

from THE INNER SANCTUM of  
**SIMON and SCHUSTER**  
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York



... NIJINSKY

"Eighth Wonder of the World"

"Suddenly a slim, lithe, cat-like Harlequin took the stage. Although his face was hidden by a painted mask, the expression and beauty of his body made all of us realize that we were in the presence of genius."

This was NIJINSKY. . . .

"NIJINSKY brings with him . . . the triumphant leap, the victory of breath over weight. . . . He falls again, as a king comes down, and once more he darts away like an eagle, like an arrow snapping from a crossbow of its own accord. For a second the soul carries the body, the vestment becomes a flame, and matter has passed. He traverses the stage like lightning and hardly has turned away, when he is back on us like a thunderbolt. . . ."



"Here is the great human creature in its lyric state, interrupting our savage dance like a god. He paints our passions on the canvas of eternity. . . ."

The Inner Sanctum has occasionally spoken of dancing in the streets for books of the first magnitude . . . books like *The Story of Philosophy* . . . *The Art of Thinking* . . . *Bambi*, *A Life in the Woods* . . . *Men of Art* . . . *Little Man, What Now?* . . . *The First World War*. . . . Today of all days it would require an *entre-chat-dix* in the manner of NIJINSKY himself to do justice to his life story, set down by his wife, ROMOLA NIJINSKY. That was the step that only NIJINSKY could do, crossing and uncrossing his legs ten times in mid-air. . . .

The spectacular critical acclaim which *Nijinsky* has already enjoyed in London gives substance and sanction to the exclamatory and breathless outcries which have marked the reading of this book by everyone in *The Inner and Outer Sancta*.

Even for persons not bewitched by the glamor of The Imperial Ballet this is a story of the deepest intensity. The genius of NIJINSKY at its full bloom made him the idol of all Europe. His slightest whim created a fashion for two continents, and his art passed through stormy, tremendous triumphs into the dark realms of madness.

His biography is only accidentally the story of a dancer; actually it is the convincing and melodramatic story of a genius—told with all his wife's love of him and all her understanding of his great art. It reveals one of the strangest of all love triangles—ROMOLA NIJINSKY's eventually triumphant struggle to win NIJINSKY away from his evil genius, the suave, Svengalian DIACHILEFF. Figures like FOKINE, BAKST, STRAVINSKY, PAVLOVA, DEBUSSY, KARSAVINA populate its radiant and tumultuous pages. . . .

On, to coin a phrase, with the dance!

—ESSANDESS.



## Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

The motto of Trade Winds, thought of by the Querci when copy is due, is in Book I of the *Aeneid*: PRAESTAT COMPONERE VENTOS. The important thing is to compose the Winds. Further note for the Eventual Recension of the Jules Verne translations: p. 138 of *The Mysterious Island*, the old Scribner edition, Martha's Vineyard is not in N. Y. State but in Massachusetts. Quercus is grieved to hear of the end of the famous *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin's grandest old newspaper. If any of its editors migrate over here, hope they'll write something for the SATURDAY REVIEW. The Querci are all delighted to note the enthusiastic reception accorded their Favorite Book This Spring, Dorothy Sayers's *The Nine Tailors*. In honor of the Publication Day a Madison Avenue maitre d'hotel invented the *Treble Bob Major*, a very agreeable cocktail. The formula will be supplied by Quercus to those who send in a jacket of the book. William Targ of the Black Archer Press, Chicago, has compiled a pamphlet 999 Books Worth Reading. Doubleday, Doran are reprinting Booth Tarkington's earlier novels in a "One-by-One" Edition at \$1.50 each. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, is going to carve a 600-word summary of American history on the granite cliffs of Mount Rushmore, S. D., and the Hearst newspapers implore their readers ("people who think") to submit contributions. Mr. Hearst with his usual sagacity offers good advice. "The inscription will withstand the ravages of time for 1,600,000 years. . . . Do not hurry your manuscript." The mountain is perhaps inappropriately named. Speaking of large promontories, Mr. Jimmy Drake of Jas. F. Drake, Inc., has a new idea for slimming: every morning he throws a pack of cards on the bedroom floor and picks them all up (including the joker) one by one. This he says is psychologically much more satisfying than just doing stoops without motive. Medium Quercus was greatly thrilled to receive from that vigorous magazine *Advertising and Selling* a Grand Prix award for his part in the masterful analysis of *Ulysses* in the double-page spread in the SAT. REVIEW not long ago. The award itself was a pot of Stilton Cheese cured in port wine, and was enjoyed by the whole Quercus staff at a luncheon conference.

The Modern Library celebrates the spring with a Giant Bulfinch: viz., a new edition of the good old Bulfinch's *Mythology*. 112 bookshops in New York City have the SATURDAY REVIEW on sale every week. Also the Promotion Department has compiled a little Honor List of the 30 bookstores outside New York who lead the country in S. R. L. sales. The P. D. will gladly send this exciting list to any serious-minded inquirer. Katherine B., of W. W. Norton & Co., is disturbed at our spelling Guy Fawkes *Guy Faux*. She exclaims:—

I see within your column stalks  
A Faux pas for our good Guy Fawkes  
For I don't think it's really so  
A plot was hatched by one Guy Faux!

Among the spring books of the University of Pennsylvania Press (3622 Lo-

cust Street, Philadelphia) we like the sound of *The Hispaniola Treasure* by Cyrus H. Karraker (\$2.00), a historical account of Henry Phip's location of the sunken galleon off St. Domingo in 1687.

Miss Leura Bevis, incunabula expert from Dawson's Bookshop, Los Angeles, returned to the Coast after a lively buying trip to N. Y. She was much elated—though it hardly rates as incunabulum—to have found a copy of H. L. Mencken's *Ventures into Verse*. Quercus was startled to learn that the D'Aulaire illustrated *Lord's Prayer* exists in two editions, one Catholic and one Protestant. It appears that the final phrase of the Prayer, "For Thine is the Kingdom," etc., is not accepted in the Catholic canon. This would lead Old Erring Quercus into doctrinal discussion for which he has no equipment. *The Lord's Prayer*, in either edition, is the only book we have ever seen the entire text of which is shorter than the jacket blurb.

One of the few warm days in early March brought out at least one book-peddler. We hadn't seen any on the streets since last summer. This one was on 44th St., just below the Harvard Club. He had three cartons, empty but with books balanced on ropes criss-crossed over the tops—one good kick and the books would fall into the cartons, ready to carry off at the approach of the law. He had only a small stock; and in the few minutes we watched, he sold four books, all of them (3 John Erskines and a Louis Bromfield) to an elderly gentleman who couldn't have been a stooge. The salesman had a good line of talk, proclaiming among other things that the Erskine titles were all "bound in the same uniform"—a fresh variant, it seemed to us, of a well worn phrase.

Quercus notes with interest the listing of *Ulysses* in Pete Howe's best-seller list (*Book Business*, March 14). The bookstores consulted place *Ulysses* among the fiction titles; the American News Co. lists it as non-fiction. If the News Company were to classify all autobiographical novels as non-fiction, there would be a heavy reduction in the fiction category. Memorandum to Bennett Cerf: have the sales of *Ulysses* picked up since the announcement that Judge Woolsey's decision is to be appealed?

Mr. John Macrae, Jr. writes us to announce a prize contest on Ethel Boileau's *A Gay Family*, the new edition of which was recently remarked upon in this department. The publishers offer a prize of \$25 in books to the person who can best explain why *A Gay Family*, having failed to sell when published last September, picked up this spring with a new advertising campaign (but the same type of advertising as originally used), and sold seven printings in two months. The contest closes May 1, but Tertius is ready to send in his solution now, viz: that 270 lines of advertising have been run in *The Saturday Review* this spring on *A Gay Family*, as compared with 96 lines on this book last fall.

## SUFFERING

by ALPHONSE DAUDET

Epigrams, observations, inner scrutinies set down by Daudet during the last years of his life—an enormously moving story told in staccato notes. Translated by Milton Garver. \$2.00

## SENSE AND POETRY

by JOHN SPARROW

An amusing and sparkling analysis of modern poetry which Harold Nicolson says, "will assuredly mould taste and invigorate the lax standards of criticism." \$2.00

## DOLLARS by LIONEL D. EDIE

A clear, readable statement of what your money will probably be worth, and why. A book people are talking about. At your bookstore \$2.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS • NEW HAVEN, CONN.  
Publishers of "Ivan the Terrible," "The Tragedy of Tolstoy," "Letters of Robert Browning."

## Crime Club CORNER

WHEN we published "Before the Fact," by Francis Iles, in the Spring of 1933, we felt certain that something entirely new had arrived to help re-shape the destiny of modern detective fiction. For that book, as you know, was not just another mystery "best-seller," but a real discovery which drew to it perhaps ten thousand people who would not ordinarily read just "a detective story." Now you see this sinister fellow

hastening along with another novel which we've just published and which, like *Before the Fact*, is a breathless and distinguished novel of human passion and criminal subtlety and sly murder that will chill the most sophisticated spine. Last week we told you how sensational had been the reception of *HARRIET* abroad. But have you seen what they're saying about it now in this country? For instance, Alexander Woolcott writes in *The New Yorker*: "This absorbing novel deserves to stand on the shelf of the elect alongside Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' *The Lodger*." Then Terence Holliday, expert venter of the best in new novels, says (in the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*), "Elizabeth Jenkins has explored the depth of human depravity in these ordinary people with courage, candor and a rare sense of proportion, without overemphasis or sensational artifice." Some one else suggests a new simile—"As relentless as *HARRIET*." We've already printed two large editions, and have paper ordered for the third. (\$2.00).

Did you read last week that the French paper, "Paris-Soir," doubtful of the ability of the French police to unravel the Stavisky murder, has called in Sir Basil Thomson, long head of Scotland Yard? Sir Basil is the author of *RICHARDSON'S SECOND CASE*, a novel about a murder scandal that shocked all England, and the new adventure of one of today's most attractive young detective creations, young P. C. Richardson. (\$2.00)

The famous little Crime Club Gunman, so trustworthy for thrills, and the Crime Club's Mastermind, recommend to you these new "best-sellers":

**THE LESSER ANTILLES CASE**  
by Rufus King

**THE SINISTER SHADOW**  
by Henry Holt

**THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS NAME**  
by Edgar Wallace and R. G. Curtis

**WHISPERING TONGUES**  
by Richard Kirk

All Crime Club books are \$2.00  
**THE CRIME CLUB, Inc.**  
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., INC.  
Garden City, N. Y.