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divorce between modern poetry and modern music. The musician will either go to the past for his words or, if he approaches contemporary poetry, he will adopt a non-lyrical technique following the *sprechgesang* of Schonberg or the stylised speech of Walton and Burian. *The Joyce Book* is an interesting study of the, at present, unconscious conflict between modern verse and modern music. It is well-produced with a fine disregard of the lower case habitually associated with "transitional" writers. The printing of the music by a photographic process is particularly clear and pleasing to the eye.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

## LILY AND TULIP

**Water Lilies and Water Plants.** By A. NIKLITSCHER.  
*Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.

**The Garden Book of Sir Thomas Hanmer.** With an Introduction by ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE. *Gerald Howe.* 21s.

Someone with D. H. Lawrence's vivid love of flowers and Tchekov's compassionate understanding of human nature might write a delightful story—though it might very well turn out to be one of those stories which seem so much better in the mind than on paper—called *The Man Who Loved Flowers*: the life-story of a man who sacrificed everything, his honour, his family, his fortune and finally himself, to his passion for horticulture. He would be a small, retiring man, and in later life he would wear old tweed hats and suffer from rheumatism caused by planting out seedlings on wet spring evenings, and his eyes would be weak from long porings over flower catalogues and seed-pans of the minutest alpine. In character he would be a direct descendant of that seventeenth-century French gardener, known to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who "changed his habitation purposely every third or fourth year because of his Tulipes, which he found infinitely bettered by varieties of earth as well as air." He would have a little private income and his wife would perhaps have some means too, with the hope of more at the death of relatives; and they would live in the country or perhaps at the seaside, with all the prospects of a peaceful life before them. There would be a little garden, with formal beds and clumps of lavender and madonna lilies and untidy roses. It would be all very sweet and quiet. Then there would be children. Family happiness! But then the first catalogue would come and the long story of the man's growing passion for flowers would begin: dissatisfied and hungry for new blossoms he would root up the old roses and lavender and re-shape his garden, and then he would ache for a larger garden. His wife would remonstrate, but there would be no hope for it. And having got the larger garden and having planned and planted it he would long for a still larger garden, planning in his mind ambitious rock-gardens, rhododendron walks, avenues of Japanese cherries, sheets of the rarest primulas. His wife would remonstrate again and perhaps weep. All useless! The larger garden would be found and with it would come the need for the still larger garden. The story would begin to take on the air of hopeless tragedy: the man in his flower-passion would become a little fanatical, his wife more desperate, and money would begin to dwindle startlingly, the rich relatives would hang on and on, and the children, growing up, would begin to distrust and dislike both the sight of their father and the very mention of flowers. There would be argument and bitterness. All useless! And still the funereal sound of catalogues dropping into the letter-box would continue, and finally there would come the dream-garden, a vast impossible place of twenty acres or so, to be followed by more bitterness from the wife and children and spells of flower-madness from the man.

And here would be the breaking-point, the catastrophe indeed. Going down the Charing Cross Road one cold March day the man would catch sight in a bookseller's window of *Water Lilies and Water Plants*. He would rush into the shop, buy the book, give one glance at the pictures of the deep rose-pink lily, *Rose Arce*, on the cover, feel his heart swell with a wonderful longing, hail a taxi and catch the next train home, poring all the way over the beautiful illustrations in the book, dreaming of innumerable pools splashed with islands of white and pink and purple stars. No time to lose! Arriving home he would off with his coat, seize a spade and begin feverishly to dig immense holes in his lawns, throwing up earth like a mole, thinking all the time of the exquisite nymphaeas and hybrids which Mr. Niklitschek describes and which he himself would plant in his new lakes in early summer. It would come on to rain and his wife would rush

out and entreat him to come into the house, but he would wave her away and dig on in the cold harsh evening. Finally he would shiver, feel feverish, and, taking to his bed, would succumb to pneumonia. His wife, tired to the depths of her being of flowers, would supply the ironical ending—"No flowers, by request."

All this is in no sense fantastic: the emotions experienced by the man who loved flowers when he first picked up *Water Lilies and Water Plants* are in reality the emotions I myself experienced and which I imagine any flower-lover will experience if he is not one of those fat and blasé gardeners who already has the perfect lake filled with every water-lily under the sun. But the book is not for him. It is designed to enlighten and help those who are not already aware of the dazzling variety of water-lily hybrids and the ease with which they may be grown, even in small gardens where only sunken tubs and concrete basins are possible. It is a delightful book, soberly written but very exciting to the flower-lover. Nevertheless, I recommend it only to those whose bank-balances are fat and infinite, for the plates alone will excite the strongest possessive instincts, and the fate of the man who loved flowers might easily become disconcertingly common.

After the excitement of this book, *The Garden Book of Sir Thomas Hanmer* is like a little old restful grandmother's garden, sweet with full-blown tulips on a warm day in early summer. Sir Thomas Hanmer was a distinguished seventeenth-century horticulturist, a friend of Evelyn and a possible friend of Charles II, whose greatest love was the tulip, which "wee had first out of Turkey about fifty years since, where it grows wild in some parts, particularly about Jerusalem as they write, and is thought to be that flower translated ill a Lilly, which was said to be more gloriously arrayed than Solomon." No man ever cared for his children or a shepherd for his lambs as Hanmer for his tulips.

"The hott sun will soon dispatch them out of flower, and the Spring stormes of haile and wynds will breake and much hurt theme if they bee not sheltered, and therefore your best beds must have wooden frames to set over them with such little roofes as may support linnen clothes tyed upon them, soe as either side may bee undone and throwne up to looke on the flowers, or to admitt the sun at pleasure, or wholly taken off when you desire to have a full view of them, or the weather is good and temperate. Being thus covered they will continue at least a fortnight longer in their beauty than otherwise they wood."

The manuscript of the Garden Book "came into the hands of Messrs. Davis and Orioli in the ordinary way of business early in 1932," and its value was discovered by chance. Happy chance! And it comes with the tulips.

H. E. BATES

## CONFESSIONS OF A DOWN AND OUT

**Down and Out in Paris and London.** By GEORGE ORWELL.  
*Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

This is the kind of book I like to read, where I get the truth in chapters of real life. In saying this I should like to warn the public against a great number of Reminiscences that have appeared lately, which have been untruthful and misleading, made pleasant and attractive to escape a charge of libel. In these days a man or woman invents any kind of story as a proof of once meeting a famous character. But if we try to form an estimate of this famous man—as he appears in various books of Reminiscences—what do we find? A blurred picture, and nothing more. When the present reviewer—who has been a great sufferer in this respect—reads some of the stories that have been told about him, he comes to the conclusion that books of Reminiscences are really works of fiction, and should be published as such. For instance, why should we give an impression that a certain poet is very fond of drink, all because he has been seen with a glass of beer in his hand? Let the poet make his own confession that he is not able to write under the influence of drink; and then consider the question that he is still one of the most prolific of living poets, in spite of advancing age. We now see that this poet has some kind of restraint and system; that though he can be fond of drink at certain times, he still has clear intervals of acute vision, when he knows that his shirt has more than one arm, and his trousers more than one leg, and that he is not seeing double.

In reading these extraordinary confessions, it is very curious to see how London and Paris compete in the making of strange scoundrels. In some instances the same characters could be found in either city, with only a difference in their names. The Rougiers,