

As Gandhi, by order of Ramsay MacDonald's government, is freed from prison, Miguel de Unamuno, head of the university of Salamanca and the highest intellectual authority in Spain, is deported by order of General Primo de Rivera. I do not know if indignation over this fact has been as strong and widespread in Anglo-Saxon countries as it has been in French intellectual circles. "Les Nouvelles Littéraires", often accused of conservatism, printed large type protests, in the name of French writers, against the summary action taken by the Spanish dictator. Unamuno is one of Europe's foremost thinkers. His "Essence de l'Espagne" was recently translated into French by M. Bataillon (Plon). A remarkable essay of his on "The Future of Europe" appeared in the "Revue de Genève" a few months ago. His deportation to a little rocky island where he will remain out of touch with his disciples does not appear as an act of force: rather as an act of desperate weakness.

Baltasar Gracian, a countryman of Unamuno's, has been an exile on the sea of time. Now he comes back, reintroduced by André Rouveyre, in the "Cahiers Verts". This Spanish Jesuit was famous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His "Maxims", translated by Amelot de la Houssaie, were a delight for the *gens de cour*, the *roués* and the *intriguers* of long ago. They are not without charm, nor even without actuality, for us.

The last works of Marcel Proust are coming to light, one by one. The two volumes of "La Prisonnière" (Nouvelle Revue Française) confirm what was said before concerning this prodigious novelist, his sensitive genius, and his obvious limitations. No writer has been his equal in describing the life, under the microscope, of

Notes from France

ROMAIN ROLLAND'S book on Mahatma Gandhi (Rieder) is having a large sale in France, where sympathies for India have always been alive. At the same time, the critical sense of the French demands more light on actual facts and less lyrical onesidedness than Rolland offers in his political writings. As happened with "The Outline of History", Loti's books on the South Seas, or the Bok Prize, the greatest usefulness of such a manifestation will be to stimulate the attention of people on problems beyond the daily routine. Then other works will bring detailed knowledge of the case.

sentimental bacilli, which he was the first to isolate. His method is full of promise and his influence is already vast. Yet his work fails to present anything but very local, very temporary, very special cases in French bourgeois semi-aristocratic prewar life, or to analyze anything but psychological situations which can occur only under special atmospheric conditions, and when all the windows have been closed.

The English have paid splendid homage to Marcel Proust, in the form of a collective tribute. Letters by Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Arthur Symonds, Clive Bell, Logan Pearsall Smith, and many others have been collected by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, the able translator of Proust's "Du Côté de chez Swann".

Novels by younger men are hopelessly unlike each other. What is there in common between "Oxford and Margaret" by Fayard and "Attirance de la Mort" by Jacques Sindral (Grasset)? Between such "lyrical confessions" as "Le Paradis à l'Ombre des Epées" by H. de Montherlant and "Le Chef" by René Lalou (Crès)? These four books would require a long comment. For the present, I want only to mark how rich, how multifarious is the recent production in French fiction. Such books as "L'Amour de Cécile Fougères" by Edmond Jaloux (Ferenczi) or the recent novels by Jean-Louis Vaudoyer maintain the tradition of measured, tactful, subtle progress in the delineation of sentiment. But the younger fiction writers engage themselves upon untrodden paths.

Three important contributions to the literature of criticism and essays have appeared at the Nouvelle Revue Française: the two volumes on Bergsonism by Albert Thibaudet; the

"Critiques d'un Autre Temps" by Jacques Copeau, creator and head of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier—being his studies on contemporary French dramatic production—; and last but not least the admirable "Etudes" by Jacques Rivère, which have been out of print for many years and which include some of the finest pages inspired by modern literary, musical, or pictorial art. The essays on Gide, Baudelaire, Claudel, form the most important parts. Such fragments, however, as those on "Tristan and Isolde", or on Borodin's "Prince Igor", will take their place in future anthologies of French prose.

PIERRE DE LANUX