

The Tragedy of Vienna

THE DEFENDERS. By Franz Hoellering. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 484 pp. \$2.75.

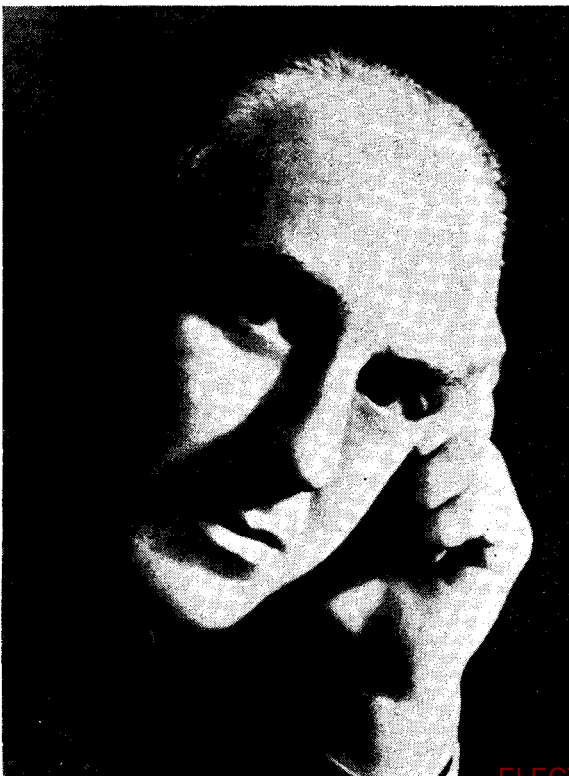
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

HISTORY, during the past quarter-century, has moved at the pace of a charging tank, while the novelists who concern themselves with the great affairs of their own times have panted bravely behind. But, though outdistanced, the writers of factual fiction have scored notable successes; most striking when they have recollected in comparative tranquillity events that once claimed them as actors, or as spectators too privileged for comfort. Among these successes "The Defenders," by Franz Hoellering, must now be numbered.

Its scene is Vienna, in the last days of 1933 and the early weeks of 1934. If we except a final tying-up of fictional threads, its action is barely two months long. But those months, now brought alive again upon an author's page, were fateful; for they saw a nation take a long and irretraceable step on the descending road towards Hitlerism. They saw the collapse of Austrian socialism, the unfurling of the true colors of the Christian Front government, and the massacre of Viennese workers by a modern army of almost twenty thousand men.

Hoellering sets his stage and circles his theme, at first, by way of peripheral characters; then, developing his central and most significant figures, he comes to grips with his subject and sweeps his reader into the swift current of the drama.

Franz Hoellering



Vienna's tragedy is personalized for us by men and women from all social levels, of every political complexion. In their actions we read history, and its lesson. Baron Wiesner, amiable, aloof, and a little dull, who believes that he can escape from his own times by merely retiring to the management of his Tyrolean estate; Professor Steiger, incapable of understanding that there can be any connection between politics and science; Birkmeier, the timorous Social Democratic "revolutionist," who finds himself outstripped by events and scorned by his ineffectual but truly radical son; Hippmann, the weary socialist deputy, vainly trying to stay the hands of the extremists; Karl Merk, young engineer, who has no doubt where he must stand when the test comes; Maria Steiger, Wiesner's betrothed, who finds love with Karl, and a meaning to life in the struggle that kills her lover; mother Merk, stern and humble watch-dog of the workers' cause and arms; Franze, the monstrously fat bass-drummer, with the failing heart that he flogs on to devoted action—perhaps the most re-

markable and memorable character of all; Pepitta, intent only on her own career in the midst of a crashing world; young Uexcuell (read Starhemberg) leader of the Heimwehr; Professor Schlager, pliable conformist; Kleist, the practical Nazi; and Robinson, the fanatical—these are the principal characters through whom the novelist brings tragic history home to us, by virtue of whom he makes it put on individual flesh and being. And the lesson? Well, part of it at least is that there are, today, no ivory towers available.

One might pick out many scenes and incidents for praise—follow Franze's staggering steps as he struggles to warn Hippmann of Heuberger's (should we read Korbel's?) treachery; dwell on the heroic last stand of the Schutzbundlers—but praise of a few scenes would lead to others.

With a novel of this kind, so timed, the reader collaborates so willingly and so emotionally that detached literary evaluation is nearly impossible. But I have little doubt that "The Defenders," *qua* novel, is of sound quality and not merely timely. My judgment places it between Hans Habe's "Sixteen Days" and Ernst Glaeser's "The Last Civilian."

Enigmatic Frontier

THE PACIFIC OCEAN. By Felix Riesenbergh. New York: Whittlesey House. 1940. 322 pp. ill., with index. \$3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

COMPARISONS are inevitable when two men, both masters of their craft, write books on the same subject within three months. As a matter of fact it is practically impossible. Mr. Van Loon and Captain Riesenbergh are talking about different things. The Polynesians and how they got there, which excite the former to the tune of half a book, are worth only half a page to the latter; and only two men get top billing in both works.

The two are James Cook and Charles Wilkes. It is not singular that both are explorers. Any story of the world's largest geographical entity is necessarily one of exploration, for colonization has succeeded indifferently (except in Australia, which is off Captain Riesenbergh's beat), and the human clashes that make history in other parts of the world are almost wanting. Not altogether, to be sure. Riesenbergh has resurrected the tale of Cavendish's raid on the galleons, which only Hakluyt knows; of Anson's heroic

cruise, that prodigious man; and of two terrific sea-fights, Dutch against Spaniards, off the coast of Peru.

Yet even there, among the thundering cannon, the ocean remains the dominating fact of Riesenbergh's book as it does not of Van Loon's. The latter is concerned with what manner of men sailed the sea and what they found at the end of the journey. In Riesenbergh the shores and what lies behind them are incidental to the prodigious problems of all that water. Anson is not so worried by the Spaniards he is fighting as by scurvy and the leak under the forefoot. Cook deals more with navigation than natives; and there is a fine chapter on the Manila galleons, six months from the Philippines to Acapulco by way of the long parabola past the Aleutians, making their run with the clock-like regularity of a line of modern steamers.

He gives us, then, the Pacific, the sea itself, pretty near invincible three centuries after discovery, the charts of it still starred with the initials indicating that position and even existence of some of its salient features are in doubt. It is our last, most enigmatic frontier; and in the decade to come perhaps our crucial one, though on this Riesenbergh does not descant, only tells us what the place is like.

The Saturday Review

Pioneer in Photography

TIME EXPOSURE. The Autobiography of William Henry Jackson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 341 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE most historic moment in Mr. Jackson's long career—at the age of ninety-seven he still lectures, travels, paints, and sketches—occurred on July 23, 1870. Back of him lay a boyhood in Troy, N. Y., and Rutland, Vt.; service with the Union army; some rough experience in bullwhacking to Utah and California; the opening of a photographer's studio in Omaha, and the taking of a large number of stereographic scenes along the route of the new Union Pacific Railroad. On the July day named Dr. F. V. Hayden, head of the United States Geological Survey, called at Mr. Jackson's studio. He looked long and earnestly at the photographer's Union Pacific pictures and Indian groups. With a sigh he remarked: "This is what I need. I wish I could offer you enough to make it worth your while to spend the summer with me."

Mr. Jackson asked what he *could* offer. "Only a summer of hard work—and the satisfaction I think you would find in contributing your art to science," said Hayden. "Of course, all your expenses would be paid." That was enough. Jackson was immediately enlisted in Hayden's famous Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. Another member of the party was the painter Sanford Robinson Gifford. While others gathered rock specimens, made surveys, and drew maps, Jackson photographed and Gifford painted. Even before the Civil War Frémont had taken a photographer, S. N. Carvalho, with him on his last expedition. But Jackson nevertheless possessed almost a virgin field, and made the most of it. He took pictures of the scenery of Utah and what are now Idaho and Montana. Penetrating the Yellowstone country from the north, he made what is probably the earliest photograph of the Mammoth Hot Springs—here clearly reproduced. He photographed the falls and grand canyon of the Yellowstone.

This was the effective beginning of Jackson's remarkable career as photographer of the old West. In 1872 he penetrated far into the Rockies again with the Hayden-Stevenson expedition, and made some especially fine pictures of the Grand Teton country. In 1873, still with the Survey, he took the first photographs of the Mountain of the Holy Cross—and one of them is reproduced here. He tells us what an exciting moment it was when he first

saw this magnificent peak with its great shining cross. "It was worth all the labor of the past three months. . . . But as I sat there my instincts came to the fore, and I quickly devoured the hefty sandwich I had brought with me." In 1874, turning southward into the remotest corner of Colorado, he made for the Survey the first photographs of the Mesa Verde and its remarkable cliff dwellings. It was thirty years before the nation at large comprehended the interest and value of the Mesa Verde ruins and made the district a National Park. But Dr. Hayden at once saw the importance of Jackson's plates, and in 1875 had him make more pictures of mesas and ruins in Utah and Arizona. Photographs and photographer were put on exhibition at the Centennial; and Jackson relates that he entertained the crowds there by giving informal lectures on "the cliff dwellings, the flavor of buffalo hump, the geysers of Yellowstone Park, and the domestic habits of the American Indian."

The best chapters of this rambling, informal narrative, flavored throughout with Yankee humor, are those which describe the West of the sixties, seventies, and eighties. Pen sketches as well as photographs illuminate the text. The author clearly enjoyed his life, and kept a journal to record its incidents. At Cheyenne in 1869 he went into Madame Cleveland's brothel to find some customers. After he had treated the girls to one bottle of wine they began to take an interest in photography. "Had another bottle and then they were hot and heavy for some large pictures to frame." In Salt Lake City he went to the theatre. One of the two stage boxes was empty. "In the other I recognized the bushy beard and solid features of Brigham Young himself. Inordinately fond of the theatre, the patriarch was attending the play practically alone; only three of his twenty-odd wives sat behind him." The author liked Indians, Mexicans, cowboys, and ranchers impartially, and he gives entertaining accounts of some picturesque figures of the old West—Senator Tabor of Colorado, for example. In his later years he travelled in Siberia as well as Mexico. But he is at his best in the region between the Missouri and the Sierras, an area of which his pictures furnish an enduring representation.

Mr. Jackson gives two reasons for having attained nearly a century without physical or mental impairment. One is that he inherited a tough constitution; the other that he never took



William Henry Jackson

a sufficiently long vacation to get run down. His habits, he thinks, may have helped. In drinking he is guided by the title of a book which he has never read but which sounds sensible to him; it is called "Liquor, The Servant of Man."

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"The Token of Freedom"

Early this summer there was published in England an anthology entitled "The Pattern of Freedom," a book which contained a collection of pithy sayings on freedom from the time of Pericles to the present day. Beatrice Warde, an American resident in England, hit upon the idea of collecting from its contents enough easily-rememberable passages to fill a booklet for young people. This she issued in the incredibly short period of ten days under the title "The Token of Freedom," and began distributing the little volume to English children about to be evacuated to America.

The forty selections included in the booklet were chosen with a view to making the meaning of democracy vivid and vital to young people escaping from the shadow of tyranny. The Americans-in-Britain Outpost sponsored the undertaking with help from sympathizers in America and subscribed a sum sufficient to make possible the printing of a first thousand copies. An edition of 12,000 is now on the way to press. Information concerning the project may be obtained from Mrs. May Lamberton Becker of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*.