Mythopoeic Society MYTHLORE A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature

Volume 7 | Number 3 | Issue 25, Autumn | Article 14

10-15-1980

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Darrell Schweitzer

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Abstract
Critical interpretation of Dunsany's novels, in chronological order, excerpted from the author's book, *Pathways to Elfland*.

Excerpt from: Schweitzer, Darrel. *Pathways to Elfland: The Writings of Lord Dunsany.* Philadelphia: Owlswick Press, 1989.

Additional Keywords
Dunsany, Lord. Novels—Critical interpretation

THE NOVELS OF LORD DUNSANY

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

An excerpt from the forthcoming book, PATHWAYS TO ELFLAND.

In the early 1920's Lord Dunsany, until then primarily a short-story writer and playwright, became dissatisfied with the meagre recognition he was receiving. So he turned to novels, hoping to do better. In doing so, he encountered the usual problems of a short story writer trying to write novels. It took him a while to learn that a novel is not the same as a short story, only longer.

A case in point is his first, The Chronicles of Rodriguez (1922), which suffers for want of any overall plot structure. It is little more than a chain of separate events strung together on the slightest excuse. But, as might be expected from Dunsany, it has its strengths.

The Chronicles introduce the typical protagonist of Dunsany's novels, the naive young man who knows very little about the real world but has a head full of romantic notions. Just as typically, the world fails to meet his expectations at first, but ultimately events somehow manage to fall into place so that he isn't too disappointed.

Our hero is a Spaniard, Don Rodriguez, "son of the Lord of the Valleys of Argento Harez, whose heights see not Valladolid," who is bequeathed a sword and a mandolin by his dying father and commanded to seek glory, romance, and adventure. His brother, a bit of a dullard, gets the family estates. In the space of twelve chapters, Rodriguez manages to acquire a castle, a beautiful wife, and a Sancho Panza-like sidekick. He even rights a few wrongs, as a noble knight of romance should, even though sometimes he succeeds through sheer luck or the incompetence of his opponents.

The story is Dunsany's version of Don Quixote, save that Dunsany has neither the heart nor the inclination to burlesque romantic fiction with the ferocity of Cervantes. He is fully aware that life isn't the way Rodriguez thinks it is, but seems to be gently saying, "Well wouldn't it be nice?" As a result, things end happily, even if the author must result to blatant string-pulling to make them do so. When our hero has captured a knight who turns out to be a fake, and thus has no castle with which to ransom himself, rather than leave Rodriguez forlorn, Dunsany brings in a bunch of outlaws, who seem to be strays from the Robin Hood cycle, to build him a castle at the last minute. Thus, when all possibilities have been exhausted, and dreams seem dashed, all is set right, just for sentimental reasons. It may very well be the whole point of the book that a deus ex machina is required.

Some of the individual episodes are very good. There is a visit to a sinister inn where one pulls a rope for the doorbell and hears a scream, the rope being attached to a hook embedded in some unfortunate. After putting an end to the host's poor hospitality, Rodriguez and his companion come upon a professor of magic, who sends their spirits to the surface of the sun in a stunning burst of imagery. The magician's house is fascinating. Unfortunately the whole sequence has nothing whatever to do with the overall story.

Many of the episodes could almost stand as short stories, which suggests that Dunsany was not completely at ease with the idea of writing a novel. He remarked that he preferred short stories:

> ...it appears to me that in a page of a short story there must be more art than in a page of a novel, just as in a square inch of an ivory carving there is more art than in a square inch of a wall of a palace: everything in fact in a short story may be fairly intense, as in a play, whereas there is room for a certain amount of rambling in a novel.
> (While the Sirens Slept, p. 38)

The trouble, then, is in Dunsany's conception of what a novel is. A novel also needs compactness. Its greater length demands that there be more substance than there is in a short story, not that the same amount be spread out thin. Dunsany later stated that he saw novels as being about 70,000 words long. Obviously he wrote to that length, then stopped, without paying much heed to the internal needs of the material at hand. Content should dictate length, not the other way around. Even writing as beautiful as Dunsany's can tire the reader after a while. The book would have benefitted from judicious trimming.

The same is true of his second novel, The King of Elfland's Daughter (1924), which is still his most famous one. It would have been a masterpiece at half the length. More unified than Rodriguez, it still bogs down in an excess of the inconsequential.

One very definite advance in Daughter is an ability to make the best of the thematic material. Don Rodriguez only occasionally touches on what it is actually about, without exploring the differences between romantic preconceptions and the real world in any depth. But in his second novel, Dunsany produced a full treatment of his major subject, which might be dubbed The Loss of Elfland.

First, what does he mean by "Elfland"? It is more than just a country inhabited by elves. It is a timeless realm beyond "the frontier of twilight." One can see that frontier in the east sometimes in the glow of dawn, or more often in the deeping shadows of evening. Elfland is filled with unearthly beauty, "which may only be told of in song," all created out of the mind of the Elfking, who is thus more a god than a monarch, and on whose mental calm the peace of his domain depends. At one point the place is compared to a deep, dim pool, in which fishes lie still. A disturbance sends ripples throughout all the land.

Elfland is both a place and a state of existence. It doesn't conform to mundane rules of geography or anything else. If the King chooses, he can withdraw it so far from mortal lands that the intervening stretch "would weary a comet," and then let it flow back like "the tide over flat sand."

It is also a literalized, multiplex metaphor for the imagination, for the lost innocence of childhood, for everything which lies beyond our grasp. At one point Alveric, the hero, while wandering through the wasteland left after the King has pulled his borders back far from Earth, finds an old toy which had been broken and discarded many years before. He also hears faint bits of old songs lingering in the air. When he grows older and settles down with an ordinary wife and thinks only of making a living, he ceases to dream and thus loses the vision of Elfland. He can no longer see the Elfin Mountains when he looks eastward at dawn or sunset. All that is for youth, he says.

Since most of Dunsany's novels following this one deal with the progressive loss of the vision, obviously the idea meant something to him. An autobiographical interpretation is certainly possible. He was forty-six when he wrote The King of Elfland's Daughter, which is not exactly young. The war was between him and that first, exuberantly imaginative phase of his career. His enchanted dreams were slipping away, but, brilliantly, rather than write weaker and weaker stories, he turned this very loss into his subject matter.

In The King of Elfland's Daughter, dreams ultimately triumph. Alveric, prince of the earthly kingdom of Erl, is sent into Elfland to make off with the lady of the title. Unfortunately, once he marries her, he succumbs to conventional and unromantic views, insisting that Lirazel, the Elvish princess, become a proper Christian and cease worshipping stars, flowers, etc. She conforms for a while, bears him a son, but is unhappy. Meanwhile, her father has written a powerful rune on a parchment, which he sends to her. When she reads it, she loses touch with all mundane things and blows away with the autumn leaves, back into Elfland. For years Alveric searches, but the lost love cannot be regained, literally because the King has withdrawn his borders, metaphorically because Alveric has grown older and duller. He travels about with a company of lunatics, who actually hold him back for fear that Elfland would drown all their own fancies. All seems hopeless, but Lirazel misses Alveric, and persuades her father to use his last great rune, which causes Elfland to flow over Erl, enchanting everything and closing it off from time, except for a small space around a chapel where a friar and several stodgy citizens, who can't approve of pagan things, may live out their last days. Dunsany always portrayed clergymen favorably in his novels, so he dealt with the friar gently. Besides, some readers doubtless found it shocking the paganism and magic win out. Again, the story is a dream of the impossible. Dunsany knows there is no such thing as Elfland, but is once more saying, "Wouldn't it be nice?"

In conception the novel is certainly magnificent, but there are just too many unicorn-hunting scenes, and quite a few more nature descriptions than any but the most patient reader can stand. Some of these are beautiful, but they pale from repetition.

The prose is often very deft, as might be expected. We are told of a witch who lives in a cottage "on the high land, near the thunder, which used to roll in summer among the hills," and there are many other examples of descriptions which are both imaginative and precise. The previously mentioned "space which would weary a comet" is excellent. Other writers might have taken paragraphs to convey the same sense of infinite waste.

But there are times when the language becomes affected and precious. Dunsany described it as "as close to poetry" as he ever got, which was not a good thing coming from him, since his poetry was the least impressive area of his writing. Sometimes he is a trifle too vague to be effective:

> And the wild things that Earth has guessed at and the things hidden even from legend were moved to sing age-old songs that their memories had forgotten. And fabulous things of the air were lured down out of great heights. And emotions unknown and unthought of troubled the calm of Elfland. . . .
>
> (pp. 217-18)

In other words I'm going to tell you about something so amazing, so beautiful that earthly concepts don't apply, something beyond your wildest dreams and imaginings, of which no ancient bard ever sang, something you never read about .... and so on for a page or two, all of which promises a great deal and delivers nothing. The above passage contains nothing concrete or visual. We cannot hear "age-old songs," nor can we see the "fabulous things of the air" without more information. We are merely told they are age-old and fabulous, and are expected to take Dunsany's word for it. This sort of writing is simply not as adept as that of "The Fortress Unvanishable" or many of the other early short stories, which promise wonders and then produce them while remaining masterpieces of compression. At its worst, the prose of Daughter is murky and bloated.

Occasionally, as strange as it may seem for Dunsany, there are even clumsy constructions. Perhaps the attempt to be self-consciously poetical is at fault. Talking through his nose, to borrow a phrase from the late James Blish, he strives for archaicism and inversion, and gives us this:

> ...there was Guhic, who had first thought of it, after speaking with his wife, an upland farmer of clover pastures near Erl...
>
> (p. 37)

Guhic married a lady farmer of the uplands? More likely what Dunsany meant was, "There was Guhic, an upland farmer of clover pastures near Erl, who had first thought of it, after speaking with his wife."

Still, much of the novel shows Dunsany in top form. The style is a lot better in places where he isn't rambling, where some imaginative concept is being presented or something is happening. The first ninety pages or so, the fruitless search of Alveric, and the final coming of Elfland into Erl are brilliant sequences. It is on the strength of these, no doubt, that the novel has endured, when others which are actually better put together are out of print and forgotten.

Two years later came The Charwoman's Shadow, which showed another significant advance in novelistic technique. The King of Elfland's Daughter surpassed Don Rodriguez in that it had a coherent plot under all the padding. The Charwoman's Shadow went a step further by dispensing with the padding. It was the first Dunsany novel to really be a novel, rather than merely a prose narrative stretched to 70,000 words by any means available.

It is marginally a sequel to Don Rodriguez. The setting is the same imaginary "Golden Age" of Spain, only several generations later. A descendant of one of the characters in the earlier book plays a minor role. The blithe mutilation of the Spanish language continues; this time the hero's name is Ramon Alonzo Matthew-Mark-Luke-John of the Tower and Rocky Forest.

Ramon is sent by his father to learn magic at the house of a magician. There he is tricked out of his shadow (which the magician cuts off at the heels with a special knife), only to find that without it he is an outcast from the rest of mankind. Everybody knows that someone without a shadow is tainted by the black arts. In one scene Ramon is sitting among ordinary folk, and the sun goes down. Their shadows lengthen, but his, being an imitation given him by the magician, doesn't.

In the magician's house he meets an old charwoman, whose shadow has similarly been stolen. When he recovers it, her youth is restored.

The writing in Shadow is an improvement over that in The King of Elfland's Daughter. When Dunsany describes something, he makes it real. Beautiful things are beautiful. The mysterious is mysterious, but underneath the mystery there is more than a pile of adjectives. The prose is less flowery and there is more dialogue.

The strengths of the book are very great. The magician, his practise, and his dwelling are all presented in a wealth of detail, resulting in one of the most delightful treatments of magic in all literature. The old fellow is as much of a villain as the book has, but there are sympathetic glimpses of him as a confused fumbler who can't find things in his laboratory under all the stuffed crocodiles. He is a whimsical, and yet human creation, who surely has descendants in the works of later writers like T.H. White and John Bellairs. Anemone, the charwoman, is believable in her age and her plight, and also in her restored youth. This too is an admirable accomplishment, since restored maidens tend to turn cardboard in most fantasy novels. The only serious problem is that Ramon Alonzo is too much of a typical Naive Young Man and never quite a three-dimensional character. He is a good two-dimensional imitation who behaves like a human being, but lacks emotional depth. He is certainly serviceable while the other characters, the beautiful writing, and the endlessly inventive plot maintain the reader's interest, but he is no more than that.

Happily, there are no long hunting scenes or other irrelevant episodes. The book is certainly Dunsany's best pure fantasy novel, and his second best all told, surpassed only by The Curse of the Wise Woman, about which more later.

Thematically, The Charwoman's Shadow is part of the progression away from the vision of Elfland. The book is brimming with magic, and pagan things are treated sympathetically when in conflict with the (equally sympathetic) Christian clergy, but magic does not flow over the Earth this time. It withdraws. In order to escape damnation, the magician flees to the Land Beyond the Moon's Rising, whence he and all the followers of the Old Way can never return. Bereft of enchantment, the Golden Age of Spain ends.

Magic also keeps its distance in The Blessing of Pan (1928), but so does, unfortunately, much of Dunsany's storytelling ability. While there is more and better handled dialogue in this book, and (for the first time in a Dunsany novel) familiar lands are described effectively, it is not an advance over its predecessor because in just as many ways it is inferior to The Charwoman's Shadow. The padding is back. In fact the novel is mostly padding. One suspects that its natural length is on the order of 20,000 words, a novella at best.

The plot has to do with mysterious and enchanting music which wafts down from the Kentish hills at evening, causing otherwise respectable people to want to go up there and join in wild revels. The protagonist, a timid, incompetent, but basically nice vicar writes to his bishop, reporting an outbreak of paganism. The bishop insists he has been working too hard. Nothing is done. Ultimately paganism wins, and the vicar finds himself up in the hills offering sacrifice to Pan. The local source of miracles, the tomb of St. Ethebruds, loses its power to cure warts.

The problem is that Dunsany takes much too long to reach this conclusion, and in the meantime he offers nothing wondrous, just more vague hints of beauties beyond the hills, like the previously quoted passage from The King of Elfland's Daughter, only in plainer language. There is little that is concrete. Pan never makes an appearance to liven things up, even at the end. The plot is too simple, lacking complication. It may be logical that nothing is done, but it is difficult to tell an interesting story about nothing.

The previous novels had been met with basically good, if slightly patronizing critical reception. The reviews of this one weren't as good, even from critics who weren't shocked at the ending. It isn't hard to see why.

It is therefore a bit of a surprise that his best-received novel, which many consider his finest, came next. However, there was a hiatus of several years, during which Dunsany wrote many of the early Jorkens stories, contributed lots of bad verse to newspapers, and travelled through India. Perhaps because it had a longer period of gestation, The Curse of the Wise Woman is more substantial.

It was written, accordingly to Lady Dunsany, in "three and a half breathless months" in 1933, and published that year. This time Dunsany showed a full command of style and structure, and for the first time his characters came completely alive. For the first time he used Irish life as his source material. Twenty years earlier Yeats had all but kicked him out of the self-styled Irish Renaissance for failing to do so. Dunsany's reply then was that if someone were to found a society for medieval Italian poets, they obviously couldn't include Dante, who didn't write about Italy, but a different place entirely. Now he produced a full-fledged Irish novel to the astonishment of those who said he couldn't do it.

Everything done wrong in The King of Elfland's Daughter and The Blessing of Pan is done properly. There are long nature descriptions, and even a fox hunt which runs for three chapters, but it all comes off splendidly, perhaps because Dunsany was writing about something he knew and appreciated. Thus, even when a scene did little to advance the plot, he could make the wordage worthwhile for its own sake. There is little which is vague or which promises in vain. The Irish countryside (around Meath, where Dunsany Castle is) comes across so vividly the reader is all but transported there:

> ... and for a while we walked in silence
> over the rushes. The moss lay gray all
> around us, crisp as a dry sponge, while
> we stepped on the heather and the rushes,
> the heather all covered with dead grey buds,
> the rushes a pale sandy color. I had
> never walked the bog in the Spring before,
> and was surprised at the greyness of it.
> But some bright mosses remained, scarlet
> and brilliant green; and all along the
> edge of the bog under the hills lay a ribbon
> of gorse, and the fields flashed bright
> above it, so that the bog lay like a dull
> stone set in gold, with a row of emeralds
> around the golden ring. A snipe got up
> brown, and turned, and flashed white in
> turning. A curlew rose and sped away
> down the sky with swift beats of his long
> wings and loud outcry, giving the news,
> "Man. Man," to all whose peace was en-
> dangered by our approach, and a skylark
> shot up and sang, and stayed above us
> singing. The pools that in the winter lay
> between the islands of the heather, and
> that Martin used to tell me were bottomless,
> were most of them grey slime now, topped
> with a crust that looked as it it almost
> might bear one.
>
> (pp. 212-13)

Beyond this looms Tir-nan-Og, the Land of Youth of Celtic lore. We never actually see it, and no one ever gets there, unlike the villagers in The Blessing of Pan, who at least reach the hills from which the music comes. Elfland has retreated to the very periphery of the novel. There is no outright fantasy element, save for the ambiguous curses of a local witch that may or may not be responsible for stopping the depredations of a peat company intent on ruining the bog. But in any case, between the finest magical cursing and conjuring scenes Dunsany ever wrote and the vision of Tir-nan-Og, the book has the feel of the purest fantasy. There is also enough of a plot to keep it going, involving the Troubles in Ireland, although apparently shifted back to the time of Dunsany's youth in the late 19th Century; a lonely boy growing up by himself on an estate by the bog; and the attempt to drive off the exploiters. There is also a gamekeeper who thinks he has lost his soul by yearning for Tir-nan-Og, and his plight is genuinely touching. The characterization of the protagonist, who tells the story in the first person, is very good. There are some autobiographical elements, a rare thing for Dunsany.

Critical acclaim seems to have bordered on the ecstatic, and the readers liked the book well enough to have kept it in print until the early 1950's. It is still in the 'books by' lists in Dunsany's last volumes. It was reprinted again in 1972. Probably its lack of greater staying power stems from the fact that it is so unlike the sort of fantasy for which he is best remembered, and also because it is so unlike his other Irish novels. None of the others are nearly as good.

Obviously the success of Wise Woman spurred Dunsany on. There were three novels in 1936, Rory and Bran, My Talks With Dean Spanley, and Up In the Hills.

Rory and Bran is about Ireland again, with magic around the edges, but this time the magic is clearly a delusion in the mind of an allegedly 19-year-old youth who frequently seems more like 12. This bookish lad, without a practical thought in his head, is sent by his father to take cattle to market. Like Jack of beanstalk fame, he is promptly hoodwinked out of them, but saved again and again by Bran, who is obviously smarter. Bran is a dog. The main problem with the book is that nowhere does Dunsany come out and state this. He later claimed that it was perfectly obvious to him, so there was no need to explain, but one suspects deliberate ambiguity. Bran drinks out of puddles, but so does Rory, so that's hardly a clue. Whenever Bran utters a sound, the verb used is one which could denote either human or animal noises. Bran is never described as barking, wagging his tail, scratching his fleas, or doing anything else overtly canine. The result is a blindfold-the-reader story, wherein an essential fact is withheld which would be perfectly obvious if the reader were able to see the scene. Seeing the scene is very much what fiction is about. Storytelling is a visual art in the mind's eye. With a deliberate deception like this the reader gets to the end and discovers he hasn't really read the book, and now must go back and re-imagine it the way everything really happened. He has been lied to and cheated, as surely as the science fiction reader who discovers at the end of the story that the hero is really a giant lobster and the invading monsters are Earthmen.

In Rory and Bran it is possible to read the whole book without catching on. Amory quotes one reviewer who remarked that the character "is rather quiet for an Irishman." This can only be distracting because the plot does not hinge on the fact that Bran is a dog. The best way to read the novel is forewarned.

Again the nature descriptions are very good and the atmosphere is maintained well. We see more of the Irish countryside than in The Curse of the Wise Woman because the hero must travel, and we meet more people as Rory and Bran wander hither and yon with a band of tinkers. (Tinkers are Irish gypsies, who, at least at the time, rode about in wagons and made meager livings repairing pots and doing odd jobs.) Significantly, Dunsany makes it abundantly obvious that there are no legendary heroes among the clouds atop the mountains, and that the supposedly prophetic talisman, the Stone of the Sea, is really a piece of ocean-smoothed glass. The vision of Elfland is fading fast.

Dunsany's thesis is that simple people are better off with their beliefs and kept in their place. An ardent Irish nationalist (then or now) might object that this is patronising, but Dunsany also believed that it was the duty of the nobility to look after the welfare of the common people, so more than simple social snobbery is involved. And the reader might object that Rory is too out of touch with reality to be anywhere short of a looney-bin. Dunsany was nearly fifty when he wrote Rory and Bran. Perhaps he had forgotten what it was like to be 19, which may explain inaccuracies of observation without excusing them. The result is a pleasant book, but not a very convincing one.

Up In the Hills contains not a single hint of anything magical. It is a frequently comical novel about boys having a good time in Ireland during the Troubles, and may best be described as Huckleberry Finn meets the Sinn Fein. But quite unlike a Mark Twain story, when the boy hero bumps head-on into reality, it is reality which gives way.

The novel begins with a splendid promise. A newly independent African nation, wishing to show itself the equal of all the European countries which send archeological expeditions to Africa, sends its own scientists to dig up an ancient Irish settlement. The archeologists are a bit green to European civilization, and comic encounters result, often at the expense of the Irish.

Had Dunsany followed this through, he might have had a first-rate novel, but instead he merely uses it as an opening device. The locals are so upset about the disturbing of dead men's bones that all the witches in the neighborhood (witchcraft being a superstition, not a power) start hurling curses at a great rate, with no visible effect save that it gets 17-year-old Mickey Connor out of town and into the hills because he doesn't want to get hit by a stray spell. While up there, he and some friends stage a "friendly" war with a local private army headed by Patsy Hefferman. This is actually serious business, since during the "Troubles," shortly after the Irish Free State was established, there was a civil war between those who accepted the compromise over Ulster and those who didn't. To be caught with a gun, much less to run a private army, could be a capital offense. (Yet Dunsany continued with his shooting during this period, risking grave legal problems if found out.) Thus Mickey's "war" would be no laughing matter in real life, even though all concerned could appreciate it in fiction. The suggestion that the fighting was a bunch of country boys having fun released a lot of tension. The novel was well received and no one objected to it.

It doesn't however, hold up as well to the modern reader, particularly the non-Irish reader. Certainly the writing is first rate, and much of the humor is still effective, but in the aftermath of World War II and detailed press coverage of Vietnam, it is difficult to regard war as fun and games, with no hard feelings involved, even if the author is clearly being facetious. Beyond that, there is the problem of sheer implausibility. Up in the Hills is fantastic in the worst sense of the word, unbelievable rather than imaginative in such a way that belief can be suspended. There is a "battle" in which everybody is shooting live ammunition at close range, and no one is scratched on either side. There is none of the terror of real combat. Another time, when Mickey has been condemned to die and made to dig his own grave, he is able to tunnel into a conveniently-placed underground river, jump in, and swim away before his captors notice. When Patsy has Mickey at pistol point, the latter escapes by pretending to precede the gunman out of a room, opening the door, then jumping behind a couch faster than the eye can follow. Try it sometime. The reader is left with a sigh of "Come on now!" Only once does reality intrude, when Patsy Hefferman is shot by government soldiers, but otherwise the tale is contrived and antiseptic from start to finish. The worst contrivance is at the end. Mickey and a friend are trying to escape into Ulster. A squad of soldiers is waiting at the border. "What do we do now, General?" Mickey's comrade asks. In the next chapter they are safely in London. We are never told what they did. Obviously Dunsany didn't know how to conclude the story, so he just stopped.

My Talks With Dean Spanley is the major novel of the "Great Canine Period," to use Amory's phrase again. It's about a clergyman who was a dog in a previous incarnation, and is capable of remembering experiences when primed with a rare wine the narrator gets from a Maharaja he knows. (Not unlikely in Dunsany's social circles.) The narrator keeps inviting Dean Spanley (who was a spaniel) to dinner, getting him drunk, and his recollections make up the bulk of the book. That's all there is to it, and it would be a frightfully thin thread to hang even a short novel on (fortunately this one is far less than the usual 70,000 words) were the writing not so good. If you wonder how Dunsany got away with so feeble a premise, the only answer is he did it superbly. He was a great lover of dogs, owned many, and knew their ways well. He wrote about them as convincingly as any two-legged author ever could. Thus, there may not be much to the book, but it is enormously readable, even for people who don't dote on the beasts the way Dunsany did. But the ending is another let-down, even if it has to be. Dunsany wrote himself into a corner. The Dean is about to reveal the ultimate secrets of doggiedom, things which no human can possibly know, and which no human author can produce. Therefore he can either fake it and ruin the versimilitude of what has gone before, or make excuses and duck the question. Dunsany chose the latter course by having his character take no chances and getting the Dean drunker than usual. To be sociable, everyone else present has a few extra glasses too. Alas, all anyone can remember is a feeling of drowsiness and how warm the room was.

One curious aside: The American edition was published by Putnam's in a series with such titles as Schooldays With Kipling, A History of the United States Navy, and The Six Wives of Henry VIII. Apparently it was being marketed as non-fiction!

To Be Continued

NIEKAS is back! Ed Meskys requests that subscribers and other interested persons contact him at RFD 1, Box 63, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226.