

**Candide in the Third Reich:** Shortly after the fall of the Third Reich, if memory serves—and it does—it was impossible to find a German citizen who had been a member of the Nazi Party, who had heard of a concentration camp, or who had been anything but a helpless prisoner of that madman with the toothbrush mustache. But that was nearly twenty years ago. Today, regardless of what the citizenry is up to, the German novelists—such men as Hans Hellmut Kirst, Günter Grass, Stefan Olivier—are speaking out loudly, clearly, and talentedly about the way things were and warning a new generation that they must never be that way again. Olivier's *Rise Up in Anger*, translated by Sigrid Rock and Michael Roloff (Putnam, \$5.95), is such a novel, and it is a powerful one.

Oberleutnant Herbert Boysen "was not a Jew and not a Communist, not an offspring of the Royal House of Hapsburg or the Royal House of Wittelsbach, not a Christian Scientist and not a homosexual. He was, in other words, simply a German . . ." What he was in the summer of 1942 was a soldier back from the front on his way to a new assignment in Athens. He was also a Candide in his innocence about the political expediencies of the Third Reich. His written protest against the treatment of a trainload of Jews he passed on the way to Athens and his complaint about a brothel run *sub rosa* in Athens by fellow officers leads to his being railroaded into a concentration camp as a political enemy of the Reich. It is here, in a world where survival is all, that Candide evolves into an avenging angel. The Herbert Boysen who emerges from the war is a far cry from the innocent who went into it. A tough opportunist on the rise in Western Germany, he plots his revenge against those who framed him.

American readers will find no shocks or new information in the concentration camp scenes, vividly written as they are. These are horrors long familiar to the Allied nations. It is reassuring, however, to know that there are Germans who remember them, too. But there is much thoughtful material to work with in Boysen's interchangeable experiences as Nazi prisoner and Russian prisoner and in incidents on the German home front, where citizen operated against citizen. Especially memorable are the closing scenes in an economically burgeoning West Germany, where a new empire is being built amidst private guilts that cannot be swept away as easily as the rubble of World War II. It was a long time coming, but *Rise Up in Anger* is a big, fascinating novel, emotionally and cerebrally rich. —HASKEL FRANKEL.



## Criminal Record



**SMITH AND JONES.** By Nicholas Monsarrat. Sloane. \$3.50. This is a security officer's revealing personal account of the activities of a pair of fictional defectors who resemble similar recent real-life individuals. Vividly, sharply, effectively presented.

**LION IN WAIT.** By Dorothy Gardiner. Crime Club. \$3.50. Senescent king of beasts in roving circus is blamed for Colorado killing, but pleasant Sheriff Moss Magill uncovers a two-legged culprit. Nice to have you back, ma'am and sir!

**BYE, BABY BUNTING.** By Day Keene. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$3.95. Australian novelist, wedded to Yank analyst she loathes, is charged with Catskill killing; her agent (who is soft on the dame) plays peeper. Slightly preposterous, but a wowser just the same.

**THE PROWLER.** By Frances Rickett. Simon & Schuster. \$3.50. Doctor's and wife's knife deaths tizzy Hoosier community; sub-teen-age youngster prominent. Ends with legitimate surprise twist.

**NIGHTINGALE AT NOON.** By Margaret Summerton. Dutton. \$3.50. Malta, South of France, England, Wales figure in tale that has to do with murders old and new. One for a long day's journey into the night.

**SUCH IS DEATH.** By Leo Bruce. London House & Maxwell. \$3.50. Motiveless murders A and B draw schoolmaster Carolus Deene to English seaside resort, where he exercises his penchant for detection. If you like a sound Q&A job, this one is your dish.

**A DRAGON FOR CHRISTMAS.** By Gavin Black. Harper & Row. \$3.95. Britisher on Red China mission finds the going tough; attempt to work way out leads to smash dénouement. Has fine air of authenticity, good humor.

**CRAIG'S SPUR.** By E. S. Madden. Vanguard. \$3.95. Australian wife, deserting hubby, cracks up fatally; two sons also in car; search involves pangs and perils. A real tingler.

**EVERYBODY ADORED CARA.** By Ann Head. Crime Club. \$3.50. Strangula-

tion of architect's second spouse jolts U.S. suburban community; Tom Ridley, plausible peeper, wraps it up. Literate and lively.

**THE TROUBLE MAKERS.** By Celia Fremlin. Lippincott. \$3.50. Housewives in English suburb of look-alike houses in flap when bloodstains pop up; watch out for the folks next door is the motto here. Nicely handled.

**THE MAN WHO NEVER LAUGHED.** By Arnold Hare. Norton. \$3.95. English youth, picked as personal aide to mystery tycoon who maintains headquarters in Austrian castle, suspects sinister goings-on, and, by gum, he's right. Good suspense, bang-bang finish.

**DIE A LITTLE EVERY DAY.** By Lawrence Fisher. Random House. \$3.50. Hit-run catastrophe leads to further disasters in U.S. city; nice detective Dave Pitt (who is the real hero of yarn) ponders his resignation. Grown-up and well-managed.

**DOUBLE EXPOSURE.** By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75. Canadian-born professional burglar is offered freedom by secret British facility if he will take on tricky spy role in Germany. Intelligent cloak-and-dagger number, with a neatly manageable cast.

**JOURNEY INTO VIOLENCE.** By Douglas Orgill. Morrow. \$3.95. London news-hawk accepts hush-hush mission to Italian lake country; gal goes along; skin-diving pays off; foot-wide butterflies important. Entertaining cliff-hanger (several cliffs).

**A CALL FROM AUSTRIA.** By Martha Albrand. Random House. \$3.95. Roving U.S. correspondent gets phone appeal in New York from brother to hurry to Vienna, then line goes dead; overseas flight follows, with noisy payoff; love again finds a way. Has the professional touch.

**MURDER'S LITTLE HELPER.** By George Bagby. Crime Club. \$3.50. Woman's jumped-fell-pushed demise in New York's East River poses problem for Inspector Schmidt and newly-created detective Danny Kirk (he does OK). Holds up agreeably.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

## Distaff Chronicles

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clusively Lady Churchill's, the devotion has not been exclusively hers. The infinite variety of Churchill's roles includes that of Darby to his wife's Joan, and it has yielded him contentment in abundance. According to reports he has been a difficult and taxing husband, but then, so is every husband—as every husband is frequently reminded. Only rarely are the wives of geniuses rewarded with the devotion Sir Winston has rendered to his Clementine.

**Proper Revelations:** Everything has conspired to provide Phyllis Bottome with the raw stuff for a good autobiography. Not only did she find herself near the quick of important events—shell-shocked Paris in 1917; postwar Vienna teeming with beggars and dilapidated aristocrats; Munich in 1933, when a nondescript Hitler was brooding in a café on the eve of the Nazi revolution; pacifist England nestling its head in sand provided by Neville Chamberlain but she had the luck to make friends with several men and women of genius. In addition, she had a gift for prose.

Her novel *The Mortal Storm*, which laid bare the Nazi menace, was deservedly a best-seller in 1938. Finally, Miss Bottome basked for forty years in the devotion of one man, and loved back; and, as Evelyn Waugh has it, "To love another human being is the

beginning of all wisdom." Her memoirs should have been a lulu. Instead, *The Goal* (Vanguard, \$6) is Lenten stuff, tedious, vague, close-lipped about nasty, deep, or odd feelings. It is, in truth, a cream puff fit to be served at the literary ladies' clubs in front of which Miss Bottome occasionally lectured.

People, places, and, most crucial, the core of Miss Bottome herself, are all rendered with scrupulous anemia. Miss Bottome's husband, educator A. E. Forbes Dennis, flits through the book like an enervated ghost. Oddly, he comes alive only when nagging from a World War I hospital bed—"Why didn't you come sooner?"—and later in other places when he harps the same tune. Dorothy Thompson, whom Miss Bottome claims as an intimate, appears as a platonic do-gooder; while of tortured, destructive Sinclair Lewis she writes merely: "I never knew Sinclair as anything but the kindest and gentlest of men." Less famous people who took up space in Miss Bottome's life are merely names.

Only Dr. Alfred Adler, the psychoanalyst, gets any flesh and bone. What shocks one about Miss Bottome's memory of Adler, however, is her failure—consistent throughout *The Goal*—to bring herself to life. Having had the guts to undergo treatment from Adler when in her forties, she leaves the experience hanging fire. It is not that I drool for that kind of slushy, embarrassing confession found in, say, Joyce MacIver's *The Frog Pond*; but to have been analyzed by a master and leave the episode a blank in an autobiography (as Miss Bottome also leaves blank what it feels like to write fiction, or grow old, or be in love, or know a friend) is sad indeed.

Moreover, the good places where Miss Bottome lived—London, Marseilles, Paris, Vienna, an Alpine chalet, Munich—could just as well have been Peoria or Timbuktu for all the indigenous smell, look, or sound she renders.

Autobiography that does the job gives a part of the immemorial truth about one person. Miss Bottome presents herself as one among a multitude of Englishwomen, thinking the proper thoughts, feeling the proper sentiments, hiding the improper ugliness and the raw, glorious truth. Once, when the famous physician Axel Munthe asked her to criticize his autobiographical manuscript, she urged him to delete his claims of having seen trolls. If Miss Bottome had only entered the underground cave where her own trolls guarded the secrets of herself, we might have had the privilege of reading a book that breathed.

—PAUL CARROLL.

## Literary Horizons

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the road of a squalid family in a trailer, he is near to desperation. Everything seems to go wrong. "Haven't you," he asks a friend, "ever had a few experiences all at once that seemed to add up to the whole world? One day you're fairly well organized, and the next you might as well be on the moon."

But if certain sorts of experience can shatter the psyche, others have a healing effect. In the first story the desperate young teacher is suddenly moved by compassion for the filthy brat in the trailer. In "Goose Pond" a man stricken by the death of his wife goes hunting with a bow and arrow, and has a moment of elation. "If he were twenty again he would be happy. To have shot a deer with a bow—he'd be a hero, a woodsman, famous in Leah. How it would have impressed Mary!" Suddenly he is stricken with anguish again, but he has the strength to go on.

There are many varieties of frustration. There is the frustration of the teacher who cannot communicate with his students: "Last Monday in my freshman sections I put on the board four names: Dachau, Belsen, Buchenwald, Auschwitz. In one section two students guessed they were concentration camps or something like that. In the other, nobody knew. Nobody." There is the frustration of a man who, thinking back on an affair he had had in Paris, realizes that he has made a bad marriage. There is the frustration of a man whom age is robbing of his physical prowess.

Like many of his contemporaries, Williams writes complicated stories, in which there may be action on several levels. In the story of the aging man, for example, we also have the man's daughter, who is having marital trouble, and her son, who is suffering in the throes of puppy love, to say nothing of a ski instructor who is in love with the daughter. Sometimes the author bogs down in the complexities, but most of the time he has his material under control. If I can judge from the one novel of his I have read, *Town Burning*, he is an interesting novelist, and certainly he is a skilful and perceptive writer of short stories.

Still and all, I am more moved by Price's simplicity. What he is trying to do seems easier than what Williams is attempting, but I am not sure that it really is, and in any case he does it superbly. I do not know where one finds greater depth and purity of feeling than in the best of his stories.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1038

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1039 will be found in the next issue.*

QFVFNNKAH KN APF VTQ-  
NABQA NVTLCWF TS APF  
ETMFC VEBNNFN, FQQLK TS  
APF PKWPFC TQFN.

NVPTYFQPBLFC

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1037*

*Education should be gentle and stern, not cold and lax.*

—JOUBERT.