

## A Letter from Dublin

By MARY MANNING

AS I write a gale is blowing. Dublin Bay is agitated. The waves are rolling over the sea walls at Merriem. Seagulls scream in suburban back gardens. They cover the lake in Stephen's Green with a cloud of white wings and flash of red beaks. Sou'easterly gale; dirty weather in the channel. What are the wild waves saying? Listen and hear . . . Gaelic League calling—This is our representative Mr. J. P. McGinley speaking at a meeting of the Library Association of Ireland:—"If I had the powers of a dictator I would cast half the books into the sea. Nine-tenths of the books selected for the libraries represent the English mind, standards of taste, conduct, and morality. The talks and radio are inimical to Irish education and must be destroyed or controlled as they are disseminating English and American ideals among the people." Toll for the Gaelic League! Toll for McGinley and black kid gloves must be worn at the wake. He cannot stop the march of progress. No man can say to this generation—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." We must go on, over McGinley's body; though the censorship falls, though the Vatican thunders, though the Gael screams "Back to Deirdre!" Young Ireland must fall into line with the modern world.

We are advancing. Mr. Denis Johnston's expressionistic play "The Old Lady Says-No" has been revived at the Gate Theatre and his "Dublin Revue," with lyrics by the irrepressible Oliver St. John Gogarty is to be performed at Easter. Six thousand people paid to see the Russian films "Storm over Asia" and "The End of St. Petersburg." An Irish amateur film was shown in the Peacock Theatre last Autumn. Mr. Yeats's latest experiment in a new dramatic form—"The Writing on the Window-pane"—was produced at the Abbey Theatre. The Gate retaliated with "Back to Methusalem" in its entirety. The Abbey answered it with Mr. Lennox Robinson's modernized version of "The Critic," which allowed him a glorious opportunity for poking fun at the Dublin press, the Dublin critics, and the Dublin intelligentsia. Mr. Sam Beckett, now assistant French lecturer in Trinity College, has written a study of Proust which is to be published in April. An ultra-modern bookshop has been opened in Winetavern Street.

We are advancing. The Board of Censors are indefatigable in their labors for the moral welfare of the Irish reader. *The New Leader* was banned recently because it published an advertisement for contraceptives. Novels by Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, Liam O'Flaherty, and Sinclair Lewis are banned because—"They are in their general tendency obscene." Remote books on birth control obtain free advertisement in the fierce light of public censorship. Marie Stopes, Margaret Sanger, and even Bertrand Russell have gone the way of all flesh, while Elinor Glyn, Ethel M. Dell, and Margaret Petersen are left to carry on the good work.

We are advancing. Revengeful and unforgiving is dark Rosaleen. The Mayo County Council backed up the local library committee in their refusal to sanction the appointment of Miss Dunbar Harrison, county librarian, on the grounds that she was a Protestant, a graduate of Trinity College, and not proficient in the Irish Language. The Ministry of Local Government gave the rebels a chance to reconsider their decision, but they steadfastly adhered to it, whereupon the Local Government Board dissolved the Mayo County Council, and appointed a commissioner to administer the affairs of the County. One of the Commissioner's first duties was to appoint Miss Harrison as county librarian, and on the twelfth of January last the intrepid lady departed to take up duty in Castlebar, where she received a grand old Irish welcome in the form of a general boycott! The Mayo County Council have undoubtedly been guilty of intolerable bigotry and medievalism. It is absurd to think that a woman who has proved her efficiency in fair examination should be barred from taking up a job on such irrelevant grounds. It is intolerable to think that the religion and politics of one section, should prevent those of another from working in their own country. But by the harp of Tom Moore it would have been well for the Government to have entered into negotiations before dissolving a council which had admittedly administered its affairs efficiently! A policy of blind impartiality without tact or discrimination is worse than useless—it is dangerous. County Mayo is still a hundred years behind the times. The peasants,

oppressed and ill-treated for generations, are only now beginning to assert their individuality, and when one considers that their former oppressors were persons of Miss Harrison's religion and politics one can arrive at some understanding of their state of mind. Hatred of Protestantism, landlordism, and accompanying imperialism is ingrained in them. A hundred years of smouldering resentment is only now bursting into open flame. In that wild country where Irish is native spoken; where the religion is sternly Catholic, and the peasant mind only now beginning to falter into line with twentieth century standards, tolerance is only a word. It will take years of freedom and education to weed out the inbred bitterness of generations. But we are advancing.

And in the forefront of the battle comes Peadar O'Donnell whose latest novel, "The Knife," has been published in America under the title "There Will be Fighting." I may say at once that O'Donnell, probably the greatest writer produced in Ireland within the last ten years, remains comparatively unknown amongst the Dublin intelligentsia, chiefly because he does not display his personality at "First Nights," Sunday "Evenings," and Bohemian cabarets, or flutter round the intellectual demigods. True, they read of his books in *The Sunday Observer* and other well-informed English reviews, but those who only discovered Joyce ten years after the rest of the world would hardly know anything of O'Donnell yet.

Peadar O'Donnell has published four novels dealing with different aspects of peasant life and their reaction to the national struggle. "Storm," published about ten years ago, and now out of print, showed promise. The first few chapters describing a storm off the coast of Donegal were beautifully done, but otherwise it attracted little attention. In 1925 he ran up against O'Flaherty and showed him the MSS. of another novel. O'Flaherty read it, put it in an envelope, and sent it to his own publisher, Jonathan Cape, and shortly afterwards "Islanders" was published in England and acclaimed by the critics as a masterpiece of peasant life. Later it appeared in the United States under the title "The Way it Was with Them." In 1927, while he was in gaol, the news came through to him of the death from starvation of the entire Sullivan family in Adrigole, Co. Cork, and his third novel, written in a fury of rage and pity, was the result. "Adrigole" remains his finest achievement up to the present. Though his latest novel, "The Knife" marks a definite advance in technique, the propagandist has run away with the novelist. O'Donnell's best work is yet to come. He is only thirty-five, and though years of intense fighting, forty-one days hunger strike, and ceaseless revolutionary activities have left their mark on him physically, he is terrifically alive. His next novel is to be the last of a series, and then he will start work on a bigger idea—a history of Ireland from 1830, rather in the style of Kropotkin's "French Revolution."

At the moment O'Donnell is free. I mean he has not been in the hands of the police for the last twelve months, but one never knows . . . he lives in a perfectly respectable suburban quarter of Dublin. The number of Revolutionaries living in the red brick suburbs of this city are almost unbelievable. We are advancing. . . .

"German architects," says a dispatch to the *London Observer*, "have been invited to send in plans for a memorial to Heinrich Heine, in Düsseldorf, his native city, now that the subscription lists have been closed. Heine lovers all over the world have responded to the appeal, which brought in just over £1,600. The sums have come in by dribblets, but it seems that never was a poet so loved by his following, which is neither wealthy nor spectacular. The German Embassy in Moscow forwarded ten marks sent them by a German peasant working in Siberia."

In search of material for a new book, Lady Dorothy Mills, author and traveller, is, according to a dispatch to the *Times*, planning a lone trip up the Orinoco for the purpose of studying the little known Indians in the jungles of the upper tributaries of the mighty river. Lady Mills was the first Englishwoman to visit Timbuctoo, and she travelled in Liberia in 1926. She has now gone to Caracas prior to making her way to Ciudad Bolívar, which will be her headquarters while she is studying the Indians of the Orinoco.

# savage messiah

BY H. S. EDE

This life of Henri Gaudier, penniless genius who died on the threshold of fame, "will be much read," said Henry McBride in *The N. Y. Sun*, and Dorothy Parker in *The New Yorker* advised, "Put down whatever that thing is that you're doing and read 'Savage Messiah' . . . it is a great book. And you don't get 'grave' out of me for red apples." It is great and, more than that, it is a remarkable human document. The relationship between Gaudier, described by one reviewer as "half savant and half savage," and Sophie Brzeska makes one of the greatest love stories of all time.

With 16 illustrations (14 of Gaudier's work)—\$5.00

## A GENERAL HISTORY OF ASIATIC ARTS THE CIVILIZATIONS OF THE EAST

By René Grousset

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS

This comprehensive survey, a companion work to Elie Faure's *History of Art*, presents the political, social and literary backgrounds of the countries dealt with as well as the artistic, and enables the reader to follow the whole cultural development of Oriental civilization. Volume I—The Near and Middle East is now ready. There will be three more volumes published during the next two years. Volume I contains 313 plates. 6½" x 9½", 404pp., \$7.50.

Write for circular giving information about the special offer for the four volumes.

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By Kahlil Gibran

Every one of the 67,000 purchasers of *The Prophet* will want a copy of this latest and equally beautiful interpretation of life by the poet-philosopher of the Near East. The poem is illustrated with twelve of his paintings, and four of them are reproduced in full color. It is the perfect Easter gift. \$2.50

## INNOCENCE ABROAD

By Emily Clark

Reading these "discreet indiscretions" is like going to a very smart party and meeting at their best such celebrities as Mencken, Hergesheimer, Cabell, Carl Van Vechten, and a host of others. "Too much cannot be said in praise of Miss Clark's intelligent handling of her material. In an age when the popular manner in biography is a rude manner, she approaches her difficult task with urbanity and humor," says Ellen Glasgow in *The N. Y. Herald Tribune*. With 13 portraits. \$3

## A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

By Charles Angoff

VOLUME I—The Theological Era and VOLUME II—The Political Era

"He has made the tale entertaining, fluent, continuous . . . In appearance, and largely in substance, his work is quite in the proper scholarly manner. In tone and phrasing it is jaunty, up-to-the-minute, vivacious . . . amusing and original . . ." The quotation is from a review in *The Nation* by John Macy and in substance it reflects the attitude of nearly all the critics towards the first two volumes of this comprehensive history. The two final volumes which will bring the work down to the present will be published in the near future. 6½" x 9½", \$5.00 each.

## THE NATIVES OF ENGLAND

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"A book full of charm, full of suggestion, charged with a wealth of fact so blended with anecdote and mellow reflection and literary allusion as to give it the flow of one of Mr. Priestley's novels . . . A book for all Americans to read. It will show them England, as few of them can have ever known her."—*The N. Y. Herald Tribune*. With 16 plates. \$3.00

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By Leonora Speyer

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AT THE BETTER BOOKSHOPS

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## Points of View

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

Since my medical book, "Fads, Frauds, and Physicians," was published, dozens of physicians have written me in agreement, some saying I did not hit their profession hard enough. At the same time dozens of quacks and the devotees of quacks have written to tell me that I was in the pay of the American Medical Association or at least so much in sympathy with its "abominable errors," that my book was unfit to read. Leafing the 2000-page Senate document which records the Food and Drug Administration Hearing on the drug, ergot, held last summer, I find myself accused of assisting Dr. Morris Fishbein to write editorials for the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, of which he is the genial editor. To find him so markedly upset over my book is, to say the least, confusing. In it he makes no effort to refute the facts I assemble but resorts to casting slurs—a habit to which I dispassionately called attention in my book. Because Dr. Fishbein naturally would not like this book. The whole drive of its philosophy, its sociology, and its economics would find it necessarily in the opposition. The book is unanswerable because prominent physicians supply the material of which it is composed, not the writer. Finally, Dr. Fishbein is himself so frequently quoted in my book in evidence against the ethical

standard of his own *Journal* that he would be annoyed, and for that annoyance I forgive him.

My book visualized a new medical era to come into being gradually, perhaps over a century or so, and to be based securely upon physical, natural, and enlightened social science. Dr. Fishbein is a reactionary who regards scientific progress with a jaundiced eye, whose economic doctrine is sound individualism, and whose duty to his guild overshadows his duty to the public. The British *Lancet*, a famous medical journal, reviewing Dr. Fishbein's recent book "An Hour of Health" had this to say: "The prevention of heart disease is dealt with vaguely, and contains no reference to the method of direct attack on the incipient disease which has given such encouraging results in this country where, incidentally, the view accepted by the author that chronic tonsillar sepsis is a prime factor in the etiology of juvenile rheumatism has not been substantiated. The last chapter, entitled 'Medicine in Our Changing World,' sets out the author's own views on various medico-political questions of the day. From many of these the English reader will dissent. With the truism that 'the sick human being demands individualization' the counter-advantages of team-work in the alleviation of human ills are rather lightly dismissed. In this chapter Dr. Fishbein lets his fancy have

free play, and if his approach is not strictly scientific, it is always interesting." This opinion by a medical expert can be found in V. CCXIX, pg. 1079, issue of Nov. 15, 1930. There is little more for me to say except that my own approach is always as nearly strictly scientific as I can make it and I would, therefore, necessarily find myself in conflict with Dr. Fishbein, who has in this case maintained unusual good humor. That he confesses himself shockingly uninformed about the success of state medicine in other lands is not surprising. But I am unwilling really to believe that the ignorance affected here is other than simulated, for I know Dr. Fishbein to be alert mentally as well as an entertaining stylist.

T. SWANN HARDING.

Mt. Rainier, Md.

### Ella Young

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

The open letter in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for March 14 is timely and I hope that this agitation in regard to the admission of Ella Young to the U. S. will bring the desired results.

There is one error in the letter, Longmans, Green & Co. and not the Macmillan Co., are her publishers here and in London. Her books with us are "Wonder-Smith and His Son" and "The Tangle-coated Horse." She is now at work for us on "The Unicorn With Silver Shoes"—delayed in publication this year because of her forced sojourn in

Canada with attendant disturbance of mind.

Twice we were able to assist in an extension of her visa by pleading the great loss to American letters if she were not permitted in peace and quiet to complete work for which she is under contract with us.

This last year an extension of visa was refused—it seems too absurd, but we must face the truth, that the agitation against aliens in this country can affect such a person as Miss Young—this country needs her—and more of her type.

There is every evidence that the royalties on Ella Young's books will go on for a long time, increasing, of course, with each new title, and that alone guarantees that she will not become a public charge.

BERTHA L. GUNTERMAN, Editor.

### A Dickinson Bibliography

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

The Jones Library bibliography of Emily Dickinson, published in Amherst on the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth was not designed primarily for collectors and rare book dealers despite G. M. T.'s assertion in your *Complete Collector* (January 10, 1931): "It seems strange that compilers of so many bibliographies are at times unable to realize that the public most interested in their work is made up of book collectors, of persons who expect to have the books described. . . ." On the contrary, this bibliography came in response to a continued demand by students of Emily Dickinson's life and work from a library which has specialized for several years in collecting material on Amherst authors. The compilation is in my opinion one of first importance for that study. Other libraries would do well to pattern themselves on this example, in the interests of American biography generally. Collectors and rare book dealers who will gladly pay \$7.50 for a much less comprehensive list, if printed on rag paper, limited to a few hundred copies, ought not to begrudge the student this sixty-three page pamphlet which sells for seventy-five cents. Most of the edition went, as a matter of fact, to those who need the information so laboriously collected for matters of further study. For that person who will write the account of Emily Dickinson's fame in the 'nineties and since, this is the only group of facts on which to base a judgment. The special merits of this bibliography are:

Professor George F. Whicher's Foreword.

Reproduction in facsimile of Emily Dickinson's poem, "Success."

Pictures of Emily Dickinson's two homes in Amherst, the picture of the Pleasant Street house, nowhere else obtainable, and here published for the first time.

Information about the many editions and total printings never before published.

The first complete and correct listing of poems set to music.

Masters theses and local history material in the possession of the library collected and listed.

Periodical and newspaper material not listed in periodical or any other indexes ("After all there is an excellent guide to periodical literature which may be consulted in most libraries, etc."—G. M. T., same review.) Articles in Dutch magazines; a Chicago newspaper (written in German); a variety of fugitive articles in German, French, Catholic magazines; "lost" magazines, such as *Godey's Magazine*, which contained an article by Rupert Hughes, written in the 'nineties, etc.

G. M. T. in a later number praises the bibliography prepared at Yale last December. But chiefly, it would seem, for the flowers on the cover. The title-page of this beautifully printed pamphlet carried an error, and the error is all the more serious because it occurs in brief lines taken from Emily Dickinson's poetry, put in conspicuous italics. Rare book dealers and collectors may not mind misquotations; readers do.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

South Hadley, Mass.

### A Bradford Bibliography

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

I am at work on a bibliography of the books and contributed articles and poems of Gamaliel Bradford, and I shall be happy to receive communications from collectors of Gamaliel Bradford with whom I may exchange bibliographical data.

Any of your readers who may have letters or manuscripts of Mr. Bradford's and will loan them to me or who know of early contributed articles will place me much in their debt by their willingness to lend them to me.

JEWELL F. STEVENS.

19 South La Salle Street,  
Chicago, Ill.

## Overshadowing the Emperor . . .

# IMPERIAL BROTHER

## THE LIFE OF THE DUC DE MORNAY

By MARISTAN CHAPMAN

In childhood he was denied by his queen mother. In manhood he had the power to deny kings and queens. The Duc de Mornay, natural son of the natural son of Talleyrand, even overshadowed the Emperor by his strength of will and foresight. The Second Empire in France saw him as one who chose horses, women, paintings and rulers with equal discrimination. He matched his wits against the lovely Empress Eugénie, spied out the spying Bismarck, married an eccentric animal-loving Russian princess, had a hand in the sorry tragedy of Maximilian in Mexico, saw ghosts and heeded them, and used his own fire to kindle the weak flame of his half-brother, Napoleon III. Maristan Chapman has brought the narrative skill of her fiction to this romantic and colorful biography of the glittering court of France and the shining figure of one who placed patriotism above ambition.

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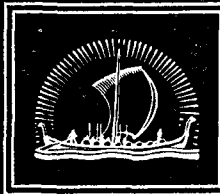


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## OPUS 7

by SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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