

of "Ulysses". I know from experience as a reviewer for a daily paper that a chance reference to this latter work will bring immediate importunings from readers who seek access to the perfect day of Mr. Leopold Bloom. And I confess to having supplied certain readers with the whereabouts of bookleggers who smuggle in contraband prose; even though fearful that the price the word-panders will ask must inevitably lead the prospective purchaser to suggest that the literary editor of the New York "World" is playing a double game.

With such a host in outer darkness, the book on James Joyce by Herbert S. Gorman should not only enrich the understanding of those who followed Mr. Bloom to the very end, but should also minister vicariously to the wants of those who have neither the price, nor the address of the booklegger who deals in those volumes Mr. Sumner likes too well to share with (as Lord Lascelles put it) the common people.

For the Gorman book, besides being an intelligent and discursive arrangement of the facts in James Joyce's literary work, contains a most adequate summary of the forbidden land. To many he will seem another spy who returned from Canaan with stories of the astounding fruit.

The difficulty of ever interpreting the symbols of Joyce, it has been pointed out by Ernest Boyd, is insuperable to those who are not intimate with the life of Dublin and who have not (in no mere tourist's sense) lived in the Dublin of Mr. Joyce's anthology. One of the most intelligent features of the Gorman essay is an absence of this secular speculation. He does not set himself to the task of interpreting imponderables. He rarely offers an opinion of Joyce the man which is not substantially anchored to some

NOTES ON CONTRABAND PROSE

By Laurence Stallings

THERE must be hundreds of readers of THE BOOKMAN who are intelligent admirers of the perfect prose within James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and who have sought for two years to obtain a copy

definite and reliable source. Thus he writes that

The outline of Stephen Dedalus' æsthetic is to be found in that astounding conversation between him and the student Lynch, a conversation, declares Padraic Colum, which is word for word what Joyce used to say to any of his companions in his early twenties.

Taken all in all, Mr. Gorman's "James Joyce" is a most competent example of the summary of a living artist's work. It even includes the bibliography with notes of various editions of his five works; then too, there is a facsimile of the first page of "Ulysses" and a reproduction of an autographed photograph of the strange and hidden genius of letters.

Few books have offered such a concerted booming of log rollers as "Marcel Proust, An English Tribute", which finds critics as far removed as George Saintsbury and Arnold Bennett joining hands to raise the timbers for "Swann's Way". Here is another classic which is forbidden the land of the free and the home of the brave, but there is nothing to be gained in the tribute that can shed light for those who cannot obtain this monumental story. Clive Bell writes that "perhaps the best tribute which English admirers of Proust could pay to his memory would be to agitate for the repeal of those absurd and barbarous laws which make an English 'Recherche du Temps Perdu' impossible".

It does appear a trifle absurd for a group of Englishmen to band together and score the neglect of the English reading world in regard to Proust, when the English reading world would be happy to have the privilege of entering any one of the homes of these gentlemen and enjoying Proust first hand. I should say to Bennett, Saintsbury, *et al.*, that the surest way to secure readers for Proust is not to put

their names upon a tributary jacket, but to lend their copies around among their friends.

James Joyce: His First Forty Years. By Herbert S. Gorman. B. W. Huebsch.
Marcel Proust, An English Tribute. Thomas Seltzer.