

Elliot Paul's Novel of Industrial Action

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER.
By Elliot Paul. New York: Random
House. 1939. \$2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

STARRET-LORING and Company dominated the small New England town of Meldon, and Mark Loring dominated the company. Thanks to his payroll, the butcher and baker and newspaper editor, to say nothing of the mayor and the police force and the bankers of Meldon, lived and had their being. Mark's father had run the factory according to the most enlightened principles of profitable paternalism ("There was none of this government coddling then. A man had to sink or swim, and not one of them was ever abandoned by Starret-Loring if he was worth his salt") and Mark continued to run it along the same lines. He was a benevolent employer, according to his lights, so long as his autocracy was unquestioned, but, when the C.I.O. came to Meldon and threatened his irresponsible power by attempting to organize his employees, he turned ugly. No damned Reds, operating under the protection of an unconstitutional Wagner Act and a president who deserved to be tarred and feathered, were going to tell him how to run his own damned business. The one-time All-American athlete would show them!

How he showed them is the story of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and the methods that he employed are familiar to everyone who has even a bowing acquaintance with labor troubles past and present. The first C.I.O. moves were met by refusals to negotiate and by threats, unofficial but unmistakable, that the factory might be dismantled and its machinery moved to a site across the state line. This would mean the ruin of Meldon, and the threat was calculated to incite the town's Better Businessmen against the organizers and their misled "victims." But the Better Businessmen could only fume and fear; the organization continued. Members of a committee seeking to represent the employees were fired; a company-controlled strike-vote was forced and faked. But it was no use. The strike was called and a majority of the employees walked out. The plant was crippled. "All right," Mark said, "if that's what they want. Close down, and board up all the windows."

Mark Loring broke the strike according to the best traditions: by means of a lockout that meant eventual starvation for all Factory Town; by agents provocateurs and scab gorillas; by undercover propaganda among the "loyal" workers, and by an illegal spiriting away of the C.I.O. leaders; by involving the strikers, against their will, in acts of violence; by

Burns guards, rifles, and tear-gas. When it was all over, "The factory was running, the dead were dead . . ." The last words of the narrator, in whose mouth Elliot Paul has put the story, are: "Mark's sitting on the world." But, plainly enough, one is meant to read, ". . . on a volcano."

Mr. Paul has written an unequivocal tract for the times, but he has not written a good novel, and his tract would be more powerful if his novel were more substantial. Profound feeling went into the writing of this book, no doubt, but the writer has failed to communicate his emotion, because emotion can be communicated only by creative or recreative art, and such art is here lacking. His narrative is



Elliot Paul

as interesting as a rousing left-wing newspaper story or a vigorous article in a liberal magazine, and only in the same way that they are interesting. It does not give us what good novels give, for it has no life of its own,—a life provided by its characters, and made real and moving to us by their command of our imagination and understanding. The thesis does not take on flesh and blood, although blood flows.

Elliot Paul's failure as a novelist, writing of a land in which he has his roots and of people so close to his heart, is the more conspicuous because only two years ago he succeeded so triumphantly in writing, in his own person, of the people and woes of a little Balearic island. And it is a strange failure, for he is an experienced novelist. Were he but lately converted to the faith he preaches, one might think that the artist had been overwhelmed by a tide of new-found belief, emotion, and material; that the convert, still learning to lisp the shorter catechism, was not yet muscled for the arena of apologetics. As it is, one can only wonder, while setting down "The Stars and Stripes Forever" as no more than a small journalistic blow struck on the side of the angels of the left.

Atmosphere of Decay

GOODBYE TO BERLIN. By Christopher Isherwood. New York: Random House. 1939. \$2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE first section of this book is called "A Berlin Diary (Autumn 1930)"; the last is "A Berlin Diary (Winter 1932-3)." Between lie four narrative pieces, *tranches de vie* with hardly enough plot for the name "short story," but with too much depth to be called sketches, although that is the word Mr. Isherwood himself uses for them in his brief and modest preface, in which he tells us that the pieces in this book, as well as his previous novel, "The Last of Mr. Norris," were originally planned as part of a huge episodic novel of pre-Hitler Berlin. That was to have been called "The Lost"; but the author says he found that title too grandiose for this book.

It is nevertheless an illuminating title to bear in mind as one reads "Goodbye to Berlin." Here one sees, set down with a perfection of observation which makes analysis unnecessary, the psychological atmosphere which made Hitlerism possible; the author's fellow-lodgers are of the expropriated, drifting petty bourgeoisie held by a state of mind hardly positive enough to be called despair; but among the pupils to whom he taught English one catches glimpses of the terrified rich, barricading themselves in the fashionable, cheerless suburbs behind defenses of barbed wire and police dogs. Spiritually, he shows us, the people he knew lived in a kind of coma; they were not filled with resentment or rebellion; and just because they were a vacuum the flood of Nazism was able to take possession of them. And, running like an accompaniment all through the book, is the theme of homosexuality, not merely the advertised, painted boys of the notorious brothels, but the more poisonous homosexuality that is comradeship and masculinity gone wrong.

Mr. Isherwood combines an uncanny accuracy of observation and ability to convey his impressions with a universal sympathy almost unknown in English literature. He does not condemn the painted boys; he presents them. He does not condemn the brutal Storm Troopers who begin to appear in the last diary; he presents them, and leaves the reader to judge if he will. One feels that this impartial sensitivity has in it a certain defect of its own; the book leaves one with the feeling that Mr. Isherwood merely let impressions come to him; one cannot help wishing that he had looked for more shades of opinion and character, had tried to find somewhere the surviving idealism of the Weimar Republic, or Leftists more intelligent than his emotional Communists. Perhaps that will yet be corrected in that huge episodic novel.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS has published two books you should read on what's going on in Europe. If it's important to read *Mein Kampf*, to find out what Hitler is after, it may be worth seeing what the others stand for too, Fascists, Communists, Catholics and Democracies. It's all set down in *The Social and Political Doctrines of Contemporary Europe*, by M. Oakeshott (\$3.50). The statements for each creed are quoted from the words of the leaders themselves, with the exception of the Nazi section. Herr Hitler withheld permission to quote his words directly, so a précis is given. The book will clear your mind as to what it's all about. ¶ Then, what to do about it? The first constructive suggestion we've seen is in *Economics or Politics?* by Paul Van Zeeland. It costs only 75 cents, but the suggestions in it might save the world. The author was formerly Prime Minister of Belgium.

¶ The best selling Cambridge book this year is Coulton's *Medieval Panorama*, and it shows no sign of letting up. The reason: you can open it anywhere and find yourself reading along and not wanting to stop. ¶ Try a page in a bookstore. Interesting, unusual information + a lively style + good value (800 pages, well illustrated, for \$4.00). ¶ Selling slowly, in spite of grand reviews, is *Portrait of a Chef*, Helen Morris's amusing life of Alexis Soyer, an eccentric but likable Victorian (\$3.00). If you "saw the reviews but didn't get around to reading it", send a postcard to your bookseller, or telephone him now.

¶ Another biography of a little-known man is Bryant's life of Samuel Pepys. The third volume, *The Saviour of the Navy*, costs \$3.75. We say "little-known" because it's extraordinary how much there was to the busy little hero that isn't in the *Diary*.


¶ Remarkable psychologically was Henri Beyle, or Stendhal. A creature of passion and sensibility, he couldn't keep his intelligence from working, even in moments of supreme emotion. *Stendhal*, by Professor F. C. Green, is described by the N. Y. TIMES as an "excellent critical biography . . . succinct, yet complete." The reviewer writes, "he really does give his readers a vital comprehension of the curious nature of Stendhal."

¶ In lighter mood is Fraser Darling's *Wild Country* (\$2.75), which is "the kind of book *The Natural History of Selborne* might have been, if Gilbert White had had a Leica." The S.R.L. called the photographs "among the finest of their kind ever made . . . they are one with the text, which is written in a simple, effortless, and evocative prose." ¶ Reviewers have commented on the attractive binding of *Wild Country*. The cloth used is new to books; it was previously used for aeroplane luggage.

¶ You will like the *Cambridge Bulletin*, describing recent Cambridge books, with eight pages of illustrations. We shall send you one on application; our pleasure will be the greater if your postcard states that you have bought one of the books mentioned above.



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By STANLEY F. HORN

INCREDIBLE though it may seem, the full story of the old Ku Klux Klan has never been told. Why? Because the Klan had no written records and Klansmen would not talk. Hated, feared, admired in the day of its power, the Ku Klux Klan has been bitterly attacked and passionately defended ever since. Years of research have been required to dispel the mystery and piece together the true picture, which turns out to be just as fabulous as rumor has painted it.

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By ROBERT PENN WARREN

"AN extraordinary first novel. The story of Perse Munn, a lawyer, caught in the web of mingled violence and passion is handled with remarkable power."

Clifton Fadiman in the New Yorker \$2.50

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The Development of Psychoanalysis

NEW WAYS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Karen Horney, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1939. \$3.

SOCIAL INTEREST: A CHALLENGE TO MANKIND. By Alfred Adler, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. \$3.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

THE two books under review have in common a high estimation of the role played by social factors in the psychology of the individual and in the neuroses. They also have in common a connection with psychoanalysis: in Dr. Adler's case, historical, in Dr. Horney's case, actual.

Dr. Horney's book, indeed, is professedly a critique of Freudian psychoanalysis. "The purpose of this book," she writes, "is not to show what is wrong with psychoanalysis, but, through eliminating the debatable elements, to enable psychoanalysis to develop to the height of its potentialities." Hence, presumably the choice of the title "New Ways in Psychoanalysis." Actually, however, it is much clearer to the reader which old roads Dr. Horney believes should be closed than which new ways are to be opened. Dr. Horney takes especial exception to Freud's theories regarding female sexuality, the role of infantile material and conflict in determining later conflicts and neuroses. She redefines the Oedipus complex and narcissism, and sets up an original theory of anxiety. From these negative criticisms, Dr. Horney salvages many of the basic facts but seems to subordinate whatever might be called instinct (such as masochistic tendencies) to char-

acter development. Her stress throughout is on the character (in the technical psychological sense) and its reactions in the social setting, so that the transformation she proposes in psychoanalysis appears to be the inclusion of certain psychoanalytic data and a few ideas in a more catholic characterology. The book has much in it that would interest psychologically oriented readers, but as a critique it would mean something perhaps only to those who have a professional interest and training in the field. The style is to be commended for its simplicity and clarity.

Dr. Adler's connection with Freudian psychoanalysis is more historical, and as he complains, more accidental. Had it not been for Freud, Adler would not have been forced to consider and offer an explanation for certain phenomena which were not originally envisaged by his theories. Adler is said to have once compared himself with Freud by means of the familiar trope of the pygmy on the giant's shoulder, but a truer comparison would be the one Brahms used of himself and Beethoven, the difficulty of composing symphonies with that giant's footsteps thundering behind him. Thus it is that where Adler feels compelled to refer to Freud, as in the case of dream psychology, he reveals himself as less composed and less convincing than when he writes of the subject that attracted his original interest, that is, man and society. Dr. Adler has nothing to add to his previous works that is significantly new, but he restates his now familiar ideas on the inferiority complex, social feeling, the desire for power, pampering, and childhood education. The points made seem simple enough but they are sometimes obscured, in spite of what appears to be a highly adequate translation, by a propensity to an involved and somewhat pedantic style.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE AFFAIR OF THE BLACK SOMBRERO Clifford Knight (Dodd, Mead: \$2.)	Doubtfully accidental death of California spinster, and two other related demises, cleared up by Huntoon Rogers on Mexican junket.	Skillfully characterized story, with vivid figure of much maligned young girl running excellent sleuthing close race for honors.	Extra good
JUDAS, INCORPORATED Kurt Steel (Little, Brown: \$2.)	Hank Hyer, in Conn. town to investigate industrialist's murder, runs into hornets'-nest of trouble.	Nasty ways of agents provocateurs shown up beautifully in yarn that bulges with action from start to surprise finish.	Grand
SEVEN TICKETS TO SINGAPORE Ared White (Houghton, Mifflin: \$2.)	Mr. Zoll badly wanted American inventor's device to end war in air. Lance Fargo, U. S. Secret Agent, thwarts him—and others.	Better grade international intrigue yarn with colorful Oriental background, murder, kidnappings, cryptograms, etc.	Action plus
THE CASE OF THE CRUMPLED KNAVE Anthony Boucher (Simon and Schuster: \$2.)	Poisoning of wealthy playing-card collector in Cal. mansion sets strange puzzle for sleuths O'Brien and Colonel Rand.	Interesting data about "tarot" cards, etc., and their connection with triple killing, help yarn with rather involved solution.	Good