

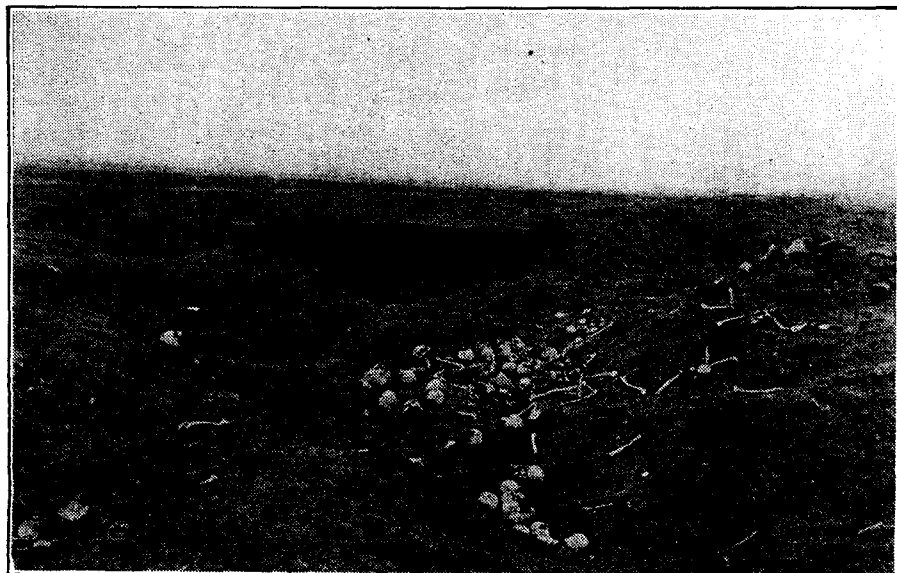
the English is lacking, in order to bring the history down to date, four French Symbolist poets. Now the really suspicious feature of the list is the inclusion of the Symbolist poets. Traditionalists would be inclined to reject them from the company, just as unquestionably they would reject Mr. Pound, their English successor, whose practice is anti-traditional in a much more precise and demonstrable manner. With the advent of the Symbolist poets during the last century there is a break, and the history of poetry becomes discontinuous; poetry, in the inherited sense, is about to disappear. With Mr. Pound's late Cantos it has disappeared.

As if not quite prepared to admit that the break has occurred, still trying to relate the new to the old, Mr. Pound is at pains to show how fastidiously, how exclusively, he takes his sustenance from the banquet of tradition. He appears to think that the ruling quality which makes any poetry poetic is its condensation. The poets he admires speak straight to the point, without padding and ornaments. Such a poet as Shakespeare is often at fault here, and Mr. Pound is right in saying so. But density is not the single cause of poetry. All is not poetry that is dense; this is proved in most of Mr. Pound's new Cantos, which are condensed to the point where the explicit relations and the musical phrases are squeezed out, and the solid material ingredients remaining involve the reader in a gigantic feat, not only of explication, but even of projecting out of his own mind the necessary solvent of tone, of psychic harmony.

What has really disappeared in the condensed poetry of Mr. Pound, of course, is both a certain spirit and a certain music, until the old product and the new differ not quantitatively but qualitatively. I cannot define on short notice the spirit; but as to the music, Mr. Pound, in his capacity of guide to literature, never wearies of telling us about the troubadour songs of Provence, which he reveres. He lays down the law that, the further the poem goes from its original character of song, the more dubious its estate. But what if we apply that canon to the Cantos? More or less consciously, we do apply it all the time. The result is that we find ourselves sometimes admiring in Mr. Pound's poetry an effect of brilliance, and nearly always missing the effect of poetry; that is, the effect we have loved as poetry, and the one, in fact, to which Mr. Pound the teacher of poetry has referred us.

So far as English poetry is concerned, it may come to be the common opinion, after we are gone, that Mr. Pound was the very man in whose hands the tradition broke. But perhaps it will not be argued that it broke because his loyalty to it was too weak; for his loyalty is intense. It broke because of another competing loyalty: he was responsive to the spirit of his own generation, to the spirit, perhaps we should say, of his lost generation. A new age, harder than previous ages, either above them or below them in its power of sustained inhumanity, required another poetry, and the old poetry could not be saved. That is the thesis which his honorable if bewildered career suggests.

John Crowe Ransom, professor of English at Vanderbilt University, is the author of "God Without Thunder."



CHIMU BURIAL PITS, CHAN-CHAN

The BOWLING GREEN

XIII. Potter's Field

IF you've had a glimpse of the Andes it doesn't leave you quite the same. You can never again glance without emotion at the schedule of West Coast steamship sailings and see that long list of ports which you have unconsciously memorized by seeing them day after day on the map in *Santa Maria's* smokeroom alley. Buenaventura, Guayaquil, Talara; Salaverry, Callao, Mollendo; Arica, Tocopilla, Antofagasta; Chañaral, Coquimbo, Valparaíso. Will we some day get all the way down to Valpo? you ask yourself; and gosh, what syllables for a poet! Has no one ever written a ballade of the West Coast? And small items in the newspapers that I would otherwise never have noticed catch my eye and set me thinking. Three lines in a United Press dispatch, last October, told me that the new docks at Callao are now in service. Occasional brief allusions suggest that the Peruvian government is having its troubles. On November 30 a New York Times correspondent cabled (from Buenos Aires, the censorship in Lima having kept things quiet), "In Peru the government reports Federal troops have recaptured two towns held by the rebels for more than two days . . . a large force of civilians, led by Apristas, captured the towns of Ayacucho and Huancavelica." On January 7 a cable said, "Cajamarca was the scene of an abortive revolt yesterday afternoon when 100 armed peasants, headed by a local Aprista leader, captured the police station." The names of those towns have significance to anyone with even a smattering of South American history. The liberals (some people call them radicals) have a way of starting things in the regions which mean much to Peruvian patriots. Ayacucho is where the great battle was fought (in 1824) which finally broke the Spanish dominion. Cajamarca (the Caxamalca of Prescott) is remembered as the town where Pizarro seized the last of the Incas, Atahualpa, and treacherously put him to death. When I saw in the paper that a heroic statue of Pizarro was being shipped from New York to Lima, as a gift for the 400th anniversary of that city (celebrated this very week) I wondered whether Peruvians do not sometimes grow a little weary of the conquistador, whose leathery and simian mummy lies in a glass box in Lima cathedral. It's rather too like sending Chicago a statue of Dillinger or Al Capone. There's a growing tendency among Peruvian visionaries (radicals, if you prefer) to consider that Spaniards, English, Northamericans, priests, and dictators, have had four centuries of pretty good pickings, and that they themselves might now have a share in their country's colossal wealth. It's bad manners to mention such a thing, but I'm a reporter, not just an admirer of mountains. The social seismologist can feel the queerest tremors. There are whispers on

dark street-corners, flashes of the eye in conversation, and more bayonets around Lima than I like to see in a city comfortably sure of itself. Perhaps the government would be wise to err a bit on the liberal or lenient side.

Someone had been passing round a book, I forget by whom, which said we must be sure to visit the ruins of Chan-Chan, near Salaverry. The enthusiast who wants to see everything was not lacking; the usual delegations waited upon the skipper. "Oh, Captain, will we have time to see the ruins?" It struck me that the prudent skipper was not encouraging. Officers of the steamship company are not keen on passengers going ashore at Salaverry; and after helping to transship women and children from a launch (leaping up and down in the swell) to the iron pier, I don't wonder. Some day some ruin-hunter won't time his leap exactly enough and lose a leg between the gunwale and the dock. I remember a steamship agent in Lima grinding his teeth when he was informed that a cruise-ship was on her way down the coast with 300 Californian tourists, and that some merry agent in Los Angeles had promised them the ruins of Chan-Chan. So let me help out the much harassed steamship office by advising you against it. Of course the children think it's grand fun to take a flying leap onto a slippery iron grating just as the launch soars up level with the ladder; but I assure you that paterfamilias, though reproached for being a crab, was relieved when the excursion was over.

But *Santa Maria* was at anchor for several hours; the ship's basketball team were going ashore to play the local outfit (all South America is quite mad about basketball); and not even the skipper's tactful reluctance could dissuade our zeal. The Lady Who Intends To See Everything, and the retired banker from Ohio who was preparing a lecture on the Incas for his "service clubs," were irresistible. Even the large wistful Topside Lady had emerged from her chair on the boat deck, put on her winter furs and was ready for excitement. She got it, poor dear. As we wallowed toward shore, past rows of solemn guano birds sitting on anchored lighters, all was expectation. Then we saw the landing that had to be made. The gallant little Chilean with a blue beret and I tried our best to leave her from the plunging launch to the high ladder. Each time, as she rose to the proper level, she blanched, her large plush eyes gazed inexpressible languors of nauseated alarm, and she sank back massively impotent upon the cabin roof. The cheerful mestizos of Salaverry, to whom this is evidently a frequent and favored entertainment, stood in a crowd on the pier above, gauging the chances of some amusing disaster to the gringa. Finally a kind of bucket-chair was lowered, and our friend was hoisted by a winch.

We drove toward Trujillo. Good Mr. H. was with us in the car, sitting beside the driver. We were glad, because Mr. H. speaks fluent Spanish; but I think it greatly increased our perils. For seeing the word *AFRA* scrawled frequently I asked about it, and Mr. H. amplified the question. This started our guide on furious conversation: he took both hands off the wheel to talk with and fastened Mr. H. with glittering gaze. Proceeding so we roared at furious pace along narrow sandy roads lined with mud walls and adobe huts, a region dusty, sombre and slattern, cold gray surf on our left, brown barren hills on our right. Burros were everywhere, carrying great packs and riders as well; most of the riders were women, bundles of black cloth squatted on top of the load and surmounted by Panama hats. These, and dogs and chil-



HOISTED ASHORE, SALAVERRY

dren, we just somehow missed. In the neighborhood of Trujillo *Apra* is a fighting word. It stands for *Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana*, whose supporters in Trujillo revolted in 1932 against the government and were most savagely suppressed. You will hear much both pro and con about the Apristas: it struck me as interesting that their leader Haya de la Torre (little pottery busts of whom are on sale in the market in Lima) bears one of the oldest Spanish names in Peru. Among the original 13 who stepped forward when Pizarro drew a line on the beach and called for volunteers was Juan de la Torre.

Trujillo—which Pizarro named for his own birthplace in Spain—is a town one would have liked to explore more carefully. It is not likely to reveal its truth, whether economic or social, to a brief visitor in the pause of noonday siesta. It has evidently been the home of ancient wealth: the great houses built round pillared patios have mural frescoes in the courtyards, beautiful doorways and old ironwork. Down a long vista of cobbled street, where the walls were bright with chalky pastel colors, soldiers marched. There is the usual Plaza de Armas, with palm trees, a yellow cathedral, and some sort of gross monument of symbolic statuary and gilt. I think it represented the Republic, but it was dreadful even from far and we did not approach.

The wreckage of Chan-Chan, a pre-Inca city, is not far away. It is a wilderness of rubbish, acres of adobe rubble: great walls of mud-brick, roofless quadrangles, doorways, tunnels, crumbled mounds. There are scraps of skulls and bones, and broken pottery. It's a potter's field in more than one sense, for the *Apra* rebels were brought out here and shot down; of the bones lying around it is hard to know whether they are the Apristas of 1932 or the ancient Chimus who were conquered by the Incas seven hundred years ago. Scrawled on a little wooden cross above a shallow trench is the legend *Fusillados sin sentencia*. High in the pale noon buzzards are floating. As we climbed about this broken metropolis of baked mud, trying to visualize the unknowable, our guide kept saying something about *avispas*. I thought at first that these were another kind of *apristas*, but learned just in time he was warning us against the wasps who nest thickly in the chinks. They hover angrily as you grope among the old walls, like the ghosts of the vanished Chimus.

Anxieties were not over yet. The fool writer of that picturesque book said it was a grand thing to drive back to Salaverry along the beach, and we had believed it. For some reason or other it had to be done at breakneck speed and with enormous swerves to avoid great creaming waves that hissed toward us. Occasionally we skidded merrily on gluey patches, or took sudden zigzags that made the entrails yawn. I asked Mr. H. to suggest to the driver that we were not in a hurry. Some Spanish ensued; and Mr. H. remarked calmly: He says if we don't go fast we'll get stuck in a quicksand. Being a parent is bad for one's nerve.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

High Adventure

SAILS OVER ICE. By Captain "Bob" Bartlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. \$3.

Reviewed by JEANNETTE MIRSKY

THIS is primarily a love story, the love of Captain "Bob" Bartlett for his own schooner the *Effie M. Morrissey*. It is a tale of high adventure in the North Atlantic and the North Pacific; the tale of a gallant skipper and a gallant ship. Those who know the Arctic know Captain "Bob." He was Peary's skipper; he is, perhaps, the greatest Arctic navigator alive. And a grand story teller. This is no ordinary book, because Bartlett is no ordinary man. He is of the race of giants, and he has the gift of imparting to his words all of his own vivid personality. The book lacks only the boom and the brogue of his voice.

Born of a long line of seafaring folk, Bartlett followed the sea all his life. But "Sails Over Ice" is not an autobiography, since "Bob" Bartlett shares his yarn with his beloved *Morrissey*.

Since he bought her in 1924, through the generosity of the late Commodore James B. Ford, Bartlett and she have survived many a wild moment. They have sailed along the forbidding Labrador Coast, tilted with the ice of northern Greenland, dared the uncharted waterways north of Hudson Bay, Bering Strait, Iceland, East Greenland; each trip has had a different purpose, from codfishing to archaeological investigation.

Many times the *Morrissey* was in a tight pinch; many times it was touch and go whether she was to take the plunge to Davy Jones' locker, or bring Bartlett safely back to his home in Brigus, Newfoundland. Of one voyage he writes: "Incidentally, we had a damned fine sail, and established a new precedent . . . by never once even so much as threatening to lose our little schooner and ourselves along with it. God, sir, that's sort of a record."

Captain "Bob" and the *Morrissey* were in Foxe Channel, in a "super-fog," so thick you could bite chunks out of it . . . We were lost, all right . . . Then our keel bumped a couple of times. That was enough for me. I anchored right away and sent up a prayer to all the gods I could think of that it was low water. The rise and fall of the tide up here was about forty feet." They had grounded at about half-tide and were on for fair. "You could walk around the *Morrissey* and not wet your feet." They waited for the flood tide. They never saw it come until it hit them.

It was a solid wall of water, dead black beneath the foam and spray. Six feet high it was, if it was an inch, and it might have been more than that . . . The force of that tide snapped the five-inch kedge line as though it were a thread . . . And that damned fog shut us in so that we couldn't see a thing . . . As soon as we had decided that the anchor would hold, we found that the tide had another trick up its sleeve. It brought the ice in with it, growlers and floes. And, my dear man, ice floes the size of a city block moving at a speed of seven knots are dangerous playthings . . . To tell the truth, I'm free to admit I wouldn't have given a torn spinnaker for our chances of coming through when those Arctic subway expresses were roaring down on us out of the black fog.

At the end of "Sails Over Ice" Bartlett writes of the *Morrissey*:

I love her as a man can love his vessel, and if she is not as young as she was once, neither am I. Together we have much to do in the North yet, and I know that neither of us feel old. And I pray that we may be able to do it together.

Yes, and may "Bob" Bartlett write more books to stir us with grand adventures.

Jeannette Mirsky is author of "To the North," a history of Arctic exploration recently published.

Maryland Cases

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MARYLAND COURT OF APPEALS, 1695-1725. Edited by Carroll T. Bond with the collaboration of Richard B. Morris. Washington, D. C.: The American Historical Association. \$7.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES M. ANDREWS

IT has long been recognized, by students of American history and by historically minded members of the legal profession, that in the preservation and printing of historical texts relating to our colonial and national past too little attention has been paid to the material embodying the procedure and practice of the courts of law. While records of county courts have found consideration, notably in Maine and Massachusetts, largely because of their importance for the social and economic aspects of colonial life, those of the higher common-law courts, and the courts of vice-admiralty, chancery, and exchequer have been ignored, except in the case of occasional papers and monographs, inevitably incomplete and limited in range.

This neglect of important primary sources for the better understanding of our history has been in the last few years a matter of concern to many of our scholars. When, therefore, an opportunity arose, through the gift to the American Historical Association, by Mrs. Frank T. Griswold of Radnor, Pennsylvania, of a sum of money to be known as the Griswold-Littleton Fund, under which a series of volumes containing the records of colonial and national courts of law might be issued, a conference was held in New York in January, 1930, for the purpose of launching the undertaking. Through the activities of a committee, appointed by the Association, on the recommendation of the conference, to take immediate charge of the enterprise, there has now appeared the first volume of "American Legal Records," a handsomely printed work of 673 pages, containing the full text of the Maryland Court of Appeals from 1695 to 1725. This volume deals with "the work, two hundred years ago, of a fully developed tribunal applying the law of England, but adapting that law to the needs of a new environment." Two other volumes are in preparation, one to contain the records of the mayor's court of New York, the other the records of the vice-admiralty court in Rhode Island before the Revolution. Additional volumes are under consideration.

This is not the place to enter upon an analysis of the contents of the volume, which must be left to the more technical journals. Suffice it to call attention to the scholarly and illuminating introduction by Judge Bond, in which the significant features of the text are brought out in a manner readily grasped by the layman.

The New Books

Fiction

TENDER CHEEKS. By Wolfe Kaufman. Covici-Friede. 1934. \$2.50.

Ralph was not his real name, but he could not remember the "I" that he might once have been, so Ralph was as good a name as any. He was a bum, born that way. He knew he was lazy so he never thought about "hard times" or relief bureaus. Now and then he thought he would go around to the agencies some day and get a job, but he was used to flop houses and subways, and you could make twenty cents in an hour or two panhandling on Times Square. Willard was a soda-jerker, ex-school-teacher and would-be actor. He got in the habit of picking up boys in front of the automat because he was tired of eating his half an apple alone every night before going to bed. His laziness was worse than Ralph's because he fooled himself. He had what he called "hopes" or "prospects." He became a school-teacher again out of loneliness for his dead father, but he still hung around Broadway. It was better that way. You had not quite gone back on yourself. You could still remember the "ideal."

This is a story without a hero, and perhaps it is no tragedy, in the classic sense. It does not inspire fear or pity. It contains no climax or promise of regeneration. The characters exist on a level so anonymous that it seems almost to exclude emotion. Yet, partly by violence of understatement, the book startles. With brutal care the author has shown human beings sniveling before the dark god of their own aimlessness. His method is an artful imitation of the characters' cryptic unconcern.

E. C.

HOW LIKE AN ANGEL. By A. G. Macdonell. Macmillan. 1934. \$2.

A mixture of farce and satire is like a combination of orange and magenta. It may work, but the chances are against it. Mr. Macdonell was an accomplished satirist of national manners and character in "England, Their England"; in his new novel, he takes on Western civilization, but the result is mostly shadow-boxing. He contrives to look at Europe and America through the eyes of Hugo Bech-

stein Smith, a youth brought up on a South Sea Island by three missionaries—French, German, and English—with whom he had survived a shipwreck at the age of two. After his rescue, and en route to civilization, Hugo is found to be indistinguishable from the husband of a certain movie actress, and is promptly kidnapped by the actress's publicity man. The resulting episodes are sometimes funnier than you might think; but the mixed-identity plot never produced very good farce, even in "A Comedy of Errors"; adding this to the reversed "Robinson Crusoe" plot, you will see that Mr. Macdonell is not leaning over backwards trying to be original. Nor are his cracks about the movies, or about the economic experts who are overcoming the depression, or about the American immigration laws or the English divorce laws, on a much higher level of invention. There are some passages, however, which would be very good if they were not struggling under the weight of the second-hand devices of farcicality; and no doubt the whole book would seem better to a reader who had never heard of "England, Their England," and could thus approach "How Like an Angel" without expecting more of it than a scenario for Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy.

G. S.

MR. FINCHLEY'S HOLIDAY. By Victor Canning. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. \$2.50.

Even though Mr. Finchley was middle-aged, stout, and slightly bald, he needed only a three weeks' unconventional holiday to change him into a resourceful and roguish wayfarer of English fields and roads. His wanderings were at first involuntary, for he had intended to spend the holiday sedately, at a hotel in Margate. This was not to be, however, for before he could take the train from London, a suave scoundrel in a "low green six-litre Bentley" had snatched him off to a hide-away somewhere in the southern midlands. After the first shock and resentment had worn thin, Mr. Finchley came more and more to like the idea of an unusual holiday, and less resistant to the new way of life. The latter two-thirds of the book show him as an eager vagabond,

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	Label	Contents	Flavor
ONE WOMAN'S STORY <i>Mary Britnieva</i> (King: \$2.50)	Personal narrative	Another lady's tale about what the Russian revolutionists did to her small family.	Familiar
THE SEVEN OF DIAMONDS <i>Max Brand</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2)	Western	Veteran writer of powder-smoke epics tells how young Mike Tirrel won a horse and a lot of trouble.	Red-eye
CRISS-CROSS <i>Don Tracy</i> (Vanguard: \$2)	Novel	Hard-boiled tale in which the driver of an armored truck climbs to success through plot threaded with cross and double-cross. Good timekiller.	Cain-Hammett
THIRSTY RANGE <i>E. B. Mann</i> (Morrow: \$2)	Western	Gun-toting Mr. Day finds himself tangled sweetly in one of those range wars.	Standard

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New York American Prize Book for January. Just Published — \$3.00 — Doubleday, Doran