

## Jews in America

by the Editors of FORTUNE

The Nazis have charged—partly as an excuse for their own terroristic regime—that even in America the Jews tend to dominate politics, industry, banking and the professions. The Editors of *Fortune* set out to discover the facts—and here they are. It will be read and widely quoted by everyone who wants to answer, authoritatively, the anti-Jewish canard. An appendix lists and describes 20 Anti-Semitic organizations in the U. S. \$1.00.

## Bury the Dead

by IRWIN SHAW

To a world aghast at the imminence of another great war, this twenty-three-year-old author addresses a fiery protest in a one-act drama that is as original in its conception as it is stunning in its impact. "He stands in imminent danger of growing into one of the most powerful dramatists of this land and time. It is a long time since I have seen a large audience so moved, so hotly convulsed, so deeply shaken . . . Here is not only a strong and beautiful plea, but also a stunning and beautiful play." —GABRIEL, N. Y. *American*. \$1.

## Lenin

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

The story of his political life, told for Americans . . . LENIN is the first of a series of distinguished new biographies of leaders of the Russian revolution, to be published within the year, by the author of *These Russians and Made in Russia*. \$1.50.



RANDOM HOUSE

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smiling and chuckling to himself in such an eerie and disquieting manner that my companion addressed him in Russian. He turned out to be a Turkish business man.

A curious episode, but what is the inference?—that writers are still worried over dark OGPU detectives shadowing them in cafés. In another place Wilson says: "Very amusing to reflect that the three living American writers most popular in the Soviet Union—Upton Sinclair, Dos Passos and Dreiser—are all people who have recently been in wrong with the literary Communists at home." Amusing to whom?—to an outsider of course. To those in the fight there is no amusement. But the reasons for the popularity in Russia of Dreiser, Dos Passos and Sinclair are the same as the reasons for their popularity among revolutionary readers in America. I can assure Mr. Wilson that the one book announced this season to which "the literary Communists" look forward with keenest anticipation is probably Dos Passos' new novel. Wilson knows and should have made it clear that in the case of Dreiser and Sinclair the issues were political. The quarrel with Dreiser has been over his expression of anti-semitic sentiments; with Upton Sinclair over his open support of the Democratic Party. Does Wilson think these things should have been smiled away? As for Dos Passos, it is news to me that the

"literary Communists" have quarreled with him.

Wilson's nostalgia for the past at times seems to obsess him. The longest and most conclusive note in his second article, the one on "Soviet Letters," ends with a revelling in Elinor Wylie's accomplishments. It happens that, coming to a Russian friend's house, he finds a volume of Elinor Wylie's latest poems. The incident might have led him to comment upon the significance of finding such a book in the library of a Soviet citizen, dealing with it, in other words, in relation to Soviet life, not to his own; but instead we have another passage of autobiography; and the expression of personal preference becomes an oblique judgment upon a new civilization. Expressed in it is the old and never apparently completely exorcised boggy that the revolution will turn out to be a destroyer of culture. The presence of the book on a Moscow bookshelf might, in itself, be his answer; but it only serves him to renew his doubt. It becomes clear that he is more convinced of the losses the revolution will bring than of the gains. The Webbs come to a different conclusion. The passage on Elinor Wylie has almost the effect of caricature. It is almost as if Wilson were admitting, "I came to the Soviet Union and I found—Elinor Wylie."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

## The Carrel Virus

MAN, THE UNKNOWN, by Alexis Carrel. Harper Bros. \$3.50.

"THE more eminent the specialist, the more dangerous he is. Scientists who have strikingly distinguished themselves by great discoveries or useful inventions often come to believe that their knowledge of one subject extends to another."

Though Alexis Carrel observes the above in others, it does not occur to him that it also applies to himself. Such obtuseness is an illustration of the futility, if not pathology, of the mental processes which have produced an exceptionally dangerous book—*Man, the Unknown*.

Patients who keep ideas in "logic tight compartments" are usually examined in the clinic for other psychological blocks. In those cases which are not profoundly pathologic, it is discovered that the patient has a false, a childish, conception of himself which he seeks to nurture and to defend. To accomplish this the patient deliberately remains ignorant of those realms of knowledge which would disturb or disprove the ego's secret conception of itself; deliberately accepts notions and superstitions opposed to reality; and deliberately attempts to infect others with his diseased vision of what life is.

These psychological truisms do not explain the basic facts about Carrel. They do not explain the class structure of society into which he was born and in which the

original error of his mind was engendered. But they do explain why, as a scientist, he is a sympathizer with the Royalist party in France, a snob, a dupe of the seance room, a proponent of mysticism, of religion, of an élite of the strong who will "control" the weak. Above all it explains why he wrote *Man, the Unknown*.

His expressed intention was to make "an intelligible synthesis of the data which we possess about ourselves," meaning, presumably, the data in all fields—physiology, biology, psychology, anthropology, sociology and the physical sciences.

His attempt to do this is dishonest. He himself is aware of this, and in his preface he inserts this piece of casuistry: "The necessity of compressing a large amount of information into a short space has important drawbacks. It gives a dogmatic appearance to propositions which are nothing but conclusions of observations and experiments. . . . Thus, descriptions of fact have been given the form of assertions." These sentences would not be casuistry did he preserve the same humility in the book itself. But the reader is not warned again; the purpose of the casuistry was achieved in a single allusion. It exempts him from the rebuke of the thoughtful, he has provided his answer to their charge of unwarranted declarations. However, there will be very few thoughtful readers of his book, and the great number of its purchasers, impressed by his institutional connections, will think he is being

merely literary, for he concludes "... things that markedly differ appear grouped together ... the sketch of a landscape should not be expected to contain all the details of a photograph."

Nor will the flattered readers in the owning class and their pathetic imitators of the middle classes be shocked by Carrel's ignorance of how people live and work. To these the following may even seem to be true: "The humblest employes live in dwellings better appointed than those of the rich of former times," are "well paid" to do "easy, monotonous work" in "large, well-lighted, clean" offices and factories, where "modern heating and refrigerating apparatuses raise the temperature during the winter and lower it during the summer" and in which "the light of the sun is replaced by electric bulbs rich in ultra-violet rays."

Such ignorance permeates the book, and is accompanied by an obtuseness inexcusable in a layman and fatal in a scientist. On page 18 Carrel declares that "the people, especially those belonging to the lower classes, are happier from a material standpoint than in former times," but adds, "they are haunted by the fear of losing their employment, their means of subsistence, their savings, their fortune. They are unable to satisfy the need for security that exists in the depth of each of us. In spite of social insurances [sic!] they feel uneasy about their future. Those who are capable of thinking become discontented." But on the very next page, people "easily break down" not because of these economic factors preventing the attainment of security, but because "their nervous system is delicate." There is only one greater banality than this, and Carrel commits it. To the above he adds: "Perhaps the triumphs of modern education are not so advantageous as we are led to believe."

This aspersion of education is part of a systematized indictment of all modern civilization, and includes the subject to which he owes so much—science. He says: "Obviously science follows no plan ... It is not at all actuated by a desire to improve the state of human beings ... Men of science do not know where they are going ... They are guided by chance, by subtle reasoning, by a sort of clairvoyance." Clairvoyance, telepathy, spiritism and what he delights to call "mysticity" are but a few of the irrationalities for which he propagandizes.

His cultivation of the irrational is of the same kind which underlies the so-called philosophies of Italian and German fascism. Carrel, the Royalist, declares that "the error of democratic equality" contributed to "the collapse of civilization by opposing the development of an élite." He believes that Mussolini is a "genius" who has "built a great nation," that the "natural attitude of the individual toward his fellow men is one of strife," and that the "descendants of the energetic strains are smothered in the multitude of proletarians whom industry has blindly created." And on page 302 he cat-

egorically declares: "All forms of the proletariat must be suppressed."

His conception of war is similarly obscurantist. "It is chiefly the intellectual and moral deficiencies of the political leaders," he says, "and their ignorance, which endanger modern nations." And it is not the terrible struggle for imperialist profits which may slaughter the world, but "the fragility of the respiratory mucosa may cause entire populations to be exterminated by toxic gases in the great wars of the future."

His competence to speak about man known or unknown may be judged from such dicta as these: "By imposing leisure upon man, scientific civilization has brought him great misfortune." "The causes of economic and financial crises may be moral and intellectual." "Today, most of the members of the proletarian class owe their situation to the hereditary weakness of their organs and their mind." "Every scientific worker has a chance to make use of his particular knowledge." "Telepathy is a primary datum of observation." "Certainty derived from science is very different from that derived

from faith. The latter is more profound. It cannot be shaken by arguments. It resembles the certainty given by clairvoyance."

He is, of course, that kind of a eugenicist which thinks the organism is debauched by heredity and not by the environment. He desires an aristocracy of the biologically élite. In the course of recommending the erroneous phases of eugenics, he is obliged to declare: "The chemical, physiological and psychological factors of the environment favor or hinder the development of the inherent tendencies." But two pages later (p. 257) he takes it back: "It is well known that the response of a given organism to environment depends on its hereditary tendencies."

Even in those sections of the book that are purely descriptive of physiological processes there is a literary pretentiousness that supports the impression which the book leaves upon the intuitive reader, to wit, that Carrel's science is of the careerist variety, a substitute for not having been born a son of the House of Orleans, and a substitute that has not, in itself, satisfied.

HENRY HART.

## War and Jitters

**POWERFUL AMERICA: OUR PLACE IN A RE-ARMING WORLD**, by Eugene J. Young. Frederick A. Stokes & Co. \$3.

**ROLL ON, NEXT WAR! The Common Man's Guide to Army Life**, by John Gibbons, with illustrations by Edgar Norfield. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75.

**WHY WARS ARE DECLARED**, by George Willison. Basic Books, Inc. N. Y. 35 cents.

**R**EADING *Powerful America*, you will find on page 251 of this astonishing farrago of flag-waving Americanism this profound truth, arrived at by those methods of "impartial" analysis to be expected of a journalist who for many years, as Telegraph and Cable Editor, has helped The New York Times to find and broadcast in its stately pages, "All the News That's Fit to Print": "In reality," writes this expert who must frequently have gagged over the dispatches of his professional colleague, Walter Duranty,

Communism in Russia was interred quietly years ago. In its place has arisen a monopolistic, totalitarian state, as capitalistic in many of its aspects as a great American corporation. The men in charge of this great organization still pay their lip service to the Red creed, but they are working to forge a great nation as imperialistic as the empire of the czars. . . .

When I add that Mr. Young attributes much of Stalin's victory over Trotsky to a "realism" which used against the latter "an old Russian prejudice—anti-semitism" I have sufficiently indicated the political level of the man who, after nearly 400 pages of industrious burrowing in the archives of contemporary history, succeeds in emerging with not a single fresh, original or genuinely

creative idea regarding the forces of history in general, or the destiny of America in particular.

And it is through such hands that a large section of the American public receives its daily quota of "news" on international affairs. It is against such books—deft, plausible, externally learned, basically muddled—that one soon learns to apply the powerful corrective of *mistrust on principle*.

Turning to Mr. Gibbons' book you know from the title what to expect. Having patriotically enlisted in the British overseas forces in 1914, he gives it to you with all those undertones of "laugh, clown, laugh" which today are running very thin. What we have is a ferocious, wry, deeply sincere but hopelessly cynical collection of personal impressions of the last war. Sharply etched with a needle of hatred on the glinting steel of Mars' breastplate, these impressions total up to a single not very original conclusion: that war is one bestial, unmitigated hell—and a hell quite subject to repetition at any moment. Therefore, says our embittered author, let us at least have no illusions about it. . . . As reminiscences of actual warfare and trench-life—a horror of filth, agony, barbarism and sub-human existence—the book is good enough; and its many revelations of military corruption and inefficiency (to say nothing of propaganda atrocities in which few of the soldiers believed) will certainly not do the recruiting services any good. Unfortunately, they will not do much harm, either, for John Gibbons' detestation of war is a physical and subjective affair—than which nothing is more easily overcome by the colossal material and political forces which make for all wars. There is not one word in this book of organized mass-action