

in their petty personal concerns until a social cataclysm wiped them out. To this idea he has obviously returned in "The Specter," but with an added understanding of the underground forces which made the catastrophe inevitable. The book is a remarkable monument to the genius of its creator, and the translator merits generous recognition for his unusually successful mastery of a task complicated by the incompleteness of the manuscript at Gorki's death.

Odyssey of Exile

SAVAGE SYMPHONY. By *Eva Lips*.
New York: Random House. 1938. \$3.

Reviewed by
PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

PREVIOUS to 1933 it apparently never occurred to Mrs. Eva Lips, author of this book, and wife of a distinguished German scientist formerly of Cologne, that science, art, and private comfort might have something to do with constitutional questions.

"Hitler?" I thought puzzled. 'Frightful times?' So Mrs. Lips writes about the moment when a worried friend broke the news to her. "Why? Another Chancellor? What have we to do with politics? . . . What concern is it of ours? Papen, or Hitler, or another; it's all the same to us . . ." It was not long before Mrs. Lips awoke to reality.

Her husband had been a specialist on race questions—a dangerous profession in the Third Reich. The new rulers demanded that he adjust his science to their political propaganda, and when Professor Lips refused to surrender his integrity as an objective scholar, they labeled him an "enemy of the State" and forced him to resign as head of the Cologne Museum of Ethnology.

Professor Lips finally left his country for good, an exile after having served its cause for four years during the World War, and for many more in the work which enriched Germany's reputation as a land of the spirit.

Mrs. Lips's book reads like the scenario for a motion picture of crime, conspiracy, human weakness, and human courage. Nearly three thousand German scholars and artists share Professor Lips's fate. His wife's book, though a personal report, typifies the experience of them all, and makes horrifyingly apparent how small a margin separates twentieth century culture from prehistoric barbarism. Tens of thousands of Germans are still in concentration camps, though they have committed no other crime than to believe in that idea to which a great people across the seas has erected a statue at its very gates. It is here in the United States that the Lipses have found a new home, and where for the time being their odyssey has ended.

Prince Loewenstein is the author of "Conquest of the Past."

The Napoleonic Background

EUROPE AND THE FRENCH IMPERIUM, 1799-1814. By *Geoffrey Bruun*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. \$3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IT is easy to find, in a large range of generally available books, everything about Napoleon's life. But it has hitherto taken a lot of rummaging in scattered volumes to find out much about the political institutions of Napoleonic Europe, about its social and economic life, about its arts, letters, and sciences. This lack is now remedied in Mr. Geoffrey Bruun's excellent volume in the series, "The Rise of Modern Europe," edited by Mr. W. L. Langer. The older historians had by 1900 worked out satisfactory syntheses in political and military history. But modern studies in economic, social, and intellectual history of the Napoleonic era had not yet been adequately integrated in a brief volume in English addressed to the general reader. This Mr. Bruun has done most satisfactorily.

Mr. Bruun by no means neglects the necessary task of summarizing Napoleon's better known achievements. You will learn from him about the Eighteenth Brumaire, Trafalgar, Austerlitz, the Great Empire, Moscow, Waterloo, and St. Helena. But you will also learn how Napoleon perfected the governmental machinery introduced by Richelieu if not by the great Capetians; you will learn about the economic realities, the class conflicts which underlay and made possible his institutions; you will find the Code, the Concordat, the University, the budget (which resembled that of more recent dictators in having a concealed *domaine extraordinaire*), the Continental blockade, the new nobility, the currents of European intellectual life, the rise of nationalism, all not merely catalogued in

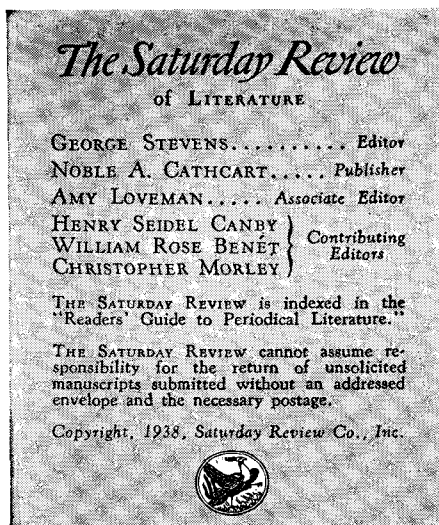
textbook fashion, but analyzed and described with refreshingly adequate detail.

In a final chapter Mr. Bruun very ably ties his work together with certain leading ideas which are not yet common property in this country. The French Revolution, at least in its more extreme phases under the First Republic, is to him an aberration in the course of French history, an explicable result of the pressure of foreign wars and the fermentation of ideas, but still, an aberration. Even the eighteenth century Enlightenment had aimed at order, security, benevolent despotism, rather than at a free, democratic republic. Napoleon came to give the French people the efficient centralized rule they wanted. He was thus rather the heir of the *philosophes* than of the Revolution. Liberal Europe in the nineteenth century thought it was following the great revolutionary tradition of 1793 in working towards republican and democratic ideals. But its attempts in this direction were half-hearted, resulting at best in the failures of 1848. What Europe, and even the Liberals, really followed, in spite of the preachings of the St. Simons and the Mazzinis, was the practice of Napoleon: "the creation of an efficient centralized nation-state, the coordination of national energies for the enhancement of national prestige, and the development of the secular spirit in government and society."

These are debatable matters, as are many of Mr. Bruun's generalizations. But the refreshing thing is that he makes generalizations, that he writes clearly and calmly, avoiding dullness as effectively as flippancy, and that he gives his reader ample material for reflection and dissent. This is indeed the "new history," but without the jumbled details and innocent economic materialism which have marred much of the work of social and economic historians in this country.



The Capitulation of Madrid—Painting by Gros, 1810



The Pulitzer Prize in Fiction

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has had occasion in the past to publish detailed criticisms of the Pulitzer Awards in two fields. Two years ago Mr. Clayton Hamilton wrote an article in these pages on the drama awards, and last year Mr. Bernard DeVoto wrote an even more exhaustive study of the history awards. Mr. Hamilton took issue chiefly with the method of selection of the Pulitzer Prize plays—a method to which the New York dramatic reviewers also took exception when they organized the Critics' Circle. Mr. DeVoto analyzed the history awards in the light of opinions from leading authorities in the field.

In fiction it is more difficult to generalize, and certainly the current award, to "The Late George Apley," by John P. Marquand, is a distinguished one. Fiction is, after all, a matter of taste. Nobody quarrels any longer with the terms of the award, now that it goes to "a distinguished novel, preferably dealing with American life," and the pussy-footing about morals and manners has been dropped. It would be possible to stack up the prize novels against that vague entity called the test of time, but it would not prove much except in a few instances. Some of the prize novels have not enjoyed long life, from the critical point of view; there were books published in 1923 which are certainly more vividly remembered than "The Able McLaughlins," by Margaret Wilson; there were American novels in 1930 more distinguished than Margaret Ayer Barnes's "Years of Grace." On the whole, however, with certain conspicuous exceptions, the Pulitzer Prize has at least gone to writers of distinction. The only question is, of how much distinction; and that is a matter of opinion. Another series of judges might have chosen an entirely different series of novels, from 1918 to the present; but during that time any group of competent critics would have been likely to award prizes to Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, and Thornton Wilder; also, though a shade

less certainly, to Edna Ferber, Pearl Buck, Louis Bromfield, and Oliver LaFarge. And in any event, who is the final authority to say what group of judges is the best?

The most salient criticism to be leveled against the Pulitzer Prize in fiction is on the score of its omissions, and the outstanding omission is Ellen Glasgow. Since the Award was founded, there have been at least half a dozen good opportunities to award the Pulitzer Prize to a novel by Miss Glasgow, notably "Barren Ground" (1925), "The Romantic Comedians" (1926), "They Stooped to Folly" (1929), "The Sheltered Life" (1932), and "Vein of Iron" (1935). Prizes for novels published in those years were awarded, respectively, to Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith," Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn," Oliver LaFarge's "Laughing Boy," T. S. Stribling's "The Store," and H. L. Davis's "Honey in the Horn." Some of those were first rate novels, and in several cases there is room for an honest difference of opinion; but the point is that all of the titles just listed of Ellen Glasgow's are first rate novels. It is inconceivable that any group of competent critics could hold that all five prize-winners are respectively superior to all five of Miss Glasgow's books.

Other notable omissions are Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos. It is true that Hemingway has had only one strong candidate, "A Farewell to Arms," published in 1929. "To Have and Have Not," published last fall, was the candidate of some of the reviewers who participated in *The Saturday Review's* recent poll; but it was not up to Hemingway's standard, and at least it has the distinction of having been passed over by the Pulitzer judges in favor of Mr. Marquand's excellent novel. Dos Passos has had five possible candidates (not counting the ineffable "Streets of Night," and some of them, of course, published while the "manners and morals" clause still operated): "Three Soldiers" in 1921, "Manhattan Transfer" in 1925, "The Forty-Second Parallel" in 1930, "1919" in 1932, and "The Big Money" in 1936. Prizes for books published in these years were awarded to Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams" (one of the best awards in the history of the Pulitzer committees), Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith," Margaret Ayer Barnes's "Years of Grace," T. S. Stribling's "The Store," and Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind." Competition here was closer than with Ellen Glasgow's novels, but the fact remains that John Dos Passos has a distinguished body of work, and no Pulitzer Prize.

On the positive side, where the Pulitzer committees have fallen short most consistently is in their selection of dark horses. They have taken Margaret Wilson's "The Able McLaughlins," Caroline Miller's "Lamb in His Bosom," H. L. Davis's "Honey in the Horn," but missed John Steinbeck several times. And in

their awards to novelists of unquestioned distinction, they have not always chosen the novelists' best books. Willa Cather, for instance, got the prize with "One of Ours," but did not get it with "A Lost Lady," "Death Comes for the Archbishop," or "Shadows on the Rock."

This year the fiction prize has been awarded both safely and well. There will be few to quarrel; most of those who wanted the prize to go to Kenneth Roberts's "Northwest Passage" will nevertheless recognize that the difference of opinion is legitimate. Whether the committee decided that enough historical novels had already been Pulitzer prize winners, and whether that counted in the decision, is something we shall never know, and it is not important. Mr. Marquand deserves the prize as well as any other American novelist who published a novel in 1937. He sowed a field already exhaustively cultivated by so distinguished a writer as George Santayana, and he was triumphantly successful in raising his own crop.

Ballade of the Annual Query

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WHEN Pulitzer died, who was known as Joe,
He left a will and a large estate.

(In 1911, the Long Ago).

Novels and poems of worth and weight,
Plays and cartoons that stimulate,
Newspaper pieces of merit and size
Were picked each year, as we crepitate:
Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?

Why did they choose that dreadful show?
I'd have selected "The Schoolhouse Slate,"

Or the musical satire "Half-a-Mo."
Who are these judges who arrogate
Powers divine and pontificate?
Yearly their judgment petrifies.
Why did they pick "The Good and Great"?

Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?

Think of picking that third rate Poe!
What was the matter with "Hockey Skate"?

What of McTavish's "Tally Ho"?
Those are poems that carry freight.
Why did they stutter and hesitate
On a novel as fine as "Mackerel Skies"?
"Scarface Annie" is second rate—
Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?

L'Envoi

Prints, approaches the well-known date;
Time to wallop and stigmatize;
Time for the wearisome, old debate;
Why did it win the Pulitzer Prize?