

The Phoenix Nest

IT'S a tiny book, price (marked on the back cover) one shilling; but it comes to our desk with a slip inclosed saying "With the Compliments of Shakespeare and Company, 12, Rue de l'Odéon, Paris (6c)." Its title is "Pomes Penyeach," which you can easily translate. It is the first collection of poetry by James Joyce since "Chamber Music."

Thirteen copies only have been printed. There are thirteen poems. "Nightpiece" is, in our opinion, the best. We have read it before, about ten years ago, reprinted from some periodical in which it appeared. We shall quote here, as more suitable to our space, "She weeps over Rahoon," which was written in Trieste in 1913:

*Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.*

*Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.*

Love, hear thou

*How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.*

*Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and
cold*

As his sad heart has lain

*Under the moongrey nettles, the black
mould*

And muttering rain.

Speaking of Joyce, we note that a new periodical, *Larus, the Celestial Visitor*, edited by John Sherry Mangan and in France by Virgil Thomson, included in its May number (Volume 1, Number 3) the now famous Protest signed with an infinite number of illustrious names, their bearers being naturally and intensely wroth at the piracy of Mr. Joyce's work in America. Think of the most eminent in English, Irish, French, German, and Belgian letters—to say nothing of Americans—and you can imagine the signatories.

So far as we have been able to discover the Protest effected just exactly nothing. The gentleman referred to in it is perfectly shielded. But the opinion of every single writer in the United States who knows anything about this affair is emphatic and final.

With *Larus* has been combined *Tempo*. The first numbers are interesting. The editorial offices of the magazine are at 12 Baker Street, Lynn, Massachusetts. Some of the early contributors have been Hart Crane, R. P. Blackmur of Cambridge, Yvor Winters, and Henry de Montherlant. The editorial comment in the numbers before us is a long continued analysis of the commercialization of the artist in modern America. We found much sense in this and it is needed.

Edwin Valentine Mitchell's *Book Notes* for June-July comes in a smaller size and more compact form. It carries quite a little book advertising, is well printed, and promises to be a less comprehensive but quite as interesting *Bookman*.

To the editor of *The Echo*, the Rocky Mountain Magazine,—yes, we should be glad to be placed on your mailing list.

Elle Smith Philipp of Milwaukee sends us the following, which we shall not save for next Ferocious Sonnet number as—it is not a sonnet. But Miss Philipp has had it in her scrap-book for years, and it is a good example of chastisement with scorpions. What Carnegie had done to offend Bierce is not remembered, but Ambrose Bierce thus retaliated—we quote him only in part:

*Must you, Carnegie, evermore explain
Your worth, and all the reasons give again
Why black and red are similarly white,
And you and God identically right.*

It goes on from there and is hot shot of the kind Bierce knew well how to fashion.

A lot of free publicity has been given in the newspapers to that work to be published by the University of Chicago, "the first American translation of the Old Testament." The new version follows the first American translation of the New Testament completed four years ago by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed of the University of Chicago. The present editors of the Old Testament translation are Professor Theophile J. Meek of McGill University, Leroy Wateman of the University of Michigan, and Dr. J. M. Powis Smith of the University of Chicago. Before us, as we write, is a very attractive small brochure of "The Song of Songs which is Solomon's," an

American translation by Theophile James Meek. We cannot say that we prefer it to the King James version. We like "the little foxes that spoil the vines" much better, as poetry, than "the little foxes that are despoiling the vineyards," and that is only one example. But the book is beautifully made. It is simply one of the books translated for "The Old Testament, An American Translation," to be published in September. This special edition of "The Song of Songs" has been prepared "for our friends in the trade," and is set in Garamond, printed on Ivory Georgian, and covered with St. Albans paper.

We have started Conrad Aiken's new novel, "Blue Voyage," and like it very much indeed so far as we have gone. As well as being a poet with power over the color of words he is a shrewd observer. The people met upon the boat are convincing people; and underlying the book is a true zest for life fighting an illusion of satiety.

If you grieved at the recent death of John Drew, did you by the way ever read his "My Years on the Stage"? Dutton is the publisher, and you had better get it if you want to recall the man vividly.

The new book by Ernest Hemingway will be called "Men Without Women" and will be published in August. In it will be "Fifty Grand," that attracted wide attention when it recently led off an issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, to the sore confusion of the shade of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich. And we are almost certain it must include the even better story that appeared in Scribner's, "The Killers,"—a whale of a tale.

Witter Bynner has announced to his publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, that his book, "The Jade Mountain," made up of 311 Chinese poems, which has been announced every year for five years, will actually be ready early in 1928, exactly ten years after he began the translations. The obstacle in the way of early completion lay in the difficulty Mr. Bynner had in conferring with his Chinese collaborator.

We should have mentioned ere this that Harold Vinal, the poet and publisher, has announced the incorporation of his business as Harold Vinal, Limited, and is further happy to state that Mr. George Morby Acklom for many years head of the Editorial Department of E. P. Dutton & Co. has joined the new firm. The address of the new firm will continue to be 562 Fifth Avenue.

The *Saturday Review* has already mentioned that Henry James has been selected as the authorized biographer of the late Charles W. Eliot, and Houghton Mifflin now announce that they expect to publish this biography some time during 1929. Mr. James is a son of the late William James, and a nephew of Henry James, the great novelist. He has long been associated with Harvard.

In the new Sandgate Edition of H. G. Wells, published by Duffield and Company are included four volumes, "The History of Mr. Polly," and "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," and "Tono-Bungay." The set sells for nine fifty.

Wilbur Macey Stone has written us in regard to a picture that our friend the QWERTYUOPTICIAN recently used to illustrate his delightful diary. The picture showed H. G. Wells bending over the globe with a pair of tongs. The legend under the picture opined that Wells was "measuring the world." "As an engineer, addicted for a generation to the use of calipers," exclaims Stone, "I grew quite peevisish at the legend. . . . He did not measure the world with that instrument! Nor did Dulac intend to show him as measuring but as grasping."

Preluding his "New Essays and American Impressions" (Holt), Alfred Noyes puts three sonnets (save that the first, as printed, has a septet rather than an octave) entitled "Our Fathers (1776-1926)." Tracing the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence to their English sources, he says melodiously:

*Wolcott, of Galdon Manor—flower and
bird*

*Twirl it through Somerset hedgerows.
Lightfoot Lee*

*Rides with John Hancock over the York-
shire fells.*

*John Hart,—ask Rosalind if he never heard
A song in Arden under the greenwood tree,
With rhymes as mellow as Meretone
marriage-bells.*

While Rudyard Kipling was in Brazil there was formed—but hold, how about that poem about the armadillo dillowing in his armor in which the Imperial poet once announced (if we mistake not) that he had "never reached Brazil" and that perhaps he never would. What price prophecy—with which aside we continue to remark that there was formed in London, without his knowledge, a society which is to bear his name and to be devoted to his works. The founders included Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, the original "Stalky," Mr. G. C. Beresford, the portrait photographer, who is the original "MacTurk," and Sir Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

We are familiar now with the *Literary Supplement* to the *Yale Daily News*, but we did not know about the monthly supplement to *The Daily Princetonian*, entitled *The Princeton Literary Observer*, until a copy floated from somewhere to our desk. It is edited by David Burnham. It is an interesting eight-page paper. Mr. Burnham writes two of the reviews himself. The second is of "Orient Express" by John Dos Passos. Mr. Burnham refers to it, toward the end of his review as "Orient Transfer." But this is not to be taken as any further indication of Princeton vs. Harvard spirit. Mr. Burnham was evidently thinking of some Manhattan express or other.

Fulton Oursler, who has been extremely busy collecting royalties from "The Spider," a spectacular Broadway success, is at work on a new novel anti-feministic in tendency. He thinks the modern girl is boyish-bobbing her immortal soul.

A divertingly original application for a job was recently received by *The Saturday Review* from one who must remain anonymous. But any magazine editor who fancies the spirit of the applicant will be furnished confidentially with his name and address upon evincing real interest:

*If you wish in this world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance;
You must stir it and stomp it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!*
—W. S. Gilbert, in "Ruddigore."

*As I'm here in this world to advance,
My merits I herein enhance;
I'm not flippant or fliberty
To imitate Gilbert,
Though seeking a job with the chance!*

*My tale can be read at a glance:
'Tis magazine work that I fancy—
Y; I'm twenty-nine, single,
With just enough jingle,
A fling at this thing to finance.*

Ask these of my working expanse,
My wisdom, invention, and stance;
Then place to your credit
A lad who would edit,—
Who'll work for a song,—but no dance!*
*Address of References. . . .

We hear excellent rumors of a new novel upon which Compton Mackenzie is working. But he declares it will be at least six volumes long! Naturally he won't have it ready for several years. His last was "Rogues and Vagabonds" (Doran).

George Barr McCutcheon, we see, has returned to Old Graystark with "The Inn of the Hawk and Raven." More than twenty-five years ago he wrote the first of his tales concerning this mythical realm. In the new one he has a robber band (not a "rubber band") in the mountains, and all that. He has probably been having an extremely good time over it all.

Blanche Colton Williams has very kindly sent us the following, from the Thackeray Hotel, opp. the British Museum, in London: Rare sport at Sotheby's this afternoon. Low Leigh's Shakespeare folios were up: First Folio Edition, 1623; Second Impression, Second Folio Edition, 1632; Third Folio Edition, Second Issue, 1664; The Fourth Edition, 1685.

Bidding began at £1,000 and shot quickly to £6,000. Gabriel Wells, who got the lot, looked happy. So did the auctioneer.

. . . . Well, hooray for Gabriel! Gabriel evidently played his trump!

THE PHOENICIAN.

ERRATUM

By an unfortunate error of the composing room a dash was inserted in John Bennett's poem "I Want an Epitaph" (run in the last issue of the *Saturday Review*) between the last line and the one preceding it, thereby decapitating the poem.

The New Books Poetry

(Continued from page 13)

duced. Mrs. Crosby's series of sonnets has a number of pleasing lines and a certain charm. Mr. Crosby plunges into decadence in his own series and his predilection is far less original. Naturally Salambo and Baudelaire and Sappho and Salome come to play their parts and furnish grotesquerie for Alastair but the fascination in this kind of thing expired with the passing of Beardsley and Wilde. Why the attempt at resuscitation? It is to assume an outworn pose, Mrs. Crosby has not entangled herself in such tinselled trappings. Her sequence proceeds from the actual and is fresh with her own emotions. But again we wonder at the gorgeous formats of books that enshrine work never in any sense great, while the great work almost invariably comes to us through the usual channels, or in even meaner dress than the ordinary publishers give it.

DANTE'S ECLOGUES. Translated by Wilmon Brewer. Cornhill.

HERO AND LEANDER. By Brooks More. Cornhill. \$1.

SONGS OF FOUR DECADES. By Arthur H. Goodenough. Athol, Mass.: Recluse Press.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON POEMS. Third Series. \$2.

Science

EVERYDAY ELECTRICITY. By Joseph R. Lunt. Macmillan.

STUDIES IN OPTICS. By A. A. Michelson. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

HOST-PARASITE RELATIONS BETWEEN MAN AND HIS INTESTINAL PROTOZOA. By Robert Hegner. Century.

THE ROMANCE OF CHEMISTRY. By William Foster. Century. \$3.

CREATION. By Edwin Tenney Brewster. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50.

THE SEVEN SEAS OF SCIENCE. By Joseph Mayer. Century. \$3.50.

WHAT IS THE ATOM? By E. U. da C. Coudrade. Harpers. \$1.

MODERN ASTRONOMY. By Hector Macpherson. Oxford University Press. \$2.

FRANCIS DRAKE. By John W. Robertson. San Francisco: Grabhorn.

Travel

WHEN YOU GO TO LONDON. By H. V. Morton. Harpers. 1927. \$2.50.

TOURING ENGLAND. By Sydney R. Jones. Scribners. 1927. \$2.75.

THE HOMELAND OF ENGLISH AUTHORS. By Ernest H. Rann. Dutton. 1927. \$2.50.

Mr. Morton specifically disclaims having attempted to write a guide book but even for a volume of impressions his "When You Go to London" leaves much to be desired. He has followed the plan of displaying the city month by month, sketching in distinctive festivities in their calendar order, depicting the life of the town rather than its points of interest, and trying to convey its mood and nature. But he has overweighted his narrative with trivialities in the effort to give it sprightliness, and he has sentimentalized rather than characterized. His book is entirely undistinguished.

Mr. Jones's "Touring Through England," on the other hand, suffers from its baldness. It is a good, workmanlike description of the different districts of England, containing much that is informative, but making little attempt at general readability. The tourist either by foot or by motor who desires to discover the beauties of the English countryside and to search out the outstanding features of its various towns and hamlets will find "Touring Through England" a careful and useful guide. But those many travelers who journey over again in books ground they have once passed through in the actuality will find it dry reading.

Mr. Ernest H. Rann, in "The Homeland of English Authors," has furnished a volume which this latter type of traveler will enjoy. It is a discursive account of sections of England made famous by the residence of some of the country's famous writers, or immortalized in their writings, with liberal quotations from their books, and frequent allusions to incidents in them. It is a pleasant book, one which the lover of literature, unfamiliar though he may be with the places described, can enjoy as much as the more fortunate person who has seen them.

THE ROAD TO PARIS. By Michael Monahan. Frank-Maurice. \$4.

THE FRANTIC ATLANTIC. By Basil Woon. Knopf.