

# Putzy-Footing Propaganda

HITLER IN DER KARIKATUR DER WELT. TAT GEGEN TINTE. Ein Bild-sammelwerk von Ernst Hanfstaengl. 1934.

Reviewed by DOROTHY THOMPSON

IT is a curious thing that the Nazis, who think so highly of propaganda and its function in the state that they have a large and expensive ministry devoted to it, whose chief is considered to be only second or third in importance to the Leader himself, are proving to be amazingly inept at it insofar as the outside world is concerned. The publication of Hitler's own "My Struggle," in England, France, and the United States, served precisely the opposite purpose to the one for which it was designed. In English it became the basis for effective anti-Nazi agitation; in France the mere publication of an unexpurgated edition led to the legal intervention of the German publishers—the French publication was regarded as an act of French hostility against Germany! Indeed, the only effective Nazi propa-



Cartoon from *Simplicissimus*, 1928, predicting the split of the Nazi party.

ganda that I have seen—and I have seen a great deal—has been from the pens of Germans (and some Englishmen) who are not avowed Nazis at all. I dare say, for instance, that Franz von Papen's speech of criticism against "certain dross" resulting from the national renaissance, reproduced in the June 24th issue of *The New York Times*, will do a great deal more to weaken foreign resistance to contemporary Germany than any speech Goebbels ever made; I think of the subtle propaganda conducted for years by the young men who edited *Die Tat*, from which they consistently, and often brilliantly, assailed liberalism and Marxianism, espousing at the same time a nebulous anti-capitalistic and Prussian-socialist thesis. (Hans Zehrer, the editor, is out of a job in the Third Reich.) There is, to quote another instance, Herr Seiburg, the author of the much-read volume "Is God a Frenchman?" who has certainly never been a member of the National Socialist Party, but whose last book "Germany, My Country," presents an abler case for today's Germany than any official propaganda which I have seen. The tendency of all of the official propagandists is greatly to underestimate both the brains and the feelings of their foreign public. (I believe that they also underestimate their own public; there is plenty of evidence that the German people are becoming sick to death of propaganda.) The Rosenberg mission to England, the Spanknoebel affair in the United States, were both examples of Nazi heavy-handedness for which their only counter-retort might be to point to some of the anti-Nazi agitators—Mr. Dickstein and Mr. Untermyer, for instance—who only too often make the same mistakes.

At any rate, I doubt whether this last piece of propaganda, "Hitler in Caricature—Deeds against Ink—" edited, and with comments, by Dr. Ernst ("Putzy") Hanfstaengl, will make any converts. Dr. Hanfstaengl, who, thanks to the tactical blunders of the anti-fascists, has been so much in the press these last days that he

needs no introduction, is here trying good-naturedly to laugh off the international attacks on Hitler. In this he acts in character. Dr. Hanfstaengl is an urbane gentleman, whose amiability has been counted one of the assets of the Hitler régime. There are no unpleasant myths about him. He has never been known to insult a Jew; polemic is not his forte; he has never given a public display of bad temper; he plays the piano admirably; he has had some distinguished American forebears. In his book, reminiscent of Henry Mencken's "Schimpfexicon," he has collected about a hundred caricatures of Hitler, which appeared in the publications of various countries over the last ten years, and by their reproduction and appropriate comments, has sought to hold the prophets of the press up to ridicule, and to show how historical fact has silenced journalistic jeering.

And yet, when one has turned over each page of this book, and has the whole accumulation spread out in one's mind, the total impression is that the German National Leader is still definitely on the defensive. Here principle is not opposed to principle, but polemic to polemic, and neither side scores. For the antagonism which the world feels toward Hitler rests upon deeper and more fundamental bases than are revealed here.

There is, of course, a reason for this. Dr. Hanfstaengl has selected these hundred cartoons from amongst thousands. He has selected them with a view to answering them, and he has selected the ones which can most easily be answered. He has omitted the best ones. I think, for example, of the Scotch cartoonist Low's inimitable cartoon on How to Make a Revolution, which appeared in the early days of the Hitler régime. It was carefully clipped by Englishmen and Germans, carried in the vest pocket, and even in Germany—when no one was looking—was fished out, handed around, and grinned over. It is not in this collection.

The greater number of these cartoons are reproduced to show, with appropriate crowings, how the prophecies of Hitler's political opponents have been refuted. One group holds up to ridicule the possibility of Hitler coming into power. Well, Hitler is in power, now, and this ought perhaps to be sufficient answer. It is, however, not sufficient answer for the official propagandists. For there are still a great many perverse people who think that their mistake was not to underrate Hitler but to overrate his opponents. For them Dr. Hanfstaengl uses this book over and over again to repeat the myth that Hitler came into power as the voluntary selected leader and dictator of a majority of the German people. The truth is that the prophets who predicted that Hitler would not achieve a conquest of the power by democratic methods—that is to say by winning a majority of the votes of the people—were right. Hitler did not win the power; it was handed to him by President

von Hindenburg and the German nationalists. For an admirable statement of the sequence of events which established Hitler as dictator, this reviewer recommends Rudolph Olden's brochure "Hitler the Conqueror; the History of a Legend."

Another group of cartoons prophesies that Hitler will not fulfil his election promises and indicates that he is misleading the voters. Dr. Hanfstaengl's comment on one of these is that "to the irritation of his opponents, Mr. Hitler made no election promises." This statement is totally misleading. Although it is true that Hitler, as an agitator, managed with masterly adroitness to stick to generalities and appeal to emotions, he nevertheless campaigned on a definite election platform, formulated thirteen years before he came to power and frequently reiterated as being the final program of the party. The cartoonist-prophets did not err when they predicted that this platform would not be put into operation. For it promised to free the German people from interest-servitude and finance capitalism, and while it is true that Hitler's government has made it necessary for German industries to default on interest payments on debts which those industries have made abroad, there has been no tampering with the interest system at home.

Held up to laughter also are the prophecies of the cartoonists that the Nazi party would split apart because of the contradictory elements contained in it. Obviously Dr. Hanfstaengl was premature in ridiculing these predictions.

A cartoon which mocks at Hitler's four year plan for doing away with unemployment is dismissed with the taunt that in four months Hitler has reemployed two million men. The inference appears to be that he has successfully solved the problems of the working classes. The facts appear to be, however, that the reemployment has not resulted in any greater distribution of money amongst the poor; the total amount spent in wages is no higher than before. Peter has been robbed to pay Paul and neither Paul nor Peter is satisfied. The total economic policy has resulted in a shortage of goods, so that hoarding has already begun.

The cartoons which satirize or attack Hitler's anti-Jewish program are answered with extraordinary lameness. We again hear the argument that the preponderance of Jews in public offices represented a national menace—a statement which completely misrepresents the facts. Probably few countries had so few Jews in public office, and the anti-Jewish measures affect Jews in all walks of life. It is quite futile for Dr. Hanfstaengl to try again to fasten upon the Jews responsibility for the reports which came out of Germany of the atrocious happenings to socialists, pacifists, liberals, and Jews in the early days of the régime, or for the consistent criticism which has gone on since then. The rest of the world knows better. The most outspoken critics of the Hitler régime have by no means been only Jews.

Finally, Dr. Hanfstaengl seeks to answer all the charges of militarism by pointing to the Four Power Pact. Unfortunately the world's apprehension of a ruth-

less militaristic revival in Germany is not satisfied by the Four Power Pact. Not even the signatories regard themselves as secured by it—or why should every one of them be increasing armaments? Unfortunately the strongest witness to Germany's warlike intentions has been the Leader himself, whose political philosophy as expressed in his pre-election speeches and in his book accepts war as a natural and inevitable function. Dr. Hanfstaengl says that the Four Power Pact guarantees peace for the next ten years. The Leader, in his book, says that Germany needs peace in which to arm. I suppose that is one kind of peace, too.

The book concludes with a photograph of a laughing chancellor, and an admonition to German readers to follow his example and smile, too.

Tell that to sixty thousand emigrés, whose sense of humor seems singularly undeveloped. Dr. Hanfstaengl apparently is, but the world is not, amused.

## An Adventurer in the Conquest of Disease

(Continued from first page)

the First, about which he writes with such admiration. Later I saw him often in Puerto Rico, and not only him but the result of his work.

On the broad main avenue that runs from San Juan to Santurce stands the imposing white building that houses the School of Tropical Medicine. To it come distinguished scientists from many lands. When I was in Puerto Rico it drew students not merely from the Americas but from such far-away lands as India and Siam as well. In its halls are conducted experiments on tropical ailments of man of all types from plague to the various fevers.

To me it represents not merely the great work of science but perhaps unconsciously something even beyond. I see in it the ground on which nations are meeting and realizing a practical fellowship. Treaties are ephemeral because they are bred of passing circumstances. Sentimental talk of the brotherhood of man leads to a blind wall, for differences in language, custom, physique, and temper are too marked. But the science which serves a common need forms a solid foundation on which to build a continuing understanding and sympathy.

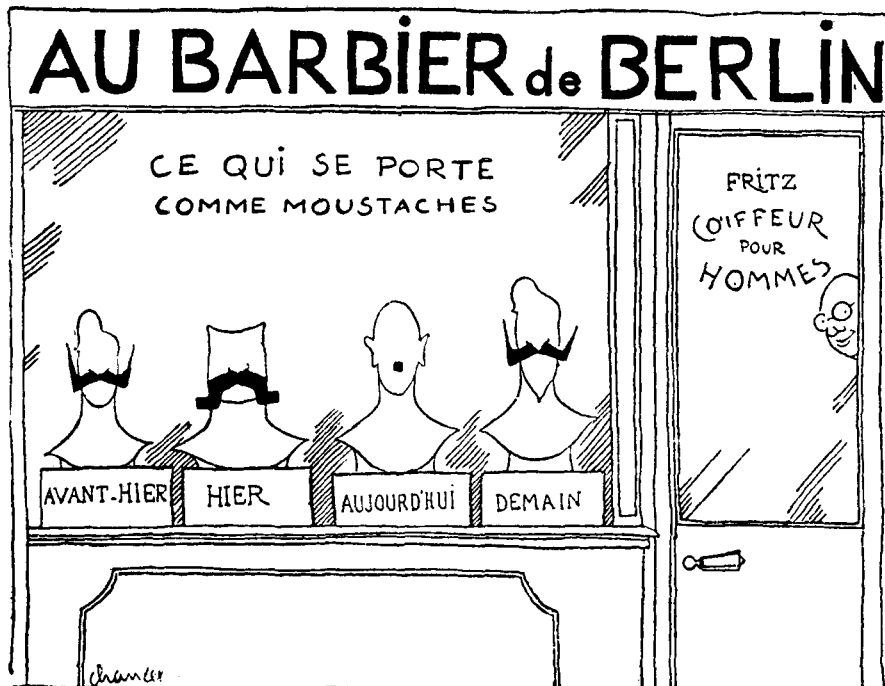
This great work, the School of Tropical Medicine, is traceable in large measure to Bailey Ashford. In his autobiography he tells us step by step how it passed from its humble beginnings in an Army tent or a native hut to its present fine stability.

Even this gives only part of the picture of his achievements, for I have seen also the results of his mastery of such plagues as anemia or sprue. Where people would have died or dragged out a miserable existence, a burden to themselves and others, they now are leading useful, happy lives.

The book is charmingly written with a vivid portrayal of conditions and incidents that carries the reader from page to page. There is a wide sympathy in the approach on other peoples and races, an understanding of their point of view, which unfortunately is too rare. His travels take him to many places in the world, but they have this great difference from the travels of many others. When he goes he is going not merely as a sightseer, but to take an active part in some important task.

Through the pages there occur time and again delightful pictures of various people he has known. The description of Lemaitre and the way he handled the desperately wounded poilu suffering from shock will always stay in my memory. Richet lives to me, though I never had met him. There are many such portraits and similar incidents that make the work of interest to all, lay or professional.

According to *John o' London's Weekly*, "Hugh Talbot," author of "Gentlemen—the Regiment" (a book highly praised in the *Saturday Review* when it appeared) and "Gay Pagan," is Argentine Francis Alington, brother of Adrian Alington, the novelist, and cousin of the Dean of Durham. Mr. Alington is a schoolmaster.



Cartoon from *L'Ami du Peuple*: "The Cycle of Fashion." Dr. Hanfstaengl calls this a Parisian wish-fulfilment.



## The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.  
Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer;  
Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, \$3.50; in Canada, \$5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere \$4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 51.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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### Summer Reading

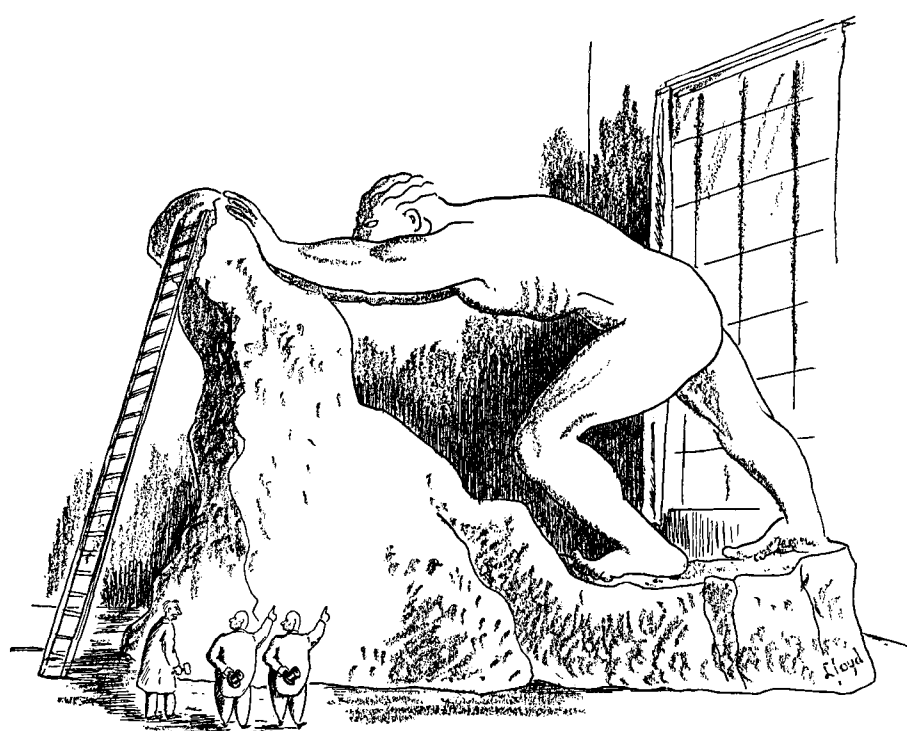
The tradition that summer is the time for light reading seems to have worn somewhat thin. Possibly arising from academic sources—the long vacation offering the opportunity to call off all intellectual activity—the tradition has got into the book business and influenced publishers' list-making. But less this summer, it seems, than in years past. Light reading still flourishes, of course, but it does not appear to have taken a seasonal spurt. Observing the lists of new books and of best-sellers, one concludes that the all-year-round light reading public is no longer being reinforced during the summer by serious readers on holiday: that the serious readers are reading the serious books which are being provided for them. Has the summer reading tradition succumbed to the law of supply and demand, or does the demand exist only to be ignored by the supply?

Whatever hesitation a publisher may once have had in issuing a serious summer list has evidently disappeared. One reason may be that some of the most widely successful books of recent years were summer publications. "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Story of Philosophy," "Anthony Adverse," none of them "summer reading," none of them by authors previously popular, quickly come to mind. Certainly these are examples enough to encourage the publication of serious books in summer. And the summer lists this year, as any one can see from the majority of the reviews featured in this and other journals, are predominantly serious.

The reason for this, however, can probably not be entirely ascribed to changes in publishing practice; for publishing practice must ultimately depend on the available material, quite as much as on the public taste. Evidence is abundant for the hypothesis that the available material offers very little in the way of intelligent frivolity. This is not a period which may reasonably be expected to produce another Max Beerbohm or another Saki. If one wants light reading, one must either go to the library shelves or, if it has to be something new, compromise with the machine-made romance of the magazine writers. The times influence the author's output, and those among the younger authors who write not only for money have gone serious. A generation that has discarded art for art's sake will hardly go in for entertainment.

Yet this is a point which has been over-

looked in all the recent controversy of art vs. propaganda. No one seems to have pointed out to the propaganda faction that their current output is suffering from arrested development: that aside from the question whether the propaganda is good art, what does matter to the public for whom the propaganda is intended, is whether it is good entertainment. The greatest propagandists have invariably realized this, from Swift to Dickens to Shaw. Readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" boiled over about English schools because it was exciting to read about Dotheboys Hall. Similarly, Shaw undermined the moral pretensions of capitalism not by his own moral indignation, but by laughing at them. These considerations are as obvious as platitudes can be; but our propagandist novelists and playwrights have not taken advantage of them. Perhaps the times are too serious; even Shaw has lost his sense of humor. But the first really funny story written in favor of the proletarian revolution, or the communist or fascist state, will introduce a valuable innovation into our propagandist literature. And it will make ideal summer reading.



"SWELL IDEA FOR A BOOK-END!"

## Letters to the Editor: Our Correspondents Burst into Poetry

### The Mystery

Yo, ho, ho, Hitler is a vermin:  
Why did Mr. Bogumil Dawison speak in German?

That is one thing I simply cannot determine:

Why did Mr. Bogumil Dawison speak in German?

And then, what was it he spoke? Was it a song or a sermon?

Why, I ask you, did Mr. Bogumil Dawison speak in German?

There was Edwin Booth as Iago all dressed in ermine,

But, meanwhile, as Othello, Mr. Bogumil Dawison was speaking in German.

He may have been some sort of a Cossack firman,

But in that case, surely, he wouldn't have been speaking in German.

"Othello" is no play in which to costume one's self as a merman,

But neither is it precisely the time and the place to go around speaking in German.

My lack of information upon this point makes me feel like a worm an'

I completely fail to understand why Mr. Bogumil Dawison was speaking in German.

There were famous last words by Generals Jackson, Sheridan, and Sherman,

But it seems that some of the last words that Mr. Bogumil Dawison ever seems to have spoken were spoken in German.

I think this is one of the mysteries that will remain permanent—that Mr. Bogumil Dawison, at the Winter Garden, before that vast assemblage, in a performance which must find "an abiding home in dramatic story," where tier on tier the noble and the fair, with cheer on cheer, must certainly have been there, and ear on ear palpitated with expectancy in the dazzle of the lights and that electric air—was

gutturally

SPEAKING IN GERMAN!

ENDYMION PORTER.

### Ballade of the Favorite Book

SIR:—I was agreeably titillated, as a Dickens enthusiast, to read Mr. Morley's whimsical bit of verse on "Nana and the New York Times."

Your mention of "Pickwick," incidentally, stirred me to a realization that it is nearly time for me to begin my seventh reading of that gorgeous book—or will it be the eighth?

In any event, I have celebrated your

verse with another which, in spite of its probable technical defects, at least appears somewhat apropos in view of your comment.

When fancy fails, and friends deny

The answer to my spirit's need,

I still possess a staunch ally

To whom my mood is always keyed.

The book of honest British breed,

A book aglow with myriad tapers—

I take it down, and once more read

My old, beloved "Pickwick Papers."

It banishes my boredom's sigh,

And wafts me scents of English mead;

It sends me leaping, quick and spry,

To Dingley Dell, and Jingle's deed.

(Purses and hearts were made to bleed!)

So Jingle thought, whose jolly capers

From just one book—this one, proceed!

My old, beloved "Pickwick Papers."

And who'll forget Sam Veller? Aye!

The Sam whose impish spirit freed

The fable of the old "weal pie"

In which the "weal" was cats, indeed!

(Let all poor pussies here take heed).

Yet Pickwick's packed with such bright

vapors,

A marvel, we must be agreed,

My old, beloved "Pickwick Papers."

ENVOY

Thus do you see a book succeed

That never needed censor's scrapers—

Come, do I have to bid you read

My old, beloved "Pickwick Papers"?

KENNETH ABRAM FOWLER.

Yonkers, N. Y.

### Genius in the Woodpile

SIR:—I am impelled to write you briefly commenting upon the tragedy of undiscovered genius. Occasionally we hear this cry in the present day. I want to know, with thousands of book-sellers scanning the prospectus of every new book offered them; with hundreds of reviewers and critics keeping a weather eye open; with tens of thousands of diversified readers prying into every volume off the presses, how can it happen?

I am inclined to believe that when a supposedly deserving book "doesn't go" there is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. It lacks the good old "u. a." (universal appeal.) Like a tire that suddenly goes flat—there's a reason.

WALTER HETFIELD BOCK.

Plainfield, N. J.

### An Answer to "One Question"

SIR:—It can't have occurred to E. P., who asked The Bowling Green "one question" last week, that she is just as smug as the books she turns to for consolation. I say this in all sympathy and understanding, believing that the period of despair described by her is one through which everyone who thinks must pass.

The term "patient" should not be applied to E. P. alone, but to hundreds of other thinking people who are so sure they are on the inside that they are really on the outside, and rather wistful, too. Why should one shut oneself away from life with a wall of books? Literature is dependent on life and not the reverse. There is no chicken and egg dispute here. Suppose Bunny in "Little Man, What

Now?" bought carrots and gossipped. She would have all the intelligentsia buying carrots and gossiping vicariously. Separate her from her context and what more have we than someone for them to deride? Let's not reserve all our powers of analysis for reading hours.

E. P. has something to learn from the most naive carrot-buyer, and a little to envy—if unadulterated happiness is what she wants. Of course it all depends on whether she prefers the viewpoint of an adolescent Cabell who must create a world to suit himself, or a Thomas Mann, content with interpreting the world as it is.

Let us not waste time deploring "nit-wits" and "evils." Once analyzed they cease to be satanic phenomena.

Book-lovers are of the human species and the planet called Earth is their natural habitat. We are all lucky to have got a look-in on this exciting, breath-taking adventure. The "mundane," the "dull," and the "horrible" mentioned by the plaintiff are as the Little Fears that beset the Emperor Jones in the forest. Outside the forest there is sunlight and possible death and though death is more tangible than a Little Fear, it is what it is.

J. C.

Binghamton, N. Y.

### Ralph Earl

SIR:—I am gathering material for a biographical and critical study of the art of Ralph Earl, the eighteenth-century New England portrait painter, and would very much appreciate any biographical data, letters, personal reminiscences, photographs and/or descriptions of portraits, miniatures, or landscapes from his hand.

FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN.

44 State Street,  
Westport, Conn.

### The Eighth President

SIR:—I am preparing a life of Martin Van Buren, Eighth President, and would be grateful for any unpublished material on that subject. I am especially interested in personal anecdotes or in something concerning his wife, Hannah Holt Van Buren.

H. M. ALEXANDER.

25 E. 10th St.,  
New York City.

### Stella Benson Letters

SIR:—I have been asked by Mr. O'Gorman Anderson to write the life of Stella Benson (Mrs. Anderson). I would be grateful if any who have letters of hers which they are willing to have published, in whole or in part, would send them to me. They will be copied as soon as possible, and then returned.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

11, New Square, Lincoln's Inn,  
London, W.C. 2.

### Material on Major André

SIR:—I am preparing a life of Major John André from fresh material gathered in this country and abroad, and shall greatly appreciate the courtesy if any of your readers will extend the privilege of viewing mementoes or having photostats made of documents in their possession, which relate in any way to the days of André in America.

IDA M. MELLER.

523 Sixth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## The Saturday Review recommends

### This Group of Current Books:

YEARS ARE SO LONG. By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE. Stokes.  
A tale centered about the family tragedy of dependent old age.

AMERICAN SONG. By PAUL ENGLE. Doubleday, Doran.  
A volume of poems by one of the most promising of the younger writers.

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA. By CARL CARMER. Farrar & Rinehart. The soul of a southern state as it appeared to a Yankee.

### This Less Recent Book:

HATTER'S CASTLE. By A. J. CRONIN. Little, Brown. A melodramatic, but powerful, story of Scottish life.