

lived through the war, this book will spark personal memories. When Miss Gellhorn suggests that every pilot should visit a place he bombed, this reviewer remembered with a chill taking part in a strafing operation in Korea as an observer and then later advancing over the area with the infantry—to find we had strafed not Chinese, as we believed, but refugees. When she writes of Dachau, I recalled a Gestapo headquarters that I entered in France with a Seventh Army patrol—and the horror of what we saw.

For all those who have known it, this book will bring fresh realization of the price of war in human terms. And the wars we knew were old-fashioned, pre-atomic wars. Man never in history has succeeded in maintaining peace, yet man's stake in finding the road to nonmilitary solutions to international misunderstanding never was so great as it is today.

## Samurais of the Sky

**"The Divine Wind: Japan's Kamikazi Force in World War II," by Rikihei Inoguchi, Tadashi Nakajima, and Roger Pineau (U.S.N.A. Institute. 240 pp. \$4.50), examines the psyche of the suicide flyers who lost their lives during the final episodes of the Pacific conflict. David Keith Hardy spent the Second World War in Southeast Asia and China as a British Royal Marine Commando officer.**

By David Keith Hardy

A world without strife will come only when every man has learned to curb his desires. Assuming that the strongest of these is man's desire to live, you may say that this desire cannot be governed. Therefore, if our wish is for a peaceful world, it would be well to study the spirit of the Kamikazi pilots.

WITH these enigmatic words, Captain Rikihei Inoguchi, a staff officer of the Japanese Kamikazi Corps, answered a question put to him soon after V-J Day by an American interrogating officer. Here, more than thirteen years later, in "The Divine Wind" Captain Inoguchi and a fellow officer, Commander Tadashi Nakajima, relive—in this American version of the story, translated and re-edited by an American Naval Reserve officer, Roger Pineau—the tragic ten-month history of this unique Suicide Force, Japan's ultimate gesture of desperation.

In the terrible outbursts of carnage that has swept across this planet since



## Criminal Record



**SOMEONE WILL DIE TONIGHT IN THE CARIBBEAN.** By René Puisseuseau. Knopf. \$3.50. French journalist vacations in off-beaten-path islands in Lesser Antilles, sails with poor-white descendants of ancient pirates and girls sent out from homeland; present-day inhabitants are largely smugglers and livers-by-their-wits in general. Factual account is vivid, exotic; a travelogue about a wild region not in the tourist folders.

**THE INNOCENT HOUSE.** By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. \$2.95. Washington lawyer passes along spy tip to FBI; his vacationing wife, planning surprise, dashes home, but assorted dead block path to family reunion. Quite something.

**THE GRAY FLANNEL SHROUD.** By Henry Slesar. Random House. \$2.95. Big New York ad agency jolted when huge baby-food account threatens to tear loose; assorted violent deaths fail to improve morale; love finds a way. Sprightly and choice.

**DOUBLE JEOPARDY.** By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50. Connecticut yachting set titillated when brass-mill owner imports bride whose No. 1 stopped bullet; second death precipitates new buzzing; watch that black yawl. Smooth sailing all the way. (Yarn ran in SEP as "I Married Murder.")

**A LONG WAY DOWN.** By Elizabeth Fenwick. Harper. \$2.95. Female office worker in New Englandish all-male college takes header off bridge as sheets of boy friend's thesis trail along behind; Matt Holley, college

proctor (i.e., private eye) wonders did-she-fall-or. Deftly and adroitly done, with neat characterization, good humor.

**LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE.** By Jean Potts. Scribners. \$2.95. Midwesterner returns home from New York post to find mother, father, uncles, aunts adither because of alleged suicide attempt; fifteen-year-old miss prime character. Several among personnel fail to ring true. She's beaten this.

**THE MADHOUSE IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.** By David Alexander. Lippincott. \$3. Decayed Greenwich Village genius who wrote smash-hit novel years back bites dust; bohemian crew (m. and f.) all suspect. Characters approximate the fantastic. Somewhat slow motion.

**THE MERCHANT OF MURDER.** By Spencer Dean. Crime Club. \$2.95. Stock boy vanishes from swank New York department store, putting wrinkles in brow of Don Cadee, security chief; murder trail leads to Kentucky horse belt and more murder. So-so.

**THE DELICATE DARLING.** By Jack Webb. Rinehart. \$2.95. Father Joseph Shanley and Sergeant Sammy Golden team up again in Los Angeles murder cases in which amorous Cuban poet is critical character. Population is excessive.

**HATE FOR SALE.** By Marten Cumberland. British Book Centre. \$2.95. Mustachioed Commissaire Saturnin Dax, Paris police ace, trails killers (cane sword and gun) of journalist; other deaths follow; trip to Riviera thrown in. Pedestrian and pleasant.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

the War Between the States, few men have faced death with the equanimity—at times almost exultation—of the 4,000 or more Japanese who hurled outdated and outgunned aircraft, in ever dwindling supply, against the U.S. fleet during the final episodes of the Pacific war from the Philippines to Okinawa, and ultimately the home islands. The Emperor himself asked of the Kamikazi operations: "Was it necessary to go to this extreme?"

The answers lie deep in Japanese history, tradition, and society. The story told in "The Divine Wind" is recent history. Yet it reads in some ways like ancient calligraphy from a medieval Japanese scroll. In this story

is written the end of the era of Japanese chivalry carried down over the centuries into a modern world: the final chapter in the elaborate ritual of the Samurai warrior and his code of Bushido.

This book is tragedy unadorned. It is also without doubt the most carefully documented and accurate account of the suicide fliers, their lives and thoughts. Here, too, are given the strategic and tactical justifications for this final desperate gamble and the counter arguments which in hindsight are surely more persuasive. Meanwhile, admiration and respect for these men caught in the tangled web of history and a dying tradition of warfare is not without justification.

## Fiction

Continued from page 24

individual identity. If so, we don't want to hear about it—any more than we want to have "The Arabian Nights" cut into symbolic strips. This one, too, is the stuff of dreams, and should remain so.

### Unlikely Lovers

**"Claire Serrat," by I. A. R. Wylie** (Putnam, 252 pp. \$3.50), couples a frail English lady with an unstable French peasant to demonstrate the therapy of love. Virgilia Peterson, who weekly debates literature on the radio, discusses the book for us.

By Virgilia Peterson

**I.** A. R. WYLIE, who lives in America, belongs to a generation of English women writers who year after year have been turning out novels which, if they are not earth-shaking, nevertheless maintain a higher level of distinguished sensibility than any other women writers of our time. Miss Wylie lacks the brilliance, the power, the tender irony of a Rebecca West, an Elizabeth Bowen, a Rumer Godden, but she has an uncompromisingly serious intent and gives that impression of tutored instinct and well-furnished mind which the literate reader cannot fail to appreciate. Like Storm Jameson, Miss Wylie has a deep respect for the differences between one culture and another as well as an acute awareness of their common ground.

In this latest of her novels, "Claire Serrat," it is with the differences between English and French that she concerns herself, and with the deeper similarities that underly them and stem from love of home. But to readers of short breath who tend to skip description and hop from crag to crag of narrative, "Claire Serrat" will doubtless seem rather flat, as it will seem remote and unreal to whoever seeks photographic probability. For the frail British aristocrat, Claire Serrat herself, who is ridden with tuberculosis and the death wish when the story opens, and the stalwart French peasant, Martin Thibault, who has come so near the verge of madness that he holds daily converse with his mother in her grave, are as unlikely a pair to come together as they are unlikely in themselves. And although it is clear from the start that, since neither of them has anyone else in

the world to turn to, they are certain to turn to one another, Miss Wylie takes her own slow, brooding time to bring this about.

Both Claire and Martin, in seemingly very different ways, are victims of the destruction of war. Claire had been left alone after her father burned down the ancient family manor, together with himself, to keep it from falling to strangers, and her mother had died of the shock. Penniless and beautiful, she had plucked from London's café society a demanding, ambitious young actor named Robert, and her affair with him had so ruined

her health that she had fled in his battered sports car to a shabby inn in Provence to die. Martin, in turn, had seen his father shot in the French Resistance, had himself shot a girl to keep her from betraying his Resistance friends, had been locked up in a madhouse, had escaped and returned to his Provence village to find the doors flapping in the wind and everyone gone but his mother. After his mother's death he had stayed on alone, hiding in the deserted ruins with only his hens and his goats and her ghost to remind him that he was still alive. In what circumstances

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