

phobia had reached enormous proportions in the G. P. U. . . ."

With the Soviet Union the only country in the world where there is allowed to exist no religious or racial inequality, such statements take one's breath away by their perverse distortion of fact. In ensuing pages the Jew-destroying dictatorships, the Communist Party, is said to be made up wholly of Jews!

The refutation to this mischievous absurdity is given by David Goldberg, in the third of the above books. Admitting that there is no persecution of the Jews as such, he does say that inasmuch as the Jews were largely of the merchant class with petty bourgeois inclinations it was more difficult for them to readjust themselves. An ardent Judeophile, he admits nevertheless that for once the Jew is treated as an equal and that Jewish workers and peasants are the most ardent supporters of the Soviets.

Tchernavin makes a show of scientific objectivity but essentially his is the story of a man who through class drawbacks was a misfit in a new society. His book is full of the complaint and self-pity of the misfit, rationalizing his failure. The truly scientific minded reader will know how to estimate such a plea.

Mikhelson's book is even less worthy of serious consideration. There is something repulsive in its morbidity, this attempt to lay the blame of a perverted adolescence upon the excesses of the "Young Communists." The taste for atrocities which he alleges were committed by him as a "Young Communist," was obviously not an acquired one. It is quite explicable as the reaction of a young man of an uprooted class seeking to distinguish himself. The author's pictures of

sadism and perverted sex life indicate a surviving taste for these peculiarities of human behavior. It is hard to imagine any reader leaving the book without a feeling of repulsion and suspicion of an author who attempts to indict a new society through such a confession.

Sussman Sees It Through is an obviously honest and painstaking attempt on the part of an orthodox American Jew returning to his native Russia to study the "Jewish question" in a successful socialist society. Both in the story of Sussman, the old patriarch of his people and through analytical essays, the author concludes that the only real future of the Jew is in the land of the proletariat. Religion will have to go but the cultural unity of the Jew will be preserved and will flourish. Sussman, one of the class that was liquidated and to which most of the Russian Jews belonged ideologically, not only acquiesces in the revolutionary changes, but passionately espouses them. He says, "Over one hundred nationalities comprise the 'nation' of Soviet Russia; but chauvinism or nationalist antagonism are unknown in our land, except as a survival from the Feudal Past. . . . Ours is the only country where anti-Semitism is a crime against the state; and if you analyze the motive for it, you will see that it is not at all prompted by sentimental Judeophilic considerations, but that anti-Semitism like any other expression of the chauvinistic ego is simply incompatible with a conception of nationhood that is predicated on peoplehood" (p. 227).

Certainly every Zionist should read this book and any others who are interested in the first effective, social effort to end race conflict.

ALBERT LEWIS.

Ossification

LANDTAKERS, by Brian Penton. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

FOR sheer, unrelieved sordidness the pioneers of Australia during the mid-nineteenth century, were privileged to experience, if we are to credit this novel, the very dregs. No alleviating touch of kindness, no reaching out from man to man, did they know. Nature herself seems to have done her best to oppress with heat, marsh, monotonous bush, flood, and forest.

The story traces the long process by which Derek Cabell, a young half-voluntary exile from his native Dorset, suffers spiritual and physical anguish in the brutal milieu into which he is suddenly thrust—then finds the strength to combat this hostile environment, though still his heart is in England—and finally accepts the drab, unrewarding life in Australia to the extent that he can feel contempt for those types of his own youth, the new-come Englishmen. During this process of ossification (for so it seems to this reviewer) he finally compromises with his

mental visions of lovely English girls, by taking unto himself a woman with a criminal record—a woman, like Australia, drab, unloving, immobile.

There can be little doubt that the author sees, in his tale, the stuff of heroism, not tragic submission. After all, the sensitive hero could at any time have returned to England, was indeed sent money for his passage. But his pride keeps him in this soul-killing land. To what end? Money. Or, if one must be exact, sheep and land—sheep and land which in the long run he does not manage to acquire. The *delusion* of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the dread of a sneering aunt in England—these are his reasons for giving himself up to a barren, profitless life. He seems not a hero, but a fool.

Out of all this material, one might have hoped for some glimmering of a realization that Australia was such a hell-hole, not because of the land or the essential coarseness of the population, but because of the role England, the beloved, had chosen for that

colony in her imperialistic policy; that these men and women were as they were because English merchants would have them so, never occurs to our author.

Mr. Penton's book, which seems well-liked in Australia, is written in a calm, undramatic manner. Novel of the soil, though it is, there is no touch of poetry such as pervades the work of Hamsun.

TONY CLARK.

Brief Review

DYNAMICS OF POPULATION, by Frank Lorimer and Frederick Osborn. The Macmillan Co. \$4.

This work presents the most comprehensive body of data available on American population trends. While written from a reactionary standpoint, the book is based on a careful analysis of material without which no Marxist understanding of the population problem in declining capitalism is possible. Capitalism's need for an industrial and military reserve army precludes conscious population control except among the well-to-do. The inevitable result is that population trends add to existing economic contradictions and create new ones. Thus the working class is forced to reproduce at a rate which under conditions of general economic crisis and mass unemployment is suicidal. The continuous mass displacement of farmers and agricultural workers runs counter to a high rural-urban fertility differential which accelerates the contradiction between town and country and continuously recreates a pauperized rural subsistence population.

The solution of the population problem is achieved automatically by the solution of the economic problem. Meanwhile, it is high time that American population tendencies be analyzed from the standpoint of dialectical materialism.

NAKED FASCIST TERROR UNLEASHED IN
STRUGGLE
(translated by) LOUIS ADAMIC
15 cents - TOMORROW, PUBLISHERS - 303 4th Ave., N.Y.C.

FROM ESCAPE-DREAMS TO VITAL REALITY

In 1914, in the midst of a dying order, two Russian boys built a magic imaginary land, Shvambrania. To it they fled from drab reality, engaged in glorious dream-adventures. Then, in one day, Shvambrania was destroyed. The Revolution was creating a new world—it needed the boys' help. Ardently they threw themselves into the task of creating a real new world. These artless memoirs reflect clearly the impact on growing minds of the most significant social change of modern history. \$2.00.

THE LAND OF SHVAMBRANIA

by Leo Kassil

The Viking Press, 18 E. 48th St. N.Y.C.

Johnson—The Man Who Was

ROBERT FORSYTHE

WITH all the best intentions, the Second Coming of General Hugh A. Johnson is not going to take. One sees his picture in the papers and even hears his voice in the newsreels but there is an eerie feeling about it and even a sense of embarrassment, much as if one had sat suddenly up in bed and witnessed a lately deceased maiden aunt floating serenely through the window and perching herself on the tie rack. The General is here in the good graces of the Hon. Fiorello H. La Guardia but it is impossible to believe that he is present. It is not that he is seen through a glass darkly or any of that nonsense but that he has violated all laws among dead men by refusing to lie down.

This constitutes a tragedy of the larger order because if there was any one field in which the General was felt to be prominent it was in that of drama and there is nothing so utterly anti-climactic as the great Hamlet reduced to playing the race track tout in *Three Men On a Horse*. Even if it were conceded that the General had returned in full, it would be only a half-Johnson because of the loss, far back along the trail of insanity, of the ineluctable Robby, that fabulous female who coasted through fame in a short six months and seemed about to reinstitute the rule by matriarchy in a country which could only stand and gape at the fury and nonsensicality of a weird contrivance known as the N.R.A., which was to reconstitute mankind, cure chilblains and forever remove need from the world. When the history of that demented period is written I hope that the greatest of all pens will save himself for Robby.

Looking back now one is not so much amazed that two such incredible persons once ran America but that America is here to tell the tale. I speak only for myself but it seems like a dream and I distrust fantasy. To the credit of Robby, it may be said that she has preserved her wraithhood. The General has not been so fortunate. Although dead, he was obviously embalmed in headlineitis, a drug which affords no peace for the deceased. The virus began working on him almost as soon as services were said over him at the last N.R.A. press conference in Washington and soon after he was bursting forth in a radio attack which was to annihilate Father Coughlin and Huey Long. He was next found decently interred in the columns of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, a bourne from which few return and none unscathed. Just what prevailed upon the Hon. Fiorello to trifle with the past has not been revealed but there is evidence to the effect that the General has suffered an attack which made it necessary for the reporters to come in lest Heaven fall under its indignant burden.

Reviewing General Johnson's past is no task for a sane man. About it hangs an aura of

incredibility which will be the dismay of the future historian. There was first the insanity of the Hoover regime with its radio talks by the great man, Julius Klein, he who possessed the economic truths of eternity and predicted the return of prosperity by noon of next Wednesday, and the pronouncements of the high-collared ninny of Palo Alto himself, predicting an end of all grief and a restoration of good will and wealth by a certain June 28, 1930, at three o'clock sharp. This will be enough to confound the investigator of the future but if he struggles when reaching this point, he will be lost when he arrives at the General and Robby. The picture of the bulbous-nosed warrior and his pert secretary careening about the country by plane in a state of high inanity will

be beyond the powers of compass of anyone not accustomed to dementia in high places. It will not seem believable. It seems unbelievable at this very moment, with the crazy events no more than two years in the past. There will never be any place for satire in the treatment of General Johnson and the N.R.A. The most stupid direct testimony will be enough for the future generations. Nobody need preach to me about the glories of the past while I am able to vision the joy of the students in Soviet America racing through the chapters in their history telling about the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Hon. Rexford D. Tugwell, the Hon. Hugh A. Johnson, the Hon. Charles A. Dawes, the Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, the Hon. William D. Green when America was in



Ethor Kriger