NOCTURNE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649658053

Nocturne by Frank Swinnerton

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

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BY FRANK SWINNERTON





PR 6037 W85N6

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NOCTURNE

TO MARTIN SECKER THIS "NOCTURNE"



INTRODUCTION BY H. G. WELLS

"'But do I see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—may I?'

"This May I, meant might he shake hands?"

—DICKENS, Great Expectations.

I DO not know why I should be so overpoweringly reminded of the immortal, if at times
impossible, Uncle Pumblechook, when I sit down
to write a short preface to Mr. Swinnerton's Nocturne. Jests come at times out of the backwoods
of a writer's mind. It is part of the literary quality that behind the writer there is a sub-writer,
making a commentary. This is a comment against
which I may reasonably expostulate, but which
nevertheless I am indisposed to ignore.

The task of introducing a dissimilar writer to a new public has its own peculiar difficulties for the elder hand. I suppose logically a writer should have good words only for his own imitators. For surely he has chosen what he considers to be the best ways. What justification has he for praising attitudes he has never adopted and commending methods of treatment from which he has abstained? The reader paturally receives his commendations with suspicion. Is this man, he asks, stricken with penitence in the