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Spectatorism is a dangerous disease. It destroys the red corpuscles of the blood. Millions of Americans suffer from it. Especially among the white-collar intellectual class.

It leaves its victims helpless, torpid, inert. It produces a chronic condition of mental lethargy, and acute pessimism. The sufferer develops hallucinations such as these (collected from case histories of typical subjects studied):

- “There won’t be a revolution in America in fifty years”
- “The Communists in America have no leadership.”
- “The Communists in America are led by a bunch of Jews and foreigners”
- “The American revolution will have to be different from the one in Russia.”
- “I’ll join the revolutionary movement later, when it really amounts to something.”
- “I can’t take a chance on losing my job now.”

The infectious germs of this malady are especially prevalent around Greenwich Village, and in literary circles everywhere. If they have fastened themselves upon you—take steps at once. You haven’t a moment to lose!

The treatment requires getting out in the open air, preferably in working class neighborhoods. Change your associates; your mode of life, your reading habits, your authors. Take some light revolutionary exercise regularly.

Ask yourself these questions daily:

- “Am I really worth anything to anyone—or anything?”
- “How much of my time or money have ever been given to furthering the revolutionary movement?”
- “Based not on my words, or thoughts, but on the day-to-day acts of my life, would the working class leaders of the future American Soviet Government be justified in putting me in a responsible job—or in a prison camp for class enemies?”

We mentioned light revolutionary exercise—perhaps you don’t know how to go about it. There are many specific things that you can do. For one—you can help the NEW MASSES. You can help us by sending a contribution toward our monthly deficit.

There are many other ways in which you can help the revolutionary movement and the NEW MASSES. Sit down and write us a letter about yourself and we’ll advise you as to how you can best help—and without jeopardizing your job, if you are fortunate enough to possess one.

If you prefer not to write a letter, here are two coupons—one for donations, the other for subscriptions. Send us one or the other right NOW. Do something! Shake off the clammy, enervating grip of “spectatorism.” You have no idea how much more thrilling your life will become.

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A Six Per Cent War

Seymour Waldman

THE capitalist press, ceaselessly beating the tom-toms of chauvinism, abounds in pictures of natty girl colonels and is replete with vivid descriptions of new chemicals and guns being prepared by the imperialists for the slaughtering of the workers. But it has taken extreme care to veil the fact that the United States War Department already has proposed to Congress to guarantee to industrialists and other labor exploiters and war-mongers a profit—during the next war—of six per cent, based “on what it is claimed is the investment.” Nor does the capitalist press report how many thousands of “patriotic industrialists” have been commissioned in the reserve forces of the Army since Hoover’s millionaire Secretary of War Hurley admitted that the number was “approximately 14,000” on March 12, 1931. Nor is the capitalist press concerned about how many blank checks the War Department actually has written in the form of war-time contracts now tucked in the safes of the bosses, ready to be signed immediately upon the outbreak of war.

All this was disclosed in recent public hearings before the War Policies Commission, whose final report is to be acted upon during the next session of Congress, and most likely incorporated in the Roosevelt war machine.

The history of this Commission, supposedly conceived to take the profits out of war (!) and transformed at birth into a jingoistic debating society, is of vital importance to workers, especially to the proletarian vanguard. It reveals that the very same individual capitalists who literally coined fortunes out of workers’ blood during the last imperialist world war are at the helm of the industrial war machine now ready for the next one. It shows, once again, the vicious futility of the class-collaborationist policies pursued by William Green of the A. F. of L. and the American Legion leadership. It lays bare the direct tie-up between the War Department and the exploiters of labor during war and peace.

War veterans no doubt remember the agitation of rank and file legionnaires for “universal mobilization”—that is, for legislation which, in the event of another war, would “draft the dollar” just as men are drafted. Legion officers spoke throughout the country on the necessity for conscripting both labor and capital. Finally Congress created a joint cabinet-congressional commission “to study and consider amending the Constitution of the United States to provide that private property

may be taken by Congress for public use during war.” The Commission also was to consider “methods of equalizing the burdens and to remove the profits of war, together with policies to be pursued in event of war.”

With great fanfare of publicity, the Commission assembled on March 5, 1931. Soon afterwards came the War Department plan to reassure the divided patrioteers. Appropriately enough, its spokesman was Major General Douglas MacArthur—Chief of Staff of the Army under Hoover and Roosevelt; holder of the distinguished service medal; the distinguished service-cross, oak-leaf cluster; commander of the Legion of Honor, croix de guerre, two palms and gold star of France; croce di guerra of Italy; Commander of the Order of the Crown; and officer of the Order of Leopold of Belgium—who showed his true colors again, fourteen months later, by tear-gassing, bayonetting and shooting down unarmed workers, veterans of the famous bonus camp on the terrible night of July 28, 1932, in Washington.

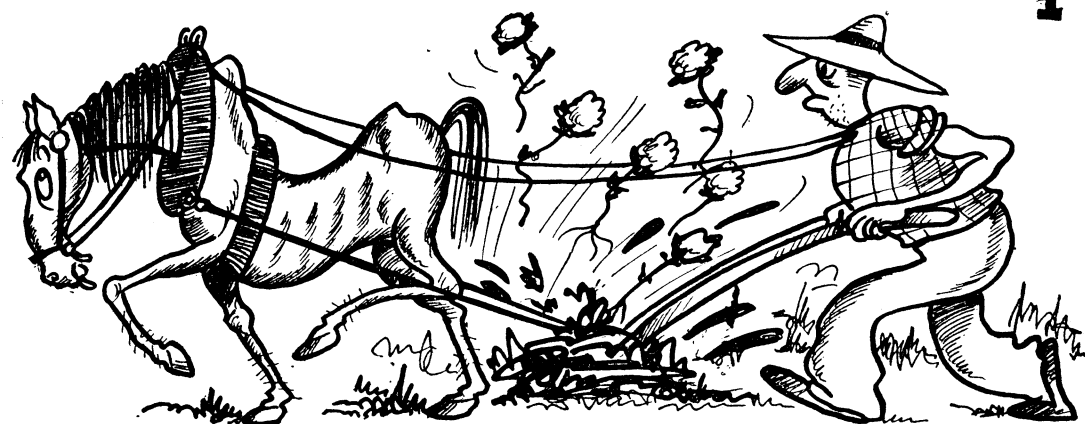
There is an inexorable continuity between 1918 and 1933. Wilson’s “dollar-a-year man,” who reaped millions in war industries, while patrioteering, appears at the dress rehearsal of the War Policies Commission and in full panoply in the Roosevelt “recovery” apparatus. Bernard M. Baruch, stock broker and copper-investor de luxe, Democratic Party angel and chairman of Wilson’s War Industries Board—the War Department’s star witness before the War Policies Commission—now acknowledged throughout the United States as “unofficial president.” General Hugh S. Johnson, author of the selective draft act, and Baruch’s personal “research” man—aide de camp and reader of Baruch’s printed War Policies Commission statement—now Roosevelt’s chief “recoverer.” George N. Peek, member of the War Industries Board—eulogizer of the Baruch plan before the War Policies Commission—now Baruch’s appointee as Roosevelt’s administrator of the Farm Adjustment Act.

The War Policies Commission itself is prominently represented in the Roosevelt regime. Secretary of Navy Swanson was well prepared for his present role of clamoring for a navy “second to none” by membership in the War Policies Commission, as well as by devoted service as one of Hoover’s representatives at the Geneva “Disarmament” conference.

Another member of the Commission was Robert P. Lamont,

A Cock-Eyed World
by
Otto Soglow

Farmer gets check from President Roosevelt for plowing under a third of his cotton crop.—News Item.



Hoover's Secretary of Commerce—now head of the Iron and Steel Institute, with whom Baruch and John L. Lewis are collaborating to "recover" things for the miners.

The witnesses before the Commission were a veritable parade of the owners, rulers and agents of capitalism. A good many of them were awed at the mention of the Baruch plan, a vague, meaningless proposal to freeze prices by presidential ukase at a "normal level" on the declaration of war and to establish "war profits at a lower rate than peace profits." His plan, stockbroker Baruch said, "would go very far toward keeping the peace of the world . . ."

But let us turn to two others, from whom deluded workers, for a time, expected something tangible.

These workers, especially the veterans, were shocked when Ralph T. O'Neil, the then head of the American Legion, let the cat out of the bag on the very first day of the hearings. In answer to a question relative to the meaning of "universal draft," Mr. O'Neil, also a railroad lawyer, replied: "I do not think 'universal draft' is a very good name for any legislation that might be enacted. We used it because it has been a popular name."

Furthermore, said O'Neil: "The entire man power of the country without stint or limitation must be subjected to the call of the country for military or industrial service, without distinction as to wage paid for similar classes of effort. There must be no exemption under the basic law. All of the material resources of the Nation must similarly be subject to the call of the Nation without stint. And what he meant by "without stint," under his pompously enunciated "basic law," was a war-time guarantee of 7 per cent. In the event of war O'Neil recommended 7 per cent as "a fair return." Of course. Why certainly, Mr. O'Neil. "You were talking about taking the exploitation profits out of war?" Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, asked suggestively. "That is what I am trying to do," replied O'Neil. But there must be no doubt left in anybody's mind." "In other words," added Congressman McSwain of South Carolina, "eliminating what is ordinarily called profiteering; that is, unreasonable and excessive profits?" "Yes," answered O'Neil.

William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor bureaucracy, now busily engaged in helping the corporation put over the slave codes, was a worthy successor to the shoddy O'Neil. He was in striking agreement with the American Legion representative on the percentage rate to be paid capital in war-time. The pontifical Green also agreed with Daniel Willard, the \$120,000 a year president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who had informed the Commission: ". . . I do not think it is right to take a man's property and use it for any purpose for the good of all of us and not let him make a reasonable profit. That, I think, he is entitled to in war, peace, or any other time." Green, the bosses' echo, after studying "the economics of the situation," (said with the real professorial cough) gave the Commission the benefit of his research. Said Bill Green: "I think we all agree, everyone who has studied the economics of the situation, that industry and capital are entitled to a fair return upon their investment under any circumstances—in times of war or times of peace." (page 277, Hearings Before the War Policies Commission). And what would the honorable Mr. Green recommend? He would "take the



TOO MUCH MILK

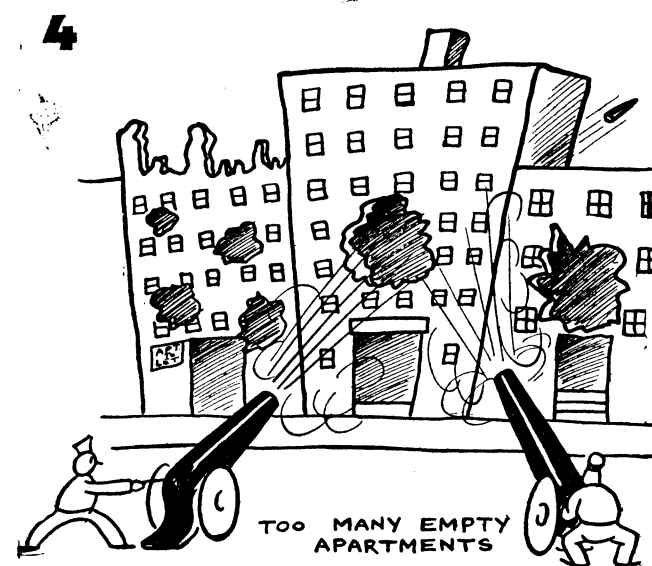
profit out of war," that is, eliminate "profiteering," through the medium of "heavy war-profits taxes." (a tax which everyone, including Green, knows was a notorious joker during the war, because of the impossibility of enforcing the cost-plus profit feature, an arrangement similar to the War Department's proposed plan of a 6 per cent tax based "on what it is claimed is the investment"). He also testified that he would establish "flexible" price-control organizations which "must of necessity follow a policy sufficiently flexible to meet the requirements and the needs of these shifting, changing, economic conditions."

Herbert Bayard Swope, well known at most of America's race tracks, former executive editor of the "liberal" New York World, and among his other honors, an integral part of the Baruch entourage, read a printed statement in which he practically offered to be the George Creel of the next war, in fact to be the iron censor of speech and the press.

"By inclination I favor tolerance," announced Herbert, "but war needs an iron hand, a single mind, and a complete accord in policy and purpose . . . Enlightened and informed public opinion in war is ideal, but the plan is dangerous. We must have a stencil. If we take the muzzles off the dogs of war, we must put the muzzles on the people and on the press. In time of war the free plan of public opinion with its violent contradictions, its cross currents, its revelation of truths, must cease . . . Public opinion must be conscribed and put to work on definite lines . . . The regimentation and goose stepping of public opinion is one of the inescapable processes of war making. Thinking along independent lines must be stopped . . . Censorship must prevail." In support of all this the would-be censor quoted Bismarck, J. S. Mill, Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. "Thank you very much, Mr. Swope. The next witness is the Hon. Bernard M. Baruch," said the Hon. Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War and Chairman of the Commission.



TOO MUCH WHEAT



TOO MANY EMPTY APARTMENTS

Not long after Baruch lectured to the Commission, he left the hearings in a taxi attended by his assistants, Herbert Bayard Swope and the much publicised General Hugh S. Johnson.

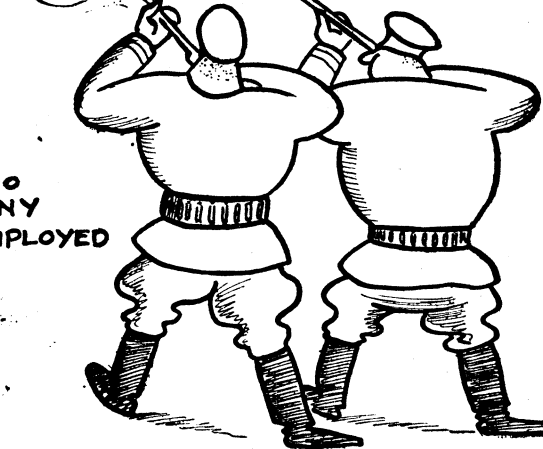
Thus went the hearings—a mixture of brazenness and outright callousness towards the workers, the ones who do the suffering and the fighting in modern wars,—the first indication of what a gigantic War Department-industrial machine, whose intricate parts touch the entire nation, is being constructed by the War Department and industrial magnates for their profit in preparation of another imperialist war.

The War Policies Commission reported to Congress on March 7, 1932, a little over a year after the first public hearings. In the main, it recommended a constitutional amendment "to eliminate all doubt concerning the extent of the power of Congress to prevent profiteering and to stabilize prices in time of war." Until that amendment is passed, the Commission recommended a program which should "be adopted as governmental policy in order effectively to minimize the profits of war and to distribute its burdens and sacrifices equitably" (sic!) This program, its sponsors announced, would seek to prevent anyone receiving a "profit due to the war" (that is, anything above the so-called normal rate) by the imposition of war-time revenue laws taxing individuals and corporation "95 per cent of all income above the previous three-year average, with proper adjustments for capital expenditures for war purposes (this is the sort of joker that helps to mean anything up to 800 per cent profit—S.W.) by existing or new industries."

And to remove all doubt concerning its conception of distributing the war-time "burdens and sacrifices equitably," the Com-



TOO MANY UNEMPLOYED



O. Soglow

mission recommended "that no constitutional amendment to permit the taking of private property in time of war without compensation be considered by Congress."

In other words, the old Army game—under imperialism.

Prelude to a Lynching

Allan Taub

NINE a. m., August 1, in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Frank B. Irwin of Birmingham, Irving Schwab of New York and myself push through the muttering crowd outside the courthouse. We catch one voice distinctly:

"There go the sons of bitches. Let's get them now!"

We push on. The court room is crowded—perhaps 400, with about 40 Negroes squeezed together in the back. All the prominent citizens of Tuscaloosa are there, including former Governor William Brandon ("Twenty-four votes for Oscar B. Underwood!"); the two local junior counsel appointed by the court, La France and McGrath, as well as the three distinguished lawyers rushed into the case just two days before—after it became known that the International Labor Defense had been retained by the mother of Dan Pippen, one of the three boys on trial for murder. These three attorneys are John McQueen, former president of the Alabama Bar Association; former Circuit Court Judge Rice, and Reuben Wright.

A strange proceeding—five defense counsel appointed by the court for an ordinary "nigger case", which usually is disposed of in one perfunctory court day. But there was a reason, expressed by Judge Foster himself to one of the I. L. D. attorneys:

"We don't want another Scottsboro case."

And now Judge Foster himself. Seventy years old, a patriarch in every detail, long silvery hair, immaculate linen suit, his voice a silken rustle, every intonation and gesture breathing purest justice tempered by mercy.

Irwin gets up and makes a militant speech. Irwin, who has been a machinist, a barber, and a pugilist in his day, asks for a postponement. He produces the retainer, signed by Lucinda Pippen, mother of Dan, in Tuscaloosa three weeks before. He tells the serene and courteously listening court that he has been refused admission to jail to consult his client. Consequently, the defense is not prepared.

I speak next. I assure them of the hospitable welcome that awaits any attorney from a sister state who appears in a New York court to try a case. They don't mind hearing that. I then tell them something else:

"This procedure bears a remarkable resemblance to another hearing, on the morning of April 6, 1931, held in Scottsboro, Alabama, when there were also two sets of lawyers appearing for the defense—in that case, of nine Negro boys accused of rape."

That is exactly what they don't want to hear. I point out that the United States Supreme Court had ruled in the Scottsboro case that denial of counsel is denial of due process of law—a new precedent established in the highest court by the campaign of the I. L. D. I include by reiterating that the defense, due to the denial of access to the defendant, is not prepared to go on now.

Schwab draws the court's attention to the unusually crowded courtroom and the presence of armed militiamen, in town, as evidence of open hostility to the defendant, and has these conditions noted on the record.

An hour and a half is spent in arguing. The prosecution doesn't figure. The only question is: Who are the defense counsel. And on the record is the official authorization of the mother of the defendant (Dan is only 17 and his father is in jail with him) retaining the I. L. D.

The court-appointed counsel do not answer us but ask for a recess. The judge withdraws; the other counsel and the prosecutor also leave. They return, and McQueen rises to make a motion. It takes him minutes to get out three sentences or so. He is overcome with emotion. Justice is his goal, and that of his distinguished associates. As officers of the court, they are there to take the court's directions. It is a sad duty. And (with a deep sigh) he is constrained to ask that the case be continued—which is exactly what we have been fighting for.

The prosecution calls Dan Pippen to the stand and asks him who is his choice for counsel. I object: the boy is only 17 years old; he has been beaten in jail; he is in fear of personal violence. This is no time for such a procedure. The objection is politely listened to, benignly overruled, and an exception is graciously granted by Judge Foster. The boy chooses the local lawyers, La France and McGrath. His parents, placed on the stand, express the same choice. Same procedure, same objections; overruled, overruled, exceptions noted. Then the court room is cleared; a few of us remain near the bench, lawyers and deputy sheriffs.

Judge Foster is graver, kinder, if possible, than before. Justice, fair and even handed justice, is still his great desire. He will take the matter of the defendant's representation under advisement. And there, despite newspaper reports that the I. L. D. attorneys were barred from the case, the matter officially rests today. On the record, the signed retainer of the I. L. D. to defend Dan Pippen, and in connection with it, Judge Foster's announcement that he would consider. Case postponed.

Judge Foster comes down from the bench. He is extremely solicitous about our safety. The crowd outside is reported growing dangerous. Would we like an escort out of town? A note is handed to him. More alarming news about the crowd. Pistols have been seen; even a machine gun is reported. Judge Foster asks kindly:

"Do you gentlemen want protection?"

Irwin replies meaningly:

"Judge, you know this country better than we do."

The judge does. He has been mayor of Tuscaloosa, member of the legislature, an officer in the Spanish-American war, a pillar of the church. Gravely, soothingly, he assures us that not a hair of our heads shall be harmed.

A telegram is handed to him. The effect is electric, astounding. The kindness, courtesy, serene judicial calm, disappear in a flash. The venerable Judge Foster is gone and there remains the Southern slave holder, the infuriated master brandishing a whip. His eyes glare, his face muscles twitch as he shrieks:

"God damn the son of a bitch that sent me this telegram! I'll make him answer for it. I'll go to Birmingham—I'll go to New York. I'll kill the son of a bitch!"

Distinguished counsel press around the judge, soothing, sympathizing. McQueen looks at the telegram, finds he is referred to as one of the "lynch lawyers," and nobly assures the judge that it won't make any difference to him in his conduct of the case. Brandon whispers: "I didn't think the judge even *knew* those words." Then: "This'll stir up the niggers. Too bad, too bad. We know how to handle the niggers down here."

The telegram read:

"Two hundred thousand members and affiliates International Labor Defense demand you withdraw troops in trial Pippen Clark Harden withdraw local lynch lawyers and permit defense by ILD attorneys retained by families of defendants. Will expose your illegal manoeuvres nationally as counterpart Scottsboro."

"WILLIAM L. PATTERSON

National Secretary."

The judge is escorted to a side room. Preparations go on for assuring our safe departure. Major Jemison of the militia is summoned, and begins to make his plans. The crowd is watching all doors. Occasionally, in the empty court room, we hear a wild yell. We look out the window. The crowd is milling around; some of them are dancing in the street.

Judge Foster comes back. He is himself again, and with a courtly gesture he says:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry. I shall stand by you and see that you are protected."

He is escorted out again. It begins to look like a curiously



SHERIFF SHAMBLIN: "THE I. L. D. IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE."

HUGO GELLERT

staged show. We wait for the next appearance. Sure enough, Judge Foster comes back a third time. He is again brandishing the telegram, and letting himself go.

"God damn the son of a bitch who sent this telegram," the judge shrieks. "I'll kill the bastard."

One of the deputies speaks up. "Judge, you won't have to do it. Somebody'll do it for you."

The judge makes his exit—and re-appears, again magically composed. Soft spoken, courteous, he assures us we will be protected.

The rest is the record of a long and tense day spent in getting away from the mob. We waited three hours in the court room till the crowd was thinner. We were then disguised, smuggled out the back door to the county jail thirty feet away, taken underneath the jail to another exit, put into two cars, and driven out into the country. The cars turned back to the

Tuscaloosa station, despite my objections, and there for a long seven minutes we sat waiting for the train, while the crowd grew more menacing. Two members of the mob got on the train, cut the airline, and at Cottondale, 13 miles out, we came to a stop. Several hundred of the mob had arrived. We heard tramping in the corridor outside our compartment, knocks on the door, and whispering and muttering. The break was quickly repaired and we got to Birmingham.

This Tuscaloosa case is the first one in which the I.L.D. was definitely prevented by the authorities from aiding the defense.

The tragic result:

Two weeks later Dan Pippen and A. T. Harden were dead, shot by a carefully organized lynch party, and Clarke, the third boy, with two bullet wounds, was fighting for life in the Tuscaloosa jail.



HUGO
GELLERT

SHERIFF SHAMBLIN: "THE I. L. D. IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE."

HUGO GELLERT



SHERIFF SHAMBLIN: "THE I. L. D. IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE."

The Senator thunders platitudes and the farmers listen glumly—News of a foreclosure stirs them to action—A picture of Eastern Pennsylvania.

The Earth Rumbles

Joseph North

THE staunchness of the Hummer house—based on square rocks quarried from the Pennsylvania hills—attests to the two centuries of able farming this Mennonite family has contributed to the history of William Penn's settlement. Off the road some 250 yards the broad-browed house stands half hidden among a giant clump of oaks: one of the trees apparently welded to the structure, growing directly into the wall so that the house acquires the connotation of eternity—wedding man's handicraft to Nature's.

Mrs. Hummer wears the heavy black dress down to the heels but she appears in the room where the men are meeting—stands talking naturally to Mister Kovaleskie, the Polish farmer who drove over to the meeting in his Model T Ford from his township a good twenty-two miles east. She turns to twit Mr. Phelps, lanky and ill-at-ease, for failing to appear at last week's meeting. Her 18 year old daughter in quaint high shoes and long skirt, is passing out leaflets to the score of men, all of whom have shaved clean, the blue of their jaws prominent under the tan, in honor of the occasion. Her husband stands hands on hips, his eyes peering from beneath his spectacles, his paunch swelling from an already broad chest.

"Time to start the meeting, not?" he asks. The others nod: they have finished a hard day's work and it is now 9:30 p.m. and work starts again at dawn. And most have a stretch of ten to twenty miles to trundle home again in their aged machines.

Senatorial Thunder

Farmer Smith—a Quaker—straight and lean—speaks up: "Senator Ashworth is speaking on the milk question down at Plumsteadville. It's my opinion we all ought to go down and listen to what he's got to say."

Farmer Kovaleskie stands up—his high Slavic cheekbones and small bearish eyes agleam: "We ought to go and give him hell."

Mister Hummer eyes him and says, with a glance at his wife: "Say. What was that you just said?"

The Slav smiles sheepishly. "I said it already." The Mennonite nods, "Go wash your mouth with soap. Go on." And they all laugh at the joke but the point remains: restraint in language prevails despite what unorthodox action may result from their meetings.

They decide: and all bundle in their machines to Plumsteadville, another half dozen miles away. The cars plow over the hills, their headlights cutting the darkness, at one place lighting up a farm where an entire family is plowing, following a lanky horse, by the light of the moon.

Plumsteadville: a few dozen wooden houses and the meeting hall is half full. A few Mennonite women are attending the meeting, clad in their nun-like habit, with the peculiar round headware common to their sect. A few score farmers are being showered beneath the Senator's oratory.

"And I tell you the milk question is tied up with this topic" he thunders. "For many facts were learned in the fight for woman suffrage. Man has learned to confide in his little woman who stays at home and does the hardest work, making it possible for you men to come to meetings like this. The woman, God bless her, she suffers the most in these hard times. Whose

responsibility is the table? Who mends clothes and rears the children? Why before coming to this meeting my wife stopped me as I was going out the door. 'Here' she says, 'You're going to speak and there's a button missing from your coat. Is that a way to appear before an audience?' Well, I didn't have the time to let her sew it on, so I come here anyhow the way I was. And that's why I'm in my shirtsleeves now so you all can't see the button missing and think my wife's not a good housekeeper."

There is a sprinkling of laughter among some of the audience but the farmers freshly arrived from the Hummer house sit ominously silent. They do not laugh at senatorial witticisms. He continues, advising the farmers to consult with their wives before they "do anything" about the milk price. He quotes from the Bible to prove his point for woman suffrage. He plows over plowed fields, his little white goatee bobbing. A few farmers smile and a handful of the townspeople, the real-estate dealer, the garage-man and A. and P. manager enjoy his talk obviously. But the farmers who are organized sit tight-lipped. They are waiting for him to make a definite commitment, but he speaks on and on, pirouetting around concrete declarations, avoiding them like the plague. The Bible quotation is simpler: the advice to heed your wife surer.

He winds up at 11:25 with a peroration, after having spoken of the "few years left for me on this side of the valley"; of, "my friend, Governor Pinchot who'll give you a fair hearing"; of, "the farmside, the last remaining source of wealth still unplundered by the bankers who have already gobbled up the other three sources of our national wealth: the fruit of the mine, the life in the sea, and the lumber of the forest." He pays tribute to the fine people of Bucks County, as fine as the folk of Chester County where he first saw the light of day and learned the three R's at the country schoolhouse at Chadd's Ford near where Washington fought the red-coats at Brandywine. He visits a well-turned compliment on the chairman who invited him to address the sturdy farmers of this county.

But as he is finishing a lone hand rises in the rear of the hall: a big hand belonging to one of the unsmiling farmers: "I would like to ask the speaker a question." But the chairman is on his feet—"Due to the lateness of the hour, and as many of the farmers here have work to do at sunup, this meeting is adjourned. We will try to have another meeting when we can ask and answer all questions."

A Farmer Speaks

Uproar: and several farmers are standing on the benches. The Mennonite women are not cowering but lean forward to hear. There is the scraping of chairs, a sound pregnant with strife, and the hallkeeper whose hand was on the switch to turn out the light finds himself edged away from the door by a broadshouldered youth who whispers, "If you don't want to be pitched down the stairs, then don't go turning out any lights."

One of the farmers is speaking, shouting over the hubbub of moving men and chairs:

"We don't want no nice talk from politicians. We want facts. The Senator told us Pinchot will listen to us. Did he when

we went to him last? He heeded the steel people from Pittsburgh and the banking people from Philadelphia, but he turned us back. The Senator quotes the Bible a lot but what's he say about getting a fair price for milk? The Senator says we can't go to defying the law: because who made the law, he says, if it wasn't us. Well I say he's a liar. Because they made the law while we was out in the fields plowing. We didn't know what the damn law was till after it was already finished and down on the books." There is a rattling cheer and he continues: "We don't want nothing to do with politicians. They've sold us out and they'll sell us out." A roar of approval and the chairman of the meeting is edging doorward, the white goatee of the Senator is already in the rear of an automobile speeding out of town.

The farmers continue to mill around and argue among themselves. One stubborn individual, broad and round-faced, hops on a chair and shouts, "We ain't ready yet to do away with the politicians. The farmer's got to play politics if he wants to get anywhere. He's got to lobby like the Wall Street people lobby."

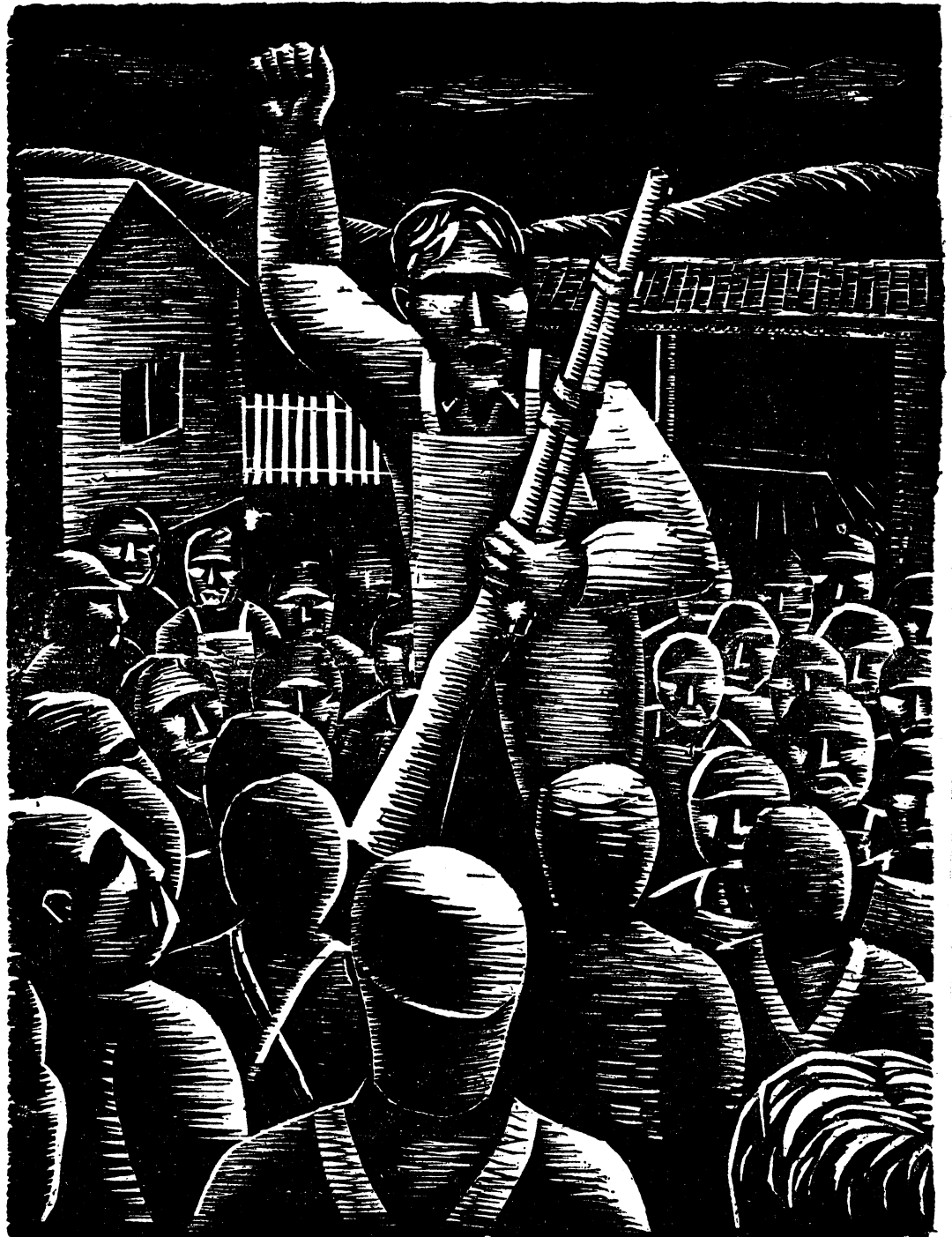
Another farmer, tall, bony, is shaking a finger under his nose: "Lobbying is good for those who graft. We'll never get nothing except what we fight for. Lobbying!"

But the friction continues verbal: nobody has as yet laid a hand on the other man's overall straps, which would have been declaration of war. They argue outside under the country moon, the headlights throwing into vision knots of men, angry-visaged, their jaws working and heads wagging. And all about them country dark.

The organized farmers return to the Hummer household. "We ought never to have let him speak all that while," the driver jerking the wheel sharply to the turn in the road says. "No. We was damn fools," another replies from the rear of the car. They dissect the meeting, upturn stones they overlooked, and swear restrainedly at the Senator and politicians: at the chairman who brought him here to speak.

They reach the Hummer place shortly after midnight: dog-tired, for they had been haying during the day and tomorrow is another day. But here is matter of concern to all. They sit around the walls of the big parlor: the organ in the corner, a 1931 calendar on the walls retained for the beautiful snow-effect of the isinglass on the picture. Several embroidered mottoes hang over their heads, "God Is Everywhere" one says and the other, "Seek And Ye Shall Find." And the Mennonite Hummer stands with his paunch, his hand on his hips, and his eyes on the chairman.

A short, squat man is introduced as representing an Unemployed Council of Allentown. He speaks—a little decorously like the public figures he has heard at election time. "I am glad to be among you farmers. In the city we all know what



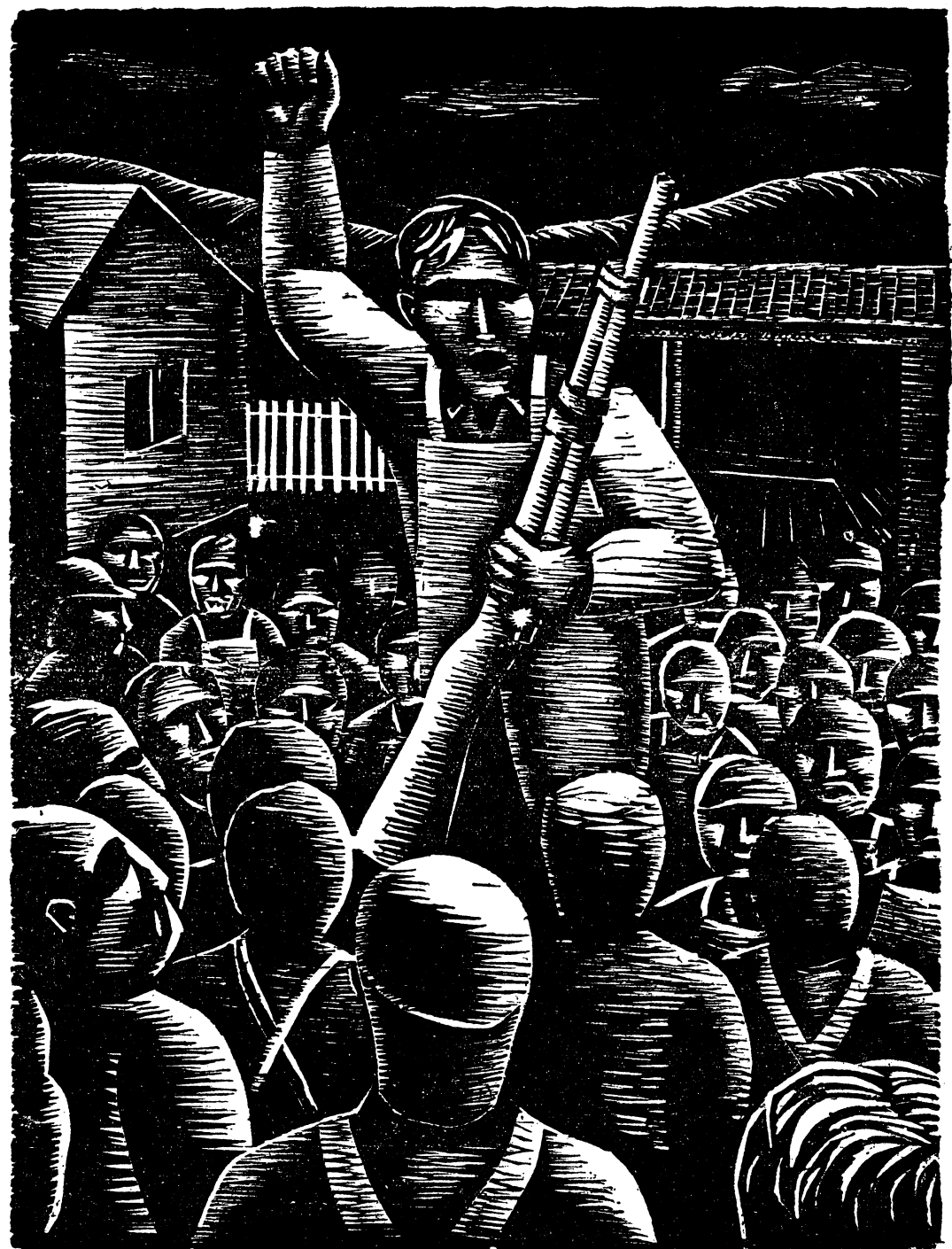
L. ARENAL

good work you are doing. I come here representing the Eleventh Ward Unemployed Council." He is fair-haired, of evident Teutonic extraction, and his nose is squashed in somewhat. "We read in the papers you all brought milk to the unemployed people in Kensington in Philadelphia. We want you to do the same for us in Allentown. We will pass out leaflets and let the people know who's doing it. We'll let them know how much you get for the milk and how much it's sold for to them."

A farmer speaks up: "The Relief Committee'll give you a vote of thanks for taking the burden off their hands . . ."

"We thought of that," he smiles. "We'll let the people know it's only for this once it can be done. For we know the farmers has nothin' they got to give away. But we'll expose the milk graft. And we'll get the working people in the city shoulder to shoulder with the farming people. For the enemy is the same enemy." The farmers do not applaud but their intent silence is endorsement.

Debate follows; and then Hummer offers two cans of milk. He breaks the ice, another farmer can give 30 quarts. A



third fifty. And finally a total of four hundred quarts, which is considered sufficient for the purpose, is pledged. Then they discuss the plans of transportation and there are volunteers.

The workers' representative smiles in open satisfaction. "I want to thank you sincerely in the name of the unemployed of Allentown. We got the same problems you got. And we ought to be standing together; we workers of the mills with you workers of the farms." As he walks out there is a sally of applause. To me this proves the most profound occurrence of the day: the action symbolic of a growing understanding among the poverty-harrassed of the countryside with those of the city. I see it developing here, naturally, spontaneously, under the buffeting of crisis. I think too of the newspapers that hammered away with the statement that the farmers who were talking general strike have as their catchword the slogan "Starve America." But this, to me, gives the lie to the Brisbanes and the Hearsts. The city worker, short, plebeian in every gesture and expression, standing there, unconscious of the vast connotations of his action, pleading for unity with the farm toiler.

The business of the meeting continues, discussed monotonously, and several of the farmers leaning back begin to jerk their heads, their eyes laden with sleep. The cuckoo bobs out of an ancient Swiss clock twice and wakes a farmer who rubs his eyes and looks around sheepishly. He thinks of the work to begin in a few short hours and he asks if the most of the business can't be laid over till next week.

"No." The chairman says sharply. "We've coming to the most important business of the night." They have reached the main topic: one of their members is to be sold at auction next Thursday if he cannot get a loan from the Land Bank. And it is already Tuesday.

"He'll not get the loan: they'll never give him fifteen hundred dollars," is the opinion. "That means foreclosure." And that is understood. Outside the moon is low and the dew is on the ground, a heavy fog has curtained the barn and the trees. The dog stirs uncomfortably on the porch and a night bird moans somewhere, low in his throat. They sit awhile, all silent, thinking "Foreclosure." Finally one asks, "Well. What shall we do?"

"Get down to the courthouse and march around with play-cards."

"But the State Police . . ."

"And we only got till Thursday. Can we get a crowd?"

"The State Police'll have tear gas. And vomiting gas."

"They brought machine guns last time."

Silence again. Finally one of the farmers speaks up: "We can't let him be sheriffed, and keep quiet. Why, what'll the farmers think of the organization?"

Another standing up, his heavy jaw prominent, "But all farmers is busy now. It's the season. Can we git them out?"

"We ought to show up there with the play-cards even if we only git out a dozen," Farmer Kovaleskie speaks up. "We got to show them we won't keep quiet on foreclosing. What do the working people do in the city at them evictions? They don't always have big crowds."

Several heads nod agreeing. But others are wary. "Out west they show up with four or five thousand farmers." The discussion proceeds—to and fro about the points of view, the opinions wrung from sleep-tortured men. Finally the chairman speaks up—he is young, a World War veteran and State College man—"We got to be moving along, men. Can't stay here all night. Well what do you say?" Farmer Kovaleskie speaks up for demonstrative action: "We don't fight the cops. We just march around the county court. We'll set up the play-cards. Why they'll even give us a permit for that."

Another disagrees. "They'll call out the State Police. They want to smash us now. Before we get up strength. And if they crack heads, the other farmers'll stay away."

Hummer's eyes seem almost to tinkle. "They can't stay away when their farms is in the same danger. We'll do a Paul Revere and get them out, even if it is only a couple days off." The debate goes on—the farmers weary, anxious for rest for tomorrow's toil, but the ogre of foreclosure stands before them, all seeing it and understanding it menaces each.

And the question is whether to defy authority at this moment: without adequate preparation for a well-numbered demonstration. And the leaves of the oak tree wedded to the west wall of the house rustle. Outside there is silence over the hundreds of miles of farmside and owls hoot sadly somewhere in the branches. But the debate on defiance continues until a rooster crowing in the barnyard stirs them to decision and adjournment.

Self Portrait

Max Eastman

In the August issue of the Modern Monthly, a practical demonstration of "the literary mind" is given by Max Eastman in a letter to the editor. The letter begins thus:

To the Editor of the Modern Monthly:

Your readers will better appreciate Sidney Hook's remark that he has "more pressing things to do than to instruct me," and his tooting out of his own horn my generous remark about his criticisms of *Capital and Other Writings*, if they know what preceded this. On several occasions you pointedly told me that Sidney Hook "liked" me, and "wanted to meet me" and "hoped I had no hard feeling against him." Similar remarks were made to me by still more representative friends of his, and one of them offered to invite us to dinner together—a proposal which I rejected merely on the ground that, with the best will in the world, it would be embarrassing to meet so closely a man who had falsified my writings and then called me a liar by way of apology. I had at this time already written my reply to my critics, and you persuaded me, you remember, to omit from the section on Sidney Hook my principal accusation against him—which is that in the *Journal of Philosophy* he reproduced my whole criticism of the Marxian philosophy of history, ten distinct ideas to be exact, and instead of acknowledging it, offered me one of his glib contemptuosities. You persuaded me that Hook was so disposed toward me that if I would leave this accusation out of my article, the rest would be "taken in good part." In view of this approaching restoration of decent feeling between us, I not only suppressed my principal accusation against Sidney

Hook, but went out of my way to speak appreciatively of his book and of his more recent and more honest criticisms. It was easy to say that they are the best my book has had, for it has had no other relevant criticisms from students of Marx.

Sidney Hook was, as you know, perfectly aware of all this preliminary manoeuvring, and moreover he was prepared by my previous article for a thorough-going attempt on my part to prove that he had "wished my book away" and not confronted it. When he read the proof, however, he could not swallow it—nor answer it. He saw the opportunity to grab my tribute to his intelligence—evoked by the proposal of reconciliation—stick it in his cap, and then spit in my face once more, and walk away.

That is the reason why he now combines a boast of my compliments to him (and even permits his publisher to use them in advertising his book) with the discovery that my negative criticisms are not worth answering.

I now suggest that you print the portions of my article *The Master Magician* which I omitted at your instance on the ground that Hook desired the establishment of amicable relations between us.

Having thus explained the lofty grounds for his leniency with Hook, his willingness to make peace on a mutual back-scratching basis, the sad failure of the negotiations and his own quite natural chagrin at being rebuffed, Eastman bares his critical fangs anew and sinks them into the professor's quivering form, two columns deep.

August 22, 1927-1933

Ben Maddow

From Ellis Island, over the guarded fence,
what grasp against the smoky bay,
index electric for the immigrant,
bright as the panes where Wall St. lifts the sky?

—Of Liberty, the Statue. And of her golden land
draped like a mother in the neon veils,
two men asked innocently food. Bruised
mouth they got at the iron nipples.

Then Boston: a hawker of fish; in the last alley
his pennies stank in the twilight.
August; the fire escapes a-heave with sleepers;
a cobbler clops in his shop till midnight.

Chained are the days, fatigue and blistered rooms,
stuporous nightfall on the bodies chained.
“Workmen, unite! Nothing to lose but chains—,”
under the harsh bulb, fishman and cobbler read;

And sang them with living fist in the mill streets.
for which they were framed into the cynical bars
7 years, watching approach the swinging knife of the law.
Now burn them for murder, said the murderers.

While U.S.S.R. brightens with Lenin's voltage,
socialist engines suckling the cemented river,
long past such playthings, capital restrains
Niagara to electrify a chair.

Thayer has shaved Nicola Sacco's skull;
for Batolomeo Vanzetti, Lowell fits the wet iron.
Morgan, Mellon, Ford, and Rockefeller
at the copper switch twice clamp death down.

Solid the storm-sky moves over Massachusetts; August of
'33, fretful with lightning, over the bobbins slackened;
(we will remember), thunder in America, (we will remember
how in that hour twice our banners were branded.)
You, masters of New England! land and wheel
squeeze in your perfumed thumbs, but on your
cuff is the stink of burning skin;
class toward class, we name you murderer.

SACCO AND VANZETTI, we remember
SACCO AND VANZETTI, in our storm
toward our own August, SACCO AND VANZETTI
toward the red August of our thunderstorm.





THE FLOWER

ANTON REFREGIER

Poems by Harry Alan Potamkin

The poems selected and reprinted on these pages are evidence of Harry Alan Potamkin's fine poetic talent and reveal his intellectual and social growth from an individual with a purely esthetic and metaphysical outlook to a matured man with a broad, humane, and revolutionary social viewpoint. Thanks are due to Folio, Cluny Musée and the Menorah Journal for permission to reprint, in sequence, "Dissertation," "Blue Negress" and "The Fruit of Strife." "Paris Commune" appeared in the New Masses.

A critical appraisal of Potamkin's work, as poet and motion picture critic, is in preparation.

Dissertation

in the embryo of all things
there is a spot as big as a pinhead
that is the promise of future laughter

if i should balance a feather upon my nose
with the insouciant ease of an acrobat in skintights
think not the humor of my pose were sudden or
spontaneous
born and bred of the moment

the germ containeth the ultimate
in the ultimate there is the germ

why when the loon laughs should the cockodrill
weep
if there were no established unity
the hop of a toad you will say
is no certificate to warrant an elephant to somersault
and i shall answer irrelevant as it were
what makes a rooster crow
in some far countries I have it on excellent
authority
men wear tails to make more easily
the perfect image of a circle
a hand grasping a tail a tail in the grasp of a hand
the beginning and the end merge
to a common circumference the perfect image of a circle

aye indeed when we look upon
the hyena in the cage laughing at a signature of man
be it some intangible grotesque
or some pathetic gesture
we are prone to estimate him as a fool
or as a laughing hypocrite

but that minute spot in the minute embryo
has become the content of the beast

the germ has become the universe
a red louse in the beard of jehovah

(1922)

Blue Negress

In the suns baked, baked in the oven
glazing her community with time,
three centuries have noways dimmed nor seared,
she is as yesterday in hope of haven.
therefore her eyes are large, therefore no need to
prime
her feathers, they will be always endeared
to tropic suns. Hers is a haven whose doors
are always open, who awaiting her will know
she has attained, having possessed, complete accord,
the absolute, the relative, the self. Roars
there a beating river in the canyon, it will flow

a blue glazed surface somewhere and a chord
beneath it stir to the thinnest counterpanes
a promise: Blue Negress, the hands that made
your lips heavy with sacred plunder now
admit you to a sanctity whose profanes
will perish. You may open terracotta lips, upbraid
you never again nor scorn, your terracotta brow
is sanctified by larger dispensation than is man's.

She is curious to know how long she slept being yet
awake,

Tell her three centuries of wakefulness, three hundred
centuries of dream,

perhaps when she enters into flesh again to take
a new community with time, she will learn to know
esteem.

(1928)

Paris Commune

In seventy-one we died in a week of blood
to tickle the boulevardiers and the silk top hats;
they wagered on us as we floated the Seine
from Maisons-Alfort to the shores of St. Cloud:
"How many federals do you bet on the tide?"

Our blood, the blood of the red avowal
has placed the red flag over the black earth,
will place the red flag over Lille and Marseilles,
from Finisterre to Lorraine
(the red flag flies in St. Denis.)
over the Pantheon and the Chamber of Deputies.
You will rename your thoroughfares
for the brave men of the barricades,
you will remember the men of the Faubourgs
and the Place de la Bastille.
For every silk hat of arrogance,
for each parasol that gouged the eye,
for every slander and every corpse
and the whimsical estimate, 'heroic picnic',
there will be

*War on the palaces,
Peace in the cottages,
Death to poverty and idleness!*
This is the goal of our excess.

Only a small outpost skirmish, comrades,
the main affair is ahead of us, said Bebel in '71,
at the close of the seventy days,
the seventy red days of seventy-one.

The main affair has won its first siege,
over one-sixth of the world—
the skirmish was lost but the war is won!
Greetings, Communard, dictator of '71,
Seventeen greets you,
October greets March!
There is no blind spot
in the memory of the proletariat:
This is our heritage, our consanguinity,
the one blood of the one class
the world has long awaited
to catapult its law against disaster,
to load the guns against the master rogues,
to load the guns against the loaded dice,
the stratagems of delusions,
the virtuosities of greed.
Ours is the blood of the one assurance:
All Power to the Soviets!

(1932)

HYGO
GELLERT

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

April 10, 1900

July 26, 1933

Fruit of the Strife

(The First Collective, Ukraine)

I

The peasants gathered with pursed brow wondering: a Jew breaks stone and furrows. What sort of seed, what sort of grain? We who were teased were now their taunt, to tantalize them with plough and free arm ploughing. They wondered: does the Jew not garner dust and wind and machination? Does he not bargain, bicker, bid for dust and wind and machination? He isn't the devil? He can split the stone and bring water forth from underground to well into sustenance and peasant pride?

II

Yes, yes, dear comrade, the stream under the earth welling to sustenance—oh, how long, to find the slender stream—did the kulak hide it? did the expert disguise it? So near was I to desolation or to resignation, waiting . . .

Waiting for what? Death from the drought or the locusts. But no! the young man from the Party, he said (was there not doubt in his voice, anguish, anxiety?): "Comrades, there's water, water to drown your doubts and your foes, your man of eighty hectares and his god.

Comrades, dig on, dig in, spade and shovel, pickaxe and spade. There is water to well into sustenance and flower!"

I said to myself: "Is there not doubt in his voice, anguish, anxiety?" And I answered myself: "Should I not rather dig on, dig in, than perish of desolation, resign? I'll risk one more week of devotion, that much I can risk." And I cried: "Dig on, dig in, comrades, there's water!"

See how the grain grows, comrade, we'll give more than our quota this season.

III

Here we are, comrade, on the land, the black land is ours. Did you think, comrade, the land would ever be ours? Did you think, comrade, our dust would settle and bring forth grain? and the wind of our roots would play in the wheat? And, comrade, confess: have you ever known a little Jew to wish for rain? Tell me this is no miracle, that a little Jew asks for rain? For mud! The same little Jew who wanted dry roads for his bargains—he hadn't a thing in his hand—in his head there were seller and buyer, and he was the current. Now we have radio.

If you talk of miracles, comrade, there is but one, and that was the first miracle, the land. But we are through with miracles, comrade, for what are they? Havoc and lull, dread peace after the massacre, a crumb after the famine, a pittance after dearth. Was it a miracle that sprang water from under the soil? Was it a miracle that halted the kulak in the midst of his slaughter? that silenced the hags who screeched for their kine? No, comrade, it was a force! The hand of the worker 'gainst the rancor of god. God the kulak, god the plotter, god the "stalwart citizen" of eighty hectares and a lustful pride.

IV

The seasons to the windward now are chaste. And the reckoning has been made: the land is clean. Never again clandestine, secretive, the whisperings in dark bitter corners, letting no sun in, closing the doors, bolting the shutters, mumbling the prayers to close the doors tighter, beating the forehead against stone walls, keeping the sea out, keeping the sea out.

The tongue is open to the sea and the brine will fall on it and it will have it so. And the ear is open to the sea whose accents are now close upon the heart, once closed to them. Free are the corners where men converse, Gentile and Jew, sharing the sun through unshut doors, freeing the brow of furrows, furrowing the soil together, rearing the common child, fruit of the strife.

The child grows tall on largess of the simple faith in what is real. O Child! you are the valid fruit to bear more lavish fruit again in the clean land from the clean earth open to heartiness, tested in dire years, years of grim abstinence!

AUGUST, 1933



HUGO
GELLERT

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

April 10, 1900

July 26, 1933

AUGUST, 1933



HUGO
GELLERT

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

April 10, 1900

July 26, 1933

"Whether he knows it or not, Max Eastman is a writer in uniform; but not in the uniform of the Red Army."

Choose Your Uniform

Joshua Kunitz

ARTISTS in Uniform—this is the ironic title Max Eastman gives to his revelations about Soviet Literature, the International Bureau of Revolutionary Writers, the Kharkov Conference, the *New Masses* and the John Reed Club, in the August issue of the *Modern Monthly*.

This title derives from an episode which took place at Kharkov and which Eastman describes as follows:

"Their mood may be summed up in the words of the international secretary, Bela Illes of Hungary, who spoke in a uniform presented to him by the Red Army. Alluding to this formidable costume, he exclaimed: 'Pen in hand we are soldiers of the great invincible army of the international proletariat!' I imagine that if there had been a *humorous* artist present, and one with a pencil in hand, this uniformed soldier going into battle for the proletariat armed with a pen—munitioned, I suppose, with ink-pots and many rolls of blotting paper—would have fared badly under the table."

Since there was no humorous artist at the Conference ("Gropper," says Eastman, "was there but in a subdued condition.") and since the writers present were "distinguished by an almost total lack of mirth," Max Eastman has now taken it upon himself to make up for the deficiency by sneering at the "formidable" costume of the Red Army and kicking Bela Illes—pen, ink-pots, blotting paper, red army uniform and all—under the table! (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

What Is Holy Land

Max Eastman objects to Bela Illes' Red Army uniform. After all, both Bela Illes and the uniform are symbols. When the students of the Kharkov military school elected Bela Illes to honorary membership in the Red Army and presented him with the uniform, they simply signified through this symbolical act their appreciation of international revolutionary literature as a worthy weapon in the hands of the fighting proletariat. In the person of a writer who has been the victim of bourgeois terror in Hungary, they honored the revolutionary writers in Germany, Japan, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and other lands where at that very moment hundreds of them were languishing in the capitalist jails. Yes, "pen in hand," revolutionary writers *are* soldiers of the great invincible army of the international proletariat, they are in that sense *artists in uniform*, with one purpose, one aim, one objective for which they are ready to fight, to go to jail, to die. And for the life of me I fail to see anything humorous in that.

Eastman's thesis is fairly clear. First, he seeks to show that a rigid formula for creative work was imposed on the writers at the Kharkov conference; second, that this super-imposed formula was later annulled, and another substituted in its place, also from the top and finally, that these two formulas, each in turn rammed down the throats of the John Reed Club and the *New Masses*, turned the members of those organizations into writers and artists in uniform. That these assertions of Mr. Eastman are untrue—that there was neither a formulation of rigid rules for creative work nor the annulment of such rules and the substitution of others—will be demonstrated in an article in the next issue of the *New Masses*. Here I shall deal specifically with his absurd treatment of the Kharkov Conference.

There is something suspiciously personal in Max Eastman's ill-humored invectives against the delegates at Kharkov and his deliberate ignoring of the fact that there were scores of

artists and writers at that conference who from the standpoint of both theoretical and creative accomplishment stand high in the literatures of their respective countries, as well as internationally. These men, according to Eastman, came to the "Holy Land"—"Mohammedans to Mecca," they subscribed to "all the solemn poppy-cock put out at once as sacred dogma and maturest science of aesthetics, by those fervently sophomoric under-YMCA-secretaries of Stalin's bureaucratic church of the Dialectic Revelation," they were like a bunch of "boy scouts in a soldier's uniform and are going to war for Communism with pen and ink."

These annihilating analogies are, I presume, the type of "humor" calculated to tickle the risibilities and evoke the "loud and prolonged laughter" of the *Modern Monthly* non-descripts. Yet why should not the territory occupied by the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics be hallowed ground to revolutionists? It is there that the battles of the revolutionary proletariat, that the battles of humanity are being fought out. The workers and poor peasants of the Soviet Union are the hope of the exploited masses of the world. Their pains, their sufferings, their mistakes, their victories, are the pains and sufferings, the mistakes and victories of the international proletarian movement. I confess, publicly and unabashedly, when I read of a defeat in the Soviet Union, I grieve. When I learn of a victory, I exult. When I hear of any threat to the Soviet Union on the part of its capitalist neighbors I ache to rise to its defense, and not only with my pen.

This feeling stirs millions of workers and peasants, thousands of intellectuals the world over. A healthy opponent can understand and respect it. It takes a very tired or a very angry petty bourgeois radical to twist himself into a sneer.

The sneer becomes actually ghastly when one realizes that the Kharkov Conference was primarily an anti-war conference, that the revolutionary artists and writers present there knew of the forthcoming Ramsin trial at which the plots of the French and English imperialists to invade Russia would be exposed, and that every effort was made at that conference to organize the scattered revolutionary forces in art and literature for a concerted struggle against imperialist war. The appeal "To the Writers of the World," signed by all the delegates present, and printed at the very beginning of the report, is a key to the whole Conference. What is that appeal?

Anti-War Appeal

"Revolutionary writers of the world:

"Fight with the weapon of the word against the oppressors and the hangmen for the defense of the Soviet Union so that the word of force shall not compel you to be silent when the bands of hired murderers rush pell-mell to lay waste the only home of the international revolutionary culture—the USSR.

"Hands off the USSR, the Fatherland of Revolutionary Culture!"

Though almost every important resolution and speech contained in the official report makes distinct reference to the danger of an imperialist war against the Soviet Union, though in his opening speech Bela Illes, the general secretary of the Bureau of Revolutionary Writers, unequivocally declared that "our principal political task is to develop on a world wide scale our propaganda against war, against intervention, in defense of the Soviet Union," Max Eastman nowhere in his discussion evinces any awareness of it. He ignores the whole point of the Kharkov Conference. Literateur Max Eastman,

who makes "digressions into politics," naively imagines that all the writers and artists, representing 22 nations, were summoned to the "Holy Land" by the "College of Cardinals" to afford the "juvenile lieutenant of the political bureaucracy named Auerbach" an opportunity to air his literary theories! As Eastman envisages it, the revolutionary writers of the world in solemn conference assembled, after hearing the "cryptic utterance of Stalin's High Priest, Auerbach: 'that every proletarian artist must be a dialectic materialist'" and that "the method of creative art is the method of dialectic materialism," fell prostrate and fervently pledged their life-blood in defense of the dialectic method!

Without a shred of evidence to support him, Max Eastman builds his entire article on the utterly absurd fiction that all the Kharkov delegates, under the whip of the "drill master," declared themselves "dialectic materialists and their creative method to be a dialectically materialistic one." He is particularly caustic about the American delegation—"these uniformed apostles of the new poetic goose-step, these under-probationary lay-writers of the Holy See of the Proletarian Revolution." Yet had Eastman, instead of wasting invectives, read the Resolution of the American delegation on proletarian and revolutionary literature in America (p. 21-22), signed by Fred Ellis, Michael Gold, William Gropper, A. B. Magil, Harry Alan Potamkin, and myself, he would have found not even a mention of the dialectical bugaboo. Indeed, had Max Eastman read the resolutions passed by the delegations from the other countries he would have scarcely found a reference to the creative method. The only exception is the resolution of the Hungarians. But it happened that all of the Hungarian delegates were political emigres, living in the Soviet Union, and directly involved in the literary struggles there.

All the resolutions, after stressing the necessity of fighting in defense of the USSR, proceed to deal with the very practical problems of organization, publications, and collaboration with sympathetic elements still outside the revolutionary movement. The vast majority of the foreign and even Soviet delegates were not members of the Communist party, or of any other political party. Some of the European delegates were associated with Social Democratic and liberal groups. Not only would it be fatuous to attempt to impose on this variegated assemblage a common "creative method", but even the political program had to be exceedingly broad and elastic so as not to alienate any of the delegates. Some of the Americans of whose "venture to object to anything" Max Eastman speaks with some approbation, were condemned for their insistence on keeping a man like Upton Sinclair, because of his Socialist affiliations, off the advisory board of the Bureau. The Americans were urged to "avoid all demagogical excesses, all such names as fascist, traitor, deserter, when referring to such writers whose revolutionism is above doubt." They were urged "not to apply mechanically the methods and norms of intra-Party work to mass organizations in general, and particularly to literary organization," and were advised that "at least in the domain of creative work, mistakes are unavoidable."

Missed the Elephant

Altogether, Eastman's reading of the report of the Kharkov Conference reminds one of the quaint fellow who was so fascinated by the bugs, gnats, flies, and mosquitoes at the zoo that he ignored the elephant. Seeing a single two-line reference to dialectical materialism, smuggled in by Auerbach in order to add "international" prestige to the literary theories of his special grouping—the *Na Literaturnom Postu*, Eastman jumps to the naive conclusion that the "sacro-sanctimonious prostration" before that "sacred dogma" was the absolute prerequisite for membership in the Bureau.

Yet the program of the Bureau is stated very clearly and authoritatively by S. Gopner, the representative of Executive Committee of the Communist International at the Conference:

"What is at present the most important link which must be caught hold of in the various sections of the revolutionary movement? The most important link is the struggle against imperialist intervention in the USSR. The defense of the USSR is the most militant task, for the USSR is the mainstay of the world proletarian revolution. The struggle against fascism and socialism, as also against imperialist oppression in China and India, is in-

dissolubly connected with the struggle in defense of the USSR. *This is our platform*, and this platform can and should be acceptable to the wide masses of writers in all countries. *We must open the doors wider to all writers who accept this platform.* They must be given the opportunity of putting all their creative ability, all their force, on the balance-scale of the revolution."

There is not a single, solitary mention, indication, or suggestion of dialectical materialism, of the creative method, or anything like that in the entire speech. Being that all delegates, "without one word of demur, question, request for elucidation, amendment, objection, reflection, meditation," accepted the very reasonable anti-imperialist war platform proposed by the Communist International, is it not perfectly manifest that the poor wretches possessed neither "cerebral cortexes" nor "spinal columns"?

As I have already demonstrated, neither the platform of the International Bureau of Revolutionary Writers nor the Resolution adopted by the American delegates representing the *New Masses* and the John Reed Club at the Kharkov Conference makes any mention of the "dialectical materialistic method". Thus Eastman's indignation over the "latest orders from the Sacred City" and his comradely sympathy with "the creative cohorts of the John Reed Club and the *New Masses*" who have been subjected to such indignities as having their heads arbitrarily voided of a "whole philosophy and methodology of art" and being coerced, by sudden decree, to swallow the bitter pills of "Socialist Realism" and "Red Romanticism", are a little out of place.

There having been no contract involving dialectical materialism, (no offer, no acceptance, no meeting of minds), there was obviously nothing to be revoked, rescinded, annulled, excised, rejected, extirpated, or even to get excited about. Not only was there no collective agreement, there were no individual agreements. In all the speeches delivered by the American delegates there is not a word, not one little word, about the creative method, dialectical materialism, literary theory, or similar abstractions. Even Michael Gold, who seemed to be in greater sympathy with the point of view of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers than were the rest of the American delegates, despite Max Eastman's false allegation never "dedicated himself with 'loud and prolonged applause' to the dialectic method in literary creation." Mike spoke of the Gastonia strike, of the A. F. of L., of the Communist raids, of the "Soviet dumping" and "Soviet religious persecutions" campaigns in the United States; above all he spoke of the possibility of war and the duty of every revolutionary writer to defend the Soviet Union, and not a word, not a syllable, not a sound about dialectical materialism. The same holds true of the American delegation's report on the Kharkov conference published in the *New Masses* of February 1931, and of Michael Gold's notes from Kharkov in the *New Masses* of March 1931. In short Max Eastman, knowing what was and what was not in the report, fully informed as to the almost exclusively anti-war character of the Kharkov conference, when he throws the entire emphasis of his criticism on something quite different, is deliberately falsifying.

"The development of the proletarian revolutionary movement has also its renegades. Suffice it to mention Eastman and Panait Istrati who have turned out to be renegades, or such as Edwards, Daudistel and so on. We have and will always have renegades, and sifting is inevitable," reads a section of the report.

That Max Eastman has read this section and that it has made him angry is evidenced by the personal, vituperative and surprisingly unrestrained tone of his article—a tone which seems to justify amply the above uncomplimentary characterization of him.

Russians may have "a primitive equipment and a naive habit of mind," they may be "quaintly peculiar," but they have a remarkable gift for smelling a rat. They have had their experience. They have had their artists and critics, they have had their Bunin and Kuprins and Artzibashevs and Andreevs and Merezhkovskys and Hippuses and Philosophovs and countless others who when the crucial moment came actually or symbolically donned white uniforms and used their pens as weapons to spread poisonous lies and calumnies about the proletariat and its leaders. Whether he knows it or not, Max Eastman too is a writer in uniform; but not in that of the Red Army.

NIRA -- Strikebreaker

Bill Dunne

THE anxious care which every federal administration displays for the interests of the big capitalists in decisive industry has been shown magnificently in the mobilization of all available forces for the crushing of the strike of some seventy thousand miners in Western Pennsylvania which began and centered in Fayette county, long the stronghold of the Frick company—subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. The Roosevelt NIRA has registered its first big strike-breaking achievement.

Eleven long years ago, in 1922, the Fayette county miners, unorganized, struck together with the rest of the coal miners. The leadership of the United Mine Workers promised them every assistance but when the new agreement which ended the strike was signed in Cleveland the Frick company miners were left out of it. They were sold to Frick and United States Steel by John L. Lewis, then as now the head of the U.M.W.A., and his henchmen.

During that year I had spent some weeks in the strike field speaking at miners' meetings and covering the strike for *The Worker*—a weekly at that time. I was responsible for strikes at three or four big mines where a number of miners knew me, where others were sympathizers of the Communist Party and where the greater part of the workers had no confidence in the U.M.W.A. leadership and its promises.

A year later—in the fall of 1923—I was a delegate to the A. F. of L. convention in Portland, Ore., from the Butte Central Labor Council. I was expelled as a Communist but among the whole series of charges was one stating that *I had disrupted the strike in the coking coal fields (Fayette) and had slandered the officials of the U.M.W.A.*

As editor of the Butte Bulletin, then the official organ of the Montana State Federation of Labor and the Butte Central Labor Council, I had published the charges and counter-charges made by John L. Lewis, Frank Farrington and John L. Walker. Lewis had charged Farrington with being an agent of a group of coal operators (which he was, the Peabody interests, to be exact) and of selling out a strike of strip coal miners in Southern Illinois for \$100,000. Farrington, scorning any denial as beneath the dignity of the president of the Illinois district with some 90,000 members, charged Lewis with receiving something like \$750,000 in cash and stock for selling out the West Virginia strike in 1921. John Walker, then president of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, endorsed Farrington's charges over his signature. Lewis never made any written denial of these charges but was consoled by the fact that Farrington later was publicly shown up as receiving \$25,000 per year from the Peabody Coal Company while acting as an officer of the union. That the Indianapolis headquarters of the U.M.W.A., dominated by Lewis, withdrew its support of the West Virginia miners and that the main fields remain unorganized to this day is a notorious fact.

The publication of these charges and counter-charges, made over the signatures of the official family of the U.M.W.A., by the Butte Bulletin, was the basis for another charge against me of slandering these high priests of the American labor movement!

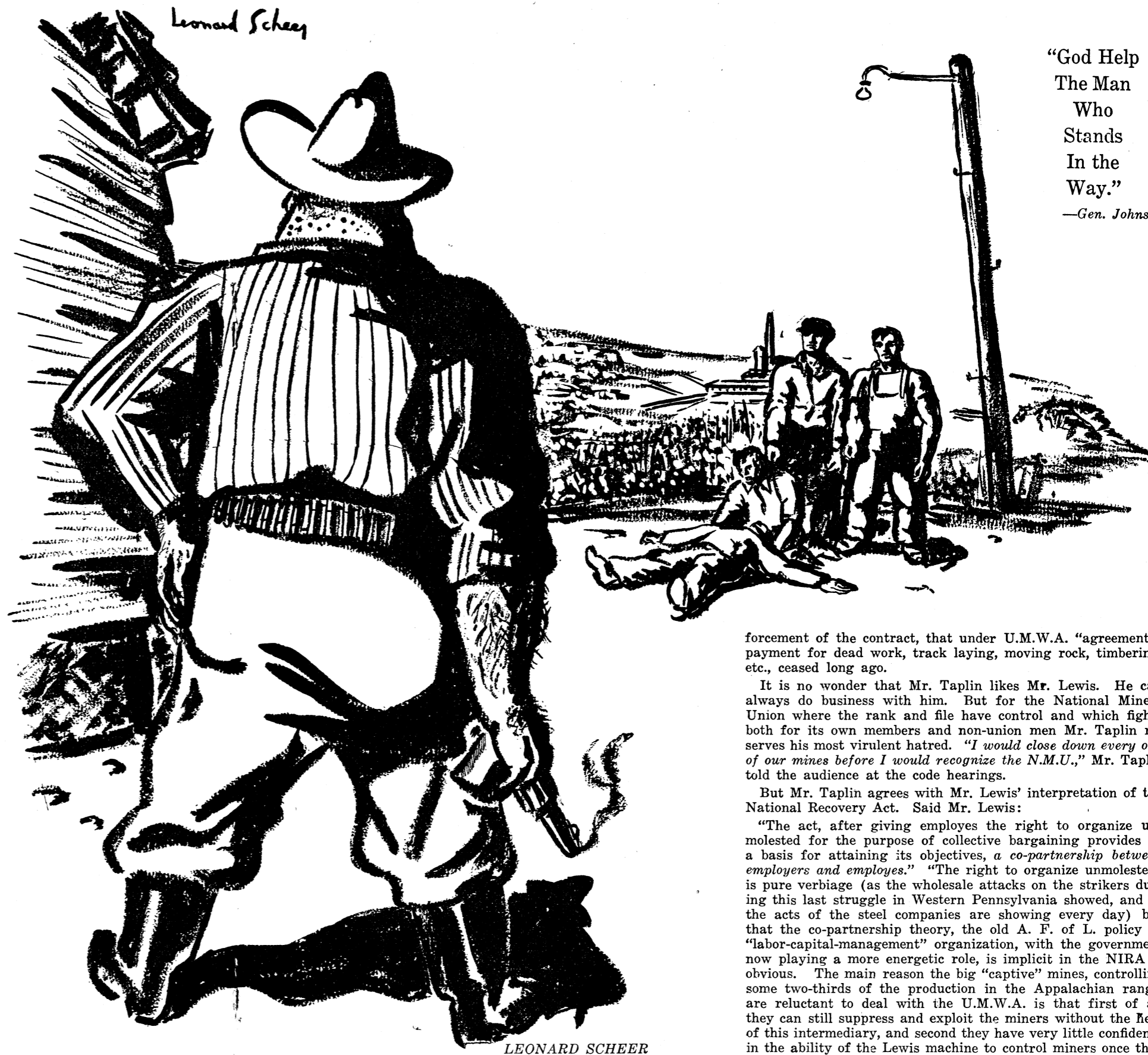
It is easily seen that way back in those days the U.M.W.A. officials were very jealous of their honor—but that it had its price. It is also clear, on the background of this brief history, that John L. Lewis must have been very sure of getting his price when he pledged his "honor"—and that of the U.M.W.A.—to President Roosevelt that the Western Pennsylvania miners would go back to work with only the hollow guarantee of the National Industrial Recovery Act—and wired the local union officials to that effect. But in spite of the fact that the strikers jeered this message and that it took a combination of Frick company police, Pennsylvania militiamen, state troopers, Governor Pinchot, McGrady and other NIRA "conciliators," General Hugh Johnson and President Roosevelt himself to get the

miners to end the strike, it must be said that we are witnessing a certain renaissance of John L. Lewis, William Green (also a product of the U.M.W.A. machine) and other sinister figures like Matthew Woll—some of them republicans and some democrats but all wheelhorses in the trade unions of Wall Street and this government.

American imperialism is in the most dire emergency of its career. In the last great emergency, that of the world war, these same persons were called to "service". The critical point of all capitalist crises centers around "the attitude of labor." The recent coal strike was the most critical emergency yet faced by the Roosevelt administration. Occurring in a decisive industry attached to steel it had the gravest implications for the whole scheme of stabilizing starvation wages, organizing all sections of employers and preventing and disrupting working class organization.

Consequently, no code hearings so far have been accompanied by the tremendous—almost unexampled—publicity and the flood of NIRA propaganda organized around the coal hearings. The old official U.M.W.A. theory of "good" and "bad" coal operators was used to the limit. The Roosevelt administration and Lewis even had a "good" operator—Frank E. Taplin, director of the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Company—with which the U.M.W.A. has a "contract"—as Exhibit A. Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean never asked such pertinent questions and had such pat answers as did Mr. Lewis and Mr. Taplin. Although Mr. Taplin's companies in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia have an annual capacity of some 5,500,000 tons, compared to the mines owned, operated or leased by the Morgan-Rockefeller-Mellon groups in steel, coal and auto, etc., he is pretty small fry. He is the type of coal capitalist whose market is mainly commercial, who has no guaranteed consumption by the dominant corporations and therefore meets fierce competition from the so-called "captive" mines

which sell their surplus product in the commercial market. Mr. Taplin knows that the U. M. W. A. officials have always been considerate of unfortunate operators like himself. Mr. Taplin knows that under his contract with the U. M. W. A. in his Pittsburgh Terminal mines tonnage rates for miners were reduced from 52 cents in 1931 to 34 cents in 1933. He knows that Lewis' protegee Van Bittner signed an agreement for twenty-two and one-half cents per ton in the Scots Run



"God Help
The Man
Who
Stands
In the
Way."

—Gen. Johnson

forcement of the contract, that under U.M.W.A. "agreements" payment for dead work, track laying, moving rock, timbering, etc., ceased long ago.

It is no wonder that Mr. Taplin likes Mr. Lewis. He can always do business with him. But for the National Miners Union where the rank and file have control and which fights both for its own members and non-union men Mr. Taplin reserves his most virulent hatred. "I would close down every one of our mines before I would recognize the N.M.U.," Mr. Taplin told the audience at the code hearings.

But Mr. Taplin agrees with Mr. Lewis' interpretation of the National Recovery Act. Said Mr. Lewis:

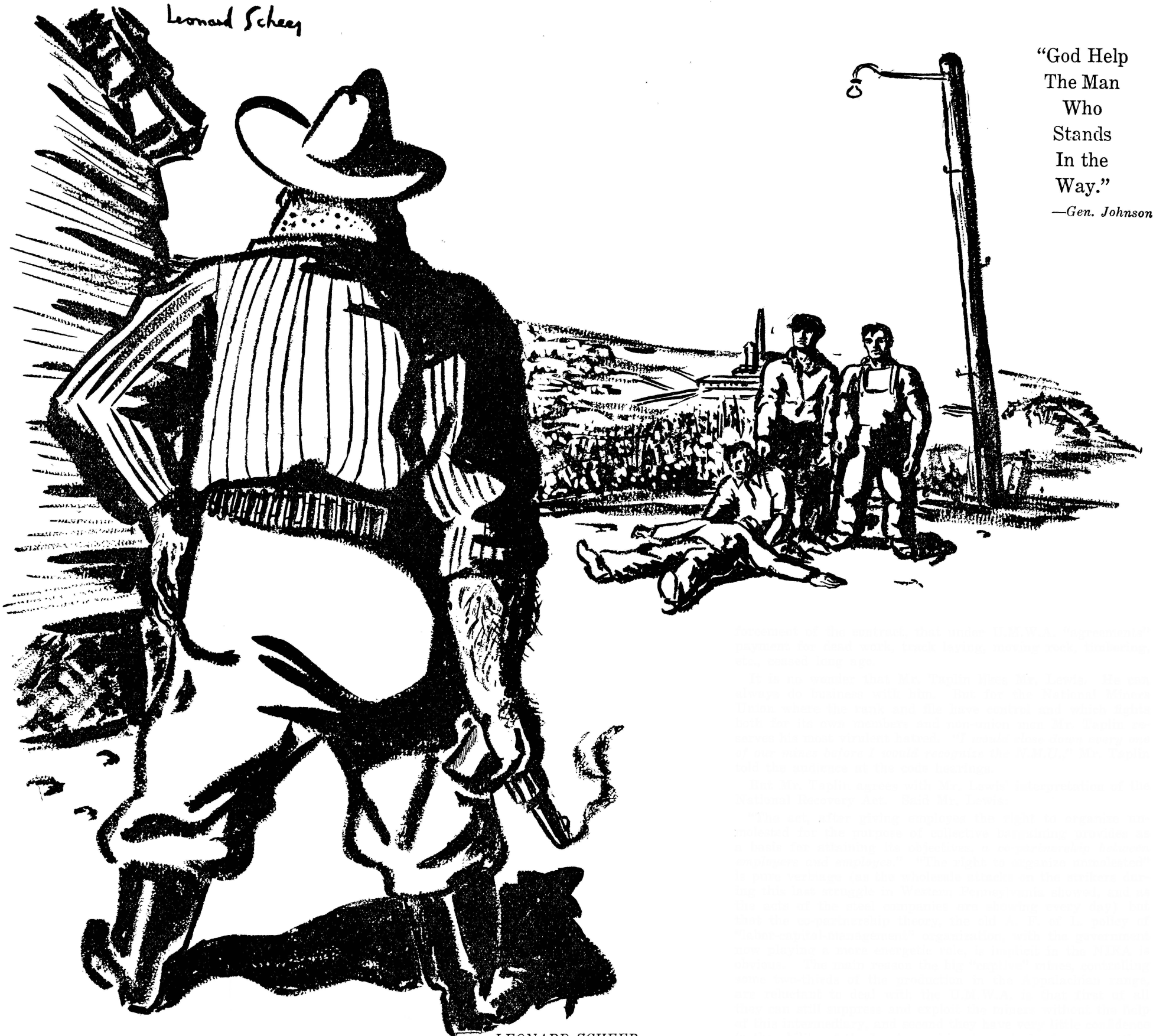
"The act, after giving employees the right to organize unmolested for the purpose of collective bargaining provides as a basis for attaining its objectives, a co-partnership between employers and employes." "The right to organize unmolested" is pure verbiage (as the wholesale attacks on the strikers during this last struggle in Western Pennsylvania showed, and as the acts of the steel companies are showing every day) but that the co-partnership theory, the old A. F. of L. policy of "labor-capital-management" organization, with the government now playing a more energetic role, is implicit in the NIRA is obvious. The main reason the big "captive" mines, controlling some two-thirds of the production in the Appalachian range, are reluctant to deal with the U.M.W.A. is that first of all they can still suppress and exploit the miners without the help of this intermediary, and second they have very little confidence in the ability of the Lewis machine to control miners once they are organized. They have had some sad experiences in this respect in 1919, '21, '22 and '27. As the forthright Mr. R. B. Mellon once said, they believe that "you can't run mines without machine guns."

Feeling that they can call on the government for and get support in any real emergency, they don't feel like bothering with Mr. Lewis just now. They are very class conscious and practical capitalists. They are entirely unmoved by appeals to "right" and "justice." They do not worry very much about

Field in Northern West Virginia while non-union mines were paying 36 cents per ton. They even tried to put over the payment of wages by scrip for him in his Terminal mines. The miners struck and put a stop to this pet scheme.

Mr. Taplin knows that in the anthracite the U.M.W.A. contract is a tragic jest for the miners and that the companies pay what they see fit and no more, that the miners' grievances are ignored by the officials and that miners have to strike for en-

Leonard Scheer



“God Help
The Man
Who
Stands
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Way.”
—Gen. Johnson

LEONARD SCHEER

"the chaotic condition of the coal industry," either, about which Mr. Taplin and other operators of his calibre complain bitterly and by which middle class social welfare workers attached to the Roosevelt NIRA machinery are so much exercised. They would like to be doing more business but they know that as far as they are concerned the coal industry is *not* chaotic at all but is better organized than ever before. If the smaller commercial operators find themselves in a bad way that is their own lookout. When things get a little worse for some of the smaller fry the Mellon-Rockefeller-Morgan group will be glad to take some of their better mining properties off their hands for little or nothing. That is what the "chaotic condition" in coal amounts to—the same process, varying somewhat in detail, of centralization of ownership and concentration of capital that is going on in other industries.

It must have been some elementary knowledge of this process that impelled Mr. Taplin to shout during the recent code hearings: "I'd rather deal with unions than with cut-throat coal operators." Such an expression comes from the deepest wells of the heart of the less powerful capitalists but of course it must be a co-partnership union like the U.M.W.A. and not a revolutionary union like the N.M.U.

Even on this question Mr. Taplin made some very interesting qualifying remarks in praise of the larger operators who had not been so discourteous as to invade his markets. The interests of the capitalist class are almost as dear to the heart of Mr. Taplin as they are to Mr. Lewis, as the following statements show:

"I am holding no brief for union operations. In fact, I can mention one particular case where to me personally it seems to create great hardship. I refer to the *H. C. Frick Coke Company mines of the United States Steel Corporation* (several thousand miners were still on strike at this time—B.D.) *who have never disrupted the market by selling coal for commercial purposes, who have always paid higher wages than the commercial mines in their district, who during the past three years when they had no work for their men, had continued to furnish them with the necessities of life from their company stores, and furnished them their house free of rent, with free light and fuel, and it is humiliating to people who treat their labor in this way to be penalized by having their men close their mines down just as soon as there is the first sign of demand for coal at their steel mills.*"

"It is difficult to see, however, how an exception could be made in their case when *there are many other companies operating captive mines who have not treated their men in the same liberal manner, and furthermore, who sell some of their coal commercially.* (My emphasis.)

Mr. Taplin knows very well that the starvation conditions in the coke region are notorious, that the food and supplies given unemployed miners have been charged against them at company store prices and that whenever they go back to work for a time these debts are deducted from their pay checks. He knows also that the Frick Company maintains its own army and that its coal camps are practically fortified towns.

It seems clear that what we have had in the coal code hearings has been a conflict between two groups of operators with John L. Lewis *aiding both against the miners* when the opportunity presented itself: For Mr. Taplin, he and his organizers use the union to "reduce labor costs." For the Frick Company he does his best to break the strike, using the NIRA for the purpose for which it is intended.

To delude the miners Lewis makes a great outcry for a 30-hour week and a five dollar basic day scale. But as far back as 1922 the then powerful left wing in the U.M.W.A. forced through a program for a six-hour day—which Lewis has sabotaged all these years by talk about "chaos," "discriminatory freight rates," the "chaotic condition of the coal industry," etc.—all for the benefit of various groups of operators.

Driving Out 200,000

The signing of the Jacksonville agreement in 1924 was probably the crowning act of Lewis' long enduring united front with coal operators. The agreement was signed with the understanding that the Lewis machine would use every effort to drive 200,000 miners out of the union and out of the industry and help to freeze out the smallest operators. This agreement was preceded and followed by a long series of expulsions of

individual members, local unions and districts that opposed a policy of cooperation with operators and capitulation to them. The U.M.W.A. was cut to pieces and what was left of the biggest and most militant mass industrial organization in the whole history of the American class struggle was turned into an efficiency instrument for the coal companies that did business with it.

So unpopular were the Lewis policies that James Voyzey, an Illinois sub-district leader, a Communist and almost unknown nationally, actually defeated Lewis in a referendum election. After the 1924 convention in Indianapolis which Lewis packed with "blue sky" delegates, the U.M.W.A. decayed rapidly and in the desertion of the western Pennsylvania and Ohio miners strike of 1927-28 by the Lewis machine, the destruction of the organization in the soft coal fields was practically complete.

It is not "the chaotic condition of the coal mining industry" that is mainly responsible for the terrible conditions of the miners but the systematic and continual cooperation with coal capitalists and the war on the militant and revolutionary rank and file of the U.M.W.A. by the Lewis machine and the employers that has turned every mining field into a prison and a poorhouse.

Operating very much as they did during the war period, the Lewis machine and the A. F. of L. heads and affiliated union leaders are trying to sell arbitration and the prohibition of strikes "in the name of the president" and the return of prosperity. They have dropped all pretense of independence from the government, and the army of conciliators, "personal representatives" of Gen. Hugh Johnson, and other types of birds of prey that descended on the striking miners, together with the hippodrome of the coal code hearings, are samples of the high pressure methods being used—with bayonets, gas bombs and machine guns sometimes in the foreground, as in the early stages of the strike, or conveniently in the background.

Class Collaboration

The U.M.W.A. Journal says:

"The new law is the most gigantic progressive step ever taken in America." It "means emancipation of the wage slave." "It makes the yellow dog contract dead beyond the possibility of resurrection." It "spells the doom of the company union." It presents workers with the "undisputed right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing." And so on and so forth.

The A. F. of L. leaders do not care to emphasize in their direct appeals to workers that the Act specifically states: "*It is hereby declared to be the policy of Congress . . . to induce and maintain united action of labor and management under adequate governmental sanctions and supervision.*"

In effect this amounts to declaring that the interests of the working class are the same as those of the employers. With such active "government supervision" as has shown itself in the recent coal strike the recovery act is truly a slave pact.

This is the meat of the whole question. John L. Lewis and the rest of the upper officialdom of the A. F. of L. have been given a new weapon and ordered to go out and use it to protect American capitalism from the rising wrath of a working class driven to new low depths of poverty and misery during the four years of the crisis when these same leaders "yes-yessed" every proposal of the government and big capital. More and more the whole atmosphere is that of the war preparations in 1916-17. More and more openly the attempt is made to behead the militant mass movements before they can get started. As in the recent strike the most strenuous efforts are made to isolate the Communists and the revolutionary unions and oppositions.

Every possible aid must be given to the advance guard of Communist workers upon whose shoulders in the unions and opposition groups falls the main burden of exposing the NIRA and its army of traitors to the basic class interests of labor. In the building of the mass trade unions and opposition groups in the decisive industries, clearly putting before the workers at every opportunity the fact that the Roosevelt program is a program of hunger, suppression and imperialist war, is the way out for the American working class.

The alternatives are chains more firmly riveted, shackles more galling and the holocaust of a new war for the advancement of the fortunes of finance capital.



WILLIAM GROPPER



WILLIAM GROPPER

It makes a difference where you're writing. In Moscow, Will Durant found much to praise—for the Soviet press. Back in America, with anti-Soviet magazines eager to pay, he tells a different story.

Five Days That Shook Durant

H. W. L. Dana

DURING the summer of 1932, Will Durant, the facile author of the highly advertised *Story of Philosophy*, as well as books on America, India, and everything else under the sun, blew into Moscow for five days, blew out, and blew up.

While he was in Moscow he thought it would be worth while to publish in the *Moscow Daily News* an article currying favor with the powers that be by telling them that their problems were being "successfully tackled" and that the Soviet Union was "opening new destinies to the rest of the world."

On returning to America, however, he found it more worth while, at least financially, to turn around and attack the Soviet Union in a series of articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*. This series of explosions were accompanied by lurid illustrations in the best manner of that famous five cent magazine and were given such sensational titles as: "The Tragedy of Russia," "The Crisis in Communism," "The Soul of Russia Under Socialism," and "The Dictatorship Over the Proletariat." Certain passages in these articles directly contradicted what he had written in Moscow. In the case of Will Durant it all depends on where he is writing. He quickly finds out on which side his bread is buttered.

Not content with his remuneration from the *Saturday Evening Post*, he has now republished these articles as a book entitled *The Tragedy of Russia*. The four copies of the magazine could be had for 20 cents. In book form, published by Simon & Schuster, they cost \$1.25.

To be sure there are certain differences. In the book the lurid illustrations are lacking, several paragraphs have been significantly omitted, and some amusing changes made. For example, certain references in the first article to the "G.P.U." appear in the book as "a certain Soviet Government organization which we shall designate with the initials N.A.R."

On the other hand the book contains several passages and a whole chapter on "The Religious Revolution" which the *Saturday Evening Post* had for reasons of its own seen fit to omit. Moreover the book has an added attraction in the form of some introductory verses about "Holy Russia" and the "Christ of Nations" and all that traditional hocus pocus which is usually put into something which looks externally like poetry because it would be too ridiculous in prose. Perhaps the author thinks that this "poem" justifies the extra \$1.05.

The Tragedy of Russia turns out to be "The Tragedy of Will Durant." Entering Russia from the backdoor of Omsk and getting his first impressions not from the workers but from a speculator who gave him rubles for his dollars, he seems to have been continuously irritated by not finding just what he was looking for. He seems to have been pathetically disappointed not to have found 160,000,000 men made in his own image. During his week in Moscow he discovered that everyone was out of step except himself. The ten days that shook the world or the fifteen years that have built a new world were as nothing to him compared to the five days that shook Will Durant.

To show his method of drawing conclusions from what he admits was his "very brief visit," let us take up in detail some of his complaints and disappointments after first stating the actual facts.

Since Will Durant has lectured so much on literature and

music let us turn to the field where we might expect him to be most accurate. What do we find?

At the Moscow Opera since the Revolution, even a bourgeois opera such as Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been presented continually in a new setting with magnificent silvers and gold. It happened, however, that it was not given during the flying visit that Will Durant made there in August. From this he draws the pathetic conclusion that *Lohengrin* is forbidden because it is religious.

At the Little Theatre in Moscow, Schiller's *Maria Stuart* in three recent seasons has drawn 40,038 spectators, but it was not given during Durant's five days. Hence he informs us that it is forbidden as "monarchistic."

No opera is given more often today than Chaikovski's *Eugene Onegin*, but it didn't happen to be given while Will Durant was there. So he concludes that it must be forbidden "because it shows idyllic relations between the peasants and the landlord."

Such are the explanations which Will Durant volunteers, without having taken the trouble to examine the facts.

How about the attitude of the Soviet Union towards earlier Russian authors?

Every year since the Russian Revolution new editions of Tolstoi have been published and now for the first time a complete edition of his works is being brought out in a hundred volumes, including much that was forbidden under the Czarist regime; but Durant tells us that today "Tolstoi's Works are in disrepute." Oddly enough, later on in his book (when he is trying to prove another point, it is Will Durant himself who speaks contemptuously of Tolstoi as "confused and theatrical.")

Similarly Will Durant tells us that today in Russia "Dostoevski is damned." Referring to the title of one of his novels he says that it is Dostoevski himself who is "Insulted and Injured." He could hardly have chosen a worse example. For during the very year when Durant was in Moscow, this very novel, *Insulted and Injured*, was given a more effective dramatization than ever before and acted at the Second Moscow Art Theatre before deeply moved audiences. Yet Will Durant assures us that the new Russians "care not a fig for the dying generation!"

Stanislavski, the great director of the Moscow Art Theatre, has during the last year received an overwhelming ovation such as he never received under the Tsar. Durant tells us that the new Russians have "tried to forget Stanislavski."

The Russian Ballet flourishes both in Moscow and Leningrad as never before, but Durant from his midsummer observation informs us solemnly "the ballet is dying."

Russian singers in the opera are still superb; Russian choruses are as rich as ever; Russian soldiers sing as they march; Russian workers sing today at their work; Russian children sing at their play—all Russia sings. Will Durant, however, sneers and says flatly "the Russian cannot find it in his heart to sing."

The "much-ado about the Russian stage" is for him "merely a flurry mostly composed of wind."

The whole extraordinary outburst of new poetry and prose writing is dismissed by this pretended lover of new literature with a single phrase: "Literature is an annex to the army." Will Durant admits the astounding growth among the Russians

since the Revolution of the ability to read and write. Yet he is so prejudiced that he argues even this to be an evil, claiming that "illiteracy" would have given the Russian people an "immunity to propaganda." Would he really be logical enough to advocate illiteracy everywhere to the extent that no one would read his books, or is this merely special pleading against the Soviet Union?

Nowhere is culture more international today than in the home of the International. The newspapers carry all important foreign news. Yet Will Durant, admitting his inability to read Russian, says "very little appears in their papers about foreign countries." All the best literature of other countries, regardless of its political point of view, is translated today into Russian. There is if anything too great an admiration for everything American and too great a reverence for European culture. Yet Will Durant arbitrarily asserts: "Only such foreign authors—and only such parts of them—are translated as denounce Europe and America."

Artists are encouraged in Russia as nowhere else today, yet Will Durant tells us that "the Russian artist is a slave," that they have "sacrificed all cultural education" and that "none but the coarse can survive."

Conscious of his own refined features, Will Durant speaks with contempt of the "coarse faces that inhabit the Kremlin." Stalin is for him merely a "Caucasian bandit." Lenin is a "first class ruffian." At Lenin's tomb, Will Durant goes to see "where the Great Ogre lies." With condescension toward the great unwashed working class, this apostle of the middle class expresses his surprise that Lenin's body "is now astonishingly clean." Could there be a more superficial comment from a more superficial mind?

In his chapter on "The Religious Revolution," which was omitted from the Saturday Evening Post articles, Will Durant makes the traditional argument that the worship of Lenin is merely replacing one religion with another. If the Soviet Union wished to foster a Lenin cult it would have been easy to encourage among the ignorant Russian peasants a myth of Lenin's being still alive or having risen from the dead. They could have shown an empty tomb and preached the popular Russian belief in resurrection: "Lenin is risen." Instead of this they show everyone the actual dead body to disprove any such supernatural superstition. Everywhere they are substituting a scientific method of concrete reality for the religious method of faith in the supernatural. Yet Will Durant makes the common mistake of seeing only the superficial resemblances and arguing that "nothing is changed." A more discriminating mind would have seen the far more important differences.

He even makes the blunder of speaking in 1932 of the inscription "Religion is the Opium of the People" as being "opposite the shrine of the Iberian Virgin." He admits that there are 400 churches still open in Moscow, in other words more than are open in any American city, but tries to prejudice us by telling us that some churches have been turned into "plumbers' shops" because he thinks that sounds worse than telling us that some have been turned into libraries, schools, or hospitals.

Crocodile Tears

He sheds crocodile tears over the loss of the old religion. Indulging in the pathetic image of the old church being like an old woman dying, he says that her sins should be forgiven her now. In his interview in the Moscow Daily News he had used the same image of the church as a dying old woman, but had there taken quite the opposite attitude, saying that "her passing inspired no pity among her former children." It obviously makes a difference for whom Will Durant is writing.

Writing for the public in the United States, Durant laments the loss of a belief in Heaven above the Earth. He reproaches the Russian scientists by saying that for them "heaven must be on earth or nowhere." Is this really such a crime?

"The Soul of Russia under Socialism" proves then in the last analysis to be only "The Soul of Russia under the Saturday Evening Post." In the field of literature and culture, where Dr. Durant is supposed to be at home, he has made blunders, as we have seen, at every turn. When he is in the field of economics, he is even more ridiculous; but it is not necessary to pursue the matter further. When friends today ask me what

to read about the Soviet Union, I am tempted to answer: "Read Will Durant and believe the opposite."

In his preface our Doctor of Philosophy says, "I should like to warn the reader that this book is based upon a very brief visit." He does not warn the reader that it is based still more on selections of all that he could find hostile to the Soviet Union in books written by those who are unsympathetic to the Workers' Republic.

Don Levine's *Red Smoke*, Ellery Walter, Siebert and others who are obviously hostile he describes as "impeccably reliable."

Maurice Hindus and others who know Russian and have made a really thorough study of the Soviet Union from the inside he never refers to. John Dewey, whom he had praised to the skies in *The Story of Philosophy*, he ignores when he comes to speak of Soviet education. Bernard Shaw, whom Will Durant had formerly admired, has shown himself to be too sympathetic towards the land of the Soviets. Accordingly, Durant denounces Shaw's views as "insincere superficialities." In speaking of Shaw's visit to Russia as "the joke of the informed" Durant not only shows himself as uninformed, but is holding his own visit up as a far greater "joke."

Dr. Will Dante

With contempt for any who have stayed longer in the Soviet Union than he or who have felt any moment of happiness there, Will Durant boasts of how he fled before his time was up. Like E. E. Cummings, he tries to magnify himself and belittle Russia, by comparing his flight to Dante's escape from hell. Since neither Cummings nor Durant is Dante, it has not occurred to them that Moscow might not be hell.

On leaving the Soviet Union, Will Durant felt more at home in what he calls the "cheerful" Poland and Germany of today and in sailing up New York harbor, grows ecstatic about "the old gray Statue of Liberty."

Safely home in the Land of Capitalism, he feels it his duty to warn the American liberals against the Land of Communism. Apparently secure in his belief that the star of capitalism is still in the ascendant, he points a finger of scorn at the sun that is rising in the East and warns men not to "hitch their wagon to this falling star."

Unfortunately there are some who confuse the name of Will Durant with that of Walter Duranty. Walter Duranty, the Moscow correspondent of the New York Times, is obviously no Bolshevik, but he is too well trained an observer and too honest a reporter to indulge in the sort of bunk which Will Durant is trying to feed the American people. A really scholarly and accurate periodical today would hesitate to publish the hysterical attacks on the Soviet Union which the Saturday Evening Post seems still to delight in and to pay well for. It is doubtful whether an old and conservative publishing firm such as Houghton Mifflin Co., hostile as it is to Communism would be willing to publish such an ill-digested mass of prejudice as Simon & Schuster seem willing to put forward and expensively advertise.

The threefold combination of the Saturday Evening Post's popularity, Simon and Schuster's high-power publicity, and Will Durant's own plausibility may give the book a brief appearance of importance. Set the very obvious overstatements in the book, for example that "professors are executed for lack of Communist piety," that "workers are herded into clubs," or the praise of the liberties that were "ampler under the Tsars," defeat their own ends. His specious arguments don't seem to have sufficiently convinced Durant himself for him in turn to convince others. Wobbling a little at the end of his book, he timidly suggests that the U.S.A. might grant the U.S.S.R. a "conditional recognition." Yet as the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post added in a note at the end of the articles. Durant has all along been trying to give reasons why the Soviet Union should not be recognized. Since his five day week in Moscow he seems no longer to know where he stands. Then he speaks disdainfully of forces that "have destroyed the vitality of the Russian mind," one wonders what are the forces that have destroyed the vitality of his own mind. *The Tragedy of Russia* in the last analysis is nothing but "The Tragedy of Will Durant."

The Sacco-Vanzetti

Case Is Not Dead

Carol King

"I hereby confess to being in the South Braintree shoe company crime and Sacco and Vanzetti was not in said crime." This was the note smuggled in to Nicholas Sacco by Celestino F. Madeiros, November 18, 1925, in the Dedham jail where both were imprisoned.

This note started a long and tortuous path travelled by the defense attorneys,* a path that led to the Morelli gang, brothers then out on bail awaiting trial for a series of Providence freight car robberies, to the murderer, Anthony Mancini, who later killed Alberto Alterio in New York with a foreign pistol which was more than "consistent with" having shot the fatal bullets at South Braintree, to Steve Benkosky the light-haired "Pole" who corresponded to the description of the driver of the murder car.

Madeiras never implicated his associates beyond telling what his own movements were and revealing that they were an organized gang. Defense attorneys started incredulously to unravel the tangled skein. Not what Madeiros said, but the strange way the story fitted together, brought them to the conviction that now at last they were on the track of the real criminals who had shot and held up the paymasters of Slater and Morrill, Inc., the shoe factory at South Braintree on that fateful April 16, 1920.

The name of Madeiros' friend, Charles F. Weeks, involved in the Wrentham Bank murder, for which Madeiros paid with his life the same day Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, served to reveal the names of most of the gang. Madeiros had told this friend of the crime. The same tactics were used in both the South Braintree and Wrentham crimes—two automobiles to make the get-away and the back window out of the car.

At the Bluebird Inn, where he worked, Madeiros had told the proprietor of the crime. But, more convincing, his wife knew Madeiros had gone South with his girl in January, 1921 after five months in jail for an unprofitable larceny. He then had \$2800 in his possession. If there were six, as Madeiros claimed, involved in the \$15,776 affair at South Braintree, that would have been about the share of each.

At Providence, the police had at the time suspected the Morellis of the job. Mike's Buick had disappeared forever on April 15, 1920. The license plate was later attached to the Morelli's Cole "8". Frank Morelli explained this by falsely stating that he was an auto salesman and the license, a dealer's plate. Most of the Morellis were out on bail April 15th. They stood trial for the railroad thefts in May. They must have been badly in need of money then.

Joe Morelli was discovered in Leavenworth. He denied any knowledge; but, when Sacco and Vanzetti's names were mentioned, suggested "see Mancini about that." Further he proved to bear a very striking resemblance to Sacco. So striking in fact that prosecution witnesses easily identified pictures of Joe Morelli as "Sacco."

Mancini, also in jail, said less, especially once he knew his name was involved. But the pistol he had used to murder Alterio was of 7.65 millimeter calibre, of foreign make, through which American .32 calibre bullets were fired. The Burns expert at the trial, not knowing of Mancini's gun, claimed the job at South Braintree was done with a foreign 7.65 automatic pistol shooting a .32 calibre domestic bullet. Both prosecution ballistic experts admitted they knew nothing of foreign makes. Concededly there were few foreign automatics in the country

in 1920. The police report stated that Mancini had carried his pistol in Providence before the Alterio murder.

Finally in the indictment against the Morellis for the Providence railroad thefts, five counts were for the theft of shoes from South Braintree, four from the factory of Rice and Hutchins and one from Slater and Morrill. The gang knew the situation there. They had been "spotting" goods from those factories.

Judge Thayer took no stock in this Madeiros confession. He denied the new trial sought on this newly discovered evidence. Neither did Gov. Fuller believe Madeiros.

So are we to believe the jury that two radicals never before convicted of crime (Vanzetti's conviction for the Bridgewater attempt is here regarded as part of the main case) and so gentle to their fellow men that they would not kill even in war time held up and brutally murdered the paymasters at East Braintree? Sacco was identified by some witnesses, Vanzetti hardly at all. The job was done by five but the other three were never accounted for. The money which was taken Sacco and Vanzetti were never shown to have had nor were they in need of money. Many reputable witnesses testified to their separate alibis. One bullet only from a .32 calibre Colt automatic was claimed to have been shot by Sacco, none by Vanzetti. (If the real opinion of Captain Proctor, the ballistic expert, had been known he would have been a defense witness). The case was built on an alleged consciousness of guilt. But the lies and fear incident to the arrest could equally have been attributed to the attacks on radicals then prevalent and particularly to the recent death of their friend Salsedo, found dead outside the federal building in New York where he had been held.

Madeiras' "confession" and the circumstances it uncovered established that the South Braintree job was done by six professionals—of whom five were at the crime, thus accounting for all who were seen there. Three of the Morellis were desperately in need of funds for their coming trial for railroad thefts. Madeiros had \$2800 shortly afterwards. Mancini's pistol fitted the difficult description of the only ballistic expert familiar with foreign fire-arms, and one bullet was shot from the type of pistol Joe Morelli had, a .32 calibre Colt. The Morellis were familiar with the situation at Slater & Morrill from their previous thefts of shoes. Photographs of Joe Morelli, Mancini and Benkosky were selected by eye witnesses when shown with a group of others as having participated in the crime. Lies told to Providence police were consistent only with consciousness of guilt. The picture is not complete but nothing is out of place, there is nothing that makes the story impossible, much that makes it likely. The government refused to help in investigating its truth and finally electrocuted Madeiros. Steve Benkosky, the Pole, is dead. The four others still live but the incentive to proving their guilt is gone.

Sacco and Vanzetti are dead. But the conviction even today of the Morelli gang and Benkosky, the "Pole," would serve to clear Sacco and Vanzetti's name. However difficult the passage of time may have made this, no effort should be spared to keep alive the issue of the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti and the class character of their conviction. All the power and "dignity" of Massachusetts justice was summoned to destroy two simple workingmen and to distort their unacceptable views into evidence of guilt. All attempts to prove the guilt of the true criminals were impeded and frustrated. The Sacco-Vanzetti case is not dead!

* THE UNTRIED CASE, THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE AND THE MORELLI GANG by Herbert B. Ehrmann, counsel with William G. Thompson for Sacco and Vanzetti, Vanguard Press, 1933. Prices \$2.00.

Fight Against War

SO far we have only hurled names at the imperialist powers engaged in war, or preparing for war. The League of Nations called Japan a few names. This gave back no life to the millions killed; it rebuilt no villages, no towns; it saved none of the millions starved, exposed, maimed; it did not save the workers of Japan from the burden of added exploitation for war costs; nor did it reduce the profits of the capitalists. It did not stop the further progress of Japan in the war that was never officially declared a war, in the career of brigandage, of robbery, or in its murder of millions of Chinese and thousands of its own workers.

How many peace conferences have been held! How many promises have been held out! How long the pacifists have labored, bringing forth not even a mouse!

To the South there flame the blazing red fires of war, and to the West, in London, at the World Economic Conference, enough sparks have been struck to begin a dozen conflagrations. Throughout the world the imperialist powers are coming into sharper and sharper conflict over markets, over sources of raw materials, over sources of cheap labor.

Beneath all the contradictions among the imperialist powers, there runs steadily and deep the most basic contradiction, the two worlds opposed, the world of capitalism and the world of socialism, the dying and the living, the world without a future and a world with all the future.

War exists today on two fronts—in South America and in China. War threatens almost any day in the provocations of the imperialist powers against the Soviet Union—despite the peaceful policy of the Soviet Union. It is now only a question of how long it will be before the imperialist powers feel able to war against the U.S.S.R.

Where are we, the "masters of culture" as Gorki called us? Where do we stand; and in which direction does that age-old wisdom, that world-experience we are said to possess in our books and in our culture take us?

Unless it takes us to our posts in the struggle against *any* imperialist war, against any such threatened holocaust, then it has failed as an instrument of progress, and we have failed as the possessors of this instrument of progress. Unless we stand ready to fight against *any* war of aggression, any imperialist war, then we stand on the side of the forces of reaction.

A passive attitude is not enough. It was not enough in the French Revolution; it was not enough in the American Revolution; it was not enough in the struggle against slavery. We must take our posts for the *struggle* against imperialist war. For names will never hurt imperialism.

The progressive forces in the United States are taking a decisive step in calling the United States Congress Against War. At this Congress the fullest and freest discussion of methods for struggle against war will be had, and a program of action adopted.

The John Reed Clubs of the United States, as one section of the cultural workers of the United States, calls on all progressive elements, on all who consider themselves the inheritors and guardians of the best in the accumulated culture and civilization of the world, to rally to this Congress for Struggle Against War. Already the example has been set in the United States by Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Upton Sinclair, who signed the original call for participation.

JOHN REED CLUBS OF THE UNITED STATES



HUGO GELLERT



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Their Hero

Ilya Ehrenberg

THEY still were children when the Social Democrats, waving beer steins in the air, yelled "Hurrah!" in honor of the great Fatherland. They were schoolboys and wore bright colored caps. The uniforms of their older brothers filled them with envy. They yelled when prisoners of war were conveyed through the narrow streets of old towns. They bawled "Gott strafe England!" They sang: "A Frenchman at every thrust." They began life with brass bands and cheap cap pistols.

Later on things were less amusing. The hospitals smelled of carbolic acid. Anxious women looked out of windows for the letter-carrier. Local mayors officiously went through the casualty lists. "Heroes" were not counted by hundreds any longer but by hundreds of thousands. There were many heroes, but no sugar, no butter, no bread. Women wiped the tears out of their eyes with their aprons and kept on cooking their potato-peel soup. On holidays they made a turnip pudding. Herr Hugenberg resolutely shouted "Hurrah!"; silent carpenters made children's coffins.

All day long children combed the dirty, neglected streets. They whimpered with hunger and destitution. Nobody cared much about them. Their bright caps had faded long ago and no one wanted rockets any more.

When the war was over they were weak, embittered boys. In Weimar the Social Democrats again tried to wave beer steins in the air. But their voices were hoarse, and nobody really wanted to listen to them. The workers wanted first to eat their fill and live. Then the Social Democrats gave the command: "Fire!" They obeyed the Constitution that they had approved; they were not going to place governmental control in the hands of unauthorized generals. They preferred to do the work of the German Cavaignacs and Gallifets themselves.

Brave Senegalese troops smiled along the Rhine. In Berlin Russian emigrés bought up houses and cafés for a song. Starving crowds smashed the shutters of bakeries. The department stores sold starched cuffs instead of shirts. The country was ruled by a piece of green paper: the dollar. The boys grew into young men. They felt as they did before—forlorn. They wanted to live, but there was no palce in life for them. They were the sons of pensioned officials, of ruined shopkeepers, of lieutenants who had fallen at Verdun, of emaciated preachers. They knocked about in dance halls without a breakfast inside them; they awaited some fantastic dollar bride from America; they got drunk in the movies over the military exploits of Frederick the Great; they fleeced trusting girls and dreamed of a new war. They wanted the rockets of their childhood again plus a few wondrous adventures.

Life became harder and harder. Unemployed workers jumped into the water, hanged themselves or turned on the gas. People collapsed of starvation in the streets. One just couldn't go on living. Red banners, red as tongues of flame, shot up in the squares of placid towns.

Herr Hugenberg then called together all the kings of Germany. The coal, ore, electricity and amiline kings. "We have to save our great Fatherland." This German folk hero was no butcher like the Russian folk hero Minin. Hugenberg had once managed the Krupp Works. Minin had bought and sold cattle. Hugenberg was interested in another kind of flesh. That is how Adolf Hitler arose—that is how the little provincial

They have renamed Karl Liebknecht House in Berlin, "Horst Wessel House." To each party the hero it deserves; and the Nazis have chosen theirs: a pimp, pornographer and assassin—Translated by Robert Hamilton.

ne'er-do-well became Chancellor of the Reich and Germany's savior.

Do you know the ugly Alexanderplatz in Berlin? On one side of the square stand the women street-walkers, on the other the male prostitutes. Unemployment had thrown the young men into the street; now they stood there waiting for customers. Pimps and pickpockets, patrolmen and women, secret agents, female stool-pigeons and dope peddlers, the thieves and the fences. The young men who used to wear bright caps had all come together; they wanted a little happiness, even if only for fifty pfennigs. It was among these youths that the Fascists recruited their carefree assassins and their shabby-souled pogrom heroes.

All the habitués of the dives around Alexanderplatz knew Horst Wessel. His fame was threefold—a lover, a patriot and a poet. There is no trade too shameful for these habitués. Horst Wessel was a prostitute's "friend." Some say her name was Lucy, according to other sources she was called Mitzi. (These girls have as many names as they have coy glances.) This girl worked for Horst Wessel, for she loved him, the valiant fellow. Not only for the ardor of his embraces and the tenderness of his heart did she love him. Wessel protected his girl from her competitors, from the other pimps, and finally from too officious patrolmen. Wessel had a revolver and knew how to shoot. He liked to boast that he had bumped off quite a few Communists in his lifetime. He was the leader of one of the first "Storm Troops." The policeman in Alexanderplatz regarded Horst with friendly eyes, and the girl Lucy (or Mitzi) felt as safe under his wing as behind a stone wall.

Once Horst Wessel had also worn the brightly colored cap. He too had cried: "Hurrah!" He came from a respectable family. His father had been a pastor. He shared the longings of his generation. He couldn't get accustomed to everyday life. He looked for danger and success. He had exchanged the vocation of assistant bookkeeper or counter-clerk for Lucy and the revolver. He was an incorrigible poet.

Wessel had a fine time: eating frankfurters and sauerkraut, shooting Communists and composing Nazi songs. But "the old German God"—Pastor Wessel's God—was a stern fellow. He did not accord old Wessel the pleasure of strafing England as she deserved. Nor did he let young Wessel enjoy his bucolic joy very long. Once while Horst Wessel was sitting with his beloved, Ali Heger entered the room.

Ali Heger was a business-like pimp. He couldn't stomach dilettantes. Lucy or Mitzi used to belong to *him*. Wessel had violated professional ethics and Heger cold-bloodedly shot him dead.

Heger belonged to the club of pimps and thieves. This society, almost a trade union, was called "Immertreu" (Always Loyal). The attitude of the police towards the association was one of proper respect: the Shupos would rather arrest one hundred Communists than one procurer. There was more than one Fascist in the "Immertreu" Society; they were truly loyal—to their girls and their leaders. They had two sources of income: they were paid by the Hitlerites for every murdered worker, and by their chippies for every customer served.

After Heger had dispatched Wessel, the Fascists declared that the famous pimp minstrel and Storm Trooper had been the victim of Communist criminals.

The Fascists already had money and machine guns and flags and hymns. All they needed was a saint. So Horst Wessel was solemnly canonized in a sweaty beer hall, filled with cigar smoke, belching and drunken song. On his grave they laid not Lucy's garters but wreaths adorned with swastikas.

Every saint must have a biography. But unfortunately the Fascists didn't know how to write. They had exchanged their pens and pencils for blank cartridge pistols, then for the boxer's glove, the drug addict's hypodermic, the burglar's jimmy, and finally the government's revolver. On the walls they ejaculated: "Death to the Jews!" And they made spelling mistakes even in this terse categorical imperative. Therefore a genuine author had to be found. The Hitlerites retained Hanns Heinz Ewers.

Hanns Heinz Ewers had not dabbled in politics up to that time. Like Horst Wessel, his favorite field was love. He did not descend to the dives of Alexanderplatz, it is true. He wrote salacious books and collected so many cents royalty for each copy sold. Others might call themselves "nationalists" or "Socialists." Ewers proudly kept *his creed*—he was a "Satanist."

One of his novels was "Vampire." The hero of this novel is a progenitor of German Fascism, who paves the way in America for the triumph of Pan-Germany. He finds a girl—and the girl is a Jewess. They love each other. Unfortunately they are not in the best of health: whenever the German is hale and nimble, the Jewess falls ill, and vice versa; this bad luck lasts quite a long time, until the Jewess dies. On her deathbed the noble-minded lady reveals to her lover that he is a vampire. He had sucked her blood during the night. But she doesn't reproach him for it. Far from it. For she had sacrificed her Jewish blood to the champion of Greater Germany . . .

This novel was written shortly after the war. At that time Ewers wrote chiefly for the rich ladies of Kurfurstendamm, who devoured his "satanic" novels voraciously. Then hard times came along. Mountains of unsold books piled up in the bookstores. Ewers realized that one can't live on vampires alone; he offered himself to the Fascists. They commissioned him to write the life of the great new martyr.

In Ewers' book "Horst Wessel" this hero appear as the noblest idealist of course. Horst has a snow-white sweetheart in Vienna. He renounces this pure lily solely to save the black soul of a sinning Lucy or Mitzi. This explains it all—he is living with the girl for this purpose alone. It is not his occupation—God forbid. It is a high mission. He cures Lucy of sin—and of Marxism. At the same time he is fighting Moscow. For doesn't everyone know that Moscow has resolved to ruin Germany? Moscow hires pimps and prostitutes for this purpose. With the help of the new convert Lucy, Wessel reconnoitres the Communists. He dies of a shot fired by one of Moscow's agents—and his death is glorious and holy like the death of a Christian martyr.



And things happened according to this book—Hanns Heinz Ewers is the first-rank author of "Germany reborn." Ludwig Renn is in prison; Egon Erwin Kisch, Ernst Glasser, Heinrich Mann, Joseph Roth, Arthur Holitscher, Walter Mehring have been driven out of the country. Anna Seghers, Bert Brecht, Johannes Becher, Theodor Plivier had to hide. Thomas Mann and Stefan Kweige are under the ban. But the old pornographer Hanns Heinz Ewers has been appointed president of the "Protective Association of German Authors."

Horst Wessel's friends were triumphant. The Social Democrats wanted to shout "Hurrah!" for the great Fatherland again, but they were driven away from the door. Then they began to grumble about their own former services. Had their honest Noske exterminated too few Communists? . . . What! Were they going to be thrown into jail together with the Communist criminals, instead of giving them a pension and letting them compose another appeal to the Supreme Court in Leipzig?

In the meantime Horst Wessel's friends gave free rein to their playfulness. Minister Goering promenaded through the city in riding breeches, his horsewhip never out of his hand. The robust fellows swiped Marxist shoes and international wurst from Jewish stores. All that is savage and dark crept out of the narrow street canyons into the light: sadists, drug addicts, paranoiacs, vampires and werewolves.

George Grosz once did a drawing of one of these maniacs. He has just killed a girl and is fussily dipping his bloody hands into a wash basin. Who knows but that this good man has just been appointed Commissioner of the Auxiliary Police.

They used to grow delirious in the movie looking at the screen; the most famous doctors—Dr. Wabuse and Dr. Caligari—bent over them. The men in the audience had shaved bull-necks and they groaned languishingly. Greedily they awaited the day when they themselves would be able to cut up warm human flesh into little pieces. Who else is given the job of "examining" arrested workers at the present time? Why did they behead the Dusseldorf vampire so hastily? Wouldn't he have been a useful assistant in rescuing Christian Germany from the infamies of Marxism?

The Fascists never tire of repeating the word: "Blood, Blood" in their speeches. They speak of that which is most sublime: their readiness to shed their blood for Germany. And when they come to the word "Blood" they stammer in pleasurable excitement, and the mob answers with enthusiastic cheering.

They began with cap pistols, and they end up with arson, pogroms and murder. It isn't their fault; they do what they know how to do. When they are told of economics, they react by plundering stores. They want to be philosophers. In order to help idealism to triumph they change the house where Marx was born into a police barracks. They are model pedagogues: they have re-established corporal punishment in the schools, all the way from a slap in the face to chastisement with the rod. They themselves are past school age; they needn't fear the rod any more. They wanted to take up foreign policy. To do this they began by beating up a few hundred foreigners. And then they looked around for foreign allies. . . .

The doorkeeper of the ministry whispered into their ears that a couple of fine-looking fellows were waiting in the anteroom. It was a delegation of Russian White Guards.

"We should like to place a wreath on the grave of the fallen heroes with the inscription: 'Our Enemies Murdered You!'"

That is how they became close friends—the members of the "Immertreu" Society and a hundred unemployed Gorguloffs.

A lyrical apotheosis was required after wearying affairs of state. There was the Liebknecht House in Berlin. It bore the name of a true hero. The workers knew that this man hadn't betrayed them. Karl had not shouted "Hurrah!" Neither prison nor death had been able to break him. He had been poor, brave and magnanimous. Even his enemies honored his memory. He had been assassinated by the older brothers of these volunteer hangmen, who now torture prisoners in German jails. His name has become the symbol of a great life and a sublime death, like the Wall of the *Fédérés*, like the Presnaya barricades in Moscow. The earth has but few such persons. There are not many of them among us.

They renamed the Karl Liebknecht House Horst Wessel House. This is what he looks like, *their* hero:—pimp, assassin, miserable rhymer, lauded by the old erotic slattern. Well—to each party the hero it deserves.



JAC

The Screen

Movies and War

This article is part of a pamphlet by Harry Alan Potamkin which is soon to be published by International Publishers. The postscript by Irving Lerner is an attempt to bring Potamkin's essay up to date.

THE film has served the war from its infancy. The American movie had its start in the Spanish-American War. Roumania used pictures of her troops in the Balkan war to stir enthusiasm for the World War. And Japan did the same with pictures of the Russo-Japanese War. In 1915, when we were ostensibly neutral, films like *The Treason of Anatole* were produced, sympathizing with French and German soldiery, but making of war a wistful attraction. That year England perpetrated films with a dual purpose: to stimulate enlistment, and to encourage Anglophile sentiment in America. An English producer said to an American journalist at that time:

"Our days—and nights—are spent in glorifying the British and showing the Germans up in an unfavorable light . . . American exhibitors have no desire to violate Uncle Sam's admirable desire to be neutral."

The tone, as well as sequence, is ironical. *Footling the Fatherland* became, for American consumption, *A Foreign Power Outwitted*. "The explanatory matter of the play is to be so altered that it mentions either a nameless or fictitious power at war with Britain." But—"for all our scheming we fail to cover up the fact that the enemy wear German uniforms, and a 'doctored' photoplay may always be detected by others."

In September of 1915 Hudson Maxim's preparedness tract, *Defenseless Peace*, was filmed as *The Battle Cry of Peace*. Ford attacked the picture in full-page newspaper ads. "He pointed out that Maxim munitions corporation stock was on the market." Thomas Ince served the quasi-pacifist dish, *Civilization*, which strengthened Wilson's campaign on the "Kept us out of war" ticket. The dubious pacifism of America produced *War Brides*, provoked by the acuteness of feminism at that moment. It told "how a woman, driven to desperation by the loss of loved ones, defied an empire." Its romantic futility satisfied the uncritical pacifism that subscribed to, and was betrayed by, the Woodrovian slogans "too proud to fight," "watchful waiting," "he kept us out of war". How simple it was to convert these into one glamorous "make the world safe for democracy!" *War Brides* was suppressed. The suppression was justified thus: ". . . the philosophy of this picture is so easily misunderstood by unthinking people that it has been found necessary to withdraw it from circulation for the duration of the war."

Hearst, more interested in Mexico and Japan than in Europe, took the serial, *The Last of the Cannings*, glorifying the Dupont family and American womanhood, and converted it into *Patria*, an attack on Hearst's phobias. We were not yet at war with Germany but close to it, and Japan was an ally of Britain, an enemy of Germany. Woodrow Wilson asked that the anti-Japanese touches be removed. The Japanese flag was lifted out, and, by contiguity, the Mexican too. Preparations for the war-objector were part of the preparedness propaganda. In the last months of 1916 *The Slacker* told of the conversion of a society butterfly into a flag-sycophant. It should be indicated also that the soldiers in *War Brides*, against whom Alla Nazimova rose, were out-and-out German.

Films appeared romanticizing British history and espionage: *The Victoria Cross*, the English in India; *Shell 43*, the heroism of a spy; *An Enemy of the King*, the days of Henry of Navarre. In 1914 the outdoor war-news film-showings of the *New York Herald* brought counter-applause from Allied and Entente sympathizers. "We were neutral with a vengeance in those days." Germany tried to edge in for sympathy with *Behind the German*

Lines. But the interests were concentrating popular interest upon the Allies, and pro-British, pro-French films appeared. Geraldine Farrar played in *Joan the Woman*, a Lasky picture. Pictures of our troops in Mexico, and the war abroad, had served to create an ennui for battle. The yearning was there, at first weak and confused, but steadily strengthened into violence by suggestion and direct hypodermic. The rape of Belgium was perpetrated in the studios of America, abetted by our Allies. An uninterrupted propaganda turned America about face, seemingly overnight. Actually this propaganda had been increasingly at work, ascending toward a climax, and America had turned quarter-'bout, half-about, until full about, facing the Entente "squarely." The need was to create and sustain a war-temper, to eliminate all doubts, and to extract devotion, moral and material.

The impressionable directors set to. The Ince producers of *Civilization* emitted *Vive la France*. Slogan films were plentiful: *Over There*, *To Hell With the Kaiser*, *For France*, *Lest We Forget*. Love for our brothers-in-arms was instilled by films domestic and imported, such as: *The Belgian*, *Daughter of France*. Sarah Bernhardt in *Mothers of France*, *Somewhere in France*, *Hearts of the World*, D. W. Griffith's contribution to the barrage. The strifes of France were presented to America: *Birth of Democracy* (French Revolution) and *The Bugler of Algiers* (1870). The vestiges of admiration for Germany were eliminated by films like *The Kaiser Beast of Berlin*, *The Prussian Cur*, *The Hun Within*. German-American support was bid for in Mary Pickford's *The Little American*, a tragedy-comedy describing "the German Calvary of bestiality," "the hell-hounds" and "the repentant Kaiserman." Chaplin ridiculed the Kaiser in *Shoulder Arms*. The fair sex was intrigued by films like *Joan of Plattsburg*. As far back as 1916, "when everybody but the public knew we were going into the big fight overseas," a glittering Joan on a white horse, contributed by the movie people, had paraded in the suffrage march on Fifth Avenue. The movie stars—like Mary Pickford and Dorothy Dalton—became the symbolic Joans of American divisions in the war. A miniature Joan, Baby Peggy, joined the abominable harangue that children spat on fathers of families: "Don't be a slacker!" An insidious propaganda among children was instituted and developed. The "non-military" Boy Scouts had films made specially for them: *Pershing's Crusaders*, *The Star-Spangled Manner*, *The War Waif*, *Your Flag and My Flag*, serials like *The English Boy Scouts to the Rescue*, *Ten Adventures of a Boy Scout*. The objector was shamed by "don't bite the hand that's feeding you" movies: *My Own United States*, *A Call to Arms* (*The Son of Democracy*), *The Man Without a Country*, *Draft 258*, *The Unbeliever*, *The Great Love*, *One More American*, *The Man Who Was Afraid*. German atrocities were insisted upon: *The Woman the Germans Shot*. All branches of the service were gilded: *The Hero of Submarine D2*.

Governmental organization found incentive in conjunction with England, citizen bodies and film corporations. An American Cinema Commission went abroad. England had organized one with eminent individuals like Conan Doyle. D. W. Griffith not only was at work in England on *Hearts of the World*, but he also cooperated with high society in recruiting British sentiment. The National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, William A. Brady president, was organized but never functioned, although it served as a stimulant to the movie companies' enthusiasm. The Red Cross had begun to use films but not satisfactorily enough. With Creel's Committee on Public Information, the Red Cross set up the Division of Pictures, which released four films to one-third of the movie houses, "about the same number of audiences as Chaplin audiences." In New York there was the Mayor's Committee of National Defense, Jesse L. Lasky, motion picture chairman. The movie companies organized a War Cooperative Council. In 1918 the films were said to have put about \$100,000,000 into the war chest. Movie stars spoke and carried on for the Red Cross, the Liberty Loan and enlistment. A propaganda slide in the cinemas read: "If you are an American, you should be proud to say so." The sale of Liberty Loan bonds was helped by 70,000 slides. Douglas Fairbanks jumped from a roof for \$100 for the Red Cross, and Chaplin sold autographed halves of his hat. The movie-actors joined the California Coast Artillery, others organized the Lasky Home Guards. Lasky received a title for his work in many divisions. His cooperation with the Government was balanced after the war by the

Government's willingness to help in the aviation film, *Wings*. The popular star, Robert Warwick, now a Captain, was quoted in the fan-press upon war's ennobling qualities.

The period since the war resembles in a general way the period before and during the war. There are films like *The Big Parade* and even *All Quiet on the Western Front* which explicitly condemn war, but implicitly, by their nostalgic tone, their uncritical non-incisive pacifism, their placing of the blame on the lesser individual and the stay-at-home, their sympathy with the protagonist, their excitement, their comic interludes, make was interesting. Their little condemnations are lost amid the overwhelming pile of films in which war is a farcical holiday, or a swashbuckler's adventure. The momentary pointing of guilt is made so naive, so passing that it never gets across to the audience—*The Case of Sergeant Grisha* and *Hell's Angels*. It simply serves as a betrayal supporting the bluff of disarmament conference.

Carl Laemmle was suggested for the Nobel peace prize for *All Quiet*. During the war he made *The Kaiser Beast of Berlin*, after the war he wept over the plight of his "Vaterland" in his advertising column in the Saturday Evening Post, and after *All Quiet* he issued series of sergeant-private-girl farces in which one of the agonized Germans of *All Quiet* is starred. Well, he still qualifies for the prize; he is no less noble than Wilson or Grey.

We have also governmental cooperation. The Navy, however, has declined to cooperate in films kidding officers. It's all right to make fools of gobs, but it's bad business to invite gobs to laugh at the officers. The class-distinction is important in the capitalist army, more and more important today. Further cooperation between producer and military is found in the Warner Brothers' instruction in sound to officers. The battle-ships are being sound-equipped. How easily the movie can be put on a war-basis! And, of course, we still have the films glorifying individual branches of the service, from diving to aviation. Film producers and impresarios carry honorary military titles.

Let us not be led astray by objections to pacifist films like *All Quiet* and *Hell's Angels*. The neurosis of "national honor" is today so active that the slightest abrasion sets it off. The fascist Germans find in these films insults to German officers. The fascist French accept them for the same reason. In the meantime, Germany issues a film like *The German Mother Heart*, in which a mother who has lost six sons is made to feel how exceptional was her opportunity. In America a similar theme is handled in *Four Sons*. And with it all we have "educational" films flaunting patriotism; R.K.O. has a Patriotic Week that is praised by Vice-President Curtis . . . the total is rather threatening.

War is completely indicted in the films of the U.S.S.R. alone.
HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN.

The Situation Now

More than ever the screen serves as war propaganda. Films are being made to stir enthusiasm for the next war. Not since 1918 have there been so many recruiting films—*Eagle and the Hawk*, *Sky Devils*, *Hell Below*, *Men Must Fight*, to name only a few. By recruiting films I mean those films which stimulate war enthusiasm by concentrating upon the fascination of the battle, the ecstasy of heroic death, mystery and adventure of war. Never since the last war has any film dared to come out so openly as did *Gabriel Over the White House* for preparedness, for the necessity of building a huge navy. If Hearst had his way (entirely) he would have included in his prophecy the war with Japan. But Japan is still too great a power. And technically a friendly nation. For that reason the first part of *Gabriel* was omitted.

But Germany is still a second rate military power. Therefore it does not matter if war films still portray the German Hun—if in a more sophisticated manner. The same goes for China. In the later part of 1932 and early this year we had films dealing with the Chinese-Japanese war. It is to be noticed that in *Shanghai Express*, *The Roar of the Dragon* and also in *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* the Japanese were not even mentioned but the Chinese were called "bandits" or "yellow dogs." In two of these films the Chinese "bandits" were led by half-breeds—Russians.

Because the film industry requires an enormous market and

depends upon the mass consumer it will at times abandon its privilege of "entertaining" the masses to "really expose" war. These exposures are in the nature of "documentary" and "authentic" and "impartial" pictures of the last war. True enough, the pictures themselves are authentic, and to a certain extent do show the horrors of war, but any indictment of war that the film may have had is nullified by the accompanying jingoistic off-screen voice. Occasionally Hollywood will even go so far as to produce what might be mistaken as a militant anti-war film. Such a film is *Private Jones*, produced by Carl Laemmle, the sponsor of that "great" pacifist film *All Quiet on the Western Front* and a series of shorts glorifying the U. S. Marines. It is true that in *Private Jones* we had the story of an "ordinary" American who didn't want to fight the Germans because he had nothing against them and who realized that while he was out on the battlefield getting killed the Dollar-A-Year-Men were getting rich. The film did say a few things that were never before said in any American film. But what happened? In the first place the seriousness of the incident was tampered with by making the entire film a comedy. Something to be laughed off. Secondly it suffered from slipshod production and an unconvincing scenario. It did not go over with a punch and very few people saw the film. And a twist given the story in its final sequence restored the ordinary militaristic values with the private risking his life to save the officer.

Germany has also joined the parade. Under the pretence of historical films like *Louise, Konigin von Preussen* (Louise, Queen of Prussia), and *1914* (Prelude to the Great War); musical films like *Raub der Mona Lisa* (Theft of Mona Lisa) Germany has sought to absolve her war guilt as well as take a slam at France and the Versailles treaty. Films like *Morgenrot* (Dawn) are her contribution to the glorification of war series.

It is still true, as Potamkin put it: "War is completely indicted in the films of the U.S.S.R. alone."

IRVING LERNER

Workers Theatres

The keynote of the Eastern Regional Conference of the League of Workers Theatres, held August 5-6, at the Nature Friends Camp in Midvale, N. J., was the need for broadening the revolutionary cultural program of workers theatres in the United States.

Reports were made by members of the National Executive Committee of the League on the magazine *Workers Theatre*, on the International Workers Theatre Olympiad recently held in Moscow, and on the political, organizational, and artistic programs of the revolutionary theatre for the coming year.

Ben Blake, in his political report, pointed out that the program of the revolutionary theatre is dictated by the situation and needs of the working class today; that the working class of the capitalist world is confronted with the triple-headed monster of hunger, fascism and war; that the American workers face a struggle against the Roosevelt program, a program leading to fascism and war. He stated that in order to make the revolutionary theatre an important weapon in this struggle, it was of great political importance to be able to make effective use of the theatre as an art form.

Ann Howe, in her organizational report, outlined a program of preparations for a National Workers Theatre Festival, including a dramatic contest and conference. She recommended that the events be held in Chicago in April, 1934.

Harry Elion, in his report, emphasized the need for the study of technique and the establishment of training classes. He declared that a broader conception of the revolutionary theatre was necessary, that the essential conflict in life as in art was between old, fixed institutions, methods and conceptions, and new revolutionary ones; that plays need not confine themselves to "point of production" themes, factory struggles, strikes and demonstrations; that a play which broke down reactionary prejudices was of value and should be welcomed. He announced that a contest for short plays was to be held annually and that the "New Theatre Award" was to be given to the writer of the best long and short play of the year.

The proceedings of the conference are being mimeographed and will soon be available at a nominal charge from the League of Workers Theatres of the U. S. A., 42 E. 12th St., New York City.

Books

No Rebel Word

THE FIRST WORLD WAR, a photographic history edited by Lawrence Stallings. Simon and Schuster. \$3.50.

Ranged in a chronology that suggests the unspeakable suspense of the period, 500 photographs of the recent skirmish are gathered in this big, well-made book. It is a realistic war museum, an exhibit of all the horror, filth, nationalist and religious hypocrisy, wounds, diarrhea, maggots, and glory that go into the capitalist devil's cauldron of war. Some of the captions have a shallow Jimmy Walker flippancy, but on the whole, here is a superb piece of editing.

The impact of the graphic is just being understood by some of our publicists. In pre-Hitler Germany the emerging social revolution had used photography as one of its major cultural weapons, the gifted John Heartfield, of course, being the most original of the innovators. In the Soviet Union, also, the photograph is now a powerful tool for mass enlightenment.

What impresses one in this book is that merely by the selection of certain subject matter, without an editorial line of comment, the whole bourgeois pacifist attitude is summarized, more completely than in the rapid volumes of Norman Angell or the pamphlets of the Quakers.

What is good in this position is its detestation of the insanity of war. Page 1: diplomats meeting to partition the "spheres of influence." Page 2: Krupp works feverishly speeding production, France and England turning out guns, ships, bombs, cannon. Page 3: The New York Times story of the murder of the Austrian Arch-Duke, and underneath, a photograph of the assassination. And Page 4: a remarkable picture of the blood-spattered bemedalled military tunic of the murdered Arch-duke.

From then on everything is a shambles, a nightmare, and the bloody joke of a lunatic god.

Pages 7 and 8: Mobs of white-collared hoodlums singing and cheering in four different nations: the same fervor, the same blind devotion in each case to German, French, British or Serbian juggernaut. Then young civilian recruits marching to the draft boards, flower-hung, cheering, Au Revoir, Auf Wiedersehen, Good-bye. Refugees, sad and rain-beaten, leaving; and the gray conscripts goose-stepping into Belgium, led by the proud fat swinish German officers.

Destruction, shattered walls of cathedrals and municipalities, little slate-roofed peasant homes smoking in funeral pyres, prisoners of war, pallid German peasants in England, French peasants in Germany, a whole world of simple men torn up by the roots.

The rough, jolly women of proletarian Limehouse shame the "slackers," shame their own proletarian sons and fathers into the horrors and death of a master's war!

And silly little Eton snobs, in high toppers and frock coats, parade with guns. A German pastor blesses the conscript youth and delivers them the promises of the Teuton God. A stout British Anglo-Catholic cleric, redfaced with beer and high feeding, hands out the same promises in the name of the British God. A tall bearded imposing Russian pope, glittering with Byzantine jewels, assures an army of moujiks that God is a Slav, and surely with them.

And then the windrows of shapeless mutilated flesh—the flesh of the innocent young—boys without heads, men without noses, eyes, legs, youth with mashed thighs, the flies buzzing over a mound of heaped putrid human meat, a figure in helmet and boots sitting as if in a dream, its face a red vacuum—no face, others with fragments of a face—

General Gallieni is inspecting a line of cheerful young recruits. And the clean pious Kaiser, flanked by the good Von Hindenburg, is looking intelligently at a large map and planning new death. Over the top, zero hour: the young officer

studies his wrist watch, a bunch of young American boys fret nervously, smelling their death—

Corpses in mountains, grinning foolishly, sleeping with twisted arms, legs sliced as if mowed by a harvester, corpses on the sea, the transports have been torpedoed—

They are shooting "spies," it is a crime for a little German to spy on little Americans, it is a crime for little Frenchmen to spy on little Germans. But the murderers in top hats and in priestly frocks stand by and see the little dupes against the wall, while the firing squad of little dupes level stupid guns—

Millions of men with frightened eyes and bandaged heads, two old peasant women in heavy shawls weeping by the war-cross grave of their Polish son and husband—

Casualty lists on Berlin walls, Paris, New York, Belgrade, flamboyant war posters by venal artists, safe in studios, Liberty Loan, corpses, villages of refugees on the march, their homes in flame, little children with pipestem legs and arms and enormously swollen bellies—Famine—

Typhus, a death charge up a hill, breadcards, the ratty Crown Prince reviews his dupes, the ratty Czar, his women working in munition plants, air raids on London, stretchers, boy recruits, boy conscripts in London, Paris, Berlin, New York—

Corpses—

Armistice—

Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and Mustapha Kemal—

And again: 1933: armies preparing everywhere, a world marching again, waiting for the Second World War.

And trumpet of Gabriel: a headline from the New York Sun—climax! Christmas! *Roosevelt sounds world peace call, asks nations to drop aggressive weapons.*

And that is the last word in this book of war's horror and chaos. What a confession of the impotence of bourgeois pacifism! After building up their tremendous arraignment, the best the compilers can suggest is the hope that Roosevelt may end war!

But Mr. Roosevelt is busy building an American navy larger than ever in history. And pacifists like Mr. Stallings will surely be ready to write romantic lies and propaganda, turn recruiting agent, sell Liberty bonds.

The next world war is near. Books like this one testify to the poignancy with which every sensitive person is aware of the fact. One does not demand in a book of photographs any detailed program for averting the next war. But one finds it hard to forgive anybody who has seen these pictures, let alone compiled them, and who has not been moved to some desperate rebel word.

The best the editors can offer is the stale and ignorant slander that Communism and Fascism are the same. But never in this book of photographs of war is there the deeply relevant picture of J. P. Morgan or other millionaires who were enriched by the slaughter. Never is there a picture of American imperialism at work, the imperialism that takes us into wars. Never is there a suggestion of any organized anti-war work. Stand behind the President! It is the same old bourgeois pacifism one knew in 1914, the smug and insincere pacifism of the Carnegies and Nicholas Murray Butlers. It fights war in the abstract, but ignores the painfully-near American capitalism that breeds war. It can always be counted on to rally round the flag.

Such pacifism is as harmless as prayer. But militarists, stupid as they are everywhere, may find this volume of amazing photographs as little to their taste as the Nazis found Remarque. They are so enamored of their syphilitic sweetheart, War, they will allow not even a skeptic's whisper against her fair name.

MICHAEL GOLD

Cultured Hell-Raising

SKETCHES IN CRITICISM—Van Wyck Brooks—E. P. Dutton, Publisher. \$3.50.

These essays on literature are the able and eloquent expression of the "high brow" attitude; the genuine McCoy of the high hat school. Brooks raises hell (if cultured hell raising is possible) with the sort of culture middle-class, business-dominated American life has produced. Man, in America, writers and artists and thinkers as well as just ordinary stiffs, lack anything approaching "spiritual dignity" and Brooks is all for this

"spiritual dignity." His ideal republic, it seems from reading his stuff, would be peopled by Emersons and Thoreaus. "High thinking and plain living" sort of thing.

But somehow you get the idea that in such a community a real life hearty belly laugh would be as disturbing as the idea of bloody revolution seems to be to Brooks. Everybody would be so intent on Truth and Beauty and Enduring Values that nobody would have time for a bottle of home brew, a mess of pigs' feet and sauerkraut and a hot argument about whether or not the garage mechanic really made the blacksmith's buxom daughter.

You will feel sure, after having read these 306 pages, that Brooks never even heard the one about the salesman who stayed all night at the farm house. What's more he wouldn't listen if you tried to tell him.

What of it?

Simply this, if the race is to continue so that it may progress to the point where it will be able to sit about and contemplate its navel and "enduring spiritual values" somebody is going to be compelled to make a pass at the blacksmith's daughter. That mess of pigs' feet and kraut will have a certain stamina-furnishing function if the pass is successful and a consolation value if it isn't.

Even the high-brows have bellies and, if our old comrade Science is to be relied on, we may well believe that their Platonic Republic will be equipped with bath rooms. (Even if privies are abolished in the rural regions.)

Brooks, it would seem, is the sort of egg who wouldn't understand what you were talking about if you told him that the one justification of capitalism is that without it the world would miss the good clean fun and hearty sport of overturning and abolishing it. He is certainly against capitalism; but would he help the tough guys kick the liver and lights out of it once they got it down? We doubt it heartily. The high-brows may be anti-capitalists but that doesn't make them little comrades of the revolutionists in the dirty work of giving the death blow to the thing they are against or co-workers at the long job of building a society where pigs' knuckles and "enduring spiritual values" will both have a place.

KARL PRETSHOLD.

Sweetness and Not Much Light

AS THE EARTH TURNS, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Macmillan, New York, 1933. \$2.50.

This novel is not so bad as some of the reviews of it have been. It is bad enough, however. How bad depends largely on the author's purpose. If she set out to depict USA rural life, or just life on a typical New England farm, she has failed. If she professes merely to have related a story of her own life on her own farm, the household in which she herself was raised, she may have succeeded. Even in that case it is a picture drawn after a careful selection of materials. Such a high proportion of sweetness and light, such almost complete absence of ugliness and dirt, sounds implausible in any set of lives anywhere. And one can know this without having lived on a farm anywhere.

But this novel has been given tremendous *reclame* through its choice by one of the book clubs. Reviewers have become excited about it. It has been used as an antidote to all the crass facts of today about American farm life. They have said: American life is not all conflict and trouble. Read this story of life on a Maine farm, they have said, where men are strong and silent and industrious and, therefore, contented good citizens; where women work eighteen hours a day and remain unwearied, sweet and lovely; where none is rich or poor, where all are neighborly and helpful. These Maine folk never, apparently, heard of mortgages or low prices, they see life solely in terms of happy work, they pay their taxes gratefully as the eager contribution of sterling citizens toward the maintenance of a benevolent government.

If one has not led such a sheltered life as the author of *As the Earth Turns*, if one has read even mere newspaper reports anytime during these past ten years about the farmers' troubles, has had even a passing acquaintance with statistics of farm tenantry, farm peonage, usurious mortgages owned by

noble and patriotic banks and insurance companies, this picture by Gladys Hasty Carroll comes as a shock. It seems to deal with another planet. For hardly a breath of these troubles of a world of slow-developing crisis enters into its "wholesome" pages.

One says, deliberately, "hardly" a breath. For there is one slight and tentative touch of it. But Mrs. Carroll sets herself right with the world and with orthodox prejudices by putting this breath, this tentative touch of criticism, into the character of the sole "shiftless" person of the tale. He is the single flaw in this sweet picture of bucolic contentment and perfection. All the rest are granitic and noble and industrious and fine. One can read about them and be lulled into forgetfulness of breadlines and evictions, of tens of thousands of families reduced to dependence on charity.

The novel is, indeed, a not untypical American success story. It should have been serialized in *The American Magazine*. But in the light of farm facts, as told by our daily papers, it is no more than that. It is a fairy story, built of nothing more substantial probably than the nostalgia of a sentimental adult for her childhood.

WILLIAM PROHME

The Farmer

THE AMERICAN FARMER, by George Anstrom. International Pamphlet, No. 23. 10 cents.

In the face of ever-increasing misery among the unemployed, the exploiters tell the worker that if he does not like to starve in the cities he can go back to the farm. Henry Ford not so long ago published a series of advertisements declaring that salvation lay in a return to small farm production. It described in glowing terms this "way of self-help" as the only alternative to charity.

George Anstrom, of the Labor Research Assn., in a new pamphlet *The American Farmer*, exposes the viciousness of this campaign, showing through a comprehensive analysis of the agrarian situation the complete bankruptcy of American agriculture under capitalism. He points out that under the conditions of extreme exploitation that obtain in rural areas, thousands of farmers, in the hope of escaping starvation, are desperately turning cityward to swell the numbers of urban unemployed.

While Henry Ford uttered his hypocritical words urging a return to the soil, thousands of poor and even middle farmers were being forced off their land through mortgage foreclosures or non-payment of taxes. A wholesale slaughter took place in Mississippi where on one day alone 40,000 farms were auctioned off by the state. Significant in this respect is the fact that the number of tenant farmers rose to almost one-half the total farm population in 1930.

Anstrom, who has been a farmer himself in several parts of the United States, shows the same conditions of impoverishment facing the poor farmer throughout the country. Staggering under a burden of debt, enslaved to finance capital through mortgages, and doubly exploited through excessive prices charged for industrial commodities, the farmer is told that he has produced too much and is forced to destroy food while workers in the cities starve.

In the cotton region, Negro and white workers are subjected to a form of super-exploitation by the bankers and the landlords who practice the semi-feudal system of share-cropping. Forced to buy all their necessities from the landlord at exorbitant prices, the croppers are pressed into increasing indebtedness, frequently paying over 60 per cent on loans furnished by local capitalists. The landlords' method of maintaining this system of super-exploitation is to keep the workers disorganized by encouraging race hatred and segregation, and by employing the most vicious measures of terror and oppression against the Negro laboring class.

In the so-called "Golden West," where 48 percent of all farm workers are wage slaves, the unemployed starve while thousands of pounds of fruit are thrown into the ocean or left to rot on the trees. Comrade Anstrom points out that the ranks of these agricultural workers have so increased that wages have been depressed to practically nothing. In some states farm hands can

now be procured for 50 cents a day; in other regions they are forced to work for no more than subsistence.

The treachery of misleaders and political demagogues has done much to increase misery in agricultural areas. But the farmers, refusing any longer to be fooled, are now organizing under the leadership of the United Farmers League. They are turning toward the city workers to join them in fighting their way out of the crisis.

One of the most valuable features of this excellent pamphlet is the way which shows clearly the five main "crop belts" of American agriculture. This has been done here for the first time in American revolutionary pamphleteering. The text follows the same line and describes in succession the Cotton Kingdom, Wheat States, Irrigated Mountain and Desert Regions, Dairy and General Farm Area, and the Pacific Fruit Regions. If the pamphlet did nothing more than make clear the distinctions between conditions in these various districts it would be a notable contribution.

No one who wants to be half-way "literate" on the subject of agriculture in the United States should be without this very readable pamphlet.

LUCILLE PETTIJOHN

Sneaking Up on Sex

A YOUNG MAN OF FIFTY, by Rose Feld. Dutton. \$2.50.

This book is obviously making a bid for the pent-house bookcase. It would be happy to stand by the works of Katherine Brush. It would be quite insignificant if it were not an example of a sort of concoction made to appeal to the smart-New-Yorker type—bright young things too jaded to think seriously, or live seriously. It bears about the same relation to life as a cream-puff does to bread.

The young man of fifty is a sentimentalist who goes about kissing the wrists of fair ladies in distress, and showering them with gifts. The flowers he buys in the course of the story would keep a florist shop busy for days. A woman of any age and proportions providing she is unhappy is what his soul pants for. But only his soul. He is as "pure" and honorable as a hen with new chicks. And his solicitude for his wards is as exasperatingly untiring, even when, to his distress, his chicks turn out to be ducklings. The unhealthiness of Christopher's "love" and its effect on his victims becomes quite unbearable. The story ends, as you expect, with the unhappy Galahad's return to his clever and understanding wife. The author, of course, is poking fun at him.

There is a great pretence of tolerance and wisdom on the author's part. But Christopher is such an incredible figure, it all becomes sheer fudge. It is all a back-handed way of making a book about sex—for the interest is centered in sex quite as much as if the story were full of lusty doings. Abstinence can be made quite as titillating as fulfillment—if not more so. The book may be amusing, in a way, but it is not even honestly gay. Genuine gaiety must arise from truer perceptions of life than these, and well up from deeper sources. The cheap bohemianism, the post-Greenwich-Villagism, of this attitude toward sex should be recognized for what it is. It should be allowed no pretensions to wisdom.

If this is the kind of cake the leisure class is living on—it will soon expire,—from indigestion.

MYRA MARINI

Two Mooney Books

THE MOONEY-BILLINGS REPORT Gotham House, Inc. New York. \$1.50.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE MOONEY CASE. By Ernest Jerome Hopkins. Harcourt, Brace. New York. \$2.00

Tom Mooney, having recently been acquitted by a San Francisco jury, is still in San Quentin prison where he peels potatoes for the guards' mess. Hoping to be able to expose the frame-up against him through the medium of this last trial, Mooney found the dice loaded once more; the prosecution refused to "prosecute," the presiding judge barred any attempt to rip open the frame-

up which has kept this labor prisoner in jail for 17 years, and Mooney was effectively muzzled in court.

The Mooney-Billings Report is that section of the report of the Wickersham Commission which was suppressed on the ground that "it was beyond its province to investigate individual cases with a view to making recommendations as to their disposition." A resolution by the late Senator Walsh of Montana whose employers, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company have apparently no immediate interest in the affairs of California, compelled the production in the Senate of the suppressed document.

The Report, prepared by a group of lawyers which includes Zechariah Chafee, Jr. of Harvard and Walter H. Pollak (the latter argued the Scottsboro appeal before the U. S. Supreme Court) is a minute analysis from a legal viewpoint of the Mooney-Billings cases. In its 243 pages it makes a microscopic examination of the "evidence," the parade of perjured witnesses, the numerous trials and appeals and reaches these major conclusions:

1. "There was never any scientific attempt made by either the police or the prosecution to discover the perpetrators of the crime . . . The police investigation was reduced to a hunt for evidence to convict the arrested defendants.

2. "There were flagrant violations of the statutory law of California by both the police and the prosecution in the manner in which the defendants were arrested and held incommunicado, and in the subsequent searches of their homes to procure evidence against them.

3. "After the arrest of the defendants, witnesses were brought to the jails to 'identify' them, and their 'identifications' were accepted by the police and the prosecution, despite the fact that these witnesses were never required to pick the defendants out of a line-up, or to demonstrate their accuracy by any other test.

4. "Immediately after the arrests of the defendants there commenced a deliberate attempt to arouse public prejudice against them, by a series of almost daily interviews given to the press by prosecuting officials.

5. "Witnesses were produced at the trials with information in the hands of the prosecution that seriously challenged the credibility of the witnesses, but this information was deliberately concealed.

6. "Witnesses were coached in their testimony to a degree that approximated subordination of perjury. . . ."

The section of the Mooney Report dealing with the role of the press in the cases is an especially effective description of the manner in which the San Francisco newspapers played pimp to the United Railways in its campaign to hang Tom Mooney, his wife Rena, Warren K. Billings, Israel Weinberg and Ed Nolan. Interestingly enough, this section was prepared largely with the aid of Hopkins, the author of "What Happened in the Mooney Case," who acted as field investigator for the committee which prepared the Mooney report suppressed by the Wickersham Commission.

What Happened in the Mooney Case, is written by a newspaperman who covered the trials for the San Francisco Bulletin and is a dramatic recital of the case, and on the whole, an excellent summary of the chief factors in this notorious frame-up. Its chief defect is the author's ridiculous preoccupation with the theory that the Preparedness Day bombing was caused by Mexicans, aroused over the invasion of Mexico by U. S. troops sent in by Woodrow Wilson in 1916.

At least two vital facts emphasized by Hopkins are of fundamental importance:

1. The Preparedness Day parade of July 22, 1916 was organized by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce following a meeting on July 10, 1916—which voted \$1,000,000 to break the unions of the city and install the open-shop on the Los Angeles plan.

2. Testifying in 1930 before the State Supreme Court of California in the Billings pardon rehearing, Attorney Edward A. Cunha, who prosecuted and convicted Mooney as Fickert's assistant, declared:

"So far as I was concerned, I was not worrying about direct witnesses at all. It was satisfied Mr. Mooney should be convicted upon his activities alone. I was satisfied to have Mooney even hang upon that theory; that is, without any direct connection with the crime."

Although clearly this is not the aim of the authors, both

books can be used effectively to lay bare the whole frame-up system, which has railroaded not only Mooney and Billings but scores of other militant workers. The keynote of *The Mooney-Billings Report* is found in the introduction to the volume by Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana who quotes the report of Wilson's Mediation Commission of 1918:

"However strange and unexpected it may be, the just disposition of the Mooney Case thus affects influences far beyond the confines of California. The feeling of disquietude aroused by the case must be heeded, for, if unchecked, it impairs the faith that our democracy protects the lowliest and even the unworthy against false accusations."

This prophylactic theory of capitalist justice found its supporters in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, in the Mooney and Scottsboro cases. That faith in this method alone is futile has been amply proved, for in all three of these frameups the prosecution's "case" has been completely shattered. Yet Sacco and Vanzetti were murdered, Mooney and Billings are buried alive in San Quentin and Folsom prisons and the Scottsboro boys still cling to the iron bars in their cage in the Jefferson county prison in Birmingham, Alabama.

To those primarily interested in "keeping the faith in democracy unimpaired" both the "Mooney-Billings Report" and Hopkins' book will create a "feeling of disquietude." To the masses of workers, farmers and intellectuals burning with hatred for the system which framed Mooney and Billings, these volumes can be utilized as with deadly effect in the fight to free these two labor fighters.

SENDER GARLIN

Mooney in Pictures

TOM MOONEY, A Story in Pictures, by Anton Refregier. International Labor Defense. 5 cents.

Even in this, the classic land of political corruption, strike breaking, lynch law and frame up, the case of Tom Mooney has scarcely a parallel. For nearly seventeen years now he has been confined to prison although there is not a shred of even doubtful evidence left against him: the jury that sentenced him, the judge who presided at the trial, the main witnesses of the prosecution have reversed themselves and recanted. But all this means nothing to capitalist courts and government: Tom Mooney has committed the crime of crimes, he has been a militant fighter for labor, and for this no penalty is too heavy.

The case of Tom Mooney furnishes a matchless lesson to the entire revolutionary movement, for in it is embodied capitalist "justice" in all its malodorous and concentrated essence: bribery, corruption, perjury, frame up, intimidation, forgery, gangsterism. No device of law breaking has been omitted in the effort to send Tom Mooney to his death; and it is only working class vigilance and solidarity on an international scale that prevented this culmination so devoutly wished by the ruling class.

Anton Refregier has done in this pamphlet a commendable piece of work. Barring his occasionally unwarranted use of modernist technique in a pamphlet intended for wide distribution; and his not always successful delineation of certain characters, Refregier has succeeded in making the story comprehensive at a glance and has told it with political maturity indispensable in a class conscious cartoonist. Among the outstanding incidents, he shows the preparedness parade and Tom Mooney with his wife on the roof of their home, a mile away from the scene at the time of the explosion, as recorded by a street clock—the first incontrovertible proof of Mooney's innocence. Another picture shows workers protesting before the American Embassy in Petrograd—the first protest abroad which had its repercussion in the United States, resulting ultimately in the change of the Mooney sentence. Still another page pictures the star witness Oxman registered in a hotel ninety miles away from the scene of the explosion, yet testifying in court as an eye witness of that scene. One of the happiest ideas of Refregier was to show Mother Wright together with Mother Mooney in the Soviet Union, thus linking the Scottsboro and the Mooney cases.

In a word the story of Mooney passes before us in its most striking aspects, its implications are made clear and its lessons are driven home with conviction. Wide distribution of the pamphlet should help successfully mobilize working class opinion in an unrelenting fight for the unconditional acquittal of Tom Mooney.

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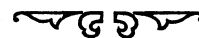
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