

Jewish Life

Issued Monthly by the
Morning Freiheit Association

15c

NOVEMBER 1948

David Bergelson • H. N. Bialik • David Biron • B. A.
Dotkin • Ben Field • H. Friedman • Eve Merriam • Sam
Morgenstern • Wm. L. Patterson • S. Podair • James N.
Rosenberg • Morris Rosenfeld • Dr. Annette Rubinstein
Anne Saxe • Morris U. Schappes • Viola Brothers Shore
L. Singer • Esther Vilenska • Henry A. Wallace

SECOND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Art work by Jacob Epstein • Aaron Goodelman • Wm.
Gropper • L. Gurdus • J. Levine • L. Segall • B. Shahn

In Two Parts

with **CULTURAL SUPPLEMENT**

Part One

From the Four Corners

Edited by Louis Harap

AT HOME

A tidal wave of protest in this country greeted the announcement on September 16 by the U.S. Military Government in Germany that the sentence of Ilse Koch, wife of a Buchenwald death camp commander, and universally condemned sadist, was commuted from life to four years. Senators, Congressmen, Jewish organizations and all sections of the population expressed profound shock at the news. Many of the men connected with the investigation and prosecution of the case joined in the outcry. William Dowdell Denison, former chief prosecutor of the Buchenwald case, accused the "depraved woman" of "trafficking in human skin . . . beating prisoners herself, and reporting prisoners to the Protective Custody Camp Leader so that they were beaten to such an extent that the prisoners died as a consequence." General Lucius D. Clay, commander of U.S. troops in Europe, who signed the commutation order, explained that the evidence against Ilse Koch did not warrant so heavy a sentence as life. On September 25, Secretary of the Army Kenneth C. Royall stated that the decision was final and the case was closed. But the protests mounted. On September 28 a Senatorial investigation of the case began and on the same day Royall announced that inquiries into a reopening of the case were being made.

Commutation of sentences of other former Buchenwald staff members have also been announced. Death sentences of four were commuted to life; of three from life to 20 years; and camp physician Dr. Bender, who had been sentenced to 10 years, is now free.

☆

Eighteen students at New York's City College on September 20 walked out of the class of Prof. William E. Knickerbocker, who had been under fire for anti-Semitic practices for several years. Earlier this year the City Council unanimously recommended that Knickerbocker be asked to resign. The Board of Education met on September 27 to consider the case and voted 15 to 4 to exonerate Knickerbocker. Protest nevertheless continues and Rabbi Arthur Zuckerman, director of the college's Hillel Foundation chapter, promises that the matter will not be dropped. At this writing students have gone on a sit-down strike in the corridors of the college. College authorities are reconsidering the case.

☆

A permanent body representing Jewish youth groups all over the United States and called the National Jewish Youth Conference was created at a conference held in Narrowsburg, New York, in September under the auspices of the Jewish Welfare Board's National Jewish Youth Planning Commission. Purposes of the new body will be to exchange experiences and program ideas; initiate national programs that could aid local groups; act as a sounding board for youth needs; stimulate development of youth councils; facilitate relations with other cultural and ethnic groups; serve as an instrument for cooperation between American Jewish youth and people of Israel and youth all over the world; provide a medium for democratic representation from youth councils on national and international youth bodies; and to provide a self governing, representative body of organized Jewish youth to help meet the needs of American Jewish youth.

☆

In August the United States representatives in Prague advised the Czechoslovak authorities that the United States would take certain sanctions

(Continued on page 31)

Jewish Life

Issued Monthly by the Morning Freiheit Association

VOL. III, No. 1 (25)

NOVEMBER, 1948

EDITORIAL BOARD

SAMUEL BARRON

PAUL NOVICK

ALEXANDER BITTELMAN

SAM PEVZNER

MOSES MILLER

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES

LOUIS HARAP, *Managing Editor*

JEWISH LIFE is devoted to the scientific study of the political, economic, cultural and social development of the Jewish people, and to the militant struggle for equality and democracy. It carries on a consistent struggle against anti-Semitism and all other forms of discrimination in the United States. It fights for the building up of a progressive Jewish life in our country and throughout the world. It gives maximum support to the development of Jewish communities where they exist. It recognizes that the chief strength of the Jewish people lies in an alliance with the progressive forces of the world, particularly labor, and with the masses of the oppressed peoples.

THE EDITORS.

CONTENTS

PART I—Main Section

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

THE "LEGAL" ASSAULT ON FREEDOM, a guest editorial by William L. Patterson	3
BALLOTS FOR PEACE	4
COLD WAR AGAINST ISRAEL	5
THE ARAB LIBERATION MOVEMENT	5
COUNTER-OFFENSIVE	6
GREETINGS TO THE LAND OF SOCIALISM	6
SAMUEL BARRON	7
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE Irgun: I by Esther Vilenska	7
THE CASE OF THE ACADEMIC BIGOTS by David Biron	11
WALLACE CONDEMNS THE BERNADOTTE PLAN	15
JUDAH P. BENJAMIN: STATESMAN OF AN EVIL CAUSE by Morris U. Schappes	15
SO SOON FORGOTTEN? by James N. Rosenberg and Henry Morgenthau	19
Jews of the USSR: I, OUT OF THE PALE by L. Singer	20
REVIEW	
THE COLD FACTS ABOUT AMERICAN EMPIRE by J. P. David	23
LETTER FROM ABROAD	
JEWISH REVIVAL IN RUMANIA by Jewish Democratic Committee	24
DOCUMENT	
AMERICAN RABBIS TAKE THEIR STAND, Resolutions of the Central Conference of American Rabbis	27
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS	29
FROM THE FOUR CORNERS	2, 31, 32

PART II—Cultural Supplement

COVER DRAWING by Ben Shahn	1
CULTURE FOR THE PEOPLE'S SAKE, an editorial	3
WORK, a short story by Ben Field	4
MAN AND MACHINE, a sculpture by Aaron Goodelman	6
NO LONGER TEARS, a poem by Simon Podair	7
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THE JEWISH AMERICAN NOVEL by Dr. Annetta Rubinstein	8
THE WALL, a poem by Eve Merriam	11
THE WITNESS, a short story by David Bergelson, translated by Rae Lobel and Joseph King	12
THE SURVIVORS, a painting by Lasar Segall	14
JOSEPH, a poem by H. Friedman	16
DRAWN FROM MY LIFE, five drawings by William Gropper	17
THREE POEMS by Morris Rosenfeld, translated by Rose Pastor Stokes	18
MORRIS ROSENFELD AND MOON OVER THE EAST SIDE, drawings by Jacob Epstein	18, 19
QUEST FOR AMERICAN JEWISH MUSIC by Sam Morgenstern	20
THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE, a painting by Jack Levine	21
HEAR, O ISRAEL! a one-act play by Viola Brothers Shore	22
NIGHT CLUB IN THE WARSAW GHETTO, a drawing by Luba Gurdus	25
JEWISH SALT ON JEWISH WOUNDS, a review by B. A. Botkin	27
OUT OF THE DEPTH, a poem by Hayyim Nahman Bialik, translated by Reginald V. Feldman	29
SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA, a short story by Anne Saxe	30
OUR WRITERS AND ARTISTS	3

JEWISH LIFE, November, 1948, Vol. III, No. 1 (25). Published monthly by the Morning Freiheit Association, Inc., 35 East 12th St., New York 3, N. Y., ALgonquin 4-9480. Single copies 15 cents. Subscription \$1.50 a year in U.S. and possessions. Canadian and foreign \$2.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter October 15, 1946, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1948.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

THE "LEGAL" ASSAULT ON FREEDOM

A Guest Editorial

By William L. Patterson

IN America, things are different. Buildings are larger, money-hunger is deeper, the land is broader, the people are more diversified. The giant of industry rolls unchecked by feudal brakes; the idea of democracy marches, stepping from farms and shops. When the monstrous threat of fascism starts to spread in America it goes differently; for it starts without framed-up fires or a march of blackshirts on the capital: it spreads legally, clad in the robes of justice.

The indictment and trial of the 12 leaders of the American Communist Party are not preceded by a book burning in the Opernplatz, by an organized movement of storm-troopers and bullies; no sun-god worshippers or soldiers plot a frantic *putsch*. When fascism shows its fangs in America, its face is all self-righteousness. It throws up its hands in horror: "Fascists? But we are trying to preserve democracy!"—and all the while its wolfish eyes peer about to see if its trickery is detected.

A grand jury sat in secret session for a whole year to bring forth the whopping absurdity that the reconstitution of the Communist Party in 1945 was a conspiracy to overthrow the government by force and violence. The grand jury had no difficulty in getting the documents. The proceedings of the 1945 convention and the party constitution were publicly printed and circulated. Checking the facts was no twelve-months task but very simple: there was no evidence of deeds of force or violence to be listed.

Time was needed, however, to prepare the political climate which could not be done in a day. First trial-balloons had to be raised. The cabinet-cry of a Schwellenbach demanded the illegalization of a political minority. The mountebankery of an un-American investigating committee detected red plots in Hollywood celluloid. The international scene had to be prepared, too. Russia was declared an enemy by headline and oratory. Labor had to be put in handcuffs: Taft and Hartley forged them, one for each wrist. Negroes had to be terrorized and the Klan rode again. City police started shooting Negroes indiscriminately. Loyalty decrees had to be issued and Mr. Truman obliged. Bi-partisan unity had to be welded and Marshall and Dulles did it. Not until then—not until the step by-step procedure had been executed, was the grand jury permitted to bring forth its mouse. Only when democracy had been kicked in the shins and brought to its

knees could the gavel of legality be cracked down upon its head.

There was no secret about the coming indictments. "Leaks" anticipated them. A softening-up process was practiced on the American public with the precision of a boxer. The indictments lay incubating in the dark until the masterminds of American fascism judged that the proper moment had arrived.

If the indictment of the American Communist Party were only a legal matter, or if communists alone were concerned, there would be no need for the Civil Rights Congress to launch the campaign it is now undertaking to quash the indictments. The Schneiderman case on the Supreme Court records explodes the force and violence myth. Certainly the Communist Party can engage competent legal talent to defend it. But much, much more is involved. The attack on the Communist Party is a high-point to date in the progress of the fascist monster. The attack is an assault on the very heart of the democratic process, now that the vital organs have been corroded. In America they order these things differently. The destruction of democracy by a seeming "democratic process" is the boldest and most dangerous step towards bringing fascism "legally," since it could never be imposed by force.

The American masses must learn that the fight against the indictments does not mean partisanship for the Communist Party or its program, nor even alone against legal skullduggery before a black-robed tribunal. The fight is against upsetting a timetable according to which the train of history is careening towards fascism and war, which mean slavery and destruction for the whole people.

The Jewish people should know what the indictment of the American communists means. More readily than others they should smell the smoke of the oncoming fire of fascism between the *whereases* and the *wherefores*, and the stench of burning bodies. The smoke from the Reichstag fire and from the chimneys of the Dachau and Oswiecim crematoria has not yet disappeared. The smoke has veered from Mittel-Europa to the Potomac and rises there. The indictment of the American Communist Party threatens the enslavement of the American people, the extermination of the Jewish and Negro peoples.

If the Jews need any demonstration of this, let them look at Israel. The hand that "legally" throttles that state and commits a people to a Marshall-Bevin-Bernadotte slavery,

WILLIAM L. PATTERSON is executive secretary of the Civil Rights Congress.

is the same hand that "legally" signs a court-paper and commits a political party to outlawing by Clark-Thomas. In each case the papers are signed by Harry Truman, and in each case the rejoicing witness to the festivities is Thomas Dewey. In each case "legality" is the watchword: in Israel it means stifling a people's independence; in America, it means an end to a people's tradition and mass murder.

From the "legality" of the indictment to the attempted murder of a Robert Thompson, the way has been short. Violence to American freedoms is not far behind.

But the very "legality" and "differences" that the Forrestals, Trumans and Parnell Thomases use to win complete power for the trusts are in themselves a measure of the democratic resistance that will eventually break them. While the tradition of democracy was never very firmly established in Germany, the nazis did not hesitate to discard even its superficial trappings when the men of the trusts felt their position to be threatened. But in America one does not rule by decree—at least not for long. Democracy, like grass, is tenacious; it grows in unlikely places, and it clings fast.

Can the resistance be organized in time to prevent fas-

cism from slipping off its legal mask and exposing its brutal face? The lessons of the Mundt Bill's defeat, of the growth of the new Progressive Party demonstrate that the forces of the people can win. But fascism cannot be fought in the courts alone. The reversal of the framed-up charges against the communist leaders, like the eventual release of Gerhart Eisler, of the Ingrams, will not be achieved so much by a lawyers's battle of wits as by the participation of millions of people in the political arena. The task of the Civil Rights Congress, which is leading this fight, is to rally the people to stop advancing fascism in its tracks. Money to the Civil Rights Congress will help; letters to President Truman and Attorney General Tom Clark will help; petitions from trade unions and people's organizations will exert strong pressure.

America need not undergo fascism, like Germany, Italy and Japan, before it breaks through the black hood. Jews and Negroes and other minorities need not burn before the pall of smoke is banished forever. Our "difference" can be our strength, provided we seize it. Victory in the fight against the outlawing of the Communist Party is a key today to halting the "legal" death of democracy.

BALLOTS FOR PEACE

TWO events in recent weeks, one at home and the other abroad, have brought to focus the real issues in the elections, the mounting dangers of fascism and war.

The first was the attempted assassination of Robert Thompson, New York State chairman of the Communist Party. This act of violence was the logical consequence of the systematic, calculated plan deliberately inspired by Wall Street to incite the American people against labor and civil rights, which leads in the direction of fascist force and violence and finally war. Union men all over the country have been beaten, arrested, killed. Progressive Party workers and candidates have been kidnapped, beaten, jailed. The Progressive Party has been denied the ballot in several states. The Taft-Hartley Law is bringing back company unionism and the labor movement is being strangled. "Un-American Committees" are mushrooming in Washington and locally all over the country to subvert the Constitution by depriving progressive citizens of their civil liberties. The Constitution is being flouted by the deportation jitters. The Dewey-Truman campaigns are fiercely competing in redbaiting. Indifference of the authorities to the Thompson case is an alarming sign of the distance we have gone on the road to fascism.

The second event was the commutation of Ilse Koch's sentence from life to four years. The arrogant, deceitful excuse of the authorities that the case against her was not proved, is belied by a mountain of evidence. The sentence of other arch-criminals of Buchenwald have also been commuted. This softening toward nazis is part of a grand

plan of returning nazis and reactionaries to power in Germany and of re-cartellizing that country in preparation for war against the Soviet Union. German cartellists are getting off scot free or with small fines. The Ilse Koch case is only the most blatant episode of a carefully worked out plan to bring reactionaries and fascists to power all over the world. Some of our "statesmen" like Senator Chan Gurney are even assuring Franco that we will bring him into the Marshall Plan arena.

The final objective of all these pro-fascist developments is war against democracy all over the world. If we have not learned this from the past war, we have learned nothing. The Jewish people, particularly, should need no further proof, if any were needed after repeated bipartisan betrayals of Israel and the passage of the anti-Semitic DP act this year, that they stand in dire peril from both Democratic and Republican parties.

The American electorate will show that they have understood the lessons of the last year by piling up a large vote for Wallace and Taylor. A vote for them is not wasted. What the Wall Street dictators of the bipartisan policy fear above all is a large vote for Wallace and Taylor. For that would give them warning that the American people have not been deceived by their campaign of jingo, lying, redbaiting and intimidation. As one of our contemporaries put it: a vote for Wallace is a vote for freedom.

Nor do the responsibilities of the American people end with the election. Our era demands the building of an independent people's coalition and movement with firm roots among the workers. This is the major task to which the American people must devote themselves in the period ahead.

COLD WAR AGAINST ISRAEL

IF the independence and sovereignty of Israel were not at stake, American chicanery on the question would make excellent comedy. Bernadotte comes with a plan. Marshall announces his acceptance of it. The Jewish press proclaims that this is betrayal. On the morrow, however, sections of the Jewish press recognize that such frank talk might lead to complete disillusionment of the Jewish masses with the Truman regime. A new headline therefore appears announcing that Marshall had accepted the Bernadotte plan without Truman's knowledge. A few days pass and a new headline is in the making. Dulles, conscious that here is a useful issue for his man Dewey's campaign, announces that he was not consulted by Marshall. And the American people are supposed to fall for this farce. The American people are to believe that Truman doesn't know what his Secretary of State is doing. And that Dulles, joint co-Secretary of State for Dewey and Truman and chief architect of American foreign policy, is blissfully unaware of or in disagreement with the administration's Palestine policy.

Had Marshall and Bevin had their way, the Bernadotte plan would have been among the first items on the agenda of the UN meeting in Paris. They reasoned that they would succeed in pushing through the plan if it was taken up quickly, while the impress of Bernadotte's death could still be used to greatest advantage. And they would have succeeded, had it not been for the fiery counter attack of Vishinsky and his exposure of American aims.

As things stand, the peril to Israel has not been removed. It has merely been delayed. Whether Anglo-American imperialist plans will be frustrated, depends in great measure upon an effective, united and militant demonstration of opposition on the part of the American community, Jewish and non-Jewish, *now!* The time has come for those who profess devotion and love for Israel to stand up and be counted. Israel's freedom cannot be won by pussyfooting efforts and back-door intrigues, Zionist leadership to the contrary notwithstanding. Israel's independence cannot be assured by the approach of hat in the hand, please, Mr. Truman. The illusion that American foreign policy can be divided into separate compartments, with Israel somehow escaping intact and unharmed must be dispelled.

Washington's foreign policy is a policy of war, of reviving fascism and giving aid to the most decadent, most reactionary forces in the world. Such is the case in Germany, in Greece and in Turkey. Such is the case in the Middle East. How else can one explain the constant stream of funds and support to feudal lords and cohorts of Hitler like Emir Feisal of Saudi Arabia, like Abdullah of Transjordan? What a state of decadence and corruption one must reach to label aid to these brigands, who wallow in luxury while the peoples of their land are the victims of starvation, disease and of living conditions beyond description, as support for "democracy."

What hope is there for Israel under a Bernadotte plan? Can a truncated state, robbed of viability, look forward to days and years of growth and development? Take the Negev away, only hope for a Jordan TVA plan; the port of Haifa, only real outlet to the sea; the airfield of Lydda, only suitable site in Israel for air transport. and what have you left? And as if this were not enough, insure that no independent and democratic Arab state is set up in the Arab sector of Palestine, but instead turn that sector over to Abdullah (read England) and form an economic union between an enlarged Transjordan and a mutilated Israel and you have an outline of the plan which Truman and Marshall and Dewey and Dulles, the "great friends of Israel," have in store for this infant state that is not yet out of its swaddling clothes.

Make no mistake about it. Whether we have Truman or Dewey, this is the plan either intends to carry through, in one form or another—that is, if they can get away with it. They cannot allow an independent Israel. It would upset the schemes of the oil companies and the war makers. An independent Israel represents a seat of danger in the Middle East in more ways than one. It sets a dangerous example to too many peoples of the Middle East, who yearn for freedom. And it therefore makes the Middle East an unreliable base for American expansion and adventures.

And that is the real story of the Bernadotte plan, thought up not by Bernadotte but by the men in power in Washington. And Bernadotte himself was forced to admit this. On July 13, at a meeting of the Security Council, Manuilsky and Gromyko forced Bernadotte to admit that his plans had been "suggested" to him by Washington and London.

This is the Marshall Plan in action. And Dewey and Truman are its loyal advocates and sponsors. If you are for Israel, strong, sovereign and independent, you cannot be in favor of these men.

THE ARAB LIBERATION MOVEMENT

THE general press has deliberately played down the activities of the progressive movement among the Arabs. In fact, most people are quite unaware of its existence. Yet this movement could play a vital role in securing the independence of Israel through helping form an independent, democratic Arab state in conformity with the UN decision of November 29, 1947. Weak though this movement is, primarily because of ruthless repression, by both the imperialists and the Arab feudal lords, a lasting and peaceful solution of the Palestine problem depends in part on the maturing of this movement. In Palestine the progressive Arabs are organized in the League of National Liberation, led by Arab communists. Before the proclamation of the Jewish state the British suppressed the League's paper, *Il Ittihad*. Since May 14, the feudal Arab leaders have ruthlessly launched a terror against the League.

But the League nevertheless returned to its heroic, dangerous work of rousing the Arab masses against Anglo-American imperialists and their stooges among the Arab lords. The League issued a leaflet calling upon Arab soldiers to go home and turn their guns against their Arab oppressors (see *JEWISH LIFE*, September, 1948). Other leaflets appealed to the Arabs for unity with the Jews against the Anglo-American imperialists. "The League calls upon the masses of the Arab nation of Palestine," said one leaflet issued in July, "to set up a People's Front that will terminate the horror of racial butchery, a People's Front that will concern itself with the poverty of the masses. . . . The League calls upon the Arab people to set up a Popular Front that will wage mass struggle on behalf of the independence of Palestine as decided upon by the United Nations, for frustrating the imperialist plot and preventing the intervention of the Anglo-Americans in the country's affairs and its future." Despite the suppression, the League is growing in strength.

The Israeli government has unfortunately not cooperated with the League, which is the only Arab political party in Palestine that is fighting for the UN decision. In fact, that government has not yet lifted the ban on *Il Ittihad*. A short period of cooperation of the Israelis with the League following the conquest of Nazareth, Arab city, ceased after the Palestine Labor Party yielded to the demand of a committee of Arab business men and a priest to drop the one Arab communist from the liaison committee with the Israeli government.

An Israeli response to the Arab League's appeal for cooperation and anti-imperialist unity would do much to help break the present impasse, which has been carefully nurtured by the Anglo-American imperialists as a condition for retention of control over Palestine. Unity with Arabs, whose aim is to set up an independent Arab state in accordance with the UN decision, would bring a democratic solution closer. Israeli independence would gain added strength from the presence of a democratic, independent and friendly Arab neighbor state.

COUNTER-OFFENSIVE

THE recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *Vashti McCollum* case has led off a counter-offensive in the struggle to hold fast to the basic American principle of separation of church and state. The decision ruled as unconstitutional the giving of religious instruction in the public school room. This victory was significant but not decisive, for it did not explicitly rule on the larger question whether the public school system can be involved in any way whatever with religious education. In New York the authorities interpreted the decision as leaving untouched the released time laws. These laws are now being challenged in a suit brought by a Protestant and a Jewish parent in the New York State Supreme Court.

Several Jewish organizations are sponsoring the suit to-

gether with the American Civil Liberties Union and the United Parents Association. They are American Jewish Committee, American Jewish Congress, Bnai Brith, Jewish Labor Committee, National Community Relations Advisory Council and the Synagogue Council of America. In September the New York Board of Rabbis joined these sponsoring organizations. In its statement announcing its stand, the Board of Rabbis affirmed: "We have always felt that the released time system violates the constitutional provision for separation of church and state. . . . We feel too that official participation by the city in religious instruction tends to promote divisive tendencies among the children. . . . The American tradition of complete separation of church and state . . . is the best way to preserve both our religious and democratic values."

The principle involved is at any time a basic defense line of democracy. How much more is this true today, when pro-fascist forces are on the offensive in our country. The above suit is part of a democratic counter-offensive which should be pressed to the utmost.

GREETINGS TO LAND OF SOCIALISM

NO amount of lies, slander, intimidation or scare-mongering can for long obscure the fact that the Soviet Union is today leading the fight on a world scale for peace, democracy and liberation from oppression all over the world. Wall Street is due for a rude awakening if it believes that the flood of redbaiting it has loosed, will keep the people from ultimately grasping the significance of the founding of the Soviet state on November 7, 1917. This historic event opened a new era and perspectives for socialism for the whole world under which the people will own the means of production and rule in their own interests.

The Jewish masses all over the world, too, are learning that the Soviet state was the first to give their people unreserved social, political and economic equality, and that the only solution to the age-old Jewish problem lies in socialism. The concrete actions of the Soviet government have given irrefutable evidence of this: the conversion of tsarist Russia from a prison-house of nations to a society of the friendship of peoples; outlawing of anti-Semitism and every form of group hatred; real equality for the Jewish people through a normal distribution of occupations; initiation of the first modern Jewish state in Biro-Bidjan; and principled, unswerving support for a free, independent Israel.

Because the Soviet Revolution has brought into the realm of actuality the perspective of freedom for the common man everywhere, we greet the Soviet Union on the thirty-first anniversary of this world-shaking event. And we do so with the certainty that the indefeasible truth about the Soviet Union will prevail among the common people long after the present tornado of redbaiting will be a shameful footnote of history.

SAMUEL BARRON

IT is with regret that the editorial board of JEWISH LIFE announces the resignation of Samuel Barron as managing editor in order to take up other urgent work. This is the occasion, we feel, to voice recognition, in which our readers will surely share, of the splendid service that Samuel Barron has rendered to the Jewish people by his dynamic direction of JEWISH LIFE since its founding just two years ago. It was largely his driving force, keen thinking and creative approach that was responsible for whatever

standing the magazine now has among the Jewish people.

Happily, however, Mr. Barron will continue to contribute actively to the magazine by his service on the editorial board. Managing editorship is now in the hands of Louis Harap, formerly editorial associate. Mr. Harap has had varied experience in scholarship and journalism. He was the founding editor of *The Jewish Survey* and edited this magazine until he left for the army in 1942. Mr. Harap will continue the genuinely collective editorship so well established by Mr. Barron. The editorial board has confidence that Mr. Harap will lead the magazine in the direction pointed by its first managing editor.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE IRGUN

By Esther Vilenska

Translated from the Yiddish by Joseph King

IN June of this year, the young Jewish state was greatly disturbed by a serious attempt on the part of the Irgun to incite civil war. It began with a dispute over the ship laden with arms. The Irgun demanded that it be permitted to make hay for itself by utilizing the weapons to arm its followers only. The conditions which the Irgun had put were as follows: 20 per cent of the arms for Jerusalem and the rest for the Irgun, and the Irgun alone.

The fact that a Jewish army had been created which was fighting against the enemy, was a matter of little concern to the Irgun. The fact that a Jewish government had been established which was leading the fight against the aggressors, did not interest the Irgun. The fact that Israel was surrounded with enemies, lying in wait on all sides, did not concern the Irgunists. They deserted from the army and called upon all their followers to forsake their positions in order to begin an internal struggle to get the arms for themselves.

Thus the Irgun elements tried to disarm the Jewish soldiers and strove to capture positions from the command of the Israeli army. They had no compunctions in igniting a fire while the Arab aggressors were poised on all fronts. Their commander, Menachem Beigin, was not ashamed to justify the struggle with the spurious reason that if he did not distribute the arms among his followers, they would revolt against him. This is indeed a highly "patriotic" reason to justify a civil war!

The Irgun seeks to create the false impression that the struggle was conducted because it wanted only to unload the arms while the Jewish army did not want the arms at all. This is pure demagoguery. The fact is that the Irgun had begun the bloody struggle because it demanded the arms for itself and had rejected turning them over to the leadership of the Israeli army.

Up till now, the Irgun has not answered the main questions: why did it refuse to deliver the arms to the Israeli

army? For what political purposes does the Irgun require separate arms?

One of the Irgun commanders had declared at a press conference in Tel Aviv, on the same day its "putsch" was begun, that the Irgun wished to give its followers arms in order that its soldiers would be better armed and would "feel better." It is clear that this was but a thinly disguised pretext to cover up the anti-democratic goals for which the Irgun required the arms. For if it is true that the Irgun had no hidden, suspicious goal, why should the entire Israeli army be worse equipped and why should only the Irgun forces be better armed? Why should not the arms be distributed by the general Jewish command to the whole Jewish army? Why does the Irgun require its own stores of arms while the entire state is at war, and all citizens are driving back the enemies on all fronts?

The Irgunists persist in arguing that they brought the arms to Israel and that therefore the arms belonged to them. But what is involved is not a commercial deal in the market, but a general struggle to defend the fatherland. Is it not clear that in such a situation the present demand for the separate arming of a separate military organization by the Irgun has quite definite political aims?

The Irgunists say: a *putsch*? Heaven forbid, we would not think of it. But if they are actually as innocent as they make themselves out to be, then one must ask: why then do they need arms after they had officially declared and ardently pledged themselves to enter the Israeli army and dissolve as a separate military organization?

If they had no intention of starting a civil war, then why did they tell all their followers to desert from the army and come to the ship? Why did they concentrate on the ship their entire leadership, including their commander-in-chief?

Against whom are they preparing to turn their arms? The foreign enemy, the Arab aggressors and their British officers, are being heroically fought by the Israeli army. All the fronts are being self-sacrificingly defended by the courageous soldiers of the general Jewish army. As regards the external

ESTHER VILENSKA is the 30-year-old secretary of the Communist Party of Israel. This article will be completed in the next issue.

situation, therefore, the Irgun can have no special mission. There remains for them only the internal front, the struggle to attain positions of power.

Before we go into greater detail on the concrete meaning of attaining positions of power, it is necessary to inquire into the social class which incites the Irgun, and what class interests the Irgun defends. What social strata stand behind the Irgun? Which class supports it? Whose political aims does the Irgun express?

Industrialists Back Irgun

We begin with one episode. A short while ago, before the beginning of the "Altalena" civil war, a meeting took place in Ramat-Gan, in which the commander of the Irgun and rich Jewish industrialists participated. Present were such men as Sachs—owner of a big factory, Furmantzenko—a big industrialist, and Krinitzi—the mayor of Ramat-Gan, who also has some business interests and is far from being a pauper. At this "substantial" gathering 20,000 pounds (\$80,000) was raised immediately. This example is not an isolated one. Nor is it an accident. It is very characteristic and points to the bourgeois source upon which the Irgun rests in Israel and—in the United States of America.

During the entire course of its existence, the Irgun has been supported financially by the Jewish bourgeoisie, and its leaders are recruited primarily from among this element. No wonder, then, that the Irgun elements, fed with money by industrialists, had more than once placed themselves in the service of the most brutal anti-labor interests of these factory owners. It is enough to recall one of the recent occasions when Jewish industrialists used the Irgun as strike-breakers.

The general strike of the workers in the mills in Petach-Tikvar at the end of 1946 was supported by the Histadruth. The strike was called to improve very bad working conditions. All the workers in the weaving mills, irrespective of party affiliation, formed a common front. The owners set the Irgunists against the striking workers. The "brown heroes," as they are called, came with knives and arms against the workers, and did not hesitate to shed Jewish blood. The Irgun then revealed itself cynically and brutally as the mailed fist of Jewish Big Business, as the organized military storm troops who menaced the elementary democratic rights of the working class.

The entire labor movement in Palestine was aroused by the attack on the strikers. It was clear that a military power of a definite anti-democratic character was emerging. Strike-breaking is no accident or "misunderstanding." Every worker knows and feels that organized strike-breaking is one of the sharpest expressions of mercenary service to the bourgeoisie.

There is another interesting political aspect of the question. The Irgun sharply attacks the leadership of the Histadruth, calls it "totalitarian," etc. True, one may criticize the present leadership of the Histadruth, particularly on the point that it serves the interests of the Jewish bourgeoisie.

Thus, for instance, the Mapai (right wing labor party)

leadership of the Histadruth agreed during the current war that the wages of the workers be reduced. Ben Gurion, the leader of the Mapai, as security minister (he is also premier) decided that it was necessary to concentrate the workers in camps and take back a significant part of their wages. But thus far, he has not yet imposed war taxes on the industrialists and bankers.

This shows that the Mapai leadership is not an independent factor but an executor of bourgeois policy. Criticism of the Mapai leadership of the Histadruth must therefore be necessarily linked with the main struggle against the policy of the Jewish bourgeoisie. However, he who attacks only the leaders of the Histadruth and handles with silk gloves the policy of the entrepreneurs, industrialists, importers and speculators, discloses his own very intimate relations with precisely the latter circles.

In view of the fact that the Irgun is highly pleased with the policy of the Jewish bourgeoisie and is delighted with its attack on the elementary rights of the workers, the Irgun criticism of the Histadruth leaders must be considered nothing less than a camouflaged means of fighting against the labor organization and the labor movement as such.

The pro-bourgeois class character of the Irgun is also established to a certain extent by the fact that the bourgeois Hebrew press—*Haboker* and others—serves as a defender of the Irgun, despite its anti-British propaganda, while these newspapers often recognized "British interests" in Palestine.

At first glance it may appear contradictory that orthodox British newspapers should undertake to defend the Irgun, which conducts anti-British propaganda! One answer to this question is that the complacent circles of *Haboker* know very well that they have taken devoted lackeys under their wing. Another answer to this question lies in the "tolerant" Irgun attitude toward American imperialism.

Revisionism—Public Face of Irgun

The anti-labor character of the Irgun, carefully masked in its publicity, is, however, regularly and openly revealed in the revisionist newspaper *Hamashkif*. *Hamashkif* is jointly edited by revisionists and Irgunists. *Hamashkif* quite openly attacks strikes, remaining true to the strike-breaking ideology of the *Fuehrer*, Vladimir Jabotinsky. *Hamashkif* even committed the absurdity of opposing the strike of the workers in the potash company, owned by predominantly British and some American capital. The potash company is under the management of the British ICI (Imperial Chemical Industry) trust. Hence revisionist circles, together with the Irgunists, oppose the struggle to improve the wages of Jewish workers at the expense of the profits of British owners. How do you like this interesting "patriotism" of the Irgunists? How do you like such remarkable "anti-imperialism" on the part of these gentlemen?

In view of the role of the Irgun in the service of the Jewish bourgeoisie, it is clear that its demand for arms for its separate military organization was aimed at a strengthening of the bourgeois representation in the government by force of arms. It is clear that Irgun objectives of political

power are not isolated from its class character. The crucial fact that the Irgun decided to conduct a bloody struggle against the Israeli army, shows that the official pledge of the Irgun to dissolve is not worth a dime. It rather shows that the Irgun is determined to provoke a civil war when it has sufficient strength and open support.

The bloody events around the "Altalena" are a danger signal of intensive political activity by the reactionary forces—even in the hard times of the general and united military struggle of Israel against foreign aggressors.

A complete picture of the Irgun cannot be given without a perspective on the historic political changes taking place in Israel and on the attitude of the Irgun toward the new foreign rulers who are appearing on our horizon.

In Israel, a national liberation struggle is successfully going forward. That is one side of the coin. At the same time, a new foreign occupation is beginning—occupation by American imperialism: that is the other side of the coin.

American Penetration in Israel

The young Jewish state is fighting heroically against Arab armies, and their British commanders. But even before the military victories are consolidated, and before full political independence is secured, a systematic penetration of American military in different parts of the country, and particularly in Haifa, is taking place. The excuse is that the occupants wear United Nations arm-bands, and officially consider themselves "truce observers." In fact, however, they are nothing but foreign occupationists.

American imperialism is using all sorts of maneuvers to get into our country. At one time they send in American ships, a second time airplanes (not for the Jewish army, heaven forbid!), a third time several hundred sailors were pushed in and later American soldiers stream into our ports without end. Excuses are not lacking, and in the course of two months of truce negotiations there have already come to us, bless them, 4000 American armed "guests"!

The serious menace of American imperialism is not limited to military penetration. Americans are also attempting to "embrace" our country economically and politically. The American government is demanding larger concessions; it demands immediate political control in Israel in connection with the promised loan; it maneuvered through its appointed agent, Count Folke Bernadotte, to take away Jewish territory and even Jewish sovereignty.

In this new situation several principled questions arise about the position of the Irgun toward American imperialism. Why does not the Irgun now raise its voice against American occupation? Why has not the Irgun even protested against the penetration by American military? Why has not the Irgun opposed Truman's demands for concessions and bases in Israel? Why has not the Irgun said one word until now about the serious menace of American imperialism to Jewish freedom? The Irgun has closed its lips and remained silent. Hush-hush, quiet.

Every sincere person knows how harmful are the attempts

of Americans to rule in parts of Europe and Asia, as well as in the Mediterranean countries. It is an instructive fact that the 16 European, so-called western, countries (including England, France and Italy) have openly protested against the enslaving conditions of American "relief." It is easy to imagine what kind of magnanimous "conditions" the Truman government will be pleased to set for the Jewish state when Weitzmann selects the Washington address at which to ask for a "loan." Well, has the Irgun exposed the danger of American Big Business for the Jewish economy? Has the Irgun declared that it is opposed to the Marshall Plan for Israel?

Support of American Imperialism

Not on your life! The Irgun itself has remained silent about such "small" matters, and in some circumstances, as is well known, silence speaks louder than words. But this is not all. The Irgun was not satisfied with silence. Through its newspaper, *Hamashkif*, it spoke openly for American imperialism. *Hamashkif* printed an outrageous article by Wolfgang von Weisl, who wrote literally that the Jewish ministers should be obedient to the "advice" of the American counsellors in Israel, just as the governments of Turkey and Greece are. He called openly for the participation of the Jewish state in a war against the Soviet Union and demanded the exclusion of the Communist Party of Israel from all influence in the Jewish government and government council.

This is what *Hamashkif* printed on April 2, 1948: "On November 29, the Americans gave us this opportunity: es-

establish your state and prove that it will defend American interests, just as many European governments, in which America is interested, are doing." (Italics mine — E.V.) On April 7 the same newspaper wrote: "We must give guarantees that the future minister of interior, police minister, immigration minister and foreign minister—that these be no less sensitive to the advice of the American counsellors and ministers than the finisters of Greece, Egypt, Hol-



Esther Vilenska

land and Turkey..." The meaning is unmistakably clear!

We know quite well the meaning of the American government's "advice" to which the unashamed von Weisl urges us to listen. We can still remember the order of General George C. Marshall early this year not to admit the

two Jewish ships with immigrants from Rumania into Palestine. We have not yet forgotten the strenuous efforts of the American representative in the Security Council of the UN in April 1948 to annul the decision for the Jewish state and to establish instead a trusteeship regime in Palestine. Still fresh in our minds is the strong financial pressure by the American government on the Jewish Agency in May 1948 not to proclaim the Jewish state. We feel in our bones the American embargo on Israel. The beginnings of American military occupation and the political pressure to transform Haifa into an American base are well known to us in Israel.

We give details about American intervention in our internal affairs in order to emphasize that the newspaper *Hamashkif*, which has leading Irgunists on its staff, at one and the same time sang praises to the Irgun, printed the programmatic speech of its leader and ended with the agitation of von Weisl for slavish loyalty to American imperialist overlordship in Israel.

The Irgun quite correctly considered British imperialism the enemy of the Jewish *Yishuv*. Now that we are faced with the danger of American imperialism, the Irgun utters gentle words, appears to be "naïve," seemingly unaware of American imperialism. When the Irgun refers to America, it does so with genteel expressions, like "American nation," or "the great American nation." It creates the impression that a people's government sits in Washington. The propaganda of the Irgun creates the impression that American ruling circles have noble aims with respect to our country.

It is well known that the British rulers in Palestine and in neighboring Mediterranean countries have intimate connections with British oil interests in this part of the world. It is however less well known that during the Second World War and in the post-war years, America has come into serious competition with Britain, has penetrated the Middle East with much capital and controls important sources of raw materials and oil companies.

Americans Buying Up Oil

The American government, for instance, did what Britain did not have sufficient financial resources to do. It bought up Ibn Saud, "presenting" the ruler of Saudi Arabia with a hundred million dollars, thereby securing for itself (that is for American magnates) the rich oil resources to be found there. The Middle East ceased to be a monopoly of British imperialism. American oil outfits are pressing their British colleagues very hard. According to the report of an American Senate Commission, American investments in Saudi Arabia are \$111 million, and profits reach \$117 million—clear profit of over 100 per cent! These are the fabulous profits of the American oil magnates. No wonder their political struggle around these spheres is so stubborn.

America invested over \$22 million in Egypt before the outbreak of World War II. More than 15 American firms are engaged there in commerce, industry, finance and transport. At the beginning of World War II, Socony-Vacuum together with the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, re-

ceived a concession to prospect for oil in Egypt. The American government offered Egypt a loan of \$100 million for "defense purposes."

For some time the American imperialists in Iraq have held more than 23 per cent of the shares of the oil companies. A short time ago, the government of Iraq gave American firms huge concessions to tap the entire oil reserves in the northern part of the country.

On Bahrein Island all the oil fields belong to the Americans. Ethiopia gave the Sinclair Oil Company a 50 year concession in 1945. American firms in Yemen received in 1946 the right to prospect for oil. Turkey is getting a large American loan of several hundred million dollars. American military experts are in the process of modernizing the Turkish army.

In Palestine, American investments were \$39 million in 1937. By 1945 they had risen to \$150 million. The drive for American economic penetration has gone further in the recent period with the plan to build a pipe line to Haifa and to build oil refineries in this region.

The most important American outfit in the country is the Palestinian Economic Company, which is controlled by the big American bankers, Kuhn, Loeb and Co. Also under American control are the Central Loan and Savings Bank, the Central Bank for Cooperative Institutions, the Home Construction Company, the Water Supply Company. The American Palestinian Economic Company is the owner of the above mentioned corporations. This company is also involved in other corporations, for instance, the potash company and hotels, especially the famous King David Hotel. The pro-American Jewish politicians promise American capitalist circles great profits and monopoly control for their investments.

According to the statement of Secretary of State Marshall, an Anglo-American understanding has clearly been reached under which both competing imperialist wolves have agreed to divide the loot between themselves, and to recognize separate spheres of influence. According to the agreement, Transjordan is considered a British sphere, and Israel an American sphere. Of course, even within the limits of this agreement inter-imperialist contradictions persist. Clearly, however, the Truman government considers itself the future master of Israel.

The Main Enemy

The danger of American imperialism is at the present moment the main danger for the freedom of Israel. England, though it is conducting the war through the Arab states, is a shrinking factor in our arena. Although Britain is still an enemy, it is not the decisive one. As a result of a change in the relationship of forces on a world scale, a new and stronger imperialist influence has appeared in the Middle East. The new fact in the current situation is America's expulsion of Britain from her former positions. Following in the footsteps of the earlier economic penetration of American oil companies comes now the political pressure

of the government and the military pressure of the so-called "observers" and "experts."

A similar pattern was followed in Greece. There, too, American imperialism inherited British control and slowly, bit by bit, replaced it. In short, an imperialist drive against the independence struggle of Israel is going on. The Truman government is trying to rule our country as a market for Wall Street's investments and merchandise, to transform our ports into military, anti-Soviet bases, to transform the Jewish state into an American colony.

Since American imperialism is a real menace to Israel, any movement in Israel that claims to be anti-imperialist cannot limit itself to an unfriendly position toward Britain alone, and adopt a neutral and, in fact, friendly attitude toward American imperialism.

The attitude toward American imperialism is, in the present epoch, the most important test of every political party in Israel. The mobilization of public opinion, the rousing of the masses to political opposition to every tendency to capitulate to *England and America* are of primary importance in the present situation.

There are historic examples of movements in other colonial and oppressed countries which began with terroristic activity against the foreign ruler, but quickly exposed themselves as agents of another competing imperialism. Thus, for instance, a certain anti-British movement in India exists under the leadership of Bose. He organized a military organization which posed as highly patriotic and called itself the "Independence Army." His movement was on the right wing of the bourgeois parties. At a certain period, this organization even conducted anti-British terror and was also, because of this, persecuted by the British ruler. At first glance, this movement could very well pass as anti-imperialist. But very quickly this organization revealed itself as distinctly *pro-Japanese*. Thus, in spite of its open anti-British appearance, it revealed itself as a movement which actually agreed to exchange one foreign ruler for another.

It is therefore of greatest importance to emphasize that the *anti-imperialist character of a movement is established by its full political opposition to every menacing imperialism, and not to the British alone.*

In Israel's concrete situation, where American imperialist wolves lurk in readiness to swallow our country, the loyalty of the Irgun to Wall Street imperialism is an expression of treason to the independence of Israel. The open *Hamashkif* propaganda, through its spokesman, Dr. Wolfgang von Weisl, to adopt American sovereignty, is only a brutal expression of the unashamed, anti-patriotic and pro-American imperialist role which the revisionist and Irgun circles now fulfill in Israel.

The Irgunists try to present the anti-British terror as the most important expression of anti-imperialist struggle. *But military struggle is only a characteristic symbol of a progressive movement only as it is inseparably bound up with a political anti-imperialist struggle.* The anti-imperialist character of struggle is not established by the number of bombs thrown by a certain individual, but by the *political anti-imperialist aims* that are tied up with the military struggle.

A similar development can be seen in Anders' army in Poland. For a certain period, it fought militarily against the nazis. But it quickly displayed its "weakness" toward "western" imperialism, and its treason to the progressive democratic liberation struggle of the Polish people's army.

The conclusion to be drawn from these instructive historic lessons is that it is wrong to characterize the Irgun on the basis of its military actions, without also taking into account its political objectives. *Not every bomb is a symptom of revolutionary struggle, and not every explosion is a sign of progress.* The progressive forces in Israel took a negative attitude toward the Irgun primarily because of the Irgun's chauvinist political platform and because of its pro-American character.

(Continued in next issue)

THE CASE OF THE ACADEMIC BIGOTS

By David Biron

NEW York's young men and women, the children of garment workers and small shopkeepers, laborers and doctors, engineers and office-workers—these are the students of City College. Veterans of North Africa and Normandy, last year's high-school seniors—these are the students of City College. This is the student body of the oldest center of free higher education in the world: Jew and Gentile, Negro and white, Republican, Deemocrat, American Labor Party and Communist.

This is the student body which the entire nation, even the

DAVID BIRON is a recent graduate of Columbia University and a World War II veteran. He is planning a career in journalism.

entire world, is watching today. For this student body of ordinary Americans has repudiated the commuted sentence of Ilse Koch and the policeman's murder of the Negro Willie Milton by its dramatic and militant determination to banish from the campus the racists William E. Knickerbocker and William C. Davis.

Knickerbocker and Davis. Who are these men and what have they done to cause more than 1,000 students to participate in a 25-hour sitdown, to cause more than 2,500 students to overflow a five-hour protest rally, demanding their removal from the faculty?

Dr. Knickerbocker is chairman of the Romance Languages Department of City College. He is known on the

campus for the delight he takes in flunking his students. In 1945 another ugly characteristic of his became known. He was charged by four teachers in his department (two Jews and two non-Jews) with anti-Semitism. He was accused of denying the Ward Medal for Proficiency in French to one of his students in 1942, because the student was Jewish; of discriminating against Jews in the hiring and promotion policies of his department; of Hitlerite references, in the classroom and out of it, to the lack of character, trustworthiness and manners of Jews.

Like most Americans, the students at City College are slow to anger. There were a few "premature" demands for Knickerbocker's ouster, but most students awaited the results of investigation. A faculty committee and then the general faculty of City College found the evidence against Dr. Knickerbocker unconvincing. A committee of the Board of Higher Education, in a report which the entire Board endorsed, also whitewashed the professor. Knickerbocker made some comments about "communist" plots against him. The case was "closed."

But why had the Jewish student not received the Ward Medal in 1942? Were four members of the Romance Language faculty malicious liars? The investigation had dodged these questions, but the City College students wanted answers. The American Jewish Congress wanted answers, City Councilman Eugene Connelly wanted answers.

For ten months a New York City Council committee examined these questions, looking for the answers. Finally, in a report endorsed by a 16-0 vote—with two abstentions—Professor Knickerbocker was found to be overtly anti-Semitic. The Council recommended that the Ward Medal be awarded to the student to whom racism had denied it in 1942. It also recommended that Knickerbocker be urged to retire, and if he did not retire, that he be removed.

William C. Davis was the administrator of the veterans' dormitory, Army Hall. He is a teacher of economics—especially of freshman courses—whose redbaiting and labor-baiting are common campus knowledge. Last year, another facet of his character was revealed. He was accused by students living in Army Hall of segregating Negro residents and discriminating against Negroes in staffing that dormitory. Davis was well defended. Queens Councilman Quinn, whose activities against academic freedom at Queens College are well known, received a mysterious phone call from the "mother" of a Columbia student living in Army Hall and active in the fight to restore democracy to Army Hall. On the basis of this phone call, three of the student leaders at Army Hall were hauled down to the District Attorney's office and accused of having started fires in the residence halls. They were grilled as to their political affiliations. Finally, however, it developed that Bob Stephenson, the Columbia student whose "mother" had started this junior Reichstag fire, had lost his mother many years earlier. Councilman Ben Davis, fighting communist leader of the Negro people, demanded that Quinn

be censured for his role in this frame-up. The City Council, instead, censured Ben Davis.

But the City College students kept their eyes on the ball throughout this redbaiting interlude. They'd seen Knickerbocker, and Hitler, use the same technique. They demanded and won a faculty investigation of William C. Davis. Davis was found guilty and removed as Army Hall administrator, though he continues to teach economics.

The Storm Breaks

This is where matters stood on September 20, 1948, when City College reconvened. The students had watched while two members of their faculty were proven to be bearers of the discredited Nazi mantle of bigotry. They now found that these faculty members were still on the payroll. When Dr. Knickerbocker entered his Spanish 3B class on the first day of school, a student rose and asked him if he was the Knickerbocker referred to in the City Council report. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, the student—joined by 17 of his fellows—walked out of the class. Dr. Knickerbocker and two students remained, while the 18 students went to the office of Dr. Morton Gottschall, Dean of Liberal Arts and Sciences, to demand a new instructor. Two instructors volunteered to teach the class without additional pay. Dr. Gottschall, himself an object of Knickerbocker's contempt, felt called upon to defend the professor. He agreed, however, to accept a petition to transmit to President Harry N. Wright, and offered to receive applications for transfers from the 18 students. He insisted, though, that the students must act as individuals and not as a group.

On September 21, 1948, three students in a class of 30 walked out on Mr. William Davis and, accompanied by representatives from the American Veterans Committee, Students for Wallace and American Youth for Democracy, went to Dr. Gottschall to request a new teacher or transfers to another class. Confronted by a smaller number, the Dean took a firmer stand. His answer was a resounding *No*.

But the campus was not watching idly while this went on. Students for Wallace and AYD issued leaflets to the campus and appealed to other campuses and community groups for support. A Students for Wallace petition to the Board of Higher Education, demanding the ouster of Knickerbocker and Davis, received widespread campus backing. The Intercollegiate Council of the Young Progressives of America called on the students of New York to participate in a mass lobby to the Board of Higher Education on September 27, 1948.

At 7 P.M. on the evening of September 27th, more than 250 students, from City College, Brooklyn College, New York University, Columbia, Queens, Hunter, Brooklyn Polytech, Long Island University, Cooper Union, Juilliard, Art Students League, Pratt and the Manhattan School of Music picketed the Board of Higher Education. In response to this strong student sentiment the board held a brief hearing on the Knickerbocker case, ignored the

Davis case and emerged with a 15-4 reaffirmation of their whitewash of Knickerbocker. The BHE had more important business on their agenda. They considered a complaint that Dr. Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College, was using his freshman orientation lectures to spread the anti-communism which is his stock in trade. They decided that—like Knickerbocker—Gideonse had a perfect right to spread his poisonous ideas among the students. The BHE is, meanwhile, appealing a ruling that membership in the Communist Party is not sufficient grounds for discharging a teacher.

The cases of Knickerbocker and Davis were again "closed." But the student body was now ripping mad. On Tuesday, an AYD leaflet discussed the whitewash. On Wednesday, September 29th, the students were greeted on the campus by signs on the buildings reading "Stop Bigotry" and "Oust Knickerbocker and Davis." A Students for Wallace leaflet called upon the students to assemble outside President Wright's office at 11 o'clock to demand action on the case.

Student Sitdown

That began it. The aroused students responded in a way that City College had not seen since the anti-fascist demonstrations of the 1930's. By noon a constantly changing but growing group of over 500 students were sitting down in symbolically named Lincoln corridor outside of President Wright's office. The whole campus, the whole city in fact, was electrified. Delegations of students came from Columbia, Hunter, Queens and NYU, Councilman Connolly and other Progressive Party figures came to address the students. The newspapers were forced to give page one coverage. Telegrams of support began to come in. And an important lesson for the student body began. It was a lesson in democracy, a lesson in distinguishing lip-service from deeds, devotion to empty process from devotion to the anti-fascist essentials of democracy.

Dr. John J. Theobald, acting in the absence of Dr. Wright, started the students' lesson. He declared that the BHE had the final authority in the matter and asserted that the City Council had studied only "certain remarks" in the 900 pages of testimony that had been produced during the investigation of Professor Knickerbocker. He then left his office and for a half hour attempted to disperse the meeting. In open exchanges before the meeting, student after student rejected his attempts to divert discussion away from Davis and Knickerbocker. As one Negro student put it, "We fought that kind of filth in the war, will we tolerate it in our school? That's the issue."

Later, in his office, Dean Theobald said that he didn't consider the meeting spontaneous and that "a tremendous part of the student body have been in to see me protesting the demonstration." As if to bear out his words, the traditional student belly-crawlers came forward with a statement. The list of signatories is dramatic reaffirmation of the classic role of social-democratic leaders. The statement, which called the sitdown a move by a "small unrepresenta-

tive segment" of the student body was released over the names of Students for Democratic Action, Student League for Industrial Democracy, Students for Thomas, Young Republican Club, Young Liberal Organization, the executive committee of the Day Session Student Council, four class presidents and some minor student organizations.

At the meeting in Lincoln corridor, representatives of some of these groups spoke to the students. They talked about "mob violence" and the "democratic process." They made snide remarks about "Czechoslovak Action Committees." The students, however, continued to flock to the sitdown. They continued, also, to demand the ouster of Davis and Knickerbocker. In the course of the afternoon, seven students walked out of Davis' class, and the executive of the student council was forced to invite Eugene Connolly to speak at a meeting on the Davis-Knickerbocker question which was called for 12:30 P.M. on Thursday in the Great Hall of City College.

As evening came on, evening session students replaced the day session students in the corridor. Some of the students from the day session stayed on. Finally, at midnight, a token group of 21 boys and 5 girls—chaperoned by Rev. John Darr (N. Y. State Assembly candidate in the 7th A.D.)—were locked into the corridor.

Through the night support for the students and maneuverings by the belly-crawlers proceeded. Thursday morning the crowd in Lincoln corridor swelled again to more than 500. During the meeting, orderly elections of a "Strike Committee" were held, demands for presentation at the Great Hall meeting were formulated, and free discussion of the position of the student council was permitted. At 12 o'clock, 25 hours after it had started, the sitdown recessed to the Great Hall. There it was joined by an overflow crowd of more than 2,200 students.

Meeting at Great Hall

From the beginning of the meeting, the strategy of the student council leaders was clear. As the students entered, they were greeted by mimeographed sheets on procedure, designed to stifle discussion and end the meeting at 2 P.M. When the student council president started speaking, he made it obvious that he hoped to put the meeting on record in favor of another investigation, this time by the State Commissioner of Education, and then have the meeting adjourned.

But the students weren't taking any more whitewash. Throughout the morning their determination to get action had grown stronger. As the news spread that two students had been arrested on charges of malicious mischief, they had seen the pattern of redbaiting and frame-up in defense of racism again emerging. The students first proceeded to amend the rules, notably by passing a motion that the meeting reconvene in Lincoln corridor at two o'clock, since Great Hall would not be available after that hour. Suddenly the Great Hall became available until 3 and then until 5 P.M. The administration cancelled all afternoon

classes. The student body was showing the way! The meeting opened with an address by a spokesman for the administration, followed by the Student Council president, various student leaders, Eugene Connolly, Councilman Hart and others.

Democratic Councilman Hart typified, and expressed most openly, the stand being taken by the administration and its student council boot-lickers: His only deviation was his unequivocal statement that "Professor Knickerbocker should not be teaching at City College."

Hart told the students that he didn't "like mass action." He ignored the Davis case, later telling reporters that he didn't "know much about the charges against Mr. Davis." His denunciation of the student sitdown as "mob violence" was greeted by the students with a lusty chorus of boos. Hart proceeded to redbait the boo-ers, and devoted the rest of his remarks to attacking "the comrades" in an attempt to split the assembly. While he did succeed in confusing some of the students, most of them kept the pertinent issues to the fore.

After five hours of vigorous pro and con debate the students had voted:

- 1) to reject the student council resolution calling for a petition to the State Commissioner of Education to investigate the Knickerbocker case and passed instead a resolution calling for a petition demanding the removal of Knickerbocker and Davis; 2) to demand that the students of Davis' and Knickerbocker's classes be given other classes, and if this is not done by next Thursday to "sit down and stay down until we get action"; 3) to meet next Thursday in Great Hall to receive a report on what action has been taken in regard to the previous resolutions, and where to go from there.¹

Students Teach

This is the situation as we enter the year 5709. As Bert Diamond of the American Jewish Congress said, the students of City College have shown "greater foresight and wisdom than either their faculty or the Board of Higher Education."

They have, first of all, shown their understanding of the fact that Negro-Jewish unity is a mighty weapon with which to smash racism. They have rejected attempts to separate the Davis case from the Knickerbocker case. In this respect they have given leadership to the entire Jewish community. They have drawn the lesson from the election of anti-Semite Rankin to Congress because of the oppression of the Negro people in Mississippi. This lesson must be applied to the Davis-Knickerbocker fight first of all, and to the fight against anti-Semitism in general.

Secondly, the students of City College have shown their

¹ Since this article was written, the following has occurred: students who refused to study under Knickerbocker will be permitted to take the course with another teacher; the student referendum on petitioning the State Commissioner of Education to oust Knickerbocker and Davis won overwhelmingly with votes of 4,440 to 564 and 3,381 to 1,195 in the cases of Knickerbocker and Davis, respectively; court charges of "malicious mischief" against two students were dropped at request of the college administration.—Eds.

advanced understanding of the nature of fascism by their increasing rejection of all redbaiting attempts to obscure the issue.

Thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, the students of City College have shown *how* to fight the fascists. Not by investigation alone, nor by sterile procedural debates, nor by compromise with the perpetrators of racism at top-level negotiations, but by militant *mass action*, by united action against every fascist attack, by taking the *offensive* against the successors of Hitler. This is how, the City College students have shown us, we can defeat fascism.

The Jewish Community, in fact the whole of anti-fascist America, owes its support to the students at City College. It is the duty of everyone and first of organized labor, to:

- 1) Wire and write to State Commissioner of Education Francis Spalding to oust Davis and Knickerbocker; 2) Wire and write to Mayor O'Dwyer and the Board of Higher Education demanding action on this case; 3) Wire and write to the City College administration demanding the suspension of Davis and Knickerbocker pending action by these other bodies. Demand also, that no disciplinary action be taken against any students—especially the two who have been framed on charges of malicious mischief; and 4) Urge the City Council to amend the City Budget to bar payment of salaries to Davis and Knickerbocker.

The issue in this case goes beyond the immediate fight to oust the racists from the campus. It is a part of the much broader fight which is determining whether America's young people are to be educated for peace, abundance and freedom.

No Fascism in Education

While the Board of Higher Education defends the racists, it has already fired Alexander Koral from a building maintenance job because he refused to tell the Un-American Committee his political beliefs. As the Teachers Union is called before the sub-committee of the House Committee on Labor and Education, and as the Un-Americans begin to make good their promises to come to the campus, such cases will be repeated. As pointed out earlier, the Board of Higher Education has already appealed a decision that membership in the Communist Party is not sufficient grounds to fire a teacher. It has also issued a ruling forbidding all indicted speakers to appear on the campuses of the city colleges.

Meanwhile, the Board of Education, including the notorious Franco-lover George Timone, has banned the liberal weekly *The Nation* and the novels *Gentlemen's Agreement*, *Focus*, and *Citizen Tom Paine* from the libraries of New York City schools.

The issue is clearly drawn. Either fascism or democracy in education. The Jewish community must understand this issue and take up the Davis-Knickerbocker case not only as an end in itself. This must be the beginning of a full scale offensive to drive reaction from the temples of learning and institute a new era of free, democratic education for all Americans.

WALLACE CONDEMNS BERNADOTTE PLAN

WITH his announcement that the United States would support the Bernadotte proposals for Palestine, General Marshall again betrayed—as the bipartisans and the Truman administration have done before—the Israelite.

I wonder just how long Truman, Marshall and the Republican leaders think we can hold our heads up in the world, when we throw our weight against the only democracy in the Middle East.

The Bernadotte proposals were reported as being proposals for discussion yet Marshall, before discussion and debate, drove the weight of the United States against the original UN decision.

On my visit to Palestine just a little less than a year ago, I made a trip to the Negev, the section which has been given to the Jewish people under the UN decision, but which Marshall would now take from them. As an agriculturist and as former Secretary of Agriculture who sent Walter Lowdermilk to the Middle East, the thing which most shocked me about the Bernadotte proposal was that it would deprive Israel of the Negev and put an end to my dream and the dream of the Jewish people for a Jordan River Valley development that will make it possible to settle from 500,000 to a million people in that land in agricultural pursuit.

The Negev is a desert but it is a desert which can be made to flower and serve the interest of both the Jewish and Arab people. I saw the wonderful pioneering work of the Jewish settlers in that region. I know what they can do.

I want to repeat that the hope of peace in the Middle East lies in lifting this problem above the strictly political level. The United States and the UN should step in with a solid plan for developing the water resources of the Jordan River so that the standard of living of the Jews and Arabs alike can be raised.

The Truman administration must stop playing politics with the lives of the people of Israel. It was only a week or so ago that Marshall said he would hold off *de jure* recognition until after the elections. That smacks of our actions in the Italian elections. I don't like to see our power used to interfere with democratic elections.

Now this statement in support of the Bernadotte proposal commits the United States to taking rights from Israel which were given them by the original UN decision.

Straight-shooting with the people of Israel demands the following immediate actions:

1. *De jure* recognition.
2. An export-import bank, loan to the Israeli government.
3. Administration of Israel to the United Nations.
4. Removal of the discriminatory arms embargo.
5. Establishment of a Jordan Valley Authority with international financing.
6. UN action to control the oil resources of the Middle East.

HENRY A. WALLACE.

September 24, 1948

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN: STATESMAN OF AN EVIL CAUSE

By Morris U. Schappes

IN his bold and unflinching campaign tour through the South, Henry A. Wallace met over and over again the rowdy violence of those who live by the symbols and degenerate "ideals" of the Confederacy. Challenging the system of Jimcrow segregation and oppression of the Negro people, which is the foul, decayed remnant of the old slave system, Wallace felt the rotten eggs, hurled by hoodlums to the accompaniment of the Rebel yell of 1861 and the Confederate flag waving as the banner of state's rights and of the racial theory of white supremacy. From North Carolina to Alabama to Tennessee and other southern states, Wallace faced the Yell and the Flag that gave loud evidence of the fact that for four score years since the Civil War the southern landowners and northern capitalists have collaborated in the perpetuation and propagation of reactionary Confederate ideology. There is nothing vicious in the South that does not wrap itself braggingly in the folds of

the Confederate Stars and Bars. The Dixiecrats convene, and the Ku Klux Klan rides, under that flag.

To indoctrinate the people of the South in the spirit of the Confederacy, a basic ideological industry has developed. In fiction, folk-lore, and fictional history that reaches every school-child, the myth of the justice of the slave-owners' attack on the Union is disseminated. The military and political leaders of the Confederacy are presented as the real heroes of the people. Veneration of Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee is preached. Sentimental teachings about the glorious Lost Cause serve to obscure the fact that it was an Evil Cause. History is crudely revised to fit the needs of American reaction. The understanding, the ideals, and therefore the conduct of millions of people, including children, are debauched and distorted by such teachings. Southern Jews are of course also exposed to this propaganda and its consequences.

Particularly the upper class of Southern Jews considers it necessary and proper to assert its claim to equality by demonstrating that it can be at least as reactionary as any other Southerners. If rebel yells are in order, Jewish voices must join the chorus—or else Jews will be regarded as un-Southern. If the Confederate flag is to be waved, it is thought that Jewish hands must also hold the staff—or else. . . . If the Klan rises, the Jews have no cause to worry, say the leaders of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith in Atlanta, Georgia! The reason was explained to Hyam Ehrenreich, who set the reason forth uncritically in his article in the Jewish daily *Forward* of August 15, 1948:

"Local Jews tell me that there is apparently more fear of the Klan in New York and Philadelphia than in New Orleans or Birmingham. In the twenties, when the Klan was raging in the South, it was a Jew who owned the first mortgage on the Klan headquarters in Atlanta. The gasoline for its automobiles and burning crosses was purchased by the Klan from a Jewish firm. The robes for the Klan were made up by a Jewish company. The bibles that the Klan bought were secured from a firm that belonged to a Jew." (My translation—*M.U.S.*)

One would expect reactionary "socialists" like Ehrenreich and the *Forward* to assume that this is a perfectly proper relationship between Jewish business men and the Klan, and that the Klan really constitutes no danger to the Jews. I am surprised only that Ehrenreich did not inquire from whom the Klan buys rope for the lynchings, and that he did not ascertain who supplied the materials for the Klan lynching of the Jew, Leo Frank, on August 16, 1915, in a suburb of Atlanta. But outside the circles of the *Forward* and the Anti-Defamation League, Jews must shudder at this picture. I remember a photograph of a Jew making a living by selling yellow badges in the Warsaw Ghetto until the Nazi occupationists sent him to the crematorium. I remember the rich Jews of Germany who supported Hitler.

Is Benjamin A Hero?

Part of this pattern of the acceptance by Jews of the values of reaction in the South is also revealed in the attitude of Jews today to the Confederacy, and particularly to one of its leaders, Judah P. Benjamin. That this is no idle issue is suggested by the fact that the Jewish Publication Society of America has seen fit to publish a juvenile adventure story, for children in their early teens, in which Benjamin is the hero and his escape to England after Lee's surrender is the plot.¹ Is Benjamin fit to be a hero for Jewish American youth? Is it a Benjamin that we want our youth to imitate and emulate? Can young people today grow up to solve their problems of war and fascism and the survival and security of the Jewish people by being fed an intellectual and moral diet in which Benjamin is an ingredient? Is praise of Benjamin a part of progressive Jewish culture?

For 50 years, American Jewish community leaders, rab-

¹ *Mr. Benjamin's Sword*, by Robert D. Abrahams. Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, 1948. \$2.00.

bis, scholars, educators, editors and journalists have been building up an image of Benjamin that they want the American people as a whole and American Jews particularly to admire. Three biographies (two of them by non-Jewish southern historians), several scholarly papers in historical journals and a flood of articles and speeches, have provided the materials for the figure that is supposed to evoke the adulation that Jews are taught they should bestow on Jews who are "great" and "successful." The picture is that of a person of tremendous abilities who won eminence as a lawyer, plantation and slave-owner, Louisiana legislator, United States Senator, and, after the secession, as Attorney General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State successively in Jefferson Davis's Confederate Cabinet. "The Brains of the Confederacy" is the honorific title bestowed upon him.

Very early in the process of refurbishing this reputation, Julius I. Peyser, a Washington lawyer, hailed Benjamin as "the chief defender of the South and the bravest and ablest legal advocate that slavery ever had" (*Jewish Comment*, Feb. 16, 1900, p. 2). David Stern, of the University of North Carolina, wrote an article on Benjamin "to remind the Southern boy of one of the South's forgotten heroes," a man who was "sectional, an intense believer in States' Rights" (*The American Israelite*, March 6, 1902, p. 5). In 1904 came the first serious study of the man, by Max J. Kohler, who concluded that "instead of being ashamed to be identified with Benjamin, American Jewry can today point with pride to the remarkable career of the greatest statesman, orator, and lawyer it has yet produced, notwithstanding his identification with the 'Lost Cause'" (*American Jewish Historical Society Publications*, XII, 85). This article became decisive in influencing Jewish judgments. In his *History of the Jews in America*, which held a monopoly in the field from 1912 to 1930, Peter Wiernik named Benjamin as "the greatest Jew in American public life" (p. 221).

Confused Note of Caution

The first faint but confused note of caution against the danger of confusing eminence with greatness came in Rabbi Lee J. Levinger's *A History of the Jews in the United States*, published in 1930 for use primarily in Jewish schools by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. Still considering Benjamin "the most important Jew in public life in the United States" despite the appearance on the scene of Oscar S. Straus and Louis D. Brandeis, Levinger wrote: "Unfortunately for his reputation, his great powers of mind and speech were largely employed in defense of slavery. . . . The fight for slavery was lost as it deserved to lose. . . ." Yet he concludes: "Benjamin was a great man and a great American, but he was not a great Jew." If only Benjamin had been more observant in his religious practices and more closely connected with the Jewish community, it is implied, he would have been a perfect model for our youth! But Levinger's intrepid verdict that the cause of slavery de-

served to lose has been unheeded, even in the purlieus of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

Thus in *Young Israel*, the organ of that Union issued for children, there are two articles in July, 1934. Maximilian Hurwitz, describing Benjamin as "the chief spokesman for the State rights and pro-slavery party," has nothing but praise for him. Then Carlotta Kraft Gillis, in a gushy account of Benjamin's lovely sugar plantation, Belle Chasse, near New Orleans, describes for the young reader the scene, complete with slave-children, of a week-end visit by Benjamin: "Finally, the broad front veranda and a happy cordial greeting from Mrs. Levy, the host's charming sister, and from his mother and from countless bandannaed and bobbing little negroes (sic!)." To Mrs. Gillis, the anti-slavery press lied when it described the unhappy lot of Negro slaves. The big, bad abolitionists threatened "the South" with "economic and financial ruin" and an "alarming social peril." So the heroic Mr. Benjamin fought for the Confederacy "with sincerity." Therefore "his is a memory that demands reverence and cherishing from his fellow Southerners, from his fellow Jews, and from the nation as a whole."

Will children learning such reverence be properly equipped to fight Jimcrow and anti-Semitism?

Underlying the political blindness and moral obtuseness of this drive to "claim" this Confederate leader as "our own," is the set of values of the bourgeoisie, including bourgeois assimilationism. Rarely expressed openly, this principle does find frank enunciation in *The Jews of Iowa*, by Rabbi Simon Glazer (Des Moines, 1904). He writes: "The day, the greatest American Jew of his age, Judah P. Benjamin, accepted a position in the cabinet of Jefferson Davis, the assertion that the Jew never assimilates, or as Renan, the historian has it, 'never becomes a citizen of any land,' received its death blow."

"The Southern Jew, enlisting in the Confederate army, knew that his bullet will probably pluck off the head of a Jewish father fighting for the North, he also knew that slavery in itself is wholly anti-Jewish, and, yet, how cheerfully did he submit his very life to fight the cause of his Southern neighbor! He lived there, assimilated himself with the ideas and sentiments of the people and he himself became like one of them, and every one of his efforts was certainly sincere" (pp. 209-210). Rabbi Glazer in his enthusiasm even avers that Benjamin's "speech on 'The Property Doctrine,' delivered in the United States Senate March 11, 1858, will unquestionably outlive any anti-Semitic agitation." That was the speech, it should be remembered, in which Benjamin defended the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court (which had ruled that a Negro had no rights that a white man must respect) and argued once more that chattel slavery was constitutional and legal and that the federal government must protect property in slaves. It was after this speech that Benjamin became known as "an Israelite with Egyptian principles." Unlike Rabbi Glazer, it seems to me that anti-Semitism will not die until the reputation of this speech lies buried in the grave of reaction.

For the past ten years or so, the portrait of Benjamin has been undergoing a retouching process. Those who have for decades been eulogizing Benjamin as a leading spokesman for the southern cause of slavery and secession are now asked to believe that the reasons for saluting Benjamin are quite different, that he was in fact a friend of the slave and a secret opponent of slavery, and that shortly before the fall of Richmond, the Confederate capital, he openly urged the recruitment of slaves into the Confederate army and the emancipation of those who joined. The chief architect of this theory is Louis Gruss (*Louisiana Historical Quarterly*, October, 1936, and *Opinion*, November, 1937). His is an elaborate but erratic apologia, protesting that, unlike other southerners, Benjamin did not "justify" slavery, he merely "proved" that it was constitutional and legal, and fought for it in the Confederacy! It does not occur to Mr. Gruss that the fact that the Supreme Court, following the slave-owners, had ruled that slavery was "legal," made it necessary that a revolutionary war should be fought to create a system in which slavery was declared illegal and unconstitutional.

Mr. Gruss would have us believe that Benjamin in 1845 "argued for the freedom of the Negro insurrectionists in the Creole uprising" (*Opinion*, November 1937, p. 9). Examination of Gruss's own evidence shows the following, however, to be the case: in 1845, slaves on board the Creole rose up against the crew that was transporting them, took the vessel into a British port, and escaped. The owners of the slaves sued the insurance company to recover the cost of the slaves, and won a judgment of \$18,400 in the lower court. Three lawyers for the insurance company, Benjamin among them, appealed the decision.

In the higher court, the company's brief asserted that since the slaves were human, they were bound to try to escape; that to prevent such escape, strong police measures always had to be used; that therefore the insurance company had specifically, in its policy with the slave-owners, exempted itself from damages caused by insurrection. In short, since slaves *will* rebel, it was unfair to ask the insurance company to pay damages. The court ruled in favor of the company and cancelled the judgment of \$18,400. Benjamin had defended an insurance company against slave-owners, not slaves against their masters. He had used the statement that slaves are human to protect an insurance company, not the rights of slaves. Yet Gruss's misinterpretation of the Creole case finds its way into apologetic articles like the one in *Congress Weekly* (Davis Schwartz, "Honor Comes to Judah Benjamin," Jan. 23, 1942) and even into a serious work like Robert Douthat Meade's full-length biography, published by the Oxford University Press in 1943.

As for Benjamin's emancipation proposal, it came late and was both desperate and futile. To win European support for the Confederacy, and to replenish the dwindling Confederate armies, Benjamin (and Lee) in 1865 publicly

advocated enrollment of Negro slaves with the promise of emancipation. No serious consideration was given to the idea. But even if, for strategic reasons, the Confederacy had accepted the plan and won the war, does any one believe that the plantation owners would have willingly relinquished hundreds of millions of dollars worth of slave property? At any rate, the record shows that whatever private opinions he may have had (and no one has yet shown that he held any anti-slavery views), Benjamin devoted his talents to fighting for slavery, secession, and the Confederacy.

Benjamin Helped Klan

Significantly, also, none of Benjamin's biographers record the fact that in 1867, from London, Benjamin encouraged and contributed funds to the recently established Ku Klux Klan. Susan Lawrence Davis, herself a defender of the Klan, tells the story in her *Authentic History, Ku Klux Klan, 1865-1877* (New York, 1924, pp. 45-47). It seems that Bishop Richard H. Wilmer visited Benjamin in London, described the Klan's work "that the negroes (sic!) might be controlled" and described "the scarcity of suitable dry-goods and horses." Benjamin was "so aroused that he borrowed money and gave it to Bishop Wilmer to buy horses, saddles, fire-arms, and other necessities for the Ku Klux Klan." Later Benjamin sent more funds for the same purposes to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, for he was apparently eager to support this terroristic outfit, which "controlled" the Negroes by means of force and violence until the system of Jimcrow, based on force and violence, could be securely fastened upon the South. Benjamin's aid must have been considerable, for the money, "after the work of the Klan had been complete," was raised by popular appeals and returned to him. Yet of this connection with the old Klan, Dr. Frank Herman could write in 1925: "The fact that Benjamin financed the Klan in 1867 cannot but speak for his good intentions and breadth of mind. . . . Benjamin showed himself a genuine Jew, worthy of the best Jewish traditions which call for devotion to principles of good will and loyalty. . . ." ("Judah P. Benjamin and the Ku Klux Klan," *Jewish Tribune*, New York, July 3, 1925, p. 36.)

It is from this background of reactionary assimilationist apologetics, scholarship and journalism that Mr. Abraham's adventure story, *Mr. Benjamin's Sword*, stems. Benjamin is held up to the young reader as a hero, courageous, resourceful, witty, charming and Jewish. The values are the values of the Confederacy and the unreconstructed rebels, Southerners who supported the Union are depicted repulsively as "scalawags, Yankee-lovers," and as almost responsible for the capture of the hero by Union troops. Anti-Negro stereotypes abound: the frightened, superstitious Negro; the "unruly blacks"; "most of the blacks didn't want to leave their masters." Benjamin says that the Negroes are "better fed and cared for" as slaves (p. 58), and it is a free Negro helping Benjamin to escape who remarks much later, "It's never worse off to be free" (p. 161).

"Both sides were fighting for freedom," Benjamin would have us believe (p. 58), and he assures us that "Well, the war was not fought on the question of slavery" (p. 92)! To save Benjamin from a possible uprising on a plantation on which he is hiding, Mr. Abrahams introduces the beginnings of the Ku Klux Klan to drive off the Negro who is agitating the slaves, and Mr. Benjamin merely sighs at the necessity of such tactics. As a chronicle of Benjamin's adventurous escape, Mr. Abrahams has given us a fairly accurate account, but the whole book is false in presenting as a hero one who cannot be a hero to our youth. He blends too well with the rebel yell and the Confederate flag waved in the face of Wallace as a symbol of Jimcrow and state's rights.

Dangers of Benjamin Cult

What of Benjamin, then? Is he not as much entitled to respect or veneration as Jefferson Davis or Robert E. Lee? Yes, as much or *as little*. For the cult of Confederate worship is a clear and present danger to American democratic ideals, to the progressive forces, and to the nation. Therefore the cult is particularly dangerous to the Jews. The Civil War itself had a special meaning for the Jewish people. In 1861, the emancipation of the Negro was a necessary step on the hard road of the emancipation of labor and the emancipation of the Jews from anti-Semitism. Those Jews who, for whatever reasons, fought on the side of the slave-owners and the Confederacy were objectively harming the cause of international progress, of the American nation, of democracy, and of the Jews themselves. And then as now the fate and welfare of the Jewish people were inexorably linked with the forces of democracy, progress and social revolution.

To glory neutrally, as some do, in the fact that Jews fought on both sides of the Civil War is to assume falsely that it makes no difference to the Jews as a people whether reaction or progress wins out in any struggle. On the modern scene, such neutrality implies that it makes no difference to the Jewish people which side wins in the current struggle between fascism and imperialism on the one hand and democracy and socialism on the other. Such a view is fatal, indeed suicidal. Neutrality to the Klan, to Jimcrow, to Rankin, to fascism and war invites Maidanek. Neutrality to the Judah Benjamins and Jefferson Davises of the Civil War feeds contemporary ideas of Jewish neutrality.

Only those who fought for progress against slavery served American national and Jewish interests simultaneously. They should be our heroes. It is about them that the publication societies should issue books for our youth and for our adults. There are scores of American Jews who lived by the principles of freedom and not of Pharaoh. Let reaction claim and keep the Confederate Benjamin. The Jewish masses want as their heroes those who fought against slavery and secession. Inspired by such heroes, they will be encouraged to fight more vigorously today against Jimcrow, segregation, anti-Semitism and every other manifestation of American reaction.

SO SOON FORGOTTEN?

Below are the facts about the Soviet rescue of more than a million and a half Jews from the Nazi murderers during the war as told in a speech in 1943 by the late James N. Rosenberg, banker and honorary chairman of the Joint Distribution Committee and Agro-Joint, during the visit here of Solomon Mikhoels and Itzik Feffer, noted Soviet Jews. Amidst the hysterical anathemas being poured on the Soviet Union today, Jews and advocates of democratic rights dare not forget these indefeasible truths. The contrast of Soviet policy with that of our own State Department toward the Jews at the same time stands clear in the revelation below by former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau.

The 31st anniversary of the Soviet Revolution is a fitting time to recall these facts.—Editors.

By James N. Rosenberg

SOLOMON MIKHOELS, chairman of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee of the U.S.S.R., director of the Moscow Jewish Art Theater; Lieutenant Colonel Itzik Feffer, valiant soldier, famous poet; Fellow Jews, comrades in the war against fascism: this great gathering of men of good will, Christian and Jew alike, salutes you, men of Russia.

A great American soldier has said that one word sums up the most gallant qualities of man. That word, says he, is Stalingrad. History will enshrine that word. School-books will relate how Stalingrad turned the tide and thereby saved the world from Hitler's clutches. To Jews the word will be immortal. What Jew or non-Jew dares shut his eyes to the menacing poison of anti-Semitism which has not only murdered two million helpless Jews but has been the entering wedge with which Hitler has divided peoples and conquered nations? In Russia that wedge failed him. It failed because Russia has since the October Revolution forbidden discrimination between man and man, Jew and non-Jew. Real equality, regardless of race, religion, or nationality is a corner-stone of Soviet policy. Here—let the world take note—is the key to the courage, morale and unity of the Russian people.

That this humane, wise, and far-seeing Soviet policy is not a mere scrap of paper, that it is the Soviet way of life, I testify from first-hand knowledge. After the October Revolution Russia freed Jews from their age-long prisons, the ghetto of the Czars; it let them forth equally with others to farm and factory. Hence the Joint Distribution Committee formed and supported an American society 20 years ago named the American Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation (Agro-Joint), to help the Jews of Russia to the soil. Through the magnificent cooperation of the U.S.S.R., Agro-Joint was enabled to help 300,000 Russian Jews settle on millions of fertile acres, mainly in the Crimea—acres freely given by the U.S.S.R.

As chairman of Agro-Joint, I wanted to see this great work for myself. In 1926, I therefore went to Russia to inspect the work directed by the famous agronomist and great Jew, Dr. Joseph A. Rosen. Both from high officials of the U.S.S.R. and from men in the fields I learned how splendidly the Soviet government supported this work. I learned it from Jews in Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, Kherson, Kharkov, Simferapol, Jankoi, from hundreds of hard-working settlers in scores of colonies. I saw what

we called "Jewish Cavalry"—bronzed lads galloping over the steppes. It was hard to believe that not long before they had been gaunt little ghetto prisoners.

I wish you could have been with me to behold the miracle which happens to human beings, young and old, when freed of the nightmare of prejudice, persecution and pogrom. Freedom from fear; a world which prays for a just and durable peace, has much to learn from Russia's treatment of minorities. It is also important for us to remember that we, of the United States, every one of us—farmers, lawyers, bankers, laborers, politicians, actors, poets, soldiers—are members of one or another minority, and that persecution of minorities ends up invariably with fascism, which enslaves all men.

I turn now to more recent days. When Hitler marched into Poland and when thereafter Russia occupied its eastern zones, countless throngs of Jews fled to those eastern regions. Thereupon there took place under Russia's direction a vast evacuation of refugees, Christians and Jews, into far eastern Russia. Responsible figures as to Polish Jews now on Russian soil range from at least a quarter to three-quarters of a million—most likely over a half million. From Eve Curie we learn that the refugees receive the same rations as the Russians themselves are given. Let that sink in.

We turn now to the immense Jewish population of White Russia, Ukraine and Crimea. What happened to them? I quote from the scholarly article by Dr. Jacob Robinson in last April's issue of *International Conciliation*, the authoritative journal published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

"Of some 1,750,000 Jews who succeeded in escaping the Axis since the outbreak of hostilities, about 1,600,000 were evacuated by the Soviet Government from Eastern Poland and subsequently occupied Soviet territory and transported far into the Russian interior and beyond the Urals. About 150,000 others managed to reach Palestine, the United States and other countries beyond the seas."

On the basis of these data which I believe to be conservative, Russia has saved over ten times as many Jews from Nazi extermination as all the rest of the world put together. Let that also sink into your minds, my fellow Jews.

We Jews rightly give thanks for the innumerable resolutions of sympathy for Jews, adopted by well-meaning men and groups horrified by the hideous tragedy which has befallen our people. Russia has chosen deeds. She has given life, asylum, bread and shelter to a vast Jewish population.

By Henry Morgenthau

WE knew in Washington, from August 1942 on that the Nazis were planning to exterminate all the Jews of Europe. Yet for nearly 18 months after the first reports of the Nazi horror plan, the State Department did practically nothing. Officials dodged their grim responsibility, procrastinated when concrete rescue schemes were placed before them, and even suppressed information about atrocities in order to prevent an outraged public opinion from forcing their hand. (*Collier's*, November 1, 1947.)

OUT OF THE PALE

By L. Singer

Translated from the Yiddish
by Joseph King

ONE of the significant achievements of Soviet power in its thirty years of creativity in all phases of state, social, economic and cultural activity, is the brilliant triumph of the Leninist-Stalinist national policy. Fraternal friendship of peoples was established and consolidated in our country as a result of the victory of socialism.

"Tsarist Russia," writes Comrade Stalin, "was a prison of nations."¹

Poles and Lithuanians, Georgians and Armenians, White Russians and Ukrainians, the nations and nationalities in the Urals and in Siberia, in Central Asia and north Russia and of other sections of the empire were cruelly oppressed and persecuted. Describing this phenomenon in his early work, *The Russian Social Democratic Party and Its Immediate Tasks*, Comrade Stalin wrote: "There are the groans of the oppressed nations and religions in Russia, among them the Poles and Finns, driven from their homeland, their religious feelings outraged, the rights and freedom with which history endowed them crushed by the autocracy. There are the groans of the constantly persecuted and wronged Jews, who were deprived even of the limited rights enjoyed by the rest of the Russian subjects—the right to live wherever they wished, the right to study in schools, the right to serve, etc. There are the groans of the Georgians, Armenians and other nations who do not have the right to have their own schools, to work in government agencies, who are compelled to submit to the disgraceful and oppressive policy of Russification, which the autocracy is carrying through with such zeal. . . ."²

The Jews in tsarist Russia were the most oppressed of the oppressed. Persecutions, frame-ups, restrictions were poured onto their heads, one on top of another. Segregation was one of the worst plagues for the Jewish masses. A Pale was established for the Jews, beyond which they were not permitted to live.³

Even in the Pale itself Jews could not live in such cities as Kiev, Sevastopol, and others. According to the "Provisional Rules of 1882," Jews lost the right to move from the city and live permanently in a village, or from one vil-

lage to another. Actually this meant that old village residents lost their right to live in the countryside.

The tsarist government exempted from segregation only a few categories of the Jewish people, such as big merchants and manufacturers, professional school graduates and a small number of skilled handicraftsmen. The law pertaining to handicraftsmen was hedged in with so many exceptions and "notes" that actually only a negligible minority (totaling about two per cent) of them took advantage of the "privilege."

Restricted Economic Life

As a result of this segregation, over 94 per cent of the more than five million Jews in Russia at the end of the 19th century lived within the territory of the Pale.

The social composition of the Jewish working population in Russia, according to the imperial census of 1897, was approximately as follows:⁴

Workers and apprentices (particularly in	
artisan and handicrafts establishments) . . .	15.0 per cent
Artisans and handicraftsmen	18.4 per cent
Peasants	2.2 per cent
Employed	10.0 per cent
Merchants, entrepreneurs and indefinite professions	54.4 per cent

The percentage of workers, which appears at first glance to be fairly high, is not really so. In this category were included the unskilled and the journeymen in artisan workshops, among whom almost half were apprentices, and workers in heavy industry. There were hardly any basic industrial workers, particularly in metallurgy and metal-processing industry, among the Jewish working population. The majority of Jewish workers were journeymen in the artisan workshops. They were concentrated mainly in the tailoring and shoemaking trades, trades particularly notable for small workshops, poor earnings and frequent unemployment. The exploitation of the workers was very intense.

The condition of the apprentices was especially hard. Workers who learned a trade in school were the exception. A total of about 4,000 Jewish children attended trade and technical schools in the Pale at the beginning of the 20th century. After completing school, the outlook for getting

¹ *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolshevik) Short Course*, International Publishers, N. Y., p. 4.

² Joseph Stalin, *Works*, Vol. 1, p. 22, Russian edition. Retranslated from the Yiddish.

³ From the beginning of this century, the Pale included the following districts: Kovno, Grodno, Volynia, Podol, Bessarabia, Vilna, Minsk, Kiev (excluding the city of Kiev), Kherson, Vitebsk, Mogilev, Chernigov, Poltava, Ekaterinoslav, Crimea; in addition Jews were permitted in that part of Poland which then belonged to Russia.

L. SINGER is a Soviet writer. This article is the first of a four-part series on the history of the Jews in the Soviet Union. It is translated from a recent Soviet pamphlet.

⁴ Approximately, because census figures were not analyzed according to social categories, but according to non-class economic categories. Thus among those classified as being in industry, agriculture or trade were indiscriminately included owners, workers, farmhands, etc.

a job in a factory or mill was slight, and inevitably such a youth ended by hiring himself out to a master handicraftsman.

The overwhelming majority of children of the Jewish poor went through "trade school" in the artisan workshops. The number of Jewish apprentices in such shops in former Russia (within the 1939 borders of the USSR) amounted to more than 100,000. Yiddish literature has frequently described the ordeals of apprentices before they could get regular employment.

The figure of 2.2 per cent of peasants among the entire Jewish working population in pre-revolutionary Russia speaks for itself. This was the total "achievement" after a whole century of effort to create a Jewish peasantry. This figure includes first of all the few Jewish colonies established in the Kherson, Ekaterinoslav and other regions. All together, the colonies had about 5000 families which engaged directly in agriculture.

The employed 10 per cent among the Jewish working population were primarily clerks and domestic workers.

This in broad strokes was the economic and social physiognomy of the Jewish population in tsarist, pre-revolutionary Russia. The percentage of factory and mill workers and peasants was negligible and the percentage of middle class elements unusually large. These tragic facts, which were primarily a direct result of the rights, or more correctly, lack of rights, of the Jews under tsarism, were used by the tsarist government to justify its continually increasing restrictions against Jews, its anti-Semitic incitements and pogroms against Jews which were used as lightning rods to draw off social protest and revolutionary ferment among the oppressed and exploited masses of the country.

The tsarist government's policy of Jewish persecution was one expression of the reactionary policy of the exploiting classes—the policy of "divide and rule." It found support in so-called liberal circles. The anti-Semitic policy of the tsarist government called forth anger and protest among the progressive sections of Russian society, among the finest representatives of the Russian nation, such as Tolstoy, Korolenko, Maxim Gorky and many others.

Bolsheviks Fight for Jews

The effective and untiring defenders of the Jewish masses were the revolutionary Russian working class, its vanguard, the Bolshevik Party, and its leaders, Lenin and Stalin. The Bolshevik Party, which fought for the freedom of the working class, of all toilers and oppressed, including also the oppressed nationalities, paid a great deal of attention to the Jewish question. Lenin and Stalin on more than one occasion sharply opposed the tsarist anti-Semitic policy and called upon the working class to resist the reactionary pogromists, to overthrow the regime of hangmen of nations. Lenin was the author of the proposed law for national equality which the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party fraction in the fourth Duma was planning to introduce. Point three of the proposed law declared:

"All laws, provisional rules and notes to these laws, etc.,

which restrict the Jews in every sphere of social and political life, are hereby annulled. Article 767 of volume IX which says that 'general laws are applicable to Jews in all cases in which no special rules have been made for them,' are annulled. Each and every kind of limitation set for Jews with regard to the right of residence and of movement from one place to another, the right to education, the right to occupy state and public positions, the right to vote, military service, the right to procure and to farm real property in the cities and villages, etc., are hereby annulled. All limitations against Jews to engage in the free professions, etc., are annulled."⁵

In publishing this projected law, Lenin wrote, "No other nationality in Russia is so oppressed and persecuted as the Jewish. Anti-Semitism constantly sinks deeper roots among circles of the wealthy. Jewish workers groan under a double yoke: as workers and as Jews. The persecutions against Jews last year took on an absolutely unheard of intensity. It is enough to recall the anti-Jewish pogroms and the Beilis trial.⁶ Under such conditions," Lenin proposed, "the organized Marxists must pay the strictest attention to the Jewish question."⁷

While he emphasized the importance of the Jewish question, Lenin immediately pointed out that every attempt to solve it in isolation from the general political tasks facing Russia, or from the tasks of struggle for democracy and socialism, as the different Jewish nationalist parties, among them the Bund,⁸ tried to do, was doomed to failure.

"Obviously," Lenin wrote, "the Jewish question can only be solved along with the fundamental questions that are on the agenda in Russia. Obviously we are not waiting for the nationalist, anti-Semitic fourth Duma to remove the limitations on the Jews and other 'foreign born.' The working class is, however, duty-bound to raise its voice. And the voice of the Russian worker must echo especially loudly against national oppression."⁹

Towards Solution of National Question

Even before the imperialist war of 1914-1918, Lenin and Stalin had worked out the Marxist program on the national question, which alone showed the correct way to solve the national question, including the Jewish question. Lenin and Stalin taught that only through the socialist revolution would the national question be fully and finally solved. The experience of the great October socialist revolution and socialist construction in the Soviet Union has fully confirmed this basic thesis of the Lenin-Stalin national policy.

The bourgeois-democratic revolution of February 1917 did not destroy national oppression in the country. The im-

⁵ Lenin, *Collected Works*, Vol. XVII, p. 292, Russian edition. Re-translated from the Yiddish.

⁶ In 1913, Mendel Beilis was falsely accused by the Russian government of having committed a ritual murder. As a result of international mass pressure, he was acquitted.

⁷ Lenin, *op. cit.*, pp. 291 and 292.

⁸ The Bund is a Jewish socialist organization founded in Russia in 1897. It is nationalist and petty bourgeois in ideology and leadership.

—J. K.

⁹ Lenin, *op. cit.*, p. 291.

perialist bourgeoisie who came to power with the support of the Socialist Revolutionaries¹⁰ and the Mensheviks,¹¹ did not want to give freedom to the oppressed peoples of Russia.

Only the October Revolution put an end to the centuries-old national oppression, and opened the way for development of nations and nationalities in friendly co-existence.

"By overthrowing the power of the landlords and capitalists," wrote Stalin, "to whom national oppression was chiefly due, and by putting the proletariat in power, the October Revolution at one blow smashed the fetters of national oppression, destroyed the old relations between peoples, removed the grounds of the old national enmity, cleared the way for the collaboration of peoples. . . ."¹²

From its earliest days, the Soviet state applied itself to the realization of the Lenin-Stalin program on the national question. On November 16, 1917, the "Declaration of Rights of the Nations of Russia," was promulgated under the signatures of Lenin and Stalin. This declaration proclaimed the equality and sovereignty of the nations of Russia; the right of the nations to free self-determination, including even secession, and the building of independent states; the removal of all national and national-religious privileges and discriminations; the establishment of the possibilities of free development for the national minorities and ethnic groups that lived in the territory of Russia.

The Soviet state was not satisfied merely with proclaiming the equal rights of the peoples. It immediately undertook a series of decisive measures for a practical solution of the national question. For this purpose a Peoples Commissariat of National Affairs was set up within the Council of Peoples Commissariats. At the head of this commissariat Lenin placed his closest co-worker, Stalin.

The Peoples Commissariat of National Affairs, under the leadership of Stalin, carried through extensive work to solve the difficult and complicated national question in Russia. Great attention was paid by the Commissariat to the Jewish question. A Jewish division (Jewish Commissariat) was set up to deal directly with Jewish matters.

Only after the October Revolution did the Jewish masses breathe freely for the first time in their milleniums of history. All the obstacles and limitations on the road to economic, political, cultural and national development fell away. The Jewish population acquired the right to live everywhere, to enter freely into factories and mills, into agricultural work, to education, to occupy all manner of positions in all institutions, complete social freedom.

The doors of the middle and higher schools of the country opened wide to Jewish children and the youth. A wide-

spread network of cultural and educational institutions (schools, clubs, libraries, theaters, etc.) in the Yiddish language were also set up. The broadest possibilities opened for the development of progressive Jewish national culture.

Freed from the restrictions of the Pale, significant sections of the Jewish population began to change their old established residences. They moved from small towns to the big cities—to Kiev, Petrograd, Moscow and other large and small industrial centers of the country. This was reflected in the fact that even in the years of the civil war there was an increase in the number of Jewish factory and mill workers. A significant number of employees, intellectuals and others got positions in state and cooperative enterprises.

Even in the first years of the October Revolution, the Soviet state undertook practical measures to bring the Jewish masses into productive work and to establish them on the land. Already in 1918 Lenin had shown the necessity of bringing Jews into agricultural work.¹³

In July 1919 the praesidium of the People's Commissariat for Agricultural Work commissioned the Central Land Administration to find free land funds which could be used for Jewish land settlement. Similar decisions and measures were adopted and carried through on a local scale, particularly in the Ukraine. There was also an increase of those engaged in agricultural work in the villages. Thus in the very first years of Soviet power, during the hard times of civil war and imperialist intervention, a beginning was made in the settlement of Jews on the land, which in later years took on large significance.

The October Revolution awakened the broadest sections of all peoples of the country to active political and social life. Together with the oppressed and exploited of the entire country, headed by the revolutionary Russian proletariat, the Jewish workers took an active part in the struggle against their oppressors. In the ranks of the Red Guards, of the Red Army, in front and rear, Jewish workers fought hand in hand with the workers and peasants of all peoples against the White Guard military forces, the foreign interventionists and Kulak bands. Self-sacrificingly they defended the achievements of October, contributed from their ranks quite a few daring fighters, commanders and political workers. The most progressive and devoted of the revolutionary workers and intellectual leaders entered the ranks of the Bolshevik Party and the Young Communist League and became active fighters and creators of the Soviet system.

The Soviet government and the Bolshevik Party developed a broad campaign to educate the broadest masses of the country in the spirit of internationalism and in the spirit of friendship among nations. The international unity of the proletarian ranks cemented in the struggle against tsarism and against capitalism, for democracy and socialism, grew to new heights. They protected the rights of the Jewish masses, struggled with the sharpest measures against all anti-Semitic remnants from the old order.

¹³ M. I. Kalinin, "The Settlement of Working Jews on the Land," *Izvestia*, No. 223, 1925.

¹⁰ The party of Kerensky, premier of the bourgeois government after the overthrow of the tsar in Feb. 1917. It was a petty-bourgeois, reformist party, unreservedly supporting the imperialist allies in the first world war.—J. K.

¹¹ The Mensheviks had been the opportunist, reactionary social democratic wing of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, in opposition to the Bolsheviks, the revolutionary wing. After the final split in 1912, the Mensheviks developed into a counter-revolutionary group, operating primarily from outside the Soviet Union after 1918. In the United States, they operate through the Jewish daily *Forward* group.—J. K.

¹² Joseph Stalin, "Thesis on National Factors in Party and State Development," *Marxism and the National Question*, International Publishers, N. Y., 1934 edition, pp. 139-140; 1942 edition, p. 129.

(Continued in next issue)

REVIEW

THE COLD FACTS ABOUT AMERICAN EMPIRE

By J. P. David

WITH monotonous regularity pundits and prophets have been inundating the American public since the war's end with books offering the answers to the ills of the world, mostly beating the drums against the "red menace." This book¹ is of another kind. Hard-packed with truths that today find an outlet in few organs of public opinion, *Bases and Empire* painstakingly unravels the threads of American foreign policy, digs deep into the mass of facts which are unknown to, or undigested by, even most well-informed citizens, and examines the crisis in world relations from the standpoint of what the policy-makers at Washington are actually doing, rather than from the standpoint of what they *claim* to be doing.

Perhaps the chief virtue of Mr. Marion's book is the fact that he has put the record on paper, so that all who run may read. The result is a document that makes mincemeat of the myth, so carefully cultivated by the men in office and those for whom they speak, that official American policy is concerned with abstract principles like peace, national rights, democracy and freedom for the peoples.

Mr. Marion's main proposition is that the United States is today engaged in acquiring outright, or winning domination over, bases, territories and whole countries on every continent, with the basic aim of dictating a Pax Americana, ensuring American hegemony, and making the world, in general, an American backyard. This strategy involves actions in the field of politics, economics and military preparations designed to make it impossible for eastern Europe or any other territorial combination to stand in the way of the United States.

While crying "Stop Thief" at the Soviet Union, Mr. Marion contends, the Truman administration has in effect built up the

greatest empire in world history, dwarfing the far-flung colonial structure of Great Britain and even swallowing up much of the latter.

"We have acquired total strategic domination over the American hemisphere, beyond early effective challenge by any other Great Power," he writes. "We have taken over control of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. We seek the necessary positions in Europe and Asia and Africa and Australasia to maintain that control."

But he does not stop with mere claims. He catalogues the growth of the new American Empire with the most scrupulous detail. The wealth of facts he presents to back up his assertions will overwhelm many even of those who have held similar fears about American policy but who have been deprived of the facts by a press which slavishly harps on the theme that all the ills of the world stem from eastern Europe.

Another point he makes is that empire-building today does not necessarily follow the 19th century pattern, which was outwardly marked by physical annexation of backward areas by leading powers. In the 19th century whole continents were gobbled, divided and re-divided. "But the hidden exploitation of whole national and continental economies by one power—the United States—is the typical twentieth century form of imperialism." This vital fact helps conceal the real nature of American imperialism.

No review could indicate the scope of the American Empire as described in the book. One set of statistics, however, illustrates both the extent of American expansion since 1939 and the wealth of data Marion has compressed into 199 pages.

In a section summarizing the growth of American satellite areas, bases, and zones of influence, he charts the countries which have come under American domination and shows: "In the course of World War II, the United States acquired or consolidated *de facto* dominion over 96,495,000 square miles of ocean and put in claims to domination and control of 13,825,000 square miles of land with 645,815,000 inhabitants. . . . These figures represent expansion alone. Adding pre-war possessions and early veiled empire, the strategic dominion of the United States as indicated by its military or other *de facto* controls, extends to 14,725,000 square miles outside our own borders and embraces a population of 667,815,000 'subjects'."

An interesting sidelight on American imperialist expansion in the 20th century style of economic penetration is contained in the section on American policy in the Arab World and the Middle East. In this section, as elsewhere in the book, the author for some reason leaves out of account the issue of Palestine. This is an unfortunate oversight, since it is around Palestine that we see dramatically illustrated the full force of imperialist politics, marked by the grab for oil, rivalry between contending elements in the imperialist camp, the buttressing of local feudal cliques by the Anglo-American group, the Oriental movements for national libera-

CORRECTION

I should like to correct a couple of minor errors that crept into my article, "Jews in Lincoln's Third Party, 1854-1860," in the October issue. On page 14, col. 2, I wrote that Abraham Jonas had "met Lincoln in that state (Kentucky) as a fellow-Whig." In point of fact Lincoln left Kentucky several years before the Whig Party was organized. On p. 16, col. 2, I wrote that "Lincoln remembered on his own initiative to appoint his friend Jonas to the post-mastership of Quincy." I am assured by Rabbi Bertram Korn of the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, whose disseration on the Jews and the Civil War is awaited with interest, that he has documentary evidence to show that Lincoln acted on the recommendation of a United States Senator. On p. 16, col. 1, in quoting Senator Wade's famous remark about Judah P. Benjamin, I gave it as "a Hebrew with Egyptian principles." Wade actually used the term "an Israelite with Egyptian principles."

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

¹ *Bases and Empire: A Chart of American Expansion*, by George Marion. Fairplay Publishers, 25 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y. \$3.00.

Lodge 615

Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order, IWO
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
M. Fishgard, President
G. Lansky, Secretary

GREETINGS from

Lodge 600

Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order, IWO
BRONX, N. Y.

JPFO Lodge 514

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
GREET'S JEWISH LIFE
ON ITS SECOND ANNIVERSARY

tion, the western desire to retain military bases for war purposes *vis-a-vis* Eastern Europe, the fomenting of strife between the local peoples from outside, and so on.

Regardless of this oversight, however, the book as a whole supplies the reader with the essential information necessary for a realistic appraisal of the role of Washington in world affairs, including U.S. policy in the Arab world and towards the state of Israel. It knocks into a cocked hat the barrage of propaganda which pictures the United States as an avenging angel, standing guard over the rights of the peoples of the world. The armed forces and dollar-diplomats of the Washington policy-makers are indeed standing guard round the world; they stand there, however, not as protection against a supposed Soviet expansionism but as the holding forces of a world-girdling empire exercising open or concealed domination over more than one-quarter of the world's total population.

This brings Marion to his final point. Can this policy of empire-building succeed? Can it hold? Can it guarantee peace for the American people, quite apart from all moral considerations? He answers: no; the road of empire-building and bluster,

even though backed by military power, can lead only to catastrophe. "Our present policy is one of self-destruction. It is too late in history for world conquest. We underestimate the strength of the anti-imperialist forces in the world today. . . ." And, it might be added, such a policy is dangerous for its authors, let alone its innocent victims, because it must inevitably summon against the Washington empire-builders the resentment and revolt of the vast majority of mankind.

One final note puts Mr. Marion's book in its proper setting. In a special foreword the author reports that he has had to publish it himself because not a single publisher in the USA would touch it. It would seem there is room for every kind of stupid nonsense on the market, no matter how prejudiced or scurrilous, so long as it conforms to the "official line." A chronicle of fact, such as Marion's however, is *too hot*, especially when it shows, with chapter and verse, that the highly touted "bi-partisan foreign policy" of the United States is nothing more than a world-wide grab, pushed towards its catastrophic end under cover of feverish alarms against a mythical "red menace."

population was saved from complete extermination.

From the first moments the Jews stood side by side with the progressive forces of the country in the fight against reaction represented by the liberal Bratianu and the national-peasant Maniu parties, a fight whose first victory was the formation of the Dr. Groza government on March 6, 1945. This victory had to be strengthened by continuing the fight of all the democratic forces against desperate attacks of those who lost their positions.

The Jewish population understood that anything but the victory of the people on March 6 would endanger the reconstruction of the country, robbed and undermined by the fascist army, would have meant a return to the terrible past from which the Rumanian Jews had just escaped and would be an obstacle to the revival of the Jewish population and to the reconstruction which promised to heal the deep and bleeding wounds that the Antonescu government caused this population. During that time the Jewish Democratic Committee was formed as a vital necessity for a correct political orientation of the Jewish population, to assure their existence, liberty and the solution of all their other problems. Those who formed the Jewish Democratic Committee belonged to various political parties, but united on a platform which was in the interest of the Jewish population. The Jewish Democratic Committee was formed by the Jews of the Rumanian Worker's Party, the Bloc of Working Palestine (Mishmar, Ichud, Achduth Avodah, Poale Zion) and the Union of Rumanian Jews.

The Jewish Democratic Committee un-

LETTER FROM ABROAD

JEWISH REVIVAL IN RUMANIA

JEWs have been living in Rumania for centuries. Just before the outbreak of the war there were about 760,000 Jews in this country. Today there are about 360,000 Jews. The decrease was caused mainly by massacres and deportations during the Antonescu dictatorship.

Down the centuries, Jews living here suffered severe discrimination. They had no rights as citizens, and besides being persecuted as Jews, they suffered the same exploitation as the Rumanian people and the other nationalities living in this country. The anti-Semitic slogans used by the historical parties under the patronage of the house of Hohenzollern, propagated in schools, the administration, the church and the army, caused the Jews great hardships and huge losses in human life as well as big material losses. The Jews cannot forget the famous article of the old constitution which denied them any rights as citizens, the mass expulsions, their treatment in schools, in the army and by the administrative apparatus.

After the first world war the Liberal Party's Bratianu and the National Peasant Party's Maniu succeeded one another in the government. Both used anti-Semitic diversions for their own narrow class interests. The anti-Semitic movement during

that time grew steadily starting with the *numerus clausus vallahicus* at the universities up to the pogroms at Borsha, Oradea Mare, etc. Hitting the large Jewish masses hard through economic measures, and encouraging the Iron Guard of Zeles Codreanu, the "historical parties" opened the way for the Antonescu's dictatorship in September 1940. Antonescu's government put the Jews outside the economic life of the country, took their properties and sent them to forced labor under the most barbarian conditions. This culminated in the massacres of Jassy, the famous death train, with the rebellion at Bucharest, with deportations to extermination camps in Transnistria, the massacres of Rabinia and the concentration camp at Vapniarca.

The Rumanian working class, led by its party, the progressive forces of the Rumanian and the Jewish people, fought against this reactionary terroristic regime of the Antonescu dictatorship and for a democratic government. On August 23, 1944, when, thanks to the glorious Red Army, the democratic forces of Rumania overthrew the fascist regime, the political position of Rumania changed fundamentally. Through the liberation of the country from the Hitlerite yoke, the Jewish

GREETINGS from

Bakers Union Local No. 1

AFL

350 WEST 85th STREET
NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

A Pamphlet to Use

Anti-Semitism and discrimination of all kinds against the Jews is the subject of a pamphlet *Is It True What They Say About Cohen?* issued by the American Jewish Labor Council. Text is by Bill Levner, public relations director of the Council, with illustrations by Ad Reinhardt. We urge our readers to read this pamphlet and help get it around in their shops, offices and among their friends. Copies are ten cents. Order from American Jewish Labor Council, 22 East 17th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

derstood the importance of the first post-war election in September 1946 and took part in it with all its forces and all its energy side by side with the Rumanian people, mobilizing the Jewish masses.

In its political platform the Jewish Democratic Committee gives special importance to the following points among others.

1. Consolidation of the democratic unity of the Jewish people.
2. Support for the democratization and reconstruction of the country through the united forces of the Jewish population.
3. Integration of the Jewish population into the economic, political, social and cultural life of the country.
4. Guarding the Jewish population from the diversionist attempts by the reactionary circles.

In the nearly three years of its existence the Jewish Democratic Committee achieved many positive results in its fight for the fulfillment of its tasks. The Jewish Democratic Committee realized the democratic unity of the Jewish population, on the one hand through the amalgamation of the Jewish democratic organizations, and on the other through the participation of large masses in campaigns organized and led by the Jewish Democratic Committee, as well as through a hard fight against the Jewish reactionary organizations and elements connected with the reactionary policy of the "historical parties."

The liquidation of the monarchy on December 30, 1947 and the proclamation of the Rumanian People's Republic meant a victory for the democratic forces led by the working class and its party. The whole of the Rumanian people and the nationalities living in the country were called on March 28, 1948 to elect the Great National Assembly to give the Rumanian People's Republic a new constitution. The Jewish population went to the polls full of enthusiasm. The enthusiastic participation of the Jewish masses in the elections was the result of the political campaign of the Jewish Democratic Committee.

The Jewish Democratic Committee took part in the work of the Front of the People's Democracy through a delegate at the National Council of the F.P.D., in order to be acquainted with all the problems discussed there. Though there were some dissatisfied elements who tried to influence the masses against participation in the elections, the political importance of the Manifesto of the Front of the People's Democracy, the first results of the people's democratic regime, the bright and happy future which the regime opened up for the people, the appeal of the Jewish Democratic Committee and the Federation of Jewish Communities, determined the unanimous participation of the Jews. All the five candidates of the Jewish Democratic Committee were elected. There are Bercu Feldman, member of the central committee of the Jewish Democratic Committee, Prof. Maximilian Popper, president of the Federation of Jewish Communities (Kehillas) in Rumania, H. Leibovici-Serban, a lawyer and general secretary of the Federation, Marcel Fishler and Eduard Manolescu, members of the central committee of the Jewish Democratic Committee.

Through the constitution voted by the Great National Assembly, the Front of People's Democracy assures all the nationalities and therefore the Jews, too, a free and prosperous development. The new constitution declares the propagation of race hatred a criminal act, assures the right to work, the right to cultivate its own mother tongue and specific national culture. It assures the freedom of religion.

As a result of the initiative and the fight of the Jewish Democratic Committee together with the progressive elements of the Jewish Communities, a new leadership took over the administration of the Federation of Jewish Communities at the begin-

ning of the year, a change which was very necessary. The old leadership under Dr. W. Filderman was a hindrance to the economic and political progress of the Jews in Rumania. The new leaders started immediately a process of improving the life of the Jews. The main task, among other problems, was the productivisation of those Jews who found themselves outside the economic set-up of the country.

The Jewish Democratic Committee studied the problems of productivisation, analyzed the conditions and means to put into practice this great task and organized a special department with the following sections: technical, cooperative, unemployment, press and propaganda and statistics. Each of these sections has a special task. At the moment we are able, among the results, to count ten producer cooperatives, seven agricultural stations, six technical schools and 28 technical classes.

The nationalization of the industrial, banking, mining, insurance and transport companies is a great victory of the working class led by its party, the Rumanian Worker's Party. It is a structural change in the national economic life which, by planning the national industry, will ease the integration of the Jewish population into the working process.

In February 1948 the activity of this department was taken over by the Federation of Jewish Communities. Without the help of our government the Jewish Democratic Committee would not have been able to achieve these results.

Greetings

from a

FRIEND

GREETINGS to JEWISH LIFE from

JPFO Lodge 66, IWO

609 N. Cornwell St., Los Angeles, Cal.
AN 2-8171

John W. Skenco, President
Ella Helfand, Fin. Sec'y

HEARTIEST GREETINGS

on the occasion of 1948 Anniversary
Issue of *Jewish Life*, the publication
that gives light and guidance.

JPFO Lodge 120
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

A long, successful, ever-expanding life
to JEWISH LIFE

Edward N. Berg Lodge
No. 482, JPFO
WASHINGTON, D. C.

GREETINGS to
JEWISH LIFE from

Lodge 517, JPFO

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

O. Simel, President

GREETINGS

from

JPFO Lodge 585

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GREETINGS on your 2nd Birthday.
May we celebrate many more together
in our fight for peace, freedom and
equality.

JPFO Lodge 746, IWO

2510 Valentine Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Haym Salomon Lodge
No. 572, IWO

EXTENDS ITS BEST WISHES FOR
A HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND MANY
MORE!

Besides the economic problems, we are now facing the second big problem, the cultural problem, to create and spread among the Jewish masses progressive Jewish culture, a culture which will be inspired by our rich progressive tradition and will fight for progress, for peace and against the reactionary imperialist forces. The Jewish Democratic Committee can now report 72 cultural sections, 56 cultural clubs, 33 study circles, 26 libraries, and 16 reading rooms where many foreign and local newspapers are being read. At Cluj there is a library with 40,000 books. In Bucharest we have eight Jewish cultural clubs named after many great Jewish writers, such as Sholom Aleichem, Elieser Steinberg, etc. On June 13 a Jewish Cultural House was opened in Bucharest by the Jewish Community. The activity of the Jewish Democratic Committee is shown best in *Unirea* (Unity), appearing twice weekly in Rumanian, and *Egyseo*, a weekly in Hungarian, as well as the monthly bulletin of the Jewish Democratic Committee. The following Zionist newspapers are being published in Rumania: *Viata Evreiasca* (Jewish Life), *Mantuires* (Salvation), and *Neamul Evreiesc* (The Jewish People). A big part of the cultural work is done by the Ikuf Association through its weekly *Ikuf-Bleter*, conferences, libraries and courses on Yiddish and literature.

Through the initiative and the hard work of the Jewish Democratic Commit-

tee and especially through the help of the well-known leader, Mr. Bercu Feldman, M.P., we have today in Rumania one of the best Yiddish theaters. This theater, supported by the government, has a staff of 109 people. Members of the government and prominent personalities in public life were present at the opening of the theater. The first production was Sholom Aleichem's *200,000*, which was greeted with enthusiasm by the Jewish population. The second play was *Nekume Nemer* (Avengers)¹ and was a great success, too.

The Jewish Democratic Committee is paying special attention to the Jewish youth movement in the Rumanian People's Republic. There are 50,000 youth under 20 among the Jewish population. The organization which represents the Jewish democratic youth is the Front of the Jewish Democratic Committee and the Hechalutz. Young Jewish people of the Rumanian Worker's Party, of the Union of Working Youth, Union of Rumanian Jews, members of the Zionist Youth Clubs and independents belong to the youth groups of the Jewish Democratic Committee.

The aim of the Front of the Jewish Democratic Youth is the democratic unity of the Jewish youth, the strengthening of the democratic regime, education for

¹ This play, written by H. Sloves, was presented in New York City last year by the Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order Theater Ensemble.
—Eds.

an anti-imperialist struggle and the fight for peace, mobilization for voluntary work in local work brigades as well as for the great national reconstruction of the country and the strengthening of friendship with the whole youth movement of the country. For the realization of these tasks the Front organizes public meetings, cultural and artistic events together with the National Federation of the Democratic Youth in the Rumanian People's Republic.

On the occasion of the proclamation of the State of Israel, the Jewish Democratic Committee called upon the Jewish population in Bucharest and other towns all over the country to attend great public meetings. At those meetings the importance of this political event was stressed as a victory of the democratic forces led by the U.S.S.R. One meeting protested against the imperialist policy, which tried to sabotage the UN decision of November 29, 1947.

The Jewish population in the Rumanian People's Republic, led by the progressive forces and the Rumanian Worker's Party, has a brilliant future, having all the possibilities for a free, healthy and happy development to progress in all walks of life. It is our wish to establish permanent connections with the Jewish centers abroad, so that by close collaboration we may contribute to the development of Jewish culture.

Bucharest

JEWISH DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

for a progressive approach to Jewish life

attend the Fall Semester of the

SCHOOL OF JEWISH STUDIES

American Jewish History
Modern Jewish History
History of the American Labor Movement
Problems of the Jewish People
National Question and the Jewish People
Yiddish Stenography and Typewriting
Jewish Folk Dancing
Yiddish, Hebrew, and English
for beginners and advanced

WITH:

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES
DR. RAPHAEL MAHLER
MARK TARAIL
CHAIM SULLER
PEARL SHAPIRO
NETTIE GOLDSTEIN
BESS SILBERMAN

Don't Delay!!!

REGISTER TODAY!!!

Classes Begin in Mid-October

FEES: \$7 a course; \$5 for groups of 3 or more

SCHOOL OF JEWISH STUDIES • 575 Avenue of the Americas, New York City 11. WATkins 4-8338

DOCUMENT

AMERICAN RABBIS TAKE THEIR STAND

The following resolutions were presented by the Commission on Justice and Peace to the 59th Convention of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, held in Kansas City, June 22-27, 1948. The resolutions were adopted unanimously. Although Jewish LIFE disagrees with these resolutions at certain points, we believe that they contain many progressive features.—Eds.

1. We hail the establishment of the Republic of Israel and commend President Truman upon his prompt recognition of the State. We confidently express the hope that peace firmly founded upon justice may soon prevail in the land of our forefathers, which has become sacred to unnumbered millions of human beings. We commend the United Nations through whose initiative and under whose direction a truce has been established between Israel and the Arab States. We trust that enduring peace between Jew and Arab may soon emerge from their deliberations. We know that both populations in Pal-

estine have lived together amicably in the past and can do so in the future. We regret that Great Britain in violation of its obligations under the UN charter has promoted Arab aggression and invasion in Palestine. The establishment of the State of Israel under international law is a belated act of justice and we know that with God's blessing this youngest of democracies will make a contribution to the civilization of the Middle East and the well-being of mankind.

2. We unqualifiedly endorse the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights and urge the immediate implementation of its recommendations through the passage of the necessary legislation. We recommend the adoption by this Conference of the statement of Judaism and Civil Rights, which grew out of the St. Louis Institute.

3. We applaud the recent decision of the Supreme Court which held that restrictive covenants are unconstitutional.

4. We regret that Congress in passing the emasculated displaced persons legislation has converted a humanitarian project, as represented in the Stratton Bill, into a scheme to sift the refugees on the basis of nationality, creed and calling. Such a policy is abhorrent to the American principle of no discrimination with regard to race, religion or national origin.

5. We applaud the majority report of the President's Commission on Higher Education which, among other provisions, would deny federal funds to educational institutions which resort to discriminatory practices in the enrollment of students. We hail the enactment of the Quin-Olliffe Fair Educational Practice Bill by the State of New York and look forward to similar action by other states.

6. We reaffirm our opposition to Universal Military Training and military conscription in peace time.

7. Now that a draft law has been passed, we strongly urge that every effort be made to democratize the armed forces through reform of the court martial procedure along lines of civilian justice, the abolition of caste privileges and the elimination of racial segregation.

8. Believing that some form of world government is a "*sine qua non*," if civilization is to survive, we reaffirm our belief that the UN is mankind's present best hope for the establishment and maintenance of a just and enduring peace in the world. We make this declaration in full knowledge of many constructive achieve-

ments and many respects in which the UN needs to be improved and strengthened. We urge all nations to utilize fully the agencies of the UN in the settlement of international disputes and to contribute substantially to their own strength and resources in the implementation of UN decisions.

9. This Conference views with grave misgivings partisan political tampering with atomic-energy affairs on the part of Congress.

We implore Congress to recall the high principles of administering atomic energy as enunciated by leaders of our country, including the President of the United States, which recognize that the utilization of atomic energy belongs in the field of ethics and that its benefits are for the blessing of all people and not for the profit of a few. The control of this great force for good or evil should not be allowed to fall into military hands but remain the responsibility of high-minded civilian public servants.

10. We affirm our conviction of the decisive importance of the continuance of long term trade pacts for the maintenance of international peace.

11. We express our strong dissent from any legislation, such as the Mundt-Nixon Bill, which, while intended to suppress subversive groups and activities, threatens the liberties of all men living in a democracy.

12. The Taft-Hartley Act, over the passage of which our Conference expressed regret last year, contains injustices which are becoming growingly evident. We refer particularly to its provisions making illegal the closed shop and contributions of the Unions in the advancement of their candidates for office as well as forcing one class of citizens to swear that they are not members of an unpopular but legally recognized party. We urge the passage by Congress of amendments which will rectify these injustices.

13. We note with profound approval the record of the TVA in the reclamation of the vast territory in the prevention of floods and in the provision of low cost electric power to the people. We urge Congress not to hamper or restrict TVA by the injection of partisan politics into its administration and we recommend the TVA as an example to be followed by Congress in the development in other river valleys such as the Missouri and the Columbia.

14. We again call attention to the grievous need for low cost housing throughout the country especially among people in low income categories and war veterans. We deeply regret that Congress failed to take action to correct the situation and we strongly urge it to enact legislation for

(Continued on page 29)



**"IS IT TRUE
WHAT THEY SAY
ABOUT COHEN?"**

A Popular Pamphlet
on Anti-Semitism

Text by BILL LEVNER

Illustrations by AD REINHARDT

Issued by
AMERICAN JEWISH LABOR
COUNCIL

Price 10 cents

Available at
AMERICAN JEWISH LABOR
COUNCIL

22 East 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.
GRamercy 7-6337



In Tel Aviv, children of Israeli fighters are cared for in the JPFO Kindergarten conducted by the Progressive Women's Organization of the Agudat Tarbut L'Am. Many more such institutions are needed—and increased aid for their establishment will be sent by the JPFO this year.

*for
life
freedom
and
democracy*

The Rehabilitation Fund of the Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order, IWO, extends a brotherly hand and carries out a progressive and reconstruction mission in Israel and the Jewish communities of Europe. The Rehabilitation Fund is not only a means of giving vital aid but a mutual effort to build more powerful the bastions of a democratic life for Jews all over the world. The Jews of Israel, Europe and the United States are engaged in a struggle for survival against reactionary forces whose evil handiwork menaces all Jewish communities alike. The defense of the interests of the Jewish people and the democratic life upon which these interests depend — that is the goal of the Rehabilitation Fund as well as the other activities of the Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order, IWO.

Support the

REHABILITATION FUND

of the

JEWISH PEOPLES FRATERNAL ORDER, I.W.O.

80 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

(Continued from page 27)

federal subsidies for the remedy of this national disgrace.

15. We witness with alarm the emergence of post-war hysteria indiscriminately directed against political non-conformists which intimidates the citizen in the exercise of freedom of speech, of thought and press. We condemn the deportation for political convictions of law abiding non-citizens who have been for many years residents of our land, as a violation of the best tradition of American democracy.

16. We vigorously denounce the premeditated destruction of entire religious, national and racial groups as a wicked and dastardly crime against humanity and urge the Commission on Human Rights of the United Nations to approve the draft of the genocide convention.

17. This Conference notes that a committee of 2,000 physicians in the State of New York has drafted a bill for presentation to the New York legislature seeking to legalize the practice of orderly scientific euthanasia. We recommend that a special committee of the Conference be appointed to study this important question in the light of Jewish teaching and to bring in a report at the next meeting.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, OF JEWISH LIFE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 35 EAST 12th ST., NEW YORK 3, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. Lechowitzky, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of JEWISH LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to w i t:

1. That the names and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Morning Freiheit Association, Inc., 35 E. 12th St., New York 3, N. Y.

Editor, none.

Managing Editor, Samuel Barron, 35 E. 12th St., New York 3, N. Y.

Business Manager, A. Lechowitzky, 35 E. 12th St., New York 3, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and address of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Morning Freiheit Association, Inc., 35 E. 12th St., New York

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

More on Puerto Rico

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

In your recent issue, I read with the greatest absorption, Jesus Colon's article on Puerto Rico. It is as clear, intelligible and yet as forceful an expose of the injustice to the natives in Puerto Rico as a *Manifesto*. I cannot resist the temptation to send you my check for \$5.00 towards the issuing of this splendid article in pamphlet form. I think it should go to our Senators; it should be sold at every progressive rally. It is fundamental to all understanding of the oppressions of the havenots by the *greedy* haves!

About ten years ago, I visited Puerto Rico, not because I felt a crusader's urge; sinfully, I was on a cruise and after visiting the Tropical Experimental Station, I got lost in a *cul du sac* and was horrified at the poverty of those slums! I sent an article to the *Daily Worker* which I called "I'd Like to be a Monkey in the Zoo," for I could not help recalling that popular song of years ago; the monkeys in that experimental station seemed to live the life of Riley, compared to the swollen-bellied children wallowing in the slush and mud of those shacks on spindle stilts on the beautiful shores of our great Atlantic. Please congratulate Mr. Colon in my behalf.

New York City

MRS. E. R.

Assimilationism and Yiddish

Editors, JEWISH LIFE:

At the outset I want to express my deep appreciation for JEWISH LIFE. It is really an indispensable magazine. Not being a blurb writer I mean this compliment in all sincerity. With all the necessary reading one has to do these days, and it is much, I try to organize my reading schedule in such a manner as to make certain that I read JEWISH LIFE practically from cover to cover.

The excerpt from the report by Morris U. Schappes given at the American-Jewish Cultural Conference in English, as it appeared in the July issue of JEWISH LIFE, interested me very much. Not having attended the conference I cannot have a rounded out picture of the purposes of that conference. Perhaps that is why I find the excerpt somewhat general. However, the part dealing with "Assimilationism Today" was very enlightening.

In my day to day contact with Jewish Americans (non-Yiddish speaking), particularly in the progressive movement, I find strong tendencies towards assimilationism in the vast majority of cases, as well as a distinct petty-bourgeois nationalism in a minority of individuals.

One phenomenon of assimilationist ideas among Jewish Americans strikes me most sharply; namely, that in almost all instances the people I meet have a hostile and contemptuous attitude toward the Yiddish language. Although I am not well versed in that language and its history, I find that in my effort to clarify these people on the fact that Yiddish is a definite language and not a jargon as most think, as well as on some historic background of the language, I succeeded in breaking down many of their assimilationist views.

By this I do not mean to imply that an opinion by non-Yiddish speaking Jewish Americans that Yiddish is not a language is the sole nor, for that matter, the most important reason for assimilationist ideas. However, I do firmly believe that an acknowledgment and pride in the fact that millions of our fellow Jews speak, read and write a language which is as genuine a language as is English or French, will help considerably to break down assimilationist ideas.

I would therefore suggest that space be found for at least one, if not a series of articles in JEWISH LIFE on Yiddish as a language and on the pertinent history of its development. There is much more that I personally would like to learn on this subject and I'm certain others feel as I do.

Long Island City, N. Y.

M. P.

COMPLIMENTS

of

H. Reiner

CAMP LAKELAND

GREET'S JEWISH LIFE

on the occasion of its
SECOND ANNIVERSARY

A. Cohen, Manager

ABRAHAM LECHOWITZKY,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1948.

CARL BRODSKY

[Seal] (My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

PROMPT PRESS



Printers



113 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 3
Tel GRamercy 7-8582, 8583

FR

if the
down
shuttle
The U
UN m
an ar
Counc
request
Ameri
other
the be
the St
Ameri
Czech

The
"Chris
August
form
deport
lation
States.

John
recentl
in the
indict
of his
one ju
Jewish
and th
ing an

Cal
that st
tee, w
of the
Lohr
You l
Tenne
blurted
press t
to hear

Albe
expert,
compar
film of
ter Fa
Jew ev
movie.
fices o
which
theater
poned.

A de
Preside
mitted
de jur
compos
organizat
JW Na
dent to
proval
assignm
similar
... A
tember,
national

The
other o
York St
ants, or
released
City sch

Nov

FROM THE FOUR CORNERS

EUROPE

(Continued from page 2)

if the Czechoslovak government did not close down a special airport serving an air transport shuttle service between Czechoslovakia and Israel. The United States had also sent a protest through UN mediator Bernadotte, asserting that permitting an arms traffic with Israel violated the Security Council truce provisions. The State Department requested the Czech government to locate three Americans who were said to be flying planes and other material to Israel from Czechoslovakia. At the beginning of September it was learned that the State Department had arrested at least ten Americans for aiding the shipment of arms from Czechoslovakia to Israel.

The first convention of Gerald L. K. Smith's "Christian Nationalist Crusade" was held in late August. Among the planks adopted in its platform was the outlawing of political Zionism and deportation of its followers and support of legislation to stop all Jewish immigration to the United States.

John Abt, counsel for the Progressive Party, recently disclosed evidence of anti-Semitic bias in the "blue ribbon" federal grand jury which indicted 12 Communist Party leaders. In the course of his examination by the grand jury, he said, one juror persisted in questioning Abt about his Jewish origin until the assistant attorney general and the grand jury foreman stopped the questioning and asked that the testimony be stricken.

California State Senator Jack B. Tenney, of that state's little Un-American Activities Committee, was questioning George Lohr, foreign editor of the Los Angeles *People's World*. At one point Lohr said, "You think communists are traitors? You know that Hitler did, too, don't you?" Tenney, his face flushed with frustrated anger, blurted half to himself, but loud enough for the press table and the first few rows of the audience to hear, "Hitler was right, also."

Albert Deutch, *New York Star's* social science expert, revealed that the British Eagle-Lion film company, J. Arthur Rank, producer, had made a film of Dickens' *Oliver Twist* in which the character Fagin is "probably the worst caricature of a Jew ever to be depicted in an English speaking movie." Tremendous protest poured into the offices of New York's Radio City movie theater, which was to have exhibited the film, and the theater announced that the showing had been postponed.

A delegation of the Jewish War Veterans visited President Truman early in September and submitted a memorandum to him urging prompt *de jure* recognition of Israel. The delegation, composed of 35 state commanders of the organization headed by Brig. Gen. Julius Klein, JW National Commander, also asked the President to remove the arms embargo on Israel, approval of a \$100,000,000 loan to Israel and the assignment of a United States mission to Israel similar to the groups now in Greece and Turkey. . . . At the JWV annual encampment in September, Myer Dorfman of St. Paul, was elected national commander.

The New York Board of Rabbis joined nine other organizations jointly sponsoring a New York Supreme Court suit by two Brooklyn parsons, one Protestant and one Jewish, to outlaw released time for religious education in New York City schools. Basis of the action was the recent

Supreme Court decision in the Vashti McCollum case that the religious instruction program in Champaign, Ill., was unconstitutional. Rabbi Harold H. Gordon, executive secretary of the board, stated that the board had opposed released time as a violation of the American principle of separation of church and state. Other organizations sponsoring the suit are the American Civil Liberties Union, American Jewish Committee, American Jewish Congress, Bnai Brith, Jewish Labor Committee, Jewish War Veterans, National Community Relations Advisory Council, Synagogue Council of America, and United Parents Association.

A resolution passed by the National Council of Catholic Women on September 14 urged the Supreme Court to reconsider its decision in the Vashti McCollum case banning religious education in the public schools.

Recent "denazification" news: Hjalmar Schacht, who was Hitler's finance minister, was acquitted of charges of nazi collaboration; Fritz Thyssen, multi-millionaire backer of Hitler and the nazis, was judged a "minor nazi official" and fined; Von Schroeder and Hugo Stinnes have been released; Col. Gen. Franz Halder, former chief of the German General Staff through the war, was acquitted of being a major nazi offender on the grounds that he took part in "anti-nazi" resistance groups as early as 1936; Otto Skorzeny, former high SS officer and head of the operation that freed Mussolini, was attached early this year to a group engaged in compiling a history of the war in Oberursel and is now reported to be in the United States as a flight instructor. Maj. Gen. Christos Yeranikis, who was appointed by the U.S. military mission in Greece to replace a divisional commander of the Greek attacking forces, was said by the Free Greek Radio to have been an officer of nazi security battalions during the war and "one of the most brutal and blood-thirsty of all Greek quislings."

Peretz Hirschbein, noted Jewish author, died in Los Angeles on September 17. Born in Russia, he came here in 1911 and wrote prolifically for the Yiddish stage and newspapers. He was the author of the novel *Green Fields*, which was made into a Yiddish movie in 1937, and his play, *The Idle Inn*, was produced on Broadway.

Also in September died Lamed Schapiro, well-known progressive Yiddish novelist and short story writer. He came here from Russia at the turn of the century.

New York University is offering 17 courses on various aspects of Jewish and Israeli life and history.

WE PREDICT . . .

A WONDERFUL GOOD TIME IN
Jack Schwartz's

HOTEL ALLABEN

THE HOUSE OF WINTER ACTIVITY

Sam Liptzin, humorist, writer,
Cultural Director for the
Season 1948-9

Make your reservations

901 Monmouth Ave., Lakewood, N. J.
Tel. 6-0819 and 1222

A resolution urging the British government to recognize the state of Israel was withdrawn at the annual British Trades Union Congress held at Margate in September. S. Lever, of the Jewish Bakers Union, called on Britain to recognize Israel. Although his speech was well received by the delegates, it drew no comment or reply from members of the all-powerful general council of the Congress.

The British government considers the case of Dr. Wladislaw Dering, sought for trial on war crimes charges by Poland, Czechoslovakia and France, closed following his release from prison, said a foreign office spokesman in September. Dering was responsible for the murder of many Jews whom he used as guinea pigs in medical "experiments" at Oswiecim death camp. It was also learned that, since the establishment of extradition tribunals in Hamburg in February, only six of the 193 claims for extradition by Poland have been granted. One of these six is that of an SS man whose extradition order was refused for signature by the British zone commander.

Large numbers of anti-Semitic circulars were received in London recently from Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, which is believed to be developing into a new center for anti-Semitic propaganda. The leaflets were mailed to English professional and literary groups by "The League for Fair Play and Decency."

Authorities of the British occupation zone of Germany have banned Oswald Mosley's book, *Alternative*, and his movement's official organ, *Union*, from circulation in their territory.

An anti-Semitic manifestation during September at the International Spiritualist Conference in London led to the revelation that a neo-nazi secret organization of former nazi PW's exists in Germany. While a German woman was reading a paper at the conference, two former German PW's objected to a Jew "addressing the conference in behalf of the German Reich," (the woman denied being Jewish) and one shouted, "Down with the Jews!" The following facts subsequently became known. The two men were former German PW's at an American prisoner of war camp in Mississippi, where the organization known as

GREETINGS to JEWISH LIFE
ON ITS SECOND ANNIVERSARY

Associated Optometrists

255 WEST 34th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Greetings, Second Anniversary of
JEWISH LIFE
PHILADELPHIA COUNCIL
Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order
Lodges and Emma Lazarus Chapters
Bankers Securities Bldg., Room 1317
Philadelphia, Pa.

BEST WISHES and
CONGRATULATIONS

Hoping that your fine magazine
will continue in its fight against
reaction.

A FRIEND

FROM THE FOUR CORNERS

"Ostara" was formed among the PW's. It is a spiritualist society which maintains that "Communism is a Jewish weapon for mass destruction. . . . Hitler was the carrier of the entire German spiritual impulse for all good Germans in the Nazi time." "Ostara" is said to have about 600 members in Germany at the present time. A British foreign office spokesman commented, "I suppose the movement could be dangerous, but we want to foster freedom of thought in Germany."

☆

Eighteen different countries were represented by one or more Jewish athletes in 15 individual and five team events in the 14th Olympiad held in England last summer. Five individual Olympic titles were won by Jewish athletes, including two from the United States. Jewish competitors also accounted for one second place, one third, one sixth, one eighth and one ninth place in individual events. Exclusion of Israeli participation in the Olympiad was ascribed to political causes.

☆

An Israeli commercial commission came to Warsaw at the end of August to obtain building materials and glassware for the Jewish state. Polish government officials are studying the possibility of increasing the export of foodstuffs to Israel.

☆

The Jewish Art Society of Poland received a donation of 100,000 zloty from "Spolem," central organization of consumers' cooperatives, for activities aimed at collecting and saving works of Jewish artists.

☆

The International Relief Organization is submitting a list of qualified physicians, dentists, pharmacists and other medical personnel to all countries interested in admitting displaced persons. At present there are nearly 1,500 qualified physicians and dentists in the U.S. zone of Germany, most of them Jews. The number includes 350 specialists, 210 surgeons, a large group of general practitioners, 509 dentists, 648 pharmacists and a variety of medical technicians.

☆

News from Rumania. . . . For the first time in Rumanian history Jews have been admitted as active members of the Rumanian Academy of Science. . . . In one of the first applications of the new law under which anti-Jewish propaganda is treated as a punishable offense, a district court in Vaslui sentenced four local residents to four months in prison each for "uttering racial insults." . . . The Jewish Ikuf Theater of Bucharest, which has won wide recognition as one of the best theaters in Europe, has been made a national theater of Rumania and will receive a full state subsidy.

☆

Ten young men and five young women from a number of cities in the Soviet Union have entered the Moscow Jewish State Theater School. The fact that they come from many localities is a sign of post-war recovery of activities in Jewish culture, language and affairs.

☆

The Emes Publishing House in Moscow is increasing its publication of Yiddish books with the recent publication of books by David Bergelson, Lev Kvitko, Hershel Polianker, I. Kotliar, M. Yellin, D. Galpern and others.

ISRAEL

Israeli elections, originally scheduled for October, will be held in mid-November. An Israeli spokesman ascribed the postponement to shortage of manpower to conduct the election, the drafting of Israel's constitution and the scarcity of paper and printing equipment for ballots. Some observers held that the postponement was made to avoid embarrassment to the major American political parties, since the questions of *de jure* recognition and lifting the embargo will be accentuated after the election and require party policy pronouncements during the political campaign.

☆

Jerusalem residents and refugee immigrants detained by the British in Cyprus will be eligible to vote in the forthcoming Israeli elections. The same privileges will be extended to Israeli citizens now abroad. The rules provide that all citizens over 18 may cast a ballot, but only persons over 25 may be elected to office.

☆

The Israeli Supreme Court was formally inaugurated in Jerusalem in mid-September. The five justices are: Moshe Smoira, Chief Justice, Sima Assaf, Itzhak Olshan, Menachem Dunkelman and Schneur Zalman Cheshin.

The Histadruth paper, *Davar*, of Tel Aviv, with the second largest circulation in Israel, published an article on September 8 by A. B. Magil, New York *Daily Worker* correspondent in Israel, in which Magil exposed the fraudulent character of the charges against the 12 American communist leaders.

☆

Israeli progressive newspapers, *Al Hamishmar*, organ of the United Workers Party, and *Kol Haam*, Communist Party daily, both editorialized in September on their belief that Bernadotte's murder would serve as a pretext for increased intervention of foreign imperialism, especially the United States, into Israel. "Anglo-Saxon imperialists," wrote *Al Hamishmar*, "are exploiting this fascist murder to strike at the infant Israeli democracy," while *Kol Haam* said that the murder "may add fuel to imperialist provocation."

☆

Recent Israeli diplomatic news. . . . Paraguay and El Salvador recognized Israel in early September. . . . Pavel Yershov, Soviet envoy to Israel, presented his credentials to Premier David Ben Gurion late in September. . . . A little earlier Goldie Meiron, Israeli Ambassador to the Soviet Union, presented her credentials in Moscow. . . . The Israeli Foreign Ministry appointed Dr. Abram Goldberg consul in Paris, Arich Stern consul in Rome and Asher Moissis honorary consul in Athens. . . . Israel Barzalay, Israeli minister to Poland, on the eve of his departure for Poland in mid-September, stated that he foresaw closer economic, political and social relations between the two countries.

OUR READERS ACT ON CONVICTION

I know what I am giving isn't much. However I am out of work and I feel that a magazine like JEWISH LIFE should be supported at all costs to the subscriber.
Los Angeles, Calif. P. S.

We are extremely sorry that we cannot respond with more than the enclosed one dollar.

We both, my wife and I, respect and enjoy the contribution you are making through JEWISH LIFE. As students limited by the GI Bill subsistence and the needs of varied youth and student organizations' demands for money, we can do no more at this time.

Madison, Wis. Mr. & Mrs. R. S.

Your appeal has moved me greatly and I wish that I could contribute. As soon as I find a job, I will send in part of my first pay. Thank you for calling on me.
Chicago, Ill. D. R.

Attached please find my check in the amount of \$15.00 to help your very worthy cause.

Please advise me when my subscription runs out so I can renew, as I certainly don't want to miss a single issue of JEWISH LIFE.
Rock Island, Ill. S. A.

I'm in debt, but I have to send at least a few dollars.
Pittsburgh, Pa. N. A.

Enclosed is one dollar which I regret is the best I can do at the present time. I am a member of many organizations and have to spread my contributions as far and wide as I possibly can. JEWISH LIFE is doing a swell job and it is my hope it continue its good work.
Bronx, N. Y. M. D.

In response to your recent appeal, please accept the enclosed check for \$5.00. As faithful readers, who really look forward to each issue (we have been reading it since it first came out) we would find its discontinuance a serious loss.

We hope your financial needs will be satisfied so that JEWISH LIFE may continue for a long time to come.
Brooklyn, N. Y. H. & L. C.

JEWISH LIFE, 35 East 114th St., New York 3, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for one year. Enclosed is check (money order) for the full amount of my sub.

Name

Address

City Zone..... State.....

ACT NOW

Subscription Rates: \$1.50 a year in the United States & Possessions; \$2.00 a year elsewhere

Jewish Life

Issued Monthly by the Morning Freiheit Association

ANNIVERSARY CULTURAL SUPPLEMENT

In Two Parts

NOVEMBER 1948

Part Two



CULTURE FOR THE PEOPLE'S SAKE *An Editorial*

Our Writers and Artists

DAVID BERGELSON is a Soviet writer and one of the greatest living masters of Yiddish prose. He was born in Russia in 1884 and has published many volumes of short stories. During the war he was a leader of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee in Moscow and he wrote many stories of Soviet war heroism. He has published a volume of short stories on the Jewish pioneers of Biro-Bidjan.

☆

HAYYIM NAHMAN BIALIK is generally considered to be one of the finest modern Hebrew poets. He was born in Russia in 1873. In 1924 he went to Tel Aviv to live. When he died in Vienna in 1934, his remains were returned to Tel Aviv for burial. Many cultural monuments and institutions in Palestine are named after him. One of his most important works was *The City of Slaughter*, written after the Kishinev pogrom in 1903, in which that event is described with terrible vividness.

☆

B. A. BOTKIN is a leading American folklorist. He was director of the WPA Writers Project research into American folklore and is the editor of the best-selling *Treasury of American Folklore*.

☆

JACOB EPSTEIN is the sculptor of many controversial works. The drawings here reproduced were done in his early years on the East Side before he went to England, where he has lived ever since. These drawings were first published in Hutchins Hapgood's *Spirit of the Ghetto* in 1902.

☆

BEN FIELD is the author of numerous short stories and several novels. His latest novel was *The Last Freshet*, published earlier this year, and he is presently at work on a new novel.

☆

H. FRIEDMAN is an office worker and a member of the Poetry Workshop of Contemporary Writers. His poems have appeared in *Voices*, the poetry quarterly.

☆

AARON GOODELMAN is a sculptor and art teacher. His last one-man show was held about two years ago and he is the head of the Jefferson School art department.

☆

WILLIAM GROPPER is a prolific cartoonist and painter. He is now visiting the new European democracies and has produced a book of drawings in Prague for which the text was written by Yuri Suhl, Yiddish poet. The Gropper drawings reproduced in this issue are part of a series of illustrations for an autobiography on which he is working.

☆

LUBA GURDUS is an artist who spent the war years in Poland and was imprisoned in Maidanek. After liberation she produced a series of drawings of Polish Jewry in the ghettos and camps, recently exhibited in New York, of which the drawing in this issue is one. She went to Palestine after the war and painted a series of paintings of Palestine, which were also exhibited here recently.

☆

JACK LEVINE is a painter who lives in New York. The painting reproduced in this issue is a miniature, about eight by ten inches, which is one of a group of paintings of kings of Israel which Levine painted in commemoration of his father's death.

Jewish Life

Issued Monthly by the Morning Freiheit Association

VOL. III, No. 1 (25) CULTURAL SUPPLEMENT NOVEMBER, 1948

CONTENTS

COVER DRAWING by Ben Shahn	1
CULTURE FOR THE PEOPLE'S SAKE, an editorial	3
WORK, a short story by Ben Field	4
MAN AND MACHINE, a sculpture by Aaron Goodelman	6
NO LONGER TEARS, a poem by Simon Podair	7
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THE JEWISH AMERICAN NOVEL by Dr. Annette Rubinstein	8
THE WALL, a poem by Eve Merriam	11
THE WITNESS, a short story by David Bergelson, translated by Rae Lobel and Joseph King	12
THE SURVIVORS, a painting by Lasar Segall	14
JOSEPH, a poem by H. Friedman	16
DRAWN FROM MY LIFE, five drawings by William Gropper	17
THREE POEMS by Morris Rosenfeld, translated by Rose Pastor Stokes	18
MORRIS ROSENFELD and MOON OVER THE EAST SIDE, drawings by Jacob Epstein	18, 19
QUEST FOR AMERICAN JEWISH MUSIC by Sam Morgenstern	20
THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE, a painting by Jack Levine	21
HEAR, O ISRAEL! a one-act play by Viola Brothers Shore	22
NIGHT CLUB IN THE WARSAW GHETTO, a drawing by Luba Gurdus	25
JEWISH SALT ON JEWISH WOUNDS, a review by B. A. Botkin	27
OUT OF THE DEPTH, a poem by Hayyim Nahman Bialik, translated by Reginald V. Feldman	29
SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA, a short story by Anne Saxe	30
OUR WRITERS AND ARTISTS	2

EVE MERRIAM is a poet and short story writer whose work has appeared in previous issues of *JEWISH LIFE*. She is the author of *Family Circle*, the Yale Young Poets award in 1946, and of numerous poems and short stories published in national magazines.

☆

SAM MORGENSTERN is a composer and director. He was musical director of the first American production of Serge Prokofiev's opera, *The Duenna*, performed with great success in New York this past summer. Among his compositions are "The Warsaw Ghetto" and "Toccata Guatamala." He is the co-editor of *Ten Thousand Musical Themes*. The article in this issue was read before the Conference of American Jewish Culture in English last June.

☆

SIMON PODAIR is a poet whose work has appeared in *The Worker*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Writer*, *Voices* and *JEWISH LIFE*.

☆

MORRIS ROSENFELD was a pioneer Yiddish worker-poet of the latter nineteenth century in America. He was born in Russia in 1862 and came to America as a boy. He worked in the New York sweatshops and wrote many poems describing the life of the heavily exploited garment workers of the time. An article on his work published at the end of the century in the English press by the late Prof. Leo Wiener, followed

by one by William Dean Howells, aroused great interest in the English speaking literary world. The poems in this issue are reprinted from Rosenfeld's *Songs of Labor*, translated from the Yiddish by Rose Pastor Stokes and Helena Frank, Boston, 1914.

☆

DR. ANNETTE RUBINSTEIN teaches literature at the Jefferson School. She is Principal of the Robert Louis Stevenson School in New York.

☆

ANNE SAXE has worked in the theater, is now doing office work and is writing short stories.

☆

LASAR SEGALL was born in Poland 48 years ago and has lived in Brazil for the past 18 years. His paintings were exhibited in New York this year.

☆

VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE has written extensively for the magazines, movies, theater and radio. She has also taught the short story for some years.

☆

BEN SHAHN is a painter who is working full time for the Wallace campaign. A retrospective exhibition of his works was held at the Museum of Modern Art last year.

CULTURE FOR THE PEOPLE'S SAKE

An Editorial

THERE are cultural stirrings in the American Jewish community which signify heightened awareness of Jewishness and a conscious effort to develop to the full the cultural potentialities of this largest Jewish community in the world.

Serious discussions on this theme are being held throughout the country, within organized Jewish life and also among those who heretofore lived on the periphery of Jewish life. These stirrings and discussion are in the groping stage. Leaders of organized Jewish life are aware that the American Jewish community cannot be held together by philanthropy, relief activities and charity, worthy and vital as these may be. They know that, unless a meaningful and creative American Jewish existence is developed, the *raison d'être* for Jewish continuity will fast fade away. And above all, they are conscious that unless they give leadership to this growing demand for cultural fulfillment, leadership will slip from their hands.

Though it is futile or worse to advance dogmas or blueprints in the tasks that confront us, it is absolutely necessary to project certain basic principles, without which no sound cultural perspective is possible. American Jewish culture must be partisan in its outlook, i.e., it must consciously champion and reflect the aspirations and the struggles of the Jewish people. A "neutral" and spineless culture cannot stimulate nor inspire but will in the end degenerate into something lifeless and stifling.

American Jewish culture must deny no valid strain in the past or the present of our people. It must draw inspiration and guidance from Jewish creativity wherever such creativity is in the making, whether it be in Israel, in Poland, in Biro-Bidjan or in South America.

American Jewish culture must sink deep roots into American soil so that it may emerge firm and strong and with a vitality born of a synthesis of the most progressive and militant currents in American and in Jewish life. Such a culture must assimilate the most advanced cultural products of other Jewish communities and merge them with our own experience in the political, social and economic environment of America. Never can such a culture hope to survive on importations alone even as it cannot survive by acceptance of Anglo-Saxon race-supremacy theories.

American Jewish culture, to be meaningful and inspiring, must work to infuse the Jewish community, not with a sense of separateness, but of comradeship and alliance with the American masses, as with working and oppressed people throughout the world, in the firm conviction that a common bond ties us together and that in this unity we can find the ultimate answer to the liberation of all peoples.

We have no illusions as to the magnitude of this challenge or of the difficulty of getting acceptance for it by all groupings. We are well aware that among Jews, as among all

people, different classes seek different objectives and subordinate culture, as well as politics and economics, to their own class interests. The leadership of the American Jewish Committee, for example, will oppose this premise strenuously and will insist that its own quest for Jewish culture is motivated purely by an interest in *Klal Yisroel* (Household of Israel). The Zionist Organization leadership, which has recently projected the ambitious program of "culturizing" the American Jewish community, will no doubt equally insist that its proclaimed objective of Zionizing and Hebraizing American culture is *Tora Lishma*, culture for culture's sake, and has no political objectives in mind.

We make no claims to non-partisanship. Nor do we believe that non-partisanship is possible. Since man emerged from primitive society, classes have existed and members of each class have fought for control through economic, political and cultural means. Those who clamored and protested most loudly that their efforts were directed towards harmonizing class interests and even standing above them, have invariably also been the same men who tried to stifle liberation movements and to chain the masses to their own outlook the better to maintain their hold over the people.

The insistence of the leadership of the Zionist movement on Zionizing American Jewish life is inimical to American Jewish creativity and survival. It negates the ability of the American Jewish community to be creative in its own right and is, despite verbal protestations to the contrary, the concept of *Shilat Hagalut*, the negation of all Jewish communities outside of Israel. It perpetuates the process of imbuing American Jews with a sense of inferiority and promotes a philosophy of culture and education based on this negation. It deprives the American Jewish community of a long, rich and militant Yiddish tradition, which is the very heart of whatever Jewish creativity has been meaningful in Jewish life to date in America. And it instills a political philosophy of aloneness which can only sunder the Jewish community from its necessary allies, without whom that community must sink into a sterile existence.

We are partisan in politics, in economics—and in culture. We believe that the interests of the overwhelming masses of the Jewish people lie in struggle against fascism and war and against those who seek to revive fascism and war. We believe that the interests of the overwhelming masses of the Jewish people lie in struggle against imperialism, as well as in the building of a rich and meaningful inner existence. These struggles, far from being removed from or antagonistic to each other, are in fact inextricably united.

We hold that the fight for a rich, progressive and militant American Jewish culture is of immediate and paramount concern. And we hold that such a culture can be a powerful stimulus and guide to the masses of American Jews in meeting the decisive issues confronting them.

This cultural supplement is dedicated to these ends.

WORK

A Short Story

By Ben Field

STEINBERG the painter refused to stay home from work. Although his arms and legs were as heavy as lead and he had to catch on to his ladder to steady himself, he insisted it was a mere cold, and he dosed himself with castor oil and hot tea and ran to work.

Overnight the man became crustier than old bread. He no longer got excited about Miriam's college plans or took pleasure in teasing Harry who was always practising weight-lifting with his mother's pressing irons for the day he would get rid of the darn school and start working in a factory; and he didn't even crack a smile when little Alec sang the story out of his reader about the murdered cock robin and rocked and pulled a mournful face as if he were sitting *shivá* for that poor bird.

Steinberg got worse. His feet which had always had jacks and tops spinning in them dragged, he couldn't sleep, and he had to fight with himself to get up on time. And then one morning as Miriam was at the table finishing an English theme and Harry was heaving and snorting with half a dozen of his mother's irons, it took their father a terribly long time to dress and the children caught a glimpse of him breathing hoarsely, striking at his shirt.

"Papa, you look so funny," crowed Alec coming out of the toilet.

Steinberg kept stretching his fingers and blowing at them as if they were numb, and butting his head into his shirt, he ran to work.

Little Alec stood in the kitchen and showed how Papa had raised his hands like the puppy next door at Mrs. Levine's when it begs for a lump of sugar. Miriam and Harry couldn't help laughing. His mother kissed the little fellow. "A health in your tiny snout," she said.

At supper after the day's work their father behaved just as queerly. He was glum and refused to take part in the banter of the children, and he held the fork as if the handle were too big for him. With a frown he shoved his plate away and reached for his tea. Suddenly his jaw dropped and the glass broke from his hands. He leaped, the hot tea dripping from his shirt. "Master of the world," he cried, "Master, my hands, I have lost my hands!"

The family put him to bed and called the doctor. The doctor examined him and called a specialist, and both of them went over him as carefully as a housewife looking over fowl in the market, and then they announced that he was full of poison from the many years he had worked with paint. He would have to stay home, and if he rested, looked after himself, he would be well enough in time to go back to work.

Steinberg's mind could not grasp this catastrophe. It was as though his brain were a nerveless hand from which

things kept dropping, scalding him, making him lead up with an agonized cry to heaven. It was crazy—he had never been sick a single hour in his life. "Am I a millionaire or a nobleman's goat that I can stop work?" he cried, got into his overalls and ran out of the house. He dragged himself back in a few hours with a terrific bellyache, his hands dangling at his wrists as if they were broken.

His wife scolded him. "Always, always I said don't run that way, don't get excited, it is not necessary to work day and night. And now like a poisoned mouse you are ready to drop on the floor. You must stay away from work, Simon. Simon, you must rest."

The wiry little man stopped before her with a hoot. "Rest! Stay from work! Teach me. When I was five years old I earned by first *groschen*. I have worked all my life. I drank work from my mother's breasts. And you want me to rest." He thrust out his puckered gray hands which dangled like empty pails from his arms. "Teach me, my wife, teach how a man can live without work. Teach, you wonder-worker."

She stroked his shoulder. "But you must, Simon, you must."

"Like an old goat you *memecke*, 'But, but,' 'But, but,'" he mimicked her bitterly.

It was as bitter as worm cabbage for Steinberg to stay home, rest, and stuff himself with the yolks of eggs and with green vegetables which he had always disliked and called grass for cattle. He took warm baths. He sat at the window watching the people on their way to and from work in a living stream.

The doctor had ordered him to rest, but his mind kept working like a scraper. He remembered Sachs who had become a boss painter, Hymans who had bought a chicken farm, and the red-haired Goldberg, who, finding that he had a good voice, had become a cantor and then years later had come to the bitter conclusion that he had been nearer to God on the scaffold than on the pupit. These and others had run away from their work, but never he, not for one day. It was as though he had been born with a brush which had whistled and spat at the world and made it shine before your eyes. He had become the surest paint-mixer and stippler, the handiest with the ladder so that the bosses had always torn each other's beards to hire him. But now—he stared down from the window at the streaming workers, his pain started up, and it was as though a rope had broken and he was dangling in space.

THE WEEKS PASSED, AND THEIR SAVINGS DISAPPEARED AND THE benefits from the union and the workmen's compensation dwindled, and Steinberg's wife sat down beside him one

day, and placing her hands on his shoulders, asked whether it wouldn't be best to move into a cheap flat and thus hold on to what was left longer.

"Are you out of your mind? The children will know I'm finished. They will say they have a useless dropping for a father, not a man!"

She eyed him with a deep concern as he kept shouting. Although a quick-spirited man, he had always been kindly. Since his illness, every word you directed to him he hawked back into your face. Painfully pinning her lips together, she turned away. At all costs there must be peace in the household, the children spared, their father cured quickly.

The children, however, took things into their hands. Harry tramped into the flat, whooping that he was leaving school, had already found a job as a stockboy in a shop, and to show that he could manage, picked up his big mother and carried her across the room as if she were a child. Yessir, this morning he had risen almost with the sun the way Papa used to do, and had run off without bouncing around his irons. It was a job doing more than carrying stock. Hah, leave it to him. The foreman was helping a machinist put a flywheel into a machine. "I lifted that big wheel for them almost single-handed. It weighs even more than Mama." He crossed his thick, young arms across his chest and looked challengingly at his father.

Steinberg glared. "A man already! Does without asking! What's a father, a mother?" He whipped out of the room and went to the window, standing there, working his fists as if he were seeking for some handle-end. Then he heard her at the door.

His wife wept quietly, half in pride, half in sorrow, saying it would break the child's heart to force him; although a year older than Miriam he was two years behind her in studies. "You know, Simon, we need his help, and he says he'll go to night school. Let him, Simon. Let him."

Steinberg's face turned black. "Do as you please, both of you!"

"But, Simon."

"I am not playing games with you. Do as you please!"

So Harry went to work, and the mother remained tense and red-eyed. There was whispering between her and the boy, between her and Miriam. Steinberg walked into the kitchen to find the three in secret conference.

Miriam blushed. "Pa, I was saying I'm not worse than Harry. So I'll be a school teacher a year later. A teacher should know what it means to go looking for work. A teacher should mix with the world, not be hoity toity, not be like holy oil." She laughed, but when he stared sternly at her, she placed her head with its black hair plaited into a crown on his shoulder; and it struck him then how much taller than he she had become.

He gave her a rough push. "Tell me—." He choked as though he had a bone in his throat. "No! If every crumb becomes as dear as a Sabbath loaf, no!"

The woman followed him, but he shut the door in their faces, dressed, and refusing to answer their anxious cries, left the house.

The doctor's waiting room was crowded. He found himself in a corner between a tank with fish flitting their tails and an elderly man with a stained beard like pulled-out cotton who questioned and picked until, having learned of Steinberg's difficulties, spoke of a plumber, a *landsman* of his, a man big as behemoth who had gotten the strange disease, his gums had turned blue, and he had spat out his teeth the way one spits out melon or orange seeds.

It was with horror that Steinberg entered the doctor's office. The doctor leaned forward and began to reassure him immediately. He wasn't getting worse. No, he couldn't say when he could go back to work—next fall or next year, but he must rest, not worry. He was a lucky man with the children he had. They had dropped in several weeks ago just to have a talk with the doctor. Fine children, wonderful boy and girl, a pair to depend on in an emergency. . . .

Steinberg returned from the doctor, called his wife to him, told her to go look for a cheap flat, told her he had wiped his hands clean and she was to do whatever she pleased with Miriam. Nothing the shocked woman could say or do nor the appeals of the children could make him stop behaving as if this were the last wall he could turn to, and he absolutely refused to take part in the new life they were entering. Harry did the moving, acting as if he were already head of the family, wearing a wrist band and a six inch belt. And in the new flat Steinberg lay day after day on his bed in a box of a room like something dunged out, a stench to himself and her and the children, something to be buried quickly before he poisoned the air they breathed.

AND AFTER A WHILE THE FAMILY TOOK IT FOR GRANTED THAT he was hopelessly sick, that he was not to be bothered, and walked around on tiptoes, spoke in hushed voices, and cast warning glances at the door which led to his bedroom. In the kitchen as if it were their headquarters, Harry gave reports about his activities in the shop and instructed Miriam how to deport herself in looking for work while the mother washed the girl's blouse and stockings so that she should present a favorable appearance, and little Alec, sitting on the floor, polished her shoes.

All during the day while the girl was away hunting work, the mother could find no place for herself, and when people began returning from work, she started running to the door. "Why can't she call us up?" she wailed.

"Ain't you funny, Mama?" said Alec, who had been wetting his soft little thumb and turning the pages of his reader. "We ain't got a telephone no more."

She smiled in her confusion. "That is why I have you around, my black-eyed son, a health in your tiny snout. I make mistakes for you to teach me."

When the key grated in the lock, Steinberg was about to turn to the wall. Something in the girl's steps made him sit up. Her face was drawn and white.

"Do you know I'm a Jew?" She gave a little moan and dropped into a chair.

"You ain't Irish Catholic," snickered Harry.



MAN AND MACHINE

By Aaron Goodelman

"I waited all day. I was sure of the job. It was a good one, and Papa would feel like a new person." She hushed her voice. "And then the lady in charge calls me and looks at me like I'm a dirty piece of underwear or something. Right away I knew what was wrong. Three times that happened last week when I gave them my name."

Finding it hard to believe wrong of anybody, her mother said softly, "Maybe it's a different reason. Don't take it so, child. Next time you go out, you will know better." She always tried to make the best of a situation, to save whatever she could. If she burned a cake or a Sabbath loaf (she had taken to baking again) she would declare that next time she would do better, it would teach her, and in addition she would scrape the burned part off and try to save it. "My big girl." She kissed the smooth white forehead. "Maybe God wants it that way."

"God, God!" cried Miriam. "Sometimes I want to be different. Maybe I could stand not being a Jew until I get a job."

Her mother gasped.

Steinberg, who had been listening in agony, flew into the kitchen, his trousers flapping around his thin shanks. He tried to make a fist, his fingers would not hold, and he set his teeth, remembering what the old man had said in the doctor's office.

He pushed Harry to one side and glared at his wife. "Irish Catholic. Maybe God wants it that way. You two heroes! Is that the way you help her?" he thundered.

He turned to Miriam. "I didn't want you to go running to work. You wanted. Now because it's a little hard, you go peeping and squeeking."

The blood flooded her face, and she lowered her head. "I'm sorry, Papa. I—I don't know what came over me. Maybe it's because I was so tired and worried. Oh, Papa." She flung her arms around his neck, "Papa, dear, I feel so good you're up. I feel so good I'm hungry enough to eat Alec's red robin. I'll eat, find a job, and marry a fat millionaire on Riverside Drive."

Steinberg took charge, saw that the girl went to bed on time, and next day, he sat near the window looking down on the stream of workers which had become even dearer to him because his children had joined it; and he saw that he had upbraided the girl because of "Jew" while he had acted like a sulky child because of "Sick." Who had acted like the sillier child—the girl or he? he asked himself in bitterness.

Steinberg took himself in hand, and on her return from her hunt of work, faced her washed and shaved with a tap of color in his hollow cheeks. Gently he asked how she made out, listened gravely, and then told her about his first job. A mere crumb, a little worm, tired of helping his mother sell fish and dreaming of going into a big business venture, he got himself a jar and a tin cup, found a pair of *damsky* shoes (ladies' shoes) to add to his height and sold water in the marketplace.

"Did people pay for water then?" the children cried out in amazement.

"Then and now, we pay for everything, even the air we breathe," said Steinberg darkly. Let them learn that, too, and then he joined the laughter as little Alec, having heard about the *damsky* shoes, put on his mother's and went from one to the other, crying, "*Wasser, wasser.*"

This was the happiest evening the family spent since the beginning of the sickness, and the laughter was still on Miriam's face when she hurried out early next morning. This time she was successful, finding a job as a salesgirl in a large department store not far from home. When she stuck it out for a week, Steinberg, watching her closely to see how she would take it, the family concluded she was on the way.

Then Saturday nights became great events in their lives. Saturday nights you could listen to Harry's wonderful stories of how many pieces of stock he had carried single-handed and how many flywheels he had fitted into the big machines which he was beginning to learn to operate on the sly. Saturdays Miriam rushed in late, tired and happy, with the pay envelope, a piece of finery for Mama, a toy for Alec, and funny stories about the boss who had been a prize fighter and had ears like *Haman* cakes and the forelady Olive K. O'Brien who wouldn't let you call her anything else but Okey O'Brien. Saturdays the family could dream of the day Steinberg would be at work slapping a brush. Saturdays is what you lived for.

The summer was a hot one. The girl suffered. She was built like her mother with feet so small that it was difficult for her to carry her weight and she seemed to be danc-

ing on her toes, pulled down at the same time by her big breasts. Though not a word of complaint passed her lips, he heard her bathing her legs in the bathroom every night and she began to rouge her face heavily to keep her pallor hidden from them. He recognized that he must remain silent and match a forced color to hers, while his heart gnawed at him desperately.

One Saturday night the family waited impatiently for her to begin their "party." Alec finally fell asleep in his mother's lap while Harry and Steinberg went over a story in a magazine about Atlas the strong man; both agreed that Breitbart was the stronger, having bitten an iron bar in two and almost ripped the posts from under a synagogue. The clock over the stove kept ticking away. Midnight, and no Miriam.

Dispatched by his father, Harry pounded down the stairs to meet her. The department store was dark. Frightened, he raced back, and dashed into the tenement. There was a great commotion in their flat.

Miriam was sobbing in her mother's arms. "It wasn't my fault. It wasn't, Ma. I tried so hard this time."

Little Alec, half awake, ran into his father, bucking and bawling.

"That forelady, that Okey, she's been after me since the beginning. I'm sure it's because I'm a Jew. Today—."

"Why didn't you tell us?" demanded Steinberg.

"I wanted to do it alone, Papa. You've got enough."

Her mother stroked her shoulder. "You'll get another job. Now you know what jobs are, you'll get another, my child. Your heart is too dear to waste on them."

"If that mush-eared boss touched you," shouted Harry, "I'll break him into little pieces." He scowled and crossed his arms over his chest.

"No, no, darling." She tried to smile through her tears. "It wasn't that. At first, it's because I'm a Jew. All right, I can become a Christian. But tell me," she raised her eyes pleadingly, "tell me how I can change myself to a man. I can go to church to be a Christian. What church makes you a man, Papa? I was you know what. It came suddenly. I always feel so—so unclean."

"To be a woman is not unclean!"

"Yes, Papa, but I had to go to the toilet. It took time. When I came out there she stands, that Okey, with a watch like I'm a runner. I had trouble with her before she's been so nasty. She discharged a little old lady because she sat down when her feet hurt, and there was no union, nothing, to help her. I tried to explain. That meant nothing to her. Then I got mad."

"Good!"

"She fired me. I went to the boss, but he wouldn't listen. Now, now—whose fault is it I'm a woman?"

Steinberg saw now that he had overestimated this child and underestimated the other. Harry had been the *golem* to him but Harry had a job, was getting a raise, would break down all walls. Miriam, this dear, big, ungainly girl with the hips and breasts of a woman, with all her cleverness had the hands and greenness of a child, and he had

sheltered her so that her first efforts to earn bread would bring her gall and wounds.

A burned-out, twisted little man, he sat beside her all next day. "Jew is Jew and woman is woman. It is hard to be a Jew. It is hard to be a woman, but hardest it is to go out into the world and earn a living, be a worker. When I carried water, wearing my *damsky* shoes," he gave a crooked smile, "I learned work. It is this Torah I thought I would spare you until you were old enough to go out into the world. It is a world where before you can get a crumb of bread, it becomes bitter as vomit. It is a hard world, my child."

Miriam was silent, her swollen face turned away.

"It is a hard world. We must be harder."

At night the parents lay side by side, heard her toss in her sleep, but when her mother tried to get up to comfort her, Steinberg held her down.

At daybreak they heard her stirring. Steinberg released his wife, and she hurried into the kitchen and found the teapot strumming on the stove, fresh rolls on the table, and Miriam reading the want ads in the paper.

"Ma, here's plenty of jobs. I'm going to be so hard from now on they'll break their teeth on me." She swept over to the mirror which was losing its silver and did her lips.

When she stepped into the bedroom, she found her father massaging his wrists, making a fist, and she caught his hands convulsively to her breasts, the big crablike hands which seemed to have fattened on and eaten away the rest of his body. "Everything will be all right, Papa. Everything!"

Steinberg stood by the window and watched the street. He must see how she looked alone when there would be no veil over her to hide her true feelings. And then he saw her—newspaper rolled into a club, her round child's face pale but determined, and he was satisfied.

When his wife came in to see him, she stopped at the threshold of his room and caught her breath. He stood before the wall, his big hands going as if after the long bitter months he held a brush and was again back at work.

NO LONGER TEARS By Simon Podair

The hands no longer weep,
But rifle—garnished
Tear down the Ghetto walls.
Our tear-soaked sponge of centuries
Lies cast-off like rotting fruit,
And voices storm the citadels of power:
No longer tears! they cry,
No longer echoes of a wailing song,
Our banners glow with hope,
Our minds are hammers
Pounding at mankind's door:
No longer solitude! they cry,
No longer an island of despair,
Now, marching in a people's file,
Marching towards the sun.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THE JEWISH AMERICAN NOVEL

By Dr. Annette Rubinstein

UNTIL the post-war years contemporary American literature was extraordinarily lacking in novels dealing with Jewish American life. The major part of such fiction that did exist—major both in terms of quantity and of value—had been written a generation or more ago and the bulk of it even then dealt with a period which was already history at the time of writing.

The largest single group consists of biographical novels and more or less fictionalized biographies. Their common pattern was that of an immigrant's arrival, his early experience in the slums, his emergence through business success and/or education. Some of the best of this very numerous group are Mary Antin's *The Promised Land* (1912), Abraham Cahan's *The Rise of David Levinsky* (1917), Anzia Yezierska's *Bread Givers* (1925), and, in a quite different and special sense of education, Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money* (1929).

It is apparent that the great value of these novels depended largely on their writers' first hand knowledge of the life and people of which they wrote. It is therefore obvious why it is almost 20 years since the last important novel of this kind was written.

Nor is such a question any more relevant when we turn to consider the group which is probably next in order of merit and certainly next in order of size—those post-World War I family stories whose date is ostensibly contemporary with the date of writing but whose emotional emphasis and, often, greatest length is devoted to a somewhat nostalgic, though honest, reconstruction of a father's or grandfather's life in the old country, whether in Poland, Russia, Germany or Rumania. Typical examples are *Job* by J. Roth (1931), *Hear Ye Sons* by Irving Fineman (1933) and *Blessed Is the Man* by L. Zara (1935).

These two groups, which together constitute the bulk of Jewish American fiction, belong necessarily, and not accidentally, to the past in terms of craft problems no matter how widely and usefully they may be read in the present and future. Nor do we wish for third generation hearsay versions of what, because they are robbed of its concrete living experience, become an East Side "success story" or Kasrilevka and water.

It is, however, startling and painful to move from these accounts of immigrant life, harsh and unattractive as the picture often is, to the ugly use of comparable second generation material in such later books as Jerome Weidman's *I Can Get It For You Wholesale* (1937), and Budd Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run* (1941). These are in many

ways so repellant that there is often a strong inclination to class them with the uneasy, self-conscious burlesque of Arthur Kober's *Thunder Over the Bronx* or even the more deliberate cheap pornography of Ben Hecht's *A Jew in Love*.¹

Half-Truth Becomes Whole Lie

However, I do not believe that such an identification would be either just or illuminating. Both Weidman and Schulberg deal seriously with serious aspects of our civilization. While the caricatures they use are painful ones, the conditions they caricature are still more painful. There is in both books a reasonable verisimilitude together with some genuine revulsion at the inhumanity, waste and chaotic horror of an important segment of contemporary life. But in both cases a half truth becomes a whole lie because of the limited insight which fails to see that, what is typical of cut-throat capitalist competition is the essential core of what they represent—correctly enough but with a misplaced accent—as typical of cut-throat Jewish competition.

One might reasonably point out that virtually all the characters in the books of the first two groups are also Jewish, and that their narrow, miserable lives, their sordid concentration on pennies in their hand to mouth existence might, therefore, be considered equally misleading. The poverty that these books picture, is essentially Jewish in a thousand significant details—the frequent combination of a practical, energetic wife and patient, willing but defeated *yeshiva bucher* husband (a combination that I, like many others, knew in my grandparents and greeted with the delight of recognition in Sholom Aleichem, Mary Antin and Mike Gold); the dwindling consciousness of some far different and more important purpose for intellectual activity than material acquisition, and the lingering respect for learning in all its manifestations; the tenacity of family relationships; the easy emotional expression of demonstrative anger or gratitude; and the consciousness of a common tradition still showing itself in diminishing concrete observances. All these gave the most twisted and unhappy figures a recognizable character and afforded the reader constant glimpses of what humanity could be if not for the brutalizing pressures under which it lives. Furthermore the authors' intense consciousness of the desperate struggle for bare survival creates a deep sympathy for even the most unpleasant people and, of course, a real identification with the protagonists whose struggles they invite us to share.

But in the second generation world of Weidman and Schulberg we find, as we did to a lesser extent in Sam Ornitz's earlier *Haunch, Paunch and Jowl*, characters who have lost the warmth and solidarity of their parent's shared misery, who have never learned the old values but have developed no new ones. We find characters who are far

¹ I omit altogether the more good natured, less defensive gag humor of such early material as Montague Glass' *Potash and Perlmutter*. This belongs rather with the comic strip of *Abie Kabibble* or with Milt Gross than with any consideration of literature, yet there is far less bitterness and self-contempt in this earlier anti-Semitic Jewish humor and a more genuine ironic pride than in the later material.

enough from starvation to dull the edge of their author's somewhat superficial understanding although their greed and ruthlessness are equally, if less obviously, a function of hunger. Here, too, being Jewish with no positive cultural content means being self-conscious and self-embittered in a way unknown before. The naked ugliness of much in our society is so appalling that a sensitive writer can hardly help being overwhelmed by that part of it which is closest to him—and this is, for most Jews, that part in which the actors are Jewish. When we consider further the special bitterness one feels when forced to hate his own, and the morbid willingness and, in fact, anxiety, with which so many a-political Jews seek to find some reason in the Jewish people themselves for anti-Semitism, we can easily understand why writers like Weidman and Schulberg give us the destructive immorality of the self-made business-is-business man as a picture of the Jew on the make—whether in Hollywood or the clothing industry.

Full Measure of Understanding

We need not prove here that this error is as unnecessary as it is common. No one could accuse Mike Gold, for instance, of glossing over the worst aspects of life on the lower East Side—many have in fact accused him of underlining and betraying that life. But on every page, from the vivid physical description of his childhood environment through the deepening understanding of the adolescent (and of his parents seen through his eyes with critical respect and tenderness) to the terrible brief descriptions of the wasted years of youth, we never lose sight of the potentialities of humanity, no matter how plundered, beaten and despoiled it is. And when a casual soap box speaker's appeal attracts his attention, we realize (without invidious comparison or self exaltation) that certain particularly Jewish characteristics of unworldly fervor and traditional eagerness to understand "the world" will combine with the broader class-consciousness of hunger to welcome the awakening of this experience.

This full measure of understanding we can doubtless find only in a consciously or unconsciously political writer. It would, I think, be a mistake to deny the honesty and limited realism of such other uglier books as those we discussed above. The question of their value and justification, and of an author's responsibility for the misleading nature of his limited insight, which implies a lie by stating a partial truth, are vital critical problems which must be more fully discussed in these pages at another time. Whatever our conclusions on the more general question, however, few of us would suggest that these novels indicate a fruitful field for the young Jewish writer, although they may offer us some explanation for the apparent lack of such a field.

The Problem Novels

Finally, then, we come to the last group of novels dealing with Jewish American life—the group of "problem novels" recently publicized by the almost sensational success of such best-sellers as Gwethalyn Graham's *Earth and High Heaven*

(1944), Jo Sinclair's *Wasteland* (1946) and Laura Z. Hobson's *Gentleman's Agreement* (1947), and Ludwig Lewisohn's earlier best seller (and best book) *The Island Within* (1928).

To those who know Lewisohn only through the peculiarly unpleasant mixture of idealistic sexuality, religious mysticism, and a Jewish "blood consciousness" (almost as irrelevant and arrogant as that of Aryanism) which fills his later novels, his inclusion here may well come as a shock. And it is true that, reading backwards, one can trace the germ of these attitudes in his earlier work as well. Furthermore, it needs no such hindsight to sense that his books also convey a complacent assurance that only the cultivated masculine middle class organism is sensitive or valuable enough to merit our concern, or to condemn the false sentimentality of the solution so abruptly offered in the conclusion to *The Island Within*.

Nevertheless this novel makes a positive contribution as one of the earliest conscious studies of "forced assimilation" whose socio-psychological effects cannot be ignored in our discussion of Jewish American fiction. Stimulating and valuable is its convincing analysis of the inescapable but negative content of being Jewish in a wealthy Americanized family, and of the unsatisfactory nature of lives measured by other peoples' standards and built on other peoples' traditions—lives largely devoted to denying the existence of an unobvious but real and almost complete segregation. It is so even though the author himself nowhere realizes that the emptiness is essentially that of a reactionary bourgeois life and affects Gentile as well as Jew.

This book was also one of the first to stress what is now a commonplace in progressive cultural education—the vital importance of an early knowledge of one's own family background and one's own people's history. The loss of such knowledge was often tolerated or even sought as a part of the process of "Americanization." The ensuing void contributed so largely to broken family ties, unstable and anti-social relations and activities and self-contempt and insecurity in the second and even third generations, that sociologists and psychologists are today first beginning to assess the extent of damage done. It is interesting to note that in attempting to deal with a specific problem of middle class Jewish American life in concrete terms, Lewisohn succeeded as a by-product in reproducing more of its particular quality than those recent writers who have more deliberately attempted to depict that life. Lewisohn also stated the individual problem in terms which lend themselves to reinterpretation for other immigrant groups, instead of obscuring such an application, as Weidman and Schulberg do.

Among the more recent books we should mention a sensitive and too little known book, *This Festive Season*, by I. J. Singer (1942). But we must note that all six novels in this last group are all "problem novels" in the sense that Ibsen's plays are problem plays. Each takes as its starting point some particular aspect of life for a Jew in America—that is, some special problem a Jew has to face that most

Americans do not. In developing his problem and seeking a correct, or at least a tenable, solution the writer is naturally forced to deal with many of the most characteristic qualities, situations and values and to analyze them as part of the whole.

It is important to note that this "problem" approach is almost forced upon any Negro writer of even minimum honesty and sensitivity. The problems of Negro life in America are so apparent and so shocking that it is impossible for the least sensitive Negro to ignore them even on the top level of consciousness. This accounts for the contrastingly great proportion of Negro writers who successfully use their people's life as their material. The Negro writer is thus inevitably forced to grapple with his special problems, if only in terms of superficial realism. Good writers, of course, do much more by adding their own far-reaching consciousness of causes and by including characters with varying reactions and degrees of understanding.

Evasion of Problem

But the problems with which the Jewish American writer must reckon are less apparent and are often unadmitted or completely evaded, in conscious thought at least, both by the writer and by the very protagonists with whom he must deal. It is not surprising that the Jewish writer often fails to discover the contemporary meaning of being Jewish since he ignores the problems which are the core of that meaning. He is quite correct in protesting that he has no personally realized material for a novel of Jewish American life, since his own experience ordinarily differs from that of other Americans almost entirely in terms of these buried problems. Only when he digs them up and deliberately reinterprets his experience in their terms, can he offer us an enlightening and significant interpretation of Jewish American life.

We all of us can think back to the varying Jewish communities which formed the background for our individual lives. As soon as we do imaginatively reconstruct them we get a truly revealing picture that would be hopeless unless we treated as vital those things which most of their members, including our earlier selves, ignored. Nor are we likely fully to realize these factors except in dealing with the implications of the problems they present. My own childhood experience, while by no means typical in general, was nevertheless completely typical in this important respect and may well serve as an example. It also illustrates, I think, how easy it is for us, like Weidman and Schulberg and thousands of others, to accept false generalizations about Jews emotionally long after we may have rejected them intellectually.

I was brought up in a wealthy Jewish suburb where the only Gentiles were servants and tradesmen. I assumed that to be Jewish was to be upper middle class. Had I been able to express my reaction in a novel, I would certainly have implied that smugness was peculiar to Jewish life and that Jews essentially were more materialistic, conventional and successful than other people. Even after I had gained some

political insight, my description would have given an unilluminating picture of a Jewish suburb which differed from the non-Jewish only in being a little more self-conscious and less given to drinking. Suppose, however, that a Jewish novelist had raised the question of why the excellent private school about which the community centered (with an all Jewish student body until the janitor's son was given a scholarship) employed only Gentile teachers. He would therefore not only be attacking a vital and characteristic problem of Jewish American life. He would also begin to probe all the hidden causes and currents beneath the surface that made this Jewish community just a little different from all the other snobbish American suburbs it resembled so closely. And, oddly enough, if the experience of other writers of problem novels is any guide, he would almost inadvertently find himself much more conscious of some of the psychological and family patterns which gave these second and third generation lives their very slight specifically Jewish quality.

In stressing the importance of this consciously analytical approach for writers dealing with contemporary American Jewish life, I am tacitly assuming the truth of what many young writers have explicitly stated. They have said that in their experience there is no real content of Jewish tradition in most Jews' daily life in America and that, deplorable as this fact may be, it must be faced as a fact. It is one thing to say that we should and can purposefully give our children a knowledge of Jewish achievements from Maimonides to the Warsaw Ghetto so that they may have a positive content for the word Jew before they are subjected to the casual remark, "He asked \$20 but I Jewed him down to \$18." But it is quite another thing to believe that we can deliberately recreate a culture destroyed for us by the interruption of oral tradition and the discontinuity of the older way of life.

Search for Jewish Content

If further evidence than our own experience were needed, we should certainly find it in the utter non-existence of that group of novels in which one would expect 90 per cent of the fiction of any people to fall. These are novels which would simply use as their material and thus reveal the special quality of Jewish American life as Ruth Suckow does of the life of a comfortable mid-western farm or Ellen Glasgow does of a small southern city or Dorothy Canfield Fisher does of life in Vermont. I have deliberately named no giants but novelists easily matched and over-matched by many Jewish novelists in terms of insight, vivid writing, emotional depth, etc. But the only Jewish novels comparable with those of Suckow, Glasgow or Fisher in the past 20 years are such minor ones as Meyer Levin's sympathetic but pedestrian *The Old Bunch* (1937), which illuminates Jewish American life only briefly when it touches on the problem of Jewish-Gentile relationships in politics or sex; Myron Brinig's readable but altogether unilluminating *Singermann* (1929); and Sholom Asch's amazing sentimental distortions

in *East River* (1946) (that is, of course, amazing for the author of *Three Cities*).

It is easy for a meretricious or obtuse writer to reduce the Jewish problem to a formula. He can be easily seduced by the certainty of an interested audience to write as shallow and meaningless a book on "inter-marriage" or on "discrimination" as one might in the vein of *Forever Amber* or *The Robe*. The recent crop of books on Jewish themes such as Kathleen Hughes' *Not Quite a Dream*, Rita Kissin's *This Precious Dust* and Mary Jane Ward's *The Professor's Umbrella* show how bad such an approach can be at its most superficial.

More seriously misleading, partly because of the greater ability of the authors and their emotional conviction, and partly because of their plausible use of important quarter truths, are such other pseudo-problem novels as Norman Katkov's *Eagle at My Eyes* and Saul Bellew's *The Victim*, which exploit the widespread interest in psychological and

social difficulties while obscuring their causes and making more difficult their solution.

Besides a number of novels in the past year that center upon a Jewish theme, there are others that are more valuable in their realistic use of Jewish figures as important secondary characters as in Harry Brown's *Brick Fox Hole*, Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, David Alman's *Well of Compassion* and Ben Field's *The Last Freshet*. But all these novels of both kinds testify to the important fact that there is increasing consciousness of the importance of anti-Semitism on the part of socially conscious Gentiles and most Jews. Together with this is the increased realization of complex problems calling for both more profound theoretical understanding and more direct practical action. Jewish problems are at last demanding and beginning to find literary expression in the most important contemporary art form, the novel. The result is likely to be as rich a contribution to life as to art.

THE WALL

By Eve Merriam

Scratch a Jew and you'll find a Wailing Wall.

Born a Jew?

Too bad for you.

Mourn, Jew.

Crawl, Jew.

Fall on your wailing wall

And cry, Jew.

For your crime, Jew

It is time, Jew

For you to die.

"Jude!" tramples the storm-troop voice,

"Consider your crime!

Jew, you a Jew!"

A crime like the shine of sun

Salt in the ocean

Snow on a winter day.

But Jews suffer

It is the Will the Wall

There is no other way.

History of the Jews is a wall.

And walls are to divide,

To keep inside.

The wall the wall was always there.

Thousands of wailing years

Of bearded tears.

The wall barring the daylight blue.

Breathe gray the ghetto air.

And passively despair.

It is the Wall the Wall

And tears cannot climb.

Black mourning shawl your cradle shroud.

2.

Shout!

The silent wall

Become a brazen barricade!

Tears are anger frozen

And icy road to take,

Wall to leap.

(Blood is slippery on the wall

Slippery as oil . . .

But hands hold;

Wall can be scaled.)

The black mourning shawl is thrust aside,

The bride of courage goes forth,

Joins Jew the proud bridegroom,

Jew the proud fighter:

Oh joyous wedding day

Claiming your love, your need.

Rejoice,

Shout

As

The

Wall

Thundering

Falls

Stone rises from ruin.

Stones flower with vines and fruit,

Garden for a house,

Shade for a sleeping child

Stirring in safety, smiling at being a Jew.

THE WITNESS

A Short Story by David Bergelsen

Translated from the Yiddish
by Rae Lobel and Joseph King

I A JEW of about sixty stands in the wide, doorless entrance of an ungutted, though very dilapidated house. Everything he wears pleads for rapid replacement. Over his head hangs an obliterated sign with only the word "*mash*" legible. His muscles are as rigid as the word "*mash*." His profile appears at times more like something etched in the dark void of the missing door than that of a living human being. Something is missing from his face, just as, on the sign over his head, something is missing from the word "*mash*."

Everything around him in the recently liberated capital of the Republic is brightened by a winter sun that had broken through several hours after its rise. The snow which had fallen during the night, slowly melts away under its rays. The many sparkling icicles almost dazzle the eyes of the passerby. A white wall, jutting out of the rubble across the way, is intensely bright in the sun, and the senseless message still inscribed on it seems therefore to cry more shrilly than ever, "Chone was taken from the ghetto on the 27th, early in the morning."

It is about two in the afternoon, the luncheon recess at all the central institutions. The street steadily becomes more animated. But the man in the wide, doorless entrance gives no sign of any intention to budge. From among the many who hurry by one woman, past her prime, stops near him. She is dressed in a light, almost summery coat, wears around her neck a scarf of brown fox that is obviously an heirloom. Plainly combed and graying hair show from under a white wool beret.

"Me?" she asks the man. "Do you want me?"

It seems to her that the man had just called her. And at first glance, she thinks he might be blind—and perhaps needs to be helped across the street.

"What?" the man asks coldly.

Slowly withdrawing his sunken gaze from the inscription on the opposite wall, he lets it rest for a second on the girl.

"Perhaps . . . I may need you."

He appears to mull over something. But he no longer looks at the woman. Instead he eyes the curiously knotted laces and the turned-out old shoes on his feet. Some gray-white hair, coarse as straw cut by a sickle, strays from his thick, ragged beard. A deathly soberness flows through many wrinkles, as through deep furrows, over his entire long face, and spills into the black pits under his narrowed eyes.

"If it's about clothes," the woman says suddenly, "come over to see me at the city soviet. I work there. Ask for Dora Aronsky."

And immediately she feels that her words are tumbling

out of her mouth too quickly. She notices that the man stands more coldly than before.

"No," he finally refuses. "Clothes?" Pointing slowly to the sign with the word "*mash*" on it, he adds sadly, "I just talked over with them here about work. I'm a tinsmith. . . . I come from West Ukraine." He speaks slowly and unevenly. "They'll give me something to wear here." As if doubting himself, he utters, "Huh?" And answering himself, he says, "They promised me." Then sighing, "But it's not about that."

Only now does he take a good look at the woman. Slowly, very slowly his eyes begin to recede under his brows that tremble periodically. And his cheeks rather than his mouth angrily expel the words, "I am a witness!"

A pause.

"A witness?"

The woman tries to comprehend what he means by that. Her eyes contract as if from a pain in her temples—eyes pale, already somewhat faded, too genteel to pry into a human soul. The bluish-red tones, growing more dense at the nostrils of her short nose, recall that her youth is past.

"The sole remaining witness," she hears his voice again. "Here, as you see."

"Ah, is that what you mean?" She thinks she has more or less caught the drift of his conversation. "My God!" she yearns to console him. "But who these days is not a witness. . . . And who nowadays is not a survivor? Me, too—out of a family of eight."

"Listen to what I tell you," the man suddenly becomes angry. He tells about a death camp, somewhere below Lvov. He takes several paces toward her, grabs hold of her coat—literally to shake her. It appears that he is a survivor, one out of over—a million! He believes it is necessary to record everything he had seen.

"And myself," he complains, "I am extremely weak. . . . Oh! . . . Well, what are you stammering? I'm asking you, do you want to take it down, or no?"

Astounded, almost frightened, the woman named Dora Aronsky stands facing him, and anxiously thinks of her job at the city soviet, remembering that in the corridor outside her little office more people would now be waiting than before any of the neighboring doors. She scarcely hears what the man is saying. She sees only that across the way, on the wall jutting out, the sun lights ever more brightly the useless inscription, "Chone was taken from the ghetto on the 27th, early in the morning."

And it seems to her that from everywhere, from all the ungutted walls here in the city, such useless, senseless inscriptions now scream down at her in chorus, "Chone was taken from the ghetto on the 27th, early in the morning."

II

Ever since then, the man comes every night to Dora Aronsky's home. He narrates and Dora records.

The Aronsky home—an apartment for a family of eight in the half-wrecked house of the *Chimtrust* (Chemical Trust)—is still cluttered with debris. There is yet no one to clear it up. None but Dora has survived of the entire Aronsky family, and all of Dora's acquaintances have either died here in the city or have still not returned from the evacuation. The furniture of all the rooms had been removed. The very first thing to reappear was the old round table—a table seating a family of eight. It was falling apart and completely unusable. Dora sweated over it enough and tended it so long till it recovered some of its strength and usefulness.

Now the table again occupies its former place in the large Aronsky dining room. Dora has draped it with the only tablecloth that has remained—woven long ago, with a deep amber-yellow flower pattern, and with short, but very thick little tassels. Thus the heavy round table has been restored to its former glory. And around it the dilapidated walls have been brightened up in those spots where the oil painting *Pod Roob* still remained—a lasting oil painting befitting a fine home. The painting had been a reward from the *Chimtrust* to the old chemist. Mordecai Benzionowitch, father of the Aronsky brood, a sprightly, full-blooded old man whose removal to the gallows by the Germans, together with his neighbor, the Russian Professor Biryukov, had seemed to the people of the city like the removal of all the vital accomplishments of the local *Chimtrust*.

Above the round table, only the bare skeleton remained of the old chandelier. Dora draped it in her colorful silken scarf. And with plenty of elbow grease and hot water and soap she scrubbed the floor clean.

Once again it is homelike at the Aronskys in the long winter evenings.

Yet ceaselessly pervading the round, covered table is a gnawing sense of waiting. The cleaner the room, the more gnawing is this feeling. The city soviet had installed a telephone for Dora. It stands in the far corner of the large, empty dining room, and has still not begun to work. It is a cold, silent instrument. From it seems to emanate the coldness of the once bustling home, where prior to the war the phone was almost never silent for a moment.

Sometimes, in the quiet evening, the telephone's small tongue would suddenly move between the two nickel plates, accidentally producing a faint, trembling ring. Dora knows that probably somewhere in the central exchange someone was working on the telephone wires. Yet she waits with her heart standing still, as if expecting at any moment to hear a call from some portion, at least, of the former pulsating life. No news whatsoever has come, since the beginning of the war, from her two youngest brothers, Genady and Boreh, who had shared a room here at home, had simultaneously prepared for their exams in the same university, and both of whom had left for the front together, as if in

partnership. And now, perhaps a miracle had occurred, at least with one?

Dora shivers, as if expecting suddenly to hear on the phone, "He's alive!"

One evening, just as Dora and the man had sat down by the table, there was a knock and an extremely tall and very thin young man entered. His slenderness was further accentuated by the officers' uniform, minus the shoulder insignia, which he still wore out of habit.

For a minute or more, Dora and the young man stood transfixed, and then suddenly embraced. The old man looked on, for it took some time till the young man succeeded in calming Dora. The young man, it appears, was Kiril, Prof. Biryukov's youngest son, returning from war—the prodigy who at 20 had gotten degrees simultaneously in philology and physics. At any rate, he was not Dora's brother, nor even her remotest relative. Nothing more than that Dora's father, the old chemist Mordecai Benzionowitch, and Kiril's father, Prof. Biryukov, were both hanged by the Germans here in the city for the selfsame reason and on practically the same gallows—and who can doubt that the two now felt so close, they could be no closer.

III

The tiny light of the one small electric lamp barely penetrates the sheer silk, and by its glow, which hardly illumines the cold emptiness surrounding them, Dora sits for entire evenings facing the stranger, the tinsmith from West Ukraine, and records all he tells her about the death camp below Lvov.

What she hears is worse than extinction and far more ghastly than death. What horrors were conceived by the Germans in the camp below Lvov! Jewish men and women, previous arrivals who were chosen for their fine appearance, were ordered to dress in clothes fit for a wedding to welcome echelons of newcomers, and to reassure them: "Now you can be calm. . . . Thank God! . . . Here you'll remain alive. . . . Rest assured. . . . Here at last you'll be all right."

Dora writes it all down, faithfully and without haste, guarding particularly against errors that might creep in while transcribing into Russian what the Jew relates in Yiddish. Through the long hours she hunches her shoulders, patient and ready, just as she hunches them for days on end at her work in the city soviet. Her diligence is deep-rooted and constant, inherited from a learned father and scholarly grandfathers. Essentially she is not entirely clear as to what use was this effort of hers and of the stranger, and what would come of it. Only somewhere deep within her she feels that it is all somehow connected with the vanished Genadin and Boreh, with the death of her father and of all her family and relations here in the city in which only a few survived. She has learned from the people here that the Germans had treated her father almost identically as the Jews in the camp below Lvov. In the early morning, before hanging him, they had hitched him to a wagon like a horse—with yoke and horsebow—and had made him pull a barrel of water through the streets of the capital.

With serious face and voice, Dora repeats for the stranger

the Russian translation of something he has said, to check whether she had transcribed his words correctly.

"Yes," the man shakes his head sadly and ponders a while, "I guess that's right."

On one such occasion he had replied, "You ask me my opinion? . . . What do I know about it? . . . The troubles were in Yiddish."

The man's blackened face is like a brand wrested from the fire. There exudes from him, or so it seems, an odor of charred bones. For his sake, Dora had brought to the table a long bench, that he might nap and half recline. He can barely talk—so weak is every part of him that still functions; and still he is on the subject of one of the first groups taken from the death camp to be poisoned in the "chamber" and burned. And many were the groups taken from there—an untold number. And about each there is a special character that prevents his omitting it.

"In one group," he tells her, "there was a young woman—very pretty—a beauty—beyond description—nowhere her match. And also in that group was a very young painter—a Jew also. So the Germans sat him down and made him paint her, nude as her mother had borne her—in all sorts of colors. And he would paint her and weep, paint and weep. And she persuaded herself that they would permit her to live—because of her beauty. And the young man, the painter, believed it, and so did some others. And then,

when they finally began to lead her off, together with all the rest, to the 'chamber' . . ."

Dora writes quickly, entirely forgetting to watch out for errors that might creep in while translating the man's Yiddish into Russian. The man suddenly becomes silent—apparently exhausted. Dora waits a while, her eyes still on the lines she has just written. And suddenly very soft sobbing reaches her, accompanied by even softer moans and groans. The pathetic sobbing sounds like the buzzing of a fly that repeatedly knocks against a window and is constantly butting against glass—the glass of a pane. Dora wonders: his strength had sufficed to describe all the murders, and now he cries. One after another the tears stream down his longish face through the many wrinkles, and teeter on the few hairs, coarse as straw cut by a sickle, that make up his ragged beard.

"What's the matter? Dora asks him. "You are crying!"

"Yes," the man manages through his sobs, "over her beauty that they burned. . . . It wrings your heart terribly."

It really does wring your heart. Dora suddenly throws her head on her elbow leaning on the table. And the more she tries to control her weeping, the more her shoulders tremble. She feels at the very core of her being that what she mourns is a catastrophe as boundless as the sea—she mourns beauty brought to destruction. Lord, how much beauty they had annihilated!

When she has calmed herself, Dora finds that the old man is nodding—put to sleep by his exhaustion. With tear-stained eyes she stares blankly into the furthest corner of the room as one stares into space. She waits five minutes or so, while in her mind there revolve of themselves the words inscribed on the ungutted wall here in the city. On the clean side of the last written page, her hand mechanically writes, "Chone was taken from the ghetto on the 27th, early in the morning."

But the man slumbers on, half reclining on the bench that she had brought to the table for his sake. Through the many wrinkles, as through deep furrows, a deathly somberness flows to the dark hollows under his shut eyes. By the light of the single electric lamp which seeps down through the sheer silk, his face has the waxen look of a coffined corpse. Dora remembers her father's face: the brick-red cheeks, with wisdom written in every line and crevice, of a sturdy, broad-shouldered old man, the kind that remain energetic and full of vitality to the very end of their lives. Impulsively she starts to write on the clean side of the last written page:

". . . and mother, who had spent a long life at his side, had always guarded his health as if that were her chief calling in life. She came originally from Bessarabia, was very devoted, and strong even in her later years. Her children couldn't remember her ever having had to call a doctor. And the people here tell me that on the morning she learned that the Germans had hitched father to a wagon and were making him pull a barrel of water through the main streets, she had stolen out of the ghetto, covered her head and face in a peasant kerchief, and had gone to help

THE SURVIVORS

By Lasar Segall



father push the wagon. The Germans kept chasing her off, but she continually tore through to the wagon and pushed it from behind. The Germans began to beat her, and threw her down. She lay prostrate in a pool of blood. Soon she rose up again, bruised, with blood streaming down her face and clotting her dishevelled hair. And she again began to push the wagon from behind. And this was her war against the Germans, for not with guns and bullets alone did we battle against and triumph over the Germans, but with beauty as well, with common human beauty."

IV

Once, when Dora stays late of an evening with the old man, Kiril comes. He still has difficulty getting about, since one of his legs is contracted at the knee due to a wound, and it is still uncertain whether or not it will ever eventually straighten out. Kiril wants to leave at once, but Dora detains him with the assurance that he was not disturbing them.

Kiril had actually nowhere to rush to. His whole family was annihilated. He found his father's apartment, on the same floor as the Aronsky's, boarded up, full of spider webs, as vacant and rubble-ridden as Dora had found her own home three weeks before. Silently he sits at the table. He studies the old man. His young face as well as his grey eyes look somewhat strained as if he were trying to understand better something that was puzzling him. He has known quite a number of Jews in this town since childhood, some of them rather intimately. Yet this Jew, who, as Dora told him, is one survivor out of a million, seems different from all the rest—exhausted, feeble, and tending to chant and to rock while talking. And precisely because he knows no Yiddish, Kiril imagines that the man's words about the death camp below Lvov must be profound and very powerful—words about a million murdered Jews, no less!

He therefore regards with special respect the written pages on the table beside Dora. He recalls an evening ten years ago when his father, Prof. Biryukov, had brought Mordecai Benzionowitch home with him for the first time. They were both probably coming from the laboratory of the *Chimtrust* where Prof. Biryukov was then carrying on experiments to transform a very odorous substance into something very fragrant. As they came in from the street, the two were arguing good naturedly.

"I know one thing," cried Mordecai Benzionowitch half in jest, half in earnest, "in the meantime it smells terribly not only in the entire laboratory, but in all the corridors as well. Actually I can't sit in my office. And whether it will ever begin to smell better is still very questionable. I doubt it. And what's it all for? It's enough that we do not impede the spread of nature's own good odors."

Then Kiril's father, pointing at Mordecai Benzionowitch, had told Kiril, then still a schoolboy, "Take notice: a Jew! Once upon a time, when his kind was tortured, they created a book which has outlived most others—a book about the good and evil of this world. . . ."

All this now comes to Kiril's mind as he studies the man's

face and listens to his voice. Perhaps they will once again create a book similar to the other. At all events the Jews have suffered enough torture these past years.

"Do you know," he says quietly to Dora while the man, exhausted, slumbers a bit, half-reclining on the bench, "do you know what I'm thinking, Dora?" He sits a while with bent head, smiling to himself at what he is about to say. "Perhaps we ought to tell in these pages of yours about our old folks—about your father and mine—do you understand or not—communists. . . ."

He forgets his crippled knee as he starts to limp to and fro close to Dora. He is accustomed to speak with clipped phrases and long pauses during which his thin lips clamp tight as if never to reopen. A charmingly boyish shyness plays about his young mouth about which a rather wild, dirty-blond beard is sprouting. He talks as if someone were driving him on after each phrase. "Come on, come on. . . ." His speaking is reminiscent of a tranquil sea, that warns with slowly measured lapping on the shores, that it can also rage.

"Yes," he says, "communists—sixty-odd year old communists." And he tells her all he learned in town about his and her father. "Do you remember Valya?"

"Valya . . . I used to see you at the theater and in the movies with a girl—pretty—still very young—16 or 17, maybe."

"Ye-es." It had been Valya who came to Kiril's father. This was still during the early days of the German occupation. Valya had called the professor aside to tell him a secret.

"We've decided to use one of the laboratories of the *Chimtrust* for finishing hand grenades. We're going to supply them to the partisans."

"We?" wondered the professor. "Who is we?"

"We, the underground communist organization."

"Did you get in touch with older people?"

"Don't worry."

Prof. Biryukov then consulted Mordecai Benzionowitch, and the two of them, in the seventh decade of their lives, decided to join the local communist organization.

Kiril shrugs. "Just imagine," he says to Dora, "the Germans had to summon forth an evil, cynical spirit like Mephistopheles in order to rejuvenate the old Faust. But with us, the same thing was achieved by the radiant faith and spirit of Valya, the communist. Doesn't this also explain the difference between our kind of people and theirs?"

Dora makes no answer. She had not completed a course in philology like Kiril, and she had to ponder a while his meaning. She looks at him with a strained expression as if pain jabbed more sharply every moment at her temples.

V

As Kiril approaches the Aronsky door one evening, he hears Dora's heart-rending, almost hysterical scream come from within. "Help!!!"

It is like the cry of someone suddenly attacked in the dead of night on a deserted street. Kiril tears quickly into

the door, expecting surely to find the dining room in an uproar. To his surprise, the half-vacant dining room is the same as always, except that on the bench near the round, covered table the man lies on his back, an unusual position for him. His hands lie folded on his breast, and by the inadequate light filtering through the sheer silk his closed lids glisten, apparently from the water that has just been poured over him. Tearfully Dora runs to the telephone in the corner and begins screaming something into the receiver. Kiril runs after her excitedly, and pulls her away almost by force.

"The telephone isn't working."

"Oh, that's right." Dora breathes heavily, as after a nightmare. "My God . . . he's dying . . . or maybe he's already dead. . . . What should we do now? My God! . . ."

Pulling on her coat, she rushed off to find a telephone that works somewhere to call "Help, quick," to fetch a doctor she knows and bring him along.

The hanging wreckage of a chandelier rocks as Dora bangs the door on her way out. The little electric glow beneath the sheer silk dims momentarily, as if about to go out. It suddenly becomes very still in the dining room, and this makes Kiril feel more and more that he is keeping vigil, alone, over a man about to die.

The man's nose, his closed eyes and mouth appear strained and peaked, like the face of a man who has striven long and earnestly for something—but fell short—his goal unachieved. Here, on the table, lie the pages of his unfinished account about a million people, whom he has lost in the death camp somewhere below Lvov—an entire million! To Kiril, the Jew now appears as one of the greatest witnesses in the world.

Kiril sits down at the table. Bringing the pages closer, he has the strange feeling of one who is looking at a man's last unfinished work prior to death. He expects surely in these pages to find something so strong that it has never been uttered before by anyone. But all the words and sentences, to his surprise, are very ordinary and plain. As dryly told as minutes of a meeting, it recorded on one page how a woman in labor perished near a pit, along with a huge multitude of naked and half-naked people of different ages and sexes.

"The child was already born when one of the many bullets hit the woman's head. And as they kicked the mother into the pit, the child dragged along in the dust, attached to the mother by its umbilical cord."

Reading this, Kiril contorts his face as if having a tooth pulled.

On the reverse of another page he finds in Dora's handwriting the details of Mordecai Benzionowitch's death. And the several mentions of the name of **Prof. Biryukov** evokes in him a terrific yearning for his father—a strong and aching yearning. Here, beside the Jew over whom he was keeping vigil, he remembers a childhood incident when he, along with several other children of the neighborhood, had insulted a little Jewish boy. Just then his father had come along the street and had called him into the house

at once, in a sharp tone, as if intending to reprimand him immediately. But in the corridor his father had suddenly remembered some important business and had gone to his office. Not till evening had his father called him in, locked the door behind him, and had very seriously told him a pretended secret: that he, Prof. Biryukov, was actually . . . that's right . . . of a family named Abramson . . . a Jew, that is. His father had for some time after that led Kiril to persist in the illusion that he was a Jew.

The more Kiril recalls his father, the more is he overcome with longing, irrepressibly begging for release. At the round covered table, he impulsively takes pen in hand and on the blank side of the last page begins to write his last memories of his father, the murdered Prof. Biryukov.

Suddenly Kiril is aware that he is no longer the only one alive in the room. Quickly turning his head he sees the man sitting, supporting himself with both hands on the bench near the table, and through many wrinkles, as through deep furrows, loneliness flows over his long, dark face and spills into the black hollows under his half-shut eyes.

A tremor passes over the man as he feels the presence of Kiril who has rushed to his side.

"What's the matter?" he wonders. "Did they think I was dead?"

His eyes gradually begin receding under the tremulous brows and his cheeks rather than his mouth somehow emit angrily the words, "How can I die? . . . I am now a witness!"

JOSEPH

By H. Friedman

You lived in a land
of wind and tyranny,
set out blind
for a golden place,
finding wood and stone,
fatal lofts;
a man of vivid-discontents,
drawn to shop committees
like magnet to the poles.

You saw the lofts lighten,
ceilings rise,
but cloth and needle,
pain and need,
beat their heavy song
upon your limbs.
You came to winter earth
and yellow pine,
leaving final peaks
for other men to climb.



Groppers' boyhood home on the East Side.

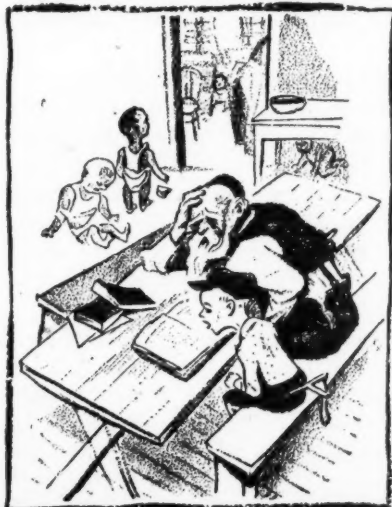


Gang warfare rages on the East Side.



Teacher gives Gropper a rap on the palm.

The cheder where Gropper learned Hebrew.



DRAWN FROM MY LIFE

by **GROPPER**



Gropper labors as delivery man's helper.

THREE POEMS

By Morris Rosenfeld
Translated from the Yiddish
by Rose Pastor Stokes

IN THE FACTORY

Oh, here in the shop the machines roar so wildly,
 That oft, unaware that I am, or have been,
 I sink and am lost in the terrible tumult;
 And void is my soul . . . I am but a machine.
 I work and I work and I work, never ceasing;
 Create and create things from morning till e'en;
 For what?—and for whom—Oh, I know not! Oh, ask not!
 Who ever has heard of a conscious machine?

No, here is no feeling, no thought and no reason;
 This life-crushing labor has ever suppress
 The noblest and finest, the truest and richest,
 The deepest, the highest and humanly best.
 The seconds, the minutes, they pass out forever,
 They vanish, swift fleeting like straws in a gale.
 I drive the wheel madly as tho' to o'ertake them,—
 Give chase without wisdom, or wit, or avail.

The clock in the workshop,—it rests not a moment;
 It points on, and ticks on: Eternity—Time;
 And once someone told me the clock had a meaning,—

MORRIS ROSENFELD

By Jacob Epstein



Its pointing and ticking had reason and rhyme.
 And this too he told me,—or had I been dreaming,—
 The clock wakened life in one, forces unseen,
 And something besides; . . . I forget what; Oh, ask not!
 I know not, I know not, I am a machine.

At times, when I listen, I hear the clock plainly;—
 The reason of old—the old meaning—is gone!
 The maddening pendulum urges me forward
 To labor and labor and still labor on.
 The tick of the clock is the Boss in his anger!
 The face of the clock has the eyes of a foe;
 The clock—Oh, I shudder—dost hear how it drives me?
 It calls me "Machine!" and it cries to me "Sew!"

At noon, when about me the wild tumult ceases,
 And gone is the master, and I sit apart,
 And dawn in my brain is beginning to glimmer,
 The wound comes agape at the core of my heart;
 And tears, bitter tears flow; ay, tears that are scalding;
 They moisten my dinner—my dry crust of bread;
 They choke me,—I cannot eat;—no, no, I cannot!
 Oh, horrible toil, born of Need and of Dread.

The sweatshop at mid-day—I'll draw you the picture;
 A battlefield bloody; the conflict at rest;
 Around and about me the corpses are lying;
 The blood cries aloud from the earth's gory breast.
 A moment . . . and hark! The loud signal is sounded,
 The dead rise again and renewed is the fight . . .
 They struggle, these corpses; for strangers, for strangers!
 They struggle, they fall, and they sink into night.

I gaze on the battle in bitterest anger,
 And pain, hellish pain wakes the rebel in me!
 The clock—now I hear it aright!—It is crying:
 "An end to this bondage! An end there must be!"
 It quickens my reason, each feeling within me;
 It shows me how precious the moments that fly.
 Oh, worthless my life if I longer am silent,
 And lost to the world if in silence I die.

The man in me sleeping begins to awaken;
 The thing that was slave into slumber has passed:
 Now; up with the man in me! Up and be doing!
 No misery more! Here is freedom at last!
 When sudden: a whistle!—the Boss—an alarm!—

I sink in the slime of the stagnant routine;—
There's tumult, they struggle, oh, lost is my ego;—
I know not, I care not, I am a machine! . . .

PEN AND SHEARS

My tailor's shears I scorned then;
I strove for something higher:
To edit news—live by the pen—
The pen that shall not tire!

The pen, that was my humble slave,
Has now enslaved its master;
And fast as flows its Midas-wave,
My rebel tears flow faster.

The world I clad once, tailor-hired,
Whilst I in tatters quaked,
Today, you see me well attired,
Who lets the world go naked.

What human soul, how'er oppressed,
Can feel my chained soul's yearning!
A monster woe lies in my breast,
In voiceless anguish burning.

Oh, swing ajar the shop door, do!
I'll bear as ne'er I bore it.
My blood! . . . you sweatshop leeches, you! . . .
Now less I'll blame you for it.

I'll stitch as ne'er in former years;
I'll drive the mad wheel faster;
Slave will I be but to the shears;
The pen shall know its master!

MY BOY

I have a little boy at home,
A pretty little son;
I think sometimes the world is mine
In him, my only one.

But seldom, seldom do I see
My child in heaven's light;
I find him always fast asleep . . .
I see him but at night.

Ere dawn my labor drives me forth;
'Tis night when I am free;
A stranger am I to my child;
And strange my child to me.

I come in darkness to my home,
With weariness and—pay;
My pallid wife, she waits to tell
The things he learned to say.

How plain and prettily he asked:
"Dear mamma, when's 'Tonight'?
O when will come my dear papa
And bring a penny bright?"

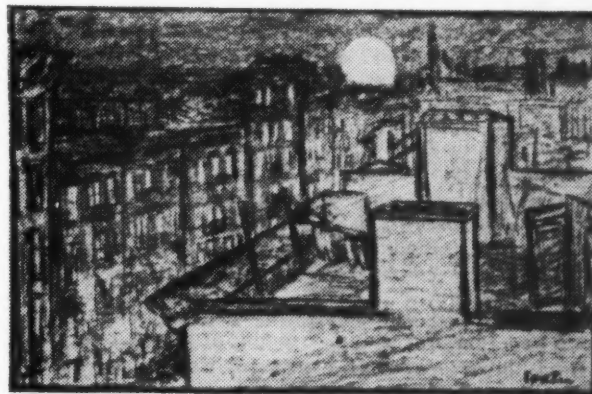
I hear her words—I hasten out—
This moment must it be!
The father-love flames in my breast:
My child must look at me!

I stand beside the tiny cot,
And look, and list, and—ah!
A dream-thought moves the baby-lips:
"O, where is my papa!"

I kiss and kiss the shut blue eyes;
I kiss them not in vain.
They open,—O they see me then!
And straightaway close again.

"Here's your papa, my precious one;—
A penny for you!"—ah!
A dream still moves the baby-lips:
"O, where is my papa!"

And I—I think in bitterness
And disappointment sore;
"Some day you will awake, my child,
To find me nevermore."



Moon Over The East Side

By Jacob Epstein

QUEST FOR AMERICAN JEWISH MUSIC

By Sam Morgenstern

THERE is a sardonically humorous story in Nathan Ausubel's collection of Jewish folklore about three Jews who were fleeing Nazi persecution. Each was asked where he was going. The first replied that his destination was New York. The second was going to Australia and the third to South America. "Why so far," they were asked, and the reply was "Far from where?"

The story, grisly as it sounds, is indicative of the limitless dispersion of the Jew and his culture. No place is far. From the beginning of the Diaspora the Jew has travelled to the ends of the earth, taking along with him his art, his philosophy and culture, adding immeasurably to the cultural development of the country in which he settled and drawing upon it many of its cultural features to form a new and different culture, yet retaining its specific Jewish identity.

Of course, the greatest flowering of Jewish culture has been seen in those lands where the Jew has settled in greatest numbers, where the association among Jews has been closest, as in Spain and Eastern Europe. The great commentaries on Jewish theology and liturgy, some of the basic chants and musical religious services had their genesis in Spain where early Hebrew music, tinged with Moorish influence, attained a splendid development, a development which has continued in the orthodox synagogue to this day. The cantor (*hazzan*) in the Sephardic synagogue with his coloratura passages retains strong traces of this school of composition or improvisation.

Eastern Europe has given to us a magnificent Jewish cultural heritage. There is a wealth of folk material. Out of its crowded and long-suffering ghettos have come Sholom Aleichem with his *Maiers* and *Schnaiers* and *Boiberik* and *Kasrilevka*, which have taken on a living reality.

Goldfaden's musical fantasies, with their warm melodies, unfortunately all too neglected today, mirror the life of Jewish Poland. Many of us who were lulled to sleep with his *Rosinkes und Mandlen* felt as though we knew *Kune Lemel*, and *die Bobe Yachne* was as living a character as our own grandmother.

Naturally where democracy is at its height, where the Jew living in freedom can express himself freely, Jewish culture is flourishing rampantly. Birobidjan with its new schools and conservatories, its new communal life is bursting with folk song, ready to be incorporated into bigger art forms.

Out of Palestine are coming militant songs, a new major mode emerging devoid of the sadness of its East European musical forbears. Leonard Bernstein, who visited Palestine last year, brought back a Palestinian symphony which, if not a great work of art, yet pointed in a healthy direction.

What of us in America? What of an American Jewish musical culture? Which direction or directions shall the American Jewish composer take? What specifically differentiates the American Jewish composer from his other American brothers? These are hard questions to answer, and certainly I can't as yet find the answer. I have carefully read other well informed writers on the subject and I can't say that I have found any real solution there. One can only point and hope. Certainly no intelligent person can have lived and observed Jewish history, artistic and political, in the last two decades without posing to himself the question, "Where Jewish culture in general and American Jewish culture in particular?" "Where do we fit in the scheme of things as Jews as well as Americans?"

No Dearth of Composers

There is surely no dearth of American Jewish composers. Ernest Bloch (certainly by this time an American), Aaron Copland, George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Leonard Bernstein, Marc Blitzstein, David Diamond, William Schuman, Alex North, Herbert Haufrecht, Fred Jacoby are only a dozen in an ever growing number of Jewish composers, serious and popular. But how many of these have dipped into the Jewish people and when they have, how have they done it? What materials have they used? Have they touched specifically the American Jewish scene? Have they deepened the stream of American Jewish consciousness?

Of them all, Bloch is perhaps the most consistently Jewish in his output. "Schelomo," the "Israel Symphony," the "Baal Shem" suite, his splendid and complex synagogue service are but a part of his prolific work. But where does he go for his sources, for his inspiration? Either he uses the rhapsodic old Hebrew chant, the bardic, the biblical or else, as in "Baal Shem," the hassidic idiom of old Poland or old Russia. That these are great works goes without saying, but how do they belong to America, as distinguished from the rest of the world, from universal music, so to speak. Not that American music, whether Jewish or otherwise, should not have a universal appeal if it is to be at all worthwhile, much less great, but again where are we to find that elusive American Jewish coloring?

Other than Bloch, these composers who have written music for Jewish services, particularly for the reformed Jewish temples, which are a kind of American institution, have used Western models which do not differentiate these services at all from the average Christian liturgical music except that they perform sound less sincere than their models, which are for the most part written with a passion and zeal not

found in these pallid, frigid and imitative scores. These composers are in a sense to be likened to a much greater composer of their kind—Mendelssohn, who wrote a highly unsuccessful “Reformation” Symphony because, try as he might, he could not be a successful Protestant.

Aaron Copland, rightly called the dean of American composers (he has done more for the cause of the young American musician than almost anyone in his field) has one Jewish piece to his credit, “Vitebsk,” a trio for violin, cello and piano. As its name implies, it has its source in East European thematic material, and his handling of it, I feel, gives it anything but a real Jewish flavor. Copland has the background that one expects of an American Jewish composer, yet he has had very little to do with the American Jewish life stream, his most successful and earnest works being based on the American folk song and the exotic Mexican music in which he has immersed himself, witness his “Appalachian Spring,” “Lincoln Portrait” and “El Salon Mexico.” For the rest he is of the Paris *émigré* school, of which Blitzstein was a part until he began to look about and find his themes in the struggle for American democracy. Here is a vital composer, at times a blazing one, but one cannot count him among American Jewish composers, that is, a composer conscious of the American Jewish problem, except as it impinges on the general fight for a true American democracy. Perhaps he is one answer to the problem at hand. What is vital to the growth of American art is vital to American Jewish art.

Leonard Bernstein, one of the most gifted of the young American Jewish composers, and in most of his work as American as apple pie and wheat cakes, also made a single and a sincere bow to Jewish music in his “Jeremiah Symphony.” He has also written a couple of bits for Jewish Services, but these are rather *pièces d’occasion* whose basic material is Blochian bardic. He has employed the cantillations, or old Biblican notations, “trop,”¹ as it is called technically, and has given them a Coplandesque handling with enough of Bernstein to make the symphony a vital original work.

When Herbert Haufrecht wrote his “Call to Vilna” it was the East European influence that colored the work.

It was an anger and passion against nazi bestiality, and a pride in the first Jewish physical response since the Maccabees, the first real fight against persecution in about 2,000 years, that prompted the “Warsaw Ghetto” symphony. Here too I went back to the East European background that my parents had given me. It wasn’t even necessary to use actual folk music. The East European influence had been etched so deeply into my youth that what emerged was a distillation of the folk tune into a general folk theme, a folk feeling.

Of the other composers I have mentioned I know no actual Jewish music except perhaps some ritual music of Jacoby which bears more or less a resemblance to the above mentioned music. Gershwin, Kern and Berlin have found

their sources or have thought they found their sources in Negro music and used it more or less ably. All three are abundant melodists, but one could never accuse their turns of phrase of having any more Jewish content than some of their kindred Gentile American composers. An exception is Jacob Schafer, who wrote prolifically for chorus, mainly workers’ choruses. Three of his oratorios, “*Die Zwei Brider*” (The Two Brothers), “*Martirer Blut*,” (Martyr’s Blood) and “*Kain Einziger Shpan*” (Not One Inch), have been sung again and again by mass groups. His music has a vitality and forthrightness which with further development, had he lived, might have made a powerful impression on American Jewish music.

The rest have dealt in the modern or in the academic, the more progressive of them incorporating the American folk tune into their art works.

There is a kind of Jewish music in the 2nd Avenue theater which has, so far as I can see, combined the worst features of East European Jewish music with the trashiest of American Tin Pan Alley music (I do not say “jazz” because it is anything but that) and spawned a musical monstrosity which is as reactionary as it is vulgar and ugly. The composers there still wear a musical *kaftan* which they ask to be spat upon, and long *payas* (sideburns) to be pulled.

THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

By Jack Levine

Collection of the Herman Shulman Estate



¹ “Trop” is a musical symbol placed below the text and denotes a combination of tones to which the words are sung. The same symbol represents a different combination of tones in different countries.

Wanted: Jewish American Idiom

So with all these examples, both good and bad, we can see that what would be a specific American Jewish influence has not been touched upon. Where it might lie and what exactly it might be, I leave to discussion. I have thought about it very much, and I should certainly want to find it, to be a part of it, to make it an integral essence of my work as a creative musician.

I do not decry by any means the use of the materials I talked about. Far from it. There is such a wealth of rich, vital stuff in it as to be pretty nearly inexhaustible, but will it make the work of an American Jewish composer any more American than Prokofieff's "Overture on Hebrew Themes?" Will the hassidic tune, juicy and meaty as it is, will the *freilochs*² with its sad gladness or the old Hebrew chant appeal to the Jewish American or any American with the same potency as, let us say, so small and yet so vital a tune as "Joe Hill," which is American to its roots? Can not these easy pickings lead to a kind of a musical reaction?

² *Freilochs* is an ecstatic hassidic Jewish song and dance.

HEAR, O ISRAEL!

A One-Act Play

By Viola Brothers Shore

Time: The present. An evening in Spring.

Place: An upper middle class living room in New York.

Cast

Celia: A warm, attractive girl in her twenties.

Sophie: Her mother. A well dressed, kindly, optimistic woman.

Jakob: Father of Sophie. A forceful man, though ill and blind.

Feliks: A survivor of the Warsaw Ghetto. An old man in his twenties with a starved body and haunted eyes.

Ina: Sister and counterpart of Sophie. (Note: Both may be played by the same actress.)

Adam: Husband of Ina. A Jewish jurist.

Jozef: Their son. A medical student. A younger, more forceful Jakob.

The set will require: At left: a desk, a wheel chair, a couch and a coffee table. At right: an armchair, a table, a window, a door.

(The radio is playing Kol Nidrei. Dinner is over and Celia wheels in her grandfather Jakob. She leaves him to light two Yorzzeit candles.)

Jakob: Celia?

Celia: I'm lighting the Yorzzeit candles, Grandpa, for Aunt Ina and Jozef. . . . (Her hands and thoughts linger over the second candle. Sophie leads Feliks into the room. He carries

What of the younger generation of American Jewish composers, the third generation, to whom this background is foreign? True, there has been a Jewish resurgence in the last years, the School of Jewish Studies, the *Schules* conducted by the Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order, the Zionists, etc. But can these studies make so much more of an impression on the average young Jewish American than his school studies of French and German unless they are made an integral part of his daily life?

Can there come from these studies a song like the wonderful incandescent "Wharf Song," which a group of young Palestinian Jews created together in a day while building a jetty out to a ship at sea which the British would not allow them to land in port? Such a song is sung by young and old and forms the basis for a powerful art music.

We want an American Jewish culture. We want to be a vibrant part of the entire democratic American culture. We want American audiences to listen to our music as much as we want to write it. But we must in company search for the idiom which will express us, our daily Jewish and well as American lives. We must help each other to find it.

a small tray with decanter of cordial and his eyes rest hungrily on Celia.)

Sophie: (taking the tray from Feliks; brightly) Thank you, Feliks. It's like a miracle—first that you're alive at all—and then we finally got you out of the camp, and third, you arrive just for Yorzzeit. (His expression warns her.) Of course you lived with those memories so long. . . .

Feliks: Five years. . . .

Celia: (sympathetically) It was bad in the DP Camp?

Jakob: For this they fought!

Sophie: We'll feed him up, he'll be fine. A little cordial?

Celia: We're so anxious to hear about . . . about Warsaw.

Sophie: Let him forget. We don't honor the dead by living with them in the past.

Jakob: Or by remembering them once a year—on Yorzzeit. I want to hear how my Ina died.

Feliks: Like a rat in a trap. As we all lived—and died.

Sophie: (desperately) Who wants a little brandy? Cherry cordial? (Nobody responds.)

Celia: Couldn't you have done something—sooner? Jozef's letters—the few I got—hinted at something I didn't understand at the time. Why did you wait so long?

Jakob: (sternly) Dare we ask? Did we stand in line all day for two potatoes? Watch our children dying of hunger in our arms? See our sons and daughters shot down on the street? Are we so brave—so ready to resist—so quick to read the writing on the wall?

Sophie: Papa, don't excite yourself. It's true we see signs of anti-Semitism but those things work themselves out, if we don't stir them up and make them worse. To old people everything looks dark.

Jakob: Maybe only the darkness brings light and only the blind can see.

Celia: Josef saw. . . . That's what he was trying to tell me?

Sophie: Let the boy breathe—he's only a shadow. When we visited over there you were such a handsome boy. Remember Celia?

Feliks: (jealously) My cousin Josef was the handsome one. And the wise. Aunt Ina must have told you in the diary? I swore if I came out alive I'd send it. But I didn't read it. I couldn't!

Sophie: (hastily) Nobody wants to live through such a hell again. Try the cordial.

Jakob: You had something from Ina?

Celia: About Jozef? You never showed us. Where is it?

Sophie: Locked away. Some other time. Let's have music. *(Celia follows her eyes to the desk and takes a key from her mother's purse. Sophie reaches for the dial. Jakob turns it off.)*

Jakob: Give me what Ina wrote.

Sophie: The doctor says no excitement. I beg you—*(An exclamation escapes Celia as she finds a dilapidated little book. Jakob takes it from her hand.)*

Jakob (caressingly) Ina's . . . Ina's hand . . . Read it Celia—read it to me. *(Feliks rises in fear and protest.)*

Sophie: Not now. Not tonight. Your heart—

Jakob: My heart is hungry for a word from Ina. *(Feliks hastens out as Celia opens the book.)*

Sophie: That poor boy. The way he looks at you. Go after him Celia.

Celia: I want to know about Jozef.

Sophie: How can you torture the living? Feliks, wait—*(Hurries after him as Celia finds the name she seeks.)*

Celia: Jozef . . . *(reads)* "November 1940. Sometimes I hardly know my Jozef. Overnight he has grown up into a stranger."

Jakob: Ina's voice. . . .

Celia: "All the fire that used to go into his medical studies pours into the Young Zionists. Suddenly he has become a leader among them. I only pray they are not going to mix with more dangerous elements, as we cannot be too careful in these times. If he would listen to his father. Everybody else listens to Adam—" *(While Celia reads lights gradually dim on her and Jakob and come up slowly, stage right, on Jozef and Adam.)*

Adam: Don't talk like a fool. We have much to be thankful for.

Jozef: Because we can ride in a Jewish horsecar with the Star of David shining on the side?

Adam: (with pride) Jews own those cars.

Jozef: Own. Own. Let us own the right to ride in any car with any other man. To live with other men—not like animals caged in a Ghetto.

Adam: Be thankful for the shelter of the Ghetto. Some of

our people who escaped to Soviet territory are glad to return.

Jozef: The poor fools heard we have an autonomous Jewish community here in Warsaw.

Adam: We have our own council. We are permitted to govern ourselves.

Jozef: You are "permitted" to help the nazis enforce their laws.

Adam: We can't hope to change the laws. Would you rather have them administered by nazis?

Jozef: Yes. I would rather see the face of my enemy than see my father wearing his livery! *Judenrat! Judasrat!* Only a Judas delivers his people passively to slaughter! *(Adam raises his hand in rage. Ina enters and intervenes. The family bond is strong and father and son are quickly subdued and shamefaced.)*

Ina: Adam! Jozef! Have we not trouble enough outside? Let us have peace in our home—such as it is. Some day we'll have a better one again. And you'll be studying medicine instead of those ugly books you hide under your mattress.

Jozef: I am studying medicine for the nazis. *(Adam turns on his son.)*

Ina: A little patience, both of you. Things will work out, if we don't stir them up and make them worse. Your father is the cleverest jurist in Warsaw. He'll find ways to get around the Germans.

Jozef: There's only one way to get around them—from the back with a gun. We need guns.

Adam: Stop this irresponsible talk. A handful of hotheads can jeopardize the safety of 300,000 lives!

Jozef: What safety? You think if you're "good Jews" you'll survive? That's what they want you to think—that your lives depend on their goodwill. Our lives depend on breaking their will because they will to exterminate us. Read their speeches. Read Goebbels. Read Hitler.

Adam: They say things to stir up their followers.

Ina: (affectionately) Such an alarmist, Jozef—like your grandfather. They can't exterminate a whole people.

Jozef: What's to stop them if our leaders disarm us with lies—that they don't mean what they say—that things will work out—that England and America will do what we won't do for ourselves.

Ina: What can we do—a handful of Jews?

Jozef: 300,000. Later we'll be less. They want us to hope that "parleying" will change their schedule. They encourage our illusions so we won't rise up and defend ourselves.

Adam: With our bare hands?

Jozef: And our brains and our guts. A thousand little blows we can strike at their power—their prestige—their Goddam schedule.

Adam: And every blow will bring reprisals.

Jozef: No battle is won without losses. And no allies come to towards. You throw a *zloty* to a beggar but you rescue a man fighting for his life.

Ina: All this talk of fighting—fighting. You are a medical student.

Jozef: And I'm just beginning to study the facts of life. That everything grows through struggle. And only that which is growing up survives. Only the last battle counts. And the last battle belongs to the people.

Ina: I hope you are right and that we will live to see it.

Jozef: I am right. But we will not live to see it. (*Lights dim right. Up left.*)

Celia: Jozef . . .

Jakob: A voice in Israel . . .

Celia: (*reads*) "December 1940. Adam works day and night supervising the kitchen and getting one bowl of soup a day into so many hungry mouths. The *Judenrat* have little time left for the heavy burden of administration. But one can only hint in letters and Sophie writes me a long *megilleh* about Celia's coming out party and is sending me a little *nasch* of the birthday cake. Papa is not well and homesick for me but I thank God he is safe with her and enjoying parties with birthday cake. Adam says I am a squirrel, storing up little kernels of comfort. When we had everything, few things gave me such pleasure as I have when I see a Jewish policeman at a crossing." (*Lights dim and up on Ina and Jozef.*)

Ina: Before the war did you see a single Jewish policeman anywhere in Poland?

Jozef: And that's progress? You see a promise for the future in such a mockery of our Jewish dream of living as men and citizens?

Ina: Darling, I'm beginning to think more and more about Palestine . . . Maybe you Young Zionists are right . . . Maybe we'll all go there some day.

Jozef: Maybe. . .

Ina: (*teasingly*) You don't begrudge me the little comfort I get from dreaming?

Jozef: (*tenderly; kisses her*) Mamunu . . . I wish you something better than dreams . . . (*Feliks enters in uniform of Jewish police consisting of a dark blue police cap with Star of David over visor and metal badge inscribed "Judischer Ordnungsdienst"; also a belt with rubber club attached.*) Ah! *Pan Policjant!*

Ina: (*admiring the regalia*) *Feliks!* You got it! "*Judischer Ordnungsdienst.*" Let's have a little drink to celebrate. I still have cherry cordial.

Feliks: It took all Uncle Adam's pull. There were more candidates than jobs in spite of the secret advice of your new radical friends. I advise you Young Zionists to stop fooling around with former labor organizers.

Jozef: (*Feels club; then picks up cap.*) To break Jewish heads . . . No wonder you don't want to jeopardize such "advantages."

Feliks: (*snatches cap.*) We'll save more lives than your Young Zionists and your *Paole!*

Jozef: You mean a club is softer in Jewish hands? It's your own head you're thinking of.

Feliks: Why not? Self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Jozef: But man didn't preserve himself by hugging his own precious scalp. Men put their heads together and

found ways to survive. And some of them lost their scalps. Of course you'll survive a little longer than the rest of us because they'll have a use for you—a little longer.

Ina: Jozef, Jozef! Why must you always look on the dark side?

Jozef: To find the truth. And the light.

Ina: More and more you sound like Grandpa. I had a letter.

Feliks: (*eagerly*) From Celia?

Ina: A postscript. (*Feliks reads it and his face falls.*) She says you don't write any more.

Jozef: We don't speak the same language any more.

Ina: They live in another world . . . Drink your cherry cordial. *Lakhaim.*

Feliks: To another world.

Jozef: A new one. (*They drink.*)

Feliks: If you loved her you'd get to her world. Your underground friends know how to crawl through. They shot one this morning.

Jozef: Another will take his place.

Ina: Jozef!

Jozef: My work is here. More important than crawling through to Celia on my belly. People are still stunned. They must be waked up—brought together—.

Ina: I beg you be careful. If your father knew—.

Jozef: Maybe the *Pan Policjant* will report me.

Feliks: I don't have to. You're not blind. You see the searching parties. You hear the shots. I'm sick of arguing with you. If you insist on getting yourself hanged, maybe Celia will notice that I am still alive. Because I will be alive. (*Jozef snatches the letter and devours the postscript.*) Any sane girl would rather have a live lover than a dead martyr. (*Lights dim and up left.*)

Celia: No. Oh no.

Jakob: You loved Jozef?

Celia: I was too young the summer we visited . . . I didn't know . . . Now I know. I could have loved him if he had lived. (*With tear-blurred eyes she reads.*) "Last night we were invited to dinner at Siegelman's new Cafe on Leszno Street. I had almost forgotten the taste of meat. The finest musicians in the world play while you eat. Last night it was the world-famous violinist Wrobel. The people who can afford to eat there are only those who smuggle food into the Ghetto to sell. It is highly illegal of course and they risk their lives. Adam says it creates the black market which will cause more hunger and suffering in the end. The women looked quite chic in good high cork heels and dresses of real French silk. Clothes do lift your spirit a little. I am having a Spring suit made with a full skirt and one of the new long coats without collar or lapels. We call them French blazers and the smart colors are dark red and gray. Also one of the new little hats . . ."

Jakob: Oh my poor Ina—my poor blind Ina . . . (*Music in the distance and coming closer. Mixed chorus of young voices singing a Palestinian work song.*)

Celia: (*reads*) "May 1941. Spring comes bringing new hope. The authorities permit a large group of volunteer farm

workers to leave the Ghetto every day to cultivate the fields outside the city. Most of them are young Zionists glad to get the farming experience." (*Song fades. Lights dim and up on Jozef and Ina, looking out of the window.*)

Ina: I like to see them coming back from the fields with color in their faces and to hear their young voices full of life and hope. And every one with a loaf of fresh bread from the peasants. You see, the Germans let them pass.

Jozef: How thoughtful. To let our young people eat so they can labor in the fields. In the Fall they will no longer be needed.

Ina: But they'll have the experience for Palestine. More and more I dream about getting to Palestine . . .

Jozef: The road to Palestine is over the read body of fascism. (*Adam enters.*)

Ina: Sh-sh—

Adam: I heard. To my overburdened shoulders is added the weight of my son pulling against me. We've turned in the names of all who want to go to Palestine. Of course nothing will convince you that they intend to let them go.

Jozef: No. No! They intend only to complete their lists. Now they have 150,000 names that weren't registered before. 150,000 new names for their extermination schedule.

Adam: You have an obsession. Everything is part of a master plot—as if life were a colossal movie.

Jozef: No. Life is no movie. Life isn't built on illusions.

Adam: Is our new school an illusion?

Jozef: Yes. Nothing is to be taught that tells the truth about nazism.

Adam: So long as our youth can study Yiddish and Hebrew and learn the culture and history of our people, we can never be exterminated. That's how we survived 5,000 years of pogroms. That is how we will survive this one.

Jozef: That is the greatest illusion of all. (*Adam exits angrily. Another group approaches singing.*)

Ina: One couldn't go on living without some illusions. They're like a spoonful of sugar in bitter coffee.

Jozef: And chasing after a spoonful of sugar we lose time and the strength to unite. How can you speak to people whose life consists of what they will eat—how they will eat—if they will . . . (*She moves to the window and listens to the song.*) How long before we fight among ourselves for a crust of bread? Starving Jews against Jews coming out of cafes with black market food in their bellies? How long can we survive fighting among ourselves—Socialists against Social-Zionists—Jewish labor against Jewish Communists—Mama, Mama—listen to me—(*his voice is*

NIGHT CLUB IN THE WARSAW GHETTO

By Luba Curdus



drowned in music. Lights dim and up left as music fades.)
Celia: If they had only listened . . . (*reads*) "October 1941. Already one feels winter in the air. I am worn out from nursing Adam and standing on the endless ration line. The misery on the streets is unbearable. I cannot face the eyes that seem to accuse me because Adam is alive and their children are not. How can we hope to fight a typhus epidemic—half-starved and crowded into a Ghetto? There is no room in the hospital. Mothers unable to stand the sight of their children suffering, carry them into the street and set them down on the pavement before the hospital hoping some doctor will stop and notice them. The doctors try to take care of everyone, but they are only human—they too must have money to eat—so those who can afford to pay get the first attention. The anti-typhus serum from Lwow fell into the hands of the nazis—so only those can afford it who still have something to sell. I paid 3,000 *zlotys* for one tube for Adam." (*Lights dim and up on Jozef and Feliks.*)

Jozef: Long live the black market.

Feliks: Your father would have died without the serum.
Jozef: Let us rejoice that we are alive—you—I—what friends we have left. Nothing else matters.

Feliks: Nothing matters once you are dead. Our only hope is to stay alive till help comes.

Jozef: Why should help come—since nothing matters but to stay alive? Every man will stay home where there is no shooting. The individual stands or falls with the group. Unless we all get together—laborers and students—professionals and merchants—women and men, Jew and non-Jew stand together and resist the enemy, they will cut us down one by one and the world is doomed. (*Adam enters for his coat—a haggard, sick, almost spent man.*)

Feliks: Uncle Adam! What are you doing! You're not well enough to go out.

Adam: The council is in emergency session. We have just had terrible news.

Feliks: A new work order? New laws?

Adam: No. It doesn't touch us directly. A man has crawled in through the wire—from Vilna.

Jozef: Ah.

Adam: He is an eye-witness to mass executions in the Ghetto.

Jozef: Mass executions. According to schedule.

Feliks: Vilna was occupied by the Russians. Some people were sympathetic. They were executed for supporting the communists.

Adam: (*grasping at a straw*) You think it's political—not religious?

Jozef: Twist everything—turn everything—believe everything but the truth.

Feliks: The communists plot against them—stir up trouble—sabotage—like your underground friends. They deserve to be shot.

Jozef: You think Jewish communists can be a scapegoat for you? That you can let them die and go on living? You blind fool! But others see, in spite of you and in spite of

nazi terror. Resistance is spreading. The day will come . . . (*Jewish marching music as lights dim and up.*)

Celia: (*reads*) "April 1942. Something is happening. One feels it in the air—a growing desperation—we must do something—something. Adam is a shadow—he hardly speaks. I dread to hear that a new face has appeared in the Ghetto—a new refugee to tell of more mass executions—mass murders—mass deportations. We know now that the deportation orders are death sentences—that hundreds and thousands are dragged off to death camps where they are slaughtered—women—children—old men—their clothes torn from their bodies—their skins made into lamp shades . . . Dear God where are you? More and more I lean on Jozef. He has a gun hidden in the chair. They have reached an agreement—the Hashomer Hatzair—the Left Labor Zionists—the Polish Workers Party—Anything is better than sitting still and waiting for our turn—"

Jakob: Inale—Inale—

Celia: How long it took them—how long—Grandpa are we all so blind?

Jakob: Not all, *tattele*. Not when we begin to ask. Read, *tattele*—

Celia: (*reads*) "July 22d. Dear God. The deportation order has come. The Jewish police must see that the quotas are filled. People are locked in their houses—those who have houses—" (*Music. Kol Nidrei. Lights dim and up.*)

Ina: (*Pulls down the blinds. Shuts her ears.*) I can't look. I can't listen. (*Feliks and Adam enter.*)

Adam: The refugee camps are emptied. They are dragging beggars from the streets. Where have I led my people?

Ina: It's not your fault. You did your best. Adam—. (*He fumbles with the chair cushions and exits.*)

Feliks: Tomorrow we will break down doors and drag them from their homes. To the slaughterhouse. That's why they gave us uniforms. So we could do their dirty work! Swine! Lice! Butchers!! (*He grinds cap and badge under his feet.*) Do your own slaughtering! Drag me out too if you can find me! Where's Jozef? *Where's Jozef's gun?* (*Shot off.*) (*Jozef runs in.*)

Jozef: What is it? Where's my father?

Ina: You . . . have . . . no . . . father . . . (*Jozef smashes the door—Kol Nidrei up—lights dim.*)

Celia's voice: (*reading*) "I too have a gun. They are smuggled in every day by a Christian woman from the Polish Workers Party. And bullets too precious to be spent on ourselves. Every one for a German—even the last one . . . Jozef is a military instructor of the fighting squads. There are still 40,000 of us left to fight. Maybe none of us will survive. Maybe one to tell the story to other Jews in other ghettos—death camps—to Jews still sleeping in other lands. We did not show the world how to live. Maybe we will show them how to die . . ."

Celia: (*lights up gradually*) There is blood on the page.
Jakob: Ina's blood. What good are your candles if you don't hear their blood crying from the grave? (*His cry brings in Sophie and Feliks.*)

Sophie: Don't, Papa—don't—

Jakob: Better to be dead and be heard. Better to die and in dying cry out—. The mask is different but the face is the same! The death order is the same! Jews! Jews! While you still have voices cry out—join with other voices crying out—. Enough slaughter! *Enough tears! Enough Yorzeit!* *Sophie:* Papa—. (But Celia does not go to him. Fists clenched, she stands looking off as if she were seeing Jozef

and Ina and assuring them—Yes—we have heard—We will resist.)

(This play was suggested by the article, "Resistance Is the Lesson," by Morris U. Schappes, *JEWISH LIFE*, April 1948. It may be produced by permission of the author. Write to Mrs. Viola Brothers Shore, care *JEWISH LIFE*, 35 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y.)

JEWISH SALT ON JEWISH WOUNDS

A Review

By B. A. Botkin

THIS latest addition to the Crown Folklore Series¹ is a notable contribution to the growing body of books that seek the key to the understanding of a people in its folklore. Nathan Ausubel approaches his staggering task of making a molehill out of a mountain in the sympathetic and interpretative spirit of one who grew up "immersed in Jewish song and story" to discover, as he says, "that the lore of my people had entered into my blood stream, as it were, and had become a part of the cultural reality of my life." From this point of view, rather than with the scientific purpose of compiling a collection of original texts and source materials, he has succeeded admirably in communicating both the mystical and the cultural meaning of Jewish folklore and constructing a spiritual portrait of the Jewish folk. Even in translation Jewish folklore is as "Jewish" as it is "folk"—the two are synonymous here.

Folklore as Social Expression

Any well-edited, well-documented collection of the folklore of an ethnic group proves that, whatever else holds a people together and explains it both to itself and to the outside world, its folklore is a unifying and strengthening bond and an open sesame. The reason is that folklore is, like language itself, a set of symbols, but unlike language, of symbols so universal that even those unfamiliar with the original tongue may learn to "speak the same language." This universality may be stated in terms of the Yiddish sayings that "The whole world is one town," "Good news is heard from afar," and "If there's a fire at your neighbor's, you, too, are a danger." Or: folk beliefs, customs, stories, songs, and sayings express the same fundamental human needs and desires; a good story knows no boundaries of time, space, or speech; and myth, legend, fable, ballad, and proverb are markers on the road of human progress and freedom that all mankind has traveled.

At the same time, Jewish folklore, like the Yiddish language, in Maurice Samuel's phrase, is "knowing," in the sense of being "full of hints, allusions, and interjections which take their meaning from tone and context." A good

deal of the social and historical context or background of Jewish folklore is supplied by the editor's comments. The "tone" every reader must supply for himself in the light of his own Jewishness and knowledge of Jewry. Symbols are "instrumentalities of suggestion," and one takes from them as much suggestiveness as one brings to them. As Albert Jay Nock's Gentile friend is quoted as having said to him: "The Jews have got something which they don't need to tell one another and they can't tell us [non-Jews]."

Because it consists of the symbols rather than the facts of history, folklore is not so much a "record of a people" as a sublimation of popular life and thought. But in so far as the events and figures of the past become symbols that serve to select and transmit traditional values and assumptions, they take on folklore coloring and meaning. So at every hand this book touches history—history that is nevertheless folklore in the making—from Biblical history to the battle of the Warsaw Ghetto.

Of the two main divisions of folklore—self-maintenance and self-preservation, on the one hand, and self-gratification, on the other, the book is concerned chiefly with the latter, with folk literature. But whereas superstitious beliefs and practices are instruments of physical survival, folk wit and wisdom are no less essential to the spiritual survival of a people. Mythology is especially important because it gives pattern to both the inner and the outer world.

Derivations

No folk group or body of folklore, however, exists to itself alone, apart from the main stream of culture. Rather, a folk and its lore are the products of partial isolation and partial contact. Thus in the course of their migrations the Jews have been an important folklore link between Asia and Europe. In fact, they may have developed a special affinity for folklore for the reason that both they and it are wanderers. To cite two cases in point, they derived their demonology from Egypt, Babylonia, and Persia and in turn passed it on to the early Christians, while they similarly disseminated animal tales derived from the *Panchatantra* and other folk tale collections of India and Greece.

Jewish folklore has also been conditioned by cultural isolation in the ghettos of Eastern Europe and in the

¹ *A Treasury of Jewish Folklore, Stories, Traditions, Legends, Humor, Wisdom and Folk Songs of the Jewish People*, edited by Nathan Ausubel. Crown Publishers, New York. \$4.00.

form of discrimination and persecution generally. Many of the stories are thumbnail sketches of ghetto life. Even a terrifying tale of superstition like "The Golem of Prague" has the mark of the ghetto upon it. Yet "character in adversity," "laughter through tears," and defensive wit and humor are traits which Jews share in common with other oppressed minorities, such as the Negro. Indeed an interesting and profitable comparative study could be made of the use of wit as a weapon by Jews and Negroes.

Lest the relatively large proportion of space here devoted to Jewish wit and humor give the impression that this is another collection of Jewish jokes, it should be pointed out that folk wit and humor are inseparable from folk wisdom. This is especially true of Jewish folklore, with its double-edged humor of self-criticism and its ironic and often sardonic ethical teachings. When Rabbi Yichezkel Halberstam reproached Rabbi Dovidl for telling funny stories instead of expounding the Torah, the latter replied: "Torah! And what do you suppose I've been expounding all this time? Believe me, Rabbi, there's God's holy truth in all stories and jests!"

Throughout the sections of "Jewish Salt" and "The Human Comedy" we see the eternal pondering and neurotic Jew, torn between and weighing alternatives, posing and solving problems, riddling, arguing, and disputing, worrying and complaining, seeking or giving advice, asking questions and answering them by asking others, but always laughing at his own shortcomings and those of his enemies.

In the world of Jewish folklore ("The world is a wheel and it keeps turning") wisdom and folly, fortune and misfortune, are relative; and the laughter of fools, *schlemihls*, and *schlimazls* constantly reminds us of the thin and shifting line that separates wise fool from the foolish-wise, the pure fool from the rogue who plays the fool, the tricked from the trickster, failure from success. The endless parables of sages, learned expounders and wise judges are balanced by the anecdotes and jests ridiculing experts and pedants and reducing to absurdity the Talmudic logical rubric that there are always two possibilities.

Thus the subjective Jew is also the objective Jew, who sees both sides of a question and the relativity of truth and trouble. This is the burden of many a folk saying, with its perpetual balancing of opposites, now on the critical scales and now on an ethical see-saw. "Don't spit into the well—you might drink from it later." "Weep before God—laugh before people." "Had you gotten up early, you would not have needed to stay up late." "You can't chew with somebody else's teeth." "The slanderer never wants to tell the truth, but there may be some truth in his slander." "If you spit upwards you're bound to get it back in the face." "An insincere peace is better than a sincere war." "One has no appetite for eating, the other has no eating for his appetite." "To get in is always easier than to get out." "Better a Jew without a beard than a beard without a Jew." "If you have no hand, you can't make a fist." "The hat's all right, but the head's too small." "A wife sets you on your feet, or knocks you off them." "If things aren't the way you like,

you've got to like them the way they are." "A clock that doesn't go at all is better than one that goes wrong." "When the girl doesn't know how to dance, she says the musicians don't know how to play." "When a miser becomes extravagant, he eats borscht with honeycake."

Folklore Characters

The peculiar affection which the Jewish folk have developed for those delightful philosopher-fools, the Wise Men of Chelm, is quite different from the amusement provoked by similar stories of short-sighted, absent-minded, literal-minded pedants and ignoramuses from the Wise Men of Gotham to the Little Moron. It is as if the Jews had taken to their hearts the pathetically absurd figure of the *Chelmer Chochem*—the Charlie Chaplin of Jewish folklore—as the symbol of their historical role of the luckless one, the scapegoat, and the victim, the *luftmensch* and the *kasril*—the man who lives who-knows-how, but "for an apt remark . . . will forsake his mother and father, as the saying goes," to quote Sholom Aleichem, the chronicler of Kasrilevka, the "town of the Little People."

The Talmudic adage that a hero is "he who suppresses the urge to tell a joke" points by implication to the essentially non-heroic character of the bulk of Jewish folk types, in contrast to the sages, saints, martyrs, cabalists, miracle-workers and fighters who take life and themselves seriously and are a little dull at times. Not so the Little People of Jewish folklore—the folklore of the Little People, whose capacity for laughter is equal to their desire to "learn" and their stubborn will to live.

In spite of the anti-Semitic stereotype of the materialistic, money-grabbing Jew, there are surprisingly few stories and maxims of success in Jewish folklore. Just as the Rothschilds and the *schnorrers* are the butt of wry jests, so the *yeshiva bocher* and the poor *melamed* and rabbi, as types of the misfit idealist, are the subject of much tender humor. "If I were Rothschild," said the *melamed* of Chelm, "I'd be richer than Rothschild." "How is it possible?" asked a fellow-citizen. "Naturally," answered the *melamed*, "I'd do a little teaching on the side."

Lore of Protest

Proverb and song as well as anecdote and fable abound in the bitter banter of protest:

"If you can't afford chicken, herring will do." "If we didn't have to eat, we'd all be rich." "Poverty is no disgrace—but it's no great honor, either." "When is a pauper miserable? When he's invited to two weddings in one day!" "For bread you can always find a knife." "For dying you always have time." "Too good is unhealthy." "Which king is the best in the world?—A dead one."

Seven shirts like goblets;
Three with holes, four with patches;
At my rabbi's there was
A robbery.

Seven roosters like bricks,
Three without heads and four without wings;

At my rabbi's there was
A robbery.

Seven girls like pine trees,
Three without teeth and four without gums;
At my rabbi's there was
A robbery.

... How does a czar eat potatoes?
—Potatoes?

You raise up a wall of butter,
And a soldier,
With a cannon,
Shoots a hot potato through the butter
And right into the mouth of the czar.
And that's the way, and that's the way,
A czar eats potatoes.

And when the burning sense of injustice can no longer
be restrained by patience and piety, and the solace of
traditional lore, wit, and wisdom seems, instead of a salve,
like pouring "Jewish salt" on Jewish wounds, protest bursts
forth into the questioning, Job-like challenge and defiance
of "Rabbi Levi-Yitzchok's Kaddish," with which the book
closes and which takes on new meaning for the state as
well as the people of Israel today:

Good morning to You, Lord of the Universe!
I, Levi-Yitzchok, son of Sarah, of Berdichev,
Have come to You in a law-suit

On behalf of Your people Israel.
What have You against Your people Israel?
And why do You oppress
Your people Israel?

No matter what happens, it is: "Command the Children of
Israel!"

No matter what happens, it is: "Say to the Children of
Israel!"

No matter what happens, it is: "Speak to the Children of
Israel!"

Father dear! How many other peoples are there in the
world?—

Babylonians, Persians, and Edomites! . . .

The Germans—what do they say?

"Our King is a King!"

The English—what do they say?

"Our Sovereign is a Sovereign!"

And I, Levi-Yitzchok, son of Sarah, of Berdichev, say:

"Hallowed and magnified be the name of God!"

And I, Levi-Yitzchok, son of Sarah, of Berdichev, say:

"*Lo o-zuz mim-ko-i-meel*! I will not stir from here!"

An end there must be to this—it must all stop!

Hallowed and magnified be the name of God!"

Like the *Hasidism* that inspired many of these pages, *A Treasury of Jewish Folklore* teaches that folk song and story are good before God and man, for religion and humanity. Like the indomitable spirit of Levi-Yitzchok, they will never die.

OUT OF THE DEPTH

By Hayyim Nahman Bialik
Translated from the Hebrew
by Reginald V. Feldman

I know that in the darkness of some night
Like a spent star my soul shall flicker out,
And not a star shall know its resting place.
And yet my wrath shall smolder like a crater
Whose flames have fallen; yea, my wrath shall live
While yet the thunder rumbles in the sky,
While ocean heavenward flings his troubled waves.
O God, would that my people's ageless woe
Were stored deep in the bosom of the world
To water the wide plains of sky and earth,
To nourish stars and plants, to live their life,
To pulse in all their throbbing, sense their growth,
With them to dwindle, rise and sprout afresh!
Outsoaring generations, let that woe
Witness to wrong eternal. Voiceless, dumb,
Oh, let that cry ring through the deep of hell
And pierce the heavens, everlastingly
Withholding the redemption of the world.
And when, at end of days, the sun of guile
And counterfeited righteousness shall rise
Upon your slain, when crimsoned with your blood

The banner of deceit shall flaunt the heavens
Unfurled above your slayers, when their flag
Emblazoned with the spurious seal of God
Shall pierce the sun's bright eye,
When haughty dance and noisy revelry
Of lying feasts shall waken from their graves
Your hallowed bones: the firmament shall shudder
And grow dark at your agony, the sun
Shall redden to an orb of your pure blood
To brand the mark of Cain upon the front
Of all the universe, to testify
The broken arm of God. Yea, star to star
Shall flash its trembling message and cry "Behold
A world's deceit, a nation's agony!"
Until the Lord of Vengeance, stung to wrath
Shall rise and roar and with His sword unsheathed
Go forth to strike.

(Reprinted from Complete Works of H. N. Bialik, vol. I,
edited by I. Efros, with permission of the publishers, The
Histadruth Ivrit of America, Inc.)

SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA

A Short Story

By Anne Saxe

CLARA stared dreamily through the second-story loft window. Big pillow-feather clouds sailed in the sky and the sun was bright. But not inside, because the windows were dirty. She added the column of dollars and cents on the invoice, making picture-frames out of the zeros. What did she care if the other bookkeeper made a mistake? In one of the picture-frames she saw this bookkeeper and stuck out her tongue. "Who asked her anyway?" But deep down Clara felt she had better check the figures or something terrible would happen. She shivered at the stock market going crash! Clara thought "I don't really believe it!"

Maybe it was the accountant. He buzzed in, a bumble-bee with books full of green lines and accounts receivable. He swayed over the desk with his nose in the ledger sucking honey through a straw. Clara imagined all the other bookkeepers like buttercups, waiting for Mr. Bee to sip through his nose from their accounts payable ledgers.

From the corner of her eye Clara saw him find a mistake. She could tell because he stopped and blew his nose. Was he mad or glad? She couldn't tell. But he was keeping report cards. She saw a red demerit roll up from the desk and plop itself next to her name on a blackboard. Clara erased this in a hurry and instead drew in a picture of Mr. Bee making love to his wife.

"Now, Eleanor" (she didn't know his wife's name but she didn't like the name Eleanor), "don't you know you're making a mistake when you kiss like that?" This tickled Clara so she turned her face away so that Bee couldn't see her giggle.

Clara giggled again at the pillow feathers sailing. In the back, separated by beaver boards where the shop was, Mr. Grossman's voice bounced from the walls with a German accent.

"My God!" Like a barrel rolling downstairs fast. "I just put the delivery book down, now where is it?"

A refugee, a school-teacher in the other country. Clara watched him do the hard work, boxing the bristles, weighing them, lifting, hammering nails. Big face, shiny with sweat, looking like a worried moon floating over a dirty floor. He laughed suddenly with his mouth wide open. It was a forced laugh. Clara knew it because she looked inside Grossman. His big ways didn't fool her. He's like a scared little kid you just said "Boo" to.

Mr. Fisher, the boss, felt it too. To everybody else he had a very low voice, but he enjoyed yelling at the ex-teacher. Like an invitation to a party. He hollered with a pain in his voice. "Solly! How can you do that to me? What's the matter with you? Didn't you tell the expressman to come today?"

Grossman's eyes popped out of the shiny moon, very wild. He stuttered like a machine-gun in the movies. Clara stared. How could such a healthy man be such a coward? She pitied him but he made her angry. What's the matter with him anyway? Once she told him. "Why do you let the boss holler at you like that? You shouldn't let him!"

Mr. Kline jumped from his stool and shouted in a hoarse voice at Grossman. "He's a fool, that's why!" He had a heavy white tongue. He screamed at Grossman. "He works like a horse! Three times as hard as me! I tell the boss. 'I got only two hands! You wanna hire someone with three hands—go ahead!'" He kept snapping and biting on his favorite subject. "Do you know what time he comes in the morning? Today, I came in ten to eight and George, the elevator man, said Solly was here 20 minutes already! At night, the boss keeps him here waiting for the truckman. Does he pay him for overtime? God forbid!"

Grossman shrugged his shoulders and didn't hear anything. He began hammering a nail in a box very hard.

"Is that true?" Clara asked.

The last bang splintered the wood. Grossman rushed over to her and spread out his hands. "Do you know, what is Mr. Fisher used to?" He sat heavily on a box. "For thirty years he was in China. An importer-exporter on bristles. The Chinese coolies worked for him for a bowl of rice! That's what he's used to!" His voice crowded up. "I'll leave this place, that's the only way out!"

Clara was amazed. "But, Mr. Grossman, what has that got to do with it? If the boss wanted to kick you in the pants every day ten times because he's used to it, are you gonna let him?"

A shrieking laugh from Kline. Grossman shrugged his shoulders. "I'll just have to leave this place, that's all." He started to board the boxes. His face was red. Behind his back, Kline winked his eyes at Clara and made a circle against his head and pointed to Grossman.

"I ought to do something about the whole thing, but what?" thought Clara.

SHE SIGHED. THE DIRT ON THE WINDOWS TURNED TO RAINBOW colors from the sun. She looked at the ledger. "What an awful handwriting! No, I'm not cut out to be a bookkeeper." Suddenly, she felt very useless. Once she had a job and the head-bookkeeper took one look at her sales journal and copied it over. Clara remembered a letter written by Abraham Lincoln and his writing was worse than hers. Maybe she had hidden talents too. The trouble was that her talents didn't show up on the ledger.

But Mr. Fisher, her boss, didn't care. He wouldn't even

look at the books. Why? Because he didn't understand them. Every sale he had in his head, so the ledger couldn't fool him. If she found a mistake, Clara bit her pencil, but Fisher said "Don't bother with it!" The accountant warned her about the boss. Mr. Bee stuck his sharp nose at her and said "Don't pay attention to the boss! Take care of the books right!" But when he left, Mr. Fisher sat down and said "Don't bother with it! Let him do it! He's got nothing to do anyway. I want you to take care of the correspondence. Here, read the file on Morton and Roth. Read from way back before you came here. Study it and then write down all the questions." Then he'd dictate a letter. He said a few words, looked at the top of the desk for a minute, and little muscles would start to grow all over his face. All this exercise he would get trying to finish the sentence. "Never mind, we'll do it on Monday."

Clara felt good. Here was a boss and he couldn't write as good a letter as she. It's not because he's a foreigner. She had lots of relatives who didn't know English. "I feel sorry for them." It made her mad that Fisher's business meant so much to him. "Like one of those phobias," she thought. "He lives for it! His wife isn't so important!"

"Some people fool themselves, alright." Clara shook her head wisely. "Maybe I'm kidding myself too! What've I done? I could've been a teacher, a dancer, an actress—. And what am I? An office worker!" She slit open a letter and read it dramatically. She saw a lighted stage and millions of faces looked at her with love in their eyes. "This will confirm our order for 69 pounds of bristles mixture—." She looked up and watched her lover come in. She gave him a soulful look. "We hope that the length of the bristles will be satisfactory—."

A low cough behind her. Clara jumped. It was Harry, the brush salesman. When Harry first saw Clara he didn't pay any attention to the boss's helpful hints to salesmen. But Clara kept a certain expression ready in answer to such looks. She acted like she wouldn't know it if a flea was on her nose. Next time, Harry changed his technique. He looked very hard at a brush like he couldn't bother thinking of anything except how many brushes he had to flood the market with that day.

Clara felt silly. "Is Fisher in today?" Harry had a funny glint in his eyes.

"I didn't see him all day." He was real nice looking with that striped blue tie. "He never tells me where he's going and if he's coming back." She wet her lips and laughed. "People on the telephone never believe me when I tell them that. They think I'm hiding him someplace."

"Why doesn't he tell you where he's going?"

"I don't know," Clara said. "I can't figure it out. Maybe he thinks we'd have a party here if we knew he'd be away for a while. Sometimes he walks in so quiet, he makes me jump."

Harry was looking at her like Gregory Peck. "If you did have a party, would you invite me?"

Clara dropped her eyes to the striped blue tie. For once she was glad to hear the elevator door click. She ducked

her head into the file on Morton and Wade. Harry strolled nonchalantly to the other side of the room and started to study the handle of a brush.

MR. FISHER'S LOW "HELLO" MADE THEM JUMP. HE TOOK OFF his overcoat. "Did Grossman call the expressman?"

"Not that I know of." She watched Mr. Fisher fade into the back of the loft. "There he goes!" she whispered. "If this was China maybe he'd be carrying a whip or something." Soon they heard him.

"What are you doing to me, Solly? The boat is sailing today and where are the deliveries? On the second floor on Canal Street! How will they get to the boat? Will they fly there?"

"But, Mr. Fisher, you didn't tell me to call the expressman!"

Clara skipped 6,000 miles and saw Grossman on his knees in the hot dust. His back was bare and Fisher was standing over him with a whip.

"I didn't tell him! I especially left a note hanging on the toilet door. What's the matter, can't you see anymore?"

"But I didn't go to the toilet today, Mr. Fisher, how should I know?"

"Of all days to be constipated, you have to pick today, when I lose \$300. I don't know how I stand it. I have so much trouble with you! Why do I stand it?"

Clara saw Grossman with thousands of other coolies broiling in the sun, picking the bristles off the pigs, and Mr. Fisher was sitting under an umbrella hitting them with his whip and drinking coca-cola. She squeezed the ruler in her hand until it hurt. "If Mr. Fisher ever yelled at me like that—" She looked at the mark the ruler made on her hand. "What was happening now?" she wondered. She slid off her chair and hurried to the back of the loft. She saw Mr. Grossman begging.

"Should I call the expressman, now?"

Mr. Fisher was waving a brush under Grossman's nose and screaming. "Maybe your head ain't so good in this country! Go better to the toilet and take care of your stomach!"

"Not even a coolie should stand for such insults! Does he think this is China?" Clara suddenly found herself waving the ruler under Fisher's nose.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Fisher. How would you like to be yelled at all day? Maybe your wife nags you and that's why you give it to poor Mr. Grossman!"

Mr. Fisher had a dumb look as he listened to this new type of a bookkeeper. "Miss Berger, go to your office better and read your files!"

Clara didn't hear him. Into her mind flew a picture of Mr. Grossman graduating college and getting a medal from the Board of Education. "Mr. Grossman is too good for this job! He can get a better one anytime he likes! He hates it here anyway!" Clara finished off as if she just won the 30-yard dash.

Mr. Grossman looked pale and was staring at her. "Miss Berger—please. . . ." He had a weak voice. It got awfully

quiet. Clara saw Mr. Kline looking at her kind of queer.

Mr. Fisher's eyebrows were reaching for the ceiling. "Maybe you hate it here too, Miss Berger?"

"I don't care one way or the other!"

Mr. Fisher turned his back and walked to the toilet door. "Well, Miss America, I'm afraid we'll be able to get along without you or Mr. Grossman." He shut the door behind him.

Clara looked at Grossman, but he had turned away. His face wasn't shiny and it had heavy lines all over. Mr. Kline had turned his back and was working the bristle machine. He looked up at Clara and his eyebrows went up very high. "Who asked you?" he said.

HARRY STOOD NEAR THE DOOR WATCHING GROSSMAN AND BITING his lip. Clara felt dizzy and hurried into the office. She got her things together, put on her coat and hurried to the elevator. She rang the bell and yelled "George! Two, please!" There was no answer so she knew George was on the corner drinking beer. Mr. Grossman came out.

"George must be drinking beer." Clara's voice was shaky. "Guess I better walk."

They walked down the stairs. Clara felt like she had no body and her high heels rattled down the stone steps. Grossman didn't speak at all. When they reached the bottom, Clara turned to him. It was like the time her big brother caught her smoking a cigarette in the bathroom. "Mr. Grossman, I know you'll find another job. After all you're an educated man," she finished weakly.

Grossman looked at her with contempt. "What do you know!" His lips were tight. "What has education got to do with it! In the concentration camp nobody cared how many degrees you had. You couldn't get a bowl of soup if you knew the whole dictionary upside down!" His face turned color and red splotches showed. He pulled a handkerchief from his overcoat pocket and a sandwich wrapped in wax paper fell out. He picked it up and wiped it off with his hands. "What will I do now?" He put the sandwich back in his pocket. "Who will give me a job?" Clara heard him breathing hard, his eyes suddenly got lost in tears, and Mr. Grossman turned to the wall trying to control his shivering.

Clara felt a pain in her chest. She was dizzy again and sat down on the step. "Please, Mr. Grossman," she whispered. She blinked her eyes and opened them wide as she felt them get wet. "Why did I have to put mascara on today?" she thought angrily. She stood up and touched his shoulder timidly. "You will get another job, Mr. Grossman, I'm sure!" But Grossman didn't seem to hear her.

The elevator bell rang sharply and they both stiffened up. Clara searched in her bag for a piece of kleenex and Grossman got very quiet. They could hear voices and then footsteps on the stairs. It was Mr. Kline. He was wearing his overcoat and carrying his lunchpail.

"Grossman!" he called down from the top step. "Wait, just a minute!" He clattered down the steps. Grossman turned to him, his eyes looked red and strange. Mr. Kline was snapping and biting again. "He can't get away with it! Who does he think he is! Just because he's a boss does he

think he owns the whole Coxey's army?"

Grossman spoke heavily. "What happened, Mr. Kline?"

"Nothing happened, that's what! Either he will have respect for his workers, or he won't have any workers!" Kline was final. "Come, let's go and have a cup've coffee." He turned to Clara. "Miss Berger, you're alright, don't worry so much. Someday you'll get a little smarter. It's not your fault!"

Grossman was looking at Kline. He spoke slowly. "The boss will be sorry to lose such a good bristleman!"

A door slammed upstairs and more footsteps were heard. They all looked up waiting. It was Harry. He was not carrying his salesman's suitcase. Kline called up to him in a puzzled voice. "Well?" Harry tried to look nonchalant. He threw Clara a quick look.

"What do you mean 'well'?—What am I gonna sell anyway?"

Kline turned to Clara whose complexion had changed color and back to Harry. He went into a high laugh like a train whistle.

Clara felt too ashamed to look at Harry. He turned to her and caught her eyes. "You're not mad at me, too, are you?" Then he grinned. Clara suddenly felt like she never had so many friends before.

"Come!" Kline ordered, "Let's go have a cup've coffee. I always wanted to have a cup've coffee on the boss's time!" He gave another train whistle.

The elevator bell rang sharply. "George!" a familiar voice hollered down, "Are you there for God's sake?" They heard his footsteps on the stairs. Around the bend came Mr. Fisher. He stood there shaking on the top step.

"Well?" he called down, "What are you all standing down there like an executive committee? You think we got all day?"

Clara looked from one to the other. Everyone was watching Fisher. Mr. Fisher shifted from one foot to the other.

"Solly," he called, "come up and call the expressman to come tomorrow—" He mumbled it. "... Please."

Mr. Grossman gave a little twitch. Fisher came down a few steps.

"Miss Berger—if you can stand it here, you can come up too!—Well?—Are we all going to catch the flu standing here in the draft?" Mr. Fisher turned abruptly and moved out of sight. They heard him up the steps. "That George! What does he get paid for? All he knows is to drink beer!"

They all looked at each other. "Well," said Kline, "so I won't never drink coffee on the boss's time!—Come on Solly, let's go up!" He picked up his lunchpail and started to hop up the stairs. Grossman grunted and started up after him. Kline turned. He pointed a sharp finger at Grossman.

"Respect!" he lectured, "You gotta tell them off sometimes!"

Harry took Clara by the arm. He walked her up the steps, squeezing with his fingers a little harder as they went higher.

"You know, Miss Berger,—you didn't answer my question. If you did have a party, would you invite me?"

ne?"
re re-
Kline
' He
worry
your

"The

heard.
not
in a
. He

any-

nged
like

d to
are
ever

ffee.
ne!"

iliar
They
ame

ding
we

tch-
her.
n to

n a

ome
ling
wed
ngel
er!"

"so
on
rted
up
oss-

me-

eps,
ent

ues-

FE