novel of Harlem

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" first literary expression of the coloured man's impatience with the white, his mounting anger--an important

statement." BURNS SINGER, The Listener " riorous,

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'A fascinating piece of I

The

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CALDER.

MARSHALL

'Admirably written, in-

and enticingly told, this

is a story about a ghost

which even the most

EVENTNG STANDARD

IN A CLOUD

OF 5MOKE ...

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sceptical of sceptics will

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i geniousiy worked out,

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Held to ransom in the name of Peace a plane full of V.I.P.s circle helplessly over an "H" test atoil.

JAMES MACGREGOR A CRY TO HEAVEN 16/

HEINEMANN

i bi

IICIIONTOO LONG IN THE

WEST

by the author of The Dark Dancer.'

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## 

By STEPHEN SPENDER

Stories of a Lifetime by Thomas Mann. Secher & Warburg, 2 vols., 25s each.

Will the normal bourgeois

have said the same thing of his decadent, perverse, cruel, and not this collision between for

I don't here mean that it is the story of the writer's own life: Sickness and Health but that his work grows, like a tree with far-spreading roots, into He dramatises again and again an outer contemporary history far the situation of the healthy tion which expresses a breakdow removed from his subjective self, writer, surrounded by affected of human consciousness so cor but which yet, through under- and unhealthy artists, and plete that the reader wonders he

has made himself. in exo that has an amazingly ex. dipped into a test-tube filled with "Decline and Fall," but about the tensive power of transforming serm-laden toxic contemporary civilisation of his own Europe. outside things into the writer's life. own blood.

Incredibly Wide

which are inspired by Renaissance "Death in Venice." tion is creakingly evident. the reader is made to feel that towards the life around him.

Stories of a Lifetime, apart bealth itself is only a form of the Fascinated by Wagner, he do from a half-dozen such failures, sickness. In "Mario and the for our time, in the novel and U gives one a concentrated and Magician" he is left wondering story, something very similar enthralling portrayal of that world why the sensible, right-minded what Wagner did for the 191 of stolid yet agonised sensitivity parents who took their little son century; he turns contempor which is Thomas Mann. One sus- and daughter to see the appailing social struggles into legends or pects not only that the centre of display of tricks by the hunch-veyed with a power whit his inspiration is what Keats, back, Cipolla, Jid not take the hypnotises us, writing of Wordsworth, called the children back home during the "Mario and the Magician" "egotistical-sublime," but that interval, (it was already nearly the most obvious example of co the antennae of sympathy through midnight.) which he reached into the world were his own family, and a circle of friends who had become almost Mann family acquisitions. Unlike the Munich aesthetes, immediately contemporary as The human group with which the expressionists, Kafka, Joyce, newspaper story turn into fair he deals is basically the middle- and many others. Mann did not tale legend under our eyes. class 20th-century German family, allow the medium of his prose. But beyond the history while drawing room, until the day seeming personality, to become over these stories of the unde

TOETHE once said that his Europo-is bouldly normal hard- scious of the contrast between \*F poetry was auto- working and bounders but that the very discouraging character biography, and Thomas Mann, the life he perceives around him, and events, and the traditions

the form and language are vented by the subject. Mann style is that of the appalled iron historian writing traditions about events in a phase of civili ground and hidden channels, he stricken to the soul by his un- such a narrator can have t healthy subject-matter. One discipline, control and health He is an objective writer watches his tough and normal be writing this history. He hi indeed, but the objectivity is of creative consciousness being something of Gibbon writing th

Patrician Air

tissue be able to resist the effects of that immersion which Mann has always the air of th began when God decided that the patrician from the Hanse He is his own incredibly wide sound boy from Lübeck had to be North. In becoming an artist, t nature: he is not an inventor, a writer? In some of the stories patrician is himself perhaps When, for example, through intel- the projected Mann-figure with traitor to bourgeois standard lectual interest in history, he tries mens sana in corpora sano be- but he insists on writing in to invent—as, here, in "Gladius comes the moral victim of the style and with the standards Dei." and "Fiorenza," both of decay. This is the theme of the bourgeois, He maintains th tradition of Goethe through t Florence—the failure of imagina- Sometimes, more mysteriously, exercise of sustained ire

temporary history (Mussolini' Italy) turned into magic legen-This story is an amazing tour o force in which we see events

claustrophobically shut in the any more than his robust- casts such an ominous shador comes when one or other of its the object of the chaos he was mined bourgeois consciousnes members is transferred to the describing. In technique and there lies something still mor language he remained obstinately terrible, of which history is on! One situation recurs in these anti-modern, just for this reason, the expression; the precarior stories; that the whiter as man, reading these stories, written unsatisfactory and doom and as artist -- in striking contrast over a period of more than half a human condition, in any societ to most confemporary writers in century, one is disturbingly con- under any circumstances.

## Ordinary Chao by John Lehmann

GODFREY SMITH, The Business of Loving, Gollancz, 18s.

Describing Chaos

LIS publishers describe God-LA frev Smith's new novel as being "contemporary" and very far from "anary." It seems to me little short of tragic that one cannot now escape these categones - that a young writer is either in them or not in them.

This idea, so sedulously propagated, that there has been a kind of non-stop rugger match going on, between the Angries and the anti-Angries, ever since "Lucky ! lim" was published, is not only a grotesque simplification but puts the achievement of many young writers in a totally false perspec-

Meaningless Term

I haven't much idea what the description "contemporary" Breater writer before him. means, except as a fashion-term. The hero, Benny, is set against. There's a very amusing portrain in connection with furniture, his friend Feirx; Benny, even of an eccentric headmaster of Every good novelist is contem- before he has had any experience preparatory school, but in general porary, in the sense of creating of it, thinks love the most excit. I don't think wit is an outstanding within the environment and ideas ing and transforming thing in the characteristic of "The Business i of his time: even Firbank was world, while Felix starts off as Loving." It is often sentiments contemporary. In any case. Mr. that familiar figure, the wise- and nostalgic (in a way I rather a bit—there is a story about readable novel and a warm- remains more or less that way to neople is shrewd. hearted novel.

The Business of Loving is in. attitudes. deed concerned with just that, in They belong to the generation found way. What I applaud in particular the way young people that was at school during the war, that anyone who has been through set about it, explore it, and be-just graduating into the Services the mill of modern journalism come either believers or cynics, at the end of it; and in many ways. Mr. Smith has, should write Sacred and profane, simost every the best part of the book des- novel so agreeably un-hardboile

In addition I must confess that description of passion at which "Penguin New Writing," appar-

the end, the prisoner of his own What I miss is anything the

variation of love/sex is there, in- cribes how they and their friends. Five minutes, at the most,

boys and girls all going to the local grammar school, grow up to gether in a Hampshire valle feeling their way into life throug a have of dawning adult em tions: it is fresh, authentic an douching.

"Jaw about Jazz"

litere, at any rate, the your atmosphere of the time is nice! caught. Aidous Huxley and Hem ingway are the great Ancestor school teaching is revolutionis by new masters who were Repu lican enthusiasts during the Span ish Civil War, while their pup liaw about lazz and philosophy it's a thrill to know someone wh cluding an attempted lyrical knows Auden; and the editor of Mr. Smith fails like many a ently, gives encouragement by

startles the imagination in a pro

## Misfortunes by the Legion

By JOHN GROSS

STORM JAMESON, Last Score. Macmillan. 16s. JOHN STROUD, On the Loose, Longmans, 16s. TAMES BALFOUR, The Glory Boy. New Authors, 16s. JAMES GARFORD, Seventeen Come Sunday, Faber, 16s. TAY BAKER, Night of the Fair. Macdonald, 16s.

Score is set, the Governor's in the nick of time. furtive affair with the step-daugh- the stuff of a tear-jerking teleter of his bitterest opponent, the vision documentary. But the editor of the colony's one liberal author knows the world of child newspaper. The mysterious or welfare at first hand, and underganiser of a native uprising is stands the problems involved, knack of captured and turns out to be an For all his limitations as a story- fornotten details from the co

driven his prisoner to suicide, the the day, trailing clouds of Link, though; not even a slice of life Governor proceeds to beat his later and diluted Waugh. Adam but only a raw chunk. breast in public and discuss State Webster staggers through a minor secrets with careless abandon, public school in the 1930's, re- Baker, deals with derstands and forgives, but he tradition-bound Scottish regi- return to his home dies in her arms. Not the most ment, survives the war in France, in Comming and the last fi plausible plot of the year, and and ends his days blowing up a hours of his life." although Miss lameson is a pro- bridge in the Balkans. fessional who knows her audi- bumptious friend unfolds his. Disaster stares judd in the fact ence the machinery creaks story as an act of homeste, but He suspects his wife, thou alarmingly.

Elderly Spinster

I where Storm lameson's Last fairy godinother and rescues him to nothing; the family are Rome

Englishman, his mistress's hus teller, his picture of a child at lective schoolboy ! band and a fellow-Wykehamist. odds with its environment is both and everyone will recognise Having sanctioned the use of touching and humane.

torture during interrogation and The Glory Boy arrives late in most completely formly Only his long-neglected wife un. ceives a commission in a hours of Serge in the closing pages.

portrait of the artist as a young Garford, writing in an easy col loquial style, holds one's interest with a procession of seedy rela tives and sharp-tongued schoolmasters.

Adolescence suggests to him

inky fingers rather than ripening seed, and there are no startling revelations on his hero's road from primary school to national IN the imaginary British colony who is interested in his case plays service. A gift for music comes corpses, some keeping, and at Catholics, but for most of the pity that the blarney has been

Chunk of Life



Thomas Mann (1875-1955).

# 

By ADRIAN BELL

H. E. Bates, Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal. Michael Joseph, 15s. MARCEL AYME. The Proverb and other stories. Bodley Head, 16s.

MARY LAVIN, The Great Wave. Macmilian, Iós.

TN the great magazine age, A which was the railway age, when the "Strand" contained vintage Conan Doyle, short stories ended with a pair of handcuffs or a kiss. They are more subtle now, and mostly read like a chapter of a novel which might sprout in several directions but is kept to one. A sort of cordon

H. E. Bates brings several of his powers as a novelist to bear on his short stories. A distinauishing gift is his talent for backgrounds. His descriptions of scenery and weather are so real they are almost like exhalations of his characters themselves; they are very much part of the

### Old Fuddy-Duddy

His invention is exuberant. In this collection. Now Sleeps the Crimoon Petal, there is a dear old fuddy-duddy trying to recognise Sunday by its colour, and several children of nature. The sexstarved spinster is a pet of shortstory writers, but even with her Mr. Bates breaks the cliché.

At its best a short story is so condensed that, as with a poem, you can't get all of it at a first reading. "Lost Ball" is a trivial incident of an irritated solfer and a girl twiddling silver paper. But the implications are as eternal as the sea they are beside.

Mr. Bates can bludgeon, too, as in the title story of an exhibitionist who bullies a simple soul to tears with endearments. Quite other, again, his last story here, a mere character aketch of a laugh.

His subjects are as varied as his characters, from whinen hoeing in Lincolnshire to Mrs. Egiantine drunk in Tahiti, both expressing (but so differently) their want of a man. The colour of boozy Mrs. Eglantine and the colour of the sunset she stares at are both beautiful, or at least right.

#### Wife-Murderers

Marcel Aymé writes more like one of the old masters of the short story—a latter-day Stacy Aumonier. Quite gloridus is his account of two wife-murderers talking themselves into martyrs. He likes to wave the maxic wand "life rationing" which puts people "out" for weeks at a time. And there is a queer little Excelsior-like professional cyclist who rides on the borderline of

But the best job the shortstory writer can do in to transform the trivial. Marcel Ayme does this in "The Retreat from Moscow," a fend between two schoolboys, and in a pariour scene called The Proverb, from which the book (translated by Norman Denny) takes its title. The stuff of these is very ordi-

nary, as humdrum as life, yet as full of comic invention as a good cartoon. Things are happening dos, the spirit droops. But lames in every corner of the pictures father wigging his son, mother dropping a saucepan in the sink and Aunt Julie fainting in a corner.

#### Keening and Key

The people in Mary Lavie's The Great Ware are talkative, being Irish. There are several e least one wife who is fev. It is a Lavin uses it quite seriously and authentically.

She writes with subtlety, building up her moment, as in the title this the story's whole point?

world of a glowy flow York

## 

By ALBERT HOURANI

The Camele Must Go by Sin Readen Bulland. Paber, 254.

THIL the first world war, a a touch of herceness. He is, it is I young man who wanted to clear, a man of very firm convic-Cambridge, where he started to carn Arabic. Persian and high on his list of virtues.

Must Go" there is a picture of the This abourd system must have author, urbane yet adamant in his Service men of curious mind and Tehran. He seems an embodiment tellectual stamina, able to live for of the patrician virtues. But when years in dull and dusty towns of he was born his father was a casual the East with profit and without labourer at the London Docks wire harm, loyal but not touchy, effi- on the day of his son's birth, had no work, and "having earned no They were conscious of the money bought no food."

Victorian London

lelisure to stand and stare, to store The first chapter, in which Sir up strange knowledge and very Reader describes candidly but quite without bitterness the life of the The Levant Service was abolished poor in late Victorian London, is of in 1936. One of its most famous extraordinary interest. He shows and successful members. Sir us the grimpess of total poverty— Reader Bullard, has dedicated to it his father, after a life of hard work his autobiography. The Camela and utler self-denial, left £20 or Must Go, and it is a worthy so when he died.

But he shows us, too, the heroic virtues of the Victorian poor—the profound self-respect, the high intellectual tone, the absence of Sir Reader has remembered all self-pity, the sturdy eccentricity, the sights and sounds and smells of like that of Miss Tuck who, living a long career spent in Istanbul and in Renteel poverty, saved a pair of Tehran, Jedda, Rabat and Lenin- silk stockings to be buried in, only grad: for example, how the Sub. 10 have them stolen by the layerlime Porte, for all the dignity of Out.

its name. "smelled of galoshes and Running through the chapter is badly-kept oriental lavatories." a story which would have pleased Some of his chapters tend to be. Samuel Smiles—that of a boy educome a series of extremely funny cated at public elementary schools, anecdotes and sharp impressions, then as a pupil teacher, then at and this could scarcely be other- night schools and correspondence wise, for a consul moves rapidly colleges, teaching himself six lanfrom post to post, and in places Ruages and passing the Levant where there is also an ambassador. Consular examination, as the only he has no dealings with high policy. Way of entering a university.

But Sir Reader's official career. The memory of his early life. ended with a post of a different gives to Sir Reader's patriotism a kind, as Ambassador at Tehran sturdy and healthy quality: bis throughout the second world war. England is not that of privilege or Here he was involved in a delicate domination, it is the country where situation, and his chapter on it is men and women give voluntary a serious and important study of service to relieve powerty, sickness relations between Britain and Per- and the loneliness of age.

sia, and between Britain. Russia It is good to know that, his traand the United States in Persia. vels ended, he found a new career All this is related in a pure and as Rural District Councillor. I elegant prose, but beneath the general adviser and friend, one of mildness and courtesy of Sir the best-loved figures of modern Reader's literary manners there is Oxford.

### Disenter's Youth

By GEORGINA BATTISCOMBE

The Young Mr. Wesley BY V. H. H. GREEN, Arnold, 35s.

WVANGELIST of the poor, sought it by way of sacrament and La apostie of non-conformity— fasting: like them, too, "he sought so the world sees John Wesley, an ultimate authority and he be-Yet the founder of Methodism was lieved that he had found it in the bred a High Churchman and spent traditions and teaching of the early nine of the most formative years of Church." his life in the comfortable quiet of "The Young Mr. Wesley" underan Oxford common-room.

cient even when eccentric.

funny stories.

disnity of their position but quite

without prejudice of race, able to

rise to a crisis yet with endless

Smell of Galoshes

mlike other young dons. He visits nine-tenths of his contemporaries: tennis, his light reading includes them."

graceless Restoration dramatists. He attends dances, and he is constantly falling in love—he likes a woman "merely because she is a woman." says his sister Hetty. Not without reason did John Wes-

the other and more important side of that event. of the picture. He tells of the erison visiting and preaching

servonai holiness.

lines the ironical truth that the John Wesley was a saint but a greatest of dissenters had a firmer very human one. The Young Mr. belief in the Church and a higher Wesley in the portrait of a don not notion of Churchmanship than taverns, he breakfasts at coffee. "I still think," he wrote as late as houses with his friends, he plays 1784, "that when the Methodists cards, backgammon, billiards and leave the Church God will leave

Conversion Omitted

Scholarly, informative and interesting, this book presupposes a certain amount of knowledge on the part of the reader. Sometimes lev ask himself: "Had be loved this knowledge is taken too much women or company more than for granted. For instance, the chapter entitled "John Wesley's Yet V. H. H. Green gives us also Conversion" contains no account

ormation of "the Holy Club," of Green is out to describe Wesley The Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln above all, of Wesley's quest for College-" I love the very sight of Oxford." Wesley wrote in old age. Like those of her "Oxford He is as much an Oxford Saint as Apostles," the Tracturians, Wesley either Keble or Newman.



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the 12-year-old hero of On the Idvil. Very Scottish, basically gets into trouble with the notice terminedly droil. and is sent to a reception centre. Scarcely a novel at all. Sevens sets the influence of an incorrigible chronicle of childhood and fairteened. A field an delinquent. His search for his adolescence in the provinces heavily overwritten in patches, real mother leads to a horrifying during and just after the last war, but with some powerful moments discovery, but an elderly spinster. At the prospect of yet another of violent action,