drawing and botany and after unsuccessful attempts to apprentice him, a patron saint appeared in the person of Dr. Fothergill of London. This benevolent scientist gave him a sufficient allowance to enable him to devote his time to botanical exploration and the collection of specimens, and to exquisite drawings of plants, birds, and shells. The Travels recorded in the present reprint were undertaken between the years 1772-78 at the instigation of Dr. Fothergill, who supplied the funds and

published the volume in 1791. The friendship of the old scientist in London and the young romantic traveller in the West, friends who never met and yet for whom neither war nor distance were insuperable barriers, is a delightful evidence of intellectual fellowship. The book should appeal to three classes of readers. The first are students of historical botany. The Bartrams are the outstanding representatives in the eighteenth century of the great English line of botanical explorers. They rank with the Tradescants, founders of the Ashmolean collection at Oxford, in the seventeenth century, with Robert Fortune in the nineteenth century, and with Dr. E. B. Wilson, now of the Arnold Arboretum in the twentieth. When the history of plant discovery is written, these names will rank with those of Columbus, Drake, and Magellan in the humble annals of the vegetable world. Secondly, students of American ethnology will find the description of the "Cherokees, Chactaws, Muscolges, Seminoles, Chicaws, and Creeks," by one who lived for months at a time in their villages, of absorbing interest.

And finally, lovers of literature will find in Bartram's Travels not only a chief "source" of many of the masterpieces of English Romantic movement, but itself an early item in the literature of that movement. Readers of Professor Lowes "Road to Xanadu" are aware of the immense influence of Bartram's book on Coleridge and Wordsworth. It is unfortunate that the pagination of this reprint is not identical with the original edition. This makes difficult the fascinating business of tracing in Bartram the sources cited by Professor Lowes of phrase, imagery, and epithet in the "Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," "Lewti," "Ruth," and a half dozen others. But besides the direct influence on the great masters of English poetry, Bartram's narrative of his adventures in sub-tropical America contributed to English thought and imagination that fuel for eighteenth century revolutionary philosophy which Professor Chinard of Johns Hopkins calls "L'Exotisme Americain." In innumerable pen-pictures of life among the Indians, he paints the "Noble Savage," "contented and undisturbed, they (the Seminoles) appear as blithe and free as the birds of the air, and like them as volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous. The visage, action, and deportment of the Seminoles form the most striking picture of happiness in this life; joy, contentment, love, and friendship, without guile or affectation, seems inherent in them." His descriptions of their village government as one of equality combined with due reverence for the experience of the older and wiser, is a bit of idyllic philosophizing on the "State of Nature." And he queries, "Can it be denied that the moral principle which directs the Savages to virtuous and praiseworthy action, is natural and innate?" In other words, here are evidences of "Original Virtue" in the "Perfectable Man."

With the exception of Professor Chauncey Tinker's four charming essays in "Nature's Simple Plan," and the late Sir Walter Raleigh's "English Voyages in the Sixteenth Century" no serious enquiries into the effect on English literature of traveller's tales from the New World have been made comparable to Professor Chinard's studies of the influence of the reports of Spanish and French explorers and missionaries in the Americas on French thought in the eighteenth century. In Bartram's "Travels" we have the raw stuff for such a study. His rhapsodies on the Earthly Paradise, the State of Nature, the Noble Savage are interspersed with such acute scientific observation, and with such a wealth of botanical lore, that the marvel is not that so many Englishmen emigrated (or like the young Pantisocrats planned to emigrate) to the New World, but that any remained in the Old.

Styrian peasant life and the Styrian country are vividly depicted in a novel by a young Styrian writer in her romance, "Das Grimmingtor," by Paula Grogger (Breslau: Ostdeutscher Verlag). The story plays partly in the time of Andreas Hofer and weaves into its background legends and folklore.

Forms of Society

SEX AND REPRESSION IN SAVAGE SOCIETY. By BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI. New York: International Library of Psychology. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. \$2.50.

Reviewed by C. K. OGDEN

TO many who have found the data provided by Freud and his followers more attractive than the fundamental principles with which they are associated, Dr. Malinowski's work, "Sex and Repression in Savage Society," is like a load of cement poured into the fragile psycho-analytic framework. Certainly it makes a solid unromantic block, but at least this part of the edifice is now secure. We now have facts in the light of which to scrutinize Freud's theory, as empirical as those which he himself observed when evolving his method.

The first section is a comparison between two different forms of society, and it is from his own field-work among the Trobriand Islanders that Malinowski illustrates matrilineal society, as opposed to the patrilineal of our own modern civilization. He traces in detail the growth of a child in each, from infancy to maturity, showing the different influences to which it is subjected and the different organization of the sentiments formed. In the matrilineal society, the maternal uncle has all the authority, and consequently the father is regarded with none of that resentment which is the result of the double rôle he plays in our own society. Conversely, in the sister-taboo, we have a factor which makes her the object of repressed desire, in place of the mother.

All this compels us to realize that the Oedipus complex, far from being universal, is simply a particular form, peculiar to our own type of social structure, of what Malinowski calls "the nuclear family sentiment." This position is reinforced in section two from accounts of myths and legends of the Trobriand Islanders; it is the maternal uncle against whom the young hero revolts, and it is the sister who is incestuously desired. These myths and legends speak as plainly of the repressed desires of this community as do our own.

Section three is a critical discussion of the points raised in the foregoing comparison. A singular straightforward simplicity characterizes Malinowski's explanations and his treatment of the conventional psycho-analytic outlook. Dr. Ernest Jones, for instance, holding that the Oedipus complex is universal, and finding no trace of it in the matrilineal society, suggests that it is merely screened by another complex, and that the sister is a substitute for the mother, the uncle for the father. Even less convincing is his explanation that the ignorance of paternity among the natives is a repression, "a tendency to divorce relationship and social kinship." Against this, Malinowski holds that the nuclear family complex is a functional formation dependent on the structure and culture of the society.

In the last section, "Instinct and Culture," stress is laid on the difference between biologically defined reaction and cultural adjustment. Each important stage in the life of animals and men is compared, and Malinowski develops the theory of the plasticity of instincts under culture, and the transformation of instinctive responses into cultural adjustments. He maintains that "The neglect to study what happens to human instincts under culture is responsible for the fantastic hypothesis advanced to account for the Oedipus complex."

In marriage, for instance, the "cultural apparatus works very much in the same direction as natural instincts, and attains the same ends through a mechanism entirely different." Again, in parental love we see "How the dictates of culture are necessary in order to stimulate and organize emotional attitudes in man and how innate endowment is indispensable to culture; social forces alone could not impose so many duties on the male, nor without strong biological endowment could he carry them out with such spontaneous emotional responses."

The book is by no means one for the anthropological specialist alone. It has wide general interest, and anyone who has watched the meteoric rise of psycho-analysis will welcome this verification of what must at times have seemed in jeopardy from its over-ingenious first causes.

Freud, as a pioneer, rightly concentrated on the facts before him, which were to revolutionize our conceptions of mind; Malinowski in his turn brings facts to light which place psycho-analytic theory on a level with its observations.