

although still living in Genoa, and makes provision that, in the event his own line failed, search should be made abroad for heirs of the name of Colón to succeed to his estate and titles. The narrative of de Hevesy meticulously follows the now discredited and rejected Columbian legend. It is interesting to note there are many points connected with that legend, which Mr. de Hevesy brings out in this biography of Columbus. Mr. de Hevesy struggles hard to revive the story of the anonymous "one-eyed" sailor, in place of the authentic Alonso Sanchez, the real discoverer of Antillia. Quoting from pages 64-65 of "The Discoverer":

* * *

Some time before, a Portuguese vessel sailed with a cargo of merchandise for Flanders. Some days out contrary winds arose. The ship was driven from its course; the gale became a tempest; they could do nothing but run for it. So, for days on end, they scudded westward and still westward, into unknown waters, and finally to the shore of an unknown island. The return was more terrible . . . more than half died . . . others dropped anchor at last, to die in Madeira. Columbus offered to take the only survivor into his home at Porto Santo. *The man was a pilot, a one-eyed Galician.* It has been said that he was an old friend of Columbus, though it is perhaps more likely that Christopher's hospitality grew out of his interest in the man's adventures. In any case, his charity was well repaid; for before his death, the old sailor had given him a full account of the voyage, as well as an exact description of *the island* they had discovered.

Sixteenth century authors make much of this dying revelation, and though—since men hear best what they want to hear, and the speaker is apt to pander to this desire—it is possible that the fever-haunted old sea-dog may have found much inspiration in the eager questioning of his host. It is certain that Columbus himself found all his theories confirmed, and his hopes magnified by the deathbed confession.

That is a significant admission. But why does Mr. de Hevesy hesitate to take the reader into his full confidence, and disclose just who the sixteenth century authors are, and how they made much of this deathbed revelation? Above all why not reveal the name of the "one-eyed" sailor? It can hardly be a secret to the author that the name of this sailor was Alonso Sanchez, and that he was well and favorably known to the pious monks of La Rabida monastery; further, that Sanchez charged Columbus with a dying message to these same monks, in delivering which Columbus gained the entrée to the court of Queen Isabella, and ultimately the command of the celebrated squadron of the three caravels. But especially, why not mention the fact that Sanchez told Columbus the name of the island he had discovered, and its distance due west from the Canaries, and that he had long cherished the plan to seek this very island of Antillia, which had been charted by the monks of La Rabida, and was known since the year 1412, when a Spanish mariner had found it and made it known? All this was duly disclosed by the sixteenth century authors, who are none other than the learned monkish cartographers of La Rabida. But to bring out these facts, as Marius André does, might lessen the claim of Columbus to be known as the discoverer of America; and that is hardly to be expected of the author of "The Discoverer."

Once more let us quote "The Discoverer," pages 162-163; the Barcelona triumph of Columbus:

At every chapel, Christopher enters, to make his devotions before the altar. At every wayside cross, prayers are said, and the seven Indians brought back with him cross themselves . . . And everywhere, all along the way there is rejoicing and wonderment, the whole populace gathering to celebrate the passing of these voyagers, returning from their magical voyage.

So through the rocky wastes of Castille, and the flowered fields of Aragon, and on to Barcelona. The welcome of the Sovereigns was as whole-hearted as that of their subjects, though more formal. He kissed their hands, in token of loyalty, then the seat of honor next the throne was given him. Through all the solemnities of the interview, great deference was paid him. At the end, the whole assemblage knelt, singing the *Te Deum*.

The foregoing is a very mild description of an event that has gone ringing down the corridors of time as the most stirring national jubilation in history, according to the legend. On what is it based? An account written by Columbus's son Fernando, amplified from time to time by more imaginative writers, who have combined to create the Columbian legend. True, Columbus did have a vision of such a welcome, and put it into a letter to the powerful *marrano* Gabriel Sanchez; but the Barcelona triumph never happened. Says André:

There exists a register of the time, of the municipality of Barcelona, where, day by day, the events that took place were recorded. It contains many of small importance and even bits of ephemeral daily news. But this document contains no mention whatever of either the arrival of Columbus or his reception by the King and Queen. Gabriel Sanchez, however, was well aware of the effect of the letter written to him by Columbus during the voyage might have. He had it printed and widely circulated; copies were even sent to Italy, France and Germany . . . the success of the tale was much greater abroad than in Spain.

Pondering such passages, we find ourselves in a greater maze of wonderment, however, than that of the Spanish populace depicted by Mr. de Hevesy, because, after confessing the lying of both Columbus and his bastard son Fernando, yet the author expects us to believe them both. When he asks us to accept Columbus as the discoverer of the New World, despite the acknowledgment that Leif Ericsson had discovered America in the year 1000 and established an Icelandic colony there, we are dumbfounded. His thesis is to demonstrate that Columbus is *the* discoverer of America. The evidence is overwhelming. Let us recapitulate. In the year 1000, Leif Ericsson, an Icelander, discovers America and calls it Vinland. In the year 1412 a Spanish sailor finds Santo Domingo, then called Antillia; it is charted by the cosmographers of La Rabida, and about seventy years later is rediscovered by Alonso Sanchez, who, dying, tells Columbus about it. In 1476 the King of Denmark sends a fleet under command of Johan Skolp, a Norwegian, who rediscovers Labrador ("The Discoverer" page 63). In 1488 Captain Cousin, a Frenchman of Dieppe, discovers South America ("The Discoverer" page 62). *Ergo, Columbus discovered America in 1492.* How is that? Certainly; Columbus investigated and verified them all, as we have reason to believe, and hence he alone can be accepted as the *final* discoverer of America. This is the staggering logic that Mr. de Hevesy has now discovered. If such a thing is at all conceivable, he is himself a more surprising discoverer than Columbus!

The Hellas of Dreams

HEDYLUS. By H. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. \$4.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IF one gives oneself up wholly to the spirit of this book, accepts it as imagist prose or a prose poem or some less classified form of literature, reads it slowly and lingeringly until its phrases take on hue and substance, one may be transported, not to be sure, to the Greece of the third century epigrammatists, not indeed to any Greece of any time, but rather to some Hellas of one's dreams, curtained from reality by the incense of age-long worship. The outer world of the poet Hedylus and of his mother, the hetaira Hedyle, is a lovely fusion of sun and sea, metals and iridescent, shimmering stuffs, poppies, anemonies, and white marble. H. D. so intermingles colors and the sounds of color-words, so environs her visual images with music and her melodies with suggestive forms and tints, that senses susceptible to her art are captivated. Moreover, those who know the land, the legends, and the literature of Greece will hear delicate overtones at times and see the infra-reds and ultra-violets of a spectrum invisible to the uninitiate.

The scene is in Samos, the Samos of the tyrant Douris, where Hedyle, like *Lais*, has begun to fear her mirror, "since such as I am, I will not see myself and such as I was, I cannot." Her son, who, with his companions Posidippus and Sikeledes, writes to please Douris those bright falsities that form "the wind blossoms of the cornfield" and "the blowing windflowers" of Meleager's "Garland," has lately begun to please himself by writing in another vein and by looking with a poet's intensity upon the young girl, Irene. ("The eyes of Hedyle were dew on a blue lotus. Ice over gentians expressed Irene.") In the past, the relationship between mother and son had been one of love and loyalty, chilled somewhat by reciprocal misunderstandings, by Hedylus's ignorance of the identity of his father and by Hedyle's determination that the boy should ever be the perfect, polished Athenian. At the moment, Hedyle's unconcealed desire that her son shall not leave her and her contemptuous condescension to Irene harshly test the youth's allegiance to his mother. It is the appearance of guests in Samos, of Demetrius—an unpleasant incident in Hedyle's past—and, above all, of Demion of Olympia—identified by both Hedylus and Hedyle with a god, and by the latter, *ex post*

facto, with the father of her son—that at last frees Hedylus from his vicarious suffering for his mother and Hedyle from the stark responsibility of being forever the perfect Athenian.

The tale is slight, but the taut exchanges of thought between the persons in it often match in richness of tone and pigment the exquisite settings that encompass both thought and persons. Some incidents at least seem indubitably born of human suffering and intuition. Hedyle's equating of the man she loves with the god she would have had him be, with the father of her child, and with the beauty and integrity she found slipping from her grasp, is authentic. So, too, is her refusal to go to India with her lover. Her wry strictures upon her fading charms and upon the dignity she has so tenaciously clung to (dignity, she says, as ridiculous "as ugly virgins' never-tempted virtue") betray the wit for which, among other things, she was so prized.

But there are moments when the mental complexities of these Greeks seem only figments of patterned consciousness, too simple or too merely subtle for the vehicle that conveys them. At such times "Hedylus" resembles a flagon, shaped, chiselled, engraved, and embossed with the skill and conscience of an artist but filled with unripe, lightly bubbling wine instead of with the headier, more stimulating vintage that a vessel so delicately wrought should proffer. Occasionally, too, there are minor scars upon the surface of the book, unfortunate tricks of style that no sincere admirer of H. D. should condone: ugly parentheses, dull repetitions ("Papa was so fantastic"), meaningless omissions of articles and pronouns. And, whether they are to be attributed to author or printer, one cannot but resent those eye-pricking small capitals for proper names ("ASIATIC") that cling to every page like so many burrs.

Where, however, beauty and wisdom are twin attributes of the perfection intended and in such large measure achieved, small blemishes seem more considerable than they actually are. For those who can transmute the fragilities and subtleties of H. D.'s seeing and knowing into their own experience, the book will offer rarely suggestive reading.

A Voice of His Time

THE MAD PROFESSOR. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. 2 vols. \$5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE death of Hermann Sudermann, anticipating briefly the appearance in English translation of his penultimate novel, "Der Tolle Professor," emphasizes for us in what must be considered, if only because of its scope and intention, the most important work of his later years, the author's last summing up of his own period. Europe once agreed to regard Hermann Sudermann as the most characteristic and expressive voice of his time and country, as the most truthful historian and keenest critic of German manners in the time of the Imperial Hohenzollerns. And of that epoch, seen now in the light of its tragic catastrophe, Sudermann deliberately undertook in "The Mad Professor" to give his final estimate.

For scene, he chose again Königsberg, especially its university, and its East Prussian environments, the scene of his own youth; and for time, that, too, of his own youth, those pivotal years, 1878-1882, when Bismarck was stamping the will-to-blood-and-iron on the unfortunately oozy mass of German liberalism, hammering out the new all-powerful and all-directing German state, ruthless of the breaking National Liberal Party, and of whatever else had to be broken in the process. The effects of this process were to be, in part, the theme of the novel. But the hopeless flabbiness and old-fogeyism of the "forty-eighters," the certainty with which their narrowness and inertia ruined their own cause by estranging the best minds of the new generation, had ceased to be for Sudermann in 1926, as it was for the younger Sudermann, merely a matter for mordant satire. The helplessness of independent German thought and culture before the ideals of mass industrialism and the aims of centralized autocracy had come to seem to him, in that post-war pessimism of his countrymen of which Spengler is the acknowledged voice, a part of that inevitable tragedy of history in which civilization, through the new super-state, destroys culture and prepares its own destruction. In the fate of Professor Sieburth, critic of Hegel, and successful aspirant to the chair of Kant, whose career is broken in the national

struggle, the novel was intended to symbolize also the intellectual catastrophe attendant on the historic process, the doom of modern philosophy, which must, by the full development of its own critical method, destroy idealism, and end in doubt and ethical despair. The impending double tragedy in Germany, social and cultural, was to be the novel's compelling motive.

But Sudermann, nearing seventy, was not the man—perhaps Sudermann never was the man—to energize so sweeping a conception. Sudermann's talents at their best approached those of Thackeray; under the mantle of Jeremiah he simply smothered. Of the deft *genre* portraits which are his specialty, the "Mad Professor" presents a satisfying variety: the mean spirited faculty and their intriguing wives; the aristocratic student duelling fraternities; some convincing sketches of low life; the stupid, upright, medieval Krautjunks; the bureaucrats of the new order, cynical, Epicurean, Byzantine, as we know them now from a flood of memoirs; the whole of German life passing in review. Under thin disguises, several well-known teachers of the time take part in the pageant; of these the figure of Rosenkranz, briefly but touchingly portrayed as "the Great Hegelian," furnishes perhaps the finest pages in the book. But his chosen theme inhibits Sudermann's real power of dramatic construction and psychological analysis, and with this theme itself, as the second volume progresses, he fumbles with increasing ineptitude. The march of the symbolic tragedy flags, halts, and loses itself among the erotic misadventures of the hero. Perhaps at the very first Professor Sieburth's sad, thrilling glance should have warned us that what was intended, for the garland of Socrates upon his brow would turn out to be, after all, only the withered immortelles of Werther's tedious progeny. At the end, Sudermann surrendered, as abjectly as ever in his career, to the sentimental theatricalism which was always his worst danger; and among the tears and wreaths and general maudlin collapse at the Professor's funeral it is no longer possible to tell whether what is being celebrated is the self-destruction of German culture and modern philosophy, or merely the suicide, too long delayed, of a decadent, neurotic romanticism.

Sans Peur et Sans Reproche

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD. By SAMUEL SHELLABARGER. New York: The Century Co. 1928. \$4.

MANY men have achieved a place in history by living before their time, but Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, has gained his fame by living after. It would be difficult to find a character in history whose tangible accomplishments bear so little relation to his celebrity. Born in 1474 in a valley in Dauphiné and isolated from the significant movements of his time he inherited the ideals and traditions of chivalry and of medievalism. It is as the last great champion of medieval chivalry that the renown of Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, has come down to posterity. We know of him not only because he was a noble anachronism, but because he unconsciously secured in the person of the Loyal Servant one of the most successful biographers of his age. Dr. Shellabarger gives an admirable analysis of the Life by the Loyal Servant, whom scholars now believe to have been Jacques de Mailles, long in the service of Bayard.

The best modern and scholarly account of Bayard was published in 1828 by Terrebasse, but since that time new manuscripts have been discovered and many monographs have been published. The book of Dr. Shellabarger is an excellent example of graceful and valuable scholarship. It is well-documented yet it possesses very considerable literary merit. In its pages we find a deep understanding and appreciation of the Middle Ages. The author presents a spirited and convincing defense of certain phases of medieval life. His book is not only a life of Bayard but a history of the momentous period in which Bayard lived and the author has caught its color, and spirit, and drama with much of the grace and gusto with which the Loyal Servant first wrote. This splendid book is the first complete life of Bayard in English and we believe is the definitive biography of Bayard in any language.

The BOWLING GREEN

Thumbsplint Anthology

A FEUILLETON editor who happens to have his right thumb in a splint may be forgiven, I think, for compiling a collection of whatever happens to require the least manual labor. Obviously that means clippings that can be pasted on paper. From a large available assortment we cull the following as most interesting to this evening's mood.

Will you give me some information? I am writing a history of the Dime Novel, to be published by Little, Brown & Co.

Did you read Dime Novels, and did you have to do it on the sly? Did you actually know of any boy who was whipped for reading Dime Novels?

EDMUND PEARSON
44 West 10th St., N. Y. C.

I'm a little ashamed to have to admit it, but I never was much allured by the Dime Novels: they bored me. Jules Verne and Mayne Reid were my meat. But perhaps this note may put Edmund Pearson, the Twinkling Sage as he was always known in this department, in touch with some genuine D. N. enthusiasts who suffered for their convictions.

RICHARDSON WRIGHT

ANNOUNCES

[THOUGH RELUCTANTLY]

the imminent demise of his two favorite hawks

WEE-WEE and FANNIE

the progeny of John Held Jr.'s prodigious boar

FANNIE'S SENSATION

Those desiring succulent morsels of these gargantuan swine, should place their orders [and right soon] with S. E. Guthrie, Silver Mine Avenue, Silver Mine

PURE PORK - - FED ON FLOWERS

—An announcement sent out to gourmets by Richardson Wright, Esq.

No living designer of printed decorative work has exercised a greater influence upon the art of his contemporaries than T. M. Cleland. That the thirty years of his activity have witnessed the inauguration of innumerable art movements, and, for a time, the general abandonment of traditions and standards, makes it of particular note that so conservative an influence as Cleland's essentially is should not only have been felt, but should appear at last to have prevailed, as a factor in what may be called the "Restoration." That Cleland's work may seem on first impression to be primarily reconstructive of period design must not obscure the qualities which are its fibre. His designs are simultaneously exercises in scholarship and high achievements in craftsmanship and taste. It is in the development of these latter qualities that his purpose is displayed; and through the marked achievement of that purpose that he has won his distinguished place among contemporary artists, and in that succession of good craftsmen decorators that was established when men first learned to love the doing of their work.

Though this book is chiefly confined to work intended for printing of various kinds and processes and cannot pretend to adequate presentation of the volume of Cleland's work, in its hundred or more pages will be found representative examples of a variety almost incredible as the product of a single individual. There are shown arrangements of type pages, made when he was a printer, formal decorations in black and white line and in color, pictures painted in water color and tempera, and here and there a suggestion of the arts of the theatre in which he has been active and of mural decoration in which lies his future course.

This versatility in subject and medium and style is the direct result of the artist's intensity of interest—of a restless desire for more beautiful forms of expression and an insatiable curiosity about the means of attaining them. Unlike most successful artists, Cleland has never achieved a formula for his work: he has never done anything with which he was satisfied, and he regards all that he has done as no more than study and preparation for things he hopes yet to do.

—from an announcement by The Pynson Printers of *The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland*.

The author of "Leviathan" and "Murder for Profit"—"the Incomparable Bolitho," as critics in growing numbers have come to call him—presents an integrated and breath-taking chronicle of the world's great adventurers—a demoniacal dozen of trail-blazers, throat-slitters, home-wreckers, empire-builders, glamour-collectors, disturbers of the peace and wholesale circumstance-manufacturers-to-the-

trade. Here he portrays and relates to their time and to one another the roster of "society's pests and benefactors" shown in the following chapter outlines:

- Introduction: The Technique of Adventure.
- 1—Alexander The Great; The Adventure of Youth, and How Philosophy Tamed It.
- 2—Cataline: The Rich Young Racketeer of Rome.
- 3—Mahomet: The Bloody Hunt for Heaven.
- 4—Columbus: Who Proved That Everything Is True, If You Believe It.
- 5—Cagliostro (and Soraphina): The Search for Phantom.
- 6—Casanova: He Who Went Furthest Into the Forbidden Country of Women.
- 7—Charles XII of Sweden: And Danger As an Ideal.
- 8—Lola Montez: The Only Adventure Women of the Past Could Live.
- 9—Napoleon I: The Only Reason for Waterloo.
- 10—Napoleon III: The Living Serial: Consequences of the Situation.
- 11—Isadora Duncan:
- 12—Woodrow Wilson:

—from an intramural prospectus of Messrs. Simon & Schuster's spring list.

London was wrapt in fog. The great clouds of it swept down Piccadilly, hit the buildings at the further end, turned, and swept up again. Everything was indistinct. No one could recognize anyone else. It was impossible to tell the people from the horses in the street. In fact one poor old lady was harnessed to a tram and driven for blocks before she was recognized.

—from *A Bookseller's Christmas Carol*, by Clifford Orr of the Doubleday-Doran Bookshops.

An important letter containing the thought which led Shaw directly to the long series of plays and prefaces by which he achieved world fame. "... By the way, is there any public as yet which reads plays? ... if I thought that people were picking up the French trick of reading dramatic works, I should be strongly tempted to publish my plays instead of bothering to get them performed."

Earlier in the letter he writes: "... It is very good of you to declare your readiness to become my publisher; but believe me, you deceive yourself. If I sent you anything, you would open it with joyful anticipation, finish reading it with dismay and utter disappointment, and only proceed with it to spare my feelings. I should be the meanest of mortals if, after nearly sixteen years' experience of the effect I produce on publishers (my first book was finished in 1879) I were to take advantage of your personal good nature to involve you in a very doubtful speculation."

—from a sale catalogue, Anderson Galleries.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel: seven a.l.s., three to his mother, one of which has a small drawing of a teapot, three to Brown (probably Ford Madox Brown), and one of 9 pp. to Frederic Sandys, the book-illustrator, in which he gives his opinion of Swinburne: "Swinburne is just back from an autumn holiday, spent partly at Moncton Milnes's in Yorkshire who is a great admirer of him as the young poet of the day. Indeed I now see that Swinburne is shortly to make a noise in the world. Milnes and he were also kindred spirits as to impropriety, Milnes no doubt seeing that his mantle of this order of prophetic mission—or rather utter absence of mantle or other decent covering—will be submitted in unsullied lustre through Swinburne's hands. At present the young poet is in panting expectation of a high mark of favor and confidence promised him by his mentor, to wit the loan of De Sade's "Justine," the most immoral book in the world."

—from a sale catalogue, Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus, London.

Whereas the main business of the sun and all the stars that we can see, he pointed out, was self-annihilation through the conversion of their matter to produce radiation, cold bodies like the earth represented merely what was left after all that could be annihilated and radiated into space had been so treated. The work of self-annihilation, he deducted, took place only in matter of heavier atomic weight than uranium, the heaviest known on earth.

"We are thus led to picture the youngest stars as formed of matter, practically all of which is unknown on earth," he says.

Illustrating the primary physical process of the universe, Mr. Jeans states:

"Whereas, the ordinary combustion of a ton of coal provides energy enough to drive an express locomotive for an hour, the annihilation of a ton of coal would provide enough energy for all the heating, lighting, power and transport in Great Britain for a century.

"Our physics and our chemistry," he contends, "are only the fringes of far-reaching sciences; beyond the seashore we have explored in our laboratories lies the ocean, the existence of which we are only beginning to suspect."

—New York Times' abstract of a paper by J. H. Jeans in the Report of the Smithsonian Institution.

But even on "cold bodies like the earth," Merry Christmas!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.