

and those of the poorer classes barely two inches—are heavily filigreed.

Skilled Interviewer—Miss Lecler decided to go to Ethiopia from London in July, 1935. A Master of Arts of Columbia University, a student of English literature, and a freelance writer for American magazines and newspapers, she had previously traveled through Europe interviewing captains and kings.

She left Ethiopia in January, 1936, while the native armies were still holding the Italians in check. At present, she is flying around the world, eastward from the United States, interviewing rulers on her way in an attempt "to fit together an understandable picture from the international jig-saw puzzle."

The material she gathered for her collection will not, Miss Lecler believes, be reproduced during the next few years under Ethiopia's Italian rulers. Mussolini's colonizers are laboring to introduce materials of the machine age into a pastoral background.

The most recent art done in Ethiopia, shown in Rome this month, is a portfolio of black-and-white sketches executed on muleback by Lieut. Mario Cangianelli during the Italian campaign. According to the laudatory Fascist press, they are valuable artistically and as documentary evidence of the struggle which brought to Rome its first Empire in fifteen centuries.

PROLIFIC ARTIST: Gerome Brush Is Mass-Producer in Depicting Battle-Ships or Orchestras

Artists generally may eschew mass production, fearing that prolificity cheapens talent. But then artists generally have never painted anything as immense as a battle-ship.

Gerome Brush painted more than 100 of *Uncle Sam's* sea-wagons for camouflage during the War, and not one of them was sunk. Nor was the sculptor himself sunk when he was asked by Mme. Sergei Koussevitzky to do 110 charcoal portraits of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—and do them in eight weeks.

Last week he exhibited this, perhaps the largest collection of portraits ever shown

by a single living artist, as part of the Berkshire Festival in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, while his "subjects," the musicians of the Boston Symphony, gave three concerts at the high point of the traditional New England celebration.

Visitors, many of whom had traveled hundreds of miles to hear the magic that Conductor Sergei Koussevitzky imparts to his orchestra, surged in and out of the tiny Stockbridge Playhouse. In the second-story greenroom of the century-old white frame barn was displayed the art of a robust craftsman who, in nearly three decades of untiring labor, has created likenesses of more than 500 subjects.

Walls of Pictures—From ceiling to floor, on all four sides of the room save for windows and doors, the pictures papered walls five deep, with an overflow sprawling double-length across the back wall of the theater's balcony.

That Brush had "caught" his subjects all agreed. Friends of the musicians found that the artist's technique had a photographic quality of transferring features and expressions, to which he added the depth of a sculptured piece.

The idea for the mass collection was not Brush's. Last winter, Mme. Koussevitzky sponsored a fortnightly picture exhibit in Boston's Symphony Hall. Brush was asked to contribute. He had nothing on hand to show, but after promptings from Mme. Koussevitzky, collected forty drawings he had previously made of prominent Bostonians. On the strength of these, he was commissioned by the Symphony to sketch its entire membership.

Enjoyable Toil—Two months—eight five-day weeks—of Brush's concentrated time was all that was required for the enormous task. To the artist it was only semiwork: "I never had such a wonderful time." Sketching in the Musical Collection room of Symphony Hall, Brush put his subjects to work while he worked.

Brush was born forty-eight years ago in New York City, the son of the American painter, George DeForest Brush, who named him for his teacher, the famous French artist. He was taken to Paris before he was a year old, learned to speak French before he knew English, and passed his childhood in France, interrupted by frequent trips to his homeland.

His father gave him his first drawing

lessons when he was six years old. An exact tutor, the elder Brush spiced his lessons with numerous scoldings and irksome tasks. These lessons became the only formal studies in Brush's entire education, for his father maintained and still holds to unorthodox methods of learning. He engaged a tutor for his son, in no way that a tutor has ever been engaged before or since. Walking through the woods surrounding his Dublin, New Hampshire, home, the senior Brush met a personable young man, whose appearance he admired on first sight. They started to converse, Mr. Brush found his first impressions verified, and invited him home. At luncheon he started to introduce his find as the new tutor, became embarrassed when he didn't know his name.

It was Allan Seeger, young Harvard poet, who later wrote "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," before he was killed in the World War.

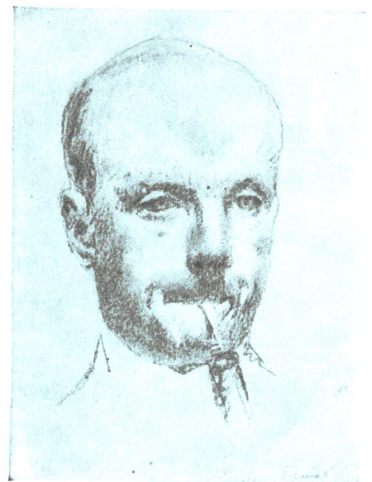
When the younger Brush was twelve his father apprenticed him to a marble-cutter in a studio in Florence. There, for two years, he worked with young Italian apprentices, pointing up statues.

In 1908, after the disastrous earthquake in Messina, Brush left Florence and passed months in the ruins, helping to rebuild the town. For his work the Italian Government rewarded him with a series of medals and named a street for him.

Brush's interests in sculpture took two divergent courses. Italy's sculpture, heavily influenced by its religion, contributed to forming his taste for saints and angels during the long years he made the country his home.

In 1913 the young artist returned to this country and met Miss Louise Seymour, while she was appearing with Doris Keane in "Romance" at the Maxine Elliott Theater in New York. They were married the same year. Last year, the long arm of coincidence stretched its full length. While their second daughter, Rosemary, played in the same theater in "The Children's Hour," she met her husband, Dom C. Davis.

Harried by War—Brush took his bride to Europe for their honeymoon, but after a year or more of traveling they were forced to return home because of the War. On the return trip, the late Enrico Caruso frequently visited their cabin and rocked the cradle of their eldest daughter, Joan,



Gerome Brush, portrayor of the Boston Symphony in action: the artist (center) studied all 110 members of the famous orchestra to get his impressions. A violinist (left) watches the leader's baton; an oboe-player (right) is lost in music

while the young couple went on deck. Before they docked, the great singer bought a sketch of Mrs. Brush—the first one the artist had drawn.

To-day, the artist spends most of his time in the New Hampshire woods, in Dublin, about eighty-five miles from Boston, where Mark Twain, the Jameses, Gerald Thayer, and other artists and writers have sought retreat. He and his wife have definite ideas about a simple life, developed through likes and necessity. With his five children—four girls and a boy—they live a pot-luck, but happy existence, not unlike the Sanger family in Margaret Kennedy's "Constant Nymph."

At present he is writing, with Mrs. Brush, the biographies of the members of the Boston Symphony, which, when published this fall, will include the completed drawings.

NEW BOOKS: They Deal With the Boom Age, Prophets' Records, Tyrolean Holiday

The Big Money. By John Dos Passos. 561 pp. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$2.50.)

This third scenario from the typewriter of America's leading exponent of the proletarian novel continues in the style of "1919" and "The 42nd Parallel"; it combines satirical power in story-telling with distracting cut-backs and newsreel injections.

This time, Dos Passos throws in, for good measure, thumb-nail biographies of various men—Ford and Veblen, for instance—who were tossed upon the beach of the Great Prosperity and worshiped by men and women in their several spheres as so much holy amberggris.

The less intelligent reader is likely to be annoyed by the deviations from the story of *Charley Anderson*, an aviator returned from the War who eventually becomes the big shot in an air-plane manufacturing concern. But *Anderson*, the apotheosis of the go-getter, exhibits in a devastating fashion the vices of his kind. These are not pretty folk the author is describing.



Courtesy Harcourt Brace & Co.

John Dos Passos writes metallic story which jangles with jazz and gold

In a curious way, *Margo Dowling*, the gold-digger, becomes the outstanding character in the tale. She exemplifies a decade gone, probably, forever. In it, she occupied an ornamental niche, and contained in herself a pathetic yearning to become a movie star. Her one ability was that of getting what she needed from men—money. Her career with *Anderson* is the high moment of the story.

To some readers, the return to forgotten songs and head-lines, and the imposing of certain asides, may seem a surrealism in fiction that doesn't quite come off. But one's impatience with the Dos Passos method is likely to stem from a desire to get along with the exciting story-telling.

"The Big Money" is a sharp reminder that Dos Passos, Hollywood notwithstanding, can write and adorn a tale when he feels like it. Unfortunately, he has adopted a pose in print which has the timid intellectuals scratching their heads. In his books, they find the element of greatness, and they suspect that it also contains slovenly work dressed up like art.

Like the immortal mayor of New York, they are afraid this book is the product of "one of those here art artists."

Critical Opinions—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: "The oft-repeated cry that proletarian novelists are largely uninformed and passionately partisan rabble-rousers must be given the lie in this notable instance. . . . In fact, Dos Passos works a left-handed miracle in 'The Big Money'; he makes the reader shed tears for the people who are making the fortunes."

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "Experimentation, technical versatility, imagistic brilliance, the perfection of an advanced theoretical system of composition, all these exist almost to a surfeit. But the thing lacks something in warmth, in a knowledge of life that is experienced rather than theorized about."

NEW YORK SUNDAY WORKER: "An admirable study of the booze-jazz-boom decade in American life, the decade when Ernest Hemingway discovered the sun that also rises and Scott Fitzgerald sadly portrayed all sad young men—with Dos Passos's added understanding of the class struggle inherent in the process of capitalist disintegration."

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER: ". . . great epic of post-war America . . . an epic which is also a drama, a panorama, a pageant, a history and a portent."

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The Story of Prophecy. By Henry James Forman. 347 pp., indexed. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; \$3.)

Daniel foretold the future, and Joseph had his day with Pharaoh; but did you know that next month, in this year of grace 1936, is bound to be portentous to all mankind? It is a fateful year, not only in Biblical prophecy, but also in the forecasts of the Great Pyramids. We do well to be on our toes for epochal events.

Mr. Forman rides a hobby pretty hard in his curious and fascinating account of persons who had plenty on the crystal ball. He does make a bow to Sir Francis Bacon, who had no great opinion of astrology: "Men mark when they hit and never mark when they miss." But he does better than make a bow; he falls down at the feet of



William Lilly, who predicted plague and fire long before their occurrence

Nostradamus, St. Malachi, the Monk of Padua, Mother Shipton (in the fifteenth century she foretold the coming of the motor-car and submarine).

Fortunately, the author conveys his absorption in occultism, and skeptics will have a hard time laughing off Nostradamus's prophecy of the beheading of Charles I of England and the French Revolution.

St. Malachi, the Irish seer, was even more remarkable. He and the Monk of Padua called the roll of the Popes down to the present day, only missing once between them. According to the manuscripts left to us, there are to be seven more Popes.

American prophecy, it appears, has been concerned largely with the end of the world. So far, the local prophets have been 100 per cent. wrong. But Tomas Menes, the Spaniard, predicted the death of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria; also that France would ally herself with Spain if Armageddon got loose in Europe this year.

"Cheiro" (Count Hamon) foretold the very year that Mark Twain would become rich and claims that on July 21, 1894, he warned Lord Kitchener to "beware of a serious accident by water in his sixty-sixth year." Kitchener in his sixty-third year sank into the North Sea with *H.M.S. Hampshire*.

William Lilly also scored in predicting plague and fire.

Critical Opinions—NEW YORK TIMES: "The reader will see that Mr. Forman wants to make at least residual argument for prophecy as a historical and scientific fact. Yet, whether one regards it as a record of human potentialities or of human folly, it makes exciting reading."

PHILADELPHIA RECORD: "Mr. Forman, in other words, is a believer."

WASHINGTON POST: "He was able to contribute something that never before had been available to the general reader."

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Tyrolean June. By Nina Murdoch. 286 pp., indexed. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company; \$3.)

With the aid of thirty-two photograph illustrations by Dr. Adalbert Defner, Nina Murdoch has reported her summer holiday