

course, you meet Raleigh, Shakespeare, Nash, Greene, and famous others. We admire Mr. Cronyn's details of city and countryside. He knows his Elizabethan England.

W. R. B.

DEEP SUMMER. By Gwen Bristow. Crowell. 1937. \$2.

This first novel is the story of a Louisiana plantation, founded at the end of the eighteenth century by one Philip Larnes, an adventurer from the Carolinas. On his way down the Mississippi in search of fortune he has met and married a prim lass from Connecticut, an admirable foil for his volatile nature. The greater part of Miss Bristow's book is devoted to their success story. An almost feudal enclave in the wilderness, their plantation remains untouched by political changes such as the American Revolution, and it is only at the end of the book that the Larnes find themselves citizens of the United States by purchase.

The author has chosen to treat this ample subject in conventional fashion, as a romantic saga of pioneer life. Many of the situations and characters are sentimentalized, while the graver problems, such as slavery and the hasty acquisition of wealth, are passed over with superficial competence. In plot and detail the book is unobjectionable, yet the picture of plantation life presented by it is as misty and indistinct as the heat-haze which obscures the Larnes' great house in deep summer.

T. P., JR.

SONG OF FRIENDSHIP. By Bernhard Kellermann. Bobbs-Merrill. 1937. \$2.50.

Four less distinguished individuals than the four who came home with Hermann from the Front would be hard to find. "Mortal men, mortal men," like their host. When they got to their destination, they found the old man dead, the farm buildings just burnt down, and winter well set in. Faced with complete failure, they decline to consider the possibility, and get to work. And, like humanity itself, these German rascals get along well enough. Not one of the persons in this tale is one that any one would really care to know. They are all "low people," and as such would be in life somewhat forbidding, because their ways are so different from those of most of us. Nevertheless, they are completely fascinating in the story, and in their loyalty to one another, and their disregard of troubles, are a cheering lot to read about. A self-respecting lot, a vigorous lot, and a lot that knows no failure.

S. N.

Miscellaneous

KARL MARX, MAN AND FIGHTER. By Boris Nicolaevsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen. Translated by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher. Lippincott. \$3.50.

The authors of this book on Karl Marx have set out to do justice primarily to the man of action rather than to the man of ideas. They have succeeded in producing

an eminently readable volume. Its interest, however, is due not so much to the narrative skill or historical insight of the authors but to the dramatic quality which inheres in the conflict of movements, principles, and personalities that were the defining coördinates of Marx's career. As an introduction to the study of Marx's life, this book is quite adequate.

But only as an introduction. For it overlooks the central fact that although Marx's activity is the key to his major ideas—and, indeed, crucial to certain disputed points—in the last analysis it is Marx's ideas and method of social analysis which are of first importance today. Any truly significant account of Marx, therefore, must stress those historical, economic, political, and philosophical theories which he developed in the course of a lifetime of revolutionary activity. It is these theories which the study of Messrs. Nicolaevsky and Maenchen-Helfen neglects. They are mentioned, to be sure, but neither the leading ideas of Marx nor those of the other great contending figures who were Marx's rivals receive systematic development. In a sense this is a self-imposed limitation upon the part of the authors but it is precisely the kind of limitation which is inappropriate where Marx is concerned.

S. H.

CATHEDRAL, A GOTHIC PILGRIMAGE. By Helen Huss Parkhurst. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.

There can be no denying that Miss Parkhurst brings to her task an emotional responsiveness to medieval things which, because of its intensity, cannot fail to draw a warm response from many readers. However, she brings little more to the most important part of her subject, church architecture itself. To convey the effect on an observer of any work of art is a difficult thing which requires not only powers of expression, but deep penetration into the work itself and ability to analyze. Before the works of French architecture on which she bases her book the author is intellectually helpless. She fails to give any idea of the aims of the Romanesque and the Gothic styles and the means by which they were realized. A church is simply a collection of parts; there is no sense of the controlling logic which unites the parts into a whole. There is even no clear grasp of the parts themselves. The occasional flashes of insight which do occur here and there appear to be absolutely fortuitous.

Since there is no coherent comprehension of architectural works in themselves, it is not surprising that there is no approach at all to the problem of the relation of architectural forms to other cultural manifestations of the age. Nevertheless, the passages in the book which treat the poetry, theology, dogma, and liturgy of the Middle Ages and thus lay part of the basis for an attack on this problem are by far its best parts. Here the author seems at home; she is dealing with material with which she knows how to cope. It is a pity that these lucid and really valuable pages should be sandwiched between those which struggle in vain with architecture.

F. B. D.

Reviewing Reviews

MOST reviewers of Virginia Woolf's "The Years" caught on to the fact that the novel is concerned with the experience of time passing. They used much of their space describing this, with reference to the characters in the story; and the review folder is largely a collection of identical synopses, which would be pretty monotonous except that, as usual, there are disagreements about how good the book is.

The enthusiasts not unnaturally expressed themselves in literary terms, with a good deal of reference to style and technique. As Ralph Thompson said in the *N. Y. Times*: "Out of the 435 pages emerges one lasting impression only: that of a subtle and, at times, immensely successful technique. . . . Mrs. Woolf is nearest perfection when dealing with the past, or with a present that has already begun to lose itself in the past. Then she is near perfection indeed." And Herschel Brickell in the *N. Y. Post*: "So great is her mastery of what somebody once called her 'artfully artificial' method of story telling that I can never read her without feeling that she gets more out of this peculiar technique than there actually is in it." But he concludes: "I suspect it will be accepted as one of the finest things she has yet accomplished."

"Rich and lovely with the poetry of life," said Peter Monro Jack in the *Times Book Review*; ". . . lovely as 'The Waves' was, 'The Years' goes far behind and beyond it . . . expressing Mrs. Woolf's purpose in the novel more richly than it has ever been done before." "One of Mrs. Woolf's most brilliant achievements," said the *SRL*, "written with imagination that is luminous and evocative." "On the whole I think this is Virginia Woolf's finest novel," wrote Carl Van Doren in the *Boston Herald*.

There were favorable reviews throughout the country. "Far from being literary caviar," said the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, ". . . 'The Years' is a book of enormous potential appeal . . . Certain to linger on in the memory long after most of its contemporary rivals for your attention have been forgotten." "Few novels of our day will be read twenty-five years hence and seem as timeless and beautiful as this

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one," said the *Des Moines Register*. And the reviewer of *The Milwaukee Journal* threw his hat even higher: "We are not often breathless in hailing a book, but here is one which stands firm against the coldest, critical probing . . . done with a skill that comes very close to genius." So much for the favorable reviews, except to say that *Time's* critic must have liked it, though he never quite said so, since he gave it six columns.

Some said yes and no, for instance Lewis Gannett in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*: "Such an anatomy of frustration is a high form of literature. But it is not satisfying"; and Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*: "While I do not wish to go down in history as the boy who decried Woolf, candor forces me to add—may God and Bloomsbury forgive me—that, lovely as it is, 'The Years' is just the least mite dull."

Those opposed include a curious list of publications, from *The Atlantic Monthly* all the way to *The New Masses*. The latter magazine sums it up: "To judge from the lavish praise already heaped on 'The Years' in the bourgeois press, this kind of immersion in trivia is the hallmark of 'great art.'" "It seems more than ever unlikely," according to William Troy in *The Nation*, "that Mrs. Woolf's talents, which are considerable in so many different departments of fiction, will develop to their full measure while she persists in limiting herself to purely formal variations on the same old dirge-like tune." "By now it is obvious"—we quote Granville Hicks in *The New Republic*—"that 'life'—in almost any conceivable sense of the word—is just what is not in Virginia Woolf's novels."

Solid as are their phalanxes, it is not only the professional leftists who throw this cold water. *The Literary Digest* calls "The Years" "a completely meaningless story"; the *N. Y. American* and *Daily News* say it's spinach; Fanny Butcher in the *Chicago Tribune* was disappointed ("we are all going to be put to it, I fear, to find great distinction in 'The Years'"); so were the *El Paso Herald-Post* and *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. The *Christian Science Monitor* proclaims: "One wonders why it was necessary to write a novel of 450 pages when the death blow to development on any plane was dealt in the first fifty by her method." And Theodore Spencer in *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The novelist's job is not only to convey a sense of evanescence; he must also create character solid enough to give us the illusion of permanence. This Mrs. Woolf has not done. And her inability to do so represents, I believe, the end of a movement in recent fiction."

So there you are. The favorable critics, except in Milwaukee and Pittsburgh, either say or imply that "The Years" is something pretty special, pretty esoteric. There are unfavorable critics representing every kind of intellectual background. The American Library Association Booklist called "The Years" "a novel rich in implications, in the mutations of character with the passing of time, but with slight appeal to the ordinary reader." And "The Years" has for several weeks led the best-seller lists; it is probably Virginia Woolf's most popular novel.

You tell us why.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientele; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of *The Saturday Review*. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., *Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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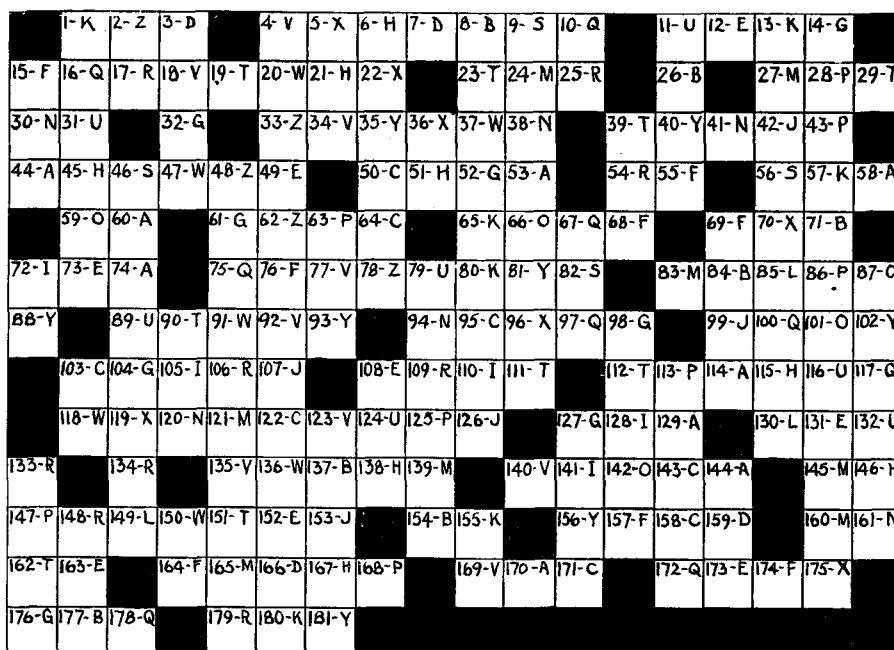
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Double-Crostics: No. 169

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram. When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

DEFINITIONS

- A. Valueless portions of a lode (mining).
- B. One of the 3 horses of the sun (Norse myth.).
- C. Without a defect.
- D. River in Belgium.
- E. Causing oblivion.
- F. Struggle for supremacy (comp.).
- G. Fabled universal solvent of the alchemists.
- H. A constituent part.
- I. Egyptian goddess, like Athena.
- J. A funeral dirge.
- K. Dish of rice, meat, etc. (Ital.).
- L. To be in debt.
- M. Bibulous follower of Falstaff.
- N. Slatternly.
- O. First name of American woman novelist (1862—).
- P. Short and pudgy (comp.).
- Q. Disposition to follow.
- R. Signature made for one person by another.
- S. Atmospheric element.
- T. Lack of mutual attraction.
- U. Eight and a third per cent.
- V. Member of South African people.
- W. Author of "Ben Bolt."
- X. Head of Ismaelian Mohammedans since 1885 (2 wds.).
- Y. Abstracts.
- Z. Member of a Scandinavian country.

WORDS

53	60	129	74	44	58	114	170	144
26	84	71	8	137	154	177		
171	95	122	103	64	143	50	158	
3	166	159	7					
152	131	173	12	49	108	73	163	
68	76	164	174	15	69	157	55	
32	52	98	127	104	14	61	176	
6	21	45	51	115	138	146	167	
128	110	105	72	141				
107	42	99	153	126				
13	80	180	57	1	65	155		
85	130	149						
83	165	160	139	24	121	27	145	
94	120	161	41	30	38			
101	87	142	59	66				
28	86	125	168	147	113	63	43	
10	178	75	172	67	97	16	117	100
179	133	106	54	17	25	134	148	109
56	9	46	82					
162	29	23	112	151	39	90	19	111
124	11	31	132	89	79	116		
18	34	4	135	77	123	32	169	140
37	150	118	47	20	91	136		
119	22	96	36	5	70	175		
102	88	35	81	156	181	40	93	
78	2	48	33	62				

The solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 19 of this issue.