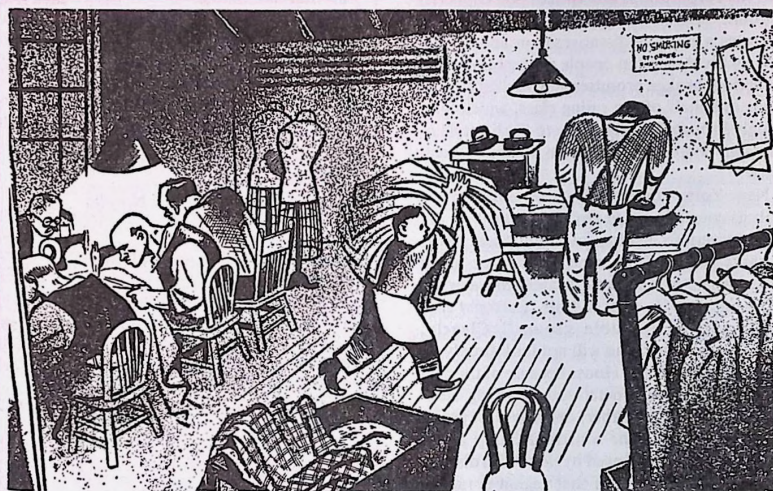


JEWISH AFFAIRS

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November-December, 1980



A Modern Sweatshop, by William Gropper

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Editorial:

And What Now, America?

Those forces which control our electoral process and our choices, would have us believe that the electoral vote nationally for President-elect Reagan and the right (less than 30% of the eligible vote) represents a move toward conservatism and a reaction to "wasteful spending programs". (A euphemism, of course, for socially beneficial programs in behalf of the people. Never, never does it refer to expenditures for military preparations, giveaways and tax loopholes for the corporations and the coupon clippers.)

We submit that, on the contrary, the vote clearly demonstrates a massive dissatisfaction and a clear rejection by the American people of the bi-partisan unity of action, broken promises and duplicity by the politicians in behalf of the ruling class, which have increasingly brought deterioration to the lifestyle of the American people, and fed them a phoney ideological diet.

The New York Times/CBS News post-election poll analysis correctly noted that the results "do not represent any serious ideological commitment to the Republican's views". This same poll further noted that the Jewish vote "may have declined more, when matched against 1976, than did his (Carter's) support with any comparable group." Jewish, American Jews did not, and will not look fondly on the Carter era in the White House because of the general dissatisfaction with deteriorating living standards and services, but further, because U.S. policy in the Middle East and the contrived Camp David accords are increasingly viewed by them with distrust and alarm as the situation in that region is racked by increasing turmoil and unending dangers.

The hastily patched, loosely defined "understanding" staged and created with Carter arm twisting, which blithely circumvent reality, look less and less advantageous to Israel (as well as to her neighbors). This increasing doubt and concern, as well as the rising opposition, not only reflect the sentiments of American Jews toward U.S. policy, but equally toward the Zionist policies which control Israel's course at home and abroad, as well as their efforts to control the American Jewish community in support of such policies.

Let the President-elect and those who surround him take note, that should they fail to satisfy the sullen mood, expectations and mandate of the elec-

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torate for a meaningful change, their days in office will be as numbered as Carter's. The fact is that in recent years American presidents are simply being given a one-time opportunity to bring about changes that the overwhelming numbers of the people want, and this time again the voters said they made their choices "on their negative views of the candidates". If the right thinks that the Reagan victory represents an open-season opportunity for a return to the

(Conclusion on page 24)

Podhoretz, Anti-Communism and World War Three

by Herbert Aptheker

Norman Podhoretz, editor for the past twenty years of *Commentary*—organ of the American Jewish Committee—has produced a pamphlet of ninety pages of text, called *The Present Danger*, which Simon & Schuster (a subsidiary of Gulf & Western Corporation) has packaged into a clothbound “book”, priced at \$7.95. The publishers are pushing this with major advertising, hoping to turn it into a “hot commodity” and thus “make a fast buck” as the “boys” on Madison Avenue put it.

Senile capitalism is poisoning the globe while threatening its annihilation; naturally its more ardent servitors will produce ideological poison to suit. Few are more ardent than Mr. Podhoretz.

This shriek is concocted of fake quotations, falsified history and a sewer ethics, which makes a hyena saintly. What one has here is a mixture of the ravings of Hitler and Goebbels, of James Burnham and Joseph McCarthy. Mr. Podhoretz is to the Right of Richard Nixon; his ideological kinsfolk are Metternich and Rasputin.

★ ★ ★

But these are not the ravings of some village idiot; Podhoretz is a leader among the neo-Conservatives—or, to use the term he prefers and one that is not without merit, neo-nationalists—and these ideologues do represent one of the main strands in the outlook of the oligarchs who spawn them and pay them. Podhoretz tells us that this work “originated in a talk I gave to a meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations in Washington” and there are few more influential collectives of the U.S. ruling class than that Council. The product’s jacket contains blurbs with lavish praise from two Democratic Senators—Henry Jackson and Daniel Moynihan—from former Republican Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, and from one of the most fervent pro-Vietnam hawks, Eugene V. Rostow, now a professor at the Yale Law School.

Coupling the editor of a magazine published by a Jewish organization with Hitlerite ideology and observing the endorsement of his work by Mr. Kissinger, the son of Jewish people who fled Nazi Germany, may strike some readers as strained. But class affiliation is stronger, often, than religious or national origin; thus, among the millionaires in Germany who helped finance Hitler were Jews and Hitler’s chief of the Air Force was the son of a Jewish mother. More to the point, in the post-Versailles Germany, Jewish war veterans banded together early in 1919 with the original objective of protecting their rights in Germany. But this organization—*Der Reichsbund jüdischer Frontsoldaten* (RjF)—with its nationalistic orientation and bourgeois make-up, became an arm of the Right, fighting against the Spartacists, patrolling Hamburg during the workers’ uprising in 1920, and accompanying the Free Corps in its incursions into Upper Silesia. This RjF produced literature proving that Jews were as “good” Germans as “real” Germans; its propaganda said nothing else and whispered nothing in defense of the Weimar Republic or against rising Hitlerism. After Hitler seized power, this RjF actually grew and for a time its members were granted privileges by the nazis. When they had served their purpose, they were banned in 1938; many with money got away and those less wealthy or less well “connected” went up in smoke with millions of others.*

For Podhoretz, Communism is a poison, an infection, and the Soviet Union is not a nation but the incarnation of that infection existing only for the purpose of spreading over the globe and absorbing all of it. Anyone who has read the speeches of Hitler and of Goebbels knows that this was exactly their outlook, as it was that of a maniac like J. Edgar Hoover. This was and is, indeed, Hitler’s “Big Lie”. That lie was not anti-Semitism—the heart of Hitler’s anti-Semitism was that Jews as Jews were carriers of this Communist infection. That lie was not anti-democracy; democracy spawned Communism, Hitler insisted. That lie was not anti-liberalism; liberalism was nothing but a weakness induced by Communism; that lie was not anti-rationalism and anti-science; rationalism and science were the special instruments of the Satanic Communists. No, *the Lie*

* A good factual study—weak analytically—is Ulrich Dunker, *Der Reichsbund jüdischer Frontsoldaten*, Düsseldorf: Droste Verlag, 1977.

was anti-Communism and it insisted that Communism had to be extirpated, and this required in the first place the extermination of Communism's incarnation—the Soviet Union.

The anti-Communism was the point of the anti-Sovietism of Churchill and of Wilson and it was the source of the war made upon the infant Bolshevik state by fourteen nations. It was the source of the pronouncement by Wilson's Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby, speaking officially and laying down the "Colby Doctrine"—that the Soviet Union could not be recognized because it was not a nation but was rather a criminal conspiracy. That remained official policy until Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the recognition of the USSR in 1933. That was a not small part of the "New Deal"—of Nixon's "twenty years of treason"; the neo-conservatives (or neo-nationalists, as preferred by Podhoretz) seek the destruction of the positive components of the New Deal—those among the neo-conservatives who happen not to be Jewish regularly refer to it as the "Jew Deal".

Podhoretz, in his fanaticism, not only adopts the Colby line on the USSR, but makes this explicit in his remark that if one were dealing with Czarist Russia instead of the Soviet Union everything would be quite different. Thus, he writes:

"Yet if the Soviet Union really were a nation like any other—if it were, for example, still being ruled by the czars—would we object to the extension of its power in the Persian Gulf? What difference would it make to us? Would we be worse off buying oil from the czars than buying it from the sheiks? Might we not even prefer such an arrangement?" (p. 91)

This is in line with the growing pro-Czarist propaganda in the United States, illustrated in advertisements for vodka, in letters from Vladimir Nabokov to Edmund Wilson, in Solzhenitsyn's glorification of the one Soviet general, Vlasov, who went over to Hitler and in his *The Oak and the Calf* (published in 1980 by Harper & Row) where Rasputin's incarnation actually declared that the "sweetest" time in Russia's history was the early Summer of 1914!

One may note in the above quotation from Podhoretz not only his nostalgia for the good old days when "normal" states like Czarist Russia existed but also his typical sleight of hand. When oil was bought in Czarist Russia it was not bought from the Czar, of course; it was bought from Sir Henry Deterding and

his oil monopoly; the Czar had put his realm into hock to French and British bankers and Dutch oil tycoons and to U.S. investors like Ford and International Harvester. The wealth of the vast area controlled by the Czar was confiscated by the awful Bolsheviks and now belongs not to Shell Oil or Exxon or Ford but to the collective ownership of the peoples of the USSR, and that is the ultimate knavery of the terrible Bolsheviks.

One observes also that in Podhoretz's "willingness" to deal with the "sheiks" he quite omits the realities of the "Seven Sisters" of the free world's oil monopoly, who retain significant ownership of Middle East oil and decisive control over its refining, transportation and financing.

As the last summer of Czarist rule was Russia's "sweetest" time for Solzhenitsyn, so the best time in the United States for Podhoretz was the Era of McCarthyism—from the implementation of the Marshall Plan to the installation of Kennedy as President. That was the time of true prosperity, that was the period when "the more exciting literature" was produced (i.e., more than the 1930's or the 1960's, he means), that was the period when our nation gained "an upsurge of pride and self-confidence" and the vast majority of the American people were ready to "defend freedom" against the "barbarous regime" that once, in a better day, was ruled by Czars (p. 23).

Solzhenitsyn's description of Czarism and Podhoretz's description of McCarthyism are beneath contempt.

Podhoretz labels his anti-Sovietism "containment"; it is a policy whose logic is war. When he moves past his favorite fifties, difficulties arise but they did not become serious until the anti-Vietnam war movement appeared; that was not a difficulty—that was a calamity.

Thus, the Bay of Pigs, whose failure was "a universally acknowledged disaster," nevertheless "did little to discredit the strategy of containment." Rather, it is best described as "a great tactical error", as "an unfortunate but perhaps necessary stage in the education of a new and inexperienced President."

The intervention in Vietnam, "whatever the legalistic definition of the case may be", was perfectly correct in terms of the need for "containment" (p. 27—by page 62 the intervention in Vietnam even had a "noble purpose"—which will remind readers of Reagan's characterization of the "noble" Vietnam

war). As for Vietnam, "the only question was whether the United States had the means to do so effectively"—i.e., to accomplish the "containment".

The tragedy of Vietnam is that if the means existed they were not utilized; hence doubt about that war began to widen not only as to its tactical wisdom but also as to "the political wisdom of the intervention" and then came the ultimate tragedy—"the moral character of the United States was being indicted and besmirched." (30-31) Again, Podhoretz's sleight of hand is to be observed: he writes that the moral character of the nation as a whole was being indicted, not that of the instigators and supporters of the atrocity. In fact, the mass popular opposition to that most foul war, which helped force its termination, is significant evidence that the moral character of the majority of the people of the United States had remained wholesome despite the machinations of the ruling class and its apologists.

The terrible result—terrible for Podhoretz—is that with the Vietnam experience, "The domestic base on which containment had rested was gone." This book is part of the campaign of misinformation and lying that has been conducted for some years now in an effort to undo detente and to promote a reactionary, aggressive and war-threatening policy.

Podhoretz makes the Cuban crisis of 1962 into a Soviet "backdown"; of course he does not tell his readers the facts: that Soviet missiles were removed from Cuba when the United States pledged it would not invade that island and agreed to remove missiles aimed at the USSR in Turkey; and that the agreement not only saved the world from nuclear war but also began the "agonizing re-appraisal" of U.S. foreign policy that President Kennedy announced soon thereafter and began to implement—which may well have been the basic source of the conspiracy resulting in his murder.

Podhoretz uses his false account of the Cuban crisis to "explain" an alleged subsequent Soviet decision to surpass the United States in armed might. Of course there has never been such a decision and Podhoretz's admitted use of CIA data to "prove" this canard would be hilarious if it were not so vicious.*

Podhoretz wants a return to a vigorously executed Nixon Doctrine—a militarily enforced Pax Americana and no nonsense about it. He writes, for example (p. 46): "If the Nixon Doctrine had remained in force, it would have called upon us to support the

Shah in doing whatever was necessary to stave off a revolution which might or might not have been pro-Soviet but was certainly anti-American." (Italics added—H.A.)

There is more. Podhoretz is not certain that even Nixon would have done what should have been done: "Whether Richard Nixon himself would have had the stomach and the political base for such a policy—involving, as it would have done, American acquiescence in the massacre by Iranian troops of many thousands of demonstrators—is open to serious doubt."

If there has ever been another so evil a sentence put into print, this writer has not seen it; even Eichmann did not publish his instructions. In any case, as Podhoretz laments, "Richard Nixon was gone" and Carter did not undertake this particular curative.

Podhoretz fears that the people of the United States have not recovered from the Vietnam trauma and that there seems to be an "American passivity in the face of a threat to the very lifeblood of its civilization", by which our Mr. P. means that apparently the United States is not prepared "to use force to ensure its access to oil" and that if this nation will not fight for oil "for the sake of what could it be expected to do so?" (p. 49) Yes, indeed, is nothing sacred anymore—not even the bloated profits of the oil monopolies? If young men should not die for that and should not slaughter other peoples for that, what has become of "America"? One must add that President Carter and Defense Secretary Brown assured everyone that the U.S. is prepared to use force for exactly this purpose; should such a military adventure eventuate one can only hope that leading the assault will be Mr. Podhoretz.

There is other assorted garbage in this "book"; the martyred Allende is labelled and the role of U.S. imperialism, of ITT, of the CIA, in crucifying the people of Chile is ignored; the remarkable accomplishments of socialist lands in modernizing, industrializing and immeasurably improving their nations and their peoples' lives are denied; Lenin and

(Continued on page 23)

* Podhoretz also seriously uses the figure of Solzhenitsyn on "exterminations" in the USSR—that figure is sixty millions. He notes that another "authority" suggests a more modest twenty millions—a slight "adjustment." If one adds the over twenty millions that died fighting Hitlerism (of course Podhoretz "forgets" this) it is really astonishing that anyone is alive in the USSR to worry the bourgeoisie of the world—let alone some 260,000,000 people!

Darkness and Light In Israel

by Wolf Ehrlich

Darkness has descended on Israel. The reactionary foreign and domestic policy of the Begin government makes life here most difficult for the people. The government relies on US imperialism and even on its most extreme and warlike representatives. It has become a junior partner to the US and its adventurous, aggressive policy in the Middle East, allowing the Pentagon to build vast, military (especially air) bases in the Negev desert. It has become the most willing tool for implementing the Camp David conception, namely, to unite Israeli and Arab reaction, under the American aegis, against national liberation movements, against anti-imperialist governments in the region, against the Soviet Union. This has resulted in an increased dependence by Israel on the stronger partner who may feel free to plan tactical moves without full regard to Israeli government wishes, while keeping the alliance firmly established.

The Israeli government has greatly accelerated settlement in occupied territories and increased terror and oppression against the Palestinian population there. It is strongly encouraging and supporting fascist pressure groups such as Gush Emunim. This not only hampers any progress towards a just peace; it also threatens the whole fabric of bourgeois democracy in this country.

This policy has estranged the Israeli government from its traditional friends among the ruling circles of Western Europe, has enhanced the opposition of Arab reactionary regimes to Camp David and is weakening Sadat's position in Egypt. The unanimous acceptance of resolution 465 on March 1 in the UN Security Council, rebuking Israel's settlement policy, exposes the international isolation of the Israeli government, whatever the acrobatics of the US administration.

The whole policy of keeping the newly-won colonial empire at whatever cost, political and economic, is bound to fail. The Palestinian Arabs in the occupied territories have united around the Palestine Liberation Organisation in their struggle for self-determination and an independent state alongside

Israel. The Israeli-Egyptian talks on the so-called autonomy scheme have not brought agreement nearer and in the last resort indicate the failure of the whole Camp David conception.

The economic situation is quickly deteriorating. In its class aspect, the economic policy of the Begin-Hurvitz government may not be very different from that of the Thatcher government in Britain, but the economic basis is much weaker in Israel, and the complete devotion of the Israeli government to militarism and war, to occupation and settlement, to continued interference in the internal affairs of Lebanon means an unbearable burden on the economy and the working people. Inflation in 1979 reached 111 percent. The policy of substantially lowering the living standard of the working people may achieve this aim, but it will be unable drastically to reduce the upward flight of prices or to cure economic ills.

Meanwhile, mass unemployment (which has been virtually absent so far, as a result of the stabilising effect of militarisation of the economy in its first phases) raises its ugly head. It has been predicted that by the end of the year there will be 80,000 to 100,000 unemployed. Already, more and more people live on or below the hunger line. Many foods are completely out of the reach of the working class families, not to mention flats for young couples or large families; private debts are accumulating. Drug-taking, crime and violence have become daily occurrences in Israeli society. Frustration and desperation are widespread. Many artisans and small businessmen go out of business and leave the country; young people are also leaving.

No hope is awakened by the prospect of Labour Alignment again grasping the reins of government, if and when a new Knesset is elected. Most people may vote for the Alignment, but without enthusiasm and even without illusions—only to get rid of Begin. On the basic issues (the general Zionist consensus on the Palestinian question) the Alignment would lead to a not too different policy from the Likud, even if somewhat less brutal.

Inside the darkness some rays of light are visible. The Israeli people, the Israeli working class in particular, has not yet basically changed, but it is on the move. Lenin taught that social classes should be seen not statically, but dynamically. While chauvinism, is, of course, still very strong, a process of action and clarification has set in.

*Reprinted from Labour Monthly, June 1980;
London (pp. 276-280).*

The popular opposition to the Likud government plays an important role. The disillusionment among those who voted for the Likud three years ago is widespread. A poll published on March 31, for whatever it is worth, gave the Likud only 18.6 per cent of the vote. The demand to move the election date, scheduled for November 1981, forward, first raised by the Communist Party in 1979, is gaining ground; a public petition to this effect is being circulated in the major towns. The opposition to Likud is not only directed against its unpopular economic measures, its extremism in foreign policy and its operational impotence. Some non-acceptance of the political line is unfolding, some feeling that there might be something wrong with the whole conception. While still far from consummate understanding, this feeling has started to express itself in distrust towards official propaganda in an almost complete indifference towards the officially highlighted achievements. For instance, the exchange of ambassadors with Egypt did not evoke any response amongst the Israeli public.

The so-called national consensus on the Palestinian question, existing at the level of leadership of the major parties, is slowly being eroded at the base. The absurd notion that there is no Palestinian Arab people has been widely abandoned. A big segment of public opinion no longer denies those national rights. Not a few ponder that the Palestinian question exists and that it cannot be solved without negotiations with its representatives. The further advance towards recognising the role of the Palestine Liberation Organisation in these negotiations is notably more difficult.

On a more concrete issue, the question of how to deal with the territories and the people under Israeli occupation, has led to a growing polarisation in political opinion. The Likud government has basically continued the line of the previous Labour governments; but its extremist measures and the strong outcry against them in the territories and all over the world have made their impact here, and the discussions for and against are sharply waged in the press and in the market place.

Many working people have started to connect political questions with economic ones. The government claims that it has no money to subsidise the price of milk or rice, no money to pay its employees the full cost of living allowance, no money to keep the health and education services at their present

levels. However, it finds many billions of Israeli pounds for its colonisation schemes in occupied territories. The people have started to see this contradiction; more than that, they have started to perceive the causal nexus between the money squandered for colonisation and the lack of funds available for social ends in Israel. The widespread slogan 'Money for the slum quarters—not for the settlements!' expresses this new understanding.

The 'Peace Now' movement succeeds in mobilising large numbers of people, demonstrating against the settlements; this activity converges with the struggle of the slum dwellers and other popular sections for directing funds for their needs rather than for colonisation.

At the same time, the class struggle is getting sharper. The continuous lowering of real wages and the growing threat of lay-offs led to the working people declaring strikes and sanctions with increasing intensity. At the end of January, some 100,000 workers in the twelve largest workplaces declared a one-day, warning strike. This included the ports, the airport, the Electricity Corporation, the Dead Sea Potash Company, postal services and industrial concentrations in various regions. Many organisations of salaried professionals led extensive struggles: hospital doctors, nurses and X-ray assistants, court of justice employees, librarians and—most significant—the teachers who, after a prolonged fight, achieved important successes. All the inhabitants of small places in the north and south of Israel—euphemistically called development townlets—vehemently demonstrated in the central squares against economic policy.

While the demands of the workers are mainly economic, these actions under present conditions acquire increased political significance, especially since in many cases the state is their employer. Speakers at strike meetings have not restricted themselves to demanding full compensation for steep price rises and similar claims, but also criticise the financial policy of the government in general.

While the social reformist leaders of the Histadrut (trade union federation) try to preserve class peace, they cannot be altogether deaf to the workers' demands.

The Arab population has taken up the battle against continuing discrimination, for example at municipal level, in employment, against the threat of

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We are delighted to bring our readers a section from Mike Davidow's autobiographical novella, "In Search of Eagle-Doves". The entire work is to be published soon in the Russian-language Soviet magazine, Foreign Literature, which has a circulation of 700,000.

Mike Davidow was born in a small town (shtetl) in Byelorussia in 1913. He was active in the 1930 student movement in New York, and was New York City organizer of the Unemployed Councils and of the Workers' Alliance during the Great Depression. He fought in the infantry, in the Pacific, during World War II.

Mike was Moscow correspondent of the Daily World from 1969 through 1972. His books include Cities Without Crisis and a study of the Soviet stage, Peoples' Theatre. In the Fall of 1980, his Moscow Diary appeared. He now lives in San Francisco.

From *Eagle-Doves*, a New Novella

by Mike Davidow

I heard weeping in the hallway. It was Mrs. Rivkin, our next door neighbor. A man's gruff voice answered her: "I'm only doing my job," it said. "Where will my children sleep?" Mrs. Rivkin cried. It was the voice of despair.

My mother and I rushed to the door. There stood Mrs. Rivkin surrounded by her frightened children, imploring a pock-marked, red necked man in a blue denim shirt not to evict her.

The plague had struck home. The bare belongings of the poor, long hidden from their neighbors' eyes, were now on countless streets. I had passed by many such street scenes. I felt shame at my helplessness. Shame, too, was written on the faces of the disgraced family which huddled around the well-worn furniture trying to conceal their poverty. The poor was ashamed in the presence of the poor! Only the land-lords were unashamed.

What had they to do with the joblessness of Mrs. Rivkin's husband? That's what the tough-looking marshal was trying to explain to Mrs. Rivkin. It had always made sense before. But, now, it was a sense against which humanity itself revolted. All my

mother's Christ-like teachings, plus a new strange feeling of rebellion were there in Mrs. Rivkin and her terrified children.

I approached the marshal. He looked hard but he was a human being. One had but to awaken the good in man. I spoke as if from the pages of Tolstoy. "Have pity on this poor woman and her children," I pleaded. "You cannot drive them out into the street. Your heart; your conscience won't allow you." The marshal looked at me as if I were some kind of nut. He had expected threats, indignation, but an appeal to his conscience? He didn't know I had read Tolstoy. "What, are ya a wise guy, kid?" he asked belligerently. There was justified outrage in his coarse face. "I got as much conscience as you any day, get it, any day. So, don't try to pull that stuff on me, get it?"

Mrs. Rivkin looked at me with grateful but hopeless eyes. My mother beamed at me proudly. It was in the best soulful Russian tradition. I was undismayed. I felt the accumulation of all my days of shame. Every evicted family I had passed by, came before me. I spoke for them all.

"I won't let you put her out," I declared firmly. I didn't yet know what I was going to do to back up my brave words, but I was intoxicated with my own righteous passion. The marshal knew better than I. "Oh, you're a Communist?" It was meant as an unanswerable insult and final warning. I wasn't. But, to me Communist had the ring of Robin Hood. Like everyone else I knew who stopped evictions. "Of course, I am," I lied. The fearful expression on the marshal's face was the best tribute to the power of my lie. It seemed to be a powerful truth, this lie of mine. My mother took my declaration at face value. It was enough that I had proclaimed myself a Communist. What else was required? It was the way I felt, too. I did not take my announcement lightly. I had witnessed the courage and dedicated idealism of Communists in action.

They descended upon these streets scenes of despair like avenging angels. They were simple working people like those they sought to aid but they had no sense of shame. They were not stunned by this mysterious, sudden plague. They seemed to know whom to blame and fight. It was the answer all sought. Who? Who? And first of all, one had to know it was not the afflicted who caused their own misery. It was the simple truth that transformed shamed penitents into outraged accusers.

I watched these miraculous transformations and marveled at the magicians. They seemed to have the humanity of my Tolstoyan heroes but they were not immobilized by their love. What was this new ingredient that made the good also the strong? What added steel to human softness? I sought the steel. I had enough of softness. For some time I had asked myself: "Am I ready to be a Communist? It meant: Do I have the courage to do what I know has to be done?" I had seen so wide a gap between knowing and doing. It turned the loftiest thoughts into mere futile dreams; the deepest emotions into sentimental mush. To do, meant to stop tough-looking marshalls from putting Mrs. Rivkin on the street. I had seen the minions of law and order in action. They, too, had never read Tolstoy.

One bleak September day I witnessed my first beating. The few trees in Brooklyn were shedding their leaves. There was more than autumn sadness in the air. There was a new and disturbing New York street scene. The kids I went to school with and their mothers and fathers I had never seen—I now saw—on the street. They were naked before me—their intimate household secrets revealed, their oversized and over-stuffed shabby living room furniture exposed in all its pathetic pretentiousness. The arm chairs and couch still looked forbidding, encased in transparent, glossy slip-covers, which I had come to recognize as grim warning that they were not for sitting. They were still unoccupied.

It was hardest of all to pass my school chums. I walked by, my eyes glued to the ground blushing with the shame I knew was theirs. Once, I raised my eyes too soon. They fell upon the startled face of Solly Gross, a class-mate, who secure in the protection of my averted gaze, had been peeking at me. I read in his eyes not only shame but pained protest against my cruel deception. For a moment we stood and stabbed each other with stares. "Hi, Solly," I finally managed to murmur. Solly couldn't even manage that. Suddenly a slight, gentleman protested the eviction. He lifted a huge, ugly armchair from the sidewalk and staggered as he carried it to its home. His well meaning helplessness only seemed to accentuate his futility to the sullen onlookers. The evicted family regarded him with subdued gratefulness and resignation. They were paralyzed by the weakness of gentle goodness. A husky cop, his muscled body bursting at the blue seams, squelched this rebellion of the innocents. The monstrous chair was repossessed with ease. The threat to private property

was ended. But, man, not furniture was the real threat, even so gentle and helpless a man. The punishment was not only brutal—it was public. Fear and pain replaced idealistic goodness, as club and muscle demonstrated their cruel superiority. Then, for the first time, I saw a grown man weep and beg for mercy like a beaten child. It was more frightening than the blood which streamed down his face. The evicted family and curious onlookers averted their eyes. I felt sick to my stomach. How weak and defenseless were the good!

My fear of being beaten disturbed me. I envied those who reacted without my tortured reasoning about good and evil. They did what came naturally. I had seen young street kids who rarely read a book, fearlessly defy the police. They instinctively struck out against evil. I longed to be like them, but I knew I couldn't be. I had to fight more from love than hate even in these terrible days.

I blamed my mother. I blamed Tolstoy. Now, I had to hate in order to love Mrs. Rivkin. The good had to be eagles. Yet, they also had to be doves. Eagle-doves? Did such creatures exist? Could they?

Right now it was the time of the eagle.

Two clumsy men carried out Mrs. Rivkin's pride and joy. It was, she had once confided in whispers to my mother, her marriage bed. Its legs protruded indecently as the sweating men wrestled with it. The neat, newly starched bedsheets were soiled like city snow as they fell under the dirty shoes of the movers. The wornout, lifeless mattress was stripped bare, its ugly stains cruelly exposed. Mrs. Rivkin's pride and joy stood revealed in all its pitiful decay.

For a moment shame swept over her thin, prematurely aged face. She seemed to be crushed by the nakedness of this terrible truth. She shut her eyes as if to blot out the scene. Tears glistened in my mother's eyes.

Then, the mattress fell with a squashing thud. With an exasperated curse, a squat, barrel-chested mover kicked it down the stairs. It folded up grotesquely like an accordion against the stairway. It was as if the kick had struck Mrs. Rivkin. She doubled up and a cry of anguish traveled through her entire body.

She pounced on these violators of her womanhood with all the pent up fury fear had long restrained and clutched one of the bed posts. A tug of war ensued between Mrs. Rivkin's memories and Mr. Drozen's rent.

"My bed. My bed!" she moaned. She clung to it like life itself. "Shame, shame, have you no feelings for your own mother?" my mother cried. She searched their faces for a spark of pity. Despair, even more than anger was written on her gentle face. Was papa right? Were even the poor against the poor in "heartless, money-mad America?"

My mother poured out her heart to two stone walls. "You are workers, how can you do this? Look at her! Don't you see your own mother? Don't you see your own children?" They did not. And it tore my mother's beautiful Russian heart.

The pain on her face, the outraged cries of Mrs. Rivkin, the wailing of her children, was too much even for a dove. I rushed to the adjoining apartments and rang all the bells. I shouted: "Neighbors, help! Come, see what they are doing to Mrs. Rivkin and her children!"

The private cubicles that hid mutual misery opened. The frightened but knowing faces of women peered out at me. They saw what they already knew. But, in their eyes was a piercing question, and it seemed to be directed at none other than me. Half-man that I was, I was yet the man on the scene.

The sickening image of the beaten gentle soul who cried out for mercy haunted me. More than the beating I feared the shameful indignity. Would I too be reduced to helpless whimpering? The thought of it paralyzed me.

My inner probing was brought to an abrupt halt by Mrs. Rivkin's cry of pain as she was torn from her bed. A thin stream of blood oozed from her fingernails. That's how the crucifixion must have looked as the good wept. The good must weep no more for the good!

I rushed forth blindly and struggled unequally for Mrs. Rivkin's bed. I clung to it desperately, but the far stronger brutes regarded me with contempt. They shoved me against the wall with ease. The women despaired.

"Mama," I said, "go get the Communists." I was sending for the U.S. Cavalry. I was going to hold the fort. My mother's frightened but proud eyes mirrored my own conflict. I looked at her. She was not only mine, she was Gorky's "Mother!" And I was Pavel bearing the May Day banner in dauntless defiance of the Czar's Cossacks. My wonderful world of books had suddenly sprung to life!

My mother trembled as she softly kissed me on the forehead. This time I did not protest her public dis-

play of affection. "Mishenka, be careful," she whispered. Her eyes flashed hidden appeals to her sisters. My eyes followed her as she haltingly descended the stairs. "Mama," I wanted to cry out to her, "don't go." She must have heard my heart, if not my voice, for just as she was almost out of sight she hesitated and turned around. Her trusting, youthful face that always warmed me like the sun, was clouded with self-doubt. She started to walk towards me when her eyes fell on Mrs. Rivkin. She turned on her heels firmly and marched forth on her "mission". But, I was not alone. My mother's departure seemed to set off the pent up explosion. Her "sisters" pounced like tigresses upon the age-old foes of mothers. They scratched, they spat, they clawed. The astonished brawny males shamed facedly retreated in the face of feminine fury. The victory was short-lived. Suddenly, the police arrived. A whispered warning, heralding the approach of an awesome invader, had preceded them. "They're coming!" It was the age-old anguished cry of unarmed righteousness. Each hulk of bulging blueness, club raised like a spear, was a Roman legionnaire.

It was not their arms that cowed my mothers and made them mere women again. It was the chilling indifference with which they stood above the human tragedy that overwhelmed ordinary mortals. Mrs. Rivkin's bed aroused no tears for them. They stormed it like some strategic heights. The flag of law and order flew over its tattered remains in triumph. These were hawks! Could doves survive?

The embattled bed was battered and torn. One leg hung lifelessly. The springs were limp with grief. But, it was the mattress that seemed to suffer the most indecent wounds. Its guts were strewn in a cottony bloodshed on the floor. The mortally wounded bed cried out in human agony.

Mrs. Rivkin wept too. She clutched the corpse and caressed it like a child. Tears of memory mingled with cries of anguish. Every mother, every wife with a memory, wept with her. For a moment the building resounded with the wails of wounded womankind. Men never weep as deeply. Her husband could never cry like his Mrs. Rivkin for their marriage bed.

The bluecoats stood motionless. They seemed to be powerless in the presence of such grief. I felt encouraged by their silence and immobility. I searched their faces for that wonderful human weakness—pity. I thought I saw it in some young ashamed faces fixed to the floor. They above all avoided Mrs. Rivkin's bed.

Tolstoy once again rose within me. My ribs were pierced with pain as I spoke. I didn't quite comprehend the significance of Mrs. Rivkin's bed, but I felt that somehow the tragedy of man lie twisted in its broken springs. I gasped as I exclaimed: "Mothers, this is us. Mrs. Rivkin is us. She is our children. She is our homes. She is our lives. No one has the right to trample on them. No one!" I searched the faces of the bluecoats. There was nothing to read. But, my mothers! There were the Trojan women!

The frightful fury on their faces mounted as I struggled for words. What is as inciting as truth spoken in the artless tones of innocence?

A hard-bitten sergeant, evidently an old hand at such scenes, sized up the impending explosion. I felt his cruel grasp on my arm. It was the first time any grown-up other than my father had laid hands on me. My father's hands had never really given me pain, even when they struck in anger. I always knew that behind the harshness love was never far away. But, these hands! They were the hands of the heartless America that had taken the heart out of my poor disillusioned father.

For a moment they froze my heart too. The face of this strange man in uniform was no longer indifferent. He hated me. All around was hatred. It closed in on me. Like Mrs. Rivkin's bed I was torn and twisted. But, unlike the cotton mattress my blood was red. It had a frightening indecency about it I had never felt before.

Kids just give bloody noses, but these strong, brutal men I knew would never stop at a bloody nose. Suddenly, the power of beautiful words and ideals seemed pitifully weak. I looked about me. It was women against men. In my street-fighting experience women didn't count. Mothers warmed with their all-healing love. But, I never knew until then with what consuming hatred they could defend that love. My mothers understood too well the world that separated bloody noses and bloodshed.

They surrounded me with the soft armour of their bosoms. Oh, mothers, sisters of Gorky's kin. You showed a dove who doubted he could ever be an eagle, that he need never be a hawk. Tolstoy only needed the fury of the women of Brooklyn. The dove attacked like an eagle.

The startled sergeant retreated, but only for a moment. I became a battleground. I took the place of Mrs. Rivkin's bed.

My clothes were torn, my limbs were bruised, but I

rejoiced. Apartments D-1, D-2, D-3, loved me! And I had never really known them. I had read much of the love of mankind in books, but I had failed to recognize it next door.

Yet, the books I had read, though they never knew Mrs. Rivkin, loved her. They just did not have her address. Lev Nicholaevitch Tolstoy of Yasnaya Polyana, though you never knew Rockaway Ave., Brownsville, you were there. It was the American home of many Russian Jews like my father and mother. They brought a little of you to "heartless America".

The sergeant who held me in his bulldog grip was bloodbrother to Victor Hugo's Javert. I had met him in *Les Miserables*. Now, I recognized him in his 20th Century American attire. Though a battered, bleeding wisp of a boy, I was his prize. He swore in disgust as he struggled to adjust the mansized handcuffs on my too thin wrists. The chafing metal tore my skin as it finally reached my size.

But, my mothers would not surrender their gentle hero. Their fierce resistance only made my ordeal the greater. With each pull in the tug of war the handcuffs dug deeper into my flesh. I cried out in pain. "Let me go, let me go," I pleaded with my mothers. But this made them only redouble their efforts. "Let him go, murderers, let him go, Cossacks," they shrieked and clung to me with greater desperation. Finally, much to my relief, they lost the tug of war.

But I felt their comforting warmth even in captivity. They surrounded my prison of blue to shout words of endearment and encouragement. Suddenly, I spied Mrs. Rivkin. "Mishenka," she called to me in almost my mother's tones. Tears glistened in her eyes. My eyes felt like rain clouds. It was as if all my overflowing emotions, the humiliation and pain, had gathered there and were demanding release. I tasted a salty drop. The deluge was upon me. Terrified, I squinted and grimaced to fight off the flood. Then, I looked at Mrs. Rivkin again. I could hardly recognize her. Gone was every trace of shame and desperation. Her thin pale face was aglow with love and radiant anger.

I did not yet understand this miracle, but I sensed its power. A soft, warming ecstasy swelled within me. I was ten feet tall, immune to pain and fear—even hatred for my captors. I could have embraced not only my mothers but all mankind. Oh, how good it was to love!

(Conclusion on page 21)

Anti-Semitism

from *People's World*

Hundreds of thousands of people marched through the streets of France this week demonstrating their concern over a spate of violent anti-Semitic acts and manifestations that have hit that country in recent weeks. The protest was initiated by the country's two major trade union federations, anti-racist organizations and the Communist and Socialist Parties. The demonstrations had a special aspect that must be noted: the recognition that the latest outrage was not just an isolated Paris affair but rather part of a larger picture of newly emboldened fascist forces on the march throughout Western Europe.

The continent that had given birth to the ideology of anti-Semitism, and perpetrated against the Jewish people one of the worst genocidal outrages in the history of the world only a scant 40 years ago, obviously hadn't put the beast completely to rest.

Lest anyone be deluded into thinking that the bombs of hate are only a European affair, however, the picture must be widened.

The anti-Semites, racists and fascists lumped together as "right-wing terrorists" in the mass media sneak around Europe undercover for the most part. They plant their bombs of cowardice and flee across borders to escape detection. But in the United States they operate openly. They don their uniforms and ghastly paraphernalia and march through the streets. They openly recruit in the schools. They print and distribute their tracts of hate on street-corners. In many places you have merely to pick up the phone and dial a number printed in the daily newspaper to receive the same message that was written on the bomb that blew four people to bits outside a Paris synagogue Oct. 30.

This is not to suggest that the Ku Klux Klan, the Nazi parties, and the other U.S. perveyors of hate are only peacefully exercising what some misguided souls refer to as "rights" under the Constitution. They are armed, they are constantly engaging in violent attacks on people. They kill. They conspire against the Constitution and in favor of genocide (a violation of international law) and they have paramilitary training camps in various parts of the coun-

try. The police even know where their bases are.

Mention of the police brings up a special point to be made about the similarities between what has happened in Europe and what has been going on in this country. If you don't believe this scum has infiltrated the police, ask a Black or Jewish cop. They've seen the racist and anti-Semitic graffiti, the secret signals and the open recruiting right in the station houses. They are saying in Paris this week that the police can hardly be depended upon to guard the rights of citizens from fascists' attacks if they have been infiltrated by the other side. The same holds true here.

Of all the vile and reprehensible aberrations perpetrated upon human society, anti-Semitism is one of the worst. It takes its place with racism as the two most destructive plagues to ever hit our planet. Because of the holocaust that was set against the Jewish, Slavic and other peoples of Europe only a few decades ago, it appeared at the end of the Second World War that the nations of the world had decided to bury this scourge forever. Obviously the measures weren't enough.

The monster has reared its head and stretches its tentacles again. They must be chopped off forthwith. This historic task now thrust upon us will be accomplished not by tears, nor the wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth. The means to that end got started Wednesday in Paris. There must be a massive outpouring of alarm by all believers in democracy and people of good will with one non-negotiable demand: outlaw and destroy fascism, racism and anti-Semitism before the ghastly trio steps forth again in full force. □

In Memory of
Shirley and William C. Taylor
Anna Mandelman

Our warmest wishes for a complete recovery and good health to
Sarah Tobman and Monya Kramer

Muriel Rothblatt, Ida Gafin, Ben Fogel,
Iula & Leo Waxman and Ethel Wolfson

In memory of **Louis Meisner** who died fighting for People before profits
Iula and Leo Waxman

Get Well Wishes from the
Editorial Committee of *Jewish Affairs* to
Sonia Kolkin, Sarah and Harry Tobman,
Lenny Hirshman and Frank Blumenthal

The above appeared as an editorial in People's World on October 11, 1980.

A Chapter from “Tales of A Tailor”

by Sam Liptzin

The following is a short chapter from Sam Liptzin's book, Tales of a Tailor, published in Yiddish and translated by Max Rosenfeld (New York, 1965). The book reflected the humor and tragedy in the struggles of the early immigrants against the sweatshop. Comrade Liptzin was a Jewish writer, poet and humorist who was active in the cause of the progressive Jewish movement and its culture until his recent death (September 17, 1980) at age 87.

Amalgamation

Worse even than the gangsters and the attacks of the employers was the division among the workers, and the competition between some of the local unions in New York, Brooklyn and Brownsville.

The Joint Board of the Amalgamated was supposed to be a central body, but every local was a “kingdom” for itself, and there were a lot of locals. The competition was so unbridled that it resulted in real “contests”—if one local set a mild punishment for an infraction of a certain union rule, its competitor would make the fine more severe for the very same infraction. If one local set a high initiation fee, its competitor would set a higher one. It was not unusual for an operator to complain to a grievance board: “Whats the idea! For working on Saturday in New York you fine me 15 dollars. In Brownsville I did must worse things but I never had to pay the union more than five!”

The competition extended to the business agents; each one wanted to get more work for his local and his area. Naturally, this led to rate-cutting.

Some of the results would have been comical, as the saying goes, if they hadn't been so tragic. In one shop which had moved from New York to Brooklyn, a coat was returned from the warehouse to have a sleeve reset. The operator refused to touch it. “I'm not going to waste my time fixing the work of a New York bungler!” It took a conference between the shop chairman, the boss and the operator to fix the sleeve.

Then there was the finisher who was crowned with the name of Missus Shloymeh. Shloymeh was a

member of Brownsville Local 214. Things got slack in his shop on Sutter Avenue, so he went to New York to look for work. Shloymeh knew very well, however, that the people in the Labor Bureau would not take very kindly to this interloper from Brownsville. So he went and borrowed a union book from his sister-in-law who worked as a finisher in a New York shop. Apparently it never occurred to him that the name of the member was on every book. The clerk in the Labor Bureau, who knew Shloymeh very well, took one look at the union book and shrieked: “Missus Shloymeh, what are you doing with somebody else's book?” The union members who were in the hall at the time picked up the “Missus Shloymeh” story and it soon spread through the market. Shloymeh, of course, had to surrender the book, but there was nothing the union could do to him for this infraction. Charges could not be brought against him in the New York local because he was not a member there, and in Brownsville they would laugh the New York charges out of court. The result was that Shloymeh's sister-in-law was the one who was fined for lending her union book to a competitor. The only punishment Shloymeh got was the nickname—which stuck to him for the rest of his life.

These troubles and difficulties caused by the competing unions drove the progressive elements to push for the amalgamation of all the locals. A plan was worked out to create one union, with one Grievance Board and one membership committee. Operators' Local 156 initiated the negotiations with the other locals to getting the plan started.

In some of the locals, however, there were politicians and patriots who fought hard against new ideas. They would fight to the death against “amalgamation,” they cried. A presser by the name of Kolushkin took the floor at one meeting to show the membership how bad things would be if the plan were carried through. “Do you realize, brothers,” he orated bombastically, “what amalgamation means? Amalgamation, brothers, is like drinking beer and whisky in one glass. Your head starts spinning and soon you've got to spew it all out again or you'll die. Remember, brothers, beer is beer, and whisky is whisky, and don't ever mix them!”

The majority of the membership, however, supported the work of the progressives in the Amalgamated and the amalgamation was carried out. Local 156 of New York was the first to unite with Local 259 of Brooklyn and Local 215 of Brownsville.

This local was joined by the Canvas and Pad Makers Local 153 and the Palm Beach workers. Together they formed the new Local 5. At the same time, the tailors of the Brooklyn Local 213 and the Brownsville Local 214 amalgamated with New York Local 2. Later this amalgamation resulted in the present United Local 25 of operators and tailors.

When we finally convinced even the doubters and the opponents of "amalgamation" to go through with the unification, a celebration was arranged at which the agreement would be ratified. The place chosen was a Roumanian restaurant on Forsythe Street. There was plenty to eat and drink, and the skeptics paid much more attention to the refreshments than to the speeches. The talk flowed, and the whisky and beer, and suddenly Mr. Kreitzer stood up with a chicken-leg in one hand and a wing in the other and sang out: "Brothers! Long live the amalgamation! You fellows had more sense than we did! *L'chayim!*"

When we finally signed the agreement of amalgamation and had folded it up neatly to turn over to the national office, one of our former opponents, who had apparently imbibed more than his capacity began to "return" some of the liquor.

Again Kolushkin was on his feet, albeit a little unsteadily this time. "Well brothers, what did I tell you? I told you this would be the result of your amalgamation! Now do you believe me?"

I Am Rewarded

Afterward, this writer was honored with a banquet arranged by the Local Union. "*Fortshrit!*" (Progress), organ of the Amalgamated, wrote that "this banquet was arranged to give recognition to Brother Sam Liptzin's energetic and devoted activity. Brother Liptzin, although not one of the oldest members of the organization, has been one of the most active participants in the life of the organization since its founding. He was also one of the few in the organization who worked with all his energy for the unification of the separate locals into one union; this effort was crowned with complete success.

"... His praiseworthy activity was recognized also by the presentation of a Loving Cup to Brother Sam Liptzin, as well as a presentation of a ten-volume world history in Yiddish, presented and personally autographed by President Hillman."

When I was later expelled from the union for exposing the graft and racketeering of the Becker-

man gang, I had plenty of time for reading the History of the World presented to me by President Sidney Hillman, as well as for recording some history of that underworld itself. □

Darkness and Light in Israel

(continued from page 7)

further expropriation and eviction from their lands in Galilee and particularly against the brutal policy of evicting the bedouins and their herds from traditional pasture lands in the Negev, to make way for military bases, both American and Israeli ones. The Arab population has never been so united in its struggle, with a high level of consciousness reached as a result of the political line of the Communist Party of Israel. The four mass demonstrations on the Day of Land (March 30) have reaffirmed this unity. Almost the entire Arab population of Israel takes part in the Democratic Front for Peace and Equality, led by the Communist Party; at present it represents the most organized democratic force in Israeli society.

In many fields, the political, social and economic slogans and assessments of the CPI have been taken up by wide circles of the people. Anti-communism has lost much of its former appeal, and people in general are prepared to listen to Communists, even if they do not accept their views. Together with its allies in the Democratic Front and in co-operation with other forces on concrete issues, the Communist Party of Israel does everything to unite the various streams of progressive action, in order to create a force capable of changing the official political line in the direction of a policy of genuine peace, national independence, democracy, equality of rights and social progress. There is no other political alternative for historical progress, and its core at the present juncture is the achievement of a just, comprehensive and durable peace in the area. □

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Problems of Contemporary Soviet Jewish Prose

by Aron Vergelis

The compilers of our present number (*Sovietish Heimland*, July 1980) have taken manuscripts recently submitted by eight prose writers, much as the farmer on the threshing floor picks up at random a handful of fresh, moist grain. The result is a collection of new stories by various authors. A critique of these should undoubtedly make it possible to determine the main characteristics of contemporary Soviet Jewish prose.

These varied contributions make very interesting reading. Particularly noteworthy are the dialectical subtleties of language in this random selection. Although contemporary Jewish writing makes use of the *unified literary language* of Yiddish, the reader of the current issue will notice in these new works Ber Galpern's "Livonian" Yiddish, the "Volhynian" dialect of the artisans, folk stages and wits in Irma Druker's stories, and the contemporary Jewish used by Tev'ye Gen, Samuil Gordon, Iosif Burg, Grigory Polyanker, Iekhiel Shraibman and Mark Razumny—a Yiddish that has fully preserved its folk roots while adopting the superstructure of the vocabulary typical of our own times.

The reader is immediately drawn into the current problems dealt with by Jewish prose, which is inseparably bound up with contemporary life. It is no accident that the very first pages of many stories in our current issue contain reflections on the relationship between the past, the present and the future both in life and in literature. In his story "The Harsh Word", for instance, Ber Galpern sees this relationship as follows:

"The street ends on the outskirts of the city... Actually, it ends in two places: where the tiny little old houses become less and less frequent, and where the big contemporary residential blocks have sprung

up on the waste land, forming the beginning of a new quarter. The city strives for continuation..."

In Samuil Gordon's story "Once There Lived a Shepherd", we find the same idea, but this time in the form of a precisely formulated observation: "Memories of the past saddened me, so that not only didn't I forget what had happened previously, but saw and understood more deeply and widely what was happening at the time..."

The very concept of *the past* has a different meaning for Jewish literature of the 60s and 70s from the one it had in the 20s and 30s. The first generation of Soviet people looked on the October revolution and the Civil War as their immediate past. During those years, the characters in Soviet Jewish literature were still living in communities transformed by the revolution, or on the construction sites of the first five-year plans, or in transferred agricultural artels, as they all had sufficient grounds to contrast this new life of theirs with the wretched stagnation of the past. This was the concern of the young Soviet Jewish literature in the times of Bergelson, Markisch, Feffer, Kharik, Alberton and Orland.

In *our* time, the recent past in the life of a Jewish character means participation in the Dnieper Hydroelectric Project and in founding collective farms in the Ukraine, the Crimea and Birobijan. Samuil Gordon's leading character, Boris Faershtein, "has been running a department of the Rossiya Collective Farm for many years. This farm is bigger than all five previous Jewish collective farms of the Ratndorf Rural Soviet taken together... Apart from being in charge of nine teams, Boris Faershtein is busy with work on the cannery and the winery."

For Boris Faershtein (that is to say, for the present generation of Jewish land workers) the *past* is the time of the Jewish resettlement. He recalls: "I still saw the dug-out and the tent, but I did not go behind the plough like my father. I was only four when my parents brought me here, to the steppe. This is where I grew up..."

Boris Faershtein is a Jewish farmer who belongs to the period of mature socialism. Literature's task is to study him closely, record his image, behaviour, and habits, praise him for his achievements and help him overcome his shortcomings and difficulties. Unfortunately, there are some writers who claim to be conversant with contemporary agricultural subjects, but who fail to notice Boris Faershtein and try to present Boris' father as the *contemporary* Jewish land-worker.

An abridged version of an article which appeared in Sovietish Heimland (Soviet Homeland), No. 7, July 1980. Aron Vergelis, born and raised in Birobijan, is the editor of this Jewish literary publication with the largest circulation in the world.

The same reproach can be directed against the writers who forget that the times of our fathers and grandfathers—the heroes of the Dnieper, Magnitogorsk and Birobijan construction projects and of the Civil War—have also become part of the past, and contemporary themes, being closely connected with the portrayal of *those* times that are so dear to our hearts, are nevertheless notable for a *new quality*.

This has been convincingly described by Irma Druker:

"I often wonder what could happen if my grandfather, Yankel-Moishe, was asked to come back from his eternal rest and turned up in Zales'ye on a posting from the other world... What would happen then? I, his grandson, who have had the honor to see the birth of the new world and man setting foot on the surface of the Moon and who take flights by cosmonauts almost for granted—even I am shaken by the changes in Zales'ye... As for my grandfather, he would be flatly unable to believe it. He would say that it is impossible for such things to have happened; it is no more than a dream or a trick of the devil..."

Many works have by now been written in our literature—novels, short stories, essays—whose authors have, as it were, been commissioned by the reading public to answer certain recurrent questions: What is life like for Jews in the Soviet Union? What are the consequences of the war in the structure of the Jewish population? Where have the survivors settled down and what are they doing? What help has been rendered by the atmosphere, prevalent in our country, of the friendship of peoples and socialist mutual aid? What are the characteristics of the economic situation and cultural life which are to be observed in Jewish circles at the present time? What does Jewish life mean today? Is there such a thing any more? What national, day-to-day and ethnic features are being preserved by the people and which of them are being taken away by assimilation? How great were the losses, in nation-wide terms, inflicted on Soviet Jews by the war, which wiped out, along with the population, entire Jewish communities, traditional centres of Jewish culture, and the new territorial and economic formations for Jews created with such painstaking efforts in the 20s and 30s under Soviet power?

In works which have been, as it were, commissioned by the reader to answer these questions, retrospection is no less important than the plot itself. The

characters are plunged in reminiscences. The writers sometimes veer away from the main storyline, incorporating long passages about the past. It is as if they had not seen the reader for a long time and, on meeting him, feel a greater need than usual to talk about the intervening period. And so it goes on, from story to story. The situation has reached one of downright supersaturation in harking back to the past. One of the contemporary problems of Soviet Jewish prose is, therefore, the *manner* of narration: it is essential not to take the reader so often through the contrast of adjacent periods (though they must certainly not be avoided, needless to say); to be less prone to reminiscences; to illustrate and explore current life more extensively, thoroughly and in greater detail. The decades that have elapsed since the war have formed in Jewish society a new and entirely stable mode of existence. Life has "settled down"; depict it, artist, analyse and interpret it!

As for the period when literature strained its memory and put yesterday on trial in order to draw nearer to an understanding of the present day, as for a great many examples of Soviet Jewish prose-writing in this mode, we should feel duly satisfied with them, for they filled a gap in the artistic portrayal of a certain period of time.

The main character of the new Jewish prose about the countryside is a *land worker and the son of a land worker*. "Four generations of the Superfin family had toiled in the steppe as grain farmers," writes S. Gordon in his story. The literary character is *essentially* different from the oft-described Jewish settler of the 20s and 30s. ("We are as different from our fathers as the age in which they lived is different from ours").

The problems besetting the Jewish land worker have changed radically. In past times, the difficulty was to get away from the Jewish community way of life as soon as possible in order to breathe the air of the steppe, overcome the habits of the New Economic Policy and settle down to a wholesome way of life. There were times, of course, when the Jewish landworker felt a nostalgia for the old *community* way of life...

But how? Samuil Gordon sees his characters in the context of totally changed circumstances. "They began to discuss the new four and five story blocks in the central sector, in Sunrise Village of the Friendship of Peoples Collective Farm... Today's collective farm worker is not concerned with labour-days, he is

paid cash for his work. He can buy everything he needs in the stores. In the new housing blocks, there's no need to stoke up with firewood, there aren't any stoves, there's always plenty of hot water and there's a bath, just as in the city..."

There is nostalgia here too, but this time it is *for the countryside* ("Honestly, you feel ashamed because the land worker goes to the stores to buy a litre of milk, a piece of cheese, and has to go to Jankoi market to buy meat"...)

It is understandable that in discussing such problems, Jewish literature joins in the controversy about ways of developing the contemporary collective farm system, as in all the fraternal literatures; and this is yet one more manifestation of its organic connection with life and of its ability to find its own range of subjects and problems under the new conditions.

The destruction of the Jewish national collective farms by the German occupying forces subsequently faced literature with the agonizing question which, in Gordon's story, is formulated as follows: "Is it all over, then, with the Jewish settlements and the Jewish collective farms? Have they been and gone? Did they show the world that the Jews can grow grain, and then that was the end of it? Will there be no more Jewish grain farmers?"

Anatoli Superfin, a land worker and the son of a land worker, a hydroengineer on the Rossiya Collective Farm, the son of an old settler, Bentsion Superfin, gives a clear answer to this question:

"If anyone thinks that since there are no Jewish collective farms, it means there are no Jewish grain farmers, then he is making a mistake, a big mistake. You will meet them not only in many former Jewish villages, but on collective farms which were never Jewish. Do you think there are no Jews on the collective and state farms of the Kherson and Zaporozh'ye regions? Or on the virgin lands?"

And do not forget, we might add, to include as "Jewish land workers" the collective and state farm workers of the Jewish Autonomous Region of Birobijan, who sank their roots deep in the taiga lands.

Since this is clearly a fact, the answer to another question is also clear. Is there, in our time, sufficient real-life material for the country as a theme in Soviet Jewish literature? The answer is absolutely positive. It is no secret that in Jewish literature abroad the only theme connected with the land is that of the cemeteries. In the Soviet Union, during the post-war

period, some writers have been inclined to interpret collective farm subject matter as *historical* for Jewish literature. Is there any need to elaborate further on the fact that there is no such rule in the Soviet national literatures that one can only write about what fits into the national framework? All the more so that, in this case, the experience of many masters of Jewish prose (Noteh Lur'ye, Samuil Gordon and Chaim Melamud, for instance) is showing how topical and contemporary the country as a theme in Soviet Jewish literature is.

Another background, that of the industrial city, is portrayed in Ber Galpern's story "In the Young City". Here we have a new phenomenon (perhaps more convincing than in the village stories) of the close connection between Soviet Jewish literature and contemporary life, with that literature's ability to find its own subject matter and problems.

Ber Galpern, who loves describing the life of the people, has given us this time a story on an urgently topical theme. His Jewish leading character is, on the one hand, hostile to national nihilism; he brings his ideas and opinions from the world of his forefathers; but this does not prevent him, on the other hand, from realizing his capabilities and aspirations on the wider arena of life where scientific progress and the newest production relations are completely breaking down the national barriers.

The Jewish writer, like his Russian colleague, poses a general problem. Mikhail Lvovich, a young engineer, is working as chief technician of the workshop in a contemporary Soviet city. He is paid a visit at home by his uncle Zelik, who, naturally, is interested in the life of the factory, and this gives the author the opportunity to bring together in one story people of different Soviet eras: the uncle, whose formative years coincided with the first five-year plans, and his nephew, a typical technologist of our time.

Misha, the young engineer, is an expert at his job, but, as his wife Tanya says of him, "he lacks soul", and this makes him an egoist, weakening his sense of social duty. When a simple workman, a fitter, proposes an invention but is not able to make a blueprint of it, the chief technician is ready to reject the invention. He is also wrong in the incident of the unsuccessful assembly of a production line acquired overseas. When the assemblymen run into difficulties, he stands apart: his job is to run the new line, not assemble it. "He lacks soul." Incidentally, it is in the light of this that the others interpret his subsequent

(Conclusion on page 20)

News From The Cities

Chicago

"It is becoming increasingly obvious to ever more people that regardless of whether tweedle-dee or tweedle-dum wins the election, American Jewry faces some tough sledding."

This quotation from a recent editorial written by J.I. Fishbein in the Chicago publication, *The Sentinel*, rings more true with every passing day since the election.

The questionable course of the U.S. government regarding its domestic and foreign policy as a result of the defeat of President Carter and his policies, has raised all sorts of discussion and examination among Jewish people here.

There are new signs of activity around the "Chicago Friends of Peace Now" and the Mid East Peace Project, which calls for support of the peace forces in Israel and for the rights and self-determination of Palestinians, especially in Israel.

Every week there are articles in *The Sentinel* and other publications lauding the united efforts of the Jewish community, together with the NAACP and other Black and minority groups which stopped the nazi meeting in Evanston, and pointing out how this coalition should be re-established to achieve gains in the struggle for civil rights, civil liberties and economic justice. The letter by Rabbi Peter S. Knobel of Beth Emet Synagogue in Evanston ended with the words from the Psalms: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is when brethren dwell together in unity".

These sentiments for reestablishment of a coalition for justice and humanity were also echoed in more forceful terms by the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who warned his PUSH congregation that the struggles are just beginning for all who desire "economic justice", and that only in unity can we resist the emergence of the ultra right and its consequences to all minorities.

The call for a "National Conference to Create a New Jewish Agenda for the 1980's", to be held in Washington, D.C. on December 24th through 28th is receiving the support of many individuals here who see this conference as an alternative to the "hush, hush", "sha, sha" policy of the Jewish Establishment, and should reinforce the support of American Jewish leaders for the statement of Peace Now In Israel, entitled "Our Way Is Not Theirs".

The need to forge and develop the coalition is very necessary in the days ahead. It will surely find more voices being raised, and new ways will be explored to build this unity of the people—and to establish new strength in struggle.

Robert Miller

Los Angeles

Earlier this year an appeal was issued by the Southern California Committee for a Just Peace in the Middle East, calling for a "Talk-In" on the Israeli-Palestinian question. It called for an "across-the-board" dialogue on the Middle East question to discuss the varied points of view, both within the Jewish community, and between the Jewish, Arab and other minority constituencies in the area.

Invited too, were varied sections including labor, the academic field, spokespersons in the Black and Chicano communities, the synagogue and the church.

Quoting from the call, "the differing points of view on this important and complex issue have never had a common platform for discussion in this community".

The response was surprisingly broad and enthusiastic. Sponsors included a leading member of the United Electrical Workers, a Chicano educational leader, a rabbi from UCLA Hillel, a member of the Paper Hanger's Union, a representative of the Fellowship for Social Justice, an Israeli visitor and specialist on Israeli economy, a member of the Israeli Black Panther Party, a leading member of the United American-Arab Congress, a Palestinian, specialist on Middle East history, a Black minister, two professors, one in history, one in sociology, from two local universities, and a representative of the Sheli Party, USA. The meeting was held in the First Unitarian Church, the Pastor Emeritus of which also was a sponsor.

The meeting lasted for six hours with some 250 in attendance. Discussion at times became quite spirited, particularly when a minister raised the question of racist aspects of the Zionist movement. Everyone who wanted to be heard got the microphone. This was in keeping with the decision of the organizing committee—that all who wished to be heard would be assured a platform and that the meeting was not to culminate in a decision or resolution. The gathering was jointly chaired by a Jewish community activist and a young Iranian woman editor.

During intermission periods poetry in the original language with translation was read by Israeli and Palestinian poets.

It will be useful, I believe, to quote at some length from the speech of the Israeli visitor, an electrical worker who, like most Israeli youth, spent his full stint in the military and who, like many others, began to perceive a fundamental and possibly fatal flaw in Israeli domestic and foreign policies. He shared these views quite eloquently with the audience.

Speaking for the peace forces in Israel, he reminded the gathering that "thirteen years of occupation and oppression of the Palestinian people has led Israel to nowhere but to international isolation and continuing internal crisis. When one speaks about the question of the Palestinian people one must speak about justice, justice for a people who have never had real freedom in their own land. For justice there is no compromise. Without justice for the Palestinian people there can be no peace for Jews in Israel. Justice for the Palestinian people is not against the interests of Jews nor their security. The Palestinian people have not, nor will not give up their desire for freedom. No nation will give up freedom willingly.

"But", said the Israeli, "the Israeli government wants to deny this truth, and the United States government wants to deny this truth, and many Zionist organizations want to deny this truth. Instead of finding a political solution for comprehensive peace the Israeli government continues with its blind policy of occupation and oppression.

"Thousands of sons and daughters of the Palestinian people have been thrown in prison. The Israeli newspaper *Yediot Achronot* reported last March 14 that 2,500 Palestinians are now in prison. The reality is much more than this. Prisons like Far Yona, Askalon, Beer Sheva and the prison of Neblus have a special reputation for cruelty toward Palestinian prisoners. Tortures have been reported by the London *Sunday Times*, the United Nations Commission for Human Rights, Amnesty International and the Israeli League for Human Rights. Of particular note is the work done by attorney Felicia Langer, who, in her defense of Palestinian political prisoners, exposed the systematic brutality in Israeli prisons."

It is significant to note here that the United States press has made little or no comment on the treatment of Palestinians native to their own land, equal, per-

haps, to the silence of the official Israeli press in regard to the treatment by the United States government of the native American Indian.

The plight of the Palestinian in occupied territory became ever more clear as the Israeli continued his talk—that they had no rights the Israeli government were bound to respect.

He reported that, "During the years of occupation, over 20,000 houses were blown up by the Israeli military because someone in the family was suspected of having ties with the Palestinian organization. A sixteen year old boy from Nablus was given a nine year prison term after being caught writing an anti-occupation slogan on a wall.

"All political organizations", he reported, "are illegal. Magazines and newspapers must go through special censors. Literature dealing with the history of the Palestinian people is not allowed to be printed, taught in the school, nor sold in stores. The Palestinian flag is prohibited to be raised. The exploitation of the workers in the Gaza strip and the West Bank is amplified by the fact that they are not allowed to have their own unions nor are they allowed to join Israeli trade unions. Their wages are 40% of the average Israeli worker. Forty percent of workers in occupied territory are permanently unemployed and an additional 15% were laid off the beginning of the year.

"Today the United States government together with the Israeli and Egyptian governments are trying their utmost to prevent the establishment of an independent Palestinian state. Instead they propose what they call 'autonomy'. This has been decisively rejected by the PLO and all the Palestinian people. This so-called autonomy keeps the Israeli armed forces in the occupied territory. This so-called autonomy will permit Israel to control the water supply. Israel will retain the rights to expand the settlements in the occupied territory. This so-called self-government will not be allowed to make political decisions, except to say who will collect the garbage in the streets. Would any nation in this world agree to such a plan for themselves?

"The Jewish people decisively rejected such a plan when it was offered to them by the British colonialists in 1946. But the Israeli government is trying its hardest to force the Palestinian people to accept such an autonomy plan."

What effect has the occupation had on the life of the Israeli people?

The continuance of the occupation, he said, which brings no change for peace, is also deeply hurting the Israeli people. The huge military budget and the cost of building settlements in the occupied territory has brought the Israeli economy to disaster. In 1979 the inflation rate jumped officially to 115%. In 1980 it was expected to sharply increase. Since last November unemployment has doubled. It is estimated that unemployment will be more than ten per cent by the end of this year. The price of food recently doubled overnight. Last year 30,000 Israelis migrated to other countries. According to the Office of Social Security 18% of the Israelis live below the poverty line. There is wide agreement that these conditions are the direct result of the Begin policy.

The young Israeli ended his talk with deep feeling for Israeli's future. "In Israel the peace forces are made up of the Democratic Front for Peace and Equality with five members in the Israeli parliament. This is a coalition of Jewish-Arab organizations including the Communist Party and the Black Panthers. They support their solution as just, including immediate negotiations with the PLO as legitimate representatives of the Palestinian people. Another party, Sheli, with two members in parliament also supports this solution. The Chief Rabbi of the Sephardic Jews also supports an independent state and negotiations with the PLO. He considers the return of the occupied territory "to be a commandment of God to prevent continued bloodshed".

He told of the formation two years ago of the Peace Now movement, a large broad coalition, composed largely of the youth who strongly condemned the settlement in the West Bank. They called for the rights of the Palestinian identity. "Just last Saturday," he said, "thousands of people gathered to demonstrate in Jerusalem, Haifa and Tel Aviv. Twenty-seven high school students collectively sent a letter to Minister of Defense Weitzman stating that they would refuse to serve in occupied territory for reason of conscience and political conviction. One of them spent 80 days in a military prison until his request was granted. When he was freed, another of this group of twenty-seven was arrested and is now in jail. Another seven Israelis have added their name to the group.

"Peace is possible. We must work together. The progressive people in Israel, Jews and Arabs, and the progressive people in the United States, white, Black, Native Americans, Chicanos and Jews must

join together for the secure future of the Israeli and Arab people."

So here I am at the bottom of the column and the whole story of the Talk-In is as yet untold. Perhaps more another time. But one thing stands out clear and bright. The coming together of such a broad group to exchange thoughts and opinions shows the elbow room and outreach that exists, and the willingness of people to participate. Such activities are not only necessary today, they are imperative.

Emil Freed

Contemporary Soviet Jewish Prose

(continued from page 17)

statement: "The soul is an obsolete commodity. I feel the greatest respect for the people of the first five-year plans. They worked with passion and inspiration, and they worked miracles. They transformed a peasant country into a powerful industrial one in an incredibly short space of time. This was their romanticism. Now the times have changed: it's the era of the scientific organization of labour. Contemporary technology is so complex that if you go to it with a warm heart, you'll cause a series of disasters. What's needed now is cold reason and technical calculation..."

Zelik Menaker does not agree with this philosophy; he is a veteran of labour who has "come from the first five-year plans". Tanya, Misha's wife and manager of the factory's chemistry laboratory, doesn't agree either. The workers don't agree. However, Mikhail Lvovich, contemporary engineer, does not become negative in character as a result of his uncompromising standpoint.

We have here a familiar situation as a result of which the Russian poet Boris Slutsky put into circulation the expression "physicists and lyricists". Moreover, what would seem to be a purely local clash between a veteran of labour and a young engineer develops into a "clarification of relations" between two periods in the Soviet era whose representatives are the parties engaged in the dispute:

"You see, Uncle, the people of your generation were soldiers. You fought the class enemy. We have none. That's why we are technicians, and only technicians."

"But we didn't fight for a society of robots," snapped Zelik...

It can be seen how deeply Soviet Jewish prose has penetrated into contemporary problems! Is this good for it? Does not the danger arise that, as it goes through stratas of "non-Jewish" material, it will lose its national character? Could the dyed-in-the-wool nationalists be right when they warn that in this way it will cease to be Jewish literature and will become just literature printed in Jewish letters.

Dangerous rubbish as far as the future of literature is concerned! The tragedy of the Jewish writers abroad is, indeed, their very isolation from life, their inability to penetrate into contemporary problems. A false impression has taken root in certain circles that a literary work can only be considered *Jewish* if it portrays the *past*. As a result of this approach, Jewish literature in the capitalist countries has been transferred entirely to the territory of the historical genre. Contemporary themes have completely disappeared.

Soviet Jewish literature has shown that such an approach is absurd, and it leads, in effect, to the liquidation of Jewish literature.

National colour? Our works, gentlemen, are full of true national Jewish colour, while yours merely preserve antiquity. The old wine acquires a fresh bouquet here, but you are endlessly decanting from one vessel into another until the wine goes sour.

As was said at the beginning of this article, the manuscripts of eight contemporary masters of Jewish prose have been included in the issue of *Sovietish Heimland* under discussion without any particular motives, that is to say, at random. The same can be said about the works of I. Druker, S. Gordon and B. Galpern as the subject of a critical review.

It remains only to be mentioned that the stories by T. Gen, I. Shraibman, I. Burg, G. Polyanker and M. Razumny also afford rich possibilities for exploring the problems of contemporary Soviet Jewish prose, but these have not been followed up in order to avoid making excessive demands on the reader. □

Eagle-Doves (continued from page 11)

Suddenly, I was swept up from my mothers. It was as if winter had abruptly replaced spring. Someone had turned off the sun. The music had stopped. I was alone in the dark police van, a few feet and a new, frightening world apart from Mrs. Rivkin's tears. The anesthesia of my love wore off rapidly. My raw bleeding wrists cried out in pain. The terrifying vision of beaten, defenseless goodness rose again

before me. It grew as I heard the sadistic threats and contemptuous laughter of my escorts. A cold sweat broke out all over me as I realized that all the love and fury of my mothers was now powerless.

Now there had to be something within you, a sort of internal camera that could flash pictures. I tried but no picture came. Was this how it really was? Were all the beautiful ideals just accompanying music? What happened when the music stopped? Did darkness descend?

The panic of isolation gripped me. One could face anything surrounded by love. But, alone? That required a new and different kind of strength. It needed more than Tolstoy, but Tolstoy was all I had. I anxiously awaited other prisoners, but none came. I had to see my mothers again. It was not enough to remember them. I pressed my eyes against the thin slots in the rear of the police van.

Through the fractured rays of light I glimpsed Mrs. Rivkin's tear-stained face. How welcome were those tears! They were messages of love. But they were not the tears I sought. I searched the crowd of women that mobbed the police van. They were all my mothers but yet not she. They warmed but they did not penetrate. The motor was now running. My heart sank. The love, the warmth was all outside. The cold and darkness I shared alone. I had a terrible premonition that this was the way one really faced truth. But, not yet! Not yet!

The van started to move. Then in the distance I caught a glimpse of the gentle figure I had been seeking. It was rushing desperately toward the moving van. I could read my mother's "Mishenka" on her lips. Behind her was the "calvalry", but too late to rescue this "fort". The "calvalry" did not run after me.

The wiry, rugged looking young man with protruding ears and a set chin and the chunky girl in a leather-jacket who walked besides him, halted around Mrs. Rivkin's furniture. They surveyed the scene with calm, professional eyes. They spread out a rickety platform and hardly took notice of the police who had gathered around them as the young man mounted it. A cigarette in his tight lips, he took a last long puff, flicked it and addressed the crowd. There was a toughness about them that matched my captors. These were eagles! Had they once been doves? My mother, now stood besides them, her gentle eyes seeking mine. All merged into a single scene through the disappearing cracks of the moving police van. □

Tribute to Peretz

by M.J. Olgin

I.L. Peretz is considered to be the father of modern Yiddish literature. M.J. Olgin, one of the founders and first editor of the Morning Freiheit, wrote this eloquent tribute to I.L. Peretz on the spur of the moment and in great anguish on April 6, 1915 when the news reached New York that the great Yiddish writer had died in Warsaw. Reprinted from the Morning Freiheit of April 6, 1915 and translated by Yudel Cohen.

PERETZ IS DEAD. How remote was the thought of death when one gazed upon Peretz. Energetic, with only a trace of graying; magnificent, boyish eyes; the richly mobile play of his facial features; all were full of youth, hope, striving and humor.

Peretz—and death; Peretz—and the coldness of the grave. What a dreadful futility!

At a celebration of young workers in Vilna, Peretz was acclaimed. The entire assemblage was as if crazed with joy. Peretz was still on the stairway . . . they had barely heard him approaching, when there began a wild shouting of "Peretz, Peretz, Peretz!" There was a single universal shout, as if emanating from a single bursting breast.

In one of the welcoming speeches, it was mistakenly noted that Peretz was 64 years of age. In answering, Peretz began, half in jest: "I've a grievance against the speaker. He has made me two years older. At my age, that is no small matter. There still remains so much to be done,—yet here is someone who deprives me of two whole years . . .!"

These few words portrayed the whole Peretz. There is so much to be done.

Within him there boiled and seethed such a profuse world. How ebullient were the well-springs of his creativity. Continually, newer and wider horizons had opened for him; he constantly hurried to inform us of new revelations that had occurred to him.

Our Peretz was young . . . a strong tree in full bloom. Then, suddenly—a senseless death!

Peretz has died. Death has come, not only to a poet, a dramatist, lyricist, creator of folk-tales . . . the father of a new orientation in Yiddish literature. Death has not only robbed us of a thinker, a publicist, and an organizational activist—death has come not only to a brilliant friend . . . a hearty, close

friend of all of us. **Death has taken from us a whole world!**

Peretz was more than the sum of all his accomplishments through the years. We always had the feeling that he was endowed with even greater and more creative powers. We were always aware that the more we were absorbed into his world, the greater would be the treasures that unfolded before our eyes. It gave us much joy and pride to wander about his great world and gaze upon its wonders.

Peretz is dead. The Jews of Russia will receive the news of his death with aching hearts.

This great sorrow over this single death will temporarily obscure the sorrow over the loss of thousands of lesser lives presently being snuffed out. In the darkness of Jewish life, a bright star has been extinguished.

Will the Jews in America feel sorrow? Did they know Peretz? Did they love him? Was he interwoven with their souls? Or does he touch the most delicate of their heart-strings? There's a clamor and a buzzing amongst the Jews of New York. There's an outpouring of streams of people. Do they feel the ache? Are they aware that the Jews have lost one of their great men? Will they come home and tell their children that this is a particular day?

The city is in turmoil . . . the streets—in an uproar. Has the pain, even for a moment, darkened the light of day?

Peretz has died.

'Tis so difficult to speak before an open grave. It is so painful to relate that which every Jew should have known long ago, and taken into his soul long ago . . . into his most holy of holies . . .

Who is Peretz? This is the man who helped the Jewish masses become more aware of themselves. This is the man who raised the Jewish people to a higher plateau of human worth in their lives.

He didn't do it by proselytizing, nor through songs (poems) about the "Chosen People." He took the poor Yiddish folk-tongue, and stated: "I hereby create of you a completeness . . . a wonderful instrument to express all of the highest, the most accurate, and holiest of sentiments, thoughts and dreams . . . the seeking and the suffering of the human soul." And this came to be. And the language began to emit the fragrance of flowers, the brilliance of sunshine, and the ring of thousands of tones.

Then he went to the treasury of the human soul and said: "I take from you what is most valued and

beautiful, that lies hidden deep within you, and will smelt it in the crucible of my spirit. Then I will show it to the world and let them know of the treasure we possess." And that too, came to be. And a whole arsenal of folk-history, folk legend, folk tales and folk poetry filled our world, and awakened our joy and pride.

Peretz enriched us with the wealth within our own people. Peretz did more for our Jewish people than whole generations.

Peretz has died . . . a great Jew has died. A Jew, however, who did not isolate himself from the world around him. Peretz, the most Jewish of the Jews, as the most modern European personality of all his young comrades. In his mind he paid homage to European culture; in his heart—to Yiddish culture. He developed the beautiful, the delicate and the harmonious, which dominated his creativity. Peretz dreamed of a people living its own unbroken cultural existence. However into this life he transmitted all the best he could find from the great wide world, throughout the ages . . . since humankind began to create the beautiful and the great. Peretz himself was the golden chain that linked the Jewish people with the culture of the wide, wide world . . . Peretz has died . . .

The Jewish workers will meet this calamity with unusual pangs . . . because Peretz's heart was with them constantly . . . always with the fighters for freedom. His thoughts led to the building of theories strange to the workers. His soul, however, throbbed in harmony with the deeds of the struggling masses who are building for a brighter future. Peretz, not only with words and golden songs (poems), but also with deeds, came to the aid of the Jewish workers' movements. He was "our" Peretz in the ranks of the organized workers.

Peretz has died. However, we must not weep . . . we must not lament. This is not the way to honor the memory of Peretz. We must live. This means transplanting to ourselves all that is good and radiant in humankind.

Living, —means loving the people, loving the persecuted and the enslaved, helping them sense humanity within themselves, so they would straighten their backs and go forward to the light . . . towards the sun . . . □

Podhoretz, (continued from page 5)

these are mere peccadillos in a work that wants an anti-Soviet, pro-imperialist policy whose logic means World War Three.

Mr. P.'s main foe in this work is George F. Kennan. He begins and ends his tirade with Kennan. The early Kennan of the 1940's, who projected a policy of "containment" (though even then he did not envision military means), is all right, but the later Kennan who, on the basis of twenty-five years more of thought and experience, has come to understand that there is no sane alternative to peaceful co-existence and who argues very effectively for such a policy, while simultaneously making clear his rejection of socialism—that is Mr. P.'s main foe. This Kennan, he writes (*p. 101*) has "grown weary and fearful".

While Mr. P. quotes the early Kennan—and then incompletely—of course his method of argumentation is such that he never quotes from the later Kennan whose arguments he is denouncing.

Let us quote the later Kennan and see what it is that Mr. P. so loathes and hides from his readers. Mr. Kennan's most recent book is *The Cloud of Danger: Current Realities of American Foreign Policy* (Little, Brown, Boston, 1977). There Mr. Kennan—who began his Foreign Office service in 1927 and was U.S. Ambassador to the USSR and to Yugoslavia and is now at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton—insists that those who raise alarms about a "surprise Soviet attack against Western Europe...are living in a dream world of their own." He asserts that "the Soviet leaders themselves, and outstandingly Brezhnev personally, do not want" a war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. He writes that back in 1950 he had warned against the U.S. policy of first use of atomic weapons in war (a point about the early Kennan that Mr. P. omits); he reiterates that "first-strike" still remains U.S. policy and that it is more urgent now than twenty-five years ago that this be changed. Finally, and this is the heart of the present Kennan and it is this paragraph's reasoning that is a bone in the throat of all the Mr. Ps:

"With relation to the Soviet government, our task is not to destroy it or make it into something else but to find means of living side by side with it and dealing with it which serve to diminish rather than to increase the dangers that now confront us all."

That is the simple truth of the whole question; that is the point of detente, of peaceful co-existence. In the present world, with its technical development

and the realities of weapons capacity, either the United States and the Soviet Union manage to live together in a rational manner or there will be no living on this globe at all for anybody.

Historically this is the alternative before humanity and the policies of neo-conservatives or neo-nationalists like Podhoretz would replace co-existence with extermination. Such extermination will surely not avoid the members of the American Jewish Committee or the Jewish people of the United States—nor any other peoples. □

Editorial (continued from page 2)

“good old days” of no unions and social programs for the people, they have another think coming.

The bi-partisan policies, the anti-people, anti-working class attitudes of the servitors of the rich in government, following the course outlined by the ruling class, simply cannot bring about the necessary changes. However wealthy and powerful this nation may be, it cannot sustain a military economy with massive proportions of our national wealth spent on useless inflation swelling war materials, and at the same time find the funds that will enrich and secure the lives of the people.

The people's forces have never ceased their struggles to defend their gains and to move the ruling class to make concessions. But we have a responsibility in the days and months ahead to alert and mobilize the people to the dangers which continue to beset them. We must point to the election results not as a victory for the right and a rejection of the policies in behalf of the people, but on the contrary, as a rejection of the broken promises made to the people. The moment requires that we formulate a program and fashion new tactics to bring clarity of understanding and direction to those within our influence.

It further requires the fullest possible emphasis on the mobilization of people and forces to higher levels of mass struggle to fight the immediate threat from the right to destroy all the gains and victories produced by the American working class and its progressive allies in struggles spanning a century, which were designed to improve the living standard of the people—and to secure peace in the world.

An end to inflation, unemployment and deteriorating living standards depends, in the first instance, upon a move to detente on the world scene

and the acceptance of the Salt II agreement, which will relax international tensions, encourage understandings among peoples, and bring an end to the costly arms race. The people must compel the phoney politicians to put our country on the road to economic prosperity, peace and equality! □

Theater

“GRAND STREET” Written by Robert Reiser.

Off-Broadway now reaches down to Off-Delancey, where, at the New Federal Theatre on Grand Street, bits of nostalgic history are finding dramatic expression.

The current production deals with the Yiddish theatre, which in its heyday in the early 1900's touched the lives of the “huddled masses” who came from Eastern Europe to live on the lower East Side.

“Grand Street” lights up on a set depicting a backstage dressing room of a neighborhood theater. The actress Sara (Olivia Negron) is at the make-up table and chats with Mogulesco (Robert Trebor) as they air their hopes, fears and frustrations. When David Kessler (Harold Guskin) enters, his authority is immediately apparent. He is the company star and manager. One of his responsibilities is to keep the budget low, to cajole the actors to accept starvation wages. When Mogulesco—who is in line for a “character” part—requests a raise in pay and claims that a rival company on Second Avenue has offered him \$15 a week, Kessler retorts: “What! Is he—Thomashevsky—a millionaire!?”

There is a memorable scene in which Kessler explains to a stage-struck novice, Murray Schwartz (Steven Markus) what it means to be an actor, a lesson that any aspiring Thespian could take to heart.

The message is that the actor has to taste the bitterness of life before he can transmit truth to the audience. We learn also that the real theatre critics are the people in the audience—the ordinary workingmen and women who fill the top galleries on Second Avenue, street peddlers, sweat-shop slaves, laborers of every kind. They are the experts qualified to judge an actor's skill and their criterion is: does he deliver something that's true to life? They can spot any actor who is a sham and do not hesitate to tell the world. Kessler concludes his speech with the message that to be an actor you must be able to deliver the *real*

(continued on page 27)

An Appeal to Our Readers and Friends

JEWISH AFFAIRS

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December 1, 1980

Dear Readers, Friends and Comrades:

As readers of Jewish Affairs we come to you with this appeal in its behalf. This is a time of great dangers facing Jewish-Americans, as well as all the American people.

The attempts by U.S. monopoly circles to make nuclear war credible and a dire threat; the vast buildup of U.S. armed forces, in the Middle East in particular; the increased attacks upon all socially beneficial programs for the people; and the dangerous growth of racist and anti-Semitic activity by the KKK and nazi groups make it more imperative than before that Jewish Affairs continues to play an even greater role in organizing the fightback among Jewish-Americans against this massive reactionary offensive.

In spite of a number of difficulties, Jewish Affairs has been issuing a publication of merit, as our recent issues attest, with exclusively volunteer help. But sharply multiplying production costs make it necessary that we raise \$25,000 a year to sustain our magazine and the activities surrounding it, and any lack of funds will severely restrict our ability to produce the kind of magazine that the political moment requires.

As you well know, our annual dinners usually held in January were an important target date and station for our fund-raising. The funds raised at these events sustained us for the year ahead. But at a recent meeting of our activists, it was proposed that, however the difficulties, this year's event be postponed until more favorable spring weather. While a later date for this important event may increase its attendance and success, we simply cannot wait any longer for the funds usually made available each January.

With a sense of real emergency, then, we appeal to you and to the groups and organizations within your influence, to make your contributions now, to plan all possible fund-raising activities as soon as possible, and to perhaps become a regularly sustaining reader before our current operating funds are depleted. We assure you that the need is real and of the moment, and therefore request that you respond quickly to this emergency appeal.

You have, friends and comrades, responded fully and timely in the past to keep our publication going. We ask now that you help us to overcome this difficulty -- to assure the publication of Jewish Affairs so that it may continue its work, to improve in its quality, and to move the Jewish community on to a progressive course with all others, for peace and social progress.

Fraternally yours,

Editor & Staff of Jewish Affairs

Jewish Culture in Birobijan

by Yevgeny Bugayenko and Maya Kotlerman

The ensemble of violinists at the Birobijan Cultural Centre in the Jewish Autonomous Region, USSR, celebrated its fifteenth anniversary last June. The group of musicians who were honored by the Ministry of Culture of the Russian Federation with the title of People's Ensemble is a great favourite with the people of Birobijan, and is the winner of a number of competitions and reviews. Semyon Grossman, a teacher at the Birobijan Teachers' Training College, recalls the day the idea of creating the ensemble was born.

"Abram Gershkov paid me a visit one day and said: 'I hear violins in practically every home in our city, it's time they came out on the stage', and I answered: 'You're right. Why not?'"

Almost everyone in Birobijan knows the Gershkov family. Abram—a pensioner, his son Felix—an engineer, and his daughter Asya—a teacher, are all dedicated musicians. Gershkov—senior used to write music for the Jewish Folk Theatre.

The city department of culture approved the idea and, what is more, it immediately lent a helping hand by providing money for the instruments and costumes and inviting experienced musicians from other cities to advise the budding artists of the new ensemble and, finally, it found the premises for them in the city's Cultural Centre.

The ensemble brought together people of different ages and professions—engineers, teachers and students. For instance, there is Semyon Vainberg, a physician. He grew up in Birobijan, studied at the medical institute in Khabarovsk and after graduation returned to his home town to work. He has a family of his own now, is happy in his work and in the evenings he works hard studying the scores and preparing for rehearsals.

Semyon says: "I find that playing the violin gives me a lift. After the day's work the sounds of music dispel fatigue and put me in a good mood. Remember Plato? 'Music inspires the whole world, gives

wings to the soul and encourages flights of fancy."

This is how Semyon Grossman described the ensemble's opening performance.

"At first the hall was terribly quiet and we grew uneasy but afterwards ... you should have seen what happened afterwards! The silence seemed to explode. There was a storm of applause and only the violins could calm the audience."

The ensemble's repertoire includes Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, Schubert, Glière, Mozart, Beethoven, Oginsky, Fibich, Dvorak and local Birobijan composers.

Thousands of people in the towns and villages of the Soviet Far East flock to hear the ensemble play and its concerts have been telecast by the Khabarovsk TV.

The people of Birobijan love the violin but they are also fond of the tender song, the vivacious dance and the merry skit.

The Jewish Folk Theatre of Birobijan has staged scores of plays based on the works of Sholem Aleichem, Goldfaden and other writers. Like the ensemble, the theatre also celebrated its fifteenth birthday last year. But the Jewish Musical Cameo Theatre is just over a year old. A year ago last November it premiered its first production, the first Jewish opera in Yiddish entitled "*A Black Bridle for the White Mare*" written by Yuri Shering.

Among other performing groups popular in the region are the "Tenderness" Dance Ensemble, the Folk Orchestra and Choir. Practically all the clubs and Houses of Culture (of which there are 120 in the region) have amateur theatrical groups.

Galina Dolmatova, deputy chairwoman of the Birobijan City Soviet, told APN correspondents that the city department of culture spent 255,400 roubles (340,000 dollars) to promote amateur art and maintain clubs in 1978 alone. "We pay the specialists in charge of the ensembles and different amateur art groups, buy new musical instruments, costumes for the artists and pay their expenses when they are on tour," she said. "Just the other day, for instance, I endorsed a bill for 8,000 roubles (more than 12,000 dollars) to be spent on costumes for the singers of the Choir. On top of that, our trade unions, industrial enterprises and various departments allocate large sums to promote culture in Birobijan. We will continue to do our best to enable everyone in the Jewish Autonomous Region to cultivate and develop their artistic talents. □

Reprinted from *Canadian Jewish Outlook*, July-August 1980, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Contributions to the Jewish Affairs Sustaining Fund

With this issue, we publish a list of contributors to the *Jewish Affairs* Sustaining Fund. This fund is necessary to assure the publication of our journal in the face of ever-rising publication costs. Contributors to the fund realize, as you do, that *Jewish Affairs* has been a consistent voice in the Jewish community for the progressive analysis of the major issues of our day; for clarity in the struggle for economic justice, equality and peace; and for progressive working class culture.

Jewish Affairs takes this opportunity to thank our contributors, and we will continue to list the names of all those who wish to contribute to this vital fund.

NEW CONTRIBUTIONS have been received from:

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David Seltzer	25.	Frieda Burke	5.
M. & I. Levine	25.	M. & A. Todres	3.
Saul & Anna	25.		

"GRAND STREET" (continued from page 24)

thing and the people will recognize it as the truth.

Poor Murray, he can't apply Kessler's teachings in any useful way. However, unexpectedly he is involved in a confrontation with his father (Neil Napolitan), as Murray lingers back-stage dressed as a ragpicker. The dramatic life-situation is what he needs. From the depths of his being come stirring lines and an eloquent delivery, heart-breaking and tear-jerking, just what a good Yiddish melodrama

(Concluded on next page)

Theatre (Conclusion)

(though played in English) requires. Murray Schwartz has a promising future.

It was an excellent show, and more people should have a chance to see it down on Grand Street.

December 1980

Nettie J. Zimmerman

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A Letter to Jewish Affairs from the ICUF of Argentina

To the Staff of Jewish Affairs

Dear Friends:

We are pleased to inform you that on the 24th, 25th and 26th of this month we shall have our 12th Congress. During this event we shall elect new officers, as we do ever four years. At the same time we shall discuss all topics related to the Jewish community and the problems of our country, as well as others of general concern.

We believe you will be pleased to know that our ICUF has remained loyal to the central ideas that created the foundation of this Federation, to wit:

- Against fascism and racism in any form;
- Against Zionism, a nationalistic and chauvinistic trend which has taken hold of the government in Israel, has persistently led an anti-Palestinian, anti-Soviet stand, and is therefore causing countless conflicts in the Middle East and the threat of a world war;
- For the integration of the Argentine Jews into the progressive currents that live and fight in our country despite the many hardships they have to face, of which you are probably aware.

Since we would like you to be acquainted with these facts and with our standing in regard to all these issues (having read some of your journals, we think them to be akin to ours), we shall continue sending our information. You will be interested to know that 16 clubs and other kinds of mass institutions are members of our Federation.

We shall be only too glad to receive any kind of answer you may consider.

We remain brotherly yours,

A. Bardaj, Chairman

A. Gruschka, Secretary

Buenos Aires, Argentina

October 9, 1980

The Editorial Board of Jewish Affairs has responded to the above letter from the Yiddish Cultural Farband expressing our pleasure in hearing from our friends in Argentina, and encouraging them to continue sending us information and materials in general, and particularly with regard to the just-concluded 12th Congress.—The Editors

Jewish Affairs

צ'לם אָנגעצונדן ביים בראַנקטער חייו פון

גענערשער פאמיליע

א 4-מיטיקער צ'לם איז דעם 10טן נאוועמבער ביי נאכט אָנגעצונדן געוואָרן אין דעם הויף פון דער נע" גערשער וועב-פאמיליע. אין 3192 מילס עוועניו, אין דער דעושוואטער פארק געגנט, אין די בראַנסק. די וועב-פאמיליע האָט זיך אַריינגעקליבן אין אַ וויסער געגנט. מערסטנס פון אַיטאליענער, און ווערט כסדר פאַרפאַלגט. ווי עס האָבן באשטעטיקט די מיער-לשער, וועלכע האָבן אויסגעלאָשן דעם ברענענדיקן צ'לם. דאָס האָט אין ניט באשעדיקט געוואָרן. אַ באַאמטער פון דער באַרקלי עוועניו פאַליציי-טעזישאַן האָט דערקלערט, אַז "מיר געמען דעם עיני זייער ערנסט". די פאַליציי האָט אָנגעהויבן אַן אונטערזוכונג פון דער אונטערצינדונג.

ען. עי. פי. פי. פאָדערט שריט קעגן טערראָר

פון "קו קלוסק קלען"

אין אַ באַריכט פון אַטלאַנטא ווערט איבערגעגעבן, אַז די פירער פון דער "געשאַפן אַסאָסיאַטשן פאַר דעי אַדווענסמענט אָו קאַלאַרד פּיפּל" האָבן זיך געווענדט מיט אַ דרינגענדיקן אַפּיל צו דער פּעדעראַלער רעגירונג אַנצוגעמען דראַסטישע מאַסען צו צוּמען דעם טערראָר פון דעם "קו קלוסק קלען".

אויך שניחאסטער, ראַיאָן-דירעקטאָר פון דער עו. עי. פי. פי. האָט דערקלערט אַז דער "קו קלוסק קלען" האָט פאַרגרעסערט די צאַל מיטגלידער אויף הע"כער 25 פּראָצענט און אַז נאָך גרעסער איז די צאַל פון די וואָס שטיצן די כּוּלגאַנישע מעשינס פון דעם קלען. די קלעניקעס, האָט געזאָגט שניחאסטער, זיינען קיינמאַל ניט געווען אַזוי חוצפּהדיק ווי קלען און אַז זיי וזכן נישט פּראָוואַצירן די שוואַרצע באַפעלקערונג אויף פּאַרשיידענע אַזשינס. אַן ענלעכע באשולדיקונג איז די טעג אויך געמאַכט געוואָרן פון דער "אַנטי-דעפּאַמעישאַן ליג".

נאַצישער קאָנגרעסקאַנדידאַט האָט פאַרלוירן

אין קאָליפּאָרניע

דער נאַצישער פירער און קלעניק סאַם חעצנער, וועלכער האָט אין די פּראַיעמירי וואַלן פון דער דעמאָ-קראַטישער פּאַרטיי געצויגן 33 טויזנט שטימען און גע"קראָגן די נאַמיאַניע פאַר קאָנגרעסמאַן, איז אין די וואַלן דעם 14טן נאוועמבער באַזיגט געוואָרן דורך דעם רעפּובליקאַנער קאָנגרעסמאַן קלערי בורגנער, מיט אַ רויק-גרויסער צאַל שטימען, איבער 253 טויזנט צו 35 טויזנט שטימען פאַר מעצענער.

מעצענער, 42 יאָר אַלט, אַ טעלעוויזיע-מעכאַניקער, האָט דערקלערט זיין דורכפאַל איז ניט אַ מפּלה פון די

1/4 וואָס קלען. ער האָט געוואָרפן די שולד אויף דער "מעדיאַ" אַלס פאַרנאַטוואַרטלעך פאַר זיין דורכפאַל. קאָנגרעסמאַן בורגנער האָט דערקלערט, אַז זיין זיג איבער מעצענער איז אויך אַ צוריקוויונג פון די קלעניקעס, וואָס זיינען דורכאויס אַפּשטיסונדיק צו די בירגער פון קאָליפּאָרניע.

ראַבאָי שנידלעך פאַרדאַמט יידישע גרופּן

פאַר קאָנאַטאַקטן מיט אַנטיסעמיטן

ראַבאָי אַלעקסאַנדער שנידלעך, דער פירער פון דער "אַמעריקען היבור קאָנגרעגאַטשאַנס" האָט באַ-שולדיקט די רעכטע פונדאַמענטאַליסטן — קריסטלע-כע גרופּן, אַז זיי העלפן פאַרשפּרייטן אַנטיסעמיטיזם אין אמעריקע. ער האָט גלייכצייטיק פאַרדיקט געווי-סע יידישע גרופּן, וועלכע זיינען אַזוי גרייט געשעלן צו ווערן יענע לעמעענטן און אַריינצוכאַפן קליינע גע"ווינסן, אַז עס אַרט זיי ניט אַז דאָס ווערט געטאַן אויפן חשבון פון ערנהאַפטיקייט און וועלכסט-רעסעקט. ריינדיק אין טעמפל געמנאל פאַר אַ צאַל רעפּאַר-טירער פון דער עמפּלימנטלירער האָט ראַבאָי שנידלעך, אַ פירער פון דער רעפּאַרטי-אַזעוונג אין אמעריקע, געזאָגט: "ווען אַ זשאַבטיק-פּאַנאַציע פּרעזענטירט איר אויסצייכענונג צו דושערי פּאַרוועל פאַר זיין שטי-צע צו ישראל און די אַנטי דיפּעמזישאַן ליגע" זיי בני ברית ניט אַפּ איר טריבונע צו פּעס ראַבערטסאַן פון דער קרטישליכער בראַדעקעסטינג נעשוואַרק, ער זאַל רעדן וועגן ירושלים — אין עס "משוגעת און וועלכטפאַרד".

ראַבאָי שנידלעך האָט גערופּן דאָס אַמעריקאַנער יידנטום בעסער צו גרייבן די מעסיקע קריסטן און ליבעראַלע שוואַרצע גרופּן, כדי "צו טאַפן אַ קאָאָליציע פון ערלעכקייט קעגן דער אַפּערעקנדיקער מאַכט פון די ראַדיקאַלע רעכטע".

יידן אין שוואַרצע דאָרפן קעמפן צוזאַמען קעגן

דעם טערראָר פון די קלעניקעס אין נאַציס

דער אַמעריקאַנער יידישער ישוב דאַרף ווערן אַ באַדייטנדע טרייב-קראַפֿט אין אַרגאַניזירן אַנטי-קלען און אַנטי-נאַצי דעמאָנסטראַציעס. צוזאַמען מיט די נע-גערימאַסן און אַנדערע מינדערהייטן, וואָס ליידן פון פאַרפאַלגונגען, די מאַסן-מאַרדן פון נעגערישע קינדער און נענער בכלל זיינען אַ באַראַמעטער פון דער דאָ-סיסטישער אַטמאָספּער אין לאַנד, וואָס דאָס הייסט אויך — אַן אַטמאָספּער פון אַנטי-סעמיטיזם. יידן פון אַלע רייכטונגען, דעמאָנסטראַציעס און דאַרפן אַנהייבן וואָס-בְּרִיטערע דעמאָנסטראַציעס און באַרן לאַנד פון יידן און גיט-יידן, ספּעציעל אין שווד-שית מיט שוואַרצע, טשיקאַגאָ און איבערע מינדער-הייטן, אויף דער באַזע פון פּאַלקס-פּראָגנאָס קאַמף קעגן מאַשינס, קעגן דעם קלען. ס'איז דער געבאַט פונעם מאַ-מענט פאַר אַלעלע דעמאָנסטראַציעס.

פאראייניקטער קאָמפּרעִהאַנט פון יידן און שוואַרצע קעגן אַנטיסעמיטיזם און ראַסיזם

אין אָקטאָבער, 1980, זיינען איבער 5.000 ווייסע און שוואַרצע יידן און קריסטן, זיך צוזאַמענגעקומען צו אַ סאָלידאָריטי־דעמאָנסטראַציע קעגן ראַסיזם און אַנטיסעמיטיזם אין נאָרט־וועסטערן אַניווערזיטעט אין עווערסטאָן, אַילאָיא.

דעם איז געווען אַ קאָנטר־דעמאָנסטראַציע קעגן די אמעריקאַנער נאַציס וועלכע האָבן דורכגעפירט אין דער וועלכער צייט אַ ראַסיסטישע דעמאָנסטראַציע אין אַלולעיס פּאַרק, אַרום דריי מייל דער וועג פון דעם אַניווערזיטעט.

עס ווערט געשאצט, אַז העכער 25 הונדערט יידן, שוואַרצע און אַנדערע אַנטי־פאַשיסטן זיינען געקומען אין לאַוועליס פּאַרק, וואו די נאַציס האָבן געזאָלט אַפּ האַלטן דעם מיטגליד, אויז שטינג, ווי זיי האָבן זיך באַ ווירן וועגן זיי באַוואַרן שוואַרצע מיט שטינגער און אייער, ניט געקוקט אויף דעם, וואָס די נאַציס זיינען באַשיצט געוואָרן פון דער פּאָליציי.

אַלס רעזולטאַט פון דעם פּאָראַייניקטן ווידער־שטאַנד זיינען די נאַציס געווען געצוואונגען זיך אַפּ צוטראַגן.

אין אַ דערקלערונג, וואָס קאָלומען מילער, פּרע־זידענט פון דעם עווענטסאָן ברענטש פון דער "נע־שאַנאַל אַסאָסיאַטשן פּאַר דהי אַדווענטעמאַנט אוי קאָ לאָרד פּיפּל" האָט געמאַכט דעם ער געזאָגט אַז די דעמאָנסטראַציע איז געווען אַ דעמאָנסטראַציע פון איי־ניקייט פון אַלע גרופּן.

ראַבאָי פּיעטער קאָנבל פון דער "בית אמת" סינאַגאָגע האָט דערקלערט, אַז דאָס איז דער אָנהייב פון אַנדערע פּרעסעסעס צו שאַפן אַ וועלט און האָט אַן אַן פאַנאַטיזם. ביי דער פּרעסעסאַציע קעגן די נאַציס זיינען אויך געווען אַ צאל פון די לעבן־געבליבענע יידן אין די גאַנצערען. זיי האָבן געטראָגן אַזעלכע אויפשפּרייט, ווי מיר געדענקען אַשוויענטיש, דאַכאַן און די אַנדערע טויטן־לאַגערן.

די נאַציס זיינען געקומען מיט פּלאַקאַטן, אויף וועלכע עס האָט זיך געזאָגט, אַז "האַלאָקאָסט איז וועקס מיליאָן ליגנעס".

דער קאָנאָדער יידישער קאָנגרעס און די בני ברית האָבן פּרעסעסירט צו דער ראַדיאָ, סולעווייטע אין טעלעקאָמניקאַציע־קאָמיטע קעגן אַ צאל ראַדיאָ־טראַנזאַיעס, וואָס האָבן געשטעלט צום דינסט זייערע "האַט לאַזן" אַרעס "אַפּען מאַינד" פּראָגראַמאַ צו אַ וועלט־געקרוינטער קו־לוקס־קלען גרופּע אין טאַראַנאַ.

אויף אַ ספּעציעל גערופּענער זיצונג, וואָס איז אָפּגעהאַלטן געוואָרן לעצטנס, האָט דער אמעריקאַנער "האַלאָקאָסט מעמאָריאַל קאָנסיל" גערופן אַלע פּאָליטי־שע, דערגלייכע און אינדוסטריעלע פּירער אין לאַנד, ווי אויך אַלע איינוואוינער פון אמעריקע, זיי זאָלן לאַזן דערן זייער שטימע קעגן דער ווידערוואַנג פון אַנטי־סעמיטיזם און נאַציזם.

דער באַריכט האָט אַנגערופן אַלאַבאַמאַ, קאַנעטיקאָט, אַיליאָיא, נאָרט־קאַראָלינאַ און טעקסאַס ווי די קלענע פּאַראַמיליטערישע מוטיסר־פלעצער און באַ־צייכנט קאַליפּאָרניע ווי דעם קלענס ליטראַטור־צנע־טער, וואָס שטעלט־צו אינסטרוקציע־בעדער און האַנט־ביכער וועגן טעראָריזם און גערילאַ־קריג אַקציעס. דער באַריכט שטעלט זיך אַפּ אויף שטאַט נאָך שטאַט:

אַלאַבאַמאַ: ביל ווילקינסאָנס "די אייווערנע אי־פּרע־יע", די ריטער פון דער קעריקע־יע, די גרוי־זאַמסטע טעראַ־גרופּעס סירן אַ מיט אַ קעמפּ לעבן קולמאַן, אַלאַבאַמאַ, וואָס ווערט גערופן "מילאַ" און וואו מען טרענירט קלעניקעס ווי צו שיפן מיט "16" סעמי־אַרמיי־מאַטשע ביקסן; שטודירן געטראַנסאַק־טיקן און ווי אויך דירכצופירן טעראַ־מיסיעס, די כּו־ליגאַנעס טראָגן מיליטערישע פּאַסיג־מונדיך, מען דעקט. אַז דער "מילאַ"־קעמפּ געפינט זיך אויף דעם 41 אַקער באַדן פון אַלאַבאַמאַ גראַנד־דראַגאָן קלעניק ראַזשעו הענלי.

קאַנעטיקאָט: דער גראַנד־דראַגאָן פון דעם ניי־עסטן קלעני־צווייג "די אייווערנע אימפּרע־יע", אין קאָ־נעטיקאָט, איז גאָר פּיסקאַטאַנאַ, אַז 27־יריקער סעקויר־ריטיגאַרד פון סאַווינגטאָן, עיר גיט צו אַז די קלעני־קעס פּאַרשירן אין אַ געטיימען קעמפּ, זיך לעבן־גור פּע האָט געהאַט אַ מאַסן־פּאַראָמולוג פון איבער טויזנט פּערזאָן אין קאָטלאַנד, קאַנעטיקאָט, איינש באַדן פון פּראַנסיס רוד, אַ געוועזענע מיטגליד פון די "מיניט־מען" (ראַסיסטישע טעראַ־גרופּע), וועלכע איז געווען פּאַרמישט אין דער בלוטיקער אַטאַקע אויף אַן אַנטי־מלחמה ווער־קעמפּ, אין 1968.

איליאָיא: נישט געקוקט אויף דעם וואָס די איי־נאָיקלעניקעס טראָגן נישט קיין מאַסעס און ווייסע מאַנטלעך, זיינען זיי אָבער עימיגלידער, אַדער געוועזענע מיטגלידער פון קלען, וואָס רופט זיך "קריסטשיען פּאַרטיקל דעפּענס ליג", וואָס פרעדיקט: "זיך באַ־וואַפענעט פּאַר אַ דרינגענדיקער ראַסן־מלחמה מיטן "שונאַ" — שוואַרצע, קוואַנדער, מעקסיקאַנער און אַנ־דערע ראַסן — אונזרינע אַמטריקאַנער".

זייער פּירער איז דושאַן האַרעל, וועלכער טרע־נירט אויף זיין לאַנד צווישן 400 און 500 קלעניקעס־נאַציס.

נאָרט־קאַראָלינאַ: קלעניקעס און סעקויריטי־גאַרדס ווערן טרענירט אין פּאַראַמיליטערישן קעמפּ אין דושאַן־קאָנטי, אויפן באַדן פון גלען מילער, אַ געוועזענער גרוי־נאָרע סערוואַנט און היפּט־פּירער פון דער נעאַ־נאַציע פּאַרטיי, וועלכער האָט אין סע־טעמבער 1979 דירעכגעפירט די בלוטיקע שחיטה אין גרינסבאָראַ, וואו פינף מאַענטשן זיינען דערמאַרדעט גע־וואָרן. אייניקע פון די ראַסיסטן זיינען אַרעסטירט גע־וואָרן אין פּאַרבינדונג מיט יענער אַטאַקע קעגן פּאַ־ציפּיסטן און אַנטיראַסיסטן.

אין קווינסברא, נאָרט קאָראַלינג, ווערן זעקס קלויקלוקס-קלען מיטגלידער געמשפּט פאַר דערמאָרן פינף מיטגלידער פון דער "קאָמוניסט וואַרקערס פאַר טיי" ביי אַן אַנטי־נאַצי דעמאָנסטראַציע לעצטן נאוועמבער. די פּאַרטיידיקונג האָט געפּאָדערט באַפּרייאַנג פון די מערדער, ווייל "זיי האָבן געזאָגט אין זעלבסט־פּאַרטיידיקונג". דער פּראָקאָראַר האָט געענטפּערט: "עס איז ניט געווען קיין זעלבסט־פּאַרטיידיקונג, עס איז געווען פאַראַורטייל, באַטאָמיס און שאַדן־דין. זיי האָבן צום פּאַרדעס 5 מענטשן ייִענעם טאָג".

דער סוף האָט די ווייסע דזשורי באַפּרייט די קלעניקעס.

אין האַטינגטאָן, לאַנג אַילאָנד, האָט ראַבאָי ר' ב'ן לומט באַשולדיקט, אַז הונדערטער אַנטי־ייִדישע איג־זינדלען ווערן איגנאָרירט און פּאַרשוויגן, ווייל מענטשן האָבן מורא צו רעדן וועגן דעם. ער האָט געזאָגט, אַז אנדערע ראַבאים זענען שוין בלויז וועגן וואַנדאַליזם, באַליידיקונגען, דראָאָנגס־בריוו און טעלעפּאָן־רופן צו ייִדישע היימען, ווייל זיי שרעקן זיך פאַר מער גוואַלד־טאַטן.

צוויי גיט־ייִדישע סאַפּלאַק קאָנטי־באַמטע — דער האַטינגטאָן סופּער־וויזער קענטש געזענער־פּילד און סטעיִט־סאַפּאָרט דזשעיִמס לאַק זיינען געוואָונען גע־וואָרן צו טראַגן "בולעט־פּרוֿפ" וועסטלעך, ווייל זיי זיינען געטרעטענע געוואָרן דורך אַנאַנימע טעלעפּאָן־רופן דערפאַר וואָס "זיי טעמען זיך אָן פאַר ייִדן".

סוואַטסיקאַס און אַנטי־סעמיטישע וויל־צייכנס פאַרשמיירן גרעפּינגען האַייסקול

די באַפעלקערונג פון גרעיט־נעק, לאַנג אַילאָנד, איז אויפגעשניידערט געוואָרן ווען זייער נאָרט סיניאָר היי־סקול איז איבער נאַכט פאַרשמיירט געוואָרן מיט סוואַטסיקאַס און אַנטי־סעמיטישע וויל־ווערטער און די דריי בוכשטאַבן "קע־קע־קע־קע" (קו־קלויקס־קלען) אין פינף פּיס די גרויס.

סקול־ און געסאַ קאָנטי־באַמטע האָבן דער־קלערט, אַז דאָס איז דאָס ערשטע מאל וואָס אַן עפּי־זאָד פון אזא גרויסן פאַרניעם האָט פּאַסיט אין דער האַיי־סקול, וואָס האָט 80 פּראָצענט ייִדישע סטודענטן און די איבעריקע 20 פּראָצענט זיינען שוואַרצע און גיט־ייִדישע ווייסע.

אַ פּראָטעסט־דעמאָנסטראַציע פון הונדערט טויזנט, דענטן, בראַט מיט בער־טעפּלער, פרעזידענט פון דער סטודענטן־אַרגאַניזאַציע, האָט געפּאָדערט באַלידען אַק־ציע קעגן די קלעניקעס און אַנטי־סעמיטן.

טעקסאַס־וויזן שוואַרצע און ייִדישע קינדער אין די פּאַבליק־סקולס

די ניו יאָרקער סטעיִט־באַראָד אָו רידזשענטס האָט פאַרדאַמט די ראַסיסטישע אַטאַקעס קעגן שוואַרצע קינדער אין דער ניו יאָר דראַפּ האַיי־סקול אין סטאַטען־אַילאָנד, און 100 שוואַרצע.

דעם 10טן אָקטאָבער, 1980, נאָך אַ צוואַענטשטיס פון ווייסע און שוואַרצע אין דעם דזשימנעזיום, האָט

די סקול־פּאַרואַולטונג געבראַכט אויטאָבוסן און מיט גוואַלד אַרויסגעטריבן די שוואַרצע סטודענטן, בשעת ווייסע כוליאָנגעס האָבן זיי באַוואָרפן מיט שטיינער און באַליידיקט מיט ראַסיסטישע וויל־ווערטער.

ביי אַ קאָנפּערענץ, און אַקטאָבער, פון דערציער און די העקוואָרסערס פון דער אַנטי־דעפּרעסיע־ליגע פון די בני ברית אין ניו יאָרק, האָט עלענאָר בלוט בערג, געזאָגט דערצוואַגן דירעקטאָר, אַלאַמירט די פּאַרואַולטונג מיט דער געפאַר פון אַנטי־סעמיטיזם און עטישן פּאַראַורטייל, וואָס דראָט ייִדישע קינדער אין די קינדער־גרענטער און די פּאַבליק־סקולס.

זי האָט געפּאָדערט צו פאַררעסן דעם "שאַט־פּעריאָד פון דעם ייִדישן געמינדע־לעבן און זיין אויף דער וואַך קעגן אַנטי־סעמיטישע און אַנדערע עטנישע פּאַראַורטייל, וואָס לוינערן אויף די קינדער, זיי האָט אַנגעוויזן וויאזוי די קינדער ווערן טעראָר־ריזירט פון קינדער־גאַרטן אָן. זיי הערן די וויל־ווער־טער, וואָפּ "אַדער "קאַק", זיי זענען די אַנטי־סעמיטישע "גראַפֿיש" און זיי ווערן אויפגעשניידערט מיט כוליאָנג־נישע וואַנדאַליקאַטן קעגן סינאַגאָגעס און ייִדישע סע־מעטעריס.

די דערציער האָבן אויסגעדיקט זייער צאָרן קעגן דעם אויפּשטייג פון די נעאַ־נאַציזם און קו־קלויקס־קלע־ניקעס מיט זייערע ראַסיסטישע און אַנטי־סעמיטישע אַרויסטרעטונגען קעגן שוואַרצע און ייִדן איבערן גאַנצן לאַנד.

דער שוידערלעכער באַריכט פון דער אַנטי־העפּאָמעטישאָן־ליג וועגן די קלעניקעס

די אַנטי־דעפּאַמעטישאָן ליג פון דער בני־ברית האָט לעצטנס געפּרעסלעכט אַן אויפֿווערנדיקן באַריכט, וועגן די פּאַר־אָמיליטערישע אַקטיוויטעטן פון דער קו־קלויקס־קלען אין 6 שטאַטן און אויפגעפּאָדערט דעם אַטוירני די־סענאַט־אָר און וואַסינגטאָן צו נעמען שריט אַז די "עפּי־באַראָ" זאָל צווימען דעם קלען, כדי צו "שיצן די אַמעריקאַנער בירגער פון ווייטערדיקן טע־ראַזיס און גוואַלד־טאַטן".

די אויספאַרשונגען פון דער אַנטי־דעפּאַמעטישאָן ליג און דער בריוו פון 20סטן אָקטאָבער צום אַטוירני־דזשענעראַל גענוצשאַפּין טויוולעטי זיינען פּראָצענט לעכט געוואָרן דורך נעטן־פּערלמוטער. נאַצי־אַמאַלער דירעקטאָר פון דער ליג, ביי אַ פּאַרואַולטונג אין דאָלאַס, איז אויספאַרשונג־פּאַל איבערן קלען ציט זיך נאָך זיינט די 1920ער יאָרן און אוי פאַרדאָרט געוואָרן דורך דער "ייִדעס קאָמיטאָ" און זימען ראַיסט" און צוגרייטן אַן אַנאַליז פון דעם קלען און אַנדערע עקסטערמיס־טישע גרופּן.

באַשרייבנדיק דעם קלען ווי באַוואָפּנטע ראַסיסטן, פּאַטאַלאָגישע אַסערטס און שוואַרצע, ייִדן און אַנדערע מינאָריטעטן־גרופּן, האָט הער פּערלמוטער געזאָגט, אַז קלען־קעמפּ און געהיימע טרענינג־פעלער אין פּאַרשיידענע טיילן איבערן לאַנד זיינען אַ קלאַרע גע־פּאַר פון נייע קלען־גוואַלד־טאַטן, נאָך געפּערלעכער ווי ווען עס איז פּריער".

יידישע ענינים

ווינטער 1980
איוסגאבע

שטייגנדיקע געפאר פון ראסיוס און אנטיסעמיטיזם אין אמעריקע

קעמפנדיקע האַאליציעס קעגן נעאַ-נאַציס און קלעניקעס
ווערן געשאַפן איבערן לאַנד

פון רוד סעלצער

מאָרדן און אויסשניידן הערצער. קינדעפן און מאָרדן
שוואַרצע קינדער אין אַטלאַנטאָ. דזשאַרוזשיאָ. זיי האָבן
אינספּירירט די פּאָנאָטיקער פון אַנטי־באַסינג און אַנטי־
אינטעגראַציע אין סטאַטען אַיילאַנד. סאַטס באַסטאַן. שי-

קאַג און יאַנקערס.
דאַס איז אַ רעוולוטאַס פון דעם. וואָס געוויסע
שטאַטלייט, אזוי גערופענע ליבעראַלע אַרוואַקאַטן,
פרעדיקן "רעכט פון פּרייען וואָרט" פאַר די גאַשיסטן,
ראַסיסטן און טעראַריסטן. דאַס איז אַ דערלייבעניש
צו מאָרדן, פאַרוואַונדן, ברוטאַליירן און טעראַריירן,
ווי אויך אַפּוואַגן מיליאָנען בירגער זייערע מענטשליכע
רעכט צו אַ דזשאַב, אַ הייס, געוונט־אויפּוויכט און דער־
ציאָונג.

דאַס אלץ ווערט דערמוטיקט, אַפילו באַרעכטיקט
דורך דער רעגירונגס סאַלעריירן פון ראַסיוס.

טעראַראַניציטעטן איבערן לאַנד

אין אַטלאַנטאָ. דזשאַרוזשיאָ. זיינען דערמאָרדעט גע-
וואָרן 11 שוואַרצע קינדער און פיר זיינע פאַרשוואַנדן
געוואָרן אין באַפּאַלאָ. ניו יאָרק, זיינען דערמאָרדעט
געוואָרן זעקס שוואַרצע מענער אויף אַ ברוטאַלן אָפּן.
אין טשאַטאַנוגאַ. טענעסי, האָבן קלעניקעס פאַרוואַונ-
דעט 4 שוואַרצע פּרויען, דריי קלעניקעס זיינען באַ-
שולדיקט געוואָרן, אַבער די דזשורי פון 12 ווייסע האָבן
באַפּרייט צוויי פון די קלעניקעס און אַ געריכט־פּראָצעס
איבער דעם דריטן ציט זיך שוין מאַנאַטן.

דער אויפשטייג פון נעאַ-נאַציוס, ראַסיוס און אַנטי־
סעמיטיזם אין מערבֿ־יאַראָפּע, מיטלמור, גאַרדאַמען
ריקע און לאַטיין־אַמעריקע, האָט אויפגעווערט דעם
געוויסן פון דער וועלט.

דער וואַנדאַליזם און טעראַר קעגן שוואַרצע, יידן
און אַנדערע מינאָרעטען־גרוּפּן, דאַס פאַרשווערן פון
סעמעטעריס, סיגאַנאַטעס, קירכן און קולטור־אינסטי-
טוציעס דורך נאַצישע באַנדעס און ראַסיסטישע אַנפּאַלן
פון קלעניקעס, וואָס מאָרדן און קינדעפן שוואַרצע קינ-
דער, האָט אויפגעשוידערט יעדן יושר־זוכנדיקן און
פּרויהייט־ליבנדיקן מענטשן אויף יענער זייט אַקעאַן
בכלל און ביי אַנדרן אין לאַנד בפרט.

דאַס איז אַ בלוטיקער צייכן פון מאַנאַפּאַל־קאַפּי-
טאָליזם, וואָס האָט ווידער צעוויקלט אַן אַפּענסיווע פון
אולטראַ־רעכטע, ראַסיסטישע, נאַציסטישע און אַנטי־
סעמיטישע אַקציעס קעגן אמעריקאַנער סאַלק איבער
אַלע טיילן פון די פאַראַייניקטע שטאַטן.

מען האָט לעצטנס אויפגעזעקט שוידערלעכע אַנטי־
גענערשע און אַנטיסעמיטישע טעראַר־אַקציעס אין
אַלאַבאַמאַ, קאַנעקטיקוט, קאַליפּאָרניע, נאָרס־קאַרלאַינאַ,
אַיילינאָ, לואיזיאַנאַ, מיאַמי, טענעסי, ניו יאָרק, לאַנג
אַיילאַנד און ניו דזשורזי.

די ראַסיסטישע און נאַציסטישע בעסטעס האָבן
לעצטנס געמאַרדעט און פאַרוואַונדעט שוואַרצע אין באַ-
פּאַלאָ, סאַלס לעיק סיטי, סינסינעטי און אַקאַהאַמאַ־
סיטי, זיי האָבן דורכגעפירט באַראַרישע אַקטן פון