

put themselves under the management of a more recently successful agent, who has quickly built up a reputation of being able to get higher prices for clients than other agents have been able to do. And you can't blame them. But why deceive ourselves about the motives for their change?

IF ANONYMOUS has contaminated himself by writing for the slicks, as he says, and by so doing has really lost the ability to write serious fiction, I should be inclined to wonder if the fault were not somehow in his own

character. To write simply and interestingly without condescension and falseness on a popular subject (and Shakespeare and not a few other literary types have managed to write simply and movingly and *popularly* on such a common subject as, let us say, love!) should injure no one's creative ability or impair no one's artistic judgment. Let Anonymous look into his own heart and reexamine his motives and then let him make a reevaluation of the popular-magazine market in relation to the world in which we live.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

<i>Title and Author</i>	<i>Crime, Place, and Sleuth</i>	<i>Summing Up</i>	<i>Verdict</i>
BRANDY FOR A HERO <i>William O'Farrell</i> (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: \$2.50)	Peaceable - 'til - pushed scientist flung into murderous jams by vindictive "identical" cousin, who ultimately discovers that even Brooklyn worm will turn.	Harassed hero tangles with cousin's myrmidons, male and female, through numerous exciting scenes to gory but slightly Sunday-schoolish conclusion.	Pretty good
EXPLOSION <i>Dorothy Cameron Disney</i> (Random House: \$2.50)	Discovery of wealthy woman's body in ruins of Washington, D.C. house seriously implicates kin. Sadistic sleuth and perceptive Dr. solve it.	Several interesting characters; solution that is in doubt until closing chapter; effective emoting and detecting of superior grade.	Good
HANGING JUDGE <i>Bruce Hamilton</i> (Harpers: \$2.50)	Super-stern English jurist, who leads double life, convicted for poisoning man with strange history. Wheels of justice and revenge keep grinding.	Contains some admirable trial-scenes, considerable satirical humor, and winds up with flourish that leaves reader slightly pop-eyed.	Very good
MURDER: PLAIN AND FANCIFUL <i>Editor, James Sandoe</i> (Sheridan House: \$3.50)	Twenty-eight true and fictional accounts of crime in America and England by various famous writers—including Henry David Thoreau.	Intelligent and interesting collection, notable for large amount of good, previously uncollected material and editor's erudite terminal notes.	For aficionados
WAYWARD ANGEL <i>Verne Clute</i> (Knopf: \$2.50)	Young law student, dodging San Francisco cops, corrals Beverly Hills missing-heiress case and caroms off four corpses to lucrative finish.	Semi-pro private 'tec and professional rival mix matters murderously, with several uninhibited dames adding pungency to eventful if confused proceedings.	Rough and tumble-some
DEAD LEVEL <i>Russell Gordon</i> (Morrow: \$2.50)	Movie script-writer, owner of moribund 'tec agency, probes Hollywood traffic in fealthy movies and pronto meets up with murder.	Violent ventilating of various lurid and unsavory movietown rackets and their manipulators, with plenty of slugging, shooting, snuggling, and surprises.	Wild
FLIGHT INTO DARKNESS <i>Philip Clark</i> (Simon & Schuster: \$2)	Statesman's Carolina estate scene of two murders attributed to owner's war-missing son. Ex M. I. officer makes some startling discoveries.	Aftermath of quisling's and traitor's misdeeds motivates well-planned and neatly worked-out tale with convincing characters and surprising climactic twist.	Good grade
FOUR STEPS TO THE WALL <i>Jon Edgar Webb</i> (Dial Press: \$3)	Prison experiences and flashbacks during day in lifer's term on which his case goes to parole board.	Bitter, penetrating, and entirely absorbing novel of prison life, written with much power and from first-hand knowledge.	Impressive

*If there were
no books*

no planes
would fly

Shakespeare's
plays would be
merely word-of-
mouth legends!

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a good book lately?

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SKIN DEEP

I SHALL be frank . . . in no way
compromise
The truth to hold you longer by
a day:
Perhaps I love you, friend, but in no
wise
For self alone, but rather for the way
You smile at secret thoughts: my
woman's mind
Is curious of memories you keep;
Your slender hands and gestures are
designed
To rob me nightly of a dreamless sleep.
Were you not tall, my heart would be
my own:
Were you not fair, I could forget the
rest;
Your poppy-colored words have never
sown
The pollen of remembrance in my
breast.
Your absent person seems, despite my
prayer,
A plume of breath upon the winter
air.

MARLOU S. LODER.

* * *

The following is from Paul Nord, of
Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corpora-
tion:

Re "Eidillion" — in "Footprints
That Perhaps Another" [*SRL* Feb. 7]
—will you please inform Earle Wal-
bridge that idyllion (the correct
spelling being "eidyllion") is a
Greek word—the same as idyllium
in Latin, in English idyl. It is the
diminutive of Eidos, meaning form,
image. So, eidyllion is a little
image. The word also is used to
depict a descriptive poem, a short
pastoral scene, a rustic episode—
or one forming a suitable subject
for an idyllic poem, presenting a
pastoral scene. The most prominent
Greek writers of that sort of thing
have been Theocritos, Bion, and
Moschos. In modern Greek, eidyl-
lion is a love-affair in its earlier
stage, before formal engagement and
marriage. Also, in modern Greek
theatre, we had a kind of musical
shows that we used to call "comei-
dyllia," mostly light comedies with
love interest as their main theme.
Best exponents of this form of plays
are the modern Greek writers Kok-
kos and Coromilas.

* * *

PERFUMES

After reading Advertisements in The New Yorker

DARK BRILLIANCE,
Come, Be My SIN,
My MADRIGAL, My RHAPSODIE,
My ARPEGE.
Ah, Voice of a SKYLARK,

That drives me to FRENZY,
In POSSESSION lies DANGER.
Dear MENACE, SURRENDER
To one MOMENT SUPREME.
I offer WOOD VIOLET, PURPLE
LILAC,
And would pilfer one CROWN
JEWEL
For an HEURE INTIME
With WHITE SHOULDERS
In MIST OF DAWN.
Flee SCANDAL—Flee RUMEUR.
FABULOUS WHITE FLAME,
I whirl in a TAILSPIN of INTOXI-
CATION.
AH—TAGLIO, AH JOY, MY CREDO,
Be INDISCRETE.
Seek NEW HORIZONS at CHANEL
NUMBER FIVE.
ON DIT TABU?
MAIS OUI.
TOUJOURS MOI
R. S. V. P.

MILDRED R. HOWLAND.

* * *

A GASTRONOMICAL REFLECTION

It seems incredible
That frogs are edible,
For who'd eat toad
Served à la mode?
DOROTHY LAMB.

ANSWER

A toad is one of the batrachia.
But eat not! None can ever make yeh!
EDITOR.

I should have bought it at once,
even if this copy did originally come
from the Jesup Memorial Library of
Bar Harbor. Or that, indeed, might
have been taken as an additional at-
traction, since I now know all the
Rules that once applied to that li-
brary, as they are printed in the front



of the book! But the blue and gold
cover, and the "Memoir by Edith
Sichel," and the sepia portrait of the
lady at the age of twenty-two, at-
tracted sufficiently, and the knowl-
edge that at home was a damaged
copy of one of 450 of "Fancy's Fol-
lowing," printed, nevertheless, on
Kelmescott handmade paper for Thom-
as B. Mosher of Portland, Me., four
years after its original appearance in
England. Yet I left "Anodos" on the
counter—that is, the "Gathered Leaves
from the Prose"—and only lately have
retrieved it for half the price de-
manded then, at a fifty per cent off
sale!

Even an unfinished story by Mary
Coleridge is worth reading, and her
essay on "The Duchess of Malfi" most
certainly! But after devouring Miss
Sichel's memoir of her; I found a
tour in the back of the book, among
passages from letters and diaries, and
her notes on the talk of William Cory
when he gave free lessons in the
classics at Hampstead to her and other
young woman acquaintances, the most
rewarding.

Mary Coleridge died the year I left
college, and she had not lived forty-
six full years. Of all the writing Cole-
ridges, save the younger brother of
her father's grandfather, she was the
one of genius, "all poet," it is said,
"and three-quarters saint . . . she was
merry without injury to her holiness."
How is she pictured? "She was never
of any age . . . an ardent partisan
. . . The wind lashed her, the sunset
calmed her, the snow excited her, to
the hills she looked for help . . . a
certain weird quality of her imagina-
tion . . . the fair hair, the small head,
the long swaying figure, which stooped
rather forwards when she moved, or
when she talked with self-forgetful-
ness. She looked very much like one
of the women in Blake's pictures . . .
blue eyes with gleams of grey, rather
observant than dreamy. Her dreami-
ness was expressed more by her
mouth, but that too was very mo-
bile. . . ."

There are five of her poems in "The
Oxford Book," one, "Unwelcome," hav-
ing that peculiar *frissonnement* her
best work can induce. But out of
"Fancy's Following," the root manu-
script of which Robert Bridges had
picked up in the house of a relative
also Mary Coleridge's friend, one can
mention "To Memory," "I have forged
me in sevenfold heats—," "At First,"
"Over the Hills and Far Away" (so
grimly different from the light-hearted
quotation!), "Master and Guest,"
"Mortal Combat," "Go," "At Dead of
Night," "The Witch," "A Huguenot,"
if not more. Her "white magic" is
undeniable. But how best illustrate
the relish of her fugitive prose? She

The Saturday Review