

THE PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW

ers: it may help toward furnishing a credo for radicals of an anti-Soviet persuasion; it is a crucial text for those who would acquaint themselves with the recent politics, literary *and* political, of the Left Bank; and, finally, it is an earnest, though not unpretentious, examination of some of the moral problems and historical antecedents of contemporary European radicalism.

The philosophically minded American reader may be disappointed by a number of faults. Claims are made in the name of logic, but where "logic" occurs, it sometimes would be better to read "tendency" or "drift." Trifling propositions are put forward as though they were quite weighty ("If he [any individual] prefers the risk of death to a denial of the rights he defends, it is because he considers that the latter are more important than he is" [p. 21]), and with illusory incisiveness ("Diagnosticians have this in common with prophets—they think and operate in terms of the future" [p. 57]). What is less condonable, Camus gives the impression of employing a procedure and reaching a conclusion more original and profound than in fact they are. Crudely, the essay comes to this: understanding by "rebels" only "those who oppose themselves to servitude, falsehood and terror," Camus enjoins his rebels not to exemplify that against which they preach and act.

Lastly, it should be noticed that the translation under review—the same that appeared in England—is an abridged version of the original. The sole indication of this is Herbert Read's note in his Foreword: "Unfortunately in the interests of economy certain pages . . . have been deleted in the English edition" (p. 8, n. 1). The pages in question, however, account for approximately one-half of the "deletions." At other unspecified places, headings, footnotes, phrases, sentences, pages, and almost entire sections are omitted.

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MY SISTER AND I. [Allegedly] by FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. New York, Boar's Head Books (distributed by Seven Sirens Press), 1951. Ninth Printing, with a new preface by the publisher, 1953. Pp. 256. \$4.00.

When originally published in 1951, this book received many favorable notices in staff-written newspaper reviews in this country, though it was ignored by scholarly journals and by the British and continental press. The present reviewer wrote an exposé for *Partisan Review* (May-

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June, 1952), giving a number of reasons why the book could not have been written by Nietzsche, why it could not be based on any German original at all, and why Dr. Oscar Levy, late editor of the English edition of Nietzsche's works, must be considered wholly innocent of this volume, though the Introduction and translation are ascribed to him. In a letter to the *Saturday Review* (May 24, 1952), Dr. Levy's daughter expressed the same opinions. The publisher is Samuel Roth, who boasts of having served what he calls "a few honorable jail sentences"; and on one previous occasion his conduct provoked a public protest signed by 167 writers, including Croce, Einstein, Eliot, Gide, Mann, Russell, and Yeats.

In the new printing, two gaps, one of them comprising five lines, have taken the place of two glaring anachronisms to which I had called attention. The second of these was originally supported by a footnote, written in the first person singular, signed by the editor, and contending that the passage "proves that Nietzsche . . . was lucid to the very end, though suffering from occasional lapses into insanity." Now we are told that the manuscript (i.e., "vermin-eaten carbon copies of the translation," the original being lost) was "undecipherable" at this point and that a member of Mr. Roth's staff "slipped" in something to fill the gap.

Most of the new preface is devoted to an attack on the present reviewer which contains not only several bland misstatements of fact, but also "quotations" from five reviews of my *Nietzsche* (Princeton, 1950), designed to show how "the learned world" has condemned it. All of the quoted phrases completely misrepresent the tenor of the reviews from which they are taken, most of them even of the sentences out of which they are carved, and two of them are nowhere to be found in the review to which they are credited.

Mr. Roth has not seen fit to remove what I called, in *Partisan Review*, "the only passage in the book which shows any wit at all"—a line which, as I pointed out, depends on a mistranslation in the King James Bible and could therefore hardly have occurred to Nietzsche. Meanwhile, Jacques Barzun has kindly informed me that this sole good line was evidently lifted from the Wagner chapter of his *Berlioz*, published in 1950.

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