



om deserts, returns to Sara, and resumes a connubial relationship with athie, who, convinced that her father dead, is more tractable. Neither comprehends the correlation between sexual relations and the propagation of the species; they are informed of athie's condition by some kindly neighbors on the eve of her confinement—and death. Tom is presumably fit to rear the offspring. God help it!

—DACHINE RAINER.

THE BODY, PHYSICAL AND POLITIC: Given the situation Hans Kades poses in his novel, *"Without Sanction,"* (translated by E. B. Ashton; Criterion, \$3.75), it is to be expected that a certain amount of narrative suspense will follow. Returning from a Russian prison-camp to his native Germany, now transformed from Hitler's neatly-tended garden sown with the seeds of world domination into an atavistic jungle seething with the struggle for sheer survival, medical student Richard Gerbrand passes himself off as a ill-fledged surgeon and gets a staff job in a hospital. Because his skill surpasses his academic training, he performs brilliantly, and also displays unimpeachable ethical conduct. At last, as we knew it would, his white coat is discovered and he faces ruin. But, perhaps because author Kades knows well how to boil a pot, perhaps because he is just of a naturally sanguine humor, his hero is vindicated by the courts and by the profession, and talks off the last page into a promising future. This is a workmanlike, untaxing, novel, and the stethoscope-and-scalpel set should find its hospital scenes quite authentic.

The situation is quite reversed in *An Apple a Day,* by Lenard Kaufman (Henry Holt, \$3.50). Mr. Kaufman's medic, Dr. Rossiter, has the necessary degree, a nice office, and a clientele of rich old ladies who make more demands on his social savoir-faire than upon his medical acumen. But he is a selfish moral weakling who shouldn't have been allowed to feel a pulse. When his well-to-do wife's brother comes home from missionary work in starving India, racked with malaria but possessed

of enough stamina to begin effectively wheedling money for his cause, Rossiter sees his dream castles tumbling, and in an insane effort to prevent it he commits such excesses of ethical misconduct that his ultimate downfall seems only right and proper. Clogged with lengthy passages of prosaic, unimaginative soliloquies in which the characters sum up their positions, and crippled with some superficial characterization, *"An Apple a Day"* doesn't begin to take hold until very near the end. It is certainly not of the quality of which Mr. Kaufman has proved himself capable in earlier novels, and it testifies to the fact that books about doctors are not necessarily sure-fire items.

Felix Jackson is concerned with the health of the body politic, i.e., the infringement upon individual liberties which have attended some of this country's efforts to make itself secure against Communism. He has written a novel about it called *"So Help Me God"* (Viking, \$3.50) and, though obviously a vehicle for a moral message, its story, involving some interesting characters, seldom fails to be an exciting one. The plot winds itself around Spencer Donovan, a serious, idealistic young lawyer who, alarmed at the extent to which unfounded allegations involving a citizen's connection with Communism have blighted innocent lives, decides to make a test case of himself. He is confident that, with the aid of an ace up his sleeve, he can demonstrate to a lethargic public the way in which justice is being travestied, and at the same time emerge from the fray unscathed. He manages to prove his point, but very nearly at the expense of his career and his personal well-being. *"So Help Me God"* will set no enduring record for literary accomplishment, but it is better than either of the doctor novels noted above. Mr. Jackson, writing in a crisp, colloquial style, moves things along at a fast pace and, though guilty of certain oversimplifications in lining up his opposing forces, he has a knack for sprinkling his story with effective circumstantial details which help give it the impact of reality.

—JEROME STONE.

ALSO NOTED: The worthwhile intention of George J. W. Goodman in *"The Bubble Makers"* (Viking, \$3) is to lampoon the quest for security and suburbia. However, the author's chief bubble fancier, a Harvard madcap who wants to drive a jeep to Bhutan ("a terrific country between India and Tibet") is just too much of a lightweight to sustain Mr. Goodman's satiric intentions. Both the author and his footloose Ivy Leaguer have looked at depressing symptoms of our life

The people of Eastern
Germany exploded
against Red tyranny...

This is the story
of nine who were there

The Explosion

The Uprising Behind
The Iron Curtain

by

**RAINER
HILDEBRANDT**

"An 'explosion'—a match applied to a powder keg... The uprising in East Germany will be remembered in history... Here is an exciting study of a momentous event, seen through the eyes of those who participated in it... Heartening and thought-provoking."

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"Hildebrandt, a Red-hating German, tells a profoundly moving, deeply disturbing story of heroism that ended in frustration."

—Pittsburgh Press

"A book which should be widely read because it has much to tell us of the truth of our time... Exciting and original."

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"The first accurate account of what happened."

—Saturday Review

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—W. E. Griffith, Radio Free Europe

INTRODUCTION BY
NORBERT MUHLEN

AT ALL BOOKSTORES \$3.75

Duell, Sloan and Pearce • Little, Brown & Company



and times that are crying for satiric treatment. But they haven't looked long enough and hard enough to make "The Bubble Makers" more than a hollow chuckle. Maybe next time.

"The Sunlit Ambush" (Viking, \$3) is another foray by Mark Derby into the steamy boscage of Malaysia. One of Mr. Derby's strong, silent, and weary Englishmen comes to the rescue of a young white rajah, and his svelte sister, and finally brings law and order to the troubled isle of Selatan. A pretty fair adventure story with lots of sneaky mayhem. Mr. Derby is at his weakest in the area of romance, but who needs love when there are plenty of homicides?

Manning Coles, better known as a writer of well-tailored adventure stories, turns to the field of ectoplasmic farce in "Happy Returns" (Doubleday, \$3). Charles and James Latimer (two courtly gents who left this mortal coil in 1870), pop out of their resting place in St. Denis-sur-Seine, get suited out at the local S. Klein's, and go gallivanting about like a pair of spooky Robin Hoods. This is the Latimers' second literary incarnation, so there is evidently a public for their kind of fun. But the humor seems to this reader to wear as thin as the apparitions themselves.

Winston Graham writes both historical novels and suspense stories, but not, if "The Little Walls" (Doubleday, \$3.50) is a prime example of the latter, with equal facility. If memory serves, Mr. Graham's last novel of old England crackled with eighteenth-century huggermugger. "The Little Walls" on the other hand—which follows a man's search for his brother's murderer from Amsterdam to Capri—is disappointingly static and cluttered with irrelevancies.

"The Lark Shall Sing" (Morrow, \$3), Elizabeth Cadell's latest export, is all about one of those frolicksome English families, the appreciation of which calls for an acquired taste—like ginger marmalade or kippers for breakfast. Anyhow, luscious Lucille Wayne, the eldest of an orphaned family, is about to marry a stuffy solicitor who has a ridiculous penchant for peace and quiet. Whereupon Lucille's five uninhibited brothers and sisters descend upon poor Digby (for that is indeed his name) and give him a foretaste of his future. What Digby does shall not be revealed here, but let it be said that he is no fool.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 19, 15, 12, 14, 6, 7, 13, 3, 20, 10, 5, 17, 11, 18, 1, 8, 9, 16, 4.

Persuasion Under the Cherry Blossoms

Continued from page 13

poration executive receives a small salary, but a large entertainment account. His house is probably provided by his company. A company car picks him up and takes him home. The company may even buy his suits. They take care of him when he is old and even bury him. But in all his life he has few possessions in comparison with his Western counterpart.

Fourth, the Japanese have a profound respect for strength and a hunger for knowledge.

Fifth, the Japanese character is reserved. For all his famed politeness, the Japanese seldom has heart-to-heart friends. He seems unable to loosen up, and is inclined to look upon everyone outside his own compound with reserve, even suspicion.

The Japanese are industrious, clever, artistic people. Their society is heavily paternalistic. They are reserved and proud. They have a sense of duty that is frightening. They are athletic and sports-loving. Beyond these traits they seem full of the contradictions so apparently indigenous to "the mysterious East."

U. S. INFORMATION FROM MANY FRONTS

Japan gets its flow of U.S. information from not one, but many, channels.

First—and probably foremost—there are the American news services, chief of which are the United Press and the Associated Press. In addition, there are INS and NANA, also American, and Reuters, British. "Opposing" news services are the Central News Agency of China and PANA, also Chinese.

Second, there are American movies, a force which undoubtedly heavily colors Japanese thinking about American life. The Japanese are great moviegoers; and Japanese cities have their "neighborhood" theatres, where the admission is as low as thirty yen—about ten cents. It is hard to isolate the influence of the movies—you hear chiefly of the effect of individual pictures like "From Here to Eternity" and "The Sands of Iwo Jima," where the reaction was violent and damaging. But recently there was also Cinerama—a box-office smash—which is magnificent U. S. propaganda.

Third, there is the impact of Americans who live, for the moment, in Japan—both military and civilians. By now there is scarcely a Japanese who has not had some contact with an American.

Fourth, there is the influence of such elements of the American culture

as have taken firm root in Japan. Baseball is an enthusiasm which amounts to a national insanity. Each year USIS sends an announcer of the Japan Broadcasting Company to the U. S. to report the World's Series; the Voice of America then carries the tap report back to Japan. American jazz has almost crowded out native Japanese music. Western classical music is very popular.

Fifth, there is the influence of American magazines and books. *The Reader's Digest* is published in Japanese; *Time* has a special Pacific edition in English. *Life*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and other well-known U. S. magazines circulate to many "opinion formers."

Sixth, there are the private organizations formed to cement American Japanese relations, or build proper under democratic principles—such as the America-Japan Society, the Asia Foundation (formerly the Committee for Free Asia), as well as, on selected projects, such familiar American foundations as Rockefeller and Ford.

Seventh, there are the various Information Services of the U. S. military forces. Such items as the withdrawal of troops from Japan, the "mistreatment" of the Okinawa native by the military, etc., have a definite influence on Japanese feelings toward America.

Eighth, there is the U. S. Information Service, perhaps a minority voice in the entire chorus.

THE DAILY INFIGHTING

The first major classification of U. S. propaganda (the word is used in its nice, not nasty, sense) is the interpretation of the actions of the United States and those of our enemy.

The primary rule in the War of Words is never to forget that action speak louder. One adverse or unfortunate action by the U. S. can, in one day, wreck the painstaking work of years. Here is a doleful example.

In March 1954 the fishing boat *Fukuryu Maru* landed in Japan with a tale of horror. The crew had been showered with a powderlike radioactive dust which had been carried by the wind from our atomic-bomb



tests at Bikini. Some of the crew were in bad shape, with skins already blackened by the mysterious rays. The reaction of the Japanese public was understandably electric. Once again the science-mad Americans were contemptuously using Japanese as human guinea-pigs.

American rebuttal could not have been worse. Nobody apologized; not a soul in high places said they were sorry. A Senator traveling in Japan said the Japanese were exaggerating. A Congressman on the Atomic Energy Committee said the fishermen must have been spying. The Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission said they must have been within the warning zone. (They weren't.) And with the memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki still vivid, Japanese hysteria and fear snowballed. Japanese families refused to eat fish for fear of contamination; the bottom dropped out of the tunafish market. The rumor spread that rain brought the deadly contamination to the earth—and Geiger counters were used to meter vegetables. According to the Japanese press, Americans were heartless spreaders of Ashes of Death—journalists for radioactive dust. Throughout this feverish controversy our instruments of mass communication—which could have quickly minimized the damage—were deliberately muzzled and unused. Eventually the furor died, but its effects are still felt.

PAINTING THE U. S. PICTURE

Much of the U. S. information in Japan flows out from our information centers.

The information centers are called Cultural Centers in Japan, simply because the phrase translates better that way. The Japanese word for information has overtones of Goebbels. The Centers were established, to its everlasting credit, by the U. S. Army and are perhaps the richest legacy of the Occupation. There are now fourteen main Centers, with 287 smaller branches or "deposits" which contain U. S. books and publications but which make no demands on the U. S. payroll. To the eye these Centers are merely libraries—libraries simply crawling with knowledge-hungry Japanese. Actually they are distribution points for the "products" of USIS, from press releases to movies.

To the Centers come a parade of special groups to see special films. Film showings in Japan are at the rate of about forty-seven a day—the Tokyo Center alone keeps twenty movie projectors busy. Center directors run lectures, concerts, and special events. They are in demand for speeches and radio talks—and they

have as much prestige in the town where they reign as the American Ambassador has in Tokyo. An aura of goodwill surrounds each Center like a priceless halo.

TV in Japan is young—only 50,000 sets. Yet the sets are strategically placed in public places. Japan has both government and private television stations—and our information appears on both. Our specially made newsreels are a daily feature on NHK—Japan Broadcasting; our films, in one way or another, show up with considerable frequency on Japan's screens. On radio we do even better: about 5 per cent of the total broadcasting time on Japanese radio is devoted to material supplied by USIS.

On movies also the picture is a fairly happy one. But not so on press, publications, and books. Here the bony fingers of the U. S. Bureau of the Budget have taken their toll. To the newspapers of Japan each night goes the *USIS Wireless Bulletin*—a transmittal of news and comment by radio from Washington. The news items in the *Wireless Bulletin* differ from those carried by the commercial news services only in that they give details thought to have propaganda value. The fly in the ointment is that, with some exceptions, USIS news items see the light only in the smaller Japanese papers—the papers with small circulations, too poor to subscribe to a commercial wire service like AP or UP. A little more money would let USIS provide the metropolitan papers with specially written feature stories.

Publications and books also suffer primarily from that fatal ailment of the budgetary tract: malnutrition. About 250 American books get translated into Japanese a year; it should be a minimum of 1,000. Many more books in French get redone into squiggly Japanese characters than our own. Only about 160 of the 250 books are the result of an independent arrangement between the Japanese and American publishers. The stumbling block is, of course, money—not ideology. U. S. publishers want high royalties—from 8 to 20 per cent, usually near the latter. Copyright fees are high, too. Royalty and copyright fees for Russian books? Zero. For books from Communist China? Likewise zero.

UNMASKING SKULDUGGERY

The last phase of U. S. persuasion is the brass-knuckles phase. It is to whack Communism where it hurts. You can do very little Communist-thumping in Japan over the Government-owned radio and TV, or in the



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Caryll Houselander's own story of her fantastic childhood and adolescence, and of her struggles, once grown-up, to get out of the Catholic Church. Various Protestant ministers did their best for her, so did a Buddhist and a Rabbi. Meantime she had left home and could get no paid work: starvation was kept at bay by such devices as writing love letters for art students—at a shilling each. The book ends with her return to the Catholic Church in the light of the reality which was to be the living principle of all her books—the presence of Christ in men. \$2.50

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by Henri Catalan

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newspapers. You can do it with movies, if you use judgment and if you know the Japanese mind. But mostly you must depend for your offensive phase upon books and publications.

When you consider using books that go after the Communists hell-for-leather you run into still another difficulty. The Japanese often aren't interested. Such books don't sell. Back when the Reds were exploiting the conviction of the Communist spies the Rosenbergs our side got wind of a forthcoming book shrewdly calculated to appeal to Japanese emotions: "Death House Letters." This was reputed to be letters written by the Rosenbergs to their children, but doubtless was the product of a good Communist ghost. So USIS arranged the quick translation of Fineberg's excellent book, "The Rosenberg Case: Fact or Fiction." In fact, it beat the Commie entry to the bookstores. Yet the Japanese bought 150,000 copies of the Red fairytales and only 7,000 copies of the Fineberg book.

On the other hand, the Japanese thirst for knowledge makes them read books that Westerners would consider heavy-going. But cuts in appropriations have crippled our book and pamphlet program. Only by ingenuity—by wheedling and begging—has it been possible for the richest nation on earth to circulate a few hundred thousand anti-Communist publications.

THE BAIT SWALLOWERS

The two groups in Japan which have most eagerly swallowed the Communist bait are Japanese labor and Japanese intellectuals. In both cases the situation is unhealthy. Japanese labor is now heavily on the Red side. Most of organized labor belongs to an association of Japanese craft labor unions called SOHYO, or General Council of Japanese Trade Unions. The coloration of the individual unions which compose SOHYO ranges from pink to tomato red, or from Marxism to Soviet Communism. And of SOHYO's 3,000,000 members 2,000,000 are Government employees and hence in a preferred position to make trouble. It is of no help, either, that the SOHYO group which makes the most noise and shows the most leadership is the Teachers Union, called NIKKYOSO.

How much are we doing to woo labor from the Reds? Not much. The situation with Japanese intelligentsia is not much more reassuring. The centers of infection are, of course, the universities. Long before the war the universities were fascinated by Marxism and many professors con-

tinue to be bemused. Most damaging of all is the enthusiasm of most professors of economics, who still do not find Marxism disagreeing with their learned stomachs—even in the year 1955 when Karl Marx's predictions have proved so utterly wrong. During the past year we have begun an intelligent effort to reach the intellectuals. USIS sends to educators and others a thoughtful publication called "Problems of Communism," circulates a special newspaper to students, and presents books to thought leaders.

But, once again, for reasons of economy the medicine is not being supplied in large enough doses to cure the disease.

HOW ARE WE DOING?

For the sake of the long-suffering American taxpayer it is important we get clear on a few fundamentals. The first of these is to make dead sure we know what we are after. The most common error is to assume that we are running an information program because we are trying to be loved.

This seems to me a mistake for two reasons. First, because any psychiatrist will tell you we unconsciously tend to dislike those who do us favors, and hence obligate us. And second, because the feelings of one country toward another are impossible to stabilize and fluctuate wildly

with events. Even the enemies of one decade are the allies of the next, and emotions ebb and flow accordingly. Americans are the fat boys of the world, and U. S. taxpayers could never supply sufficient funds to make us into the world's beloved. We may as well resign ourselves to this melancholy fact of life.

It is quite another matter to want to be respected and trusted. This is essential if we expect Japan or anyone else to be our partner. Right now Japan seems safely oriented toward the free world, but we certainly cannot afford to be complacent. It is not far from austerity to hunger to a cry for a change—and change to Asians still means Communism. One of the great failures of the West is to make clear the fact that a new kind of capitalism has been born—a People's Capitalism which comes closer than any previous society to achieving man's age old goal of the good life for all.

Perhaps a free-world Karl Marx will yet appear to set down the basic doctrine of People's Capitalism. Such a book, written to fire the imagination, might well change the history of the world. But, lacking such a doctrine, the chief new need of the information program in Japan appears to be more concentration or dampening the two potential powderkegs—labor and the intellectuals.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
FAMOUS CRIMINAL CASES <i>Rupert Furrer</i> (Roy: \$3.50)	Twelve fact yarns, all British and contemporary, many unfamiliar to U.S. felony fans.	Courtroom technique accented over police methods; mystery element often absent.	Sketchy in spots.
THE FATAL PICNIC <i>Bernice Carey</i> (Crime Club: \$2.75)	Loathed male relative shot at So. Cal. hot-dog fiesta; numerous next of kin in tizzy.	Abundance of motives adds to confusion in nicely-managed yarn; characterization sharp.	Her usual sound job
MOONRAKER <i>Ian Fleming</i> (Macmillan: \$2.75)	British Secret Service agent James Bond unearths plot involving super-rocket; sparks fly.	Wild doings on Channel Coast as hero, heroine, villains tangle amid gadgetry.	Orthodox spy-thriller.
THE POWER OF POISON <i>John Glaister</i> (Morrow: \$3.75)	Prof. of forensic medicine, U. of Glasgow, discusses most devilish of murder weapons.	Law, pathology, case histories; solid, accurate, but badly organized and presented.	See comment at left.
LADY, GET YOUR GUN <i>Paul Ernst</i> (Mill-Morrow: \$2.75)	Rose petal figures in Miami slaughter involving gangsters, gals, tycoons; cops middling tough.	Sprightly style sets this number notch higher than conventional plug-ugly yarn.	Nicely frivolous.
TOP ASSIGNMENT <i>George Harmon Cox</i> (Knopf: \$2.75)	Pleasant Boston newshawk puts wits to solving killing that ties in with photo prize contest.	Involvements multiply as trail lengthens; pace fair to good; author's 35th.	Plus mark.
STRANGER IN TOWN <i>Brett Halliday</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.75)	Pvt. Op. Mike Shayne tours Florida; gets slugged, pinched; meets fair woman, killers.	Amnesia a factor; characters largely on tough side; pace variable.	The mixture as before. —SERGEANT CUFF.