

# The New York Times

## CUBA: WHAT WAS AN

THE FOURTH FLOOR. An Account of the Castro Communist Revolution. By Earl E. T. Smith. 242 pp. New York: Random House. \$5.

By ADOLF A. BERLE

**E**ARL SMITH, a successful New York investment broker, member of the Republican National Finance Committee and of the Palm Beach community, was appointed Ambassador to Cuba in June, 1957. The Batista dictatorship then ruled the country; the Castro uprising was a year old. Smith served until shortly after Batista fell on Jan. 1, 1959. Change of Ambassadors was indicated, and Smith then resigned. This book is an account of his handling of our Embassy in Cuba as the Batista regime went under. As a first-hand report, it has considerable historical value.

Smith, like most Latin American students, believes that the Batista dictatorship had become untenable (dictatorships usually reach this stage). But, he thinks the Batista Government need not and should not have fallen when it did; the timing fatally enthroned Castro and caused the Communist take-over. He ascribes this disaster to the State Department's Latin American bureaucrats installed in the Fourth Floor (hence his title)

On the other hand, to distrust the usefulness of word-for-word translation is doing it an injustice because many scientists quite content with word-for-word translation which they find extremely useful.  
Andrew D. Booth, "Retrieval and Machine Translation."  
To the English reader let me say that, the King's College, London, translation is an original.  
J. P. Postgate, "Translation and Translations."  
The genius of the language into which a translation is made is the first thing to be considered.  
Samuel Butler, Preface to "Iliad."



## Our Policy in the Ca Is Criticized by an I

*The Rain Palace*  
The water-pain leads us with grey  
faint pain  
from tall jags we drink a silver  
wine  
What a concerto of mother-of-  
pearl!  
Topsy dragoonily in the rain  
jungle!  
In the lions cage you crown for me  
The magic bass gorge the rain  
blood  
Out of your auree eye-cups  
Singing herons are your guard-  
men

Through rain windows we see how  
time  
Waits with rain banners across the  
sea  
And with the army of alien  
storms  
Piteously ends in ancient swamps  
With rain diamonds I mantle you  
Secret maharajah of the rain realm  
Whose worth and right are  
weighed  
By the goodness of the rain years  
Not stealthily in the rooms of pearl  
you knit  
Threaded of tear and hemp my  
rain cloth  
A carecloth broad for the two  
of us  
Warm and durable into eternity

Yvan Goll in "Modern German Poetry, 1910-1960," translated by Christopher Middleton (Grove).

### Not Vain the Winds

**N**OT vain the winds that shook  
the skies,  
Not vain the storm that took its  
flight.  
Someone in secret filled my eyes  
with quiet healing light.  
Someone with a gentle hand  
sucked me. In the blue-deep night  
grieved about the beautiful land  
hat ached beyond my sight.

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