

Books of The Times

Punishment for Being Innocent

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

THE NIGHT IN LISBON. By Erich Maria Remarque. 244 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.95.

FOR 35 years Erich Maria Remarque has been writing novels about various aspects of the same theme: the disasters of war, the decline of civilization in 20th-century Europe and the suffering of the innocent. Some of these novels have been distinguished and have helped shape modern thought, particularly the first one, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Some have been inferior to others, and this is true of the novels of all productive authors. But all of Mr. Remarque's have borne the stamp of his indignation and his furious grief. His tenth novel, "The Night in Lisbon," is published this week. It is a brilliant novel and a strange one, not completely successful but hauntingly moving. Its special subject, which is the spiritual as well as the physical agony of refugees fleeing without the papers that would make their existence legal, was treated by Mr. Remarque in two earlier books. Of these, "Arch of Triumph" was one of his finest novels and "Flotsam" was one of his poorest. "The Night in Lisbon" lacks the conventional virtues of well-individualized characters and of dramatic narrative.



Jerry Bauer
Erich M. Remarque

Instead, it concentrates on the neuroses and psychoses of refugees and on the despair and misery that have been the lot of so many people only because they were opposed to tyranny, because they believed in freedom and in decency, or because they were Jewish. "Don't you know," asks Mr. Remarque's heroine, "that in this century innocence is the worst crime and that the innocent are always punished the most severely?"

In the fateful summer of 1942 in the city of Lisbon a mysterious refugee offered another penniless refugee two ship tickets to America plus convincing papers in return for unlimited patience while listening to his story. The narrator, who accepted the strange bargain with delight, asks an occasional question, makes a sympathetic comment now and then and listens. What he hears is the substance of "The Night in Lisbon."

The nameless speaker, who used the name of a dead man, Josef Schwarz, was obsessed by the compulsion to talk and, in talk, to find understanding of his experience of exile and of love. Through the night, in cafes, bars and even in a brothel, Schwarz relived

the last part of his life: his denunciation to the Gestapo by his brother-in-law, his flight and his desertion of his wife while he spent five lonely, miserable years in France, his reckless return to Germany to find his wife, their escape to France and their suffering in French internment camps, and their renewed flight from the Gestapo.

Schwarz never refers to his remoter past, to the reason why he was persecuted. He is too intent on trying to understand the meaning of his experience, the ultimate meaning of loneliness, poverty and terror endured because of the criminal madness of his countrymen. Equally important is his effort to understand his relationship with the wife he abandoned and for whom he later risked his life. He loved her. At least he learned to love her devotedly as he strove to protect her. She seemed to love him, but her mind was baffling and unpredictable to Schwarz—and I think it will be to most readers.

If neither Schwarz nor his enigmatic wife ever seems wholly comprehensible or wholly real, their symbolical roles as the victims of the cruelty and madness of war and Nazism are eloquent and moving. Mr. Remarque's proficiency in capturing emotional atmosphere and the special atmospheres of particular places and circumstances is as great as ever. His book rises to peaks of poetic feeling as if it were both a curse and a lamentation. Part of its somber beauty is the deliberate creation of professional skill with words; part, I feel sure, the result of Mr. Remarque's personal experience as a German who fought in World War I, whose books were burned by Hitler, who was an exile himself and who has lived in intimate contact with the terror and the sorrow of the modern world.

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MAR 19 1964

The Literary Guidepost

~~By~~ **By W. C. Rogers**

THE NIGHT IN LISBON. By Erich Maria Remarque. Harcourt, Brace. \$4.95.

There is a high-voltage tension in Remarque's novel about a man and woman fleeing as refugees from Germany of World War II.

The narrative is told in neutral Lisbon of 1942, by a tragic figure who, like an ancient mariner, seizes upon a stranger to pour out his story in the long hours of the night.

The narrator already was a refugee from the Nazis in 1939, when a dying man named Josef Schwarz gave him his passport and a few valuables. In his new role under the assumed name of Schwarz, he felt compelled to slip back across the German border and find his wife Helen.

He knew the dangers, for Helen's brother Georg was a brutal Nazi who once before had betrayed him to the police. What he did not know was that Helen herself was under a dark sentence of fate.

So this is a tough-and-go story of flight, of prison camps, forged documents, border incidents and dread gambles in several European countries, including occupied France.

Schwarz and his wife survived, schemed, fled, suffered and caught tenuously at hope, with anguished derelicts all around them. They finally reached a haven in Portugal as time was running out for Helen.

Remarque's novel presents a gripping pattern of danger and survival, but it encompasses more than that. He catches in the web of fear a strong story of love.

MAR 26 1964

The Bookshelf

Remarque's Last Novel Is About Love and War

By JOHN BARKHAM

THE NIGHT IN LISBON. By
Erich Maria Remarque.
Harcourt, Brace & World.
244 pp. \$4.95.

The night in Lisbon was a long one. It began in early evening, lasted through the midnight hours, saw the dawn, and ended in the morning sunshine. In all that time one man talked to another whom he had met by chance, recounting to him a bittersweet, elegiac tale of two lovers adrift on a sea of hate.

The teller of the tale is a German refugee who fled the Nazis as World War II became imminent. He has already lived through his tragic experience when he meets the fellow refugee in Lisbon. There in the Tagus, its lights blazing, lies a liner bound next day for America, that Elysium for all refugees. The narrator has a passport with an America visa, as well as a ticket for the ship. He gives them to the stranger, an equally desperate man in a similar danger. But there is one condition: in return for the gift of life, the recipient must listen to the donor's tale of death—and he does.

A Frame Story

At first this mildewed device of story-within-story is puzzling. Why didn't Remarque tell his story straight instead of putting the entire novel into the mouth of a narrator—experience at one remove, as it were? The reason emerges as the narrative unfolds. The viewpoint had to be that of the refugee who

calls himself Josef Schwarz. In letting him serve as spokesman, Remarque was able to tinge the whole narrative with the irony and fatalism of the hunted. Schwarz's monologue is part action, part commentary, each accented by bitter irony.

The book signals a return to the haunting fiction with which Remarque made his reputation. Here is a simple but poignant love story between a husband and wife in the face of peril, set down with sustained power and without a trace of mawkishness. The wife, indeed, affects to be prosaic about it all: it is Schwarz, her husband, who has risked his neck to return to Germany for her, who is subject to overt expressions of emotion.

The Pursuit

The two escape to Switzerland and France just as war breaks out. The hunt—the detentions, escapes, the nail-biting waits for permits and visas, etc.—serves as a counterpoint to the deepening relationship between the couple. The wife's brother is a Nazi official, whose periodical appearance in the story personifies the atavistic brutality of Hitlerism. He pursues them, the war engulfs them, and beyond, seemingly unattainable, beckons America.

Remarque's achievement is

the affecting presentation of the love of two normal human beings when the world is being submerged in barbarism. In due course we learn that there is another pursuer after the couple, the eternal adversary who can never be shaken off. It is this final element which leads directly to the long night in Lisbon.

APR 5 1964

The Night in Lisbon

by Erich Maria Remarque

AS ALWAYS, Erich Remarque tells us a story. In this case, it is an ingeniously contrived monolog [after a quick initial dialog] in which a refugee German in Portugal tells the crucial story of the last years of his life.

The novel opens with an "I" staring at a brilliantly lighted ship in Lisbon harbor one evening. He is desperate to get aboard but has no tickets, no American visa, and not enough money to buy a ticket if he did get a visa.

A stranger accosts him and, with the shock of a miracle, offers two tickets, quite free. There is only one condition—that he spend the night talking to the stranger, whose acquired name [to fit a phony passport] is Schwarz.

LOOKING AT the ship in utter despair, the narrator had thought of it as if it were an ark in the days of flood. "It was an ark. Every ship that left Europe in those months of the year 1942 was an ark. Mount Ararat was America, and the flood waters were rising higher by the day. . . . The coast of Portugal had become the last hope of the fugitives to whom justice, freedom, and tolerance meant more than home and livelihood. This was the gate to America. If you couldn't reach it, you were lost."

All night the two men sit in various parts of Lisbon while Schwarz describes his experiences out of Germany, having been separated from his wife for five years. In his isolation, he suddenly feels a strong urge to see her again, and, in a gesture



Erich Remarque

almost suicidal, he sneaks back into Germany and meets his wife in Osnabrueck. Under the terrible tension of the time they become closer to each other than before, and to his astonishment she decides to leave Germany and meet him in Switzerland.

THE BALANCE of the book describes the travels of the couple across Switzerland and France to Portugal, perpetually in flight, and of their discovery of a marriage they had not known before. Schwarz comments on finding again the individual scent of Helen, his wife: "What comfort there is in the skin of someone you love! How much more intelligent it is than the mouth with its lies!"

Altho the refugee material seems by now, for all its horror, almost too familiar, and altho Helen never is sharply defined as a person, the book does move the reader.

Paul Engle conducts the creative writing program at the University of Iowa.

[HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD,
244 pages, \$4.95]

MAY 3 1964

Remarque: A Sweet-Sad Story

OVERWHELMING sorrow and sense of loss can drive men to the brink of self-destruction through suicide or mental disorder. Some men know when this point of destruction is upon them and strive valiantly to keep sanity, such as it is, intact. Such an individual is "Schwarz," a refugee fleeing the Hitler-dominated Europe of the late '30s and the early '40s.

"Schwarz" is an assumed name, acquired by chance through the inheritance of a valid passport. This most precious gift allows its holder an opportunity to keep running a little longer from the authorities.

Though time does not run out for Schwarz, circumstances do catch up with him. He has a valid passport; in fact he has two. He also has acquired two tickets on a ship sailing to America, and yet he is tottering on the brink of personal disintegration because all that he desired this freedom for in a new land, is no more. What leads Schwarz to this paradoxical position is the heart of Erich Maria Remarque's latest offering, "The Night in Lisbon" (\$4.95; Harcourt, Brace & World; 244 pp.)

THIS IS a rather simply told tale. In attempting to keep his sanity and, too, to keep a record of what has occurred in the last year of his life, Schwarz must tell all that has happened to him. He finds a willing listener in a fellow refugee desirous of fleeing to America with his wife, but without the means—monetary or official.

Schwarz interests this listener by promising the means to

escape. To earn the passports, tickets, and the necessary money, all he need to do is stay and listen through the night to Schwarz' story.

It is a sweet-sad story. A tale of love, fear, joy and indescribable terror. The terror is two-fold. One part deals with what Germany and some Germans had turned into under Hitler; the other part deals with love and the indirect knowledge that this love is and was always ill-fated.

REMARQUE is admirably equipped to tell this story. He knew war-torn Europe and the strain its people lived with. Remarque's Schwarz is a real person. He feels deeply and tries desperately to be heard. He must express himself; he must speak out so he can live with his memory. The physical pain, he can survive. It is the mental anguish, unless spoken and shared, he knows will be the ruin of him.

This novel has warmth and tenderness and it is well laced with strong doses of reality and self-knowledge. The characters know what constitutes happiness for them must be found in the present, for in the next second there may be a knock on the door.

The only weakness in the book is in the desire of the author to tie a bow on his package. If the tale had ended with the new owner of the passport leaving the ex-Schwarz, it would have been a stronger ending. Still, controlled sentimentality is good and Mr. Remarque, while not creating a great work of fiction, has written an interesting diversion.

X —Shirley Bajer

Those who flee tyrants

THE NIGHT IN LISBON
By Erich Maria Remarque
Longmans, 244 pages, \$5.50

Reviewed by DOLORES BEDINGFIELD

WAR and its effects on the individual have always fascinated Erich Maria Remarque, and in this new novel he returns to the old theme of *All Quiet On the Western Front* and *Three Comrades*; it is not about the men who fight, but the men who flee from tyrants and conquering armies.

The form and point of view are as old as the novel form itself, and are strongly reminiscent of the way in which Joseph Conrad used the narrator. A third person relates the story as told to him by the protagonist. The resulting objectivity gives the story greater impact and allows comment that would otherwise have been an intrusion.

A German, Schwarz, finds himself in conflict with the state and is forced to flee, leaving behind his wife Helen, partner in a complacent marriage. Five years later, now armed with a dead man's passport as well as his name, Schwarz returns to Germany secretly to see his wife. The year is 1939. Fear is everywhere, and he dare not reveal himself to his wife at once because her brother once betrayed him, and is still a dedicated Nazi Party member. When Schwarz meets his wife, a passionate love flares between them, making further separation impossible. Helen resolves



Remarque: vigorous prose

to leave Germany and tricks her family into believing that the journey to Switzerland is for medical reasons. But the eyes of the German consulate pry into her affairs and make normal life with her husband hopeless. They are forced to behave as discreet lovers, running from city to city, country to country. Even in Paris, the long arm of Helen's Nazi brother reaches them. When he cannot persuade her to return, he threatens and cajoles, but to no avail, and leaves with the ominous promise that the German army will find them before long.

When war is declared Helen and Schwarz are interned as enemy aliens. He escapes and finds her just as the Gestapo prepares to seize her. Together they flee through the unoccupied zone of France, fugitives from the French and the Germans. For short moments they are ecstatically happy and cling fondly to these memories when the debris of a ruined world threatens to engulf them. In Marseilles, the shadow of the Gestapo once more falls over them, and over thousands of refugees beating at embassy doors for passports to anywhere. The Spanish border is firmly closed. They are trapped.

Helen is a dying woman but she manages to hide it from Schwarz until the pain becomes unbearable. Their plight is desperate when Schwarz falls into

the Gestapo's net. The family pride of Georg, Helen's brother, saves Schwarz from immediate death, and in a last desperate attempt he kills his captor, assumes his identity, and dashes with Helen to Portugal.

In the harbor of Lisbon lies a U.S. ship waiting to sail. It is their hope and salvation, but Helen commits suicide as soon as she knows her husband is safe. For her there is no life with a body partially devoured by cancer; for Schwarz there is no freedom without Helen. He turns over their passports to the refugee who has listened so patiently to his story and prepares to join the Foreign Legion.

This is a highly melodramatic story, but Mr. Remarque makes it credible. The writing is vigorous and precise, and very seldom does one realize it is a translation. The attempt to give it universal application does not impede the personal tale of love, and for any reader it can be what he wishes.

Krentz
Globe - June 6/64

Destination Despair



Erich Maria Remarque—meaningful.

The Night in Lisbon, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt, Brace & World. 244 pp. \$4.95), bares the life-in-death anguish of a couple destined to be fugitives ad infinitum. William S. Lynch, who devotes much of his time now to literary criticism, has been a professor of the humanities at Cooper Union.

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE MAN on the run from the Nazis, all too familiar as he may be in recent history and fiction, never fails to command our attention. Lost in the only world of meaning to him, that of consulates, police stations, internment camps, the one thing that counts is a passport—a valid one preferably with the necessary visas. Loneliness, homesickness, and universal indifference were his lot in the late Thirties and early Forties. Even now his plight shocks us, as does the memory of the millions of other Nazi victims.

This is the story of one such refugee as told to another the night before he was to sail to America, the goal for

which he had struggled for years, only to have at this last moment all purpose taken away from him by a fate as cruel as any from which he had fled. The adventures of this man whose passport named him Schwarz, recounted by an old master like Remarque, provide a tale of suspense and intrigue on the order of those of Ambler or Greene. But to leave it at that is not enough. For here, too, is a tragic love, complicated and desperate, as Schwarz, driven by compulsions he does not himself really understand, returns to Germany to find his wife, Helen, from whom he has not heard for five years. He finds her, flees again, this time with her in a frantic effort to escape from the Europe in which there is nothing for either but barbarism and fear. In pursuit are not only the usual forces of German officialdom, but a special nemesis in the form of Helen's brother Georg, a high-ranking member of the Gestapo. To report what happens would not be fair. It can be said that the events incidental to their efforts to escape are exciting and chilling.

More meaningful than the thriller side of the book, though, is the life-in-death relationship of the two, clinging together in a world where there is "no going back and no destination, just flight, flight together, and despair." Sometimes tenderly, sometimes fiercely, sometimes even with distrust and loathing, they move on and on, lost in the terrible jungle in which they are trapped. In revealing their lot to us, Remarque displays his already proven talent for setting and incident. Things are real as he describes them; they can be felt as well as seen. Remarque long ago mastered the art of keeping a story moving without at the same time appearing too glib or slick. His tortured characters here are convincing as well as sympathetic. No *All Quiet on the Western Front* (how could there be another?), this is first-rate Remarque, with less philosophizing than some of his others, but meaningful and pertinent.

"FASCINATING"
—N. Y. Times



"BRILLIANT"
—N. Y. Daily News

ROBERT MURPHY'S

bestselling book about a career "never surpassed by any other individual in the history of our foreign service"—*Saturday Review*. 16 pages of photographs; 4th large printing; \$6.95 at all booksellers. DOUBLEDAY

DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS

Books

THE NIGHT IN LISBON by Erich Maria Remarque. Harcourt, Brace & World, New York, 1964. Pp. 244. \$4.95.

Erich Maria Remarque, a universal German, is we believe one of the great novelists of our time. When so many writers, both European and American, have compromised, with an eager eye on book-club audiences or on Hollywood, Mr. Remarque has maintained a detached attitude about the immediate fate of his novels. With warmth, integrity and idealism he has kept on writing about the people and the issues of our time. Yet, in spite of his realism, he is a true romantic. Proof of it are the wonderful scenes in all his novels when a man and a woman alone, for a few hours or days, in a magic Garden of Eden of their own, recapture the lost paradise by a miracle of love.

The Night in Lisbon is a statement of luminous faith in the midst of dark despair. It is also a tribute to the only thing that endures in the world: love. Love between man and woman, something that is elusive and ethereal but that once captured survives long after he or she is gone. Some book reviewers have regarded this novel mainly as a social document. All of Remarque's novels are social documents, but not because he meant them to be, but because their humanity makes of them endurable testimonies of faith and valor, dignity and ideals in the face of cruelty and sadism, destructiveness and despair. Remarque's novels should not be considered as reports about the cruelty of man to man in our age. To us, his books are basically, and gloriously, novels.

Remarque does write about the human problems in a Europe he knows intimately and about a century that has witnessed the disintegration of the basic moral principles laid by religion and philosophy when Europe did not even exist. But high above all this stands the pure, true novelist, without the complexes, the frustrations, the idiocies of so many of today's young "novelists." He feels no need to convey a "message." The message is there, true, but it is inside a bottle. Whoever rescues the floating bottle from the rolling sea is free to interpret the message in his own way.

In this novel, the narrator, a refugee from the Nazi terror, spends one whole night in Lisbon, a city



ERICH MARIA REMARQUE WITH HIS WIFE PAULETTE GODDARD
Remarque's The Night in Lisbon is a novel of supreme artistry

glittering with lights amid the ominous darkness that shrouded Europe at the beginning of World War II, talking to another refugee named Josef Schwarz, who inherited the name, together with a passport, from another man, who also had another name. At a hotel in Lisbon, Schwarz has a wife waiting in a coffin. He also has waiting for him an even deader future. Schwarz offers the narrator his two priceless tickets to America and freedom, if he will spend the night with him listening to the story of his misfortunes. The narrator only too gladly accepts. The long hours of the night slowly tick off. The two men wander from place to place, and the story unfolds against a background of dimly lit bars, cafés, even a brothel, under the eyes of indifferent waiters and eager prostitutes. The dark velvet of the sky finally gives way to the pearly mist of dawn.

Schwarz, an exile from Nazi Germany since before the war, had sought refuge in Paris. But even before the war, Jews and other German refugees in France were hunted down like mad dogs by the Gestapo "tourists" and police

and were then interned in camps. After five miserable, lonely years, Schwarz recklessly returns to his native town, Osnabrück in Hanover (where Remarque was born), in search of his wife, Helen. After surviving all sorts of dangers, he finds his wife, and their love is rekindled. Schwarz and his wife escape from Hitlerland to Switzerland and France. Then World War II breaks out. Europe goes to pieces. The painful task of surviving goes on. They run and they hide and they love in those wonderful fleeting moments that no one can describe so well as Remarque. They flee across France toward Spain. They find a temporary haven in a deserted eighteenth-century chateau where, clad in abandoned fancy-dress costumes, they spend a few dreamlike days, eating, drinking, loving, dreaming, by candlelight or by the glow of a fire. They manage to reach Spain and then Portugal, after a lethal clash with Schwarz' sadistic Nazi brother-in-law, who has become his implacable hunter. Ironically his wife Helen dies of an illness just as they reach the threshold of liberation, with

(Continued on page 248)

the lights of the ships bound for America in sight.

Schwarz, his story finished, gives his tickets to freedom to his unknown listener and then fades into the twilight zone of the political refugee.

Remarque always writes about the Europe he has known, the same Europe so many Europeans in exile know and will never forget. But only Remarque has been able to capture so vividly and poignantly this Europe, the Europe of World War I, the Europe between wars, the Europe on the verge of World War II, the Europe of World War II, and postwar Europe. His recurrent theme is love and violence, kindness and cruelty, the love of man for woman, and the ruthlessness of the man in power toward the man in hiding or exile.

A vast number of people admire Erich Remarque; few truly understand him outside Europe. His monumental *Arch of Triumph*, a book that should have earned him the Nobel Prize, still elicits shallow comments even from erudite American reviewers. His *Heaven Has No Favorites*, published before this last book, was a marvelous novel mercifully without Freudian undertones, without any contrived "message," without any details about the childhood of the heroes (a sad American compulsion) to explain "motivations," a novel in the grand European literary tradition of the Somerset Maugham of years ago and of Hans Habe today; strangely it was not given the acclaim it deserves, for it is one of the great novels of our time.

The Night in Lisbon is being widely recognized and applauded because readers, and particularly the omniscient critics, see it as a novel with a "message," but to us the message is not the main object of the novel, as it is not in any other great literary work: *Of Human Bondage*, *Point Counter Point*, *The Magic Mountain*.

What is to be admired in this novel is the supreme artistry in telling the story, the economy of elements, the terse polished prose, the unexpected romantic images, the sudden thrilling twist, all qualities that make a novelist great. In this case, we have a novelist who thinks only about telling a story well and in so doing also delivers a powerful indictment against the beast that too often lies inside the political and military man, in contrast with the angel that flutters inside lovers.

This novel is a triumph for Erich Maria Remarque, a writer whose professional integrity and splendid storytelling are signs of hope in a literary world of decadent erotic romances and contrived pseudopsychologic novels.

THE HAND OF MARY CONSTABLE by Paul Gallico. Doubleday, Garden City, N. Y., 1964. Pp. 279. \$4.95.

Paul Gallico is an incomparable writer blessed with a superb gift for storytelling. He has written books of exquisite tenderness like *Love of Seven Dolls*; stories of delicate sweetness like "The Enchanted Doll"; an autobiographic anthology, *Confessions of a Short-Story Writer*, that could be a short-story writer's bible. He also wrote a magnificent novel of suspense, *Too Many Ghosts*, in which he introduced a professional ghost hunter named Alexander Hero, investigator for the Society of Psychical Research of Great Britain. Hero Hero, with the assistance of his charming step-sister Meg, uncovered in that novel one of the most fascinating plots in the history of suspense novels and de-ghosted a "haunted" mansion in England. That novel confirmed a fact well known to Paul Gallico's admirers: that for many years he has been a student of psychic phenomena. Indeed, he possesses one of the largest private libraries on the subject. His attitude, as expressed through his hero, is that the best path to truth in that tenuous field is to expose fraud, hysteria and coincidence, hoping to find one day decisive proof of the fact that will change forever the dreams, beliefs and deeds of mankind.

In this new novel, Alexander Hero comes to New York to solve the mystery of Professor Samuel Hale Constable, physicist *extraordinaire* who is working on a project related to cybernetics that might change the balance of power in the world. Professor Constable had suffered the trauma of seeing his beloved child Mary die of leukemia. A chain of circumstances led him to a team of fake spiritualists who claimed that they could establish contact with the spirit of his beloved Mary. When they "materialized" her and, as a climax, produced from the invisible world a glove-like mold of wax of the child's hand with her real fingerprints, Prof. Constable became a convert. It was then easy to induce



PAUL GALLICO
Narrative magic

the professor by a series of clever mysterious séance messages from his daughter to defect to the Russians and hand over his colossal scientific secret.

The United States Intelligence Service and the Federal Bureau of Investigation racing against the clock to prevent Prof. Constable's defection, have only one hope: Alexander Hero must debunk the "materializations" worked by the fake medium and her gang. Above all, they want Hero to appeal to Prof. Constable's scientific mind by showing him how the seemingly impossible miracle of creating, out of thin air, the wax mold of his daughter's hand with her verified fingerprints could not only be explained, but also be duplicated by the psychic phenomena investigator.

The highly likeable, human, civilized, urbane Mr. Hero, spends a few frantic days in New York chasing ghosts and exposing mediumistic frauds. He gets involved with ectoplasm quacks, a purveyor of magical equipment, a beautiful girl entangled in the web, and a Russian professional killer-spy. He also steps on the hypersensitive toes of the FBI and American Intelligence, has a vertiginous passionate love affair, and is in lethal danger. He manages to come out unhurt and triumphant. He destroys almost singlehandedly both an ectoplasm racket and a Russian spy nest. He explains rationally and brilliantly the mystic miracle of the ectoplasmic hand of Mary Constable. He even duplicates the feat to Prof. Constable's satisfaction. Happily exhausted, he leaves for England.
(Continued on page 252)