

# Seeing Things

## SHERMAN IN THE SADDLE

THE LAST thing I ever expected was that the postman would bring me some letters from William Tecumseh Sherman. I had been waiting for mail. So had my older son. On his behalf, because he had suddenly turned stamp collector, I had written to my mother in Kentucky. At the moment she was in the process of moving from Lexington to Louisville. "Please," I had begged, "do ransack your attic and see if, by any chance, you can find some letters there with old stamps on them. He would love to have them."

My mother, being in that mood to discard always induced by the prospect of moving vans, did go searching in her attic. If she had not done so, I could never have claimed General Sherman as a correspondent. The yield of her expedition was a packet of yellowing letters, some franked, some stamped, addressed to her grandfather, Silas F. Miller. I was as incredulous as my son to discover that one of the letters was from General Grant; that three were from Sherman's Senatorial brother, John, and that eleven—long and detailed ones—were written in the decisive, free-flowing hand of Sherman himself.

In the conflict which can perhaps be identified most unobjectionably as "The War Between the Civil States," ours was a divided family, and Kentucky a divided state. My Confederate forebears, needless to say, would not have been caught dead or alive with a letter from General Sherman. Even now, there are more popular names in the South than his. But my Great-Grandfather Miller, a businessman, was a Republican and strongly pro-Union. Obviously, he felt for Sherman a genuine admiration. Obviously, the two men were friends. The candor of Sherman's letters to him, no less than their length and the subjects touched upon, makes this clear.

Anyone who knows the General's "Memoirs," who has dipped into his "Home Letters" as edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, or read Lloyd Lewis's brilliant and exciting "Sherman: Fighting Prophet," is familiar with the ease, vigor, and frequency with which Sherman expressed himself. These same qualities manifest themselves in his letters to my great-grandfather. Several of them were dashed

off "in the field." One, perhaps the most interesting, was written from the headquarters he had established in Atlanta three weeks after he had sent his famous dispatch, "Atlanta is ours and fairly won."

As is to be expected, these letters are filled with the urgency of battle and the heat of political and public issues which were then important. It is incredible, in the midst of so active a life, with such incessant demands upon his energies, that Sherman ever found the time to write at such length in longhand. Although what these letters have to reveal historically is, no doubt, of scant novelty to students of Sherman's career, they may fill in a few gaps. Furthermore, since most of them were written during the eventful spring and summer of '64 when the General was moving slowly from Tennessee to Georgia, and gradually closing in on Atlanta, they do create an image of the man himself and of the events leading up to one of his greatest victories.

One small, not unamusing footnote to history these letters also write. From them we learn not only about Sherman's humor but also some details hitherto undisclosed about his actual entry into Atlanta. My great-grandfather was apparently in the habit of sending the General from time to time such presents as cigars, a keg of whisky, or blankets. The present most prized by General Sherman, however, and about which he writes most amusingly, was a horse he named Duke. It was this "elegant" horse, whose coat shone "like a glove," this "City Gent," who was "particular about his meals," who insisted upon drinking out of a bucket, and who hated the rough outdoor life of war, that General Sherman changed his saddle to three miles out of Atlanta. It was Duke that he was riding when he entered the city as a conqueror. In Lloyd Lewis's "Sherman" there is a photograph of the General surveying Atlanta from a very smart horse. Whether or not this was Duke, I do not know. I only hope so. So does my son. In any case, herewith some of the letters.

Nashville, Tenn., Apl 14, 1864

Dear Miller,

I have been wanting to write you for some time. The Horse is in Elegant order. He has shed his coat and now shines like a glove. I had him led out



—From "Sherman: Fighting Prophet."

General Sherman views Atlanta "from a very smart horse."

STAGE

"Brightest and Liveliest Musical of the Season!"  
—Kronenberger, P.M.  
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents

# Make Mine Manhattan

The Gay New Musical Revue  
Staged by  
**HASSARD SHORT**  
Sketches & Lyrics by **ARNOLD B. HORWITZ** • Music by **RICHARD LEWINE**  
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"One of the Triumphs of This or Any Other Season!"  
—Watts, Jr., Post.

ROBERT WHITEHEAD & OLIVER REA present  
JUDITH DENNIS FLORENCE  
**ANDERSON • KING • REED**  
in **"MEDEA"**  
Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS  
Staged by JOHN GIELGUD  
ROYALE, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats., Wed. & Sat.

"A SUPERB DRAMA"  
—Atkinson, Times  
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents  
**A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**  
A New Play by  
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS  
Directed by ELIA KAZAN  
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell  
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL  
**BRIGADOON**  
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE  
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON  
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE  
WILLIAM HANSEN • ALBERT RUIZ  
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS  
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FOLKES  
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Evs 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT." Garland Jr'n'l-Ameh  
MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present  
THE **HARTMANS & HANK LADD**  
in The Smash Musical Revue  
**ANGEL IN THE WINGS**  
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

KATHARINE GODFREY  
**CORNELL TEARLE**  
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA  
with KENT SMITH  
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON  
Staged by GUTHRIE MCCLINTIC  
Martin Beck, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

"A DIRECT HIT" WINCHELL  
**PAUL KELLY** in  
**COMMAND DECISION**  
with JAY FASSETT • PAUL McGRATH  
FULTON—W 46 St. Evs. incl. SUN. 8:40 • NO MON. PERFS.  
MATS. SAT. & SUN.

to grass daily, but feared to turn him loose. We have fine oats & hay. These with Grass keep him in perfect health. I have ridden him all round, among drays, piles of goods, in the midst of soldiers, and have no doubt he will stand fire. I expect to put him through the ordeal, and should he survive the war I will deposit him with you as an honorable old soldier, in return for the kindness which prompted you to give him to me.

I have just received your letter introducing Maj. Fifield. I wish you to understand how we are situated—Railroads here to the Tennessee River have been so often broken up and repaired that they are still rickety. Also the cars & locomotives have been collected from so many different Roads of different gauge, that the utmost caution is used, and yet a day hardly passes without a smash or break down. The pressure of Sanitary Commissions, Religious orders, and special Charities was so great that spite of all necessity a large part of the resources of the Roads were absorbed in carrying persons, at the expense of military freight,—men on part rations, horses on none at all, to accommodate the carriage of pious and curiosity seekers. I have stopped all that and shall be more rigid still till my armies are first supplied. I don't want any citizens at all to the front of Nashville, because spite of all promises they will manage to become a dead weight. Therefore if any of your friends complain, tell them that our Road, like your house, is sometimes too full, and however big your heart, the house won't swell in proportion. By cutting off travel, making soldiers & cattle march, I have increased the supply trains from an average of 73 daily to 115, and will not rest till I have 155, which will supply all wants & make a surplus.

Tell Prentice I am astonished that he continues to sound the alarm of "Kentucky invaded"—if you expect a crowd to break into your back door, would you quietly prepare to meet them or prevent them, or would you run about the streets making a hell of a fuss. The parallel is just. It is ridiculous and I will say almost provoking the very thing he fears, to be clamoring about Kentucky invaded—

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL  
**HIGH BUTTON SHOES**  
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.  
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

SCREEN

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents  
**CARY GRANT**  
**LORETTA YOUNG**  
**DAVID NIVEN**  
**The Bishop's Wife**  
"A VERY FUNNY PICTURE"  
—Sun  
ASTOR B'way at 45th St.  
Doors Open 9:45 A. M.  
Last Show Midnight

STAGE

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present  
**HELEN HAYES**  
In the Comedy Hit  
**"Happy Birthday"**  
PLYMOUTH, West 45th Street, Mats. Wed. & Sat.  
**ETHEL MERMAN**  
In the Musical Smash  
**"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"**  
with RAY MIDDLETON  
IMPERIAL, West 45th Street, Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"NANCY WALKER IS HILARIOUS IN A TOP-DRAWER BROADWAY SHOW."  
—ATKINSON, TIMES  
NANCY WALKER  
in  
**LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'!**  
ADELPHI Theatre, 54th St. E. of B'way.  
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT  
**D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY**  
OF LONDON  
in **GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS**  
NOW through February 28th, "COX AND BOX"  
and "H.M.S. PINAFORE"  
Week of March 1st . . . "THE GONDOLIERS"  
CENTURY Theatre, 7th Avenue at 59th St.  
Evgs. at 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30.

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN"  
Atkinson, Times  
**MAURICE EVANS**  
in  
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY  
**Man and Superman**  
HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. BR. 9-5641  
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30



RALPH BATES • WILLIAM TROY  
HORACE GREGORY • ELIAS TARTAK  
ANTHONY PENALE

Will Discuss Among Others the Following:  
MARCEL PROUST • THOMAS MANN  
JAMES JOYCE • FRANZ KAFKA  
HENRY JAMES • MELVILLE  
DOSTOIEVSKY • HAWTHORNE  
HARDY • IBSEN • STRINDBERG  
ANDREYEV CHEKHOV • SHAW  
PIRANDELLO • O'NEILL • GORKI

Also classes in the writing on Poetry, fiction,  
painting and Sculpture.

SINGLE ADMISSION \$1

EDUCATIONAL DEPT.

LEX. AVE at Y.M. & Y.W.H.A. ATwater  
92nd STREET 9-1048

## subscribe now to INSTEAD

a monthly review

first issue contains articles by Lionel Abel, George  
Bataille, Andrea Cam, a proclamation against war  
by 30 French writers.  
drawings by Duchamp, Max Ernst, Giacometti,  
Matta, Petrov.  
poems by Pichette, Michaux, Chazal.

\$2.50 a year, domestic—\$2.75, foreign

INSTEAD

1 e. 53 st.

n. y. 22, n. y.

## Literary Agents...

How do they work with editors, and what  
can they do for you? Frank booklet tells.  
Free, no obligation. SCOTT MEREDITH  
LITERARY AGENCY, Suite (A)1007,  
1650 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

## BOOKS TOO EXPENSIVE?

Choose Your Own and Save 25%

Order any book.\* Pay after you get it. Receive  
25% credit on its price. Do this 4 times. Then  
use your credit for further books.

\* No text books or very technical books.

Send for brochure, or order now.

BONUS BOOK CLUB, Inc. DEPT. S-1  
61 West 56th Street New York 19, N. Y.

## HANDY WAY

### TO SUBSCRIBE

Avail yourself of "the magazine thinking  
people talk about . . . a place where ideas  
start. . . ."

52 issues of the *Saturday Review of Literature*  
for \$6 will bring you a weekly visit from  
Cerf, Benét, Brown and a host of other stars.

### SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45 Street

New York 19, N. Y.

1 yr.

2 yrs.

3 yrs.

☐ \$6

☐ \$9

☐ \$12

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State.....

228

Now I know that John Morgan is desperately offended because the Confederate War Dept. don't comply with all he wants. I have dates from Atlanta to Apl 5 inclusive. I have people in today that left Memphis the day I did who have made the whole circuit through the South. I know pretty well the attitude of things and am doing all I can to destroy the ability of the Enemy to invade Kentucky & it may be to exist at all. Would Prentice, a sensible man, have me bring our army to circle round Louisville in no more danger than Philadelphia, or would he have me break up our army into squads that the old women of Kentucky might sleep without dreaming of John Morgan, or would he have me collect the scattered fragments—so as to make an army that will compel Joe Johnston to look out for his own safety as well as that of Augusta, Atlanta and Montgomery. If newspapers would shut up, we could save at least three years of war. I think we have already paid enough in blood & treasure to enable the Press to make money by feeding the alarms of the Poor People. I am sick & tired of it and would like once more to get far down in Dixie where mischievous newspapers could not supply the admirable spy system that we have established in all our camps for the benefit of Mr. Jeff Davis.—Read this to Mr. Prentice but it is purely confidential as between us.

In haste yr friend

W. T. SHERMAN

In the Field Near Marietta, Geo.

June 26, 1864

Dear Miller,

Your two letters of June 15 & 20 are before me. The hat came all safe. It was from a friend in Memphis sent to Louisville by Col. Anthony. I agree with you that all cotton should be assumed to be the property of the U. S. Jeff Davis takes it and therefore we might, but Mr. Chase never would take this view of the case. I have nothing more to do with trade than a stranger. I give simply the necessary orders about the transportation of public stores and Cotton has never been regarded as public unless stamped C.S.A., meaning it was Cotton taken by the Confederate Govt. and stored as security for their Bonds.

I never have meddled with trade & prefer to keep aloof.—Were I to grant permits I would be overrun by applicants and you know enough of our people to see that Yankees and adventurers would be out here with credentials from Mr. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Gov. Johnson, and all the magnates of the Land.—So I either burn cotton, take it for the U. S. or have nothing to do with it.

I have advanced 105 miles from Chattanooga and it requires all my thoughts & energy to find & provide ammunition for this Army over a road that has been and will be constantly broken to my Rear. I have a large, well appointed army to my front that works like beavers, and by felling trees, & making parapets build new works as fast as I dislodge them. I have already captured some 20 miles of finished parapet, but to my front. Right & left are other works that can with difficulty be got around or attacked in front. I will be as patient & persevering as possible & spur my command for some final desperate struggles. Johnston fights entirely behind earthworks, and they are so obscured by bushes & trees that we cannot see them till we receive a sudden and deadly fire. But I think we have thus far accomplished much—The enemy is now far from Tennessee & Kentucky & those states can plant & reap in Peace if they want to. . . . We are in a healthy, well watered country and can stand it as long as the enemy. Wishing you always health & prosperity, I am

Always yr friend,

W. T. SHERMAN

Maj. Genl.

In the Field, Near Atlanta Geo.,

Aug. 13, 1864.

Dear Miller,

. . . I have read your observations concerning matters & things North, and though what you say is painful to contemplate still to me not alarming. Anarchy is one of the steps through which we are doomed to pass before men become tamed to a degree to deserve civilized Govt. In a country where the People Rule, the local prejudice of each spot has its representation. If you have a tooth ache you little heed the pains of the poor fellow in the next room with a broken leg. So the People of New York, feeling high taxes and the little vexations caused by this war, little heed the dangers & trials through which we pass, and go on with their own notions, little dreaming that this whole Land is so united in interest that a disease pervading one part will reach & poison the whole unless it be eradicated & cured. The Copperheads at the North are a voting people, who, simpletons as they are, think that upon their votes enemies will lay down their arms. Why these fellows in Atlanta have a more supreme contempt for the sneaks in Indiana & New York who claim to be the Friends of Peace, than they do for this Army that is pounding away for their destruction. The time is not yet for reaching these fellows, but when the Army begins to make itself felt at the North, and

tell these sneaks who are trying to control the Policy of the Country in the absence of the Army, that there is no such thing as property without Govt. and that if they don't behave themselves they shall have no vote, they will change their tune, for their money & property will go and they be left mere sojourners in a land they would not fight for in its hour of danger. I believe the draft will be made & enforced—that our armies then having an unfailing supply of recruits to take the places of the dead, wounded & sick, we can go on making swatches through the South that cannot be patched up. I can easily pass round Atlanta now & go on but for the Present prefer not to do it, but when the time comes I will. I want to see the Virginia Army in motion again. Also one from Mobile. It is no use besieging Mobile. An Army can make a circuit round it, cutting all its communications.

Fort Morgan too can be watched by a single ship & cannot be supplied. Its days are numbered. If our armies were promptly reinforced, we are now in position to strike home.

I am sorry to see Bullitt & others in trouble. This is no time for them to breed trouble. They should defer the discussion of abstractions till we have Peace. If you see Bullitt tell him

as much for me, that he is intelligent enough to know that at a time like this we should sink our opinions on minor matters and deem the Great End Union—then if any wrongs have been done, any false policy pursued, we can sit down & reason together and Truth will prevail—when a ship is on fire is no time to question the authority or discretion of the Captain. I am determined to move from Kentucky to Foreign parts all disturbing Elements, let the blows fall where they may. Longer forbearance would be criminal.

W. T. SHERMAN  
Maj. Genl.

In the Field, Near Atlanta  
Aug. 20, 1864.

Dear Miller,

I must insist on your being more reasonable in your presents. People will think I drink & smoke too much if you lavish on me thus such luxuries.

I have the box from Boston & the one from Louisville and if any satisfaction you may know that they are appreciated by the truly loyal people that frequent my Bivouac.—for I have not even a tent. Well we are not in Atlanta yet, but we are mighty close and have been all round it, but Hood

lies close. He has sent his cavalry to our Rear, but they did us little harm as yet, and I now have mine on his only Road, that to Macon, so we will see which can stand it best. We repaired his break in two days & have 20 days grub in Camp. I think Kilpatrick will do his work better, and I doubt if Hood has 7 days food in Atlanta.

I had seen Buell's letter. It will do him no good. Although he was at one time senior in Commission to Canby and myself, we graduated at West Point before he did and were above him in the Old Army. Also when I succeeded Grant, Buell's friend Fry wrote to me to ask for Buell. I would ask for nobody but answered that if detailed to me I would give him the very best Command at my disposal.

I think Buell made a fatal mistake. Soldiers have no business in questioning the Laws or policy of a Government. We have large enough powers, and have plenty to do if we mind our own business.

I wrote a long letter a day or two since to Mr. Guthrie about Kentucky matters, and wish you to see it. I really cannot administer its affairs.

It is not really my business, but that 1st of Burbidge, 2nd of Schofield and last the War Dept.—My office is to handle the troops in action, and

**The towering, full-bodied portrait of a great and passionate man  
whose genius led France from tyranny to human freedom**

The author of *Leonardo da Vinci* further enhances her literary stature with this brilliant portrait of the French revolutionary leader.

Imprisoned by the tyrannical will of his father, involved in violent love affairs from which he escaped only to seek further and more disastrous ones,

Mirabeau was a complex and epochal personality. His passion for human freedom, his political greatness, his stormy personal life and the significant era he helped to shape become one story, full and engrossing, in the skillful hands of Mme. Vallentin.

*Illustrated \$5.00*

**MIRABEAU**

**by Antonina Vallentin**

**THE VIKING PRESS**



**At all booksellers**

**A fascinating analysis, brilliantly presented  
—a basis for honest judgment on Russia**

**Edward Crankshaw**

His down-to-earth, objective book points out for the first time the conflict between Russian geography and Russian individualism. It gives a new interpretation of the Soviet Union in the light of its history. Here is the story—both good and bad—about our most important world neighbor.

**\$3.00**

**RUSSIA AND  
THE RUSSIANS**

**This distinguished volume of stories  
introduces a new young English talent**

**Hallam Tennyson**

Already known to readers of *Horizon*, Tennyson's excellent short fiction is now first published in America. All the stories in this exciting volume have a common theme; yet each has its own individual—even exotic—flavor; and each moves fully and surely to a satisfying climax.

**\$2.50**

**THE WALL  
OF DUST**



**NORTON**  
"BOOKS THAT LIVE"  
IN **Music**

## Music in the Romantic Era

A History of Musical Thought  
in the 19th Century

By **ALFRED EINSTEIN**, author of *Mozart: His Character, His Work*. "The most searching, compact and beautifully written study which has so far appeared."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Illus. \$5.00

## The Schubert Reader

By **OTTO ERICH DEUTSCH**. Translated by *Eric Blom*. A life of Franz Schubert in Letters and Documents. "Immensely refreshing and revealing... a remarkably clear picture."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Illus. \$10.00

*Check this list*

### THE BACH READER

Edited by *Hans T. David* and *Arthur Mendel*. Illus. \$6.00

### MUSIC IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION

by *Paul Henry Lang*. Illus. \$7.50

### THE HISTORY OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

by *Curt Sachs*. Illus. \$6.00

### MUSIC IN OUR TIME

by *Adolfo Salazar*. Illus. \$5.00

### THE RISE OF MUSIC IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

by *Curt Sachs*. Illus. \$5.50

### HAYDN

by *Karl Geiringer*. Illus. \$5.00

At all bookstores



Send for free descriptive catalog  
of Norton Books in Music.

**W. W. NORTON & CO.**

101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3

give general instructions. If Ewing's Trade Regulations are too stringent, they will soon lead to modification and gradually the Right plan will be found out. It is very hard to do right in Kentucky. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel to break down the Southern Confederacy and then the Good Sense of our People will make all things right. I think if you satisfy Ewing or Col. Farleigh that Mundy is taking fees by way of Bribe, I think they will stop it, by putting Mundy in the stocks. As a general thing Lawyers are regarded by officers as nearly as bad as Politicians and both worse than horsethieves. Their day of reckoning is now at hand. Now that I have the big Army of the South penned up, the Union Men of Kentucky should clean out their state.

Yr friend,

**W. T. SHERMAN**

Atlanta Sept. 22, 1864.

Dear Friend,

You have seen enough in all conscience and heard enough also to satisfy you that I made the raffle and got into this Forbidden City, and as I promised you I rode Duke in, that is the horse you gave me. I did so on purpose changing my saddle to him about 3 miles out.

Duke at first did not like this out door life & rough living—was particular about his meals, and city like would not drink water out of the creek or mud holes. The truth was he was a City Gent and looked on this out door life with contempt and was gradually showing the effect. But I have a most excellent fellow who humored him & gave him water in a bucket etc., & kept him along till the horse begin to see that he was duly enlisted for the war and in for it

when he began to mend. He is in very fair order now and in perfect health and seems to like getting into town again, though he must observe that this is not Louisville.

Telegraph gives good news from Sheridan.—Next will be Grant, and then we must maul the wedge another bit and the log will split in due time. So thinks Old Abe the Rail Splitter. —I've got my wedge pretty deep and must look out that I don't get my fingers pinched.

Audenried goes up with my dispatches and can tell you every thing. I have the place pretty well cleaned out, & regulated. And the People of Georgia see we are in earnest and won't let trifles stop us.—I have forbidden all citizens to come, but as you may have an "irrepressible" desire to come I send you a Pass, and you may explain the exception on the grounds of belonging to the Christian Commission.

Yr friend,

**W. T. SHERMAN**

Maj. Gen.

\* \* \*

Attics are invaluable places. It is hard to see how those of us who live in New York apartments get along without them. No basement lockers crowded with logs, discarded trunks, broken lamps, abandoned furniture, and unreachable boxes can replace them. To be atticless is to shut out a family past. A dwelling without an attic is like a person with no time for recollections. "It is a frail memory that remembers but present things," wrote Ben Jonson. It is a cheated life that cannot discover unsuspected things in the past. It is a poor house that has room only for the present.

**JOHN MASON BROWN.**

## Poem for Helene

By *Alex Austin*

**T**HE WOMAN was old and had a soft mouth  
With thin lips and frozen fingers  
And dried breasts.

Only her eyes still lived  
And she watched us.  
She did not have money for whiskey.  
She had sold her shawl on Sunday.  
The white flower in her hat was dead  
And so she stood there in the doorway  
And watched us as we drank  
And as I felt your body and your lips  
And as you sighed.

And I wanted to love you quickly  
And all of you for ever and ever  
In only a few hours;  
To spend the night without much sleep  
Because her eyes were your eyes  
And your body was the memory  
Of what she had been.

## "ADVANCED" FICTION

(Continued from page 16)

paedic and remembering eye for detail and a capacity for incessant touches, minute, yet intense.

His heart pounded and his knees felt weak as if he had just left the deathbed of a man to whom he had been secretly administering minute doses of poison. He should feel exultation and pride. But actually he felt a little silly. What now? He was a clown who had jumped through his last paper hoop with the idea of playing Hamlet. He started walking toward Michigan Avenue and had not gone twenty feet before he was haunted by the measured steps of someone following him.

There is no blank space in this prose; it is full, exact, intensified, it is three-dimensional, you can trust yourself to it. But as with the persons, so with the details—the difficulty is that this heaping up of little exactnesses tires the attention, and the reader, that incorrigibly lazy fellow who has paid his three dollars for a story, silently rebels against an incessant drain upon his alertness. These infinite riches, he feels, ought somehow to be canalized and controlled.

When the sensitive reader looks for a principle of control, he finds that the book is formally divided into seven parts and that these seven parts lie in a circle like parts of a pie, the center of the circle being (theoretically) the inward unhappiness of Adam Snow. Or, to change the metaphor, they are corridors; and no matter which corridor we look down, we are supposed to see Snow at the end of it, we are supposed to realize that, when we have traversed all the corridors, we are to discover (with Snow) in the words of a passage on the dust-jacket, that "his old dream was a myth that failed, that the myth drugged the actual life, and that the actual life will never be a cloud in the sky." The difficulty is that this process of transformation from dream to sky is so beclouded with other people's woes, we fail to look down the corridors—and if I mix my images, the mixture partly illustrates the failure of function in the parts of the book.

That Miss Herbst is a writer of extraordinary power and skill is evident from her career. But this analysis seems to show that she is a victim of the central fallacy in much contemporary "advanced" fiction. That fallacy is the refusal of the story. It is somehow assumed by novelists that pursuing the private fancies of a character or the private fancies (in this case) of many characters is more

# KAY BOYLE



has written a new novel about  
an incorruptible woman who  
loved an opportunist. It is called

# 1939

\$2.50 at all booksellers • SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'

## A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

THE BIGGEST DRAMATIC  
HIT ON BROADWAY THIS  
SEASON. AT ANY BOOKSTORE

\$2.75

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK



important, is more serious as "art" than is the elementary duty of narrative; that to keep the lines of a plot clean and decisive is to show one's self no better than Walter Scott or Francis Marion Crawford; and that fulness of life is philosophically and esthetically to be preferred to a straight-line story.

There is good argument for this point of view. But are readers merely philistine in buying detective fiction? Is it not time to reconsider all the implications for structure of the stream-of-consciousness method and of those subjective unfoldings of personality which in fiction have developed with it on parallel lines? For the purpose of subjectivism is presumably to present and illuminate character; but it is by no means certain that subjectivism, with its irresponsibility, its commission to wander back and forth in time, its associativeness (so that everything suggests everything else), is that supple instrument it was supposed to be. By and large, narrative and plot in the old-fashioned sense of the terms produced impressive characters from Don Quixote down; and it seems, at any rate, that the contemporary subjective novelist is getting himself into a bog *because he mistakes personality for character*.

Miss Herbst's book illustrates the plight of the subjective novelist. By "subjective novelist" I mean, however clumsily, the novelist who is more concerned with inwardness in human beings than with event. There is no portion of the seven parts of "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" that cannot be justified as writing and as insight. But the total impact of "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" is one of confusion. The spotlight shifts so many times, the illumination falls so sharply upon so many personalities, things, problems, emotions, relations, that the eye dazzles and tires, the mind longs for sparer diet. The rich confusion of the pages becomes by and by a jungle through which the reader must hack his way or retire, giving up his journey. The book has every power except that of narrative. But is not the human instinct for narrative, which drives millions to the movies, to the radio, to popular fiction—is not this something deep-seated and primary, like the force of gravity in architecture? Is not the neglect to fulfil this elementary duty fatal? Are not novelists of first-class intelligence and power doing harm to that noblest of prose forms, the serious novel, by pretending it is not a novel at all but, as Emerson would say, a transparent eyeball? The difficulty of the transparent eyeball concept is that you can see with it, but not through it.

---

**Belles-Lettres.** *The essay is almost a lost art. In school, we waded through Bacon and Emerson, and delighted in Lamb, and we were stirred by Macaulay. But the essay is too reflective, too slow, too lacking in edge for these pointed, nervous times. Now and then a few quiet books of essays wander into the SRL office from England, where Victorian leisuredness still lingers in literature at least, but, generally, fine examples of the art are rare. We welcome therefore "Books and Biped," by Vincent Starrett, and some essays by a newcomer to the field called William Shakespeare. We are looking forward also to Arnold Toynbee's coming book, "Civilization on Trial," which is actually a collection of essays on history, and to the posthumous "The Moment and Other Essays," by that other great English writer, Virginia Woolf.*

---

## Bard à la Bacon

ESSAYS OF SHAKESPEARE: An Arrangement. By George Coffin Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 144 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by LEGETTE BLYTHE

IF IT'S true that there's nothing new under the sun, it must equally be a fact that there's always possible a new approach to everything old.

Even Shakespeare. Yes, for though for 300 years the Bard of Avon has been studied, analyzed, criticized, and quarreled over by countless scholars and shallow-brains, and though his characters individually and collectively have been exhumed, autopsied over, dissected, weighed, measured, and psychoanalyzed, it remained for a University of North Carolina English professor just the other day to astound the Shakespeareans by introducing the famous poet and playwright as a highly proficient member of an entirely different writing profession.

Most of them, doubtless, had never suspected it of their hero. Though I'm no Shakespearean, I've studied and had to take elaborate notes on everything he wrote, and I've been in the low-ceilinged room in which he was born, sat on the back steps of Ann Hathaway's cottage where he is reputed to have done his courting, and stood above his grave in the little church at Stratford-on-Avon. But I had never thought of the great Elizabethan as an essayist.

Dr. Taylor, in his "Essays of Shakespeare," has interestingly developed a project he has long had in mind of grouping Shakespeare's ideas, as uttered by his many and varying characters or in his poems, into a series of essays that could easily have been written as such. It is amazing how these lines and verses, picked from the whole range of the bard's writings, line up one after the other to form

an essay of remarkable unity and clarity. It's a new kind of mosaic, but the small bits form into amusing, interesting, and meaningful patterns.

The subjects given the essays by Dr. Taylor read very much like Bacon's or others of his day, and one of the scholars who saw advance galleys of the book commented that "although Bacon could never have written Shakespeare, it is pleasant to know that Shakespeare might have written Bacon's essays."

There are more than fifty of the essays, with an introduction and a key in the back of the book showing from which play or poem each mosaic bit was taken. The reader who delights in Shakespeare and fancies himself an expert in spotting quotations from the bard can quickly check his knowledge with the aid of this key. And he'll get much amusement doing it. The essays are on such subjects as truth, time, love, lust, marriage and single life, sleep, fortune, ambition, drinking, virtue of laughter, mental pain, life, death, suicide, riches, beauty, honor, music, mobs, politics and politicians, peace, war, nature, a perfect man, a perfect woman, virginity, a horse, England—and many others.

And it's remarkable how modern his essays are, too, as modern as are his plays. They have the same virtue of timelessness. For instance, think of Mr. Vishinsky's ravings before the council of the United Nations and then read "A Big Talker." Or even better, have a look at the short, fat sister wearing one of those too-awful-length new skirts and then turn to page 86 and read "On the Force of Custom": "New customs, though they be never so ridiculous . . . yet are followed . . . for use almost can change the stamp of nature . . ."

Who says the bard of Avon wasn't a poet, dramatist—and essayist, yes, and profound philosopher!