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Book Reviews

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Book Reviews

BY LOVE POSSESSED, by James Gould Cozzens. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1957. 570 pp. \$5.00.

By Love Possessed, James Gould Cozzens' twelfth novel and his first since the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Guard of Honor* in 1948, has apparently been making more money, attracting more readers, and earning more critical acclaim than anything else Cozzens has written up to now—a happy state of affairs to which a reviewer can only add an approving “amen.” The fact that *By Love Possessed* was a book club selection, became an immediate best-seller, and has remained one ever since its publication in the fall, should not frighten away those readers who hold as an article of faith to the proposition that if it's popular it can't be good, or vice versa.

For Cozzens is a major American novelist. The tendency now, especially among those who have known for a good many years how good Cozzens really is, is to keep ahead of the game by belittling the new novel in favor of the older ones, which not so many people have read; and it is no doubt true that in the new novel

Cozzens has fallen victim to one of his own stylistic mannerisms—a sometimes maddening overuse of parenthesis, of qualification and over-qualification of statement; but the book remains, for all that, the finest accomplishment to date of a serious artist and virtuoso writer, and is well worth the time of anyone professing an interest in the achievements of American fiction.

The book blazes no new trails in style or form. Its chief value, aside from its interest to students of Cozzens' development as a novelist, lies in its brilliant reaffirmation of some qualities which have long been reckoned virtues of the English-language novel: absolute honesty in the examination of society, for one thing, coupled with such uncompromising respect for the exigencies of realism that the reader is from the first page drawn, without the possibility of reservation, into the society Cozzens has intended we should be drawn into; his Episcopalian rectories, air force



TH. NAST

bases, county court houses are equally viable and involving—whether researched or imagined or lived in, one hesitates to ask: the range is immense—and the craft is of the order that conceals craft. And, for another thing, utter integrity in the unfolding of character, coupled with an unflinching adherence to an “author’s” point of view, so that one comes to know Cozzens’ characters not only as in their nature they must be (to say nothing of how realistic necessity requires that they appear to themselves and to each other and to the worlds they inhabit), but also with some of that clear-sighted, unsentimental, disillusioned kind of pity which Cozzens himself characteristically feels for them.

And interpenetrating the whole is the art of Cozzens the professional, the craftsman. Careless thinking, automatic writing, shoddy construction are not even considerations in this canon. Every page is illumined with the cold, clear light of truth; and because truth is seldom dull and often startling, there are scenes of great brilliance and power to move. A superb story-teller, Cozzens in his mature novels has always worked within big frames and concerned himself with serious matters: “plot,” therefore, serves not merely to unfold a narrative (though it does this), or to lay bare a slice of life (though it does this, too), but in a larger area to reveal some home truths about the human condition.

By Love Possessed gives us a score of characters whose lives in one way or another are “possessed” by love of one kind or another, who fail or do not fail to recognize truth when it stares them in the face, but whose world in any case is subjected even into its darkest corners to the unsparing honesty and critical intelligence of Cozzens’ scrutiny.

—HENRY SHULTZ

Henry Shultz teaches at the Albuquerque Indian School. His article on the Santa Fe Opera appeared in the last issue of the Quarterly.

DESERT HAPPY, by Douglas Rigby. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1957. 306 pp. \$5.00.

New Yorkers Douglas and Elizabeth Rigby, though seasoned travelers, had never seen the Southwest. Influenced by the attitude of their California friends “Why man, you’ve never really lived!” they set out in a spirit of disbelief to investigate. We, the ever hopeful readers, may already have “seen the elephant” but we climb in the car and go along.

Unhappily, Mr. Rigby is not the best of drivers. He starts and stops with jerks, looks everywhere but the road, detours unexpectedly. Long before we reach Tucson we are desperately trying to stay in the “now” but find ourselves either in the far future or the distant past.

Our driver is not impressed by Tucson. He sees only “the usual

middling city, its midsection a clump of tall buildings and a nursery of parking meters planted along the curbs of the crowded central streets." The offices are unloading and he is disappointed to find the same 5 o'clock stampede and the same kind of people he left back home. "What about the romance of the Southwest, the Old Pueblo of the pamphlet writers which the tourist has been invited to savor?"

Just as we are about to shake off the dust of Tucson and proceed to California, a desert sunset and the saguaro forest win approval. Our New Yorkers rent a cottage near Tucson. All they had asked anyway was "warm and ample sunshine" and a cottage for rent "in some uncrowded, fairly wonderful desert place accessible to an urban center and a good library."

Mr. Rigby is no run-of-the-mine tourist. Co-author with his wife Elizabeth of *Lock, Stock and Barrel, The Story of Collecting*, he at once starts loading himself down with a hodgepodge of "facts," antique and modern, real and synthetic, true and doubtful—many, quite dusty and shelf-worn.

Stranded in the Tucson library, we fellow travelers fail to acquire the western tan we had been led to expect, but we can browse through Mr. Rigby's compilation and make our own selection from the conglomerate of historical and scientific data. There is much of value here, for Mr.

Rigby is discriminating and has an artist's eye for beauty. We may have our choice of flora and fauna, pioneers and present inhabitants, physical structure, even constellations. Of course Mr. Rigby has made his own appraisals, punctuated with more or less lively comment, but his attitude is still cynical and much like that of a pawnbroker who belittles everything offered him until he is ready to sell it. Particularly is this true of his personality collection. We suspect that he sets up his Southwesterners as straw dummies so that he may knock them down with his own superior knowledge.

We are relieved and delighted when the Rigbys move to a second house, West Cottage, and there, stumble upon their most important find—the one that ties them closer to the desert.

At this cottage and apparently conditioned to human beings, for they are bold too soon for desert creatures, appear those bird, rodent and reptile opportunists who lurk around camps anticipating handouts. The Rigbys, also opportunists and quick to realize their prize, set up a roadside bar which they call "The Ring," and with food, water and convenient cactus perches, lure as exciting and motley a crowd of customers as ever elbowed around the counter of a highway cafe. Within sight of the cottage windows, bird dandies and brassy females, reptile sneak thieves and murderers, all suet

and sip together in more or less disharmony with the staid and decent quail, while their inquisitive and vigilant host, armed with Kodak, notebook, binoculars and patience, meticulously records what he sees. Here the Gila monster rocks and rolls as he performs his egg dance, Patio Chips—the pixie Harris ground squirrel—leaps about displaying his astonishing acrobatic skill, and Little Joe the horned toad demonstrates exactly how he likes his drinks served.

"We had struck it rich," says Mr. Rigby, "a good trade, for they paid and overpaid us a hundred fold in a continual round of entertainment and something deeper. We did not immediately know that they would lead all the desert in tugging us back a distance of twenty-five hundred miles."

An obvious fault in the book is the attempt to weld together two separate types of material and two periods of time, the result of which is confusion and lack of unity. We have no inkling as to when the Rigbys leave the desert the first spring and return the next fall. The material is treated as one winter season and only at the conclusion are we made aware that two winter seasons have elapsed. Little Joe the horned toad introduced in the prologue as captured at the end of the first season and carried all the way to New York and back "tethered by a string fastened to his right leg" exposes this confusing state of affairs by twice

appearing during what we are led to believe is the first year.

That the Rigbys did grow close to the little people of the desert in sympathy and understanding is evident when, at the eve of their final departure, they attempt to lead "The Ring" back into the natural desert by scattering corn and chicken feed. This growth is further evidenced by their changed attitude toward Little Joe whom they had taken to New York "because he represented something tangible out of that corner of the Southwest which we had begun to cherish." Remorseful that in captivity their pet had grown too fat and trustful to shift for himself, they try to re-educate him in self-reliance before they abandon him.

"The Ring" is the heart of the story *Desert Happy*. The information painstakingly gathered at West Cottage is a worthy and commendable contribution. Had Mr. Rigby, however, confined himself to this particular field and not included so much other encyclopedic material, interesting, amusingly written, valuable in itself, but irrelevant to his title and his thesis, *Desert Happy* might have had the continuity it lacks and would have better clarified his fine passage at the close of the prologue: "When you come to this place—as, chances are, sooner or later you will—you, too, will uncover revelations reserved for your own hour and perceptions, and they will remain forever yours, signed, para-

doxically, with barbed arrows and unexpected tenderness—Arizona Desert Country.”

—OLGA WRIGHT SMITH

Author of the Book “Gold on the Desert,” published by UNM Press, Olga Wright Smith lives in Globe, Arizona.

SOUND AND SYMBOL, by Victor Zuckerkandl. New York: Pantheon Books, Bollingen Series XLIV, 1956. 399 pp. \$5.00.

This is an ambitious book, translated from the German, and attempting a nearly impossible task: an explication of the metaphysical relationships between music and the external world.

The historical fact — not yet satisfactorily explained — is that music has been with us since the dawn of man’s impress upon this planet. What is there about sound, rhythmically and melodically organized, which human beings seem to have found indispensable to their religious, economic and emotional life? How is it that we can speak of most of the music of our experience as being in one “key” or another? Why do the separate notes of a recognizable melody appear to have a gravitational relationship to each other, so that the key-note, or tonic, eventually takes shape as the inevitable goal of all the others? Mr. Zuckerkandl’s book deals with these and other problems; and, had he solved

them in a clear, tangible and convincing fashion, the philosophy of music as an imperishable artifact of human existence would have been immeasurably enriched.

Unfortunately the measure of an artist’s striving is often the measure of his failure, and if the book attempts much, it seems to solve little. Little, in the sense of being able to say to oneself, “Yes, I see the reason now. This answers something that has troubled me for a long time.” Too often the author substitutes two or three philosophical abstractions for the original question, and one is thus able to see a new facet, or facets, of the problem. But an answer is seldom forthcoming.

Additionally, the language is often obscure and involved. The sentences are almost invariably enriched with dependent clauses which huddle round and intimidate the central thought. If all this conveys the impression that there is nothing in the book, the impression needs qualifying. Mr. Zuckerkandl has attacked basic problems which prove too much for him, but he kindles some provocative ideas along the way in relation to rhythm, melody, the musical concept of time. His book is not a text, nor even a reference book; it is the kind of book which the musical philosopher may read, skipping through and picking the chapters whose titles catch his fancy.

As for the average individual — and that includes most of us — our

very human desire for concrete answers to that burning, egocentric question: Why do we respond emotionally to music? — that desire is better satisfied in Leonard Myer's book, *Emotion and Meaning in Music*, published by the University of Chicago press.

— DONALD McRAE

Mr. McRae is assistant professor of music at UNM.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, by Oliver LaFarge. New York: Crown Publishers, 1956. 272 pp. 350 illus. \$7.50.

Up to this time there has not been a good comprehensive and well illustrated account of the Indians of the United States. Previous books which have attempted to cover the whole area have been for the scholar and not directed to the general reader — Clark Wissler's *The American Indian* is a good example, or, they have been so over-simplified by ill-informed authors that they have served no purpose whatsoever. There are dozens of these.

In the volume under review Oliver LaFarge has written with authority and dignity a book of great compass. All of the culture areas have been covered with a brief but basic description of the history and life of typical groups in each region. The peopling of America, the archaeological and ethnological records are

dealt with, as well as the history of the contact periods in the different regions. One of the best single chapters in the book is the final one, *The Non-Vanishing Americans*. This is concerned with Indians of the present day, their relations to state and federal government and with the tribal organizations some of which have made remarkable progress in self-government during the past twenty years. One of the best accounts describes progress on the San Carlos reservation. This field of Indian affairs is the single phase of the total subject that LaFarge knows the best and to which he has devoted a major part of his life.

The author has made an admirable selection of illustrations which supplement the text; this required judicious editing from the huge archives in the Smithsonian Institution, Library of Congress, Bureau of Indian Affairs, American Museum of Natural History, and others, as well as combing through the illustrations in numerous published volumes. He has come up with a selection of paintings, drawings and engravings which depict Indian life prior to the 19th century, and has included dioramas from various museums which depict reconstructions of the way of life in the different culture areas. The engravings by de Bry of southeastern tribes, and the sketches, paintings and engravings of Plains Indian life by Kurz and Bodmer all serve to make this a handsome volume. The

last three decades of the 19th century saw the use of the camera. Pictures by Ben Wittick, Hilliers and other photographers of the frontier give the reader a visual image of western Indian life before acculturation had significantly altered those cultures. Arts and crafts as well as many other aspects of the material culture of the American Indians are also illustrated.

Many pictorial accounts of various phases of life in America, both historic and modern, have been assembled; but it is seldom that the texts of such books hold up along side of the illustrations. Here the text is well worth reading with care. This is a book with good balance and coverage which can be recommended to the general reader as an accurate account of American Indian life.

THE NUDE: A STUDY IN IDEAL FORM, by Kenneth Clark. Bollingen Series XXXV-2. New York: Pantheon Books, 1957. 458 pp. \$7.50.

It is widely supposed that the naked human body is in itself an object which the eye dwells upon with unqualified pleasure. The title pages of illustrated magazines enforce this supposition every week, a hundred times over. But anyone who has frequented art schools, seen the models with their wrappings off (that is, without their alluring "helpful paddings," props and stays) knows

that this is an illusion. Yet the art students and the artists draw and paint from this rather pitiful human nakedness with ardor and enthusiasm. Why?

This book by Kenneth Clark gives the answers, explaining with eloquence and erudition the problem of the creative artist. From the times of Pythagoras of Rhegium and his fore-runners to Matisse and Henry Moore, this problem and its solutions are unfolded. The problem is, of course, that the naked human body cannot be made into art by direct transcription; there is a vital difference between the naked and the nude.

"The nude gains its enduring value from the fact that it reconciles several contrary states. It takes the most sensual and interesting object, the human body, and puts it out of reach of time and desire. It takes the most purely rational concept of which mankind is capable, mathematical order, and makes it a delight of the senses. It takes the value fears of the unknown and sweetens them by showing that the gods are like men and may be worshipped for their life-giving beauty rather than their death-dealing powers."

Compared to the "Song of Songs," this book is mild. After all, Kenneth Clark is a Britisher. But if one were to name a book which takes the dreariness out of the study of art history of our culture, *The Nude* can be recommended. If the requirements

were that the book should be well and carefully written, that it show some sense of humor, and be accompanied by really fine illustrations, then Kenneth Clark's book may well be the only one that comes to mind. There are nearly three hundred illustrations of works of art, from all periods, arranged so cleverly that reading becomes fun again and knowledge is acquired without pain, and this last point may encourage even those amongst us who suffer from the bacillus proteus vulgaris.

—JOHN TATSCHL

John Tatschl is a sculptor and Professor of Art at the University of New Mexico.

ARCHIVES OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SANTA FE, 1678-1900, by Fray Angélico Chavez, O.F.M. Publications, Academy of American Franciscan History, Bibliographical Series, Vol. 3. Washington, D. C., 1957. 283 pp. \$7.50.

This excellent description of the papers preserved in the archdiocesan archives of Santa Fe is welcome indeed. Church records in New Mexico in the Spanish period, and after, were subject to every hazard, from war, fire, and flood to ordinary human indifference and carelessness. The survivors, assembled some years ago by order of Archbishop Gerken and now catalogued by Father Chavez, may contain few hitherto unknown documents of major historical

importance, but they do provide many valuable data to illuminate other sources of our knowledge of life in the Southwest in earlier days. A useful appendix lists the regular and secular clergy whose names appear in the parish registers, and there is a good index. The attractive endpapers, drawn by José Cisneros on the basis of data supplied by Father Chavez, map the Franciscan missions of New Mexico, 1694-1850.

Father Angélico's knowledge of New Mexico history, his capacity for hard work, and his talent for reducing the substance of a document to a few effective words have turned what could have well been a dreary catalogue into a calendar that often makes fascinating reading.

—ELEANOR B. ADAMS

Research Associate in History at the University of New Mexico, Eleanor Adams is co-author, with Fray Angélico Chavez, of The Missions of New Mexico, 1776.

THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL AND OTHER PAPERS, by Randolph Bourne. Introduction by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: S. A. Russell, 1956. 309 pp. \$3.75.

Many books have been canonized by the dullards of the press and the American academies. We are still piling up mediocre books in our charnel-house of literature in order to give us a false, big Parnassus. Who

but a gray-haired boy of an English department can still prate about William Dunlap or Charles Brockden Brown, or intone Emerson's "Oversoul," or Freneau's "A Fly Drowned in a Glass of Water," which are elocution exercises for a crepuscular doctor of letters waiting for the cemetery laurels of the emeritus professor.

Randolph Bourne is a minor figure, but not a niggard one. Now that he is venerable ashes, it is with great reluctance that I relegate this dear nature to a region of half-limbo in our literature. Bourne was a monumental experience of mine, and if I may be allowed to say it, is the literature of my juvenilia. Just as I admire Bourne, I still give homage to Tolstoi's *Letters* and his *Patriotism and Slavery*, and George Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea*, but I cannot reread them or no longer have any artistic need of them.

Randolph Bourne, dead at thirty-two, was a humpback, not more than five feet tall, with the head of a savant and the body of a crippled child. He was more flawed by nature than Pope or Kierkegaard. Theodore Dreiser, once strolling in the evening along the walk by the old courthouse at the corner of Eighth and Greenwich Streets, saw a gnome pass him and stepped back to brace himself against the brick wall. The poor dwarf was wearing a black wide brimmed hat, and a cape, resembling the mourning weeds of a witch in a

Walpurgisnacht. Bourne was a disciple of John Dewey, and belonged to that castaway sodality of Grub Street, earning his indigence as an illuminated hack bookreviewer.

He was a gentle nature, that is high-spirited, as Edmund Spenser would use these words, and had no intention of being the mellow or decayed gentleman of belles lettres. He was too audacious for the canting literati of his day and ours, or for the pragmatic priest of philosophy, John Dewey.

Nothing has changed since the time of Bourne. In his endeavor to rouse the lotophagi from their long pragmatic sleep, he earned their malignity. After he rebuked Dewey, in his essay "Twilight of Idols," for inveighing against the conscientious objector, the professor demanded that the *Dial* shut its literary columns to him. *The New Republic*, unable to tolerate one helpless dissident who could not envisage an "antiseptic war," banished him, refusing to let him earn that pauper's locusts and honey for writing literary reviews. The American cannot digest one negation. The mildest iconoclasm is a threat to the national homogeneity, fostered by trade, avarice, and unimaginable sloth. Had not Van Wyck Brooks in his younger days when he was not venal declared that American literature had never had the least effect upon the United States. This gendarmerie of the press and the periodicals inter

books that are not in agreement with their visionary democratic programs in a literary necropolis known as the bookreviewing supplement.

Charles Beard called him a gutter-snipe. Amy Lowell, whom he admired, detested this political mystagogue and his opposition to war. Bloat with elephantiasis herself, Amy Lowell called the humpbacked Bourne diseased. The woman who provided the money for *The Seven Arts* withdrew her support because she could not abide Bourne's distrust of a war waged abroad for democracy, while at home there was suppression of every kind of freedom in thought and feeling. The Justice Department had confiscated his trunk filled with papers which they thought contained secret ciphers of espionage, but they were only his unpublished verse.

It is a somber irony that the two burghers of our pecuniary Olympus, Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford, are his advocates. It has become the custom to hire men who cannot write to write about those who can. Unless the reader is made familiar with Bourne's sufferings and his devout loneliness during this stygian period, he will be revived by those who buried him. For it is the foxes who spoil the grapes who feign to dress the vines of Jericho.

What were Randolph Bourne's ideas which were regarded as some fungus in Tartarus growing upon the tender fabric of the libertarian American commonwealth?

He had little faith in our colleges of lower learning. Had not Erasmus said that wherever there is popular education there is no higher learning. His essay on Miro's education should be read by every professor and student. Those who are graduates of the gigantic cartels of arts and letters, still cringe when recollecting those lectures on Anaxagoras, Anaximenes, and the *Iliads*. The pre-Socratic philosophers and Homer were crepuscular and congealed algebra, and never the sorrow and the intellectual laughter of human bowels. How long it took a student accustomed to the etiolated ambiguities of a secular friar in the English department to discover one viable man. With a delicacy too difficult for the nervous system the student had to eschew the exquisite vocalisms of the otherworldly professor as well as the popular boyisms of the academic vulgarian.

Bourne saw that there was no difference between the "cultivated herd and the rabble," but he was more of an instrumentalist than an icon-breaker, for he imagined that we had traveled farther in learning than the great medieval Abelard. He had in mind a university which was a kind of transfigured vocational guidance school. As a young man he had done a callow volume, with another, on the Gary schools.

He had that faded, period belief in cooperatives, in a radical, robustious equality, in workingman's suburbs,

and in socialist "model garbage-disposal," which have been woefully realized. No earthquake, hurricane, or bomb could make of our cities and streets such a wreck and shambles as these functional Marxist slums, all brand new, and of such an insane similarity that the soberest person is no better than the drunkard when looking for his own apartment at night. As a "moral equivalent for war," a shabby phrase he borrowed from William James, he suggested that American boys and girls, somewhat after the manner of the traveling Miracle Players, should go from town to hamlet, mending "slovenly fences and outhouses."

I mention these flaws in Bourne, but I do not hesitate to declare that he is of more worth to the young, purblind pilgrim in the universal dunghill of nations than Farquhar and Vanbrugh, and most of the writers of the Restoration. I couple his name with theirs because they were all dead around thirty and had not time to come to know that it is ritual and fable that are the groundwork of a true commonwealth. It is better to be Musaeus—though he wrote nothing except the "Hymn to Demeter"—than to be a rag-raker in politics. Whether Bourne would have relinquished those Utopias, which are Gorgons in our bowels, and returned to Hellas, no one can know.

Randolph Bourne wrote five books, but three are dross. Most of the essays in this volume have been culled

from his two best books, both posthumously published, *The History of a Literary Radical*, and *Untimely Papers*. May Pan and Aesculapius guard his name and works so that they will not be the loot and the plagiarized fame of the modern illiterati. Fame is always a bawd who leers at the living as well as the dead.

—EDWARD DAHLBERG

Edward Dahlberg, who wrote *BOTTOM DOGS*, a novel published in 1930, is the author of the *SORROWS OF PRIAPUS*, with drawings by Ben Shahn, *New Directions*, 1957.

THAT MARRIAGE BED OF PROCRUSTES, by Daniel Curley. Boston: Beacon Press, 1957. 186 pp. \$3.50.

Procrustes was a fabled robber of ancient Greece who stretched or mutilated his victims to make them conform to the length of his bed. In "That Marriage Bed of Procrustes," the title story of Daniel Curley's first collection of short stories, George and Alice Fuller mutilate each other verbally in their marriage bed and reappear in two other stories in which they make life unpleasant for one another. "What the hell is it all for?" is the hard question they try to resolve, but the answer, if any, is more elusive than the question. Except for brief moments of mystical insight, the married men of Curley's stories find themselves the Procrustean victims of American matriarchy, in

which the women are no happier than their victims.

Mr. Curley teaches creative writing at the University of Illinois, helps edit *Accent* literary magazine, and is a good example of how a large portion of today's quality short-story writers divide their time between their art and the problem of earning a living. Readers familiar with this fact have a poignant treat in store with "The Appointed Hour," a story vaguely reminiscent in manner of that of Franz Kafka, and perhaps the best of the twelve in this collection. Here the poet Robert Hatcher delivers a subtly subjective lecture on the saga of Steven Pratt, a novelist and instructor at G.I.-infiltrated Upstate University, who is driven from his last sanctuary by a noncompromising society of jaybirds.

—JOE M. FERGUSON, JR.

A graduate assistant in the English Department of the University of New Mexico, Joe M. Ferguson, Jr. is working toward a Master's degree in creative writing. His poems appeared in the most recent NMQ.

BOOKS WEST SOUTHWEST: *Essays on Writers, their Books and their Land*, by Lawrence Clark Powell. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1957. 167 pp. \$4.50.

"Mine is the intellectual heritage of a West that has been developed by earlier generations," writes Lawrence Clark Powell in his preface to

twelve essays on his West Southwest, "the semi-arid land from the Pecos of New Mexico to the Salinas of California," a region "recognizable upon sight, particularly from the air."

Powell, librarian of the University of California at Los Angeles, writes as he talks, with charm, animation, and candor. His are the intimate narratives of the books that are his life, the "mighty sweet smell" of library stacks, and the West that is the life of these books. "Books determine" is his theme, from Ross Calvin's classic *Sky Determines*. He tells of an old Swedish charwoman in a Michigan hotel who had come to America because of books about the Wild West, but she got no further than Chicago. "Don't try," Larry Powell advised her. "It's not like those books would have it. It's both better and worse."

The "best" books, says Powell, are "organic books which are profoundly conceived, true to life present and past, and written in powerful and economical language, without concessions either to Hollywood or to Mrs. Grundy." Harvey Fergusson's "lean" writing he likes, along with that of Conrad Richter and Tom Lea. The *Interlinear* to *Cabeza de Vaca* he calls Haniel Long's "quintessential masterpiece." He agrees with J. Frank Dobie that Will Comfort's *Apache*, the 1931 novel about Mangus Colorado, is "noble and vivid."

Among personalities, Dobie and Robinson Jeffers and A. C. Vroman, the Pasadena bookseller, rate a warm chapter each.

Choosing among roads and places, he takes New Mexico's Truchas, "an ancient village lying exposed on a hogback, inanimate on a Sunday morning, yet eternally alive, as the ghost towns of Arizona are not."

In a lively format, designed and produced by Ward Ritchie, *Books West Southwest* bears a roadrunner woodcut by Paul Landacre on its title page.

—ROLAND DICKEY

BAY OF THE DAMNED, a novel by Warren Carrier. New York: The John Day Co., 1957. 353 pp. \$2.95.

A fast-paced novel of suspense, revolving around a gentle gambler retired to Miami and pursued by lively memories and livelier gunmen. A sunken Spanish treasure ship forms a somewhat weakly contrived symbol, but the characters are straightforward and convincingly conversational, and the denouement is whimsical. Deliberate overtones of Scott Fitzgerald lend the book an abstract charm.

Books Received

All the King's Men: A Symposium, by A. Fred Sochatoff, Erwin R. Steinberg, Robert C. Clack, Beekman W. Cottrell, Neal Woodruff, Jr., John A. Hart, and William M. Schutte. Carnegie Series in English, No. 3. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Institute of Technology, 1957. 104 pp. Paper.

Amor and Psyche, The Psychic Development of the Feminine, by Erich Neumann. Trans. by Ralph Manheim. Bollingen Series LIV. New York: Pantheon Books, 1956. 190 pp. \$3.00.

Angel and the Sailor, a novella and nine stories by Calvin Kentfield. New York: McGraw-Hill Co., 1957. 224 pp. \$3.50.

Archaeological Survey of West Central New Mexico and East Central Arizona, by Edward Bridge Danson. Papers of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard Univ., Vol. XLIV, No. 1. Cambridge: Peabody Museum, 1957. 162 pp. Paper.

Century of Hero-worship, by Eric Bentley. Boston: Beacon Press, 1957. 283 pp. \$3.95.

Collected Works of C. G. Jung, ed. by Sir Herbert Read, Michael Fordham, Gerhard Adler. Bollingen Series XX. New York: Pantheon Books, 5 Vol.

Cuentos Españoles de Colorado y Nuevo Méjico, Spanish Tales from Colorado and New Mexico, Spanish originals with English Summaries, by Juan B. Rael. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1957. Vol. 1, 575 pp., Vol. II, 834 pp. Paper \$10.00.

Disinherited Lady, by Benito Pérez Galdos. Trans. by Guy E. Smith. New York: Exposition-Banner, 1957. 305 pp. \$4.00.

Don Quixote of La Mancha, by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Trans. and ed. by Walter Starkie. New York: New American Library, 1957. 446 pp. Paper \$5.00.

Eight Great Tragedies, ed. by Sylvan Barnet, Morton Berman and William Burto. New York: New American Library, 1957. 443 pp. Paper \$5.00.

Elizabethan Plays and Players, by G. B. Harrison. Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1956. 318 pp. Paper \$1.35.

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