

ish refugee, furnished a shoulder on which he could lean; but Anton was almost ready to stand alone. The crisis that ended with Munich served only to show him where he already stood.

"Sixteen Days" is a powerful and thoughtful novel that must command respect as a genuine literary achievement in a field that is cluttered with merely tendentious fiction. That Hans Habe is as just to Hagenauer as he is to Anton and Vera—that he makes the

Nazi husband's tragedy as real as theirs, that he actually makes us feel with and for a man who incarnates all that he considers evil and repellent—is proof of his integrity and strength as a novelist. This is literature, as opposed to journalism or propaganda.

Hans Habe, a Hungarian, whose father fought for Germany in the war of 1914-18, is now on active service as No. 692 in the French Foreign Legion.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

(Continued from page 10)

erary movement then in Dublin and the lectures and public addresses by the chief literary figures turned out some of the best literary scholars I have ever met. Even those who did not become writers knew literature both as the creator knows it and the scholar knows it. Italian, which Herbert Gorman describes as a Cinderella language in Ireland, was extensively studied in the old regime, especially by the girl students, partly owing to the eighteenth-century tradition which persisted.

The Dublin that James Joyce left and which Herbert Gorman describes as a "parochial civilization," was then, and for years afterwards, a literary capital, and no group that he was familiar with afterwards was equal to what he had gone from—the Dublin of Yeats, George Moore, Synge, Lady Gregory, A.E., John Butler Yeats, Edward Dowden, and of the beginnings of the Irish Theatre. Herbert Gorman's reference to Synge—"Synge would thrust his dark, crude face across the table and talk volubly," is nonsense: Synge's was one of the most subtly organized and nervous faces I have ever seen, being rather like the face of the Fritz Kreisler of twenty-five years ago. He never talked volubly, being rather noted for his taciturnity, and was not, as Herbert Gorman writes, "argumentative to the point of rudeness." It is true that the Dublin publisher broke his contract with Joyce about "Dubliners" as the American publisher broke, or side-stepped his contract with Dreiser about "Sister Carrie." It is lamentable, but in commercial publishing such things are bound to happen, and in those days in the English-speaking world, publishers were notoriously puritanical. But we must remember that France took action against both Baudelaire and Flaubert, and Flaubert got out of his difficulty through the influence of the Empress Eugénie. James Joyce eventually got out of his publishing difficulties through the influence of the Zeitgeist. He is wrong,

too, about the part taken by Padraic Colum in the matter of "Dubliners." His concern was to get a legal backing that would further its publication. Unfortunately the lawyer he went to, the well-known Tom Kettle, could not guarantee the innocuousness of passages in the book. The sentence attributed to Padraic Colum is mythical.

Herbert Gorman seems inclined to adopt the attitude of a prosecuting attorney who has to put up a case. It looks as if he desired to present people as being against Joyce and Joyce's books. For a work that was so much of an innovation the marvelous thing is the number of accomplished, understanding, and appreciative reviews "Ulysses" received. It was enormously difficult for even the instructed reader at the time, and its reception in America was surprisingly intelligent. Herbert Gorman has entirely excluded from consideration the discoveries of psycho-analysis on Joyce's work after "Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man." Freud is powerful in "Ulysses" and Jung and his theories of racial memory in "Finnegans Wake." "Finnegans Wake," does not, as Herbert Gorman says, take its title from an old Irish ballad: the ballad, "Finnegans Wake" is an Irish-American music-hall song of comparatively recent vintage. It is true that James Joyce, living in a neutral country during the war, got into difficulties with the British propagandists, but so did every other Irish writer living in a neutral country. It is true that envious attacks were made on Joyce, and one especially in a Catholic periodical in New York was peculiarly malevolent. But on the whole and considering everything he had had good friends and wise appreciators. It should be added that in spite of its bias and its lack of generosity and even justice, and its imperfect comprehension of the Irish background, this is an intelligent book and has the advantage of a first-hand knowledge of the subject and his ideas.

Design against Living

THE FUGITIVE. By John Grane. Translated from the German by Trevor & Phyllis Blewitt. New York: Harper & Brother. 1940. 300 pp. \$2.

Reviewed by MARIANNE HAUSER

HERE is a book on Nazi Germany written with neither bitterness nor sentimentality. Grane does not use his novel as a lecture platform. He tells the desperate story of a desperate human being, and he tells it with tact and graphic simplicity. In England "The Fugitive" is published under the title of "The Man Who Took Trains."

Silbermann, a Jewish businessman, has managed to escape the pogroms of 1938. Unable to go abroad, he flees from one German city to another. He spends weeks aimlessly taking trains. Senselessly his life moves along the iron tracks of a huge concentration camp. He knows he is trapped and he keeps on escaping. Decent, naive somehow, he believes in human rights. Even when he is driven insane by his fear and locked up in an asylum, he goes on believing in them.

Grane has not invented Silbermann as a device to show the horrors of Nazi Germany. None of the characters in the book is sacrificed to the political background. In this Grane differs agreeably from a great number of more skillful but less honest novelists. His realism lies in the truthfulness of his characterizations. The people around Silbermann are surprisingly true, even the Nazis who commit beastly crimes and still remain human beings, blinded or demoralized by a monstrous regime.

Grane writes unpretentiously. His artistic quality and strength lie in his simplicity. The style is concise, bare of irrelevancies. Silbermann's story moves swiftly, at his own frenzied pace, and ends dramatically on an ironic note. In the insane asylum, which is his final and inescapable stopping place, he shares his cell with the Nazi Schwartz. When his mad cell-mate starts to chant, "Out with the Jews!", the shouting is taken up by other lunatics. I am quoting the final scene which seems to me one of the most poignant in the book:

Silbermann got up.
"I refuse to stay here," he said.
"I'm going on—I'm going away. There's a train leaving for Aix at seven—one at eight ten for Nuremberg—one at nine twenty for Hamburg—one at ten o'clock for Dresden. . . ."

"That's just your dodge," said Schwartz with conviction.
"Come along, join in the shouting. Out with the Jews. . . ."

"DES IMAGISTES"

(Continued from page 4)

ready growing offensive to fascist nostrils. But if we lost Ezra, we gained a much greater writer, D. H. Lawrence. The whole credit for this is due to Amy, who suggested that we should ask him to join us. As Lawrence was already publishing in the Georgian anthologies, the situation looked delicate. Most fortunately Lawrence was such an individualist that he didn't care a hoot about groups and their principles. I daresay he thought it was all poppycock.

I have one or two vivid memories of that evening when I first met Lawrence. It was the end of a sunny tranquil July day, and if we had only known, the end of tranquillity in Europe for many a long and bitter year. There were several people in Amy's large private sitting room, where the Austrian waiters (already called to the colors) were setting out an elaborate dinner table with an ominously quiet deftness. For some reason I sat apart at an open window, looking down on the endless traffic of Piccadilly and the warm, golden light over the park. At the corner of the Ritz just opposite was a newspaper stand with a flaring placard: "Germany and Russia at War, Official." As I sat

there men and boys came rushing along Piccadilly with hoarse shouts: "Special Edition. Extra." Someone tossed a bundle of papers and posters to the news man. The placard read: "British Army Mobilized."

Until that moment I had felt certain that England would not be involved in these senseless European squabbles. What on earth had they to do with us? But that mobilization poster was a first stab of doubt. I looked back at the room where friendly people were talking unhurriedly of civilized things—French poetry, the Russian ballets, Stravinski. At that moment the door opened, and a tall, slim young man, with bright red hair and the most brilliant blue eyes, came in with a lithe-springing step. As a rule I don't remember peoples' eyes, but I shall not forget Lawrence's—they were such startling evidence of a vivid, flame-like spirit. Before Amy could start the introductions he said quickly:

"I say, I've just been talking to Eddie Marsh, and he's most depressing. He says we shall be in the war."

Eddie was then private secretary either to the Prime Minister or to Winston Churchill, I forget which, but he was certainly in a position to have real knowledge. There was a slight pause, and then somebody said: "Oh,

nonsense." We all said it was nonsense. Did we all believe that? I know I had a sickening feeling of doubt. But a few minutes later dinner began, and we forgot all about war.

The sales of the new Imagist anthologies greatly exceeded our hopes. If I ever knew, I've forgotten what they were. But I do remember one unexpectedly large check representing my sixth share, and it seems to me that we must have sold about twenty thousand copies of the first two. I may be wrong in my calculations, but anyway the anthologies were widely read, and Amy kept the publicity going with superb generalship. But she did one thing I can't approve. She published her "Critical Fable" anonymously and then broadly insinuated that it was in fact written by Leonard Bacon. This was putting a gentleman on the spot with a vengeance, especially since Mr. Bacon highly disapproved of the Imagists. He either had to prove the lady a liar or labor under the imputation of denying his most cherished principles. It would have served Amy right if he had walked up and down outside her home in Brookline with a striker's placard: "Amy Lowell Unfair to Leonard Bacon."

By way of insinuating that the Imagists were merely an unimportant

*"It deserves to rank with the best;
too short by half!"*

—NEW YORK TIMES

FRONTIER DOCTOR

By Urling C. Coe

A swift-moving, graphic account of the author's experiences in a boom town of the last American frontier. As a general practitioner among cattle thieves, vigilantes, cattle rustlers, cowboys and Indians, Dr. Coe *lived* the exciting story he tells. Elemental, spiced with robust wit, it is entertaining, veracious Americana of high order.

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Through a raging blizzard to the rustlers' camp . . . a typical "call" in the routine practice of a frontier doctor!

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

clique, Ezra raked together a number of easily forgotten poets in a Catholic Anthology. Apart from causing astonishment and consternation to a few pious people, this compilation achieved nothing in particular. When America came into the war in 1917, Amy decided that we had better quit and each go his own way. The Imagist "movement" ended then, and it was left to others to carry on.

In 1929 my modern young friend, Walter Lowenfels, suggested to me in Paris that I ought to get out another Imagist anthology. Of course, I knew Walter thought the Imagists were dead as mutton and that his suggestion was ironical. I promptly took a taxi to the cable office, and as I had just published a novel which was a best-seller I had no difficulty in selling the non-existent book in New York and London within two days. I confess I felt a little perturbed at what I had done. However, I got to work; Ford and H.D. labored nobly; and "The Imagist Anthology, 1930" contained poems from everyone who had ever contributed before, except poor Amy who was no longer with us, Skipwith Cannell whom we couldn't trace, and Ezra who was sulky. Ford wrote one of his genial introductions, and we sold several thousand copies between the two countries.

And that, I fancy, was the original and unforgivable sin of Imagist poetry—people bought it.

THE AMATEUR PROFESSIONAL

(Continued from page 12)

good stead, on occasion, with the high-born Britons who own a large part of the Walpole material to which he has had to get access. The English like Americans to be free and easy, as long as they don't really overstep. But Lewis would never make the mistake of trying on such an attitude until the right moment came.

In the course of many years' experience he has developed a very useful technique in approaching exalted owners. When faithfully followed he says it never fails. Its first principle is never to approach an owner as a complete stranger, no matter how much scholarly interest you show. Always get an introduction from a personal friend; after that the doors open as if by magic.

One item has hitherto defied Lewis's powers of exploration, and that is the seven drawings by Lady Di Beauclerc mentioned above. Probably they still exist, but they have been lost sight of since the sale of 1842. Lewis has not yet been able to ransack the attics of the original purchaser's heirs, but I back him to find them, in time.

One thing that makes Lewis see red, with some justification, is a tendency to describe Walpole as an "elegant trifler," which even in the present age of enlightenment still crops up. Strawberry Hill and the "Castle

of Otranto" may be described as elegant trifling, perhaps, but they were the kind of trifling that has long since passed into the text-books, and whose repercussions are still heard after nearly two centuries. For the rest, Lewis thinks that Walpole's scholarship, thoroughness, and industry should be sufficiently obvious by this time, especially as the writers that jeer at him have invariably and patently depended on his works. Macaulay was very hard on Walpole, but in his day there was more excuse, the extent of Walpole's labors being unknown.

Lewis is distinctly not a romantic; not for him are the heights, the depths, the solitudes, and the wildernesses. Standing outside his Farmington house one day he observed that what he liked best about the view was a scar on the hill where the new Hartford road was being cut through. "I don't give a hang for nature," he said, "until the Hand of Man gets busy on it." This is in line with his sympathy for the Age of Reason. But he is just as far from any sentimental, foggy-brained delusions about the desirability of living in the century of his major interests. It would be hard to find anyone with a keener appreciation of such things as tiled showers and motor cars, and his tennis court, which looks at first glance like an oversized birdcage painted green, is one of the best in Connecticut.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 311)

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
MURDER WITHOUT CLUES <i>Joseph L. Bonney</i> (Carrick & Evans: \$2.)	Simon Rolfe, antiholmian crime analyst, solves, by his own abracadabra, slayings of two hapless New Yorkers.	Without extinguishing immortal Sherlock story manages to be amusing, thrilling, and barring occasional slip, expertly built. Narrator Watson satisfactorily dumb.	Good hunting
DEATH DOWN EAST <i>Eleanor Blake</i> (Putnam: \$2.)	Girl who upsets romance at snooty New England coast resort diabolically despatched. Others follow but Mark Crosby ultimately nails killer.	Packed to gunnells with emotion, and sleuth's delvings reveal some quite unpretty pasts. Murder method cleverly developed.	Commendable
THE CASE OF THE BAITED HOOK <i>Erle Stanley Gardner</i> (Morrow: \$2.)	Acceptance of masked client pronto plunges Perry Mason into murder case of sorts. All twelve cylinders start working.	Plot involves some expert double-crossing, blackmail, baby-farming, and slick stock-jobbery—cleaned up swiftly by needle-sharp deducing.	Thirty-third Degree
DEATH OVER SUNDAY <i>James Francis Bonnell</i> (Scribner's: \$2.)	Greek blackmailer slain in Long Island mansion. Lawyer-guest, Mike Powel, points the finger.	Damatos is no Dimitrios. Story almost suspenseless. Motivations flimsy. But author shows mystery writing potentialities.	Dull