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RED PAGE (Continued)

need nor room for misfits. Soon, no doubt, we shall even be able to control that "nasctiur."

K.M.

Shakespeare in U.S.A. Advertising

There is no doubt about it, when they themselves go in America they can be more than marvellous. This advertisement appears for a new edition of Shakespeare. First a 14in. high heading: "The Most Beautifully Bound SHAKESPEARE Ever Offered for Only \$2.98," and "Every Word Shakespeare Wrote—Bound in One Lovely Volume of Limp, Florentine Tooled Leather."

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Let's all go to America, where culture is flowing to the depths of society.

BORDALEON.

New Australian Verse

Possibly products of spring, though they reach this table in mid-winter, are four slim volumes of verse.

Patrick White, whose chips and shavings of poesy bear a Sydney imprint, is at some pains to impress that he received his inspirations abroad; each offering is placed and dated. The style is in the free modern manner, scorning shackles of rhyme and metre. Remembering the splendid music that has been made by clanking such fetters, one expects perhaps too much of freedom. It is polite to assume that they are quite accomplished metrists, but prefer a charge of uncouthness to one of insincerity. But there is nothing in Mr. White's little book that couldn't have been expressed more picturesquely and vigorously in the style of such old-fashioned fogies as Longfellow and Byron. The imagery is in places a trifle obscure, and almost every piece exudes a melancholy and soul-weariness that ring rather more artificially in *vers libre* than they would in *sestina* or *pantoum*.

One excerpt, not chopped into lengths, must suffice: "Dirge. The slow bell chimed—Here in the twisted channel of the limes, here in the golden afternoon, the slow bell stealing, reel-ing, out of the funnel of my peace. I cannot lift my eyes. Soon they will be gilded, monkish pictures on a chapel wall; and from the limes will fall harvest of gold just where this body lies, this body that is dead of peace and laid in the coffin of the afternoon. *Wimborne, September, 1924.*"

James Kennedy, of Melbourne, is untainted by modern poetic heresies. His forte is the long narrative poem, moulded rather on the lines of the Shakespearean sonnet. He tells the story of Psyche and Eros in 230 nine-line stanzas—the ninth an "Alexandrine dragging its slow length

along." It is even, careful work that never jars; not quite so direct as Morris's *Volung Saga*, but smooth; indeed, it gets monotonous, like a mile of Greek frieze. Romeo and Juliet, in eight-line stanzas, completes the volume. As prettily done as the other, but why rewrite Shakespeare?

Less pretentious, but more sincere, is Paul L. Grano's little volume. The best of the verse here is cantering jingle, but it sings right merrily:—

*Give me the roads that wind about
The green and bushy hills,
That linger where the wattles fold
The mounting glens with laughing gold
And fleck the trilling rills.*

Grano's principal virtue is a lack of affectation, a pearl of great price these days.

Hubert Parry is a poetaster of the good old Lindsay Gordon school, with occasional flutters in the more highfalutin vein of Kendall. He lacks ear and rhythm sense, and some of his essays in verse rank little higher than doggerel. Furthermore, he doesn't seem to have visited some of the scenes he romanticises about. "Never a paint upon your sun-tanned cheek," he says of the girl of the West—that was all altered many years ago. He rhymes "harbor" with "arbor," commences a panegyric on Auckland with "The sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold," and perpetrates such sequences as

*But the years have brought their changes,
We are scattered far and wide
From the little church we loved upon
The flat;*

*For the Martins, Jim and Charlie, fought
and fell the other side.
Then their brother died across at
Piper's Flat.*

Even the best of his rhyming is mechanical.

ARTHUR D. WYLLIE.

[*The Ploughman and Other Poems*, by Patrick White (Beacon Press, Sydney); *Psyche and Eros*, by James Kennedy (Arthur Barron, London); *The Roads and Other Poems*, by Paul L. Grano (published by the author); *Girl of the West*, by Hubert H. (Barwon) Parry (published by author).]

An Amateur Writer Protests

Just what is Cecil Mann's definition of an "amateur writer"? In his tirade against dilletantism (R.P. 26/6/35), he makes it quite clear that he considers only those who earn a living by writing alone are entitled to express their thoughts on paper.

I am a cashier by profession; by night, and in any other spare time, I am a writer, and a very earnest one. I do not belong to any literary society, and those moments when I am not writing are taken up by study of the technique of writing and of the works of the masters of the craft. I have been able to sell articles, paragraphs and an occasional story; but, because I am not solely a writer, I am accused of being a dabbler, something generally to be scorned.

If Mr. Mann would have his way I should immediately nawn my typewriter, sell my reference library and stick to counting piles of pennies, leaving literature and writing to the novelist, the staff man, the "super" freelance and to Mr. Mann. He may be right, and I and hundreds like me may be quite wrong in our attempts to further the cause of Australian literature. However, I am not so easily dismissed. I am doing no one out of a job, and if my work is sale-

able I am just as much a professional writer as he is. Many of the world's greatest writers discovered their literary talent while engaged in other professions and occupations. Who knows but that some day a great Australian novel may not be written by a bank manager?

Is it necessary for one to be "born" in literature, and must one remain un-sullied by any hint of toil other than that of the tapping of typewriter keys? Or may we "amateurs" keep on writing and studying for our own benefit and that of Australian literature, which, Mr. Mann will agree, is in a position to warrant all the support it can get from all those who are genuinely anxious to assist it.

A. H. S.

Effective Speech

Effective Speech, by Dwight E. Watkins (Marcus Campbell Co., per Angus and Robertson; 50s.). A course on public speaking given in six vols., with supplementary material for study in as many separate pamphlets and an additional pamphlet entitled *Speaking Fundamentals*. On several counts it is a course which can be recommended to anyone who, for any particular reason whatever, wants to be able to speak unself-consciously on public occasions, from the handing over of a gift to influencing a large audience. It postulates that the reason very few can stand on their feet and speak well is because most people regard ability to do so as a gift from Heaven, whereas, as a fact, anyone can learn to express himself forcefully and convincingly. On that basis the author gives a series of well-planned, graduated lessons for private study. His methods smack of the American sales-talk, and the introductory manual to the course has much in it that will make many people wince, but the methods have also the great advantage over those of most much more costly things of the kind in that they are direct and plainly practical. The author is not interested in highfalutin theories, in the so-called *art* of public speaking. His simple business is to give advice in the making of public speeches. His basic principle is that every speech should have a distinct purpose and every-thing in it should contribute to that purpose; that "more speeches fail, perhaps, from lack of a well directed aim than from any other cause." The course, which includes many examples of effective short speeches, sticks to that plain principle throughout, and the kind of speech to the making of which all the argument is directed is the extempore, "by which is meant that the outline, or path of the thought, is carefully prepared so that the speaker knows beforehand just what thoughts he will utter, but that he leaves the exact language in which these thoughts will be clothed until his appearance before the audience"—that as distinct from the written-and-read speech, the memorised speech and the impromptu, or wholly unprepared, speech. In all, and chiefly, perhaps, for its plain commonsense, a sound investment.

A Satchel of Books
Ten Thousand Public Enemies, by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Lovat Dickson and Thompson; Dymock's; 9s. 6d.). Journalist's account of the work of the Division of Investigation, U.S.A. Department of Justice, in combating crime. As an arm of the Federal Government the D.I. is not subject, as are most of

the State and municipal police forces, to the pressure of crooked politicians and highly-placed friends of crooks. It has a fine record—Dillinger was one of its catches—and something of its kind certainly seems necessary in a country with a record of over twelve thousand murders annually! Students of criminology will find much of interest in the book. The author is a keen and frank observer despite a tendency towards sensation-alism.

God's in His Heaven, by J. L. Hodson (Gollancz; Angus and Robertson; 7s. 6d.). Characteristic of England's current fiction of despair. Ordinary people acting out insignificant parts in Lancashire and elsewhere, the object being to depict the dullness of life during depression times. Doubtless it is all true enough, but at this remove from the scene of action it is also uninteresting. The work lacks the personal fire necessary to give the novel of purpose general application and appeal.

Art Debunked, by Herbert Furst (Muller; Dymock's; 7s. 6d.). Writer contends that there has come into talk about art, including literary art, too much preciousness, arising from reverence for aesthetic. He argues against this for a return to the primary consideration of art as a handmaid of life. "Wherever and whenever 'Art' is felt to be in opposition to Life, we may be sure there is certainly something wrong with Art, whatever may possibly be wrong with Life also." A cold douche for the dilet-tante.

Memory and Imagination, by Osbert Burdett (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d. net). Looking back on his fifty years of life, the author records impressions of his internal responses to things and events. Autobiography requires one of two things: either that the writer is a sufficiently great figure for anything he might have to say to be taken in avidly by lesser folk, or else one whose life has been shaped by matters of strange interest or general significance. This writer fails under the second, and if he is qualified under the first his autobiog-raphy does not suggest it.

The Young Rider, by "Golden Horse" (Country Life; 7s. 6d. net). Pointers for children and grown-ups in the arts of horse-management; a new, enlarged and cheaper issue of the work which has been through several editions since first published in 1928. Possibly of more general application and use in England, where it is published, than here, where horse-management is regarded as second nature, it is nevertheless a good thing to have here when we can see so much un-intentional mistreatment of horses, quite apart from the sort of the R.S.P.C.A. looks after. Discounting small matters of feed-ing and the like which apply peculiarly to England, it is a book which ought to be given to any young person with his or her first horse. It might even prove as fascinating as the horse.

Irish Literary Portraits, by John Eglington (Macmillan; Angus and Robertson; 7s. 6d.). Schoolmate of Yeats and acquaintance of "A.E.", James Joyce, George Moore and other lights of recent Irish literature, and additionally one with literary taste and critical talent, the author is singularly competent to present this little collection of portrait-studies. He mingles critical appreciation and personalia into a happy blend, gives interesting information about his various subjects' lives, and assesses briefly what they have done for literature. Mac-millan's have made a graceful little book of it.

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