

revelation of her disposal was contained in a letter from Leon Trotsky which Reinhardt says he saw during a 1942 visit to the Brooklyn home of Ludwig Lore, ex-Communist leader. Lore died in 1942. In the short period between his death and the purchase of his houseful of records by the FBI, a single item disappeared. It was the Trotsky letter on Poyntz, according to Reinhardt. Carlo Tresca, famous anarchist, was gunned to death in New York in January 1943, after he threatened exposure of Communist control of a foreign language press council in the U. S. The killing was done by Murder Inc. for Moscow gold, says Reinhardt.

Other theories have been offered. How does the author know this is the true Tresca story? It seems there was a meeting at a private home in Mexico City at an unspecified date. There Enea Sormenti, Soviet executioner, made his report on the indirect achievement. André Simone, a top Comintern agent, got drunk later in a public place and blabbed about it to somebody who told Reinhardt. What better evidence can you ask than that?

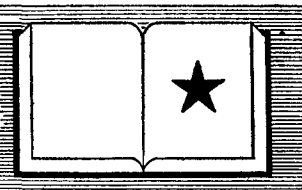
The death of General Walter Krivitsky, who had been talking in Washington to U. S. authorities about the Soviet net in Europe, is listed by Reinhardt as a suicide in quotes, with no further comment one way or the other. Some accidents are described by Reinhardt as camouflaged murders, others are merely mentioned in an ominous way.

Basically, belief in the stories presented by "Crime Without Punishment" depends largely on the reader's appraisal of the author, who has undoubtedly done some FBI work and some military counter-intelligence, who has been around underground, so to speak, but who emerges as an intense, dramatic person inclined to ride a theory to death.

Reinhardt speaks of Sir Percy Sil-litoe, the British counter-intelligence chief, as Sir Percy Sillicox, and he lists the sentence of David Greenglass, the atom spy, at thirty instead of fifteen years, to mention two of many minor slips. Except for occasional purple passages, exemplified in the conclusion to a chapter on Communist penetration in Guatemala, the writing is adequate. The book has an excellent index.

—OLIVER PILAT.

## NEW EDITIONS



THE Oxford University Press has done a service to lovers of good fiction by making readily available Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life" (World's Classics Double, \$2). This remarkable book, written by a brilliant young English emigrant to Australia, and first published in 1874, falls just short of a place among the greatest Victorian novels; it falls short as a whole, but it is not far from the top, and there are parts of it that stand level with the work of the masters. It is a tale of agony, of the almost incredible sufferings of an innocent man who is transported to the penal settlements of Van Dieman's Land (Tasmania) in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, and there—in that British hell which so gloriously anticipated France's Devil's Island—is tortured in mind and body for the term of his natural life. The reader is tortured with him, but he is also carried along by an irresistible storytelling power, he is sustained by unflagging excitement, and his way is lighted by flashes of a humor that is savage or gentle at will.

It would seem that Clarke could do amazingly well just about anything that he wished to do as a novelist, but he lacked either the judgment or the will to refuse to do certain things that were highly fashionable in his day. His few faults are gross, but his many virtues are great. Let him give coincidence a longer arm than even most Victorians dared to give it; let him wallow in sentimentality; let him make the rantings of the unfortunate Reverend North almost intolerable—it hardly matters. There is enough life and truth and passion here for a dozen novels. But Dr. Allen is quite right, in his introduction, to warn readers against the prologue. That certainly shows Clarke at his worst. It is essential, but to be done with as quickly as possible. However, once it is done with, rewards for the reader come quickly.

"Hard Times" (Everyman's, \$1.25)

is not a favorite of most Dickensians; but it struck fierce blows where they were needed; Taine thought it was an abstract of all Dickens's fiction; Chesterton professes great admiration for it in his introduction to the present edition; and I admit that I have a hard but still an amused spot in my heart reserved for Josiah Bounderby.

If there is a question about the place of "Hard Times" among its author's works, there is none about "The Cloister and the Hearth," which now may be had in a fine Heritage Press edition (\$5)—legacy of the Limited Editions Club—introduced rather sloppily by Hendrik Van Loon, and strikingly illustrated by Lynd Ward. In this tale of the fifteenth century, Reade let go with all he had and wrote one of our great romances. Nor is there any doubt about "Moby Dick," the World's Classics edition of which (\$1.25) has been reset by Oxford. In the introduction, Viola Meynell says that this book carries us "to the comprehensible limits of marvelous imagination," and she asserts: "To read it and absorb it is the crown of one's reading life . . ." Nor is there any doubt about "The Way of All Flesh," now in the American Editions of Everyman's (Dutton, \$1.45), introduced by George Moreby Acklom. Samuel Butler's masterpiece has a tone and a flavor that are not to be matched elsewhere. I have read it in many editions, always with fresh pleasure. And there can be little doubt that Sigrid Undset's "The Master of Hestviken" (Knopf, \$5) ranks with its author's best. Now that it is back in print, this four-part tale of medieval Norway should satisfy the needs of many readers who wish to curl up for a long time with a good book, and be carried far away from the world that is with us.

A most welcome Modern Library Giant is "Tales of Grimm and Andersen" (\$2.45), with an introduction by Auden. The Grimms' power of flat, convincing statement, within the realm of the marvelous, makes Andersen's clever fantasies seem all artifice. Maurice Walsh's "Blackcock's Feather" (Lippincott, \$3) is for those who like good sword play combined with romantic love, rather than with sex.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



# The Saturday Review



Editor, NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD

Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT

Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS,  
JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY

Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON

Contents Copyrighted, 1952, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

## America's Will & Her Soul

**I**N the nineteenth century Americans were borrowers of culture.

In the twentieth we are still borrowers, according to our critics in Europe and Asia. We have, apparently, nothing to export in that line of goods. We have to offer only a flood of mechanical inventions, from the motor car and the airplane to the washing machine, Coca-Cola, and the deep freeze. The conception that the United States consists of one-hundred-and-fifty-eight million people, all of whom are descendants of Europeans, Africans, and a few Asiatics who brought over with them and implanted on our soil the seeds of their own cultures, seems to be neglected. We have even borrowed from the Indians, as well as the Spanish, as anyone can see who visits the Southwest.

In an essay in *The American Scholar* a year ago Sidney Alexander pointed out that when four of our literary giants, Thoreau, Emerson, Whitman, and Melville, were writing and dreaming "now-forgotten Continentals admired our political system and pooh-poohed our learning." He quotes the classical remark of a patronizing European visitor, "Oh, well, you have just borrowed from us." But what country has not adapted the philosophy, literature, and art of others and developed its own culture by the same process of cross-fertilization which has created the United States?

An American attacked by foreigners for our materialism has never known what to say. He can speak to no avail of our orchestras, of the constant stream of classical and modern music that night and day crowds the air-waves, of our theatres, our museums of art, our vast universities, and of our modern literature trans-

lated and read abroad by millions of Europeans. It is embarrassing to have to defend ourselves against the preconceptions of people who will not listen.

But now it has become necessary to explain the American philosophy of life, to advance our claims for recognition as a civilized nation. The denial that we have any culture worth speaking of has become a political weapon in the hands of those who are presumably our friends or who are, or have been, our allies. It is useless, and apparently it has even become offensive, to mention that we have the highest standard of life and pay the highest wages of any country on earth. That is not an evidence that we are a cultivated people, although the wealth of nations or individuals and the development of the arts have always gone hand in hand. A nation that cannot afford to pay for: orchestras, operas, theatres, art galleries, and a continuous stream of books inevitably loses its artists, writers, painters, singers, and actors to other countries, and is itself spiritually impoverished.

We are now desperately trying to prove to our critics across the Atlantic and the Pacific that we belong to the community of civilized nations, not only because our military power and our billions have made us the leader of the crusade for peace and a united world, but because we ourselves have something to contribute in our way of life, our devotion to the freedom of the individual, and the rapid development of our creative writers and artists. We must prove that though we are still borrowers we are also lenders. Actually, we have not learned how to meet this continuing and now concerted attack. It is all very well to say that we ourselves

know what we are, and to pay foreigners to come over here and take a look at us, but, unfortunately, they have preconceived opinions and will neither look nor listen.

**I**T is useless to exclaim, like Lewis Galantière, "They are humiliated by the thought that they must seek help from our hands, and they console themselves in their humiliation by the comforting thought that their culture is superior to ours," if we do not know how to answer the complaint of Manoo Masani, a distinguished former ambassador from India, who recently in these pages wrote "that too many Asians have the impression that while America feeds the body she starves the mind." He then quoted the paradox presented by Prof. M. A. Lineberger after visiting the Orient, "Americans believe in spiritual things, but they try to buy them by material means—by dollars, by gifts, by aid. The Communists believe in material things, but they offer people something to join, something to do, something to fight." Though Mr. Masani is without question a friend of America who believes in our ultimate aims, we do not know how to reply to him.

It has become necessary that we should learn how to satisfy him, as well as our innumerable critics in Europe. According to the recent book "The Taming of Nations" by F. S. C. Northrop, Sterling Professor of Philosophy and Law at Yale University, we must first become acquainted with the frame of mind of our questioners from Asia, so that we may understand what has puzzled and even wounded many Americans: neutrality in the Cold War. "In the case of India," Professor Northrop writes, "the complexity of its recent behavior has necessitated a more systematized and complex analysis of Indian culture than the traditional literature has provided . . . It is essential to comprehend Gandhi's way to settle disputes between men and nations and that of the equally popular Subhas Bose, the contemporary Mahatmas, and the Aryan-Hindu law books, since both forms of behavior appeal to the Hindu classics for their moral justification." In other words, we must learn to understand the culture and the philosophies of our critics before we can find the words through which we may explain to them our own complex conceptions of what America has to offer. It will be difficult; but since it is necessary, we will discover the men who can do so. It is part of our philosophy and, let us say, part of our culture, that nothing on which we set our heart and mind is impossible to accomplish. —H. S.