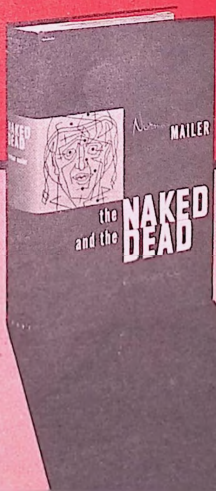


The Book Find News

Published by the BOOK FIND CLUB for its Members and their Friends

GEORGE BRAZILLER, *Editor*



Norman MAILER

the NAKED and the DEAD

reviewed by CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Memo:

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

DEAR MEMBER,

I first had the privilege of reading *The Naked and the Dead* about two months before publication. It was an extraordinary experience. Here was all the suffering and horror and brute misery of war as millions of men the world over had known it. But Norman Mailer's book went far beyond being just a novel about war. It was a novel as vital and compelling as life, as diverse and complex as our country and its people. And an American boy had written it, a 25-year-old ex-GI from Brooklyn, with the power and insight of a man twice his years.

I realized then and there that we would simply have to send this novel to our members. But how could we do it? The book was 736 pages long and would require almost all of a three-months' paper quota. The publisher set his price at \$4.00. At our membership price, the cost of producing this book would be prohibitive. But I knew it was no use arguing about costs. This book was just too important to be stopped by such a consideration.

There was another thing that worried me. There was no use denying it—some of the language was pretty rough. There might be readers who would object to it. But this was the way men in war thought and talked, and I knew from my own experience in the army how true it was. I felt confident that our members would understand this and that they would realize, with the author, how fear and unhappiness in men's souls can make them behave the way they do.

And so I am asking our members to share with me the experience of reading a truly great novel. The BOOK FIND CLUB is very proud to bring to its subscribers a book that is certain to become one of the major works of this decade.

George Braziller, Director

A LEGION of participants in World War II have tried, and are still trying, to write the great novel about it. Norman Mailer, aged 25, has set himself to the task on a scale no less than Tolstoyan, and has brought it off. I am so moved by the experience of *The Naked and the Dead*, and by the joyful shock of discovering Mailer in our mediocre multitude of novelists, that my critical defenses are down and I feel a rush of intemperate adjectives coming on.

The publisher, placing his prodigy in a class with Hemingway, Remarque and Dos Passos, claims that Mailer "at 25 knows more about the core of man than many a writer of twice his years." Fresh from the book I would incline to convict this statement of modesty unbecoming a blurb. For my money *The Naked and the Dead* leaves the best of Dos Passos and Hemingway trailing.

The capture of a Pacific island from the Japanese is the framework of the book. Immediately you begin to live three-dimensionally with the group of cursing, sweating Americans—a reconnaissance platoon—who have been jerked out of Brooklyn, Boston, Montana, and Dixie to capture a Pacific pimple about which they know nothing and care less.

You are gripped by the fate that has them in its absolute and inscrutable power. You feel with all your senses the

steamy, pestiferous beauty and the terror of the island of Anopopei, with insects, snakes, Japs and death lurking in its matted jungle. And you find yourself not merely inside the group-entirety of the platoon but inside each of its individual members.

The group, the individual soldiers, and the terrifying phenomena of nature are handled with the same easy mastery. Nature is their most formidable enemy—their own officers come next, and the Japanese last. This, you feel, is the reality of war as the fighting GI knew it in its most recent stage of development—a mechanized savagery, a pitiless torture of souls and bodies.

There is no straining after effect, no attempt to weave indirect Hemingwayish glamor out of the men's wretchedness and their "toughness" of speech and action, nor to build up the obscenities merely to be sensational. The picture will horrify you if you have nursed pretty illusions about the American war hero. But it is a true picture.

One's admiration for the author's gifts turns to astonishment as Mailer proceeds to explore his frame of action and people on one level after another. He takes you into the world of the officers—and strips them as naked as the enlisted men. He shows you war as the chess-game, with expendable flesh-and-blood pawns,

the **NAKED** and the **DEAD**

the way it appears to those who plan strategy. He shows how this necessary concept of war molds the strategist's personality and his human relationships.

The commanding General is a master of the war craft, a Spenglerian hater of mankind and a luster after power, hiding his essential weaknesses of character behind the pseudo-profundities of paradox and a meticulous outward orderliness. Before the war, he went to Europe on a mysterious mission for international cartel-fascism. Now he enjoys a jeep ride of an evening to one of his batteries and derives a feeling of power "beyond joy" from firing off a big gun, idly wondering if it killed anyone, and musing in his journal about the Freudian symbolism of the curve of the speeding projectile.

Mailer's probing into the general's mind and its social significance reminds you of Tolstoy's dissection of Napoleon in *War and Peace*—one can see here the same kind of uncanny insight already far developed.

On guard at night in the jungle, soaked with rain and sweat, flesh creeping from the eerie sounds of insect and plant life, the GI's think maudlin thoughts of home—of their own sex adventures, achieved and anticipated—of their womenfolk who are probably "cheating." And as Mailer picks out soldier after soldier to place each one's background under the microscope, you realize that he is not really writing a "war novel" at all. He is using the episode of the capture of a Pacific



island to paint a canvas of contemporary America.

The frustration and insecurity of the soldiers is but an extension into nightmare of the frustration and insecurity of the civilians they once were and will be again—if they survive. I think Mailer is suggesting that there is a direct link between American insecurity, the spiritual starvation amid material plenty, and the drive toward destruction and self-immolation in war.

In this particular platoon, subway-rider and deer-stalker, salvation-obsessed fundamentalist and sin-obsessed Christian Front gangster, mechanic and farmer, Jew and anti-Semite, pioneer stock and Mexican, Italian and Polish immigrants—all are fellow galley-slaves. Perhaps the types exaggerate, as a group, the rootless, thwarted, victimized element in society; but Mailer has something to say and has exercised the artist's prerogative of selection to say it in un-

doubtedly the most effective manner.

The platoon is a microcosm of the tensions and conflicts of mass America. Blind hatreds and suspicions within the group are inflamed by the physical torments—unbearable yet somehow borne—which, being shared by all, draw the men together. Most of the men are obsessed by the attractions of drink and sex. The more they crave these anodynes, the greater grows their insecurity and loneliness.

What happens in the climactic part of the book is a symbol of their civilian-life frustration. They are sent on a scouting expedition behind the enemy lines. Cut off from the main forces, they learn belatedly that the campaign on the island is already over. Some of the platoon meet horrible deaths, and the fantastic exertion and suffering of the others prove to have been endured for nothing. But long since, as a hobo back home, the survivor Red Valsen had concluded that "ya lose whatever you want when you start goin' for it"; and anyhow, "what did it matter if they ever got out of the army? It would be the same thing on the outside." The best that has come out of it all is a friendship based on common experience.

There are episodes in this book which rank with the best writing of our time. In the flashbacks of civilian life, the style is free and loose without degenerating into staccato impressionism. In the sustained passages, describing the agonies of hauling a gun through jungle mud; the lone scouting expedition of the Mex-

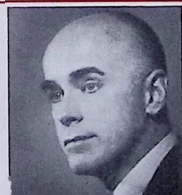
ican who, three feet from a Jap machine-gunner, wanted to greet him as a brother; the GI who picked up a wounded bird, reviving childish tenderness in mortally endangered men until the sergeant, brutally crushing the bird to a pulp, fanned hatred back into flame—in all of this writing we feel the compassion and clarity of an author who cares enough for his characters to set them down as they were, racked and twisted into sometimes hideous shapes yet beautiful with the beauty of truth.

Mailer's knowledge of America is as wide geographically as it is accurate psychologically and sociologically. Unlike most encyclopedic minds, his is mature, sensitive, and disciplined without ever becoming dry. Lieutenant Hearn—something of an anarchist himself, loathing what the General represents, fearing that war imperatives might push him into the same mold—may reflect something of the author. As he sees the General: "If you granted him that Man was a sonof-a-bitch, then everything he said after that followed; the logic was inevitable." Yet, "the world, by all the logics, should have turned Fascist and it hadn't yet."

It must be bluntly stated that the language is often raw and brutal. It is the language of men in war. But Norman Mailer, master craftsman that he is, has never allowed the language to obtrude and thus the work rises to epic stature and achieves an artistic unity that is rare in any literature. We can be proud that a new giant of American letters is once again in our midst.

NOTE: This book, published by Rinehart & Co. at \$4.00, will be distributed to BOOK FIND CLUB members at their regular membership price of \$1.65 (plus postage and handling).

Cedric Belfrage, alternately a Hollywood screenwriter and film company representative in London, served with SHAEF's Psychological Warfare Division. Before the war he travelled extensively, writing several books. His latest, *Abide With Me*, has just been published.





Life-View

by *Norman Mailer*

In the last year or so whenever people have asked me how long it took to write *The Naked and the Dead*, I would look off into a corner of the room with a great scowl of concentration as if I were patently considering it for the first time. I would mumble and stammer something about, well maybe it was fifteen months. That was always easier than saying how and why I wrote it, but it seems this time I am cornered and I am embarrassed. It seems to me there can be no profit for you in the next few hundred words, and my suggestion is to turn to the preceding pages where something nice about the novel has undoubtedly been said.

So, one paragraph on how and why I

Norman Mailer, born 1923 in Long Branch, New Jersey, spent most of his boyhood in Brooklyn. He graduated from Harvard five years ago, and then served on Leyte, Luzon, and in Japan—as a clerk in regimental intelligence, an aerial photography expert, a wireman, a rifleman in a reconnaissance platoon, and finally as a cook and a baker. Following his discharge in 1946, Mr. Mailer began work on *The Naked and the Dead*. He is now travelling abroad with his wife.

At the age of eighteen, while a Harvard undergraduate, he won *Story Magazine's* Annual College Contest. He also published several stories in the *Harvard Advocate* and contributed a novella entitled *A Calculus At Heaven* to the first *Cross Section* (1944).

wrote *The Naked and the Dead*. I came out of the Army with an idea for a novel about a long patrol, an idea which had been bound in its origins to a mountain which was to serve as both an actual mass of stone and as a symbolic base for the book. That original conception was allegorical. The mountain was a consciously ambiguous symbol, something too complex, too intangible, to be defined by language.

From that source the novel grew to three times its intended length in the happiest (for an author) of all possible growths. It is what I call an unconscious novel, that is, a novel which developed by its own laws through the amalgam of two years of reasonably intense experience on the stresses my unconscious took in the process.

I wish, if you read it, that you read it for that, as a life-view which will correspond partially to your own life-view, and perhaps may change you a little bit. I cannot imagine reading or writing serious novels for any other reason. And no other novels are really worth the reading.

Please read *The Naked and the Dead* as a novel by a young man who immodestly or not has tried to compound his experience and imagination into something more complex than he could render in speech or by an essay. A young man, needless to say, who is also aware of his good fortune, feeling a little guilty when he thinks of other young authors with as much or more talent who have not been published and are eminently worthy of it.

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NOTES FROM THE EDITORS

NORMAN MAILER

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

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To our subscribers—

Norman Mailer once made the unusual discovery that the only time he knows anything to be true is during the very act of writing. "One may not have written it well enough for others to know," he said, "but you're in love with the truth when you discover it at the point of a pencil. That in and by itself is one of the few rare treasures of life."

Another rare treasure is the reading of those truths, provided they are well expressed. Each of Mailer's works, happily, is brilliantly conceived and well written. And each is testimony to his skill and relentless candor. Since the publication of *The Naked and the Dead* when the author was twenty-five, Mailer's readers have discovered the truth in the pages of his books.

Mailer's fiction and nonfiction are distinguished by their critique of authoritarianism in America. In all of his works, it is the person, and individual integrity, that must be fought for and preserved; the organization, whether army, state, or industry, is the potential enemy to be overcome. The genius of *The Naked and the Dead* lies in its uncanny perception of the individual's role within the military organization. Both as a manifestation of contemporary society and as a weapon of conquest, the United States Army in war and peace is here revealed in its awesome complexity. This remarkable book, at once dramatic and powerful, honest and moving, is perhaps the best novel to emerge from World War II. *The Naked and the Dead* marked Norman Mailer as one of the finest authors of our time.

The Editors

A young writer's resolve

Before he turned seventeen, Norman Mailer decided to be a "major writer." This desire came upon him quite suddenly. Throughout December 1939 and January 1940, while completing his first semester at Harvard, he read and reread *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Studs Lonigan*, and *U.S.A.* He would later study the works of Hemingway, Wolfe, and Faulkner, but it was to Steinbeck, Farrell, and Dos Passos that he owed his major literary inspiration during this pivotal phase of his life.

By the time America was enmeshed in World War II, Mailer had decided that his literary apprenticeship was over. "I may as well confess," he said later, "that by December 8th or 9th of 1941, in the forty-eight hours after Pearl Harbor, while worthy young men were wondering where they could be of aid to the war effort, and practical young men were deciding which branch of service was the surest for landing a safe commission, I was worrying darkly whether it would be more likely that a great war novel would be written about Europe or the Pacific, and the longer I thought, the less doubt there was in my mind. Europe was the place."

In writing a short novel entitled *A Calculus at Heaven* a year later, Mailer nevertheless chose to set it in the Pacific theater of operations. He did so, first, because Americans were already engaged in action there. Then, too, the Pacific war had "reactionary" overtones, which his "young progressive-liberal nose" had scented. But most importantly, Mailer felt a novel about war in the Pacific would not require the writer's deep knowledge of European culture in order to treat the impact of America on it. "To try a major novel about the last war in Europe," he recounted some years

later, "without a sense of the past is to fail in the worst way—as an overambitious and opportunistic slick."

In January 1944, after his graduation from Harvard, Mailer was drafted into the U.S. Army and was sent to the Philippines. It was there, in front-line duty with an intelligence and reconnaissance unit, that Mailer witnessed the combat he would later fictionalize in the greatest of his novels.

A controlled chaos

The Naked and the Dead opens on the eve of the American invasion of Anopoei, a Japanese-held island in the South



The chaos and drama that Mailer depicts so well in the opening chapters of *The Naked and the Dead* is suggested in this 1944 photograph, as General MacArthur waves to his troops in a jeep convoy, shortly after the American invasion of Leyte in the Philippines. Wide World Photos.

Pacific. The American division, led by General Cummings, secures a position in spite of heavy losses. As it unfolds, the novel focuses on the soldiers of Sergeant Croft's reconnaissance platoon, characterizing them through flashbacks. Under the stress of jungle warfare, they withstand a Japanese counterattack and a dangerous patrol across the island's mountainous terrain.

In spite of the chaos of the war it depicts, *The Naked and the Dead* progresses in a controlled and rhythmic manner. Part 1, "Wave," is a general prologue, setting the locale, introducing the major characters, and launching the action of the novel. Part 2, "Argil and Mold," revolves around General Cummings. Here we see his battle plan develop as he counters Japanese feints and attacks, and disposes of his nemesis, Lieutenant Hearn, by sending "Recon" on its dangerous mission. With two important exceptions, Part 3, "Plant and Phantom," deals with the patrol's disastrous adventures. In Part 4, "Wake," the platoon fades back into anonymity; the final section is both the turbulent aftermath of violent action and a requiem.

Always keeping the end of the novel clearly in sight, Mailer shapes his characters and the book's events in order to generate a consistent internal logic. His "time machine" device and the chorus breaks are inspired by Dos Passos, but Mailer carries the technique a step further. Included are no rambling or apparently arbitrary insertions as in *U.S.A.*, no semblance of random occurrence as in *Manhattan Transfer*. The "time machine" sections focus on the central figure alluded to in the preceding section, a reference or incident often negative in tone. The chorus interludes comment on

the eternal subjects of soldiers' conversations: "Chow Line," "Women," "The Million Dollar Wound," "On What We Do When We Get Out." Complete with stage directions, these breaks not only heighten the dramatic effect but also produce an air of hopeless and ironic foreknowledge, as if the soldiers themselves could anticipate their fates.

The self and society

The Naked and the Dead confronts the fundamental conflict in the modern American conception of individualism, which has defined much of the social and political development of twentieth-century American society and has, to a very real extent, defined the literary development of Norman Mailer. By individualism, conservatives often mean that everyone in a society is or should be free to live his own life, to work toward the realization of his own ambitions, and to express his sense of self without interference; liberals would counter that each person must be guaranteed the economic security that would permit him to express his sense of self. While writing *The Naked and the Dead*, Mailer himself was a liberal, but like many, he has since vacillated between the two persuasions. His ambivalence is reflected in his fiction. His greatest novel is as much about conflicting interpretations of individualism—and the nature of authoritarianism—as it is about war in the Pacific.

Mailer probes questions concerning the self and society via the life views of three pairs of characters: General Cummings and Sergeant Croft, Lieutenant Hearn and Private Valsen, and Privates Goldstein and Ridges. Since the actions of each pair follow from a relatively consistent ethical per-

spective, Mailer offers three approaches to the conflict between the individual and the depersonalizing forces of society.

The authoritarian ethic

Mailer's characterizations of General Cummings and Sergeant Croft suggest that the impulse for self-mastery becomes, at its extreme, a drive to dominate others. General Cummings, driven by deep ambition, seeks to consolidate his power in the military. Each step he takes up the military ladder gives him more control over men and material. Cummings realizes that the quest for power is the most significant force in modern history. For him, the war is anything but a struggle between forces of right and wrong: "It's power concentration." And he hopes to emerge from the war in a position to manipulate the immense power of his nation for his own ends.

Fear, the general recognizes, is the means by which power can be first attained, then centralized. Thus Cummings endeavors to break the will of his men. "The machine techniques of this century," he asserts, "demand consolidation, and with that you've got to have fear, because the majority of men must be subservient to the machine, and it's not a business they instinctively enjoy." A fear-induced social structure, of course, would create enormous anxiety among those within it, but, according to Cummings, "the natural role of twentieth-century man is anxiety." Cummings's philosophy here is not aimed merely at achieving the most efficient operation of a military unit. As treated by Mailer, it becomes an indictment of the whole of modern civilization.

Sergeant Croft, the second embodiment of the authoritarian ethic in the novel, is a visceral, duty-oriented soldier. He is less reflective than Cummings, and perhaps a more powerful figure as a result. Croft's weaknesses are all too evident, however: he shows no compassion for the men in his platoon, for their weariness, their fear, or their pain. His insensitivity is most evident in his effort to drive his men up the mountain on Anopopei, as if the sheer force of his will were enough to accomplish the task. But if his weaknesses are evident, they gradually take on the aspect of strengths as the novel progresses. Although Croft's desire for control may at times be brutal and perverse, he pursues it with a steadfast courage. Croft may seek power in order to feel superior to other men or to gratify his ego, but basic to his thirst is an ideal of freedom and independence.

Integrity of the self

Lieutenant Hearn and Private Valsen are characters in opposition to Cummings and Croft. Just as Hearn is unwilling to fit into the general's "fear ladder," or to seek power for its own sake, so Valsen opposes Croft's brutal implementation of Cummings's military philosophy.

Hearn is used by Mailer as a crucial structural device in the novel, to bridge the gap between the enlisted men and their commanders. A young liberal who ought, by education and merit, to ascend to a position of leadership, Hearn lives at odds with the times, suffering from the need to set the world aright without sufficient understanding or skills. His discussions with Cummings are his attempts to discover an alternative to the general's authoritarian philosophy, but he finds his own position as impractical as the general's is



This movie still of the 1958 film version of *The Naked and the Dead* captures in its stark composition the antagonism between General Cummings (Raymond Massey) and Lieutenant Hearn (Cliff Robertson) while portending the outcome of the story. Springer/Bettmann Film Archive.

immoral. Hearn possesses integrity and courage. Yet he is afraid of assuming control, of dominating others, of making compromising decisions. Consequently, he leaves most of the power in the hands of those who, less humane than he, covet it as a means to their own ends.

For Red Valsen, as for Hearn, survival is not dependent on the domination of others' lives, but on the inviolability of the self. He articulates his belief with a firm resolve: "I won't

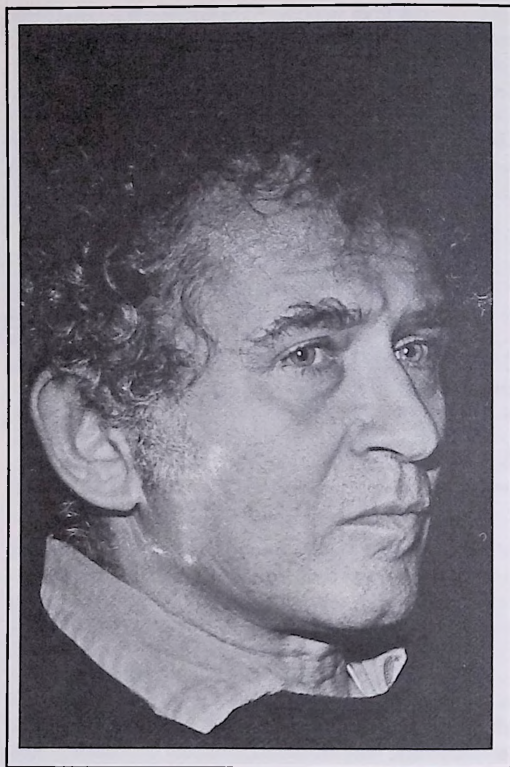
take no crap from nobody." Throughout the novel, Red makes humane gestures in opposition to the abuse of his natural rights or of those of others. But Hearn and Valsen are inadequately prepared to rebel against Cummings and Croft. Valsen may be as clumsy in articulating his beliefs as Hearn is lucid, yet the private's demise at the hands of Croft reflects, in masterful symmetry, the lieutenant's fate through the work of General Cummings.

NO

Envelopes of suffering

Although Ridges and Goldstein are less perceptive than Red Valsen, they do instinctively what he perhaps should have done: they resist the power that threatens them by enduring their hardships. They carry their wounded comrade, Wilson, over miles of ground in a makeshift stretcher, plunging through an almost impenetrable jungle before reaching their destination. Both men know they have a task to perform, and despite their exhaustion and the physical obstacles they confront, they spare no effort in accomplishing it.

Mailer has selected as his stretcher bearers two men of deep fundamental convictions, one a Christian and the other a Jew; together they represent the most stable and enduring elements in Western culture. At the same time, both in symbol and in fact, they are united by suffering. In their humility and sense of duty, Goldstein and Ridges display nobility and courage; in their determination, they possess all the strength of Cummings and Croft; yet in their primitive morality, they are linked to Valsen and Hearn. Goldstein and Ridges are simple men but good. And it is through them that Mailer ultimately reaffirms his faith in humanity.



© Nancy Crampton

Norman Mailer, born January 31, 1923

Literary beginnings

Norman Mailer was born on January 31, 1923, in Long Branch, New Jersey, the son of Fanny Schneider and Isaac B. Mailer. Norman's father was a struggling accountant of Lithuanian descent who had emigrated after World War I from Johannesburg, South Africa, by way of England. When Norman was four, his family moved to a quiet area of two-family houses and trees in the Eastern Parkway section of Brooklyn, which he called, "the most secure Jewish environment in America."

At age seven, Mailer wrote a science fiction novel about people on Earth taking a rocket to Mars. Modeled rather closely on his radio hero Buck Rogers, it filled two and a half paper notebooks and was distinguished primarily by its use of hyphenated words. In any event, he did not write again for years, with the exception of English compositions required by his teachers at P.S. 161 and Brooklyn's Boys High School, where he achieved excellent scholastic records.

Despite their financial hardship during the Depression, Mailer's family managed to save enough money to send him to Harvard. The transfer from Brooklyn to Cambridge when he was just sixteen was a difficult adjustment, but it provided Mailer with the impetus to begin writing again. "I can't say that I was put down for being Jewish," he explained, "or that I raged in isolation. It was more a case of cultural shock, finding the world of Harvard so unlike Brooklyn. . . . I suppose if I'd gone to C.C.N.Y. I'd have grown up an engineer."

Perhaps in part because he enjoyed making model airplanes as a child, young Mailer did in fact study to become an aeronautical engineer. He still aspired to be a writer, and he took a number of rhetoric courses in order to "learn what not to do." But he majored in engineering because, in his words, "if you wanted to write and you majored in English lit, you majored in English lit instead of writing."

Early success

On the advice of Robert Gorham Davis, who was then giving a writing course at Harvard, Mailer submitted a short story entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World" to Whit Burnett's *Story* magazine college contest in 1941. It won first prize. In the same year, Mailer wrote his first serious novel, called *No Percentage*, about Jewish life in Brooklyn. His inspiration for this effort was Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*. "I grew up in Brooklyn, not Chicago, but the atmosphere had the same flatness of effect. . . . Suddenly I realized you could write about your own life."

During the summer of 1942, Mailer worked in a state mental hospital in Boston, an experience that produced "a very large and overly ambitious anatomy of brutality" entitled *A Transit to Narcissus*, which was rejected by publishers because of its depressing setting. Some of his shorter early works, however, did reach print: several stories appeared in the *Harvard Advocate*, and Edward Seaver included Mailer's novella, *A Calculus at Heaven*, in the first annual *Cross Section* anthology.

"The third lousiest G.I."

Mailer was graduated from Harvard in 1943 and was drafted into the army a year later, at the age of twenty-one. While overseas, he was torn between two opposing desires. He wanted, "like everybody else did, to get the softest job, to get by with the least pain, and also . . . to get into combat and see it." Trained as an artillery surveyor, he was reassigned to the intelligence section of an infantry regiment when he reached the Philippines. He joined his outfit on Leyte on the night it was sent into the invasion of Luzon. There Mailer typed reports at combat team headquarters and was assigned to interpret aerial photographs. From this sort of work, he gained more of a "general's-eye" view of the war than did most G.I.'s, and he supplemented his knowledge of strategy and tactics by reading the *Infantry Journal*. (Nonetheless, he later admitted that, compared to James Jones, the author of *From Here to Eternity*, he was a rank amateur at military documentation.)

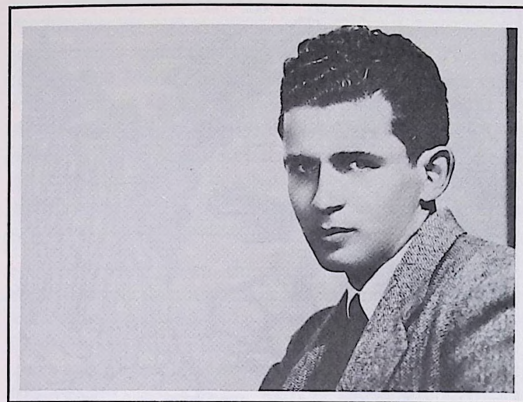
Always keeping in mind his ambition to write a full-length war novel, Mailer requested transfer to front-line duty with an intelligence and reconnaissance (I&R) unit, similar to the one featured in *The Naked and the Dead*. There he became what he himself called "the third lousiest G.I." in a platoon of twelve. As a rifleman in an I&R platoon guarding a division that was fighting its way to Manila, he participated in a number of fire fights and skirmishes. He approached his duties with an almost Hemingwayesque stoicism: "I even used to enjoy patrols, or at least I did when I wasn't sick with jungle rot and viruses or atabrine poisoning." Although he constantly felt he might soon be killed,

he took extensive notes daily. "Through most of the Great War which was World War II for me, I kept a cold maniacal thing in my heart, sharp as a shiv. I would listen to the other G.I.'s beating their gums about how when they got out they were going to write a fugging book which would expose the fugging army, and I would think in my fatigues-slowed brain that if they only knew what I was going to do, they would elect me sergeant on the spot." After the war ended, Mailer completed his term of duty by serving with the United States occupation forces in Japan.

From soldier to man of letters

Mailer moved into a rooming house in Brooklyn Heights upon his return to America and spent fifteen gruelling months writing *The Naked and the Dead*. In the same building lived another struggling writer. "Seeing him empty his garbage cans day after day, and exchanging small talk about nothing, I can remember thinking 'that guy's never going anywhere.' . . . If anyone had told me that middle-class type was writing something as powerful as *Death of a Salesman* I wouldn't have believed it."

After completing the manuscript for *The Naked and the Dead*, Mailer left for Europe to study at the Sorbonne under the G.I. Bill. During his absence, the book was enthusiastically praised, and even without the aid of prepublication selection by a book club, it headed the *New York Times* best-seller list for eleven consecutive weeks. Traveling through France, Italy, Spain, and England, Mailer "glimpsed what the future might hold" for his own country. Gradually, as he discovered that society in itself is not a threat to individual integrity, his outlook changed from hatred of all



Mailer's early success with *The Naked and the Dead* invited comparisons to Hemingway and Dos Passos. Here, in a publicity photograph of 1948, is a portrait of the artist as a young man of twenty-five. Wide World Photos.

organization to a belief in collective action. A member of the Progressive Citizens of America, which he had joined before leaving for Europe, Mailer devoted himself, upon his return to the United States in August 1948, to campaigning for the election of Henry Wallace. He also wrote articles for the *New York Post* and delivered speeches for the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions on the subject of academic freedom.

A new journalism

In the late 1940s, greatly influenced by his friend and ideological mentor, Jean Malaquais, Mailer wrote his second



Mailer is as famous for his daring (some call it bravado) as for his journalistic skill. This 1974 cartoon by Peg Zych, of Mailer shooting a waterfall in a barrel, suggests the extreme to which Mailer would go for a good story.

novel, *Barbary Shore* (1951), an agonized exorcism of his disillusionment with communism and his sadness about the authoritarian trend in American government. The book received, as Mailer himself observed, "possibly the worst reviews of any serious novel in recent years." In 1951 he moved to Greenwich Village in New York City and helped found the *Village Voice*. As a columnist for the young newspaper, Mailer began to develop a journalistic style he would make famous, a style that conveyed actual events with the subjective richness and imaginative complexity of the novel.

Mailer has been drawn, throughout his career, to express what he saw as the problems of his times. Yet a great many of his subsequent writings have been exploratory works that often reached only a limited audience. Among his finest books is *Advertisements for Myself* (1959), a self-appraisal consisting of stories, essays, parts of novels, reviews, and notes, all connected by fascinating commentary. Both *An American Dream* (1965) and *Why Are We in Vietnam?* (1967) capture the unrest of the sixties, vivifying characters who confront themselves through their participation in violence. And in *The Prisoner of Sex* (1971), Mailer scrutinizes his own complex feelings toward himself and women.

Recent achievements

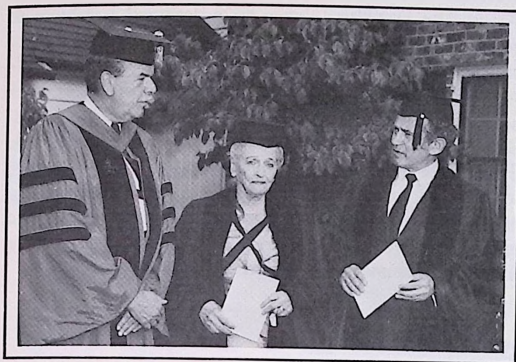
Literary critics have for many years debated whether Mailer is a successful and imaginative novelist or one of the best journalists of our time. Certainly his journalistic pieces are among his most popular works. In 1969 Mailer received both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize in

nonfiction for *The Armies of the Night* (1968), a piece about the march on the Pentagon in which he took part. The year before, his *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, a treatment of the Republican and Democratic presidential conventions, stunned and fascinated the literary world, as did *Of a Fire on the Moon* (1970), which probes the history and significance of the Apollo moon flights.

1473 Mailer has by no means remained limited to the novel or to his innovative journalistic forms. He wrote, produced, and directed the films *Beyond the Law* (1968) and *Maidstone* (1970), for example, and his other works include his essay collections *The Presidential Papers* (1963) and *Cannibals and Christians* (1966), as well as a book of poetry, *Deaths for the Ladies, and Other Disasters* (1962). His more recent literary achievements, such as *Marilyn* (1974), the illustrated biography of Marilyn Monroe, and *Genius and Lust* (1977), 1476 subtitled "A Journey Through the Major Writings of Henry Miller," were critically acclaimed. Norman Mailer, as a voice of his times, remains as popular today as he was when the world first applauded *The Naked and the Dead* thirty years ago.

Tribute to a master novelist

In his special message in your Franklin Library edition of *The Naked and the Dead*, Norman Mailer remarks with wonder that he was able, as a young man, to capture in fiction an experience that seems more real than the actual events he knew in the war. Mailer has confessed to being fascinated with the mysteries of writing, with the enigmatic ways truth may be discovered "at the point of a pencil."



Two faces of Mailer: Above, with Dr. Mason Gross, President of Rutgers University, and author Pearl S. Buck, just before receiving an honorary degree from Rutgers in 1969; below, also in 1969, as a candidate for mayor of New York City, campaigning on a platform of statehood for the city. Wide World Photos.

We at The Franklin Library have designed a volume to enhance and preserve the truth Mailer reveals. Our designers chose to set the text in a classic 10-point Baskerville typeface, selecting a 50-pound Smooth Natural paper stock for maximum clarity and impact of design. We commissioned award-winning artist Alan E. Cober (who previously illustrated Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five* in this series) to create a set of original and distinctive drawings for Mailer's masterpiece. Bound in fine top-grain leather and embellished with 22-karat gold lettering and designs, this handsome volume is our tribute to a master novelist.

An enduring portrait

Perhaps the best description of Norman Mailer was written by Mailer himself: "[The] warrior, presumptive general, ex-political candidate, embattled aging enfant terrible of the literary world, wise father of six children, radical intellectual, existential philosopher, hard-working author, champion of obscenity, husband of four battling sweet wives, amiable bar drinker, and much exaggerated street fighter, party giver, hostess insulter . . . had . . . a fatal taint, a last remaining speck of the one personality he found absolutely insupportable—the nice Jewish boy from Brooklyn."

What we ultimately feel when reading *The Naked and the Dead* is the genius of that hard-working author, who presents nothing less than a portrait of man at war with the enemy and, ultimately, with himself.

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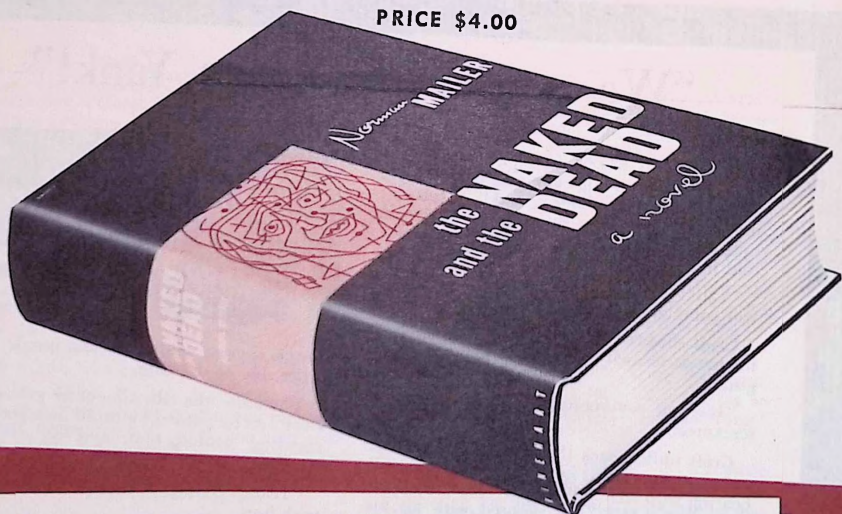
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SINCLAIR LEWIS says: "The greatest writer to come out of his generation"

IN a recent interview Sinclair Lewis had this to say: "One of the greatest writers of today is young Norman Mailer, author of *The Naked and the Dead*—an amazing bit of writing. That boy has talent worth preserving. His writing has a great sweep and an enormous scope. There's nothing petty about Mailer—he's the author of the hour—the greatest writer to come out of his generation."

That is high praise indeed from a Nobel Prize winner, yet it is typical of the reception that has greeted this exciting book.

Norman Mailer was born in Long Branch, New Jersey, in 1923, and lived in Brooklyn

as a boy. He graduated from Harvard in 1943. In the Army he served in Leyte, Luzon, and Japan, as regimental intelligence clerk, aerial photograph expert, and rifleman in a reconnaissance platoon.

Although he finds himself a celebrity at twenty-five, Norman Mailer remains an unaffected and modest young man, who would rather spend the afternoon watching the Brooklyn Dodgers play baseball than attend the many swank literary teas and parties given in his honor.



MAILER

...AND HERE IS OTHER TYPICAL COMMENT

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: "This reviewer has no hesitation in calling *The Naked and the Dead* a great war novel."

NEW YORK TIMES: "... its total effect is overwhelming... Here is an amazingly deep penetration into the minds and hearts of men."

TIME MAGAZINE: "The battle scenes are so vivid as to suggest Tolstoy's *War and Peace*."

CLEVELAND PRESS: "This book is going to injure the tender sensibilities of a great many people. But with the shock, they may learn at last that war is a degrading and brutal business... It is the greatest war novel produced in this century."

NEW YORK POST: "... one of the most powerful novels ever written about men in war."

"We you coming-to-get, Yank!"

SERGEANT CROFT heard a sound which pierced his flesh. Someone was calling from across the river, "Yank, Yank!" Croft sat numb. The voice was thin and high-pitched, hideous in a whisper. "That's a Jap," Croft told himself.

"Yank!" It was calling to him. "Yank. We you coming-to-get, Yank."

Croft shivered terribly for a moment, and his hands seemed congealed on the machine gun.

"We you coming-to-get, Yank," the voice screamed.

Croft pulled back the bolt on his machine gun, and rammed it home. His heart was still beating with frenzy. "Recon... RECON, UP ON THE LINE," he shouted with all his strength.

A machine gun lashed at him from across the river, and he ducked in his hole. In the darkness, it spat a vindictive white light like an acetylene torch, and its sound was terrifying. He pressed the trigger of his gun and it leaped and bucked under his hand. The



tracers spewed wildly into the jungle on the other side of the river.

The noise, the vibration of his gun, calmed Croft. As he paused he could hear some men crawling behind him, and he whispered, "Recon?"

"Yeah." Gallagher dropped into the hole with him.

The Jap machine gun lashed at them from across the river. The bullets went singing into the jungle behind them, ripping at leaves.

"I'm hit, I'm hit," someone was screaming. The Japanese rifles were firing again. "Here they come," Croft said. He picked up the flare

gun and fired it, shouting: "STOP 'EM!"

Croft had a startled frozen picture of the Japanese running toward him across the narrow river. He no longer saw anything clearly; he could never have counted the Japanese who charged across the river; he knew only that his finger was rigid on the trigger bar. In those few moments he felt no sense of danger. He just kept firing.

He looked to his right and saw three men trying to cross the river where it turned and ran parallel to the bluff. He swung the gun about and lashed them with it. One man fell, and the other two paused uncertainly and began to run back toward their own bank of the river. Other soldiers had reached the beach on his side and were charging the gun. He fired point blank at them, and they collapsed about five yards from his hole. The line of Japanese broke into little bunches of men who wavered, began to retreat.

On the beach near the gun, a Japanese soldier was lying on his back. A wide stain of blood was spreading out from his body, and his stomach, ripped open, gaped like the swollen entrails of a fowl. On an impulse Croft fired a burst into him, and felt a twitch of pleasure as he saw the body quiver.

A wounded man was groaning in Japanese. Every few seconds he would scream, the sound terrifying in the cruel blue light of the flare. Croft picked up a grenade. "That sonofabitch is makin' too much noise," he said. He pulled the pin and lobbed the grenade over to the opposite bank. The explosion was powerful and yet empty like a blast that collapses windowpanes. After a moment, the echoes ceased.

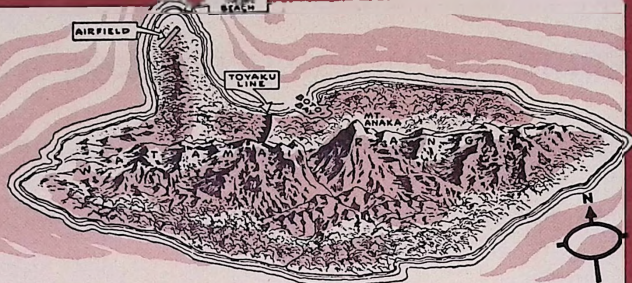
Croft tensed himself and listened to the sounds from across the river. There was the quiet furtive noise of men retreating into the jungle. "GIVE 'EM A VOLLEY!" he shouted.

All the men in recon began to fire again, and Croft raked the jungle for a minute in short bursts. "I guess we gave 'em something," Croft told Gallagher.

He shivered for a moment in the early morning air and realized with a pang of shame that for the first time in his life he had been really afraid.

The river was slowly carrying the bodies downstream. "At least," Gallagher said, "if we got to stay here a couple of days, they won't be stinkin' up the joint."

An exciting incident from *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD* (slightly condensed).



HERE IS THE ISLAND—Anopopei

HOW large was Anopopei? In size, not large—one hundred and fifty miles long and a third as wide. But large as death to the members of the Reconnaissance platoon of the 160th Regiment, battered survivors of a dozen bloody island campaigns. You first meet these men as the transport steams toward Anopopei on the night before the invasion. You eat, sleep, fight—and die—with them until the last Jap prisoner is shot because it is too much trouble to bring him into camp. The adventures, the combat, the hardships of fantastically dangerous jungle patrols, are all superbly described by Norman Mailer. One fairly hears the whine and ricochet of bullets, and feels the terrible exhaustion that re-

duces tough men to tears. But engrossing as all this action is, it is the men themselves who will be remembered. There is the Japanese officer, who writes in his diary: "*The sun was red in its setting tonight, red with the blood of our soldiers who died today. Tomorrow my blood shall be in it. I think, I am born and I die. I ask myself—WHY? WHY? What is the meaning?*" There are the Americans, from Major General Cummings who looks forward to bigger and better wars, down through the chain of command to Private Hennessey, who worries on the landing craft because his life-preserver won't inflate, and is killed a few minutes later on the beach. You will never forget these men.

AND HERE ARE SOME OF THE MEN YOU'LL MEET

SERGEANT BROWN talks to a new member of the Reconnaissance platoon: "Do you think you're going home a hero? Listen, when you get home folks are going to look at you and say, 'Arthur Stanley, you been gone a long time,' and you'll say, 'Yeah,' and then they'll say, 'Well, things've been pretty rough here. You're sure lucky you missed it all.'"

SERGEANT CROFT, as described by a fellow-GI: "He's probably the best platoon sergeant in the Army and the meanest. There ain't a worse man you could be under or a better one, depending on how you look at it."

CORPORAL TOGLIO, as Jap shells hit around the landing craft going in on Anopopei: "The statistics prove you're a lot safer here than any other place during an invasion."

PRIVATE ROTH, just before he goes into combat: "What's the use of kidding myself? The way I look at it, every step in the Army turns out to be worse than you expected, and this is going to be the worst of all."

GENERAL CUMMINGS expounds his philosophy: "Every time an enlisted man sees an officer get an extra privilege, it breaks him down a little more. I don't care what kind of man you give me, if I have him long enough I'll make him afraid. To make an Army work you have to have every man in it fitted into a fear ladder."

PRIVATE MINETTA, commenting on officers in general and the death of Lieutenant Hearn in particular: "I wouldn't spit on the best one of them. If it took him being knocked off for us to go back, then I'll settle for that."



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or **ORVILLE PRESCOTT, N. Y. Times:** "An amazingly deep penetration into the minds and hearts of men."

LIFE: "Both [the island] and Mr. Mailer's stateside U. S. teem with riotous, essentially meaningless life."

or **MASSSES AND MAINSTREAM:** "The reader is given the power to see human lives in the making . . . Mailer's parable is a hymn to the resilience of man."

EMERSON PRICE, The Cleveland Press:

"This is a brilliant achievement, for he manages here to assemble into an understandable pattern much of society as it existed between the two great wars."

or **LEWIS GANNETT, N. Y. Herald Tribune:**

"He restricts himself to a scrawny lot of human beings; and if Mr. Mailer intended to make a generalized comment on Army life, he might as well have included some more savory samples."

HARRY HANSEN, N. Y. World Tele-

gram: "He overloads the book with adolescent musings."

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James Gray
Chicago Daily News

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is..."vibrant with life, abundant with real
people, full of memorable scenes."

Philadelphia Inquirer

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The New York Times Book Review

DECEMBER 18, 1949

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SECTION 7

ON ENGLISHMEN WHO WRITE AMERICAN

By CYRIL CONNOLLY

LONDON.

LET us go back for about thirty years. Imagine trying to deliver a lecture in 1918 on the influence of American literature on Kipling, Hardy, Shaw, Yeats, Conrad, Bennett, Galsworthy or George Moore. It would be a very short lecture. And now to go back twenty years, let us picture the lecture being given about 1928—the influence of American literature on Forster and Eliot, Joyce, Lawrence, Huxley, Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, Wyndham Lewis and the Sitwells—it would be a very much longer lecture, but on the whole the fort is still being held. Lawrence has written a book on American literature, and Virginia Woolf (in 1925) an essay on American fiction in praise of Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Ring Lardner and Willa Cather. But if we substitute the influence of French literature for American in both these imaginary lectures we see how much more significant the subject would become.

Now let us bring the lecture up to date and present it on the influence of America on Auden, Spender, Isherwood, Waugh, Graham Greene, Aldous Huxley, Elizabeth Bowen, T. S. Eliot and the Sitwells. Auden and Isherwood are American citizens, Huxley a permanent resident, Spender more often there than not, Waugh indebted to it for his most brilliant *four de force*, Eliot considerably less expatriate than he used to be and the Sitwells welcomed visitors. Maugham, an active English writer since the Eighteen Nineties, was writing in "The Razor's Edge" almost as an American. In fact, the fort has collapsed and the difficulty now would be to name any major English writers who were not deeply influenced by America. Dylan Thomas with Edith Sitwell and one or two esoteric poets are the only ones I can think of.

IN 1925 Virginia Woolf had not yet perceived what was happening. She saw with great clearness only the negative aspect—the cessation of English influence on America. "The English tradition is formed upon a little country: its center is an old house with many rooms each crammed with objects and crowded with people who know each other intimately, whose manners, thoughts and speech are ruled all the time, if unconsciously, by the spirit of the past. But in America there is baseball instead of society; instead of the old landscape which has moved men to emotion for endless summers and springs, a new land, its tin cans, its prairies, its cornfields, flung disorderly about like a mosaic of incongruous pieces waiting order at the artist's hands; while the people are equally diversified into fragments of many nationalities." But it is the old house with many rooms which is going to

The Main Forces in British Literature Today Stem From U. S. Life and Letters



From a Photograph by Will F. Taylor in "Country Life Picture Book of Britain."

"The English Tradition Is Formed Upon a Little Country."

fall. The tin cans are on their way over.

If we glance at the writers of before 1914, at Hardy, Kipling, Conrad, Galsworthy, Bennett, Wells and so on we see that they have in common a certain traditional *gravitas*, a dignity and sense of the high seriousness of life. This noble and tragic feeling, in which stoicism, patriotism and a sense of public duty were blended with a respect for art, formed the climate of these British writers at the height of their influence. They inevitably reflected the material greatness of the country to which they belonged. This is the scepter which has passed and if we

well to Arms" were enormously surprising to those who read them as they came out.

Everything was much worse than one had been told, but the knowledge, expressed in this new contemporary idiom, brought a kind of liberation. The pessimism, the gravity, the doubt, the stoicism and humanism of the giants of the first quarter of a century were somehow bolstered up by Christianity, even in the most unchristian of these writers, and they were so respectable and so successful besides; what could they know of the utter futility and absurdity and misery of life which seemed to us almost an American discovery? Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster appeared to glimpse it and then to withdraw into their Bloomsbury fastness of private virtue and personal relations, into the pleasantest private sitting room of the old English Heartbreak-Horseback family mansion, there to spin "Orlando" and "Abinger Harvest." Eliot gave a lead in "The Waste Land," but was soon set apart by his conversion; Huxley also could not long bear the spectacle.

MEANWHILE, the American film and the American thriller infiltrated into our popular culture and the American film meant the gangster film. Between-war Europe was gangster crazy because the gangster represented the anarchic adolescent conception of liberty which civilization in time of peace has perforce to stifle, because the police-and-gangster relationship reflects the decay of society, and because the trapped gangster who aimlessly butchers friend and foe alike is a symbol of the cruelty and lack of meaning of life itself.

The healthy Anglo-Saxon nineteenth-century materialist humanism of 90 per cent of American culture may in short be said to have had no influence at all. When we do lose our writers altogether to America, it is to Greenwich Village, Fire Island or the Californian desert, not to the salons of Park Avenue or the drawing rooms of Beacon Hill. "When necessity is associated with horror and freedom with boredom," Auden opens the "Age of Anxiety," "then it looks good to the bar business."

Gangsters and Prohibition, Violence and Drink and the consequent self-examination to which they lead, these formed undoubtedly the American contribution—and still do. On the whole, very few English writers have been actively influenced by the style of Hemingway or Dos Passos or Faulkner, though one can detect an immense amount of Hemingway in English journalism, but the climate and subject-matter of these writers have made a deep impression.

And American humor has had an even more devastating influence than American despair, probably because it is, through its sense of the absurd, so close to despair. James Thurber, Charles Addams, Dorothy Parker or Peter Arno work with a savagery which reduces the mild Georgian breed of English (Continued on Page 9)

Mr. Connolly, founder of the monthly literary magazine *Horizon* (see p. 6), is the author of "The Unquiet Grave" and other books.

Books

Section of
The Philadelphia Inquirer

October 3, 1948

15th Century Love, Fire and Intrigue

THE BURNISHED BLADE. By Lawrence Schoonover.
Macmillan Co.: New York. 371 pp. \$3.

By Edmund Fuller

IF THE burned child dreads the fire, then seven-year-old Pierre, who is to be the hero of this story, has ample reason indeed to dread it. His noble mother and father, with whom he is journeying toward Rouen in 15th century France, are set upon by outlaws, slain and robbed.

In the tumult the child is overlooked. He sees the bodies of his parents cast into a great fire kindled to destroy the evidence, and when the villains have departed, the child burns his hands vainly attempting to pull his mother from the pyre.

The next morning, knowing no more of himself than the name Pierre, the orphan falls in with a somewhat somber caravan, also bound for Rouen. It remains a mystery why the child should be able to convey no clue to his station in life, his family, or where he lived.

At any rate, upon encountering the caravan, Pierre appeals to a priest, Father Isambart de la Pierre. This saintly man is distraught by the fact that the sentence of imprisonment passed upon the Maid of Orleans has been changed to death, due to her recantation.

She is today to be burned alive, and upon him, who has fought against this course, has fallen the awful duty to be the church's official witness. But in spite of his distraction, the priest finds time to commend the distressed child to the care of the honest, worthy armorer known as Hugh of Milan.

BY A CRUEL chance, the party of the armorer is caught in the swirl and press of the vast throng in Rouen and is swept to a position at the very foot of the stake.

It is impossible to get away, and Hugh, appalled at the circumstance, tries to assure his young charge that what is about to take place is simply make-believe. But when Pierre, to whom the previous night's fire is still bright, sees the flames envelop the agonized Joan of Arc, he shrieks: "It is real! It is real!"

Under the joint care and tutelage of the armorer and the priest, Pierre flourishes. He learns the armorer's craft from Hugh, Latin from Father Isambart, and Turkish from Hugh's assistant, Abdull.

Pierre watches his foster-father make a curious iron skull cap for Jacques Coeur, a young merchant who shows signs of being well on the way to becoming a power in France. A chance blunder by Pierre accidentally brings the cap to a uniquely fine temper.

As Pierre develops into young manhood, he catches the eye of one of the retinue of the sinister Baron de Retz, in whose service young men sometimes mysteriously disappear. To get him out of the way of possible danger, Father Isambart despatches Pierre to Paris on the pretext of fetching back some holy candles.

PARIS is in the grip of a plague, which gives Pierre an opportunity to rescue a young noblewoman, Louise de la Tour-Clermont, who has fainted in the street and has been somewhat prematurely cast on a pile of burning corpses.

This is positively Pierre's last encounter with human bonfires. His act naturally fixes him firmly in the affections of the family of Sir Robert, the young lady's father, but especially in those of her younger sister, the golden-haired Claire.

The plot thickens now almost beyond keeping up. Pierre enters the service of that same Jacques Coeur, of the skull cap, who is now Minister of Finance to

(Continued on Page 4)

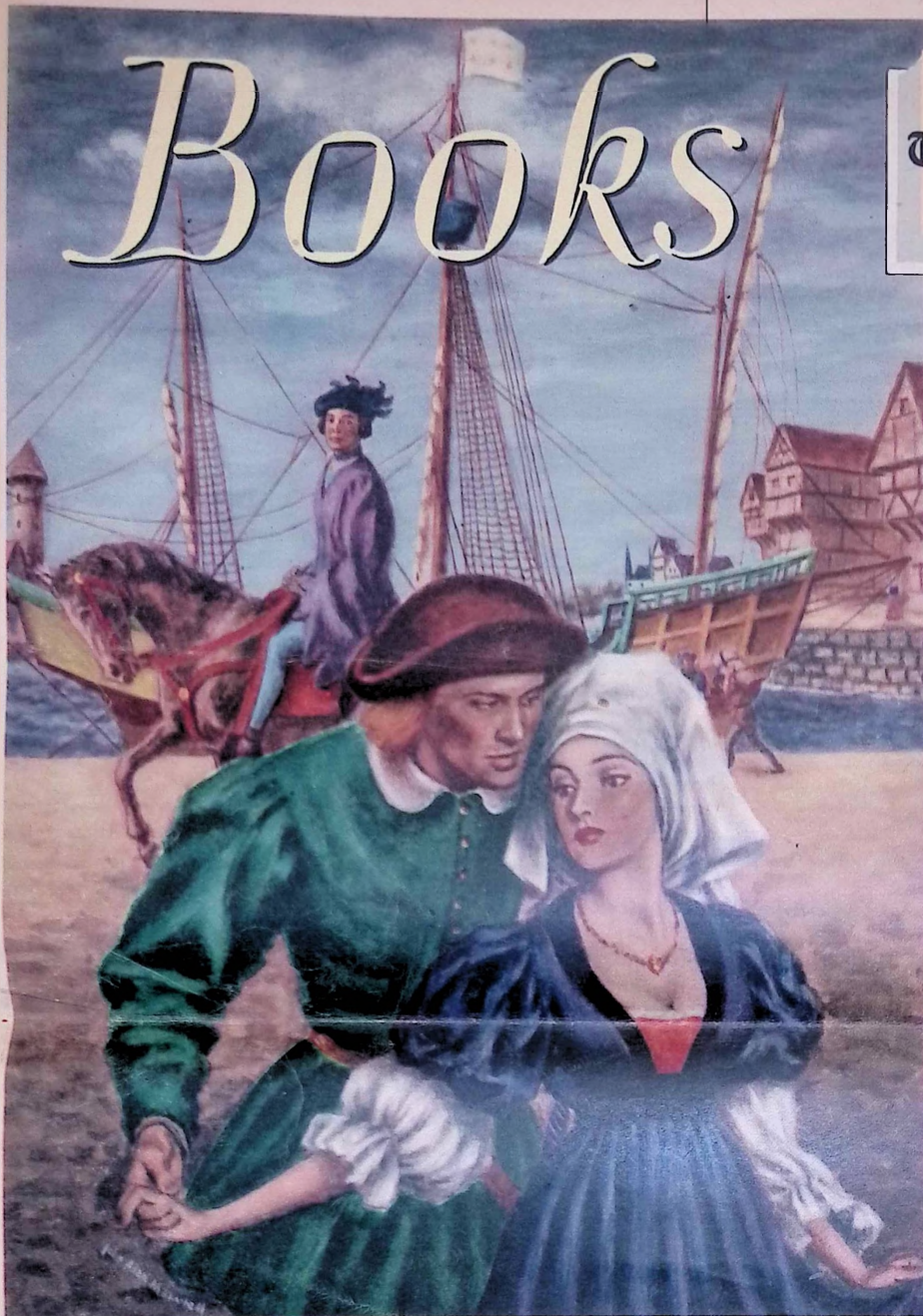


Illustration by John Alan Maxwell for "Wings"
A scene from *The Burnished Blade*, by Lawrence Schoonover.

Salem in Its Vanishing Maritime Glory

THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE. By Esther Forbes.
Houghton Mifflin Co.: Boston. 632 pp. \$4.

By John Dwight Kern

NEW ENGLAND is a somewhat less than fertile region, but Esther Forbes, like her Puritan forebears, knows how to grow books there. Five years ago she won the Pulitzer prize for history with a work on Paul Revere, and she has long been familiar with the fictional possibilities of this land of rocks and waves. Her latest novel is pleasantly filled with windjammers and with their owners and skippers in early 19th century Salem.

The Running of the Tide differs from most of the current bumper crop of historical novels in one important respect: the characters talk and act like living persons and have a way of insinuating themselves beneath the surface of the reader's consciousness. Pliant puppets people many of the present period pieces. They move with the master's hand, echo his voice, and frequently have as little life as the costumed figures in Madame Tussaud's famous collection.

Miss Forbes avoids stiffness by using what is pos-

sibly as good a recipe as can be devised for the production of historical fiction. She reads widely, takes copious but illegible notes, allows her information to simmer in her mind for a while, and then proceeds at a fast pace with the actual job of writing. The result is a pleasant and tasty book.

READERS will not soon forget Captain Dash Inman of the greatest shipowning family and his lively associates during the days when Salem was our leading port. Dash achieves almost copy-book perfection (he has only one mishap) as a skipper, after becoming master of a ship at the age of 19.

Hostile Britishers, Cape Horn, Japan in the days before Perry, even a typhoon—all these perils he treads down with his sturdy sea legs. But whenever Dash returns to that old devil land, he finds himself, paradoxically, in a sea of troubles. Particularly with Dulcy Delaney of Marblehead.

After the birth of Dulcy's daughter, Dash's tuberculous brother, Peter, comes to the rescue in a fascinatingly quixotic display of fraternal devotion. Thereafter, and for the rest of his life, Dash struggles with his conscience and his burden of guilt in the great *Scarlet Letter* tradition. And speaking of *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne appears in the book, in an anonymous

(Continued on Page 4)