Finland. Moreover, after having done much for peace, it declined at the crucial moment to throw its weight against the fascist war-makers. This and the emergence of nationalism in the Soviet Union disappoint the faith in its internationalism. Capitalism's ability to maintain an equilibrium despite continued heavy unemployment, widespread physical distress, and political insecurity restored some of the confidence of those whom the stock-market panic and subsequent business depression drove leftward, while Russia's economic difficulties dashed the hopes of many who had seen the millennium in terms of socialist industry and trade. Finally, the attempt to democratize Soviet dictatorship was a failure.

As a result, pro-Soviet sympathies in the capitalist world are now certainly at their lowest ebb since 1917. This makes for reaction and is used by reaction. Retreats by Soviet Russia have always been defeats for the left-of-center forces in bourgeois countries. These political groups and individuals are now impressed by the need of dissociating themselves from this often unwanted link with Soviet affairs. Some try to achieve that end through red-hunts. But in the present period of mental confusion the only hope of the left is a bold, appealing ideological improvement on the Bolshevism that has been transplanted into Western political conditions by foreign Communist parties, and also an organization as dynamic as those parties have been. Everything depends on whether socialism and democracy are compatible.

**Glossary for 1940**

**BY ROBERT BENDINER**

**Bedfellow Theory.** Figuratively at any rate, bed plays a big part in modern politics. Tories look under their beds for Bolsheviks, and left-wingers look into other left-wingers' beds for tories. The first of these reactions is elementary and relatively harmless; the second is a more complex and rather neurotic phenomenon which in recent years has flowered into the Bedfellow Theory. Briefly, this doctrine is that whether you are right or wrong is not so important as who is on your side. To take the ultimate example, let us consider the application of the Bedfellow Theory to certain Russian activities in Finland. There are those of us who never liked and do not like now the technique of liberation by assault and battery; there are others who did not especially mind this vigorous approach in Ethiopia and Czechoslovakia but who are hotly vocal about it now that it has been adopted by their favorite villain. Unfortunately in the general chorus of condemnation the voices blend, and before we know what has happened the champions of the Newest Russia convict us of getting into bed with Herbert Hoover, Westbrook Pegler, and the National Association of Manufacturers. Few of us would want to be found in a coffin with any of these worthies, much less a bed, but what can we do? Granting, even insisting, that we have to sleep somewhere, the Soviet sympathizers would have us split a mattress with them, ignoring the Swastikas embroidered on the pillow. And that's where the weakness of the Bedfellow Theory emerges. You can always see the rascal in your neighbor's bedroom and never the knave in your own—though certainly the presence of a Göring should make itself felt in any bed. All that an honest man can do is to pick his bed on its merits and lie in it. It is better to let politics afflict you with strange bedfellows than to let a choice of bedfellows afflict you with strange politics.

**Imperialism.** The moralism of men and states has its finest expression in national robbery. Nothing that statesmen do lifts them to quite the same evangelical pitch as the well-planned plundering of some lesser state. The legions of the Caesars came, saw, and conquered in the name of the Pax Romana. Britain and France manfully took up the white man's burden of filching half the world's wealth from helpless natives. We "civilized 'em with a Krag" in the Philippines and "bumped 'em off" in the name of good roads and hygiene in Haiti and Santo Domingo. Mussolini set Ethiopia on fire and hanged its leaders so that it could share in the grandeur that is Rome's. The Mikado's troops massacred several million Chinese strictly out of "friendship." And the Red Army has been dropping thermite bombs from Helsinki to Petsamo by way of what Pravda calls "fraternal assistance to the Finnish people." Until recently the Germans presented a refreshing contrast. With no moral reputation to defend, they were artlessly predatory. Deutschland über Alles, Aryan supremacy, "divine right to rule," even Lebensraum, were all the honest language of the jungle; the Nazis never stooped to do anything "for the other fellow's good." Now all that is changed. Germany too has gone moralist, and its imperialism has a higher cause. Hitler explained it all in his New Year's address. Like Trotsky, he doesn't believe in socialism-in-one-country. Henceforth when Göring's aces bomb open cities, when S.S. men shoot Czech students and flog Polish Jews, they will have only one thought in mind: the building of a Socialist Europe.
Intellectuals. In the epithetic art there is nothing to equal the scorn with which an intellectual calls an intellectual an intellectual. It appears to be part of the growing tradition among the men of brains that they are a degenerate lot as compared with stevedores, farm hands, and bull fighters. But the phenomenon is not new. Intellectual-baiting is the oldest occupational disease of intellectuals. Usually the process starts mildly enough when some of the more effete members of the caste put on a show of being anti-intellectual just for the novelty. Some flaunt an addiction to burlesque, others go about truncately matching chest hair with their contemporaries, many develop a preoccupation with gore, and all affect a passion for anything in overall. Beyond these relatively harmless exhibits come the Judas intellectuals who stand ready to lead the flock to the abattoir. Once Germany was a land where every burgler who could afford a pair of thick rimless spectacles was a Herr Doktor, revered by the simple folk of town and country and held up to the young for a noble, if pot-bellied, model. Then came the cult of the Übermensch and a fierce anti-intellectualism, nurtured not by green-eyed farmers or inferiority-ridden mechanics, but by neurotic Nietzschean intellectuals. The idea took slowly at first, but surely, aided by all the forces that were finally to raise Adolf the Artist to his Berchtesgaden eyrie. Today the German intellectual, however Aryan, rates socially well below the garbage man and only a notch or two above the Jew. It is time that intellectuals got over their sneaking suspicion that a typewriter is less noble than a meat ax, and a briefcase downright degenerate.

International Banker. Back in the days when radio's chief menace was Amos 'n Andy, when Royal Oak was just the name of a British ship of the line, and the only Little Flower that made newspaper copy was LaGuardia, "bankers' hours" connoted a life of ease. Now, thanks to the air waves, we know that at least one class of bankers has been maligned: the international banker, far from being a sluggard, is a man of many facets and diversified activities. An average day in his life, if he covers all the ground the good priest says he does, must run something like this: Up at six for a triumphant look at the day's market quotations, followed by the customary hurried recitation of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Then breakfast, with a careful reading of the Wall Street Journal and the Daily Worker. At nine the first emissaries from Washington arrive and the day's plotting begins. Plans are made for spending more and more government money, for concentrating more and more power in Washington, and above all for pushing this country into the war. The afternoon is given over to the creation of fictitious credits to be sold to middle-class suckers (Christians only need apply) in exchange for gold, which the i. b. buries in his back yard or sends to Russia by way of Trotsky disguised as William C. Bullitt. Dinner is served for six—two governors, a senator, a mayor, and a brace of Supreme Court justices. The i. b. communicates his wishes—no buses for parochial school-children, more indecency in the films, a sitdown strike here, a youth-control law there—and the butler tucks a bag of gold into the pocket of each departing guest. After dinner checks must be made out to a long list of alien, subversive, un-American, atheistic, communist, capitalistic organizations. Then a quick change into proletarian disguise and a dash by cab to Fourteenth Street to report to Earl Browder on the day's activities. Home by midnight for ten minutes of quiet international banking, and so to bed.

Peace. Probably the reason the world has fallen upon evil days is that every big nation has a peace policy. France's peace policy threw Spain to the dogs and shoved Czechoslovakia under the shadow of the Führer's mustache, England's erased Czechoslovakia altogether, and Japan's skinned China to the bone. The Soviet Union's, most vaunted of them all, has already cost the freedom of the Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians, and is now flaming through Finland, while all Southeastern Europe cringes before the Russian olive branch. "Peace," as the poet understates it, "hath her victories no less renowned than war." No less, indeed! In times like these men of good-will cannot afford to stand idly by muttering, "A pax on both your houses." They must work for the day when the hand of the peacemaker shall no longer be lifted against his brother and a tranquil Mars vôbiscum shall fall from the lips of men.

Semi-fascism. Few enlightened persons imagined a year or so ago that there could be anything worse than fascism. Now, thanks to the men of the extreme left, we know that there is. It is semi-fascism. This is what the red troops of the Soviet Union fought against in Poland, as soon as they discovered it had been there all the time, and it is what they are fighting now in Finland. Your full-fledged fascist is a reasonable creature. He may systematically rob a million people, torture hundreds to death because their grandmothers were descended from their great-grandmothers, and forbid milk to non-Aryan babies, but as PravdaGood-naturedly puts it, chacun à son goût. The understanding Soviets admit that the Nazis do have droll customs, but it would be the grossest folly—something like unprogressive child-training perhaps—to deal with them forcefully. It is better to give them sympathy and help them in their little problems. But these Finns with their cooperatives and their elected governments! Semi-fascists, that's what they are, and fire and sword aren't good enough for them. There ought to be a League Against War and Semi-Fascism. Probably there will be.