

# The Quick Moment

LOVE FOR LYDIA. By H. E. Bates.  
Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 344 pp.  
\$3.50.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN

IN one sense the title of H. E. Bates's latest work is unusually explicit. This is neither one of his devoted studies of the British countryside nor a story of the war such as "Fair Stood the Wind for France." If this novel is stripped to the bones of its plot, it is simply an account of what love for a young girl named Lydia did to the girl herself and to the four young men who adored her.

One of the young men, Richardson, is the storyteller. Looking through his eyes we see Lydia, seated between her two elderly aunts in the family Daimler, driving for the first time through the gray streets of Evensford, (Northants?) England. With Richardson's rapidly involved emotions we follow her career as the young Miss Aspen of the great house. In Evensford the great house is not "on the hill" but stands like a legendary castle in its own circle of land right in the center of an unromantic, bustling (and in 1929, prosperous) boot-factory town. Lydia enters it as an adolescent whose painful awkwardness belies her actual age, nineteen, and covers a highly developed appetite for life, including sex. Physically she develops quickly into a charmer. It takes her longer to find a love which will fill the abyss left by a prison-like childhood and match her own capacity. In her pursuit she leaves behind her quite a wide track of devastation.

Like the title, this is a literarily deceptive description of Mr. B's novel. It leaves out the best. Lydia is less sensational than the sounds and at the moment of her development upon which Mr. B focuses, she is more a symbol of geoning life than a character. She is the object of Richardson's and his friends' love; she is the pivot on which are hung the gay, agonizing, tragic years between nineteen and twenty-four. In some ways she is the subject of the book at all times. The subject is "growing up" and the strange effects of the passage of time. The central figures grow from boys and girls to men and women; the peripheral ones grow old, and the time of the book, which is—as steady as the roll of the seasons which it covers—so beautifully, increases one's sense of the shifting of generations. There are violent occurrences in "Love for Lydia," but they are not incidents thrust up by an individual upheaval. The history of the family, the inheritance of a family, the character of the land itself, and the weather have their bearing on incidents.

It is the nostalgic and sensitive mood of Richardson's increasing awareness of the "confusion of time" which gives this novel its power, and it is because of this, perhaps, that the last pages seem the least interesting part of it. The confusions are solved too neatly. The process of growing up comes to an end with an almost audible click and suddenly two human figures seem less than their own past or the snow under the night which surrounds them.