

France, the description of the landing on D-Day and the account of the entrance into Paris are splendid examples of what Hemingway could do while holding to his resolve to report nothing but what he had seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears.

Of the few pieces written for magazines after the war, the only one of much interest is Hemingway's long account of his two nearly fatal airplane crashes in Africa. The method here is understatement of the most extreme sort, and there is a good deal of the kind of willfulness and sometimes waspishness that were to become more and more disturbing in the last decade of his life. Now and then he sounds like a bad boy, and we have to remind ourselves that the bad boy was in great pain and was trying to be stoical about it.

There are many newspaper articles, especially from the early years, that White has not included. I can't speak about them, of course, but most of the seventy-seven pieces that he has republished are good reading. This is a volume that could be enjoyed if the by-line were Joe Doakes, but it inevitably has a special interest for students of Hemingway and for all his admirers. Writing was probably the only thing in life that Hemingway was consistently serious about, and many witnesses have told us how hard he worked when he was trying to do his best. What this collection makes us realize is that he worked just as hard as conditions permitted when he was writing for newspapers and magazines. He need not have worried that this "stuff" might be used against him, for the volume can only enhance his reputation.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

#### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1242

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1242 will be found in the next issue.

K ZKY VG XYJEY NM SCR PJZ-

WKYM CR JUTKYVLRG.

—KZNUJGR NVRUPR

#### Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1241

A host is like a general: it takes a mishap to reveal his genius.

—HORACE.

## LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor



### Grotesque

MONICA STIRLING'S PORTRAIT of Jean-François Steiner [SR, May 13] is grotesque. To describe an ignorant man as "a devout student of the Talmud" (the most complex and most technical of all Jewish writings) and to attribute "dramatic" maturity to one whose childish misunderstanding of the reality of Treblinka is obvious, is to reveal as much about Monica Stirling's immaturity as anything possibly could. I was dismayed to see her piece on the same page as the review by Alexander Donat.

RABBI ALLEN RUTCHIK,

Director,

United Synagogue of America.

Coral Gables, Fla.

### Adam's Sin

DAVID POLING SHOULD BE ASHAMED of himself [SR, Apr. 22] for accusing Adam Clayton Powell of pirating choice statements from the late, beloved Halford Luccock. Hal would have liked nothing better than to have his sharp, distinctive prose used by one of the Cloth. We who knew the finest pulpit man in America and loved him for his creative art have used him repeatedly. Adam's sin was that he didn't preface his words with rightful ownership.

SHERIDAN W. BELL,

Minister,

Grace Methodist Church.

Harrisburg, Pa.

### Subconscious Let-Go

IN HIS LETTER [SR, May 13] DALE HARRAH blasted Dr. Donald B. Louria's comment on the use of LSD [SR, Apr. 22], stating that this showed "a total lack of respect for the thinking subscriber." To my mind, the thinking person cannot think too wisely when he only has one side of the story. I thank you for giving this reader a chance to think through both lines of argument.

Although ingestion of LSD may afford much apparent insight of the world to the individual, I do not believe that this necessarily brings the person closer to God. It may mean that the person's brain cells are functioning in an especially unique way rather than that the individual was brushed by the finger of God. It may be that this insight is composed of unconscious thought which, through the stimulation of psychomimetic drugs, becomes conscious, a sort of dreamlike state while relatively awake.

In any case, the fact remains that LSD is a dangerous drug which can produce violent temporary, and sometimes chronic, psychotic behavior. If the theory of released-subconscious-thought is true, this sudden unmasking of the subconscious may overwhelm the individual to the extent that he withdraws from all reality or continually over-reacts to this subconscious-let-go. On the other hand, the effect of LSD may be a purely physiological phenomenon, elicited

solely by altering the biochemical processes in the brain. Here again, the user may be changed permanently by the physical effect of the drug.

MICHAEL A. ROGOFF.

Ithaca, N.Y.

### Buried Under Praise

ANY OF ALLAN NEVINS'S works would receive my careful attention, if not my total agreement. Therefore, I have no objection to Frank E. Vandiver stating that Nevins has provided a fine introduction to *Messages and Papers of Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy* [SR, May 6]. But if Professor Vandiver thought he should pay a gracious tribute to Nevins, did he find it necessary to do so at the expense of the book he was supposed to review? Anyone interested in buying a Civil War sourcebook, totaling 1,403 pages and priced at \$28.50, would like to have a fuller examination and discussion of the *Messages and Papers*. The review of the book has been buried under the praise for Professor Nevins.

ROY ROGERS.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

### Testimony of Righteous Action

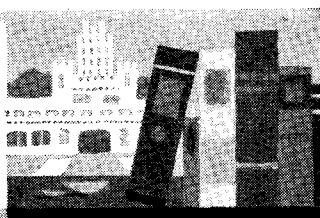
I WAS A BIT PERTURBED at Rabbi Bokser's comments in Letters to the Book Review Editor, Apr. 15. His defense is plausible—but I must disagree with him. To put this into the simplest terms possible, he asks for a policy of religious co-existence in which Jews refrain from converting Christians, and Christians refrain from converting Jews. But central to Christianity (as Rabbi Bokser himself complains in his book, "The Christian prayer . . . persists in claiming . . . that only through faith in Jesus can man attain salvation") is its mission of sharing its truth. Rabbi Bokser views Judaism as a nonmissionary religion, and then tries to force Christianity into that same structure. As I indicated in my review, there are liberal Protestant theologians who have sympathy with this point of view; but one cannot define all of Christianity on that basis! While Bokser lists Bultmann's arguments, he does not listen to him.

Is then the road to "the gate of righteous action" the cessation of missionary work by all religions? As a rabbi, I do not feel that Judaism can surrender its role of being God's witness in the world; and I disagree with Christianity's claims to uniqueness. But until Christians cease believing in Jesus as the Christ, I would expect them to speak to me concerning this central belief. Dialogue is not achieved by silencing conflicting views. It is achieved—and here Rabbi Bokser and I certainly are on common ground—by the testimony of righteous action which eschews force, subterfuge, and the appeal to prejudice.

ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER.

London, England.

# Perspective



## A Drug Is a Drink Is a Smoke

NEW YORK, vital, beautiful, opulent, is smeared with slime—poverty, decadence, decay, and drugs. Amidst the power and glittering riches there are pools of human débris, lives broken by abundance as well as by poverty. Who can ever forget the haunting story of young Friede, crawling the gutters of the Lower East Side in a hired car with his girl dead in its trunk, wandering aimlessly like some mindless, battered insect, stopping and starting, remembering and forgetting, caring and not caring? Wealthy, well-educated, replete with advantages that would have seemed paradisaical to the hungry and ambitious adolescents of Latin America or Africa, he and his girl had frittered their lives away with dope. Dick Schaap in a piece of effective reportage, *Turned On* (New American Library, \$4.95), brings back the sad, gray story, nauseating in its futility and witlessness. At the thought of such young wasted lives the bile rises: surely the Narcotics Bureau should be strengthened; surely the penalties imposed on pushers and traders should become really punitive.

The Friede case was but one sensational event in what is rapidly becoming a flowing tide that will engulf more and more of the younger generation in drugs. Universities are particularly prone: Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, and Berkeley acquire increasing numbers of addicts, as well as experimenters playing, it is true, mainly with hemp and LSD rather than with heroin. What the youth of America and England do today, the youth of Europe, East and West, will do tomorrow or the day after. There will be other sensations, other Friede cases, perhaps even more terrible and more haunting: personal tragedy will sear homes from which want, disease, and cruelty have been banished. Why can this be?

The spread of drugs gives the castigators of our civilization a wonderful time. They trot out all the old clichés about youth's loss of Christian morality, about the breakdown of the family and marriage, the artificiality of modern life with its emotional emptiness and boredom in an age of machines, the lack of those deep satisfactions felt by the peasant and craftsman, hungry and downtrodden though they were. Is the very affluence that gives youth much leisure but too little work, much security but

too little direction the key to its wantonness? If the bread line were just around the corner would the desire for dope vanish? After all, the youth of Athens and Cairo are not riding high on LSD, amphetamines, heroin, and the like. Few Jeremiahs have had it so good as those who prophesy the doom, and revel at the decadence, of today's Western youth. And too many, far too many, ordinary decent liberals go along with them, at least half the way. Where drugs are concerned, much of the adult population suffers a semantic blockage and, as ever, they rarely think historically. It is hard to get drugs into perspective.

What society in recorded history, save perhaps a few of the most aboriginal, has not tolerated, indeed sometimes welcomed, the use of stimulants or drugs? None that I know. Once invented—maybe very, very early in the Neolithic

revolution—the use of alcohol by kings, priests, and people spread like a bush fire. The earliest farmers in England were buried with their beer beakers, presumably to enable them to wassail through eternity. And peasant societies do not just take alcohol; they get drunk. Look at Brueghel's pictures, or at films of festivals in Nepal or the Andes or wherever primitive agrarian production is the dominant way of life. In industrial society, of course, millions of men and women get high on alcohol week in and week out. The mutilated and lifeless bodies that result from automobile accidents by drivers overdrugged with alcohol are the price society seems willing to pay for its addiction to drink. Add to the wrecked cars the broken homes of alcoholics, their self-destruction, the huge waste of social capital invested in human lives that drink brings about year after year.

Yet temperance is akin to crankiness. Without alcohol, magazines as well as men would wilt. I am addicted enough to loathe the prospect of a world without wine. We accept alcohol, we have socialized it, and we have shut our eyes to the immense damage that total addiction causes because we handle our own addiction competently, well within the tolerance that our temperaments and



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