

Bookmarks

IN A paper delivered before a conference of the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago some months ago Arthur E. Bestor, Jr., quoted a letter which Herbert Baxter Adams of Johns Hopkins, founder of the American Historical Association, once received from a member of Congress:

Please give me below every historical illustration you can recall of the cheaper money, iron, copper, silver, paper, shells, etc., driving the dearer out. Begin with the Grecian iron money, or earlier, and, if possible, omit no historical proof of this kind in any country or in any age, winding up with the Argentine Republic, Mexico, and all others in that condition today. . . . Kindly give name of history opposite each in which I shall find such account.

How much time did he allow—twenty minutes?

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This week's special hate: Public library clients who consult the card-index *in situ*, thereby blocking off the entire K-to-Q section.

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Not long since two real books about make-believe books appeared at almost the same moment, thoroughly independent the one of the other, and two thousand miles apart. One was John Webster Spargo's "Imaginary Books and Libraries," issued by the Caxton Club of Chicago (a company

of gentlemen who take their books as seriously as they do their Christmas punch, and do a handsome job in each department). The other was "Catalogue of Choice Books Found by Pantagruel in the Abbey of St. Victor," as devised by François Rabelais, translated by Walter Klinefelter, and printed by the Grabhorn Press for William P. Wreden of Burlingame, California, an alert and personable bookseller who occasionally turns publisher (which booksellers began as anyway). The basis of the fake book-title is the pun; Rabelais, to this end, used both French and Latin, singly or in tandem, though many of his allusions are pure Choc-taw today (nothing vanishes quite so utterly as last year's jokes—remember Little Audrey?). Mr. Spargo, too, has something to say about Rabelais, and then moves on to consider, in spirited reporting, other French plus German, Italian, English, and American title playboys. One can readily picture the high fun Thomas Hood had in naming dummy books for the Duke of Devonshire (his grace

wanted to blot out a door he didn't like): "Cursory Remarks on Swearing," "Johnson's Contradictionary," "The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron."

* * *

In his shudderful "The Captive Mind" Czeslaw Milosz cites a Polish poet who was absorbed into "the New Faith" and received, as a reward, a commission to translate "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It is conceivable that his pen must have wiggled slightly when he came to one of Bottom's speeches:

That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant.

* * *

A fountain pen's sponsors announce that it can write "up to 70,000 words without refilling." What words—a, or antidisestablishmentarianism?

—J. T. W.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 540

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 540 will be found in the next issue.

"HR PUU RPEUXJCK, LH

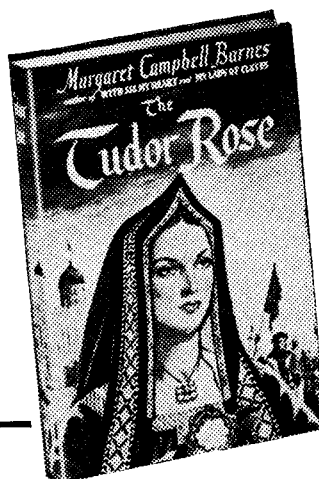
RPEU EG P MELLEAEKV EK

LDC MHJKL."—MPULCJ

UPGBHJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 539

We all like people who do things, even if we only see their faces on a cigar-box lid.—Willia Cather



MARGARET CAMPBELL BARNES

The author of My Lady of Cleves, Brief Gaudy Hour, With All My Heart, etc.

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Beginnings of an Innovator

"The Life and Works of Sigmund Freud: Volume One," by Ernest Jones, M. D. (Basic Books. 428 pp. \$6.75), covers the formative years and the great discoveries of the pioneer psychoanalyst. It is reviewed here by Dr. Bertram D. Lewin, New York psychiatrist and former president of the American Psychoanalytic Association.

By Bertram D. Lewin, M.D.

THE first volume of Ernest Jones's projected three-volume biography of Sigmund Freud, just published, is an important and illuminating work. Covering forty-four years of Freud's life, from birth to the publication of "The Interpretation of Dreams" (1856-1900), it is accurately subtitled "The Formative Years," for these were the years of his childhood and of his development as a man and a scientist. It is the magnificent result of what Dr. Jones calls "a dauntingly stupendous task." Stupendous it certainly was, for the author had at his disposal not only Freud's published works, which contain so much biography, overtly or implicitly, but also some 2,500 letters, including 1,500 written by Freud to his future wife during their four years of engage-

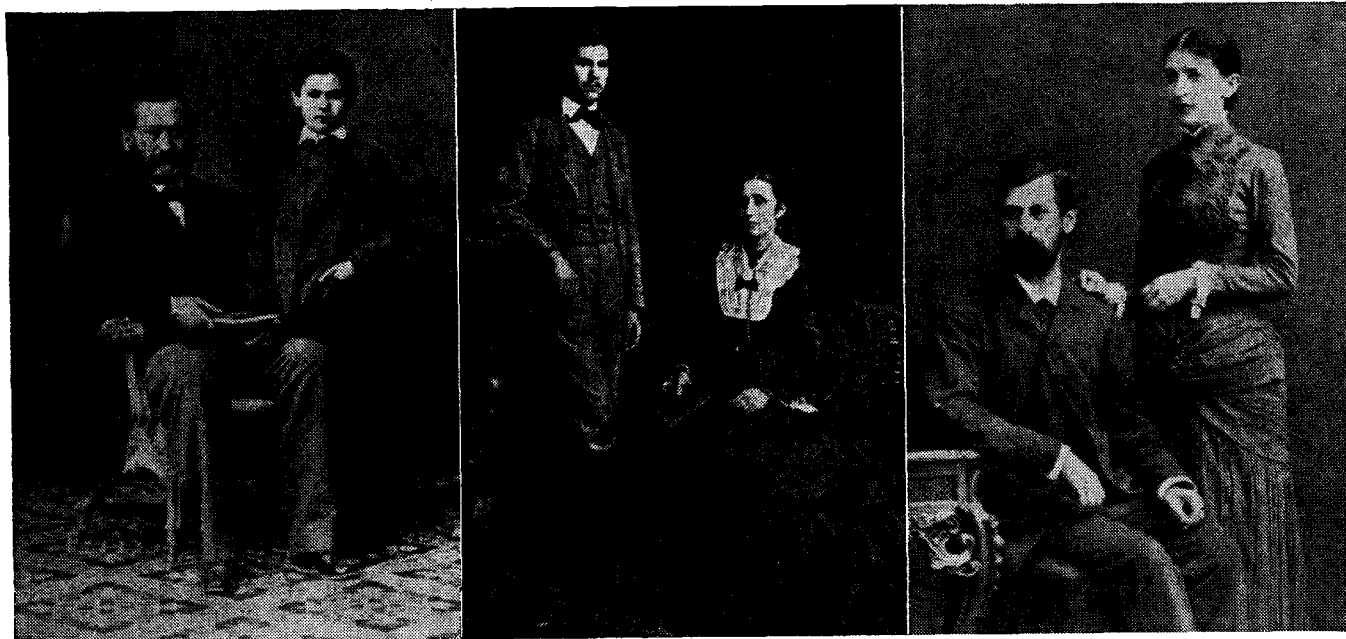
ment. In addition, there were a vast number of miscellaneous letters, official papers, and the published and unpublished letters which Freud wrote to his intimate friend, Wilhelm Fliess, between 1887 and 1902.

If Ernest Jones found the task stupendous there are no signs of his having been daunted. Freud is most fortunate in his biographer. Dr. Jones was a close student, colleague, and friend for some forty years, and for many of them the president of the International Psychoanalytical Association. A frequent visitor at Freud's home, he says and proves in the writing that he was free of immature hero-worship. His range of interests permitted him a broad understanding, and he possesses besides an impeccable standard of scholarship and a rare gift of literary organization and exposition. His prefatory apologia for making public, so soon after Freud's death, much that Freud would have wished to remain private strikes the reviewer as completely sound. Ernest Jones is obviously factual in stating that postponement would have left a vacuum, to be filled by curious legends already in the process of invention. Some legends in the field are simple scurrilous attacks, while others have been published under such titles as "The Apotheosis of Sig-

mund Freud" and even "Freud the God." Ernest Jones speaks to his serious and real contemporaries and not to a putatively wiser posterity. The reviewer also agrees with the author that his British nationality offers an advantage. Besides that which comes from accidental circumstances, there is the general implication of the Boswell rather than the Eckermann tradition. For this is not a popular biography but "an endeavor to present as truthful an account of Freud's life as is in my power."

THE reviewer finds his task a bit stupendous, too, for he has learnt much from this book. It and Freud's life demand not just one general review but many special ones too, for psychoanalysts, medical historians, neurologists, and many others may profit from chapters which have the quality of comprehensive monographs. Yet there is an impressive overall picture of the man and his work and of their reciprocal relationship, which is gradually developed or skilfully built up (it is hard to say which) through myriads of significant details.

We are told of Freud's origin in a middle-class Austrian Jewish family and given interesting insights into this milieu. The facts of his infancy are complemented, since Freud has recounted them, by a description of his fantasies of that period, certainly a unique biographical contribution. We are also given what is known as his boyhood and adolescence, of schooldays and friends, and of his studies. Finally we find him a young man of firm character, who as a young doctor is possessed by an as-



—From "The Life and Works of Sigmund Freud."

Freud at six, with father; at sixteen, with mother; with fiancée, Martha Bernays, 1885—"a great theory, a method that can be taught."