

KINGS, QUEENS AND SOVIETS

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

IN THE first international sporting event since the opening and close of World War II, a strong American team of chess players was defeated by a stronger team of Russian chess players by the overwhelming score of fifteen and a half to four and a half. Surely before the match no man on either side of the Atlantic would have predicted such a debacle, especially in view of the American record in international chess before this event. In 1931 (Prague), 1933 (Folkestone), 1935 (Warsaw), 1937 (Stockholm), in Olympic contests with teams representing nations from all over Europe and South America, the American five-men team won the championship. However, our victory wasn't absolute. The Soviet Union didn't participate.

Oddly enough, in the recent radio match, our side had six of the experts who took part in the early matches: Reshevsky, Fine, Horowitz, Kashdan, Steiner, and Kupchik. And in place of our late national champion, Frank J. Marshall, we had the radiant Denker, our present champion. On the other three boards we had the tough Manhattan champion, Pinkus, the scholarly Santasiere, and the most brilliant of our younger players, Private Seidman. We would certainly miss Simonson and Duke, both of whom were in service, yet even so the team was the strongest available, a team that would sweat blood through four solid days and evenings and force those fellows in Moscow to sweat blood as well. The sessions were scheduled to average ten hours per sitting without intermission, with meals brought on trays for the players. All endurance records were broken, even in the chess world. The Mackay Radio System started transmitting moves 5,000 miles away through the Udemman Code with its four-letter words. Early in the proceedings we discovered that one of the Moscow moves spelled ra-pe. This was decoded as Queen to Bishop two, and got a good laugh. But that was the end of our laughter.

From my honored post of inspector general for the American team, or as supervisor of the messengers and tellers who carried and recorded the outgoing and incoming moves, I was closed off with our players, and the American, Russian, and neutral referees, in a strictly private air-cooled room. As an old

chess player and former expert in youth who had never lost touch with the Royal Game and its loyal devotees, I also sweated blood in imagination but had to restrain my emotions and suffer in silence. For sheer intensity and nerve-wracking ordeals without a moment's release, there is no game to compare with this one and none in which a man is so completely dependent on his own genius or talents. The luck which plays some part in all other games brings no fortune here. And the rules are clear, exact, and severe. Meanwhile, that old devil Time is at your elbow and you have to make your moves in time with a time-clock; otherwise a game would drag on forever. And once you have touched a piece you have to move it, and no matter how poor the move you can't take it back. And since no two games are ever alike in the long run, the greatest of masters may lose his way for one little moment and go down in ultimate defeat. Chess addicts know this old story and I repeat it for laymen who look upon chess as a frightfully dull contest between two wooden images. Wooden?—the game demands

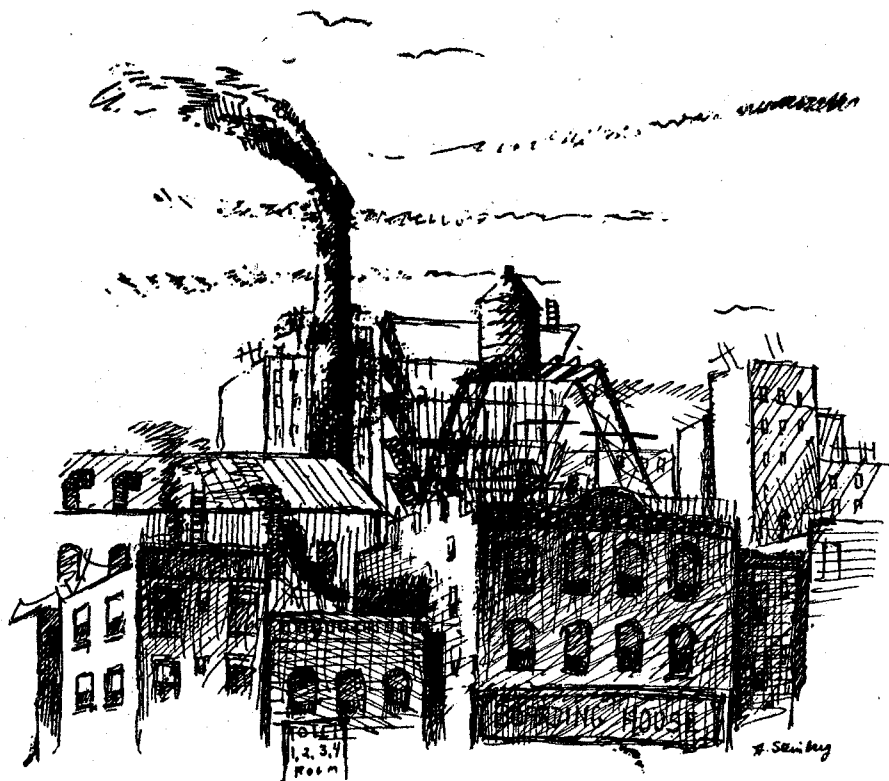
passion, patience, ingenuity, circumspection, and most of all courage. I've seen many a player lose weight in the course of a tournament and take on ghostly pallor in victory or defeat.

Early in the first round the air-cooled room turned infernal. The confident Denker had lost a short game to the great Russian champion, Botvinnik; the incomparable Reshevsky had been outwitted by the comparatively unknown Smyslov; and the steady-going Horowitz had overlooked a combination by Salo Flohr, the former Czech champion. All the way down the line, with just a few exceptions, our team had been outwitted in the openings. How could this happen? The players themselves, in side-line remarks between moves, revealed the reason. The Soviet team must have trained for the match weeks in advance and studied the printed games of their coming opponents, especially that phase which is subject to endless analysis, the opening. No such effort was made by the Americans collectively. Each man waited, as Kupchik told me, for the contest itself, each ready to do his best in the old individual style. The

Open Letter to Jack Warner

TO MR. JACK L. WARNER of Warner Brothers: Your courageous statement on the social responsibility of the movies as published in the *Herald Tribune* of September 9 heartens every democratic American. Thus far, yours is the only official voice that has come out of Hollywood on this all important subject. As you say, "the chorus of protests that the only function of the motion picture is entertainment has always seemed like childish quibbling." Nor can anyone deny that the film industry must concern itself with such postwar problems as "world peace, economic stability, full employment, the stamping out of intolerance and a hundred other problems left over from the pre-war agenda, with some new ones created by the war." Those who oppose serious films by raising the specious cry of box-office, you effectively silence by pointing out that your most successful films included *Destination Tokyo*, *Action in the North Atlantic*, *Watch on the Rhine*, and *Mission to Moscow*. It is evident that they have other reasons. Their campaign against serious films is part of the larger campaign against full employment and tolerance legislation.

Truly "an informed America is a strong America" and the honest motion picture producer "will want to see the motion picture play its part in exposing the truth." Your *Pride of the Marines*, we feel is an earnest of such sentiments. Let us hear spokesmen for the other major studios. Where do they stand? By following your lead the medium that reaches 80,000,000 Americans weekly can alone measure up to its responsibility.—THE EDITORS.



H. Steinberg

result was that novelties were sprung by the Russians, sound as well as surprising, usually through a disconcerting little pawn, the foot-soldier of chess. In the midst of complications, he stuck his head into the breach and sacrificed his life in advance of the attacking host. Given the slightest advantage even over Reshevsky, the most elusive and tenacious of masters, and the Russian adversary, young Smyslov, pressed that advantage at every turn, hour after hour, until after twenty hours of uninterrupted combat, except for a night's sleep, our "Sammy" had to resign, vowing vengeance tomorrow.

SOLID little Reuben Fine, who had twice defeated World Champion Alekhine in a single tournament, seemed to be building a won game against young Boleslavsky, but each time the Russian replied to what looked like the *coup-de-grace*, he made the only move to save the game and the game was drawn. Since Kashdan had lost to Kotov, our total score on the star boards was a half a point out of five! The hero of the American team, Steiner of Hollywood, played a glorious game in which he turned a badly cramped defense into slowly emerging victory, chanting Red Army songs against all demands for silence. Pinkus drew his game against the redoubtable Lilienthal, but Seidman lost to Ragozin, Kupchik to Makogonov and Santasiere to the twenty-year-old Bronstein. And so the first round

closed with the score eight to two against the American team. "But tomorrow is another day." We could hardly win or tie the match as a whole, but at least we could win the second round or make a much better showing.

Yet here again, the incredible skill, dynamic energy, and almost flawless succession of moves on the part of our friendly enemies was much too much for the aroused American team. For the first time in his life, Reshevsky fell twice in succession in a game deliberately complicated by our fighting terrier. Despite the deadly appearance of another disconcerting pawn, it looked as though "Sammy" might still elude his poetic adversary. Steiner, in the throes of another hard game which he managed to draw, drew forth a photograph of Smyslov and declared: "Gee, what a beautiful face—he looks like an artist. No wonder those fellows are winning. Russians look up to their artists while we look down on ours."

In the field of this ancient game, as in other cultural fields, chess receives the highest regard by the Soviet state and people and has become their national sport, as baseball is with us. Botvinnik, Smyslov, Boleslavsky, Flohr, Bondarevsky, are greeted with the acclaim we render Babe Ruth, Joe Di Maggio, Bob Feller, Dixie Walker, Hank Greenberg. And Russians prepare for the development of heroes in the same spirit and design through which we develop our own: from a

public school system to the playing fields of the nation, and from minor leagues to the majors. As the veteran Kupchik observed, after fighting his second game to a twenty-hour draw: "The Russian players are professionals while most of us are amateurs. We have to work for a living at something else and play chess at odd hours." In short, the Russian master is supported by a cultural system that frees a man's natural talents beyond all economic burdens. The parallel is obvious. What we need over here is a closer collaboration among all our systems, including the cultural. One hears the word "culture" all too rarely among the powers that be in these, our United States.

WELL, we made a better score in the second round, but only by half a point. This time our hero was Horowitz, who in his quiet fashion wiped off the table with Master Salo Flohr. And I'm happy to report that the American team, even after a second score almost as poor as the first, accepted its crushing defeat with the utmost sportsmanship, grace and good humor. It had suffered the tortures of the damned for four hectic days and evenings. But not one member had anything but the highest praise for his opponent and said so in his parting message to Moscow. Similar messages of cordial regard came back from the heart of the Soviet Union. In the midst of his final dilemma, Reshevsky began whistling the Russian tunes Steiner continued to chant, but to no avail. Suddenly, the little fireball looked up at me and said dryly: "You know what the trouble is? My opponent can't see me. If he could only see me he couldn't play so well." There's something in what "Sammy" said. Soviet authorities are already planning an international tournament over the boards to which the American team will be invited. The present match, on our side of the Atlantic, was sponsored and engineered by public-spirited groups like the *Chess Review* and the American Society for Russian Relief. They did a magnificent and altruistic job. But next time we need even more: the sporting financial support of our government or an agent thereof. Along with our growing political and economic cooperation with one of our greatest allies, we need cultural cooperation. The field of the human spirit is truly masonic. And in this field there is no greater pioneer than a game which is almost as old as civilization and universal to every race. Chess is clean, pervasive, pure, and absolutely enduring.

THE ARTS AND S-380

By DR. HARLOW SHAPLEY

The following statement was presented by Dr. Shapley before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee for the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions in the hearings on the Full Employment Bill.

FOR the record, gentlemen, my name is Harlow Shapley. I am the Director of the Harvard Observatory. I am speaking today as a member of the Board of Directors of the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

To indicate the scope and diversity of our interests, I should like to tell you who the officers of our organization are: Jo Davidson, Chairman, Frederic March, Treasurer, William Rose Benet, Van Wyck Brooks, Louis Calhern, Marc Connelly, Morris Llewellyn Cooke, Norman Corwin, John Cromwell, Bartley Crum, Bette Davis, Dr. Moses Diamond, Donald Du Shane, Prof. Albert Einstein, Florence Eldridge, Rudolph Ganz, Moss Hart, Lillian Hellman, Mrs. Beatrice Kaufman, Howard Koch, John Howard Lawson, John T. McManus, William Morris, Dr. Alonzo F. Myers, Dr. John P. Peters, Martin Popper, Paul Robeson, and Herman Shumlin, members of our Board. As you can see, our Board of Directors and our thousands of members represent a sector of American life influential in determining its art, its literature, its education, its health and its science.

As citizens, although not necessarily employed in industry directly, we regard the proposed legislation, S-380, as essential to the well being of the entire population. The federal government must assume responsibility for full employment as it did for total victory, on the basis of orderly planning for the use of our natural resources and the energies and abilities of our people. Without this, our country cannot hope to escape the chaos and disillusionment of the early thirties. This legislation which we are today considering proposes that those dark days shall remain a thing of the past, and that America's creative genius, whose symbols our fighting forces carried around the world, will conquer the plague of unemployment, hunger and suffering. Our members are convinced

that peace with unemployment is a dangerous peace.

As present unemployment strikes, most of the members of our fields are not immediately affected. It hits first at war plants, the shipyards, the mines and the mills. For a time, we still have our jobs. Then our jobs, too, will disappear. For, in our fields, employment depends on a high purchasing power throughout the country. We remember the early thirties as a time when the schools closed, university enrollment dropped, scientific and technological work fell to a minimum, the theaters were dark, book publication decreased, and a general feeling of despair swept the land. We well know that when the cancer of joblessness and low purchasing power is allowed to spread, it hits us as sharply as everyone else.

Because of this knowledge and this appreciation of our stake in full employment, my organization called a Conference on Full Employment this past June. During that conference, we recalled what the depression had meant to America's culture, what it had meant in terms of unemployment and hunger to us directly, and what it had meant in terms of curtailed cultural activity for the country as a whole. We also studied the record of the past few years, of the planned use of our scientific talent, of the mobilization of theater, music and art to give the armed forces necessary recreation, the use of new educational media in film and radio, plus intensified book publication to help train the soldiers at the front and on the production line, the organization of our medical forces and their skills to give us the lowest possible casualty rate, and the planned use of advertising to stimulate the sale of war bonds, the giving of blood, the enlistment of nurses in the armed forces. This is but a random selection of the myriad tasks performed by the fields we represent.

Nor do I think that I need remind you gentlemen that it was the professor—often termed absent-minded—who split the atom and brought victory far earlier than was expected. In another category of our work, I note the item in last Sunday's New York *Herald Tribune* that Broadway now reaches around the world and that there were 286 entertainment units involving nearly

2,000 singers, actors and musicians who are performing for the men in our armed services literally all over the world. These are not stunts for publicity-hungry stars, but work undertaken in all seriousness. Army personnel not only recognizes the need for diversion and recreation but requests its continuation.

AT OUR conference, Mr. Murray, one of the principal sponsors of this legislation, forcefully indicated that the economic and cultural aspects of our work are inextricably linked. Without full employment, work in the arts, sciences and professions will be limited in scope and achievement. Without full employment, neither advancement in scientific research nor in the application of science to human uses and services will reach its full height. Without full employment, there will be but little opportunity or incentive for our young men and women to devote their lives to the arts and sciences. Without full employment and the material well being that comes with it, there will be little opportunity in this country for appreciation of music, drama and the fine arts.

Let me be specific. If there is full employment, then all musicians will have gainful employment as musicians. The country as a whole will benefit, in the sense that more communities will have their own symphony orchestras. If there is full employment, which is a basic condition for appreciation of the fine arts, then not only the artists who will find markets for their work will benefit, but so will the people. Should the question arise as to whether the community wants such symphony orchestras or art exhibitions or whether—as hard-headed, practical Americans—they consider this just a lot of piffle and twaddle, we give our answer.

In Sioux City, Iowa—as Senator Hickenlooper will undoubtedly recall—an opportunity arose to create a local art gallery, growing out of the interest of the citizens in the development of some type of museum. People contributed \$2,900 in cash, a businessman contributed the space, rent-free, for a period of five years and spent \$1,000 to put in a stairway and a special entrance. The Plumbers' Union gave up