

are strongly drawn, the climax done with authority. In addition, it is wonderfully readable as fiction.

**OUT OF CAPE COD:** In "Native Island" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3) Gerta Kennedy uses simple form and rhyme scheme with moving lyric effect. With but few rhetorical devices she achieves poignant expression.

A housewife and native of Cape Cod, Mrs. Kennedy in her first book furnishes her poems out of the materials of her life. Local atmosphere is strong in many poems, and in personal feelings of love, religion, domesticity, and oncoming age this color is given telling power in quite a few lines. Her faults are integral to her style; the large, passionate statement towards which she works fails her from time to time due to excessive reliance on sweeping rhythm and rhyme, at the expense of precision in imagery and idea. That this is not fatal can be seen in such strong, well-organized poems as "Eighth Anniversary," "Lullaby," "Song of Years," "Poetry, or Madness," and "Native Island," the last the outstanding and longest piece in the book. Illustrations are by Georgianna Nyman.

—DAVID IGNATOW.

**FROM THE CHINESE:** Although it, too, makes various claims to excellence, "100 Poems From the Chinese," se-

lected and translated by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions, \$3.50), falls short of his preceding volume, "100 Poems from the Japanese." Chinese requires a subtler, more oblique interpretation than Japanese; its ideograms and its pivotal words allow a prodigious number of alternate meanings, making it simpler for the translator, particularly in free verse, to interpret the concentrated image more liberally, more in accordance with his own temperament, and making it not impossible to obscure it altogether. If one is ignorant of Chinese, one's critical sense must be speculative rather than positive; yet, it seems to me—and I say this with the utmost in Chinese self-effacement—that there are poems where the full innuendo of the metaphor has not been entirely captured.

The same economy and delicacy are present here, the same marvelous pictorial sensibility and an even greater sensuality—these poems are radiant with color—than in the Japanese anthology. The tonal quality is somewhat dull, however, and the cadences suggest Mr. Rexroth's own poetry more than the Japanese did. Present in the Japanese collection, which one misses here, is that best example of Mr. Rexroth's critical acumen, an informative and entertaining introduction. However, the lively notes in back partially make up for this last.

—DACHINE RAINER.



## Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich  
"PERCHANCE TO DREAM"



Francis R. McGlynn of Washington, D.C., offers a group of fictional characters (novels, plays, a short story) who saw things at night. Can you, from these short descriptions of the visionaries and their visions, identify the works in which they slept their troubled sleeps? Awakenings on page 56.

1. This young university student dreamed that a riotous and drunken crowd piled into a wagon whose driver thereupon beat his decrepit horse to death because the animal could not pull the load.
2. While his father brooded over the debts which his sporting son had contracted in his name the son dreamed that he was driving in a chariot race.
3. A recurrent dream in which the dreaming man met a dark-haired girl in a region which he calls the Golden Country is repeated in actuality.
4. A young American writer dreamed that he was walking along a vast, deserted street with identical brownstone buildings, searching vainly for a familiar entrance.
5. Shortly before his death this clergyman dreamed about the mountains of Nebraska.
6. This little girl had a nightmare in which she saw her father's head lying in a ditch.
7. This youthful bellhop dreamed he was in the esophagus of a giant who tried to pull him out with his finger.
8. This consort of a famous ruler had a dream in which her husband's subjects bathed in his blood.
9. This adolescent girl dreamed she was swimming through an immense lake of people.
10. On the eve of an attack this young guerilla soldier dreamed that he was visited by Greta Garbo.

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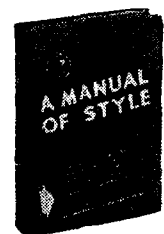
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**BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT****The Road to Incline Heights**

**I**N ROBERT SHERWOOD'S "The Road to Rome" (1926), Fabius Maximus's wife has an affair with Hannibal to persuade him to spare Rome. The late playwright's final play "Small War on Murray Hill" sets out with a similar intrigue, but this time the locale is Incline Heights on Manhattan during the American Revolution. Pretty young Mrs. Murray waylays General Howe with her hospitality and thereby permits the American forces to escape his invading forces.

Unfortunately, the new comedy emerges as diligent but tired theatre in both writing and performance. Leo Genn's General Howe is burdened with battle fatigue that is soon caught by the audience. When he and Mrs. Murray finally get around to "ultimate hospitality" they face its delights with as much enthusiasm as if they were headed for a game of canasta. And the next morning the fun of receiving the cuckolded husband's solicitations is mostly missed.

Except for a couple of good Sherwoodian asides, the dialogue remains surprisingly undistinguished. Boris Aaronson's colonial house and old New York background is charming, although neophyte cartographers may never quite be sure whether the handsome red-and-green arrows moving across a projected old map of Manhattan represent military deployments or General Howe's marching hormones.

**O**FF-BROADWAY, Charles Morgan's "The River Line" delves into the mysteries of the human conscience with integrity, sensitivity, and perceptiveness. In Act I a young American wonders whether or not to tell his prospective fiancée that he has been involved in the wartime murder of a suspected spy who had been one of a group of Allied soldiers hiding out in Occupied France as part of an organized escape system. Since this debate is carried on in an atmosphere of philosophic calm and refined British social amenities, the young man seems more shy and coy than profoundly disturbed. But Act II, in which there is a flashback of the events leading up to the murder, does achieve the suspense and color of a first-class play, and Mr. Morgan is back in business. However, Act III suffers a relapse; we watch the young man receive absolution from his fiancée, the murdered

man's half-sister, who, through an extraordinary extrasensory bit, communicates her half-brother's compassion towards his murderers.

Perhaps out of respect for the play's subject matter, director Stuart Vaughan and a cast headed by Beatrice Straight and Sada Thompson avoid heightened feelings; strong emotion is a form of the violence Mr. Morgan wishes us to transcend. Thus, this production might be described as a quiet search for what the playwright terms "an inner grace." Admirable as these objectives may be, the result is low-intensity transmission of material that needs all the power it can be given.

**"Purple Dust"** might be called the Irish version of "George Washington Slept Here." In this case the tenants are two monstrosly stuffy and hypocritical members of the British bourgeoisie, and Sean O'Casey carves them up with a total lack of inhibition. That part of the plot is hilarious that has to do with the two Britishers suffering the torture of living in a decrepit old castle because they find its antiquity charming. The sequences in which an English squire battles a huge lawn-roller and a crusty old chest is hauled around by some Irish workmen with no reverence for antiques are uproarious, too. And you will chuckle at the pseudo-scholar who "passed through Oxford" by foreshadowing "Waiting for Godot" in elucidating the simple into confusion.

But the other part of the plot, where the Englishmen's mistresses abandon their dull security for an earthier life with two Irish hearties, only occasionally emerges with a life of its own. While O'Casey himself calls "Purple Dust" "a wayward comedy," director Philip Huston and his cast do not succeed in making the play's colorful digressions as delightful as they do its farce.

—HENRY HEWES.

