

# History of an Autumn

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WE come to September. How shall the historian condense that month? All he can do is "shoot a few levels" as a surveyor once said who was puzzled by the drainage of a bumpy Long Island lot.

For in September the dam broke. The game of Ring-Around-a-Nazi couldn't be played any longer. Once more Europe trembled under a Little Corporal. (Where was Unity Mitford?) The Trojan Horse came steadily closer to the wall. Those who tried to think things through found they were through thinking.

So, with their usual hankering for simplification, men tried to blame worldwide stupidities as the fault of one man.

In the spring of 1938 an eminent ex-German author lectured across the United States on "The Coming Victory of Democracy." In September that title sounded a bit optimistic. It looked as though democracy required enormous environs of salt water to keep it from decay.

On the 9th of September a historian went, on interim, to the hills of the Blue Ridge. He was feeling blue himself: he had read the New York, Washington and Philadelphia papers en route, and bought the evening *Sun-paper* on arrival in Baltimore. He telegraphed a kinsman (a newspaper man) *We are not amused*; then there was some time to wait before taking the Western Maryland cars. In afternoon ease he rambled in what remains his favorite of all cities. He went to have a look at his old school on Cathedral Street. It used to be Mr. Marston's, the University School, but is now P. S. 49, and in 1914 renamed for Robert E. Lee, with Marse Robert's Horatian motto *Ne Incautus Futuri*. This was appropriate. Still more so the quotation from Lee on the tablet: "Human Virtue should always be equal to human calamity." He wondered if it was going to be. He was startled to find that across the street the old severely-walled Bryn Mawr School for Girls (object of mystified speculation to Mr. Marston's boys all those years ago) was now the Deutsches Haus—with a beer garden in the yard. No further surprises were possible.

He loitered across the park to another familiar haunt, Mount Royal Station of the B. & O., the most placid big-town depot in America. It lies in a hollow, under slopes of sunburned lawn. There was the same old fleur-de-lys-shape flower bed, and a colored porter drowsily dragging himself up the long stairs. In the waiting rooms the same peaceful hush, so rarely broken by a train. Where else in the world will you find a railroad station whose only sound is the creak of rocking chairs? There were the good old

photos of B. & O. landscapes: *Cornfields of Ohio*; *Trough of the Potomac*; *The Fertile Hills of Maryland*; *Harpers Ferry*; and *Aqueduct over the Monocacy*. Even in that remembered place were suggestions of war: the Monocacy River, playmate of childhood, rises on the slopes of Gettysburg.

Then, back at the other depot, the brisk Western Maryland train came bustling in: copper piping burnished on the sturdy loco, two trim little cars with blinds pulled housewifely even. A crate of doves for the Timonium Fair seemed the only baggage: a peaceful omen he hoped. Through the long tunnel and the green glades of the suburbs. Back from memory of more than thirty years came that moaning scream of the whistle. Then the red earth of Maryland, who has always kept her beauties private for those who love her. Not for her the push and publicity of Vermont. Corn shocks and sorrel were pink in sunset, and the first touch of autumn lipstick on the trees. Through the country of grazing and orchard; river meadows with great timber; sheep and hogs and mules, and a muddy "branch." There were little towns with still something of the slattern touch of the South. Going through one such he remembered how years ago an emergency visit to the dentist saved a family from being in the wreck of the Blue Mountain Express. The profile of hills drew nearer; and as the train climbed the ridges beyond Thurmont a full moon was rising over the plain in a flush of tawny haze. How far it seemed from Europe and from any kind of pressure. But the world is tightened in a queer web. The first thing you see at Blue Ridge Summit is the house where a Queen of England was almost born. No, I mean where there was born a lady who almost became Queen of England. She is now the Duchess of Windsor. And when he left the Summit, three days later, every radio on that inland hilltop was bringing the words of Adolf Hitler from Nuremberg.

There followed, for him and everyone, the Radio Fortnight, the universal purge. Motorists on tour stopped at hot dog stands to know what was coming through. They saw the roadside signs, *Rely on Your Brakes Instead of Your Horn*, and thought Tell it to Hitler. Through the golden ethers of autumn, words came always darker and heavier. The day of the Sports Palace tirade, all over New York City people clustered round taxicabs and private cars to hear a shrill voice (with a very impure accent: not even good German). One no longer took time to reprobate the mispronunciations of broadcasters, and would have been grateful for some of the old cheerful bushwa about toothpaste or cold cream.

It was almost impossible to read or write or concentrate on anything. When one went to bed it was realizing that tomorrow was already breaking in Europe; and on what?

The *Herald Tribune* printed a gorgeous photo of the household cat of Number Ten Downing Street sitting warily at that famous doorstep. It was a black cat with ears flattened backward, tail tense with nerves. That was the mood of everyone. Whether black cats are lucky or unlucky is still debate, but some thought the parable was clear. There were plenty to suggest that if this were the British lion it was shrunk indeed; world-broken at last.

Inside that doorway the furred umbrella was ready to go on its travels.

The week-end of October 1 and 2 was autumn at its brightest: clear sun, quick air, the trees turning in swatches of color. Commuters took Saturday off to rake and burn and chop; Long Island and New England were still busy repairing the wreckage of a hurricane. At dusk, a blanched almond moon curved slowly to westward, that straight-edged semicircle that seems always the most artificial of her phases. It would have been a useful moon for an air raid.

It was a week-end of breathing space. (Moratorium salutamus). It was a good week-end for parsons, they were almost gay for the first time in twenty years. Newspaper editors were playing golf, after having duly written their leaders that this was probably a pretty poor kind of Peace. It was astonishing how many newspaper byliners in America thought Europe should have gone to War. There was a great deal of courage of other people's patriotism.

But in the suburbs the big atlas, which had lain open on the table for a month, was returned to its place on the shelf. The radio had gone back to Bran Flakes and Bulova watches, Face Powders and Football Scores. In hospitals the nurses were wondering what to give patients, thought fatally ill, who had been revived—more than by strychnine or digitalis—by those repeated shots of suspense. September had indeed been a month with an R, and the R was Radio. Tuning in at odd intervals, as everyone did, who would know whether he might hear of a final mobilization or something about Buttered Pecan Rolls? Spinning the dial its full gamut, 1550 to 570, seining the ether for some catch of information, what an audition of a crazed (yet still lovable) world. Poetry readings, hymns, Jim Farley, somnambulist Republicans, outraged libertads ("The speaker's opinions are his own") the launching of the *Queen Elizabeth* in braw Scottish ("Her Majesty will be presented a booky"), the adorably sophisticated rhythms of *A tisket a tasket*, gentlemanly and memorable Mr. De Valera, and anxious Mr. Kaltenborn attempting

(Continued on page 28)



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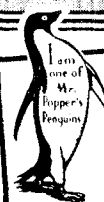
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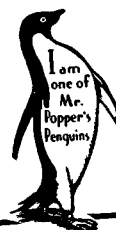
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## Fashions in Ideas

*(Continued from page 4)*

ideas have suffered from their modishness and been impeded by their very popularity. There is, I suppose, no serious writer on human affairs who would withhold tribute to the fundamental depths and importance of the psychoanalytic contribution to the understanding of human motives. Hardly any well-informed person (though there are a few) would contest the immense therapeutic value psychoanalytic treatment has afforded in vast numbers of cases. But the depths of the ideas and their great curative possibilities are not what I mean by psychoanalysis as a fashion. I mean the days, somewhat over now, when a smattering of psychoanalytic terms studded all conversation everywhere, and even the gossip about friends and enemies had to take a psychoanalytic turn. One knew or one suspected everybody's complexes. Where, earlier, people would have spoken of brashness and rudeness, they spoke now of compensation and an inferiority complex. One's friends were no longer unhappy, but frustrated; castles in Spain gave place to wish fulfillments, and no weekend was complete without an amateur psychoanalytic devastation of everybody not present and in turn of everybody there.

It is not easy to say just when it was that the vocabulary of the dinner parties and the little groups began to change. Some say it came with the depression, but I seem to remember noticing it a little earlier. But suddenly it seemed (however gradual it may have been) the talk had turned from sex to socialism. There was even a revival, for a brief, frenzied period, of the ideal of a civilization run by science, this time through the engineers. Technocracy was the name of that short-lived epidemic. It seems incredible now that for months that word to describe a civilization to be saved through engineers and engineering (despite the failure of Herbert Hoover) was the magic symbol, the shibboleth, that dominated the conversation of the intellectuals. There was a flood of books and pamphlets, formulas and statistics; whole forests must have been destroyed to provide the printed matter that nourished the fad. And in a few months the whole forest of printed matter disappeared, and technocracy was as dead as Herbert Spencer.

This is not history but reminiscence, and I cannot say I remember exactly when Marxism first became, pro and con, a staple part of the fashionable diet of ideas. Certainly Marxism to the literate was not new; had we not been required in 1914 to read the "Communist Manifesto" as part of our reading in a regulation, though exceptionally good, course in European history? But books on art and metaphysics and novels and plays were not then discussed in terms of their Rightness or Leftness; one heard little about

the Party Line, and Dialectic Materialism was unknown to most hostesses, even as a label.

I am not speaking of serious students of Marxism, nor of the importance of the Marxian understanding of history and politics. I am speaking again of the fact that at a certain point in the history of conversation among the articulates of New York, Marxism became the characteristic theme of conversation and almost a correct standard of intellectual deportment. It cannot be attributed to the Russian Revolution, for the Revolution had taken place in 1917 and between 1917 and 1929 there were many other fashions of ideas.

But it was some time before Marxism could be the comprehensive atmosphere in which all conversation was bathed. Even today, while the strategy of revolution is being discussed in one corner, and there are vivid debates as to how likely it is that the possessing classes will consent to be expropriated without violence, other choruses are sung in other corners. For a time it was relativity, although there was general agreement that nobody (save a dozen men whose names nobody remembered) could understand Einstein. That agreement, however, in which most discussions began, was no bar to talking about the Einstein theory, or even making diagrams of two trains moving at different speeds to illustrate how relative time was. Then there was the winter that Eddington's "Nature of the Physical World" was published, and Sir James Jeans revealed the philosophical mysteries of "The Mysterious Universe." It is hard to remember now the easy way conversationists had with the principle of indetermination, time-space, and quanta. If any one suggested that Jeans and Eddington were superimposing some very questionable—and old-fashioned—metaphysics upon their scientific researches, that Eddington remained fundamentally a Quaker who happened to be playing with quanta, such reservations were for one short winter not the mode.

In still another corner would be a young man who had discovered St. Thomas Aquinas, seven hundred years late, and found in the clear principles of that orthodox summit of Catholic orthodoxy the one way of life for a rational animal, and a most impressive vocabulary. Behaviorism and psychoanalysis had run their course, and it was years since anybody (save economic scholars) had mentioned Veblen, whose "Theory of the Leisure Class" and whose phrase "conspicuous waste" had once been in all literate mouths. Watson, the founder of behaviorism, had been forgotten and was now in the advertising business, and Bergson, whose lectures in French were attended by Frenchless fashionable ladies, was (most people believed) dead. Meanwhile, the free association prose, the introspective streams of consciousness of Proust and Virginia Woolf, began to be

more than audible murmurs, "the cult of unintelligibility" began in poetry, and the breakdown of all familiar conventions in surrealist painting. In that time it was bliss to be alive, and to be young was heaven, a heaven filled with singular stars and strange colors, some of them resuscitated, like Aquinas, from a half-forgotten past, as if somebody should declare after looking at the pictures in the Pitti Palace in Florence that he had found the secret of Raphael's blue, or that the methods of the Primitives were the only techniques for modern painting to follow.

It is natural, living in New York, and moving among acquaintances generated by the writing and teaching profession, that I should have been exposed in succession to all these modes. And I discovered further when one left New York one heard the same things, usually, that one had heard in Manhattan the previous winter, in transformed farmhouses in Connecticut, in cafés in Paris, on transatlantic steamers. What, I began to wonder, accounts for these changes in fashions of ideas, so much more rapid in their succession among us than they are abroad? What is there that has made many of these discussions so superficial that the term "intellectual" from being a term naturally enough taken to mean praise as an adjective, has come to have the atmosphere of contempt about it as a noun? I suspect one of the answers lies in the fact that the intellectuals are more interested in articulateness than in analysis, and in themes for conversation than in objects for feeling and thought. The parlor pink, the salon scientist, the drawing-room philosopher, the tea-time psychologist or theologian, are not new in our era. They were rampant in France in the eighteenth century. But the polite world of learning was then a smaller world, and though it is still small (the class of intellectuals is never as large as its fluency would lead one to expect), it had then none of the devices of high-pressure publicity that can rapidly make it as obligatory to have a certain vocabulary as to wear certain kinds of clothes.

There is nothing heinous about the love of words for their own sake. Was it not Plato himself who said that he would never write a treatise on philosophy, that the latter must be acquired by conversation, the flame leaping from speaker to speaker "until the soul itself caught fire"? "Education at lunch" may be a poor affair, but everyone knows how out of a conversation new insights emerge and one's old ones become clarified. But what one could see time and again in New York was the love of words in the place of ideas, and, even worse, simply the love of knowing and displaying the words, clichés cherished for their snob values, or new and current generalizations paraded like the latest fashions in ties or hats. Even noble words standing for noble causes have in our time come to be debased into

*(Continued on page 27)*



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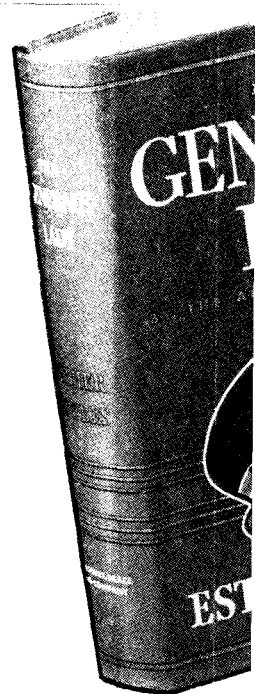
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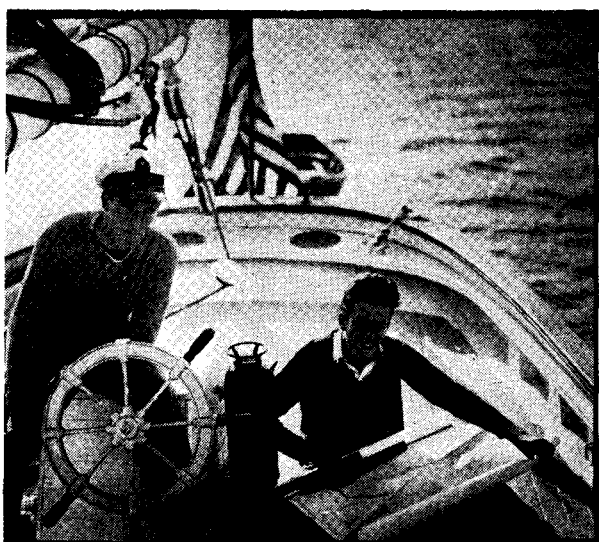
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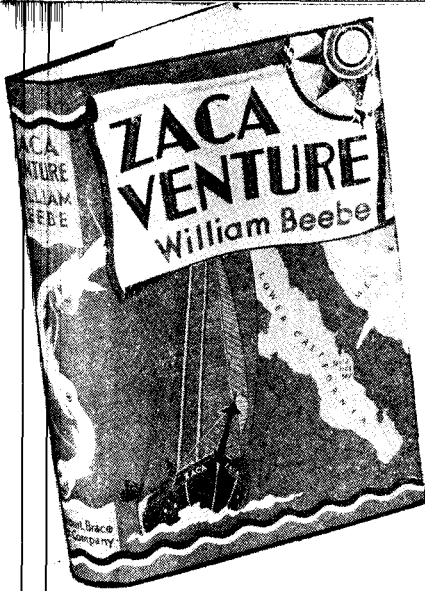


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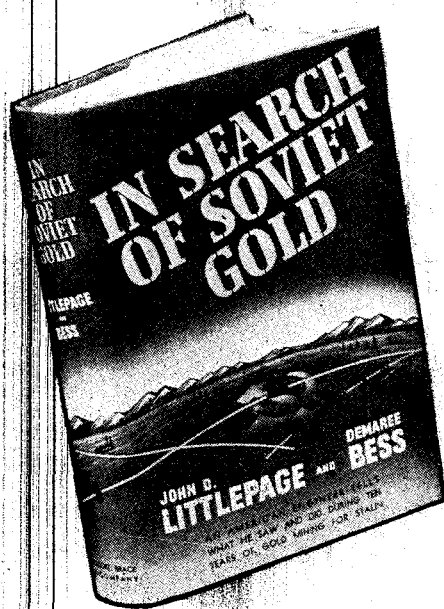
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## Fashions in Ideas

(Continued from page 22)

such clichés. Anti-war and anti-fascism can become mere labels and signals, and by the same token so can democracy and socialism. The "Tyranny of Words" has itself, to borrow Mr. Stuart Chase's stereotype, become a "stereotype," and the "Folklore of Capitalism" itself a fashionable mythology.

Impatience with the talking intellectuals may thus easily bring the whole intellectual life into disrepute. I have heard talking fools dismiss the talkers time and again. It is easy enough for the stupid or the dull or the reactionary to mistake intellectual gossip for the intellectual life, and argue from the chatter, polysyllabic but trivial, of the salons that the intellect itself is to be condemned. Our current conservatives are not the first to identify all thinking with sophistry. Socrates himself was put to death partly because he was thought to be one of the glibly talking Sophists who had come to Athens and that, like them, he was teaching young Athenians to talk without knowing what they were talking about—which was what Socrates accused all Athens of doing. But the respectable suspicion of Socrates was plausible, for Socrates himself had become a fashion with the young wits of Athens. The dull and the conservative know only that there is a lot of talk going on, that it is dull to them, that what chiefly seems to recommend ideas (to those whose intellectual life is nearly all talk) is that they are new and that they can be talked about. To the man without a gift for conversation, or the passion for it, all conversation must seem so much chatter and not least so the conversation of the intellectuals. The intellectuals themselves have sometimes felt this about themselves. Every once in a while in New York, at some crowded cocktail party or at some dinner party of the well-fed, the well-clothed, and the well-informed, one hears the desire, usually well expressed, to get away from all the talk. The "faux-naïf" itself becomes a fashion, and the silences and the simplicities become the theme of talk, and everyone moves to the country to continue the talk there in a barn made into a studio.

Yet the conservative and the dull are mistaken if they think the chatter that has been current in New York in the last two decades is unimportant. I suspect that the real grudge of the reactionary (rather than the dull) against the articulate is their shrewd perception that the chatter is symptomatic. They realize (what is true) that some of the modes of intellectual life which have become fashionable are symptoms of a deeper uneasiness (shared sometimes by themselves) and of a nervous search for values in place of those no longer adequate. Psychoanalysis may have become a theme for dinner-table conversation and a luxury for

(Continued on next page)

# POWER

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## History of an Autumn

(Continued from page 18)

to mitigate the latest bulletin from "Yir-rup." Late one evening Mr. Hindus was announced to speak again from Prague—which was blacked out and ready for anything. (No one will forget those descriptions of the little blue lights.) All waited breathless: and presently there sounded a queer thin-jingling orchestra pathetically playing some sort of Bohemian folk-dance. Was that Czechoslovakia, whistling in the dark?

Already it is almost impossible to write the history of that month. Men looked so closely into an abyss they were dizzy. Even the sound of innocent planes overhead suggested horror. News was pulled up by the roots every half hour, and the newspapers withered. Again—after how many generations—ear, not eye, became the master of the event. And men had scarcely breathed relief that war was averted before the wisecracks began to crab. Insiders said freely that the final crisis had been staged; its dramaturgy was too perfect for accident. Chamberlain and Hitler, they thought, must have been in cahoots. Or that this was not Peace but a sell-out. It was a connivance with fascism to get the better of Russia, or to isolate France. It was the beginning of an era even more terrible than we had yet known . . . and so on.

"I do not know. I live in the suburbs." Yet it is fairly simple to fight for democracy at 3000 miles distance. No one in New York or Washington was seen digging trenches in the parks. Caspar Milquetoast (for whom perhaps this is written) had only one thought: at least there'll be one more Christmas. Even the land of Good King Wenceslas himself can have Christmas.

A journalist said a queer thing. "I don't believe anything I read in the papers, even if I write it myself. Truth is something you feel inside, and you only embarrass it by putting it into words."

It was something new, this lightning radio-plebiscite of world feeling, this staving off by airplane of the air war that all dreaded. Students of publicity were still—in that week-end of argument and self-search—fumbling to state exactly what had happened. One would rather make some living contribution to its understanding than write a magnificent autopsy like Gibbon. Some of its understanding perhaps comes from within. A man wrote from a country house in England (not Cliveden) on September 14: "It is after 2 a.m. I have work which must be done tonight. There may be a war on: my feeling as to that is, that nothing that can happen is any different, only quicker or slower; that what you are matters, not what you do. And don't forget, if the new world is to carry the you-know-what of civilization, to think unceasingly what civilization is."

After their golf, on the Sunday, and

with the highballs, the byliners had a chance to ease down a bit. Historians do not often record enough of the wisecracks of a period. They were many that breezy afternoon. Irreverence is one of humanity's most engaging traits—at the right moment. The cruelest of epigrams was recalled: Dorothy Thompson's, that Chamberlain had gone to Germany on his knees at two hundred miles an hour. Some said:

At Munich

Mr. Chamberlain lost his tunic.

It was wondered whether the French, when they recovered from their grateful stupor, would really want to give Mr. Chamberlain that fishing cottage. "What's he going to fish for?" said one. "Sardines?"—Another remarked that if Rudyard Kipling hadn't been dead already, this would have killed him. Even Haile Selassie came into the argument. Amateur Gibbons began to have premonitions of new imperial declines. "If an Empire," said one, "is just a line of Old Etonian filling stations on the trade routes of the world, I'm not interested." Another suggested that the Munich conference was the Decline and Fall of the Wing Collar. The soft collar boys were hardboiled, the starched collars were crumpled. Another theory was that the Press had been all ready to start a World War and Radio had saved us. . . .

But as old gaffer Hobbes used to say, Be not hasty to conclude. If no one wins a war, no one loses a peace. Perhaps a billion Milquetoasts can't be wrong.

Anyhow there was breathing space; used by some for talking, by some for thinking. General Hugh Johnson, shrewd and tough old commentator, remarked "Let's keep our fingers crossed." And so agreed. 130 million finger-crosses in the United States are better than several million wooden crosses in Central Europe.

On the morning of October 1st a man in the suburbs was lighting a hearth-fire with a bundle of windfall branches, debris of the equinoctial gale, when he heard the wide mellow deep-chorded whistle of the 9.30 train. It always blows a full blast for the bend of Harbor Hill, and the valley below cups and resonates the sound. It seemed a symbol of common things and day-by-day routine. Perhaps all men, consciously or not, had been watching the habitual with special gaze because we were on the edge of something so horribly different. Even that hurricane of September 21—the worst ever recorded in its area—had come at the precise moment to suggest what wreckage could be like. Men wondered if they had been quite grateful enough for the accepted decencies of what Hobbes called "commodious living": a meal to eat, a clean shirt to wear, tobacco and books and privacy. It came to that man as important to put down a Time Capsule of his own. It is considerable only as a minute but representative symptom of a universal infection.

## Fashions in Ideas

(Continued from preceding page)

moneyed and leisured neurotics. But it never would have taken hold, its favorite terms would never have found their way almost into common speech, unless there had been a recognition of something fresh and important in them. Fascism and communism are terms to bandy about; one may sometimes, in New York, think they are *boutonnieres* rather than banners. One may long to be among Vermont farmers who have scarcely heard of them (though one may be sure that the summer residents will have). But fascism and communism are not less serious because they, in certain mouths, become chit-chat.

There is any amount of loose talk about tight and subtle doctrines, which are in their own right of the greatest importance: Neo-Thomism over the cocktails, surrealism over the cigarettes, relativity while floating on a rubber mattress in a mountain pool on an August weekend! Like everybody else interested in words and ideas, I have participated in such goings-on. But let it be remembered that while leisured men and women in the eighteenth century were talking in the salons or the formal gardens, they were but the babbling surface of a deeper ferment. I think that is what the anti-intellectuals suspect and fear. It is not the intellectuals they are inveighing against, or loose talk, or the passion for novelty, or the forgetfulness of old important ideas, or the lack of discipline or exactness or responsibility in so much that passes for intellectual conversation. They would not, I think, mind these things so much, for such faults they share and can sympathize with. But the anti-intellectual prejudice is a prejudice against genuine intellection, actual thought. The anti-intellectuals know, correctly, that if the talk goes on long enough, new and disquieting ideas may get about, and the security of the world they know, and have a private interest in preserving, may be destroyed—for the illusions by which it is maintained will be punctured. There would be even more prejudice against real thinking than against conversational play with ideas; the anti-intellectualism of every reactionary regime in Europe illustrates the point.

One can be amused or bored by the talkers, but, as the entrenched and the smug know, *thinking* is cause for alarm. One can smile at the Sophists, but nothing less than execution will do for Socrates. The entrenched know also that what starts as a fashion may turn out to be a creed or a system of life or of politics. Christianity for a time seemed a harmless fashion among the more socially exalted ladies of Rome, and ideas are dangerous when they become endeared to the rich and the polite.

The foregoing article, somewhat expanded, will constitute a chapter in Irwin Edman's book, "Philosopher's Holiday," soon to be published by the Viking Press.

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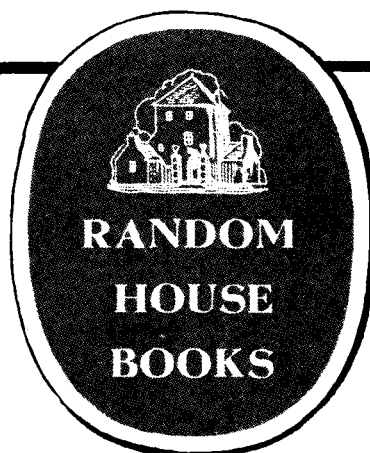
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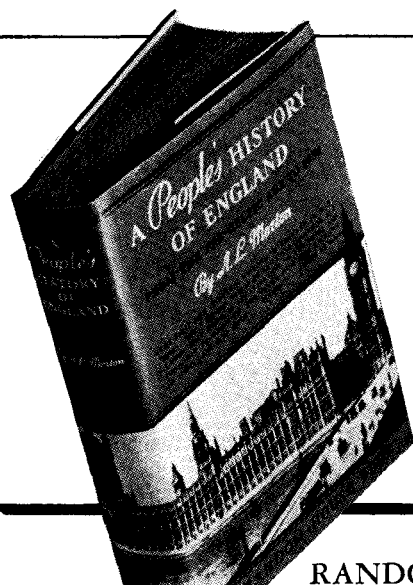
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## A Reader's Almanac

(Continued from page 11)

"surveys" the course of literature through the centuries, from Homer to Hardy, with generous samples.

### OCTOBER 25th

☞ *Sucker's Progress* is Herbert Asbury's history of gambling and gambling joints in the U. S., just as entertaining as his previous tours of the tenderloin. ☞ Philip Wylie's *An April Afternoon* is convincing drama, and Elizabeth Seifert's \$10,000 prize *Young Doctor Galahad* plunges the surgeon of the title into enough recognizable Main Street meanness to earn its publishers that sum a couple of times over. ☞ *Diary of the French Revolution*, by Gouverneur Morris, published in entirety for the first time, is one for the library.

### OCTOBER 26th

☞ *The Five Sisters* by Dr. William E. Blatz—the psychologist in charge of the quintuplets' training, reports his observations. ☞ *Andrew to the Lions*, by H. W. Freeman, reveals him as competent with light novels, too. The Italian adventures of an English schoolmaster, and their aftermath, are for anyone's amusement.

### OCTOBER 27th

☞ Geraldine Farrar's *Such Sweet Compulsion* differs somewhat from the usual singer's autobiography. ☞ *To the Market Place*, by Berry Fleming—the author of *Siesta* demonstrates that career-bound youngsters in New York, or any others, cannot sever home ties completely. ☞ *The Baker's Daughter*, by D. E. Stevenson—English romance for those who liked the *Miss Buncle* books. ☞ *Three Harbours*—in which Van Wyck Mason, author of mystery thrillers, does a competent job with a historical novel of maritime aspects of the Revolutionary War.

### OCTOBER 28th

☞ Sven Hedin, than whom there is none better in his territory, tells the story of his survey in Western China for a road to connect with the East. It's *The Silk Road*. ☞ *Touch'd with Madness* is the adventures or the autobiography (amounts to the same thing) of Hilton Howell Bailey, who found time to promote Byrd, Wilkins, Earhart, and Ellsworth among others. Mr. Bailey's style is fast. ☞ *Life Class*, by Ludwig Bemelmans, is another volume of reminiscence, illustrated by the author. Bemelmans served his time as a waiter in some of the better and worse hostelrys. It's a neat vantage point. ☞ *The Gracie Allen Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine. Slated for the movies. ☞ Charles G. Poore's biography of *Goya*, the product of many years' work, will come on this date. Illustrated, of course.

### OCTOBER 31st

☞ *The Noise of Their Wings* by MacKinlay Kantor—a long short in which the discovery of a pair of passenger pigeons

lights the fuse of a melodrama. ☞ *Perri* is another animal story by the author of well-remembered *Bambi*, Felix Salten. Gentle Salten is believed now to be the guest of Hitler in a concentration camp. ☞ *The Journey of Tapiola*, by Robert Nathan, is a whimsical story about a publisher's terrier. Very short.

### NOVEMBER 1st

☞ Harry Emerson Wildes's *Valley Forge* is the first detailed story of the region and Washington's encampment in eighty years, so they say. ☞ And, in *Young Longfellow*, which was originally titled *Yankee Romantic*, Lawrance Thompson shaves the patriarchal beard (or bard) to disclose an ambitious young Yank in a dither. ☞ For amateur photogs, *U. S. Camera, 1939*, T. J. Maloney's best-selling collection.

### NOVEMBER 2nd

☞ *Adventures of America, 1857-1900* is a collection of illustrations with running text from the files of *Harper's Weekly*, published by guess who. ☞ *F.O.B. Detroit* by Wessel Smither asks of two or three coterpins in the huge auto industry "Little Men, What Now?" It's a novel. ☞ *The Valiant Woman* leads the publishers of Sheila Kaye-Smith to memories of Joanna Godden in the blurb.

### NOVEMBER 3rd

☞ André Malraux records candid shots of episodes in the savage Spanish fight. Brilliant, moving impressions to be published as *Man's Hope*. ☞ Perhaps inspired by Clarence Day's life with his redoubtable Father, Bertha Damon has put between covers a grandmother whose opinions of twentieth century behavior were not lightly held—*Grandma Called It Carnal*.

### NOVEMBER 4th

☞ *Daniel Willard Rides the Line* is what Edward Hungerford calls his biographical job on the president of the B. & O. Railroad fans should go for it. ☞ R. H. Bruce Lockhart's comments on the current European puzzle are tagged *Guns and Butter*. ☞ *Nothing to Chance*, by Charles Plisnier, is the Goncourt Prize Novel in translation. ☞ *The O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1938* have been edited, as usual, by Harry Hansen. ☞ Margaret Ayer Barnes's best-seller, *Wisdom's Gate*. Setting is that of *Years of Grace*—turmoil behind the neat fence of Chicago Gentility. ☞ Major George F. Eliot, who is said to know about such things, will interest more than a handful in *The Ramparts We Watch*—the strategic problems of the defense of the U. S. A. ☞ And, of course, not least is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection, Irwin Edman's *Philosopher's Holiday*. Surely one of the most engaging books of 1938.

### NOVEMBER 7th

☞ *As Once You Were*—a novel by the *If Winter Comes* man, A. S. M. Hutchinson, who tells about a middle-aged busi-

(Continued on page 32)

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- "An Artist in Action" "Mme. Lotte Lehmann tells her own story in *MIDWAY IN MY SONG* . . . the predominantly cheerful report of a greatly gifted artist who has made her way from an inconspicuous operatic debut in Hamburg to the great roles in the most celebrated auditoria in the world . . . For authentic Lehmann fans, of whom there are rightly many, it will be one of the events of the year."
- ☐ **MIDWAY IN MY SONG** by Lotte Lehmann . . . \$3.00
- "The American Don Quixote" "In *AMERICAN QUEST* (a novel) Bradford Smith has done a vast sweeping canvas of America, warm and moving as a whole, strong and beautiful often in detail, executed with keen seeing and, for the most part, sensitive feeling and considerable versatility . . . It should get a wide circulation."
- ☐ **AMERICAN QUEST** by Bradford Smith . . . \$2.75
- "The Discovery of Anesthesia" "No one who has read Fülöp-Miller's story of Rasputin can doubt his feeling for drama, nor his ability to convey excitement in vivid sentences. For *TRIUMPH OVER PAIN* he has chosen a subject far more profound in its bearing on the human race. His devil is the physical pain that has dogged man's climb through the ages; his hero a tragic little Boston dentist . . . who, largely by chance, made one of the greatest contributions ever made to humanity."
- ☐ **TRIUMPH OVER PAIN** by René Fülöp-Miller . . . \$3.50
- "Females Forlornly Seeking Fun" "Marjorie Hillis made herself an accredited spokesman of the contemporary business woman in one fell book—*Live Alone and Like It*. In *WORK ENDS AT NIGHTFALL* she approaches her subject from a new angle and through a new medium. This time she turns frankly to fiction and presents it in crisply appropriate verse."
- ☐ **WORK ENDS AT NIGHTFALL** by Marjorie Hillis . . . \$1.50
- "International" "Its theme is the spinelessness, the chicanery and the downright dishonesty with which Britain has responded to the Italian drive for empire. Mr. Garratt has spent a good deal of time in Ethiopia and in Spain during both of Italy's imperialist wars—he regards them as nothing less—and is a keen student of British diplomacy."
- ☐ **MUSSOLINI'S ROMAN EMPIRE** by Geoffrey T. Garratt . . . \$2.50

**C**HECK on this list now the books you want to read this Fall. Take it to your bookstore next time you go. And keep it as a handy reminder until you have enjoyed them all.



New York THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY Indianapolis

## A Reader's Almanac



(Continued from page 30)

ness man's plan for rejuvenation.  *A Pearl in Every Oyster* is Frank Sullivan again agreeably on the loose.



### NOVEMBER 9th

 *To Remember at Midnight* is the title of Michael Foster's successor to his best-selling *American Dream*.  Also more of the same is Cornelia Otis Skinner's *Dithers and Jitters* for readers tickled by *Excuse It Please!*


### NOVEMBER 10th

 *Through the Fog of War* shows Captain Liddell Hart still evaluating the personalities and efficiency of the World War commanders.  *The Trouble with Tigers*. Now, the trouble with Saroyan—



### NOVEMBER 11th

 *It Is Later Than You Think*, warns Max Lerner of *The Nation*, crying the need for a militant democracy.  *Wolf among Wolves*—Hans Fallada puts another Little Man and his girl through the economic hell of Germany in the post-war inflation period. It's a long one.





### NOVEMBER 12th

 Ladislav Farago, the journalist, views *England in Crisis*, particularly as she presents herself through a more and more obviously controlled press.


### NOVEMBER 14th

 The latest of the American Guide Series covers *Minnesota*.  Philip Barry makes a story in *War in Heaven* about a group of variety performers several years ago, when vaudeville still breathed.



### NOVEMBER 15th

 *The Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers*—The poet and his wife selected pieces long and shorter for a 650-page edition with his own foreword.  *Murder at the New York World's Fair* by Freeman Dana is the first whodunit to take advantage of the ballyhoo.  Candidate for the most sensational book of the season is *Lords of the Press*, in which George Seldes contemplates the ownership and policies of the newspapers of the United States.  And we have William Allen White's *A Puritan in Babylon*, full-length biography of Calvin Coolidge.

### NOVEMBER 17th

 *Tales of a Wayward Inn* is the reminiscences of Frank Case of the Hotel Algonquin, the famous New York literary and theatrical showcase to which celebrities run with their best extemporaneous wisecracks.

### NOVEMBER 18th

 *Queen Victoria's Daughters*, by E. F. Benson, provides an extraordinary picture of a past Europe. Victoria's kids covered a continent.  *The Patrol Is Ended* by H. Olof de Wet is the experiences of a flyer for Loyalist Spain

(Continued on page 36)

A beautiful appreciation of the greatest  
musical interpreter the world has ever known...  
and of the masterpieces he has re-created

# Toscanini

## AND GREAT MUSIC

by  
*Lawrence  
Gilman*

author of *WAGNER'S OPERAS*



THIS is not a biography of a man. It is "a book about Toscanini the priest of music, and about certain masterworks that he reveals". In a language as rich and clear as the noble music he discusses, Mr. Gilman tells us why Toscanini is a unique phenomenon today. This study of Toscanini's conducting bears witness to the author's thesis that the interpretation of great art is in itself great art. A large part of the book is devoted to the great composers and their symphonic masterpieces: Haydn; Beethoven and the *Eroica*, his *Fifth*, *Seventh* and *Ninth* symphonies; Schubert and his *C Major*; the four symphonies of Brahms; Debussy and his *La Mer*; Sibelius; Wagner; and others. Thus the book constitutes a series of introductions to some of the major works in the concert repertoire—works in the re-creating of which the genius of Toscanini is incomparably displayed. Publication of this book marks the beginning of the second series of Toscanini's Concert Broadcasts.

\$2.50

### *Samples from the book*

● "I have tried in these pages to pay tribute to a great and singular musician who in all the half-century that he has been conducting orchestras has never looked upon a masterpiece of music without seeing it as though for the first time, and being penetrated and possessed anew by its greatness. I think it is one of the things that might be said of the supreme interpreter that he is a recreative artist who has not wearied of wonders."

● "His conducting is almost an act of desperation. It is evident that Toscanini's inward ear is constantly echoing with a justness and purity of disembodied sound for which there are no wholly satisfying vehicles in this imperfect world of all-too-human players upon material instruments. Is it to be wondered at that such interpreters can never be quite happy? Living among rarefied, essential things, their patience is easily exhausted by intervening substances, media that are stubborn and obstructive. Their own world, ablaze with mysteriously lucid fires, is far more real than the known universe about them. In the midst of death they are in life."

● "As we listen to a page of Beethoven or Bach or Brahms or Wagner, music divinely strong and harmonious and controlled, we remember that the artist's ultimate function is to impose an ideal pattern of lucidity and significance upon the meaningless disorder of the world. We realize that Beauty is man's sublime retort to the chaos and the savagery of life."

● "No wonder the police were disturbed: three successive bursts of applause were the rule for the Imperial Family, and Beethoven, who was only a genius, got five."

FARRAR & RINEHART, 232 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK



