

Mims was not able, like so many younger men, to forget what he had read before; and in defense of his memories is able to quote from leaders of the modern spirit, from Whitehead that "one of the worst provincialisms is the provincialism of time," and from Santayana that "we do not today refute our predecessors but bid them goodbye." There are many versions of the Everlasting Nay; but there are versions of the Everlasting Yea, both old and new, which are not complacent optimisms of boost clubs and popular periodicals. Professor Mims's optimism has emerged from looking the worst in the face. He does not like the Rotarian or the smart aleck any better than he likes the defeatist and futilitarian; only he does not think the prospect as dreary as it is painted. There is at least a fighting chance. Adventurous America is no place, and this is no era, to lie down in and wail over either your own sins or the stupidities of everyone else. We are not living in a decadent time. If you look the facts in the face, they do not show that. It looks more like the early years of a vital and vivid era. The futilitarians and embittered realists have made a myth. They have not made it out of nothing. It is partly fact, some of the facts, and partly mood.

Professor Mims's main contention may be admitted, but the younger generation will probably feel that his real point of view is still mildly Victorian. He has not been through all their emotional reactions. His education in modernity broadened but did not revolutionize him. He has gone to school to modernity, but has scarcely lived it. His idealism is founded on the present, but it has reminiscent flavors. He says nothing about "getting back to the normal," but he has something of that feeling. Normal is a word of inferior repute since the Harding era, and we do not exactly want to get back to anything. We want to find out where we are going, and go there.

Nevertheless, in that matter of direction, his faith that despair, disgust, and vituperation will not be the dominant notes of the next decade, is a good probability. There will probably be less dissolvent and more assimilation, less clutter and more clarity, less lumping of miscellaneous dislikes under epithets and more articulation of whatever faith may be coming our way.

The Mayor of Tombarel

THE TOWN OF TOMBAREL. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

ADMIRERS of Locke who have come to deplore a sameness of mood in his recent books, and who have felt that whimsicality and sentiment can cloy if too perseveringly indulged in, will rejoice to find in this volume a stiffer fibre than has been generally evident in his latest works. Mr. Locke is still whimsical, but his whimsy now lies rather in the ingenuity with which he justifies unconventional action than in unconventional action itself. He still has sentiment, but it is less sweet than has lately been its wont, more tintured by that good-humored cynicism which lent an edge to his first books. That he still writes with vivacity and grace should go without saying.

"The Town of Tombarel" is actually a succession of nine short stories brought into relation through the appearance in all of the narrator, an English author, and Monsieur Tombarel, wine-grower, *grand seigneur*, and Mayor of the Provencal village of Creille, whose inhabitants hover more or less persistently in the background of the tales. Tombarel is a Mistral in appearance, a very perfect gentleman in courtesy, and in practice a thorough-going realist who can justify the ways of man to his conscience with a most nice and logical philosophy. To his English friend he recites a series of episodes—the tale of a father's violent act to preserve untarnished the memory of his war dead, of the amazing marriage between a vagabond scoundrel and the carefully nurtured woman whose husband he attempts to kill, of the demi-mondaine who supports the peasant family she loves on money whose source can only be kept from them by connivance of the Mayor, of his own Love story with a capital L, and his love story without the capital that implies to his mind the making or marring of a man's career. They all unfold with the leisurely good-fellowship which might be expected of Mr. Locke when he acts as foil for a French official of parts, humane spirit, and shrewdness disguised as ingenuousness.

These stories, indeed, are interesting quite apart from their plots as reflecting the hard-headed practicality of the French outlook on life. They have a buoyancy that carries them along, freshness of incident, and sprightly dialogue that is well salted with a sly humor. And they have a tautness of sentiment which has been too often lacking of late from Mr. Locke's work. We find "The Town of Tombarel" the most interesting book that he has produced in some years.

Night Life

SLEEP. By DONALD A. LAIRD and CHARLES G. MULLER. New York: The John Day Company. 1930. \$2.50.

HAVE you ever awakened to have your blood run cold at the sound of prowling footsteps in the hallway or the rustling of a burglar under the bed? That may be because the pressure of the pillow on your ear has started internal sounds. Have you ever dreamt that you were Doctor Cook at the North Pole? Perchance that's because your foot has been uncovered and has grown very cold. Have you ever had a sleepless night and blamed a cup of coffee drunk at midnight for it? It's quite likely it was not the coffee but the game of bridge upon which your mind was intent until the stroke of twelve that was responsible for it. Have you ever slept the long, dreamless sleep of the just after a steaming nightcap? Well, that's perhaps because a little, oh, just a wee small amount of liquor seems to be conducive to peaceful slumber.

At least so says the psychological laboratory of Colgate University whose staff for some years now have been carrying on experiments designed to discover what it is that best induces to healthful sleep and to what extent mankind must have sleep in order best to fulfil its capacities. This book, the by-product of those investigations, makes no pretense at scientific exhaustiveness; it is merely a skimming of the results obtained and a codification of those facts into a few generalizations that should be both helpful and interesting to the lay public. We commend it to you if you are on the lookout for a book that will keep you wakeful until you deem it time to go to bed, and that will allow you to drop off to pleasant slumbers the moment your head touches the pillow.

If you are one of the unfortunate persons to whom sleep does not come easily, either because you are emotionally, physically, or intellectually overstimulated, or because you are sensitive to external disturbances, you will find it more inclined to your wooing if you seek it in a room tinted in green or blue, carpeted and curtained in velour, furnished with a double bed with a coil spring and a mattress of medium softness, with sheets wide enough to hang over the side of the bedstead, blankets of soft wool, and a velour spread,—a room, of course, as remote from the noises of the street as possible, through which air is moving, which is moderate in temperature, and from which light is excluded. If you would sleep most effectively, don't roll up into a ball; on the other hand, don't stretch out like an arrow. Sink down into the bed, and let your knees sag slightly. It makes little difference apparently whether you sleep on your side or on your back, except that in the latter position you are likely to be guilty of snoring. The time of your deepest sleep is in the first hour or two of your slumbers; but the hour of profoundest relaxation is later. As to the number of hours of sleep your system demands, that depends entirely upon your temperament, your activities, your age, and the character of your slumber. Edison has on occasion managed very comfortably, and with no diminution of mental alertness, on a daily average of less than four hours, while Woodrow Wilson, on the other hand, needed nine, and preferred, ten hours of sleep. The average intellectual worker, according to Colgate calculations, needs at least eight hours of sleep, though for the lumberjack, longshoreman, or manual worker half that number may be sufficient.

If you sleep as an average grown person should, assuming that you will live to the age of seventy, you will, if you are now thirty, sleep before you die thirteen years, four months, one day, and sixteen hours; if you are forty, you will sleep ten years, if you are fifty, you will sleep six years, eight months, three days, and eight hours.

"Oh! sleep, it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole." On the whole, considering its effect on health and usefulness as set forth in the first part of this volume, it would seem wise to disregard

Mark Twain's admonition not to go to bed, since so many people die there. But read the book if you would discover why you get sleepy, why you ought to sleep, and how to get sleep.

Crowd Your Luck

CROWD YOUR LUCK ON DEATH. By HARRY KAPUSTIN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by MARSHALL BEST

A QUALITY that cannot be too highly valued in fiction today will be pounced upon with excitement by readers of this new storyteller named Harry Kapustin. Even the least of his stories is quick with life—directly presented, without too much cerebration, without embroidery, without distortion for dramatic effects or sentimental uses. He seizes the essence of certain simple emotions and conveys it in a blunt, economical narrative, pungent with the language of his characters.

His best stories (they are often only sketches) are about the new Americans; streetcar conductors named Chimabua, typists named Mollie Appleyard, clerks and poolroom habitués named Willie and Herbie. Mr. Kapustin writes as one of them; they are his important world, and thus he escapes the sentimentality of the ordinary observer. He catches the meaning of their lives in domestic tragedies such as "Don't Bury Me at All" and "Mrs. Appleyard Will Cry"; or the meaninglessness of them as in "Embezner Embazner Emboozner," the haunting little sketch of a man with delusions of greatness—a greatness which aspires no higher than to being a famous movie star. His fantasies in exotic settings, such as "Kark," have similar pungency but less importance; when he becomes slightly mystical, as in "The Deep Kindergarten," he is on less certain ground. In all he flaunts life's ugliness with a sort of sardonic arrogance. Obsession and death are favorite themes. But his cynicism is positive rather than defeatist: death is the lucky number—crowd your luck!

As an artist, Mr. Kapustin betrays his youth by being afraid to be careful. Before he can be taken very seriously he needs to learn that his originality is in his point of view and the directness of his narration, rather than in the scorn for language, and the hit-or-miss technique that are the outward signs of his revolt. Nevertheless "Crowd Your Luck on Death" can be read with the zest of a discovery. It is in healthy contrast not only with the magazine stereotype of American fiction but with the debased coinage which the literary young men and women of England are making from the mold of Chekhov and Katherine Mansfield.

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of THE SATURDAY REVIEW and have seemed to us worthy of special recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not get the recognition which we believe they deserve.

★PENDING HEAVEN. By WILLIAM GERHARDI. Harpers.

"Scandalously amusing fun of literary people, philanderers, infelicitous husbands, incomplete amorists."

★THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF. By OSBERT SITWELL. Coward-McCann.

A subtle and beautifully written story of the artist soul suffering deterioration and seeking recovery in travel.

★HUMANISM AND AMERICA. Edited by NORMAN FOERSTER. Farrar & Rinehart.

The manifesto of the Humanists in the form of a compendium of articles by representative exponents of their faith.

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The Penultimate Proust

THE SWEET CHEAT GONE: Part Seven of "Remembrance of Things Past." By MARCEL PROUST. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1930. \$3.

Reviewed by R. N. LINSOTT

BYOND any other novelist, Proust gives us the pleasure of discovery and recognition. With infinite delicacy, with endless patience, he explores like an omniscient ant through the jungle of consciousness, exacting from every experience its ultimate and significant elements. In addition to his skill in penetrating the tough outer surface of reality and extending the boundaries of knowledge, he is now seen to be a master of structure; of the symphonic pattern. As he wrote to his publisher, apropos of "Remembrance of Things Past," "the composition is so complex that it becomes apparent only very late in the day, when all the themes have begun to combine." With the translation of the last but one of the eight parts, the pattern can now be traced as a continuous process of evolution in the characters, and disillusion in the narrator. The *Guermantes*, for example, first seen at a height as the romantic exemplars of the aristocratic tradition, undergo innumerable modifications in perspective as the narrator approaches, and when met at last on the level are perceived to share the ineptitudes and cruelties of the common herd. In short, the world of Proust is a world of continual change and constant illusion whose only reality is the inner consciousness and whose only justification is the integrity of the artist who creates; a world curiously paralleling in many respects the metaphysical world of the new physicists.

But an exploration of the Proustian universe lies beyond the scope of the present review. It will be recalled that "The Captive" closed with the flight of Albertine from her jealous and exigent lover. Since, by a singular perversity, his love waxes and wanes in exact antithesis to her own, we find him in the opening pages of the new volume overwhelmed by her escape and wildly planning her recovery. Negotiations are cut short by a fatal accident. His mistress is thrown from her horse and killed, and the Albertine motif, first announced in "Within a Budding Grove," reintroduced in "The Guermantes Way," and dominant in "The Captive," rises to a crescendo of grief and pain, that slowly dies away in an exquisite diminuendo of fading memories.

It was Proust's theory that voluntary memory compares with involuntary as a photograph with a painting; that we touch the innermost core of reality only in the secondary sensations evoked by some sight, sound, or odor which automatically draws into our consciousness a fragment of the forgotten past, brightly tinted as a shell drawn from the sea. For this reason, Albertine dead is more living than Albertine alive, for now that death has put distance between them, every moment brings back memories that revivify the past. Her complete possession had been for years his goal and his chimera. Within his arms she eluded him; within the grave she is his, and his greatest grief is the knowledge that grief will not endure. The theme of these memories and of their slow inevitable dispersal, as time conquers love, is played with infinite variations and modulations.

The cool evening air came in; it was the sun setting in my memory, at the end of a road which we had taken, she and I, on our way home, that I saw now, more remote than the farthest village, like some distant town not to be reached that evening, which we would spend at Balbec, still together. Together then, now I must stop short on the brink of that same abyss, she was dead. It was not enough now to draw the curtains, I tried to stop the eyes and ears of my memory so as not to see that band of orange in the western sky, so as not to hear those invisible birds responding from one tree to the next on either side of me who was then so tenderly embraced by her that now was dead. I tried to avoid those sensations that are given us by the dampness of leaves in the evening air, the steep rise and fall of mule-tracks. But already those sensations had gripped me afresh, carried far enough back from the present moment so that it should have gathered all the recoil, all the resilience necessary to strike me afresh, this idea that Albertine was dead.

... On certain nights, having gone to sleep almost without regretting Albertine any more—we can regret only what we remember—on awakening I found a whole fleet of memories which had come to cruise upon the surface of my clearest consciousness, and seemed marvellously distinct. Then I wept over what I could see so plainly, what overnight had been to me non-existent. In an instant, Albertine's name,

her death, had changed their meaning; her betrayals had suddenly resumed their old importance.

... At other times, without my having dreamed, as soon as I awoke, I felt that the wind had changed in me; it was blowing coldly and steadily from another direction, issuing from the remotest past, bringing back to me the sound of a clock striking far-off hours, of the whistle of departing trains which I did not ordinarily hear.

Dying as he did before the publication of "The Sweet Cheat Gone," Proust was unable to give it the same gigantic and meticulous revision in proof that he gave each of the preceding volumes. With the passing of Albertine, the narrative grows cramped. There is no longer the sense of spacious and leisurely handling of material; the turning of each sensation over and over until the last of its innumerable facets has been displayed and examined. The visit to Venice, anticipated since childhood, is disposed of almost casually. Robert de Saint-Loup marries Gilberte who has found it expedient to bury in oblivion her father, Swann, with the result that both the name and memory of that singularly noble Jew have perished. The niece of Jupien, the tailor, having been adopted by M. de Charlus, marries the son of the Marquise Cambrémer-Légrandin, and with delicious irony, plunges



EDNA FERBER

From a drawing of Mary McKinnon

half the princely houses of Europe into mourning by her death. The sense of moral and spiritual blight, first evident in "Cities of the Plain" and checked by the lyric passages of grief and recollection, has resumed its advance. The old order is breaking up; time, the integrating element in the Proustian universe, leaps forward. The rising tide of homosexuality engulfs even the heroic figure of Saint-Loup, and the book ends on a note of disorder and decay.

Miss Ferber's Myth

CIMARRON. By EDNA FERBER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

Author of "Kit Carson"

WE have long since become accustomed to the habit of English novelists, who come to this country for a brief visit and then go home and write a book about the States. But for an American novelist to apply the same methods in writing about an unfamiliar region within the States is something of a novelty. Miss Ferber has done this in her new book on Oklahoma, and done it daringly, adding American efficiency to the tried technique of her British exemplars. For she spent far less time in Oklahoma than the Englishman commonly spends in the States, and the resulting book is vastly more interesting than most which have been produced by others in this kind. Indeed, it is probable that Miss Ferber's success is due in no small degree to the shortness of her sojourn in the West, for she could hardly have remained much longer without suspecting that she was being made the victim of extravagant Western humor. Her coming was well advertised in advance, and the hospitable natives provided her with a good show. But Miss Ferber may take comfort, if not exult, in the ire which her book has aroused in the breasts of indignant old-timers, who—rather absurdly—expect a novel to be history.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the business of the novel is not plot, nor setting, nor incident, but the notation of the human heart. Since Miss Ferber's triumphant journalism has rather neglected this important business, she can scarcely blame those who concentrate upon the things which she has placed in the foreground and who criticize her work accordingly. In a volume wherein the tourist's notebook and photograph album so constantly obtrude, it is natural that readers who have notebooks and albums more extensive and reliable should compare notes and raise objections.

It is quite unfair, however, to complain of her use of incident or even of the falsification of dates, places, and historical events: all this is quite within the province and privilege of the novelist. When Zane Grey, for example, portrays Kit Carson as a swaggering bully, he is well within his rights, though utterly false to history. Such things may be unwise, but are thoroughly legitimate. But when the poet presents the spirit of a region or a period in a false light, we incline to think that he has violated the canons of the historical novel and deserves censure.

The really significant things in any community are the things which that community takes for granted, and these things are never mentioned, and can hardly be explained to strangers. We submit that this is the weakness of Miss Ferber's attempt to tell the story of the Run—that famous charge of a vast multitude upon the free land of Oklahoma: she was unaware of the real historical background, the mores, of the time and region. And this need not have been so, considering the wealth of authentic incident she had at her command. Willa Cather, another alien who writes of the Southwest, avoided this pitfall: she used all the liberties of the artist in fiction, freely adapting and falsifying incident and character, yet has uniformly preserved intact the spirit of the Old Southwest. Her bad men observe the mores of the type, as Miss Ferber's do not, and by this test the one book stands and the other falls. Miss Ferber's gunmen (I use the term advisedly) are presented sympathetically, humanly, but they know nothing of the code which would have made it impossible for a cowboy to shoot a man's hat off in the company of his wife, or to take pot shot at a preacher during a religious service—even one in a gambler's tent. The grotesqueries of the scene were wild enough, but they are not the grotesqueries which Miss Ferber has invented.

The later chapters, which deal with matters observed by the author for herself, are more acceptable, but even here the feeling which underlies them has escaped her. She has done excellent reporting, has constructed a ripping yarn, has given us novel incidents, novel characters, a fresh setting, has created a strange new Sooner* mythology, and for this we should be grateful. Her book is a fantasy.

Judged as fantasy, it is a gorgeous piece of work, and recalls at moments the richness of startling incident, the amazing turns, the incredible adventures and persons of the "Arabian Nights." And as fantasy her book is sound, for it has caught the essential fact about Oklahoma—the fact that there every man has the spirit of a seeker after buried treasures; every man has the fairyland faith in something for nothing, a faith justified every time he looks at the skyscrapers of Tulsa or the oil rigs of Oklahoma City. This spirit, which was not the spirit of the Run, has become the soul of Oklahoma today, and Miss Ferber's reporting eye has caught it. To her this was all unreal, fantastic, and no genius could have made her book historical. So seen, the book is genuine and worth the reading.

The Society of Colonial Dames of America and the National Society of Colonial Dames in the State of New York have awarded a prize of \$1000 to Dr. Richard B. Morris for his book, entitled "Studies in the History of American Law," published by the Columbia University Press. Honorable mention was given to Mr. Michael Krauss for his "Inter-Colonial Aspects of American Culture on the Eve of the Revolution," also published by the Columbia University Press, and to Mr. Pell for his "Ethan Allen," published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

The two societies of Colonial Dames offered one thousand dollars in 1926 for the best work on some phase of the colonial period in American history by a citizen of the State of New York, published during the five years preceding January first, 1929.

* A "Sooner" was a settler who had illegitimately found his way into Indian territory before it was thrown open for settlement. The "Sooners" are the Hengists and Horsas of Oklahoma.