

Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

VOL. XXXI No. 19

MAY 8, 1948

FIFTEEN CENTS



Norman Mailer, author of "The Naked and the Dead." (See page 10)

Twisting the Tail of the Cosmos

By JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Fiction. Young Norman Mailer's 700-page war novel is the most significant of those reviewed this week. It heralds the arrival of a new talent on the literary scene who has been able to create living human beings out of the nightmare invasion of a Pacific island. Three other American first novelists take their bow in this issue. Hiram Haydn, a publisher and editor of *The American Scholar*, has written in "*The Time Is Noon*" a mature account of flaming youth in the hectic days before the axe fell on the stock market in 1929. David Goldknopf's "*Hills on the Highway*" tells in today's terms the old story of the writer who succumbs to the necessity of making easy money in the big magazines. The clock industry and the jewelry trade take a beating at the hands of Frederic Laing in his "*Six Seconds a Year*," another story of a young man's surrender.

Nightmare on Anopopei

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 721 pp. \$4.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

JUST when we have stopped talking about the new literary voices of the 1940's, they seem to be appearing. Norman Mailer is a young American writer who grew up in Brooklyn, went to Harvard, and found himself, as a rifleman, in Leyte and Japan. His earlier work has appeared in *Story* magazine and "Cross Section," but "*The Naked and the Dead*" is his first novel. It is a solid and interesting story of the capture of Anopopei, a typical Japanese island in the Pacific, a nightmare in short.

Mr. Mailer uses some of the technical devices which John Dos Passos initiated in the American novel, while there is also an influence of tone. But "*Three Soldiers*," like most of the typical stories of World War I, was essentially a novel of individual protest. The military organization was something to escape from, not to understand. The virtue of "*The Naked and the Dead*"—and I think it will be the typical pattern of the new war novels—is that it sees the individual within the military organization, and attempts to evaluate the whole complex structure of the American Army in war and peace, as a manifestation of contemporary society, as well as a weapon of conquest and destruction. Or perhaps even, in the Tolstoyan sense, as one-half of our "natural" existence.

That doesn't mean Mr. Mailer particularly approves of army life, or that the campaign on Anopopei was an idyll of human decency. The novel opens with an amphibious assault upon the island. The central group of characters are members of a re-

connaisance squad; the slow, blundering, and tortured progress of the military action also marks their physical and moral disintegration as human beings. The plump and foul-mouthed Wilson, the superstitious and embittered Gallagher, the ambitious and servile Brown, the tough and rebellious Red Valsen, all are partially or completely destroyed by their ordeal; to live through it is not necessarily to have survived. Only the slow-thinking farm boy, Ridges, and the "intellectual" Brooklyn Jew, Gold-

stein, seem to have the necessary resources, whether of sheer animal vitality or of spiritual comprehension, to endure the impervious jungle, the sickening climate, the steady, demoralizing contact with filth, pain, and terror even more than the actual and paralyzing shock of combat.

Staff Sergeant Croft, too, an excellent soldier to begin with, becomes a rigid and implacable tyrant; if he has accepted the hatred of his men as part of his job, he soon begins to nourish it. As the novel moves up through the ranks of the military hierarchy, it is particularly good on the relationship of these men with the commissioned officers. There is an ironical episode in which Major Dalleson, a typical disciplinarian and drill-master, goes into panic because the Japs have given him a chance for a breakthrough, and he is forced to use his troops. Lieutenant Hearn is a social rebel who has broken away from the conventions and prejudices of the ruling class, financial or military. General Cummings, who has given up human relationships completely, for the sake of organization and efficiency, who believes that the only value of a human soul is the use it can be put to, also believes that, after the war with Russia, the next century will belong to the reactionaries and the capitalists. And why not?

The antagonism between these last

two figures, both human and theoretical, gives Mr. Mailer a chance to build up, often very eloquently, the historical and philosophical connotations of the war. In the end Hearn is broken and killed. Perhaps this represents Mr. Mailer's own conclusion about the future, yet Hearn is a curiously vapid character, and the ordinary soldiers in "*The Naked and the Dead*" lack the vitality and originality of, say, the Britishers in "*The Edge of the Night*." Mr. Mailer leans rather heavily on the sexual experiences of his lower-class

figures, too; these may be a solace for the common man, and even a source of strength, but they don't constitute his only achievement.

I think this is the main weakness of the novel, for there is no real balance of the dramatic forces in it, just as there is a final lack of emotional impact. The story ought to be more impressive than it is. Within these limits, however, "*The Naked and the Dead*" is a substantial work, and Mr. Mailer is a new novelist of consequence.

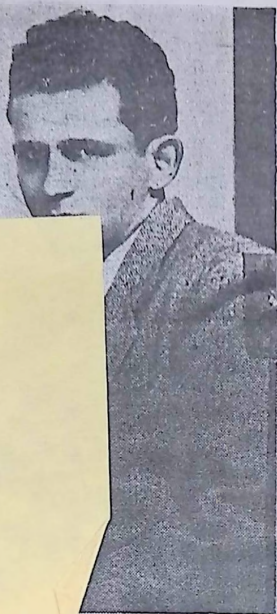


THE AUTHOR: Trees and occasionally even writers grow in Brooklyn—vide twenty-five-year-old Norman Mailer, author of two unpublished novels, his first to be accepted reviewed opposite, and a new fiction work incubating in Paris. While at Harvard (B.S. 1943), he wrote for the *Advocate* and won *Story* magazine's 1941 college contest. The 1944 "Cross Section" included his novella "A Calculus at Heaven," the 1948 edition a chapter from "*The Naked and the Dead*." "There are really no such things as types in

America," he says. "As a result an American writer has to spend a good bit more of his time defining his characters down to the sections in which they live, their speech, and the particular prejudices they've assumed. An American writer has to define his characters and redefine them before he can be concerned with such abstractions as courage, humanity, good, and evil. I've been very fortunate in cutting across a lot of social groups," he adds, listing a patchwork history as dishwasher, soda jerk, flat-painter, usher, theatre publicity assistant, and mental hospital attendant. In the Army he served in Leyte, Luzon, and Japan, was a surveyor, regimental intelligence clerk, aerial photograph expert, wireman, reconnaissance platoon rifleman, cook, and baker. He doesn't think the last decade's writers have been sufficiently political, holding that "partially accountable for the poverty of American letters in this period." After finishing "*The Naked and the Dead*" (it took a year and a half) he and his wife, an ex-Wave lieutenant, went to the Sorbonne on the GI bill. Always slight, he's now down to 130 pounds. His manner is confident, his expression forthright, but he shies at publicity. "I have started fooling around with oil painting," he writes, "—pure fun for me, since I have no talent at all, and therefore can have no disappointments." —R. G.

Souls of Men Stripped by Battle and Boredom

Striking First Novel of the Meaning of Modern War With the Advance Forces in the Pacific Islands



Norman Mailer

popel, and his aide, Lieutenant Hearn. The prize in each struggle was a man's soul, or, if you prefer, his inviolate personality. Private Valsen in "recon," Lieutenant Hearn at headquarters, each refused to fit into what General Cummings called the Army's "fear ladder." ("The Army functions best when you're frightened of the man above you and contemptuous of your subordinates.")

In General Cummings, Mailer departs from surface realism to

create a general officer unlike any other in fiction, neither hearty nor profane, a soft-voiced philosopher of the fascist Right. "The morality of the future," he told Hearn, "is a power morality."

"We're not in the future yet," Hearn answered.

"You may consider the Army," General Cummings observed pleasantly, "as a preview of the future."

Mailer's most powerful writing, however, is lavished not upon the struggle between man and man,

but upon the struggle between the jungle soldier and his inexorable environment. Contemporary fiction holds no more nightmarish passages than some of "recon's" work details and forced marches—one of which was recently anthologized in "Cross Section 1944."

few horrors to equal that of Sergeant Martinez's scouting mission behind the Japanese lines. The publication of "The Naked and the Dead" is the debut of a prodigal and brilliant American talent.

Men in War

"The Naked and the Dead" is a war novel in the best tradition, and its 25-year-old author, an ex-soldier now living in Brooklyn, is a writer of unmistakable importance. Norman Mailer has produced in this huge novel a war story that not only stands far above anything which has yet been written about the recent war, but also one which ranks with the best fiction that came out of the first world war. His book even makes some of these earlier classics look thin and pale by comparison.

In 700 brutal, agonizing, and astonishingly thoughtful pages "The Naked and the Dead" tells the story of an Army platoon in the Pacific. Part of a division assigned to wrest an island from the Japs, it is sent on an impossible reconnaissance mission, one of the excruciating minutiae in the big campaign. This maneuver, which carries these men through the jungle and over a mountain in an incredible test of physical endurance, turns out in the end to have been completely worthless. The victory is won purely by accident when the Jap forces collapse on their own. So, too, the tragedy of these men turns out, finally, to be meaningless.

Stripped by Fear: This is the bitter framework of Mailer's novel. But it is the men themselves who are the real substance of this shocking story. Mailer tells their story passionately—their hatreds, frustrations, and insanities; their loyalties, loves, and dreams—and in the telling these men become truly naked, the way men locked in a fear they neither understand nor accept become stripped, and truly dead, the way men defeated by brutality are dead.

War, as young Mailer sees it, is not just an unnatural phenomenon, a thing apart. It is, rather, an extension, an exaggeration of our peacetime society—albeit an exaggeration of its most vicious elements. Mailer's soldiers come from all walks of American life—hillbillies, Southern crack-

Newswatch

ers, city slum boys, Midwest scions of wealth. From the private to the general (who is a career soldier and a dangerous intellectual fascist) they represent a complete cross-section of America.

Deep in lewd sexual fantasies, or refinely skirting the edges of intellectual sadism, they are always part of a social drama, and always there is a dark coordination between their actions in war and their actions in peace. It is this basic concept—superbly projected with a technical virtuosity and emotional maturity that is nothing short of amazing in so young a writer—that makes this book so powerful.

"The Naked and the Dead" is a raw dose of reality. It is obscene the way war is obscene. One may wonder whether Mailer's foul-mouthed, hate-infested, farcical men are indeed real soldiers. It is to his credit that he makes you believe they are. (THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. 721 pages. Rinehart. \$4.)

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1948

THE DAILY RECORD, LONG BRANCH

Author Of The We

By W. G. ROGERS

NORMAN MAILER, author of "The Naked and the Dead," spent a year and a half writing this novel, and twice as long absorbing the experiences which, it must be supposed, supplied the material, for he was in the Army in Leyte, Luzon and Japan as clerk, photo expert, wireman, rifleman, cook and baker. The young author, native of Long Branch, N. J., and brought up in Brooklyn, has been represented by stories in Edwin Seaver's "Cross Section," and at 18, while in Harvard, he won a Story magazine contest. He and his wife were, at last reports, in Paris.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer (Rinehart; \$4)

These 721 pages about the capture of the island of Anopopei by our army under Gen. Cummings from the Japs under Gen. Toyaku are "must" reading for those who think one, that war is glamorous, or two, that there's something romantic about a man in uniform, or three, that the answer to any problem is another world war.

You have heard of this young author before, perhaps in "Cross Section 1944" where he was represented by a novelette presaging the form of this big work, or in "Cross Section 1948" where one of the incidents in this novel was first printed. Here on a vast canvas he fulfills the early bright promise, he creates a complete wartime world in miniature, apportioning life and death among his hapless characters, and even runs his own little war.

The full military hierarchy is included in this dramatic picture, from Cummings himself who thinks this is the century of reaction and perhaps even of Fascism; down to bewildered Lt. Hearn, Sgt. Croft, Red, Polack, Hennessey, Wilson, Goldstein, Roth, Minetta, Stanley, Ridges, Wyman, Martinez, Toglio.

There is an appalling confusion of loyalties and disloyalties, tenderness and brutality, love and lust. The men hate their superiors, mistrust their inferiors, curse their unfaithful wives while they float over their own infidelities. If there isn't a Jap on whom to vent their savage tempers, there's always a Jew. They fight under protest, and win by a fluke.

Mailer has a keen ear for sound effects, a sharp eye for the looks of a jungle or a firing line, and the ability to paint a scene in vivid colors. If this were the first war fiction, this would seem to you a gripping work. You sometimes have the feeling, however, that you've been to Anopopei before, and that the author, for all he is a hard writer, keeps you there longer than you want to stay.



NORMAN M

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD.

By Norman Mailer. . . 721 pp. . . New York: Rinehart and Company. . . \$4.

Reviewed by RICHARD MATCH

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD is about infantrymen—or, rather, men in the infantry—and the despair, the lung-searing fatigue, the unutterable terror and horror of jungle war. Its author is Norman Mailer, aged twenty-five, writing out of Brooklyn, Harvard, Leyte and Japan. Forget the age and remember the name: Norman Mailer. With this one astonishing book, his first full-length work of fiction, he joins the ranks of major American novelists. This reviewer has no hesitation in calling "The Naked and the Dead" a great war novel.

If it were not that, it would still be a great document. Do you want to know how American combat soldiers of the second World War slept, swore? Read "The Naked and the Dead." Norman Mailer has an uncanny phonographic ear for the argot of efficient obscenity that served as a medium of communication in the Army of the United States.

As with most literature that pretends to universality, the "plot" of "The Naked and the Dead" is not particularly important or particularly original. This is the story of one undermanned platoon's part in the invasion and occupation of a Japanese-held island. The year is 1944. The island is called "Anopopei." The undermanned unit is the Intelligence and Reconnaissance platoon of headquarters company of the 460th Infantry Regiment. Twelve men and the noncom in charge. Inevitably the story moves toward the expected climax: the solitary, hazardous patrol mission. "Recon" meets its greatest test alone.

Nearly every novelist who has written effectively about the recent war has found it convenient to employ a similarly restricted narrative frame, to tell his story in terms of a small detachment

of men. Harry Brown did it in "A Walk in the Sun" and Francis P. Scannell in a novel called "In Line of Duty," which received less attention than it deserved two years ago. John Hersey, in "Into the Valley," used the same device with superb effect to report the Guadalcanal campaign factually. The army corps or division is too big; the individual soldier is too small and bewildered, too isolated or particularized to feel more than his own fraction of the fears and pressures and lusts that act upon men at war. (The exception, of course, is an individual soldier like Norman Mailer, who, by some magic of the mind or personality, sees and knows all there is to know about war.)

Staff Sergeant Croft's Intelligence and Reconnaissance platoon, "recon" in Army slang, constituted a tiny cross-section of American manhood. Croft himself was a cold-eyed Texan. With him on Anopopei were a Brooklyn Jew, a Boston Irishman, a Swedish immigrant's son, a Mississippi sharecropper, a C. C. N. Y. graduate, a boy who flunked out of Kansas State, a second-generation Italian, a "Polack" from back of the yards in Chicago, a genial lecher from the Deep South, a Mexican buck sergeant proud of his hard-won stripes, and a few others. Disdaining the convenient stereotypes ready to hand, Mailer proceeds to make each of these a sharply insouled human being. These are the naked, men stripped of the "sustaining facades" of civilian life, exposed to each other, to battle and boredom, to the horribly distorted environment that is the normal routine of the combat soldier. To sketch in the civilian "facade" of each man, Mailer inserts between chapters brief flashbacks ("The Time Machine") which are more than slightly reminiscent of Dos Passos' "U. S. A." Mailer himself, in method and effect, recalls Dos Passos more than any other novelist.

"Recon" was the arena of a subtle duel between Sergeant Croft and Private Red Valsen, the Montana Swede. On a "higher" level, in division headquarters, a similar duel was in progress between Major General Edward Cummings, commanding the troops on Anopopei, and his aide, Lieutenant

New War Novel Shows Seamy Side

Talented Author Hits Low in Words

By HARRY HANSEN.

Norman Mailer is the most accomplished new arrival among the young men who are putting the world war into fiction, and his 700-page novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, contains the foulest soldier talk any one of them ever has put into print. If you want to make the acquaintance of a novelist with a remarkable ear and uncanny insight, be prepared also for the biggest mass of verbal sewage since the first asterisk blushed and sank from sight (Rinehart, \$4).

After I had waded through latrines and cleared my mind of the numerous fornications cherished by the members of a reconnaissance squad on a Pacific isle, I came across some remarkable episodes, macabre, neurotic, tense, described with unusual maturity by this 25-year-old Brooklyn writer, graduate of Harvard and Edwin Seaver's *Cross Section*. Matters like these:

The psychological antagonism between Gen. Cummings and his aide, Lt. Hearn, which leads to Hearn's demotion to recon duty, which he prefers because he wants to be closer to the men.

The emotional distress of Gallagher, who was told of the death of his little wife, Mary, by the chaplain, while her letters kept coming on.

A jittery repulse of a Jap night attack by men who later load a wounded Jap with kindness and then shoot him.

A grisly hunt for souvenirs in a cave filled with dead Japs, squirming with maggots, during which one soldier kicks out a handful of gold teeth.

A long, arduous journey by litter-bearers with a wounded man, who abuses them vilely; their struggle to get his dead body over river rapids and how they lose it in the flood.

The unmasking by a doctor of a malingering who pretends to be hysterical.

The complete rout of a squad when the staff sergeant catapults into a nest of oversize, South Pacific hornets.

The long, slow, toil of the squad up a mountainside, moved by conflicting emotions, with one man falling into a chasm and Lt. Hearn dying in ambush.

Reflects Current Despair.

I don't doubt this and worse happened at the front; neither do I question the foul lingo of the low-lives. That, in itself, is the resentment of the young against the older authorities who have failed to keep the world at peace and thrust rifles into their hands. I do question the author's flashbacks, in which he overloads the book with adolescent musings.

Mr. Mailer has chosen to make most of his men stubborn, ignorant clods, satisfying only their instincts. A Jew recalls his early training; most of the others have sloughed off whatever school or church gave them. They repeat old prejudices; they show not the vestige of conscience.

Gen. Cummings is naturally fair bait; he boasters his own insecurity by boasting about the coming rule of the right people. Lt. Hearn is Mr. Mailer's chief problem—he leaned toward radicalism at Harvard, is sympathetic toward the workers, but is still groping. He represents the current conviction that "the natural role of the 20th century man is anxiety," just as another soldier concludes that everything lives to die.

That reads like a version of the philosophies of W. H. Auden, Jean-Paul Sartre and Franz Kafka, the depressing malaises of intellectuals. It is a challenge to American education, fair play and the will to arise and shine.



Norman Mailer.

Some Fledglings Try Their Wings

CROSS-SECTION 1948. A Collection of New American Writing. Edited by Edwin Seaver. 457 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$3.50.

By GERTRUDE BUCKMAN

ACCORDING to Mr. Seaver's preface, it has been graphically demonstrated, by the lowered quantity and quality of the manuscripts submitted to him, that we are in a period of general cultural impoverishment. The need, then, for yet another anthology to point up and preserve the evidence would not seem to be especially pressing.

It is not very objectively clear why Mr. Seaver should wish to cut neat yearly slices of "current thinking and feeling" among American writers, "principally our younger ones." For, as his choice must of necessity be arbitrary and limited (he himself admits it may be only "fairly indicative") the cross-section aspect has to fall where it may, and should, with each succeeding year, become more distorted and pointless. In any case, the cultural historian will probably find more fuel for his thesis in the annual "best" story collections, the best seller lists, the book club selections, or a year's issue of a literary periodical, and surely no serious student of contemporary literature will need turn to Mr. Seaver for guidance.

This is not to deny the anthology all virtue; we must be grateful.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

BOOK REVIEW, APRIL 25, 1948.

ful for any outlet for the artist, especially the malfit—in this case the talented writer who attempts the unusual in length, treatment or theme. At least two of the published pieces fall into this category (and they are the best pieces as well). Jessamyn West's satire on some of the more hideous aspects of our commercial culture, involving the promotion and distribution of commodities and services offensive to the human spirit and intelligence, is presented as an example of "humor" (in which critics of previous issues have found Mr. Seaver's cross-section to be notably lacking), but it is less funny than grim. This is indeed a piece which, despite the apparent and understandable desire of most magazine editors to list Miss West's name on their contents page, would probably not easily have found a place for itself.

THE other long piece of merit, Robert Lowry's "The Wolf That Fed Us," which is memorable mostly for its weight of feeling, its patent sincerity, is also one which would undoubtedly have met with difficult reception—it is on the one hand not sufficiently intellectualized, and on the other, deals perhaps too openly with sexual-emotional adventures for the sensibilities of advertisers and family subscribers.

The other powerful contribution is a chapter from Norman Mailer's novel about the war in the Pacific, "The Naked and the Dead"; however, this is shortly to be published.

The rest of the sixteen stories, though they are of varying interest and competence, are those which one might find almost any month in one of the expected magazines, and most of the writers have indeed published in many of them. The ambitions and the effects are familiar, and for the most part unstimulating to the imagination. "A Letter Box at Ephesus," by Arthur Mills Stratton, apparently an unpublished writer, is the most interesting of the lot; it deals with the plight of an American caught in an anti-Fascist imbroglio in Turkey. Prudencio de Pereda's "My Grandmother's Nose" is a

rather charming romantic tale; "The Immortal Jud," by H. H. Riddleberger, is a good-natured character study, perfectly keyed to almost any slick magazine going, as is Wendell Wilcox's, on a slightly more pretentious level. Wright Morris's story of a trapped Southern gentleman conveys, in a somehow overwrought way, the intended helplessness, irony and exasperation of his position; Teo Savory writes of a small-town drama with an unpretentious but uninspired adequacy, George P. Elliott of disappointment and lack of communication in a way at once dry, brutal and maudlin. There is little distinction among the rest.

The rest of the volume is taken



Norman Mailer.

up with an essay on literature and society by Isidor Schneider, notable more for its headlong energy than for its profundity or clarity, and by an attack on Philip Wylie (this is certainly beating a big drum on a small occasion) which hardly deserves inclusion in a book with a cloth binding, which, to quote Mr. Schneider, "symbolizes and presumes permanence."

If this collection indeed represents a cross-section of literature today, and Mr. Seaver is determined to stay with this ship, he must be prepared to go down with it.

But for the life of me I cannot see how it is worse than being ripped loose from job, school and family in wartime, because in addition to the unpleasant chores of military life, there was also the hazard of becoming slightly dead, to boot. Plus the fact that in war they set you no time limits on the day you go back to the farm.

You will get no sympathy on the rigors of a peacetime draft from the hardbitten graduates of the last fracas. I have just finished a book called "The Naked and the Dead," by a fellow named Norman Mailer, which might even be required reading for the candidates for whatever kind of new draft the boys in Washington arrange.

It is a long, tough book about an operation on a Jap-held island, free of heroics, and crammed with the sweaty, cold, dysentery-ridden, backbreaking, fearful, awful experiences of a combat soldier on a fouled-up deal. This was the Army, IMHO, for my age-group. It was a very unpleasant Army, but a great many men lived through it without too many scars.

A careful perusal of the book might convince today's potential draftee that he has not been spared by the whole world—that indeed, as it is pretty nice for himself.

War & No Peace

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD (721 pp.)—Norman Mailer—Rinehart (\$4).

A 25-year-old Harvard graduate who fought at Leyte has written perhaps the best novel yet about World War II.

It is distinguished primarily for simple realism, a forthright, almost childlike honesty, a command of ordinary speech, a cool and effortless narrative style, quickened here & there with a mild, understated humor. The battle scenes are so vivid as to suggest Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, the common soldiers as clearly visualized as Tolstoy's peasants. Unlike Tolstoy's masterpiece, it is all war, not only in the sense that there are no scenes of peaceful life poised against the scenes of war, but in the sense that a knowledge of the meaning of peace is absent from the psychology of the characters. They seem never to have known anything else.

War Without Dignity. It is all war, war on the Pacific island of Anopopei, which a force of 6,000 Americans is attempting to take, war in headquarters bivouac and on the trails through the jungle, war between Private Red Valsen and Sergeant Sam Croft—war without dignity and without purpose, war for position or prestige, war to save face, or to satisfy an inward sense of superiority, or war that is merely the psychological ricochet of the greater conflict off stage.

Even when the characters think back upon their own lives, or when the author condenses their experience in brief little biographies, the content of their doing is still war—war on the streets and at the parties, the wisecracks whining like rifle shots, the love affairs like ambushes.



TIME, MAY 10, 1948

U.S. TROOPS ON LEYTE
Also psychological ricochet.

The characters of *The Naked and the Dead* are the members of a platoon, six of them survivors of a rubber-boat disaster at Motome, wearied, embittered, haunted by a premonition of death, snarling about the newcomers and (occasionally) feeling a grudging responsibility for them, nervous, profane, lecherous. Their conversation is recorded with the fidelity of a recording machine. Indeed, it is almost too exact and too tough to be quite accurate.

The men have a faint sense of pride in the platoon, not so much in the sense of liking the members of it, as of respect for what it has gone through. They have a mild pride in (partly fear of) a good officer, and a hesitant, partly exasperated approval of the democratic process that has placed them, Jews and anti-Semites, intellectuals and illiterates, in the same unearthly, uncomfortable place. They fight shy of any speechmaking about any of these things. Democracy is not a faith they fight for; it is a sort of punishment they take for not having believed in it before.

The little group sets out on a mission as weird in its way as the quest of Ahab for the white whale. Hennessey is killed in the landing. The others take part in checking a Japanese assault across a narrow stream, get drunk, shoot prisoners, and prow among the Japanese corpses for souvenirs. They are certain that their wives back home are unfaithful to them, from their own success in seducing other men's wives, and from the number of letters from the States which arrive, telling them that all is over.

Nightmare in a Wonderland. In an atmosphere of uncomprehending misery, the platoon is ordered on a reconnaissance patrol on the far side of the island, over

the vast peaks of the Watawai Mountains. It is in itself an incident in the war superior to most war fiction, the patrol through a wonderland of grass growing higher than the heads of the men, spiders, and endless spider webs, gnats, buzzing silence, rain and sunlight, golden sand and indigo trees—a nightmare in which one after another is killed. What deepens the irony is that the campaign is successful without the benefit of either General Cummings' strategy or the heroism of the platoon.

Author Mailer has borrowed his method from Dos Passos, modifying and adapting



NORMAN MAILER

An old method, new alchemy.

it, alternating his narrative with flashbacks which he calls *The Time Machine*, and with choruses of the men's tediously cloacal comments. By some alchemy, his book moves and lives despite the similarity of the biographies (quarreling parents, first sexual experience, unhappy marriage, pretty good job, the draft), its too great length, and the narrow political bias of the views set forth in it.

The Author. Norman Mailer attended public schools in Brooklyn, at Harvard studied engineering, shortly after graduation married Beatrice Silverman (later a lieutenant in the WAVES). During the war he served in Leyte, Luzon and Japan, as a clerk, an aerial photograph expert, a rifleman in a reconnaissance platoon, a cook, a baker. Discharged in 1946, he wrote *The Naked and the Dead* in a year and a half.

Alfred van Ameyden van Duym
34 Bethune Street
New York 14, N. Y.

April 19, 1948

Dear Norman Hall,

There is one word that comes to my mind in reflecting upon *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD*. That word is "immense". Immense in scope, immense in detail. The impact created is so great it leaves one emotionally limp.

It is an almost unbelievable thing that a young man of twenty-five years should not only know so much but also understand it all so dreadfully well. Translated into terms of the highest artistic achievement and an unswerving devotion to the truth, no matter how abject, ridiculous or repulsive, it becomes a masterpiece, comparable in my mind to only one war novel, namely Barbusse's *Under Fire* (and that with reservations in favor of Norman Mailer).

In spite of the universal character of war, however, it is superbly, wholly and sometimes disastrously American. The courage, the cowardice as well as the fatality of the G. I.'s is manifested in all its facets. It is so exhaustive that no easy philosophizing nor moralizing can cover up the miasmas created by man's seemingly infinite capacity for suffering, enduring and overcoming all obstacles in one desperate onward rush to death or perhaps to an even more terrible homecoming.

It may well give us pause in our headlong rush towards universal suicide, to take stock of ourselves through the eyes of the author and realize what war actually means, who we are, what has made us, what we are and whether we can afford another such disaster and survive.

I should like to congratulate the publishers for having shown the undeniable courage and devotion to the ideals of publishing in bringing out this book at a time when the breath of Mars is again hot upon our necks and the "Frischer, frochlicher Krieg" is again in the offing in the eyes of the jolly fellows in high places who ordain it that way and the scales are again dangerously tipped in favor of a new and this time final holocaust.

I am quite in agreement with Mr. Stanley Rinehart when he says that: "They are men in war, but like most of us, they do not know where they are going; they only know their own past."

Cordially yours,

Alfred van Duym

A. V. A. van Duym

one of
our
Salesmen

Scribner

P.M. New York of 7/7/48

NEW BOOKS

War, little peace, more war

Three reviews
by Roger Pippett

In which the war beast is snared

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. A novel by
Norman Mailer (Rinehart and Co., \$4).

THE WAY of the war novelist is hard. When the shooting is on no one wants to follow it in fiction: the headlines are too hot for any competition. When the shooting is over people want to forget about it for a long season, and that goes especially for the average combat man, for most old soldiers ache to wipe the slate of memory clean of the horror of the thing.

Barbusses's *Under Fire*, which came out in 1916, is the only classic war story I can recall that became a best seller in the middle of the fighting (and, even so, America was not then in). Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers* appeared in 1921, but more than a decade was to pass before *All Quiet on the Western Front* hit the world.

But rules, in art at any rate, are made to be broken, and I should like to think that Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, which, in my civilian view, is the *Three Soldiers* of World War II, will also go on to rival the wider success of Remarque's great narrative.

You shoot, too

For Mailer has not only written a very long book (721 pages). He has snared the war beast more successfully than any other American writer of his generation. In *The Naked and the Dead* the men eat and drink war, stink of war, die of war or somehow survive war with a completeness that, as you read, closes your mind to everything except their miseries, their passing savageries, their pornographic dreams, their intermittent compassions, their wounds, their blasphemies, their wanting out, their almost hopeless but enduring conviction that they will "git along."

The run-of-the-foxhole novelist communicates the sights and the sounds of war. Mailer spirits you inside the skins and the minds of his soldiers, so that, when a dog-wearer platoon leader looks at his watch, sighs, "We're going to have to dump them" and shoots his Japanese prisoners behind the ear, you shoot with him. The shock of having killed defenseless men comes a split second afterward, whereas the platoon leader may have experienced it later—or not at all. You have participated imaginatively in the deed, and that time lag is the only difference, for the moment, between you and him.

Deeper and higher

A writer who can do that to his readers has something, and Mailer does more. He is only 25 (his life-graph so far is plotted through Brooklyn, Harvard, Leyte, Japan and home again), but he already has the rare novelist's power of interpreting and assessing his characters and their surroundings.

The Naked and the Dead goes deeper and higher than expert reporting. You live, as I said, the lives of that small group, from general to private, scheming and fighting to seize an island in the Pacific, and, at the same time, you have a Mailer's eye view of the whole affair—a view which is never comfortably Olympian but which lifts you up and sets you down again, purged, in the old Aristotelian sense, by pity and terror and something more besides, something that gives you an added understanding and a philosophical poise which steadies you against the lesser trials of your own comparatively sheltered routine.

Mailer can do whatever he wants with words:

"The heat by now had banked itself in the tent, was almost licking at his body."

"Some Japanese might easily have been waiting in ambush, but it was impossible to keep silent. The guns squeaked and lumbered, made sucking sounds as their tires sank into the mud, and



Norman Mailer

the men swore helplessly, panted with deep sobbing sounds like wrestlers at the end of a long bout. Voices and commands echoed hollowly, were lost in a chorus of profanity and the straining, sweating noises of men in great labor. By the time an hour had passed, nothing existed for them but the slender cannon they had to get down the track.

Smiling, numb face

"The sweat drenched their clothing and filled their eyes, blinding them. They grappled and blundered and swore, advanced the little guns a few feet at a time with no consciousness any longer of what they were doing."

"At first glance he did not look unlike other general officers. A little over medium height, well fleshed, with a rather handsome, suntanned face and graying hair, but there were differences. His expression when he smiled was very close to the ruddy, complacent and hard appearance of any number of American senators and businessmen, but the tough, good-guy aura never quite remained. There was a certain vacancy in his face . . . there was the appearance, and yet it was not there. Hearn always felt as if the smiling face were numb."

The cut-backs to the prewar pasts of the men—Red, Gallagher, Wilson, Goldstein, Croft and the rest—never interrupt the drive of the story. The dialog must be as near GI language as anyone could get in the public prints. Even the high brass is, for once, convincingly cased.

Mailer doesn't seem to have missed a thing.

THE ORIGINAL ROMEIKE PRESS CLIPPINGS

220 W. 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N.Y.
Tel. CHelsea 3-8860

Clr. (D 31,193) (\$ 30,658)

This Clipping From
PASADENA, CAL.
STAR-NEWS

MAY 16 1948



NORMAN MAILER—Author of
"The Naked and the Dead"
proves himself "exceedingly powerful
and promising novelist."

"Remember the name:
Norman Mailer. With
this one astonishing
book, he joins the ranks
of major American novelists."

—N. Y. Herald Tribune
Book Review

Have you read
the NAKED and the DEAD
By NORMAN
MAILER



RINEHART & COMPANY

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Marred by Its Language

Reviewed by Leon Ware

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD by Norman Mailer. New York: Rinehart & Co. 711 pp., \$4.00.

HERE IS A LONG—very long—novel of an invading force on a Pacific island. It is a tremendous piece of work fascinating, realistic, curiously written. The author, Norman Mailer, is only twenty-five, but his perception is keener than that of most writers of today. It is almost unbelievable that he should know the working of men's minds as well as he seems to, but his war history perhaps developed him far beyond his years.

He tells the story of a small platoon of men, only a minor cog in an invasion force. But for one thing, this would be one of the great books of the year. The author, however, has seen fit to carry his realism so far that he used words of which I am sure his mother, to whom the book is dedicated, does not approve. Not that troopers don't talk that way—they do—and even filthier, but the point remains: you have to make some compromise to get your work read. There is no reason why as competent a writer as Norman Mailer could not have attained the same realism while cleaning up the language of his characters.

The impression seems to exist in the writing profession that to make a realistic book, a book that will be talked about—and sell a million copies and get a chunk of dough from the movies—you have to use a lot of four letter words that describe bodily functions. If you do that, you've got a winner. And the horrible thing is that such

remains that just as much realism could be attained without the words.

It is just as true about writing as it is about speaking—filth is conversation is a mark of laziness, of lack of education. "All Quiet on the Western Front" was a great war book. Perhaps the greatest we have seen. You don't find filth in it—and yet it is so realistic you squirm with anxiety.

Perhaps Mr. Mailer's book could have been less lengthy if he had taken more time to watch his language. The reviewer went through training camps with fifteen million other men and he is perfectly familiar with their talk—it's realistic enough—but not necessary.

Perhaps Mailer has this out of his system, now. But this will be a best seller, and the movies will buy it—(and then clean it up)—and Mr. Mailer will feel that he has to write in this vein for all time. He's young yet, of course, but it would be a shame for so excellent a writer to get off on the wrong foot. All we can do is hope—and look forward anxiously for his next book.



Anron Bohrad.

"Machine Gunner."

SUNDAY TIMES 5/9/48

The Dusty Answer of Modern War

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. 721 pp. New York: Rinehart. \$4.

By DAVID DEMPSEY

PERHAPS Mr. Mailer should not be damned for attempting to reduce by frontal assault what better writers have failed to win by infiltration. "The Naked and the Dead"—the story of an imaginary battle in the Pacific—trumpets his dusty answer to the brutality of modern war. Undoubtedly the most ambitious novel to be written about the recent conflict, it is also the most ruthlessly honest and in scope and integrity compares favorably with the best that followed World War I. Even in its repetitiousness, wordiness, and overanalysis of motive, it is a commanding performance by a young man of 25 whose gifts are impressive and whose failures are a matter of reach rather than grasp.

"The Naked and the Dead" is an enormously long novel, washed up by the choppy waters of disillusionment, leaving nothing to the imagination. It is a saturation bombardment, with every target hit at least three times. It is virtually a Kinsey Report on the sexual behavior of the GI. Its style is an almost pure Army billingsgate that will offend many readers, although in no sense is it exaggerated: Mr. Mailer's soldiers are real persons, speaking the vernacular of human bitterness and agony. It gives off a skyglow that is quite faithful to the spectrum of battle, and exposes the blood, if not always the guts, of war. Yet for all its virtuosity, its deafening emotional cannonades, it is primarily a series of brilliant skirmishes; the

central objective is never taken.

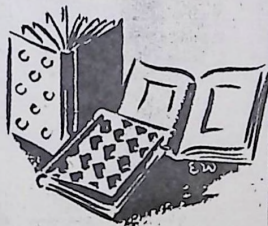
For one thing, we are not quite sure what the objective is. Mr. Mailer obviously doesn't like war, or the people who fight it, but this is hardly an original theme. He tries very hard to show that much of its unpleasantness comes from the nature of the participants, and that their nature, in turn, is warped by the circumstances inevitable in the conditions of war and the climate of a military organization. But not entirely.

THE generation that grew to manhood on the eve of the last war was not ideally suited to saving the world for democracy. It had been blighted by depression. Its minorities—two of the characters are Jewish, one a Mexican-American—had not yet been assimilated fully into the national dream. Even the dominant groups represented competing sectional and economic interests. In peace, the differences are adjustable. In war, Mr. Mailer believes, they become intensified, for the system gives men unprecedented degrees of power. How the GI—in his less virtuous moments—got the way he did, is the subject of this novel.

The battle is seen through the eyes of a single platoon, plus a major and a general. For the author's clinical purposes, they are an exposed nerve, exhibiting the whole shock of battle. A fighting unit, the men are nevertheless a collection of individuals. Each is studied, in crisply written flashbacks, as the product of a certain environment. If there is any doubt that Mr. Mailer is a perceptive, skillful writer, these

vignettes will dispel it. By contrast, the main narrative is often sluggish; too much of the boredom of war is translated literally; the nexus between the characters' pasts and their battle existence is sometimes thin. The general, furthermore, on whom so much of the story's motivation depends, is clearly an over-intellectualized version of a Fascist, neither convincing nor typical.

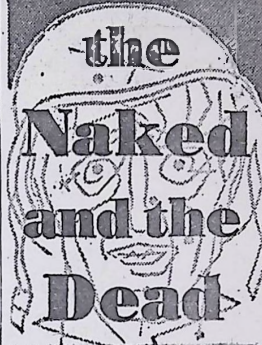
These are faults, but they detract little from the book's overall power. The scene in which Gallagher continues to get letters from his dead wife—written before she died in childbirth but delivered for a month after he had been notified; the death of Wilson, among the most lingering in all war literature; the pointless, sadistic effort on the part of Platoon Sgt. Crofts to get his men to scale a mountain—these are moments which deeply touch the heart of war. They are a triumph of realism, but without the compassion which gives final authority in the realm of human conduct. "The Naked and the Dead" is not a great book, but indisputably it bears witness to a new and significant talent among American novelists.



TIME JUN 23, 1948

#1 Best-seller coast-to-coast

New York Times
Cleveland News
Chicago Daily News
Minneapolis Tribune
San Francisco Chronicle
6 weeks after publication



Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sun-Telegraph
JUNE 12, 1948

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, By Norman Mailer (Rinehart).

A CAST-IRON stomach, an overpowering will to plough onward, forever onward, and a strictly masculine ability to absorb great gobs of profanity, obscene language and the dregs of the vocabulary of the English language, are prerequisites to a couple of sweaty evenings with this ponderous tome. It could have been balled and parballed from 721 pages down to 400 with the same effect.

Copying copiously from the style and literary devices of John Dos Passos, yet outstripping him in invective and raw earthiness, Mr. Mailer tells what it is like to be a combat infantryman in the South Pacific. The book does not pass muster, as claimed, either as the "best" to emerge from World War II, or as a great novel. It certainly is an astonishingly realistic picture of soldiers at their grim business on a Pacific island, but misses literary greatness by reason of its unoriginal trappings and the fact that it cannot command a universal readership.

Still, it takes its place with such pieces as "Twelve O'Clock High!" and "The Gesture," which chant the refrain of the airman, as the dirge of the jungle-fighter. Herein "the naked" are the officers and "the dead" are the enlisted men. The officers, under the author's groping guidance, in-

variably turn out to be inefficient; self-seeking often to the point of venality, and incompetent. After laying a hard paw on these members of the armed forces (ignoring the fact that the majority of the Army Ground Forces leadership came from the ranks), the author pictures enlisted men as indifferent, braggadocious, petty, sex-simple, incredibly profane, snarling, often cowardly, and bitterly intolerant. He ascribes to them the virtues of dogged persistence and superhuman determination, considering the nightmarish strain under which they are often called upon to act; lost, dazed, confused souls, all. The truth about both officers and men lies at a higher mean level than these summaries indicate. Otherwise it would be impossible to understand how such an aggregation of men could win a battle, let alone a war.

The episodes of which the book is composed are invariably solemn and somber. There are no bright flashes to light up the picture or relieve any of the tension. It is entirely in the most desperate of veins, even when the almost identical background patterns of the various characters are sketched in.

With all these impressions, however, Mr. Mailer's work is obviously one to be reckoned with; if it is off-base in its evaluations of officers and men of the U. S. armed forces as a whole, it is faithful in depicting its own cast of characters; and if it is unrelieved in its tension, it again keeps faith, for the story it tells was seldom attenuated in its woe and bitter sacrifice.

BOOKS AND THINGS

By LEWIS GANNETT

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart. 721 pages. \$4.

THE war is over. "The Naked and the Dead" wouldn't have been published in 1944—and I hope it wouldn't have been written in 1934. This is the way men talked and thought in the American Army—obsessed with sex, in what was probably the foulest lingo used by soldiers since Hannibal's army crossed the Alps. This is the way men griped and bickered and finagled and fought, with Brass and G. I. separated by an invisible wall. Norman Mailer is a good reporter with a phonographic ear.

You're in the Army Here

His is the story of the I and R platoon of the headquarters company of the 460th Infantry Regiment on the island of Anopopei, somewhere in the Pacific—a dozen infantrymen, at first commanded by a staff sergeant, later by a lieutenant who had been humiliated as aide to the general.

Staff Sergeant Croft, a Texan, was reputed to be the best platoon sergeant in the Army and the meanest. Alone in his outfit, he loved combat. It gave him the sense of power he'd missed with his wife Janey, a man-hunting cat who could never be satisfied with one husband.

Sergeant Brown looked like the Typical American Soldier of the advertisements, and his conversation dealt almost exclusively with the theme: It just doesn't pay to trust a woman.

Sergeant Julio Martinez, from San Antonio, was the best scout in the platoon, and the best liked man, but he knew he'd never be white and Protestant.

Red Valsen, from Montana, had told the only girl he'd ever lived with steadily that he just wasn't made for staying in one place; he might have gone far in the Army if he could have learned to take orders.

Gallagher, from South Boston, had been a "United Christian"; in a tough spot he took it out on Roth or Goldstein, the two Jews in the squad.

"Polack," from Chicago, had been a racketeer; he was convinced that there was always a gimmick if you figured all the angles.



Norman Mailer

Wyman liked to burn the wings off insects. Woodrow Wilson, from the Deep South, had waked up in bed one morning, surprised to learn he'd been married.

A Near-Fascist General

Lieutenant Hearn had been a radical at Harvard. General Cummings knew it, and in lone talks in his tent—the only improbable conversations in the novel—tried to teach Hearn that the Army was a preview of the future, that undisciplined Americans were the worst fighting soldiers in the world—they'd been spoiled by their high standard of living, and that it was the officer's duty to teach them to know their places in the Army's "fear ladder." The near-Fascist general had a neat way with words: "Corruption," he used to say, "is the cement that keeps the Army from breaking apart."

Meanwhile, the squad played its part in clearing Anopopei. It lost Hennessey on the beach, Togli in a jungle sniping match, and more men when it scouted behind the Japanese lines. Most of its losses were senseless; for all General Cummings's incredible memory for detail and meticulous planning, he didn't foresee the outcome of the campaign—or, Mr. Mailer seems to suggest, of America.

Honest Nakedness

With its constant nervous tension, its relentless recording of the defecatory and copulatory detail of Army talk, its acute awareness of the mingling of inhuman strain with utter vacuity, "The Naked and the Dead" is one of most astringent stories to emerge from World War II. The prettiness of the war-time ads is utterly gone. The bitterness of the bivouacs is uncurbed. Restraint more powerful than any actual censorship, which mitigated the story told by any reporter or novelist in war time have at last been lifted. There is a fresh, honest nakedness in "The Naked and the Dead."

It is the novelist's privilege to select from the world the characters with which he wishes to deal; no one has a right to demand that his types be representative of the whole. Yet he restricts himself when he limits himself, as Mr. Mailer does, to as scrawny a lot of human beings as composed this I and R platoon; and if Mr. Mailer intended, as at times appears, to make a generalized comment on Army life, he might well have included some more savory samples. They were there, too. By a reverse logic, it is the artist's duty to select and suggest in incident and language, not merely to supply a phonographic recording of reality. There are times, in his endless repetitions of familiar four-letter words, when Mr. Mailer seems to have neglected that artist's duty. Yet there is no doubt about it: Mr. Mailer has created his own pattern. He is a novelist to watch.

COPY

COPY

c/o Lloyd Lowndes
Palisades, New York
May 6, 1948

Dear Stan,

I received your pleasant note but no proofs of Mailer's book. Being very busy with work, was not able to find time to call you. Read part of the book in someone else's proofs and think it's terrific. A courageous piece of publishing for which you are very much to be congratulated. Mail me a copy here and I'll send you in a statement when I've read the whole thing through. Though a little uneven, in my opinion, the good parts are much the best stuff to come out of World War II. The boy's a first rate novelist right as he stands.

Cordially,

/s/ JOHN DOS PASSOS

Dark
N.Y. Herald
Tribune

MORNING JOURNAL. JUNE 11, 1948.

פון דר. א. מוקדוני

עס איז אפשר דאס ערשטע קונסט
קערטע בוך וועגן דעם גלאבוסקרייג.
וואס מיר האבען אט דא נישט לאנג
אויסגעלעבט.
און עס איז דאס ווערק פון א איי
רשענע וועגן מלשעה וואס איז אלט
איןנאכען 25 יאהר.

אן אנאליזע פון איר
אן וואס עס אימפאנרט אידן אין
דעם דאזיגע מלחמה-יידן און די דר
אקטיוועס דער ישיבה-הדת און די ציי
טוגקייט פון מחבר.
ניטא קיין היסטאריע, ניטא קיין
שעלעכטיש און ניטא קיין פלאכאפיי
דזשינג. דערהערשטע שטייט אין
דעם דאזיגע בוך ווי אז די טומער
דזשע, שרייטעניגע און היסטארישע
מלחמה-יידן פון נאך דער ערשטער
וועלט-מלחמה.

און באשריבען טוט דער יונגער
מאכער, וואס הייסט נאכאזן מיללער,
מיט די נאנעט מלחמה און אפילו מיט
קליין גרויסע שלאכטען מיט זייער מא-
קאבערער און גרויליגער גרויסקייט.

ער פיהרט דא ניט ארויס קיין גרויס
מע קרינס'פיהרער און קיין ארמיווע
נייט, ער קען זיך באשרענקען, ער האט
באוויזען, און מען קען דורך א קליינע
גרויסקעלע פון זעלנער געבן די גאנצע
וועלט'טראגעדיע פון קריג.

וועגן טראגנדיג פאר איר
נארמאל מילעד פיהרט פאר איר
דורך אין אן איבער 700 זייטענע בוך
כלום א פלאטא, א קליינע גרופע פון
אויסשפיערע און א קליינעם אינזע
אין פאסיפיק און דורך דעם פלאטא
זעהט איהר די טראגנדיגע משוגע פון
מלחמה, וואס האט ארומגעקאכט
פאר איר. זיי זינד געווען פארנעם.

וועלט, איז איהר גאנצען פארנעם.
די קליינע איינפפירער גרופע בא-
שטעהט קורצליך פון א פאר ענטערלי-
כע מענטשן, וואס ווערט אנגעפיהרט פון
א סאדוועקט, א ברומאנער, אימאוו
פערנאנדעז, אבער א גוטער זעל-
נער, וואס פארשטעלט אים ווייטס פון
מער פון מיליטערישע חכמה פון דעם

בער דאס פארשטעלונגס-
 פערזענלעכע וועגלעך, וואס נעמט
 איבער אויף א קורצער צייט דאס
 באגעדע פאר אלעס פון אן אינאנצליש
 קליין און א פאר מען אהער.
 דער פאסטא האט צוויי אידיש-
 וועגער, איינע פאר אנלעשטיק, און דער
 צווייטער, ראטה. נאכדעם ווי
 ווייניגער אנלעשטיק פלייט, דער האט
 מירא באד אן וואונדער געטון.
 זיין באלידונגען נאכ פשוט פשוט
 איבערטראגען, א באלידונגען מאכט
 איהם פשוט פשוט דאנקט, אבער א
 און א ווייז, דאס בעסטעסעלעכע

פלא	נטפערען מיט א באליידיגונג אויף א
אין	אליידינגען אויף סתם צו קעמפערן גע
נעם	ען דער ברודערשאפט פון מענטשע
אין	ראטה אויף אן אינטעליגענטע
יאה	ר און אבער א מענטש וואו סתער
עם	אין וואו האט באקאנטער, א טויפערע
ב	וואנער אדווייטער ביז.
ער	קוקן אינמיטענעם וואו נישט צו
מען	אנטדעקען אויף דעם פלאטאוו נישט אוי
אפ	טוילע וואסען פאסירענען אויף דער
	זיד א גלייכער און גלייכער

וְהָיָה אִתְּךָ עִמָּךְ וְהָיָה אִתְּךָ עִמָּךְ
וְהָיָה אִתְּךָ עִמָּךְ וְהָיָה אִתְּךָ עִמָּךְ



נאדמאן מעילער

ביטערע אנטוועקענישע ווערטער,
דער גוטער אידישער "באדו" ווערט א
"דויטש באטראד" און ניו יארק, זיין
שטאדט, ווערט "דויטש יארק".
די זעלבע פון דער גרופע זינען

גדלם, אומויכענדיגע מענטשע, ווער
דענע און באנעמען זיך אין עפעס
ווי פון האלדזוילדע מענטשע.
ווי וועט ער וועטע, נומדעקובעל-
טע פאלען עפעס ווי שטיינע, ווער
העכט זיך אין ברוטאל און אויך
קומט אים אין אן עפעס נאכטע און
זי וועט פארשטעלעט

[illegible]

ה' ועשיתם וזו קללה נאמרם וכו'
 לער קען אידר ווי באוויינען איהר
 תרגם וכו' נאמרם וכו' וכו' וכו'
 לערען דערען וויינען קלען.
 אק ווי וועטשעס מיט ד' פלוינעס
 — ווי אזוי האט ד' דעמאנסטראציע
 אפערירט אויף איהר וואס האנדלענען
 פאר שולען אויפגעווענט אונזערע
 האנדלענעס מענטשן?
 וויין נאר נויטעס פארמאגטענענע
 נישט וויינען אזוי בוד נישט.
 דער איינמאל, אזוי וועלכע דער

פלאטון איז פארווארפטן געווארען
אויז ליטער דזשאנגל און שטוינער-
נע בערג.
פרייוואטער אויסשפיר מיטע, אז די
יאפאנעזישע ליניע איז צעשטעטערט,
אינאנצען צעשטעטערט.

און דאסר' ערשען ווייס איז די
יאפאנעזישע מיליטערישע זיכונג.
באטיסם מען די לוינט מוכטונג,
עס איז דא- א מיליטונגער גענעראל,
ער איז קלוג, און ווי יעדער קלוגער
מיינט אויסצולען ענינים ער איז דער
אקציאנעל ווי יעדער מיליטערעניש,
ער האלט אז אין איין פונקט איז
די מיליטער געריכט, נישט זיין נאציס
וויסע אנגעהאלטענע טייערע יאהר, דא
האט ער געמאכט א מיליט, אבער א
נומע דאקטעריש געזאגט איז ער וועלט
נישט גענוג געזונט צו ווערן גענעראל.

און פארשטעהן זיך אדער
שייננדיגער שטאלדלעך
איז דא שוין גענוג געווען
און פארשטעהן זיך אדער
די שטאלדלעך וועלען זיך
דאסעלבע פאר ווייניגער
פאר נאכדענקענדיג דייטשקייט
און גע
וואקסן.

עדיין איבערשטעלען.
עס שטארבען מענטשן, אבער אזוי
ווייניג פאלט זיי א קול פון וויסן
וואס וואסער דערשטאפט איינעם
אויפן פארלירט צומוט נעמלעך.
ס'ען איבער די דוואנעלע
עצור אין קייטלעך און אראפ
און וועלכע שטארק שווערלעך
אין די ערשט דערמאלען, איינע
שטעט און א באשעפער און קול אין

NEW YORK, N. Y.
HERALD TRIBUNE

JUL 1 - 1948

Hellman Play Confirmed

Confirmation was forthcoming yesterday of the story printed here last week that Lillian Hellman would dramatize Norman Mailer's war novel, "The Naked and the Dead," for Kermit Bloomgarden. The production will also be staged by Miss Hellman. It will mark her first play since "Another Part of the Forest." With his book now on most of the best-seller lists throughout the country, Mr. Mailer is enjoying a vacation in Italy.

בְּיָדוֹ, מִרְצָח מֵעַן אִיהֶם צוֹ אֶמְרֵד־
 לְיִשְׂרָאֵל וְנִפְתָּק, מֵעַן מִרְצָח אִיהֶם
 לֵאמֹר, כִּמְשׁ מֵלֹחַ, בְּעַם עַר אֶמְרֵד־
 וְנִפְתָּק, אִין מִרְצָח, וְיִשְׁמְעוּ אֲבֵר־
 וְיִנֵּעַ חֲבֵרִים, אוֹ עַר מִרְצָח וְנִפְתָּק־
 נִיט מִרְצָחֵם מִיט דִּרְכֵּנְדֵּעֲלֵרֵם
 יִשְׁמְעוּ, אֲבֵר דֵּר מִרְצָחֵם וְיִנֵּעַ
 נִיט וְיִשְׁמְעוּ אִין הֲעֵרֵם, עַר וְיִנֵּעַ וְיִנֵּעַ
 אֲבֵר, מֵעַן מִיט אִיהֶם נִפְתָּקֵם וְנִפְתָּקֵם
 עוֹר עַר מִרְצָחֵם.

עם איז טויט אהן גלארע.
עם איז אפער גאר ניטא קיין טויט
מיט גלארע.
דער מיליטאריזם האט אויסגע-
טראכט די דאזיגע באפע מעשה, די
מעשה וועגן טויט מיט גלארע...

ניטא קיין העלדישקייט, עס זיינען
דא גרויסע און אויפגינגע מענטשן

זיידען
 ניטא קיין ראכאנטישקייט אין
 קרוי, עס איז דא ברוטאליטעט, עס
 איז דא געשוואלענע פיס פון געהן
 איבער דוואננעלע און פון פלוצערן
 אויף בערג, ניטא קיין הייליגע זיגען.
 עס זינען דא ביידע דוואננעל-פלי-
 גער, וואס מאכט דאס לעבען ביידע
 ראכע, עס זינען דא און א צאהל
 פלאנען און יומרים.

פלאגער און יסורים.
דאס אלץ לעבט דורך דער פשוט'ער
וועלטער. ער טראגט איינע זיינע פלייז
עס די ליידען און די פלאגען פון
מלחמה.
אין ער ביטער זיינע זיינע ווער
טער נאכעמט, גראבע און אומגעלומט

אבער נאכטאן מיינע, דער מחבר,
און דא נישט קיין פאציפישט, נישט קיין
פרידנער פון אייביגען שלום, נישט
קיין רעוואלוציאנער און נישט קיין מא-
טעריאלישער און א ביימאלישער, א בא-
שענער פון א גאנצן וועלט.

רעכטן: ער איז א קינסטלער, א
נאכטער קינסטלער און א רייפער
קינסטלער פאר זיינע יאהרען, און
ער האלט פאר איין בילדער, פיהרס
פאר איין דוד מענשען, פארשדענע
מענשען אין דער מלחמה, פון א נע-
גער, און זיינע "קריסטלעך".

נעמאל ב'ו'ן לעצטען "פריוועט".
ער איז א אידישער וונגער מענטש
ער באהאנדלט זיך דא און דארט מיט
אידישע ווערטער און אידישע אויס-
דרוקען. זיי ווייזען גרויסע צי צולי-
ווען שולד, אדער צוליב דער שולד פ-
ר א געזעצער און קאדעקסטארם, ווי
איר נישט.

אין נים.
ניס און זיין בוד קיין שום פילע
זאפע און אפילו נים קיין דזערהייגע
מוכר-השכל.
ער איז א מאלער.
און ער איז א מאלער מיט א גרו
סער לובע און מיט א שארפע און

ען אויך ניט, אפילו קיין נארהאט-
טיגע געוויקסען זיינען דא אויך נייט.
און צו וואס דארף מען דעם דא-
גאנצן געזאגט פון נאך איי מיטגליד

ווייניג וויסמען פון גאט און פלעטן
פארנעמענעם אינעל? און דער תירוץ—עס איז א סטרא-
טעגישער אינעל, ער ליגט אויפ'ן
אין דער טעמפא דא א לאנגזאמער
און דא ליגט ער און ער ליגט און ער ליגט

און דאס לעבעז און קאפא ווינען איד
האנוואס, און די דאזיגע לאנאוואסקייט
טוען לעבעז ויד אב איינ'ן געמיט פון
די וועלטער און אויף ווער גאנצען
כאנעמען 74.
און די לאנאוואסקייט בפירוש ניט

דאס בוך איז דורכאויס דעאליג
מיט געשריבען עס איז א בוך ווי א

מיט געשריבען עס איז א בוך ווי אגע
רעאליטישע ביכער. אבער א יונגער
שרייבער ווילט זיך איהם זיין נוי אריינ
ארעינעל.
זיינע דא אינטערעסענע און כאי
רעז און בוך.
אינמיטען איז דאס קאפיטעל, וועל
כט איז דעם הינטערגרונט פון דעם
אויסגאנג פון דעם בוך.

אדער יענעם זעלנער, גענעראל, קיין
רושער און ליטעוואנט.
עס איז א ביזנאסישע דערגעשעניש
רישע אינטערעסעס, און זי מאכט
איר קלאר דעם באדאכטער פון דעם
מענטש, איהר זעהט זיי ניט בלויז
אויפן איינעם זיי זעלנער, איהר זעהט
זיי אין זייער היים, און זייער סביבה
און זייער פאמיליע און איר

אין ווער פאמיליע און אין זיין
שטאדט, אדער שטערטעל.
די בארען גיבען איידר די שטוב
גען פון דער ווייטגער וועלט, פון די
וועלט, וואס איז ווייט פון די שלאכ
פאלדער, פון די אינזלען.

א הוי דעם וואס עס פאלט לוי
אויף די מענטשען און מיר זעהען
דייטליכער און פארשטעהען זיי ב
סוף האבען די אינטערמעצעס
די בארען נאך אן אויפמאכע אן גע
לייב — זיי ברעכען די באגאנע

ליך — זיי ברענגן די באגערטע
קייט פון דער זערהעלונג און דער
געזארג ארויס דערבענגקייט און דער
זעהלונג.
עס איז נאך קיין ספע ניט, אז
גענישט ליטעראטור האט דא א
עם, פרישען טאלאנט, ער איז שוין
רויכער שרייבער, און מען דארף אים
אויסגעצויגן און אים שטעלן אין

אויפגעטון אין דעם צענטל פון
זאנערדיגע שטייבערס.
אין דעם איז גאר קיין פפס נישט
ער איז אידיש, ער דעמאנסטרירט
עס נישט, ער איז אידש מיט נאך
און נאטירליכער זעלבסטארישע

דעם זאמען יונג וועט באשטעלן
און ווערן מיט בעהאנדלונג, דיאגנא-
סטישער, ראדעל, דאסעל, דעניס
און בערגלעך.
אין דער צייט פון "היטערמאסען"
וועט מען שטאמען ווערן דור שטעט
דייטשן און בארען פאר דעם פאס-
טענער היינט וואס נעהט איינפאל-
שטענע ווערן און אסאך צווייטע מיט-
א'וועלע סעס און איינציג און
ענערן זיך, דאס וועלע זיך באטייליגט
אין דער שטעטלעך.

נאך מיט
כונג, און
זיך ווערן
און פארעל-
נענע ווערן
אויסגעשטע-
און
ווערן
ווערן פון
און סא-
ווערן פון
ווערן פון

[illegible]



THE PRESS WEEKLY BOOK PAGE

Edited by Emerson Price

N.M.:o - Magnificent! - E.P.

THE CLEVELAND PRESS, Tuesday, May 11, 1948

"Through his numbness, through his disbelief, he had a thought before he crashed into the rocks far below. He wanted to live. A little man tumbling through space."

—Norman Mailer in THE NAKED AND THE DEAD.

N.M.: - Magnificent! - E.P.



THE PRESS WEEKLY BOOK PAGE

Edited by Emerson Price

Book by Mailer Is Hailed as Greatest War Novel Produced This Century

By EMERSON PRICE

The reading of Norman Mailer's **THE NAKED AND THE DEAD** (Rinehart, \$4) is a shocking experience likely to inflict many deep wounds upon the timid. It also provides the stuff of which enormous rage is compounded in the mind of the professional moralist, whose prim intelligence cannot recall the urgencies of physical life without shuddering.

Indeed, I predict that the rage of the moralist will find immediate expression in anguished shrieks and bellows that will be heard in the far ends of the land. These thunderous protests, of course, will elicit sympathetic responses among those who believe that men will become moral if we only pretend that evil does not exist.

So I suggest you prepare to take sides in the heated dispute bound to arise over the propriety of this huge 721-page novel. For you are going to read it, soon or late—and whatever your position, you will find it unlike anything you have read before. It stands alone.

Because of its tremendous power, and because it is in the larger sense a war novel, some reviewers may feel compelled to compare this work with that of John Dos Passos or of Ernest Hemingway. I think such a comparison may be dismissed. After reading this novel, you may feel inclined to regard the work of Dos Passos and Hemingway as somehow cautious and restrained.

Mailer has brought to war the aspect of adjustment — both incomprehensible and ineffective — for human delinquency. Its source is a corrupt and imperfect society which paradoxically makes physical conflict a periodic necessity, and yet arrogantly describes itself as "civilization."

The story is that of a group of American soldiers from the time of their landing on a Japanese-held island in the Pacific until the end of the campaign, when the Japanese are either killed or captured.

In long sections of the book captioned "The Tune Machine," Mailer

employs flash-backs in order to recapture for the reader the earlier lives of his characters. 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.

It is a society shamelessly indifferent to the needs of its individual members, and one unable to consolidate any worthy aim. However, it provides certain environmental restraints. These have been removed by war, and we are thus able to anticipate the behavior of Mailer's characters on a Pacific island.

The superb characters in this book are far too numerous for full mention here. Among them are Gen. Edward Cummings, directing the campaign — a power-hungry man who believes that fascism must become the American dream; Lieut. Robert Hearn, an intellectual unable to resolve his own emotional conflict; Sgt. Sam Croft, a murderer, and Red Valsen, a product of the great depression; cynical, twisted, fatalistic. There are many, many others. And, of course, there are fear and pain and blood and death.

One of the most impressive and powerful sections of the book describes an American patrol beyond Japanese lines. For sustained terror and accurate translation of complete physical exhaustion, this has no parallel in American literature.

The reader who is devoted to the notion of the American soldier as he was so often pictured in advertisements during the war is likely to be shocked and revolted

by this abrupt and caustic denial that he was a smiling, good natured and heroic hometown boy.

The soldier's language—as it appears here—was a persistently horrible and obscene expression of his resentment. He was in constant rebellion against participation in a dreadful war he did not understand; he was in a state of terror among a thousand dangers of the jungle. If he was homesick, he nevertheless received, on occasion, the evidence of his wife's disloyalty, and if he did not, he expected to receive it.

Thus his resentment and bitterness and frustration often turned to cruelty. He found, at times, that the return of Japanese prisoners to his own lines was a considerable chore. So he murdered them. (If this is true, it might be attributed to the limited perception of many Europeans and Americans which would deprive the Oriental of a place in the human family.)

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; that

it is a violent denial of what we pretend are the aims of society.

However that may be, I think I shall remain bound to this opinion: It is the greatest war novel produced in this century.

NORMAN MAILER'S FINE war novel

"The Naked and the Dead" (Rinehart) is enjoying the success it deserves, despite the carping of readers who find the language too outspoken for comfort. Critic Robert L. Perkin, in the *Rocky Mountain News*, effectively answered such critics, and incidentally sparked a flock of reorders from all parts of Colorado, with these pungent paragraphs:

Veterans who returned also will recognize, probably with personal embarrassment, the language used by the GI's under General Cummings on Anopopei. Mailer (himself Leyte alum) writes GI as it is spoke. Mailer's book will be criticized for the language his soldiers use.

GI talk is over-pungent, repetitious, and unimaginative in its expletives. But it is neither obscene nor blasphemous. And that is where the nicenely critics of Mailer's book are going to botch the job when they screech.

Army and Navy "cuss words"

JUNE 19, 1948 SATURDAY
REVIEW OF LITERATURE

carry a heavy freight of emotion (normally disgust), and absolutely no meaning. Dictionary meanings of the individual words are as remote as Sanskrit from the mind of the cussier.

The GI, for instance, who lashes out with (to choose a mild one): "That goddam bastard!" is taking neither the Deity nor the parentage of his victim in vain. God has nothing whatever to do with "goddam," and if "bastard" means uncertain parentage, let the sonsabitchin' biologists hunt themselves into a new word.

The GI isn't blaspheming, nor, at the moment, being obscene. He is merely a man, as pure in heart as any, who is much put-upon, who has been handed society's most filthy job, and who is toweringly and continually browned-off about the whole affair.

There is obscenity in Mailer's book. It is in the mind and heart of General Cummings. Cummings is a brilliant man, a gifted tactician, sharp of wit and suave of manner, knows instinctively the words to use to keep his men thinking he is a right Joe. He's a scholar whose knowledge passes his understanding, and he is a Fascist by choice. He repeats, and believes, that war is man's natural state. He worships power, and his ambition already scales ahead to the day he sees when he will share the consolidated power of America with a few other conscienceless men like himself. His proposals for all other lesser men: "The role of the 20th Century man is anxiety." Mailer repeats the general's diagnosis several times, and at the end it becomes the dominating, continuing, unanswered question of the book. . . .

DAILY VARIETY
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

JUN 22 1948

STORY BUYS

James Nasser Productions yesterday shot its opening bid to publishers Rinehart & Company, Inc., for rights to "The Naked and the Dead," the novel by Norman Mailer. Story is set against South Pacific background.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
TIMES

JUN 12 1948

Norman Mailer, 25-year-old author of "The Naked and the Dead," an epic first novel written out of his varied experiences as a GI in the South Pacific, is at present traveling on the continent with his wife, an ex-Wave. He is expected to return in August of this year.

THE WORLD IN BOOKS
BOSTON, MASS.

JUN - 1948

Book Club News . . . The Stillwell Papers (Sloane), edited by T. H. White, has been selected by the Book Find Club for June distribution. Their choice for July is "The Naked and the Dead" (Rinehart), by Norman Mailer. For

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUN 26 1948

MERLE MILLER, author of "That Winter" (Sloane) and associate editor of *Harper's*, is the new book reviewer for *Pic* magazine. In the July issue, now on the stands, he reviews six current novels in the full-page feature, "Male Reading," including "The Naked and the Dead," "Kiss Tomorrow Good-Bye," and "An American

Forest Hills, N.Y.
Post
6/3/48

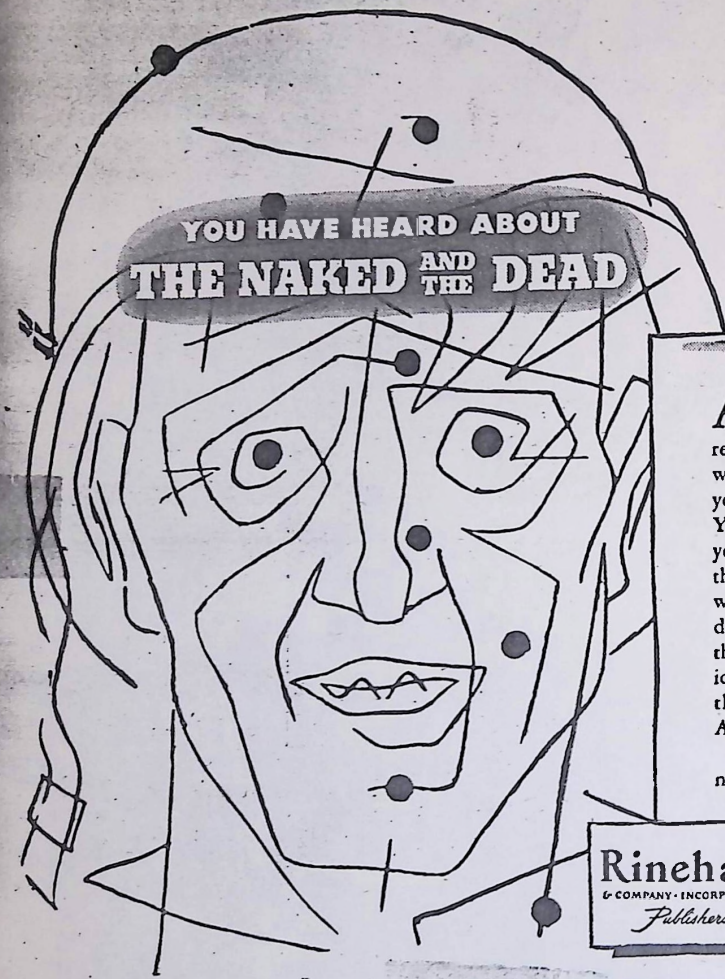
Norman Mailer, 25-year old ex-GI from Brooklyn, writes of much discussed first novel *The Naked and the Dead*:

"When it was done, I could feel, and still feel, that for all its faults the book represented a life-view, a compound of ironies, subtleties, rebodings, assertions, emotional responses, etc. which all of us have, and which are impossible to express in speech . . . I wish 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." Mr. Mailer's novel—*is* written out of his wartime



NORMAN MAILER

Book Find Club selection—*is* now traveling in



YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

A GREAT NOVEL is a living experience to everyone who reads it. *The Naked and the Dead* will live in your mind long after you have turned the last page. You will remember every man you meet here. Their language, their thoughts, may shock; these were only dirty soldiers in a very dirty war, but when you know their story, you will be proud to identify yourself with them. For these men were—and are—America.

Written by a young rifleman named Norman Mailer. At every bookstore. 721 pages. \$4.00

Rinehart
A COMPANY INCORPORATED
Publishers

N.Y.
NEWS
6/25/48

And because we're being "mental" in every way this week, we suggest a new novel which is sure

to leave a lasting impression: Robert Mailer's "The Naked And The Dead." This is a savagely realistic novel of men caught in jungle warfare—"the naked," self-seeking officers, and "the dead," hopelessly rebellious foot soldiers. Ranging from slums to Beacon Hill backgrounds, each man is prey, in varying degree, to the self-destructive inner drives of jealousy, greed, boredom, bravado, and starved sex; together, they bring into sharp focus a multitude of human and social problems.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
HERALD TRIBUNE

JUN 29 1948

BOOKS AND THINGS

By LEWIS GANNETT

AT THIS halfway point in the year, 1948 appears, from the booksellers' point of view, to be the Year of the Kinsey Report.

Year of the Kinsey Report

This ponderous three-pound, 804-page preliminary report on a scientific study, matted with difficult statistical tables and selling at the neat price of \$6.50, was published Jan. 6 under circumstances which led many booksellers at least to talk of boycotting it. It made its first inodest appearance at the bottom of the Herald Tribune's best-seller chart at the end of that month, climbed to seventh place at the end of February and to fourth place at the end of March, and ever since has been in the first five, jostling Joshua Loth Liebman's "Peace of Mind," Arnold Toynbee's "Civilization on Trial" and Dale Carnegie's "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living" for the lead.

Its somewhat misleading title, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," of course was primarily responsible for its phenomenal sale, but the phenomenon remains, and should provide comfortable material for discussion for years to come—but by psychologists and sociologists rather than by book critics.

Good Novels of 1948

Some of the novels heading the best-seller lists in the fiction class might well have borne the same title as the Kinsey Report, but Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," currently ranking in second place in sales, will be long remembered—and re-read—among the best of the war stories of World War II. Cynics might suggest that Mr. Mailer's deft reproductions of the four-letter vocabulary of the American soldier has something to do with its commercial success, and they would be right, but the book has also made its way on sheer merit. And no cynic can explain the success of Alan Paton's "Cry the Beloved Country," that strange and austere beautiful novel which came to us unheralded from South Africa, on any such terms. This book, while it has never reached the top of the commercial lists, has quietly retained a middle rank ever since it appeared in February. These two novels, it seems to me, are the bright spots on the 1948 book lists, yet neither of them was a major book-club selection.

Truman Capote's "Other Voices, Other Rooms" made its brief sensation—a spectacular piece of writing, with nothing much to say. "Raintree County" seemed to me a pretty good book, over-written and overpraised. Merle Miller's "That Winter" was a skillfully handled documentation of post-war moods, as was Hiram Haydn's "The Time Is Noon." George Stewart's (forest) "Fire" offered some of the liveliest reading of the year. For readers with caviar palates, I. Compton-Burnett's "Bullivant

and the Lambs" has a pleasant exotic tang. Miss Compton-Burnett's wry dialogue has a flavor utterly English, and all her own.

And Other Books of the Year

Of the war memoirs "Jim Farley's Story" was pettily personal, Cordell Hull's "Memoirs" dignified and dull, Henry L. Stimson's "On Active Service" had a fine old Roman quality, "The Stilwell Story" of war in China was peppery beyond normal courtesies, and Winston Churchill's "The Gathering Storm" was—Winston Churchill. . . . Dumas Malone's "Thomas Jefferson, Virginian" inaugurated what will evidently be the definitive biography of our third President.

One curious phenomenon of the semester was the sudden rain of good books from Africa—Mr. Paton's "Cry the Beloved Country"; a first novel by a native African, Peter Abraham's "Path of Thunder"; Rebecca Reyher's "Zulu Woman," and Esther Warner's appealing account of the life of an American artist in Liberia, "New Song in a Strange Land." No continent sent us better books in 1948. I do not recall any year that has given us as many good books about Africa.

Where We Sell Books Abroad

Meanwhile, we export books as well as read them. The current issue of the trade journal "Publishers' Weekly" gives interesting figures on American book exports in 1947—a total value of \$34,294,851, a figure more than double that for the war year of 1945, and almost equal to the \$29,000,000 worth of books exported in the same year by the British, traditionally the world's great book exporters.

Canada is our best book market (almost \$8,000,000), the United Kingdom ranks second; surprisingly, the Philippine Republic (to whom we sold more than \$3,000,000 worth of books in 1947) is in third place. Australia, South Africa, India, China, Brazil, Mexico and New Zealand follow in that order. Naturally, exports to English-speaking lands are large; the British Commonwealth of Nations takes almost two-thirds of all the books we export. But it is worth noting that the total figure for the countries of the Pacific, including Australia, is almost as large as that for all Europe—and this despite the fact that Army policy kept Japan almost totally out of the American book market.

It is also worth noting that Eire ranks twenty-ninth as a book importer, barely nosing out the Dutch East Indies. An item on another page of "Publishers' Weekly" may explain this. For the guidance of exporters, it says, Eason and Sons, Ltd., 79 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, have compiled a list of books prohibited for distribution in Eire under the censorship of publications act. This list includes 2,200 titles. As censors the Irish easily outrank the Philadelphians!

War Novelist

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart and Company. \$4.

ALTHOUGH the trade for three years now has been rejecting war books, it has not rejected this one. "The Naked and the Dead" is very definitely a war book. War as seen in Norman Mailer's mind, and the book itself is intense with hate and uncompromising in its development of its facts. There is entertainment here, but not on the belly-laugh level, not on the "Mr. Roberts" level. The entertainment in "The Naked and the Dead" consists of poetic emotion and intellectual concepts of the life of humanity presented in parable and symbol. That kind of stuff never rubbed two dimes together in any author's pocket; yet in the first month of its publication the sale of "The Naked and the Dead" averaged 8,000 copies a week. If it is not yet certain of becoming the darling of the bookstores, it is certain of being the season's only significant novel to have a large sale.

On the surface it may seem that a trend in the national emotion has been reversed. But perhaps the event of this book's success is less dramatic than that. There is an enormous hunger in all our minds for further knowledge of the war we have just endured. The war is down in our unconscious now and burrowing there and pressing its great shapeless weight deep into us. It is unmanageable, except by knowledge. The war books the public has passed listlessly by have been those which have not extended its knowledge but have merely added detail or color or depth or intensity of emotion to the picture it already had. "The Naked and the Dead" extends our knowledge.

Although the book is a novel and its author is a fine story-teller, the most powerful talents displayed here are those of the journalist. The story is reported. It is not so much a reading of life as a description in depth of an event in life. Mr. Mailer begins his story where the popular war correspondents of yesterday working over the same ground began theirs—on a troop ship steaming in for a landing on a Pacific island. The story then advances, as the news stories did, in an assault boat, gains the beach, and spreads inland.

Going inland, Mr. Mailer in his working habits walks the path followed by Ernie Pyle, John Hersey, and quite a few others, your reviewer included. He attaches himself to a small unit and reports its activities, hoping in this way to get the whole story—the big picture and the detail of it. Mr. Mailer's unit is an intelligence and reconnaissance platoon working out of division head-

quarters. Such outfits always were the target for the war correspondent rooting around in this field. By following them he got a campaign on the staff and the working-stiff level. On the front one couldn't see the war for the people in it, and back at headquarters one couldn't see the people for the war they were in, but an I. and R. platoon was involved in both, in the war and its people. Mr. Mailer sticks to his platoon and headquarters and achieves a full, accurate, and broad picture of exactly what a typical campaign for a Pacific island was like.

The extension Mr. Mailer creates over the journalists who preceded him in this field and whose work is now of interest only to antiquarians and specialists consists fundamentally, I think, of an attitude. I believe that neither his gifts nor the tremendous labor he put into his book would have availed him in winning popular gratitude had he not also offered this new, more knowledgeable attitude toward the events of that day.

Like Mr. Mailer, the popular war correspondents were reporting to their readers the echoes they found in themselves of the events they were reporting. And like Mr. Mailer, the war correspondents on the whole made heroic efforts to capture the truth of these events. But no man hears more of the truth than the echoes of it his mind conveys to him, and when a man is in battle his brain becomes a defensive weapon in his head. However he grapples with it, it has a will of its own on such occasions and provides him, not with truth, but with the echoes of it which will enable him to survive. Thus what correspondents of the day produced while breaking the trail which Mr. Mailer follows was a description that was accurate on its surface but false—or at least only temporarily true—internally.

The public was quite content with

at the ABA Convention at the booth which Pantheon shared with Batsford. After the convention, this display was sent to Kroch's Book Store in Chicago, and from there it will be sent to Halle Brothers, Cleveland, where it will remain until mid-July. After that, it will be available to booksellers on request.

The book has had generally very good reviews. Doubleday's WQXR program recently called it "the third most important book of the year," the other two being "The Naked and the Dead" (Rinehart) and "World Without Mercy" (Doubleday).

The NATION

June 26, 1948

723

this at the time. It would have rejected the book that did more than this or less. For we were all in the same boat during the war. Whether at home or on the battlefield, our minds were one great cry for survival. Now readers find themselves bored by the war books that once moved them profoundly; they read Mr. Mailer because in his mind as in theirs the cry has changed, and he can tell the story more accurately than it was told before.

As a war novelist, Mr. Mailer does one thing better than any American has ever done it. He reports on officer's country and enlisted men's country with equal accuracy. His people are Mexicans and Jews, Southerners, Westerners, and Easterners, urban and rural, liberals and Christian Frontiers. He has poetry in him and ideas, as well as a remarkable gift for story-telling. We are lucky, I think, that we have a writer of such quality to satisfy our hunger for more knowledge about the war.

IRA WOLFERT

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
JOURNAL

JUN 27 1948

THE LITERARY GUIDEPOST

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer, 31 pp., Rinehart, N.Y.

This is, in our opinion, the most worthwhile novel by an enlisted man and about enlisted men to come out of the war. It is fair and true, but it is more than a compelling piece of fiction. It is an excellent first novel with commendable psychological treatment of the American fighting man by an author only 25. And any service man who reads it; who is not at the same time an ex-officer, will recognize its service to the man who does the fighting when the chips are down.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD is the sorry spectacle of our troops in the field. It has a commendably unique presentation, a flashback device that is ancient but somehow effective here, and the portrayal of all the bitter, malignant forces of petty jealousy, the crass and powerful corruption of the rankest authority, the brutality that is associated in fact and fiction with top sergeants is powerfully done.

For all those soldiers who saw Pacific duty, for all those who brought something else than a coral-hard exterior to their soldiering, this book will prove an uncomfortable piece of writing.

It tells the story of a major general, a lieutenant, a top sergeant and a short-handed platoon. They are engaged with the rest of a division in the conquest of an island far in the Pacific. The island is a fictional piece of

sand, forest and an awesome mountain. The physical characteristics of jungle and rock have something to do with the characters of the men who subdue it. The Japanese enemy is incidental.

The major general is a West Pointer. The lieutenant is an unadjusted rich man's son. The sergeant is a Texan with icewater for blood. The rest of the men even as you and I. Their reflective moods and suspenseful interrogation really make the best reading in the book.

The book sets at naught the old publishing maxim that war books won't sell when the war is in process of being forgotten. But here the message is plain. To these men who survive, none of this is ever forgotten. It is all painful, nauseous experience, far, far from home and among surroundings where sympathy and understanding are entirely absent.

The conversation, the attitudes, the fears and doubts and mental torture of men who feel they can never be sure of anything again, who doubt their wives and scourge themselves with tenuous hopes for an uncertain future, are all here.

Fighting men will recognize this book. It is a part of something they lived through. Mailer, for all his 25 years, has done a masterful job at lifting something now some years old into a bright and overpowering focus.

At \$4, it's worth every penny of it.

W. H. A.

18

L+

'NAKED AND DEAD' TO BE DRAMATIZED

Bloomgarden to Offer Lillian Hellman's Adaptation of Best-Selling War Novel in Fall

By LOUIS CALTA

Norman Mailer's best-selling war novel, "The Naked and the Dead" is to be made into a play by Lillian Hellman for Kermit Bloomgarden, who plans to put it on the Broadway stage in the fall. A first novel by the author, "The Naked and the Dead" is a story of an imaginary battle in the Pacific, pointing up the brutality of modern war. The emphasis, however, is on the character of a dozen men; what kind of men they were before they landed on a jungle island, and what kind of men they become under the stress of warfare.

Having served as a rifleman in a reconnaissance platoon on Leyte and Luzon and as a cook and baker in Japan, Mr. Mailer knows whereof he writes. The twenty-five-year-old writer, born in New Jersey, raised in Brooklyn and educated at Harvard is on vacation in Italy with his wife at the moment and is expected here early in August when Miss Hellman should be finished with her dramatization. She also will direct, by the way, and this will be her first play since "Another Part of the Forest" occupied the Fulton Theatre in 1946.

Mr. Bloomgarden is negotiating with Montgomery Clift, last seen here in "You Touch Me," for the role of Lieutenant Hearn. The indications are that the production will be an ambitious one, with forty to fifty players being employed. Also on the producer's production schedule are Kenneth White's "The Inconceivable War" and the untitled Louis Solomon-Arnaud d'Usseau play, which will probably be done after the Hellman play.

People Who Read and Write

PRETTY much of opposite schools, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Norman Mailer nevertheless have something in common—Mr. Mailer's novel, "The Naked and the Dead," is already a runaway seller and Mr. Churchill's "The Gathering Storm" gives every indication that it will follow suit.

First printing by Rinehart for "The Naked and the Dead" was a 25,000-copy run. Reorders came in at a furious rate, including a one-day take of 6,000 copies. Rinehart then printed 20,000 copies, and is currently on the press with a third printing of 15,000. All in all, a total of 60,000 copies, not counting book club sales (it's the Book Find selection for July), which at \$4 the copy is a reasonable piece of the national income.

Mr. Churchill's "The Gathering Storm" (see page 1) was given a 75,000-copy printing by Houghton Mifflin and then a second, pre-publication printing of 25,000 additional copies, with paper currently on the way for a third printing. (It's also the BOM club selection for July.) Language rights have been sold in German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Hebrew, Icelandic. Three French editions are under way (Paris, Geneva, Brussels), and two Spanish (Barcelona, Buenos Aires). Negotiations are being carried on for publication in Finnish, Turkish, Arabic, Japanese, Persian and other languages. (What? No Esperanto?) But—an eloquent footnote to the political times—Czech language editions have been canceled.

Cerf-Sufficient

ALL was quiet the other day on the western front in Chicago during the American Booksellers' forty-eighth annual convention—until Random House president Bennett Cerf whipped out a pocket-sized shillelagh and brought on an unanticipated and partisan commotion. Amid hisses and applause, Mr. Cerf gave the booksellers what-for for running to Washington to register their disapproval of the book clubs. There are enough controls, enough Washington interference, Mr. Cerf orated, irately. Why didn't the sellers and the clubs sit down together and give the lions and the lambs a lesson in fraternization? There are plenty of book club abuses (Mr. Cerf didn't take the time to tick them off), but none that couldn't be eradicated by some civilized talk.

That, however, wasn't crucial. There was, Mr. Cerf said, a pretty good reason for sales being down: there weren't many good books being published. It was as simple as that. This spring, for instance, only three books—he said—had come out that were worth the reader's good time: "The Ides of March," by Thornton Wilder; "Cry the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton; "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.

Since none of the three novels is Random House property, a hot rumor went around that an objective publisher had at last been located. When we spoke to Mr. Cerf, however, we learned that

The Best Sellers

May 30
June 6
June 13
This Week

An analysis based on reports from leading book sellers in 22 cities, showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles, and their relative standing over the past 3 weeks.

Fiction

13	4	2	1	The Naked and the Dead. Mailer
2	1	1	2	Pilgrim's Inn. Goudge
4	2	3	3	The Golden Hawk. Yerby
1	3	4	4	Raintree County. Lockridge
	10	6	5	Peony. Buck
3	5	5	6	Parris Mitchell of Kings Row. The Bellamanns
		13	7	Bright Feather. Wilder
6	6	8	8	Eagle in the Sky. Mason
5	7	7	9	The Ides of March. Wilder
7	8	9	10	The Bishop's Mantle. Turnbull
			11	The Foolish Gentlewoman. Sharp
12	9	10	12	No Trumpet Before Him. White
8	12	15	13	The Time Is Noon. Haydu
9	15	12	14	Everybody Slept Here. Arnold
			15	Asylum for the Queen. Jordan
10	11	14	16	Fire. Stewart

The Best Sellers

June 6
June 13
June 20
This Week

An analysis based on reports from leading book sellers in 22 cities, showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles, and their relative standing over the past 3 weeks.

Fiction

4	2	1	1	The Naked and the Dead. Mailer
1	1	2	2	Pilgrim's Inn. Goudge
2	3	3	3	The Golden Hawk. Yerby
10	6	5	4	Peony. Buck
3	4	4	5	Raintree County. Lockridge
5	5	6	6	Parris Mitchell of Kings Row. The Bellamanns
		11	7	The Foolish Gentlewoman. Sharp
6	8	8	8	Eagle in the Sky. Mason
	13	7	9	Bright Feather. Wilder
8	9	10	10	The Bishop's Mantle. Turnbull
9	10	12	11	No Trumpet Before Him. White
7	7	9	12	The Ides of March. Wilder
		15	13	Asylum for the Queen. Jordan
			14	The World Is Not Enough. Oldenbourg
11	14	16	15	Fire. Stewart
			16	House Divided. Williams

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUN 26 1948

Best Sellers of the Week

PILGRIM'S INN

Elizabeth Goudge. Coward, \$3.

A new Literary Guild printing brings the total number of copies to 615,000.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

Norman Mailer. Rinehart, \$4.

Coming up rapidly to the top, with almost 40,000 copies sold. 2,500 in the past week.

THE GOLDEN HAWK

Frank Yerby. Dial, \$3.

550,000 book club copies and 91,000 through the trade make a total of 641,000 sold.

PEONY

Pearl S. Buck. John Day, \$3.

The newest best seller in fiction is going ahead at a good rate.

RAINTREE COUNTY

Ross Lockridge, Jr. Houghton, \$3.95

The oldest title on the list has been a best seller for six months.

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford, \$3.50

Excellent sales everywhere.

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE

A. C. Kinsey and others. Saunders, \$6.50

Reported high in sales throughout the country in its fifth month as a leading nonfiction best seller.

PEACE OF MIND

Joshua L. Liebman. S. & S., \$2.50

In its 27th month of best sellerdom.

MALABAR FARM

Louis Bromfield. Harper, \$3.75

First in Cleveland stores, second in Chicago, report the Press and the Daily News.

JIM FARLEY'S STORY

James A. Farley. Whittlesey, \$3.50

Whittlesey House is putting on a drive timed for the Philadelphia conventions, with a special offer for bookstore orders.



*Selling faster
than any novel we
have published since*
ANTHONY ADVERSE

the Naked and the Dead

WE PUBLISHED Norman Mailer's novel on May 6th, with a first printing of 25,000 copies. By publication day just under 15,000 copies had been bought by booksellers. Then they started reordering.

In the next seven days we shipped or "back ordered" **12,812** copies—and were out of stock.

MEANWHILE the Haddon Crafts-men had put a second edition to press—15,000 copies (all we could get paper for). Through their enthusiastic cooperation this entire edition is being printed and bound in under ten days—a phenomenal record. These books should have arrived in your bookstore by the time this advertisement appears.

A third edition of 20,000 copies (total to date, 60,000 copies) has been started to press to take care of the orders which have been piling up. If you intend to read Norman Mailer's remarkable novel we suggest that you place your order with your bookseller now to avoid disappointment.

NY Times 6/20/48

NEWS of the THEATER

By BERT McCORD

Todd Planning Musical

Even these hot days, Michael Todd can be found at his office hard at work on preparations for the new musical in which he will star Bobby Clark. But the showman is not in a talkative mood. Asked yesterday to confirm a report that the music would be written by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, Mr. Todd retorted simply that he wasn't ready to make any announcements of any kind. He did say that his show should not be confused with another musical dealing with the life of Bobby Clark and written by Kay Swift. As for Mr. Clark, he is in Los Angeles at the moment where "Sweethearts" is in the second of a three-week engagement at Edwin Lester's Civic Light Opera. Last week, the show grossed \$43,500.

Hellman Play Confirmed

Confirmation was forthcoming yesterday of the story printed here last week that Lillian Hellman would dramatize Norman Mailer's war novel, "The Naked and the Dead," for Kermit Bloomgarden. The production will also be staged by Miss Hellman. It will mark her first play since "Another Part of the Forest." With his book now one of the best-seller lists throughout the country, Mr. Mailer is enjoying a vacation in

Lillian Hellman



Who will dramatize Norman Mailer's novel, "The Naked and the Dead," for Kermit Bloomgarden

Christmas. . . . Eileen Prince, Robert Griffen and George Neuse have been added to the cast of "Grandma's Diary."

BOOK REVIEW

Mailer's Best Seller Gripping Shocker of Men and Death

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD Norman Mailer. New York: Rinehart and Company.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD is no novel for the squeamish. Norman Mailer tells a gripping and at times shocking story of the events that lead up to a patrol in the Pacific during the recent war, and the story of the patrol itself. At best, this is an epic account of men living side by side with death; at its worst, it is a profane tract against the indignities of war.

The protagonists of this novel are the men of a reconnaissance platoon; they are portrayed against the squalor of troopships and the lush backgrounds of a tropical island. Tortured by the strain of continual battle with the Japs, and their own more intensely personal war with the discomforts of life in the tropics, they goad each other the effort a release from tension. They are ultimately designated to make a patrol behind the enemy lines, but they are unsuccessful. They return to find that the mission was futile as well as disastrous.

It would be hard to name a recent novel in which the characters are so consistently repulsive. From the brilliant and homosexual general down to the craven and apathetic privates, they present an unrelieved succession of neurotic complexes, rather than the facets of character. One atrocity leads to another so inevitably that the reader becomes inured to their impact. As a result, the men never

become wholly believable, despite their apt and profane manner of speech.

Regardless of this drawback, there is much superior writing in the book. The factual reporting of incident rings with truth and reality. The capturing of mood is replete with subtle nuances that lift it above mere description. There is a certain finesse in the handling of the psychological complications between the men, despite the bluntness with which they are reported. The narrative portions of the book stand out with photographic clarity. This book will not be read and reread; the impression it makes, however, will be much discussed, and it will remain fresh with the reader a long time.—J.L.B.

BOSTON, MASS.
POST
JUN 27 1948

"JUNI IS BUSTIN' OUT"

A second printing of "Eisenhower Speaks" has just been printed by Farrar, Straus. Should be called "Eisenhower Speaks Again," perhaps? . . . The Book Find Club apparently believes in giving its members strong meat—one month they were electrified by "The Stillwell Papers," and the next Norman Mailer's frightful, brutally honest war story, "The Naked and the Dead." For comic relief we would suggest Burnham's "Contest for the World." . . . Robert P. Tristram Coffin has in the past been recognized only as a poet, essayist, novelist, lecturer, historian, professor (at Bowdoin) and text book author. Macmillan has revealed an unsuspected talent in this versatile Maine man. While on a lecture tour he learned, in an Oklahoma hotel, that due to circumstances beyond their control, his shirts would not be returned to him for two weeks. Occupants of the hotel laundry must have been startled when they saw an apple-cheeked New Englander descend into their midst, seize a hot iron and go to work on his shirts. Mr. Coffin, neat as a pin, checked out on schedule.

FORTNIGHT
LOS ANGELES, CAL
5/4/48

The Naked and the Dead—By Norman Mailer (Rinehart, \$4). The most impressive novel about the late war yet written, an overwhelmingly powerful study of war and of men on a Pacific island. Mr. Mailer has told a superbly dramatic story, a horrible but engrossing one. He has dug deeply into the characters of a frighteningly primitive group of men. All this is quite wonderful. But he has been tastelessly, needlessly, sickeningly faithful to the indecency of their speech. A sense of proportion would have made this fine novel a little less revolting without lessening its brutal impact on the readers at all.

HOUSTON, TEXAS
POST

JUN 20 1948

Best Novel Thus Far From World War II

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer.
721 pp. New York: Rinehart, \$4.

NORMAN MAILER is a very young man—only 25—and his "The Naked and the Dead" is a first novel. But already he and his book are being compared to Dos Passos and "Three Soldiers," Thomas Boyd and "Through the Wheat," Erich Maria Remarque and "All Quiet on the Western Front," and Ernest Hemingway and "A Farewell to Arms."

"The Naked and the Dead," like those other novels, is a war story; however, its men are of another age, a harder, more cynical and more callous age. Unlike the men who bore arms before them, they brought no illusions to be shattered by the leering realities of war.

MR. MAILER has set these men from coldly courageous Sergeant Croft, to whom combat is a welcome abrasive for sharpening his sense of command, to Red, for whom war is the final proof of his personal inadequacy, on an island called Anopopei.

Against the beautiful and odorous lushness of Anopopei these men grope in a blind and unsuccessful search for a pattern of reason in the past to justify the present. They have no future; it belongs to some indefinable, but ever-present thing called Army. They stumble from hummock to hummock, dogging an elusive enemy, not knowing or caring why.

THE OCCASIONAL tight violence of combat, breaking as quickly as a summer storm, illumines in its lightnings the terrors and the frustrations that were produced in these men (and furtively tucked away) by the sins of omission and commission in their secret lives.

Playing upon them, arousing them to this pitch and that, like a symphony conductor, is the Machiavellian General Cummings, to whom war is simply the orchestration of man, a composition to be played as an instrument of his personality.

THEN THERE is Lieutenant Hearn, the general's aide, who is sent, indirectly, to his death when he pierces the general's veneer and discovers his superior's only weakness—a latent homosexuality.

To the general, Hearn's death brings a pang of regret, a remembrance of longing mixed with a sense of satisfaction. To Sergeant Croft, Hearn's immediate subordinate, the lieutenant's death is simply the removal of an obstacle blocking the sergeant's hold on the platoon, the only reality for him.

BY THE DEVICE of the flashback, Mr. Mailer shows how war is the activating agent of the prejudices, the hopes, the fears, the cynicism—and here and there the feeble flames of faith—that have simmered in these men through the random years of civilian life.

Mr. Mailer has written a deeply moving book, sometimes frightening in its intensity. It was written by a man who was there. To this reviewer, "The Naked and the Dead" is the best novel to yet come out of World War II.

WORTH GATEWOOD.

Saturday Review of Literature
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUN 19 1948

NORMAN MAILER'S FINE war novel "The Naked and the Dead" (Rinehart) is enjoying the success it deserves, despite the carping of readers who find the language too outspoken for comfort. Critic Robert L. Perkin, in the Rocky Mountain News, effectively answered such critics, and incidentally sparked a flock of reorders from all parts of Colorado, with these pungent paragraphs:

Veterans who returned also will recognize, probably with personal embarrassment, the language used by the GI's under General Cummings on Anopopei. Mailer (himself Leyte alum) writes GI as it is spoke. Mailer's book will be criticized for the language his soldiers use.

GI talk is over-pungent, repetitious, and unimaginative in its expletives. But it is neither obscene nor blasphemous. And that is where the nicenly critics of Mailer's book are going to botch the job when they screech.

Army and Navy "cuss words"

carry a heavy freight of emotion (normally disgust), and absolutely no meaning. Dictionary meanings of the individual words are as remote as Sanskrit from the mind of the cusser.

The GI, for instance, who lashes out with (to choose a mild one): "That goddam bastard!" is taking neither the Deity nor the parentage of his victim in vain. God has nothing whatever to do with "goddam," and if "bastard" means uncertain parentage, let the sonsabitchin' biologists hunt themselves into a new world.

The GI isn't blaspheming, nor, at the moment, being obscene. He is merely a man, as pure in heart as any, who is much put-upon, who has been handed society's most filthy job, and who is toweringly and continually browned-off about the whole affair.

There is obscenity in Mailer's book. It is in the mind and heart of General Cummings. Cummings is a brilliant man, a gifted tactician, sharp of wit and suave of manner, knows instinctively the words to use to keep his men thinking he is a right Joe. He is a scholar whose knowledge passes his understanding, and he is a Fascist by choice. He repeats, and believes, that war is man's natural state. He worships power, and his ambition already scales ahead to the day he sees when he will share the consolidated power of America with a few other conscienceless men like himself. His proposals for all other lesser men is anxiety." Mailer repeats the general's diagnosis several times, and at the end it becomes the dominating, continuing, unanswered question of the book. . . .

NEW YORK, N. Y.
POST

JUL 1 - 1948

New Yorkers Are Reading—

Compiled from current reports of Blumhilde's, Doubleday Book Shops, Macy's, Wamaker's, Scribner's and Brentano's Book Stores.

FICTION

1. "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer (Rinehart).
2. "The Naked and the Dead," by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward McCann).
3. "Foolish Gentleman," by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown).
4. "The World Is Not Enough," by Zoe Oldenbourg (Farrar).
5. "Never Love a Stranger," by Harold Robbins (Knopf).
6. "Rainbow County," by Ross Lockridge Jr. (Houghton, Mifflin).

NON-FICTION

1. "Peace of Mind," by Joshua Loth Liebman (Simon & Schuster).
2. "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living," by Dale Carnegie (Simon & Schuster).
3. "The Gathering Storm," by Winston Churchill (Houghton, Mifflin).
4. "The Behavior of the Human Mind," by Alfred C. Hayes (Knopf).
5. "The World Is Not Enough," by Zoe Oldenbourg (Farrar).
6. "The World Is Not Enough," by Zoe Oldenbourg (Farrar).

ליטערארישע קריטיק

ליטעראטור

דיביקסיעס • נאטיצען

די נאקעטע און די טויטע

דער בעסטער מלחמה-ראמאן, געשריבען
פון א אידישען יונגענמאן פון ברוקלין



נארמאן מעילער

"THE NAKED AND THE DEAD"
by Norman Mailer
Published by Rinehart Co.

אין די לעצטע עטליכע יאהר איז
דער אמעריקאנער ביכער מארק פאר
פליצט געווארען מיט מלחמה ביכער.
געשריבען און קריגס בעאמטע שריי-
בער וועלכע דער סטראמעניע און די-
לאמאטיע פון דער מלחמה פשוט
סאלאטען און צייטונגס קארעספאנ-
דעסען דערזעהלען וועגן וועלכע
ערפארונגען און איבערלעבונגען איהם
די שלאכטפולערע און אידן די קריגס
ראיאנען. פון דעם גרויסען שטראם
ביכער האבען ביי אים פלוצלעך עט-
ליכע געזעהלעט געצויגען די אויפ-
מערקאמייט פון דער בעסערער קרי-
טיק און בעסערער לעזער פובליקס.
דעם ערנסטן "עקאדער" האבען ניש-
מאכט די פישונג סאלאטען און
קריגס קארעספאנדרענטען. כמעט אלע
וואס ווי האבען געשריבען אין גענע-
טלעסאנס אדער נאר נירנבערגער
קריג ערשט שטענדיק ווערן אים פון
ווערע פערערס ביי אים נישט געשא-
פע געווארען.

דער נאקעטע און די טויטע
וועלכע דער איד נאליטאין דוקט ווי
ארויס צום פראנט און הויפט ווי אויף
פארשליש איבער אלע איבעריגע.
דאס פאסירט ווען די קאמפאני
פירט דורך איהר אויספיראויפנא-
כע. די סאלאטען וואנדערען טאג נאך
טאג דורך דו שאנעלעס, דורך וואפע-
און ברענגעדיגע הייזען און אין שלאכט-
געטעס, הינטער דעם יאפאנעזישען
פראנט. פאסירט אז איינער פון ווי
ווערט שווער פארוואנדערט מיט א
קויל אין בור. עס ווערט באשלאסען
אז פיר פון דער קאמפאני זאלען דעם
פארוואנדערטען אוועקטראגען צוריק
אין לאגער. איינער פון די פיר איז
נאליטאין. דער פארוואנדערטער איז
ווער א שווערער. ער וועט 200 פונט.
די פיר שטעלען צונויף א בעטעל,
לעגען אוועק דעם פארוואנדערטען און
לאזען ווי צוריק אין וועג. וועלכער
צוהם ווי האבען געשריבען מילען. ווי
שלעפען זיך שעה נאך שעה אפגע-
שטעט פון שווייס צעווייכט פון דער
גאנצער שרעק פון דער ווי. דער
קאנקער שרעק פון וועהמא, וועלכע
ווי ווינט, פארלירט צייטענווייז ווי
באוואוסטווייט ווערט ווילד פון וועה-
מא און רייסט זיך פון בעטעל. ווי
ווערט איהם צו בארוהיגען. אבער עס
איז נישט מעגליך. דאס הויכע ער
פארדערען וואסער; ער ווערט פאר-
ברענט פון דורשט. אלע וויינע גרויס
ניין פארלאזט צו באהאלטען. אבער
נאליטאין לאזט נישט. אויב איהר
וועט איהם איינס געבען וואסער, וועט

קריג נאכדעם "שטארבען" — זאנט נאך
וואנדערטער, און דער טויטער קער-
דער ווערט פארטראגען אין א וואס-
ווער א שטארקען שטראם וואסער.
נאליטאין און רידוועס וועלען ווי
אונזע אויפן ברעג און פאלען אריין
אין א טיפען שלאכט.
אונזערע וועגעס האבען ווי אלץ
פארלאזען: ווערע קליידער, ווער
שפיין ווי האבען נאך א שטיק וועג
ליכען ביי נאליטאין — אביסעל
וואסער אין וויין מיליטערישען פלאט.
ער נעמט טרינקען און דער טעם האט
איהם אריינגעבראכט אין אן עק-
סטא. אינמיטען באמערקט ער ווי
וויין חבר ויצט און קוקט אויף איהם.
ער פארשטעהט אז יענער האט נישט
קוין וואסער. אויפן ערשטען מאמענט
ווערט נאליטאין אין כעס. פארוואס
יענער איז נישט געווען "פאראוס" מיט
וויין וואסער. אבער נאליטאין נאכדעם
ווערט ער פארשטעט פון דעם געדאנק.
און ער גיט וויין פלאש צו רידוועס!
נאליטאין. "נאליטאין?" — זאנט
נאליטאין. "נאליטאין?" — ענטפערט ריד-
וועס. און ווען ער האט כמעט איין
גאנצען אויסגעטרינקען האט ער א
קוק געטאן אויף נאליטאין.
"טרינק דאס איבעריגע", זאנט נאלי-
טאין.
וויינען די פיר סאלאטען האט
נאליטאין אויפגעפאלען דעם "עק-
סטא" ווען שוין אן אנדער מיט. ענט-
פערט דאס איבעריגע ווי נאליטאין.
ער האט פאברענגט מיט קאלעדזש

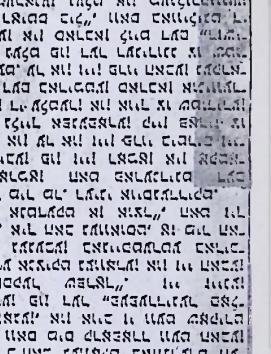
אריינגעוועזען פעסטער אין וויין שט-
דאס און אויך פראקטישער ווי אפילו
דער טויטער רידוועס.
נאליטאין איז א פשוטער איד.
שעה בחור פון ברוקלין. ער שטאמט
פון אן ארימער פאמיליע און האט נישט
נישט געהאט אריינסען ווען ער איז
נאך געווען נאך וויין. אין דערהיים
האט ער איבערגעלאזט א וויינע פרוי
מיט א קליין קינד. אין די געשטרעכע-
נווייזען די איבעריגע סאלאטען
הערט ער גראדע רייד און. די מייאס-
טע באשולדיגונגען געגען ווערען אויך
געגען פרויען. ער קען עס נישט באגריי-
פן. דאס ווייב און קינד וויינען דאס
הייליגסטע אין וויינע רעזיגנאציע. ווען
ער האט נאך א געלענעהייט דער-
מאכט ער ווי און טראכט וועגען וויין.
די באציהונג פון די אנדערע סאל-
אטען צו נאליטאין איז איינער. דער איינ-
ציגער אריינסען איינער. איהם אפגע-
שטעט ווייט ווייט ארייס אפגע-
שטעט ווייט. די אנדערע וויינע
פאלט צו איהם. און ווען זיי ווערען
אין כעס רופען זיי איהם "דורשט".
נאליטאין רעגט עס אויף און ער
ברעמט צו וויין: "אנטיסעמיטען".
אבער ער פארלירט זיך נישט. ער ווערט
בוי זיך נישט אפגעגעבן. ער ווערט
צו די סאלאטען וויין צו וויינע גליי-
כע און האט קוין מורא נישט ארויס-
וואגען וויין מיינען אדער וויין צו
שטעלען אונטעקענען.
דער צווייטער אידישער סאלאטען,
דאס איז שוין אן אנדער מיט. ענט-
פערט דאס איבעריגע ווי נאליטאין.
ער האט פאברענגט מיט קאלעדזש

דער פארמאכער, נאכדאן
בעיקער, איז איינס נישט
בעיקער ווי 25 יאהר אלט.
ער האט זיך באטייליגט
אין די שילאכטען געגען די
יאפאנעזער. דער ראמאן
שילדערט א "קאמפאני"
פון עטליכע גענעראל פאר-
ראכען מיט ווערען אפ-
ווערן און ווער גענעראל.
— די צוויי אויפן און דער
"קאמפאני".

דעם נאכדעם פארמאכער, נאכדאן
בעיקער, איז איינס נישט
בעיקער ווי 25 יאהר אלט.
ער האט זיך באטייליגט
אין די שילאכטען געגען די
יאפאנעזער. דער ראמאן
שילדערט א "קאמפאני"
פון עטליכע גענעראל פאר-
ראכען מיט ווערען אפ-
ווערן און ווער גענעראל.
— די צוויי אויפן און דער
"קאמפאני".

דער פארמאכער פון דעם בוך
נארמאן מעילער איז א אידישער
ינגעל פון ברוקלין. ער איז איינס
נישט בעיקער ווי 25 יאהר אלט.
ער האט זיך באטייליגט
אין די שילאכטען געגען די
יאפאנעזער. דער ראמאן
שילדערט א "קאמפאני"
פון עטליכע גענעראל פאר-
ראכען מיט ווערען אפ-
ווערן און ווער גענעראל.
— די צוויי אויפן און דער
"קאמפאני".

אין די עטליכע וואכען פון דער
האנדלונג אויפן באשערט דער "האפן"
פארן "דורכשטאכען ביידע ערפארד-
נען: זיי ווילען געצוואנגען אומזיך
צו נעמען אין א שלאכט און דורכ-
שטערען אן אויסשפיר אויפנאכע,
פון דער שלאכט קומט די האמפאני
אויס כמעט נאכט. פון דער אויכ
שפיר אויפנאכע קומט זי ארויס אויס-
געשעפט און אויסגעשטעלט נייסטונג
און מוילע. אויסער דער וואס ער
לויפט פון דער האמפאני באצאלענע
מיט וויערע לעבענס. דער חלימאנע
פון דער נאנצער ראטע ווערט
דערנאכט פאקט אין די עטליכע מענ
פון דער אויסשפיר אויפנאכע.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

12345678910111213141516171819202122232425262728293031323334353637383940414243444546474849505152535455565758596061626364656667686970717273747576777879808182838485868788899091929394959697989900010210310410510610710810911011111211311411511611711811912012112212312412512612712812913013113213313413513613713813914014114214314414514614714814915015115215315415515615715815916016116216316416516616716816917017117217317417517617717817918018118218318418518618718818919019119219319419519619719819920020120220320420520620720820921021121221321421521621721821922022122222322422522622722822923023123223323423523623723823924024124224324424524624724824925025125225325425525625725825926026126226326426526626726826927027127227327427527627727827928028128228328428528628728828929029129229329429529629729829930030130230330430530630730830931031131231331431531631731831932032132232332432532632732832933033133233333433533633733833934034134234334434534634734834935035135235335435535635735835936036136236336436536636736836937037137237337437537637737837938038138238338438538638738838939039139239339439539639739839940040140240340440540640740840941041141241341441541641741841942042142242342442542642742842943043143243343443543643743843944044144244344444544644744844945045145245345445545645745845946046146246346446546646746846947047147247347447547647747847948048148248348448548648748848949049149249349449549649749849950050150250350450550650750850951051151251351451551651751851952052152252352452552652752852953053153253353453553653753853954054154254354454554654754854955055155255355455555655755855956056156256356456556656756856957057157257357457557657757857958058158258358458558658758858959059159259359459559659759859960060160260360460560660760860961061161261361461561661761861962062162262362462562662762862963063163263363463563663763863964064164264364464564664764864965065165265365465565665765865966066166266366466566666766866967067167267367467567667767867968068168268368468568668768868969069169269369469569669769869970070170270370470570670770870971071171271371471571671771871972072172272372472572672772872973073173273373473573673773873974074174274374474574674774874975075175275375475575675775875976076176276376476576676776876977077177277377477577677777877978078178278378478578678778878979079179279379479579679779879980080180280380480580680780880981081181281381481581681781881982082182282382482582682782882983083183283383483583683783883984084184284384484584684784884985085185285385485585685785885986086186286386486586686786886987087187287387487587687787887988088188288388488588688788888989089189289389489589689789889990090190290390490590690790890991091191291391491591691791891992092192292392492592692792892993093193293393493593693793893994094194294394494594694794894995095195295395495595695795895996096196296396496596696796896997097197297397497597697797897998098198298398498598698798898999099199299399499599699799899910001001100210031004100510061007100810091010101110121013101410151016101710181019102010211022102310241025102610271028102910301031103210331034103510361037103810391040104110421043104410451046104710481049105010511052105310541055105610571058105910601061106210631064106510661067106810691070107110721073107410751076107710781079108010811082108310841085108610871088108910901091109210931094109510961097109810991100110111021103110411051106110711081109111011111112111311141115111611171118111911201121112211231124112511261127112811291130113111321133113411351136113711381139114011411142114311441145114611471148114911501151115211531154115511561157115811591160116111621163116411651166116711681169117011711172117311741175117611771178117911801181118211831184118511861187118811891190119111921193119411951196119711981199120012011202120312041205120612071208120912101211121212131214121512161217121812191220122112221223122412251226122712281229123012311232123312341235123612371238123912401241124212431244124512461247124812491250125112521253125412551256125712581259126012611262126312641265126612671268126912701271127212731274127512761277127812791280128112821283128412851286128712881289129012911292129312941295129612971298129913001

[illegible][illegible]

רעדאסערע פון דעם ביכער פארלאזן
וועלכע מענען גיט דעם זונגען שרייב
בער. פון זיי האב איר זיך דער
וואוסט אינערעסאנטע און מערקוויר
דינע אייגענהייטען ווענען דעם ווי
נען שרייבער און פארפאסער פון
קעזעטן "בעסט סעלער" ווענען ווי
פערזענליכקייט און לעבען, און בלועל
זיי דא איבערגעבען פאר אייר.
נארמאן מעלער אין געבוירען גע
ווארען אין לאנד בערענטש, ניו דזשיזש
ניו יארק פאסטער, אייוועק בארענט
דער בארני, זיי פרייט דופען איהם.
זיין געבוירען געווארען אין קעמפסטאון
סאטסאפיריא. בעת'ן ערשטען וועלט
הייג האט ער וואלונטירט אין גע
דינט אין דער סאטסאפיריאנער אר
מיי און ער האט זיך באטויליגט אין
פילע שלאכטען אויפ'ן אייראפעאישען
פראנט. נאך דער מלחמה ווען בארני
מעלער איז צוריקגעשיקט געווארען
אזויס, האט ער זיך אפגעשטעלט אין
ניו יארק פאר א קירצער צייט, ער
האט זיך געקאנט דא מיט א מיט
פעני שניידער פון לאנד בערענטש, נ.
דזש. און ער האט זיך פארליבט אין
איהר און ער איז שוין דא פארבליבען
א תושב, זיי האבען געהייראט אין
זיי האבען געבוירען צוויי קינדער
נארמאן און בארברא. וועלכע איז
איצט 21 יאהר אלט, און וועלכע וויל
אויך ווערען א שרייבערין ווי איהר
ברודער.
בארני מעלער איז אן עפאנוסעל
אין ער איצט איצט פאר דער
שטייגט דיסמריביישאן קאמיוטע
ער האט מיט צוויי יאהר צוריק געאר
בויט אין וואשינגטן פוילען, אין איצט
ארבטיט ער אין דעם פאריווער, אפיס
פון דזשיזש.
נארמאן מאטע, פעני, שטאמט

אין פארבליבען ער היום א פאטריאט
פון ברוקלינער "דארזשערס" טים.
ווען ער איז נאך געגאנגען אין
"באס" הארסיקוהל, פלעגט ער בויען
מאדעל-עראפלאנען מיט מאטארס
און ער פלעגט פארברענגען זיין פרייע
צייט אויף די פארעיד גראונדס לעבען
פראספעקט פארק, אין ברוקלין, וואו
ער פלעגט מאכען פראכעס מיט זיינע
עראפלאנען, לאזען זיי פליהען —
האט מיר דערזעהלט דער אנהע, מר.
דעיוויד קעסלער.
"נאכ'ן גראדואירען פון דער באס
הארסיקוהל האט נארמאן ברעה גע
האט אנצוהומען אין דעם מאטאטשיר
ועלט אינסטיטוט אזוי טעקנאלאגיש
און אויסשטודירען אלס אינווישנער.
אבער זיין פאמיליע האט איהם אפי
גערעט. ער האט געקראנען א סקא
לערשיפ צו שטודירען אין הארווארד
און ער איז אנגעקומען אהין און דארט
גענומען שטודירען אינווישנירונג.
נארמאן מעלער האט אבער ארגינס
געוויזען מער אינטערעס אין פעזיג
קייטען אלס שרייבער ווי אלס אינ
זשינער. ער האט געשריבען ארטיקל
לען פאר דעם זשורנאל "ערוואקעיט",
וואס ווערט ארויסגעגעבען פון האר
ווארד. און די ערזעהלונגען האבען
ארויסגערופען גרויס אויפמערקזאמ
קייט.
איינער פון זיינע פראפעסארען פון
ענגליש, א מר. דעיוויס, האט תיכף
באמערקט אז נארמאן האט גרויס טא
לאנט. ער האט איהם צוגערעט צום
שרייבען און אז ער זאל שיקען זיינע
שאפונגען צו פארשיידענע זשורנאלען.
אינטערעסאנטע אייגענהייטען ווי
אזוי פראפעסאר דעיוויס האט פאר
אינטערעסירט דעם באיאויכטע זייד-

אין סאט אפריקע, מר. קעסלער דער
זעהלט ביה"א דר משה פאפאוו
שטאמט פון דער ליטע, פון הארצער
נבערניע, און איז ווי מר. קעסלער
דערזעהלט, איינע פון די ערשטע
דייטש פאזיטיוועס, וועלכע האבען זיך
באוועגט אין סאט אפריקע נאך מיט
צענדליגער יאהרען פאר'ן בויערן
קריג. די מעילערס, ווי מר. קעסלער
דערזעהלט, שפילען אן אנגעוועהענע
ראלע אין די אידישע קרויזען פון
קעמפסטאון, און איז א פארצווייגטע
פאמיליע.
ווען נארמאן האט שטודירט אין
הארווארד האט ער זיך ארויסגעטראנען
בייט פלענער צו שרייבען א ראמאן ווע'
נען א מיטגענעם, וואס ווערט געהאל'
טען אין א מיטגענעם הויז, ער האט
בעת'ן וואקעיטשאן געארבייט אלס א
באדינער אין א מיטגענעם הויז און ער
האט געזאמלעט מאטעריאל און שטר
דירט דארט דאס לעבען. דער "רענאס
האוו" ביכער פארלאזן האט געוואלט
ארויסגעבען דעם בוך, אבער נאך אייז
דער ער האט פארענדיגט דעם מא'
נוסקריפט האט זיך נארמאן אנגע'
שלאסען אז דער ארמיי און האט ניט
פארענדיגט דעם ראמאן, האט מיר
דערזעהלט מר. קעסלער, — "אויך
דענק, אז ער וועט עס איצט פארענ'
דיגען".
איינמאל האט נארמאן זיך פאר
שטעלט פאר א באס און האט פאר
בראכט פילע טעג צייט אויף דער
באווער. ער האט זיך דארט גע'הבר'ט
מיט טרעכפס און איז געשלאפען אין
די ביליגע האטעלען אויף דער באווער.
ער האט געזאמלעט מאטעריאל און
דירכלעבונגען פאר א ווער. ווען ער
האט זיך צוריקגעטראט אין דעם

BOOK REVIEW DIGEST NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUN - 1948

MAILER, NORMAN. The naked and the dead.
727. 1. Rinehart

48-6633

A long novel based on the reactions of the members of an American platoon to their part of the invasion and occupation of a Japanese-held island—presumably in 1944. The action is divided into three dramatic stories: the landing on the island; a Japanese counter-attack by night; and a daring patrol of the platoon behind enemy lines.

"Strikes me as being by far the most impressive piece of fiction to date by an American in the Second World War." C. J. Rolo
+ Atlantic 188-114 Jo '48 900w

Reviewed by Emmett Dedmon
Chicago Sun 98X My 9 '48 600w

"A brilliant book—but one that makes such harrowing reading, and which is written with such intensity, such bald realism, such unrelenting accuracy of detail in speech and thought, that all but the tough-skinned will turn from it, feeling reluctant to look again on the harrowing of men's inner beings under stress of jungle warfare. . . . An unpleasant experience, but one that makes an unforgettable impression."

Kirkus 16:126 Mr 1 '48 250w

"This is an exceptionally fine book. . . . The language employed is very strong and so accurately reported that it probably will offend many and may create problems in handling. Recommended." Donald Wasson
+ Library J 73:707 My 1 '48 100w

"For the most part, the novel is a transcription of the soldiers' talk, lustreless, gripping and ironed-out, too detailed and monotonous to have been imaginatively conceived for any larger purpose, but too exact and literal to have been merely guessed at. It is like a sheet of posthumous letters home, which we read as intruders of privacy. This naturally lays a constraint on our response, unless we're in the habit of being flippant at a memorial service. This doesn't mean to deny Mailer his achievement. If he has a taste for transcribing banalities, he also has a talent for it." John F. Reilly
+ New Repub 113:32 My 17 '48 320w

"With this one astonishing book, his first full-length work of fiction, he joins the ranks of major American novelists. This reviewer has no hesitation in calling 'The Naked and the Dead' a great war novel. . . . Do you want to know how American combat soldiers of the second World War felt, ate, slept, swore? Read 'The Naked and the Dead.' Norman Mailer has an uncanny photographic ear for the argot of efficient obscenity that served as a medium of communication in the Army of the United States." Richard March
+ N Y Herald Tribune Wkly Bk R 3
My 9 '48 1000w

"Undoubtedly the most ambitious novel to be written about the recent conflict, it is also the most ruthlessly honest and in scope and in integrity compares favorably with the best that followed World War I. Even in its repellentness, wordiness, and overanalysis of motive, it is a commanding performance by a young man of 25 whose gifts are impressive and whose failures are a matter of reach rather than grasp. It is virtually a Kinsey Report on the sexual behavior of the GI. Its style is an almost pure Army billingsgate that will offend many readers, although in no sense is it expository. . . . 'The Naked and the Dead' is not a great book, but indisputably it bears witness to a new and significant talent among American novelists." David Dempsey
+ N Y Times 65 My 9 '48 800w

"An impressive and in many ways a highly satisfactory novel about combat in the second World War, but it shares the tendency of most current novels toward underimplication. It is too long and it is too complicated. Its dialogue is true and straightforward. At times, in spite of the unwieldy size of the cast, its types become real characters. . . . It is a matter of record . . . that the author is twenty-five years old. . . . His age has no bearing that I can see on the fact that he is a man of wisdom and perception, who tells a good story powerfully and well." John Lardner
+ New Yorker 24:115 My 15 '48 1250w

"The ordinary soldiers in 'The Naked and the Dead' lack the vitality and originality of, say, the Britishers in 'The Edge of the Night.' Mr. Mailer leans rather heavily on the sexual experiences of his lower-class figures, too; these may be a solace for the common man, and even a source of strength, but they don't constitute his only achievement. I think this is the main weakness of the novel, for there is no real balance of the dramatic forces in it. Just as there is a final lack of emotional impact. The story ought to be more impressive than it is. Within these limits, however, 'The Naked and the Dead' is a substantial

FOREST HILLS, N.Y.
POST
6/2/48



NORMAN MAILER

a Book Find Club selection—is written out of his wartime experience in the South Pacific. He is now travelling in Europe with his wife and a new novel, and will return to this country in August.

NEW YORK, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

JUN 23 1948

'Naked and Dead' May Be Play

Although Lillian Hellman could not be reached for confirmation last night, it was learned from a reliable source that her next play-writing venture will be a dramatization of "The Naked and the Dead," the striking first novel by Norman Mailer, which has broken sales records for Rinehart & Co. and has jumped into the best-seller list since its publication last month. Only yesterday a number of motion picture companies were reported to be bidding for the screen rights to the Mailer book, which was greeted with almost unbridled enthusiasm by the literary critics.

"The Naked and the Dead" tells the story of the men in an undermanned platoon which took part in the invasion and occupation of a Japanese-held island in the year 1944. Its author, at twenty-five, has been favorably compared to Dos Passos and Hemingway. Of his book, Lewis Gannett wrote that "with its constant nervous tension, its relentless recording of the defecatory and copulatory detail of Army talk, its acute awareness of the mingling of inhuman strain with utter vacuity, 'The Naked and the Dead' is one of the most astringent stories to emerge from World War II." Richard March said that he had no hesitation in calling it "a great war novel."

Miss Hellman's last play, "Another Part of the Forest," was produced by Kermit Bloomgarden, who will presumably also sponsor her next. Mr. Bloomgarden, by the way, has given up "Queen of Sheba." His decision was prompted by the fact that he has had no experience in the production of musicals. When Molly Day Thacher first brought the book to him, he thought it would be sufficient to engage a composer and a lyricist, both of whom and shows to their credit. But when Miss Thacher picked Alex North for the music and William L. Scudder for the lyrics—both newcomers—they agreed that some one else should produce the show.

CINCINNATI, O.
POST
JUN 19 1948

Best sellers throughout the country during the past week, according to the booksellers, included:

FICTION—Pilgrim's Inn by Elizabeth Goudge; Golden Hawk by Frank Yerby; The Naked and the Dead by Norman Mailer; Raintree County by Ross Lockridge Jr.; Parris Mitchell of Kings Row by H. and K. Bellamann.

NON-FICTION—Peace of Mind by Joshua Loth Liebman; Civilization on Trial by Arnold Toynbee; Sexual Behavior in the Human Male by Alfred Kinsey et al.; Malabar Farm by Louis Bromfield; On Active Service by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy.

THE KEY REPORTER
CONCORD, N.H.
SUMMER, 1948

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. New York: Rinehart. \$4.

The story of an imaginary attack on a Japanese-occupied island, seen through the eyes of a platoon, a major, and a general. Perhaps the most distinguished post-World War II novel yet to be published, it is a ruthlessly honest delineation of the blood-and-guts horrors of modern warfare. While it suffers occasionally from wordiness, repetitiveness, and overanalysis, it heralds the arrival of a gifted new writer on the American scene.

JUN 26 1948

* The Top Ten

FICTION

1. The Naked and the Dead.....Norman Mailer
2. The Loved One.....Evelyn Waugh
3. The Foolish Gentlewoman.....Margery Sharp
4. Ides of March.....Thornton Wilder
5. Bright Feather.....Robert Wilder
6. Twelve O'Clock High.....Lay and Bartlett
7. Melissa.....Taylor Caldwell
8. Peony.....Pearl Buck
9. The Golden Hawk.....Frank Yerby
10. Raintree County.....Ross Lockridge Jr.

NON-FICTION

1. The Gathering Storm.....Winston Churchill
2. Peace of Mind.....Joshua Liebman
3. Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.....A. C. Kinsey
4. Stillwell Papers.....Ed. by Theodore H. White
5. Civilization on Trial.....Arnold Toynbee
6. How Lost Was My Weekend.....David Dodge
7. Journal of Andre Gide, Vol. II.....Andre Gide
8. Our Unknown Ex-President.....Eugene Lyons
9. Guide to Confident Living.....Norman Vincent Peale
10. How to Stop Worrying & Start Living....D. Carnegie

As reported by:

Books in Review Hollywood Martindales Robinson's
Westwood

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
EXAMINER
JUN 26 1948

This Week's Best Sellers

FICTION THE NAKED AND THE DEAD,

By Norman Mailer.

PARRIS MITCHELL OF KINGS ROW,

By Henry and Katherine Bellamann.

MR. ROBERTS,

By Thomas Heggan.

PILRIM'S INN,

By Elizabeth Goudge.

RAINTREE COUNTY,

By Ross Lockridge Jr.

NON-FICTION HOW TO STOP WORRYING,

By Dale Carnegie.

POWER GOLF,

By Ben Hogan.

HISTORY OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES,

By Bill Henry.

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE,

By Alfred Kinsey and others.

JIM FARLEY'S STORY,

By James A. Farley.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
STAR-TIMES
JUN 23 1948

BEST SELLERS IN ST. LOUIS

FICTION

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD,
by Norman Mailer. (Rinehart.)

THE GOLDEN HAWK, by
Frank Yerby. (Dial.)

PARRIS MITCHELL OF
KINGS ROW, by Henry and
Katherine Bellamann. (Simon
& Schuster.)

PILRIM'S INN, by Elizabeth
Goudge. (Coward-McCann.)

RAINTREE COUNTY, by Ross
Lockridge Jr. (Houghton Mifflin.)

NON-FICTION

PEACE OF MIND, by Joshua
L. Liebman. (Simon & Schuster.)

HOW TO STOP WORRYING
AND START LIVING, by Dale
Carnegie. (Simon & Schuster.)

THE STILLWELL PAPERS,
edited by Theodore H. White.
(Sloan.)

MALABAR FARM, by Louis
Bromfield. (Harper.)

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE
HUMAN MALE, by Alfred C.
Kinsey and associates. (W. B.
Saunders.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
NEWS
JUN 25 1948

Best Sellers

This week's best seller list as
compiled by Newsbegin's:

FICTION
"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman
Mailer.

"The Foolish Gentlewoman," by Mar-
gery Sharp.

"Peony," by Pearl Buck.
"Fire," by George Stewart.
"The Ides of March," by Thornton
Wilder.

BOOK REVIEW DIGEST
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUN - 1948

SEAEVER, EDWIN, ed. Cross section, 1948; a
collection of new American writing. (V4) 467p
\$3 Simon & Schuster

810.8 American Literature—Collections.
Short stories—Collections.

"The new 'Cross Section' contains fifteen
short stories, two novelettes, a couple of crit-
ical essays, a 46,000-word satire" by Jessamyn
West, and a sample chapter from Norman
Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." N Y
Herald Tribune Wkly Bk R

JUN 27 1948

WASHINGTON ALSO HAD ITS BATTLES

EVERYBODY SLEPT HERE: By Elliott Arnold; New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce; \$3.00.

By H. R. PINCKARD

Several weeks ago I read one of those "quickie" reviews of Norman Mailer's masterful novel, "The Naked and The Dead." The reviewer observed, in a tone which blended admonition with apprehension, that the soldier dialogue which makes up a good fifty per cent of the book is weighted with obscenity. He wondered (and you could see him pursing his thin lips and re-editing the original manuscript) if the same results could not have been achieved without so much foul language.

The answer to the reviewer's question is a firm no. Mr. Mailer's object in writing the book was to distill the ferment of war into a vessel small enough for convenient handling. He wanted the distillate of his thoughts and experiences to look like war, smell like war, taste like war, and—in fine—to be unmistakably a product of war. If his tired, raw-nerved combat soldiers had spoken in fine Spenserian script instead of the vulgar argot of the jungles and the beaches, they would have been something less than a reasonable facsimile of soldiers.

This brings me to the book lying open on my desk, the seventh novel and the tenth volume from the typewriter of young Mr. Arnold, late of Uncle Whiskers' Army. It is a story of Washington in wartime and inevitably I am going to read somewhere that "the book is alright, except that it characters seem to be preoccupied with sex and alcohol."

The statement is true in a superficial way. I would estimate that less than one-third of "Everybody Slept Here" is concerned with people who do not have a bourbon-bedroom complex. But as in the case of "The Naked and The Dead" it would have been impossible for an honest artist to portray the scene and the people in any other way.

The Battle of Washington was an extended and remarkably confused operation in which the objectives ranged from housing to a good steak dinner. Tactics for achieving the target made no allowances for scruples. If the price of a decent apartment was a commission for the landlord's son or a date with the landlord's daughter, there were always people who would pay.

This fact made it all but impossible for men and women to maintain their normal, pre-war code of ethics. Practically everything desirable was on a black-market basis and those who scorned to trade on the shadier side of the street could stay in the sun and feel noble. After a while the feelings of nobility faded, but the shortages lingered on.

Most of the book's action centers around the notorious Pentagon and an apartment building known as Capital House—one of the very finest and most fashionable in Washington. The principals of the story are Army officers of middle rank and their wives and women. With a few exceptions they are people who would be considered typical Americans under normal circumstances, but who have succumbed in varying degrees to the excitement, the artificiality, the hectic insecurity of wartime Washington.

One of these couples is a middle-aged pair from California. In private life he is an automobile dealer and she is a quiet housewife devoted to their only son and little interested in anything outside the

circle of home life. In Washington, where he is a commissioned slunkie to the general whose job is to maintain liaison with Congress, he corsets himself to disguise his middle-aged paunch and she takes to intoxicants with a grim vengeance implying that she never before knew of their existence.

Another pair, younger in years and less ripe in experience, comes from the deep south. Since losing their baby in an automobile accident they have become sexually estranged and he—after fighting the "Pentagon tea party" for many months—wangles a fighting assignment to New Guinea, hoping that he will be killed after his tour of useful service.

Then there is Kitty, one of the types most frequently encountered in Washington during the war.

Kitty rose from promiscuous obscurity as a "call girl" to ostensible respectability as the wife of a captain in the Air Forces. Kitty's habits, however, do not change materially, although up until the very last she makes sure that she never awakens in the morning to find the uniform of an enlisted man flung across the bedroom chair.

And finally there are the solidly-in-love couple who are touched with the rare quality of real nobility and alongside whom the other appear tarnished. He has been sent home from Europe because he refused to temper his criticism of Air Forces equipment; and after a few months in the Pentagon he is kicked out again for stepping on a senator's toes.

Except for the final chapters, when Kitty attends personally to the rehabilitation of an amputee, (an enlisted soldier, by the way), "Everybody Slept Here" is not remarkable for its dramatic context. Most of the sequences take place in bedrooms, bars, kitchens and the offices of the Pentagon. Analyzed separately, they are composed of the trivia of everyday life, tilted to a crazy angle by the unnatural things that are happening and always—in the background—the presence of death.

Mr. Arnold did not choose to write an expose of wartime Washington, though some of the material for such a scandal-baring is here. Instead he wanted to examine at close range the effect of the Washington atmosphere upon people who were basically sound and normal. If not exactly wholesome, at least they would have been described by their friends as "regular folks."

Today they are probably back home again—these soldiers of the Battle of Washington, these tipplers at the Pentagon tea-party. (Well, all but Kitty, who wasn't awarded posthumously a Silver Star or even a combat ribbon for her part in the war.) By this time they no doubt have settled back into the home-town routine, and if they happen to read "Everybody Slept Here" they may chuckle a bit here and raise an eyebrow there at some of the shenanigans.

Mr. Arnold's latest novel is penetrating, sincere, and provocative. I think you will remember some of it for a long time, which is more than can be said for many current novels which make larger pretensions with considerably less profundity.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

JUN 27 1948

Mrs. Louise Harley Dolan or Pawtucket writes me in defense of book censorship. First equating the written word and the spoken word as equally common, Mrs. Dolan argues: "Do you believe that, in the interest of freedom of speech, men and women should be allowed to stand on street corners and pour forth filthy language, tell offensive stories, or describe unnatural sexual relationships? Do you believe that society should ignore such behavior because man is supposed to be able to choose what he wants to listen to, or because man is sup-

posed to have the intelligence or moral sense to distinguish good from bad? . . . Why is the speaker ostracized and the writer acclaimed? . . . If, in insuring the right of one group to free speech, we are allowing a constant conditioning against that which is good in another group, are we being aware of our responsibility to the whole of society?" . . . Mrs. Dolan puts the case clearly and without rancor, and I've quoted her at some length because she probably speaks for many like-minded readers. But I do not believe her parallel holds. Foul mouths on street corners are disturbing the peace. Frank language or "intimate" episodes in works of literature constitute attempts to record realistically manners and customs, with which, particularly in the novel, literature is generally concerned. . . . Let's put it all into one capsule, since I think Mrs. Dolan has in fact brought us to the crux of the whole discussion. GI's living and fighting on a Pacific island were foul-mouthed. The recording of their talk in Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" is not in the least reprehensible. His novel says in effect: this is how they acted, how they talked, how it was. That, precisely, is the business of literature. . . . Now—to go further: I am not saying that there are not written and published cheap books designed to shock, to stimulate erotically, to be "dirty." But censorship is no solution. Education is a solution. Maturity is a solution. We must have the freedom to read anything we care to, just as certainly have the freedom not to read anything we don't care to. You and I may agree that so-and-so's "Lights of Lust" is a cheap come-on, a teaser of pornography.

But if we agree that it should be censored then we open the door to censorship of anything and everything. What then could we say if two other people with censoring power agree that "Studs Lonigan" is pornographic—or some of Shakespeare's plays, or the Holy Bible? . . . No. Agreement to censorship in any particular leads to a possible general censorship in which neither taste nor common sense could prevail. The principle is the thing and it must be adhered to if we are to maintain our freedom of expression. Censorship is the perversion of education.

As I've said recently here, I feel that freshened attempts at book censorship fit in alarmingly well with the Thomas Committee, witch-hunting atmosphere. And I've a letter just in from Charles Gorham—whose "Gilded Hearse" was cleared in a New York court after a ridiculous attack upon it—who says "I have noticed that (John) Sumner's recent efforts have been directed against books that criticize the status quo in one way or another. Wilson's "Hecate County" was a broad indictment; Willingham's book "End as a Man" attacked militarism in education; mine had to do with the evils of big time publishing. . . . I have talked," says Gorham, "with James Farrell, and he is organizing a big meeting about the thing in the fall."

W. T. S.

THE SIGN
UNION CITY, N. J.

JUL - 1948

The Naked and the Dead

by Norman Mailer

► This ~~government~~ war novel, dealing with an infantry reconnaissance platoon on an island in the Pacific, raises interesting questions concerning truth in fiction. The book is said to be remarkably accurate in reproducing the thinking, speech, actions of soldiers. Veterans, reading this transcript of emotions, prejudices, clichés, obscenity, and other filth, say, "Yes, this is precisely as it was."

The report is stenographic." One does not challenge such expert testimony. Yet one doubts that the relentlessly realistic author has told all concerning his characters, that he has penetrated beyond appearances and surface action to the essence and the secret of the several men of whom he constructs so heavily and plausibly documented a semblance. He excels in photography, but is he an artist? Moreover, one senses that this mass of microscopic material has been arranged to fit a thesis with which the author began. His thesis has to do with American life and its shaping in the postwar period; it is the sort of thesis which make "left" and "right" in the political sense absolute norms. Rigorous, indeed violent, oversimplification is used in establishing and illustrating it. It is not, objectively, true, any more than the minutely detailed portraiture is true.

Mr. Mailer is a notably gifted young man who has written a very raw book. It is raw not merely in the sense of being rough and crude, but also in the sense of being unrefined by depth of perception and profundity of understanding. (Rinehart, \$4.00)

JUN 27 1948

BEST SELLERS

Compiled from current reports of
Bloomington's Doubleday Book Shops,
Macy's, Wamamakers, Scribner's and
Brentano Book stores.

FICTION

NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer (Rinehart).
PILRIM'S INN, by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann).
RAINTREE COUNTY, by Ross Lockridge, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin).
PEONY, by Pearl Buck (John Day).
THE IDES OF MARCH, by Thornton Wilder (Harper).
FOOLISH GENTLEWOMAN, by Margery Sharp (Little Brown).

JUN 27 1948

BEST SELLERS

FICTION.

Pilgrim's Inn, Elizabeth Goudge.
The Naked and the Dead, Norman Mailer.
The Golden Hawk, Frank Yerby.
Peony, Pearl Buck.
Raintree County, Ross Lockridge Jr.

DETROIT, MICH.
NEWS

JUN 27 1948

Leading the List

Best sellers in Detroit for the week ending June 26:

FICTION
The Golden Hawk.....Frank Yerby
Pilgrim's Inn.....Elizabeth Goudge
The Naked and the Dead.....Norman Mailer
The Golden Hawk.....Frank Yerby
Peony.....Pearl Buck
Raintree County.....Ross Lockridge
GENERAL

TRENTON, N. J.
SUNDAY TIMES ADVERTISER
JUN 20 1948

8 Most Popular Books At Library Last Week

The eight most popular books at the Trenton Free Public Library last week were:
"Pilgrim's Inn," by Elizabeth Goudge; "Eagle in the Sky," by Van Wyck Mason; "The Golden Hawk," by Frank Yerby; "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer; "Jim Farley's Story," by James A. Farley; "Stilwell Papers," by Joseph Stilwell; "Civilization on Trial," by A. J. Toynbee; "Proper Bostonians," by Cleveland Amory.

PEOPLE'S WORLD
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JUN 26 1948

BEST SELLERS

(Compiled by Publishers Weekly)

FICTION

"Pilgrim's Inn," by Elizabeth Goudge.
"The Golden Hawk," by Frank Yerby.
"Raintree County," by Ross Lockridge, Jr.
"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.
"Parris Mitchell of Kings Row," by Henry and Katherine Bellmann.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
SENTINEL

JUN 26 1948

This Week's Best Sellers In Milwaukee Book Stores

FICTION

1. The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.
2. The Golden Hawk, by Frank Yerby.
3. Pilgrim's Inn, by Elizabeth Goudge.
4. Parris Mitchell of King's Row, by Henry and Katherine Bellman.
5. Peony, by Pearl Buck.

CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD-AMERICAN
JUN 26 1948

This Week's Best Sellers

FICTION

PILGRIM'S INN,
by Elizabeth Goudge
THE GOLDEN HAWK,
by Frank Yerby
THE NAKED AND
THE DEAD,
by Norman Mailer
RAINTREE COUNTY,
by Ross Lockridge, Jr.
PARRIS MITCHELL OF
KINGS ROW,
by the Bellmanns

DETROIT, MICH.
TIMES

JUN 26 1948

This Week's Best Sellers

FICTION

PILGRIM'S INN,
by Elizabeth Goudge
THE GOLDEN HAWK,
by Frank Yerby
THE NAKED AND
THE DEAD,
by Norman Mailer
RAINTREE COUNTY,
by Ross Lockridge Jr.
PARRIS MITCHELL OF
KINGS ROW,
by the Bellmanns

DALLAS, TEX.
NEWS

JUN 27 1948

Cashbox Champions

Books currently most in demand, according to national polls, are:

FICTION

"Pilgrim's Inn," by Elizabeth Goudge.
"The Golden Hawk," by Frank Yerby.
"Raintree County," by Ross M. Lockridge Jr.
"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.
"Peony," by Pearl Buck.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

JUN 27 1948

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Naked and the Dead by Norman Mailer (Rinehart).
2. Pilgrim's Inn by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann).
3. Raintree County by Ross Lockridge Jr. (Houghton Mifflin).
4. Peony by Pearl Buck (John Day).
5. The Idea of March by Thornton Wilder (Harper).
6. Foolish Gentlewoman by Margery Sharp (Little Brown).

DENVER, COLO.
ROCKY MT. NEWS

JUN 27 1948

Best Sellers

Following are the best seller lists for the week ending June 19, 1948:
FICTION
The Naked and the Dead, Mailer
Pilgrim's Inn, Goudge
The Bishop's Mantle, Turnbull
Eagle in the Sky, Mason
The Idea of March, Wilder
The Foolish Gentlewoman, Sharp

WICHITA, KAN.
BEACON

JUN 27 1948

Best Sellers

The following books are most in demand by readers of fiction and nonfiction according to the latest report of The Publishers' Weekly:

FICTION

PILGRIM'S INN, by Elizabeth Goudge.
THE GOLDEN HAWK, by Frank Yerby.
RAINTREE COUNTY, by Ross Lockridge.
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer.
PARRIS MITCHELL OF KINGS ROW, by Henry and Katherine Bellmann.

BOSTON, MASS.
EVENING GLOBE

JUN 28 1948

Best Sellers

FICTION

"The Foolish Gentlewoman," by Margery Sharp.
"Pilgrim's Inn," by Elizabeth Goudge.
"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.
"Peony," by Pearl S. Buck.
"Eagle in the Sky," by F. van Wyck Mason.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
WORLD-TELEGRAM

JUL 1-1948

'Naked and the Dead'

Lillian Hellman is dramatizing Norman Mailer's war novel, "The Naked and the Dead," the story of an infantry platoon on a Japanese-occupied island in the Pacific. The play will be produced in late November by Kermit Bloomgarden with Miss Hellman directing.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
EAGLE

JUL 3-1948

Lillian Hellman is dramatizing Norman Mailer's war novel, "The Naked and the Dead," the story of an infantry platoon on a Japanese-occupied island in the Pacific. The play will be produced in late November by Kermit Bloomgarden, with Miss Hellman directing. This will be her first play since "Another Part of the Forest" tenanted the Fulton.

"The Naked and the Dead" was published by Rinehart and Co. early in May. It is currently topping most of the best-seller lists in the country. Its 25-year-old author, Jersey born, Brooklyn raised, Harvard educated, is enjoying a vacation in Italy with Mrs. Mailer. "The Naked and the Dead" is his first novel.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
TIMES

JUL 4-1948

ROUND-UP: Actors Equity, in receipt of a voluminous report from Robert Nathan, would like to raise \$360,000 to study ways to bolster the ailing theatre. . . . Cast: Joanna Roos in "Laughter for Ladies," for which rehearsals commence Aug. 16; Ruth Gordon in the star role of her own play, "The Leading Lady," and Ezio Pinza, the renowned bass-baritone, as the top man in "Tales of the South Pacific," the musical on which Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2d now are working. . . . Lillian Hellman has agreed to dramatize "The Naked and the Dead," the best-selling novel by Norman Mailer. . . . Closed last night: "Joy to the World."

NEW YORK, N. Y.
TIMES

JUL 1-1948

'NAKED AND DEAD' TO BE DRAMATIZED

Bloomgarden to Offer Lillian Hellman's Adaptation of Best-Selling War Novel in Fall

BY LOUIS CALTA

Norman Mailer's best-selling war novel, "The Naked and the Dead" is to be made into a play by Lillian Hellman for Kermit Bloomgarden, who plans to put it on the Broadway stage in the fall. A first novel by the author, "The Naked and the Dead" is a story of an imaginary battle in the Pacific, pointing up the brutality of modern war. The emphasis, however, is on the character of a dozen men; what kind of men they were before they landed on a jungle island, and what kind of men they become under the stress of warfare.

Having served as a rifleman in a reconnaissance platoon on Leyte and Luzon and as a cook and baker in Japan, Mr. Mailer knows whereof he writes. The twenty-five-year-old writer, born in New Jersey, raised in Brooklyn and educated at Harvard, is on vacation in Italy with his wife at the moment and is expected here early in August when Miss Hellman should be finished with her dramatization. She also will direct, by the way, and this will be her first play since "Another Part of the Forest" occupied the Fulton Theatre in 1946.

Mr. Bloomgarden is negotiating with Montgomery Clift, last seen here in "You Touched Me," for the role of Lieutenant Hearn. The indications are that the production will be an ambitious one, with forty to fifty players being employed. Also on the producer's production schedule are Kenneth White's "The Inconceivable War" and the untitled Louis Solomon-Arnaud d'Usseau play, which will probably be done after the Hellman play.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

JUL 4-1948

R. I. BEST SELLERS FICTION:

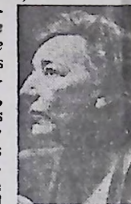
"The Naked and the Dead, Foolish Gentlewoman, Peony, Melissa, Flames of Time, Pilgrim's Inn. NON-FICTION: Peace of Mind, The Gathering Storm, The Dodgers and Me, Jim Farley's Story."

NEW YORK, N. Y.

STAR
JUL 1-1948

BROADWAY

Lillian Hellman, inactive locally since writing and directing *Another Part of the Forest*, is dramatizing



Lillian Hellman

Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, it was revealed yesterday. The story, which deals with a battery of U. S. troops on a Jap-controlled island in the Pacific, will be produced by Kermit Bloomgarden sometime in late November. Miss Hellman will handle the directorial reigns.

Published by Rinehart and Co. in May, *The Naked and the Dead*, is currently high up on most best seller lists. The 25-year-old Mailer was born in Jersey, lived in Brooklyn, received his higher schooling at Harvard and is now on vacation in Italy.

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUL 3-1948

► THE PUBLICATION by Knopf of I. Compton-Burnett's novel, "Bullivant and the Lambs," was greeted by the New York critics with the highest praise that has been given any novel in recent months, with the possible exception of Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" (Rinehart). While the reviews of the Rinehart book predicted that the author would do even better work in the future, "Bullivant and the Lambs," the critics say, is perfection, though some of them tempered their praise with a suggestion that the book may be a bit too

special for the average reader. It will be interesting to see what effect this will have on the book's sales.

Norman Mailer's story "The Naked and the Dead" is based on the reactions of an American Platoon to their part of the invasion and occupation of a Japanese-held island. A most impressive piece of fiction of World War II.

The New York Times Book Review

JULY 4, 1948

Copyright, 1948, by The New York Times Company.

SECTION 7



Ross Lockridge Jr.



Allan Seager.



Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey.



Norman Mailer.

PUBLISHING LANDMARKS, REVISITED

By CHARLES J. ROLO

WHAT clues to the temper of writers and readers does the literary dossier, at mid-year, have to offer? As in any year, variety is the soul of the book list. Most titles elude the trend-seeker's net, and some merely confirm tastes already noted; for instance, the invincible drawing power of the costume romance, trade-marked by the *décolletée* damsel on the jacket. But here and there the literary chart contains a bulletin on the intellectual outlook. And the sum total of these suggests, to speak in very general terms, a fairly widespread mood of critical analysis and revaluation, one that differs sharply from the bookmen's exuberant tradition-busting and trail-blazing in the previous post-war era, and also from the volatile tendencies of wartime.

Prophecy is at a discount; manifestoes are relatively rare or muted; humor is less than evident, and hope is out of sea-

Books and the Men Who Make Them: Six Months, Creative and Otherwise

son. In non-fiction and—though perforce in a much looser sense—in fiction, too, something resembling a medical "check-up" has been taking place. Shaken by the distemper of the body, both politic and otherwise, a good many of the serious writers are engaged in diagnosis, and the harder ones in prescription. It is on these that this fragmentary report is mainly focused.

Professor Toynbee's new volume, "Civilization on Trial," returned a verdict of pernicious anemia due to spiritual starvation, and Toynbee prescribed: "... put the secular superstructure back onto religious foundations." In the philosophical sector, Richard M. Weaver's "Ideas Have Consequences" blamed the sickness of our culture on the tradition that has

grown out of the Renaissance (the democratic idea and the scientific spirit, in particular), and preached a return to medieval "spirituality" and "metaphysical certitudes." There were other assaults on the modernist position, but this season it was the scientists, psychiatrists and such who put up the more intensive literary barrage.

The major scientific broadside was, of course, Dr. Kinsey's "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," whose reverberations prompted giddy comparisons with Charles Darwin's findings. (The "Report," incidentally, has contributed at least as much to United States folklore as to sexual enlightenment.) Kinsey's sere statistical volume—voted "a good thing," according to Gallup, by a five-to-one majority of

the American people—has to date found more than a quarter of a million customers at \$6.50 a copy, and its highlights will permeate to more actual readers via several commentaries, one launched in a twenty-five cent edition with a first printing of 750,000. While the Report was sharply criticized on various counts, a good many commentators agreed that it showed a need for cautious reevaluation both of sexual norms and ethical conventions.

A NOTABLE development among the scientific books was the response to the charge that science and psychology, by creating a moral vacuum, have been the architects of moral confusion. In "Man for Himself," a book addressed to the layman, Erich Fromm sought to fill that vacuum with an ethical system built on psychoanalytic foundations. So, too, did Prof. S. J. Holmes, a leading zoologist, whose "Life and (Continued on Page 12)

(Continued on Page 1)

Morals" set for a "scientific, evolutionary" ethic independent of religious belief. Another psychoanalyst, Dr. Edmund Bergler, advanced (in "Divorce Won't Help") the somewhat startling thesis that the Freudian view of personality contains the strongest "case for monogamy."

THE scientists also published some ambitious readings on the troubled text of western civilization. Among them were L. L. Whyte's "The Next Development in Man," a physicist's attempt at "the relation of a synthesis of scientific knowledge to the present human situation"; L. J. Halliday's "Psychosocial Medicine," which applied the concepts of psychosomatic medicine to a study of our "sick society"; and the late Morris Cohen's "The Meaning of Human History," which this section's reviewer, with an acid glance Toynbee-ward, recommended as "a scientific 'specie' to the metaphysical extravaganzas about history with which we have been regaled." All in all, the scientific writers showed a sharp awareness of the need to enlarge and reorient modern insights in response to contemporary challenges.

Reassessment was the keynote in international affairs. The diplomatic and military record was bared for public inspection by the Messrs. Churchill, Hull, Stimson and Blais Lane, the late General Stilwell and sundry others. And readers were eager to inspect these records, many of them in an anti-Roosevelt frame of mind, judging from the popularity of "Jim Farley's Story" and of Charles Beard's recriminatory "President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War 1941," both of which received rather more rough handling than praise in the leading review columns. There were also reassessments of the British Empire ("Experiment in World Order," by Paul McGuire), of wartime dealings with Franco ("The Spanish Story," by Herbert Fels), of America's strategic position ("The Price of Power," by Hanson Baldwin) and of the ideological myths and fixations of our time ("The Steep Places," by Sir Norman Angell).

PRESUMABLY sated with "hard facts" and skeptical of glib assurances, readers were more ready to analyze and critical retrospection. They were offered both, in regard to themselves and their own past, by foreign as well as native commentators. British anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer caused a stir with "The American People," and Harold Laski's critique of "The American Democracy" commanded front-page attention. Karl Schriftgiesser's "This Was Normalcy" acidly reviewed the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era with intent to show the folly of applying nineteenth-century economics to present-day problems. Carey McWilliams' "A Mask for Privilege" mapped the ramifications of U. S. anti-semitism, which was said to have its origins in a "bogus countertradition" forged in the Industrial Age and cur-

rently in circulation, to the detriment of the "classical" American tradition—a distinction also formulated in "The Turning Stream," wherein Duncan Aikman went dogma-catching among "the nostalgic fixations of USA folk life," seeking to clear the way for adjustment to critical change. Nostalgic fixations were also under fire in an impressively documented analysis of "The Legend of Henry Ford," by Keith Sward.

These are but a sampling of the critical reports on the American scene. A good deal of the retrospection, however, drew more heartening insights from the American past, notably Carl Van Doren's "The Great Rehearsal," Irving Brant's "James Madison, the Nationalist, 1780-1787," and Dumas Malone's "Jefferson the Virginian." And part of the self-scrutiny assumed the sympathetic form of regional documentaries, whose output and popularity registered a spectacular upswing.

THE above-mentioned critical spirit was noteworthy in that, a mid-year 1947, Howard Mumford Jones wrote in this space: "Non-fictional prose . . . makes no such disheartening report (as the novel) upon American life." This year's non-fiction, in contrast, contains a distinct hint of the



"uneasiness of the American soul" which Mr. Jones noted in 1947 fiction, and which is still haunting the novelists. A good many of them have been focusing a collective eye, usually fortified with Freudian lenses, on the individual psyche. In varying contexts they have concentrated on the question, "Why do they behave like Americans?"

Using the stresses of war to lay bare the fiber of personality, and flashback biographies to show the forces that shaped it, 25-year-old Norman Mailer achieved, in "The Naked and the Fear," both vivid portraits and a clinical analysis of a varied group of Americans. Mailer's fascist-minded general and his enlisted men—coarse, mentally immature and barren of ideals, not dislikable and adequately brave—grimly reflected the social system. So, too, was the moral picture drawn in John Cobb's able war novel, "The Gesture."

Race and religious hatred, which became popular subjects for the crusading novel only relatively recently, were on their way to becoming standard ingredients in the social phrasing of any novel. Examples were Frederick Laing's "Six Seconds a Year," and Merle Miller's "That in Winter," which was considerably

praised. A quorum of the novelists related the "uneasiness of the American soul" to the pressures of a fiercely competitive society. In their choice of protagonists, the poor and the Babbitts—who, Mr. Maugham said three years back, almost monopolized American fiction that had any literary pretensions—were to a large extent displaced by the rich and those in the upper echelons of the competitive hierarchy. The gilded world of literary hucksterism was a popular setting ("The Gilded Hearse," by Charles Gorham; "The Great Ones," by Ralph Ingersoll; "The Locusts Have No Kings," by Dawn Powell). In these and other books the novelists were inclined—a trifle oddly—to agree that the wages of success is moral bankruptcy and psychic ulcers. But their righteous indignation sometimes had a dubious ring, their often glib-and-glamorized caricatures lacked the corrosive edge of authentic satire.

Countless portraits of the hero as the product of infantile fixations and youthful traumas heightened the Freudian coloration of the fiction list. Reviewers were favorably impressed by Allan Seager's "The Inheritance," an appalling picture of small-town life (in Michigan) and of a man who, hating his father, grew up in his father's image; and by Robert Gibbons' "The Patchwork Time," a study of a young schoolteacher's troubled passage from virginity to man's estate, set in a small town (Southern) which revealed Seager's in moral squalor. The critical interlude between boyhood and adolescence was poetically treated in Truman Capote's "Other Voices Other Rooms" which (reviewers by and large agreed), heralded the debut of a dazzling if perhaps limited new talent. Capote's and Mailer's novels, plus Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country," Thornton Wilder's "The Idea of March," and, in some reviewers' opinion, Ross Lockridge's "Rain-tree County," just about accounted for the literary éclat of the past six months in fiction.

A remarkable spurt of activity took place in three outlying sectors of the book front. With Cook's Agency predicting the biggest year for travel since 1929, guide books and travelogues poured off the presses. Literary criticism made a handsome showing if not a handsome sale. There were, to make an incomplete listing, books about Fielding, Hart Crane, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Ibsen, Proust, Kafka, Thomas Wolfe; critical symposia on Thomas Mann and T. S. Eliot; critical essays by Virginia Woolf, Ortega y Gasset, Austin Warren ("Rage for Order").

And some of the most agreeable literary news of the past six months was quietly tucked away in a periodic column in this Book Review entitled "Repeat Performances."

Mr. Rolo, book columnist for *The Atlantic Monthly*, edited the anthology "The World of Aldous Huxley" and is the author of "Wingate's Raiders."

1948 YORK
Herald Tribune

has arranged with the leading booksellers of the country to report each week their sales of first six titles in fiction and non-fiction to give our readers an accurate picture of what is being read in America. Only titles reported, three or more times are charted. The following books were reported during the week ended June 21:

Pilgrim's Inn—Elizabeth Goodge
The Naked and the Dead—Norman Mailer
Feeny—Pearl S. Buck
The Golden Hawk—Frank Yerby
The Foolish Gentlewoman—Margery Sharp
Parris Mitchell of Kings Row—H. & K. Bellaman
Eagle in the Sky—F. Van Wyck Mason
The Bishop's Mantle—Agnes Slugh Turnbull
Bright Feather—Robert Wilder
Rainbow County—Ross Lockridge Jr.
The Isles of March—Thornon Wilder
The World Is Not Enough—Zoe Oldenbourg
Fire—George R. Stewart
No Trumpet Before Him—Nelia Gardner White
Cry the Beloved Country—Alan Paton
The Owl's Edge—Charles Jackson
The Time Is Noon—Hiram Haydn
Aylm for the Queen—Mildred Jordan
Flames of Time—Baynard Kendrick
House Divided—Ben Ames Williams
Everybody Slept Here—Elliott Arnold
Home to the Hermitage—A. L. Crabb
Red Plush—Guy McCrone
Tobias Brandwyne—Dan Wickenden

[illegible]

JUL 3 - 1948

According to Publishers Weekly
Fiction

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD,
Norman Mailer; Rinehart, \$4.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.
NEWS-SENTINEL

JUL 3 - 1948

(Compiled by Publishers' Weekly)

Pilgrim's Inn, by Elizabeth Goudge.
The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.
The Golden Hawk, by Frank Yerby.
Peony, by Pearl S. Buck.
Rainbow County, By Ross Lockridge Jr.

JUL 4 - 1948

The following report is based on sales last week at *Abraham & Straus, Namm's and Williams Book Shop.*

1. The Naked and the Dead _____ Mailer
2. Pilgrim's Inn _____ Golding
3. Raintree County _____ Lockridge
4. Peony _____ Buck
5. Never Love a Stranger _____ Robbins
6. Eagle in the Sky _____ Vason
7. Parris Mitchell of Kings Row _____ Bellman
8. Came a Cavalier _____ Keyes
9. Foolish Gentlewoman _____ Sharpe
10. Golden Hawk _____ Yerby

NEW YORK, N. Y.
JOURNAL AMERICAN

JUL 3 - 1948

FIC TION

1. Peony, by Pearl S. Buck.
2. The Golden Hawk, by Frank Yerby.
3. The Naked and the Dead by Norman Mailer.

(Compiled by Publishers' Weekly)
Fiction

"Pilgrim's Inn," by Elizabeth Goudge.
 "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.
 "The Green Hawk," by Frank Yerby.
 "Peony," by Pearl S. Buck.
 "Raintree County," by Ross Lockridge Jr.

FICTION

- THE NAKED AND
THE DEAD,
by Norman Mailer
PILGRIM'S INN,
by Elizabeth Goudge
THE GOLDEN HAWK,
by Frank Yerby
RAINTREE COUNTY,
by Ross Lockridge, Jr.
PARRIS MITCHELL O
KINGS ROW,
by the Bellamanns

"Pilgrim's Inn," by Elizabeth Goudge.
 "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.
 "~~The Golden Hawk~~," by Frank Yerby.
 "Peony," by Pearl S. Buck.
 "Raintree County," by Ross Lockridge Jr.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
NEWS (B'klyn Section)

JUL 4 - 1948

FICTION

- Naked and the Dead*, by Norman Mailer.
Pilgrim's Inn, by Elizabeth Goudge.
The Loved One, by Evelyn Waugh.
Raintree County, by Ross Lockridge Jr.
Melissa, by Taylor Caldwell.

FICTION

- 1—The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer (Rinehart).
- 2—Hillman's Inn, by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann).
- 3—Peony, by Pearl Buck (John Day).
- 4—The World Is Not Enough, by Zoe Oldenbury (Pantheon).
- 5—Outer Edges, by Charles Jackson (Rinehart).
- 6—Never Love a Stranger, by Harold Robbins (Knopf).

HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

JUL 4 - 1948

Compiled from reports of current sales by Brentano, Brown Thomas & Co. Fox & Co., Grayson's Book Shop, Newton Book Shop, Pickwick Book Shop, Sage-Allen, Wise-Smith and Witkower's.

FICTION

- PILGRIM'S INN** Elizabeth Goudge
THE BISHOP'S MANTLE Agnes March Tarnham
CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY Alan Paton
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD Helen Miller
THE FOOLISH GENTLEMAN Mervyn Sharp
NO TRUMPET BEFORE HIM N. Gardner White
EAGLE IN THE SKY F. van Wyk Maasou
PARRIS MITCHELL OF KING'S ROW H. & K. Bellamanna
PRONY Pearl S. Buck
BRIGHT FEATHER Robert Wildes

LOS ANGELES, CAL
EXAMINER
JUL 3 - 1948

This Week's Best Sellers

FICITION

- THE NAKED AND THE DEAD,
By Norman Mailer.
THE LOVED ONE,
By Evelyn Waugh.
PILGRIM'S INN,
By Elizabeth Goudge.
PARRIS MITCHELL OF
KINGS ROW,
By Henry and Katherine
Bellaman.
THE GOLDEN HAWK,
By Frank Yerby.

JUL 3 - 1948

Best Sellers of the Week

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD Norman Mailer. Rinehart, \$4.	A new leader of fiction this week.
PILGRIM'S INN Elizabeth Goudge. Coward, \$3.	These top two are very close in bookstore reports.
THE GOLDEN HAWK Frank Yerby. Dial, \$3.	The Emporium in San Francisco and the Personal Book Shop in Boston are two of the stores telling us this is their best seller for June.
PEONY Pearl S. Buck. John Day, \$3.	High on best seller lists everywhere.
RAINTREE COUNTY Ross Lockridge, Jr. Houghton, \$3.95	Continuing good sales.
CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford, \$3.50	A second printing of 10,000 makes the total 60,000. 45,000 copies have been sold.
PEACE OF MIND Joshua L. Liebman. S. & S., \$2.50	Steady sales everywhere.
SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE A. C. Kinsey and others. Saunders, \$6.50	Continues the nonfiction best seller in Philadelphia stores, according to the <i>Inquirer</i> .
MALABAR FARM Louis Bromfield. Harper, \$3.75	Increasingly good sales.
THE STILWELL PAPERS Joseph W. Stilwell. Sloane, \$4.	New nonfiction best seller this week. Leading at Brentano's in N. Y.

JUL 4 - 1948

BEST SELLERS IN NEW YORK CITY

This list is compiled from reports by four representative book sellers in New York City, showing the rating of 16 leading best sellers—general and fiction—as of June 30.

	Brentano's	Womath's (41st St.)	Macy's	Washington Sq. Book Shop
General				
PEACE OF MIND (Liebman)	*	*	*	*
THE GATHERING STORM (Churchill)	*	*	*	*
THE KINSEY REPORT	*	*	*	*
THE STILWELL PAPERS				*
CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL (Toynbee)	*			
OUR UNKNOWN EX-PRESIDENT (Lyons)		*		
THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE, VOL. II				*
HOW TO STOP WORRYING (Carnegie)		*		
Fiction				
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD (Mailer)	*	*	*	*
THE LOVED ONE (Waugh)		*	*	*
PILGRIM'S INN (Goudge)	*	*		*
THE GOLDEN HAWK (Yerby)	*	*		
PEONY (Buck)	*		*	
BULLIVANT AND THE LAMBS (Compton-Burnett)				*
LACE CURTAIN (Berlin)		*		
MELISSA (Caldwell)			*	

JUL 4 - 1948

The Best Sellers

June 13	June 20	June 27	This Week	
				<i>An analysis based on reports from leading book sellers in 22 cities, showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles, and their relative standing over the past 3 weeks.</i>
Fiction				
2	1	1	1	The Naked and the Dead. Mailer
1	2	2	2	Pilgrim's Inn. Goudge
3	3	3	3	The Golden Hawk. Yerby
6	5	4	4	Peony. Buck
4	4	5	5	Raintree County. Lockridge
5	6	6	6	Parris Mitchell of Kings Row. The Bellamanns
	11	7	7	The Foolish Gentlewoman. Sharp
13	7	9	8	Bright Feather. Wilder
8	8	8	9	Eagle in the Sky. Mason
	15	13	10	Asylum for the Queen. Jordan
		14	11	The World Is Not Enough. Oldenbourg
10	12	11	12	No Trumpet Before Him. White
			13	The Flames of Time. Kendrick
9	10	10	14	The Bishop's Mantle. Turnbull
			15	Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye. McCoy
14	16	15	16	Fire. Stewart

The Best Sellers

June 27	July 4	July 11	This Week	
				<i>An analysis based on reports from leading book sellers in 22 cities, showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles, and their relative standing over the past 3 weeks.</i>
Fiction				
1	1	1	1	The Naked and the Dead. Mailer
2	2	3	2	Pilgrim's Inn. Goudge
4	4	4	3	Peony. Buck
3	3	2	4	The Golden Hawk. Yerby
		7	5	Melissa. Caldwell
			6	The Loved One. Waugh
7	7	5	7	The Foolish Gentlewoman. Sharp
14	11	8	8	The World Is Not Enough. Oldenbourg
5	5	6	9	Raintree County. Lockridge
9	8	10	10	Bright Feather. Wilder
	13	14	11	The Flames of Time. Kendrick
13	10	12	12	Asylum for the Queen. Jordan
10	14	11	13	The Bishop's Mantle. Turnbull
6	6	9	14	Parris Mitchell of Kings Row. The Bellamanns
11	12	15	15	No Trumpet Before Him. White
			16	Cry, the Beloved Country. Paston
General				
1	1	1	1	Peace of Mind. Liebman
	8	4	2	The Gathering Storm. Churchill
6	4	2	3	How to Stop Worrying and Start Living. Carnegie
3	2	3	4	Sexual Behavior in the Human Male. Kinsey et al.
5	7	6	5	Malabar Farm. Bromfield
2	3	5	6	Civilization on Trial. Toynbee
7	5	7	7	The Stilwell Papers. Stilwell
	13	9	8	Our Unknown Ex-President. Lyons
4	6	2	9	Jim Farley's Story. Farley
8	9	10	10	The Memoirs of Cordell Hull. Hull
		13	11	Gettysburg. Miers and Brown
14		11	12	All Things Considered. O'Brien
			13	The American Democracy. Laski
12		12	14	Inside U. S. A. Gunther
10	14		15	Information Please Almanac 1948. Ed. by Kieran
			16	The Last Billionaire. Richards

JUL 5 - 1948

Lillian Hellman is dramatizing Norman Mailer's new novel "The Naked and the Dead," the story of an infantry platoon in a Japanese-occupied island in the Pacific. The play will be produced by Kermit Bloomgarden with Miss Hellman directing. This will be her first play since "Another Part of the Forest." "The Naked and

the Dead," published by Rinehart and Co., early in May, is currently topping the best seller lists. Its 25-year-old author, Jersey born, Brooklyn raised, Harvard educated, is currently enjoying a vacation in Italy with his wife.

This Clipping From
RACINE, WIS.
JOURNAL TIMES

JUL 2 - 1948

The reviewers are acclaiming "The Naked and the Dead," Norman Mailer's story of an undermanned platoon's part in the invasion of a Japanese held island. Its obscenity is revolting, but it probably gets closer to the sound and the fury and the fear of warfare than any other book. In "Another Such Victory" John Downey Weaver tells the moving story of one family which joined the 1942 bonus march. Blanch Cannon's dramatic story about a Mormon family belies its title, "Nothing Ever Happens Sunday Morning."

THE NAKED AND
THE DEAD,
by Norman Mailer
PILGRIM'S INN,
by Elizabeth Goudge
THE GOLDEN HAWK,
by Frank Yerby
RAINTREE COUNTY,
by Ross Lockridge, Jr.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE YOUNG CONQUERORS

by Malcolm Cowley

"on its regular run, from Tedium to Apathy and back; about five days each way."

The other four books are concerned with the occupation of Germany and Japan and the return to civilian life. *The Steeper Cliff*, by David Davidson (Random House; \$3), is a romantic novel about Munich in the autumn of 1945, when a great many Americans were acting on General Patton's theory that it wasn't fraternizing if you didn't stay for breakfast. *The Stainless Steel Kimono*, by Elliott Chaze (Simon and Schuster; \$2.75), describes the adventures in Japan of seven tough paratroopers; the time is the winter of 1945-46. By then the hero of *That Winter* (Sloane; \$3) was back in New York, and Merle Miller tells us how much he drank, how many girls he did or didn't go to bed with and why he resigned from the staff of a famous news weekly. *The Sealed Verdict*, by Lionel Shapiro (Doubleday; \$2.75), centers upon a trial of German generals for war crimes in the spring of 1946; it is the last of the novels chronologically.

Together they cover the years and pretty well cover the parts of the globe

where Americans were fighting; these authors went almost everywhere that Kilroy went. Two of the novels are about officers in the Navy, five are about soldiers and two are about uniformed officials in Military Government. Serious gaps must be noted in the record: there is nothing about the Army Air Force, nothing about the Wacs, nothing about the China-Burma-India theatre and nothing about the fighting in France, except for a series of flashbacks in *That Winter*. I might and perhaps should have read novels directly treating all those subjects, but I have a notion that they would not have changed the general picture.

For there is a general picture which, emerging from all these books, becomes their most impressive feature. Different as the nine authors are in character and in types of experience, they end by repeating almost the same messages: that Americans aren't soldiers by choice; they are guilt-ridden in the role of conquerors; their sex lives are confused and unsatisfactory; they hate the Army caste system and some of them fear it will serve as the preparation for an American fascism.

To judge by their reported conversations, Americans in the Second World War were tougher and more sophisticated than their fathers in 1918. They were less ashamed of their vices, less religious (except for the devout Catholics) and less affected by patriotic propaganda. Often they proved refractory to discipline, and in the South Pacific—so Mailer reports—they killed most of their prisoners. Although they were good fighting troops and highly skilled, if reckless and wasteful, in handling their superb mechanical equipment, they proved irresponsible and even corrupt as garrison forces in

the vanquished territories they were called upon to occupy.

THE CONQUERED. It is this last characteristic of Americans as soldiers that made the deepest impression on five of the novelists. Hayes and Burns writing about Italy, Davidson and Shapiro about Germany and Chaze about Japan all make it clear that the occupation forces are leaving bitter memories behind them. Chaze tries to explain why the soldiers acted as they did. "The reaction of most occupation troops in Japan," he says, "is that of a person suddenly handed a brimming bedpan and told to guard its contents carefully. It comes as a shock to the average American to find himself custodian of such a smelly and strange country." In *All Thy Conquests* Hayes quotes the Italians on their conquerors. "We are liberated," they say. "We have been liberated from cigarettes, shoes, meat, gasoline and our women."

Lionel Shapiro's book, *The Sealed Verdict*, is largely a picture of demoralization in the American zone of Germany. Although the style is close to that of slick-paper magazines, some of the descriptions are hard to forget:

A Red Cross club for enlisted men occupied the most important building still standing in the street, the former Palast Kino. Just beyond the lights that brightened the entrance to the club, each dark doorway of the boarded, fire-gutted shops was populated by one or two girls. They were mostly children of thirteen or fourteen, and the rouge that was lumpily applied to their cheeks made them look like Halloween pranksters rather than apprentices on the dreary night watch of the camp follower. . . . A little man with sunken cheeks appeared at Lashley's elbow and walked with them briefly, whispering, "What got to sell? Zigaretten? Amerikanische dollars?" He fell away in the darkness and a boy, perhaps ten, took his place. "Want girl? Pretty girl. Young. No sick." He too slunk away. As they crossed in front of the Red Cross Club, two MP's saluted briskly.

The briskly saluted conquerors were themselves affected by the demoralization around them; in fact they helped to make it worse by profiteering at the expense of the conquered. "I don't know why," says Burns in *The GA-*

lery, "but most Americans had a blanket hatred of all Italians. They figured it this way: these Ginsoes have made war on us, so it doesn't matter what we do to them, boost their prices, shatter their economy and shack up with their women. . . . I saw that we could mouth democratic catchwords and yet give the Neapolitans a huge black market. I saw that we could prate of the evils of fascism, yet be just as ruthless as fascists with people who'd already been pushed around."

KINSEY REPORT. These novels have a great deal to say about sexual behavior, and in many respects they tend to support Dr. Kinsey's conclusions. On two points, however, they present so much opposing evidence that they make you wonder whether Kinsey is infallible. He says at some length, if you remember, that no significant changes in the sexual pattern occurred during the period of 22 years covered by his researches. "There is not even evidence," he adds, "that patterns of sexual behavior are materially altered among men in the armed forces during a period of war." The novelists do not argue with these two statements, but they describe American soldiers as acting with vastly more freedom in sexual matters than any novelist, even Hemingway, described them as acting in the First World War. Moreover, they show by many examples that Americans learned new patterns of behavior in Europe or Asia or the South Seas.

There is more sex than love in the nine novels, and some of the authors hint that romantic love is difficult for self-centered and self-conscious Americans to achieve. "In America," Burns says—he is the one most given to making direct statements—"I remember a tension between the sexes. Human love is a disease for the isolation ward,

not at all nice. Thus love in America is often divided into the classifications of Having Sex and Getting Married. Neither has much to do with love." He depicts several of his characters as learning naturalness and self-forgetfulness from the Neapolitan women. There are few American women in the novels and fewer still whom the authors admire; the others are shown to be cold, selfish and even malignant.

OFFICERS AND G.I.'S. Four of the novels are written from the standpoint of the officers, four others chiefly from that of the enlisted men, while *The Naked and the Dead* tries to include both standpoints by presenting all the ranks involved in a minor campaign, from the commanding general down to the newest replacement. Almost all the authors agree, however—the possible exception is Heggen in *Mister Roberts*—that a gulf exists between the two military castes.

Often the men complain of the special privileges granted to officers in respect to food, liquor and liberty. Some of the more sensitive officers, but only a few, are depicted as being ashamed to enjoy those privileges; while the effect on others is to make them feel that they are living in an unreal world. "What am I doing with bars on me?" a captain says to his American mistress in *All Thy Conquests*. "I look in the mirror and I don't believe it. We're an army of phonies, baby, that's what we are. An army of jerks playing soldier."

The novels reveal a special conflict



DRAWINGS BY HUNT WERTH



Tales of the South Pacific, by James A. Michener (Macmillan; \$3), comes first chronologically; it begins with the Battle of the Coral Sea, as reported by radio, and follows the fortunes of a dozen naval officers through months of preparation to the day of their first big strike. *The Gallery*, by John Horne Burns (Harper; \$3), deals with war in the Mediterranean; most of its action takes place in what had become the rear areas, from Casablanca to Naples. *The Naked and the Dead*, by Norman Mailer (Rinehart; \$4), is the complete story of a minor campaign in the South Pacific, apparently in the spring of 1944. With *All Thy Conquests*, by Alfred Hayes (Howell, Soskin; \$2.75), we are back in Italy; the scene is Rome and the time is September, 1944, three months after the Allies marched into the city. *Mister Roberts*, by Thomas Heggen (Houghton Mifflin; \$2.50), is the last of the strictly war-time novels. Its action takes place in the spring of 1945 and its subject is life on the Navy supply ship *Reluctant*

over the superior sexual opportunities enjoyed by officers. Apparently it was worst in the South Pacific; there the only white women in the advanced areas were nurses, who ranked as lieutenants and were not allowed to associate with enlisted men. Michener, writing from the officer's point of view, gives a pretty lurid picture of the situation. "There were," he says, "many other attacks or near attacks on nurses in the islands. They were grim, hushed-up affairs. . . . But in time every nurse knew that she lived in danger. She could see in the baleful looks of enlisted men that they considered her little more than a plaything brought out to amuse the officers."

Michener writes almost like a Southern planter in the Black Belt, living in fear that his womenfolk will be outraged by a sullen peasantry. Once when he paid a visit to the enlisted men in their quarters, he was surprised to find that most of them were friendly. There was one man, however, who looked at him "with the grim stare which officers see so often and which always means: 'What the hell are you doing here?'" Norman Mailer describes the rivalry between Lieutenant Hearn and his platoon sergeant, who deliberately leads him into a Japanese ambush. After Hearn's death one of the men blurts out, "The Looenant was a good guy." Another swears, "They ain't a— one of those officers is worth a goddam. . . . They're all bastards."

PREVIEW OF FASCISM. A feeling present as an overtone in several of the novels is the fear that the military hierarchy will become the model and furnish the leaders for an American fascism. In *The Naked and the Dead* this feeling is discussed in a series of conversations between Hearn, the liberal-minded lieutenant, and the odious General Cummings.

"The machine techniques of this century demand consolidation," Cummings says, "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." Later he says, dotting the i's, "There are countries which have latent powers, latent resources, they are full of potential energy, so to speak. And there are great concepts which can unlock that, express it. As kinetic energy a country is organization, coordinated effort, your epithet, fascism. . . . Historically the purpose of this war is to translate America's potential into kinetic energy. . . . You can consider the Army," he concludes, "as a preview of the future."

DISILLUSIONMENT. During the late war everyone interested in literature was predicting a postwar disillusionment. We are in the midst of it now; it is sharply expressed by all these writers, except Michener; but it has taken another form than most readers expected to find. In general the novelists do not suggest that the war was foolish in its aims or that, given the temper of the people, it might have been avoided by wiser statesmanship. They are not disillusioned with the war itself—in this they differ from many novelists of the 1920's—so much as they are with the victory. And they are more than disillusioned; some of them are heartbroken at the contrast between our aims and efforts on one hand and our achievements on the other; between soldiers dying in the jungle and soldiers drunk in a Japanese house of prostitution; between the delirious joy with which our men were greeted as they marched into a liberated city and the despair of the inhabitants when they learned that we could be—to quote again from John Horne Burns—"just as ruthless as Fascists with people who'd been pushed around already. That was why my heart broke in Naples in August, 1944."

But the new disillusionment is something more than heartbreak at the fruits of victory; it is a sort of epilogue to the history of the last twenty years. The novelists are not too young to remember the hopefulness of the 1930's, when most intellectuals were involved in some scheme for remaking their country and the world. Na-

tional or international, all the schemes have crashed and must be rebuilt from the ground. Not many of the novelists are now disposed to help in the rebuilding, for most of them—I except Merle Miller—are disillusioned not only with Moscow and Washington but also, it would seem, with the whole notion of progress through collective effort. Perhaps that is an extreme statement of their position; but I note that in almost all the novels the picture of men in the mass is disagreeable. "There are no good nations or armies," the authors seem to be saying. "Our only hope is in individuals."

In spite of their plea for individualism, I found the novels more impressive as a collection than as separate works. *The Naked and the Dead* is the most ambitious and the only one that compares in scope with the great war novels of the past; but its style is graceless and James T. Farrell's *The Gallery* is better in the end, being warmer in feeling and more persuasive. A characteristic of almost all the books is the number of good persons they depict in the midst of what seems to be a hopeless world. Lieutenant Moe Shulman in *The Gallery*; Carla in *All Thy Conquests*; Goldstein, the Brooklyn mechanic, and his friend Ridges, the Southern sharecropper, in *The Naked and the Dead*; Mr. Roberts himself; Thémis Delisle in *The Scaled Verdict*—there are dozens of gentle, brave and almost saintlike persons in the novels, and they seem to be presented largely for the sake of emphasizing the value of individuals. The novelists are a little like the two angels who looked for virtue in Sodom so that the city might be saved; and, luckier than the angels, they have each come forward with a group of righteous men.

LINK WITH THE EAST

THE INDONESIAN STORY, by Charles Wolf Jr. (John Day Company; \$3).

THE LEAST-KNOWN active nationalist movement in the world today, save possibly that of Viet-Nam, is the Indonesian. Yet, both because it is a vital part of the general awakening of

This Clipping From
CINCINNATI, OHIO
TIMES-STAR

JUL 5 - 1948

PRESENTING NORMAN MAILER

The Naked and the Dead. By Norman Mailer (Rinehart, \$4). After reading *The Naked and the Dead*, this reviewer was forced to lay the book aside and to turn to other things before attempting to evaluate it. The impact of Norman Mailer's novel is so great, and one's revulsion to it is so terrible that time and distance are needed before attempting an appraisal.

Mr. Mailer, now but 25, is a man of brilliant talents. His undoubtedly will be a significant name in American letters.

His novel, a substantial work, tells the story of an imaginary battle on a Pacific island. The battle is seen through the eyes of a single platoon, plus a lieutenant, a major and a general. The whole pictures the individual within the military organization and attempts to evaluate the complex structure of the American Army.

The action is sluggish, they say, of life in the Army is presented with ruthless honesty. The boredom, the repetition, the unrelieved monotony get under one's skin into the bone. The nightmarish passages devoted to the soldier's interminable war with the jungles are unforgettable, and then there are the engagements with the

Japanese—terror and horror unrelieved. The author leaves nothing to the imagination. His photographic eyes is matched by a phonographic ear. The conversations of his characters teem with GI billingsgate and with more four-letter words in usual and unusual combinations than any other book within my not-inconsiderable experience.

The novel feeds on disillusionment, utterly unrelieved by compassion or humor or warmth. No one character in it enlists the reader's sympathy. He is unmoved by their fate, and though none can overlook or understand the great talents displayed by Mr. Mailer, I do not believe that those who read *"The Naked and the Dead"* will ever want to read it again.

This Clipping From
JOHNSON CITY, TENN.
PRESS-CHRONICLE

JUL 4 - 1948

BOOK NOTES

"The Naked and the Dead," Norman Mailer's novel of an assault on a Japanese-occupied island, has won the term "distinguished" for its young author—and the top place here. It is hardly conventional fare for the gentle reader, and no punches are pulled in telling the tale frankly. The language is that of the soldier's camp and beachhead and is sure to offend. But there is some reprieve in the fine authenticity of Mailer's realism.

This Clipping From
PIC
NEW YORK CITY

JUL - 1948

The Naked and the Dead: I've saved Norman Mailer's novel, "The Naked and the Dead" (Rinehart, 721 pp. \$4.00) until last because unless there is a sudden sweep of insanity among reviewers (possible but not likely), this lengthy, incident-packed, beautifully sustained novel will, by the time this column appears, already have been proclaimed as what it is, a first-rate novel by a first-rate writer. Most of the other war books seem insignificant compared to this. Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun" was destined for Hollywood, where both it and the writer appropriately arrived. Even such fine novels as "The Gallery," "All Thy Conquests," and "A Bell for Adano" seem somewhat slight compared to the Mailer account of the men who captured an island in the Pacific. Once in a while I wished someone had used a cutting pencil on Mailer's prose: there's too much of it, but that's minor. The important thing is that anyone who was near a gun during the last war, anyone who saw a man (friend or enemy) killed, anyone who heard the deceptive quiet of a shell burst will recognize that Mailer has caught it all, good and bad, ugly and, rarely, beautiful. This is a fine book, and its author has taken Mr. Maugham's advice. He tells a remarkable story; he has a lot to say, and he has genuine talent.

This Clipping From
Book of the Month Club News
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUL - 1948

The Naked and the Dead

By NORMAN MAILER



NORMAN MAILER

To avoid misunderstanding it is best to state at the outset that this long, ambitious, and, in many of its parts, distinguished novel is not acceptable literary fare for the conventional literary reader, whose blood pressure will rise and who finishes it. Aside from many moments of stark horror, *The Naked and the Dead* has a larger vocabulary of plain and fancy four-letter words than I have ever seen in print, and is conclusive proof that literature is at last released from prudery and, some might add, from many limits of common decency. Yet so, too, were most American soldiers whose prototypes march through Mr. Mailer's pages. Their language here is the correct language of camp and beachhead, no better and no worse than usual war theater talk in the recent conflict, and Mr. Mailer's frank dialogue gives his enlisted men a startling stamp of authenticity and renders their desires, sufferings, hates and fears poignant without sentiment or exaggeration. *The Naked and the Dead* is the story of a division's assault on a Japanese-occupied island in the Pacific, from the rendezvous of the transports offshore to the final securing. It is a broad and admirable picture of mass military effort, told in the terms of a large group of diverse individuals, all of whose motives and parts are revealed before the book is finished. There is an unforgettable vividness about many of the scenes. Among them a tropical storm, a night attack, a drunken soldier seeking for comfort among the Japanese dead, and a reconnaissance march through the island jungles will remain long in any reader's memory. There is a fine authenticity in all of Mr. Mailer's writing. His realism never conceals his sensitive understanding, and his skilful character delineation gives his battle scenes a significance that is never reportorial. Parts of the book may be too long, much of it is uneven, but more of it is some of the best war fiction that has been written in a long while. (Price, \$4.00.)

JOHN P. MARQUAND

This Clipping From
PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUL 10 1948

► THERE'S A STRONG LIKELIHOOD that Lillian Hellman will dramatize another Rinehart title, Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." Reports of Hollywood bids for this best seller are apparently premature; the movies would love to take a whack at it, but the problem is how to get it past the censors. Maybe the cannot Hellman will show the way.

JUL 1 - 1948

This Clipping From
McKEESPORT, PA.

What Do You Like to Read?

By MARY AULD

Two fictional accounts of war in the Pacific, both first novels, have been the subject of a great deal of comment among reviewers and readers for the past month. Furthermore, because they do, in a broad sense, deal with the same general theme and yet are as far apart as the poles in almost every other respect, they lend themselves to contrast—a contrast which may give you, as a potential reader, a more definite idea as to whether you may want to read either of them than a single review might have done. They are James A. Michener's "Tales of the South Pacific" and Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead."

The Michener book, published

last year, passed by almost unnoticed with little or no publishing fanfare and ballyhoo to help it gain recognition. But, in a race against such books as "The Big Sky" and "The Garretson Chronicle," to mention just two of the many other entries, "Tales of the South Pacific" was the dark horse choice of the Pulitzer prize com-

mittee in the field of fiction.

19 Short Stories

Actually, it's a book of 19 short stories told in the first person by a nameless individual whom you come to think of as Mr. Michener himself. Every once in a while you stop to remember that the book is fiction, so convincingly does he tell his tales. The fact that they are woven around one man's experiences and those of his friends knits them together into a cohesion which many out and out novels lack.

To attempt to give you an idea of the charm of this book is almost impossible. Perhaps it's enough to say that both the places and the people described in it become so real as you read that you're surprised to look up and find yourself alone in your own favorite chair. Although many of the stories are not too pleasant and the people about whom they are written are far from perfect, still, over the whole book hangs the aura of glamorous adventure; the settings, the innumerable

atolls of the South Pacific, make a romantic background for the whole.

There's an idealism about the book, and a charming sentimentalism (the word is not used in a derogatory sense), which subtly imply its basic theme—that, no matter how eccentric the people involved or how expensive the operations performed in manpower and material, the war in the Pacific was not fought in vain as long as men gained the objectives for which they struggled.

Very Different

Very different is Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." Where James Michener saw something good in almost every character whom he introduced into his book, Mailer tore his people down to the core which he found in every case but two to be pretty rotten, and those two didn't have too much to recommend them. Where Michener saw beauty in the jungle, covered islands, Mailer found only the horrors of man's fight against the jungle. The truth probably lies

somewhere between the two concepts in each case. Michener, of course, covered a lot of territory, dealt with a great many people, skimmed over the surfaces, as it were, in the 326 pages of his book. Mailer, on the other hand, chose to write about a handful of men all stationed on one Pacific outpost, and he used 721 pages to do so.

One thing they have in common, these two young writers, and that is that they both can write uncommonly well. Michener's prose is polished and beautiful, his narrative ability superb, his sense of dramatic timing excellent, and his characterization apt. Mailer, on the other hand, belongs to the school of absolute realism in writing. He attempts to write about things as they are. Perhaps he's a bit hard on his people, a bit cynical in his approach to the war story he tells, but his book breathes out his sincerity, whereas Michener's rather lightly touches the more serious aspects of the war. While Michener actually doesn't

intend to glorify war, he does to the extent that he paints more than one portrait of a real hero; but Mailer, like Remarque, sees nothing good about war, and here produces a book that is definitely anti-war propaganda.

"The Naked and the Dead" is the story of the campaign on the fictional isle of Anopopei covering the final hours aboard the transport, the landing, and the subsequent successful military maneuvers. It is told on two levels in that a part of the story deals with General Cummings, the man in charge of the operation, and his staff, the other with the individual members of a reconnaissance platoon who are destined to get the dirtiest deal of the several thousand participants. The link between these two is Lieutenant Hearn, one time aide to the general.

The Time Machine

The book, then, is a thorough description of some 15 men and their part in this minor action of the war against the Japs. Inter-

persed with the continuity of the campaign are 10 chapters called "The Time Machine" in each of which the author goes into a peculiarly realistic account of the background of one of the men, using, in every instance, episodes which a psychiatrist might find indicative of the man's actions on Anopopei. This structural technique is admirably well suited to the author's purpose which is to show the reader how dreadfully war can warp a personality that hasn't too much to come and go on at best. It also is the weakest aspect of the book, since Mailer invariably chooses not to give his principals any appreciable amount of character to start with.

Right now this war story is the No. 1 best seller among current novels. Why that should be is a question. It's possible, in view of the popularity of "Forever Amber" and others of the same ilk, that the obscenity in the book may have something to do with this.

If so, the book is being wrongly interpreted by the readers, for Mr. Mailer was apparently reproducing GI talk as he had heard it. Most of it really meant very little, it was just their means of bitter complaint. Perhaps he does go a bit far in the case of the Cracker, Wilson, but the fact that none of his buddies took him seriously is the measure of the effect that was intended. Better believe that the American reader can spot a new Dos Passos or Hemingway or Remarque at first glance. Certainly this young man has the rare ability to tell a story without much plot and still keep the reader on the edge of his chair. He's a very promising writer with a real future ahead of him. According to the grapevine, he's already got a second manuscript close to completion—he and his wife are at work at the Sorbonne (he's an ex-Wave). It will be interesting to see what more he has to say; possible human nature may seem more fruitful of good in his next attempt.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL
NEWS

JUL 2 - 1948

Best Sellers

This week's best seller list, as compiled by The News:

FICTION
"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer
"Body," by Pearl Buck
"The Goodbye Girl," by Mary Kay Vaughan
"Golden Boy," by Frank Yerby
"Milk and Honey," by Taylor Caldwell

Book Notes and Footnotes

By LOUISE WHITING

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD by Norman Mailer (Rinehart and Company, 1948) 321pp.

"The Naked and the Dead" is perhaps the most brilliant book to come out of the past war. There has been a need for a book such as "All Quiet on the Western Front" or "Three Soldiers," which would depict this last conflict as accurately and as unforgettably as those books did the first world war. Norman Mailer's book fills that role perfectly.

It is the cruel, sometimes brutal story of men at war, their problems, their thoughts, their loves, and, for some, their death. But for men like Wilson, Croft, Gallagher, Goldstein and Red, death had lost its fear. It had become merely an escape from life.

It is an accurate picture of how modern war is waged, of the strategy, the planning, the stupidity and the victories. It gives a terrifyingly clear picture of what the average soldier thinks and says.

"The Naked and the Dead" is not light, nor is it flowery. It is horrifying and powerful. It is not similar to its predecessors, such as "A Farewell to Arms." It is more shocking, more outspoken, but it

is infinitely more unforgettable. There are revolting scenes in it such as the one in which a soldier steals the gold teeth from the head of a decaying enemy corpse; but there are also beautiful scenes such as the brilliant descriptions of the small Pacific island which the men had to capture.

It might be any island, the name is rather unimportant. What is important is that it emerges as the embodiment of modern war anywhere, in Europe, the South Pacific or anywhere else. The names of the men are equally unimportant for their problems are the problems of all men. In writing this book, Norman Mailer has created something very different in the present day literary world. It is a book which could no more go unnoticed than could a tidal wave.

—Billy Warren

RALEIGH, N. C.
NEWS-OBSERVER

JUL 4 - 1948

Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" has climbed to second place on Publishers' Weekly list of fiction best-sellers. The book has gone into a fourth printing less than two months after publication and in many cities is reported top in current sales. Elizabeth Goudge's "Pilgrim's Inn" still holds the top place on PW's fiction list, while Arnold J. Toynbee's "Civilization on Trial" heads the non-fiction list.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
HERALD-AMERICAN
JUL 11 1948

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer; Rinehart, New York.

THIS WAR-STORY, by a writer only 25, has created a major sensation in literary and publishing circles. Indeed Stanley Rinehart, says Norman Mailer "bids fair to establish a literary tradition of his own."

Mailer is a graduate of Harvard, Leyte and Japan. He has been soda-jerk, usher, flat painter and rifleman. "The Naked and the Dead" is a narrative of an attack upon and final capture of the island of Anopopei, in the Pacific, by an American army. It concerns itself chiefly with a handful of G. I.s in a reconnaissance platoon, their officers, and some of the higher brass.

THE STORY opens, as the assault boats are approaching the island. Some of the men are trying to sleep, some are writing home, some are playing cards, some just stand at the deck rail and gaze into the distance.

Through the conversation of the men, you get an idea of their mission, of their mental attitudes, of

their backgrounds. And this is the first shock for they are all but illiterate, coarse and vulgar, and most of them interlard their talk with obscenities.

YOU GATHER that the men, at least, are a pretty tough bunch. Whether they are as tough as fighters, you will learn. Through the book, as the action progresses, the various individuals who play leading parts are singled out in flashback, that portray their personal histories until the time they donned khaki.

No one who knows the Army will deny that such characters as those in Recon abounded in its ranks, although he will affirm that, as a whole, it represented a far higher cultural and moral standard than is represented by Mailer's G. I.s. But accepting his setting and personnel, the most beautiful critic must admit that Mailer makes Recon alive and real as a game of seven-card stud on a G. I. blanket.

THE STORY of the campaign on Anopopei comes through, distinctly, but "The Naked and the Dead" really is the story of the men, of a handful of individuals, and the puny parts they play in its consummation.

For this reader, the high spot of the book is the recountal of a scouting trip made by part of a Recon platoon back of the lines.

Here are hunger and thirst, mental torture; battle, murder and sudden death, treachery, bravery and hollow victory. For the almost superhuman efforts of the handful of G. I.s go unnoticed and unwarded even the General has forgotten about these men when cir-



Mailer

Roselle, N.J.
Spectator
7/8/48

Book Talks

Each Sunday the professional reviewers wall at the wall of the book supplements. Literature, they lament, is going to the dogs. As proof of this they not only cite the fearful sway of the comic books, with their lurid tales of sadism and murder. They also cry out for the novelist of World War II.

Through their astigmatic lenses they have been probing the horizon for the One like the ancients awaiting the Messiah. But he— whoever he is, seems long overdue. Reasons are advanced for the delay.

Just the same, books on the late war continue to reach the public in no small quantities. Titles are too numerous to mention, but a few that come to mind: "The Naked and the Dead," "End Over End," "All Thy Conquests," "Beach Red," "A Walk in the Sun," "The Gallery"—and many more.

None of these, the book scanners tell us, rates comparison with the voices of World War I, the Hemingway and the Dos Passos. And perhaps they are right. But other times, other talents. The difference between the attitudes of fighting men in the two wars needs some clarification. Maybe then the difference in supposed literary talent will seem more reasonable.

When Hemingway burst upon the postwar literary world, his air of sad disillusion had a certain impact. The hopes for World War I, were high; patriotism flamed to a pitch probably equalled never before, and never since. But the cold wind of war, the agonizing months in the cold-wet trenches dashed many enthusiasms; then came the shatter of cynicism, statesmanship at the conference tables of the peace.

This was enough for high comedy or high tragedy—the stuff, in short, of literature. One needed the salubrious draughts of anger and irony to square hope with reality. In a word, the descent

from the peaks of patriotic belief to the valley of cold fact had sharp and devastating impact.

World War II combat men were both less hopeful and less disillusioned than their World War I predecessors. They hoped for less, expected less—hence were less disappointed at the outcome.

This is a view, we think, that many journalists have expressed. The long line of GI's waiting ("sweating out") chow lines, laundry lines, discharge lines, movie lines—all sorts of lines. Waiting calmly, doggerly—but not expecting too much for their efforts. This is the picture often given to us. "War," Ernie Pyle wrote, "is two-thirds waiting."

Because of this attitude of faithful faithlessness—we have coined the word "unsurprise" to describe it—the attitude that nothing very heartening will happen, but one must wait anyway—because of this, most GI's were able to go through the most horrendous war in the history of the world.

Those who escaped shells and bombs had to find a means also, to escape the psychic consequences of these weapons. The formula, although religion also had a considerable role, was either to expect nothing—or to expect the worse, if necessary. But in any case, to avoid illusion. For illusion alone can breed disillusion.

So, despite the terrors of World War II, there has followed no literature of "disillusion." Our literary heroes are sometimes besotted, sometimes cruel—but seldom wounded by reality. The hard facts of war they take for granted; if they are cynical, their cynicism, unlike Hemingway's does not mask despair.

Granted, this is no fit subject for grand gestures that can make books—but the hero of the late war was no less heroic than his earlier prototype. He found the formula to survive disaster; he needed it to go through the war. Perhaps he needs it now, to survive the so-called cold war of peace.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

JUL 8-1948

Best Sellers of the Week

(Reported by Booksellers' Weekly)

The Naked and the Dead
Norman Mailer. Rinehart.
Pilgrim's Inn
Elizabeth Goudge. Coward.
The Golden Hawk
Frank Yerby. Dial.

Candidates for Best Seller List
The Foolish Gentlewoman
Margery Sharp. Little.
Bright Feather
Robert Wilder. Putnam.
Everybody Slept Here
Elliott Arnold. Duell.

Peony
Pearl S. Buck. John Day.
Raintree County
Ross Lockridge, Jr. Houghton.
(MGM)

The World Is Not Enough
Zoe Oldenbourg. Pantheon.
Fire
George Stewart. Random.

SPARTANBURG, S.C.
HERALD
7/11/48

ASHEVILLE, N.C.
CITIZEN
7/11/48

MAILER, NORMAN. "The Naked and the Dead." A study of the conquest of a Pacific Island by American troops. This book describes the ordeals through which the men pass, their daily life, their thoughts, the monotony of their conversations, and the general deadliness of life in such circumstances.

Former North Carolinian Joseph Mitchell has a new book on Duell, Sloan and Pearce's fall list. It is to be called "Old Mr. Flood" and is about an odd "seafoodetarian" character in New York. . . . Lillian Hellman, famous for her two plays about a Southern family, "The Little Foxes" and "Another Part of the Forest," is to dramatize Norman Mailer's best-selling novel about war in the Pacific, "The Naked and the Dead." Actor Montgomery Clift is being mentioned for the leading role of Lieutenant Hearn.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
HERALD-EXPRESS

The Book Parade

What Los Angeles Is Reading

According to the Los Angeles Public Library

Fiction

1. "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer.
2. "Parris Mitchell of King's Row," by H. and K. Bellaman.
3. "Melissa," by Taylor Caldwell.
4. "Peony," by Pearl Buck.

Non-Fiction

1. "Peace of Mind," by Joseph L. Liebman.
2. "Civilization on Trial," by Arthur J. Toynbee.
3. "The Stillwell Papers," by Joseph W. Stilwell.
4. "The Magic of Believing," by Claude M. Bristol.

CHARLESTON, S.C.
NEWS-COURIER
JUL 11 1948

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer. Rinehart and Company. New York. 721 pages. \$4.

This is a South Pacific war novel concerning the invasion of an island called Anopopei. The chief characters are a major general, a second lieutenant, a staff sergeant and 15 men of lesser rank in a division reconnaissance platoon. All are described in detail with an emphasis on their thoughts and reactions in relation to their respective ranks. The action covers the several months required to take the island.

Mr. Mailer, 25 years old, has ambitiously attempted to write his first novel on a grand, panoramic scale. He has succeeded brilliantly.

"The Naked and the Dead" is easily the best literary work to come out of World War II and holds its own with the fiction of any war. The book is considerably better, for example, than John Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," one of the outstanding novels out of World War I.

The novel includes three strong characters. They are General Cummings, commander of the division invading Anopopei; Lieutenant Hearn, initially the general's aide and later leader of the reconnaissance platoon; and Staff Sergeant Croft, reconnaissance platoon sergeant.

Mr. Mailer has written his book on three planes. The principal level, the narrative, concerns itself with the activities of the operation. This action alternates between the division staff and the reconnaissance platoon.

The other two planes are seen under the headings of "The Time Machine," and "Chorus," contrived titles. In "The Time Machine," the backgrounds of 10 characters are interspersed in the narrative. For these sections, Mr. Mailer has used a stream of consciousness style strongly reminiscent of Thomas Wolfe. The idea is good but the author doesn't quite get away with it. It is the only jarring feature of the book.

In "Chorus" sections, Mr. Mailer sets apart scenes or conversations typical of the army. One of these sections, "The Chow Line," is a minor classic in itself. The author could have incorporated these vignettes in the narrative with much better effect, however.

The book is ultra realistic. Mr. Mailer has a keen eye for the revealing detail. He has installed into his novel the entire structure of army life and of combat.

It is interesting to notice that Mr. Mailer treats women (described in frequent flashbacks) much as Ernest Hemingway does. The women are not personalities but a series of just-satisfiers.

The author expounds a sort of nihilistic philosophy. He seems to come to the conclusion that there is no order, justice, happiness or validity in life, but he does not seem bitter about it. Life just is and there's nothing to do about it. The conclusion would seem to be the result of a good intellect that probes life with such relentless thoroughness that it becomes desiccated.

Above all, "The Naked and the Dead" is honest, true and powerful. It is also fascinating. It introduces a writer of talent.

W. J. L.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
TIMES

JUL 11 1948

The Best Sellers

An analysis based on reports from leading book sellers in 22 cities, showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles, and their relative standing over the past 3 weeks.

This Week				Fiction			
June 20	June 27	July 4					
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	The Naked and the Dead. Mailer
2	3	3	2	2	2	2	The Golden Hawk. Yerby
3	2	2	3	3	3	3	Pilgrim's Inn. Goudge
5	4	4	4	4	4	4	Peony. Buck
11	7	7	5	5	5	5	The Foolish Gentlewoman. Sharp
4	5	5	6	6	6	6	Raintree County. Lockridge
			7	7	7	7	Melissa. Caldwell
			14	11	8	8	The World Is Not Enough. Oldenbourg
6	6	6	9	9	9	9	Parris Mitchell of Kings Row. The Bellamans
7	9	8	10	10	10	10	Bright Feather. Wilder
10	10	14	11	11	11	11	The Bishop's Mantle. Turnbull
15	13	10	12	12	12	12	Asylum for the Queen. Jordan
8	8	9	13	13	13	13	Eagle in the Sky. Mason
			13	14	14	14	The Flames of Time. Kendrick
12	11	12	15	15	15	15	No Trumpet Before Him. White
13			16	16	16	16	The Time Is Noon. Hayden

JUL 11 1948

Novel Of War Not For Timid

'Naked And The Dead'
Rugged Writing By
Youthful G.I.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer. Rinehart, \$4.
Reviewed by WALTER NEAL GARDNER,
Delta State Teachers College, Cleveland,
Miss.

THIS sprawling war novel, the first by this young American ex-G. I. is faintly reminiscent of a great Russian novel called "And Quiet Flows The Don," by Mikhail Sholokov. However, the American novel differs in one vital point, and that is in the language employed. "The Naked and the Dead" is distinctly American, both in content and in action, and is particularly so in the language of its characters. This is not a novel for the timid reader to tackle.

The reader must remember, however, that war in any of its many aspects is not all "sweetness and light," and the language used by officer and enlisted personnel as presented in the novel is accurate reporting. Mr. Mailer faithfully reports all the four-letter words throughout.

Suggestion Better

The reader will remember too, that Tolstoy wrote a great war novel without the use of certain words and yet pictured war as being what Sherman said it was. In this respect, the reviewer concludes that Mr. Mailer went out of his way to reproduce pictorial exactitude, when adroit suggestion would have served himself and the reader to much better advantage.

The novel begins with American troops aboard a ship bound for a Pacific island at which they land and come under enemy fire. Cursing, sweating, killing and dying are the watchwords here so vividly expressed by Mr. Mailer. These soldiers live until they are killed, and then they are missed much as a close friend would be. Characterization leaves little to be desired.

"The Time Machine"

The structure of the novel is built around eight sections called "The Time Machine." The imagery used in each "machine" section is anything but immature and fuzzy. The apparent purpose of the "machine" is to show flashbacks into the civilian lives of the principal characters, and how their lives there were later on reflected in their actions during Army campaigns. Throughout these tightly worded sections the reader is shown the hopes and fears, the basic desires and ideals of each man. Each "machine" chapter is primarily concerned with one character. Perhaps the best of these is the shortest, which concerns the soldier Joey Goldstein. This section, subtitled, "The Cove of Brooklyn" will gain the reader's sympathy as he watches Joey battle racial prejudice until at last he is in the Army battling the Japs to better advantage.

Not For Squeamish

The novel begins to wind up on Page 715 with the chapter entitled "Wake." This final portion is not for the squeamish, since it deals with how captured and sick Japanese soldiers were disposed of. It is a chronicle of the final mopping up and securing operations. A sharp, finely drawn emotion is shown here as the soldiers begin to doubt if they will ever be returned home.

Only time will prove the staying value of "The Naked and the Dead," but as a fictional report concerning what happens in the lives of men caught up in war, it may be ranked just below John Dos Passos' "Three Soldiers," and Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." As such, it is a book on the must list of the noncombatant soldier, and the folks who stayed at home.

JUL 14 1948

Everything's Brighter Now—Michael Todd Is Back in Action

By ROBERT SYLVESTER

The girl on the phone said that Mister Michael Todd was calling and please hold the wire as Mister Todd was currently on the wire to Hollywood. It wasn't more than a half hour wait and then came the beloved, dulcet tones of the producer himself.

"I've got a little item for you," said Mister Todd. "Little story about the biggest and greatest musical in ten years. A Bobby Clark show called 'As the Girls Go.' Music and lyrics by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson. Wait, wait, that's just the beginning."

"Howard Bay will come back to the theatre to do the sets and stage the show. The producer went to Fred Astaire and asked him if he'd do the dances but he said no, go get Hermes Pan who does all the Astaire dance productions in movies. Everybody's been trying to get Pan for years but this is the first show he's accepted. No, wait, there's more yet."

"The book is by Bill Roos, who writes all those best selling mysteries with his wife, Audrey Kelly. It's a terrific idea. About the husband of the first woman President—that'll be Bobby. The producer will sign a woman to play the other lead today or tomorrow."

Costs Money, Too.

"The whole thing will cost about \$200,000," Mr. Todd continued. "It's all at hand except a few bob"



Bobby Clark



Michael Todd

and they'll be in the till any day now. The show will open in Boston and arrive on Broadway sometime during Election Week."

There was only one more question and you asked it. Who's producing the show?

"I didn't think that was important so I didn't bother mentioning it. I'm producing it, if you must know."

New Show Business.

Monday night this drama reporter was edged into the Paramount Theatre to watch the dramatic art of the Messers like Williams and Beau Jack. Williams and Jack were fighting for the lightweight championship of the world in a place called Philadelphia, Pa., but by some mysterious wedding between television and movies the bout was refought, punch for punch, on the big screen of the Paramount almost simultaneously.

You saw Williams throw or catch a punch just 60 seconds after he actually did same in Philadelphia, Pa., and from the audience reaction this kind of show business seems a sure shot to eventually all Broadway theatres. Movie audiences are

CARLESON, N.Y.
CURRENT-ARGUS

JUL

Winter, the Naked and the Dead. In this truly outstanding novel, the naked are the officers of a group of soldiers who must invade the Japanese-held island of Anopopei; the dead are the foot soldiers. In the climax of the novel, the soul of each is laid bare, as they complete the harrowing walk up the steep, jungle grown mountain.

generally pretty quiet, unless they have something to laugh about, but they cheered and oh-ed and ah-ed during the video movie as freely as if they were at the actual event. This form of screened television is obviously still in the experimental stage but it seems certain to develop and, in time, should be easily adaptable to the theatre.

The day may soon be here when the first nights of important stage plays will be seen all at once all over the country through this medium. Maybe it will be the answer to current ruinous productions and running costs in the theatre. Maybe producers will be able to produce a show for one single performance only and the next day tabulate box office receipts from all over the country. Maybe, that is.

Blow to Literature.

Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" is the current best seller on most lists, and yesterday a literary minded customer asked for the book at one of the largest department stores. She was told that the store's book shop didn't have it. "You haven't got a best seller like that?" demanded the customer.

"No," said the girl firmly. "The man who owns this store read that book and decided there are too many four-letter words in it for our customers."

ANDERSON, S.C.
DAILY MAIL
7/12/48

NORMAN MAILER, 25-year-old Brooklyn bred Harvard graduate, has out of his varied experience as a GI in the South Pacific written an epic first novel, "THE NAKED AND THE DEAD," which is a selection of the Book Find Club of New York City. Mailer served during the war in Leyte, Luzon, and Japan, as a clerk in regimental intelligence, an aerial photographic expert, a wireman, a rifleman and finally as a cook and baker.

"The Naked and the Dead" is at once a soul searing study of a battle for an island in the South Pacific (probably a merging of the Leyte and New Britain campaigns) as seen through the eyes of a single platoon, and an impassioned insight into America and its men.

The book is written in a style that can only be described as phenomenally realistic in its capture of the raw everyday speech of men in war, and the trenchant lyrical prose that effectively illumines the characters' background.

There are poignant episodes that the reader can never forget. One of the best is the study of a soldier during battle who continues to receive letters from his dead wife—written before she died in childbirth—but delivered after he had been notified of her death.

Broadway plays

She became poor honourably, not because of prodigal extravagances. She became poor largely saving other peoples' skins. The ingratitude is wounding.

Number One best-seller, and by far the best book the war has produced is "The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer. Brilliant—buy it.

JUL 11 1948

Best Sellers

The novels of three well known women writers continue to dominate the fiction best seller lists in Greater Cleveland, according to reports from these book stores: Burrows', Taylor's, Rocky River, Harvey's, Lee Road, Shaker, Higbee's, Schroeder's, May Co. and Korney & Wood.

In nonfiction Dale Carnegie's sage advice on "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living" is nearing the top as a title contender.

The first five in each category:

Fiction

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, By Norman Mailer.
PILGRIM'S INN, By Elizabeth Goudge.
THE GOLDEN HAWK, By Frank Yerby.
PEONY, By Pearl S. Buck.

Nonfiction

THE GATHERING STORM, By Winston Churchill.
HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING, By Dale Carnegie.
SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE, By A. C. Kinsey and others.
MALABAR FARM, By Louis Bromfield.
TRACK OF MURDER, By Joshua L. Liebman.

This Clipping From
RIDGEWOOD, N.J.
HERALD-NEWS

JUL 15 1948

Library Lists Books For Summer Reading

Mrs. Helen Griffin, Glen Rock librarian has listed a few of the books now available at the library which she recommends for adult reading.

These include in fiction "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer, the new, powerful World War II novel, "Faithful Company" by Frank Swinnerton, lively Dickensian novel of London in the thirties; "The Daniel Defoe" by Maurice Walsh, a light Irish romance of country life and horse training; "Asylum for the Queen" by Mildred Jordan, historical novel of the Colonial period by the author of "One Red Rose"; "Peony" by Pearl Buck, interesting story of a native servant in a Jewish-Chinese family living in China; "Melissa" by Taylor Caldwell, a dramatic post Civil War story with a beautiful heroine; "Lace Curtain" by Ellen Berlin, story of a Catholic-Peasant marriage and its problems; "The Plagues

GALVESTON, TEXAS
NEWS

JUL 18 1948

Best Sellers

Norman Mailer's long and gripping novel of the Pacific war, "The Naked and the Dead," has now leaped up to the top of the best-seller list after being enthusiastically acclaimed by reviewers when it first came out a month or so ago.

According to a compilation printed in the current issue of The New York Times Book Review, "The Naked and the Dead" is followed on the fiction side of the list by:

"The Golden Hawk" by Frank Yerby,
"Pilgrim's Inn" by Elizabeth Goudge,
"Peony" by Pearl S. Buck,
"The Foolish Gentlewoman" by Margaret Sharp,
"Raintree County" by Ross Lockridge Jr.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.
ADVERTISER
7/11/48

Intimate Revelations Of Men At War

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD by Norman Mailer, Rinehart and Company, Inc., New York, 1948; 721 pages—\$4.

This is an astounding first novel, so far, the most important American novel to come out of the war. It is an incredible book, amazing, shocking. In it the author portrays, as no other author has, the futility and lack of meaning of war. He reveals intimately the hearts and souls of all men who hate a war they do not understand but who are ready to die for the preservation of their ideals.

It is strong stuff, this book, and here this reviewer must make a strong criticism. The novel is filled with filth and obscenity. Just a little of this would make a reader understand that it is the way men talk under pressure in a war and it seems unnecessary to run it into the ground. Oh! for the good old days when asterisks, or dashes, were used to designate nasty words.

Some day this book may be purged, just as many classics, and then it will be read for the honest story it tells of men under fire. After all, four-letter words do become disgusting, nauseating, and upsetting when repeated over and over and over. But readers who can recognize an honest, realistic, frank story of frightening experiences will know that here is a book away above the ordinary.

Here is a cross-section revelation of men from the United States, Northerners, Southerners, Easterners, Westerners. Here is the story of Americans in the war from the top "brass" to the lowest "GI." It tells of their lives before they were plunged into a war, many kinds of lives; a story of men themselves rather than of their fighting.

Here are men who are tearing their hearts out trying to capture an island from the Japanese, and thinking of home, of the unfaithfulness of their wives at home, of their yearning for home as it was or as it seems in memory. They are men in war, but like most of us, they do not know where they are going, they know only their past.

A group of twelve men and the non-com in charge have occupied an island called "Anopopei," a reconnaissance platoon, they have moved onto the beach and into the jungle. They must march from one side of the island to the other. They do not know it but the terrible struggle across the island is useless in the end, not only did they fail but the battle is over while they were making the attempt.

It is the intimate and personal story of each of these men: Staff Sergeant Croft, a Texan with a particular feud to follow with Private Red Valsen, a Swede from Montana; the others include Polack, Hennessey, Wilson, Goldstein, Roth, Minetta, Stanley, Ridges, Wyman, Martinez, and Taylor. And for good measure the stories of Major General Edward Cummings and Lieutenant Hearn are mercilessly exposed.

This reviewer doubts that fiction has ever portrayed as vividly as in this book the fatigue, despair, horror, boredom, and brutality of men in war. It is a very long novel and it is a great novel. It is an astonishing performance by a young man of 25 years, a revelation of individual character almost unbelievable.

—RAY GOULD

NEW YORK, N. Y.
POST

JUL 16 1948

The Lyons Den

By Leonard Lyons



Konrad Bercovici, the author, has gone to Israel to lend his writing talents to the government. . . . Some of the ads on "The Naked and the Dead," have a strange design in the corner: Circles looped over a tic-tac-toe. They were doodles by one of the designers whose superior thought they were intended to be part of the design, and approved them. . . . George Tapps, the dancer, is about to embark on his first dance-concert tour. . . . The first ones to benefit from the Dem. convention were the Beau Jesters, a quartet of singers. Olsen & Johnson saw their telecast and signed them.

Ex-Mayor Kelly of Chicago collapsed because of a bad knee.

DETROIT, MICH.
TIMES

JUL 17 1948

Book Firms Folding

Several book firms folded in the last fortnight. Big ones are doing okay, but the small fry can't take it. . . . Irwin Shaw refuses to let film firms, reviewers, et al, see the galleys of his next novel. He rates it better than best-seller, "The Naked and the Dead." . . . Apparently the De-Bop "fad" isn't as dated and dead as Henry Goodman announced two years ago.

He's featuring it again. . .

NEW YORK, N. Y.
TIMES

JUL 18 1948

CHICAGO, ILL.
TRIBUNE

JUL 18 1948

The Best Sellers

An analysis based on reports from leading book sellers in 22 cities, showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles, and their relative standing over the past 3 weeks.

Fiction

June 27	July 4	July 11	This Week	
1	1	1	1	The Naked and the Dead. Mailer
2	2	3	2	Pilgrim's Inn. Goudge
4	4	4	3	Peony. Buck
3	3	2	4	The Golden Hawk. Yerby
			7	Melissa. Caldwell
			6	The Loved One. Waugh
7	7	5	7	The Foolish Gentlewoman. Sharp
14	11	8	8	The World Is Not Enough. Oldenbourg
5	5	6	9	Raintree County. Lockridge
9	8	10	10	Bright Feather. Willder
	13	14	11	The Flames of Time. Kendrick
13	10	12	12	Asylum for the Queen. Jordan
10	14	11	13	The Bishop's Mantle. Turnbull
6	6	9	14	Parris Mitchell of Kings Row. The Bellamanns
11	12	15	15	No Trumpet Before Him. White
			16	Cry, the Beloved Country. Paton

"The Naked and the Dead"

New York bookstores report that the demand for "The Naked and the Dead" has pushed it to the top of the best-seller list, crowding out such romantic tales as "Pilgrim's Inn" and "The Foolish Gentlewoman." Winston Churchill's "The Gathering Storm" moved to the top of the non-fiction best-sellers immediately, but "Peace of Mind" is still a close competitor. In the meantime "The Stillwell Papers" are appearing on all booklists; evidently the forthright general appeals to readers. And of course Dale Carnegie's new book, "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living" went into the best-seller lists immediately on publication. The news that a play has been written on "The Naked and the Dead" by Lillian Hellman for early production suggests a strong, well-built drama about the platoon—and won't the complacent general get a drubbing from her! But the language—well, Lillian will have to curb some of the worst of war's horrors.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
NEWS

JUL 17 1948

* The Top Ten

FICTION

1. The Naked and the Dead. Norman Mailer
2. The Loved Ones. Evelyn Waugh
3. Foolish Gentlewoman. Margery Sharp
4. Shannon's Way. A. J. Cronin
5. Peony. Pearl Buck
6. Pilgrim's Inn. Elizabeth Goudge
7. Westward the Dream. Francis Marion
8. Parris Mitchell of King's Row. . . . Katharine Bellaman
9. Melissa. Taylor Caldwell
10. The Bishop's Mantle. Agnes Sligh Turnbull

High Dudgeon: New York critic overtaken by heat

On a day as hot as this—and no place is hotter than New York—we don't like to spend much time thinking about the book business. In fact, nobody, including potential customers, seems to be thinking about books. It's pure dog days.

Mind you, our heart isn't in this column today. We have an appointment at 3 o'clock with a young writer who may be the sensation of 1950 and even that doesn't stir us. In fact, there's nothing to do but sit here listening to the electric fan moaning and jot down a few casual thoughts about the literary world.

Why is it that most agents are women and why do most of them wear fussy hats and harlequin glasses in the privacy of their offices? . . . When is the public going to get sick of historical novels? . . . Why do the movies wreck every book ever filmed and why doesn't radio sell books?

Why is every woman in Pasadena, Calif., writing a novel and will that fair city, filled with broad lawns and narrow minds, ever turn out a literature book?

Who buys Dale Carnegie's books, and if they're no damned good, why aren't a lot of people more charming? And then who wants to be charming at the expense of honesty, anyway?

How many millions and millions of dollars do you suppose are sunk in all of those mail order writing courses every year? Do you think anyone ever comes out successfully?

Wasn't "The Naked and the Dead" wonderful? A little too long, but excellent just the same. All of which reminds us of an apoplectic old congressman who said to us, "That Norman Mailer should be horse-whipped! I've never read a book so vile, burned it before my wife and daughters could be contaminated. I really can't believe that our American boys who gave their lives on foreign soil ever spoke in such a manner. Author must be a Communist." And that reminds us: Why are most congressmen in office anyway?

"The Loved Ones" is the most amusing book we've read in three years. . . . When are generals and late Axis officials going to stop publishing their dreary diaries? . . . Isn't it nice that all those reports on The Kinsey Report aren't selling? . . . Why didn't women—and men, too—flock out to buy Ruth Herschberger's fascinating "Adam's Rib" which not only does a great deal to nail the

libel of "Modern Woman: The Lost Sex," but is also one of the most entertaining books—out and out side-splitting at times—ever written on any subject. . . . And why is everybody so interested in sex? Isn't it too hot for that sort of thing?

Why don't all good literary supplements list beneath their Best Sellers the books that, in the opinion of the editor, should be best sellers? The New York "Times" does it once a month and it's amazing to see how many good books are really being published.

Has anybody really found solace in "Peace of Mind"? . . . Is anybody going to live more confidently after reading Pele's book or stop worrying after Carnegie's? . . . Why do such books sell? Why do people join the Book-of-the-Month Club? Why is the Literary Guild?

Why do we keep on complaining so petulantly in this hot weather?

Good, we'll call it quits and open another can of beer.

GREENSBORO, N. C.
NEWS

JUL 25 1948



REALIST

Norman Mailer's first novel, "The Naked and the Dead," published in May, has been widely commended for its realism. Many say it is not strong enough to

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW

FICTION[illegible]

JUL 25 1948

The eight most popular books at the Trenton Free Public Library last week were: "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer; "Foolish Gentlewoman," by Margery Sharp; "Peony," by Pearl S. Buck; "Pilgrim's Inn," by Elizabeth Goudge; "Civilization On Trial," by Arnold J. Toynbee; "Jim Farley's Story," by James A. Farley; "Human Destiny," by Laurence Du Ruoy; "Stilwell Remembers," by Joseph Stilwell.

GREENSBORO, N.C.



REALIST

REALIST
Norman Mailer's first novel, "The ~~Execution~~ of the Dead," published in May. ACIS been widely commended for its realism. Many may not be strong enough to take

JUL 25 1948

"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer, is essentially the story of men themselves rather than of their purposeless fighting. There are the men who tear their hearts out trying to capture an island from the Japanese. Those men—frightened, humorous, sick, full of yearning for home—are men in war, but like most of us, they do not know where they are going. They know only their own past.

JUL 25 1949

"The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Miller, new on the fiction shelves at the East St. Louis public library, is a story of war, but not of the fighting of the men so much as the men themselves. It shows what makes them tick, what tearing out their hearts to capture an island from the Japanese has to do with their background, their wives, sweethearts, jobs, farms, or colleges.

Frightened, obscene, humorous, sick, yearning for home as it was, as it is in memory, or as they would like it to be, these are the men who won a war.

JUL 24 1948

NIGHTMARE OF CONVICTION MEN AT WAR

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Clarke Irwin; 721 pages, \$4.

REVIEWED BY D. S. S. MACKENZIE

Not the least distressing feature of the postwar world has been the object failure of this continent to come to literary terms with the recent conflict. In this sphere the U.K., where writing painfully reflects the physical austerities, has been braver and franker; while the more notable war novels of the Twenties are still cherished classics of their kind.

There has been no such flowering in North America since 1945. The psychiatrists no doubt have an explanation for this literary retreat from reality. It is doubtless directly reflected in the current passion for costume novels. But no explanation can entirely excuse or even wholly explain the reluctance of that great area between Atlantic and Pacific to attempt to understand and to state in comprehensible language the principal cataclysm of the era.

It only because these strictures are fair comment, Mr. Mailer's "The Naked and The Dead" would be an event. But that statement does the author rather less than half justice. This is a magnificent novel that could hold its own, in its own field, with any current competition. It is also Mr. Mailer's first novel, a point for further reflection.

Mr. Mailer breaks no new literary ground in this long tale of the effect of war—its dirt, its inconveniences, its lack of privacy, and above all the oppressing fear that hangs, pall-like, over all—on a group of 12 men in the attack on an imaginary Japanese island during the Pacific War. The device is familiar. The characters of "Recon" Company, in order to appear representative, are nearly stock: among them Sergeant Croft ("You know that Croft, he's an idealist"), a tough, cold Texan; a Brooklyn Jew, a Mississippi sharecropper, a college graduate, a Swedish immigrant's son, a Kansas boy, a "Polack" from Chicago, a Mexican. Even Lt. Hearn and Gen. Cummings are types. Equally conventional are the long biographical flashbacks ("The Time Machine") which are used to explain something of the prewar individual environment. Nor is there much plot to weld together the wealth of incident.

But after all that is said in deference to tradition, the fact remains that this is a great war book—certainly the greatest novel arising out of the last war to come the way of this reviewer. It will doubtless be described as "powerful"—a useful euphemism for pornographic. And certainly in recording direct conversation convincingly, there appear here Anglo-Saxon brevities that convention normally ignores.

But again, and yet again, it is a fact that Mr. Mailer has written a true tale of men in conflict with inescapable circumstances; of the despair and fatigue and terror attendant on war: here specifically but not particularly, jungle-war. There is a nightmare of conviction here; and faith and betrayal and horror, all brilliantly portrayed. And above all there is the unmistakable mark of universality here, spelled in solid prose.

Next as the great war book of the year.

NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM

Heard Around City Hall

A man who has carried out for himself one of the narrowest pieces of political no-man's-land in history is Norman Mailer, author and campaign supporter of Henry Wallace. Says Mr. Mailer: "To focus it finely, I might say that I feel myself to the left of the Progressive (Wallace) party and to the right of the Communist party."



NORMAN MAILER

JUL 24 1948

The Army in the Pacific war

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Blachart & Company, Inc., N. Y. 721 pp. \$4.

Reviewed by
Steve Murdock

A

S LONG as I live I shall never forget the first time I saw a combat infantryman just out of the fox holes.

There were two of them. They were sitting dull-eyed on a rock on a beach on the north shore of Leyte on December 29, 1944. They had been in the line for 25 consecutive days and at that moment were waiting for a landing craft to take them to a hospital.

Their uniforms were yellow with dried mud. Their faces were grayish-yellow from dirt and atabrine and fatigue. Their hair was long and dirty. They hadn't shaved for a good many days. Their steel helmets were yellow with rust. The mud was caked heavily on their shoes and leggings.

They just sat there, waiting, with a resigned and resentful patience.

Now—for the first time—these men who fought the war in the Pacific have been placed with great care and accuracy between the covers of a whopping 721-page first novel, the current Book Find Club selection.

Norman Mailer was a rifleman. He fought on Leyte. Any veteran of the Pacific who reads "The Naked and the Dead" should concede—no matter what else he thinks of the novel—that Mailer has put the Army in the Pacific war on paper.

Every ugly fact is there—from diarrhea to slow and ghastly death. Mailer's realism must rank him with men like Frank Norris, at least in the sphere of style and technique. Indeed, there are parts of "The Naked and the Dead" which bring to mind "The Octopus" and "McTeague."

"The Naked and the Dead" is the story of the capture of a fictitious Pacific island named Anopopei by a task force composed of about half an infantry division. The time is the summer of 1944. The story is told mainly through the men of the intelligence and reconnaissance platoon of the regimental combat team involved in the operation.

Within plot structure provided by the operation, Mailer has inserted a series of flashbacks into the lives of 10 key characters, plus less exhaustive revelations of the backgrounds of a number of others.

Books

Edited by MARGERY MITCHELL



U. S. troops inch forward on a Pacific island

The characterizations are vivid and sharply drawn... Staff Sergeant Sam Croft, the warped, cruel and cold Texan who commands the platoon; Lieutenant Robert Hearn, the confused liberal; General Cummings, a deft portrait of sadism, opportunism and fascism; Julio Martinez, the Mexican-American sergeant from San Antonio who has a wracking fear of combat but is the best scout in the outfit.

There's Roy Gallagher, a bitter ex-Christian Frontster from Boston; Joey Goldstein, sturdy, sincere, mangled; Woodrow Wilson, a Southerner whose thoughts are almost exclusively about

liquor and women; Red Valsen, a bitter, restless wanderer.

As sharp and vivid as the characterizations are, however, they all add up to the book's major weakness—its over-all negative character.

Nowhere in the book is there any real note of hope or optimism. The flashbacks show quite clearly how the characters are typical products of a capitalist society, but nowhere is there a man who fought back in a collective, constructive sense. Hearn, the liberal Lieutenant from a wealthy family, dabbles for a while at being a union organizer but quits. None of the working class characters is linked to a union or any organized phase of the class struggle.

but there is no character to balance him. No one ever argues in support of unions.

The defeatist tone of the book was certainly not uncommon in the Army in the Pacific, but it was by no means the inflexible axiom.

Mailer does introduce anti-Semitism, in precisely the ugly proportion which existed in the Army.

He, however, involves no Negro troops and avoids the question of native populations by having his island uninhabited. He thus closes two of the channels through which much of the Army's chauvinism was expressed.

In total, then, we have a clinical documentary novel which must be praised for its tremendous realism but criticized for its lack of reflection of any positive driving force, any real fighting back by the people who are getting kicked around in this world of the working people.

Mailer's confusion on this point seems to be reflected in the thoughts of Lieutenant Hearn when he thinks, "The world, by all the logics, should have turned Fascist, and it hadn't."

Mailer doesn't seem to be quite sure.

↑

When having completely beaten Hearn, the general sends him out on a useless patrol with the T & R platoon. There Hearn falls into the hands of Sgt. Croft, the general's counterpart on the brute level, and Croft manages to get Hearn killed in a quick and effective manner. His death eliminates the only outspoken proponent of democracy, and the American fascists are left in complete control.

* * *

In effect, the fascist mind gains control because it is more precise, more conscious of its own ends. The men of democratic tendencies are too confused, too frustrated, to even formulate their own ideas.

Hearn is riddled with doubts; Red and Wilson are too much the individualists; Goldstein is too involved with himself; and Sgt. Brown too terrified to offer any effective opposition to the fascists.

By the end of the book, Croft has even browbeaten the outspoken Red into fearful submission, and Wilson has been killed in battle. There is no one left to speak out against tyranny.

Author Mailer has no representative picture. The language, the setting, most of the characters are real and believable. The action is compelling. The Chorus, although extraneous, is almost horrifyingly authentic. But the political connotations are not conclusive.

Neither General Cummings nor Sergeant Croft are quite believable, and Lieutenant Hearn is wholly inadequate as a protagonist. Author Mailer has no representative of the intelligent, outspoken liberal, no character competent to represent the non-Communist left.

His conflict is between fascism and a bumbling democracy; the only other implied choice is Communist revolt. By ignoring the strongest constructive force in the United States, Mailer has labeled himself — perhaps deliberately — as a prophet of the demise of Western civilization. PIERCE LEWATER II

arranged with the leading booksellers of the country to report each week their sales of first six titles in fiction and non-fiction to give our readers an accurate picture of what is being read in America. Only titles reported three or more times are charted. The following books were reported during the week ended July 12:

FICTION[illegible]

Norman Mailer, author of *The Naked and the Dead*, back from Paris, is commuting these days to Pleasantville, where Lillian Hellman is working on the first draft of a play based on the book. Miss Hellman is said to propose a large cast. Mr. Mailer worked on a new novel in Paris; it will deal with Brooklyn where he grew up.

JUL 28 1948

Publishers don't want merely a novel; they want to find a novelist. So far, it is generally conceded, 1948 has yielded two new novelists: Truman Capote and Norman Mailer. Young Capote is still more at home in the short story; in *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, his story line is mystifying, his motivation fuzzy, like a boy's confused dream. But he is a writer. Young Mailer has incontestably written the first major novel of the war, *The Naked and the Dead*; his predecessors, like John Hersey, are, for the most part, skillful journalists.

Everybody associated with books knows of the crying need for a new novelist, a great one. Or even half a dozen big novelists. In editorial offices, in publishing houses, in bookstores, everybody is listening for the footsteps of genius. Never in a generation has there been such a welcome ready for the new men.

The huge rewards that are lavished on mediocrity are in large part to blame for the poor quality of fiction. Non-fiction, which has fewer prizes (especially not open to movie money), is far superior to fiction these days. The reading public, though it has made Norman Mailer's book a best seller, is chiefly satisfied with second-rate stuff like *Melissa* and *The Golden Hawk*. Even though Elizabeth Goudge is a welcome change from violence and sudden death, it cannot be said that *Pilgrimage* is much more than an entertaining way to beguile the hours in summer. Nor is it likely that Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* reflects credit on British writing or American taste.

For 11 straight weeks the nation's*
#1 bestseller!

•N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Remember the name:

NORMAN MAILER

With this one astonishing book, he joins the ranks of major American novelists."

— N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review \$4.00

the Naked and the Dead



books in review

Mailer's Men

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer. Rinehart. \$4.00.

WHATEVER its subject, the underlying theme of every serious World War I novel was the contradiction between the professed aims of the war and its imperialist objectives. In the Second World War the contradiction was replaced by a paradox: while this was a war of liberation, it was not fought and could not be fought as such by millions of soldiers from the capitalist countries which took part in it. Life in the army reflected and intensified the division of interests and the struggle for individualistic self-preservation of civilian life. The soldier in combat was torn between the natural feeling of comradeship and a heavy, frightening sense of isolation from his fellows. The so-called orientation program could do little to lift his morale. The farcical manner in which it was administered merely emphasized the hostility of the brass to any democratic implications.

Like other individuals, the writer was bound to suffer the strains of disillusion, and like

them he could be tempted to surrender to his sense of injury. The hardboiled, the cynical and the self-pitying author are common to both postwar periods. Also the hardboiled, the cynical and the self-pitying character. But the complex world of war, as of social conflict, cannot be mastered by personal outrage alone. Only knowledge is the effective enemy of the cliché. It is the persistent reaching out for new knowledge—of individuals, of the organization and techniques of war, of intellectual character and of social meanings—that gives *The Naked and the Dead* its power of conviction, and strips it of false and caricatured sentiment.

The reviewers of Mailer's book have dealt mainly with his superb narrative talent, but their fascination with its documentary qualities has made them indifferent to and sometimes impatient with its deeper intent. The *New Yorker* critic, John Lardner, thought the book was too long and too complicated. David Dempsey in the *New York Times* also complained of its length which, he said, left nothing to the imagination. Others felt it to be over-intellectualized.

If this criticism were accepted,

Books in Review

not only the high standards but also the limits of war reportage would be imposed upon the novel. Yet it is obvious that the great scenes which are closest to reportage—the pulling of the guns and the fight at the river, the drunken search for souvenirs, and the incidents of the patrol to Mt. Anaka—far exceed its aims. The details of materiel, natural beauty, feeling and action are not just exciting in themselves; they are all directed toward some crystallization of character or regrouping of human beings. Even boredom, fatigue and fear become like living enemies and evoke the frustrations of men in conflict.

So we watch the process that makes men do what they do because of what they were before, and also do what they could never have done—things far beyond their own imagination. And because the men of the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon of the Headquarters Company of the 460th Infantry Regiment are Americans, this extension of their lives into past and possibility becomes a fateful adventure of our time, and nation. How will they achieve the solidarity that always eludes them, how will they be able to thwart the plans of others for their subjection? The duel between the fascist General Cummings and his aide, Lieutenant Hearn, like the contest between the general's agent, Sergeant Croft, and the men of his platoon,

takes place on the island of Anopopei; but it is America they are fighting for.

The intellectual content of Mailer's novel is expressed in two ways: dramatically, through the most intense action, sharp individualization and direct statement by the characters of their ideas; symbolically, by means of an allegory and a discriminating irony. The latter method is used to convey Mailer's own tentative thinking, his attempt to resolve what he has experienced into some kind of philosophical or political judgment.

It would be superfluous for me to add my comment to the praise of Mailer's extraordinary dramatic power, but I should like to call attention to his careful preparation of the mental ground for action. Red Valsen is one of the men of the platoon. He is looking at the sea from the ship's rail before the landing at Anopopei:

"After a time Red had that feeling of sad compassion in which one seems to understand everything, all that men want and fail to get. For the first time in many years he thought of coming back from the mines in the winter twilight with his flesh a dirty wan color against the snow, entering his house, eating his food in silence, while his mother waited on him sullenly. It had been an acrid empty home with everyone growing alien to one another, and

72]

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

in all the years that had passed, he had never remembered it except in bitterness. And yet now, looking at the water, he could have some compassion for once, could understand his mother and the brothers and sisters he had almost forgotten. . . . But the compassion lasted for only a few minutes. He understood it all, knew he could do nothing about it any longer, and was not even tempted."

Sergeant Croft is brooding over the death of one of his men:

"His reaction was similar to the one he had felt at the moment he discovered his wife was unfaithful. At that instant, before his rage and pain had begun to operate, he had felt only a numb throbbing excitement and the knowledge that his life was changed to some degree and certain things would never be the same. He knew that again now. Hennessey's death had opened vistas of such omnipotence that he was afraid to consider it directly. All day the fact hovered about his head, tantalizing him with odd dreams and portents of power."

Private Goldstein is watching a tropical storm:

"The bottom of the sea would look like this, he told himself. There were subterranean storms that he had read about, and this must be like them. Apart from his awe, and his concern that the tent should remain up, Goldstein was watching the storm with a fasci-

nated interest. Probably the world had been something like this when it first began to cool, he thought, and felt a deep excitement as if he were witnessing creation. It was silly to think about the tent in the same moment, but he could not help himself. . . . Already Goldstein was planning the next tent he would build."

Without such insights, developed and enriched throughout the narrative, the action, however fascinating, would take on an arbitrary, capricious quality divorced from understanding. Red's defeat at the hands of Croft, like its counterpart, Hearn's death, would seem like a pessimistic contrivance; Goldstein's strength would appear as the author's effort to counteract an impression of defeatism; while Croft would stand as a baffling tour de force, based in the literature of psychopathology. Instead, the reader is given the power to see human lives in the making and to perceive the multitude of factors—biological, economic, social, psychological and intellectual—that must be assembled for the performance of this or that unique action. So far he must judge, the book not in terms of what he may suppose to be its connections, but on the grounds of its truth to its subject and theme. Does the reality frighten him? If so, let him not blame the writer, but take a deep breath.

Books in Review

Neither can General Cummings' victory over Lieutenant Hearn be interpreted as a sign of Mailer's private conviction. Hearn cannot resist Cummings because he is caught in the web of his own class-molded character. "He had been born in the aristocracy of the wealthy mid-western family, and although he had broken with them, had assumed ideas and concepts repugnant to them, he had never really discarded the emotional baggage of his first eighteen years. The guilts he had made himself feel, the injustices that angered him were never genuine. He kept the sore alive by continually rubbing it, and he knew it." That is why his ideological struggle against the general always breaks down in compulsive, infantile defiance ending in capitulation, and why Cummings' indefinable homosexual suggestion has so devastating an effect upon him. Even so, in drawing the general out he exposes the latter's exact and yet brittle mind, his prissy calculations so vulnerable to upset, and his miserable paranoid view of himself in relation to other human beings. Cummings' vanity makes its way through his fashionable impersonal verbiage: "The machine techniques of this century 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 few mo-

ments later he says, "You know, if there is a God, Robert, he's just like me." This is just after he has made his unspoken pass at Hearn.

Mailer's ironic handling of the general underlines his political concern. He seems to be sparring, looking for an opening. The same is true of the symbolic joke played upon Cummings when the front collapses in his absence and the hack, Major Dalleon, is forced to press to victory over the outnumbered and weakened Japanese troops against whom the general had planned such a brilliant maneuver. The great calculator is mocked because the mass of data which he thinks he controls always conceals some overlooked, unforeseen element that negates the proof he has worked out. It is the same thing that stands in the way of his dream of the authoritarian society: "Hearn he had been able to crush, any single man he could manage, but the sum of them was different still, resisted him still." The general, who is an "idealist," cannot imagine how animal matter, even when it is human, somehow baffles his superior vision.

It is at this point that the irony becomes speculative and we may look for Mailer's interpretation of his drama. It is here, also, that the ascent of Mt. Anaka ties in. For Sergeant Croft, too, is an "idealist," fulfilling on his plane the same anti-human and annihilating mission of power to

[73

74]

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

which the general is dedicated. Neither can exist without destroying; they must climb mountains to no purpose, and lead others to death for their own exaltation. So irony overtakes Croft. He is driven off the mountain by a swarm of hornets which scatters his patrol. Human, all-too-human. But later he realizes that he could not have gone without these men who defeated him when he was so near the peak.

I hesitate before this parable, and I wonder whether Mailer is entirely satisfied with it. He must have some material force which will provide an ultimate bulwark against the conscious fascism of Cummings and its implementation by Croft. But he looks for it somewhat too often in the lowest common denominator of human resistance. Fear, inertia and the impulse to herd together acquire the status of democratic principles.

History is hardly so simple, mechanical and "economic." I think the allegory would have been strengthened by a greater awareness of the revolutionary role of conscious ideas. Mailer's parable is a hymn to the material resilience of man, yet it remains inconclusive because no member of his cast can quite suggest how to complete it. But he has come a long, hard way toward working it out.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

Laski on America

THE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, by Harold J. Laski. Viking. \$6.50.

THE publishers describe this book, with the usual dust-jacket modesty, as a new landmark in American social history:

"In 1838, Tocqueville: *Democracy in America*.

"In 1888, Bryce: *The American Commonwealth*.

"In 1948, Laski: *The American Democracy*."

The comparison defines the author's intention. His work encompasses the whole field of politics, social organization and culture. The troubled, and generally hostile, reviews in the press signalize the book's importance. In the *New York Times*, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., regrets Laski's portrayal of the United States as "a monstrous capitalist colossus, monolithic in its structure, irrevocable in its purpose, dedicated to the triumph of finance capital throughout the world."

Since Schlesinger is one of those "scholars" who have abandoned the responsibilities of scholarship to become propagandists for American monopoly, one can understand his resentment at a work which deals with some of the more obvious facts about Wall Street's control of American politics, its use of the police power of the state to crush opposition, and its plans for world conquest. It is heartening to find these facts in a volume by a

BEAUMONT, TEXAS
ENTERPRISE

JUL 25 1948

THE above passages are taken from Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" (Rinehart, \$4). In this book the 25-year-old author has given us 700 pages of the day-to-day experiences of a platoon involved in Pacific warfare.

In spite of the monotony of life on Anopopei, it is not boring to the reader. On the contrary it takes him through the gamut of his emotions. He can laugh with Wilkon, the most lecherous young soldier, or weep

with Gallagher, who continues to get letters from his wife six weeks after her death, he thrilled with Croft, the cold-blooded west Texan who likes to kill, and sigh with the boys at the hardships of army life. (Just putting on a clean pair of socks is a major operation, and as sure as you get your tent staked down right a typhoon comes and blows it away anyhow.)

About this book the reader soon begins to feel the way the GI felt about the army. He cannot remember when he started it; it seems he has been reading it all his life; he sees no hope of finishing it... yet he cannot put it down.

By now he is feeling the weight of the GI's pack, his soles as he toils, bent double, upstream along a river covered over with jungle foliage. Tensely he waits for an alligator to bite off a leg here and there. Time after time he will shake his head and wonder how human beings could ever have done what this patrol did. Yet he knows there must have been thousands of such incredible patrols made.

PROBABLY the most horrible thing in the book is the long trek back by four of the patrol, with a dying comrade on a litter. The reader remembers that nightmarish march upstream and wonders how they are ever going to get the wounded man back to the beach. He is spared none of the agony. The heat, the thirst, the numbness of fingers and toes as the boys stumble forward with their cursing patient... it's all there.

The most exciting episode is the scouting mission of the Mexican sergeant, Martinez, behind the Jap lines, where he can reach out and touch sleeping Japs.

The most ironical event occurs when General Cummings leaves the island for a day. The Japs give the not-too-brilliant Major Dalleson, left in charge, a chance to advance. Dalleson goes into a panic. A thousands details to be remembered

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUL 31 1948

Shop Talk

MARTIN BLOCK, who owns and operates with Warren Anderson the Studio Bookstore in Los Angeles, says it is surprising how many copies of expensive art books, priced at more than \$15, the shop is able to sell, and far more easily than the popularly-priced books. Gauguin's "Noa," printed in Sweden and selling for \$30, has been particularly successful.

However, he says there is a definite and abiding objection to the price of books, particularly of fiction. Even in the case of Mr.

Churchill's book a number of customers "have cited the \$6 price with regret and felt (as we feel) that a continuing price of \$5 would be preferred. At the same time, there have been few (some, of course) objections to the \$4 price of the 'The Naked and the Dead,' possibly because the book is really a good novel as well as one of the few books we can be proud of this year."

Besides "The Naked and the Dead," the shop is doing well with Evelyn Waugh's "The Loved One" and a Waugh novel imported from England, "Scott-King's Modern Europe," which the shop sells to every customer who has liked "The Loved One." "We only hope," he says, "we can restock from England soon enough to supply the demand, since we gather that Little, Brown does not intend publishing this book for some time, if at all."

There is a rapid turnover in the drama section, largely because the shop keeps in stock with many plays and dramatic novels and coaches in town.



The Studio Bookstore in Los Angeles celebrated its opening on April 12 with a party to which the city's local and visiting artists, writers and booksellers were invited. The dark-haired young man, in the center of the photograph, is Warren Anderson, one of the two owners of the shop. On the extreme left is Tyrus Wong, whose paintings and ceramics were on exhibit

NEW YORK, N. Y.
TIMES

The Best Sellers

An analysis based on reports from leading book sellers in 22 cities, showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles, and their relative standing over the past 3 weeks.

July 11	July 18	July 25	THIS WEEK	
1	1	1	1	The Naked and the Dead. Mailer
6	4	2		The Loved One. Waugh
7	5	5	3	Melissa. Caldwell
3	2	2	4	Pilgrim's Inn. Goudge
2	4	3	5	The Golden Hawk. Yerby
4	3	6	6	Peony. Buch
5	7	8	7	The Foolish Gentlewoman. Sharp
14	11	10	8	The Flames of Time. Kendrick
11	13	13	9	The Bishop's Mantle. Turnbull
13			10	Eagle in the Sky. Mason
12	12	11	11	Asylum for the Queen. Leach

the Brooklyn Nobody Knows

New York's biggest borough is the butt of many jokes—
but goes serenely ahead as an important cultural center

BROOKLYN'S reputation, to the chagrin of many of its citizens, rests on such phenomena as the Dodgers, Coney Island and the imperishable Tree. Weavers of the Brooklyn legend have ignored its cultural enterprises, the most notable of which is the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Started 125 years ago as a library, the Institute now includes the Museum, above, Botanical Gardens and Children's Museum. Its Department of Education offers a unique program of opera, forums and plays at the Academy of Music, above right. Brooklyn has also been a haven for the wandering artist. In recent years, such people as W. H. Auden, Richard Wright and Carson McCullers have made it the base of their creative operations. And the late literary giant, Thomas Wolfe, who used to stalk through the streets of Brooklyn late at night, wrote *Of Time and the River* there. Brooklyn may remain immortal for its beauty, but it has a high batting average in the arts.

Photographed by JOHN VACHON

AUG 7 - 1949

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Best Sellers of the Week

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD Norman Mailer	Rinehart, \$4.	Number one on the N. Y. Times and Herald Tribune list.
THE LOVED ONE Evelyn Waugh.	Little, \$2.50	Paul Elder's, Books, Inc., De Wolfe and Fiske, and The Book Shop in Providence are some of the stores telling this is their top seller in fiction.
MELISSA Taylor Caldwell.	Scribner, \$3.	Selling about 1,000 copies a week.
PILGRIM'S INN Elizabeth Goudge.	Conard, \$3.	Has sold over 725,000, including book club copies.
THE GOLDEN HAWK Frank G. Yerby.	Dial, \$3.	Reported high in sales everywhere.
THE GATHERING STORM Winston Churchill.	Houghton, \$6.	Continues the leader of nonfiction on the majority of bookstore reports.
HOW TO STOP WORRYING Dale Carnegie	S. & S., \$2.95	But this seems to be making a bid for top place.
PEACE OF MIND Joshua L. Liebman.		In its 29th month at or near the top of the nonfiction best seller list.

Four Brooklyn authors whose works currently rank high on the best-seller list



Norman Mailer (*The Naked and the Dead*), left, Irwin Shaw (*The Young Lions*) have written novels acclaimed as best on World War II.



Betty Smith again writes about Brooklyn in *Tomorrow Will Be Better*, but S. J. Perelman went around the world to do *Westward Ho!* (Continued on next page)

Truman Is Named 'Man of Top Personalities of the Year'

(A.P. Newfeature)
Harry S. Truman, President of the United States of America, was chosen almost unanimously by vote of the editors of Associated Press newspapers.

The farm boy from Missouri who prayerfully took over as chief executive when President Roosevelt died in 1945, waged a fighting campaign and won an upset victory in 1948. He said he often yearned for his old seat in the U. S. Senate. But when the chips were down, he ignored the experts. He told his party leaders he would win—and he did.

He had traveled a long and twisted road to the Presidency. In 1908 he went into partnership with his father and worked long hours to keep the family farm going. Eleven years later he was in World War I. He went to France as a captain in the Missouri national guard and was promoted to major before the war ended.

After the war he failed in business and was long years paying off the resulting debt. But in 1922, with the help of the Pendergast machine in Missouri, he went into politics as a member of the county government in Jackson county.

Senator in 1934

He was first elected to the U. S. Senate in 1934. When the Pendergast machine faced charges of dishonesty, Mr. Truman was nearly defeated in the 1940 election. But investigators said suspicion never once pointed at him. Mr. Truman said Tom Pendergast never asked him to do a dishonest thing.

In the early part of the war he headed the Truman committee which saved the nation millions of dollars by checking on war contracts. In 1944 he took the nomination as vice president, which he did not want, in a compromise deal at the convention.

His committee was formed at his suggestion after he had been turned down when he sought to reactivate his commission in the army reserve. So, instead of being a colonel in the army during the war, he finally became commander in chief of all the U. S. forces as President of the United States.

In the 1948 elections, the Republicans gained control of both houses of Congress. Faced with hostility from the legislators, he



Harry S. Truman



Norman Mailer



Henry Ford II



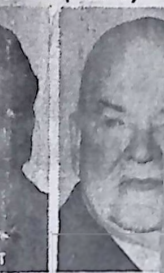
Philip Murray



J. Robert Oppenheimer



Sir Laurence Olivier



Herbert Hoover

increased legal minimum wages, a civil rights program, government-backed health insurance, federal aid for education and other things.

He denounced the Taft-Hartley law and income tax cuts. On this program, he won the 1948 election.

Others Named

In other fields The AP editors chose the following men: George C. Marshall, foreign affairs; J. Robert Oppenheimer, science; Philip Murray, labor; Henry Ford 2d, industry; Herbert Hoover and Paul Hoffman, public service; Norman Mailer, literature, and Sir Laurence Olivier, entertainment.

Mr. Marshall now is recovering from an operation in Washington.

Europe he found fears not so much of atomic war but of "occupation, enslavement, civil war and destruction." He also found a feeling that the universities must take their place in the days ahead as the counterpart of the monasteries of the early Middle Ages.

Mr. Murray was again elected head of the C.I.O. in November. His union won a wage boost in the steel industry in July. Thru the year he kept up a running fight with the left wing in the C.I.O. He backed Mr. Truman and denounced Mr. Wallace for his third party bid. Action of the November convention showed full victory for Mr. Murray's right wing forces. The labor leader who came to this county as an immigrant coal miner surprised

delegates with the vigor of attack on Red elements.

Mr. Ford continued to direct auto empire founded by his grandfather. During 1948 he toured Europe, visiting Ford plants there. He also accepted the post of chairman of national community education.

Mr. Hoover, the only living U. S. ex-President, has worked hard on his government reorganization commission. Mr. Hoffman was head of the Studebaker corporation but left it to direct U. S. program for aid to Europe.

Mr. Mailer, a Brooklyn boy went to Harvard and then to war in the Pacific, rockete

Translation -

DAGBLADIT, OSLO, 5th August, 1948

America talks about the war in the Pacific.

A critic, Olor Paris Grink, of Norman Mailer's book--"The Naked and the Dead".

Has world literature found a new "Farewell to Arms" in Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead", published a few weeks ago by Rinehardt. The author, only 25 years old, has been everything from counter-jumper to painter, and a student at Harvard University, also short storywriter for popular magazines. This is besides his partaking in the fighting at Leyte, and in Japan.

This book tells of the landing and fighting on Anapoei, one of those jungle and rocky island in the tropic South Sea, that the Americans had to wrestle from the Japanese. We read about the fighting till the finish, when the Japs gave up and were taken prisoners.

The author has laid the main interest about a section of ten to twelve men, none heroes or wanderers, but just the type of soldier that is made up from American stock. In this book, his first, Mailer writes like a full-blooded realist. This realism which is the book's outer form, gives in detail his comrades speech, thoughts, actions and ideals-- and he gives life and block pictures of their previous poor and proletarian life. In strong contrast, Mailer depicts the two leaders, Major General Cummings and his Adjutant, Hearn. The author's art, in a modern and subtle way, characterizing these two men, gives a lot of promise for him as a psychologist. It is seldom one finds in young new authors such real and life-inspiring characterization of events, and few have, as Mailer, been able to fill the pages with such real life impressions and incidents. The tropical island flora, terrible heat, and heavy atmosphere, its terrific storms and rains, its haunting sounds and rotten vegetable stink, all is told in strong prose by Mailer.

"The Naked and the Dead" is more than a promise, and has put Mailer in a lasting place as writer of the World War II. Future will show if the author will use his great gift for other work that is not autobiography.

June 1948



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

A NEWCOMER certain to create a stir has just appeared on the scene. Norman Mailer's first novel, *The Naked and the Dead* (Rinehart, \$4.00), strikes me as being by far the most impressive piece of fiction to date about Americans in the Second World War. The author, a veteran of the Pacific, is twenty-five years old.

Mailer's concern is with the individual and the way of life that formed him. He uses the shocks and tensions of war as a corrosive agent which bites through to the hard core of truth about men. *The Naked and the Dead* is vastly more mature, intellectually, than the war novels of the twenties, with their romanticization of chronic mutiny. Artistically, it rates comparison with the best of them.

Out of the campaign for the Pacific island of Anapoei, Mailer has forged an electrifying narrative whose descriptive passages stretch your nervous system on the rack of war. You are immersed in the unmentionable dread that permeates the convoy, sweating out the night hours before bombardment. You're on the beach, shuddering and cursing as the mortar shells come slapping down like a fly swatter. You're in Sergeant Croft's single foxhole, numbly firing a machine gun at waves of howling Japanese weirdly etched in the lightning of a flare. These episodes and others are realized with a terrible intensity: the cold-blooded killing of a prisoner; a drunken hunt for souvenirs in a corpse-strewn cave; a reconnaissance platoon's protracted, nightmarish battle with jungle and mountain, with sickness and torturing fatigue and a dying man who must be carried back. This is an exceedingly tough book. The soldier's vocabulary, some of the combat details, will make the squeamish reader wince.

Mailer's signal achievement lies in the characters he has created, a dozen superbly individual figures. Each of them is sharply visualized. Each is gradually synthesized, through speech and conduct, through their unspoken thoughts and emotions, under varying conditions of stress. What formed them, what motivates them, are brilliantly disclosed or suggested in their personal histories (reminiscent of the profiles in Dos Passos's *U. S. A.*), which are interpolated between chapters. There's Gallagher, "the revolutionary in reverse," an utterly convincing portrait of the smalltime crackpot

fascist; Polack, dead-end kid and petty gangster; Martinez, nicknamed "Japbait," the little Mexican whose fierce pride has to wrestle with the knowledge that his nerve has cracked. To these and the rest of them, war has given a community of hates and fears, a boundless resentment, and, though they don't know it, a compelling sense of duty.

Mailer's key figures are Major General Cummings, Lieutenant Hearn, and Sergeant Croft. Cummings, a military genius, is the intellectual prophet of a new, icily reasoned American fascism, which will reach for power masquerading as "conservative liberalism." He is the nearest thing in American fiction to the Commissar in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. Expounding his credo to Hearn, his aide, he declares: "This is going to be a reactionary's century." The present machine techniques demand a consolidation of power, "and with that you've got to have fear, because the majority of men must be subservient to the machine. . . . The natural role of twentieth century man is anxiety." He has his officers fitted into a "fear ladder," and exploits privilege to "break down" the men. Cummings's goal is total control. Unable to convert Hearn, he humiliates him atrociously, then sends him out on a dangerous reconnaissance at the head of Sergeant Croft's platoon. Croft is the born killer, filled with impersonal hate, the future vigilante of the general's new order.

Hearn, renegade son of a Midwestern nouveau riche, has been the Manhattan-out-of-Harvard radical dilettante. Now, disillusioned, conscious of his own deep impulse to control men, he feels empty of belief. Cummings suggests the clue to his contradictions—a perfectionist who wants to remake the world in his own image, "Not a phony but a Faust." These three figures and the men under them (the anonymous masses) are embroiled in a subtle conflict, resolved in an unexpected and ambiguous conclusion, which, I think, reflects the ambiguous currents of our time.

The Naked and the Dead has its faults: the structure is slightly anticlimactic; the men's talk, laden with expletive, tends to grow repetitious; the story is overlong—721 pages. What matters infinitely more is that it is a work of remarkable power, of amazing penetration, both into people and the determining forces in American life. Mailer has made his start with one of the most exciting American novels published since the end of the twenties. No one in search of first-rate fiction should pass it by. *The Naked and the Dead* is not just a good book, it's almost a great book.

A-bomb on America

The scene: a cottage in New England. The time: tomorrow. Mark Ferry, his wife Bianca, and two neighbors, casually turning on the radio, hear that an atom bomb has fallen on New York. This doomsday event is the opening of *The Invaders* (Duell,

OCTOBER 1948

Current Biography - Oct 1948

37

alumni in 1939, the year of Miss Kenyon's retirement as chairman.

In the meantime, Helen Kenyon had become active in the work of the Congregational Christian Church: she was made a director in 1938 of the Congregational Christian Board of Home Missions, an office in which she was to remain until 1948. While serving on the missions board, she was also a member of the board of directors of the United Council of Church Women (1940-43); and from 1944 to 1946 she was the first woman chairman of the Missions Council, the "joint promotional and educational agency of the home and foreign boards of the denomination." She had served two years (1946-48) as Assistant Moderator of the General Council when she was elected its Moderator on June 17, 1948, at the biennial session attended by some two thousand church representatives, at Oberlin, Ohio. Later, in commenting on her election, she said, "I'm really too old to be a Moderator," explaining that she undertook the task because, as a volunteer worker (the office carries no remuneration), she could devote her full time to it.

As Moderator of the General Council of the Congregational Christian Churches, Helen Kenyon is the lay leader of a denomination which embraces some 1,200,000 members; she is responsible for the planning of the General Council's biennial session (such as the week-long convocation which met in Oberlin in 1948) and she presides over its delegates. Upon assuming this office, Miss Kenyon saw her two-year term as involving two major tasks, the first being the raising of the \$220,371 balance on the \$6,500,000 quota of the Church's postwar emergency program, in behalf of which program she had traveled extensively on speaking tours during the years 1943-48. This fund was to be allocated for the relief and rehabilitation of war victims and for missionary projects both in the United States and abroad. At the end of 1948 Miss Kenyon planned to begin work on her second task, that of campaigning for the unification of the Congregational Church with that of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. In the event of such unification, the combined organizations would have a total membership of more than two million and would be known as "The United Church of Christ." This contemplated union was a leading issue at the 1948 Oberlin conference, at which a committee composed of advocates and opponents of the measure was named to study the diverse aspects of the proposed consolidation. On June 16, 1948, the Evangelical and Reformed Church announced that thirty-three of its thirty-four synods had approved this measure, but a later tabulation of Congregational Christian Churches showed that only 65 per cent of the required 75 per cent of churches was in favor of the proposal.

The promotion of better racial relations has been another cause to which Helen Kenyon has given her support. During her ten years' service on the Congregational Christian Board of Home Missions, Miss Kenyon was assigned to the American Missionary Association (a division of the missions board), the main object of which is the establishment and maintenance

of Negro educational institutions in the South. Miss Kenyon has represented the missionary association at the Interracial Institute at Fisk University, in Nashville, Tennessee, and attends meetings of the board of trustees, of which she is a member, of Dillard University (another Negro institution) in New Orleans.

Miss Kenyon is a member of the American Committee of the World Council of Churches and a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Her local church affiliation is in the First Congregational Church of Poughkeepsie. In New York City she belongs to the Vassar Club and the Genealogical and Biographical Society. Her political affiliation is Republican.

A little over five feet one inch in height, Helen Kenyon weighs 150 pounds; she wears rimless spectacles, has gray eyes, wears her gray hair in pompadour style. For a number of years she summered with her nieces on a Montana ranch. Raneling, riding, and genealogy, she says, are her hobbies. A New York apartment and a country place, "Yelping Hill," in West Cornwall, Connecticut, are her homes. Once she told a New York *World-Telegram* reporter, "The reason I stay so illiterate is because I like people so well. I never read. I'm a person of action. I don't dare think how many hours I work a day, because if I did I'd get tired."

References

- N. Y. Times p.25 Je 18 '48 por
- N. Y. World-Telegram Je 29 '48 por
- Newsweek 31-76 Je 28 '48
- Time 51-68 Je 28 '48
- Who's Who in America, 1948-49

KRATZ, ALTHEA HALLOWELL See Hattel, A. H. K.

MAILER, NORMAN Jan. 31, 1923- Author Address: h. c/o Rinehart and Company, Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York 16; h. 102 Pierpont St., Brooklyn 2, N.Y.

Norman Mailer, a veteran of World War II, became in the middle of 1948 one of the most talked-about new writers. Reviewers declared his best-selling *The Naked and the Dead* to be one of the most impressive novels thus far about World War II, and many compared it with the World War I novels of such authors as Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Remarque. The book is to be adapted for the theater.

Born January 31, 1923, Norman Mailer is the son of Isaac B. Mailer, an accountant, and Fanny (Schneider) Mailer. His birthplace is Long Branch, New Jersey, from which the family soon moved to "a quiet section of two-family houses and trees" in Brooklyn, which Mailer has called "the most secure Jewish environment in America." Norman attended Brooklyn schools and graduated from Boys High School in 1939, when he was sixteen. "During the depression we were poor," he has said, "and after, it was kind of a squeeze on my parents to send me to Harvard."

(Continued next page)



A NEWCOMER appeared on the scene with *The Naked and the Dead*. It strikes me as one of the best of fiction to come out of World War. It is twenty-five years old, and its way of life and its tensions are still as fresh as through to the present. *The Naked and the Dead* is actually, though its romanticism is not really, it rates as one of the best. Out of the Annapolis, Maryland, narrative whose nervous system is based in the life of the convoy, the bombardment, and the cursing down like a flange foxhole. It is a masterpiece of the killing of a piece in a corpse-strewn mountain, with a dying man who is exceedingly to some of the best reader wins.

Mailer's gift has created each of them. Each of them is a synthesis through their own varying them, what closed or so (reminiscent of which are the Gallagher, "the convincing portrait of the smalltime crackpot



G. Mallard Kessler
NORMAN MAILER

Because he enjoyed making model airplanes, young Mailer decided to become an aeronautical engineer. By his sophomore year in college, however, he was more interested in writing. Although he took many writing courses to "learn what not to do," he continued to major in engineering science because, he has said, "if you wanted to write and you majored in English 'lit,' you majored in English 'lit' instead of writing." He found Harvard particularly stimulating intellectually because of the diversity of its student body, composed, as he saw it, of students from at least fifteen or twenty "vastly different roots."

In 1941, eighteen-year-old Norman Mailer won *Story Magazine's* annual college contest. His first unpublished novel, about Jewish life in Brooklyn, was written that year. Mailer's second, which he began writing after his graduation from Harvard in 1943, was, in his words, "a very large and overly ambitious . . . anatomy of brutality"; it was set in an asylum for the insane, where he worked a summer. It was rejected by publishers because of the scene in which it was laid. "It wasn't very good," Mailer said in 1948, "but I think it could have been a best seller." Shorter works of his 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.

Mailer was drafted in January 1944 and inducted into the United States World War II Army in March. (His bride of a few months, Beatrice Silverman, later entered the Waves and became a lieutenant.) From being, as he recalls, "an arrogant, nasty young man who thought he knew everything," Private Mailer became "the third loudest GI in a platoon of twelve." Trained as an Artillery surveyor, when he reached the Philippines he was reassigned to the intelligence section of an Infantry

regiment. The night he joined the regiment on Leyte, it was sent into the invasion of Luzon. Mailer typed reports at combat team headquarters, then was assigned to interpret aerial photographs. From this work he gained more of a "general's-eye view" of war than did most GIs, and he increased his knowledge of strategy and tactics by reading the *Infantry Journal*.

Having in mind the war novel that he planned to write, Mailer requested transfer to front-line duty with an intelligence and reconnaissance (I & R) unit, similar to that which appears in *The Naked and the Dead*. "All the time I was overseas," Mailer has said, "I had conflicting ideas, wanting, the way everybody else did, to get the softest job, to get by with the least pain, and also wanting to get into combat and see it." As a rifleman in an I & R platoon protecting a division which was fighting its way to Manila, Mailer participated in "a few fire fights and skirmishes." Although he felt that he was going to be killed, he took pages of notes, jotting them down in the four or five letters he wrote his wife each week. Every incident in *The Naked and the Dead*, including the flash-back biographies of his dozen characters, is an "experience which the author himself had or heard about. Disappointment came to him in Japan, a week before he was sent home. Sergeant Mailer (he had received the three stripes of a T/4 as a cook and baker) obeyed the captain's order to apologize for insulting the top sergeant. The next day Mailer withdrew the apology, and lost the stripes."

By the time Mailer was mustered out in April 1946, his wife had saved two thousand dollars from their joint monthly service salaries. This sum supported the couple for the next fifteen months, during which they each worked all day on novels about their war experiences, reading each other's manuscripts in the evening. He had not originally planned his book as an antiwar work, but what he heard on the radio and read in the newspapers convinced him that "people in our Government were leading us into war again." "The last half of the book," he later told Louise Levitas of the *New York Star*, "was written on this nerve right in the pit of my stomach." The character of General Cummings, who believes that military dictatorship is the coming thing, "articulates a kind of unconscious bent in the thinking of the Army brass and top-rank politicians," according to the author. The "naked" of the title are war-mongering fanatics.

Mailer's book was rejected by one publisher because he refused to alter the language, a more or less literal transcription of GI talk. The publisher who accepted the manuscript stipulated that the author cut the objectionable language down to the irreducible minimum. Mailer blue-penciled about a fifth of it. This done, Mailer and his wife left for Europe to study at the Sorbonne under the GI Bill of Rights.

Reviewers almost unanimously praised *The Naked and the Dead* as being what John Court- nos called "a vivid and graphic record which tells everything and spares nothing, least of

all the feelings of the reader." Virginia Kirkus called the 721-page novel "unpleasant . . . unforgettable." Sterling North referred to it as "this nightmarish masterpiece of realism." The reaction of Orville Prescott, writing in the *Yale Record* and the *New York Times*, was perhaps typical: "Mr. Mailer recorded every foul thought and word of his characters . . . wrote only about ignorant, savage, primitive men (with the exception of two officers, of whom one was a Fascist). . . But for maturity of viewpoint, for technical competence, and for stark dramatic power, this book is an incredibly finished performance."

Without the aid of prepublication selection by a book club, Mailer's book headed the *New York Times* best-seller list for eleven consecutive weeks (June 22 through August 29, 1948). It was the Book Find Club selection for distribution that July. Producer Kermit Bloom-garden acquired the stage rights and arranged to have Lillian Hellman "adapt and direct it for presentation in the 1948-49 season."

Traveling with his wife in France, Italy, Spain, and England, Mailer "glimpsed what the future might hold" for his own country and changed from a hatred of all organization to a belief in collective action. A member of the Progressive Citizens of America, which he had joined before leaving for Europe, Mailer has devoted himself to campaigning for the election of Henry Wallace "after his return to the United States in August 1948. (He told a questioner that he had not encountered any Communists in PCA.) He then regretted what he described as the "politically colorless" nature of his book—Time had complained of the "narrow political bias of the views set forth in it."

"At this particular period," Mailer has written (quoted from his publisher's release), "I don't think a writer can avoid being political to a great degree. There's been a regrettable tendency in the last decade in America to be unpolitical as writers, and I think it's partially accountable for the poverty of American letters in this period." This is one of Mailer's two writing tenets. The other: "There really are no such things as types in America, and as a result an American writer has to spend a good bit more of his time in defining his characters down to the sections in which they live, their speech, and the particular prejudices they've assumed . . . before he can be concerned with such abstractions as courage, humanity, good and evil, or any of the other qualities and postulates that have formed the bases of most of the great European novels."

On his own novel, Mailer takes issue with the reviewers. In the author's eyes, *The Naked and the Dead* is not a realistic documentary, but is a "highly symbolic" book, of which the basic theme is the conflict between the beast and the man. The number of events experienced by the one platoon "couldn't possibly have happened to any one Army platoon in the war," but represent a composite view of the Pacific war. The mountain the platoon attempts to climb represents "death and man's creative urge, fate, man's desire to conquer the elements—all kinds of things that you never dream of separating and stating so baldly."

Norman Mailer is five feet eight inches tall and weighs 140 pounds (he weighed ten pounds less when he finished *The Naked and the Dead*). One reporter wrote, "His ears stick out from a head of brown curly hair. On his face, with the wide forehead, large blue eyes, and narrow, sensitive chin, it is still possible to see the traces of an earnest adolescent." Confident in manner, Mailer is said, nevertheless, to be self-effacing. He has taken up oil painting, of which he says: "I have no talent at all and therefore can have no disappointments." Unaccustomed to the "fantastic security" which is his by virtue of royalties (forty thousand dollars for the first three months, according to Cue), Mailer told an interviewer, "If I keep on living in the manner to which I've been accustomed, the money would probably last for fifteen or twenty years. If I live according to my present scale, it would last a day and a half."

References

Cue 17:17 Ag 21 '48 por
N Y Star Mag p3 Ag 22 '48 por
Sat R Lit J1:10 My 8 '48

MAW, HERBERT B(BROWN) Mar. 11, 1893- Governor of Utah; lawyer; teacher. Address: h. State Capitol Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah; h. 603 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah

"One of the most interesting of contemporary Governors," according to John Gunther, author of *Inside U. S. A.*, is Herbert B. Maw of Utah. Before his election to the governorship in 1940, Maw carried on three occupations simultaneously: he was a professor of public speaking and political science, he practiced law, and he served in the Utah State Senate. During his two terms as Governor, Maw, a Demo-



Wide World Photos

HERBERT B. MAW

Do Professors Have Rights?

The Case of One Who Was
Fired For His Political Views

TOLD BY NORMAN MAILER,
AUTHOR OF THE BEST-SELLER,
'THE NAKED AND THE DEAD'

Story on Page 5

Over Political Views

Are professors people?

May they think? May they vote? May they speak?—even if we disagree with the way they think, the way they vote, the way they speak.

And if they may not—without being dismissed from their jobs—what has happened to academic freedom? To freedom of speech? To the Bill of Rights? To us?

Richard G. Morgan has been dismissed as curator of archaeology of Ohio State Museum, apparently because his wife runs a book store that sells literature that advocates better relations between whites and Negroes. No specific charges were made.

George Parker, teacher of Bible and philosophy at Evansville (Ind.) College, was asked

to resign two days after he had presided at a rally sponsored by the Vanderburgh County Citizens for Wallace Committee.

There are other cases . . . too many. In the interest of freedom of speech, the New York Post Home News sent Norman Mailer, author of "The Naked and the Dead," to Evansville, Ind., to look into the Parker case as typical. His report is printed herewith.

A rally in defense of academic freedom has been called by the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions for Sunday evening at the St. Nicholas Arena, off Columbus Circle, and an all-day conference at the Hotel Pennsylvania tomorrow will lay plans for enlisting school and college teachers throughout the country in the fight.

By NORMAN MAILER

Author of the current best seller, "The Naked and the Dead"

There are always many ways to tell a story, but I think I shall begin this one in Dr. Hale's office.

His full name is Lincoln B. Hale and he is the president of Evansville College. He is a man of medium height, middle-aged, with a broad bland face, a very small mouth, and the appearance of a successful business man. His voice and the manner in which he phrases his sentences indicate that he is a practised public speaker.

I went to see him without any advance announcement, and, mistaking me for a student, he invited me into his office. I sat down and told him that I was a reporter from the New York Post Home News, and that I wanted to ask him about the Parker case.

A certain nervous explosion took place within him. His face became very red, his voice shook with anger, and a muscle in his cheek began to quiver powerfully. He removed his eye-glasses, inserted the tortoise-shell bows in opposite corners of his mouth, and bit on them furiously.

"Who are you? Why are you here? I don't see why I should answer any of your questions," he told me in a trembling voice.

I answered that in fairness to the college and himself he should give his side of the story.

"I'm not going to be crucified by you," he said, and the wanted to see my credentials. "Is The Post a Wallace paper?" he asked.

"What's your policy?" "I didn't know the policy. In order to get the information I

ending the shock of seeing the buried walk again.

Something About Evansville

Actually, in history (and I think the Parker case will be mentioned eventually in history textbooks), this story has its beginnings almost a year ago, or in another sense 30 years ago.

I am hardly the person qualified to write the 30-year history. I spent four days in Evansville, and spoke to about 20 people. Four days and 20 people is a great deal more material than I can include in this article, but it is not an exhaustive study. I can only sketch the highlights of Parker's dismissal, and add a few conclusions of my own.

But, first, a little about Evansville. It is a city of 10,000 people, located in the south of Indiana across the Ohio River from Kentucky. The City Directory of 1943 mentions that it has 200 manufacturing establishments, and is located 75 miles from the center of population of the United States. There is a busy shopping street called Main St. which is eight blocks long, and from it the city spreads out in miles of residential streets and small frame houses. With the exception of its industry, which is comparatively heavy, there is not much to distinguish Evansville from any one of a number of Midwestern cities of that size.

Once a Klan Center

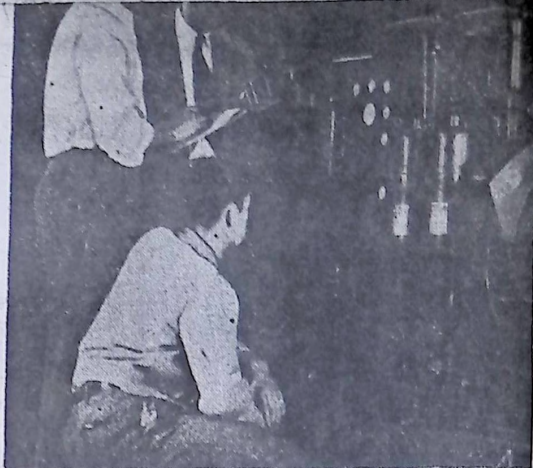
It is worth mentioning that Evansville is a marginal Southern city, and that in the '20s it was a center of Klan activity. Also, there has been in the last year an extremely vigorous anti-Wallace campaign. Nearly all the townspeople I talked to thought that Wallace was a Communist. Some of his supporters, who have come from the most militant labor leaders in Evansville, and

"I am a member of the Communist Party. I admit it. I am proud of it. Nobody will quash my leadership in UETU on my loyalty. History will judge you or I." Earlier Roszel C. Thomsen, Wallace hysteria which was developed calculatedly in the city. The college was moved to Evansville from Aurora, Ind.

Continued on Page 46



NORMAN MAILER



EVANSVILLE (IND.) COLLEGE, proud of its engineering and technological courses (the students above are studying a Diesel engine), boasts of its "broader concept of college training." But the same school fired George Parker for backing Wallace. And an important Evansville business man, fearful of liberal activities on the campus, allegedly voiced the threat that the college's new Engineering and Science Building might be turned "into a factory next year" unless the college took an even firmer grip on such activities.

*The original
had shattered
and this was
all I could
salvage.*

The Gen three official conspiring be commerce in this country and foreign nations in hard metal compositions and products in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Boasts She Is Red, Fired as Teacher

Baltimore, Oct. 8 (AP)—The dismissal of a kindergarten teacher because she is a Communist today had the unanimous endorsement of Baltimore's School Board.

The teacher, Mrs. Regina Frankfeld, an admitted Communist, was fired at the opening of the fall semester by Dr. William H. Lemmel, Superintendent of Public Instruction. He said he was acting under the new policy adopted by the board last June to bar Communists and "other subversives" from the school system.

Mrs. Frankfeld was in the rear of the meeting room when the board approved Lemmel's action yesterday. After the vote, she has come from the most militant labor leaders in Evansville, and "I am a member of the Communist Party. I admit it. I am proud of it. Nobody will quash my leadership in UETU on my loyalty. History will judge you or I." Earlier Roszel C. Thomsen, Wallace hysteria which was developed calculatedly in the city. The college was moved to Evansville from Aurora, Ind.

criminal indictment of five counts, subjects the corporate defendants to fines aggregating \$25,000 each, and the individuals to similar fines and possible imprisonment of five years each.

The court fixed no date for sentencing.

The defendants found guilty, besides GE, were International General Electric Co., Inc., of New York; Carboly Co., Inc., of Detroit; Walter G. Robbins, Carboly president; Zay Jefferies, chairman of the Carboly board, Cleveland, and Walter M. Stearns, manager of trade relations and special contracts of GE, Schenectady.

Friedrich Krupp Aktiengesellschaft, former German munitions trust, was a defendant in the indictment but was not tried because the court lacked jurisdiction. The other defendants who waived a trial by jury were tried by Judge Knox between Jan. 22, and July 11, 1947.

The metals involved in the conspiracy, the indictment alleged, were in great demand in the automobile, aircraft, tank, shipbuilding and munitions industries. The indictment charged that GE was the assignee of various patents of alleged German inventors and entered into a number of agreements with Krupp for use of Krupp-held patents in this country.

Video Passes 1st Train Test

Television on railroad trains moved nearer reality today after a successful demonstration staged aboard a Washington-Jersey City train of the Baltimore and Ohio line by the Bendix Aviation Corp's radio division.

Passengers and special guests viewing the second World Series game yesterday missed only part of the eighth inning when the Marylander passed out of the range of video waves.

Do Professors Have Right?

Continued from Page 5

during the first World War. It came into existence through the efforts of the Evansville Chamber of Commerce, which raised the money. Its operating funds now are drawn from the large corporations in town and, we may assume safely, the more prosperous townspeople. The college has had its financial difficulties in the past, but since the last war it has grown considerably. In 1947 five new buildings were completed, including a \$700,000 Engineering Science Building. The funds for all this have been raised largely through the efforts of Dr. Hale, who was called an extremely capable administrator by almost everyone to whom I spoke.

And in appearance the college demonstrates its growth. It has a raw, unfinished look. Almost all the buildings are of one-story wood construction, built in successive wings like Army post hospitals. It is obviously a college in the process of growing, and its day enrollment has tripled since the war.

Studying for Divinity

George Parker was hired as an assistant professor in Bible and philosophy for the school year of 1947-1948. A young man, about 30, he was studying at the time for his doctorate in Divinity at Yale. He taught the first semester without incident, and was considered almost unanimously an excellent and stimulating teacher. In January of 1948, because of personal convictions, he accepted the chairmanship of the Vanderburgh County Citizens for Wallace. Shortly afterward, Dr. Hale received a notice of that in a newspaper from a faculty member. The clipping had a note pencilled to it. The note said, "Hale, this is dynamite for Evansville College."

On March 1, it was announced that Henry Wallace would appear in Evansville on April 6. Hale talked to Parker and asked him to resign his chairmanship, but the talk was made without threats—and without agreement. Three weeks later Hale renewed Parker's contract for the following year. He told me that he had seen no mention in the papers of Parker's activity, and that he assumed Parker was inactive. There appeared, however, from time to time small notes in the local Evansville papers on the approaching Wallace meeting and Parker's name was included.

When Wallace spoke, the first products of the anti-Wallace campaign were a large crowd of hoodlums who picketed the auditorium, charged into the lobby, banged on doors and windows, and chained a few Wallace supporters

glous Invocation at that meeting, and then spoke for five minutes on the necessity of listening to people with whom you disagree.

Two days later, after a secret meeting of the board of trustees of Evansville College, he was asked to resign. Hale's statement to the papers said that it was for "political activity both off and on the campus." And, conceivably to his future regret, Hale added that there had been many protests from "business, social, and civic leaders of the community."

Parker's dismissal created a strong reaction among Evansville students. A committee, hastily formed, and composed of honor students and the editors of the Evansville Crescent (which had been judged in a nation-wide contest as one of the best campus newspapers in the country), spent the night preparing a mimeographed protest to distribute to the student body the next morning. The protests were handed out before classes, and by 11 o'clock hundreds of students had massed on the campus. Students spoke for Parker, students spoke for the college, and after many bitter arguments a student fact-finding committee was formed. Three spokesmen for the college and three spokesmen for Parker composed it. This student committee turned in a report with 27 established facts, and on the basis of it two petitions were circulated. The Parker students were defeated, 324 to 238. The men who were against Parker considered the college to be vindicated, and the pro-Parker students in turn pointed out that in the conservative atmosphere of the college the vote could be considered a moral victory. It is worth mentioning, I think, that with the exception of one or two students there were no Wallace men among the pro-Parker students. They had reacted on the basis that an injustice had been done, and that a teacher had the right to express his political idea.

It is impossible to do more than summarize a few of the many protests the college received. A Methodist-sponsored school, it was rebuked by Bishop Titus Lowe in Indianapolis and was condemned by the Indiana Methodist Conference. Ninety-one faculty members in Indiana University attacked Evansville College in a signed petition. And there were letters and editorials in newspapers.

Parker refused to resign, and appealed his case to the American Association of University Professors, the professors' guild. The college relieved him of his classes, and paid his salary in full. It refused, however, to give him a hearing after a meeting with representatives of the

Europe on a Friend's Work project in which they had enrolled before the Wallace meeting. The uproar and excitement slowly quieted. By the time I visited Evansville the case was comparatively forgotten.

In talking to me, Dr. Hale said at one point, "You've got to realize that this college was built with community money, and I think the community has some say in how it's run."

We have no segregation in the college—and there is in the high schools. We've quietly gone about the job of creating a better society. But without flag-waving."

I asked him for names of the business, civic and social leaders whose protests he had mentioned in the first statement to the press.

"I don't see what difference that makes. There are overtones and undertones to everything. You can pick up your story without knowing." My question had produced another small nervous explosion. "Now, look," he told me, "I like to think of the college as a service-station of education. It's one of my favorite phrases. We're related to the broad educational needs of the community the way a gas station is to the needs of an auto. I also like to think of the college," he added, "as a lighthouse of achievement, brotherhood and beauty."

We talked for a while about Parker's political activities on campus. Once in a class in logic, entitled "How to get the facts," a student had asked how one got the facts. On Henry Wallace, Parker had made no answer at the time, but at the next class he brought in some Wallace literature, and said at the end of class, "This is Wallace propaganda. You may take some if you so desire." In another section of the same class, he made the same speech. I asked Hale if that were all of Parker's political activity on campus.

'All We Need to Know'

"To us the fact that evidence exists is all we need to know," Hale said. He then read me a statement on academic freedom put out by the American Assn. of University Professors in 1940. I cannot go in to a discussion of that because it is too long and too technical, but I think it ruffles to say that the college and Parker have interpreted it differently, and since the college itself was not guided by AAUP principles in dismissing Parker, it has no particular relevance.

I asked what would have happened if Parker's political ac-

PLAN TO ALERT TEACHERS AGAINST THREATS TO FREEDOM

Mobilization of school and college teachers of the nation against current attacks on their academic and personal freedom will be planned here tomorrow and Sunday at the National Conference on Academic Freedom under the auspices of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

Several hundred academic leaders are expected to attend tomorrow's opening session at the Hotel Pennsylvania and a Sunday evening session at St. Nicholas Arena. Dr. Clyde R. Miller, director of the Council's bureau on academic freedom, said it is hoped to establish committees on academic freedom at colleges where liberties are threatened.

Prof. Harlow Shapley of Harvard University, chairman of the parent organization, said in calling the meeting that "from all over the country have come reports of an alarming growth of repression in schools and colleges."

Speakers at tomorrow's session will include Drs. Miller, Kirtley F. Mather, John J. DeBoer, Ira De A. Reid and Glenn Archer and Cyril Graze of the Teachers Union (CIO). The Sunday session will hear Drs. Shapley and W. E. B. DuBois, Rose Russell of the Teachers Union (CIO) and Norman Mailer, author.

"This is Evansville, and New York is a long way away." He shook his head. "You sure are different from the reporters around here."

Our interview ended on that note. In the outer office I noticed a framed drawing of the proposed Student Union building. The drawing was given with the compliments of the Servel Corporation.

The interview lasted over an hour. Many things we discussed I have not been able to include, for lack of space. None of the omissions is important, I believe, and I have also had to omit a great amount of material which was given me by people who were sympathetic to Parker.

Another Solution Possible

I want to finish this piece by giving a few of my own interpretations.

I think there is no doubt that after the Wallace meeting the college was in trouble. But I do not think that the solution was to dismiss Parker. At no time was an attempt considered to put the case before the community, to state that the college was not being represented by Parker, and that in an American tradition of academic freedom and civil liberties

an instructor is entitled to his political beliefs. The members of the board of trustees included the most influential members of the community. Of the board of 11 men which voted for Parker's dismissal, two were ministers and the rest were presidents, vice-presidents and directors of almost all the leading banks and corporations in the city. They were men who certainly did not have to fear for their own position. There is no reason to believe that a vigorous campaign led by these men to protect the academic liberty of the college could not have succeeded.

steadily refused to tell anyone the names of those "business, social, and civic leaders" who protested Parker's position on the faculty. It is not possible to avoid some of these more damaging interpretations.

At the very least, there is a gloomy inference to be made. Academic freedom and civil liberties have depended in the past on the good intentions of the powerful members of any community. In Evansville no such good intentions could be found. Some of the powerful people of the community were so opposed to Parker that they wanted to dismiss him at any cost. Others were simply indifferent to the meaning of free speech. In the light of the recent strikes in the city and the hearings of a House Un-American Activities subcommittee there, a pattern appears in which the most unruly and dangerous elements of the community are being encouraged. And there is nothing to prevent its occurrence in other colleges like Evansville. There may be a time soon when most colleges in America will be "service-stations of education," and will change their gasoline and oil at the suggestion of the community.

As a postscript to this story, I went out in the Customs cutter last Sunday to meet Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who were coming back from Europe on the Marine Tiger. Parker did not want to talk about the case because it is still being investigated by the AAUP—which may be guaranteed to turn in a report in the next five years. But Parker is, in any case, a tall quiet man with a youthful friendly manner and a gentle careful selection in his speech. While we talked I thought of the remark made by

hauling In the Vote



HOLDING REINS in novel campaign device—symbolizing a war against high milk prices—is LeRoy Peterson, ALP candidate for the State Senate in the 8th Senate Dist. of Brooklyn. Peterson drives wagon through his district, claims to have won much interest from the feminine vote, particularly.

It. I mentioned that a man named Heber F. Walker had run for office as a Democrat in the '30s while he was a faculty member of Evansville College, and Hale said that "had been a different situation."

I then asked what I think is the key question. "Dr. Hale, the college has a long record of work with the community. It has roots in the community. How could one man endanger it? Why didn't the college, if it felt it necessary, make a statement that the activities of Mr. Parker were in no way related to the policy of Evansville College?"

"It wouldn't have worked. This is a new college and its roots are not as strong as other colleges. It wouldn't take too big a wind to blow Evansville College down."

At the end of the interview, Dr. Hale said that he wanted to see how I would quote him. I told him that I resented the request.

He then asked again, "Well, then how am I going to know if you crucify me or not?" I told him that he would have to depend on the ethics of journalism. "That's not much to depend on these days," he answered me.

support, and could have chosen for the college if it had chosen to support Parker, there was a fly.

statement made by O. H. Roberts, Jr., president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, in which he said, "The dismissal smacked of Nazi purges."

Instead, the college acted in hysterical haste. After resisting various threats and warnings for months, the college capitulated one night after the riot at the Wallace meeting.

It is ironic that everywhere in the city people were agreed that the dismissal of Parker was "bad timing." It was bad timing. It was so bad that an uglier interpretation appears to me.

It is alleged that the head of one of the city's larger industries, said before Parker was dismissed. "If the college doesn't cut out this foolishness we'll be using the Engineering and Science Building as a factory next year."

Kilburn Durham, who is now working at Servel and was one of the students on the fact-finding committee opposed to Parker, told me that a short time before the Wallace meeting he had "pleaded with the American Legion not to boycott the college."

Actually, since Dr. Hale has

can tell you that Parker was the operative definition of a fly who couldn't hurt a fly.

Chairman



THE appointment of Bronx County Judge Stackell as chairman of the Yeshiva University's annual Charter Day Dinner to be held Nov. 14 at the Essex House, was announced by Dr. Samuel Belkin, president.



One of the grim scenes in the Pacific warfare that inspired the book reviewed here. An American soldier, wounded on Leyte Island, in the Philippines, is carried through the swirling waters to a ship.

If You Would
Keep a Dream

If you would have
A dream,
Keep it remote,
Afar,
A shining mysterious world,
Aloof,
Like a distant star.

Do not stretch out
Your hands,
Or try to peer
Into its face;
For if you could reach
A star,
If you could conquer
Space,
You would find it
A barren place,
Black,
Without life or love.

If you would keep
Your dream,
Let it swing high
Above.
It is useless for a star
To be seen alone,
Lost in being;
Let your dream
Float in air,
Thousands
Of miles away.

—JEANNETTE.
Johannesburg.

MEN UNDER FIRE IN THE PACIFIC

SINCE the end of the war there has been much talk by critics about the novels which resulted from the Great War and the novels which are likely, in the fullness of time, to result from World War II.

In the former connection Barbusse's "Le Feu" and Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" (the one written in the heat of the conflict and the other in the tranquillity of remembered experience) have been rather tremulously quoted. And we have been reminded, too, that Tolstoy's epic "War and Peace" came into being only when 75 years had elapsed since the Napoleonic invasion which forms its background.

Meanwhile, against a clamour of critical disputation and forecast, contemporary authors have striven patiently to produce the book for which the public has been so carefully primed—to write the war novel that, by being the best of its kind will end all war novels.

It is part of the publicity system of our time that many

such chronicles have already, in the blurbs of their publishers, been hailed as supreme in this genre. And a few, admittedly, have been in one way or another good. But none, so far, has been so good in all ways as to deserve the epithet "great," or to be comparable with the masterpieces of the past on a similar theme.

Here at last, however, is *The Naked and the Dead* (New York: Knickerbocker & Company), by Norman Mailer, a war book of real distinction. Its author is a young American of 25 who saw service in the Pacific, and

the war novel which is the result of that time have so feared themselves that they have had to be warned again into a pattern of words. That the book just when being great is due, firstly, to its overloading through repetition in the text, and, secondly, to a series of flash-

backs which, of the very nature of artifice, are an artistic blemish on the work as a whole. The story deals with the assault of an American division on a Japanese-occupied island, Annapopol. In the opening scenes we watch men and officers during the final preparatory hours before the landing, and in the fateful calm which precedes the dawn of the bombardment. Already, by this time, the author has skillfully explained and sorted out for us the characters who are to have the leading parts in the nightmare campaign which is to follow.

We Know Them

Hennessey, Sergeant Brown, Arthur Stanley, Martinez, Croft, Goldstein, Gallagher, Wilson—we know and are aware of them, just as we know the names of General Cummings, Lieutenant Hearn, Lieutenant Dove, and others of the Command.

So admirably drawn. Indeed, are the personalities of these various men that the reader is able, even at this early stage, to forecast their respective reactions in the forthcoming programme.

One of the best portraits in the book is that of Joey Goldstein, a Jew who remains a gentle influence in an atmo-

Book Mark

PEAKE PASHA believed, or claimed to believe, that it was often good policy to appear to be angry. Those who had served long on his staff claimed that they could tell his mood by the morning tilt of his lambskin cap. If it was on the back of his head, the day would be fair. If it were tipped forward on his nose, the worst was to be anticipated. But whatever his initial mood, a storm would invariably be produced should anyone enter the office smelling of onions—not to mention garlic. The staff of Arab Legion Headquarters was denied the use of this flavouring, so extensively employed in Arab cooking. For, so sensitive were his nostrils to the aroma of garlic, that Peake could immediately locate anybody who had indulged in that vegetable during the previous three days.—Brigadier Glubb in "The Story of the Arab Legion."

Panel Discussions of the Cultural Conference Delegates

Following are summaries of the panel discussions held yesterday as part of the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel:

Education

The United States is on the road to war and its freedoms are threatened from within by fascist enemies. Dr. John J. DeBoer, Professor of Education at the University of Illinois, warned 400 persons attending the education panel.

In the shouts of parading pickets outside the building penetrated the hotel's Astor Gallery on the third floor, where the panel meeting was held, Dr. DeBoer told the tense audience that "we must fight our enemies" because "all our values are at stake today." He declared that "on the outcome of this struggle hangs not only the integrity of our (teaching) profession, but our survival as a free people."

Present on the dais as Dr. DeBoer spoke were three professors dismissed recently from the University of Washington after an investigation of alleged Communist party membership. They were Herbert J. Phillips, Joseph Butterworth and Ralph Gundlach.

In reviewing the events leading up to their ousting, Professor Phillips declared that he and Professor Butterworth had admitted membership in the Communist party. He said that Professor Gundlach had been discharged for "neglect of duty."

"Academic freedom," he added, "will never be given a sound defense by the American people until the misrepresentations about the Communist party are confuted."

The panel was presided over by Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild, professor-emeritus of sociology at New York University, who announced that one of the speakers scheduled to make a "set" address had not shown up. He was Dr. Hayward Keniston, dean of the School of Liberal Arts at the University of Michigan. Dr. Fairchild said he did not know why Dr. Keniston was not present.

Dr. Herbert J. Davis, president of Smith College, was originally scheduled to preside over the meeting, but when it was reported that he was in Mexico and would be here for the meeting, the chairmanship was given to Dr. Fairchild.

In the principal address, Dr. DeBoer said that the people of the United States, and the people of the world, "want peace above all else." He declared that so great was this desire here for peace that "every new step toward war must be clanked in the press and on the radio in the guise of a peace move." He continued:

"Even the North Atlantic Pact, an outright military alliance, is to be sold to the American people as a peace measure, notwithstanding the fact that no similar military alliance in history has ever eventuated in anything but war. It is stopping the spread of Communism. Yet after World War I there were 150,000,000 Communists in the world, while World War II brought the figure to 400,000,000 or 500,000,000. How many of the survivors of World War III will be communists?"

Contending that "conciliation" was the only method that could bring

tion, man by man."

Writing and Publishing

In a rare atmosphere of give and take, the Russian writer A. A. Fadeyev, and the Russian composer, Dmitri Shostakovich, answered sharp and vigorous questions put to them by members of a group of 800 persons attending the Writing and Publishing panel. The poet, Louis Untermeyer, was chairman.

Dwight MacDonald, editor of the magazine Politics, asked Mr. Fadeyev (1) What has happened to Russian authors Pasternak, Babel, Zoshchenko, Katayev and Pilyak? Are they alive or dead? Are they in concentration camps or free? (2) Is it true that Mr. Fadeyev had agreed to rewrite his novel, "Young Guard," after it had been eminently successful because Pravda had denounced it for having an incorrect political line?

Mr. Fadeyev replied through a translator that he had the advantage over Mr. MacDonald since he knew contemporary American literature and that Mr. MacDonald could not know current Soviet literature since it had not been translated. (Mr. MacDonald interrupted, saying that some of it had been translated and that he had read the works of the authors he had named.) Mr. Fadeyev said Mr. Pasternak was at work on translations of Shakespeare.

He conceded that he had planned revision of several chapters of his novel, but that lack of time had prevented him from doing it. He was happy to announce, he said, that the novel was being republished as it stood.

Author Questions Matthiessen

Mary McCarthy, author of "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt," put three questions to F. O. Matthiessen, one of the main speakers on the panel. Did he think Mr. Fadeyev had answered Mr. MacDonald's questions? Did Mr. Matthiessen (who had spoken on Emerson, Thoreau, Melville and Whitman) believe that Emerson could go about "organizing liberty in the Soviet Union?" Could Thoreau practice Civil Disobedience in the Soviet Union?

Mr. Matthiessen retaliated by declaring he thought Mr. Fadeyev had met the questions "head-on." As to the second and third questions, Mr. Matthiessen said he thought that Emerson and Thoreau could not exist in the Soviet Union today. But neither, he added, could Lenin exist in the United States today.

Robert Lowell, Pulitzer Prize poet in 1948, took the floor after a speech made by the Soviet writer, P. A. Pavlenko.

"I am a poet and a Roman Catholic," Mr. Lowell declared. "I have two questions. The first is addressed to Mr. Pavlenko. What are the laws for conscientious objectors in the Soviet Union? The second question is for Mr. Shostakovich. Will he tell us how the criticism of the Soviet Government can help an artist?"

Mr. Pavlenko replied that he didn't know what the Soviet laws on conscientious objection were. "I have had no personal acquaintance with them," he said. "When my country called, I fought. I hope to be able to fight when I am 100 years old."

Mr. Shostakovich, pale, deter-

Backs Russian Defense

By The United Press.

MOSCOW, March 26.—Patriarch Alexius, head of the Russian Orthodox Church, appeared today for world peace but adored "defense of the fatherland" as a sacred duty.

Alexius, in a statement published by the Government newspaper Izvestia and broadcast by the Moscow radio, warned that "war is being preached and prepared in some countries."

The Patriarch gave his blessing to the coming "international peace congress" in Paris. The extreme Left Wing meeting had previously been endorsed by Russia's most prominent scientists, artists and writers.

"Our people recall the war with disgust and the very word war and the things it implies are hateful for them," Alexius said.

writing formalist music. "The criticism brings me much good," he said. "It helps me bring my music forward."

Dubois and Boyer Speak

The key speeches were made by Mr. Matthiessen, W. E. Dubois and Richard Boyer. Speaking on the panel, who received three minutes each, were Howard Fast, Ira Wolfert, Agnes Smedley, Stanley Graham and Norman Mailer, among others.

Mr. Boyer dealt with the theme of individual conscience and responsibility.

"It may seem strange," he said, "that an emphasis on Emersonian individuality comes from an American Communist. The fact is that Communist loyalty and discipline is based on individual conscience and understanding."

Quoting Thoreau, Mr. Boyer said, "We should be men first and subjects afterward." The present government here, he believed, was intent on jailing men for their belief in peace and socialism.

On several occasions when Mr. Untermeyer turned to the panel to introduce a new speaker, the audience shouted "Maller!" He had referred to the author of "The Naked and the Dead."

What Mr. Mailer said came as a surprise. He was eloquent and impassioned, but displayed no partisanship.

"I have come here as a Trojan horse," he said. "I had deliberated about coming here and speaking. I don't believe in peace conferences. They don't do any good. So long as there is capitalism, there is going to be war. Until you have a decent, equitable socialism, you can't have peace."

"I am going to make myself more unpopular. I am afraid both the United States and the Soviet Union are moving toward state capitalism. There is no future in that. The two systems approach each other more clearly. All a writer can do is tell the truth as he sees it, and to keep on writing. It is bad, perhaps, to inject this pessimism here, but it is the only way I can talk honestly."

Religion and Ethics

Two hundred persons attended a panel session on Religion and Ethics presided over by the Rev. Dr. John Howland Lathrop, pastor of the First Church of the Savior

...the book with respective reactions in the forthcoming programme.

One of the best portraits in the book is that of Joey Goldstein, a Jew who remains a gentle influence in an atmosphere of blasphemy, and who is constantly saddened by evidences of anti-Semitism among his comrades.

Another well-known portrait is that of Gallagher, whose wife is expecting a baby when the book opens, and who has later to learn of her death in childbirth.

All the characters, however, are beautifully realised—through the dialogue and through descriptions of their behaviour during combat and in the distressful circumstances of camp life. There are types of all kinds in this story of naked horror and deadline tragedy—men who have a faith which enables them to resist the brutalising influences of their surroundings and occupation, and others who, being devoid of principle, surrender easily to the brutality of war.

It is because the author so successfully presents his characters in the actual narrative that the Don Quixote-like flashbacks, each isolated under the heading "Time Machine," strike the reader as unnecessary in the plan of the book.

Take it for all in all, however, this is a significant and impressive novel—a cross-section of war at its most futile and its most horrid, in which the victims (including the Japanese) are seen groping not only in the undergrowth of the jungle, but in the monstrous undergrowth of man's stupidity and of his inhumanity to his own kind.

—M.M.W.

NEW YORK POST HOME NEWS, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1948



Two on the Aisle

Can Norman Mailer's War Novel Be Managed by the Theatre?

By Richard Watts Jr.

One of the most interesting news items of the new theatrical season is the word that Lillian Hellman is dramatizing Norman Mailer's stunning war novel, "The Naked and the Dead." It will be a tremendous task to capture the quality, the spirit and the titanic impact of this superb and unsparing account of men in combat within the limiting confines of the stage, but it is a challenging assignment and it will be fascinating to find how close Miss Hellman can come to succeeding in it. Since "The Naked and the Dead" is the finest work of fiction to come out of the late war, a dramatization that is worthy of it will have to be a play of exceptional stature.

It is the most rigorously of praise to say that Miss Hellman is America's best woman playwright. Obviously she is far more than that. She is one of the finest of modern dramatists without reference to her sex. She writes with skill, forcefulness and insight, and she is able to invest her characters and the events surrounding them with an atmosphere of highly charged dramatic excitement that is never afraid to be melodrama when that is the required mood. Yet here she has a job more difficult than she has ever faced before. Too often have we seen a novel of magnitude transformed by customarily competent hands into comparatively pygmy proportions by the stage's limitations not to foresee her problems.

In "The Naked and the Dead" they are far greater than the usual difficulties of finding an adequate substitute amid the theatre's rigid conventions of time and space for the roving freedom bestowed upon the novelist. The least of them is the outspokenness of Mr. Mailer's dialogue. It is true that he uses words that cannot be employed on the most untrammelled stage of the most liberal theatre conceivable in the contemporary United States, although they never give the impression of being written for shock purposes rather than verisimilitude. In the theatre they can be softened without serious loss to credibility.

Inner Toughness
For the important toughness of Mr. Mailer's novel does not arise from anything as superficial as the dirty words its characters use or their somewhat unromantic concepts of sex. It comes from one of the work's most impressive qualities, an un-

...is an unflinching picture of a man fighting war.

As I say, I am not at all sure that these men, or the sullen GIs of I and R platoons, or the events leading up to the capture of the island of Annapolis, are so successfully confined within the limits of a play. But I am glad that Miss Hellman has the courage to attempt so daring an adventure in playwriting. For it seems to me that "The Naked and the Dead" is a masterpiece of fiction to America.

...novels ever written about men in war. It is naturally compared to John Dos Passos' "Three Soldiers," but it is infinitely superior to it. It would be a fine thing for the American theatre if it could capture the

Closing ...

"Heaven on Earth," at the Century, 12 performances.
"Grandma's Diary," at the Henry Miller, 4 performances.

bittered toughness of inner spirit that is the result of a candid, thoughtful and deeply observing young man seeing modern war for what it is and able to face it without illusion or a recourse to the opium of optimism. It is a tough novel because it is so forthright in its view of modern man up to his most characteristic activity.

If, despite all the odds that are against her, Miss Hellman does find a stage equivalent of what Mr. Mailer has to say, she will among many notable things, write some roles that actors should cherish. Indeed, I should think that a pleasant indoor sport for theatregoers would be to devise lists of just what actors they would like to see in the leading parts. I used to be good at this sort of unofficial casting, but I seem to have lost my grip on it, because I must confess to an inability to figure out exactly who should play such memorable characters as the Fascist-minded General Cummings, the brooding Lieutenant Hearn and the terrifying, implacable Sergeant Croft.

General Cummings
It seems to me that this disturbing Major General Cummings, who may be the sinister man of the future in America, is one of the novel's chief triumphs. Mr. Mailer never takes the easy way of making him a stock melodramatic Fascist villain. On the contrary, he is a man of intelligence and stature, whose detestable viewpoint is grounded in subtle and plausible thought and is far from easy to answer. It is one of the terrifying things about him that his vision may well represent the wave of the future in the American Century. Hearn, too, is a brilliantly drawn figure, whose sudden death at the hands of a Japanese patrol is strangely

First Reader

By Harry Hansen

After six discouraging months of bookselling, the American book publishers are now looking to the Fall season to bring the crowds back into the bookstores. There are some good titles in the offing and this suggests public curiosity and response. Led by the memoirs of Dwight D. Eisenhower, the books will fall hopefully into line, expecting to find happy homes with interested customers.

Readers don't want merely a new subject to find a novel. So far, it is generally conceded, 1948 has yielded two new novelists: Truman Capote and Norman Mailer. Young Capote is still more at home in the short story; in "Other Voices, Other Rooms," his story line is unifying, his motivation fuzzy, like a boy's confused dream. But he is a writer. Young Mailer has masterfully written the first major novel of the war in "The Naked and the Dead"; his predecessors, like John Hersey, are, for the most part, skillful journalists.

But the interpretation of American life still awaits the new. Galsworthy, White, John P. Marquand, and others, the public continues to buy John Gunther's "Inside

Public Eager To Read About Russia

By James A. Hudson
New York, July 21. (UP)—World Communism Today now rates along with the Kinsey Report as the library's most popular book. Development Of The Soviet Economic System is challenging The Naked And The Dead.

SPEAKING OF BOOKS

NY Times Aug 4, 1948

By J. DONALD ADAMS

A I write, three serious novels are in the forefront of critical attention. Two of them, Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," and Graham Greene's "The Heart of the Matter," appear on the best-seller lists; by the time these words are in print, they will probably have been joined by Albert Camus' "The Plague." Partly because one of them is American, another British, and the third French, and also because, in various ways, they face the world in which we live today, they may, collectively, as well as individually, have something to say to us.

The American novel exhibits in marked degree the qualities which have dominated serious American fiction since the end of the first World War. It is written, first of all, out of a negative attitude; it chooses, with a patent stacking of the cards, to play up the worst in human nature, to explain the individual completely by his background, and to ignore his moral responsibility. Out of the sharply contrasting facets of American life, it picks those which reflect the most discredit. Like the "U. S. A." of Dos Passos, the writer to whom Mr. Mailer owes most, "The Naked and the Dead" purports to embrace the length and breadth of the American social scale, geographically as well as economically. Actually it shuts out whole areas of American life—all those in which a people may take pride. I should in fairness interject here that Mr. Dos Passos, were he writing "U. S. A." today, could not write as he did, but Mr. Mailer is still in his twenties.

THERE is power in "The Naked and the Dead"—unquestionable power. It has, like the work of Dos Passos, and like the work of most serious American novel-

ists of the male sex during the last quarter century, a sharply pointed reportorial approach, but like them again, it leaves out more than it includes, despite its length. Important as its reportorial omissions are, the vital lack is one which the British and the French novels supply—the realization that the individual has a part in his own destiny.

That realization is paramount in the novels of Graham Greene and Albert Camus. In "The Heart of the Matter" the responsibility is restricted to individual relationships—to the implication of actions as they involve one human being with another without direct bearing on the effect of those actions upon society as a whole. In "The Plague" the burden of individual responsibility is widened to include the whole of mankind. But the accent in each case is upon responsibility of the individual. It is because of this insistence that both Mr. Greene and M. Camus have something constructive to say to us now, whereas Mr. Mailer is merely throwing up his hands.

RECOGNITION of the cancer that eats at the heart of contemporary American fiction becomes more frequent day by day. A recent editorial in Life emphasized the need of novelists to re-create American values. It made the same point with regard to Mr. Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" as I have tried to make here: This young novelist's reaction to war as he saw it in the Pacific was quite understandable, and that, it should be added, was something he had experienced at first hand and which he knew in the round. But the America out of which his soldiers came was something else again—an area in

which his experience was more sharply limited.

As the writer of the Life editorial observed: "Our novelists no longer choose to write about Americans who enjoy their families or who take a pleasure in creating a business or who delight in painting a picture or molding a statue or indulging a hobby. They no longer choose to write about people who try to achieve purposes either as individuals or in society. Almost universally our novelists divide into two categories: those who have deserted the present for a cloak-and-dagger and full-bosom re-creation of the distant past, and those who have dedicated themselves to careers of literary slumming."

THE indictment gathers further strength in an article by W. H. Auden in the July Harper's, in which he attacks the same deficiency of which I have been speaking. Mr. Auden is concerned with the denial of free will and moral responsibility. As he remarks, "It is not conspicuous in the great classical American writers, but has become so in the work of the past thirty years. It is only lately that in novel after novel one encounters heroes without honor or history; heroes who succumb so monotonously to temptation that they cannot truly be said to be tempted at all; heroes who, if they are successful in a worldly sense, remain nevertheless but the passive recipients of good fortune; heroes whose sole moral virtue is a stoic endurance of pain and disaster."

And two weeks ago, in this review, Mr. Francis Hackett called attention to the impact which the attitudes of modern psychology have had upon the art of fiction. They have carried destruction as well as illumination; I hope to return to them at another time.

The Norman Mailer best-seller, "The Naked and the Dead," which has the former war correspondents green with envy. The trained seals saw it all but left it to a GI to write the masterpiece. The offhours literary activity of the American correspondents in Italy (everybody is writing a novel) since Lionel Shapiro (ex-GES man in Rome) struck Hollywood gold with two books in a row...

...They must many of Wallace's better speeches are ghosted by N. Mailer, author of "The Naked and the Dead"... Mrs. Hugh (Woo-wo!) Herbert will take the Renault at Dallas, her home burg.

Some of the ads on "The Naked and the Dead" have a strange design in the corner: Charles Upmeyer whose superior thought they were intended to be part of the design, and approved it.

BOOKS

New Clubs Offer Bargain Bests

TWO new low-cost book clubs have recently joined the field with Book Find Club and now all three are experiencing something of a bargain-basement rush for their wares.

Book Find, 401 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y., is the outfit which discovered the season's biggest best seller, Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." Book Find subscribers pay \$1.79 each including postage for a minimum of four books a year. In addition you get a free book from among the Club's past selections when you sign up. (Don't ask for "The Naked and the Dead," however, because the Club's supply of this has long since run out.) The up-coming Book Find selection is "Warlords of Washington," an expose of the big-business brass in government, by Bruce Catton, 'onetime aide in the information division of the War Production Board.

For seven months THE NAKED AND THE DEAD has led the best-seller list. For seven months literary discussion has revolved around this amazing novel. Since its publication it has become the basis of comparison not only for war novels but for modern novels in general.

The reason for its fame is not far to seek. Norman Mailer's story teaches into the knowledge and experience of every reader. It says to each, "Here is one face of America. What are you going to do about it?"

To fail to read this penetrating novel is to leave one's experience unfinished, incomplete, for it is fundamental to our understanding of the world in which we now live.

"THE NAKED AND THE DEAD"

by Norman Mailer

Concerning the Sermon of This Friday Evening

The best selling novel, "The Naked and the Dead", will be discussed by Dr. Ross this Friday evening. Particular interest attaches to the book inasmuch as its author, Norman Mailer, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett I. Mailer, members of Shaari Zedek. Previous mention has been made of the success scored by this son of our Congregation. Members and friends of the Congregation will want to be present on Friday evening to hear of the meaning of this successful work in relation to the world picture today.

Congratulations to Norman Mailer, Author of Nation's Best-Seller

The Congregation notes with great pride and satisfaction the fine success that has come to Norman Mailer, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Barnett Mailer, Shaari Zedek members. The success of Norman Mailer's Book, "The Naked and the Dead" has been phenomenal. It occupies first place among the best-selling lists of books of fiction on the national scene. Critics throughout the country have hailed Norman as a writer of brilliant attainments and with glowing promise of still greater future achievement. From many quarters of the land the "Naked and the Dead" has been named the outstanding novel to come out of the recent World War.

The Congregation rejoices in the recognition that has come to one of its sons and expresses to Norman and his wife, and to all the members of the Mailer family hearty felicitations, together with its own sense of gratification in this remarkable success.

Lillian Hellman's Plans

The chances of "Montserrat" being done this season appear rather bleak at the moment. Lillian Hellman, who has adapted the French play by Emanuel Robles for the producing team of Kermit Bloomgarden and Gilbert Miller, asserted yesterday that she was "almost certain" that the production would be delayed until the fall. She declared that it was "very late in the season" to get going with it.

If the project is delayed, it will be because of casting problems and for no other reason, she said. She confirmed a printed report that Claude Rains may portray one of the two leading male roles. Whatever action is taken on the venture will be determined within twenty-four hours.

Should "Montserrat" be postponed, Miss Hellman will be able to give a bit more attention to her dramatization of Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." This, she reports, is about half finished. The playwright returned on Sunday from Hollywood where she and Mr. Bloomgarden shopped around for the male leads.

Zürich Paper

TRANSLATION.

NEUE ZÜRCHER ZEITUNG - 20 February 1949.

"THE NAKED AND THE DEAD"

Novel by Norman Mailer.

There are many talented writers in the U.S.A. but few whose works stand out in profile or offer more than pleasant entertainment. Norman Mailer must be reckoned among the few.

Mailer's life has been that of the average American, which means that like other American authors - to mention only Walt Whitman and Herman Melville - he has done every possible and impossible job and has thus had opportunities in plenty to learn the hard realities of life. He is 25, a fact which should be stressed for it emphasises his courage in taking as the theme of his first big book the epic of the American soldier in war and of portraying him within the framework of "the panorama of the American spirit", with its iridescent wealth of opposites, its sometimes bleak, sometimes magnificent monotony, with its deeps and shallows. The conception of the novel is shrewd, it is technically sound, forcefully presented, but the author's own stage of development necessarily governs the bounds of such a comprehensive work.

The incidents depicted in the novel take place on "Anopopei", an island in the Pacific, on which some 6,000 American and 6,000 Japanese troops are fighting. From the outset therefore no big action is to be expected; the war incidents recounted are naturally limited to a few episodes; they are not the actual subject but its background. The men of a certain platoon and a few officers constitute the focal point. Their coming, the fate that has moulded them, their war experiences, their minds, all are related and in the minutest detail. They are put under the psychological microscope and as they are almost all simple straightforward people with their feet on the ground, the theme is narrowly circumscribed and limits itself mainly to the simple processes of living - not surprising in the circumstances - and the spiritual element evolves slowly. Large portions of the novel consist of psycho-analysis or pure statement, which occasionally descends to the level of reporting, but, let it be said, crystal-clear reporting based on sharp observation; to a large extent it is a "photographie banale de la vie" and a truly banal photography at that. Here is no ethos, no ecstatic confession, nothing tragic; even death, despite its terror, appears as no more than an end.

- 2 -

But the tiresome method of presentation which so often gives an impression either of monotony or of taking in too much, proves to be an instrument handled with skill and at times with impressive artistry. Like one of figures Mailer has created, he is himself a student of human nature. It gradually becomes clear that the work is based on one passion; concealed behind unmistakable materialism is man, his soul, his whence and whither, the metaphysics of life so to speak, and the soldiers who are introduced into this peculiar situation, among fantastic surroundings, moving in a remote island as on a foreign planet in a lonely void, lend themselves to the projection of a confession of will, a confession moreover which proclaims a cold, critical realism.

One of the figures in the novel is engaged on a "Study of the Cosmic Urge in Herman Melville". A "cosmic urge" is revealed in Mailer's book too; for that reason it rises above the ranks of the commonplace and given a little goodwill, his not inconsiderable weaknesses may therefore be overlooked.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

BOOK REVIEW, MAY 22, 1949.

IN AND OUT OF BOOKS

By RALPH THOMPSON

BRITAIN'S latest literary sensation is Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," published there earlier this month to the tune of an indignant editorial scream for its suppression.

"Obscenity [and] beastliness," cried the London Sunday Times (which led the attack on General Eisenhower's "Crusade in Europe" last fall, and is not to be confused with The Times of London or The Times Literary Supplement); "It is quite unfit for general circulation."

At this writing, all other reports from the home of "Fanny Hill" indicate a comparative critical calm, and the suppression campaign appears to be confined to The Sunday Times. The London News Chronicle, for exam-

ple, found the book "not at all obscene in intention" though its emphasis on sex was "boring." The Daily Express: "Not shocking . . . just boring." The Observer: "Certainly not an attempt at pornography."

"What interests me," said the editor of The New Statesman and Nation, "is that the book should have become a best-seller in the U. S. A. . . . Americans apparently accept Mr. Mailer with quiet masochism. Reading every day about the unassailable strength of the American way of life and the necessity of preparing for the next war, do they find in Mr. Mailer an outlet for their suppressed anxieties?"

Jews In American War Novels

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart and Co. 721 pp. \$4.00

THE YOUNG LIONS. By Irwin Shaw. Random House. 689 pp. \$3.95

Reviewed by HAROLD U. RIBALOW

A year ago book publishers insisted that the American people were tired of "war books." Today, novels dealing with the war, in all its phases, are cropping up on best-seller lists. Theodore Plivier's *Stalag* deals with the war from the losing side; Stefan Heym's *The Crusaders* concerns the entire war in France and Germany; Merle Miller's *That Winter* describes the adjustment of returning soldiers; *Tales of the South Pacific*, a Pulitzer Prize winner by James Michener, is a series of narratives about the war on the islands in the Pacific; *The Gallery*, by John Horne Burns sensitively catches the war in North Africa and Italy. There are countless others—all good sellers. But the two fastest-selling war novels have been written by Jewish novelists, Norman Mailer and Irwin Shaw, and both contain portraits of Jews and of anti-Semites. Both have been acclaimed by critics as the finest war books produced in America.

At 25, Mailer has created a sensation with *The Naked and the Dead*. A first novel, it contains some of the best writing about war ever turned out by anyone. The language is starkly real, flavored with soldier talk so true that only ex-GIs can fully savor it. The scope of the book is small: it deals with a single infantry platoon in the Pacific, fighting an isolated battle on a small island. Yet through a technique first introduced by John Dos Passos (called "The Camera Eye" in the trilogy *U.S.A.*; named "The Time Machine" in *The Naked and the Dead*), Mailer delves into the backgrounds of his platoon of men, thus offering full-blooded portraits of his soldiers and of America. The crux of the book is a march of the platoon through jungles and mountainous Jap territory and its return to the safety of American lines. The narrative moves along at a breathless pace, even though the sufferings and tortures of the agonized foot soldiers are described in detail. A cross-section of America is in this book, although some critics (notably *Life* magazine) complained that the Americans revealed here are all un-

happy, maladjusted men who would, seemingly, be as miserable in peacetime as they are in war. Yet in choosing his characters Mailer has included all Americans.

In *The Naked and the Dead* one finds Crofts, a super-efficient sergeant, a mountaineer, a fighting machine who, like so many other soldiers in this book, hates Jews; Gallagher, a Boston Irishman, bigoted, hate-filled, Jew-baiting, very similar in makeup to Tommy Gallagher in James T. Farrell's *Tommy Gallagher's Crusade*; Ridges, a fanatically religious soldier; Wilson, a sex-ridden Southerner; a Mexican called Japbait; a Pole; an Italian and two Jews, named Roth and Goldstein.

Goldstein, to whom Mailer devotes a 12-page "Time Machine" section, emerges as a gentle man, an aware Jew who, in the most terrible experience in the lives of these infantrymen—the long march back to American lines with a grievously wounded Wilson—lives up to the most courageous traditions of soldiery. Goldstein, who possesses a Yiddish accent, always asks—about Jew-baiting and anti-Semitism, "Why does God permit it?" He remembers his wise grandfather from whom he had absorbed the lesson that as Jews, "we are born to suffer." And Goldstein suffers. He takes the taunts and jibes of his GI buddies. He refuses to drink liquor with his platoon mates, and hears Wilson (probably one of the finest drawn characters in soldier literature) tell the others, "It was just a mistake to try to be nice to him." Later, when Goldstein and Ridges carry the dying Wilson through the jungle brush—in as terrible a scene of war ever written—Goldstein hears Wilson ask him for a drink of water. In refusing to give water to Wilson because it would kill him Goldstein hears Wilson mutter "Y' goddam Jewboy," even as Goldstein is straining to bring Wilson to safety. The end portrait of Goldstein is a fine one; one senses that Mailer, in writing this Jew into his book, pours some of his own experiences into the portrait.

Roth is the kind of Jew who wants to be disassociated from his fellow Jews, but finds himself labelled "Jew" by all the other soldiers in spite of his own actions and

attitudes. Roth calls himself an "agnostic," but to that Goldstein responds, "When the time comes they won't ask you what kind of Jew you are." And when Roth is tortured by the attitude of his fellow soldiers to him and finds he can talk only with Goldstein, Roth concludes that "a Jew always has to go to a fellow Jew to find understanding." Mailer adds: "The thought depressed him." Uncertain of himself, unhappy in his failure to adjust to the Jew-hating world, Roth cracks up under the strain. In his greatest crisis, when he feels he can no longer continue on the climb up the mountain (the high spot of this narrative) he drives himself under the taunts of Gallagher who mocks him with "Get up, you Jew bastard." Hating himself for responding to that kind of talk, Roth stumbles forward. But when the men have to jump over a chasm, Roth cannot make himself leap. Finally, goaded on by his "buddies," he jumps—to his death.

Mailer's outlook on war, and possibly life, is a bitter one. All of his soldiers are men disturbed not only by the war but by the punishment they had taken in civilian life. All had suffered rebuffs of one kind or another; some with women, others in the fight for economic survival. Mailer's Jews are like his other Americans. That Goldstein emerges as an honestly-drawn Jew is remarkable, if you consider the Jews in recent fiction. Mailer's book, however, is so unusual that one should not be too surprised to find in it a believable Jew. Goldstein, the fuller drawn Jew, is a contribution to Jewish literature. Roth, probably also typical of a segment of Jewish youth, does not receive as much of the novelist's care, but he, too, is an understood figure in a book loaded with tragedy and wasted lives.

Irwin Shaw, unlike Mailer, was expected to write a major war novel. At the age of 23, a dozen years ago, Shaw's play *Bury the Dead* created a stir in the American theatre. Since that time he has published three books of short stories, including many memorable ones, a number of other plays and many Hollywood scripts. Never before having written a novel, Shaw nonetheless was an important figure in American letters. His novel, *The Young Lions*, received tremendous advance publicity. His literary agent announced that he would not sell movie rights to the book for less than a million

dollars. *Random House* advertised the book widely. Upon its publication, it was—as most war books generally are—compared to Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. Most reviewers praised it lavishly. All claimed that it belonged on the same shelf with Mailer's; that it was not as harsh and realistic, but that it was more "profound." One critic went so far as to say that Noah Ackerman, one of the three major characters around whom the novel revolves, is the finest portrait of a Jew yet to appear in literature.

Shaw's long novel is in reality a series of running short stories, switching from the life of one soldier to a second to the third. His three men are Christian Diestl, an Austrian Nazi; Michael Whiteacre, an American Hollywood and Broadway man-about-town; and Noah Ackerman, a sensitive Jew. In telling the stories of these three, Shaw's canvas becomes broad. He deals with the war in France, in Germany and in England. His gift for story telling is rich, his dialogue glib. Every few pages Shaw introduces sex in one way or another. His novel is peopled with complaisant women and his soldiers succeed so nicely with these women that the book may be read by many who would otherwise overlook it (the same can be said for Mailer's book, which includes more expletives and blunt four-letter words than any dozen war novels).

Shaw's sympathies are on the right side. His quasi-liberal Whiteacre had contributed to the loyalist side in Spain; Diestl, a believable Nazi, emerges as a human killing machine; Ackerman fights grimly and successfully against the anti-Semites he meets. The description of war, the invasion in which Noah takes part, the attitude of the French people to the Americans, the minor characters—all are drawn with a reportorial eye and yet told by an artist. Somehow, however, one does not quite believe in the sincerity of Shaw as one believes in the deeply-felt passion of Mailer, or John Horne Burns in *The Gallery*. The anger here is not biting. The cards, when they are stacked—as they are against Noah Ackerman—are stacked too obviously. The scene, toward the end of the book, in which Shaw describes the entry of the Americans into a former German death factory is not as moving as a similar scene in Stefan Heym's *The Crusaders*.

One's major objection to this book is the portrait of Noah Ackerman who, to many critics, seems to be the finest-drawn character in the book. Noah Ackerman is presented as the symbol of the Jew. In reality he is a Jew only because Shaw says so. This is a failing of many novelists who, during the past few seasons, have included Jews in their gallery of personalities. To take Ackerman seriously as a Jew, one must ask: Wherein lies his Judaism? His father, a *Menachem Mendel*, had set a poor example for Noah. He had sold cemetery lots, real estate, sacramental wine and second-hand furniture among other things. He lived with many women, most of them, one gathers, non-Jewish. He had not brought up his son in any sense of the word. Noah himself marries a non-Jewish girl named Hope. On their honeymoon, "they ate clam chowder and broiled lobster for dinner." In a scene in the middle of the novel, Noah attends a religious service in Dover, England, and Shaw, in writing of Noah's religious impulses, says: "Noah had never gone to synagogue." Nowhere in this long book is there any indication that Noah Ackerman is Jewish in any way, except that his soldier buddies persecute him for being a Jew.

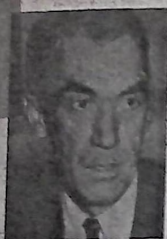
Here, too, there is a major flaw in the story. In one of the most powerful scenes in this novel, Noah, egged on by his taunting persecutors, challenges his entire company, one by one, to fight him, face to face. Noah is a lightweight and the ten men who accept the challenge are the heaviest in the company. Doggedly he takes them on, one by one. He is determined to go through the entire ten men. The captain of the company is a vicious anti-Semite and everyone in the group (excluding Whiteacre, who is vaguely disturbed by the fighting but is too weak-willed a person to do anything about it) gleefully watches Noah take one terrible beating after another. Every few days he takes on another heavyweight. Finally, after the fifth bout, he is sent to the hospital. "His face was crooked and lumpy, and one ear was permanently disfigured in a flat, creased cauliflower. His right eyebrow was split and a white scar ran diagonally across it, giving the broken eyebrow a wild, interrogating twist." Noah looks even worse after the ninth bout. He wins the tenth, against a hulking, ineffective company clerk

who claims he did not want to take part in the fighting in the first place. During Noah's "education" as a Jew, Fein, another Jew in the company, a big fellow who can handle the bullies who licked Noah, says to Noah that all that "ain't practical" to fight them all, that you have to overlook them while the war is on. But Noah, suddenly the symbol of all fighting Jewry, tiredly tells Fein to go away.

After the ten fights Noah deserts. His wife, now pregnant, and aware of his bitterness (for they had both been tossed out of a rooming house because he was Jewish) talks him into returning for the sake of his child who is to be born. Noah accedes. He returns to his outfit, facing the same anti-Semites, this time with a knife and, suddenly, they lay off him. In the war overseas, after winning his own private war, Noah Ackerman finds himself. He, like Joey Goldstein in Mailer's book, is a fine soldier. He risks his life time and again to save his anti-Semitic GI buddies. Yet he hears one of them, after a difficult foray, mutter "Oh, Christ, we still got the Jew." As the long arm of coincidence works overtime in this novel, Noah is killed by Diestl and Diestl, in turn, is tracked down and killed by Whiteacre in the final pages of the book, the implication being that Whiteacre had been taught by Noah, and by the lesson learned in seeing the concentration camp, to be a soldier and a man who can live with his own conscience.

The main fault of the Ackerman portrait is that, admirable though Noah is as a person, he is not the Jew that Shaw claims he is. Having no Jewish background and awareness, why should he fight as a Jew as grimly as he does? The reason remains unclear. As a heroic soldier harried by his companions in arms, as a symbol to non-Jewish readers, however, Noah Ackerman emerges as a person who will be taken to the bosoms of all those who preach "interfaith" and "tolerance."

Irwin Shaw, on the basis of this novel and his oft-anthologized short story "Act of Faith," believes that there is anti-Semitism in American life; that there was anti-Semitism in the Army (although this aspect of it is over-emphasized by Shaw to such an extent that the heavy aura of Jew-hating is not quite credible in his novel) but that one must have faith so long as a few good people exist who are willing to fight



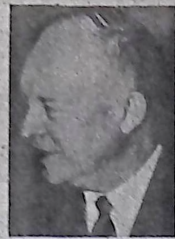
Robert E. Sherwood



Winston Churchill



T. S. Eliot



Gen. Eisenhower



Dr. Freeman

The Year's Best

Whatever gloom the publishers' balance sheets may reveal at the year's end, 1948 will have to be considered the best year American letters has experienced since the war. In both major categories—fiction and nonfiction—the year produced books of surprising merit, many of them of lasting value. There were volumes to which even the word "great" might be applied without too many qualms.

One theme—war—seemed to dominate. Most critics, summing up the year, agreed that the best novel was Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*; heading nearly every nonfiction list was Robert E. Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins*. Mailer's pitiless novel—frank, brutal, and true, with its devastating picture of war's physical and moral devastation—led the way for several other novels about the men who did the fighting, while Sherwood's dramatic and revealing combination of history and biography was in the forefront of a half-dozen books written by the top diplomats and generals of the destructive era.

Things Past: History was the subject best served by the writers of 1948. In the future no historian will be able to approach the subject of the Roosevelt Administration in peace or war without having closely studied *Roosevelt and Hopkins*—an easy task because of Sherwood's magnificent sense of the dramatic

which lifts his volume far above the ordinary. But this book did not stand by itself. Closely crowding it were a handful of other titles that are not only fascinating to read but important contributions to the full story of our times.

Few would disagree as to the importance and interest of Winston Churchill's account of the momentous events of the years between 1919 and 1939 as he sets them forth in *The Gathering Storm*. As vigorous and eloquent as one of his wartime speeches, Churchill's chronicle stands by itself stylistically and is filled with the very drama of history being made. It is a masterpiece of restrained egotism by a man who knew he was destined for greatness.

Of equal importance, but thoroughly lacking Churchill's rhetorical skill, is Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's personal story of his leadership of the Allied armies that successfully implemented the policies laid down by Roosevelt and Churchill in what was one of the greatest partnerships in history. Although written with slight literary pretensions, *Crusade in Europe* is honest and sincere, the kind of book to be expected from a great soldier blessed with military genius and a surprising sense of humility.

Any year which produced these three books could be called successful, but 1948 did not stop with them. There was a host of others of only slightly less importance. In spite of its flavor of bitter pique, historians will long ponder James

A. Farley's version of the New Deal era in *"Jim Farley's Story."* They will read the long, sometimes tedious, but basically revealing *"Memoirs of Cordell Hull."* They will study closely Henry L. Stimson's *"On Active Service in Peace and War"* and they will not neglect *"The Stillwell Papers,"* Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell's vinegary posthumous account of the war in the Far East, nor Samuel Eliot Morison's *"The Rising Sun in the Pacific, 1931-April 1942,"* in which the famous Harvard historian of the Navy sets the scene for the Pacific war.

Farther Back: These books deal with the immediate past; the historians, however, were also fruitfully busy with the distant past. Lending the list were the first two volumes of Douglas Southall Freeman's exhaustive biography of George Washington but running it a close second (if not actually in a photo finish) was Dumas Malone's scholarly yet eminently readable *"Jefferson the Virginian."* There were a number of other volumes of special interest, showing that the researchers into the vital periods of American history were busy. David Donald produced a spirited biography of Abraham Lincoln's biographer in *"Lincoln's Herndon,"* and the Lincoln period was further exploited by the publication of the first two volumes of *"The Lincoln Papers,"* which were opened for the first time a year ago at the Library of Congress.

Nearer our own time were such books as *"The Age of the Great Depression"* by

Dion Weeter, one of the best and most objective accounts of the New Deal yet written, which carried on where Karl Schriftgiesser's *"This Was Normalcy,"* an account of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover regimes, left off. And even nearer was *"War Lords of Washington,"* in which Bruce Catton dissected what went on in the national capital during the war. The year also saw the publication of the most vitriolic biography of Roosevelt, *"The Roosevelt Myth,"* by John T. Flynn and a paenegyric in praise of Herbert Hoover by Eugene Lyons, entitled *"Our Unknown Ex-President."*

Two other outstanding works in the field of history were Arnold J. Toynbee's *"Civilization on Trial,"* a series of philosophical essays by the brilliant British historian and author of the massive *"A Study of History,"* and Richard Hofstadter's *"The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It,"* in which the young Columbia historian re-appraises America's foremost political leaders.

Miscellany: Not to be forgotten in any listing of the year's best books were *"A Man Called White,"* Walter White's autobiographical history of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and both *"Road to Survival"* by William Vogt and *"Our Plundered Planet"* by Fairfield Osborn, two exciting studies of how we have wasted our natural resources. The year also was marked by the second volume of Nobel Prize winner André Gide's *"Journals,"* a book of wide range and great intellectual stimulation. Although Thomas Stearns Eliot, the St. Louis-born poet and critic turned British, published no new work during 1948, he made literary news by winning the Nobel Prize for "pioneering work in modern poetry." To some this was hailed as just reward for the author of *"The Waste Land";* to others it seemed as if a literary reactionary had been overpraised. And 1948 also saw, for the literate, publication of the second and possibly final supplement to H. L. Mencken's great masterpiece, *"The American Language."* Another publication event was the issuing by Random House of its excellently up-to-date *"The American College Dictionary."*

Probably the most scholarly item of general interest was the *"Literary History of the United States,"* jointly produced by some 64 contributors, which examined every aspect of the literary scene from colonial times to the present.

The novelists were as busy with history as the historians were. The best, or at least the most literate, historical novel was Thornton Wilder's gay and witty *"fantasia on certain events and persons of the last days of the Roman Republic—The Ides of March."* The longest historical novel was *"Remembrance Rock"* by Carl Sandburg. Another one with

American characters was Esther Forbes's highly readable account of old Salem, *"The Running of the Tide."*

Men at War: It was the war, however, that most interested readers and writers of fiction. The recent conflict had produced some novels before *"The Naked and the Dead,"* Mailer's grimly moving story of a platoon in the Pacific, was published last May, but that long novel started the current boom in war fiction. In its wake have come several that have attracted critical attention. Outstanding among them are *"The Young Lions"* by Irwin Shaw, *"Wine of Astonishment"* by Martha Gellhorn, *"The Crusaders"* by Stefan Heym, *"Stalingrad"* by Theodore Plevier, *"Guard of Honor"* by James Gould Cozzens, and *"The Sky Is Red"* by Giuseppe Bertol.

The settings of these novels range from a Southern airport in *"Guard of Honor"* to the German Army in Russia, as fearfully described in *"Stalingrad."* From a literary standpoint these novels were of uneven merit, but each in its own way set forth the war as it was fought by ordinary men in uniform. Spurred on by the success of these books, publishers who had fought shy of such fiction hurried to supply the market. At the year's end they were wondering how soon the public would be surfeited with war stories.

Although such books dominated the fiction field, a handful of other novels also stood out. The most provocative was *"The Heart of the Matter"* by Graham Greene, the story of a Catholic convert's conflict over his soul. Brilliantly written by one of England's modern prose masters, it was read less for its religious meaning than for its mounting excitement against an African background. Catholics and non-Catholics alike found it a satisfying study of an unusual man.

Other novels of more than passing merit include *"The Sky and the Forest"* by C. S. Forester, *"Wisteria Cottage"* by Robert Coates, *"The Plague"* by Albert Camus, *"Intruder in the Dust"* by William Faulkner, *"Cry, the Beloved Country"* by Alan Paton, *"Doctor Faustus"* by Thomas Mann, *"Catalina"* by Somerset Maugham, and *"The Busy Busy People"* by Sam Spewak. (There were many books on Russia by many pundits, but all might be passed up in favor of Spewak's hilarious *"study"* of Americans and Russians, one of the best light books of the year.)

Reader's Choice: If NEWSWEEK's reviewing staff were to pick the four best books of the year, or the books they must enjoy reading, they would be:

"Roosevelt and Hopkins" by Robert E. Sherwood.

"The Gathering Storm" by Winston Churchill.

"The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer.

"The Heart of the Matter" by Graham Greene.

There is hardly a renaissance here yet. But we are reading and thinking a great deal, more than we have ever done. I think that some important writing, important for others as well as for ourselves, will come out of it all. But literary ability will not be enough; we shall also need some courage.

We in South Africa are fortunate in having easy access to literature of the three countries that interest us most—Britain, America and our own. Mailer's somber and massive *"The Naked and the Dead"* came to us direct from America, but the price (\$4.75) robbed it of the reception it deserved. Dala Carnegie's *"How to Stop Worrying and Start Living"* and Lieberman's *"Peace of Mind"* have just arrived and are going to do well, for we have some good-sized worries around here. Kinsey's *"Sexual Behavior"* also came direct from America and was bought for pure, mixed and other reasons.

Callis Mailer
"One of the Greats"

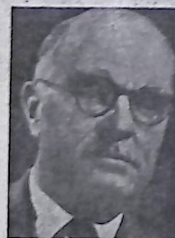
"Speaking of newcomers in the field—one of the greatest writers of today is young Norman Mailer, author of *The Naked and the Dead*—an amazing bit of writing. That boy has talent."

With *Remembrance Rock*, 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. As he spoke, Mr. Lewis' eyes were aglow with a blaze of admiration for this fellow writer who, like himself, achieved phenomenal success while but a youth.

Termed the most spectacularly successful writer of the century, Sinclair Lewis, at the age of thirty-five, was the first American to win the Nobel prize for literature—an international award, that carried with it \$46,350 in cash, plus the acclaim, adoration, and respect of the reading world.



Carl Sandburg



Thornton Wilder



Martha Gellhorn



Graham Greene



Norman Mailer

NEWSWEEK

December 13, 1948

The Year in Books

It has become fashionable in recent years for critics to sigh for the lost glories of the good old days. Most of them could still remember the tingle of the '20s. Where today was anything to compare with Hemingway, Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald, Sherwood Anderson and the rest of that brave band, young & strong? Actually, the years were few when all these writers were at their best. And the fact is that 1948 has been a pretty good literary year. For the first time since the end of the war, U.S. letters has shown signs of revival.

In 1948 a new crop of talented young novelists appeared (always a good sign), and there was a fair showing from the old hands; non-fiction was sounder and solidier than in 1946 or 1947. Historical novels still dominated the bestseller lists most of the year, but serious fiction, especially war novels, was giving them a run for their money. As the summer drew to a close, the late Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman's *Peace of Mind*, after months of leadership, had been replaced by Dale Carnegie's more practical guide to the same end, *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*. Even so, a surprising number of better books had climbed up among the top moneymakers.

Yet as the books (on the whole) got better, book sales got worse. Sales were off as much as 15% from 1946. Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* topped the fiction bestseller lists for 18 weeks, but sold only 130,000 copies.

One literary event pleased just about everyone: T. S. Eliot won the Nobel Prize. Long admired by fellow writers, Eliot was honored for "pioneering work in modern poetry." Most agreed that he had more than earned the honor.

FICTION

Nobody wrote the "Great War Novel" that everybody has taken for granted ever since V-day. But a few writers did try to record their personal experiences, particularly young (25) Norman Mailer, a Pacific veteran whose *The Naked and the Dead*, a rugged, stormy first novel, whirled straight to the top of the bestseller list and stayed there. Irwin Shaw's *The Young*

Lions also made a great splash, though with far less literary justification.

Appreciated but less popular were John Cobb's scrutiny of U.S.A.A.F. men & manners in wartime England, *The Gesture* (also a first novel). James Gould Cozzens' *Guard of Honor*, an admirable study of base life at a U.S. flying field, and Theodore Plivier's gruesome *Stalingrad*, a broad-scale battle picture whose forceful "documentary" slant made it more fact than fiction.

Unsuccessful Hunting. Nobody harpooned the even more mythical white whale known as the "Great American Novel." Indiana's Ross Lockridge (who later committed suicide) made a stab at it; he brought home a huge, *Ulysses*-like animal named *Raintree County*, which was hailed by critics as a monumental attempt and then floated away in an embarrassed silence. Silence was the kindest treatment of *Remembrance Rock*, Carl Sandburg's large, muddled, impassioned effort to learn lessons for the future from a study of the American past.

Veteran William Faulkner was still mapping the deep, dark South, this time with *Intruder in the Dust*, a novel whose tangled threads of murder, racial hatred and nocturnal conspiracy, wound together in his elaborate, strongly colored prose, made some critics tear their hair and others hail it as Faulkner's (and 1948's) finest. Disappointing (after *All the King's Men*) were Robert Penn Warren's short stories, *The Circus in the Attic*, which made the South's decayed mansion duller than tragic. In *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, a newcomer named Truman Capote indulged in another preoccupation of Southern writers (sexual abnormality), and convinced even his detractors that his prose was talented as well as purple.

In general, it was not a year in which the older novelists made their reputations secure. Ernest Hemingway's long-awaited new novel was still in his typewriter; John Dos Passos' was due to appear next month. Thornton Wilder's *Ides of March*, an imaginary document built around the assassination of Julius Caesar, was a scholarly tour de force and not quite successful. John Steinbeck (*The Pearl*) and Erskine

* Real name: John Cobb Cooper.



Robert W. Kelly
ELIOT



John H. Poppo
MAILER



Eric Schoch
FAULKNER



John F. Mann
MANN



Associated
GREENE

Rugged Times

WE had a talk the other day with Norman Mailer, whose novel *The Naked and the Dead* has been at the top of the best-seller lists for several months now. We met him at Rinehart & Co., his publishers, in a conference room that had, along with other handy editorial equipment, a well-stocked bar. We'd heard rumors that Mailer was a rough-and-ready young man with a strong antipathy to literary gatherings and neckties, but on the occasion of our encounter he was neatly turned out in gray tweeds, with a striped red-and-white necktie and shined shoes, and he assured us that he doesn't really have any deep-seated prejudices concerning dress. "Actually," he said, "I've got all the average middle-class fears." He thinks the assumption that he hasn't got them grew out of his meeting some of the literati last summer when he was wearing sneakers and an old T shirt. He'd just come from a ball game, and it was a very hot day. "I figured anybody with brains would be trying to keep cool," he said.

Mailer is a good-looking fellow of twenty-five, with blue eyes, big ears, a soft voice, and a forthright manner. Locating a bottle of Scotch in the bar, he poured a couple of drinks. "If I'm ever going to be an alcoholic," he said, "I'll be one by November 2nd, thanks to the rigors of the political campaign. I've been making speeches for Wallace. I've made eighteen so far and have another dozen ahead of me. I'm not doing this because I like it. All last year, I kept saying that the intellectuals had to immerse themselves in political movements or else they were only shooting their mouths off. Now I am in this spot as a result of shooting my mouth off." In general, Mailer told us, the success of his novel has caused him to feel uncomfortably like a movie queen. "Whenever I make an appearance," he said, "I have thirty little girls crowding around asking for my autograph. I think it's much better when people who read your book don't know anything about you, even what you look like. I have refused to let *Life* photograph me. Getting your mug in the papers is one of the shameful ways of making a living, but there aren't many ways of making a living that aren't shameful. Everyone keeps asking me if I've ever been psychoanalyzed. The answer is no, but maybe I'll have to be by the end of an-

other five years. These are rough times for little Normie."

Mailer's royalties will net him around thirty thousand this year, after taxes, and he plans to bank most of it. He finds apartments depressing and has a suspicion of possessions, so he and his wife live in a thirty-dollar-a-month furnished room in Brooklyn Heights. He figures that his thirty thousand will last at least five years, giving him plenty of time in which to write another book. He was born in Long Branch, New Jersey, but his family moved to Brooklyn when he was one, and that has since been his home. He attended P.S. 161 and Boys High, and entered Harvard at sixteen, intending to study aeronautical engineering. He took only one course in engineering, however, and spent most of his time reading or in bull sessions. In his sophomore year, he won first prize in *Story's* college contest with a story entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World."

"About a bum," he told us. "In the beginning, there's a whole *tzimmes* about how he's very hungry and all he's eating is ketchup. It will probably make a wonderful movie someday." In the Army, Mailer served as a surveyor in the field artillery, an Intelligence clerk in the cavalry, a wireman in a communication platoon, a cook, and a baker, and volunteered, successfully, for action with a reconnaissance platoon on Luzon. He started writing "The Naked and the Dead" in the summer of 1946, in a cottage outside Provincetown, and took sixteen months to finish it. "I'm slowing down," he said. "When I was eighteen, I wrote a novel in two or three months. At twenty-one, I wrote another novel, in seven months. Neither of them ever got published." After turning in the manuscript of "The Naked and the Dead," he and his wife went off to Paris. "It was wonderful there," he said. "In Paris, you can just lay down your load and look out at the gray sky. Back here, the crowd is always yelling. It's like a Roman arena. You have a headache, and you scurry around like a rat, like a character in a Kafka nightmare, eating scallops with last year's grease on them."

Mailer has an uneasy feeling that Dostoevski and Tolstoy, between them, have written everything worth writing, but he nevertheless means to go on turning out novels. He thinks "The Naked and the Dead" must be a failure, because of the number of misinterpretations of it

offers a good deal of hope. I think it to be a parable about the movement of man through history. I tried to explore the outrageous propositions of cause and effect, of effort and recompense, in a sick society. The book finds man corrupted, confused to the point of helplessness, but it also finds that there are limits beyond which he cannot be pushed, and it finds that even in his corruption and sickness there are yearnings for a better world.

Spite

ONE of our readers has received a rather mysterious letter from Macy's and as it may mark a turning point in the buyer-seller relationship, we're glad to print it here in full:

DEAR MRS. M—:

The current price of the Funk and Wagnall College Dictionary is \$4.50, having been price-fixed by the publisher under the N. Y. State Field-Crawford Law. Rather than cause you any inconvenience, we advanced 51c towards the purchase price.

May we have your remittance to close our records? Your cooperation will be sincerely regretted.

Yours very truly,

TEN BOOKS IN PRIZE RACE

1948's Most Influential One Will Get \$1,000 Prize

A field of ten books was announced yesterday by the Book Manufacturers Institute as candidates for the \$1,000 Gutenberg Award offered by the institute. From the ten, judges will pick the one that is considered to have most progressively influenced American thought in 1948.

Several best sellers were on the list. The ten titles were won down from a starting entry field of fifty-nine books. The winning title will be announced at a dinner to be held in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel April 12 at which Mayor O'Dwyer is scheduled to make the award.

The entries are: "Crusade in Europe," by Dwight D. Eisenhower; "City, the Beloved Country," by Langston Hughes; "Education in a Divided World," by James B. Conant; "The Gathering Storm," by Winston Churchill; "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer; "No Place to Hide," by David Bradley; "Our Plundered Planet," by Fairfield Osborn; "Road to Survival," by William Vogt; "Roosevelt and Hopkins," by Robert E. Sherwood; and "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin.



Clifford E. Grey
CARNEGIE



LOCKRIDGE



Jerry Cooke—
CAPOTE



WILDER



Saint-Paul
CAMUS



Arnold Newman
KINSEY



WALTER WINCHELL



M. G. M.
WAUGH



Wide World
SITWELL

The Books of 1948: A Dozen Christmas Lists of Ten 'Best'

JACQUES BARZUN

Literary Critic, Harper's Magazine

Fiction

Intruder in the Dust, by William Faulkner.

Bullivant and the Lambs, by I. Compton-Burnett.

Northern Lights, by Roger Verceel.

General

Ordeal by Planning, by John Jewkes.

Coming of the French Revolution, by Georges Lefebvre.

George Meredith, by Siegfried Sassoon.

The Journals of Andre Gide, Vol. II.

Economic Security and Individual Freedom, by Albert Lauterbach.

The Wrath of Gawain, by E. H. Taw.

A Beginning, by Robert Horan.

NORMAN COUSINS

Editor, the Saturday Review of Literature

Fiction

The Prevalence of Witches, by Aubrey Menen.

Guard of Honor, by James Gould Cozzens.

Cry, the Beloved Country, by Alan Paton.

The Young Lions, by Irwin Shaw.

General

Crusade in Europe, by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

No Place to Hide, by David Bradley.

A Man Called White, by Walter White.

The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer.

A Literary History of the United States, edited by R. E. Spiller et al.

EMMETT DEDMON

Literary Editor, Chicago Sun-Times

Fiction

The Plague, by Albert Camus.

Remembrance Rock, by Carl Sandburg.

The Crusaders, by Stefan Heym.

Intruder in the Dust, by William Faulkner.

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

General

The West at Bay, by Barbara Ward.

Crusade in Europe, by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The Gathering Storm, by Winston S. Churchill.

Russia and the Russians, by Edward Crankshaw.

George Washington, by Douglas Southall Freeman.

Twelve people, whose business it is to read many books, name the ten they consider "best"—or, anyhow, the ten they most enjoyed reading—in 1948. The fiction leaders: Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," Graham Greene's "The Heart of the Matter." Non-fiction leaders: Robert Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins," Winston Churchill's "The Gathering Storm."

LEWIS GANNETT

Daily Book Editor, New York Herald Tribune

Fiction

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

Cry, the Beloved Country, by Alan Paton.

Fire, by George Stewart.

Intruder in the Dust, by William Faulkner.

General

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

Crusade in Europe, by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Land of the Crooked Tree, by Ulysses P. Hedrick.

Jefferson the Virginian, by Dumas Malone.

Road to Survival, by William Vogt.

The St. Nicholas Anthology, edited by Henry Steele Commager.

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

Literary Editor, San Francisco Chronicle

Fiction

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

The Crusaders, by Stefan Heym.

Guard of Honor, by James Gould Cozzens.

The Sky Is Red, by Giuseppe Bertol.

The Heart of the Matter, by Graham Greene.

General

Education in a Divided World, by James B. Conant.

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

The Gathering Storm, by Winston S. Churchill.

Road to Survival, by William Vogt.

Mechanization Takes Command, by Siegfried Giedion.

FREDERICK C. MELCHER

President, Publishers' Weekly

Fiction

Cry, the Beloved Country, by Alan Paton.

The Heart of the Matter, by Graham Greene.

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

The Plague, by Albert Camus.

Raintree County, by Ross Lockridge Jr.

General

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

The Gathering Storm, by Winston S. Churchill.

George Washington, by Douglas Southall Freeman.

Laughter in the Next Room, by Osbert Sitwell.

Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, by Alfred Kinsey et al.

STERLING NORTH

Literary Editor, New York Post

Fiction

The Young Lions, by Irwin Shaw.

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

The Heart of the Matter, by Graham Greene.

Remembrance Rock, by Carl Sandburg.

The Loved Ones, by Evelyn Waugh.

General

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

Crusade in Europe, by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

All Our Years, by Robert Morss Lovett.

Civilization on Trial, by Arnold J. Toynbee.

The St. Nicholas Anthology, edited by Henry Steele Commager.

CHARLES POORE

Co-Editor, "Books of The Times"

Fiction

The Old Beauty and Others, by Willa Cather.

Cry, the Beloved Country, by Alan Paton.

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

The Young Lions, by Irwin Shaw.

Bullivant and the Lambs, by I. Compton-Burnett.

General

Crusade in Europe, by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The Gathering Storm, by Winston S. Churchill.

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

On Active Service, by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy.

The House Without a Roof, by Joel Sayre.

ORVILLE PRESCOTT

Co-Editor, "Books of The Times"

Fiction

Cry, the Beloved Country, by Alan Paton.

Guard of Honor, by James Gould Cozzens.

Charade, by Edith Morris.

A Candle for St. Jude, by Rumer Godden.

Bridle Steen, by Anne Crone.

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

The Young Lions, by Irwin Shaw.

General

The Gathering Storm, by Winston S. Churchill.

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

Crusade in Europe, by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

CHARLES J. ROLO

Book Columnist, The Atlantic Monthly

Fiction

The Plague, by Albert Camus.

Doctor Faustus, by Thomas Mann.

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

The Heart of the Matter, by Graham Greene.

Other Voices, Other Rooms, by Truman Capote.

General

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

The Gathering Storm, by Winston S. Churchill.

The West at Bay, by Barbara Ward.

Russia and the Russians, by Edward Crankshaw.

The Journals of Andre Gide, Vol. II.

LON TINKLE

Literary Editor, Dallas News

Fiction

Intruder in the Dust, by William Faulkner.

Doctor Faustus, by Thomas Mann.

The Plague, by Albert Camus.

The Heart of the Matter, by Graham Greene.

The Young Lions, by Irwin Shaw.

General

The Gathering Storm, by Winston S. Churchill.

Crusade in Europe, by Dwight D. Eisenhower.

George Washington, by Douglas Southall Freeman.

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

Road to Survival, by William Vogt.

KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

Literary Editor, Newsweek

Fiction

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer.

The Ides of March, by Thornton Wilder.

The Heart of the Matter, by Graham Greene.

General

Roosevelt and Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

The Gathering Storm, by Winston S. Churchill.

The Memoirs of Cordell Hull.

On Active Service, by Henry L. Stimson & McGeorge Bundy.

The Age of the Great Depression, by Dixon Wecter.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Randall Stewart.

John Crosby and Homer Bigart, of the New York Herald Tribune, were named yesterday among the winners of the Page One Awards given annually by the New York Newspaper Guild, an affiliate of the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

Mr. Crosby, who writes "Radio in Review" in the Herald Tribune, was cited for "distinguished writing" and for "raising the standard of radio criticism." Mr. Bigart was honored for his work as a foreign correspondent. He recently returned to the United States from Europe.

The winners of the Page One Awards, picked by a fifteen-man jury, were announced at a luncheon at the Blue Ribbon Restaurant, 145 West Forty-fourth Street. Awards were made in public affairs, literature, science, motion pictures, the theatre and jazz music, besides the several fields of journalism, but none was made in radio, fine art or serious music.

The jury considered that nothing worthy an award in those fields had been created in the year. A journalism award for "best reporting on the Washington scene" went to Thomas L. Stokes, of "The New York World-Telegram" and "The Washington Post." A special award was made to Sidney Kingsley, author of the new play "Detective Story," which the jury considered to be a realistic and honest presentation of a working situation.

In literature the autobiography of Sean O'Casey, "Inishmore, Fare Thee Well," and Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" were selected for awards. A special award was given to Norman Mailer for his war novel, "The Naked and the Dead."

The awards are to be presented on the night of May 20 at the Hotel Commodore at the Guild's annual Page One Ball. Each award is considered to be a realistic and honest presentation of a working situation.



But "In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin"



L'AMÉRIQUE 49 EN DIX HISTOIRES VRAIES
De notre envoyé spécial Joseph KESSEL

Panique à Hollywood

La télévision torpille les recettes des cinémas

9
ARTICLE (II)

Joseph Kessel nous envoie des Etats-Unis une série d'images qui montrent l'inquiétude et les contradictions de la nouvelle Amérique. Après avoir visité Harlem, il retrouve Hollywood et la jungle de Los Angeles.

HOLLYWOOD, janvier.

Quand j'eus passé une semaine à Hollywood, le meilleur ami que j'aie là-bas et le plus perspicace, parce qu'il est en dehors de la mêlée, me demanda :

— Hé bien, retrouves-tu ici tout en place comme autre-

fois ? La voix avait une inflexion à peine perceptible, mais qui excitait en moi une sorte de méfiance. Il avait l'air de me poser, enfant, une question, un piège.

Est-ce l'instinct ambigü qui me suggère, ou un simple réflexe de la garde plus alerte ?

Je ne puis répondre que par la négative. Les premiers jours de l'été ont été pour moi une sorte de révélation. J'ai découvert une chaleur et une effluence de cette sorte semi-tropicale. Je me suis senti, pour la première fois, à l'aise. J'ai pu, pour la première fois, me sentir en sécurité. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs.

Je me suis senti, pour la première fois, à l'aise. J'ai pu, pour la première fois, me sentir en sécurité. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs.

Je me suis senti, pour la première fois, à l'aise. J'ai pu, pour la première fois, me sentir en sécurité. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs.

Je me suis senti, pour la première fois, à l'aise. J'ai pu, pour la première fois, me sentir en sécurité. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs.

Je me suis senti, pour la première fois, à l'aise. J'ai pu, pour la première fois, me sentir en sécurité. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs.

Je me suis senti, pour la première fois, à l'aise. J'ai pu, pour la première fois, me sentir en sécurité. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs.

Je me suis senti, pour la première fois, à l'aise. J'ai pu, pour la première fois, me sentir en sécurité. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs. C'est une sensation que l'on ne trouve nulle part ailleurs.

KESSEL

Enfin, dans l'année 1918, la cinématographie eut une concurrence qui est devenue certaine et peut devenir terrible : c'est la télévision. Il n'y a plus, en fait, que deux moyens de communication : ou bien, grâce aux perfectionnements rapides, la radio, ou bien, grâce à la télévision, la télévision. C'est la télévision qui a permis de faire passer des millions de personnes à travers les images de la télévision.

En tout cas, Hollywood frémit. Des centaines de scénaristes sont au travail. Les metteurs en scène sont aux abois. Les producteurs attendent avec effroi les recettes. Les chefs d'industrie s'excusent auprès des banques.

La politique fait peur aux stars

Quelques jours avant l'élection présidentielle, il y eut dans Hollywood un grand remous dans les milieux dits « radicaux », c'est-à-dire ceux qui se préoccupent de la gauche. Norman Mailer devait venir, désigné par le comité Wallace.

Six mois auparavant Norman Mailer était totalement inconnu. Depuis, son premier livre, « The Naked and the Dead » (Les Hommes nus et les Hommes morts), l'avait rendu illustre. Et à juste titre. Ce roman n'est pas qu'un grand roman de guerre. C'est un grand roman, tout simplement.

Comme le brûlais du désir de le connaître, un acteur célèbre m'invita à venir à la réception qu'il donnait en l'honneur de Norman Mailer. Cette soirée avait un caractère essentiellement politique. Mon hôte et les gens qui recevaient professionnaient les mêmes tendances et se situèrent à l'extrême-gauche du parti démocrate. Henry Wallace était leur candidat, et pour certains leur idole.

Après les présentations et quelques cocktails, Norman Mailer gagna le bout du vaste salon et se mit à parler. Il avait une figure pleine de jeunesse, d'intelligence, de conviction, de feu vivant. Il dit en substance :

— Je vous remercie de vous donner. Il nous servira à acheter du temps supplémentaire sur les réseaux de radio pour Henry Wallace. Vous savez à quel point cela est vital pour nous. Puisque les journaux, ou nous combattent ou nous boycottent. Mais ce n'est pas l'argent que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître.

Je ne puis pas dire que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître. Je ne puis pas dire que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître.

Je ne puis pas dire que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître. Je ne puis pas dire que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître.

Je ne puis pas dire que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître. Je ne puis pas dire que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître.

Je ne puis pas dire que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître. Je ne puis pas dire que la radio nous apporte. C'est la possibilité de nous faire connaître.

Les élus de l'écran délibèrent

Une voix qui tremblait d'indignation chuchota à l'oreille d'un des élus.

— Vous les entendez, les gens à 150.000 dollars, à 200.000 dollars par film. Ils ont peur. Les chefs des studios, les gros producteurs, les banquiers traitent les parisiens de Wallaces... Alors, vous comprenez ?

Celui qui parlait ainsi était un jeune auteur qui commençait seulement à percer. Il cria :

— Monsieur Mailer, je signe ! D'autres garçons, quelques jeunes femmes peu connues et qui risquent tout leur carrière demandent la illustration. Norman Mailer interrogeait tous les visages illustres. C'était, d'ailleurs, ce que son comité avait besoin.

Alors ils se consultèrent du regard et l'un d'eux hommes dit simplement, ingénuement :

— Nous sommes ici quelques-uns seulement, dont il y en a beaucoup d'autres. Revenons-nous pour discuter. Et le petit groupe des élus de l'écran passa dans la chambre voisine. Norman Mailer les y suivit. Quelques instants après, je fis de même.

Il était assis autour d'une table, et tous leurs dons d'acteur, ils les employaient à jouer le scrupule. Mais ils étaient moins persuasifs que dans un film. On sentait, sous leurs visages et sous leurs propos, s'efforcer la gêne, la crainte.

Une très jeune femme au visage clair, vif, inspiré, se tenait dans un coin. Son mari était parmi les gens de la table. Elle passait de temps à autre une main dans ses cheveux ébouriffés en murmurant : « J'ai honte... J'ai honte... »

(Copyright by France-soir and J. Kessel)

NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1948.

Books of the Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

Louisville, Ky.,
Dec. 8, 1948

DEAR Mr. Prescott:
I have just observed your name among the list of persons recommending "The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer. I have read most of the book.

My purpose in writing this letter is a latent curiosity to learn, if possible, why a man of your standing and connections would recommend a book containing such filth. Of what earthly benefit could it be to society, or to an individual reading it? How could one read this book without a feeling of revulsion?

For instance, if you had a daughter in her teens, would you like to have her read it? Would you feel proud if she said: "Daddy, did you recommend this book?" Could you defend your actions?

Sincerely,

GRANT MASON.

Dear Mr. Mason:

Your letter seems to me to be based upon several misunderstandings of the function of literature. But, since you speak for a point of view still widely held in spite of many victories won against it during the last hundred years, I will try to answer you.

First, then, I recommended "The Naked and the Dead" because I believe it to be a remarkable work, dramatic, powerful, honest and moving; a successful transformation of war experience into creative fiction. I know of no other novel about the recent war of comparable importance.

It is quite true that it would have been much improved by drastic editing, by condensation and greater selectivity. Mr. Mailer lacks taste, judgment and maturity. But he is young and he is greatly gifted. It is true that his characters are not a fair cross section of American life. They are frighteningly primitive and generally deplorable. But it is the artist's privilege to choose his subject matter, the novelist's to write about what he pleases. It is lamentably true that in his effort to report faithfully the obscenity of soldier speech that Mr. Mailer did so to unfortunate excess.

But all this can not change the fact that Mr. Mailer wrote an exceptional book which deserves to be recommended to all serious readers of serious fiction, to everyone interested in knowing about America's participation in the Pacific war and to all who watch for the emergence of promising literary talent.

You ask how "The Naked and the Dead" could benefit society or the individual? There are two logical answers. The first is that a social or individual benefit is a hard thing to judge and depends on where you are standing in relation to what comes. Many people feel that greater knowledge about the true nature of our less

privileged, less cultivated fellow citizens is a step toward substantial benefit. Doubtless Mr. Mailer is one of them.

The second answer is that there can be no such criterion applied to fiction. Did "Mr. Pickwick" benefit anyone except by amusing him? Did "The Red Badge of Courage" benefit anyone save by increasing his vicarious experience and so his knowledge of life? Fiction written to uplift is rarely good fiction. The primary purpose of fiction is to tell a story, to create people and to interpret life according to the author's vision of it.

How could one read "The Naked and the Dead" without a feeling of revulsion? I don't know. I was revolted, too. But much human behavior, as our tragic century so plainly shows, is revolting. To be revolted may be a healthy thing.

Your question about a teen-age daughter seems to me to be based upon a particularly erroneous premise. A girl of 17 (shall we say?) presumably knows the facts of human biology and that many men behave badly and use vile speech. I think that she would react to "The Naked and the Dead" in one of two ways. Either she would dislike it intensely and read only a little; or she would become absorbed in its terrible picture of war and read it all. In either case I don't think that the obscenities, after their first shock, would matter much. They are not attractive. They could never make anyone wish to use a similar vocabulary.

Since Flaubert wrote "Madame Bovary," and probably for long before that, efforts have been made to suppress books because they describe behavior which everyone knows to be commonplace. Would-be censors forget that no one can be demoralized by knowledge or by mere words. You do not have to read any book. Unless you are tied down while someone reads out loud, you read from choice.

Our daughters have to live in this world. As much as their share of free will allows they have to decide what kind of women they are going to be. They might well begin by deciding not to be the kind of women Mr. Mailer's soldiers talked about with such enthusiasm.

It would be artistic death to reduce all fiction to the insipid level of "Little Women" just because there are innocent young people in the world. There are adults, too. Innocence based upon ignorance is a poor thing compared with decency based upon deliberate decisions in favor of honorable behavior.

Let those who are interested, as you yourself were, read "The Naked and the Dead." Those who are not can ignore it, or stop reading it on page two.

Sincerely yours,

ORVILLE PRESCOTT

P. S. I have substituted another name for yours in case you do not wish your own to appear in print.

Brooklyn Literary Fount

THE NEW YORK SUN, TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1949.

'All My Sons' and 'Naked and the Dead' Written in Same House.

By JOSEPH MACKEY.

A 105-year-old deed provided that the 102 Pierrepont street, Brooklyn, should never become—among other things—a brewery, slaughterhouse or glue factory. Instead it has become a landmark, as the former home of two spectacular new arrivals on the American literary scene—playwright-novelist Arthur Miller and novelist Norman Mailer.

While Miller was working on his prize-winning play, "All My Sons," in a second-floor bedroom of his duplex apartment there, Mailer was working in the third-floor apartment he shared with his parents on "The Naked and the Dead," his monumental and best-selling war book.

Writers Exchanged Visits.

Mailer's mother, Fanny, said that the two writers exchanged visits when they both lived there but that she couldn't recall whether the conversations had been particularly literary.

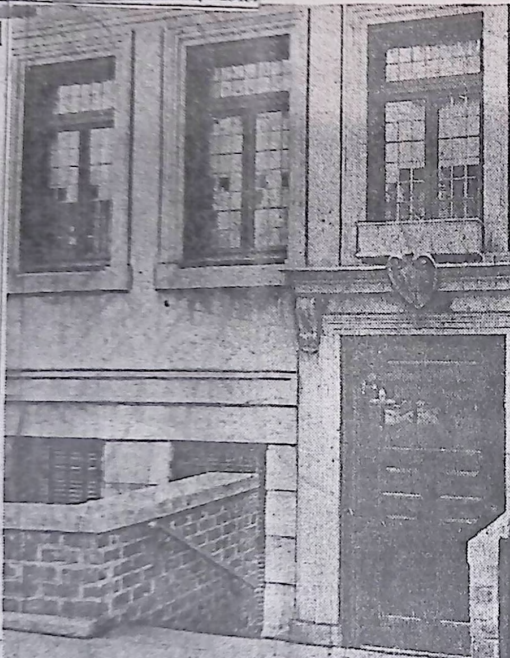
The Mailer family moved in in 1844, and Norman began writing "The Naked and the Dead" in his one-windowed, green-and-ivory-papered rear bedroom in June of 1945, after he had been discharged from the Army. He moved a few blocks away with his wife, Beatrice, a former Wave, early in 1947, and now is with her in Jamaica, Vt., where he's writing another novel.

He had to leave town to get some work done," Mrs. Mailer said. "People were always asking him to make speeches and he didn't like to refuse. But he wanted to write more."

Writing Hours Varied.

Mrs. Mailer recalled that her phenomenal young son (he's now 26) had been "congenial" around the house when he was writing, that his hours at the typewriter had varied, and that he didn't talk much about his novel while he was writing it. There'd never been a literary light in the family before he came along, she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller moved in late in 1944. (He had lived previously in another Brooklyn building which housed another writing Norman—Norman Rosten, poet



Entrance to the house at 102 Pierrepont street, Brooklyn, former home of Playwright Arthur Miller and Novelist Norman Mailer.



Portion of the living room in the apartment occupied by Miller when he wrote "All My Sons."

and playwright—at 18 Schermerhorn street.) The young-Lincolnesque Miller, remembered by tenants as amiable but retiring, wrote his novel, "Focus," at the Pierrepont street address and followed it with "All My Sons" before moving out in the summer of 1947.

His current triumph, "Death of a Salesman," was written in Connecticut, but reputedly was based on Brooklyn characters. And Manhattan-born Miller is still a Brooklynite; he lives with his wife, the former Mary Slatery, and their small son and daughter at 31 Grace Court.

The four-room apartment where Mailer lived is still tenanted by his mother, his father, Isaac, an accountant, and his sister, Barbara, 21, who is his secretary. Miller's one-time apartment now is occupied by the building's new owners, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pokorny, both lawyers, and their son.

House Has Been Changed.

Available records of the property go back to 1843—when it was stipulated that no "dangerous, noxious or offensive establishment" could be erected there—and so far as the Pokornys know, Miller and Mailer are the first famous writers ever to have lived in the limestone-fronted six-story house (which includes a rooftop apartment).

The house has undergone changes since the days of its two most noted alumni. Miller's seven-room duplex has been remodeled, an upstairs bedroom changed to a study and his one-time workroom no longer echoes with typewriter toll.

The tastefully furnished Mailer apartment has been remodeled, too, but his old workroom still does echo to a typewriter. Norman's blue-eyed, brown-haired secretary-sister is writing a novel there, on the same maple dressing table he used. She's reluctant to talk about it, except to

admit that it's a "serious" novel, but there are those who wonder if a literary tree is still growing in Brooklyn—at 102 Pierrepont street.

LITTÉRATURE AMÉRICAINE

LES NUS ET LES MORTS

C'EST le titre d'un roman paru récemment en Amérique, accompagné d'une tapageuse publicité que tout lire moins dense, moins substantiel aurait eu beaucoup de mal à supporter. Il a été accueilli par les critiques les plus importants et les plus sérieux — la critique littéraire en Amérique est empreinte d'une grave conscience de ses responsabilités — comme un des romans les plus excitants de cette décennie, la plus "impressionnante des œuvres parues sur la seconde guerre mondiale".

C'EST le livre d'un débutant, d'un jeune homme d'à peine vingt-cinq ans, aux traits mobiles, au regard la fois brillant et voilé — de resignation ou de tristesse — regard de ceux qui ont trop vu et se méfient d'emblée de tout ce sur quoi se posent leurs yeux. Un jeune homme étrangement mûr et, fait plus étrange encore, détaché de sa jeune gloire, comme le sont des vieillards fatigués ou soupçonneux de leur célébrité. Au moment où les journaux-volumes américains faisaient cette surenchère de publicité, Norman Mailer s'était réfugié à Paris, dans un petit hôtel de la rive gauche, en touriste effacé,

PAR

Antonina VALLENTIN

comme si tout ce tapage auquel se livraient ses éditeurs ne le touchait guère, étranger à son œuvre et à lui-même.

SON roman est probablement le "Remarque" américain de la deuxième guerre mondiale, témoignage décisif, le plus complet document d'une bataille livrée dans le Pacifique. Mais ceci ne justifierait pas l'intérêt qu'il présente pour le lecteur européen. Il est arrivé à Norman Mailer ce qui arrive souvent aux vrais créateurs : au lieu d'être débordé par le sujet, il l'a largement dépassé; il a ouvert par toutes ses fissures de vastes perspectives sur le devenir américain. Le sujet de ce livre de plus de sept cents pages est la conquête d'une île du Pacifique occupée par des Japonais, ou plus précisément encore, le rôle joué dans cette conquête par un commando d'une poignée d'hommes. Mais "Les nus et les morts" auraient pu avoir pour cadre aussi bien la guerre européenne, par leur vrai sujet est la confrontation de l'homme avec lui-même, dépourvu de toutes les contingences sociales, l'homme nu devant la mort, affreusement nu avec sa peur de la mort, sa solitude ultime en face du danger. Cette nudité de l'homme que la vie quotidienne habille de ses oripeaux, de ses affections mensongères, de ses ambitions rampantes, pour masquer son sens de la défaite, tel est le thème central que Mailer développe à travers un groupe d'hommes réunis par hasard. L'intérêt de cette révélation pour le public européen réside au premier lieu dans le fait que ce groupe d'hommes représente une coupe transversale à travers l'Amérique, qu'ils nous donnent une repère

à toutes nos perplexités devant les réalités américaines, aussi valable que celle obtenue des interlocuteurs typiques auxquels s'adresse l'institut Gallup.

SOUS ce rapport le roman de Norman Mailer est plus instructif que tant de volumes écrits sur la psychologie et la sociologie américaines à l'instar d'impressions des voyageurs au regard neutre ou des savants consciencieux. Il l'est d'autant plus que son auteur, très jeune auteur, qui n'a vu le vieux continent qu'après avoir écrit son livre, ne pouvait pas savoir que les révélations sur les conditions de la vie en Amérique il apportait à ses lecteurs européens; il ne poursuivait aucun but didactique, et l'enseignement sociologique, le dirais même le renseignement politique, se plane comme en marge de son livre. S'il s'agit d'une leçon, elle est une leçon de choses. Leçon réaliste dont aucun étranger ne peut vérifier l'exactitude. Dont on voudrait qu'elle ne fût pas vraie. Mais on reste, profondément, très longtemps troublé.

MELTING pot américain. Le petit groupe du commando comprend des fils d'Irlandais, des Suédois, des Polonais, des Juifs, des Italiens, des Mexicains, mais ces jeunes gens et ces hommes sont des Américains en premier lieu, ou passionnément désireux de l'être, de se sentir complètement absorbés, de perdre tout ce qui les différencie. Ils parlent, à de rares exceptions près, le même langage américain et ordurier, ils parlent de femmes avec la vantardise d'hommes pressés d'amour, ils parlent et rêvent de sexe, centre de leur vie, poison qui circule dans leurs veines, engorgés des absents, des souvenirs envenimés de leur passé. Le sexe, leur réaction identique d'hommes, le seul lien entre eux. Des hommes qui vivent ensemble à travers les plus terribles épreuves, des fatigues surhumaines, les nuits des tropiques, face à la mort qui rôde autour d'eux, sont enfermés dans leur solitude, leurs haines et leurs avidités.

LES préjugés sont d'instinct chez eux, survivants à la communauté de l'épreuve, à l'angoisse partagée. Quand l'un d'eux apprend que sa femme est morte en couches, son premier réflexe est : c'est le médecin juif qui l'a tuée. Les deux Juifs qui vivent parmi eux sentent que cette haine tenace les rejette hors de la communauté. L'un d'eux, homme plus âgé et plus faible, est sur le point de succomber à la terrible et inutile fatigue d'une patrouille dans la montagne; quand le sergent lui demande de sauter le haut d'une crête abrupte, l'homme n'a plus la force de se relever. Un de ses compagnons que ses forces trahissent aussi lui crie du fond de sa propre peur et de son propre épaulement: haitard de Juif. Sous le fouet de l'insulte, le Juif se redresse, saute, manquant le pied et s'écrase contre le roc, une expression d'étonnement douloureux sur son visage creusé. En haut et en bas de l'écaille scellée de ce microcosme américain sur une île du Pacifique se dressent deux autres îles, deux cultures

... : le général dit au lieutenant, son protégé : "Ce siècle sera celui des réactionnaires, peut-être leur règne millénaire." Il lui dit aussi : "Théoriquement le but de cette guerre est de traduire le potentiel américain en énergie cinétique. La conception du fascisme, plus fondée que le communisme, parce qu'elle est fermement ancrée dans la nature humaine, a simplement été lancée dans un pays mal choisi qui n'avait pas assez de pouvoir potentiel intrinsèque pour le développer." Le général est hanté par la peur qu'au moment où éclatera la guerre avec la Russie, il ne soit trop éloigné du centre d'influence pour être appelé à jouer un grand rôle (la guerre du Pacifique est encore loin d'être finie). Le général philosophe envoie la patrouille vers sa mission impossible et vaine, mission de sacrifice. Il y envoie aussi un ancien protégé qui l'a froissé : le lieutenant libéral qui rêve d'un renouveau de son pays. Il trouve un allié dans le sergent, chasseur du Texas, la brute qui déteste toute faiblesse, qui n'aime rien ni personne au monde, solitaire par mépris orgueilleux et l'expérience personnelle de la trahison de sa femme. Homme d'une inexorable efficacité, tueur dans l'âme, enivré de son propre pouvoir. Il trompe le lieutenant sur les chances de l'expédition et l'envoie à la mort. Elle est conquisse. Des vies humaines ont été gaspillées par ressentiment, ambition ou simple négligence. Le monstre de la guerre a dévoré les meilleurs des hommes. Espoirs broyés dans l'inexorable engrenage de la machine militaire.

Sur le livre de Mailer para la terrible fatalité des hommes deshumanisés. La guerre a tué jusqu'aux vivants.

The *Sunday Times* (London) is a newspaper of the highest standing and does not stoop to exploit sexual matters in a sensational manner to increase its sales. When, therefore, on the front page of its issue of May 1st, 1949, I saw a paragraph, by the Editor, headed "a book that should be withdrawn", and read that this book was quite unfit for general circulation, I felt that, indeed, it must be pornographic. One sentence, however, raised a shadow of doubt in my mind: "no decent man," wrote the Editor, "could . . . know without shame that his womenfolk were reading it." It seemed, and still seems, to me a little strange that, in these days of sex equality, women should be considered to be more easily shockable than men.

However, much as I admire the *Sunday Times* and its Editor, it was obvious that I should not accept his opinion until I had read the book for myself.

I have now read it, and must disagree completely with the opinion expressed by the Editor of the *Sunday Times*, except in so far as he praises the author's literary capacity.

The book deals with the life of a small group of American private soldiers who faced the Japanese on one of the Islands during the recent war. The *Sunday Times* article says that it is "concerned largely with the morals of a small group of American private soldiers", but it is concerned not only with their morals, but with their whole life under war conditions, and, in the form of flash-backs, it deals with their earlier development.

It would give quite a false picture of the lives of these men if the author were to have left out their attitude towards sex, which is, whether we like it or not, the central theme of the book. There is much wisdom in the old saying that it is love that makes the world go round, and the word *love* covers much more than the merely romantic aspects of sex. The author does not restrict himself to the sexual morals of his characters; he gives us a picture of their attitudes to life in general; why should we object to him being realistic about their attitudes to sex, and not about their attitudes to other matters?

Their language is lurid. They use the four-letter Anglo-Saxon words, both in their proper significance, and also (with monotonous frequency) as expletives. Now it happens that I myself swear almost not at all. This is particularly surprising, because I am an Australian, and in Australia, swearing is extremely common among all sections of the community—among University graduates, almost, though perhaps not quite, as much as among the illiterate and uneducated. I was brought up in a suburban and bourgeois atmosphere, where swearing was regarded as a heinous offence, and I have never overcome my distaste for it. I still prefer to use the more polite synonyms for urination, defecation and copulation, and for the genital organs. To use the Anglo-Saxon terms as mere expletives seems to me to be evidence of a poor vocabulary. I may say *bloody* or *damn* once or twice a year, and, by the very rarity with which I use them, they retain an emphatic value which they lose if they are used in every sentence. When I returned to Australia for a time, a few years ago, after an absence of twenty years, I was amazed to find that many professional men would use several swear-words in almost every sentence. I found this language distasteful. I mention this, because I want to make it quite clear that I do not favour the use of these words.

But I cannot blind myself to the fact that many people do use these words frequently, and my experience among American soldiers, many hundreds of thousands of whom were in Australia while I was there, forces me to admit that their conversation is fairly accurately reproduced by the author of this book. He has toned it down a lot. He has almost entirely omitted their frequent references to those forms of sexual activity which are commonly regarded as *unorthodox*, though Professor Kinsey's recent study has largely dispelled illusions about sexual orthodoxy.

He has not, in my opinion, placed the soldiers' attitude to sex and profanity in a false perspective by over-emphasising it. In reading the book, I experienced the same feeling of displeasure as I have done when I have heard living men talking in the same monotonously profane way, about the same monotonously recurrent subject. But, if he had done otherwise, he would have given us a false picture of the men about whom he is writing.

I can see nothing obscene in the book, and nothing that is likely to corrupt any reader. I think it is a great book, and that the author is a writer of the first rank. His power of making us realise the horrors of war is exceptional, and the book, as a whole, is, I think, magnificent.

NORMAN HARTLEY

KINSEY'S ARMY

The Naked and the Dead. By NORMAN MAILER. Wingate, 15s.

Wearily we return to the battle. We thought it was all settled, but the days of the egregious James Douglas are returning and the old silly row about the obscene in serious literature begins all over again. It is sometimes true and sometimes not true that obscenity is the balance and illusion of a work of art; it is always true that the people who call for the banning of serious imagination works on the ground of obscenity are the betrayers of literature. The fact that they are sincere in calling for the withdrawal of the American war book *The Naked and the Dead*, does not lessen the betrayal nor does it prevent them from being middle-headed.

What is exasperating is that this false scent has been dragged across the critic's path. One has to try to hold the book in one hand and keep off the Watch Committee—out for its blood sports—with the other; and in this defensive position it is difficult not to give the impression that a book is all the better, all the more "serious" or "sincere" for containing obscenity. That idea died in the Twenties; it rises in every revolution-ary period. But respectable society cannot expect to indulge in two major wars in one generation, without getting a flood of raw documents about what goes on in the minds and comes out of the mouths of the ordinary men who are sent out to actually these slaughters. Not only that, such wars have revolutionary consequences; the common run of men, not in thousands but in millions, have been brought boiling to the top. One of the results of the rise of the masses and of vernacular literature is precisely, the obscene word, the words of the lewd (i.e. low) fellows. Filthy language is used by them as a mechanical ritual and I do not see how any honest writer of the realist kind can avoid it; though in writing it he lands himself with a complex artistic problem and will almost certainly bore his readers by the monotony of his imprecations. All the same, most of us have heard filthy words used with excellent effect in the telling of a story; it is the simplest, most sardonic expression of the angry acceptance of the baseness of the human condition. The American vernacular, like the Spanish, is rich in obscene phrases and the vivid images it goes with them. As for the horrors in *The Naked and the Dead*—and there is one particular horror, the account of a looting visit to a destroyed Japanese camp where the bloated dead are rotting and stinking; one of the G.I.'s bashes out the teeth of a dead man because he wants the gold ones—they are far less horrible than Goya's *Desastres de la Guerre*. It is an open question whether a portrayal of the physical horrors of war secretly attracts us to war or builds up a hatred of it; the reaction is really ambiguous, and in a war-like period it is important to know this. It may be, as Havelock Ellis once said in a valuable essay, that pornography enables us to transfer our imagination what we are in danger, without actually performing in real life. The case for a wide distribution of this book, not for literary

The *New Statesman and Nation*, May 14, 1949
of the length. We realise that he is an intelligent and able writer. He is alarmed by the cult of power which is growing in America and by the signs of Fascism in a new, and this time efficient form; and he repeats, what more interesting writers have said, that this is the age of anxiety. But, outside of these ideas, which have become clichés in the American novel, and are not handled with much originality, Mr. Mailer has little to say, and the huge length of the book conceals the fact. Compared with important novels about modern war, books like Jules Romain's *Verdun*, or sensational ones like *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Mr. Mailer's conveys little sense of the variety of human nature; he is observant without being discriminating; he has sympathy, but sympathy, after two wars, is not enough.

But, if the whole is amorphous, some of the detail is excellent. Mr. Mailer has learned the lesson which has grown upon us since Tolstoy taught it: that war is the territory of the unexpected. He is particularly good about the fluctuating of the relations of the soldiers with each other. In all these private matters, fidelity gives Mr. Mailer dignity as a writer. (In general, one would say he has fidelity without a sense of proportion.) The portrait of Martinez, the Mexican, trembling, afraid, subtle, murderous and yet innocent, is excellent. The mortal wounding of Wilson, "the fugging machine" boasting about his sexual adventures (very vividly too: Wilson is real) has the unexpected effect of calming the anxious Brown who is tortured by his responsibilities as a non-com. and by the hourly thought of the infidelities of his wife. These observations belong mainly to the brilliant narrative of the reconnaissance, a long episode which is easily the best thing in the book and indeed, if Mr. Mailer had had any sense of form, that is where his story lay. Only one character, Goldstein, the orthodox Jew, has anything in common with the European soldier. Goldstein is a respectable man; but the point is that, unlike the others, he has the assurance of a tradition, a philosophy of life larger than his own personal suffering and competitiveness. The rest are *déracinés*.

And that is how the book will strike the European reader. It is less a war book than a revelation of American life. There are the sex mania. Mr. Mailer never fails to recall the first "fug" the first night, the competitive need to assure oneself by more and more "fugging"—and the obsession with personal success in every minute of the day. Who is going to dominate, who is going to break first, who is going to come out worst and how is he going to make his "come back," who is going to look whom in the eye? We have the impression of people who see themselves as absolutely alone, and who are reduced to the common animal level at once, on the island because they lack all corporate sense and values. As in Hemingway, these soldiers are more afraid of one another than they are of the enemy. The notion of absolute power, as expounded by the General to the Lieutenant, "the only way" comes naturally to these people, and when they get a lot of power they either go dead, maddened, boorish and corrupt, like the General's officers; or, like the General, they feel an unaccountable sense of loss and loneliness, which only more ambition can assuage.

I said Mr. Mailer had little to say: that was unfair. He has this to say and, as a diagnosis, it could have been important if it had not been lost in the wilderness of these clever but monotonous

V. S. Pritchett

NOVEL "THE NAKED AND THE DEAD"

33. Mr. Driberg asked the Attorney-General what action he proposes to take in regard to the novel, "The Naked and the Dead," copies of which have been obtained by the police on account of its alleged obscenity.

The Attorney-General (Sir Hartley Shawcross): Yes, Sir. After consultation with the Director of Public Prosecutions I have decided not to initiate proceedings in this case, a prosecution in which does not require my fiat. As, however, the matter is of some public importance, perhaps I may indicate the reasons which have led me to this conclusion.

The matter is a difficult one upon which different views may well be held. I am not prepared to say that no court would treat this regrettable publication as obscene. The matter is one of fact and degree and it may be that some courts would consider that the publication did offend the law. I have, however, never regarded it as my duty to institute proceedings in every case in which it can be argued, possibly successfully, that the criminal law has been infringed. I do so only where I consider that the protection of the public interest in a broad sense requires the criminal law to be set in motion, whether in order to punish offenders or to deter others from the commission of offences.

In cases of the kind involved here, there are two public interests to which I must have regard. It is important that no publication should be permitted to deprave or corrupt morals, to exalt vice or to encourage its commission. It is also important that there should be the least possible interference with the freedom of publication and that the Attorney-General should not seek to make the criminal law a vehicle for imposing a censorship on the frank discussion or portrayal of sordid and unedifying aspects of life simply on the grounds of offence against taste or manners. Whilst there is much in this most tedious and lengthy book which is foul, lewd and revolting, looking at it as a whole I do not think that its intent is to corrupt or deprave or that it is likely to lead to any result other than disgust at its contents.

Mr. Driberg: Is my right hon. and learned Friend aware that his decision on a book which, whatever its defects, is a serious attempt at a work of art will be widely welcomed among sensible people; and is he aware that it is desirable that there should be the widest possible distribution among the Atlantic Treaty nations of this gruesome description of war and the psychological chaos in American society?

A26

LONDON, MAY 1-(AP)--THE LONDON SUNDAY TIMES SAID TODAY A BEST SELLING AMERICAN NOVEL, ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED IN BRITAIN, IS "INCREDIBLY FOUL AND BEASTLY" AND "SHOULD BE WITHDRAWN FROM PUBLICATION IMMEDIATELY."

THE BOOK IS, "THE NAKED AND THE DEAD," BY NORMAN MAILER.

"NO DECENT MAN COULD LEAVE IT LYING ABOUT THE HOUSE, OR KNOW WITHOUT SHAME THAT HIS WOMENFOLK WERE READING IT," THE PAPER SAID IN A FRONT PAGE STATEMENT SIGNED "BY THE EDITOR."

THE EDITOR IS WILLIAM WAITE HADLEY. THE SUNDAY TIMES IS PUBLISHED BY VISCOUNT KEMSLEY AND HAS NO CONNECTION WITH THE LONDON TIMES.

THE PAPER SAID IT RECEIVED A REVIEW COPY OF THE BOOK FROM ALLAN WINGATE, LTD., WHICH WILL PUT THE BOOK ON SALE MAY 9. THE PUBLISHING FIRM COULD NOT BE REACHED FOR COMMENT.

"MR. MAILER IS A WRITER OF EXCEPTIONAL GIFTS AND MUCH OF THE BOOK HAS REAL VALUE, BUT LARGE PARTS OF IT ARE SO GROSSLY OBSCENE THAT IT IS QUITE UNFIT FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION," SAID THE SUNDAY TIMES.

"IT IS A WAR NOVEL, CONCERNED LARGELY WITH THE MORALS OF A SMALL GROUP OF AMERICAN PRIVATE SOLDIERS IN THE FAR EAST," THE SUNDAY TIMES DESCRIPTION OF THE BOOK SAID.

"THEY TELL OF THEIR GROWTH INTO MANHOOD AND OF THEIR RELATIONS BUT GENERALLY, THEIR TALK, REPORTED AT GREAT LENGTH, IS INCREDIBLY FOUL AND BEASTLY."

THE BOOK, IT SAID, "HAS HAD A CONSIDERABLE NOTORIETY IN THE UNITED STATES." THE PAPER DID NOT MENTION THE BOOK ON ITS REVIEW PAGE.

RP157PED

AP124

(BX IN)

(NY) LONDON--FIRST ADD AMERICAN NOVEL (A26) XXX REVIEW PAGE.

(IN NEW YORK, A MEMBER OF MAILER'S HOUSEHOLD SAID THE AUTHOR IS OUT OF TOWN AND COULD NOT BE REACHED UNTIL TOMORROW.)

RJ901PED

A139BX

DASH MATTER

LONDON--"THE NAKED AND THE DEAD" (A26) XXX REVIEW PAGE.

IN JAMAICA, VT., NORMAN MAILER, AUTHOR OF "THE NAKED AND THE DEAD," SAID "THE LONDON SUNDAY TIMES IS CERTAINLY ENTITLED TO ITS OPINION--BUT I DON'T AGREE WITH IT. I WROTE THE BOOK IN GOOD FAITH AND DON'T THINK IT IS OBSCENE.

"I THINK, AS A MATTER OF FACT," HE CONTINUED, "THAT IT'S LESS OBSCENE THAN SOME SALACIOUS BOOKS THAT HAVE FOUL WORDS ONLY HERE AND THERE.

"WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE BOOK AS A WHOLE," HE SAID, "I DON'T THINK YOU NOTICE ANY OBSCENITY IN IT. THE OBSCENITY--IF YOU WANT TO CALL IT THAT--IN 'THE NAKED AND THE DEAD' IS LIKE A BELL RINGING IN THE BACKGROUND WHILE YOU WORK. BEFORE LONG, YOU DON'T NOTICE IT ANY MORE."

ES959PED

A Book that should NOT be banned

"The Naked and The Dead"

Reviewed by
Hayter Preston

NORMAN MAILER



ONLY once before in nearly two years have I opened this page with the review of a novel. Not that I have a grudge against fiction. I can name at least six novels that are among the world's masterpieces of literature. But I resolved from the start that I would not give priority to the general run of commercial fiction.

This week I am confronted with a work of fiction that may take its place among the best examples of the novel. It is called "The Naked and The Dead" (Wingate, 15s.). Before it was published it was denounced in some quarters as obscene and pornographic, there was a demand that it be withdrawn.

During the past 25 years there has been, in my view, only one great work of fiction published in the English language—"Ulysses," by James Joyce. That novel was also widely denounced as obscene and pornographic, and only in recent years has publication been permitted in Britain and the United States.

"The Naked and The Dead" is not a revolutionary technical experiment like "Ulysses," nor is it an erotic rhapsody like D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," another banned novel which even now cannot be published here in its original form. It is a war book and an epic of suffering.

The author is a 26-year-old American named Norman Mailer, a Harvard graduate and a sensitive and poeticist.

the American Forces serving in Leyte, Luzon and Japan. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and Mailer's bitter experiences should be the world's good fortune, if men were capable of learning from works of art.

"The Naked and The Dead" should burn all the glory out of war for any person of sound mind and reasonably decent morals.

Other novels have done that before, for example, Richard Aldington's "Death of a Hero," but this story of fighting in a Pacific island is more powerful in its caustic effect than any other book I know, and, unlike some of its predecessors in the same field, it has no sentimental side.

The men whose physical and moral torments sustain this chronicle of brutality are ordinary social products of the United States. Before the draft snatched them from their homes they would have passed without comment in the various classes of American society to which they belonged.

Under the pressure of the island war, however, the social enamel cracks and exposes them in their elemental character.

Norman Mailer is a pitiless analyst of these soldiers who have been stripped naked of every pretence.

It is not to be made-believe

on Anopopei, the Japanese-held island on which they land during one unforgettably sinister dawn, and through which they inch forward swept by savage storms and fierce waves of hate, disgust, despair, and lust. Many will shy away from the scene as too horrible to be true. I was completely convinced of its truth.

It is really astonishing that so young a man as this author could achieve so absolute a mastery over his material. Some of the human portraits are superb in their mingled strength and subtlety, triumphs of the novelist's art to be compared solely with the creations of the masters.

I could fill columns with quotations to support my feeling that "The Naked and The Dead" is among the biggest

books that have come out of any war.

The terse, nervous writing, with its amazing control of idiom and ruthless elimination of literary phrases, swept me along, so right, so wonderfully disciplined, is every sentence.

Now there is this question of a moral issue.

In my view the book raises one tremendous moral issue—that of war—and in it all is contained.

There will, no doubt, be many readers who object to bad language and will contend, with some justice, that it not only offends against good taste but is also a blemish on a work of art. I confess I don't feel this. As an ex-soldier I know all about filthy language, and I should be a hypocrite if I said that I was shocked by it.

But let every reader of "The Naked and The Dead" decide the question for himself. For me it is irrelevant.

Any demand for a withdrawal of the book on account of its thinly disguised swear words is preposterous. People who can't stomach foul-mouthed talk are not forced to read the book.

Those who regard certain words habitually in the mouths of British and American soldiers as meaningless decorations—I do—won't be affected.

As for the issue of pornography, I take it that a pornographic book is one calculated to excite sexual passion in the reader. If this indeed be the test, then "The Naked and The Dead" can be given a clean bill of health. It is about as sexually exciting as a kick in the teeth.

It is a great book by all standards of the writer's art and an essentially moral work. I am certain that time will crown it. Meaning, I am highly revered by people who heave at the sight of a dirty word and can stomach war.

Letters to the Editor. *Royce Remondy of America* BANNED BOOK AT PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sir.—May I take advantage of the impartiality of your columns to comment on the Leamington Library Committee's recent decision to ban Norman Mailer's novel, "The Naked and The Dead"?

It is a cause for alarm that Alderman Durban should recommend this decision without, admittedly, first having read the book; one can only surmise that he has allowed himself to be influenced by the few oracular, adverse reviews which have appeared, and ignored those which examined the book objectively. The chairman of the Committee, Alderman Davis, does not appear even to have read the reviews of "The Naked and The Dead," much less the book itself. Surely this is a deplorable commentary on the functions of a committee which decides, in effect, what subscribers to the Public Library shall read, and what they shall not. It may well be that Norman Mailer has examined his duty to the reading public more closely than the Leamington Library Committee.

From the novelist's point of view the treatment he receives at the hands of Public Libraries is lamentable enough already. In 1947 more than 285,000 books were borrowed from Great Britain's 599 Public Libraries at a cost to the population of a little over 6d. per head per annum. These are depressing figures, but they are not of paramount importance. What is of importance to those of us who offer our

work to the borrowing public in return for a pittance—and offer it ungrudgingly—is that it should not be summarily dismissed by those who have not examined it, but form their opinions at second hand.

Admittedly, there are passages in "The Naked and The Dead" which may be taken as unpleasant, yet recently I have read a book from the shelves of the Leamington Public Library which I am sure the Library Committee could not have examined. There are others against Mr. Mailer's book are (1) "Bad" language; (2) "Pornography." First, the language is that of men involved in mankind's greatest evil, legalised murder masquerading as "war." Second, invective unless accompanied by physical urges, also. The Chairman's question "Is it a religious book?" need not provoke amusement, because in the sense that it denounces the evil of war, "The Naked and The Dead" may be said to be religious in intent, although the execution does not make this abundantly clear.

Those who know something of the young novelist's heart-searching while attempting to make something from the intangibles of life into terms of the aspects of life into terms of the spiritual, will not be shocked by Mr. Mailer. If they are shocked by the gross ugliness of war, so much the better: Mr. Mailer will have accomplished a little of what he has set out to do. Moreover, the message that this book gives to at least one reader is that the battle of life is not so much for, as against oneself, and that, successfully or fruitlessly, with "bad" language on his lips, and "pornographic" in his mind, Mailer will always seek God. It is the part of God within him struggling back to its source. But one has to read the book to discover this.

PETER DEWHURST.

London.

SPECTATOR 5/11/49
(PETER DEWHURST)

THE STAR.
2.5.49.

War Talk

THE "Sunday Times" calling for the withdrawal by the publishers of "The Naked and The Dead," a massive American war novel due to be published next Monday by Allan Wingate, has described the book as "grossly obscene."

The publishers contend that it is their "moral and literary duty" to publish the work. They claim it to be "a true picture of the way American

soldiers talked and behaved during the war."

Joseph Taggart, "The Star's" Book Critic, thinks the publishers are right. He has read this 700-page novel and will review it next Monday.

The book had enthusiastic reviews in America where it has sold more than 150,000 copies. It is tough and vivid.

It is a serious work, and its 25-year-old ex-G.I. author shows real power and technical skill. There are passages of brilliant writing.

But parents will realise that it is not suitable for teen-agers.

SO THEY SAY *has style*

The Naked and the Well-read *Spil*
To the gratification, no doubt, of its publisher Mr. Norman Mailer's novel on the Pacific War began to draw the first shots in a barrage of pre-criticism, favourable and otherwise, a week before publication date.

"Sunday Times, May 1:—

A BOOK THAT SHOULD BE WITHDRAWN
"The Naked and The Dead" is quite unfit for general circulation. No decent man could leave it lying about the house, or know without shame that his womenfolk were reading it. . . . incredibly foul and beastly.

"Sunday Pictorial, May 8:—

"The book is filthy—BUT SHOULD IT BE BANNED?"

"Evening Standard, May 3:—

"SHOCKING? YES!
BUT BAN IT? NO!"

"Daily Mail, May 7:—

"The presentation strikes me as completely honest.

"Daily Express, May 5.

It is not that the pages of dirt are shocking—they are just boring.

"Star, May 9:—

Anyone who pretends to be bored is dodging the issue.

"Sunday Times, May 8:—

Yesterday a letter came from the President of the English Centre of the P.E.N. . . . condemning any invocation of the law of obscenity which so patently makes no distinction between pornography . . . and books exploring seriously human experience."

"The President of the English Centre of P.E.N. . . . has distinguished himself by his letter."

"No decent man," wrote the Editor of the Sunday Times last Sunday, "could leave it lying about the house, or know without shame that his womenfolk were reading it." He was referring to an American war-book called *The Naked and the Dead*, which is published over here next week, and when I read his stern words I could not help feeling rather uncomfortable. For I am sorry to say that I not only could but actually did leave this book, the American edition of which a neighbour had lent me, lying about my house for several months last winter until at last I remembered to return it, half-read. (Though "powerful" and undeniably dirty, the book—a very long one—is full of a synthetic toughness which I find boring, and I got stuck in it.) I now stand convicted of moral turpitude, which is a thoroughly bad show, and what is more I am a little worried about all these "womenfolk." How many of these tender creatures ought

one to have on one's strength? The Editor of the Sunday Times seems to postulate an indeterminate but sizeable number. Counting my wife, but not counting Nanny and the cook, I can only raise three womenfolk in all, two of whom are less than pint-size and won't be able to read for several years—hardly worth, as you might say, keeping a bullet for if we were attacked by Red Indians. I feel pretty sure that the Editor of the Sunday Times expects me to have more than this. What is a chap—and no decent chap, either—to do?

CAVALCADE.

21.5.49.

Up-and-Coming

MOST publishers would give their eye-teeth to get one of their books attacked in the way the "Sunday Times" last week attacked Norman Mailer's "The Naked and The Dead," reviewed on page 10. Such attacks are as good as money in the bank; for once the critics start baying for the sup-

pression of a book the public promptly rush out to buy it. This has happened in the present case.

Allan Wingate, publishers of Mailer's book, have been besieged with telephone calls, for the whole week following the "Sunday Times" article, from would-be buyers. The trade general public, too, has been ordered and asked to see the book.

Scotland Yard Tracking Obscenity Clews in Novel

LONDON, May 11 (U.P.).—Scotland Yard today was busy tracking down clews in a war novel—Norman Mailer's "The Naked and The Dead."

Detective Inspector George Chesney was ordered to read the book and make a detailed report to the director of public prosecutions following a complaint that some of the writing was obscene.

Sir Theobald Mathew, director of public prosecutions, already has discussed the book with Attorney General Sir Hartley Shawcross, it was disclosed.

Mr. Mailer's publishers, who released the novel on Monday, said Scotland Yard representatives came around yesterday and asked to see the book.

Should this book be banned?

"THE Naked and the Dead" is a 700-page novel about the life of a reconnaissance group of American soldiers during the invasion of a Pacific island. It is a book that quite apart from its merits as a novel is bound to raise again fiercely debated questions of literary censorship.

Why? Because the author, Norman Mailer, has put down a conversation of these American soldiers as nearly as possible with literal truth.

Now, as everyone knows, the conversation of men in the Services, particularly those on active stations, does not bear much resemblance to conversation in a drawing-room. It is often obscene.

printed in a book?

ALREADY sides have been taken. A Sunday paper in a front page editorial has said that "The Naked and the Dead" is grossly obscene, quite unfit for general circulation, and should be withdrawn from publication immediately.

The police-literary weekly "Rebelle," while not calling for the book's suppression, has viewed it under the heading "the — and the —". On the other hand Aldous Huxley has referred to "The Naked and the Dead" as "that best horrifyingly truthful of war books." And in America the book has sold 150,000 copies. Which side is right? The best defence of the book is the transparent honesty of its author. He is not writing with any propagandistic intention but putting down what he believes to be true.

Mr. Mailer's Americans are cut off from civilisation. They live in dirt, danger, and discomfort. And their conversation is an essential part of the atmosphere of their lives. Trim and prune the conversation and you would cut away much of the truth of the book.

AS recently as 30 years ago such wretched consideration

Reviewed here

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

By Norman Mailer (Allen Lane, 12s. 6d.)

acknowledged legally and it would be quite possible for a magistrate to ban classics like the "Satyricon of Petronius" or the "Golden Ass of Apuleius". In practice, however, authorities are more sensible than they were 30 years ago and generally realise that the ideal censorship is one that never needs to operate.

It is worth looking back at these interesting censorship cases which show how much our view changed between the wars.

In 1938 Richard Aldington published his outspoken novel "DEATH OF A HERO". Some passages in the book were printed in asterisks, and in an explanatory note Mr. Aldington said that his publishers had informed him that certain words and phrases in common use could not be printed in a book. It is safe to say that nobody would blink an eyelid if the passages were printed in full to-day.

In the early thirties Roddy Doyle's "THE WELL OF LONELINESS" was banned, one indignant critic remarking that if he had to choose between giving a young girl a phial of prussic acid or "The Well of Loneliness" he would give her the prussic acid. Next month "The Well of Loneliness" is being published by the Falcon Press in a complete edition of Roddy Doyle's works, and it is safe to say that many people who read it will wonder what all the fuss was about.

The most famous recent censorship case is that of James Joyce's "ULYSSES", which printed instalments of "Ulysses" were seized and burned in 1920, and the book was banned in Britain and America. In 1933, however, it was admitted to legal fiction.

THE summary up of the controversy about "The Naked and the Dead" can be made in the words that Julian Symonds used in admitting "Ulysses" for publication in the United States: "It contains many words usually considered dirty, but I have not found anything that I consider to be dirt for dirt's sake. Each word of the book contributes like a bit of mosaic to the detail of the picture which Joyce is seeking to construct for his readers. Accordingly, I hold that 'Ulysses' is a sincere and honest book."

These words are as true of "The Naked and the Dead" as of "Ulysses."

It will be a pity if the censorship controversy obscures the very real value of Mr. Mailer's book. Its overall picture of the capture of a small Pacific island is very well handled.

The American soldiers themselves are well distinguished and clearly outlined—the Fascist-minded general and the slightly radical lieutenant who acts as his orderly, the iron-tough sergeant, and his reconnaissance platoon of Italian-Americans, Polish-Americans, Irish-Americans, each with his private ambitions and sorrows.

But it is in the descriptions of action that the book is memorable. The general, held up in his frontal attack, decides to send the reconnaissance platoon on an exploratory patrol through the jungle and maliciously puts his orderly lieutenant in charge of them.

The platoon cuts its way through the jungle with great agility and is then ambushed by the Japanese. The lieutenant is killed and the soldiers make an unsuccessful attempt to climb the great central mountain of the island to fulfil their mission. They return through the jungle utterly exhausted, to learn that the Japanese front has collapsed suddenly and completely.

The patrol in which they are displayed such heroism and in which three men have died has been quite unnecessary and useless.

OUT of 30 or 40 scenes of death and violent action one comparatively minor incident remains particularly in my mind. The platoon are near the top of the mountain and at the same time have almost reached the bulk of their endurance. They

no longer step from one rock to another, but sit there legs with their arms and totter among the rocks.

In this plight, reeling and skidding up the mountain, they stumble over a hornet's nest. Dozens of infuriated hornets race down the line of men "like a burning fuse," driving them to delirium. Terrified, the men fling away rifles and packs as they flee down the jungle wall, tumbling with amazing agility from rock to rock, slipping through impeding foliage.

In such scenes as these Mr. Mailer's capacity for honest reporting is raised to a distinguished level of creation.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

Shawcross: No action

A Attorney-General Sir Hartley Shawcross told Parliament this afternoon that after consulting the Director of Public Prosecutions he had decided not to start proceedings in the case of the novel "The Naked and the Dead," on the ground of its alleged obscenity.

A prosecution, however, did not require his fiat.

Sir Hartley said an Attorney-General should not use the criminal law to impose a censorship on the frank discussion of some aspects of life on the grounds that it was an offence against taste and manners.

He described this "tedious" book as "foul, lewd and revolting," but said it was likely to lead only to disgust.

The book (author Norman Mailer) is a novel about American soldiers fighting on a Pacific island.

EVERING 23-5-49

U.S. NAKED NOVEL BANNED

The American war novel, "The Naked and the Dead," by Norman Mailer, has been banned from entry to Australia by the Australian Customs Department. A.P. reported from Canberra. Sir Hartley Shawcross, Attorney-General, said in the House of Commons on May 1 that he did not intend to take any action in Britain on account of alleged obscenity in the book.

DAILY TELEGRAPH 5/20/49

Recent Fiction

The Naked and the Dead. By Norman Mailer. Allen Whigate, 15s. net.

MR. MAILER'S long novel, which will be published in England on Monday, is a ruthless and stylistically dispassionate analysis of the human reaction to modern war. His characters are a group of American soldiers who are part of the division engaged in ousting the Japanese from the Pacific island of Anopopei. And their range extends from General Cummings and his headquarters staff to the N.C.O.s and privates on "kitchen patrol." Between them these men make a representative cross-section, although Mr. Mailer is at some pains to reveal their weaknesses and base appetites at the expense of their qualities. But war is no longer a romantic pageant, and this novel's concentration on fatigue, despair, deceit and, above all, fear, is as should be. Sergeant Croft, Martinez the scout, Gallagher, Wilson and the others are not ennobled by battle. In varying degrees they experience humiliation, and Mr. Mailer shows that war usually degrades the participants. There have been many novels and memoirs that have shown the other side of the medal—the heroism, the close comradeship and the inspiration of danger. Mr. Mailer is devastatingly anti-romantic, with the result that he makes discomfortable reading. He reproduces the obscene language of the mess-tent and the front-line; and his descriptions of battle leave nothing to the imagination—which, for those readers who have not been in battle means at least that they will not have to cudge their imaginations.

In these respects it is a sensational and startling book, capable at some points of stimulating their pricking under the skin which accompanies a first reading of Wilfred Owen. The ground-plan is simple enough, and consists merely of the story of the island's capture from the Japanese. But Mr. Mailer clearly has read his John Dos Passos, whose influence can be detected in the "back-flashes" introduced to throw light not only on the pre-war history of the characters, but also on the political and social temper of America. This device deflects the reader's interest and loosens the texture of a novel that otherwise would be a remarkable example of precision, in spite of its length.

Mr. Mailer is a young man; and faulty technique can be forgiven him, for his book is the work of an artist whose mind and intuition are equally keen. His intellectual power is at its most impressive in his portrait of General Cummings, a private soldier with a Machiavellian mind and the power-complex of a dictator. Cummings is what some people would call a cynical realist, and what others—of an out-dated generation—would describe as a Fascist beast. But he is a much more complex person than the description suggests; for Mr. Mailer has drawn him in three dimensions. "The Naked and the Dead," then, is a brutal, sincere and brilliant book. Not everybody will be able to stomach it, and not everybody would be wise to try. It is a completely honest attempt by a remarkably gifted writer to synthesize

SPECTATOR

13.5.49
(JANUS)

"OBSCENE," says the Concise Oxford Dictionary—"repulsive, filthy, indecent, lewd." I looked up the definition in order to decide whether "obscene" was the just epithet to apply to the American novel *The Naked and the Dead*, to which some reference was made by my replacement in this column last week. And since a great part of the book is without any question repulsive, filthy, indecent and lewd—whether or not within the meaning of the law as well as of ordinary usage—there can certainly be no hesitation about calling it obscene. With those who claim that the book possesses certain literary qualities I do not disagree for a moment. Its description of the operations of American soldiers attacking a Japanese island is striking—well above the level of the average war-book. And the stark crudity of the language in the sphere needs little apology. But that is not the outstanding feature of the book. The outstanding feature is its filth. No doubt American soldiers talk as these American soldiers are made to talk; no doubt someone will be found to claim that a faithful and detailed reproduction of the language of the barrack-room and the brothel is of some kind of literary or artistic benefit to mankind. No doubt someone will ardently defend the technique of the author in taking each of his characters one by one and recounting, in terminology so esoteric as to be beyond the range of many readers, their various illicit sexual experiences. Ordinary people, with no pretence to puritanism, will, I imagine, feel primarily disgust at a book more intrinsically disgusting—apart from the purely military story—than any other I have ever read. It may do little actual harm. As someone has well said, its effect is emetic rather than aphrodisiac. But it is not encouraging to find a publisher willing to offer it for sale in this country and make money out of what, if such a thing as obscenity exists at all, is plain obscenity and nothing else.

LETTER IN THE SPECTATOR 5/20/49

23 Froddington Road, Southsea.

"THE NAKED AND THE DEAD"

Sir,—A lot of nonsense has been talked and written recently about *The Naked and the Dead*, and it is distressing to find in England such bourgeois, old-maidish hypocrisy as has been shown by the *Sunday Times* and now, alas, by the *Spectator*, about a book that has already sold, without this kind of comment, 150,000 copies in a country not remarkably free from either prejudice or intolerance.

Literary standards in this country are, one knows, appallingly low, but when responsible journals give approval to mildewed cant and self-indulgent prudery, pandering, as Sir Alfred Munnings did recently in a different matter, to the vulgarity of mob approval, it is time some kind of protest was made. Your contributor, Janus, should know well enough that the medium of books is writing, and that only criteria relevant to the quality and truth of that medium are important. The sensationalist irrelevances of Janus's remarks are of the kind that give an exaggerated importance to the serious, though not a great, book. Certainly *The Naked and the Dead* becomes important out of proportion to its real merits if it is judged the best-case for obscenity. Unfortunately, its "repulsive, filthy, indecent and lewd" qualities are only those which any normal man will find particularly during a war, and I would like to see every sixth-year boy read it, as a shock-absorbing preliminary to his mixing in the adult world.—Yours faithfully,

R.N.V.R. Club, W.I.

ALAN ROSE

the horrors of war; and an honest writer is not less rare than an honest man.

BOOKS

The — and the —

by T. R. FYVEL

The Naked and the Dead: Norman Mailer. Allan Wingate. 15/-.

THIS American war-novel—720 pages and a leading best-seller in the United States—has over here created a small stir in advance of publication. The Editor of the *Sunday Times* has described it as a book no decent man would leave about for his womenfolk to read, and has asked that it should be withdrawn from circulation. Perhaps this is not altogether surprising. For Mr. Norman Mailer, in a highly detailed 24-hour-a-day description of the life of a U.S. army platoon in action on a Pacific island, also gives a fair rendering of soldiers' speech, underlining what everyone knows—namely, that for most of the British and American troops during the war certain words denoting sexual functions become mere mechanically uttered adjectives of emphasis. Indeed, the counterpoint of *The Naked and the Dead* is deliberate: from the intellectual discussion in the General's tent, Mr. Mailer passes at once to the chorus of enlisted men engaged in sexual reminiscence or imagery they sit in the latrine or stand in line for a toilet.

This is perfectly legitimate. Mr. Mailer has been quite ingenious in finding permissible variants of otherwise unprintable words. He was only in his middle twenties when compiling this long and passionate description and indictment of war, and he writes with a youthful exuberance. But on looking at the book again, I found there were only one or two lines about the sex life of his characters which might perhaps have been better omitted as unnecessary to the book. In any case, this is all beside the point. The point is: how good a war novel is this massive best-seller by a young intellectual from Harvard?

The fact that Mr. Mailer is an intellectual, and that most of the best American war documentation has been written by intellectuals serving in the ranks, is of some importance. The same does not apply to British war litera-

ture. So far—quite strikingly—there has been no equivalent to the post-1917 literature of revolt against war of Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Graves and Osbert Sitwell. On the contrary, several outstanding recent war books have been written almost wholly from the point of view of an officer's acceptance of war—for instance, Bernard Fergusson's *Beyond the Clouds*, F. Spencer Chapman's *The Jungle is Neutral*, or Eric Williams's *The Wooden Horse*.

Mr. Mailer gives no special marks for military valour. On the contrary, he tries to treat the courageous and the cowardly, the successes and the failures among his Americans transplanted into the jungle, with the same careful detachment, recording their smallest speech and thoughts, their squalid fears and sentimental longings, seeking the significance of war in the contrast between their lives as conscripted modern soldiers, and their civilian lives back in the States.

How successfully does he do this? Like some other young contemporary American writers, Mr. Mailer covers his pages with remarkable vitality and fluency; he is a colourful reporter of battle and bivouac scenes in the jungle; he can now and then conjure up the odour of fear and physical degradation, and his tropical landscapes are vivid and alive, even if painted in a journalist's and not a poet's colours. Yet all this is not quite enough. For *The Naked and the Dead* is also an inordinately ambitious book. Mr. Mailer has taken for his subject some weeks in the life of a platoon attached during a Pacific island battle to the headquarters of an American Major-General, who sends the platoon out on patrol or into the line.

This subject enables Mr. Mailer to build up his Elizabethan counterpoint between intellectual discussion inside General Cummings's tent, and the musings of the less literate G.I.s on guard just outside. It enables him, too, to construct his contrasted portrait gallery: General Cummings, ruthlessly driving himself forward, an American counterpart to a European intellectual Fascist; Lieut. Hearn, his A.D.C., an American Liberal turned sour; Sergeant Croft, a mercenary Texan in charge of the platoon; Martinez, the highly-strung Mexican scout; Woodrow Wilson, a Southern "cracker," dreaming away about wenching and drinking; Roth the unpopular and Goldstein the quite popular Jew; Gallagher, an undersized slum Irishman from Boston, pretending to a reckless paternity's exterior, but soft underneath; a Polish-American, and an Italo-American; more native Americans and middle-class pretensions, and so on.

Mr. Mailer's design is obviously to present a significant cross-section of the entire American Army. To do this, he analyses in detail the intricate cross-relationships of his characters, as when General Cummings quarrels with Lieutenant Hearn and sends him off with the platoon on a wild goose chase which ends in Hearn's death. In addition, breaking up the narrative, Mr. Mailer has inserted episodic "flashbacks" depicting the past lives of his chief characters, written in impressionist style and designed to bring out the essential factors of heredity and environment.

puberty, sex relationships, work, success and failure, which shaped them into the men they were at the time of the jungle battle—the American General, the intellectual Lieutenant, the Texan sergeant, and all the rest. This seems a highly ambitious undertaking, especially in a first novel, and for the most part these episodic glimpses of the past don't come off. The episodes remain contrived, the characters remain types rather than individuals. With its action thus interrupted, *The Naked and the Dead* remains an impressive piece of observation and recollection by a young American, but it falls short of full achievement as war literature.

Still, *The Naked and the Dead* has been a success and best-seller in America, and Mr. Mailer is so obviously in deadly earnest that I wondered again what it is that prevents talented young Americans from writing still better. Is their journalist fluency the enemy of their own true style, or is it that they cannot ever step sufficiently aside from their own work? And is that condition, again, a product of the unremitting high pressure of American life? On the other hand, one would say on the strength of *The Naked and the Dead* that Mr. Mailer had a considerable future as an American novelist. It is of some interest to learn, incidentally, that he was one of the principal speakers billed at the recent "Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace" staged at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. It had been generally expected that he would speak as a fellow-traveller, the leading literary exhibit of the Peace Partisans. Instead, in a speech which even opponents described as painfully sincere, Mr. Mailer completely dissociated himself from any such position, ending with these reported words:

"I have come here as a Trojan horse. I had hesitated about coming here. I don't believe in peace conferences. They don't do any good."

I am going to make myself even more unpopular. I am afraid that both the United States and the Soviet Union are moving towards state capitalism. There is no future in that. I can see the peoples of both America and Russia—neither of them want war—caught in a mechanism which is steadily grinding on to produce war. The two systems approach each other constantly. All a writer can do is to tell the truth as he sees it, and keep on writing. I am sorry to be so pessimistic, but I am a writer, and not a political man."

All of which sounds a little confused but perhaps, for this reason, quite promising.

'Naked' and the Yard

THREE copies of the criticised American novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, have been bought for the Director of Public Prosecutions.

The Director (Sir Theobald Mathew) asked Scotland Yard to buy the copies. Detective-inspector George Chesney was detailed to do so; he got them from the publisher. This gave rise to a report that Chesney would read the book and make a detailed report to Sir Theobald; and to-day the Yard were bombarded with queries about his qualifications to pronounce judgment on a book.

In fact the book will be read

by members of the Public Prosecutor's department. In the meantime demand for the book is so great copies are almost unobtainable.

Book controversy

CONTRIVERSY over Norman Mailer's war book, *The Naked and the Dead*, has caused dissension inside the *Sunday Times* office.

On May 1, in a front page story by the Editor, the *Sunday Times* urged that Mailer's novel should be withdrawn. The following *Sunday* the paper reported that it had received many letters—"too numerous to print"—about the book. One, from the President of the English Centre of the PEN, was summarised in a few words.

I have seen a copy of the letter. An extract is:

"The Executive Committee of the PEN has just passed a resolution condemning strongly any invocation of a law which so patently makes no distinction between pornography, that which is deliberately written to excite lust, and books exploring seriously human experience."

The *Sunday Times* did not mention the name of the PEN President who signed the letter. It is Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. He is the *Sunday Times*' own literary critic.

BOOK UNDER FIRE

PETER QUENNELL

reviews 'The Naked and the Dead'

EVERY form of witch-hunt ultimately defeats its own end. No exception is the self-righteous hue-and-cry sometimes raised after works of literature alleged to be indecent: for it whips up just the wrong sort of curiosity about the volume criticised.

Suddenly the world proves to be full of keen students of contemporary fiction, each determined to procure a copy. Book-reviewers discover unexpected friends. Whatever interests may at length be served, they are not those of morality.

Such a commotion threatens to develop around a new American novel *The Naked and the Dead*, a 700-page account of the experiences of American enlisted men on a remote Pacific island.

It contains many words that are not usually printed: many descriptions of the kind of

episode that the average novelist either omits or vaguely glosses over.

Some passages are almost unbearably horrible. But then war is a horrible subject: and the vocabulary of the private soldier is seldom very carefully chosen, particularly when he is lonely and afraid and exhausted, being shell-shocked on a landing beach or sweating down a jungle path.

Norman Mailer's G.I.s are a stupid, coarse, and brutal lot. They are presented by the storyteller in all their native ugliness.

But the presentation strikes me as completely honest. It is bound to repel: it need never corrupt or deprave. Here are some of the horrors of the field dressing-station: none of the meretricious titillation of the near-pornographic side-show.

Emphatically, *The Naked and the Dead* is not a book for children. Nor should it be handed without due warning to any sensitive adult.

The less squeamish, however, may agree with me that this immense and ambitious novel has outstanding literary qualities: that it is as significant a book in its generation as Henri Barbusse's *'Le Feu'* or *'All Quiet on the Western Front.'*

On to battle

THE story begins and ends with a single campaign. First we see the troops on the eve of the attack, follow them as they man the assault craft, watch the preliminary stages of the general's plan slowly grinding into action.

The troops land: they are shelled on the beach; gradually they plough through the forest towards the centre of the island, dragging with them a vast accumulation of intricate equipment.

UNDER REVIEW

The Naked and the Dead, by Norman Mailer. (Allan Wingate, 6s. Monday.)

NAKED AND THE DEAD

Tottenham Library Buy It

A copy of the controversial American war novel *The Naked and the Dead* has been bought by Tottenham library but "the book has to be requested and in no circumstances will be issued to any borrower."

The book was bought by the library director, Mr. A. W. MacCallan.

There the attack temporarily bogs down.

Heavy rains flood their jungle bivouacs: forest clearings and forest paths are dark and foul and slimy. The general broods on his plan: his subordinates consider their position in terms of insects, bruises, jungle sores.

Norman Mailer's picture of modern warfare is most impressive when it is broadest. The sweep of a battle is conveyed with extraordinary skill. Strategy comes alive, and the mechanism of the assault is as clear as on a blueprint.

But the novelist also introduces us to individual fighters, illuminates their personal backgrounds, lets us into the secret of their fears and lusts and daydreams; and as an analyst of character he is somewhat less successful.

Crowded canvas

HIS portraits are so crowded and numerous as to be at times confusing. Each sinner seems more unrepentant than the man who came before him. Only the general—a slightly perverse theorist with totalitarian tendencies—reveals of intellect.

Hence a certain effect of turgidity, not to say monotony. *'The Naked and the Dead'* is far too long. Norman Mailer drives home his points as if he were hammering in tent-pegs; but his bold excursions into straight-forward narrative cannot fail to move you. The story of a patrol behind the Japanese lines, just before the final victory, is as dramatic a piece of writing as I have read for many a long month.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

Shawcross: No action

Attorney-General Sir Hartley Shawcross told Parliament this afternoon that after consulting the Director of Public Prosecutions he had decided not to start proceedings in the case of the novel *The Naked and the Dead*, on the ground of its alleged obscenity.

A prosecution, however, does not require his fiat.

Sir Hartley said an Attorney-General should not use the criminal law to impose a censorship on the frank discussion of some aspects of life on the grounds that it was an offence against taste and manners.

He described this "tawdry" book as "foul, lewd and revolting," but said it was likely to lead only to disgust.

He said (author Norman Mailer is a novel about American soldiers fighting on a Pacific island).

A remarkable novel by a young American

REVIEWED BY JOHN F. CARDWELL

THE GENERAL—"At first glance he did not look unlike other general officers. A little over medium height, well fleshed, with a rather handsome, suntanned face and graying hair, but there were differences. His expressions when he smiled were very close to the ruddy complacent and hard appearance of any number of American senators and businessmen, but the tough good-guy aura never quite remained. There was a certain vacancy in his face... there was the appearance and yet it was not there. Hearn always felt as if the smiling face were numb."

SOUTH BOSTON—"In South Boston and Dorchester and Roxbury the gay wooden houses spread for miles in a file of drabness and desolation and waste. The streets are a jungle through a wilderness of cobblestone and endless wood; the brick is old and powders under your fingertips if you rub it vigorously. All colours are lost in the predominant grey; the faces of the people have assumed it at last. There are no Jews or Italians or Irish—these features have blurred in an anonymous mortar which has rendered them homogenous and dusty. It is in their speech. They all talk with the same depressing harsh arid tongue. 'If I had a cash, I'd show it some cash, I mean cash. I wouldn't pass it just anywhash.'"

THE BIRD—"Roth was completely absorbed in the bird. Each time it would open its tiny beak and try to bite his finger, he would feel a protective pang. Its jaws were so weak. Its entire body would flutter and vibrate from the effort, and yet there was hardly any pressure at all on his finger. In his hand, its body was warm with a delicate musky odour, reminiscent of face powder. Despite himself he would bring the bird up to his nose and sniff it, touching his lips against its soft feathers. It was lovely. All the frustrated affection he had stored for months seemed to pour out towards the bird. He fondled it, breathed its bouquet, examined its injured wing, filled with tenderness towards it. He felt exactly the same joy he knew when his child had plucked at the hairy on his chest."

A KILLING—"He searched for a pebble, found one, and before he was quite willing his fingers had flipped it away to the other side of the machine-gun emplacement. The Jap soldier turned at the sound, put his back to him. Martiney took a step forward silently, halted, and then lashed his free forearm around the soldier's neck. Dumbly, almost dazedly, he placed the point of the knife in

the angle between the man's throat and shoulder, and pushed it in with all his force. The Jap thrashed in his arms like an unwilling animal being picked up by his master, and Martiney felt only a detached irritation. Why was he making so much trouble?

Power over words

These four examples: a character sketch, a place, a conveying of emotion, and an incident, should prove to anyone that, at the age of 25 Norman Mailer can do the words.

In "The Naked and the Dead," his first novel, he has used them to distil what he perceived during his service with the U.S. Army in Leyte, Luzon and Japan as a clerk in regimental intelligence, an aerial photograph interpreter, a wireman, a rifleman in a reconnaissance platoon, and finally as a cook and baker. His perception is as close to genius as is his command of words, for this book is no mere reporting of "the war as I saw it."

Mailer takes as his frame the invasion of an uninhabited Pacific island, the campaign to break and clear out the Japanese garrison, through to the successful conclusion of that task. This itself was, of course, a mere incident in the Pacific war, apart from the Western and Russian fronts, but Mailer brings his microscope to bear on the operation and to a handful of individuals concerned, the General, some of his officers, and H.Q. intelligence and reconnaissance platoon.

The lives of these men are pitilessly and almost frighteningly dissected with the scalpel of Mailer's probing pen. The banality of their conversation is reported more faithfully than has ever been done before; their minds and their hearts are turned inside out and shaken and the abortions which result from the mating of "civilization" with man the animal are impaled and illuminated for our understanding.

That many of those who grab widely for this book will not be capable of understanding it, but will feed on the carboys; that others will hold their noses and avert their eyes, merely underlining the value of the exposition.

By the time one has waded through the 721 solid pages one is overwhelmingly impressed by Mailer's qualities but it is not till the last two pages that his truly great possibilities are revealed by a brilliant finishing stroke of irony which throws fresh light on the whole book. May Mailer live as long as Shaw!

"The Naked and the Dead" published on Monday, May 9th, by Allan Wingate, price 15s.

GRAT length, in a novel, may be due to a variety of causes: to youthful exuberance, to elderly garrulity, or even to the fact that the author's subject (as in the case of such a book as *War and Peace*) really demands it. It may even, especially in the case of novels written nowadays in the United States, be caused by the circumstance that the public there has tended to create a best-seller—*Gone With the Wind*, *Anthony Adverse*, *Forever Amber*—with a work of which the mere physical bulk is prodigious.

Both novels under my consideration this week are decidedly prodigious. Thomas Mann's new book is just under three times as long as the usual novel, while the new American best-seller, *The Naked and the Dead* (Wingate, 15s.), is considerably larger even than that. It is interesting to consider whether, in either case, this vastness of scale justifies itself.

Mr. Norman Mailer, the author of the American book, is beyond all question a most remarkable young man. Leaving Harvard in 1943, at the age of twenty, he was at once plunged into the fighting in the Pacific; and when, three years later, he received his discharge he proceeded immediately to the composition of this novel, his first, into which he has succeeded in packing everything that he experienced during his years as a soldier. Moreover, since we are informed that he started his book in his twenty-third year and completed it before his twenty-fifth, it would not have been at all surprising to find that its great length was due to what I have above called youthful exuberance.

Close scrutiny, however, by no means bears out this expectation, since there is uncommonly little of immaturity about Mr. Mailer. He writes, in his narrative and descriptive passages, a cool, easy and perfectly controlled prose; his grasp of character is sure; his point of view is both adult and compassionate. His story, reduced to its simplest terms, is concerned with the conquest of a Japanese-held island which he calls Anopopei, that might very well be Leyte, in the Philippines. With him we follow the whole ghastly, heroic campaign from the moment that the assault-craft go in until the final Japanese collapse; and, as we follow its course, we find ourselves growing increasingly familiar with the group of soldiers—a reconnaissance platoon of some fourteen men—through whose eyes the author has chosen to show us what happens.

THE gradual creation of the men of this platoon, together with that of a group of officers including the General in charge of the whole operation, is really masterly, since, by the time the end of the book is reached, each man has assumed genuine authenticity and you feel that you know a great deal about each of them.

JOHN O' LONDON'S WEEKLY
May 13, 1949 Page 293

BY MORCHARD BISHOP

about him. It is notoriously difficult for a novelist to handle a large number of characters in simultaneous action, and the way in which Mr. Mailer has tackled this part of his task is beyond praise; as, indeed, is his handling of atmosphere, of the horrible landscape, the detestable climate of Anopopei. His book abounds in incidents which are unforgettable.

Mr. Mailer's range is tremendous, and he is quite as much at his ease in



Norman Mailer.

unravelling the complexities of the General's mind as he is in dealing with his G.I.s, who have few thoughts beyond the total absence of women. This book most adequately carries out the author's intention, to show us "what it was like"; and in this sense it is a triumph.

We come back at last to the question of its length, and whether it is justified; and here we must moderate our praise. Mr. Mailer has been so very much at pains that we shall understand everything, that he has chosen to adopt the somewhat questionable device of interleaving his chapters of direct narrative with sections headed "The Time Machine," in which, in broken and neo-Joycean prose, he has given us lengthy accounts of the past lives of all his principal characters. These are often brilliantly done, but they have the effect of stemming the flow of his narrative. I think that in his desire to give us the whole of the truth, Mr. Mailer has, artistically, weakened his book.

It just remains to add that this is by no means a volume that Mr. Podsnap would have thought suitable for "the young person." Nothing whatever is left to the imagination; no physical function remains undescribed; and none of the words that are often represented by dashes are so represented. If you are a person capable of being shocked, this book will probably shock you and I leave it with an uneasy feeling that its already great success in its native land may well have been caused by this aspect of it, rather than by its very real merits.

THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND BOOKSELLERS' RECORD

"The Naked and the Dead"

ALLAN WINGATE is publishing on May 9 the English edition of Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," a novel published by Rinehart and Company of New York of which some 200,000 copies have been sold, averaging about 2,000 copies a week. It is still among the first five best-sellers in America after heading the list for over seven months.

The *Sunday Times* in its issue dated May 1 calls for the withdrawal of the book on the ground that "large parts of it are so grossly obscene that it is quite unfit for general circulation"; further that "No decent man could leave it lying about the house, or know without shame that his workmen were reading it." The *Sunday Times* admits that "Mr. Mailer is a writer of exceptional gifts and much of the book has real value."

Our view, which we have expressed on similar occasions in the past, is that to ask for the withdrawal of a book is likely to stimulate the demand for it, not necessarily from prurient motives but out of sheer curiosity.

We have not read Mr. Mailer's book and therefore cannot say if, in our opinion, it deserves censure and censoring and, in fact, we should not like to be called upon to decide. In these days, public opinion has gone a very long way, some would say too far, from the early Victorian misconception that women did not possess legs, and in many other ways, in the cinema, the theatre, in books, newspapers, official announcements, and the radio there is a freedom of expression which would not have been tolerated half a century ago.

By what standard, and standards are always changing, can one judge what is

or is not obscene in literature? What was accepted fifty or even twenty-five years ago is no true guide for to-day, yet the law, under which action may be taken is still the one-hundred-year-old ruling of Chief Justice Cockburn by which the test of obscenity was "whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of the sort may fall." As Sir Stanley Ungoed-Phillips says in his "Truth About Publishing" this definition "leaves the publisher demonstrate in effect that all his publications are suitable for innocent schoolgirls. Some of us publish for adults and, if challenged, would find it more than difficult to pass Chief Justice Cockburn's test. Although Mr. Mailer's book has been in sale in America for a considerable time and has been, and is being, extensively advertised, so far as we know it has never been challenged under any of the many obscenity statutes or by any of the many anti-vice vigilantes. In a recent prosecution in Philadelphia, reported in the "Publishers' Weekly," a number of booksellers were indicted for selling certain books alleged to be obscene and the judge ruled that the books were not obscene because the statute under which action had been taken defined "obscenity" in terms of synonyms for itself and therefore lacked real definition, and also because it had never been tested with respect to serious current literature. The judge, in the course of a fifty-page opinion, said: "The full weight of the legislative prohibition dangles from the word 'obscenity' and its synonyms. Nowhere in the statute are these words defined; nowhere is the

May 7, 1949

THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND BOOKSELLERS' RECORD

danger to be expected from them stated; nowhere is a standard of judgment set forth." The judge then pointed out that the word "obscenity" has no inherent meaning as to what it is and as to what it does, that different meanings given to it at different times are not constant, either historically or legally and that, in his opinion, it is not constitutionally indictable "unless it takes the form of sexual impurity, i.e., 'dirt for dirt's sake' and can be traced to actual criminal behaviour, either actual or demonstrably imminent."

The judge believes that the consensus of preference to-day is for disclosure and not for stealth, for frankness and not hypocrisy and for public and not secret

The variation between this and Chief Justice Cockburn's ruling should not be overlooked. Enl. "P.C. & B.R."

distribution. That in itself, he says, is a moral code.

In his summing up the judge said: "Who can define the clear and present danger to the community that arises from reading a book? If we say it is that the reader is young and inexperienced and incapable of resisting the sexual temptations that the book may present to him, we put the entire reading public at the mercy of the adolescent mind and of those adolescents who do not have the expected advantages of home influence, school training, or religious teaching. Nor can we say into how many such hands the books may come. . . . If the argument be applied to the general public, the situation becomes absurd, for then no publication is safe. . . ."

In American book trade circles it is thought that this ruling may influence decisions in other book censorship cases.

THE HORRORS OF WAR

The Naked and the Dead. By Norman Mailer. (Wingate, 15s.)

OBSERVER By ALAN MOOREHEAD May 8, 1949

IT seems a hard thing to say about a book so good as this, but it is the kind of novel in which it does not matter greatly if you lose your place. Pick it up at page seventeen or two hundred and seventy, it reads much the same and just as well: there is no plot that drives it on to one inevitable conclusion, no single character or idea which outbids the rest. It aims quite simply, like a Pre-Raphaelite painting, at telling everything because everything is regarded as important; and perhaps the underlying idea is that you can only get at the truth this way.

Consequently it is a very long book—721 pages in this edition. And because it deals with the experiences of an American regiment on a Pacific island it contains a great number of thoughts and passages of dialogue which few writers felt they could decently put down in print until now. The American soldiers, in fact, did act and think like this, as anyone who was with them knows, but usually a pattern of euphemisms has been found to describe these things. Nobody has tackled the naked truth in quite this way before, unless perhaps Doctor Kinsey in his "Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male."

Now, quite clearly, Mr. Mailer has been just as sincere, as thorough and as detached as Doctor Kinsey. The book has none of the furtive pornography of the comic strip, the cinema advertisement, or the dust jacket of the modern historical novel. But it is going to be treated as a pornographic book, it is going to sell widely on that reputation, and its merits are going to be debated on that false ground. This seems a pity, for the book is a great deal better than that.

There are passages of remarkable brilliance and fidelity. It hardly seems possible that a writer in his early twenties could handle such a range with such an intellectual grasp or such a sureness of technique. There is an extraordinary command of

language in the jungle scenes—fact it does not matter whether he is dealing with an assault landing or the vague self-conscious longing of his heroes, or the intricate cerebral struggle between the General and his overworked A.D.C.—the writing flows well, vigorously, confidently, full of ideas and full of sensitive observation. At times it touches poetry. There is always that touch of inevitability which probably comes only from personal experience expanded by a cultured imagination.

It is a bewildering performance. And it bores. As you struggle through these hundreds of pages this boredom overtakes you almost with a sense of guilt. The writing is so good one feels one is bound to be interested and entranced by every page. But one isn't. Somehow large parts of the book have gone wrong. It is not just the fact that war books are still hard to read, because Mr. Mailer rises above his subject and makes his tropical island an everywhere through space and time. It cannot only be the absence of a conventional plot or the discursiveness of his huge canvas. But at many places something vital is lacking.

Perhaps it is the art of storytelling such as one found in "The Gallery," another American war book published recently. With half Mr. Mailer's intellectual background and a tenth of his scope, the author of "The Gallery" somehow managed to tell more about the G.I. than all these 721 pages. Perhaps THE NAKED AND THE DEAD attempts too much. Perhaps, more fundamentally, these books of agonisingly detailed reportage are not in themselves enough; the author must select and make an aesthetic pattern that leaves something to the imagination of the reader. And perhaps, finally, this is the book of a talented twenty-year-old speaking to his own generation. But whatever it is and whatever its effect may be, "The Naked and the Dead" is certainly not an attempt at pornography. It is much too important a document and too sincere for that.

Novel sold out before criticism

By FREDERICK LAWS

THE book *The Naked and the Dead* by Norman Mailer (Allan Wingate, 15s.) is a literary masterpiece, and

BOOKS OF THE DAY

THE GLASGOW HERALD May 12, 1949

THE AMERICAN ON ACTIVE SERVICE

OBSCENITY when it is spelled out and written down is shocking, for a little while, but even in a book one gets accustomed to it and it becomes as meaningless and as unnoticed as it often was in the conversation of soldiers.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD (15s net: Allan Wingate), by a very young American, Norman Mailer, by reason of the unequivocal coarseness of its dialogue has made a sensational appearance in its British edition. Already it has been urged that the book should be withdrawn. It would be a pity thus to deny us the most painstaking, the most detailed, and perhaps the most tediously honest study that there has ever been of the American soldier.

The impact of "The Naked and the Dead" is similar to that made, when its author was in his infancy, by "All Quiet on the Western Front." It is coarse, it is perhaps unnecessarily physiological, but it is no more pornographic than that earlier war novel. The sensitive should avoid it, but it should not give offence to anyone who has lived in a barrack-room and learned to observe the frequent essential innocence of foul language.

Slovenly Indiscipline

If there is one thing which is truly appalling about this work it is not its beastly words but its revelation of a slovenly indiscipline that seemed to make all other vices accidental, and hatred and frustration the common emotion in all the ranks. It shows the senior N.C.O. not as a leader but as a being just a little tougher than his fellows, and one to be addressed argumentatively and with obscene familiarity by the enlisted men.

This is the account of the campaign of an American task force on a small Pacific island. It examines the personnel from the General down to every last man in a reconnaissance platoon. It analyses motives and, in exhaustive flash-backs, presents the emotional background of each of them. These excursions into the past of the soldiers are perhaps excessively concerned with sexual experience, and this form of discussion overflows into their conversation in camp, on guard, and on patrol.

We must take this, maybe with some

distaste, as faithful, if too meticulous, reportage, for our own contact with the American soldier showed him, in general, to have little reticence in the recital of his personal experiences. Most of them seemed to have the habit of breaking down and discussing themselves, and to be quite incapable of leaving their minds alone.

Norman Mailer has not yet learned to write selectively but sets down every action and thought of the campaign with to use his own words in another context—"a loving use of bigger words than are really necessary." He deals faithfully with every situation from combat (one of the pompous words like "logistics," "transportation," and "indotration," to which the U.S. Army is devoted) to malingering and bereavement. The result is 720 pages, about half of which may be skipped without loss of continuity, a long woolly work which never quite reaches the stage of being downright boring. The excitements are brief, which is true of any warfare, and the reward for the patient reading of his book is the conviction that one has seen an authentic picture, warts and all, of the American on active service.

"A Book That Should Be Withdrawn"

By THE EDITOR

THE SUNDAY TIMES has received many comments on my reference last week to the American novel, "The Naked and the Dead" and the considered opinion that it ought to be immediately withdrawn from publication in this country.

The letters are much too numerous to print. Most of them support that view, but there are many others that are strongly opposed to any suppression of a book on the ground that it is grossly obscene.

The obscenity is generally admitted, not only by the correspondents of THE SUNDAY TIMES but by other journals that have joined in the discussion. One of them describes the book as "appalling," another says it is "horrible."

Yesterday a letter came from the President of the English Censorship Committee, which has passed a resolution condemning any invocation of the law of obscenity, "which so patently makes no distinction between pornography, that which is deliberately written to excite lust, and literature, which is a necessary human condition. I did not mention pornography

New Novels

Books of the Day MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

NEW NOVELS

By Paul Bloomfield

In the matter of *The Naked and the Dead* (Wingate, pp. 721, 15s.) our duty as liberal and educated people is clear. If it comes to a showdown we stand by Norman Mailer. His book is tremendously good, and perhaps better than that. There has been some conjuring up of the ghost of what Henry James called "that Rhadamanthus of English literature—the Young Person." Presumably British grown-ups have enough moral fibre to read without becoming demoralised a book about soldiers fighting, frightened, swearing (which everybody knows most soldiers do all the time—and in any case almost everybody has been a soldier; even the women have been in uniform by the hundred thousand), and about soldiers and their women and soldiers getting wounded and killed. As for the Young Persons, those belonging to what used to be known as the working classes are commonly enlightened very early about elemental things, and the other boys and girls are not nowadays brought up prudish. But in fact "The Naked and the Dead" will only be scavenged for obscene passages by those whose taste or fancy is already for such nourishment. It is a powerful, well-planned, and excitingly intelligent book: a far more remarkable achievement than there is space to describe here.

An American brigade is fighting the Japanese on a Pacific island. We are made intimate with individuals of all ranks from the G.I.s to the General. (Some of them are perfectly respectable, kindly, and restrained.) From time to time there is a flashback to the private home life of one or another of our heroes, and these passages, though brilliant in their analysis, are in some cases the weakest links in the sequence in their compression they are a little too magazine-slick. When one considers that Mr. Mailer is still only 26 years old the range and the grasp he shows

seem extraordinary. His assessment of something nearly as universal as fear inspired by danger comes out in the superb dialogues between the General and his aide. Most people who read three times 26 never tumble to a fraction of what Mr. Mailer has already found out about the psychology of the men who want power. In the future which may be ahead of mankind the misfortunes of the masses will seldom any more come to them from a lone dictator—much from cunning bosses and managers like Mr. Mailer's not altogether detestable General. And what a lot this story tells us about that subject of such prime interest in the twentieth century: the Americans! One feels, of course, that Americans get too much to eat in war as in peace. How can one not become rather more animal than befits a human being with so much rich food to eat? "The Naked and the Dead" is a little too long—not much; and one must insist that the construction is masterly.

'NAKED' AND THE POLICE

Herald Reporter

A COPY of the American war novel, "The Naked and the Dead," which has caused controversy among British reviewers, has been sent to Scotland Yard by the Home Office.

Detective Inspector Cheney has been told to read it and make a detailed report to the Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Theobald Mathew.

Saw Shawcross

The book, written by Norman Mailer, tells the story of a group of American soldiers fighting the Japanese on a Pacific island. It was published here on Monday.

It has been suggested that some of the language used in the book is obscene.

The Director of Public Prosecutions has already discussed the novel with Sir Hartley Shawcross, Attorney-General.

19.5.49

(P.H. NEWB)

New Novels

The Naked and the Dead. By Norman Mailer. V.
The Body. By William Sansom. Hogarth. 9.
Cricket in Heaven. By Gerald Bullett. Dent.
Reasons of Health. By Douglas Reed. Cape

NOT the least remarkable thing about Norman Mailer's very long war novel *The Naked and the Dead* (721 pages) is that he should have written it so shortly after the experiences on which it is based. No sooner was he home from the fighting in the Pacific than he settled down to a steady eighteen months' labour in which, of necessity, he must have lived the misery, the fear and the exhaustion all over again. This implies unusual resilience. And since Mr. Mailer is so young (he was born in 1923) it is all the more significant that the intermission between fighting and writing should have been so brief. Just how has he managed to do it? The answer is, I suppose, an unusual maturity. In spite of the size of the book and its fidelity to unpleasant detail Mr. Mailer is no journalist cashing in on what he imagines to be the reading public's taste for horror on a large scale. His writing is too revelatory of his imagination and his pity to be in any danger of an accusation of 'toughness'. The outstanding quality of the book is passion for truthfulness and although this passion has led Mr. Mailer to sometimes tedious transcription of reality (the book is much too long) it has certainly led him to the writing of the best novel about the recent war that has so far come my way.

It tells of the invasion of the Japanese-held island of Anopopei. By the time we have turned the last page we know everything about the island that is worth knowing. We have walked its beaches, waded its streams and penetrated its jungle to the mountainous hinterland. More important, we know just what it feels like to be fighting the Japanese under such conditions (the weird night attacks prefaced by calls across the river, 'We you coming-to-get, Yank') and, more important still, we know the men as individuals from the General down. The language is the language of soldiers, scarifying, obscene and humorous. There is no contriving in this book, no striving after effect, no manipulation incident; nearly everything flows with unquestionable authenticity. The mental gloom and terrors are illumined by insight and imagination, and I can give no better short illustration of this aspect of Mr. Mailer's power than quoting his observation on Staff Sergeant Croft (a military fanatic, the best-drawn character in the book) when the first man is killed after landing.

His reaction was similar to the one he himself felt at the moment he discovered his wife was unfaithful. At that instant, before his rage and pain had begun to operate, he had felt only numb, throbbing excitement and the knowledge that his life was changed to some degree and that certain things would never be the same.

Not all the characters are observed with such insight. The General, in particular, I found Mr. Mailer is politically minded.

enough to be sensitive to what he considers an incipient American fascism and he has presented General Cummings as a kind of personification of this force; with the result that the General is, I feel, far too glib with his opinions, too self-revelatory, too naive a figure to be the mature man of fifty we are to suppose. Or am I not making sufficient allowance for the difference between British character, which I know, and American character, which I do not? This ignorance of the American scene makes it difficult for me to judge what is of great importance in a book of this kind, the emphasis given to certain issues such as anti-Semitism and what Mr. Mailer seems to regard as a kind of guilty feeling among the officers merely because they are officers.

One certainly feels the foreign-ness of all these soldiers; and the fact that in spite of this they are all, with one or two exceptions, unmistakably flesh and blood, living, yearning, fearing and dying is as good a compliment as Mr. Mailer could hope for and one, incidentally, that no American critic could pay him. What the Americans could seize on, however, is that pessimism and disgust in the writing which is so strikingly apparent in *The Naked and the Dead* and is no less strikingly absent from British novels about the recent war. We seemed to have worked this out of our systems in the 'twenties with such plays as 'Journey's End' and such novels as *Death of a Hero*. Why there should be this contrast in spirit between Mr. Mailer's novel and a contemporary British novel of comparable scope such as Alexander Baron's *From the City, From the Plough* (and I believe the reason goes deeper than any personal difference between the two writers) I am not going to be presumptuous enough to say. But it is there, right enough.

Illustrations
new design by
Robert M. Brown
important advance
in living-rooms

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, by Norman Mailer (Wingate, 15s.), is for the reviewer a bit of a proposition. Here is an American war novel which has swept its own country, and whose appearance here has been preceded by sensational rumour. Like *Elephant and Castle*, *The Naked and the Dead* is extremely long; though, in this case, the action occupies less than three months and the scene—South Pacific island of Anopopei, on which the Americans make a landing, and on which they finally mop up the Japanese—is geographically small.

The size of the book is accounted for by its structure: the story fans out into the pre-war civilian lives of the soldiers, their interior images and monologues during the time on the island, and their hopes for or fears of post-war days. The characters pin-pointed by Mr. Mailer are not, once one has sorted them out, many—we have General Cummings, Major Ballou and Lieutenant Hearn, and the "niggers" or G.I.'s Croft, Gallagher, Brown, Wilson, Martinez, "Red", Goldstein, Minetta and one or two others.

The author requires for his purpose unencumbered reproduction of talk and thought. One must be fair to readers at the possible cost of

MAY 7, 1949

WILTSHIRE POST

Outstanding books, films

NOVELISTS WHO REALLY WRITE

THE BODY. By William Sansom. (Hogarth Press Ltd., 9s. 6d.)
DARK AVENUES. By Ivan Bunin. (John Lehmann Ltd., 9s. 6d.)
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. (Allan Wingate, 15s.)

Reviewed by LETTICE COOPER

TO say of a novelist that he really writes sounds like a paradox, but is far from it. Plenty of people tell stories and even create characters who do not choose each word, consciously or unconsciously, by instinct and training, because it is the exact word that expresses for them what they want to present. William Sansom is one of those who really write.

His work is not always even, but he has a voice of his own and a spark of original imagination, so that his short stories have already given him a reputation as one of the most interesting of the younger writers.

'The Body,' his first novel, is a story of the fantastic edifice which a man can build out of nothing but his own jealous imagination. Heary, who owns a hairdressing business, lives in a London suburb. He is a mild, plain, unbecomingly middle-aged man, placidly devoted to his plump, comely, placid wife. He sees a new neighbour, Charles Diver, approach the house—and thinks that he sees him staring through the window into the bathroom where Madge is washing.

The soldier's war

'The Naked and the Dead,' which will be published on Monday, is a very long novel about the war in the Pacific by a young American who served there. He tells the story of a reconnaissance platoon who took part in the assault on the island of Anopopei from the first landing under fire to the last mopping up of the Japanese. His account of the platoon's experience is varied by flash-backs to the pre-war lives of the various soldiers and of one or two of the senior officers who also figure in the book.

As the title suggests, this is a frank picture of men fighting in a tropical island against a cruel enemy, and stripped of the coverings of civilised life. Mr. Mailer describes faithfully their physical hardships, their unvarnished language, the racked nerves that underlie their astounding courage, the deep brotherly affection between them under a layer of defensive callousness, the pangs of their enforced celibacy with the memories and fantasies to which this drives them, their agonies of jealous imaginations about wives whom they cannot protect, their yearning over the photographs of babies whom they have never seen.

One of the temptations of the first novelist is to put in everything he knows, and 'The Naked and the Dead' could have been improved by cutting, but it is better for a young writer to start with plenty in his mind and to learn to select, than to begin with a slender thread of experience.

There is a lifetime of experience here, and although in many ways this is more like reporting than a novel, it is very good reporting, a vigorous and candid attempt to bring war as it really is to the public.

Mr. Mailer is a serious artist who has embarked upon a large, important design, in the execution of which he has stopped at nothing: I cannot doubt this to be what he intended, a comprehensive picture of war, though based on only a segment of the world battle-front. It is also a master-picture of action: the passage towards the end, the platoon attempting the mountain, is magnificent. A second purpose has been the reflection, in this handful of men, of chaotic, cosmopolitan and in the main still voiceless America. I cannot regret my survival (for it was a case of that) of an entire reading of *The Naked and the Dead*: ultimately, something was added to my experience. What is likely to be this novel's future in this country, I cannot say.

NEW STATEMENT NATION 5/7/49

If *The Naked and the Dead*—Norman Mailer's novel on the Pacific war, due for publication by Wingate next Monday—had been a product of the Russian State Publishing concern, I have no doubt that the State Department would have tried to ban it as a Communist vilification of America. Actually it was issued months ago by an American publisher, has sold over 250,000 copies and been read, I suppose, by well over 2,000,000 Americans. Now the *Sunday Times* has begun a campaign for the suppression of the British edition on the rather quaint ground that our women must be protected. It is true enough that the conversations of Mr. Norman Mailer's soldiers are almost exclusively concerned with "birth, copulation and death." But I doubt whether the sort of woman who will grapple with this intensely serious war novel will learn much that she did not know before; and I fear that, as has happened before, the only result of newspaper condemnation will be to make a number of dirty-minded people spend 15s. only to find themselves disappointed. *The Naked and the Dead* is truthful in two important respects. It makes war intensely disgusting and it makes the talk of the sex-starved male as monotonous and boring as it really is. But is it a true picture of America? Apart from a Fascist general and a Communist intellectual, everyone is unspeakably dumb, brutal and vicious. In a series of flash-backs we see the home environment of the dozen main characters, Chicago racketing, Southern peonage, Detroit slumdom, etc., etc., and we learn why the conversation on the island is almost entirely concerned with "fugging." Despite spasms of nausea and patches of boredom, I couldn't help finishing this appalling book. Mr. Mailer does what he sets out to do—to prove, not the wickedness of war (there is none of Remarque's pacifism here), but that war is merely the continuation of the American way of life by other means.

Mailer's is a highly subversive book by the standards of the Committee on Un-American Activities; but I cannot see how anyone can find it pornographic, since so far from stimulating sexual fantasy, it reduces it to its dreariest physical level. What interests me is that this book should have become a best-seller in the U.S.A. Remarque made his name in Germany, disillusioned and convulsed by the agonies of defeat, but even there he aroused outraged opposition. Americans apparently accept Mr. Mailer with quiet masochism. Reading every day about the unassailable strength of the American way of life and the necessity of preparing for the next war, do they find in Mr. Mailer an outlet for their suppressed anxieties? This may be a partial explanation. Another part, no doubt, is the fierce American tradition of muck-raking. It is one of the paradoxes of American democracy that, although it condones wickedness, it revels in its exposure. As we know from *Grapes of Wrath* or even the routine gangster film, no country flaunts its vices as well as its virtues with such munificence.

The Band

AMONG the books recently banned as indecent in Elre have been Alfred Hayes' 'Girl on the Via Flaminia' and George Orwell's 'Nineteen Eighty-Four,' while in Ceylon, The Associated Press reports, the police, acting on advice from the attorney general, are taking militant steps to stop the entry of Norman Mailer's 'The Naked and the Dead.' Seems that charges the book is obscene have touched off a ruckus in the press, which has been followed by questions in the Ceylonese Parliament.

20.5.49

THE TIMES LITER

Fiction

UNDER FIRE

NORMAN MAILER: *The Naked and the Dead*. Allan Wingate. 15s.

NORMAN LEWIS: *Samara*. Cape. 9s.

RAIBEARTE ELDER: *After My Own Fashion*. Longmans. 8s. 6d.

War, even at its most intense, leaves plenty of gaps in action, gaps in which the imagination attempts to compensate for those things of which the individual is being particularly deprived. In time emotional separation, romantic love, professional interest in a civilian job exhaust themselves by their remoteness as touchstones of real life. Sexual gratification, on the other hand, grows more obsessive as a repeated mental act in proportion to its practical absence. Mr. Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, which deals with an assault and short campaign on an isolated Pacific island, attempts to give the whole truth, as nine or ten men see it, of that particular experience. Thus we are given descriptions of the landing of the settling in, of local patrols and of the attempt at climbing the mountain that dominates the island. At the same time there are interspersed, like one-act plays, accounts in dialogue form of the men's relations with one another and with their officers. These in turn are separated by flash-backs about each of the story's chief characters as he becomes the central point of the narrative. The final result combines an objective account of a few weeks' fighting with the various subjective views that go to substantiate it.

The virtue and limitation of Mr. Mailer's approach are that he leaves nothing out. From the beginning of the campaign to its end there is no selection of material, no whittling away of detail to keep the narrative moving, to give shape to experience that is essentially formless. The result is that, in spite of the feeling of conviction Mr. Mailer's writing generates, the book grows increasingly unreadable. There are good episodes embedded in the great amorphous mass of description, shrewd analyses of character, some subtle revelations of

men under fire. But it becomes too much; Mr. Mailer keeps nothing in reserve, no bait to lure the reader on to any kind of discovery. The campaign will, and does, simply end.

In comparison with Mr. Mailer's full-blooded American vitality, both Mr. Norman Lewis's and Mr. Raibeart Elder's characters seem shadowy and insubstantial. In *Samara* Mr. Lewis had the material for an excellent novel, but a poor sense of timing, a discursive weakness in dialogue, frittered its chances away. The alleged looting of a worthless dump of allied stores by Arabs is made the excuse for a French political and military action against them. Mr. Lewis obviously feels strongly about Arab rights and their victimization after the war. He has also a sense of place. But he lacks that necessary compulsion, that passion which writing at full stretch always exudes, and what should have been an impressive study of minority intrigues culminating in an excellently described battle, seems anaemic and unimportant because of the low pressure of Mr. Lewis's feeling. The dialogue is too irrelevant and lacking in incisiveness to communicate the essentially serious nature of the main theme, which is allowed to get lost in a kind of synthetic ambiguity.

NOVEL

AN American novel due to appear in British bookshops next Monday has already started a big literary storm.

It is called "The Naked and the Dead," and is the first published book of 26-year-old Norman Mailer, Harvard graduate and former G.I.

It is the story of a group of American soldiers fighting the Japanese on a small Pacific island in 1944.

In America, where most critics praised it, the book is a "long-lived seller." It has sold more than 250,000 copies, topping sales lists for eight months.

The book is filthy, BUT—

SHOULD IT BE BANNED?

WHAT an almighty fuss we create when anybody tries to bring out a book that contains some of those "unprintable words" concerning our most filthy functions.

It seems there is an open conspiracy to keep the gap between written and spoken English so wide that half of the people will never know how the other hypocritical half are living, and our grandchildren will never be able to guess what earthy creatures experience has made of most of us.

Tomorrow a book called *The Naked and the Dead* is due to be published—if it is not withdrawn as "grossly obscene" at the instigation of the Editor of the *Sunday Times*.

It is a life-size pen-portrait of American soldiers in action against the Japanese, as authentic and honest as a slight running-down of those forbidden four-letter words will permit.

But the Editor of the *Sunday Times* de-

scribes it as "quite unfit for general circulation," and says: "No decent man could leave it lying about the house, or know without shame that his womenfolk were reading it."

It may be that I have lost a sense of decency that book reviewers, for instance, have managed to retain, but the only shock I got from the book was the shock of reading dialogue between soldiers that really rang true.

I was bored, when I recovered from the shock—as I am bored always by the incessant and repeated use of that epithet that soldiers, stockbrokers and so many millions of men use as their inevitable adjective of emphasis.

And, I admit, I found the book filthy—as filthy as a slice of real life is when you dig below the conventional surface, particularly on a battlefield. But I certainly see no reason for banning a book on this account.

What is the effect of such a ban? Smuggled

"ODD MAN OUT"

Is given complete freedom to express his own opinions, however unpopular they may be. "Odd Man Out" is

DOUGLAS WARTH

copies of banned books are passed around with furtive glees.

Why ban any book? Surely people can choose for themselves. It strikes me these "wicked" words would come as less of a shock to the adolescent who picked up a book and read them, than quietly, than they would when an Army sergeant bawls them out in front of the young recruit.

There is, of course, the illusion that women are nicer-minded than men, and must be protected from unsavoury sights and sounds. It is a state short of putting them in

purdah. I must say I consider it an insult to a woman's intelligence to "protect" her from reality, and out of date in these emancipated days when women vote, and work, and go to war.

The best way to prevent obscenity is to open the lid and stop it festering. As long as immorality is a forbidden fruit people will think it "delicious"; as long as those four-letter words are kept out of print they will retain their shock value and continue in widespread and unsuit-

Publishers refuse to stop book

News Chronicle Reporter

A LONDON firm of publishers last night defended their action in issuing a book described as "so grossly obscene that it is quite unfit for general circulation."

The "Sunday Times" which yesterday applied this description to "The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer, an American, urged that it should be immediately withdrawn. But the publishers, Allan Wingate, Ltd., have no intention of doing so.

Mr. Andre Deutsch, managing director of the firm, told me last night: "It is our moral and literary duty to publish it. It presents a true picture of the way soldiers talked and behaved during the war and American reviewers have compared it with Stendahl and Tolstoy."

"Forgotten"

"It is true there is a certain amount of foul language, but the writing is so brilliant, such a vivid picture of life in twentieth-century America, that the obscenity is forgotten except as part of the background."

The book was handled in this country by one of the most reputable firms of literary agents in Britain.

Mr. Mailer, the author, who is 25 and served with the American forces in the Far East, says at "I intended it to be a parable about the movement of man through history. I tried to explore the outrageous propositions of cause and effect, of effort and recompense, in a sick society."

SUNDAY PICTORIAL. 8.5.49

STORM Obscene?

British critics who have read it are already arguing among themselves: Is it a great and powerful story or an obscene publication?

The editor of the *Sunday Times* printed on his front page yesterday a protest calling for its immediate withdrawal from publication.

Here is what he says about it, and here are the replies of Mr. Andre Deutsch.

26-year-old managing director of Allen Wingate, the publishers in Britain.

Large parts of it are so grossly obscene that it is quite unfit for general circulation.

Deutsch: It is inconceivable that this book, which has been compared by a well-known

Norman Mailer

British reviewer to the best works of Tolstoy and Hardy, should not be published here. It is not obscene.

No decent man could leave it lying about the house, or know without shame that his womenfolk were reading it.

Based on letters

Deutsch: It does not deal with sex but human lives.

Generally, the soldiers' talk is incredibly foul and beastly.

Deutsch: The soldiers' speech is natural. It brings in the girl friends and family troubles of soldiers fighting a terrible war.

Mr. Deutsch added: "I am in touch with my solicitors. But come what may we shall publish this book as planned. We have a moral and literary duty to the public to do so."

Mailer based his book on letters he sent his wife while serving in the Pacific.

Words cut out

One American publisher rejected the book because of its language. Another advised against publication. Rinehart and Co., who finally accepted it, held a "profanity conference" first.

Mailer says: "We agreed I should cut it to what I thought was the irreducible minimum. A fifth of the profane words was cut out."

TIME & TIDE. 14.5.49.

I WAS distressed last week when so distinguished a paper as the *Sunday Times* reviewed the reprehensible practice of condemning a book—*The Naked and the Dead*—and calling

for its withdrawal before publication. I had believed that this kind of attack before publication was a thing of the past.

I had not, however, intended to say much about it on the principle of least said soonest mended. But the behaviour of the *Sunday Times* in their ensuing issue jolts me into protest. Rather as one is jolted into protest when an old and revered friend lets one down. Can this really be the *Sunday Times* whose decorous company I have for so many years enjoyed at my breakfast table?

A paragraph on the front page last Sunday, again under the editor's aegis, stated that many letters had been received about the book, including a protest—of which a few lines were quoted—from the President of the English Section of the PEN. How many people, reading that paragraph, could at once have put a name to the President of the English Centre of the PEN? As a matter of fact, whatever his name had been, it was a little odd of the *Sunday Times* to exclude his letter. The PEN is a serious international body concerned with literature and it would have been more usual to print the whole of their letter and to answer it.

But when, as in this case, the President is one of the best known and best beloved figures in English letters and, moreover, a regular contributor to the *Sunday Times*—in fact Mr. Desmond MacCarthy—the omission of his letter and the suppression of his name becomes, to me at least, inexplicable. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy himself may be too generous to resent this treatment but I, as a constant reader of the *Sunday Times*, most bitterly resent it. The editor has started a pretty argument; he must play fair and let us hear both sides.

FOUR WINDS

By EDITH GWINN

HOLLYWOOD.

NORMAN MAILER, who authored "The Naked and the Dead," was paid \$60,000 to do an original for Sam Goldwyn, but S. G. kept demanding so many changes that Mailer finally handed back the money, took his story back, too, and ankled Filmville. He tells us that he and collaborator Jean Malaquais left the S. Goldwyn lot with their original screen story under their arms but with hearts full of affection for Sam. The three couldn't agree on anything—except that S. G. has a lot of charm. . . . At Twentieth-Fox several people are staying awake nights over "Night Without Sleep." Studio paid \$75,000 for Richard Basehart's contract, intending to star him in it. But director Eddie Goulding is dreaming about borrowing Bob Mitchum instead. When the project first bloomed Ty Power was widely heralded for same, but Ty is shying away from this nightmarish-type of whodunit which ends in a murder. . . . Are Esther Williams and James Mason still arguing with Metro about which of their brand new offsprings, both daughters, will be used as the baby who gets smothered in "The Duchess of Burgundy"?

IRVING BERLIN headed East again. But not before raving to one and all about the footage he's seen on "Annie Get Your Gun" and how wonderful Betty Hutton is in it. Just talked with Betty, who fell during a dance number

step in what will be a big scale advance exploitation drive. The drive is in the direction of that Paramount picture now being planned to co-star The Groucher and Hoppy Bill Boyd. Fred Astaire, by the way, is the latest being paged for a small "guest bit" in Bing's current film, "Mr. Music," which is loaded with star walk-ons. Cornel Wilde protested the signing of a certain actor to play in "Sons of the Musketeers" with him the other day because said actor towers over him. The fellow who lost the job is the same thespian to whom Wilde objected (and for the same reason) when "Forever Amber" was being filmed. In that case the guy got the role anyway.

Here's a peek at the Norman ("Naked and the Dead") Mailers.

Whose Fame Will Still Live in 2000?

This is the time of year when sages and critics look back on 1949 and pick the best of the year. Gilbert Seldes of WNEW, being perhaps more ambitious than the rest, has not confined himself merely to the past year—he has asked listeners to his "Lively Arts" program to pick the contemporary novel, play, film and entertainer having the best chance of being remembered 50 years from now.

These are the people and works selected by Seldes' listeners:

NOVEL: Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." Runners-up, "Of Human Bondage," "An American Tragedy," "Studs Lonigan" and "Ulysses."

PLAY: Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman." Runners-up, "Saint Joan," "Strange Interlude," "Oklahoma!" and "Porgy and Bess."

Movie: The vote was overwhelmingly for Charlie Chaplin's films. It was virtually a tie between his



MAILER

MAILER

NORMAN MAILER, youthful Brooklyn Heights author of "The Naked and the Dead," can be found these days in an office on the Goldwyn lot, sweating over a typewriter in his first endeavor to create a story especially for the screen. Mailer and Jean Malaquais, French novelist and fellow-resident of Brooklyn Heights, last week sold an idea for a film to Samuel Goldwyn, who promptly hired them to develop it under their title, "Night Wind."

Mailer revealed the other day that he and Malaquais had long wanted to collaborate on a motion picture. The writers have been friends since they met in Paris more than two years ago, while Mailer and his wife, Beatrice, were studying at the Sorbonne. When they approached Goldwyn, however, they had not yet put a word on paper, and they first had to tell their story to Mrs. Goldwyn. Subsequently they were surprised by the alacrity with which the producer, after listening to their recital, made up his mind.

"When we finished," Mailer reported, "he said, 'I like it. It touched me. I want you boys to go to work on it.'"

Both writers are tight-lipped about their idea, fearing to take the edge off it by premature publicity. Mailer said, however, that "it's a serious story that could not be done as a novel or play." As to its theme, he commented, "it is not an idea with social significance but it has plenty of human meaning."

With his "The Naked and the Dead" also a potential film project since he sold the screen rights to Burt Lancaster's Norma Productions last August, Mailer says he and Malaquais have still other ideas to dangle before Hollywood.

Norman Mailer, who some months ago disposed of the screen rights to his novel, "The Naked and the Dead," to Norma Productions, with Jean Malaquais, French novelist and scenarist, sold a film story to Samuel Goldwyn. A drama with a radio broadcasting station as its principal background, it is titled "Night Wind." Goldwyn is having the two authors develop the screen play.

DANTE WALKER (NEWS) SAYS: The maiden speech of Congress of F. D. R. Jr. is expected to be either for repeal of the Taft-Hartley law or enactment of the President's civil rights program. . . . Both the Norman ("Naked and the Dead") Mailers and the Yogi (Yankee) Berras are getting the bassinet ready.

Who's New?



SUSAN MAILER, 6 lbs., now at home somewhere in the hills off Laurel Canyon, is the first child of the Norman Mailers.

When we called the author of "The Naked and the Dead," it was to make another plea for an interview, but Mr. M. who says he just plain doesn't want the spot of publicity put on his quiet life, refused us again.

We are therefore forced to admit at this time that our last and somewhat limited conversation with the hillside writer will probably be the only interview to which we shall ever attain. But, at any rate, here it is for what it's worth:

We asked new father Norman Mailer what about Susan?

He said she was very little and cried.

And that about winds up our interview with famed author Norman Mailer.



Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested.

—Francis Bacon, 1561-1626.

Now is the floodtime; peak and climax of the year, with some books widely hailed before publication, furnishing anti-climaxes as well. Around middle of the month children's books will be rampant. . . . How many completely new names are on the Best-Seller list? . . . You may see Norman Mailer's long-awaited new novel there, and Laura Hobson's "The Other Father," both planned to bloom in this season. You will search in vain, though, for a book called "Well, Can't I Be Right, Too?" by D. D. Eisenhower.

Under Way

The progress toward a screen version of Norman Mailer's war novel, "The Naked and the Dead," has been satisfactory thus far, Mr. Mailer reported the other day in concert with Burt Lancaster and Harold Hecht, who are going to produce the film independently for Warner Brothers release, with Lancaster in the role of Lieutenant Hearn. Philip Stevenson and Joseph Mischel will write the scenario, at least in its initial stages, but photography is not expected to begin until late next year.

The chief problem of adaptation, all the participants in the project agree, is to integrate the flashbacks, which Mailer used in the novel to give his characters dimension, into a screen play. Just how this problem can be solved they have not yet determined, but they are convinced that the flashbacks must be used if the film is to retain the spirit of the novel.

Mr. Mailer is realistic enough to expect some emasculation of his work, particularly as to dialogue, because of Production Code censorship. Adroit handling of at least one character, an Army general with a latent abnormality, also will be necessary to suit the censors. The author has not, however, committed himself completely to the judgment of the producers. He has retained the right of scenario approval, and, it is felt that the adaptation does not come up to his standard of faithful translation, he will be able to call the whole deal off before photography starts.

Indeed, he has been so insistent on this right that, when he approached Katherine Anne Porter recently for permission to do a screen adaptation of her story, "Noon Wine," and she made so many restrictive stipulations that he had to abandon the idea, he said to Hecht, "She's acting as if she were selling 'The Naked and the Dead.'" Apparently Mailer feels that Miss Porter was exercising the pure auctorial prerogative, because he added, "she's a better writer than I am."

I HAVE just read two books which have a bearing on this point: one is "The Naked and the Dead," a truly formidable experiment in the American *gravitas* which in this country met with an idiotic campaign launched by The Sunday Times, London, for repression. Now this book has the great fault of trying to paint a fresco in which every face carries, as it were, its whole life-story plain for the reader, instead of concentrating on the central composition and sketching in the others—but what an astonishing performance for a young man of 25 and what a triumph for an attitude to life which places such enormous emphasis on the drabdest detail and the humblest individual, which struggles to adjust the balance between the cruelty and futility of war and its passionate and absorbing interest! Cut by about a third it could have been a great book; no one here has done anything like it.

LEWIS said the best novel he had read lately was Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." "I think Mailer will be all right," he said, "unless he gets into a left-wing compulsion and won't write anything." Lewis once had a left-wing compulsion himself. He became a Socialist while going to Yale and left college after his third year to fire furnaces in Upton Sinclair's utopian colony, Helicon Hall, until it went down in flames.

He wandered on to New York, did some unsuccessful writing, traveled to Panama and then came back to Yale to graduate in 1908. After that he went to California on some money he made writing for a magazine and sold short-story plots to Jack London.

"Damn my own left-wing compulsion," Lewis says. "I'm always trying to tie ribbons on lamp posts. Upton Sinclair? Upton has little remedies. I'm the diagnostician. I don't know what to do about anything. I'm not a reformer. I (Continued on Page 27)

SOUTH AFRICAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

Johannesburg "A" Program
Sunday 5th June, 1949
12:15 p.m.

A BOOK TALK

by

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

..... I read four other books besides the two that I've mentioned: and one of them, the first of the substantial war novels which the recent contest will presumably produce, overshadowed the rest of the set completely that it will probably take up most of my time. It's a book you will have heard of already --- "The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer, published by Alan Wingate.

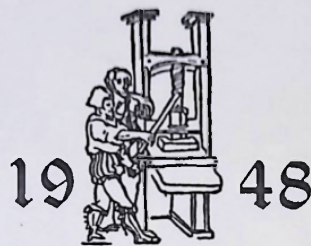
You will have heard of this book already not because of its intrinsic merit - which I think is very great - but because various efforts have been made to ban it, in America and in England; on the grounds of indecency. I should perhaps tell you at once that as far as I am concerned, this normally means that I neither read nor review the book; I've always thought that writing pornographic literature is one of the easiest ways of making a living, and one of the worst, and I'm not going to help anyone to do it. I was sent a copy of the American edition of "The Naked and the Dead" a couple of month's ago: I read a few pages, and then gave up, because the few pages I read were exceptionally crude and it didn't seem to be my kind of book - or yours either. Then, later, the English edition came along for review, and I began to read it one night because there was nothing else on the bedside table; and pretty soon I found that I didn't mind the crudity, because Norman Mailer is a very fine writer indeed who has produced a classic war book, fit to be set alongside two of my favourites - Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" and Richard Aldington's "Death of a Hero".

I'd better dispose of the crudity of "The Naked and the Dead" straight away. There's no point in denying that the book is, here and there, exceptionally coarse: we are dealing with raw, low-grade American troops engaged in jungle warfare, and the dialogue is an accurate mirror of real life. But you'll soon discover that this doesn't make the book pornographic - it simply makes it come alive. You know instinctively that this is the way that men who were engaged in this ferocious corner of the war talked and acted: soon you begin to take it in your stride, soon you realise that if Norman Mailer had hedged over this question of crude language the book would have been so much less convincing.

"The Naked and the Dead" is set in the Pacific: it tells the story of a single platoon of men - about ten of them - who are part of a force which invades, fights over, and subdues one of the small islands held by the Japanese. Mailer tells the story straight - the invasion, the penetration of the jungle, the final victory; and then, to complete the pattern, he gives us flash-backs to peace-time, and the past lives of the men who are fighting. Unless that is well done, it's an awkward method of story telling; but the men he is writing about are intrinsically interesting, and instead of being impatient over these flash-backs, we welcome them and come to look on them as essential if we are to understand the interplay of personalities. Some of these character sketches are exceptionally good, and one of them the story of a man called Red who starts life in decent surroundings and ends up as a drifting and worthless tramp who enlists in the army because life has really nothing to offer him but dirt and hunger and futility, is a really first-class piece of imaginative writing. Having read it, we go on to read with greater understanding, of how this man reacts to the danger and the treachery of jungle warfare; and it's the same with the other characters - we need to know their past before we can comprehend their present.

There is one flaw - or perhaps one oddity - in this book, and that is that there are no good characters in it. Everyone of them, from the General down to the lowest rank soldier, only good enough to scrape out the garbage cans, is shown as bad material: the General is a sadistic sort of character who throws cigarette ends onto the floor for the pleasure of making his junior officers pick them up, and who wins his campaign almost by accident: and the ordinary soldiers when they are not discussing the cruder aspects of love, are either shivering with fright, shooting their prisoners, robbing corpses or trying to summon up the courage to mutiny against their superiors. And the women we are told about in the series of peace-time flash-backs are not much better: in the whole portrait-gallery there is not one single woman of whom a man might confidently say: "She will be waiting for me when I get back home again." That is the questionable point of the story: would such men, backed by such women, be any use as fighting material - would they, in fact, have defeated the Japanese and occupied the island? And yet, all the time, one gets the impression that Norman Mailer knows more about it than we do: that the island-hopping campaign in the Pacific was like this, and that the "Naked and the Dead" is nearer to the truth than any sunshine communique about our glorious troops advancing through an inferno of shot and shell to a well merited victory.

That's really all I want to say about this book, except to sum up. It is long, it is ambitious, it is coarse, it is exciting. It's the best story that has come out of the war so far, and it is likely to remain so for a long time. About a year ago I said that there were three great stories to be written about the war: a sea story, about the Atlantic or the Mediterranean, a story about the war in the North African desert, and a story about the Japanese and the Pacific. "The Naked and the Dead" has filled in one third of that pattern: and I don't think that anyone need bother to try to improve on it.



The Gutenberg Award

For "The book which most progressively
influenced American thought in 1948"

☞ This is to certify that "The Naked and the
Dead" by Norman Mailer and published by Rinehart
& Company, Inc. has been chosen by members of the
various branches of the book industry as a candidate
for The Gutenberg Award.

Book Industry Committee of the Book Manufacturers' Institute

Henry S. Sutherland
CHAIRMAN

March 10, 1949
DATE

„**E**s dürfte sicher sein, daß es augenblicklich unter den Werken der Jüngsten der Schriftstellergeneration Amerikas kaum ein zweites Beispiel für die prophetische, unheilswangere Kraft der Dichtung gibt, wie dieser neue Roman von Norman Mailer.“

WESTDEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU WUPPERTAL - ELBERFELD

Few Britishers other than professional critics have seen advance copies of the book, but at London luncheon tables, particularly around Fleet St., it was apparent that if Mailer's novel appears, there will be queues lining up to buy it.

Rano Daily Mail
Johannesburg
3 May 1949

If that misguided adventurer persists to the end (which is improbable) he is more likely to emerge a better man than worse off.

omnipotent, full of animal timor and courageous by turn is a modern Falstaff, and the lingering death, and the delicious monologue which precedes it, are not incommensurable with the delirium and death of the bacchic companion of Prince who died babbling of green fields.

ly mental or verbal. The two forms are, for many such minds, indistinguishable, and that is where the law, the magistrates and newspaper editors, as the case of certain English papers' attitude toward "Naked and the Dead," frequently go wrong. Almost all the verbal obscenities in the language of Shakespeare, as it has been transmitted to the modern inhabitants of Texas, Oklahoma, Georgia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and even Brooklyn, may be found, with the slightest of consonant changes, or even with none at all, in Norman Muller's great war novel.