

# The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

## The Trojan Horse

### I. PROLOGUE.—IMAGINE, PLEASE.

IT is earth's most famous town, so it belongs to everybody, and to all times at once. You must build it in your own mind. Put it on a rocky hillside above a channel of shallowing green water. Put over it your own favorite sky; give it your most familiar birds and flowers, sounds and savors. Just for a moment, concentrate on essentials: the wide freshness of sunny air, the breath of pine and fern and cedar, the clear blue spread of sea, the snake on the stone still warm at dusk. How many million years did it take him to counterfeit that lichen pattern, and what is time to him?

Or to us. Were we given memory to suggest how unimportant is time? We think a lot of Now, but isn't Then always getting the better of it? Let's mix them together and make Always.

Imagine, please (as though it were the opening vistas of a moving picture) the town in long perspective. As we come in from sea (across our private ocean of doubt and delay and despair) it looks perhaps as it would have been visualized by Chaucer and Maxfield Parrish: a stylized medieval stronghold, with walls and towers and battlements. Conical turrets are washed in sunset, against the darkening lavender of Mount Ida. Dear to any city is a neighboring mountain, even if only a hill. It gives somehow a sense of solid permanence; which we terribly need.

What, in the pathos of afternoon, are the most romantic towns we know? Panama, Oxford, Edinburgh; Göttingen, Honolulu, Quebec; Sémur, Ticonderoga, Cold Spring Harbor; Dublin, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Baltimore—this has something of them all.

As we look carefully, it's odd: among medieval walls and classic temples we see perpendicular modern skyscrapers, radio towers, filling stations, and a seaside roadhouse down by the beach, Sarpedoni's Shore Dinner. A concrete road, with a yellow taxi moving, runs on neutral ground, between the lines, from the city to the shore.

There is a military camp (the Greek Expeditionary Force) laid out neatly not far from the town; a flagpole flies a banner with the initials G.E.F., and below the camp the Greek fleet is drawn up on the sand. Greek officers in helmets and armor are hurrying about in little chariots, or drilling infantry. Behind a huge camouflaged screen of canvas and foliage some are building the Wooden Horse. Sentries on the walls of Troy gesture mockingly. Here and there are engagements or skir-

mishes—a party of Greeks bathing in the river are surprised by a Trojan sally; or Trojan foragers run from attack and take refuge inside the city.

This panorama, first seen very small and remote, comes closer. A distant murmur, growing louder, is now sounds of battle, clash of weapons, confused voices, running feet. Evidently the last scrimmage of the day is going on. There are cries, indistinct, which we might suppose to be a foreign language; but no, suddenly they come clear; so full of energy, excitement, that we never pause to think them grotesque.

*Look out! Look out for Achilles!*

*Well stopped, Troilus!*

*The kid can take it.*

*Only a few minutes more.*

*Come on, gang, let's go.*

*Watch that double shift.*

A crashing cheer, in unison of many voices: *Hoi polloi, hoi polloi, hoi polloi, Sparta!*

A cry: *A pair of horns for Menelaus!*

A derisive horn is blown twice. Louder shouts and tumult.

*'At's breakin' through, Sparta!*

*Pretty work, Ulysses.*

The voice of Agamemnon: *Short yell for Europe!* followed by another mass cheer: *What do we want? The Hellespont! Europe, Europe, Europe.*

The voice of Hector: *Inside the walls, Trojans. Shut the gate!* There is a heavy booming slam, a great door closing. A referee's whistle shrills. Complete silence.

And then an ironical Trojan voice from inside the walls: *Not tonight, Menelaus.*

### II. DRESSING ROOM

We see them first through a kind of fog. Is it the mist of Time (which we affected to disregard), or the pale haze of Romance? In the vapor, figures are moving; we hear voices, but a peculiar steady hissing drowns the words.

The fog is simple, it is clouds of steam; the hiss, falling water in a shower bath. It's the dressing room where some Trojan warriors are cleaning up after the day's fighting. Through the fog we see their naked athletic bodies under the spray. (Naked bodies have no date; nor naked minds either.) They shout to each other as gaily as college boys, or golfers at the club.

But the water turns cold; they howl. As the steam thins we see that they have dropped their antique armor in piles along the wall, under a row of pegs each marked with a name. These are HECTOR, PARIS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, TROILUS. Their clothes

(modern underwear, ancient tunic and sandals) are hanging on the other side of the room. Each tunic has its owner's name stitched on the back.

There are two long benches, and a rubbing table. Troilus, youngest of these officers, is lying face down on the table, massaged by Fuscus, a small elderly black slave. The others are shivering under a spray as the water chills. We must be allowed to interpret their conversation into a parallel argot.

ANTENOR—Snappy work today.

AENEAS—Boy, am I set for chow!

DEIPHOBUS—You got a date tonight?

PARIS—Hey, it's turning cold.

ANTENOR—Turning cold!

AENEAS—Ouch!

Hector is the senior warrior and commander of the regiment. He is too much a veteran to squawk about a cold shower, but he puts his head out of the spray and chaffs the coon. Fuscus has been their attendant since the siege began, and they allow him much familiarity. Fuscus, you dinge (says Hector) how d'you expect us to fight a war without hot water?

Fuscus, busy kneading and slapping, vents an endearing negro cackle. Yassuh, nosuh, Marse Hector, you-all does utilize a powerful lot. That ole boiler jest caint accomodate.—Fuscus is hoping they won't guess that he hurried Troilus, his favorite, into the bath first, to get plenty of the hot.

Troilus, from his prone position, with his head on his arms, murmurs something inaudible.—What you say, Marse Troilus? Did I land on a misery? I reckon you got a confusion on that left cheek.

I said, Troilus repeats, the Greeks don't have hot water.

No suh, them Greeks aint got nothin' but the ole Hygiene Sea. I reckon thass why they call theyselves Spartans.

(You can see the boy's shoulders shake a little.)

The other officers have come from the bath. They towel themselves, slip into their shorts, sit on the benches to finish dressing. It is good to see them first in stark human simplicity; even the most famous heroes were once young and unconscious. But we must be careful not to prejudice ourselves toward a merely comic viewpoint.

Is anybody going out to Sarpedoni's tonight? asks Deiphobus. That shore dinner would taste good.

Lissen, Marse Phobus, says Fuscus, you be kinda niggerly with that shrimp salad. Along about fightin' time tomorrow you be libel to the gripes.

Tomorrow's a holiday, Deiphobus observes.

Better be choosy anyhow, there's other kind of shrimps down that-a-way.

Hector, who feels his responsibility, tolerates the old servant's chatter because he knows it contains much good sense. He comes to the table where Troilus is lying. How's that shoulder, he asks.

Troilus, trying to be polite—notice the respectful way he raises and turns his head while Fuscus is manhandling him—says, All right sir, I guess.

Don't try to do everything all at once, Hector advises. There'll be plenty of fighting yet.

But I've only just got into it, says the youngster. I want to do something fine.

Well, go a little slow till you get broken in.—Hector smiles (a bit grimly) at the boy's enthusiasm. He judges the handsome back and shoulders with the eye of a connoisseur; he and Fuscus exchange glances of understanding as Hector indicates the massage he wants done. The slave rubs the shoulder with oil.

This here's a beautiful muscle, Marse Trolius; what they calls a deltoid, you want to take care of it. Thass what put the ole shove behime a spear. That, an' this here trapezius—

Lay off, you're tickling, says Troilus. He gets up and goes to dress; the colored man follows him to the bench still giving a final polish to the admired anatomy. The boy listens respectfully to the conversation of his seniors.

AENEAS—The Greeks weren't so keen today.

ANTENOR—They're not so much. I had a terrible inferiority complex about them at first. I thought, just because they were Europeans, we couldn't possibly match up to them.

AENEAS—Funny, that's just the way I felt.

PARIS—Europeans are so damn sure of themselves, they think they know so much more than anybody else, they get away with it just on bluff.

ANTENOR—It's the old story, Europa and the Bull.

PARIS—That time I was in Sparta, I never saw such a bunch of egotists in my life. It just made you hanker to put something across them. That was really one reason why—oh well—

The others are too gentlemanly to pursue this into personalities.

AENEAS—Still and all, I don't know, they've got something over there that we haven't got. I suppose because it's a new country, more chance for initiative. Gosh, I hope I get a chance to travel and see some of those places. I'd like to start something somewhere.

Hector, in spite of his fiery temper, does not believe in undervaluing the enemy. There's quite a few Greeks to be disposed of, he remarks, before you go sightseeing.—Deiphobus says, The Greeks have some swell fighters but they're short on teamwork.—Paris, in a confident mood, suggests they're getting stale.—Canny old Fuscus, hanging up armor, can't hold in any longer.

We-all gettin' stale too, Marse Paris. Dis a mighty endurin' sort of war.—He finds a dent in Paris's breastplate.—Holy cat, someone sure give you a strong peck in de shirtfront. Dat don't look stale to me, it look timely. Yes suh, it look purposeful. You want to supervise yo'self.

ANTENOR—I was noticing Menelaus. He's getting a bit slow on his feet.

FUSCUS—He got de rheumatiz from sleepin' cold. I reckon even if he did break into dis town he'd be too puny for Miz' Helen.

Paris throws a wet towel at him.—Don't get fresh, you black magpie.

DEIPHOBUS—Nothing slow about Achilles. That bird is tough.

HECTOR—You say so for my instruction?

Troilus has been obscurely troubled by the tone of this conversation. But the mention of Achilles thrills his eager spirit.

I wish I could fight like that, he exclaims. There's something splendid about doing things the way he does. That straight-arm thrust of his—Zeus, what a stroke!

He imitates it with a gesture. His agile grace delights the other men, but he sees them watching and is embarrassed.

DEIPHOBUS—You parried it pretty well.

TROILUS—I didn't really parry it; I ducked it.

HECTOR—You must sidestep. That leaves him wide open, off balance. You might get into his ribs.

TROILUS—Is that fair?

HECTOR—Anything's fair against Achilles. You could have sliced him from below when you ducked under his spear.

TROILUS—I thought of that, but—I guess it's silly—his eyes were so bright. He was grand, he was so intense. So—all in one piece, so absolute, complete. I don't know how to say it; d'you know what I mean?

HECTOR—I know.

TROILUS—I kept on thinking, they're really beautiful when they're fighting.

HECTOR—It's true. Everyone's beautiful when he's doing his stuff.

DEIPHOBUS—But don't get too thoughtful about it, out on the front line.

TROILUS—I didn't know war was like this; it makes you feel clean, somehow. You don't really hate anybody.

HECTOR—Go on, kid, get into your clothes. You'll catch cold.

Troilus retires to an alcove, unconsciously practising a sword-stroke as he goes.

The boy's shaping up well, says Paris.—He'll make a good soldier, Hector admits.—Unless, Deiphobus suggests, he stops to admire Achilles at the wrong moment.—There's material here for argument; Hector is on the point of saying, perhaps that's the spirit that makes the best soldier of all? But their attention is diverted. Fuscus, who has been cleaning armor and putting away weapons, drops a folded paper out of a helmet.

AENEAS—Hey, Dusky, you dropped something.

FUSCUS—Yassuh, Marse Aeneas, jes' a lil bitty paper fell outen Marse Trolius' headgear. I'll put it right back.

AENEAS—What is it?

FUSCUS—I dunno suh, I take note he alluz carries it there. I suspicion it's kind of a memorabilia.

ANTENOR—Papers in his helmet? Let's see.

FUSCUS—I was fixin' to put it back, I had a notion it was private.

Do as I say! Antenor shouts angrily. He threatens the slave. Yassuh, yassuh, Fuscus apologizes; I didn't go to be ornery.—He surrenders the paper, and the four younger warriors cluster round to examine it; but not Hector, this is beneath his dignity.

It's his schedule for the day, cries Antenor, amused.—This is good, says Aeneas. Serious minded youngster, what?—He won't take it so hard, Paris remarks, when he's been in it as long as we have.—Maybe he will, says Hector: that's what I like about him.

Antenor laughs: He's got everything timetabled. Listen:—

"6 A.M., Prayers and Gymnastics. 7 A.M., Equitation. 8 to 12, Study, and Manual of Tactics. 12 to 2, Overhaul Equipment. 2 to 6, Fighting. 6 to 7, Examine Errors of the Day."

This causes a cackle, but Hector, listening moodily, suggests: That would take some of you boys longer than an hour.

Six o'clock's too early to check up, says Paris. Most of the errors come later.

What's the rest of it? asks Deiphobus.

Antenor continues. "7, Dinner. 8 to 9, Guard Duty. 9.15, Prayers and Bed."

They look at each other, somewhat aghast.

DEIPHOBUS—Don't he ever relax?

AENEAS—He'll never get to be a soldier that way.

PARIS—You can't have a decent war without some kind of social background.

HECTOR—You ought to know.

PARIS—Skip it, he's coming back.

Antenor hastily gives the paper to Fuscus, who replaces it in the helmet. As Troilus returns, fresh and shining in his clean robe or chiton, Deiphobus covers the awkward moment by saying, Tomorrow's a day off, isn't it?

Yes, Aeneas answers; there's that big patriotic service at the Palladium. You going, Troilus?

Why, we all go, don't we?

We don't have to, says Hector. The squad gets leave for the day. You can break training if you want; do you good.

Colonel, you're smooth, says Deiphobus, giving Hector a humorous salute. I'm going to take a little wimp down to the shore and give her swimming lessons.

The breast stroke, I suppose, gibes Antenor.

If you want to pick a good one, better



go to the service, Aeneas suggests.—They'll all be there in their prettiest flimsies.

That's what I call patriotism, says Antenor.—Have you seen that little brownie in the yellow tunic?

Thanks, I've made my own arrangements. (Deiphobus is quite smug about it.) Troilus doesn't seem much interested in the topic. His mind is still on military duty. Hector, he asks, what you said about side-stepping a straight-arm: what's the trick of timing it?

I'll show you, says Hector; look here, you. . . . At this moment a bugle is blown outside, there's a trample of feet, the clatter of grounded spears, and a deep voice: "Ho Basileus! The King!"

Cheese it! says Deiphobus: Here's Priam!

Antenor whispers to Aeneas: Here's our chance to examine the errors of the day.

King Priam enters, in classic panoply. His officers jump to attention. He fixes them with a magisterial eye, just long enough to effect the proper anxiety.

I suppose (he says) you're all pretty well pleased with yourselves. Maybe you didn't know I was watching. I never saw such an exhibition. You let that crowd of Peloponnesians push you clear up to the gate before you show what's in you. What sort of fighting is that?

They stand uneasy and abashed. It's rather like a football team savaged by an angry coach.

PRIAM—Hector!

HECTOR—Yes, sir.

PRIAM—Achilles is your opposite number. Why do you let him get past that way? He was breaking through between you and Paris whenever he felt like it.—And you, Paris!

PARIS—Yes, sir.

PRIAM—You've been in this thing from the start, you ought to know the signals by now. When the boys make interference for you, follow it.

PARIS—Yes, sir.

PRIAM—Aeneas, I saw Deiphobus take out Ajax, why didn't you smear Ulysses?

AENEAS—I wasn't good enough. He's very shifty, sir.

PRIAM—He is, eh. They're all shifty. You fellows seem to think we can soldier along with this thing indefinitely. It can't be done. The situation's serious. Antenor, cut out the grand-stand stuff. Chasing old Menelaus down the sidelines isn't getting us anywhere. Lay for someone your own metal, like that smart Diomedes, and knock him cold. The only man I saw picking out the tough eggs was Troilus, and he's not ready for it yet. Troilus, your swordsmanship's terrible. Get some vitamin. Keep your elbow loose, but throw some back behind it.

Fuscus has been nodding approval to these comments. Yassuh, King, I done tole him he muss use dat trapezius.

Priam, wise old executive, also knows

how to use the lighter touch.—I'll put Fuscus out there, he says, to show some of you how to do it.

FUSCUS—Nosuh, nosuh, King, I jes' figurin' the theory of it.

PRIAM—Soldiers, I'm not joking. There's a lot of queer things happening: you'll hear some of them on the air tonight. You've got a day off tomorrow to think things over. Pull yourselves together, and work like Trojans. Show me something on Monday.

He gives them a formal salute, which they return punctiliously and in unison. But after he has gone they slump dejectedly on the benches—except Troilus, who stands erect with eager resolve.

Dat ole Basilisk, mumbles Fuscus, he know what he talkin' about.

Troilus blurts out, We mustn't let him down.

(To be continued.)

## English '37

(Continued from page 8)

or even described, Jake and Lady Ashley could behave this way only because they felt the emotions which the reader attributes to them. Much modern fiction tries in this way to enforce a behavioristic analysis on the reader. But the method is limited. Frequently effective with any character in short passages, or for transitory emotions or uninvolved motives, it can be effective throughout a novel only for characters whose inner lives—motives, affections, doubts, impulses, inhibitions, compulsions—are simple, elementary, and limited. The expatriate drunks, gunmen, bull fighters, and contemporary Neanderthals of Hemingway can be completely rendered in this way, for their emotions are simple and their behavior issues directly from them. But if the method were applied to Henry James's Ralph and Isabel, who cannot post a letter without invoking intricate patterns of feeling and thought, the result would read like a collaboration between Hemingway and James Thurber. With such characters it is possible, of course, to avoid all analysis by the direct rendition of perception and emotion, the flowing consciousness of "Ulysses." This expedient, however, is limited by its length and mass, its infinite detail, which can be cut down only by falsifying it. A method which requires eight hundred pages to render partially the events of less than twenty-four hours in the lives of three characters must be used sparingly in a novel about twenty people which covers half a century.

The skillful novelist relies on an appropriate use of all methods, according to the needs of his book, and on the reader's margin of toleration, which he will endeavor to increase by all means at his command. He will use a behavioristic technique in order to avoid analysis in some passages, and in others he will use

free association. He will analyze forthrightly where he cannot avoid doing so, breaking up the analysis with other detail as a subterfuge to keep the scene in motion, making the characters analyze one another for him where that can be done with conviction, attaching all the items of his analysis to the actual movement of the scene where that is possible, making one item imply as many more as possible.

Most of all he will utilize the ability of fiction to move on more than one level at a time. The symbols which Freudian and other schools of analytical psychology have put at his disposal are infinitely serviceable. A symbol which is valid for a character is usually valid for the reader as well. When a character's action is also symbolical action, in the terms of such psychology, the reader needs no analysis. And simple carpentry is just as useful. Any important action or emotion will need little analysis if its components have appeared before in conditions implicit to the book. Handsome Harry's cruelty to the beautiful Bertha in a climactic scene does not require analysis if the reader has seen Harry pulling off the wings of a fly on page 50, and though this analogy is simple, such anticipation and preparation are, at a higher level, a basic method of fiction. A complex emotion, an action which results from mixed motives, is immediately understandable if its constituents have appeared earlier, in a simpler form, in the natural progress of the book. The reader understands the working out of energies if he has been familiarized with their development. If he has had enough concrete items to make a foundation, he does not require the abstractions of a blueprint in order to complete the structure.

(To be continued)

## Claims of the Buckeye

(Continued from page 4)

when it is present. Before considering the historical causes for our normality, however, let me set down the names of three Ohio writers who may be thought of as having something more in common than mere accident of birth; these three are Sherwood Anderson, Jim Tully, and Harry Kemp.

Anderson was thirty-five before he started to write; he had been a manufacturer in a small Ohio town before that. Then he experienced a psychic upset, and abandoned the industrial world between two days. Clifton Fadiman calls him "a sentimental rebel against industrialism," and that is quite accurate, but of course it is only a part of the picture. Sherwood Anderson stands for a period of self-analysis and self-discovery in our national literature; he remains bewildered, but he is honest and unsparing of himself.

Even more preoccupied with his own personality, but less able to appraise it, is Jim Tully. His novels are a series of auto-

biographies; and his hero, under various tough disguises, is an Oliver Optic hero. Tully ran away from an orphan asylum to lead a life of a hobo, and then had considerable success in the prize ring. He conceived an ambition to be an author, and with dogged determination set about realizing that ambition. His handicaps were many, and he never got over a naive astonishment at the measure of success that came to him. He was my own discovery, by the way, and it is difficult for me even now to maintain my wholesomely detached attitude. When Jim is objective, when he sticks to his material and forgets to be literary, his stuff is picturesque and convincing; it packs a wallop. His aims and ideals are not discoverable.

Harry Kemp has been known for so many years as "the tramp poet" that an entirely false legend of him has arisen. Let it be remembered that Kemp did not start out to be a tramp, as Jim Tully did. He went to college first, and came away with an ability to read the Greek poets in the original. He did not become a poet by being a tramp, but he became a tramp by being a poet. And he is the most consistent poet alive today. He has never compromised, never made friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness, never pulled down the flag of personal independence. He is now past fifty, and he still lives from hand to mouth, giving a boyish and wholehearted devotion to his Muse. To the day of his death, he will be a bubbling spring of fresh enthusiasm, an out-rager of the feelings of respectable people, and an essentially and deeply religious individual. Of all our American writers of poetry and prose, Harry Kemp is the most charitable toward others, the most lovable in himself, the most faithful to the ideals of his youth.

So there are three contrasts, like the three points of an equilateral triangle. What is their common property? This—that they are three hard-boiled sentimentals from Ohio.

It is not necessary to recite here the accomplishments of Louis Bromfield, author of a number of excellent novels, winner of a Pulitzer prize, one of the really accomplished writers of fiction today. Nor is there space within these limits to do more than mention the names of many other meritorious writers; the librarian's list referred to contains these, among others: Opie Read, James Ford Rhodes, Robert Haven Schaffer, Eugene Walter, Thomas Jay Hudson, Morris Herbert Woolf, John Taintor Foote, Fred C. Kelley, Ezra Brudno, Marjorie Barclay McClure, Whiting Williams, James Barton Adams, Don S. Knowlton, Everett Rhodes Castle, Clarence Stratton, Charles Franklin Thwing. I could easily double it; the state is crowded with writers, as all crowded states must be. They just aren't marked in any way as of Ohio.

To be surprised at not finding the distinctively regional flavor in current Ohio

literature is, I think, a sign that one has misconceived the historical and geographical position of Ohio among the states. The absence of a picturesque, unique local coloring in any given region may well be a mark of long-established culture rather than the reverse. Kansas and Iowa have been frontiers within the memory of living men; and within that same period, Wisconsin and Indiana have been overwhelmingly rural in population. But Ohio's frontier days belong to the Revolutionary period as much as do those of New York or Maine. Marietta and Cinicinnati were settled in 1788, Gallipolis in 1790, Dayton and Chillicothe in 1796. In 1796, too, Moses Cleaveland laid out, for the Western Reserve of Connecticut, the metropolis which bears his name. Before the eighteenth century had ended these and many others were thriving communities. Ohio became a state of the union in 1803. Clevelanders heard the roar of the cannon that won Perry his victory in the Battle of Lake Erie in 1813, and ere the war was over, the state had begun her modern history.

And her people had begun avidly to seek and heroically to provide for the higher education and the intellectual life. Ohio University at Athens was founded in 1804. In 1824 came Kenyon College at Gambier, Miami at Miami, and Xavier at Cincinnati. In 1826, Western Reserve University was begun. Through the 30's, 40's, and 50's, colleges and universities multiplied. Only half of the forty-eight Ohio institutions granting academic degrees today have been founded since the Civil War; of the first twenty-five, the youngest has entered its eightieth year.

The growth of urban population has been as remarkable as that of the colleges; no other state has as many cities of over 50,000, or as many over 100,000, or as many over 200,000.

What chance has such a state to be individual and picturesque? Ohio does not even partake of the general flavor of the Middle West. New Englanders think of us as Midwesterners, but Iowans and Kansans do not, and even the Hoosiers are inclined to lump us with Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers. My neighbors here at home have no naiveté of spirit, no originality of outlook, no extravagance of prejudice. They have no dialect, as New York has, no backdoor neighborliness like Indiana, no carefully cultivated traditions like Kentucky.

If the time shall come when writers who happen to live in Ohio consider the creation of an Ohio literature, they must begin by cultivating the somewhat neglected field of the state's historical past. Even our writers of another day seem strangely to have shied away from their environmental material. Living for years at the scene of our earliest and most exciting pioneer life, Harriet Beecher Stowe chose to write of a New England she admired and a South she had never seen at all. After the Civil War, another Ohio

novelist, Albion W. Tourgee, chose to specialize in the South under the Carpet Bag regime. Alfred Henry Lewis, a lively humorist already suffering from neglect, looked to the southwestern cattle country for his material. Meanwhile, the stuff for the most fascinating fiction was spoiling all about them. And most of it is still all but untouched.

Without consulting any works of reference, one can immediately call to mind a score of such possibilities. Drive through the elm-shaded streets of Warren or Norwalk or Andover today, and you will ask yourself how the Atlantic seaboard scene got itself misplaced by so many hundred miles. And you will wonder, as I have, why so little has been written of those Connecticut pioneers, who came to their state's western reserve lands as the nineteenth century was beginning, and nostalgically duplicated their New England villages in the wilderness. Think of the busy and devoted inhabitants of that Shaker Village which is now Shaker Heights, a fashionable residence suburb of Cleveland. Think of Kirtland, where the first Mormons established their commune and built their church before a part of them moved onward to Nauvoo, in Illinois, and got into trouble with their neighbors. (The old-fashioned type of pre-polygamous Latter Day Saints still live in Kirtland and welcome the tourist who visits their splendid old church building.) Think of Tecumseh and Tippecanoe, of "Johnny Appleseed," of the early educational experiments at Oberlin and Antioch, of the "Underground Railway"—of such a wealth of romantic history that every crossroads had its legend.

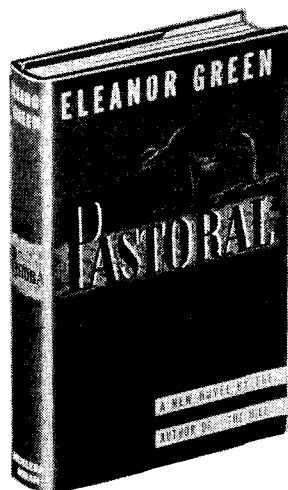
The politico-historical novelist will note the fact that seven Presidents came from Ohio; and that of the three Presidents assassinated, two were Ohio men. Such a novelist has yet to exploit the real drama of the Hayes election, of the Garfield assassination, of Mark Hanna's creation of McKinley, of Taft's oversetting of the plans of Theodore Roosevelt, of the career of Tom Johnson, of Rockefeller and the great magnates of steel and coal and shipping—and at last, the rise and fall of the Van Sweringen "empire." Even the "Ohio Gang" of sordid memory may yet furnish inspiration for an Ohio Group which is yet to emerge.

In the rapidly approaching day when automobiles and good roads shall have stolen all the novelty from America's out-of-the-way corners, the nationally important region will resume the place it has yielded to the eccentric. And in the day when each of those far places is so populous and enlightened that its literary workers do not find it necessary to huddle together for mutual comfort, the legend of rural intellectual wealth and urban intellectual poverty will be perceived as an illusion due to errors in perspective.

*Ted Robinson is literary editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and the author of several books.*

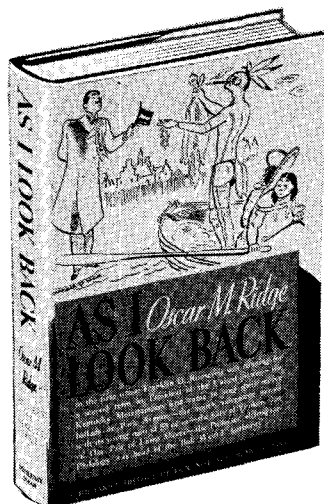


# Books of Special Interest to *Saturday Review* Readers



In Eleanor Green's first novel, *The Hill*, readers discovered a fresh new style of writing, brilliant, pliant and sensitive. It won for her an audience that promised to grow in loyalty and numbers. Now, Miss Green has written a novel that, in its broader scope and deeper observation, will more than repay those who have awaited it. Readers will find, in **PASTORAL**, one of the most memorable novels of many seasons.

\$1.75

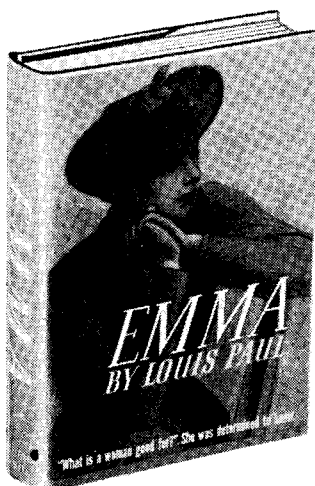


**AS I LOOK BACK** is a suave and highly civilized review of ancient history—to be precise, the second half of 1936. We can't reveal the identity of the author, "Oscar M. Ridge"; but he has presented the foibles of our time, in all their cock-eyed ridiculousness, in a little book which will be an eternal delight to all who enjoy the clowning of the passing show. Many amusing pictures by Garrett Price.

\$1.75

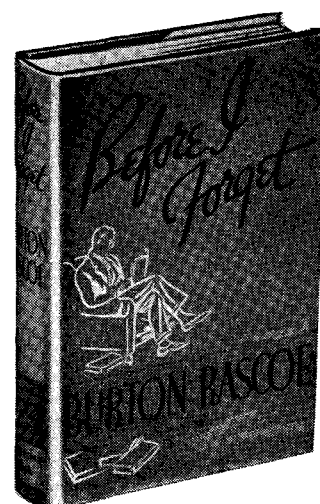
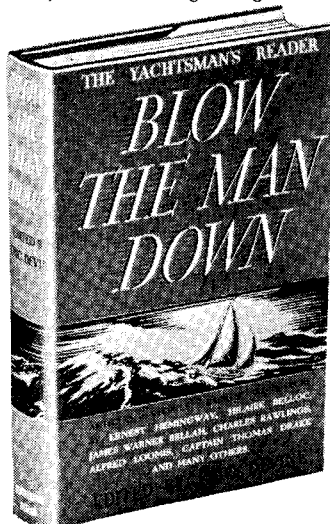
Louis Paul made his first success with the story *No More Trouble for Jedwick*, which won the O. Henry Memorial Prize for 1934. Next came his novel *The Pumpkin Coach*. His latest novel, **EMMA**, has all the human appeal that made *Valiant Is The Word for Carrie* such a success. It is one of the most dramatic and touching stories of recent fiction—and gives every indication of becoming the best-seller which Louis Paul's admirers have expected him to write.

\$2.50



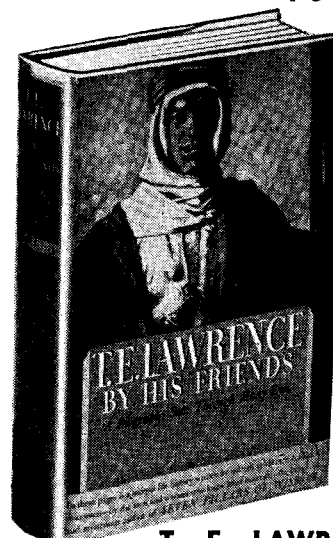
**BLOW THE MAN DOWN** is a "Yachtsman's Reader" containing over thirty articles, essays and stories by Ernest Hemingway, Hilaire Belloc, Captain Thomas Drake, Alfred F. Loomis and many others. It deals with every aspect of the sport, for everyone from the out-board motor enthusiast to the blue water sailor; and will beguile the armchair adventurer as well. It is edited by Eric Devine, author of *Midget Magellans*.

\$3.00



"An eager, quivering, engrossing document," says John Chamberlain in the *New Republic*, of Burton Rascoe's autobiography, **BEFORE I FORGET** . . . "Rascoe has conjured up a first-rate picture of life in a somnolent Kentucky border town of the days just before the automobile. He has disproved the contention that post-frontier life is necessarily inimical to culture . . . His Chicago sections provide another important chapter for the story of the death of the Genteel Tradition. And his sketches of people . . . are (to use a Rascoe word) percipient, the sketches of a man who combines a tendency to caricature with the shrewdest sort of an eye for personal foibles and distinction."

442 pages. \$3.00



**T. E. LAWRENCE BY HIS FRIENDS** is a unique life history—written by soldiers, mechanics, authors, statesmen—by men and women who knew intimately the "greatest personal enigma of our times," the mysterious author of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill, Francis Yeats-Brown, Lowell Thomas—altogether there are eighty-one contributors. "Anyone who wants to understand Lawrence will have to read their testimony," says Ralph Thompson in the *N. Y. Times*.

\$4.00

At all booksellers  
**DOUBLEDAY, DORAN**



## This strange little man was

less than five feet tall and was born on Friday the 13th. How did he happen to write the world's most famous history: *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*? Read his story in

# Edward Gibbon

by D. M. LOW

GIBBON, and the great men and women whose lives touched his own, illuminate the life and manners of an age of good talk, good living and brilliant writing, in a volume sympathetic but by no means uncritical. Mr. Low's work is the most comprehensive biography of Gibbon ever attempted and contains much hitherto unpublished material. It belongs in your library.

*Illustrated with many rare and unpublished pictures, \$3.50. Just Published.*



RANDOM HOUSE

## Tennessee Color

ALL CATS ARE GRAY. By Charles G. Givens. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE houn' dog and likker school of Tennessee local colorists adds another volume to its shelves in "All Cats Are Gray," which goes back for its formula to the halcyon times when "The Virginian" was a new book, Charles Egbert Craddock was "doing" the Tennessee mountains, and John Fox, Jr., was illustrating the goodness of God in making so many Kentucky mountain folk. Despite the huge volume of historical material about the Volunteer State, the author assures us in a preface dated from Detroit and addressed to an anonymous "Dear Colonel," that "the great orators, the fiery jury pleaders, the tempestuous, hot-headed fighters, the passionate preachers" of the Tennessee Valley "left no proper record behind them." "If my characters seem pale," he says, the Colonel is to blame: "You've left no written record of your robust time, either in fiction or history."

By way of conveying the flavor of east Tennessee, Mr. Givens's slow-moving yarn whorls in dialectical eddies about a twenty-year-old murder. The victim was the bride-to-be of Jed Turner, "the sweetest pleader the Valley had ever known"; and Jed Turner, without knowing it, defended the guilty man in a trial designed to clear the culprit of all blame. After almost a quarter of a century, the memory of the teller of the tale, a boy from the mines, whom Turner has taken into partnership, begins to click when he goes to buy some dress clothes for the Widowers and Bachelors Club Thanksgiving Dance; a prostitute admits that she lied; and Jed Turner goes out to kill the murderer of his sweetheart, but doesn't—"You don't think much of me," he says, "believing I'd kill a man who refused to defend himself. . . . You ought to know me better, son." Jed Turner's partner marries the daughter of the murdered woman (she had been Jed Turner's sister-in-law); and in "L'Envoi" we learn that "Young Jed, I'm afraid, thinks more of old Jed than he does of his father. He's five now, and he taggles around after old Jed in wide-eyed admiration and wonder." Which is precisely the state of mind of the author.

But it is easy to be unfair to "All Cats Are Gray." Old-fashioned and slow-going, it is a readable yarn, provided the reader is willing to step back a couple of decades into the local-color school. Mr. Givens is not, like his predecessors, given to idealizing the Primitives, and he has a good eye for a comic tale and a good ear for Tennessee speech. There are a couple of noble drunks in the course of the narrative; and Mr. Givens's impassioned defence of Tennessee's anti-evolution bill does credit to his heart if not to his artistic sense. There are also some legal tales calculated to warm the heart of trial lawyers. The slow pace of the narrative has a certain richness which is appealing. But the book is at best a reversion to type—the chorus of villagers, the young hero who does not know until chapter 25 that

he is in love with the heroine (who talks "straight" English), the murder, the contemptible villain, the homely philosopher, local customs, and even the accommodation train which "would have stopped dead without Sid there constantly to coax her along."

## An Actor-Playwright

AN ACTOR NAMED MOLIERE. By Dussane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT FEUILLERAT

THE value of this biography lies in the fact that it comes from the pen of an actress. Molière has been too much preyed upon by the scholars. His views of life (his philosophy some will call them) have been discussed, the sources of his plays unearthed, his characters dissected according to the variable axioms of psychology and technique, so much so that the great dramatist has been converted into a simple writer chiefly concerned with questions of composition and with the fulfilment of a supposed literary ideal.

Now Molière is the last man to be assimilated to an author of the usual type, even if we class him among the greatest. He was primarily an actor. He wrote with his eye constantly on the theater where his plays were to be produced and upon the players that would take the parts. He acted besides as manager of his own company. For his guidance the laws of the green-room counted much more than the laws of the dramatic genre. The usual canons of criticism are not applicable in such a case.

Mme. Dussane, because she herself is in the trade, has not lost sight of these exceptional circumstances, and the result is a singularly refreshing book. The milieu in which Molière lived comes out in a series of brilliant pictures. Mme. Dussane knows the actors of her time, who are the actors of all times, and she has read in the hearts of Molière's associates, all childish creatures, intriguing, quarrelling, emotional, fantastically vain, jealous of each other and yet ready to admire each other extravagantly, always sincere in their exaggerations.

Against that background the figure of Molière stands out vivid and complex. Here is the richness of character which we expect to find in one who knew mankind so well:—the cyclonic vitality, the impulsiveness of a heart full of burning desires, the passionate quest after pleasure, the sensual appetites, the brooding jealousy, the deep-seated tenderness troubled by outbursts of anger, the lovable modesty, the simplicity which left the man an easy victim to adverse circumstances, the firmness of purpose whenever the practical problems of the stage called for leadership, the genial laughter breaking through a mist of gloom at the sight of the futility of life and, above all, that weird perspicacity that made this relentless exposé of human foibles objectively detect his own absurdities and use them in the delineation of his characters.

This is a beautiful portrait and, I am ready to vouch, a true one. Mme. Dussane has successfully carried out a most difficult task. She has chosen as her medium