

hell of India.

Everything depends upon the point of view. Stark Young in *So Red the Rose* has just shown how gracious, soft and beautiful the slave-owning civilization of the Old South could be. Of those who made it possible, little is said. At the moment the yachts are off Newport preparing for the Cup Races. America will be represented by the Resolute, built and raced at a cost of \$500,000. Mrs. McLean has just returned from Moscow where she gave the natives a "thrill" with her exhibition of the Hope diamond. According to the Times, she landed "literally glittering with jewels hung in a loop over her arm and forming a chain for her diamond-studded purse, which contained a cigarette case decorated with the jewels."

But pity, my dear children, pity is the supreme virtue. As I sat watching *The Fountain* I had nothing but sorrow for the pallid emotions of the poor pallid people. It was difficult to keep from laughing at the heroic passages of Samuel Hoffenstein, who once wrote publicity for Al Woods and was now so British that one expected the audience to break out in cries of "hear! hear!" Or at least "pip! pip!"

The main theme of *The Fountain* is as I have outlined it but there were slight elaborations of its general contour. Ann Harding is the heroine who begins sobbing at the first sight of her former English sweetheart and ends in a torrent of tears at the death bed of her German spouse. The latter gentleman, well played by Paul Lukas, had returned from the wars minus an arm and an ambition to live. Julie, entangled with Lewis (who is as soft a gentleman as even the Empire has ever turned out), sacrifices him for her greater duty to Ruppert. Jealous members of the household allow Ruppert to know that Lewis has been ascending to the bedroom of Julie in those trying days when Ruppert was holding the Hindenburg Line. He hears this at the same time the news arrives that the sailors have mutinied at Kiel (hooray! from our side) and the Kaiser has fled (boo!). He collapses for keeps this time and finally, after a prolonged death scene, passes on. The mistake I made, says Ruppert, nobly brave, was in loving you when you didn't love me. But I have learned to love you since, cries Julie frantically pulling him back from the Gates of Heaven. No, replies Ruppert gently, you only feel sorry for me because I am injured; you really love Lewis. I can die happy that I have loved you. He does same.

This is what Mr. Morgan would call treating of the fundamental human emotions. To understand this you must realize that the aforementioned English upper-clawss are a singularly childish and unoriginal breed, at least in their present incarnation. The original manuscript of Carlyle's *French Revolution* was thrown into the fire by John Stuart Mill's maid. When T. E. Lawrence, the Sheik of Arabia, wrote the book of his war experiences, he lost the original manuscript in a taxicab. Major N. N. E. Bray has now written a book

saying that Colonel Lawrence was very small potatoes in Mesopotamia. And what do you think happened to Major Bray's book? The Times was telling about it Sunday. "Once the manuscript was lost while the author was en route to visit Ibn Saud. Recently a housemaid threw the second half into the fire and, like Carlyle's *The French Revolution*, it had to be entirely rewritten."

I have a little plan worked out in case Colonel Lawrence wishes to answer Major Bray. The Colonel will take half the manuscript and place himself in a taxicab sitting before the house. When properly settled he will light a match and drop it in the petrol tank. This will dispose of the first half of the manuscript. Within the house the usual housemaid will be sitting before the fire with the other half of the manuscript in her lap and waiting for the signal. As she waits she reads a copy of *The Sheik* by Ethel M. Dell. Upon hearing the explosion without she will take the manuscript and carefully drop it in the grate. The original part comes in what happens to the Colonel. When the cab explodes, disposing of the first half of the manuscript, it also disposes of the Colonel. This inaugurates my campaign against the English.

"Soviets Greet New Turkey"

LAST year Turkey celebrated the tenth anniversary of its republic. As a gesture of friendship between the Soviet Union and Turkey, the Leningrad Cinema Trust, with the cooperation of the Turkish Ministry of Education, produced *Angora, the Heart of Turkey*.

Released in this country as *Soviets Greet New Turkey*, the picture tells the story of the Turks' efforts to rid themselves of the archaic customs and religious practices and the struggle for the economic and social advancement which they were not able to obtain under German and (after the war) British imperialism. Only the last section of the film is devoted to the greeting of the official Soviet Delegation to the Turkish people.

Although *Angora* doesn't have the intensity and the force of that great documentary film, *Turksib*, it shows traces of that influence. The film begins with a slow-paced and idyllic interpretation of "old" Turkey: the Balkan mountains, sheep herding, and the bucolic life of the native villages. Then a native is shown riding away on his donkey to attend the celebration of the tenth anniversary in Angora. From a black screen comes the sound of a railroad train. This is the second mood. The tempo is faster. The train is carrying more people from other parts of the country to Angora. The tempo is increased until the point when we are shown the arrival and greeting of the Soviet delegates. At this point the film shows us "new" Turkey, the industrialized city with its modern architecture, its factories, and finally the celebration itself.

Angora is by no means an ordinary newsreel. Its photography is brilliantly adapted to the content. For instance: in the first

section of the film where the mood is a pastoral one the compositions are more or less formal and the transitions from scene to scene subtle. However with the railroad sequence the camera portraits are much more "radical" and the cutting more dynamic. Dialogue has been used only when necessary and doesn't retard the pace. The musical score has been blended beautifully from native music and from the works of Debussy and Ravel.

IRVING LERNER.

Between Ourselves

JUDGING from the number of inquiries that have come into this office, well over a hundred writers are now at work throughout the country on manuscripts to be entered in the prize contest for a proletarian novel, being conducted jointly by THE NEW MASSES and The John Day Company, publishers. The rules of the contest, for the information of those who have missed previous announcements, are as follows:

1. All manuscripts must be submitted by April 1, 1935.
2. Each manuscript must be signed with a pseudonym; accompanying each manuscript there must be a sealed envelope with the pseudonym on the outside and the author's real name and address inside.
3. All novels submitted must be in the English language, must be typed, and must be not less than 60,000 words.
4. All novels submitted must deal with the American proletariat.
5. All manuscripts entered in the contest are also offered to The John Day Company for publication, terms to be arranged between the author and The John Day Company, and any author under contract to another publisher must obtain a release before entering the contest.
6. The decision of the five judges will be by majority vote. The judges reserve the right to reject all manuscripts.
7. The prize of \$750 will be paid to the author of the winning novel upon his signing of a standard Authors' League contract with The John Day Company, which will publish the novel. The prize will be in addition to all royalties.

The judges of the contest are Granville Hicks, literary editor of THE NEW MASSES; William F. Dunne, labor leader, former editor of the Daily Worker; Alan Calmer, national secretary of the John Reed Clubs of the United States; Richard J. Walsh, president of The John Day Company; and Critchell Rimington, vice-president and associate editor of The John Day Company.

Any novel dealing with any section of the American working class may be submitted in this contest. For the purposes of the contest it is not sufficient that the novel be written from the point of view of the proletariat; it must actually be concerned with the proletariat. The term proletariat, however, is defined in its broadest sense, to include, for example, the poorer farmers, the unemployed, and even the lower fringes of the petty bourgeoisie as well as industrial workers. The characters, moreover, need not all be drawn from the working class so long as the book is primarily concerned with working-class life.

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