

its sources and as a result to be largely anecdotal as each informant offers up his memories or letters on the great man. For those who have read extensively in the history of the Second World War or who have read *A Sailor's Odyssey*, there will be a sense of *déjà vu* as each anticipated event makes its appearance whether it be the shifting of a berth at Libau, the royal frustration of Churchill's D-Day hopes, or the glacial trials of the translator Pavlov at Teheran. At times the notations border on minutia—how else to evaluate Cunningham's finding the King of Sweden, «quite one of the nicest men I have ever met»? And why bother to identify one officer as, «the last survivor of the ship's company of the corvette *Calliope*. «The *Calliope's* claim to fame is at best marginal and in any case this had no significance for Cunningham and probably little more for the man so identified. But these are minor criticisms of a book which in addition to offering substantiated praise of Admiral Cunningham also provides an introduction to British Navy now gone forever. Though Cunningham was aggressively proud of his service in destroyers the reader again sees the battleship, that amazing structure of steel and destruction, so valuable that it often could not be risked in battle, cruisers holding station in distant ports, and vessels named as apparently only the British can—*Warspite*, *Black Prince*, *Terror*, *Dainty*, *Formidable*, *Implacable*, *Indefatigable*. This same Navy which in Cunningham's midshipman days still carried a few muzzle-loading cannons on its ordinance lists and seriously trained in sail, and in his years as admiral dealt with radar, rockets, and aircraft carriers. One noticeable gap in this Navy is the landing craft, here mentioned only once or twice, absent from the index, yet often decisive in the planning and realization of the war's campaigns. Just as professors depreciate freshmen courses, admirals find it difficult to consider unseaworthy, shallow draft lighters as vessels of war. Even so, the Navy presented is that same Navy which so influenced national policies in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries and this book is as good an introduction to that force as many others.

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*And No Quarter: An Italian Partisan in World War II.* Memoirs of Giovanni Pesce, translated by Frederick M. Shaine. Athens: Ohio University Press, 1972. 269 pp.

Academics whose usual approach to works outside their specialty is to begin with survey of the index and bibliography will be disappointed as *And No Quarter* lacks both of these guides and as even the chapter titles are more romantic than informative. Unfortunately, those who take the time to read the book will be even more disappointed. Giovanni Pesce's memoirs concentrate on the months between his release from a Fascist prison in July 1943 and the partisan occupation of Milan in April 1945. Though Pesce's war might seem brief he uses flashbacks to inform the reader of his youth in France and his service in Spain with the *Garibaldini*. Pesce thus had been long in combat and even seems to have preferred his Spanish campaigns to those with the *Gappisti* (Groups of Patriotic Action). Perhaps the struggle of regular armies was less savage or the camaraderie of unit campaigns was more easily rationalized than assassinations executed by lonely men. Indeed, Pesce's loneliness is a recurring theme throughout these memoirs and may partially explain his devotion to the Communist Party and the leadership it provided. Ideology plays a small role in Pesce's statements. The democracies are chastised for failing to support Republican Spain in its moment of travail and there is naturally no mention of the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact and its results. Communists are presented as larger than life but not as ideologues. The war is treated in much the same way. The Nazis and Fascists are evil and must be stopped and

that is sufficient. As it should be. The memoirs of a single, sincere partisan should not be burdened with the arguments of high politics. It should be enough if they tell us something of the man, the struggle, or the pattern of irregular warfare. And it is here that *And No Quarter* fails most seriously.

Without any desire to question Pesce's involvement in this most dangerous form of war, one must still insist that the memoirs as offered are unsatisfactory in style and content. The *Gappisti* carried out their destruction with seemingly inexhaustible supplies of explosives, using bicycles and trains for escape, and preceding daylight assassinations with stirring verbal denunciations to the victim (and his bodyguards). An already disjointed narration is further interrupted with extensive lists of participants. Some forty names are offered in a single footnote as having comprised the first GAP Brigade in Milan, and thirty-one others are «remembered» in another footnote as among the fighters in the battle of the Ebro. The thirty-first name is that of an Albanian—a disguised gesture of proletarian solidarity with China? Peking is not apt to respond in view of Pesce's treatment of guerrilla warfare; «Customary military tactics seek to concentrate a movement against the adversary's weakest point; in partisan warfare, it is the opposite, a blow where the enemy is most thickly concentrated». (p. 61) The *Gappisti* may have operated in this manner but never the Maoist guerrillas. Furthermore, the reader's credulity is frequently strained. During a firefight; «We could identify their weapons by the sound of the cartridge cases falling on the earth». (p. 108) Assuming this is not a translator's error, one is asked to accept men who can hear the enemy's cartridge cases hit the ground over the roar of their own counter-fire, and at a distance of many yards. And lest this be taken as a single weakpoint, a new high in unlikely heroics is reached only a few pages later when an isolated hero, bearing seven fresh bullet wounds, kills at least 11 Fascists and five Germans, and destroys an armored car and a tank before leaping to his death after giving the Communist salute to the «hundreds» of enemies beneath his window. Even this may be possible but in some manner Pesce is able to describe the man's every action, the sounds he alone could have heard, and even his thoughts.

Note that the criticism here is not of Pesce the man, or the partisan, but of his retrospective portrayal of events that were harsh enough to dull memory. It was a tragic struggle against real villains in which «success» was accepting one partisan wounded and one killed in exchange for wounding two Fascists and where the death of many hostages was avenged, «by shooting a junior officer on a open street». The reality of these campaigns should be preserved and the participants recognized but *And No Quarter* does not do this. Just as Pesce fled apparently every assassination with emptied pistols, his memoirs are also empty.

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*Foreign Relations of the United States. 1947. Volume V. The Near East and North Africa.* Department of State Publication 8502. Historical Office, Bureau of Public Affairs. Washington D. C., U. S. Government Printing Office, 1971. Pp. 1377.

*The Foreign Relations of the United States* constitutes the official record of the foreign policy of the United States. We are told that, subject to necessary security considerations, all documents needed for a comprehensive record of the major foreign policy decisions within the range of the Department of State's responsibilities, together with appropriate materials concerning the facts which contributed to the development of policies, are included.

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