

lies on the documents." Unfortunately, what results in his book is just the kind of lifelessness one would expect from a book on Richard II. For "color" he can think of no one better to quote than, believe it or not, Curzio Malaparte. But, above all, his knowledge of Russia and Russian sources is practically nil. Thus he tells us that Molotov was "Foreign Minister from 1939 to 1952"; that Malenkov "was branded as 'anti-Party' at the 20th Congress"; that Beria "was chief of the NKVD from 1935 to 1952" and "was the only member of the anti-Party group to be liquidated." In reality, Molotov was Foreign Minister until 1956; Malenkov was "branded" not at the Congress of 1956, but in 1957; and Beria became head of the NKVD not in 1935 (has Mr. Clark not heard of Yezhov?) but in 1938, and kept the job not till 1952, but till 1953, *i.e.* after Stalin's death. Although he was shot in 1953, Beria could not possibly have been liquidated as a "member of the anti-Party group," which did not come into being until four years after his death. One expects something better than that from an "expert."

**P**AUL CARELL'S book is the story of the invasion of Russia as told from the—or should one say, *a?*—German point of view. Perhaps the most interesting, if rather disquieting, fact about it is that *Hitler Moves East* should have been a great success in Germany. For does not this suggest that the Germans of today—who should know better—still like to think that the invasion of Russia, and World War II generally, was a rather jolly and glorious affair, which would have been even more so if only that idiot Hitler had not interfered with those splendid generals? But for him, they would have captured Leningrad and Moscow in no time, won the war in the East, and then dictated terms to Britain and the USA.

The critic of the Paris *Monde* accurately described *Hitler Moves East* as "an interesting book, but an essentially false one." Its fearful falseness is, if anything, stressed by the beautiful colored photographs illustrating Carell's story: for instance, an idyllic picture of pretty Russian village girls apparently getting on splendidly with those nice, kind, chivalrous boys of the Wehrmacht. The fact that these very girls were sent to Germany as slave labor only a few months later is simply not mentioned, nor are any of the even greater horrors that the Germans perpetrated in the East. Perhaps a colored photograph of an Auschwitz gas chamber, or of a camp where some of the three million Russian war prisoners were literally starved to death, would have added plausibility to Herr Carell's bright and breezy narrative.

SR/April 17, 1965

## SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

### Current Affairs

THE AFRICAN NETTLE: Dilemmas of an Emerging Continent. Collected by Frank S. Meyer. John Day. \$5.

BREAKTHROUGH TO THE GREAT SOCIETY. By David Coyle. Oceana. \$4.50.

COMMUNIST CHINA'S CRUSADE: Mao's Road to Power and the New Campaign for World Revolution. By Guy Wint. Praeger. Hardbound, \$4.50. Paperback, \$1.75.

CRISIS IN OUR CITIES. By Lewis Herber. Prentice-Hall. \$5.95.

THE FREE MEN. By John Ehle. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

VIETNAM: Inside Story of the Guerilla War. By Wilfred G. Burchett. International. \$4.95.

### Fiction

GOODBYE ROSIE. By James Lowell McPherson. Knopf. \$5.95.

THE JING AFFAIR. By D. J. Spencer. Funk & Wagnalls. \$4.95.

A NIGHT AT SEA. By Margaret Lane. Knopf. \$4.95.

A NIGHT OF THEIR OWN. By Peter Abrahams. Knopf. \$4.95.

THE SAINT OF MONTPARNASSE. By Peter Neagoe. Chilton. \$5.95.

SHILAPPADIKARAM (The Ankle Bracelet). By Prince Ilango Adigal. Translated by Alain Daniélou. New Directions. Hardbound, \$5. Paperback, \$1.65.

TAKE ME WHERE THE GOOD TIMES ARE. By Robert Cormier. Macmillan. \$4.50.

A VOICE FROM THE WINGS. By Nancy Hallinan. Knopf. \$5.95.

### Government, Politics

THE ROAD TO NUMBER 10. By Anthony Howard and Richard West. Macmillan. \$5.95.

THIS HONORABLE COURT. By Leo Pfeffer. Beacon. \$10.95.

### History

HOODED AMERICANISM. By David M. Chalmers. Doubleday. \$5.95.

### Lincolniana

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT. By Jim Bishop. Centennial edition. Harper & Row. Hardbound, \$4.95. Paperback, 85¢.

THE FAREWELL TO LINCOLN. By Victor Searcher. Abingdon. \$5.95.

LINCOLN: His Words and His World. By the editors of *Country Beautiful*. Hawthorn. \$4.95.

MASK FOR TREASON: The Lincoln Murder Trial. By Vaughan Shelton. Stackpole. \$14.95.

SONGS AFTER LINCOLN. By Paul Horgan. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$3.95.

### Miscellany

AN AREA OF DARKNESS. By V. S. Naipaul. Macmillan. \$5.95.

LETTERS TO THE METS. By Bill Adler. Simon & Schuster. \$2.

RAILWAY HOLIDAY IN FRANCE. By George Behrend. Taplinger. \$6.50.

THE ROMAN SOLDIER. By H. E. L. Mellersh. Taplinger. \$5.

THE WHEELS OF FASHION. By Phyllis Lee Levin. Doubleday. \$5.95.

### Personal History

COCKERELL. By Wilfrid Blunt. Knopf. \$7.50.

I WILL TRY. By Legson Kayira. Doubleday. \$4.50.

TEILHARD DE CHARDIN: A Biographical Study. By Claude Cuenot. Helicon. \$9.75.

THAT PELLET WOMAN! By Betty Pellet with Alexander Klein. Stein & Day. \$5.95.

### Poetry

NOTHING FOR TIGERS: Poems 1959-1965. By Hayden Carruth. Macmillan. \$3.95.

THE SELECTED POEMS OF JOHN HOLMES. Beacon. \$7.50.

### Religion

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE BIBLE. By P. A. Marijnen. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, \$5.50. Paperback, \$2.95.

RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Benson Y. Landis. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, \$2.50. Paperback, \$1.25.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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## Sampler

*Continued from page 37*

sale poisoning or commits the shockingly cruel and unusual murder "attracts the sob sisters and sob brothers of the yellow press; causes quack alienists to rally to his defense like buzzards around a carcass, invites the wildest oratory and the most unmitigated flapdoodle from his attorneys; and finally, if he be convicted at all, makes thousands of persons move heaven and earth, slander the living and vilify the dead, in order to save his precious body alive."

It might be legitimately argued that persons who plot murders for cash benefits are simply carrying business methods too far. But how can there be any question about the abnormality of a murderer who has already been institutionalized because of mental illness, or one who tortures, desecrates, murders and mutilates total strangers for the sole purpose of gaining sex satisfaction from his horrid act? Yet when such a man reaches the point of murder, in many of our states "due process" requires that a lay jury shall decide whether or not the man is insane, and it may perforce base its decision, since few of us laymen are qualified to give an expert medical opinion, on the kind of courtroom act staged by the opposing counsel.

—From "How Many More Victims?" by Gladys Denny Shultz (Lippincott, June).

### Allen, the Merry Andrew

DEAR SYLVESTER [Weaver] . . .

i have been mulling over a variety of ways to thank you for your kindness in bestowing your american tobacco company's free samples on our little company as we departed your city. as i dispatched from kansas city, everyone was put to work on your products. women and children were smoking "luckies" in the club car, the porters were puffing coronas in the aisles, the brakemen were lighting pall mall, after pall mall, using the long, lighted ends instead of lanterns. i was perched out on the observation car tacking and spitting and spitting and tacking as the winds changed coming across the country. we arrived here a nicotine-infested little band if ever i have seen a nicotine-infested little band. how to thank you for contributing to the curtailment of our life-spans has bothered me since i saw the newly-baked depot at los angeles in the offing.

finally, i turned to yesteryear for my inspiration. as you know, in medieval times, when the jester has been made to rejoice through some kindly prank of his king, the merry andrew strummed his lute, retired to the rear of the regal outhouse, and composed an ode to his lord.

i have no lute to seize, i have no regal

outhouse behind which i can retire for inspiration but i have a nice gingerbread apartment at the el royale. to cope with the circumstances and to get in the mood to write you an ode, i made a small lute, stringing a ping pong paddle with dental floss. i retired behind an overstuffed chair, twanged my dulcet lyre and composed a rondo which i have duly dedicated to you. you will find it enclosed.

—From "Fred Allen's Letters," edited by Joe McCarthy (Doubleday, April).

### A Full, Vicarious Life

IN READING the letters Henry James wrote to Edith Wharton and about her at the time of her divorce one is struck by the extremity of his participation. James, the witness of life, the outsider, the bachelor guest, the emigré, the novelist who had loved to situate his heroes and heroines among strangers and foreigners and to tell his stories from the point of view of detached observers, had lived quite intensely through his friend's experiences. Imaginative involvement was perhaps the secret of his great knowledge of the variety of human relationships he dealt with in his fiction. He knew that the life of art, the life of the mind, could, if lived fully enough, incorporate all other kinds of life. James's answer to Hawthorne's "The Artist of the Beautiful"—the tale of an artist who fashions his ideal only at the price of renouncing life—is Strether's discovery in *The Ambassadors* that he has lived after all, he, the contemplator, as keenly as any of the others.

—From "Edith Wharton and Henry James," by Millicent Bell (Braziller, April).

### The Lessons of the Heart

. . . WE HAVE SEEN what a retarded child can do in a family where he is loved and accepted. He makes the hearts tender, the hearts of his parents and his brothers and sisters. He teaches them lessons of patience and consideration, those qualities so essential for every good human relationship. He teaches them that each member has his rights, however weak the member, and this lesson, too, is essential if we are to live together in the world with justice and mercy for all. We are not born equal in this world. Some are strong and some are weak. Our equality lies only in the right, for each of us, to grow to our full capacity, whatever it is. And that there may be this equality, the strong may bear the burdens of the weak, not only for the sake of the weak, but for the sake of all. So in a family where there is a retarded child, it is essential, for the very principle of justice itself, that the retarded child have his share of love and opportunity in the family.

—From "The Gifts They Bring: Our Debt

to the Mentally Retarded," by Pearl Buck (John Day, May).

### Beauty in Search of Brains

. . . MELBA LATCHED ON TO ME as a special friend. She needed someone who was a Nice Girl but totally amenable, and because I had gone to college, she seemed to get the idea I was an intellectual. Melba herself had gone to college (I don't remember whether or not she graduated), but she seemed to have escaped entirely without an education. Her passion for Zen came later. In all the time I have known her I never asked her what she majored in, but I secretly enjoy the idea that it was surf-boarding. I can just see her poring over the college catalogues, saying, "That one looks like a gas, you can major in Deep Breathing!" Or picking the one that shows a photograph of the freshman class in Scarlett O'Hara dresses getting ready for the Orange Blossom Queen contest. . . .

As a matter of fact, maybe she didn't go to college at all, maybe she just says she did because it's part of the image. Like all the things about her, you're never quite sure unless you get documentary proof, and Melba always has documentary proof, including three driver's licenses from three different states, gotten over a period of six years, all of which list her age as twenty-one. She would rather go to a new state and take a new driver's test than let anybody know she is getting older. She's getting to look like a pretty beat-up twenty-one, and she may be an insecure prevaricator, but she certainly is a good driver.

—From "Mr. Right Is Dead," by Rona Jaffe (Simon & Schuster, April).

### A Place in the Past

SOME YEARS AGO, my boys asked me, "Dad, where do we come from?" Although years before I had started thinking what to tell them, I was startled. Quickly I mentioned Jackson, but I was in panic. A man *ought* to be able to tell his children where they come from. I envied those Italians who return to Italy to visit their homes, the Polish and Hungarian Jews who return to see their relatives, the Irish who make the hop to Shannon and go off in search of old homes and friends. But the boys and I, seeking our lineage before Mississippi, moved to the map of Africa on the wall. We looked at the West African coast, and with falling voices and embarrassed eyes concluded that we could have come from anywhere along the 3,000-mile coast and up to 1,500 miles inland. Then to books with photographs of Africans. Did we resemble any of the people shown? Around the eyes? The cheekbones? The mouth? Which were our brothers? Another check: which peoples were brought to Mississippi? Ah, how



can you tell, when they arrived in coffles from other states, already mixed with a hundred different peoples? Mandingo? No, most certainly not. Kru? What, then —Baule?

"Dad, where do we come from?" Up to great-grandfather, some trace; beyond him, fog. We came out of fog. We did not perish in it. We are here.

—From *"This Is My Country Too: An American Negro's Odyssey Through the U.S.,"* by John A. Williams (New American Library, May).

### Barefoot for Dinner

THE HE-MAN WINCES at the prospect of having to remove his shoes; to his mind unshoeing comes close to cultural rape. The female of the species, deprived of the sting of her heels, feels defenseless and insulted. The trauma of ending up in stocking feet has often spoiled a visitor's welcome, yet unshoeing is only the preamble to his further vexations. As soon as he lowers himself to the matted floor, his legs turn into a formidable stumbling block. Lacking the insectlike facility of the Japanese to fold them in various ways, he finds they behave erratically or go to sleep. Unfortunately the Japanese fail to see the comical side of his predicament. The man who midway through a dinner slides into the supine position is met with stony silence. As in hara-kiri, it is disgraceful to fall backwards.

—From *"The Kimono Mind,"* by Bernard Rudofsky, (Doubleday, May).

### The Outspoken Sphinx

WE WERE MUCH in the company of Ada Leverson shortly after the time of which I write. She had been named "The Sphinx" by poor Oscar Wilde, to whom she had shown a goodness to be remembered, forever, with gratitude. I do not know why he called her this, for there was nothing mysterious about her.

In appearance she resembled a very wise owl entangled in a bush of singularly thick, singularly bright forsythia. She also bore a strong likeness to Sarah Bernhardt in the latter's old age.

She could always be relied on for "le mot juste." On one occasion, looking at a young lady who was obviously afflicted with incipient nymphomania, she said to me, in a stage-whisper, "Oh, my dear, I have always so much preferred the bread-and-butter miss to the tartine." Referring to the same young lady, whose arms were in an unfortunate state of nudity from the shoulders downward (in those days arms were shrouded during the daytime), she inquired, in the same stage-whisper, and with a look of mingled bewilderment and horror: "Oh, my dear, do you suppose those are legs or arms?"

She could safely be left to deal with

any situation. Called upon to accompany an afflicted mother in pursuit of an errant (and very rich) twenty-one-year-old son, who had fled to the Carpathians with a shop-soiled married lady twenty years his senior, her aid in dealing with the matter was invaluable. On their arrival at the hotel where the errant one was staying, he advanced to meet the ladies, exclaiming almost with tears, "Oh, what have I done, what have I done? We were walking in the mountains and an enormous black bear dashed from behind a rock, and I—ran away and left her."

"Poor beast," said Mrs. Leverson, drawing her furs around her, and shuddering slightly. "I suppose it hugged her, and now she is blackmailing it."

The romance was at an end.

—From *"Taken Care Of: The Autobiography of Edith Sitwell"* (Atheneum, April).

### Leonine at Old Bailey

MY DEAREST REG,

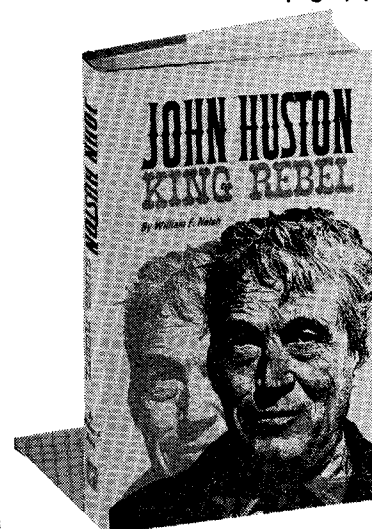
I am very sorry I have not written before. Ever since I arrived I have been all day at the Old Bailey and dining out in the evening—and coming home very tired. Please forgive me. Oscar has been quite superb. His speech about the Love that dares not tell his name was simply wonderful, and carried the whole court right away, quite a tremendous burst of applause. Here was this man, who had been for a month in prison and loaded with insults and crushed and buffeted, perfectly self-possessed, dominating the Old Bailey with his fine presence and musical voice. He has never had so great a triumph, I am sure, as when the gallery burst into applause—I am sure it affected the gallery. Public opinion too has undergone a very great revulsion, so everyone seems to think—nine out of the twelve jurors were for him. Today they renew application for bail, but I don't think they can get it. Somebody has written to Ned Clarke offering Oscar the sole use of his house and grounds at Camberwell or somewhere. Ned Clarke has done splendidly and is very much implected with Hoscar—and talks of shaving his whiskers. Hoscar stood very upright when he was brought up to hear the verdict and looked most leonine and sphinx-like. I pitied poor little Alfred Taylor—nobody remembered his existence, and Grain made a very poor speech and he himself a poor witness. Hoscar is thinner and consequently finer to look at. Willie [Wilde] has been extracting fivers from Humphreys. It was horrible leaving the court day after day and having to pass through a knot of renters (the younger Parker wearing Her Majesty's uniform—another form of female attire) who were allowed to hang around after giving their evidence and

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to wink at likely persons: Trelawny is raising money for the conduct of the case. Leverson has done a great deal. Clarke and Humphreys are going to take no fees. The Leversons have got the full-length portrait of Hoscarr and Rothenstein's pastel of Bosie [Lord Alfred Douglas] and also of him and a larger nude picture by Ricketts. Rothenstein is most sympathetic and goes about the minor clubs insulting everyone who does not happen to be clamoring for Hoscarr's instant release.

I saw Bosie the night before his departure. He seemed to have lost his nerve. The scene that evening at the Leversons' was quite absurd. An awful New Woman in a divided skirt (introduced by Bosie) writing a pamphlet at Mrs. Leverson's writing-table with the aid of several whiskey-and-sodas: her brother, a gaunt man with prominent cheek-bones from Toynbee Hall who kept reiterating that "these things must be approached through first principles and through first principles alone": two other New Women who subsequently explained to Mr. Leverson that they were there to keep a strict watch upon New Woman number one, who is not

responsible for her actions: Mrs. Leverson making flippant remarks about messenger-boys in a faint undertone to Bosie, who was ashen-pale and thought the pamphlet (which was the most awful drivel) admirable: and Mr. Leverson explaining to me that he allowed his house to be used for these purposes not because he approved of "anything unnatural" but by reason of his admiration for Oscar's plays and personality. I myself exquisitely dressed and sympathizing with no one. . . .

Your loving MAX

—From "Max Beerbohm's Letters to Reggie Turner," edited by Rupert Hart-Davis (Lippincott, April; see page 46).

### Qualification

"I HAVE your letter about your wife's cousin's husband who is a dentist who would like to be postmaster. You left out a very important piece of information. Does he do extraction work? Because pull helps."

—From "My Appointed Round: 929 Days as Postmaster General," by J. Edward Day (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, July).

## LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor



### Diverting "Dummies"

GRANVILLE HICKS, in his review of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* [SR, March 20], tells us that Mailer's main character has no reality, the other characters are "dummies," the writing is sloppy, and the plot is absurd. One might say the same about Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground*.

Perhaps *An American Dream* is not a great book, but it is most certainly not a "bad joke." It contains scenes of great power and pages of brilliant imagery. It holds one's interest. It is an entertaining book to read.

W. K. MASON.

Madison, Wis.

### Dignity on All Levels

IN HIS REVIEW of Sally Carrighar's *Wild Heritage* [SR, March 20] . . . [Peter Farb] does not like her tendency toward "anthropomorphism (endowing things not human with human characteristics)." I am unable to understand the scientific objection to this attitude. . . . Can we . . . state that animals do not ascribe some meaning to existence other than those involved in survival of the species? . . .

My dim view of Mr. Farb's remarks is generated by my overwhelming respect for the "dignity" which I find inherent in all forms of animal life. Now, I realize that "dignity" is a word so hallowed by its ap-

plication to the human race that its usage in reference to "lower" forms of animal life is considered veritable sacrilege. But I know of nothing in the behavior of animals to indicate that they would consider this attitude anything but an unwarranted human superstition. . . .

People of other races, creeds and color fall into this "lower" category too. . . . I wonder if the first step toward making any long-lasting adjustments in this attitude would not have to be a change in our attitude toward animals. When we learn to identify with and love all forms of animal life, it will be much easier to view all of mankind with the same kind of tolerance. . . .

FLOY M. MORTON.

East Marion, N.Y.

### No Olé for Maia

I DOUBT Cleveland Amory and Joseph Wood Krutch would agree with Alice Dalgliesh that the "choice for the Newbery medal is a happy one" [SR, March 27]; nor do I agree that the book "is about much more than bullfighting." Even though the young hero rejects the idea of becoming a bullfighter, he does so more for the sake of saving his own skin than for any compunction for the cruelty to the horses and bulls, and the book ends on the happy note that if he doesn't wish to become a toreador, there are plenty of others in his home town