

U. N. Charter that resulted from the Dublin Conference of October 1945 proposed the equal allotment of sixty-five representatives to each of the Big Three. Time and reflection confirm the practical wisdom of that carefully considered proposal, which is not discussed or even mentioned in this book.

Beyond this, Dr. Rider's formula is highly oversimplified. He dismisses rather cavalierly the practicability of weighing such factors as natural and industrial resources. And here again he gives the impression of having given little consideration to, or even of being ignorant of, other thought in this field, such as the solid writings of Professor Herbert F. Rudd, Dr. Louis B. Sohn, and others.

It is the belief of this reviewer that

when this key problem of world order is solved (as solved it must and will be), the formula of representation, rather than being tied to any single factor, will embody a synthesis of several elements and will, moreover, necessarily reflect the current strength, physical and moral, of the great powers.

Notwithstanding its deficiencies, no serious student of world organization should fail to read this book. It states clearly the hopeless inadequacy of the present Charter. It defines with clarity the problems to be met. Even its special remedy, however partial and defective, is a worth-while contribution to the growing stream of thought from which, soon or late, a true World Legislature will be evolved.

tacking Tokyo in a low-altitude fire raid under favorable wind conditions got a ring of fire established in the city and burned up about a hundred thousand people trapped inside. Crews in the later waves of aircraft on that raid under favorable wind conditions smell of burning human flesh even two miles up. An old-fashioned chemical reaction—oxidation—can be as terrible in terms of human life as is the atomic bomb; it simply requires a greater effort of the attacker, for hundreds of aircraft must be used in place of one.

At the next level of appreciation, the effectiveness of fire and old-time "high explosives" being admitted, one takes the view that the bombardment of civilians is a crime. But in a modern war, technology and production are the keystones of success. Where is the difference between a soldier and a civilian? Four centuries ago, when military tools were simpler, some distinction could be drawn, and the difference was even better defined two thousand years ago. But today the fighting man is helpless without the complicated organism of a manufacturing civilization behind him. If a war can be terminated at a smaller cost in one's own lives by destroying the enemy's manufacturing organization instead of his soldiers and sailors, where is the moral principle that says that this is wrong?

At last we come to what I think must be remembered by all who cringe while reading "Hiroshima": the crime of war is war itself. The murder of one person is scarcely different from the murder of a hundred thousand; the distinction must be drawn between the murder of one person and no murder at all. The tools of murder, their effectiveness and cost, are of no moral interest; they have meaning only to those whose business it is to organize murder to be cheap and simple.

The message of "Hiroshima" is that war is a dirty business which man had best outgrow, and quickly. The facts that all the death described by Hersey was loosed by eleven men in a single airplane, that it came from the energy locked in the atomic nucleus, that only a pound of U235 reacted to produce it—these facts are of professional military interest to professional military men. They have only to do with the convenience, the economics, of murder. The crime is murder; any reader who rises from "Hiroshima" with the feeling that the atomic bomb is especially terrible has missed the point. The atomic bomb is especially effective, but the eighteen-inch sword of the Roman legions was just as terrible, in the moral sense, when it was used to kill men.

What Is the Crime of War?

HIROSHIMA. By John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 118 pp. \$1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS RIDENOUR

JOHN HERSEY'S "Hiroshima" has been described as the war's greatest piece of reporting; certainly it has been one of the most widely read. It first appeared in *The New Yorker*, which devoted to it the entire editorial space of one issue. Since then it has been widely reprinted, and appears now in book form.

"Hiroshima" is an intimate and moving account of the disaster that befell the first city to wither under the explosion of an atomic bomb. The story is told in terms of an immediate experience of six people who survived—a German monk, a doctor who maintained a private sanitarium, an office girl, a war widow with two children, a medical student, and a Japanese Protestant clergyman. By this device, the catastrophe is presented in terms of happenings to individuals, which the individual reader can appreciate and comprehend, rather than in terms of the numbing over-all figures that submerge and include the inconvenience, impoverishment, pain, maiming, and death of hordes of individuals. Hersey keeps the tragedy of Hiroshima in focus as clearly as Tolstoy did the battles in "War and Peace" and by the same technique.

Hiroshima was a battle, of course. It was the final systematization of the war upon civilians that goes by the polite name of strategic bombardment. It was a battle between eleven men in a four-engined airplane and thirty thousand times that number of men, women, and children, on the ground.

Hersey draws no explicit morals in

"Hiroshima"; he is concerned entirely with clear and objective reporting. It seems to me impossible for anyone to read "Hiroshima" without drawing morals for himself. I therefore here conclude the review of "Hiroshima" with the remark that everyone able to read should read it, and go on to speak of the morals that I feel should be drawn from this superb bit of reporting.

It is temptingly easy to distil, from a reading of "Hiroshima," the notion that the atomic bomb is an especially inhuman weapon of war, whose use should be outlawed by all nations. This view neglects the fact that the greatest loss of life occurring in a single air raid on Japan came on a night in 1945 when the B-29's at-



—Boris Deutsch.

"What Atomic War Will Do to You," winner in Pepsi-Cola's 1946 Art Contest.



Gertrude Stein: "Writers have two countries, one where they belong and one in which they live really. The second . . . is not real but it is really there."

A Wonderchild for 72 Years

SELECTED WRITINGS OF GERTRUDE STEIN. Edited by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Random House. 1946. 622 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

ONCE upon a time a child, Gertrude, was born in Alleghany, Pa., which later became Pittsburgh, U. S. A. And this child, Gertrude, was born in many places for seventy-two years—Vienna, Austria; Paris, France; Oakland and San Francisco, California; Boston, Massachusetts; Baltimore, Maryland; Florence, Italy. She died on July 27, 1946 in Paris, France. But doubtlessly she had died in many places before. It is almost impossible to live without dying, and Gertrude lived all the time she was living. Now Gertrude was a wonderchild. She was a wonderchild in all the places in which she was born and died and lived, and she was a wonderchild in places in which she had never been and of which she had probably never heard. But they all heard of her because she was this wonderchild—oh yes. Most of all she was a wonderchild in Paris, France, where also in and about she went to live in 1903 and where she lived almost always. There and everywhere she was also an *enfant terrible*—meaning a bully. What she said went, because she knew that she knew. If you did not know that she knew, you went. She would brook no interference and not a no. Lots of people came and some stayed, but sooner or later almost everybody went. Of course, some

came back. But with this child, who had the look of an ageless, very wise peasant woman, everything was forever, everything was permanent, everything was everything, but she was she and that meant she was first person singular always. Sometimes she was generous with her first person singular. But always she was so explicitly first person singular that you said yes—or else! Once she met a girl, Alice B. Toklas. She took her into her first person singular so completely that later she wrote "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," and many people read it because it became a best seller because many people read it. And almost everyone was delighted because it was quite easy to understand and so almost everyone understood it and they were pleased because now they could be among the initiate, too. There's nothing people like so much as to be among the initiate. But ever so many who read it said which is which—which is Gertrude, which is Alice B.? And some of them never did find out, nor did it matter. And she wrote it in six weeks because she had been her whole life preparing it, because a genuinely created and creative work does not spring out just like that but has to be simmering inside for years. And she bought herself a new eight-cylinder Ford car "and the most expensive coat made to order by Hermes and fitted by the man who makes horse covers for race horses, for Basket the white poodle and two collars studded for Basket. I had never made any money

before in my life and I was most excited."

So the next year which was 1934 she came back to America because this was the year for her opera "Four Saints in Three Acts," and this was the year for her lecturing and seeing America and hearing it and inhaling it and not especially feeling it more than all those years in Paris, France, and elsewhere because she always felt it intensely. She always felt America. She was America. Meaning: she had an abiding sense of fun, she was an energist; she was the biggest, the best; she was an evangelist; she was all past but even more future. She was sentimental. She was real. She was decided. She was shrewd. And, of course, she was a wonderchild. That's America. That's being an American. She wrote all about being Americans in "The Making of Americans," which is enormous, almost one thousand pages, and there is quite a lot of it in these "Selected Writings of." She wrote all about being American in almost everything she wrote whether it was all about Picasso or Matisse or Melanctha Herbert (which last Richard Wright has called "the first long serious literary treatment of Negro life in the United States"). And when she wrote "Paris, France," she wrote:

A child does not forget but other things happen . . . After all everybody, that is, everybody who writes is interested in living inside themselves in order to tell what is inside themselves. That is why writers have to have two countries, the one where they belong and the one in which they live really. The second one is romantic, it is separate from themselves, it is not real but it is really there.

And so this is all about Gertrude's first person singular again but this time it is all about everyone's dream world, everyone understanding, of course, that there are two dream worlds, both real, and the problem is to coincide them and then you are adjusted. Gertrude coincided her dream worlds: she was adjusted. She was so well adjusted that sometimes people couldn't stand it, and they tried, if they dared to maladjust her, but all they did was maladjust themselves. She was as incorruptible as Gibraltar, but stone is no longer impervious, so there is nothing to compare but herself to herself. No one could distract her from herself. Not even the Nazis could dislodge her from France and not even the G.I.'s could do anything except love her, so they did that. Everyone is interested in personality. She was personality. Everyone wants to partake of being alive, and the moment you heard of her or saw her you knew she was alive—living. Everyone wants to es-