



Salazar—"without fear."

Bashful Dictator

"Salazar in Portugal: An Intimate Portrait," by Christine Garnier (Farrar, Straus & Young, 220 pp. \$3), is one of the few studies available in English of the little-known dictator. Here it is reviewed by Charles S. Nowell, professor of history at the University of Illinois and author of *"A History of Portugal."*

By Charles S. Nowell

NEAR the middle of her book *"Salazar in Portugal: An Intimate Portrait"* Christine Garnier explains that the decision to write it was the result of a conversation with a Paris taxi driver. The cabman complained of his inability to understand current politics and laid his failure largely to lack of information regarding the private lives of statesmen. If only, he said, more could be known of their habits and pastimes a proper understanding of world events would be easier. Miss Garnier repeated these remarks to her publisher, who agreed that the driver had a point and sent the young French writer to Portugal to inaugurate a series of political portraits with one of Antonio de Oliveira Salazar.

Surprisingly, considering his dislike of publicity and his timidity with women, the elderly bachelor who for over twenty years has governed Portugal as first minister proved cooperative, giving Miss Garnier all the time he could spare and frequently entertaining her at lunch and dinner. Besides the interviews with Salazar, the author talked with people who had known him at various periods of his life (he is now sixty-five): his two sisters, his housekeeper, various professors at Coimbra University, where he was first a student and later a

teacher, and the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon, once a fellow lecturer at Coimbra. Internal evidence shows that Miss Garnier held these conversations in the summer and early autumn of 1951, although the date matters little since her concern was with Salazar's personality and not with the changing condition of Portugal.

The book consists of eighteen brief chapters, most of them written as dialogues. Together they amount to a biography, although not a very factual one as the principal emphasis is placed on the statesman's thought and character. The portrait is that of a man consistent since boyhood in idea and purpose, conservative yet possessing some liberal traits, and wholly indifferent to his world's vanities. He has the greatest distaste for ostentation; Miss Garnier describes him as looking utterly miserable on the day that protocol compelled him to appear prominently at the inauguration of President Craveiro Lopes. He also maintains, with obvious sincerity, that he dislikes to wield power; the author suspects, however, this may involve some self-deception.

The unworldliness of Salazar is a theme often stressed; Miss Garnier feels that it is overstressed. This dictator, who will scarcely admit that he is one, has given Portugal and its colonial empire a strong Government for nearly a generation. In that time he has handled every type of modern politics.

MISS GARNIER leaves to others the question of whether Salazar has been good or bad for Portugal. That is her privilege, but she would not have taxed the reader's patience if she had added to this short book a few interviews with Portuguese citizens willing to give forthright opinions concerning the Government. It is to Salazar's credit that such citizens could have spoken freely and without fear.

Since the author spoke no Portuguese, all conversations were conducted in French, a language in which Salazar is not perfectly at home. Yet the dialogues as set down here are elegant, almost Platonic, in style. Miss Garnier neither took shorthand notes nor used a recording device, and no human being could quote from memory the elaborate paragraphs she offers us as coming from the lips of the dictator and his friends. What we obviously have is a series of polished summaries of ideas originally expressed, doubtless rather lamely, by Salazar and the other Portuguese.

But if we must be cautious about accepting Miss Garnier's elegant paragraphs as genuine quotations, the general picture of Salazar is an accurate one.

Law for Lawless

"Tyranny on Trial: The Evidence at Nuremberg," by Whitney R. Harris (Southern Methodist University Press, Dallas, 608 pp. \$6), is a fully documented account of the trials of the Nazi leaders. Lawrence D. Egbert, who reviews it here, is professorial lecturer at American University, and served on the staff of the Chief of Counsel during the trials.

By Lawrence D. Egbert

WHITNEY R. HARRIS, at present executive director of the American Bar Association and formerly a trial counsel at Nuremberg, has just published the first comprehensive American study of the Nuremberg trial. *"Tyranny on Trial: The Evidence at Nuremberg"* is based primarily on three sources: *"Trial of the Major War Criminals Before the International Military Tribunal,"* the official record of the trial; *"Nazi Conspiracy and Aggression,"* a United States Government Printing Office publication; and *"International Conference on Military Trials,"* a Department of State publication. Three authentic sources if ever there were any! The first sets out the transcript of the proceedings and the documents introduced into evidence, forty-two volumes of about 600 pages a volume. The second is restricted to documents and consists of eight volumes and two supplements. And the third source records the negotiations leading to the adoption of the Tribunal's Charter.

"Tyranny on Trial" tells the story, as revealed by the evidence at Nuremberg, of Hitler's rise to power, Nazi planning and execution of aggressive war, war crimes, and crimes against humanity, and the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny. It concludes with an interesting discussion of the law of the case. The story itself, or at least the basic plot, is all too familiar to most of us. Even now the world probably finds it incredible, almost to the point of disbelief, just as the Nazi leaders hoped we would. The great significance of Mr. Harris's book is the corroboration given to historians and other reporters of events that this tragic story is borne out by facts proven in a case in court by directives signed and confirmed by the testimony of the key personalities who wrote the directives. What had shocked the conscience of the world was now condemned by law in the solemn pronouncements of an international tribunal. The story, as told

by Mr. Harris, each step of which is supported by incontrovertible evidence, is much too detailed even to sketch in a review.

WHEN the mammoth struggle was over and the Hitler tyranny was ended, the victorious powers created at Nuremberg for the trial of the major Nazi war leaders a court which was to apply law to facts proven by evidence. Confidence was placed in the personal integrity of the judges of the Tribunal, who solemnly undertook to try the accused in accordance with due process of law. The Tribunal did not hesitate to condemn the accused on charges of "war crimes," such as the killing of escaped prisoners, commandos, and captured fliers. The Hague and Geneva conventions provided a useful foundation in declared law for such crimes. With regard to "crimes against humanity," Mr. Harris states: "Dangers implicit in introducing into international law a concept as vaguely conceived as crimes against humanity should not be discounted. The only crimes considered by the Tribunal to fall within this category, however, were the murder and ill-treatment of prisoners of war and civilian populations, the pillage of public and private property, slave labor, and racial persecution carried to the point of extermination, all of which had to be committed in connection with, or in execution of, aggressive war. . . . And, while accepting the general idea of crimes against humanity as cognizable in international law, the Tribunal has restricted it to principles acceptable to all civilized peoples." The planning and waging of a war of aggression was declared by the Tribunal Charter to be a crime in international law.

At Nuremberg Mr. Harris served on the staff of Chief of Counsel Robert H. Jackson, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Robert G. Storey, recent president of the American Bar Association. The reviewer also served on the staff of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Storey, attempted to sift evidence and later struggled with problems of editing the official record. There can be no question of the great need of a comprehensive analysis of the record based on careful research and condensed into one volume. Mr. Harris is to be congratulated for producing such a volume with great skill. As Mr. Storey states in his foreword, "He has performed a remarkable feat in reducing the uncoordinated mass of documents and testimony into logical form in a single volume"; and as Mr. Jackson writes, "none can question that he has set forth the whole subject with objective learning and insight."

FICTION

Buccaneers of the North

"The Long Ships," by Frans G. Bengtsson (translated by Michael Meyer. Alfred A. Knopf. 503 pp. \$4.50), recounts the adventurous wanderings of Red Orm, one of the Viking marauders of the last years of the first Christian millennium.

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

BY AN odd coincidence — when one considers the area of time and space that is available—two of this autumn's more outstanding historical novels deal with the Viking marauders of the last years of the first Christian millennium. Indeed, so close do they move to each other that in the background of both appears that curiously named character Sigtrygg Silk-Beard, King of Dublin.

Edward Frankland's "The Foster Brothers" (which will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue of SR) is realistic and accurate, but perhaps lacking in imagination, and certainly monotonous in its unrelieved succession of rapes, seductions, drunkenness, and brutal murders.

There are plenty of murders, drunken scenes, seductions, and rapes in Frans G. Bengtsson's "The Long Ships," but monotonous is the last adjective you would apply to it, and its imagination has the flash and shimmer of the sun's path on a gray sea into which a Viking ship sails. In its vivid and enlightened recreation of a vanished age it can be compared only with H. F. M. Prescott's "The Man on a Donkey." In its lustiness and in the civilized detachment of its author it stands with the best work of Mika Waltari.

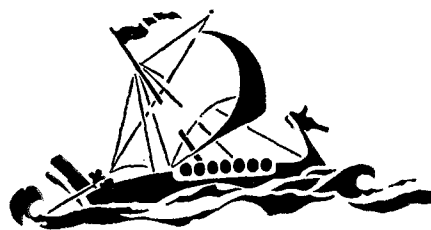
It is an all-embracing tale—both geographically and in respect to its multifold happenings. Its hero is one Red Orm, himself relatively obscure, but in whose veins flows the blood of King Ivar of the Broad Embrace. Orm

marries Ylva, sister of King Sven Fork-Beard, and therefore aunt of that King Canute who could not command the tides. They have two red-headed daughters and two stalwart sons, with whose doings the book is also concerned.

But Red Orm's fascinating domestic life, well set down though it is, does not form the principal theme of the novel, but rather its hero's adventures, which take him into virtually every place to which Vikings went except Wineland. He attempts, for example, to raid Spain and becomes prisoner of its famous Moorish ruler, Almansur. He is miraculously the guest of Irish monks on a rocky islet off the southwest coast of Erin. He confronts Ethelred the Unready in London. He boisterously celebrates the Yule in Denmark with King Harald Bluetooth. He is a farmer in the forest "border country" of south Sweden. He fights and floats down the Dnieper to find hidden Bulgar gold in what is now the Ukraine.

SO DOING he sees, and we see with him, a wide panorama of the life lived and the places visited by these high-spirited sea raiders. We know what it is like when two berserks fight for a lovely and not altogether unwilling lady. We share the emotions and the hopelessness of lashed galley slaves. We look with our own eyes upon the tall pointed hats of the Patzinak (actually Turkish) riders of the bare steppes. We laugh, but are not astonished, at the somewhat unusual method of persuasion with which the "Erin Masters" help Father Willibald convert Orm's neighbors to Christianity. We are enlightened by the novel treatment used by the old women of Poltosk to cure Olof Summerbird's wounds.

All this and many things more are packed into a book that is as filled with treasure as the chests fished by Orm's men out of the weirs on the mighty river near where Dnepetroysk now stands. This reader did from time to time wonder if the men and women of Scandinavian heroic age actually spoke with quite the rapier-like Cabellian irony and understatement attributed to them by the Swedish author. But this irony and understatement add to the book's entertainment, and perhaps are not untrue to life.



—From jacket of "The Long Ships."