radiate; they stand there, so sharply defined, that we can neither add nor subtract an iota from them; they do not dilate in the imagination. The other kind of book gives us hazy, vague, only half-discernible figures, and for such books there is little to be said. The author has not seen, or has not projected, his ideas properly.

This preamble is necessary to any general comment on **Mr. Bruce Marshall's** new novel. He does not bother, except at the end, to use the camera at all. He works in a great, big, untidy, scene-painter's studio. Cigarette stubs are all over the place; press-cuttings to suggest ideas; flashlight photographs of typical figures in the social world—such as the armament millionaire; the Church of England bishop who lives on *arrière-pensée* and diplomatic ambiguity; the beautiful spy; the "hotcha" daughter of the millionaire; the clerks whose bowler-hats rub rims in the subway every morning; sketches of these litter the studio; preliminary scrawls make the walls gay; there is a large number of blatantly masculine books. And on his scaffolding Mr. Marshall, *con brio*, is flashing in the bright and bitter cartoon which he calls **Luckypenny** (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.).

If you feel like saying, as you survey his mobile panorama, "I don't think it's particularly realistic," Mr. Marshall will roar, with the greatest good humour, "Realistic? What rubbish! Don't you recognize them? Don't we all know them?" And you say, "Oh, yes, I recognize them." And there is no more to be said, for you are delighted to watch the big brush sweep in, with a few strokes, another bright and bitter caricature. . . .

* * *

The adventures of Mr. Luckypenny race fast and furious from the moment he ups and tells Cornelius Lamsden, the armament king (by the way, he is once referred to as Ramsden; but what matter—we recognize him just the same!) that his salary must be doubled. He goes off to Italy to bring out millions of lira in his wooden leg, is double-crossed, is helped by the beautiful spy, discovers about the forthcoming war with Abyssinia (just like that), gets away with his smuggled money, and, back in London, ups and tells Mr. Lamsden that he must now be made a co-director and partner, with a percentage on the sale of armaments to Italy. ("Yes," murmurs Mr. Luckypenny, "but don't forget the sale of armaments to Abyssinia, also.") Love enters in quintuplet formation when Cornelius Lamsden's daughter wants to marry Luckypenny's son; the war-denouncing bishop's son wants to marry Cornelius's daughter; Cornelius wants to marry Luckypenny's daughter; Luckypenny's daughter falls for the bishop's son; and the upshot of it all is a shot in the forehead for young Luckypenny, who has more ideals than hide, which is obviously a bad thing in this racket. Finally, Luckypenny is sent off to Spain, and here Mr. Marshall shows what he can do with a camera when he wants to. The end is realistic, sharp, cutting. It is the Spain of the hour, without any cartoon work. It comes as a sharp awakening after a glorious bit of farce.

Mr. Marshall, as we know from *The Uncertain Glory*, can do much better than this when he likes; and could do much better than *The Uncertain Glory* if he liked. But he does very well, either way. He might be summed up as a Linklater without the same warmth in his gusto. When you put down *Juan in China*, you really love those war-mongering rogues, such as Flanders. You don't give two hoots about the rascals in *Luckypenny*. The circus is over; it has been a grand circus; and there's the end of it. As entertainment, three or perhaps two stars; about a B plus; which is very high in these sad days.

Humour of a snobbish kind we get from **The Education of Hyman Kaplan** (Constable, 5s.). It appeared serially in the *New Yorker*, where a number of highbrows were vastly amused, as well they might be, at the howlers made by a foreign immigrant at a New York night-class. In the *New Yorker* it sounded pretty smart fun; taken in bulk it palls. One is tickled by Mr. Kaplan's use of *university*—"This is the twalft univoisity of my marriage"; or his suggestion of a declension from *bad*, to *worse*, to *rotten*. It goes on too long, but one does form an affection for the fat man, which is an achievement for his inventor, **Mr. Leonard Q. Ross.**

* * *

Pinkney's Garden (Collins, 7s. 6d.) is a moving and exhilarating study of a heroic woman who marries a young Suffolk market-gardener. His garden is on the edge of the sea, and the sea creeps in and in until it eats his bit of England completely away. Before that happens he has died, but Mary Pinkney fights on; builds and rebuilds the protecting wall; lives to see the tides recede and her bit of land come up from the ocean bottom; and finally sells it at an enormous price to a speculator. Here is a bit of authentic life, offered us with the most disarming modesty by **Mr. Neil Bell.** It is done with such simple artlessness that nothing—as is right—emerges but the figures of real men and women with the salt air blowing about them. There is a natural, simple heroism to these Suffolk people that does not diminish their humanity while increasing our own.

LIFE IN THE RAW

Reviews by H. E. BATES

THOSE who admired *Studs Lonnigan* will find an impressive portrayal of the same slums of Chicago, by the same writer, in **Fellow Countrymen** (Constable, 8s. 6d.) —but this time in the short story form. Here are nearly forty stories which are a selection from **Mr. J. T. Farrell's** huge output, contained in America in three separate volumes, *Calico Shoes*, *Guillotine Party*, and *Can All This Grandeur Perish?* Mr. Farrell, by this selection of stories alone, impresses me greatly. He impresses for several reasons. He has lived, worked, struggled, and suffered in the tough world he is describing, and this gives his work an inherent toughness and bitterness beside which the toughness of other Americans—Ernest Hemingway, for example—seems superficial and slightly counterfeit. I suspect Mr. Hemingway of the worst kind of inverted sentimentalism. Mr. Farrell can never be so suspected. The bare bone of life is there, in the brutality of slum landlord to tenant and the cruelty of toughs towards Negroes, as two examples, before ever Mr. Farrell writes a word. He impresses further by his natural simplicity, as opposed to the artificial simplicity of Mr. Hemingway, towards whatever section of life he chooses to depict. He never raises his voice, never beats big drums of sensationalism and anger, never puts on red lights of irony. His world is brutal, harsh, bitter, wickedly ignorant; yet he manages not only to depict it unforgettably, but to touch it with pity and humour. He is never literary; his stuff is picked up raw, as it were, straight from the gutter, complete with its garbage, muck, and fag-ends of humanity. In short, let me urge *Fellow Countrymen* on all thinking readers.

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And also **Mr. E. J. O'Brien's** yearly volume, **The Best Short Stories** (Cape, 7s. 6d.), by which it is possible to compare twenty-four English exponents of the short story with thirteen American. On the American side there are scarcely any new names, Faulkner, Hemingway, Saroyan, Kay Boyle, Paul Horgan, and Morley Callaghan all contributing ty stories; but there is one impressively amu new-comer, Mr. R. H. Linn, with a story c *The Intrigue of Mr. S. Yamamoto*, in w the idiom is a delightful kind of what I best describe as japanned English. The is a gem. On the English side there are stories by V. S. Pritchett, Michael Sa Frank O'Connor, Geraint Goodwin, L Halward, and others as well known which stand up, for artistic finish and life, agains of the American.

* * *

My impression that it is often a mist policy to sweep up an author's workshop his death is strengthened, if anything, **Pavements at Anderby,** by the late **Winifred Holtby** (Collins, 7s. 6d.). It s a doubtful service to a writer of conside talent, that was itself late in developing rehash for us some of her earliest, imma and in some cases frankly sentimental sto But I suppose her now ironically large p will welcome this evidence of the develop of her potentially great talent.

POISON—NOT TO BE TAKEN—

(Continued from page 35

insurance company would be delighted to him on their books. But he's got to begin ta care now, and he just hates the idea."

"He promised to let you overhaul him reminded Glen.

"And a fat lot of good that'll be, if he do do anything I tell him afterwards."

"You don't think he will?"

"Not he. It's become a sort of poin honour. You were wrong about the Chri Science, Rona. He may think he approves o principles, but what the old idiot really f though I dare say he doesn't know it, is that never needed a doctor in his life yet and dam' well not going to begin needing one Well, it's no business of mine."

"It's a pity, if he's going to be stupid," said, a little absently.

WE turned out of the gates and into the which led to the village. Our house only other except Oswald's Gable, the big p where the Waterhouses lived, was only a yards farther.

Before we reached it, Glen suddenly laug

"Did you notice Angela? Green jealousy, poor girl. John had something wi with him for a wonder, and she wasn't the ce of the sick-room picture."

Frances smiled. "Poor Angela! Yes, afraid she's become rather fond of her ailme And indigestion, too, almost her pet one.

"I've noticed before that Angela is get inclined to look on indigestion as her prer tive," I agreed.

"That's what was making me laugh," Glen.

We were still taking the affair lightly, you in spite of the ominous sound of the wo "gastric ulcer." I wonder what our reacti would have been if someone had advanced theory then that John's twinges were not to natural indigestion at all, but to minute do of arsenic; and not only that, but that poison was being administered to him by one the very persons who had sat at his dinner-ta that night.

We should probably have received the i with an almost amused incredulity—just as did when, in due course, the contention actually made.

(To be continued.)

No sooner are we supplied with everything t nature can demand, than we sit down to contr artificial appetites.—DR. JOHNSON.