

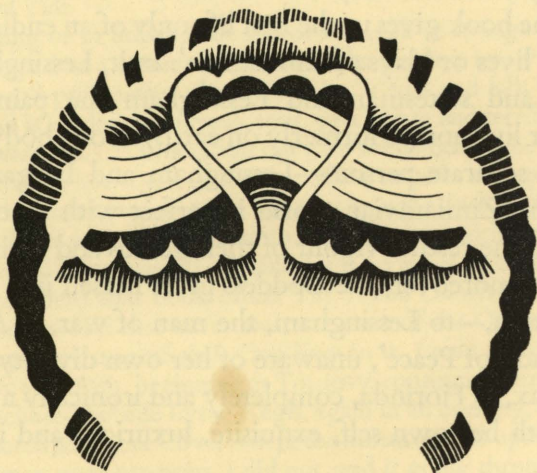
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¶ No writer worth his salt could, with such a theme, ignore its profundities; but here the philosophy is a poet's, not a pedant's, and belongs inseparably to the action. The action, even at its extremes of beauty or of violence, compels belief by its very logic and reality. Even the unbeliever will be carried by the style, which has no precedent except in this author's previous works, by the excitement and sweep of the drama, and by the curiously attractive personalities, full-blooded and vividly individualized, of the actors.

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THE WORM OUROBOROS

¶ 'It is by the combination of two gifts—rarely found together: the power to create an impalpable atmosphere, and to use it, upon occasion, to produce the most hair-stirring tremors; and the power to render the material surface in such a way that the strangest scenes stand before the reader with a reality that compels complete acceptance—that Mr. Eddison has brought off the triumph of his book. . . . The mere grip of the narrative on the attention never slackens: the tension at times indeed rises to a point that, for the moment, is almost physically painful. . . . But the impression that stays is one of overwhelming and of glorious beauty.'—MARY AGNES HAMILTON in *Time and Tide*.

¶ 'Waking or in dream, this author has been in strange regions, and has supped at a torrent which only the greatest know of. . . . Mr. Eddison's prose never plays him false: it rises and falls with his subject, and is tender, humorous, sour, precipitate and terrific as the occasion warrants. . . . Quotation can give some idea of the rhythm of his sentences, but it can give none of the massive sweep and intensity of his narrative.'—JAMES STEPHENS in the *Irish Statesman*.

¶ 'I will not put my signature to this nonsense without recommending to all living men (I am afraid it is no good recommending it to the women) that book called *The Worm Ouroboros*. It is the romance of a world that never was, not even of the Other World. Its landscapes are magnificent. One lives in it. I read it by fits and starts in the year 1923, beginning at Torquay, continuing throughout a night anchored outside Lyme Regis, again in an evening, abominably anchored in Chesil Cove, where the horses are fed upon human flesh and men wear ear-rings. I did not read it going through Portland Race, for anyone who can read anything going through Portland Race must be either a God or a Beast, but I read it running along the Dorset coast in the most glorious weather. I read it again at the end of that little passage in the secure haven of Hamble River, where I completed my reading. And that's that.'—HILAIRE BELLOC in the *New Statesman*.

¶ 'A strange subject, a strange style; an author concerning whom I know nothing. . . . Yet here I touch the skirts of bewildering romance and by them I am bewitched; here, abruptly, by some magic far different from the common magic of the art I know, I am made aware of and become part of a new world. For this I am thankful. It is an amazing, a vast book. Some of you will become its prophets.'—*The Independent*.

¶ 'It is as imaginative as it is virile. A stout volume of nearly 450 pages, it is packed with beauty and incident, to such an extent that the present reviewer feels that many readers, who like himself commence the book in chafing rebellion at its strange style and stranger nomenclature, must end not only by liking what seemed to be its defects, but will treasure the romance for a second, a third, a fourth reading.'—*Transcript* (Boston, Mass.).

STYRBIORN THE STRONG

¶ 'In his romance, which is remarkable for the power and flexibility of a style that in weaker hands might have degenerated into a wearisome affectation, the characters are no shadowy figures looming up through the mists of a vanished age, but vivid, intensely human creatures, strong in their passions and bold in their pursuit. . . . The author's creative inspiration has indeed made a vanished age to live.'—*The Scotsman*.

¶ 'Mr. Eddison does not give us toys: he gives us brawny men. . . . He digs to the deep heart that is all humankind. Consequently, we are prepared to read him, believing, utterly absorbed in his tale. And he writes with a beauty not often found this side of the sixteenth century.'—*New York Evening Post*.

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