

NEWS is news. The Prix du Nouveau Monde offered by Mrs. F. Keep of Washington, D. C., has been given to Pierre Reverdy, whose last book of poems, "Epaves du Ciel", has just come out at the Nouvelle Revue Française. In the N. R. F. magazine has begun to appear "Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel" by Raymond Radiguet, last year's winner of the same prize (with "Le Diable au Corps"), whose career was interrupted by an untimely death.

A new literary review! After Ford Madox Ford's "Transatlantic Review", whose débuts are quite successful, we hear of the new magazine "Commerce", whose editors and chief contributors will be Paul Valéry, André Gide, V. Larbaud, St. John Perse (a mysterious pseudonym for a prominent leader of young poetry), and a few more. Only hitherto *unknown* young authors will be admitted, in addition to these already glorious names. Useless to say the word *commerce* must not be understood in the mercantile sense, but rather in its etymological sense of "intercourse". A subtlety that will undoubtedly create some funny mistakes. . . .

Rieder, the publisher, brings out two valuable books. The life of Jean Jaurès by Lévy-Bruhl — a short essay on France's foremost Socialist leader, written by one of France's foremost philosophers. And "Par Fil Spécial", by André Baillon, a clever and sincere account of newspaper inside life and ethics.

Louis Hémon's last posthumous work, "Colin Maillard" (Grasset), does not bring any new revelation on the famous author of "Maria Chapdelaine". Nor does "Bonheurs Perdus"

(Mercure de France), a series of stories, reveal to us a new Henri de Régnier.

But there is an original book which deserves a special mention: "Kyra Kyralina", by Panait Istrati, a Balkan writer of unusual strength and quality. Istrati, a Roumanian tramp, fought his way through Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, and lived in Switzerland where Romain Rolland's influence determined his literary vocation. His life has afforded more adventures and hardships than would be required to write several books. Yet it is not bitterness, but a genuine sense of freedom and of the glory of friendship, that strikes the reader as being Istrati's foremost gift. His first novel, written in French, should be successfully translated into English.

Translations now play an important part in a nation's literary life. Larbaud gives us "Erewhon Revisited" by Samuel Butler, in French, and helps the young magazine "Intentions" to introduce to the French reader a short anthology of contemporary Spanish writers, in a special number which is intensely significant. The days are over when one could speak of Spanish cultural apathy. There is a magnificent rebirth, of which Larbaud, Supervielle, Casson, Marichalar are the heralds in France, and the names of Gabriel Miró, Jose Guillen, Ramon Gomez de la Serna, Ayala, etc. are soon to be given their *European* importance.

More novels: "La Naufragée", by Francis de Miomandre (Ferenczi), who once delicately depicted the love between a French lady and a Chinese gentleman. And "Rue du Chien-qui-pêche" by Geneviève Duhamel (Blond et Gay), which will be a joy to those interested in the genuine character of French children.

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