

teacher girl friend. "Pregnant?" our first girl asks him, just like that, and you're off.  
—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

**ELIZABETHAN MARRIAGE:** "There never was a man born spared his women-folk knowledge of his desires. And their desires all are simple." So speaks a sharp-tongued woman in Constance Beresford-Howe's "*My Lady Greensleeves*" (Ballantine, Cloth-bound, \$3. Paperbound, 35¢), an unusual study of a marriage in Elizabethan England.

It is true indeed of Piers Winter, lord of a manor in Berkshire. The simple desires of Piers are basically for a manchild, for a dutiful compliance from his wife and daughters, and for a prosperous and well-run household. He has the latter, but he has lost a number of the desired sons in infancy, and now his luck is running out on the compliance of his womenfolk, largely because he has confused this passive compliance with love.

Avys Winters is embittered by the blind insensitivity of her husband's demands upon her. It was not always so, but she has almost lost the recollection of the short time when she felt otherwise. Instead, she falls under the spell of the widower Henry Brandon, her cousin, to whom she had narrowly missed being betrothed. Thus it is that Avys, a woman by character and temperament inclined to fidelity, finds herself an adulteress.

The book moves slowly toward a reconciliation of the broken marriage in its second part. The events that befall Avys in this section do not seem wholly convincing to me, at times smacking of "East Lynne" in Elizabethan dress. Yet this may be capacious, for the material does have a tone of authenticity as it explores a contrasting stratum of the life of the period.

"My Lady Greensleeves" is not the kind of story we are accustomed to have told against this background. It touches neither the high politics and intrigues nor the personalities of its era, and it has none of the qualities of the standard costume romance. Its interest is centered in characterization and the portrait of an Elizabethan marriage. The heart of it is Piers's slow discovery of the answer to his question: "What is it, then, that knits a man and woman close? Some kindliness of love, compassion given and received . . .?" —EDMUND FULLER.



## NEW EDITIONS

### Winds of Ispahan

**A**LL THE WORLD loves a clever rogue, so long as he has charm as well as guile, and Hajji Baba, famous son of a famous barber of Ispahan, is one of the most charming of his breed. I first met him, unless my memory is playing me tricks, in Carl Van Vechten's library, somewhere around 1922. Now he has moved into the Modern Library—"Hajji Baba of Ispahan" (\$1.45), by James Morier, with an introduction by Richard D. Altick. He wears well with age, his adventures have not gone stale; his resourcefulness is as amusing as ever, his courage in the face of disaster as admirable, his rationalization of his amoral conduct as ingenious. Morier, as he declares in an Introductory Epistle, set out with the intention of producing an Eastern counterpart of "that excellent picture of European life, 'Gil Blas' of Le Sage." He ended by writing a picaresque satire that, in my judgment, surpasses its model.

On his first page he strikes an easy narrative pace, and he maintains it until his last page almost without faltering. His powers of invention delight us from the outset, and do not fail thereafter. His satirical blade is always sharp, his comedy lively and abundant. He is for us a one-book man, because he never managed to match his great success, despite his subsequent attempts to do so; but when he published "Hajji Baba," in 1924, he published a masterpiece—and how many authors can claim as much? Now the Modern Library introduces him to a wider audience than he has known before, and invites a new generation to read of Hajji's triumphs and calamities as merchant's servant, Turcoman's prisoner, water-carrier, smoke-seller, dervish, executioner, lover of Zeenab, holy man, scribe, matrimonial agent, thief, supposed murderer, pretended descendant of the Prophet, husband of a rich widow, exposed impostor, ambassador's secretary, historian of Europe, and grand vizier's favorite. *Marshallah!*

Two other new volumes in the Modern Library are "The Selected Poetry of Lord Byron" (\$1.45), edited with an introduction by Leslie Marchand; and "The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes, His Speeches, Essays, Letters, and Judicial Opinions" (Giant, \$2.45), selected and edited with introduction and commentary by Max Lerner. Byron is not as great a poet as he was once supposed to be, when

he spoke for his own generation, but he is a far greater poet than this generation seems to realize. Mr. Marchand's introduction, which dwells chiefly on "Childe Harold," is perceptive, and his selections are extensive; but "Don Juan," the best of the boiling, is missing because of its length. Mr. Lerner's book—first published in 1943—fulfills with remarkable amplitude, within less than 500 pages, the promise of its title and subtitle. "There are those," writes Mr. Lerner, "who compare Holmes with John Marshall. The comparison is unjust to both men. Unlike Marshall, Holmes is a great man regardless of whether he was a great justice. He will probably leave a greater effect on English style and what young men dream and want than upon American constitutional law."

**T**HE Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes" is dedicated to Felix Frankfurter. Justice Frankfurter's own brief but important book, "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti, a Critical Analysis for Lawyers and Laymen," has been reissued by Academic Reprints (\$3), with a new introduction by Edmund M. Morgan. The injustice accorded Sacco and Vanzetti, thanks to the conduct of their trials by Judge Thayer and the acceptance of ridiculous testimony, was incredible in 1927 when Mr. Frankfurter wrote his analysis; it is, if possible, even more incredible in retrospect. But any attempt to equate this case with that of the Rosenbergs is, of course, an act of partisan obfuscation.

When Byron wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" he was, as Mr. Marchand points out, imitating Pope's "Dunciad," by way of Gifford's "Maeviad" and "Baviad." To "The Dunciad" itself the fifth volume of the scrupulously and elaborately edited Twickenham Edition of the Poems of Alexander Pope is devoted, the poem being presented with introduction, notes, and scholarly apparatus by James Sutherland. The fourth volume of the same edition (\$6, like its successor) contains "Imitations of Horace," "An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," and "Epilogue to the Satires," edited by John Butt. In the "Twickenham," scholarship does for a great poet all that scholarship can do. This is the "Pope" for those who can afford it. The edition, of course, is still in the making.  
—BEN RAY REDMAN.



## Manet and His Contemporaries



"The Railroad"—"the result was uneasiness rather than pride."

**M**ANY critics, writing about Édouard Manet from his day to ours, have used or implied the word "aloof." The word is probably inescapable, for in personality, attainment, and historical position Manet stands a little apart from his leading colleagues in the French art of his century. His relative affluence tended to separate him from his fellow artists; his painting is an isolated phenomenon compared to that of, say, Monet; like Ingres before him, he was not an inevitable force in the evolution of post-rococo painting as David was and Delacroix, Courbet, and Cézanne, to mention only four men who directed traffic at important artistic intersections. Yet Manet's oblique influence on later painters has been immense. Without him the impressionist movement would have come more slowly into being. Without him the modern easel picture's claim to autonomous validity, free of thematic allusions, would even now be more seriously in dispute.

Manet has held his high place in the history of art primarily because of his extraordinary technical eloquence.

One might assume that this eloquence, combined with the artist's frequent use of accepted compositional formulae, would have won him an easy approbation in his lifetime. He should not have been almost impossibly hard to take, as Cézanne was or Gauguin or Van Gogh. In retrospect Manet's painting does not seem to have been deeply eccentric, with some exceptions. Nor was it at first revolutionary, considering how much he owed in youth to earlier Spanish masters like Velasquez and Goya, whose qualities were conceded by most informed members of the mid-nineteenth-century art public. Yet time after time over a period of twenty years (1859-79) Manet met with harsh rebuffs from critics and the jurors of the Salon. The story of his tribulations has now been recounted in a valuable book, "*Manet and His Critics*," by George Heard Hamilton (Yale University Press, \$5).

One of Manet's main difficulties was in persuading critics and the public that everyday reality was as valid a subject for painting as more exalted themes (religious, historical, literary,

allegorical, etc.). Courbet had run interference for him in this direction, and it is surprising that his progress wasn't easier. But Courbet's left-wing political position, reflected in his art in widely varying degrees, had provided him with a definable platform and impassioned adherents. Among the latter was Jules-Antoine Castagnary, who at one point disliked Manet's art because it took no social stand. In Mr. Hamilton's words, "Himself a man of profound liberal convictions, he [Castagnary] distrusted an art which seemed increasingly inclined to deal only on its own terms with matters of purely private interest."

**L**ATER on Castagnary became an ardent defender of Manet. But his reservations regarding Manet's subject matter were shared and expressed by a great number of less sensitive critics and by the public throughout the artist's career. Perhaps a basic trouble was that the urban middle-classes in France did not yet know their own strength in the matter of pictorial appeal. They could finally accept Watteau's *fêtes galantes* as depicting a society remote from their own and more glamorous; they had once taken pleasure in being converted into Romans by Jacques Louis David; they could tolerate, if grudgingly, Courbet's tributes to workers and to the land and villages from which they all came. But here was Monsieur Manet, a Parisian to his fingertips, trying to convince them that they themselves were a proper subject for art. The result was uneasiness rather than pride, an uneasiness which persisted despite the bourgeoisie's rise to uncontested power, and it accounts in part for the dull reception accorded the greatest of all monuments to middle-class Parisian society—Seurat's "*La Grande Jatte*."

Manet's technique, now widely admired, to his contemporaries was as troublesome as his subject matter. By a majority of his critics his pictures were condemned as unfinished and sloppy, chiefly because he did not use conventional modeling as even Courbet had done in his own way. Instead, Manet often defined his subjects in space through broad oppositions of tone, leading the way in this respect for later artists like Gauguin and Matisse. His color was frequently arbitrary and gave offense to laymen and professionals alike. The critics were also repelled by his immediacy of expression and by his attempt to give the atmospheric essence rather than the details of scenes that interested him. But the impressionists knew what he was about. Though they never persuaded him to take part in their exhibitions, their understand-