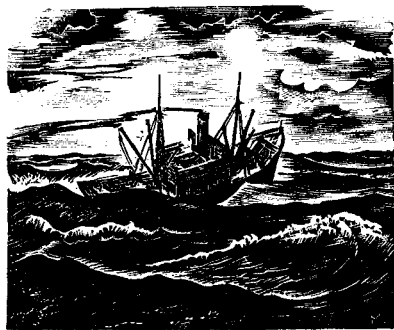


there was more space and less time for cultivation, there are still huge inanimate regions almost bare of human influence. This makes both for the particular individualism and the particular collectivism of Americans. Just as American individualism derives from the independence of the pioneers who conquer and exploit the land, so American collectivism may derive from their loneliness.

The European within his countryside finds himself facing the whole of his past, the backgrounds of his life. His landscape is a reflection of himself; in returning his own image to him it casts him back upon himself. The American instead faces the elemental powers; he finds a blank space upon which he must write himself. So it may be that the extravertedness of the American and the need to congregate derives from that overwhelming task of exploring and exploiting the vast forces of this country, and from the isolation and desolation in which the human being finds himself before this overwhelming task.

Where the task is fulfilled the bareness of the elements turns into the very opposite: highly over-civilized and over-mechanized cities and industrial achievements which establish the close technical interrelation and the uniformity of modern life. To reconcile this discrepancy between over-civilized spots amidst untouched spaces, and between untamed individualism and the inner and outer necessity to congregate, is the job that lies ahead of America.

The trend of our time leads to the most intense interrelation of individ-



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uals and peoples. It calls everywhere for the coördination of human forces. Americans are very conscious of their individualism, but less conscious of their genius for collective undertakings. As conscious individualists they have accomplished great feats of coördination. As unconscious collectivists they have the groundwork for the still greater feats yet to be demanded of them. Only by recognizing their collective qualities will they be able to preserve the freedom and the dignity of the individual human being.

The Exiles' Gift

BY PEARL BUCK

We welcome to America those who come to us out of the distress of Europe. The greatest contribution they can make to our country is themselves. We hope they can live among us and let their energies flow on in their usual work. Our civilization will be enriched by their presence, and by their talents and their wisdom. These are their permanent gifts.

Lessons of Poland

BY PRINCESS PAUL SAPIEHA

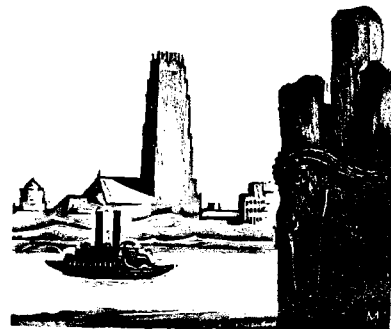
IN this war of ideas, the enemy most feared by the aggressors is independent thought. People who know the world's history, who work with their minds to shape opinion, who use the cool blade of the intellect to probe the slogans and propaganda and show up the motives behind them—these people are too dangerous for the dictators to keep.

Of course, statesmen and outstanding writers in every conquered country are the first to go. Either they have the bitter luck to escape and live in exile, or else they are captured and disappear. But besides these well known men who would obviously work against totalitarian purposes, there is a large class of more anonymous intellectuals who work, in unobtrusive scholarship, to further knowledge. These are the university professors. These men are also dangerous in a state controlled by the Gestapo or the G. P. U. But because they are usually only famous among other scholars, the world doesn't know about them—and perhaps does not realize what has been happening to them now.

I'd like to give you a brief account of what has happened to the professors of Poland, since the beginning of the war. There were two thousand professors in Poland. About three hundred have managed to get out of the country and are living somehow in the neutral countries, such as Greece, Turkey, Morocco, Hungary and Portugal. Seven hundred professors were caught and stayed on the Russian side of the new frontier. Under the Bolsheviks, the University of Lemberg, the only one which still functions, goes on with its scientific courses, so that the professors who specialized in physics, chemistry, biology and mathematics are still allowed to work. But the humanities are no longer taught. The professors of the classics have vanished into the limbo of Siberia. In Wilno, also under the Russians, no professor is allowed to be given any work

whatsoever—so that those who are not yet deported will probably not survive the winter.

On the German side of the frontier, no university is open. The university of Warsaw was demolished during the siege and what apparatus could be dug from the ruins has been sent to Germany. The University of Krakow, one of the oldest universities in Europe, the one which harbored Copernicus, had three hundred professors of its own. In November, when the Nazis had about finished liquidating public enemies, they turned their attention to these quiet, private enemies in



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Krakow. Rounding them up by calling a general meeting of the university staff, they arrested a hundred and seventy professors and sent them to the concentration camp at Oranienburg where, during the winter, seventeen of them died of privation and abuse. In February, some of these men were released, and three died promptly when they got home. There are still forty-six of them in camp, now at Dachau. Altogether, fifty Polish professors died either from bombs or in the camps. Those who have survived and have not yet gone to camps are trying to keep alive by selling cigarettes or sweeping in the streets.

It seems to me that the fate of the professors is just as much of a blow to civilization as the exiling and killing of great literary figures. When the right to study and the right to teach have vanished, there is nothing left but the life of the jungle.

Cultural Repository

BY FANNIE HURST

I don't think I have ever seen a placer pan. I know it is used by miners who when digging for ore, shake the soft soil through a pan with a sieve bottom, until there is only gold left in the receptacle.

The Americas today have become a sort of a placer pan for the bright residuum of many cultures.

Strange shining heritage! It is inevitable that much that is rich and

(Continued on page 14)

The Band of Exiles *

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

NEVER before have I seen our market and streets so deserted;
Truly the town is as though 'twere swept out, or dead: for not fifty
Still are remaining behind, methinks, of our whole population.

What will not curiosity do? Thus runneth and rusheth,
Each one now to see the train of the poor wretched exiles,
Up to the causeway on which they travel, is nigh an hour's journey.

Still runs thither the crowd, in the dust and heat of the mid-day;

Yet, should not I like to stir from my place to see what affliction

Good men suffer in flight, who now, with the rescued possessions,

Leaving, alas! the Rhine's charming bank, that country of beauty,

Come over here to us, and wander along through the windings

Of this fruitful vale, a nook by fortune most favored.

Suddenly then began the hostess, with friendly impatience,
"Tell us what you have seen; for that's what I wish to be hearing."

"Hardly," replied thereupon the druggist, with emphasis speaking,

"Shall I in short space again feel happy since all I have witnessed.

Who could describe it aright,—that manifold scene of disaster?

Clouds of dust from afar, ere yet we came down to the meadows,

Saw we at once; though the train, from hill to hill as it progressed,

Still was hid from our sight, and we could but little distinguish.

But when we reached the road which goes across through the valley,

Truly great was the crowding and din of the travellers' wagons.

Ah! we saw then enough of the poor men, while they passed by us,

And could but learn, how bitter is flight, with such sorrows attended,

And yet how joyous the sense of life, when hastily rescued.

Piteous was it to see the goods of every description,
Which the well-furnished house contains, and which a good landlord

In it has placed about, each thing in its proper position,
Always ready for use (for all things are needed and useful),

Now to see all these loaded on wagons and carts of all fashions,

One thing thrust through another, in over-haste of removal.
Over the chest there lay the sieve, and the good woollen blankets

In the kneading trough, the bed and the sheets o'er the mirror.

Ah! and, as at the fire twenty years ago we all noticed,
Danger took from man altogether his powers of reflection,
So that he seized what was paltry, and left what was precious behind him.

Just so in this case, too, with a carefulness lacking discretion,

Worthless things took they on, to burden their oxen and horses,

Such as old boards and casks, the goose-coop and with it the bird-cage.

Women and children, too, gasped as they dragged along with their bundles,

Under baskets and tubs filled with things of no use to their owners;

Since man is still unwilling the last of his goods to abandon.
Thus on the dusty road the crowding train travelled onward,

Orderless and confused with ill-matched pairs of faint horses,
One of which wished to go slow, while the other was eager to hasten,

Then there arose the cry of the squeezed-up women and children,

Mixed with the lowing of cattle, and dogs all barking in chorus,

And with the wail of the aged and sick, all seated and swaying

High aloft upon beds, on the hard and overpacked wagons.

But, driven out of the rut, to the very edge of the highway,
Wandered a creaking wheel;—upsetting, the vehicle rolled down

Into the ditch, with the swing its human freight quick discharging

Far in the field,—with dire screams, yet with fortunate issue.
After them tumbled the chests, and fell by the side of the wagon.

Truly, he who saw them in falling, expected to find them
Crushed and shattered beneath the load of the boxes and cupboards.

Thus, then, they lay,—the wagon all broken, the people all helpless—

For the others went on, and with speed drew past, each one thinking

Only about himself, while the stream still hurried him forward.

Illustration at right

by Rudolph von Ripper

"SYMPHONIE NUPTIALE"

*Excerpted from the poem, "Hermann and Dorothea," published in 1798.

