

The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

throw British power in India, using as their chief tool a gentle Hindu visionary, Mahni the Deliverer, or "Bluefeather." For service agents have been on the trail of these rebellion instigators, and now in England, have the leader almost within their grasp. But he is a tremendous foe, and with his colleagues puts up a nearly victorious fight to plunge the Empire into chaos. In our opinion, Mr. Meynell performed more advantageously in both "Lois" and "Mock-beggar," his two preceding novels.

THE PINFOLD. By J. S. FLETCHER. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. \$2.

Occasionally there issues from the busy, detective fiction mill operated by Mr. Fletcher a sombre tale, such as this one, of Yorkshire farm life, stories which, even at their best, are rather tedious reading. A pinfold is a cattle-pound, and the lowly rustic folk whose trials we here follow are likened, in their bondage to the land, to miserable penned animals. Reuben, a young farm laborer, loves Mia, a fractious wench, and hopes to wed her, but she is had with child by a hypocritical rogue, and left in the lurch. Her brother Michael is betrothed to Becca, with whom he plans to settle in Canada, for which happier clime, after a great deal of sorrow has been weathered by them, in common with the luckless Mia and Reuben, the two couples at length embark. The bulk of the novel is composed of endlessly rehearsing the petty, squalid details typical of the simple yokels' daily existence.

THE ONE AND THE OTHER. By RICHARD CURLE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. \$2.50.

Spiritual gloom and psychological horror combine to set the tone of "The One and the Other," Mr. Curle's first novel. A story of tortured souls ends in a macabre dirge. We are hard put to it to give the precise quality of Mr. Curle's characters and situation. Not a single aspect of life as seen in the novel is agreeable or familiar to the average reader. Yet the apparent inevitability of the tremendous spiritual conflicts undoubtedly makes for power. We know of nothing similar to "The One and the Other"; it reminds us at times of the gruesome spirit of many of Poe's short stories, at times of the procedure of the normal detective story. Certainly, it will be very much too perverse for the general public, puzzling and enraging that public by its studied obscurity.

In brief, the plot tells of two brothers, of their hatred for each other and of their need of each other. It is more than likely that here Mr. Curle introduces a little symbolism; the meaning, we believe, can easily be ferreted out. These brothers spread hate and suspicion and inhumanity throughout a small circle of intimates. Disaster necessarily crowns many lives. But what a weird menagerie of people Mr. Curle gives to us! They are no more real than an Aubrey Beardsley drawing; none of the novelist's art is expended to make them plausible. But in spite of all their difficulty, they hold our attention and beg for our understanding.

This satanic novel is not adapted to popular success. A certain professional esteem will be given to it, however. Of more than passing interest is the fact that Mr. Curle, who was Joseph Conrad's literary executor, has written pages 10-31 of "The One and the Other" in a manner that is startlingly reminiscent of "Nostromo." Discriminating readers will take Mr. Curle's first novel as an interesting stunt, and they will wait without apprehension for his next and possibly less experimental narrative.

FLOWERDOWN. By ANN KNOX. Century. 1928. \$2.50.

Here is a story of complications, rapid action, pages of dialogue, and little reflection—a story telling what happens with little regard for how it is told. It treats a popular theme in modern English society—the aristocratic English family, impoverished by the war and forced to sell its estate, which falls into the hands of a newly-rich, "typical," American family. The plot takes its interest from the fact that the young people in the two apparently incompatible families, fall in love with each other.

There is in "Flowerdown" no suggestion of fine writing, little description, no deep psychological interpretations, and the character sketches are very close to being caricatures. The obvious contrast between the

old aristocracy of England and the wealthy American family is so brusquely drawn that it is a discredit to both. And even the plot, which is the strongest feature of the book, loses its effectiveness by inaccurate timing: the dénouement is too rapid, too undeveloped—it gives the impression that there is a time limit and the rest of the facts must be told in the last four pages.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. By Lawrence Sterne. Oxford University Press. 80 cents net.

A SEARCH FOR AMERICA. By Frederick Philip Grove. Carlier. \$3.

THE SHADOW CHILD AND HER FAITHFUL SLEEPING-PARTNER. By Judge Henry Neil. Bible House, 443 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

THE HOUSE ON LITTLE FINGER. By Thomas Meekin. Grafton.

OLD TRAILS ON FIRE. By Julius Reuter. Cleveland, O.: Odin. \$2.50.

WILLOW SMOKE. By Ethel Kirk Grayson. Vinal.

THE KING'S COIL. By Condé B. Pallen. Manhattanville Press. \$2.

SPINNING DUST. By Brainerd Beckwith. Santa Barbara, Calif.: Heberd.

TWENTY-THREE TALES BY LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude. Oxford University Press.

THE WHITE ROBE. By James Branch Cabell. McBride.

HEARSAY. By Henry Dynans Jessup. Neale. \$1.50.

NOVEMBER NIGHT TALES. By Henry C. Mercer. Neale. \$2.

ASIMELECH POTT. By Henry Dynans Jessup. Neale. \$2.

THE TRAIL OF THE GRAY DRAGON. By H. E. Danford. Vinal.

BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON. Translated by J. M. Rigg. Dutton. \$4.

Poetry

APHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS. By WALLACE GOULD. Macaulay. 1928. \$2.50.

Although the name of Wallace Gould has been familiar to students of poetry for some years, "Aphrodite" is the first volume to present him to a more general public. What this larger public will make of him is an interesting speculation. His qualities, definitely his own, are such as will effectually keep him from quotation. He is witty, but his wit is special. He knows how to tell a narrative, but the stories will scarcely hold an average audience. He is familiar with the mythical amours on Parnassus, but he makes no Erskinian bid for popularity.

This is not to say that Gould is a bare or forbidding poet. His line has grace in spite of its length, clarity in spite of the poet's predilection for trope and extended metaphor. Although his loose free verse is most typical, Gould's occasional rhymes retain distinction. "Moment Musicale," faintly reminiscent of Wallace Stevens, sounds an insinuating music, a fragment of which follows:

*Strum the guitar. The little gusts that fret
so lowly in the dense veranda vines,
teasing the fumes that leave your cigarette,
and uttering their melancholy whines,
rail at the movements of the fitful hand
that pulls the dulcet fancies from the
strings—*

Best of all are "Anne," "Rosalind," "Marnia," and the long title-poem. Here the swinging, masculine accents of Gould play freely, cutting through the jungle of rhetoric with a golden track. "Endymion," cluttered by detail and slowed up by overlengthy rhythms, has an excellent "dying fall."

*I sit here sleeplessly—
foolishly, though, for one no longer a
lover—
sit here with an air of patronizing sadness,
wondering
if you sustained the rident leer when Zeus
decreed the fate of your lover. I sit here
wondering
if then you only assumed the rident leer as
a haughty mask for woe. I shall always
wonder
if you were forced to find for yourself the
ultimate smile of love, but found it only
after long waiting—
after long weeping—
by the side of the lover doomed to eternal
sleep.*

The volume is scarcely improved by the sonnets by Alfred Kreymborg which act as Foreword. Mr. Kreymborg has learned this form neither wisely nor well; his fourteen-line tributes have become an almost careless habit with him, a habit which his friends hope to see cured. Mr. Gould's own sonnets are not much better. Both Mr. Gould and Mr. Kreymborg should be satisfied with the idiom that is natural to them. No one requires the poet to be more than himself; no one desires him to be less.

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ELIZABETH AND ESSEX. By LYTTON STRACHEY. New York: Crosby Gaige. 1928.

AMERICA CONQUERS DEATH. By MILTON WALDMAN. New York: Edwin A. Rudge. 1928.

BALLADS FROM THE HIDDEN WAY. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: Crosby Gaige. 1928.

LAYOUT IN ADVERTISING. By W. A. DWIGGINS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928.

THOSE who have been familiar with the work done by William Addison Dwiggins of Boston for advertisers have long wished that he might take a more prominent part in the designing of less ephemeral work. For many years he has been recognized as one of the foremost designers in this country, and perhaps the most versatile and thoughtful of all those who have done lettering and decorative design for purely commercial uses. Yet while his work along that line has been most in demand, there have been many sides to his versatility. Owing to the modesty with which he has clothed his genius, and the fact that much of his work is of such whimsical originality as to have only a limited (though an enthusiastic) appeal, as well as to the anonymity under which much of it has been put forth, and perhaps because the spotlight is too busy in Manhattan to find time to turn to Boston, very few people appreciate the quantity or the quality of creative design which has issued from his studio in the past decade or two.

This output has been primarily for purely commercial purposes, but to those who have assiduously collected the stray items from his former private press of the White Elephant, and the "Reports" of the Society of Calligraphers, there will come a realization that one of the most delightful workers in the graphic arts has been quietly putting forth a body of work which not only demands attention in any survey of the field in America, but which makes a collection unmatched for humor, fancy, and inventiveness.

Mr. Dwiggins has before now designed books. These have mostly been very intimate and personal bijoux, and usually hand-lettered in a style quite his own and quite lovely. In addition, there are many books which display his handiwork in the initial letters, headbands, and decorative illustrations—such, for instance, as the "Complete Angler" issued by Goodspeed earlier this year, and reviewed in this column. His skill as a typographer has frequently been exercised in such ways as the arrangement of advertisements, etc., but we now have before us four of his serious attempts at book format, one of them, in addition, being written by him.

It may be said at the outset that Mr. Dwiggins has approached his task as a designer, rather than as a typographer, yet with more knowledge of type and particularly of letters and lettering than the designer usually has. The result is that we are at once led to consider the element of design as applied to covers, title-pages, etc., rather than type layout. The exception to this statement is "America Conquers Death." Here is a printer's book, with a notable cover in blues and gold and black, depending for its success on the skilled handling of type, and one gorgeous initial letter in colors—a large, florid initial which completely harmonizes with the page.

The "Ballades from the Hidden Way" is done more in the way in which Mr. Dwiggins has been used to work—a commingling of type and decoration which, whimsical in conception, yet holds itself completely together as a printed book. The title-page is delightful and the decorations for the text pages—where most designers completely fail—are light and graceful embellishments which yet succeed in being completely a part of the page. The gold stamped design on the cover is one of the pleasantest bits of design for such a purpose which I have seen for a long time, having all the

necessary quality of a combination of binder's stamps with a spontaneity not at all usual or easy to get.

"Elizabeth and Essex" is really a very fine piece of book making. I should say the page of text is almost perfect in proportions. The title-page is one peculiarly of and by Dwiggins, with two title lines in a thin, calligraphic italic. And there is a fine back-stamp and side-papers with an all-over pattern in the new style of decoration which Mr. Dwiggins has developed.

It is interesting to compare this limited edition and the trade edition of the same book. Such a comparison will help one to understand the reason why one book is better than another. There is a close-knit effect about the limited edition, an air of serene competency in the designing of it, which, in spite of the general similarity between the two books, is absent from the general edition.

"Layout in Advertising" is, I suppose, aimed at the man who is preparing advertisements. He certainly can get from it more first-class information than is probably to be found in any other volume: and in addition he will, I fancy, find himself brought up standing at times by a mind which works rather gaily around his problems. The real joy in this book will come, however, to the more or less casual reader, who will read, for instance, the "entracte" called "Product" with ever increasing appreciation of a mind which facetiously deals with such extremely mundane affairs as advertisements, but which ought to be teaching philosophy.

Correct Printing

ONE of the "compensatory disadvantages" (to borrow a fitting phrase) of modern industrial productivity is the distinction between just "printing" and "fine printing," a distinction, most unfortunately, with a difference. This distinction has always been tacitly waived by a small portion of the printing fraternity since it first arose in the nineteenth century, as one may concretely see in the De Vinne exhibition at the Grolier Club. Mr. De Vinne was too good a craftsman to allow two qualities of work to issue from his office, though he, as did others, made use of more and less expensive papers, methods, and designs to achieve variety.

Of the few contemporary printing-offices which do not permit the distinction to obtain in their product, the Merrymount Press stands, in my estimation, first. On only one occasion, so far as I am aware, has Mr. Updike yielded to the insidious lure of machine composition, and I do not think I am wrong in saying that the result of that lapse (if I may so call it) was to show the superiority of his foundry type. I admit that here I tread on slippery ground. Yet a careful examination of the work of his press convinces me that there is sound reason in adhering to hand-set type if one is to produce, year in and year out, the best printing. There are before me three books which I shall speak of rather in detail as proof of this superiority.

Private Papers of

James Boswell

WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE has issued a gorgeous great announcement of the projected publication of the Private Papers of James Boswell in the collection of Colonel Ralph Isham. The history of this collection is sufficiently well known to book lovers—how the existence of the papers even was only recently known, and how they finally came into the possession of Colonel Isham. What is now under way in the publication announced is "to provide collectors with the most interesting of these papers, in a form typographically worthy of the *editio princeps* of Boswell's newly discovered writing." The editor of the volumes will be Mr. Geoffrey Scott, who has arranged for sixteen volumes. The first six are announced for immediate publica-

tion: I. Early Papers; The Oath; 2. Zélide: and Papers in Holland; 3. Tour in Germany; 4. Boswell with Rousseau and Voltaire; 5. Porzia Sansedoni: Papers in Italy; 6. The Making of the Life of Johnson.

The typography of the volumes is to be by Bruce Rogers, and if the announcement is any guide to what is to follow, the books will be a treat. There is no attempt to maintain a uniform size, since the documents to be reproduced necessitate sizes to conform, but Baskerville type has been selected, hand made paper will be used throughout. No intimation as to binding is given, but it is safe to say that it will be in

accord with the importance of the typography. I have seldom seen a more magnificent announcement of any project.

The price of the first six volumes is set at \$350, with the price for the entire sixteen volumes at not to exceed \$900. There are to be 570 copies of each volume.

R.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK. With a foreword by PHILLIPS RUSSELL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928.

TO "bring into being an edition which gives not only an idea of the actual appearance of the original Almanacks, but

one which includes certain biographical and bibliographical material relating to them" is a creditable endeavor; I wish that the book might have had just that extra ounce of effort which was needed to make it satisfactory typographically. It is somewhat surprising, in view of the simplicity of eighteenth century printing, to find how often the spirit is lost by timidity or ignorance of the methods of building books at that time. Plenty of Caslon type is used in this book, but without vigor—as, for instance, on the title-page. And the paper is too heavy and too stiff. These are faults easily guarded against.

Franklin had a lot of fun with Poor Richard in his day; it is amusing to speculate upon what he would do and say today about conduct and the virtues; perhaps President Coolidge is the modern exemplar of that phase of Franklin's career! But in this book are set forth in fac-simile (small, but sufficiently readable) the almanacks for 1733, 1749, 1756, 1757, and 1758, together with portions of the text set up in type. The whole is a reasonably sufficient survey of the Poor Richard philosophy and vehicle to interest and instruct the young and those older to whom Poor Richard is only a name.

R.

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Points of View

On Lima Weather

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The popular success attained by Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" depends upon an intrinsically novel and interesting story, and upon literary qualities having nothing to do with the accuracy with which the local background is depicted. Rather unfortunately, its popularity causes it to be considered somewhat in the nature of a guide-book to Peru, more because nobody has recently written such an account of the country, than from any claims, stated or implied, to such accuracy in the book itself.

This has some amusing consequences. Americans coming to Peru since its publication are deluged with copies of the book, to read on the steamer. If they have been in Lima before, they smile or swear, depending on temperament, or merely look thoughtful, as the varied inaccuracies or misconceptions regarding Peruvian customs, scenery, or weather appear. Newcomers find Lima at least different from what they had anticipated, and usually disappointing. They search in vain for the supposed site of the "bridge," or the road between Cuzco and Lima, and it is the very exceptional present-day inhabitant of Lima who can be of the least assistance in their search. Yet if they do go up in the mountains, and beyond, they will find swinging bridges, not made out of osiers, it is true, but out of steel cables, and sufficiently strong to bear the weight of an over-loaded Dodge truck without serious danger of collapse. (If you really want to know what such a bridge is like, without coming to Peru, try the one over Fall Creek Gorge at Ithaca, New York, back of Sibley College, which gives under your weight so that you are always climbing, and swings back and forth in a most satisfactory manner—if you like that sort of thing. It is even more exciting to cross the Peruvian bridges in an auto, for the piers are just wide enough to let a car through, and often it must back up, to straighten around to get through without scraping.)

As to Peruvian customs, anything that one may discover at the present day need bear no closer relation to what is depicted in the book than what notes in the Philadelphia or New Orleans of today would to our own pre-Revolutionary methods of living. But when everything else changes, the weather—except possibly in "Deluge"—may be expected to be substantially constant, even over centuries.

Here again, if one merely talks with Peruvians, one might get the impression that it actually does rain in Lima, for they translate their term for fog into "rain," when speaking in English. An Englishman, however, would not think of an ordinary Lima fog as being even a bit thick. It is sometimes wet enough to cloud the windshield of an automobile, but not sufficiently so that the ordinary chauffeur has learned to remove it with that inexplicable bit of apparatus supplied as standard equipment, which we know to be a windshield-wiper. The pavements get moist, and the dust is covered with a quarter of an inch of slime, but as a reasonable deterrent for preventing a reckless young man from sallying forth and doing anything on which he is determined, it is such a weak excuse as never to occur to a Limeño.

Prescott's statement regarding the climate of Lima, as given in his "Conquest of Peru," is possibly as optimistic an interpretation of what it is like as one could reasonably expect from one who was doubtless prejudiced in favor of a real old-fashioned New England winter, and thought of the tropics as "sweltering."

The climate was delightful, and, though only twelve degrees south of the line, was so far tempered by the cool breezes that generally blow from the Pacific, or from the opposite quarter

down the frozen sides of the Cordilleras, that the heat was less than in corresponding latitudes on the continent. It never rained on the coast; but this dryness was corrected by a vaporous cloud, which through the summer months, hung like a curtain over the valley, sheltering it from the rays of a tropical sun, and imperceptibly distilling a refreshing moisture that clothed the fields in brightest verdure.

Like Thornton Wilder, Prescott had never visited Peru, and although he had studied his sources much more carefully, is continually falling into such unfortunate inaccuracies, which only a few days, or weeks, of residence and travel in the country of which he is writing would have made impossible. The "vaporous cloud" rests over Lima during our summer, it is true, but that is winter in the southern hemisphere, and a most bleak and dismal winter it does produce, damp and chilly, so that the only thing that one can imagine as being described as "delightful" about Lima weather is when the sun breaks through the cloud. It is true, also, that there are fields of cotton, and sugarcane, and potatoes around Lima, of "brightest verdure," but that is entirely due to irrigation. On the barren hills near Lima which are not irrigated, absolutely nothing grows for eight or nine months of the year, while the fuzzy, low cacti and the rows of wild, dwarf, pineapple-like plants merely hold their own until the fogs of winter furnish enough moisture to allow them to put forth their scarlet flowers. Where the fine powdery dust of the hillsides is thickly littered with loose, lichen-covered stones, apparently more of the fog is precipitated, and here delicate green leaves and bright flowers appear during the winter. These flowers are as transitory as the spring flowers of our own woods, and a month or two later one can scarcely find even their withered remains.

Practically all of the larger passenger boats coming to Peru arrive in Callao early one morning, and depart on the night of the succeeding day. One is sometimes tempted to think that even this would be almost long enough for one who is to write his impressions of Lima to collect sufficient material, and not have the first, clear impressions blunted by a longer stay. There are unexpected dangers in such a procedure, however. The boat from the States which arrived in Callao on July 3, 1928, displayed to its passengers a Lima bathed in sunlight—most exceptional and unusual for mid-winter—and by the time that most of them were up and about on the 4th, that too was a glorious sunshiny day. In talking with one of the passengers, a professor of Romance languages in one of our western colleges, he expressed himself as delighted with such weather, "and, you know, they tell me that it is winter here." He couldn't be convinced that he had experienced two most unusual winter days, and will doubtless spread far and wide, to the extent of his ability, the tale of wondrous winter weather in Lima.

Some people always do run into exceptional weather. A friend, who has resided for periods of always less than a year in different localities since leaving college, assures me that unusual weather always pursues him. It does really rain in Lima too, once in a generation. The last time was in 1925, and it just happened to be the year that Dr. Beebe on his "Arcturus Adventure," was searching for the Sargasso Sea, and didn't find it, and pushing on to the Galápagos in the Pacific, found the Humboldt Current changed in its course, and everything in the ocean, and on the adjacent land, profoundly affected. Farmers in Peru had their irrigated lands inundated by greatly swollen rivers, and grew crops on unirrigated pampas that had never been cultivated since a similar rainfall in the time of their fathers. Possibly it was such a rain as this that Mr. Wilder needs for the action of his story, only such a rain would effectually stop all other conversa-

tion and action, because it is so extraordinary.

The mysterious attraction which an unfamiliar country has for some authors is as unfortunate as it is natural. In seeking for a suitable scene in which to locate the action of a plot demanding unusual qualifications, a country of which the author knows little or nothing is vastly more useful than those with which he is familiar. Anything may happen there. The safer device, however, is to create a country, which will have exactly the desired specifications, and nobody can quarrel with the writer later and bring forth documentary proof to show his mistakes. To choose a real country, which to the writer seems so far away and removed from ordinary experience that he may safely take liberties in using its supposed characteristics in furthering the action of his book, merely invites the criticism from an ever increasing number of the reading public, from people who have been there, and in a more or less specific way, do know.

The countries to the south of the United States have been particularly unfortunate in this respect. When not neglected entirely, they have merely served as the scene for adventure stories, of which possibly the best example is Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune." Rex Beach's story of Panama is infantile in its handling of local color. Joseph Hergesheimer, on the contrary, has done remarkably well. True, "Bright Shawl" makes an even better movie, but his Cuba is recognizable. "Tampico" strikes a new note—that of the influx of American capital and industrial development, and one that has not been touched in a serious way by any other writer. His description of how one feels when sick with malaria is so vivid as to start one susceptible reader to taking quinine himself, and his explanation of what a "representative of the New York office" is really there for, is so close to the usual facts as completely to explain the invariable suspicion and dislike with which he is regarded. The plot is an outgrowth of the locale, and not ready-made and forcing the scene to conform to its demands, and is authentic in a way that a plot in search for a suitable background never can be. If books dealing with the tropics are to ring true to the experiences and convictions of the Americans who have lived and worked there, they can only be written by authors who consent to come to the tropics and stay long enough to obtain a sympathetic understanding of its varied characteristics.

GEORGE N. WOLCOTT.

Lima, Peru.

John Burroughs

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The essay on John Burroughs (of whom I have not read one word, I regret to say) was disturbingly provocative of thought to me, as I imagine it might be to various and sundry young people in this country and all countries of the world. You will pardon me, I hope, if I try to express some of those thoughts, and if I put some difficult questions to you. Burroughs, you say, was "educated on scraps." Badly educated on scraps.

Now, I am twenty-five years and two months old; a graduate of an estimable college; and, I hope and believe, possessed of the requisite modicum of brains to hold my place in this (as Mr. Pitkin holds) over-brained country. Yet with all that I am positive that I am educated on scraps, and have a taste and a type of mind for scraps—in other words, unscholarly. Totally uneducated in philosophy, I have developed one of my own, which is perhaps (according to you) my "ruin" (you say Emerson engendered in young men a hope of philosophy by intuition), and that's one of the problems. Philosophic education. What should I read in philosophy? Should I read philosophy? By the Lord, it is no "hope" of philosophy by intuition, that I have, but a philosophy! Terribly untutored and perhaps wrong; nevertheless "it satisfies"; and I have been told, and believe, that the purpose of philosophy is the accommodating of a mind to the world, physical and metaphysical. If it has led me to cut out psychology (as a study, not as an observational delight and semi-vocation); and also psychiatry, sociology, economics, etc.,—the philosophy I have being, I fear, too much given to Emersonism to admit of the study of such things, I cannot see how that accuses me of being uneducated in the certain lines I have picked up.

I am educated on scraps. I, in company with everyone else in the world, cannot ever read all the great literature even in English; I cannot (having a wretched memory) quote from any author (modern sign of a

good education, according to the advertisements!) and I am, in my own private thoughts, about as puzzled and hectic, as fragmentary and unsystematic, as possible.

So:—what is a good education? I want to know! I want to start at it! I've always read for pleasure; the "Faerie Queene" at present; "Morte d'Arthur" just recently; Robinson Jeffers now, too—grand hash! Should one indulge in a system comparable to the Five Foot Bookshelf? (And that isn't an ironic question, for I imagine that a good education might be obtained if such a method should be more widely carried out.) What should one do to obtain a good education? I have no Latin, no Greek; read the authors of both in translation, though not half as much as I should or want to.

What is a good education?

My mind is full of theses and appositions of mad theories and ideas. None of them come to fruition; nevertheless, I am reading continually for my own pleasure in good books; what else can be done for a good education?

By a good education, neither you (I think and hope) nor I, mean an education which attempts to embrace all arts and sciences, as so many of our "young" men (mostly from Montmartre, such as Wyndham Lewis—whom I have not been able to read—and also the Frenchmen Gide, Valéry, etc.) seem to boast of; in my case, for example, an education which will have the semblance of culture, and the actuality of intellectual integrity and self-respect, as a result—semblance, since culture is not to be obtained ever by anybody, in the sense of general knowledgeability.

Well—many words, many words. John Burroughs was probably a mediocre anyhow; would have been (like Ruskin) if he was excellently educated. (Now, that jab at Ruskin is an example of my intellectual insufficiency, since I criticise him from hearsay without word of knowledge of his own works!) Keats, Whitman, probably Conrad, and possibly Shakespeare, were "educated on scraps." Education, it is a semi-truism, is not one of the most necessary accompaniments to genius, although it is a comfortable aid. But I do want to know what a really good education would include.

If you can't answer that in less than ten pages, please refer me to some book that would be apt and to the point.

To go back to that business of philosophy: I would be very much delighted, also, to know what good philosophy ever came to a man other than by "intuition." Philosophy, in this case, I think is to be interpreted as an accommodation of the mind to the cosmos, as I said before, rather than an interpretation and a study of astronomy, physics, etc., and of human relationships. On the subject of human relationships, I could wax extremely wroth, when I consider the attempts (unread, save in scraps!) of the modern psychologists. Philosophy, like the ocean, has nothing to do with mankind individually, little to do with it collectively, and chiefly to do with the universe. As I said, I have my own private pet solution to the problem that in all philosophies most puzzles and anguishes men,—namely, *purpose*; and it is comparatively intuitional, though I can trace it to the influence of several books non-philosophical.

So: What is a good education?

What is philosophy? (I don't want a dictionary definition of it, either.)

More ideas on it!—The Stoics are, says Webster, a "sect" who meet or regard all vicissitudes calmly. As I remember, the Epicureans were a bunch of sybarites. Perhaps not. But they had some fixed idea, as "that the exercise of the senses was the chief purpose and enjoyment of life—" something of that sort. And so on, and so on, through the other schools. By heck, I can't see it!

Also, says Webster, philosophy is "the knowledge of phenomena as explained by and resolved into causes and reasons, powers and laws." Aristotle, his influence! And by heck, I can't see that, either! Nor "a systematic body of conceptions or principles, ordinarily with the implication of their practical application." This is all knowledge, "learning," facts. Philosophy— isn't this true?—treats only of those things which have no facts.

MARTIN MAXMILLAN.

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