

battle in the sleeper's breast; and second, a barbaric battle involving the watery element (the cold wife). He merges "gods," "ostrogoths" and "visigoths" with "oysters" and "fishes."

Such instances might be multiplied endlessly, since the whole book almost is made up of similar, mainly comical, instances of concentrated, telescoped words and meanings. One more, also derived from the prodigious first chapter, must suffice: it occurs in the conversation between Jute and Mutt (also Mutt and Jeff). Mutt says to Jute "*Here is viceking's graab.*" "Graab" is Nordic for "grave," also "grab" or "fortune." And "viceking" is symbolic of the cir-

cumstances of the presence of the viceregal lodge, and viking ancestors of the dreamer and the fact that he believes himself to be "a king of vice"; and the whole phrase speaks of the end of British domination, and that "the king of vice" is coming to an end and Earwicker is to re-arise washed and purified.

Thus what seems gibberish at first glance, ultimately resolves itself into conglomerates of meanings. *Finnegans Wake*, even more so than *Ulysses*, is a book by Joyce for Joyce and other writers. However it be regarded, it remains an amazing performance; and whatever its fate, it seems likely to fertilize other talents, provoke other minds, for generations to come.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front advertising section)

FICTION

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN, by John Dos Passos. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace.* The young man was born to a tradition of sacrifice for convictions and social justice and lived within that tradition in terms of modern strikes and radical movements. Stalin's comrades will get small satisfaction from Dos Passos' acid picture of the Communist

Party operations in a famous Southern strike and in the recent Spanish civil war. The writing, symptomatic of other changes, is less telegraphic, more streamlined.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH, by Waldo Frank. \$2.75. *Doubleday Doran.* This immensely long novel will prove controversial. Highly ambitious, its pages are

packed with characters and incident described in a turgid, mannered prose that will either impress or madden you. It is a serious effort to trace the spiritual growth of a young girl to the painful achievement of maturity, with a good deal about the American scene as a kind of mystic counterpoint.

HARVEST, by Jean Giono. \$3.50. *Viking*. A picturesque, hearty tale of simple folk in the French Basse alps. Though the nobility of the peasants becomes a bit overwhelming in the last chapters, Mr. Giono's descriptive powers make this book memorable.

DRUMS AT DUSK, by Arna Bontemps. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The most moving, colorful, modern account yet published of the start of the slaves' uprising in Haiti. Slightly blood-thirsty but written with restraint.

VALEDICTORY, by Mackinlay Kantor. \$1.00. *Coward McCann*. Delicate vignette about the janitor of a small-town school, on the point of retiring. As he arranges the auditorium for the last graduation, memories of his years of service run through his mind; the boys and girls whom his humble understanding has helped come to life for a few tender moments are gone — but not without having left him some token of their appreciation.

TAKE THESE HANDS, by Anne Paterson. \$2.50. *Macrae Smith*. Another hospital story, larded with generous doses of back-to-the-soil New England description. Too many undefined characters, and the excessively rapid scene changes, make this book disappointing.

THE ALTAR PIECE, by Naomi Royde Smith. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Raw materials sufficient for several good stories here fail to coalesce into one. The author veers from psychological study to realistic portrayal of a small English community, from melodrama to old-fashioned characterization. The result lacks direction and interest.

MISCELLANEOUS

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN, by Maurice Hindus. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. This is much more than another newspaperman's account of Czechoslovakia's downfall. Hindus was on the scene several months before the September crisis and is thus able to devote the first half of his book to a description of Czechoslovakian democracy at the height of its glory. His report of the final fourteen days which spelled the doom of the little nation's independence is pure drama — quietly passionate reporting which leaves the reader bitter and angry. The book ends on the note of hope struck in the title.

LETTERS FROM ASKANCE, by Christopher Morley. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Another collection of Morley essays, deployed through all history and all subject matter. Civilized and stimulating.

AMERICAN MEDICINE MOBILIZES, by James Rorty. \$3.00. *Norton*. The exciting battle being fought around the slogan "socialized medicine," reported and analyzed dramatically by a man who is both economist and poet. Years of intensive research and great literary skill are fused to make this the most significant study of present-day medical economics and politics.

WE DIDN'T ASK FOR UTOPIA, by Harry and Rebecca Timbres. \$2.50. *Prentice Hall*. They didn't ask for it, didn't find it, but read their own wishful-thinking enthusiasms into the Soviet scene. This record, in letters, of an American Quaker family's life in a Russian village is honest, warm-hearted, and incredibly naive. For all that it reveals of the deeper Soviet realities the Timbreses might have lived in an African village.

NINETY TIMES GUILTY, by Hickman Powell. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. How the big-time racketeer, Lucky Luciano, was tripped