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the spot. Mr. Macdonald advances abundant evidence of the extent of the Nazi penetration of Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, etc., at the expense of Britain and the United States.

Mr. Macdonald draws attention to the strategy of the plan as a whole and especially with reference to its threat to the U.S.A. and the Panama Canal. It may be that the Nazis have overreached themselves by their aggressive methods and that the situation created by the war will give a still greater set back to their designs. The two-way blockade of the Allies is naturally cutting off the Nazi trade with South and Central America. But it is impossible to read *Hitler over Latin America* without being impressed by the evidence of the purposeful and energetic way in which the Germans have set out to fulfil their plans. It should convince any reader that Nazi imperialism has visions of power far beyond the frontiers of Europe.

J. T. MURPHY.

**THE POWER AND THE GLORY**, by

Graham Greene. *Heinemann*. 8s. 3d.

**FOUR WOMEN GROW UP**, by Norah

Hoult. *Heinemann*. 9s.

**THE MORNING IS NEAR US**, by Susan

Glaspell. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

Under the new scale of prices Mr. Greene is ninepence cheaper than Miss Hoult, though his book is roughly the same length and from the same publisher whereas the rebellious Mr. Gollancz sensibly offers Miss Glaspell, exactly the same length as Mr. Greene, for the old seven-and-sixpence. All this appears to make little sense, but is useful as a commentary on the real value of the goods, for Miss Glaspell would be dear at half-a-crown and Mr. Greene cheap at half-a-guinea.

Mr. Greene's novel is on a higher plane than *Brighton Rock* and what he himself calls his "entertainments" such as *Stamboul Train*. One day he will, I think, write a picaresque novel of considerable quality that will move like a film on paper. Parts of *The Power and the Glory* are picaresque parts are filmic: shot, cut and projected with the bright eye of a man whose prose is written visually. The book begins as if purposely complicated by a series of cross-shots, and then gradually straightens and smooths out: the story of a brandy-drinking Mexican priest who is being hunted by Communist police and with it, in the background mostly, the story of an American gangster who is also being hunted across the same hot, decadent, terrified countryside. In synopsis, a very bald affair; but the prose has sinews which vitalize the pages with strong movement. The descriptions of the priest travelling at night with the mule, in prison, giving communion to the dying gangster—these and others are made important and memorable by the muscular punch of the prose and the sharpness of the eye behind. It would, however, be wrong to indicate that the book was tough; a feeling of tender, tragic sorrow is implicit whenever the weak, suffering, brandy-craving priest is on the page, and I think it must be Mr. Greene's intention also to indicate something more than physical values in a story that is told, whenever possible, in physical terms. But even if these values are not read—and it seems to me impossible not to escape at least the implication of a struggle between flesh and spirit, Communism and the Catholic Church—*The Power and the Glory* is a very good novel indeed.

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Fortnightly

In Miss Hoult the novelist there lies buried a potentially great short-story writer, and I remember a feeling of dismay on first hearing that the author of *Poor Women!* after creating an overnight sensation, was about to become a novelist. In *Four Women Grow Up* you can see the novelist fighting the short-story writer; the novelist wants to manufacture out of the separate material of four lives a single, well-ordered story; the short-story writer would prefer the separate lives, the artistic restriction of the shorter form. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Miss Hoult the novelist has never been really happy. The prose of *Poor Women!* was notable for a plain, ironic objectivity; the style of *Four Women Grow Up*, in which the lives of four girls are followed from the time they leave school until they come to their respective happy, tragic or unfulfilled maturities, is looser, far less telling. Divided into eleven parts, the novel looks a good deal like eleven short stories that, for some reason or other, never got themselves separately written.

*The Morning is Near Us* is just what the doctor ordered. It belongs to that category in which the American public, at times the most sentimental in the world, puts pumpkin pie, rocking chairs, farms in Connecticut, Mr. Chips, and all the other agreeable trinkets on the national whatnot. It tells the story of Lydia Chippman, independent wanderer, slightly eccentric to the point of collecting donkeys and Indian children on her world travels, who returns to the old American family home to wallow in the sentimental, heart-tugging business of unravelling the Past. When she opens the family chest and begins to read the letters of her mother, telling her that

things are not quite what they seem, Miss Glaspell gets full marks for being right with every single prop for the occasion: net fichu, crocheted lace, blue beads, forget-me-not ring, valentines and frosted Christmas cards and the bundle of faded letters. The remainder of the book is roughly in character.

H. E. BATES.

HOW TO GROW FOOD, by Doreen Wallace. *Batsford*. 3s. 6d.

This book was written for me, the "utter amateur" who has ruthlessly clawed up half his lawn in the grim determination to have vegetables to eat at all costs. Had Miss Wallace published her book a little earlier, I should be blaming her now for the loss of my broad beans, planted in November and my dozen or so spring cabbages. But the winter of 1939-40 was not a normal one and I am willing to believe that in less severe weather the bean and the cabbage pull through. I take heart, moreover, from the information on page 23 that "frost is a wonderful weed-killing, pest-killing and pulverising agent, and should be given a free hand." I certainly gave it a free hand.

In future, however, Miss Wallace will be forced to bear the blame. I have cast aside the formidable text books, and no longer lend my ear on Sunday afternoons to Mr. Middleton. Instead I put my trust in Miss Wallace and follow the fortunes of the B's as they move about their garden in the company of the Weather-Beaten Lady, whose garden sense is very much to the point. The gardening education of the B's being in such good hands it is a pity that their political instruction lags so far behind. Mr. B. is already