

NEW BOOKS

THE DEVIL IN FRANCE: MY ENCOUNTER WITH HIM IN THE SUMMER OF 1940. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated from the German by Elizabeth Abbott. New York. The Viking Press.

The writer of this vivid book needs no introduction. He has long been sure of a multitude of readers in many countries, who remember the fascination of his *Jew Suss*. The work by Mr. Feuchtwanger that I had last read, and on which I contributed a review to these pages, was his *Paris Gazette*: it presented an unforgettable picture of the life and activity, the perils and achievements and even mutual quarrels of those German refugees in Paris who, like the author, were of the literary class and continued their journalism in exile. In the present book we have the account of a darker side of refugee experience. It is the story of Germans in France consigned to concentration camp, especially of their plight during that tragic June, 1940, and of their new terror when "the men of Vichy" not merely accepted but contrived national dishonor. Here is a first-hand record, by one with high descriptive talent, of a situation that it is most important for us to appreciate. What will be done with France, is obviously a major problem for the post-war reconstruction of Europe. Mr. Feuchtwanger has given us an invaluable sketch of the France with which planners for a better Europe will have to deal.

He presents it as a "devil-ridden" country, but he is careful to explain that he means by this no indictment of the French people as deliberate collaborators with the fiend beyond the Rhine. He thinks it a deplorable thing that a German such as himself, who had devoted his utmost ability to fighting Hitlerism in propagandist books read by millions in many countries, and who had been denounced without ceasing from the Nazi microphone as "Public Enemy Number 1", should have been seized by the French when at war with Germany and subjected to very harsh measures in a concentration camp as a possible pro-Hitler Fifth Columnist! But Mr. Feuchtwanger is emphatic in acquitting the French officials of any wilful or avoidable cruelty. There was much suffering in the concentration camp, but that was incidental to the job the officials had to do in keeping under ward so many "enemy aliens" within such limited space, and with no means of distinguishing among them. Real pro-Nazis, and men quite ready to be Nazi agents, were indeed in the camp. No doubt mistake was at least as frequent in leaving at liberty aliens who should have been shut up as in shutting up those who would have been better at liberty. But there was neither time nor method to investigate further with war raging, and this critic, with such grim personal memories, bears testimony that he believes those who had surveillance over him to have done their kindly best.

What an ineffective "best", however, it was! A few lines from the book take us to the heart of the matter:

I do not attribute our misfortune to any deliberate intent. I do not think that the Devil with whom we had to deal in the France of 1940 was a particularly truculent devil who enjoyed practical jokes of a sadistic nature. I am inclined to think that he was the Devil of Untidiness, of Unthoughtfulness, of Sloth in good-will, of Convention, of Routine, the very Devil to whom the French have given the motto *je m'en fous*—"I don't give a damn".

It is an estimate which may go to explain much more than the misfortune of anti-Hitler Germans confined in a French concentration camp. Perhaps this same easy-going Devil had most to do with bringing about the capitulation?

"Most", it may be, but Mr. Feuchtwanger will be quick to warn us—by no means all. There were diabolic agencies at work in France for which the explanation by mere carelessness is far too charitable. Absence of mind in one sort of person is exactly that which another sort of person, whose mind unfortunately is not absent, can turn to villainous account. Certain men in Paris, not Germans but Frenchmen in positions of control, were those who should have been in concentration camp: alas, it was they or their accomplices who were able to direct a multitude of well-meaning but not clear-eyed subordinate officials to send the police another way. Such elaborate show of vigilance over enemy aliens was indeed an admirable device by which native enemies might cover their own track:

The spies, the saboteurs, the Nazi sympathizers, the leaders of the Fifth Column, were to be sought quite elsewhere than among us . . . sitting in very high places, powerful, influential. We had been interned simply to put on a show for the French people, to divert public attention from the men who were really to blame for the French defeats and who could not be reached.

Of the armistice, so-called, that was in truth abject surrender, with readiness for any terms however shameful, Mr. Feuchtwanger says this:

It was only one more symptom of a condition we had known of all along: the fact, in other words, that when it came to the point, the Fascists in every country stood ready without scruple to sacrifice the national interests of that country to their private interests.

Are there such men indeed everywhere, exploiting the slack easy ways of others who have been foolish enough to take their leadership without question?

Here is intensely a book of the hour. *The Devil in France* should be widely read. In the memorable words of Burke, when your neighbor's house is on fire, it can hardly be amiss to pour a little water on your own.

H. L. S.

L'AIGLE PRUSSIEEN SUR L'ALLEMAGNE. By Otto Strasser. Valiquette, Montreal, and Brentano, New York. Pp. 383. 1941.

"What is *Vaterland*, the land of our fathers?" In the spring of 1918, Lieutenant Otto Strasser, on the orders of General Ludendorff, was endeavouring to combat and counteract hunger, discouragement

and British propaganda among his men by means of short addresses on patriotism. The theme of Strasser's first "pep talk" was *Das Vaterland*. At the conclusion of the talk, the young lieutenant-leutner called for questions. A soldier rose and said:

Lieutenant, I am a workman in a textile factory at Augsburg. My father never owned any land, nor do I. So long as I am young, I shall find employment in Augsburg, just as French and English textile workers find jobs in Roubaix or Lancashire. When we are old we shall be unemployed. Herr Leutnant, I do not understand what is meant by "land of our fathers"!

That day, says Strasser, I understood that there was a social problem and that the German people wanted to solve it, and I understood also that Germany could never enter upon an era of peace unless and until we succeeded in making peace at home amongst ourselves by solving this problem of social justice.

What are the chief obstacles to the solution of this problem of social justice, the removal of which alone will permit real and lasting peace for Germany? Pan-Germanism, *Weltherrschaft*, Imperialism, Militarism, in one word—Prussianism!

At the end of the last century, Germany, under the direction of Prussia, took the road of imperialism. Prussia's real objective was the domination not only of Europe but also of the whole world. In Prussia's hands the German Empire was merely an instrument towards this end . . . The Prussian doctrine has but one name, Pan-Germanism.

The Prussian Eagle over Germany shows the hideous features of the Prussian war-lord; "Under the Mask of Ebert", Part 2; "Under the Mask of Hindenburg", Part 3; "Under the Mask of Hitler", Part 4. Needless to say, Adolf Hitler, foul murderer of Otto's brother, Gregor Strasser, "the chief herald and pioneer of German socialism", wears the ugliest mask:

My brother Gregor and I, who were the masters of the National-Socialist movement in North Germany, did our utmost to wrest it from the clutches of the man who saw in our movement nothing but a means of elevating himself to power. In 1930, thanks to the alliance which Hitler concluded with big industry, our party became the ally of the forces of reaction.

Poor little Fritz Ebert, saddler by profession and President of the Weimar Republic by misfortune, stood on the top of the Brandenburger Tor at the entrance to Unter den Linden, Berlin, and greeted the defeated and disconsolate Imperial Guards with "I salute you, who now return home unconquered from the fields of battle":

Hindenburg would not have spoken differently. It was the condemnation of the Socialist Revolution. The unconquered army! So it was the people at home who had forced this victorious army to lay down its arms! Did Ebert, former member of Miners' Strike Committee, realise that he had just pronounced the death sentence on all movements from the Left for a better Germany?

What is to be the ultimate solution? Will Prussianism, *alias* Hitlerism, be overcome? Will the real, authentic, social revolution of the "Strasser Circle" ever happen in Germany? Will this present generation of German soldiers have a more adequate appreciation of *Vaterland* after World War No. 2? Otto Strasser, who in this and

sundry other books and articles never ceases from mental, moral and epistolary struggle on behalf of his country, is confident:

The true German National-Socialist Revolution is inscribed on the pages of the history of Germany. Hitler was able to turn the movement from its real objective, but he was not able to prevent history making use of him to open a clear path for the future re-entrance of German Socialism . . . The defeat (*écroulement*) of Germany will retard the Revolution some twenty or possibly thirty years. But nothing in the world, short of the entire disappearance of the German people, can prevent the Revolution taking place one day.

All interested in post-war Europe and the "New Order" will find *Prussian Eagle over Germany* very interesting and suggestive. Those especially interested in the problem of Regional or World Federation should read also Otto Strasser's, *Germany Tomorrow*. "La mission des peuples allemands est européenne et fédératrice." European and federative! But that's another story.

C. H. MURCER

POETRY AND POETS

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY. Edited by Allen Tate. Princeton Univ. Press. Pp. 125. \$2.00.

THIS GREAT ARGUMENT. By Maurice Kelly. Princeton Univ. Press. Pp. 269. \$5.00.

THE LONE SHIELING. By G. H. Needler. Univ. of Toronto Press. Pp. 109. \$1.85.

PROMETHEUS THE FIRE GIVER. By Lawrence Dakin. Paris (The Obelisk Press). Pp. 84.

PRINCETON VERSE BETWEEN TWO WARS. Edited by Allen Tate. Princeton Univ. Press. Pp. 112. \$2.50.

Princeton University has a Creative Arts Programme under the direction of the distinguished American writer, Mr. Allen Tate. *The Language of Poetry* consists of four essays given under the auspices of this undertaking by four well-known critics and writers. In "Poetry, Myth and Reality" Mr. Philip Wheelwright is concerned with the lack of significance in modern poetry, a lack that is part of the world of thought fostered by the philosopher Descartes, who established "the thinking self and the extended world of things over against each other as distinct substances". In other words, modern poetry, in common with other aspects of modern life, is concerned with a horizontal line between the ego and the phenomena that make up the physical universe. Great poetry needs a vertical axis extending from the community to "Mystery, of which the community mind is darkly aware". Myth is, then, not a mere fancy make-believe, but the

intuitional side of man pressing on to higher truth, which cannot be reached by the intellect. Plato was in this sense a great myth-maker; all religions owe their power and depth to myths; all great literature is the embodiment of myths. Most thinking people concerned with the present state, not merely of poetry but of civilization, will agree with Mr. Wheelwright; unfortunately, the essayist, like the rest of us, has no suggestions to offer as to how poor naked mankind can recover the old, or create a new, set of myths. In "The Language of Paradox" Mr. Cleanth Brooks calls our attention to the great part that paradox plays in poetry; he shows clearly that even a simple, direct poet like Wordsworth depends for his effect on the subtle use of paradox. Mr. Brooks's analyses of some of Wordsworth's sonnets enrich one's appreciation of the poems greatly. Mr. I. A. Richards, of Cambridge University, writes on "The Interactions of Words". The power of a word does not lie in its denotation, nor even in its connotation however rich this may be; rather the power of a word is fully realized only in successful combination with other words. This leads to the striking, if somewhat illogical, definition of a word as "its interactions with other words". To enforce his point, Mr. Richards gives an illuminating analysis of Donne's "An Anatomy of the Word". Mr. Wallace Stevens has for his subject "The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words". This essay is somewhat more diffuse, but the gist of it lies in the discovery that the disappearance of nobility is the result of maladjustment between the imagination and reality, the result of our obsession with certain aspects of truth. Even though these essays do not solve the problems of poetry—and what essays could?—all of them light up facets of the subject and stimulate the reader to thought.

This Great Argument is concerned with two problems: the early or late date of Milton's *Of Christian Doctrine*, and, the late date being proved, the light that the essay throws on the heterodoxy of *Paradise Lost*. The work will have little appeal for other than specialists on Milton; that is a pity, for every lover and student of Milton should read the last chapter, in which Dr. Kelly piercingly examines the theories of certain modern schools of Miltonic studies. He believes what anyone but a specialist would believe: that Milton was a 17th century English Protestant, with extreme Congregational views about Church organization and Arian views concerning the Second Person of the Trinity. It is a delight to see Dr. Kelly puncture Professor Saurat's 19th century Milton enraptured with the German philosophical Absolute, and Mr. Tillyard's faith that his own intuitions concerning Milton's motives are much more trustworthy than Milton's own statements about these motives. The earlier chapters are somewhat marred by the author's aggressive enthusiasm in overthrowing his opponents, and his certainty that he has found the keys for the various problems. One wonders how much value is to be found in the long lists of parallel passages between *Of Christian Doctrine* and *Paradise Lost*, for about 90% of them are commonplaces of theology; the remaining parallels are, of course, valuable.

In 1829 there was published in *Blackwood's* an inferior poem with one magic, immortal stanza beginning "From the lone shieling of the misty island". Since then a favorite question with Canadians, especially Scottish Canadians, has been "Who wrote the poem?" Various guesses have been made: Christopher North, the Earl of Eglinton, John Galt, Scott. Professor Needler enters the lists to prove that David Macbeth Moir, Musselburgh physician, friend of John Galt, and frequent contributor to *Blackwood's*, was the author. Professor Needler notes that the poem is in English sapphics; after a long but valuable history of the sapphic verse form from Horace to the 19th century, both in religious and in secular poetry, the author shows that of all the people concerned with the "mystery" and with *Blackwood's* only Moir wrote sapphics. For Professor Needler this is final proof of Moir's authorship, but in the latter part of the volume he generously gives other kinds of evidence. While evidence based on style and verse form can never be final proof, one must admit that Professor Needler has made a very convincing case for Moir's authorship. Only two criticisms rise in the reviewer's mind: (a) the unsatisfactory use of symbols used for marking quantitative verse for marking accental verse, and (b) occasional disagreement with, or perhaps misunderstanding of, some of Professor Needler's scansion.

Mr. Lawrence Dakin, author of a three-act poetic, closet drama on the Prometheus theme, is a native of Nova Scotia, having been born in Sandy Cove, Digby County. This drama is designed as the first part of a trilogy on the subject. Mr. Dakin opens with Prometheus's resolution to thwart the selfishness and jealousy of Zeus by giving mankind fire; he enlists the aid of Athena; the drama closes with the rejoicing of Man in his new possession. Poetic dramas on mythical subjects lack the interest of human actions and motives; this deficiency must be overcome by the loftiness of the thought and the nobility of the expression. By these tests Mr. Dakin has been successful. Prometheus has faith in man; the future lies with men, not with the gods. The diction of the poem is very chaste, Mr. Dakin having avoided the all-too-easy temptation to be lush. The blank verse is competent in rhythm, but the poet is at his best in the beautiful lyrics that mark the various stages of the action. One would like to read a book of lyrics by this young and promising poet.

The only Princetonian quality about *Princeton Verse Between Two Wars* is that all poets represented in the volume were, or are, Princeton undergraduates or members of the Graduate School. Thirty-six poets are represented. The poems are of high quality, and the number of freakish, "esoteric" poems is remarkably small. The result is a very good anthology of American poetry during the last twenty-five years. Every reader will soon find his own favorites; it would be impertinent of the reviewer to advertise his own choices. A word should be said about the fine printing and format of the volume.

WE MUST BE FREE. By Leslie Roberts. Macmillan, Toronto. pp. 248.

This outspoken and breezily written volume by a well known Canadian journalist deals primarily with pre-war issues in Canada—the Padlock Law, the futility of our political parties, the defects and supineness of the press, the pretensions of provincial governments, the failure to deal with unemployment, the railway problem, etc. If these issues are dwarfed by the war, they are by no means dead. As Mr. Roberts sees them, they are straws in the wind showing the decline of liberty and the ineffectiveness of democracy in Canada; a decline inevitably hastened by the necessary and unnecessary restrictions incident to war. Liberty for Canadians will not be preserved merely by fighting abroad; we must put our own house in order, as well as restore other people's houses. The book is neither profound nor exhaustive, but it is worth reading not only as the opinions of an intelligent journalist but as a sample of liberal opinion in Canada.

R. A. MACKAY

EUROPE IN REVOLT. By René Kraus. New York, 1941. The Macmillan Company.

This is another timely book. Mr. Kraus, whose literary fecundity is amazing, has supplied a small encyclopaedia of information on matters about which just now we particularly wish to be informed.

Readers of his *Winston Churchill*, and of his *Men Around Churchill*, know his vivid descriptive style. It is illustrated again here in his account, first, of the horrors of German occupation of the several countries which have fallen under the Nazi heel, and, second, of the "underground" warfare which is already being waged in each of them, by champions of the oppressed nation, using such weapons of passive resistance, sabotage, plot, as are available where open warfare is impossible. He pays his tribute to such splendid allies as Britain has in Norway and the Netherlands, whose governments-in-exile have directed magnificent service especially of their fleets and their air forces. He tells of the achievements by de Gaulle and his "Free French" that will live for ever in coming history. He brings home to us how the guerilla warfare of Yugoslavs is still a major problem for a German invader who has found even his favorite resource of terrifying by cruelty to be ineffective for his purpose. What will interest some readers still more is the story of underground effort where this is the only sort of resistance available.

Two hundred millions of subjugated people, belonging to various races and cherishing various sorts of national tradition, are for the time in hardly disguised slavery to the Nazis. To say that they are discontented, and will sooner or later revolt, is to understate the case enormously. The discontent amounts to fury, and the revolt is already on such a scale as requires gigantic force of German troops, which

Germany can ill spare for "mere police duty", to hold the occupied countries. In Czechoslovakia alone, for example, the "garrison" approaches half a million in number! We are much indebted to Mr. Kraus for this brilliant survey, country by country, of a scene about which there was knowledge in general terms, but of which it was not only of interest but also of great importance to have the concrete detail.

This is a book often painful to read, for the things which Germans are not merely willing but apparently delighted to do are often such as persons of humane civilization cannot easily bear even to see described. But it is the sort of painful reading that is imperative just now. I commend it to that latest group of impostors by which our age has been troubled, the men constantly demonstrating to us, in the name of "political science", that every nation is the same in character as every other nation, and would do the same sort of thing in the same circumstances. Mr. Kraus will not probably make much impression upon them, for they are our most conspicuous "wishful thinkers", construing all evidence for the support of the thesis to which they are devoted. But this record, which in outline is corroborated by witnesses innumerable, should at least disconcert them a little. And it should prove very useful indeed as supplying to another and more genuine sort of reader the antidote to their isolationist poison.

H. L. S.

THREE CAME TO VILLE MARIE. By Alan Sullivan. Oxford Univ. Press. Pp. 391. \$2.50.

This tale has been given the award as the best Canadian novel of 1941. It is the story of Paul de Lorimier, of Old France, who prefers common sense sprung from the soil and books to the ways of the courtly world. In love with Jacqueline, he is forced into a duel of honour with his old friend Jules Vicotte; in the midst of the duel he throws down his sword and walks away. Branded a coward by a world that cannot understand his motives, he eventually comes to New France and takes up land near Lachine. Of course, in the reaction Jacqueline marries Jules and goes to Court; unfortunately the King casts a friendly eye on her, so Mme. de Maintenon sees that Jules and Jacqueline go to New France, first to Quebec and then to Ville Marie. It would be unfair to tell the rest of the story, which is full of adventure, characterization, and wisdom. Perhaps the greatest charm of the work is the light, sophisticated writing; one feels that in this work a Canadian writer has achieved full maturity of style. A book well worth reading, especially in this, the tercentenary year of Ville Marie.

B. M.



"Isn't she fetching?"

"Yes thank goodness, fetching Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

DAKAR: OUTPOST OF TWO HEMISPHERES. By Emil Lengyel.
Random House, New York.

A young divinity student was once asked "Do you know the Minor Prophets?" He replied "I know where to find them in the Bible." It is questionable whether, until very lately, any large proportion of the class called "general reader" knew even where to find Dakar on the map. But it is a place about which it is important to have knowledge considerably in advance of that now, and Mr. Lengyel has presented in a concise readable volume the points of salient significance.

He tells of the enormous importance of Dakar in the present international struggle, with the Vichy French as Hitler's collaborators, and Dakar lending itself so readily as a base for German attack on the American coast. It will be news to many readers that the impoverished country of which Marshal Petain is nominal head has undertaken, since the tragedy of two years ago, an enormous railway-building project across the Sahara, whose completion would be of obvious service to Nazi Germany in this war, and of no clear service to the servile state that is struggling under the load of such expense. I recommend Mr. Lengyel's book cordially, both for its contents and for its style, to those desirous of a clear and manageable introduction to the problem of the French West African sphere of rule in its bearing on the one great issue of the hour.

H. L. S.

TRUST Company service is doubly valuable these days as the safest means of conserving estate, business and investment values.

As trustee of your financial affairs now, or as executor of your Will, we handle your estate problems with experience, understanding and ability that relieves you of present worry, and protects your dependents, future.

Your inquiries will be treated in confidence and without obligation.

•
Executor—Trustee—Administrator

