

The BOWLING GREEN

HUNTER'S MOON

THE restless, horned moon is high
Above the woods and snowy plain;
No one awake but only I;
And quiet, such as this, is pain.

Last night, the stealthy bears were out
Ringing the green bark of the cherry;
And reckless deer were holding rout
On scarlet ash and elder-berry.

Beside the house, the lilac wears
Her heavy, heart-shaped leaves of white;
No sign of hibernating bears;
No thirsty deer will run tonight.

On lovely things, on lonely men,
The magic charms of winter creep;
And bears are sleeping in their den;
And I must close my door and sleep.

MARY BYERS SMITH.

PHONETICS IN THE MIRROR

Somewhy I have confidence in any book about language written by a studious alien. Birthright usage of any tongue probably sets the user in habits of hearing and feeling which are congenitally limited. The most pleasing work on English which I have examined is Dr. Otto Jespersen's *Essentials of English Grammar* (Henry Holt, \$2), and Dr. Jespersen writes from Copenhagen. I wish he would tell us how he learned so much about our puzzling and faulty lingo; how did he first use it, under what instruction, and what were his impressions? Even his comments on American usages are far more accurate than those of most British "logists. Has he been in this country?

ways get an enormous pleasure in con- sidering the bewildering differences of English and American speech. On Christmas Day, when representatives of various nations told us hullo by radio, an English child piped up "Merry Christmas to American boys and girls" and the enormous oddity, in my ear, of just that way of saying "boys and girls"—irreproducible in print—was enough to keep me grinning for the rest of the afternoon. And then, by chance, we went to an Edgar Wallace picture that same evening—something so terrible that it was enchanting—and heard more of that phonetic queer-ness. In a function so intimate as speech, variations are a chief source of human delight. In a bookshop on 47th Street there's a bookseller from North Carolina. . . .

But what I had in mind was, the publisher of Dr. Jespersen's book really ought to give away a small mirror with each copy. I had to take it home from the office, for I couldn't keep going out to the washroom to verify the phonetic passages. "In our rapid survey of the organs of speech," says Dr. Jespersen, "we begin with the lips, because they are most easily accessible to immediate inspection, and then move gradually inwards." Thus it is that the washroom mirror becomes necessary:—

By means of the tip of the tongue are formed first the three stops [t, d, n], then three fricatives as in *thin*, then, against the front teeth, and [r] against the gums, often with a distinctly "flapping" movement. . . . With the blade of the tongue (immediately behind the tip) are formed the two hissing fricatives [s, z] as in *seal*, *zeal*, characterized by a chink in the tongue through which a very thin stream of air passes. If the air-channel is made a trifle broader, and the tip of the tongue is turned a little farther back, we get the sounds as in *she*, *mission*, *vision*.

The soft palate is movable, and is either raised so as to shut off the mouth from the cavity of the nose—then we have purely oral sounds—or else it may be lowered, in that case we have nasal sounds. . . . If the vocal chords (in the larynx, popularly called "Adam's apple") are brought together and made to vibrate, the result is a voiced sound. . . . Originally *r* was a full point-trill everywhere. In order to pronounce this trill the tip of the tongue is made thin

and elastic, and then raised and made to move rapidly to and fro . . . the bulk of the tongue-muscle must be shifted backwards, sometimes accompanied with secondary trillings of the uvula. . . . R is now not trilled except in out-of-the-way parts of Scotland.

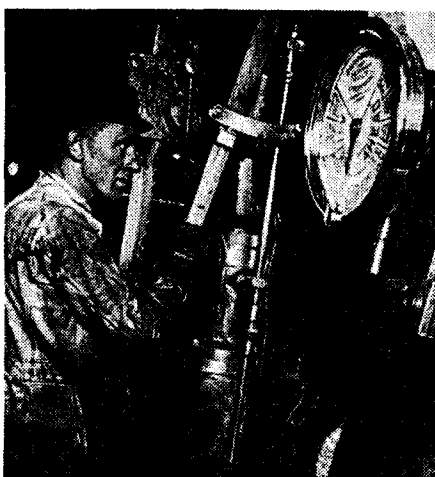
I was wondering what our old friend Captain Bone, a keen student of philology, would say about this, and practising a "secondary trilling of the uvula" with some success, when someone else came in to wash his hands. I pretended to be admiring the mass of the RCA building, which is very beautiful from our washroom in the dusk.

Dr. Jespersen says in his preface, with excellent wisdom, "It has been my endeavor to represent English Grammar not as a set of stiff dogmatic precepts, according to which some things are correct and others absolutely wrong, but as something living and developing under continual fluctuations and undulations." And speaking of the continual necessity for condensation, he remarks:—

Not only is the writer's art rightly said to consist largely in knowing what to leave in the inkstand, but in the most everyday remarks we suppress a great many things which it would be pedantic to say expressly. "Two third returns, Brighton," stands for something like: "Would you please sell me two third-class tickets from London to Brighton and back again, and I will pay you the usual fare for such tickets."

And as the Doctor says that, somehow there appears to me in a vision the long hall of the Gare de Lyon in Paris and myself inwardly formulating what I hoped would be an idiomatic request for the transportation I needed.—And as any variation from the expected may always be a source of humor, it is sometimes best for the foreigner (unless the train is leaving immediately) to expound his desires as best he can with complete and pedan-

WILLIAM MCFEE COLLECTION OF JAMES T. BABB



"You know where you are with steam"
(Bookplate for a special collection. The photo shows Mr. McFee in his days as ship's engineer.)

tic fullness. It often puts the ticket seller in an agreeable cackle, especially if you can do a secondary trill on the uvula.

A casual note such as this can give you no fair idea of the richness and interest of Dr. Jespersen's treatise. He eases me (somewhat) of one old anxiety, a feeling that the expression *all of a thing* (which we all continually use) is indefensible. My notion was that of is necessarily a partitive, and therefore that one cannot have *all of a thing*. But he states conclusively that of is not always partitive but sometimes appositional, as for instance in the *City of Rome* (= the City which is Rome)

or that little wretch of a Rebecca (= that little wretch who is Rebecca).

Dr. Jespersen is interesting on such familiar anomalies as the cases of pronouns. "The natural tendency in English," he says, "has been towards a state in which the nominative of pronouns is used only where it is clearly the subject, and where this is shown by close proximity to a verb, while the objective is used everywhere else." He gives interesting examples—some of which cause pain:—

"Oh!" she instantly replied, "he began it, not me."

[Strachey: Queen Victoria]

We've had our little differences, you and me.

[Arnold Bennett]

Another fellow, probably him who had remained below, came to the door.
[R. L. Stevenson]

But the most interesting of these examples are the familiar exclamation "Dear me!" and such a sentence as "He saw it himself."

The same influence has been at work, Jespersen notes, in the interrogative pronoun *who*; but with opposite effect. Since the interrogative comes first, and usually followed closely by the verb, it has been generalized in the nominative case. "Who is now practically the only form used in colloquial speech," Jespersen says, and this has been so for at least three centuries. E.g. Shakespeare:—

Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?
Pray you, who does the wolfe love?

It would be pedantic, says our authority, to insist on "From whom is that letter" rather than the colloquial "Who is that letter from?" But he adds that grammarians have been so severe in blaming this anomaly "that now many people feel proud when they remember writing *whom* and even try to use that form in speech."

In the matter of relative pronouns, *who* also tends to displace *whom*. He quotes a sentence from E. F. Benson:—"I met a man whom I thought was a lunatic," without stating pointedly whether he considers it wrong. To me, the error here is in misplacing the *was*. It should be either:—I met a man who was, I thought, a lunatic—or, I met a man whom I thought [to be] a lunatic.

But so are all of us [we all] if we brood too long on English grammar.

Passing from grammar to higher phases of language, I thought there was much wisdom in what Mary Colum said not long ago (in the *Forum* magazine for November) about "style":—

One of the surest ways of telling whether any book or poem or essay or story is real literature is by its style. Now style is not at all what so many teachers and professors tell us that it is: it is not necessarily the careful picking of words, the avoiding of clichés, the tasteful arrangement of language—any educated person with a literary bent can do all that. But what style really is is the translation into language of an inner rhythm of the mind, an inner rhythm which is the essence of the writer's personality, of his gifts, of his passions, his emotions, his psychic energy. A writer may with practice become more skilful at expressing his inner rhythm, but style can never be taught or acquired—all that can ever be taught or learned is a graceful use of words. At some times a writer is better able than others to express in language his inner rhythm; the inner rhythm itself may not last him all his life any more than youth or beauty does, though there have been men of genius like Sophocles and Goethe in whom it lasted to extreme old age, outwearing beauty and strength and youth.

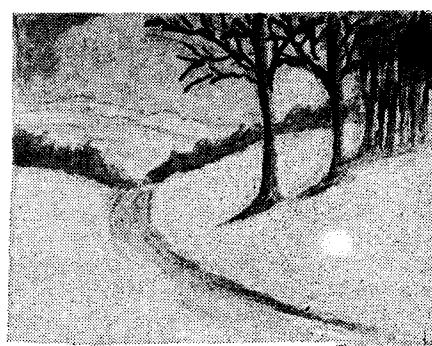
WHO WROTE IT?

Mr. Don Marquis somewhere came across the following verse, and asks if anyone knows who wrote it:—

The golf links are so near the mills
That almost every day
The working children can look out
And see the men at play.

GOUGLOFF

Terence Holliday, of the admired Holliday Bookshop with its mystically satisfying address (49 East 49), writes of a recipe for Gougloff—the *gâteau alsacien* which other clients also refer to as Kugelhopf, Kugelkopf, etc.



A BOOK MARK for WINTER

Drawn for the Bowling Green by
R. J. Bucholz.

Mr. Holliday says:

I find KOUGLOUFF in the "Good Fare" of M. Edouard de Pomaine translated by Blanche Bowes and Doris Z. Moore under the imprint of Gerald Howe, London. The French title was "Le Code de la Bonne Chère." An earlier work of M. de Pomaine, "Bien Manger pour Bien Vivre," has been crowned by the Académie Française—and could I crown you for starting this! Thus Kouglouff: "8½ oz. flour; 2 eggs; ¾ oz. butter; ¾ oz. castor sugar; 4½ oz. currants; salt, quant. suff.; 1 oz. yeast, and 2 table-spoonfuls milk. Mix eggs, salt and sugar. Add melted warm butter, flour, yeast mixed in milk, currants and (if need be) a little milk. Knead the paste by hand until it no longer sticks to the palm. Pour into a deep buttered mould, only half filling it. Put in a warm room for 2 or 3 hours. When the dough is well risen, bake in a hot oven for about ¾ of an hour. Wait till cold and then turn out. Sprinkle with icing sugar." But with what? A very dry sherry? A Madeira? Julian Street can finish this.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND COCKTAILS

SIR:—Last year—on what evidence I cannot guess—you announced that January 6 was the date of Sherlock Holmes's birthday, and 1853 the probable year. That seemed to be about right: I remember that the beautiful Irene Adler, "woman," the only one toward whom Sherlock might conceivably have felt an impulse of sentiment, was born ("in New Jersey") in 1858. (Where in New Jersey, I wonder?)

Anyhow, every year about Christmas time I get out my Conan Doyle and read Sherlock again. And your comment lately about cocktails having gone back to 25 cents reminded me that Holmes considered even that price a trifle high. In *The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor*, you remember, he examines a hotel bill in which a cocktail costs a shilling and a glass of sherry 8d. He deduces that the bill was from "one of the most expensive hotels."

Will not the Hotel Duane on Madison Avenue, which you say is frequented by Sherlock Holmes's publishers, invent a Sherlock Holmes cocktail in honor of the birthday? I will offer the 2-volume edition of the Complete Stories as a prize for the most appropriate formula.—Of course there should really be two; the *Sherlock* and the *Mycroft*. What a subtle and softly influential philtre the *Mycroft* would have to be!

Another thought: what evidence can you give of Sherlock's religious feelings, if any?

CHARING CROSS.

St. George, Staten Island.

I like Mr. Cross's suggestion about the cocktail, and will be pleased to forward for his judgment any suggested formulae. In regard to Irene Adler ("a face that a man might die for" was Holmes's astonishing description) I have always maintained that she was born in Hoboken.

Of Holmes's religious feelings: I've always supposed that the beginning of his atheistic tendency was the fact that if he hadn't been on his way to the college chapel he wouldn't have been bitten by Trevor's bull terrier. (See the story of the *Gloria Scott*.) It must have been a bad bite; he was laid up for ten days. But he was a student of the Bible (see *The Crooked Man*).

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

THE only book by a German setting forth the gospel according to the Nazis which has received any widespread attention outside of Germany is the bowdlerized version of Hitler's "Mein Kampf." Whether in its truncated English form, or in the original, the book has no more value than any volume of the collected speeches of a rabble-rousing politician. The real doctrine, the "philosophy" of the Nazi movement is best studied, not in the hysterical tirades of Hitler, but in the reasoned exposition of that eminent, not quite one hundred per cent German, Alfred Rosenberg, whose Jewish name and Baltic provenance disturb the complacency of patriotic Germans no more than does the recent naturalization of Hitler himself as a German citizen. After all, when Germany decides to be "Germanic" such details do not count, as witness the fact that the high priest of pre-war Hohenzollern Teutonism was the English husband of Wagner's daughter, Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

"Die Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts" is now a forgotten book, and even during the war it was rarely mentioned as a source of the *furor teutonius*. It so happens that I read it in Berlin during the year of the Agadir crisis, the year when *der Tag* became a patriotic toast. Very naturally, when Alfred Rosenberg published "Der Mythos des 20. Jahrhunderts" I turned to it with curiosity, recognizing the voice of the Englishman's disciple in the title chosen by the Russo-German Alfred Rosenberg. Just as it was the *Volksausgabe* of Chamberlain's work which gave it widespread publicity, so the *Volksausgabe* of Herr Rosenberg's book arrived, three years after its original publication, "shortly after the beginning of the German revolution," to quote the introduction, in order to "add its share to the creation of the German renaissance." The current edition is a volume of more than seven hundred closely printed pages, which deserve the attention of those in-

terested in the present phase of German politics, but which, I fancy, will not enjoy the honors of translation, for the reason that no publisher could afford to pay for the dreadful labor involved, and few non-Germans could stand the ordeal of wrestling with Herr Rosenberg's tortuous phrases and even more tortuous logic.

It has frequently and rightly been pointed out that the persecution of non-Aryan German citizens has been allowed to take precedence over all other manifestations of German intolerance. While Christendom revolts at the victimization of Jews, it is not, I think, aware of the more interesting fact that the Nazi leaders are not only anti-Semitic but also anti-Christian. Herr Rosenberg, in his wild mumbo-jumbo of bad Nietzscheanism and stale ethnology out of Chamberlain, out of Gobineau, out of Spengler, definitely propounds the theory that the world has been poisoned by those races which refuse to worship Thor and Odin. The crucifix is to him a gallows, a silly image which has come to be associated with the non-Germanic weakness known as pity. The Pope is simply the "medicine man" of Europe, whose voodoo practices interfere with the gentle art of making enemies for Germany. The *Hakenkreuz*, on the other hand, is the true Germanic cross, symbolizing the warrior virtues of the Goths and Huns. Mercy and charity are low-class Christian ideals which hardly deserve the attention of a Brownshirt, save in so far as he can exterminate them.

The Roman Catholic Church, in Herr Rosenberg's eyes, is a greater menace to Aryanism than even Judaism. The Jews, after all, are a minority and can be butchered or sterilized as the occasion demands, but His Holiness, strange to say, cannot be disposed of so easily. Realizing this sad fact, Herr Rosenberg consoles himself and points a moral to adorn his history by gently insinuating that the Saint Bartholomew massacre marked the end of France's career as a first-rate power. Most of us, I suppose, would hardly deny that Henri IV deprived France of many valuable citizens; the witticism, *Paris vaut bien une messe*, is quite amusing, but somehow one does not think of the slaughter of the Huguenots as the brightest chapter in French history nor yet as the downfall of the French nation. Nations that are neither Nordic nor Protestant nor blond have, curiously, managed to function.

Herr Rosenberg, however, does not think so. If Dante is a great Italian poet and patriot, that is because he was a blond from the plains of Lombardy. Far be it from me to deny the thesis so biologically and logically sustained by Havelock Ellis, that gentlemen prefer blondes, but history is made of sterner stuff, so Herr Rosenberg proceeds to rewrite it. Those of us who have been taught to believe that the barbarian invasions destroyed Roman civilization are mistaken. Herr Rosenberg proves that what Europe needs is bigger and better barbarians. Whenever anything good happened along the Mediterranean littoral, he can always prove that the people responsible were not Latin or Catholic, and certainly not Jewish. He has a nice compound adjective, which may be roughly rendered as Etruscan-Syrio-Judæo-Asiatic, and with this implement he disposes of many things. "Humanity," "Freedom," "Liberalism," "Class," for example, are mere substitutes, invented by Jews, for Jehovah. A good lynching in America delights Herr Rosenberg's heart, because it is a proof that "here, finally, the idiotic principle of equality" is abandoned.

Next to Jews and Christians, the most contemptible spectacle that offends Herr Rosenberg's gaze is women. It is interesting to learn that the reason why America is not on the same high, cultural level as Nazi Germany is because women have too much freedom. Like Jews, women are always invoking their rights making claims to equality. This, according to Herr Rosenberg, will never do. Women must be "emancipated from female emancipation." They must also be prevented from looking into the windows of Jewish department stores where, apparently unlike Gentile stores, they discover lures which lead to "erotic anarchy." The fall of Babylon was due to the fact that Istar began as a virgin goddess of the chase, in Hamurabi's time she was depicted as a bearded youth, but she finally became Astarte, "the symbol of

sexual anarchy." That disposes of Babylon.

It has constantly been pointed out that the Nazis argue simultaneously that all Jews are communists, yet they are all interested in the preservation of international finance-capitalism. This oblique reasoning is not reserved only for the Jews. Democracy is likewise accused of strange contradictory proceedings. It believes in pacifism—an unpardonable crime—but goes to war. It deprives men of all their manly virtues, yet these men die for principles. Instead of being fooled by Hitler, they are fooled by international Jewish bankers—such, presumably, as J. P. Morgan and Company. Like Hitler, Herr Rosenberg has never heard of munition makers, he knows nothing of international Gentile armament firms. In fact, I do not think the name of his leader's chief financial supporter, Herr Thyssen, occurs once in this voluminous work. His absence, I suggest, is the "myth of the twentieth century."

Henceforth on the first week of every month Ernest Boyd will survey Continental literature.

A Poet's Output

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF ROBINSON JEFFERS. By S. S. Alberts. New York: Random House. 1933. \$10.

Reviewed by BERTHA COOLIDGE SLADE

THE first impression of a bibliography on the reviewer is as important and subtle as the first greeting of a new acquaintance and Sidney S. Alberts's workable volume on Robinson Jeffers, 487 copies of which have been printed at the Walpole Press for Random House, has the qualifications of suitable size, good typography, and excellent paper which make it at once an agreeable book to handle and read.

Turning immediately to the preface instead of yielding to temptation and plunging headlong into the foremost page of the actual text, one finds that the author has forestalled the critic and answered the few questions which might shortly be raised. Mr. Alberts opens by relating the circumstances of his introduction to the poetry of Jeffers in 1927, his enthusiastic search for recognized authorities on the subject, and his discovery that none existed, which resulted in the origin of his present work. Recognizing the recent and in some cases well deserved criticism of bibliographies of living authors, he adds that an apology for these "is in order only if the subject is unworthy of perpetuation" and considers that a contemporary bibliographer "suffers a handicap and gains an advantage." The advantage, of course, lies in the fact that when doubtful problems arise he can turn to the original source for information. It is true that some authors have been known to raise insurmountable barriers between themselves and the outside world not excepting the enthusiastic collectors of their own works.

Robinson Jeffers is not one of these and his bibliographer has been fortunate in having his sympathetic assistance in many ways not the least of which is the delightful foreword written especially for this book and entitled "Remembered Verses." Following this charming contribution by the poet himself comes the main portion of the bibliography which opens with a chronological table of publications in concise form and continues with the bibliographical descriptions of works published separately but whose numbers correspond with those of the previous list. Title-pages are reproduced in many cases and here and there manuscript facsimiles are introduced. Lists of books and pamphlets containing original contributions then appear followed by those of poetry and prose printed in periodicals and newspapers, with an arrangement of cross reference numbers planned in such a highly specialized manner that to check and recheck them becomes a fascinating sport. We turn next to fragments of hitherto unpublished material found on the verses of certain sheets of an original manuscript which are followed in turn by prose and poetry not previously printed in book form. At the close come the lists of anthologies, books, and pamphlets pertaining to the subject and an index of first lines of Jeffers's works and a general index. It is indeed a bibliography de luxe and should prove most excellent reading for the layman as well as the collector. Technically it is a most interesting work. Mr. Alberts has chosen to transcribe the title-pages in the upper case with no variations of size. Whether this method is altogether clear is a question still under dis-

cussion among bibliographers, and as no conclusion has as yet been reached it becomes a matter of personal taste. The collations which follow the title-pages are clear and concise. The descriptions of bindings, paper, and printing are given in detail, and it is through the coöperation of the publishers and collectors as well as Robinson and Una Jeffers themselves that the notes which follow are so comprehensive and valuable in every way. They contain much bibliographical material which, without vast effort, would be impossible to acquire in connection with any but a contemporary subject and they make delightful reading as well. Mr. Alberts is to be greatly congratulated on his achievement and while the volume undoubtedly contains much that is outside the scope of the usual bibliography it is a model in form, subject matter, and arrangement.

The January
Book-of-the-Month

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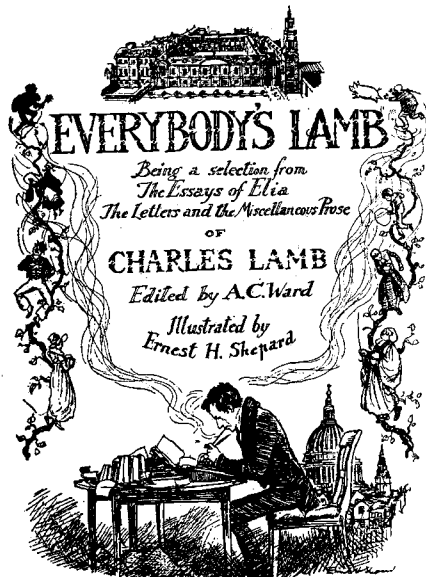


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