

kian's "Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute" (Noonday, \$4.50; paper, \$1.45) is therefore especially welcome.

After emphasizing the differences separating Surrealists from the nineteenth-century Symbolists, Miss Balakian briefly discusses four of their immediate predecessors: Lautréamont, Saint-Pol-Roux, Apollinaire, and Reverdy; these she calls "signal lights." The central portion of the book is an examination of the Surrealist "road"—paved with Freud and Hegel—and its landscape of images and objects supplied by the group's poets (Breton, Char, Eluard, Tzara, Leiris, Péret) and painters (Picasso, Duchamp, Ernst, Chirico, Brauner, Dali, Man Ray, Magritte, Miró, Tanguy).

The chapter on Image is liberally supplied with quotations, including, in most cases, both French and English text; but there are no illustrations to the one on Object, and thus its intelligibility is considerably reduced. The final part, "the bend in the road," describes the paths followed by Aragon and Eluard after they parted with Surrealism, and outlines the position assumed by Breton after the Second World War.

Subjective and personal in her presentation, Miss Balakian takes a pragmatic view of Surrealism: while she naturally accepts Breton as its major spokesman, she is not concerned with his many excommunications of fellow poets and artists. Surrealism is seen as a given attitude in the face of reality, and all those who shared in that attitude belong to the fold.

THE MOST interesting aspect of the author's analysis lies in her attempt to link the Surrealist explosion with the revolution in science in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Lautréamont with Darwin's discoveries, Breton with contemporary scientific skepticism toward rigid causal laws. She is thus led to present Surrealism as a dynamic, forward-looking answer to the negative philosophies of the present day.

Surrealism has never been known to stifle controversy; individual readers of this book will inevitably find themselves in disagreement with some of the author's positions. I, for one, am tempted, here and there, to quarrel with her translation of a poetic line, and to doubt that Aragon ever experienced metaphysical anguish; I would also question her dismissal of Greek myths as irrelevant to our times. Detailed discussion of these and other points, however, would not be in the spirit of what is obviously, and rewardingly so, a labor of love.

—LEON S. ROUDIEZ.

ESPIONAGE

The Second Oldest Profession

By Maurice Edelman

ESPIONAGE is the second oldest profession. From the men sent to spy out the land in Numbers to the present-day agents, they have been carrying on their dangerous trade for love or money, despised or praised according to one's perspective, no sooner used than forgotten, their very names pseudonymous unless they are hanged or write their memoirs for *Life* or *The Saturday Evening Post*.

A spy lives in a double danger. The lie is his chief weapon, and so, rightly or wrongly, he is suspect to friend and foe alike. Every intelligence agent has another agent just behind him. And if, as in the case of Peter Deriabin, author of "The Secret World" (Doubleday, \$4.50), and Nikolai Khokhlov, who wrote "In the Name of Conscience" (McKay, \$4.50), he defects from the potential enemy, we must immediately satisfy ourselves that the flight was genuine and not some complicated maneuver inspired by the Soviet KGB to confuse the West. Then again, once certain that the escape is genuine, we must decide for ourselves whether the escape had genuine ideological grounds, or was, primarily, a running-away from some personal problem.

I say "we must decide for ourselves" since the very nature of espionage makes it impossible to achieve any objective certainty about the spy's claims. Mr. Khokhlov's story is now well known. The publisher's blurb describes how he was recruited for Soviet Intelligence as a student; in the text, however, he seems to have been invited to become a spy because of his talents as an "artistic whistler," which made him *persona grata* to the troops during the war. His first big task was to cross the Nazi lines in German uniform and take part in the assassination of Kube, the Butcher of Byelorussia. This, says Mr. Khokhlov, he did although others claimed the credit. His second major assignment was to murder a Russian leader of the anti-Soviet NTS in West Germany. Under the impulse of his wife, a woman of deep religious conviction, and his own experiences among anti-Communist Rumanians, Captain Khokhlov, as he then was, informed his intended victim of the KGB's purport and thus saved him. Since his defection to the West, Khokhlov believes that he was the subject himself of a murder attempt by radioactive thallium administered by Soviet agents.

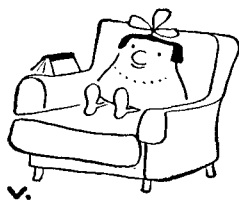
Mr. Deriabin's narrative is in many respects parallel with Mr. Khokhlov's,



—From "The Cat and the Mice."

John Eppler with Leonard Mosley, today — "Familiar ingredients of a hundred similar stories."

although he gives a far more detailed analysis of the apparatus of state security. While Mr. Khokhlov has tried to reconstruct his past with verbatim reports of conversation in the style of a *vie romancé*, Mr. Deriabin and his collaborator, Frank Gibney, go in for straight narrative. Mr. Deriabin, an officer of the Kremlin Guard, then a part of the NKVD, fled to the West in 1954. He recalls, to dismiss it with contempt, the Moscow Radio charge on March 10, 1959, which quoted a report in *Stars and Stripes* of February 23, 1954, that he had fled from Vienna following a "drinking bout at a night club" and that after he had left his job as a rank-and-file employee of a big industrial trust, large sums of money were found to have "disappeared." Inevitably, of course, the defector must be smeared.



At the same time, it is naïve to imagine that a simple term like "conscience" can supply the complex answer to the question of why any one man goes over to the enemy.

What is quite certain is that every great power maintains an elaborate Intelligence system in peace as in war, and that only occasionally through the eyes of a genuine deserter do we get a glimpse of the submarine world where the bigger part of the KGB, successor to the MVD, is hidden. The peculiar aspect of law in the Soviet Union is that it is regarded as an instrument of the state and not as an absolute principle by which states as well as men should be governed. Thus, Mr. Deriabin points out, the Russian State Security—"the fiery sword of the Soviet people" as Felix Dzerzhinsky, its founder, described it—is both a judiciary and an executive. It apprehends, condemns,

and punishes. Unlike any other intelligence system except perhaps the Gestapo, it is omnipresent in Soviet life.

Mr. Deriabin, has appended a case history showing how the KGB works when a suspect is brought to its attention. Although this particular case is fictitious and has a certain similarity with a case in Dudintsev's "Not by Bread Alone," it has a remarkable authenticity in its description of procedure. Informed on, inquired after, hunted down, and at last sent away, every subject of a KGB file must inevitably feel something of the horror of Donne's Curse, "May he dream treason and believe that he meant to perform it, / And confess and die . . . / And no record tell why."

"The Secret World" does not tell us as much about its author or his purposes as does Mr. Khokhlov's book. But it is a much more profound and erudite study of the system. I am left with the feeling that its author's experience has been supplemented by the research of Mr. Gibney, and is none the worse for it. Perhaps a bibliography would have completed this most useful study of Soviet Intelligence.

By contrast with Communist espionage, the Nazis were only beginners. Leonard Mosley's rather lightweight "The Cat and the Mice" (Harper, \$3.50) about a German war spy called Eppler has the familiar ingredients of a hundred similar stories, and although the author makes remarkable claims for his subject's talents, he hardly illustrates them. The activities of Mr. Eppler, now living in Luxembourg, seem to have been as squalid as the sleazy Egyptian décor within which he operated.

For those who are inspired by gallant tales of espionage to consider it as a profession, Mr. Deriabin and Mr. Khokhlov are somber warnings. There is nothing as soul-corrupting and confusing to the spirit as a life based on a lie. Unless it be double-lie.

How refreshing, then, to turn from the banks of the Nile to the banks of the Potomac. In "Turncoats, Traitors and Heroes" (Lippincott, \$6.50), John Bakeless has written a rumbustious and erudite account of a multitude of American and British spies during the War of Independence. Ann Bates, the Tory agent who spied at Washington's headquarters for Sir Henry Clinton and who took time as she fled for her life to count American artillery; Lydia Darraghy, the Quaker housewife who spied for Washington himself, and Sergeant Major John Champe, who posed as a deserter from the rebel army in order to kidnap Benedict Arnold—they follow each other in a cheerful, uncomplicated sequence. Even the motives of a Benedict Arnold seem simple compared with the dark complexities of the modern spy. If there is a puzzle for the layman who stumbles into this Aladdin's Cave of espionage, it is that there seem to have been so many spies on both sides that one can't see the troops for the spies. The answer is probably that in the age of gentlemanly warfare when the battle was chiefly for soldiers, there was a constant and tolerated traffic of civilians between the lines, although if a spy was caught, he was unceremoniously hanged in order to discourage the others. As an exciting record of spying in wartime I warmly recommend Mr. Bakeless's book.

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Conducted by John T. Winterich

BALLET COLLABORATIONS

Some of the finest ballet scores have been arranged from music never intended for the dance. Here are twelve such combinations, together with their dual creators. Robb McKenzie of Newark, New Jersey, asks you to identify these. Answers on page 40.

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| 1. "Le Beau Danube" | () Bach-Walton |
| 2. "Bluebeard" | () Boyce-Lambert |
| 3. "La Boutique Fantasque" | () Debussy-Black |
| 4. "Cakewalk" | () Gottschalk-Kay |
| 5. "Gaité Parisienne" | () Meyerbeer-Lambert |
| 6. "The Good-Humored Ladies" | () Offenbach-Dorati |
| 7. "Les Patineurs" | () Offenbach-Rosenthal |
| 8. "Pineapple Poll" | () Rossini-Respighi |
| 9. "The Prospect Before Us" | () Scarlatti-Tommasini |
| 10. "Stars and Stripes" | () Sousa-Kay |
| 11. "The Still Point" | () Strauss-Desormière |
| 12. "The Wise Virgins" | () Sullivan-Mackerras |

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