

and substance of Louis Golding's book. It is a horrifying demonstration, as are all exhibitions of Nazism for those who have grown up with even a fractional faith in the rights of the individual under a system of protective law and attempted justice. It tells us nothing new about Hitlerism, but Mr. Golding has given new force to the familiar truth by incorporating it in one more personal, intensely affecting history. The function that this novel performs aside from its literary values is definite, for it is characteristic of us human beings that we are more profoundly moved by a single human story than by massed statistics that multiply such stories to an anonymous sum that is beyond our powers of realization or response. And the tale of Isaac Emmanuel is moving, indeed.

Avoiding synopsis, it is enough to say here that Mr. Emmanuel encountered a way of life that was at first baffling to him, then frightening, and finally nightmarish in its calculated injustice and brutality. The pattern of this brutality has become familiar to us through stories, plays, and factual reports, but it can never cease to shock, and the shock is greatest when, as in this instance, the victim of the pattern is feeble, innocent, and lovable. One may suspect that a real counterpart of the fictitious Mr. Emmanuel would be too feeble to survive the trials endured by Magnolia Street's knight-errant, but the fictitious Mr. Emmanuel is entirely credible, and he is a symbol as well as a man,—the symbol of a race whose powers of survival are unique, that will look back upon Hitler as it now looks back upon Egypt and Rome.

Mr. Golding has shaped his novel well. It gathers pace and increases its claims upon our interest as it proceeds; the curve of excitement mounts to a climax and a denouement that are entirely satisfying. It leaves us, too, desiring in full another story that is told here only in part; the story of Jewish Elsie Silver, who became the mistress of a powerful Nazi leader, and who was able to save her father's friend when a government had failed.

"Mr. Emmanuel" is a tract for the times, and the voice of a people speaks through it, but it is also an absorbing, stirring, first-rate work of fiction.

Book Note

THE new work
Of John Dos Passos
Is a pain and an irk
To the *New Masses*.
For John has fallen
Away from Stalin,—
A sin that's cardinal
And unpardonal.

M. C.

Underground in Germany

MEN AGAINST HITLER. By Fritz Max Cahen. Adapted, with an introduction by Wythe Williams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1939. 258 pp. \$2.

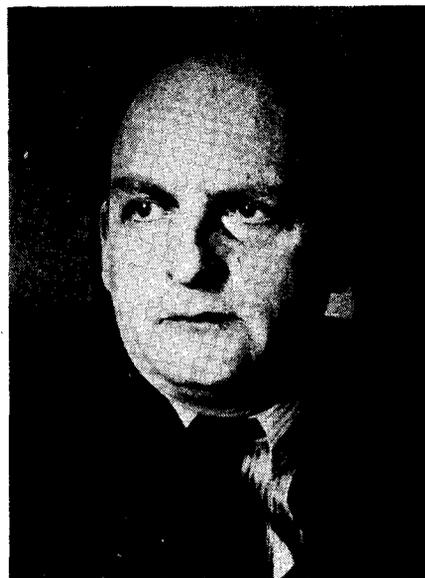
Reviewed by JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

THE flood of anti-Nazi books during the past six years has consisted of two easy discernible streams. The greater volume has come from the pen of exiled German politicians, writers, and journalists of more or less left complexion. At the same time, however, there has been a steadily growing number of books by dissident German conservatives such as Kurt Ludecke, Otto Strasser, and lately Hermann Rauschning, former President of the Danzig Senate.

"Men against Hitler," by Fritz Max Cahen, definitely belongs in the second category. Written by a former member of the German Foreign Office and an associate of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the head of the German peace delegation at Versailles, it deserves close scrutiny by all those concerned with the ubiquitous questions: Is there as yet any concerted opposition to Hitler within Germany? And if so, how does it operate? The author's answer to the first question is strongly in the affirmative. He claims that at least fifty per cent of the German people are in disagreement with Hitler, and that the forces which some day may overthrow the Hitler regime have already taken definite shape. "Some day, when there are barricades in Germany, the unknown bourgeois youth will be there," he writes.

The second question, as to how the opposition functions, is answered by the author in great detail. Those chapters dealing with the undercover operations, the courier service, the clandestine newspapers and broadcasting stations, the daily ferocious and bitter fight against the sinister secret police, are perhaps the best.

Even before Hitler's meteoric rise to power, Cahen, with rare foresight, had organized, as a bulwark against National Socialism, the "German Vanguard." Later, an exile himself, he started to organize and coordinate various other groups of exiles—exclusive of the Communists, whose participation in his various "Popular Front" schemes he regarded as detrimental to the cause. On the other hand, Cahen seems to have found it quite possible to work hand in hand with a right-wing extremist such as Dr. Otto Strasser, renegade from the Nazi Party and leader of the Nazi splinter



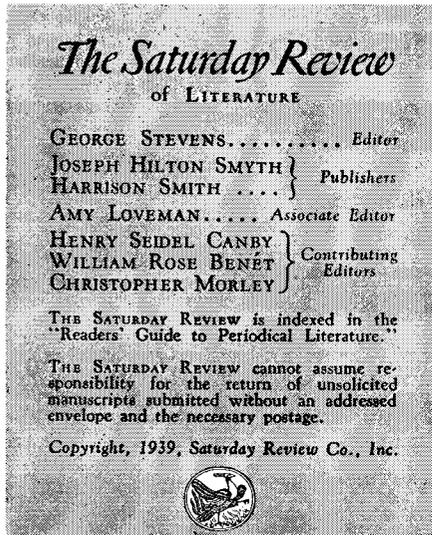
Fritz Max Cahen

group, called the "Black Front." Cahen does seem to have originally distrusted Strasser, and he does not advance sufficient reasons for their eventual collaboration.

Cahen asserts that a slow but distinct process of disintegration is taking place inside the Nazi ranks. The future leaders of the anti-Nazi rebellion are already in training. It is his thesis that the army may be counted upon to join a people's movement against Hitler, once the mass of the people has come to realize that Hitler means war and the destruction of Germany. Cahen is a firm believer in a truly progressive European Federation.

Despite the elaborate story of underground opposition carried on by the author and his associates, the reader, unfortunately, fails to become convinced that the opposition is making much headway. The account of the various groups and their failure—at least for the time being—is too strongly reminiscent of the parliamentary system with its all-too-many parties that preceded Hitler. Nor is the reader left convinced that "millions are ready to set forth in the streets, prepared to demonstrate when the moment arrives."

The book is excellently edited by Wythe Williams, ace prophet of late—whose informant Cahen is said to have been for many years. It suffers to a certain extent from the author's inflated opinion of himself. It would seem that constructive work of the kind he describes can flourish only if those who carry it out recede behind the task, and not vice versa. However, this slightly irritating factor does not impair the value of the book.



Let Them Eat Cake

AFTER the Federal Theater Project was doomed by Congress, an editorial was published in the *New York Herald-Tribune* which sounded like a voice from the grave of all our Puritan-Methodist ancestors. At last, said the writer, we were getting back to practical realism. The principle that those on relief should be allowed to choose the nature of their work had been definitely repudiated. Unfortunately, he continued, other projects in the arts, and particularly in literature, had been left in the bill, but a victory had been won nevertheless. We were on our way back to the practical common sense of a nineteenth-century America which said to the worker, Root hog or die.

This is perhaps an overstatement of the editorial. The writer did not call relief workers hogs, nor did he threaten them with starvation. But the implications of his statement were quite as dangerous—and quite as unsound. He clearly believed that the great American public would agree with him that the arts—which contribute to pleasure of the senses, enrichment of the mind, rather than to food, shelter, and material resources—were not practical, not *work* in a man's world where there was no real necessity for such fripperies. He was right in one way. The great American public have, until recently, taken just that attitude. Their pioneering history conditioned them in the first century of the republic, in a society where art was at most an ornament, and usually a bad ornament. Their government, unlike other governments, did nothing or worse than nothing to encourage art and literature, either as a branch of education, or as a means of enriching the life of the state. Men and women not old now still remember in their youth the damning expression "not practical" applied by officials, parents, journalists, business

men, farmers, to any movement of the spirit that did not increase bank accounts or help to exploit the wealth of the continent. And here in 1939, when one would suppose we had learned something of the impermanence of material security and the futility of a drab money-getting life, with the ugly remains of nineteenth-century America all about us, the old cry goes up again! If we have to spend money on work, let that work all be useful, realistic, practical. Don't waste money on beauty.

The second fallacy seems even more dangerous, because more deeply rooted in human prejudice. The unemployed have no right to choose the nature of their work. Since all human rights seem today to rest upon a shaky basis, it is, perhaps, unwise to argue that any one has a right even to happiness and a reasonable liberty. But the inexpediency of such an attitude should be evident without dragging in the question of right. What has psychology accomplished in the last decades if it has taught editorial writers nothing at all about human aptitudes and how, rightly handled, they increase efficiency! Obviously, an overstrained government in time of crisis cannot give to some millions of workers each the job that best fits him. Obviously, also, government, worker, and work would all be better off if it could. Indeed, it may surely be said that the first duty of a relief administration, in its own interest, is to provide as far as possible the kind of work which each man can do, and wants to do; as it is clearly its duty to prevent, so far as possible, its workers from trying to paint pictures when they are better fitted for plumbing, or being used to dig ditches when they should be making music or writing books. The attack upon the very mild effort of Uncle Sam to provide for esthetics and intellectuals is inspired by no logic, but only by the old American prejudice against the intellect, plus the slowly dying Puritan idea that, as Thoreau said ironically, the more perspiration in labor, the more virtue accrues to it.

The merits of neither the actual Federal Theater Project nor of the Arts projects in general enter into this argument. In fairness it should be said, however, that competent observers generally agree that the Federal Theater has been successful in the best sense. That it has not merely provided the right jobs for many people, but has supplied entertainment of a high order, and, what is even more important, stimulus to useful and creative work on making good drama part of the imaginative life of the people. As for the literary projects, while there are too many people who want to write and cannot and should not, yet it does

not seem that relief in this direction is likely to burden the public with inefficient novelists, whereas such a contribution as the state guide book series, useful, excellent, durable, would never have been undertaken without government aid.

No, if we are to have unemployed, let us give them, when we can, the work they are fitted to do, and hence want to do. And, for heaven's sake, let us get rid at last of the sour and musty archaism that art is not practical, not useful, not work.

And let us realize once for all, that, however important it is to make relief economical, honest, and efficient, there is no excuse whatsoever for a patronizing attitude toward the unemployed. It is questionable whether a sociologist or a psychologist would admit that even the unemployables, so-called, are really responsible for their deficiencies. Certainly, capitalism can charge the unemployment of employables only upon its own lack of ability to make our economic system work. It is quite as foolish to remark, with a "sneer," let them do what they are told to do, as it was to say, let them eat cake. In fact, Marie Antoinette was less foolish than our supercilious grumblers, for those who have some hope of cake in their lives, may endure a shortage of bread.

H. S. C.

Havelock Ellis

HAVELOCK ELLIS considered the "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" the major work of his life, and this is the work that has been emphasized in most of the obituary comment. Enormous as the influence of this work has been, it is possible that he will be longer remembered as a man of letters than as a man of science. In thirty years the "Psychology of Sex" has been instrumental in revolutionizing the state of mind of the English-speaking—or English-reading—public; it paved the way for the reception of the work of Freud and Jung, which, in the field of psychological theory, has overshadowed that of Ellis, but which, without the pioneering of Ellis, would have met with even more popular and official resistance than it did. In literature, Ellis's contribution to the destruction of taboos made a reading public possible for writers like Joyce and Proust. It is the nature of an influence such as his that it comes to be taken for granted. But in literature Ellis was not only important as a catalytic agent; his "Study of British Genius" and "Dance of Life" are works of first-rate distinction. For six years before his death, at eighty, Ellis was at work on his autobiography; he finished it only in June. No other book is anticipated with more genuine interest.