

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

November 7, 1939

Where Dies Stole His Technique

by Morris Kamman

'Soviet-Nazi Alliance' Myths

by Anna Louise Strong

The Battle for the Black Sea

by Alter Brody

Randolph Bourne in 1917:

'The War and the Intellectuals'

Between Ourselves

NEXT week we will publish an article by Corliss Lamont on recent Soviet policy, as well as the second article by Maurice Kamman on Martin Dies' technique. The week after that our eagerly awaited series on "Silver Charlie Coughlin" by John L. Spivak will begin.

Sit down and take a letter. To the Honorable Mackenzie King, Prime Minister's Residence, Ottawa, Canada. Ask the Honorable Mackenzie King how the suppression of NM in Canada squares with the professions of democracy by England and Canada. Just to indicate how damned alert the Honorable Mackenzie is, take the case of the *All-Pets* magazine of Chicago, which has also been banned in Canada as mighty subversive to the British empire. *All-Pets* is a modest little gazette, devoted to the welfare of our dumb animal friends, but it ran afoul of the empire for some inscrutable reason, perhaps because it absolved the dachshund of political responsibility for Hitler.

We have just received the quaint



William Gropper

Gropper has been drawing cartoons for this magazine for twenty-two years, during which time he has gathered an international reputation. Barely forty, Gropper has met and vanquished the Celestial Emperor of Japan, painted murals in the Department of the Interior, a barroom, a night club, published a picture novel, invaded the Metropolitan and a dozen other museums, and has drawn cartoons, day in, week out, for at least fifty magazines. He works in a rambling house he built himself on a hilltop at Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., and can draw a masterful cartoon in half an hour with his two small sons shaking the studio jitterbugging to Louis Armstrong's "Shadrack."

news that Manchester Boddy (sounds like something out of Wodehouse), "commentator" in the Los Angeles *Daily News*, considers NM "the personal house organ" of Hitler. We ain't got no Boddy, so comment on this charge will have to be left to the ingenuity of our West Coast readers. We accuse Boddy of being a tool of Moscow.

Our circulation department announces that copies of NM carrying articles in the forthcoming John L. Spivak series on Father Coughlin will be available to organizations in bulk at special low prices. On orders of twenty-five or more copies the price per copy will be 10 cents. On orders of a thousand or more the price per copy will be 8½ cents. Individuals who wish to send at least ten copies to friends may give us their list and we will mail copies at 10 cents each. There is also a special subscription rate in connection with the Spivak series—twenty-five weeks for \$2. The first article in this sensational series will appear in the issue on the stands November 16—dated the 21st.

At the beginning of the original manuscript of the Bill of Rights there is the notation that the Congress was "begun and held at the City of New York on Wednesday the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine." As a proper reward for all those who send contributions of \$5 or more to NM's Emergency Fund we will send a reproduction of the original document on a scroll, size eighteen by twenty-four inches. Send your contributions to keep the Bill of Rights alive one hundred and fifty years later.

Only 432 shopping days till Christmas, folks. In the meantime don't throw your Soviet jewels away on the Stork Club and high living, because NM's annual ball's a-comin'—the twenty-eighth annual ball, for which admission is one small Soviet jewel, held up to the light and approved by Ben Gitlow. If you spent all your jewels you can get in for a buck by applying to Jean Stanley, our Soviet jewel editor. Please accompany applications with one old faked passport so we'll know you're a regular. The theme is "A Night in Trinidad," and the joint will be jumping to the music of Gerald Clark and his Caribbean Serenaders, the Calypso recording band from the West Indies. The Duke of Iron will sing those tart Calypsonian ditties, and Dick Carroll's ten-piece swing band will be on hand to fill in the dance periods. Webster Hall will be all got out like a tropical landscape

on the night of December 2 for NM's twenty-eighth ball, and we hope you'll all get out, too. Get your tickets now, because they'll be 50 cents more at the door.

This magazine has appointed the Penn News Co. as its distributor in Philadelphia, assuring NM many more newsstand outlets in the Quaker City. If your newsstand, Philadelphia readers, does not carry NM, notify Charles Rosselle, 104 South 9th St., local representative.

Who's Who

ANNA LOUISE STRONG is the author of *I Change Worlds, China's Millions*, and *One-fifth of Mankind: The Chinese Fight for Freedom*. . . . Alter Brody, one of NM's regular contributors, is an authority on Eastern European matters. . . . Paul G. McManus is NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Morris Kamman is a frequent contributor to progressive American periodicals. . . . Marc Frank is Mexican correspondent for NM. . . . John Stuart collaborated with Bruce Minton in writing *Men Who Lead Labor*. . . . Morton Grant is a Hollywood screenwriter. . . . Herbert Aptheker is the author of *The Negro in the Civil War*.

Flashbacks

MEMO to those who pretend not to believe that the Soviet Union really wants peace: On Nov. 8, 1917,

one day after taking over power, the Soviet Congress in Russia proposed to all governments and peoples that peace be immediately established on a basis of no annexations and no indemnities. . . . The enormous desire of the Germans for peace was made unmistakably clear, Nov. 3, 1918, when the sailors at Kiel mutinied, starting a revolt which spread throughout Germany. . . . Four days later the famous "false Armistice" sent scores of millions of people in Allied countries frantic with joy. . . . Memo to those who pretend not to believe that the Dies committee plans more vigorous attacks on the rights of minorities: On Nov. 8, 1919, New York police to the number of seven hundred, assisted by state and federal officers, acting under warrants issued to the Lusk committee, seized 1,000 New Yorkers. Thirty-five of these were held on charges of criminal anarchy, and bail ran as high as \$15,000. . . . And a memo to those who think to silence Communist leaders by handing up a few indictments on technical charges: Dimitrov faced Goering in the Reichstag fire trial in Leipzig Nov. 4, 1933, and Nazism suffered a great blow. . . . Japan, severed from Germany by the recent Soviet-German pact, will look ruefully at the calendar on November 6, for on that day just two years ago Japan signed the anti-Comintern pact.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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William Gropper

NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXIII

NOVEMBER 7, 1939

NUMBER 7

Can the Truth Be Printed?

Do you want the truth about Father Coughlin? Do you want the facts no other magazine in the country dares to publish?

Do you want to read "Priest or Common Racketeer?" by John L. Spivak, who has topped his remarkable career in this series, as brilliant a journalistic job as America has ever seen? And it is more than journalism, far more, for it is an indictment of America's greatest menace, the man who wants to throw the nation into a chaos of anti-Semitism, of racial rioting that will result in "blood flowing in the streets" as his followers in New York shout from the street corners.

Well, NEW MASSES has the indictment. You know Spivak's work. Never a charge without documentary proof to substantiate it; never a declaration that he cannot back.

NEW MASSES now has that series.

Does it mean anything to you that that series see the light of day?

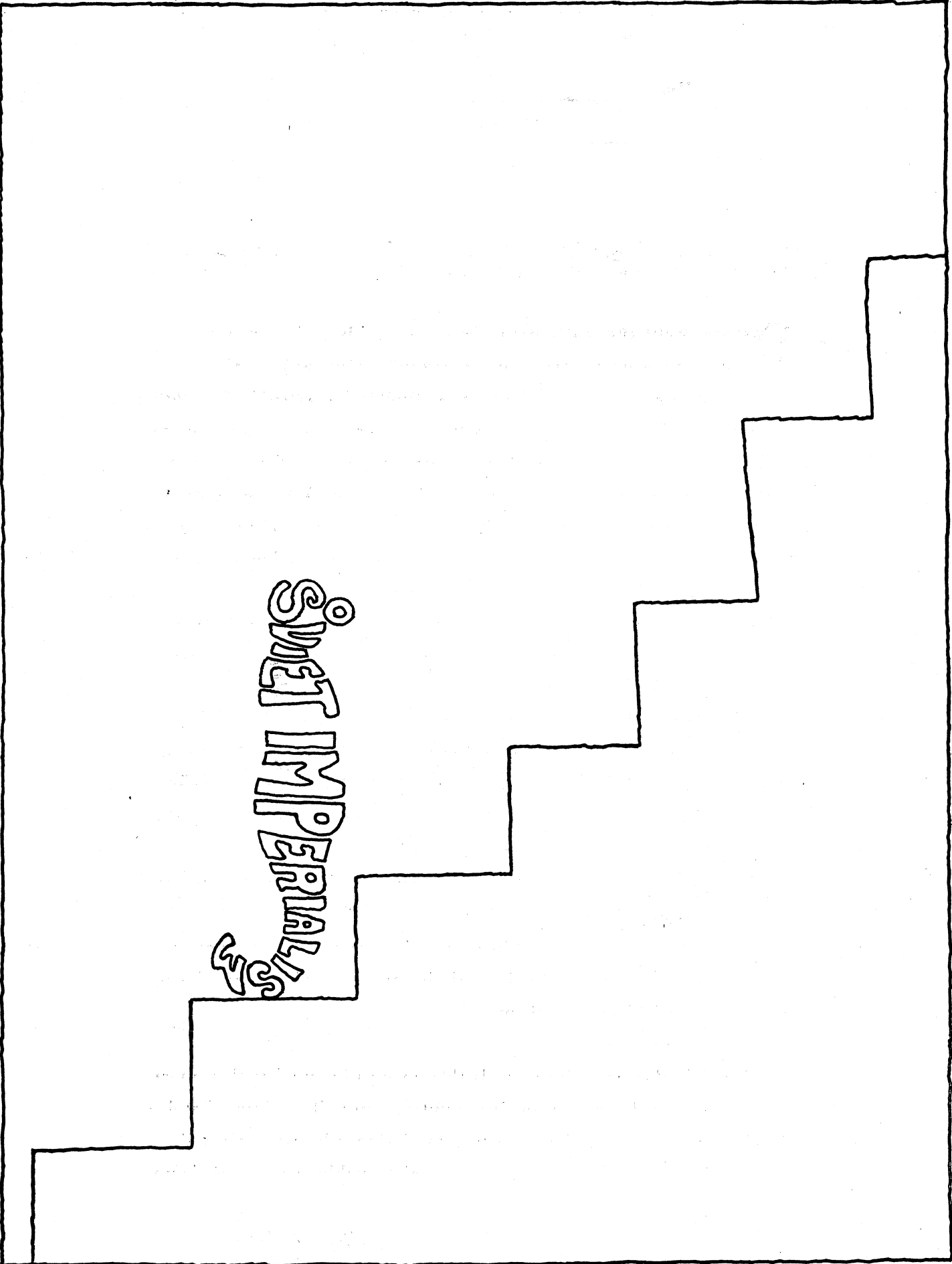
Then you must see to it that the magazine that has the facts survives to publish them. Not only abstract principles of justice and truth are concerned here; your welfare, and your family's, is concerned.

During the past week only \$438 was received in response to our appeal. NEW MASSES to date has received \$1,632 in its drive for \$7,000 to meet immediate obligations. Unless we receive that sum we cannot guarantee you will read the articles. There may be no magazine in which to print them.

Those are the facts.

What do they mean to you? If they mean to you what they mean to the cause of democracy in this country, you will act immediately! Rush your emergency donation to NEW MASSES by wire, airmail, or special delivery! Keep NM alive to seal Coughlin's political doom.

The Editors



GARDNER TEA

Gardner Tea

*"Last night I saw upon the stair
A little man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today;
Oh, how I wish he'd go away."*

Ditty currently being sung by Dorothy Thompson, et al.

The Myth of the "German-Soviet Alliance"

Anna Louise Strong shows the moves behind the Soviet's anti-aggression plan. The proofs of their diplomatic peacemaking.

Now that Premier Chamberlain, First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill, and Secretary of War Hore-Belisha have all announced that the march of the Soviet troops into Poland defeated the Nazi advance into Eastern Europe, it seems time for those persons who hastily and bitterly saw in the non-aggression pact some sort of "alliance" to examine more carefully the relations between Moscow and Berlin. The assumption that an alliance exists has, in fact, already led the assumers to so many contradictions that they have commonly ended with an apocalyptic vision of a Great Russian Enigma, in which such simple things as trade with Britain become a puzzle, and in which an incomprehensible Stalin sits in the Kremlin engaged, in ways our Western intelligence cannot fathom, in constantly doublecrossing the West.

Before confessing such bankruptcy of our Western intelligence, may one not look at a simpler analysis, which takes some cognizance of Soviet explanations of their actions, at least until they are disproved? May not those of us who in the past found in the USSR support for peace and for the hopes of earth's common people ask whether these are not still the characteristics of the USSR?

A Soviet ex-diplomat, for instance, spoke to me with deep pain of this war, in which, he said, so many millions of innocent young people will perish, who have committed no crime except to be born in this epoch of aggressive imperialism. "In one thing Hitler spoke truly, when he said that all nations will be losers." I remarked that in the first stages the Soviet Union, at least, seemed to have been a winner. "You talk like a child in a game," he answered. "The situation in Europe has cost us thus far a whole year of our Third Five-Year Plan." I was reminded again that these people think in terms of the life, liberty, and happiness of human beings, as the never-forgotten factors behind all "spheres of influence," or "balance of power."

I myself, devoting hours of each day to following the tensions in Europe, have jubilantly seen that the mainspring of Soviet action is what it has always been: to secure a maximum of peace in the world and especially on its own borders; to smash the world coalition of aggressive forces and prevent them from solidifying into a joint attack on the Soviet Union; and thus to lead the world—come peace, come war, but preferably come peace—to the socialist commonwealth where peace may be really enduring. I find, however, that the USSR has done more to achieve these aims in the last six weeks, singlehanded, than in the past six years in which she sought the help of the Western "democracies."

There is at least one advantage in this

view, that it has enabled me to understand each event in Soviet foreign relations as it occurred—and sometimes before it occurred—without any of the contradictions and puzzles which afflict the holders of the "military alliance" view. Let us notice in passing a few of those puzzles. Why was Hitler such a fool as to give away the centuries-old outposts of German imperialism in the Baltic? Why did German armies take Lwow for Stalin? Why did the boundary lines between German and Soviet troops shift back and forth three times in Poland? Why do the Russians hasten to fortify the Baltic states against Germany? Why did the stockmarket "war babies" drop sharply on the news of the Soviet march into Poland? Why was tension in the Balkans eased noticeably by that march, while it rose again on the news that Turkey and Britain were going to "stabilize" the Balkans? Why are the Russians ready to trade with Britain?

These are the puzzles which have forced most commentators to a grudging and confused admission that somehow or other the Soviets have interfered with Hitler, though they tend to attribute this happy fact to the grace of God rather than to Soviet intentions. But here is another group of facts that throw light on Soviet intentions. The elections just held in Poland, in which landlords, barons, and baronesses, priests and nuns took part (evidently not all slaughtered by the Red Army); the statement by Ambassador Biddle that the Poles regarded the Soviet troops as doing a "policing job"; the flight of half a million Jews from Nazi-controlled Poland to Soviet territory; the return of Vilna to Lithuania; the friendly nature of all the conferences with little Baltic states which leaks through even our very unfriendly headlines; the telegram of the Lithuanian Urbszys about the "deep understanding of the aspirations of the Lithuanian people" displayed by Stalin personally in conference: all these are facts that must be reconciled with our picture of Soviet intentions and acts.

ANALYSIS WITH PROOFS

Now for the analysis, event by event, with proofs attached. First, Moscow tried for many years to check "fascist aggressions" by arousing the "democratic forces." This failed in Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, and Memel, and was about to fail in Poland. War by the anti-Comintern bloc was about to break against the USSR, with Britain and France holding the Maginot Line and selling supplies to Hitler. Proofs: the six years of "appeasement"; innumerable statements in the British press that Hitler should "go east"; the dilly-dallying of British representatives

in Moscow in face of imminent war emergency; the Japanese attack in Mongolia and the alleged statement of Japan to Hitler that she would be ready for the "big push" in six weeks. And don't overlook Hitler's angry statement to Henderson—see British Blue Book—that in such a war "only Japan would win"; this clearly alludes not to the present conflict, but to the proposed war against the USSR.

Second step: the non-aggression pact, signed by Hitler because he feared to attack the Soviets. It was simply an agreement that neither side would fight the other. It has no secret clauses, no agreement to partition Poland; it gave no "green light" to German invasion. Hitler at this time believed he could eat his cake and have it—i.e., grab Eastern Europe piece by piece while stalling off the Soviets, as he had grabbed Central Europe while stalling off Chamberlain. He thought he could avoid war with the USSR and still keep his anti-Comintern friends; was he not leader of the group? He thought Chamberlain would give him Danzig for a little sword-rattling; there was plenty of indication that Chamberlain would. It was only after the signing of the non-aggression pact that the British Tories turned against Hitler and began to howl for his blood. Proofs: Henderson's statement to Goering (British Blue Book) that Britain wanted an "amiable settlement" of Danzig and the Corridor; Britain's long stalling on her pact with Poland, finally signed only after the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact; the lessening of tension in Berlin after the pact, with officials going off on weekends; similar lessening of tension in the Baltic states; the Sixteen Points grudgingly given out by Hitler, bearing traces of Moscow suggestion. In only two spots was war tension increased by the non-aggression pact. Those of us who followed the short-wave radio heard London and Paris break into a fury of resistance; they got out the gas masks and the military censorship days before Hitler marched into Poland. Hitler was ready—temporarily, no doubt—to settle for Danzig and a plebiscite in the Corridor. But for the first time the British Tories agreed with the British liberals that Hitler must be fought.

MARCH INTO POLAND

Third step: the actual invasion. Hitler pushed rapidly east, not stopping to take the Polish cities, but driving northeast to the Baltic states and southeast to Rumania. The Soviets, observing an approach of German forces which they had not agreed to, but which they had always known was possible, mobilized in increasing strength and at last marched to meet them. Moscow took serious chances of

becoming involved in war either with Britain or with Germany. But they timed their march to the split second to prevent Hitler from forming a Nazi Ukraine on their borders, and spreading the war all along their Baltic and Balkan frontiers. Half a day earlier the Polish government might have functioned sufficiently to declare the Soviet march an act of war, and thus compel a war declaration from Britain. Half a day later, the Red Army would have been too late to prevent Nazi uprisings in Rumania from joining the Nazi troops on the border. Far from having any advance agreement on Poland's partition, Hitler expected the USSR to do as Chamberlain did in Czechoslovakia—protest and draw back. But it met his threat with an equal threat and it was Hitler who withdrew.

Proof is found in the concern expressed in Berlin at the number of troops the Soviets were mobilizing; in the "heroic note" of the Moscow sendoff, which foresaw the possibility of serious war; in the statements of Soviet troops to Polish soldiers, "We come to help you against the Germans—let us all march together to Lwow"; in the sudden conference with Germans in Moscow, followed by a joint statement that the march was "not in contravention of the non-aggression pact"; in the watchful waiting of the British, hoping the Nazis would fight the Russians; in the Moscow telegram to Soviet troops to "reach Vilna by midnight," when they were seventy miles away but the Germans were coming up the railroad from Brest-Litovsk; in the Bucharest dispatch to the *New York Times* that the Rumanian Secret Service knew the exact number of divisions which the Nazis planned to send into the Balkans; in the Rumanian Iron Guard uprisings planned to synchronize with the assassination of the premier, and in one uprising that actually came off, only to have it turn out that the arriving troops were the Soviet forces; in the Ukrainian Nazi bands that killed many Poles before the Red Army put them down. These are only a few proofs of many. Chief proof lies in the retirement of German troops from lands already taken, and in Hitler's dramatic exit from the Baltic states.

HITLER BEGS FOR PEACE

Hitler began to ask for peace from all the world. Not because he had won but because he had lost; victorious armies do not sue for peace. Or rather, he had won his lesser objective and failed in the greater one, which would have satisfied his aggressive Nazis and kept them united. Therefore he had to make his peace with the non-aggressive masses of German people by persuading them that he had won all he wanted and henceforth had no aggressive intention.

Why did Hitler offer to the Soviets Polish territory as far as Warsaw, won by blood and iron of German troops? Because these lands were no longer of first importance, if they could not serve as a base for a drive to the East, and because Hitler wished to bribe the Soviets to share the responsibility for his aggression, and thus be forced into an actual

alliance. Why did Moscow accept the bribe and later return it, without ever sending troops into this offered land? To gain greater bargaining power in the final division, where Moscow probably proposed a self-determined Poland, and offered to furnish half. Finding Hitler obdurate, the Soviets then renounced all share in ethnic Poland, leaving to Hitler the chance to offer it in his bid for peace. Thus they regained their status as a neutral, which was seriously risked by the march into Poland, but which could hardly be assailed now in any international court. More important than legality, they won the respect of the little states in the Baltic and Balkans as a nation firm but not aggressive, which could take its own but not ask more. This prepared the leadership of the Soviets in the Baltic which was important for Soviet defense, and which also removed the little Baltic countries from danger of war.

Why does Hitler take the Germans out of the Baltic, reversing the centuries-old eastward Teutonic march? Because, whether or not Moscow demanded it, Hitler knows they are useless to German imperialism if they cannot serve as a springboard against the Soviets. It was the Baltic "landwehr" which crushed the revolution twenty years ago when native Latvian regiments went Soviet. Now the Baltic Germans have lost their time-honored function; they could only be spies and irritants against the Soviets. Hitler prefers to use them as a second line of defense along his Polish Corridor, and meantime to take their Baltic properties for the German government and trade them in for raw materials from Russia or for goods from the new Latvian industries which will be built with Soviet help. This is not the place to analyze the Soviets' relation to those little countries, but one may compare it to the attitude of the United States in building a common defense front of small American republics in Panama. We also have naval bases in Panama and Cuba, and offer our armed forces to defend a continent, yet the little nations survive.

One thing more: the Turkish-Moscow parley. Let us recall that Saracoglu went to Moscow, not on Moscow's invitation but at the initiative of the Ankara government. It now becomes plain, unless both Chamberlain and *Izvestia* deceive their constituents, that he went with the knowledge and possibly at the instance of Britain, to secure a mutual assistance pact of a kind which would bring the USSR into an indirect military alliance with Britain. This plan was broken when the agreement was made with von Ribbentrop. Remember, Saracoglu announced that he was going home. But he stayed on because neither Moscow nor London desired such an abrupt failure. He stayed trying to reconcile the type of mutual assistance pact which Moscow also wanted—which would keep war out of the Black Sea—with the type of mutual assistance pact Britain sent him to get. When he failed, Moscow gave him a splendid sendoff with banquets and a warship convoy to soften the blow and to reaffirm her friendship for Turkey. Moscow may have regretted the failure, but Turkey and Britain regretted it more.

How well the picture hangs together! How simple it is, and how consistent, not with the "Great Russian Enigma" but with what we have always known of the Soviets. What does Hitler now want from Moscow? All the help that he can get. What does Moscow want from Hitler? Practically nothing at all. The Soviets want to keep the war far from their borders, and this, for the moment, they themselves have gained. They have gained the strongest defensive frontier that Russia has even known. They have forced Hitler into a position where he offers "peace" to all comers, not very graciously, but for the time being, sincerely. The USSR would like to see these offers accepted, and will probably help to that end. But the war has died down because neither Hitler nor Chamberlain really wants to fight each other. Britain prefers—and will probably prefer for months to come—to use the methods of diplomacy, to try by influence on Turkey, Scandinavia, Japan, and our own American government to gain other tools for her war. She will work within Germany to set up a government of the bankers and the Reichswehr—does not Duff Cooper already announce it?—which will be more willing to take orders from Britain and to fight against the USSR.

THE WORKERS' CAUSE

One thing will bring the Soviets out of their borders—a proletarian revolution in the West. Then they will throw all the strength into the cause of the workers, which all the major capitalist powers will combine to smash. It will be easiest if it happens in Germany; it will be hardest if it happens in France, attacked simultaneously by Britain, Spain, Italy, and the Nazis. Even in that case the Soviets would find a way to aid. But they are not trying to prolong the war in order to wear out "both antagonists" and bring revolution. For they know that the first and worst sufferers are the workers of all lands, who would be killed by millions, before a major Western power would fall. They know also that war provides a military dictatorship in all the three major countries, behind which plotting against the workers of the world and against the Soviet Union can go on more easily than under conditions of peace.

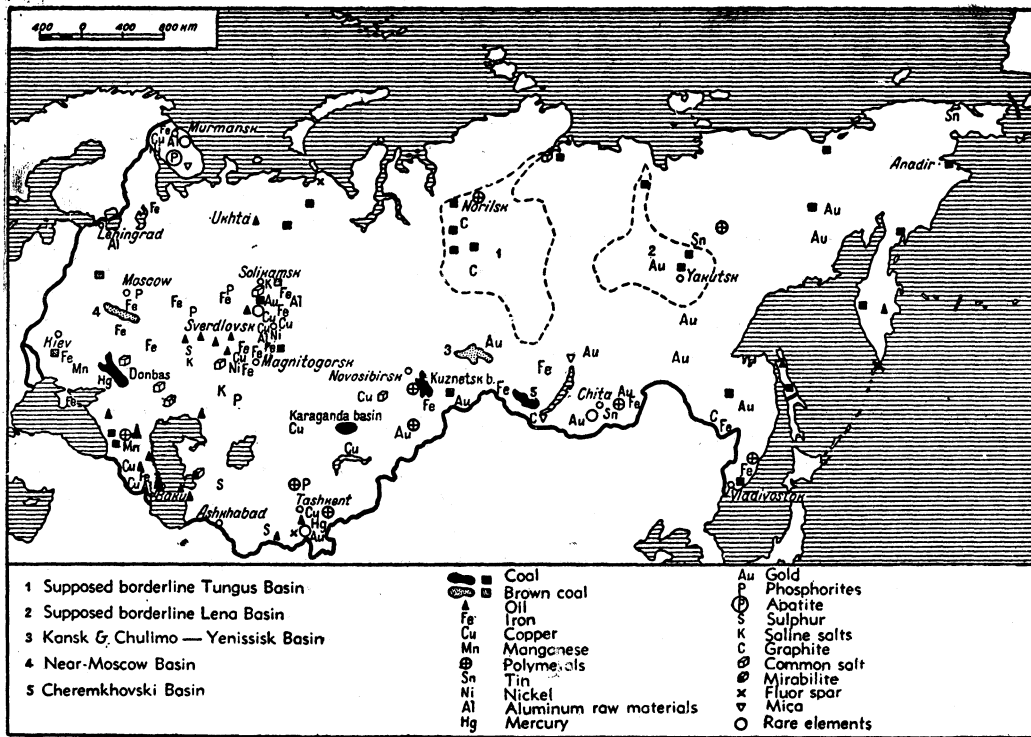
Meantime I think the Soviets will turn their attention eastward. A Soviet ex-diplomat said to me: "We shall not worry about Finland. Let her take her time. It is she, not we, who needs trade and protection. Let her find this out. We shall not worry about the Balkans. Since Turkey has opened them to British pressure, we shall not try too hard to reconcile their irreconcilable feudalisms and foreign interests. Why help King Carol and antagonize King Victor Emmanuel, unless thereby we could have kept the war out of the Black Sea? I think we shall turn our attention to China, since Britain and France are ceasing to help her and may turn against her, while America has long been helping Japan. I think it is the Chinese who will need us, if peace is not to be had in Europe."

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

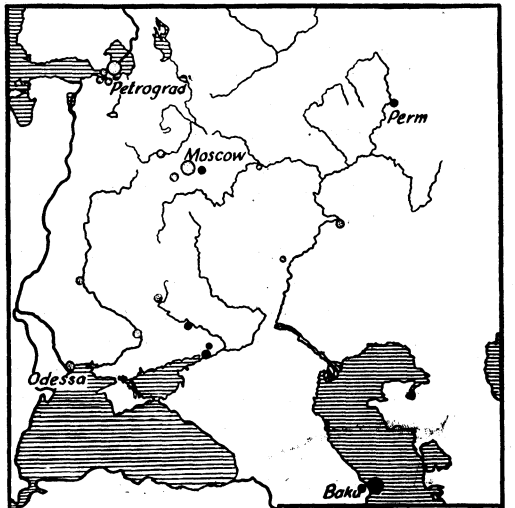
Soviet Basic Industry

Growth of mining, manufacturing, and electrification since 1917.

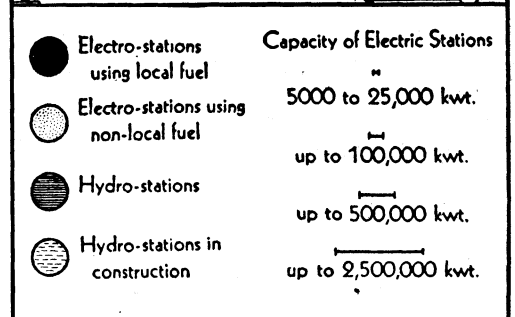
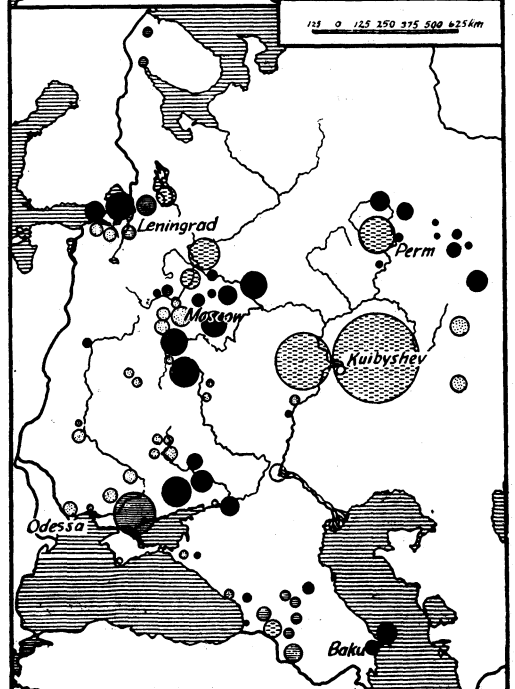
THESE charts show the proportionate achievements of the two five-year plans in three basic industries. Such harnessing of the enormous natural resources of the various Soviet states since 1917 has placed the Soviet Union in a leading industrial role in the world. The vast development of Soviet agriculture, of course, is well known. These charts are from *Land of the Soviets*, a new handbook of the USSR by Nicholas Mikhailov (Lee Furman, Inc.).



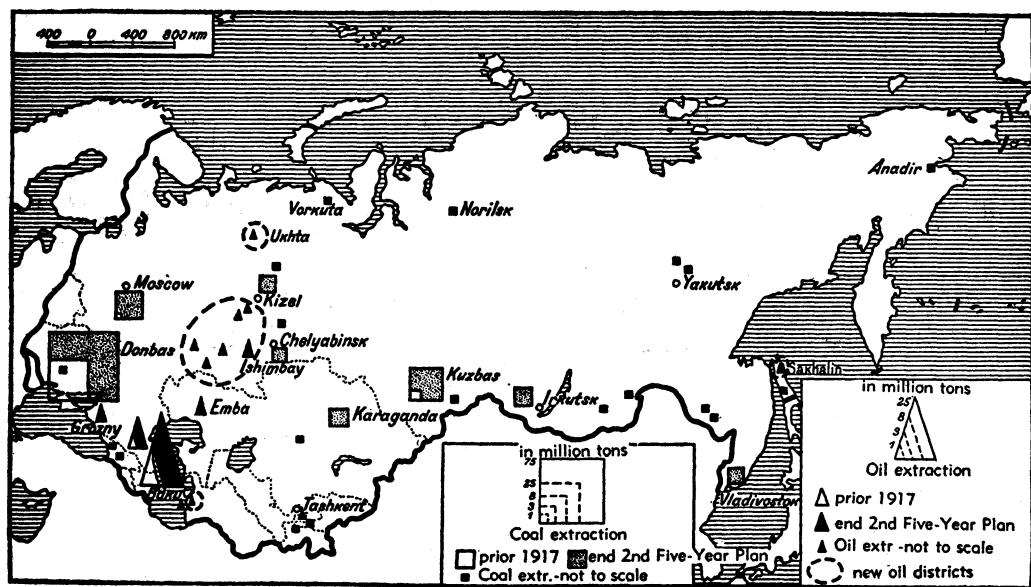
Chief Mineral Deposits



Metal Furnaces and Machine Building Plants



Electric Output Compared with 1917



Coal Mining and Oil Extraction

The Battle for the Black Sea

The diplomatic consequences of the Anglo-French-Turkish agreement. Trouble spots in the Balkans and what they may bring.

THE premise of Soviet diplomacy in the Balkans is the uncontested fact that the second imperialist world war is going on. It is true that there has been no serious fighting between the imperialist rivals as yet. But that very phenomenon is fraught with danger for the Soviet Union. The armies and navies of three of the greatest powers on earth are fully mobilized and ready to be hurled at any objective. Anyone who has been reading the anguished appeals of our Walter Lippmanns and Dorothy Thompsons, pleading for Hitler to come back to Chamberlain's arms—"to save civilization as we know it" from the "menace of Bolshevism"—must remember that there are plenty of Lippmanns and Thompsons in Chamberlain's England, Bonnet's France, and Hitler's Germany. The avowed Soviet desire to end the queer hostilities is not based on the wish to help Chamberlain and Hitler out of their impasse. It springs from the alarming situation that there are three great armies mobilized in Europe *whose ultimate enemy apparently has not yet been picked.*

In the meantime, while the armies and navies are mobilized, waiting for sealed orders, the diplomats are doing the real fighting. Under the surface Europe is swaying under the jockeying diplomats as it has not swayed since the erupted Alps first saw daylight. Every neutral nation in Europe is being marshaled into a position that is a battle line for the coming "real" war. And every such move carries much more serious consequences for the side against which it is directed than the actual hostilities in progress. Both Anglo-French diplomatic circles and the Anglo-French (and American) press agree that the signing of the Anglo-French-Turkish treaty is the major victory of the war. Victory over whom? That is the question!

"POWER POLITICS"

Some liberals would call this "power politics" and dismiss it from their lily-white minds with a shudder. As if there has ever been any other kind of politics in the capitalist world—both in the field of international politics and the struggles and alliances of class forces that are the basis of internal politics. Unfortunately, the leaders of the Soviet Union cannot conjure away the capitalist world with a moral phrase. They live in it and are determined not only to survive in it but *to survive it.* No doubt many liberals would have preferred to see the Soviet Union join the noble company of Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia, and other victims of power politics, so that they might have the pleasure of squeezing out a sentimental tear over its grave—instead of gnashing their teeth because it outwitted the capitalist-fascist power

politicians at their own game. But Communists have always looked at the matter from a different angle. Lenin has summed up that viewpoint very dispassionately: "The decisive battle," says Lenin, "may be deemed fully matured when all the class forces hostile to us have become sufficiently confused, are sufficiently at loggerheads with each other, have sufficiently weakened themselves in a struggle beyond their capacity."

Even the Soviet-sponsored policy of collective security had to avail itself of "power politics." It was an attempt to achieve world peace by lining up the "satisfied" imperialist powers—satisfied with the status quo and therefore "peace-loving"—against the dissatisfied fascist disturbers of the status quo. Some liberals may have had the delusion that there was something intrinsically just about preserving Britain's domination over 350,000,000 Hindus and something intrinsically unjust about permitting Japan to dominate 450,000,000 Chinese. But Communists never had any such delusions. The Soviet-sponsored policy of collective security failed—sabotaged as much by the Blums and Hendersons as by the Chamberlains and Daladiers. The Communist leaders of the Soviet Union have never been known to fool themselves. They knew when they were licked. World peace had collapsed despite all their efforts. So they acted decisively to preserve the peace of the socialist world by safeguarding the security of the Soviet Union on its Polish, Baltic, and now on its Black Sea borders.

IN THE BALKANS

The situation in the Balkans is much more complex than in the Baltic. In the Baltic it was a struggle between Germany, Britain, and the Soviet Union for the East Baltic bases. In the Balkans all the European powers are involved—the Anglo-French bloc, Italy, Germany, the Soviet Union, and lastly, Turkey. In the past the aims of the Soviet Union and the government of New Turkey, which owes its independence from British imperialism largely to Soviet aid, have coincided. But regardless of any changes in Turkish foreign policy the old Soviet-Turkish objective of keeping the Black Sea closed to any third power may be regarded as a fixed star of Soviet diplomacy. Any third power does not only mean a land power like Germany, driving toward the Black Sea via Hungary and Rumania, or like Italy, driving toward the Black Sea via Yugoslavia and Rumania—but also a sea power like Britain entering the Black Sea via the Dardanelles. That is why the Soviet Union has no objection to an Anglo-French-Turkish alliance, provided it is restricted to the eastern Mediterranean. The only thing that the Soviet Union expects

from Turkey is the continuation of the previous policy of unconditionally preventing any formidable third power fleet from entering the Black Sea on whatever pretext—for the simple reason that once an Anglo-French fleet is permitted to enter the Black Sea on the ostensible excuse of coming to the rescue of Rumania there is nothing to prevent it from blockading the Soviet ports of Odessa, Sebastopol, and Batum instead of proceeding to the Rumanian port of Constanza.

The Balkan situation differs from the Baltic in one other important respect. Whereas, with minor exceptions, the Baltic countries are all ethnically homogeneous states, the Balkan countries are a patchwork of interlocking national minorities.

RUMANIA, BULGARIA

Rumania, the largest, most populous and, in natural resources, the richest of the Balkan states, is the Poland of the Balkans. The two eastern provinces of Rumania, Bessarabia and Bukovina, annexed after the World War, are dominantly Ukrainian. The Soviet Union has never recognized Rumania's seizure of Bessarabia. Rumania's southeastern province, Dobruja, annexed partly in 1877 and partly in 1918, is predominantly Bulgarian. Fifty percent of the population of its two western provinces, Transylvania and Banat, are Hungarian and German in order of proportion. Nominally the Wallachians and Moldavians of Old Rumania are the "true" Rumanians. Actually only the Wallachians, forming about 50 percent of Rumania's population, can be so classified. The Moldavians are a semi-Slavic people and there is an Autonomous Moldavian Soviet Republic on the Soviet side of the Dniester, a large part of whose population are Moldavians who have fled from Rumanian oppression.

Bulgaria may be said to be the only ethnically homogeneous Balkan state, but it too has minority problems, though of a different kind. Bulgaria's minority problems are on the soil of its neighbors. In addition to the Bulgarian irredentas of Dobruja, which it lost to Rumania, and Western Thrace which it lost to Greece, Bulgaria is the headquarters of the Macedonian autonomy movement. The modern Macedonians, who, unlike their ancient forebears, are predominantly Bulgarian rather than Greek, inhabit a territory that was partitioned in 1913 between Greece and Serbia (later expanded into Yugoslavia). While the object of the Macedonian autonomist movement is a Macedonia allied to Bulgaria, the activities of the underground Macedonian revolutionary movement, the Comitidja, which has its headquarters in Bulgaria, have always been an explosive factor in Bulgarian politics.

Greece's principal minority problem is with Bulgaria. It consists of the Macedonian problem which it shares with Yugoslavia, and Western Thrace which it took from Bulgaria by the treaty of Neuilly—Bulgaria's Versailles. Western Thrace contains the port of Kavala, Bulgaria's former outlet on the Aegean and indirectly on the Mediterranean. The treaty of Neuilly stipulated that Bulgaria should be given a substitute outlet on the Aegean, but the promise was never kept.

Yugoslavia, in addition to sharing the Macedonian problem with Greece, has several other minority headaches. The old Hungarian province of Banat, which it shares with Rumania, has a large Magyar minority. But its most important minority problem is its own brother Slavs, the Croats, who are also a religious minority, being Catholic whereas their Serbian brothers are Orthodox. There is a large Mohammedan minority in all the Balkan countries, the largest being in Yugoslavia, where they number 11 percent of the population. The Jewish minority in the Balkans is much smaller, but in Rumania there are one million Jews, making up 5 percent of the population.

There is, finally, Mohammedan Albania. Albania's principal minority problem is the Italian army of occupation.

The minority problem of the Balkans is not its only one. Equally important is its agrarian problem. The agrarian problem of the Balkans is similar to that which hastened the demise of the Polish republic and czarist Russia, with millions of landless peasants, and a handful of landowners holding most of the land. Shortly after the World War, stimulated by the Russian Revolution, a so-called Green International of peasant parties sprang up in the Balkans and Poland. Among its leaders were Manui in Rumania, Stambuliski in Bulgaria, Raditch in Yugoslavia, and Witos in Poland. Its aim was to divide up the vast Balkan and Polish estates among the landless peasants. The peasant movement was summarily crushed by the Balkan and Polish ruling classes, as soon as the "menace of Bolshevism" disappeared from the political horizon of Central and Southeastern Europe—thanks to the energetic efforts of British and French imperialism, ably aided by the leaders of the German Social-Democratic Party and the British Labor Party. Stambuliski and Raditch were assassinated, Witos and Manui were exiled. But the peasant problem remained and now that the "menace of Bolshevism" has again appeared on the Balkan horizon, it can be expected to play a dynamic role in Balkan politics. In the peasant problem, as in the minority problem, Rumania leads the Balkans, with the greatest number of landless peasants and the largest and richest estates.

COMMERCIAL DOMINATION

The aims of the powers whose interests converge on the Balkans are becoming increasingly clear.

Germany dominates the foreign trade of

the Balkans, accounting for more than 50 percent of the foreign trade of Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Greece, as well as the Balkan fringe countries of Hungary and Turkey. Germany achieved this commercial dominance of the Balkans by grabbing Czechoslovakia and Austria. Czechoslovakia and, to a lesser extent, Austria were the workshops of the Balkans. In 1936, for instance, Czechoslovakia had 16 percent of Yugoslavia's foreign trade, and Austria had 11 percent. Germany had 24 percent. By the simple process of addition, Germany now has 51 percent of Yugoslavia's trade. Very important items in Germany's exports to the Balkans are anti-Semitism and fascism, which accomplish the purpose of disintegrating the fabric of the Balkan political structures and preparing the ground for German political penetration. For Germany's aims in the Balkans are not strictly business. Despite the commercial dominance which Germany acquired by inheriting Czechoslovakia's and Austria's Balkan trade, the rich natural resources of the Balkans which Germany covets are still owned by British, French, and American capital. The great Rumanian oil industry,

fourth in the world, is a principality of Standard Oil, though French and British capital controls most of Rumania's other mineral wealth. Yugoslavia's copper mines, the largest in Europe, are French-owned, and its important lead and zinc mines are in British hands.

Germany cannot afford to buy out Anglo-French-American capital in the Balkans. The only way it can oust it is by gaining political control of those states, either by outright conquest or by forcing them into a system of political appanage such as they formerly occupied under France. Germany is, in many ways, in an ideal position to achieve this goal. In addition to the commercial stranglehold of the Balkans which it acquired with Czechoslovakia and Austria, Germany, by those same coups, has gained control of the main rail and river routes to the Balkans—in fact, the most vital European sections of the famous Berlin-Bagdad road of 1914. With the completion of the Rhine-Main-Danube Canal, Germany expects to have a direct water route from the Baltic to the Black Sea, independent of the Mediterranean and the Dardanelles. This access to the mouth of the Danube, which flows into the Black Sea, would make



BALKAN TROUBLE SPOTS. Bessarabia (1) and Bukovina (2) are Rumanian provinces annexed after the World War. They are dominantly Ukrainian. Dobruja (4) is mainly Bulgarian. Transylvania (6) is 50 percent Hungarian and German. The Macedonian autonomist movement, hailing from Bulgaria, claims area 8. Western Thrace (5) is a section of Bulgaria given to Greece after the World War, cutting the former off from the Aegean Sea. The Croats, occupying area 7, want autonomy within Yugoslavia. Ruthenia (which is Ukrainian) is a province (3) taken from Czechoslovakia by Hungary.

Germany a Black Sea power and a threat to both Russia and Turkey. The only thing that blocks Germany's path to the Black Sea is Rumania, the sick man of the Balkans. Until the signing of the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact, Germany's political dominance of the Balkans was unchallenged. Britain's "guarantee" to Rumania was worth about as much as its "guarantee" to Poland.

ITALY'S ROLE

Italy's seizure of Albania, last Easter, was as much prompted by its anxiety to head off German expansion in the west Balkans as by its own aggressive designs which are chiefly centered in the Adriatic and Aegean side of the Balkans rather than on the Black Sea side. It is its ambitions in the Aegean and its threatening position on the Dodecanese Islands off the coast of Asia Minor that make Italy a menace to Turkey. Turkey's recently signed pact with Britain and France is supposedly directed against Italy. But the common desire of Italy and the Anglo-French bloc for a temporary status quo in the Balkans as the best springboard for their future ambitions can conceivably lead to temporary Italian collaboration with the Anglo-French-Turkish bloc.

As noted, Anglo-French interest in the Balkans lies in the maintenance of the status quo, the present setup being most favorable to any future moves they may contemplate in the Black Sea and the Near East. In the heyday of the Anglo-French dominance in the Near East shortly after the World War, the British, who then controlled the Dardanelles and Persia, pushed their way into the Black and Caspian seas and seized the Caucasus from the struggling Soviets, including the rich Baku oil district. The British dreamed of linking their oil holdings in Iraq with the Baku oil district over the corpse of Turkey, and carving out an empire in western and middle Asia that would be a continuation of their Indian empire. This British threat to the Soviet Union in the Black and Caspian seas prompted the Soviet Union to come to the aid of Turkey in 1921. That the Anglo-French imperialists have not given up their hopes of attacking the Soviet Union through the Black Sea can be seen in the revealing comment of Pertinax (New York Times, October 19) on the Anglo-French-Turkish pact: "The decisive factor is that a French-British-Turkish tripartite agreement now finally takes shape and that Anglo-French maritime power will be able to assert itself in the Black Sea, where Russia is vulnerable."

TURKISH-RUSSIAN INTERESTS

Turkey's territorial ambitions are in the Near East rather than in the Balkans. But Turkey's control of the Dardanelles gives it a bargaining point which it is working for all it can to attain its ambitions elsewhere. Elsewhere means Iraq, Syria, and possibly Persia. Sooner or later the British government—notoriously free with its promises, as

the Jews and the Arabs have found out—will have to fulfill the extravagant promises it must have made to Turkey. The Soviet Union does not count exclusively on the Turkish government's gratitude for Soviet aid in Turkey's war of independence. It counts first of all on the common desire of Turkey and the Soviet Union to keep Germany out of the Black Sea. And it can offer Turkey a benevolent neutrality in the Near East in return for a benevolent neutrality in the Balkans. Despite the crowing in Anglo-French circles over the hitch in the Soviet-Turkish negotiations and the signing of the Anglo-French-Turkish pact, the escape clause stating that "Turkey cannot be compelled to engage in hostilities against the Soviet Union" means that Turkey is still open to bids from Russia.

The Soviet aim in the Balkans is security against any move that may be made in a quarter where, as Pertinax gleefully notes, it is highly vulnerable. If that purpose can be achieved by preserving the status quo, the Soviet Union will back the status quo, even though it has never recognized the Rumanian seizure of Bessarabia, and the province of Bukovina which Versailles presented to Rumania is an integral part of the Ukrainian Galicia. But the Soviet Union knows, as does the whole world, that Rumania is a brittle brick that cannot be built into the cornerstone of a permanent foreign policy. The structure of the Rumanian state is even more hollow than that of the late Polish republic. Any push from within or from without would send it toppling. In the final analysis Britain's "guarantee" of Rumania, like its "guarantee" of Poland, rests on the shoulders of the Red Army, and so the Soviet Union is entitled to a voice in the matter.

IF RUMANIA SHOULD COLLAPSE

The Soviet Union cannot permit Germany to realize its dream of controlling an inland Rhine-Danube water route that will make it a Black Sea power. This can be blocked, perhaps, by strengthening Rumania, the sick man of the Balkans, a highly miraculous medical feat. But if Rumania should collapse as a result of German or Anglo-French pressure and threaten to become another Poland, the Soviet Union could not stand by idly. In such an eventuality the Soviet Union, by regaining Bessarabia, could safeguard the mouth of the Danube which flows between Soviet-claimed Bessarabia and Bulgarian-claimed Dobruja. There has been considerable speculation in the foreign dispatches about Bulgaria orienting itself toward the Soviet Union. So far, the only official confirmation is the fact that there is a Bulgarian air mission in Moscow negotiating for an airline between Sofia and Moscow. However, if the Anglo-French bloc should drag Turkey into intrigues against Soviet interests in the Black Sea, it is within the realm of diplomatic possibility that the Soviet Union might be compelled to look around for a Balkan ally to make up for

Turkey's defection. Bulgaria, with its claims to Dobruja and an outlet on the Aegean, and its strategic proximity to the Dardanelles and Constantinople, might be a very effective riposte to a Turkey contemplating opening the Black Sea to a British fleet.

The signing of the Anglo-French-Turkish pact, far from concluding the diplomatic war in the Balkans, is only the opening gun. In the four-cornered diplomatic conflict there are certain imponderables that strengthen the Soviet Union against Germany's commercial supremacy, the Anglo-French financial grip, and Italy's entrenched position in Albania. The first is the peasant movement that is sure to flare up in the Balkans with the grapevine news of the division of the great estates in Soviet-occupied eastern Poland. The second is the strong ethnic and historical ties that bind the dominantly Slavic masses of the Balkans to Russia. The consciousness of these ties has been obstinately preserved by the Balkan peasantry despite the anti-Soviet bias of their governments. Czarist Russia was able to exploit this faith of the Slav masses in their Russian big brother in the interests of reaction. Engels quotes the slogan of Czech leaders during the 1848 revolutions: "Better the Russian knout than German liberty." Today history is reversed. To the oppressed, land-hungry Slav peasantry of the Balkans, a revolutionary Russia stands for liberty and land—as opposed to the knout of German Nazism or Italian fascism, or to the gilt chains of Anglo-French imperialism which have bound all the natural resources of their land. Turkey may be bribed by Anglo-French imperialism to open the Black Sea to the British fleet, the Nazis may link the Rhine to the Danube, but socialism controls the sluices of a flood that will engulf all the imperialist plotters in the Balkans.

ALTER BRODY.

Front Populaire Lives

WHILE France, the birthplace of the Front Populaire, writhes under Daladier's dictatorship, there is still one spot where the hope and the spirit of the Front Populaire remain alive. That is Chile. Last week, fifty thousand Chilean workers and peasants, representing trade unions, militia, Socialist and Communist parties, gathered in front of the Government Palace at Santiago to celebrate one year of the most thoroughgoing democracy in the hemisphere.

Pedro Aguirre Cerda, the Chilean president, elected October 25 last, pledged continued support to the popular program. The Confederation of Workers made public a joint manifesto with other groups in the united front, proposing reconsideration of the foreign debt service, cancellation of all monopolies, legislation against the imperialist enterprises, to safeguard the interests of Chile and the Chilean workers, measures to support peace with due respect for the independence of other nations, and revision of all taxes in the interest of consumers.

Smearing All America

Dies, the Texas un-American, tries a "Reichstag trial" on the American League for Peace and Democracy. The defenders of the Bill of Rights.

Washington.

THE Hon. Martin J. Dies, the great Texas un-American, has been having a bad two weeks. A carefully planned attack on what he thought was the harmless American League for Peace and Democracy—harmless because it wouldn't dare talk back to him—has blown back in his face with a disconcerting smack. A well timed effort to smear the National Maritime Union, preliminary to a new assault on all CIO progressives, failed at the beginning. In both cases something new happened to Mr. Dies and his crew of labor-baiting congressmen and stoolpigeon assistants. The victims actually talked back, refused to crawl, even roared back when it was necessary.

The American League was on first. Here Dies prepared the ground with all the technique of intimidation that he dared use. The local branch office was raided—literally invaded by committee agents—before the hearings began or before even a date was set. Mailing and membership lists were seized, closets heavily padlocked, attempts made to remove financial records, and even lists of volunteer workers and their telephone numbers taken.

THE LEAGUE WASN'T SCARED

The league didn't scare, any more than Joe Curran, president of the NMU, scared when Dies tried to gavel down his protests. Harry F. Ward, national chairman of the league and professor at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, conducted himself with a dignified firmness that contrasted sharply with the manner of the bullies across the table.

Harry Lamberton, chairman of the Washington branch, a soft-spoken Southerner, gave Dies a fight from the minute he sat down in the witness chair until the hearing was over six hours later. Lamberton, who is assistant general counsel for the Rural Electrification Administration, protested, criticized, condemned the committee's methods as every honest man should. Dies' gavel (it's a specially heavy one, and hits on a resounding piece of wood) worked overtime. His Hitler forelock was down in his right eye most of the time. At several points he seemed about to attack the witness with his fists—all of the ham-lawyer tricks of intimidation were used.

Dies got nothing of what he expected out of the league, but that didn't stop him from publishing the list of supposed members employed by the government, together with their salaries. This of course was the real point of the whole "investigation"—another attempt to smear the New Deal and everything it stood for in the past. The list was inaccurate, with the inaccuracies deliberately introduced by the committee. It listed people who were

not members. It listed as members government employees whose wives belonged only. It listed one member as the wife of a married man she had never met in her life—simply because the man was very active in organizing government workers.

BOOMERANG

Publication of the list has boomeranged in Dies' florid face in more ways than one. Two members of his own committee spoke out against it—Representative Dempsey from New Mexico, and, much less courageously, the devious and faint-hearted Jerry Voorhis from California. The President of the United States called it a "sordid procedure."

Most disconcerting to Mr. Dies was the attitude of the membership, which simply refused to resign from the league in a body, as he has repeatedly demanded they do. To date about three people have quit, their places taken by scores who have come to the branch office with money in their hands and demands for application blanks. Hundreds of dollars have been raised for a fight-Dies campaign, which opened at the beginning of the week with a series of newspaper ads stating the league's program and policy.

To understand the events of the past week, it is necessary to review briefly the unsavory history of the Dies witch hunt. In its first phase, the Dies committee was primarily the spearhead of the Garner forces in their drive against the New Deal and its progressive achievements. In that period the committee relied for witnesses upon known labor spies, "patrioteers" whose connections with openly fascist organizations were easily established, convicted criminals, and professional Red-baiters and crackpots of the Elizabeth Dilling type.

In the 1938 elections Dies collaborated with Wall Street in helping reactionary Republicans to office by smearing progressive candidates backed by his own party. President Roosevelt characterized this as "un-American interference" in a national election. In those days, responsible administration spokesmen were openly bitter against the Dies committee and all its works.

By the time the committee asked for more funds last spring, it had so far succeeded in its objectives that progressive resistance to its continuance was weak, unorganized, and ineffective. The House leadership, tied to the Garner machine, smoothed its way. The Roosevelt administration, forgetting the lessons of the 1938 election, adopted a policy of "appeasement." When the start of the second imperialist war in Europe radically altered all political relationships, the Dies committee saw the chance to begin a whole new chapter. It became overnight a propaganda agency for

the Chamberlain-Daladier imperialist war machine and for the Wall Street warmongers.

This new orientation enlisted support from new quarters. The anti-Soviet Trotskyites and Lovestoneites saw their chance and seized it. From "General Krivitsky" to Francis Henson they have been flocking to the witness stand, clamoring to "tell all." "Charter members" of the Communist Party have multiplied like fruit flies and told unparalleled tales about Moscow gold and diamonds.

All this was to be expected. More startling was the speed with which the Roosevelt administration made its about-face and negotiated a mutual assistance pact with the Dies committee. In the administration's zeal for the cause of British imperialism, the "educational" value of the committee, so warmly praised by Attorney General Murphy, was too great to be ignored. The Dies committee has been doing the "educational" spadework and whipping up the atmosphere of war hysteria needed for such persecution of the peace forces as the indictment of Earl Browder.

COLLABORATING WITH DIES

This explains why the Roosevelt administration passed from a policy of "appeasing" Dies to open collaboration with him. Such courageous liberals as Congressmen Coffee and Marcantonio have seen the danger and spoken their minds, but until the President's statement the other day no murmur of criticism against the committee had come from the administration since the beginning of the special session of Congress.

The administration clearly regrets what it considers a tactical blunder on the part of Dies. This blunder has been all too "educational" for comfort. But Dies' reply to the "sordid procedure" rebuke, made in a radio speech, showed that he is preparing further to "educate" the American people, and the administration.

The Washington League for Peace and Democracy and the government clerks who belong to it cannot win this fight alone. But the leadership they have already given to the progressive forces of America is proof that democracy has staunch defenders. The initiative will not come from the Roosevelt administration, which is now concerned with grinding the ax of British and American imperialism. The initiative must come from the plain people themselves, above all from labor, whose peace and freedom are at stake. As the experience of the Washington league demonstrates, courage breeds courage and those who fight for liberty win allies. The Dies committee is not yet licked. But neither is the Bill of Rights. American democracy is as strong as the people's will to defend it.

PAUL G. McMANUS.

Where Dies Stole His Technique

Just twenty years ago, the Overman Red-smearing committee and the Palmer raids were getting in their stride. The first of two articles on reactionary lawbreaking under our democracy.

BETWEEN nine at night and early dawn, on Jan. 2, 1920, agents of the Department of Justice broke into meetings, educational centers, concert halls, and private homes all over the United States. They smashed equipment and furniture, and confiscated tons of progressive literature. In thirty-three industrial cities, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they jailed between five and six thousand peaceable men and women, non-Communists as well as Communists, and even boys still in knee pants. The Communist Party was only a few months old.

The raiders worked under the direction of U. S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer and his corps of high-powered aides. One of them was J. Edgar Hoover, present head of the G-men.

It was under cover of these raids, which were preceded and followed by a raging flood of Red-baiting agitation, that big business let loose one of its fiercest onslaughts on progressivism and the whole of organized labor.

Twenty years ago, the people of the United States were inflicted with a Dies committee, too. Then it was called the Overman committee, and was created by the Senate to investigate pro-Germanism. With the birth of the Soviet Union its powers were extended to include the investigation of Bolshevism.

PHONY WITNESSES

Martin Dies inherited the luck that struck Overman. The right kind of witnesses showed up as if by magic. Mme. Catherine Breshkovsky, exiled by the czar's government to long years in Siberia, but freed by the Russian Revolution, came to the United States to muster support for Kerensky. She appeared before Senator Overman and his committee to complain of Bolshevik brutality and tyranny. The *New York Times* made much of her condemnation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty as "the union between Russian Bolsheviks and the German chauvinists," and of her whine that "Germany, in formal union with Lenin . . . is tearing apart the body of Russia." Sounds somewhat familiar these days, doesn't it?

"General Krivitsky" had his 1919 prototype. G. A. Martiushin told the Overman committee that he had held the high office of vice-president of the All-Russian Soviet, but had fled his post to escape massacre by the Bolsheviks.

Samuel Gompers popped up before the committee with the warning that the Bolshevik menace threatened to engulf America.

Anti-Semites saw welcome on the mat before Senator Overman's committee room. R. E. Simmons told the senator that the Bolshevik agitators in Russia were mostly Jews and Slavs from the United States. The committee announced that it had received a secret

list of Jews sent as agents by Germany to stir up social strife in various countries. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise denounced the author of the list as "either a madman or a foul and loathsome knave."

While Senator Overman continued to furnish the press with fantastic evidence of Bolshevik and Jewish plots against the government, he managed to find time for denouncing Irish-American sympathizers of the Sinn Fein, and for considering a request from the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage that he extend his investigation to societies which favored giving women the vote.

ATTORNEY GENERAL PALMER

Then Attorney General Palmer stepped into the limelight. It was just about a year before the Democratic National Convention, and he coveted the presidential nomination. Appearing before Congress on June 12, 1919, he announced: "On a certain day in the future, which we have been advised of, there will be another and probably much larger effort of the same character . . . a proposition to rise up and destroy the government at one fell swoop."

By holding up the specter of an anti-government plot, a tactic Martin Dies has adopted bodily, Palmer succeeded in getting more than \$2,500,000, in a series of appropriations, for seeking out enemies of the American government.

While he thus started secret preparations for a wholesale reign of terror, big business shuttled the anti-Communist drive to the state of New York. Troopers and state constabulary raided the trading agency, the Russian Soviet Bureau in New York City. The raid was led by Archibald E. Stevenson of the Union League Club, acting in the capacity of associate counsel to the Lusk committee, which had been appointed by the New York State Legislature to develop a localized Red hunt.

Stevenson triumphantly claimed he had discovered a list of the "cream of Reds and apologists for radical propaganda" at the Soviet agency. "This is simply the New York list," he boasted. "There is a similar list for each state and the District of Columbia. The names are of the leaders of radicals, of liberals and apologists for radicals." Last week the alleged membership and mailing list of the Washington, D. C., branch of the American League for Peace and Democracy was similarly published.

The *New York Times* published Stevenson's findings under a subhead, "Anarchists, Socialists, IWW, and Fomentors of Discord." The list did not contain a Shirley Temple. The names fairly oozed with dignity, distinction, and political moderation. They included

Paul U. Kellogg, editor of the *Survey*; George W. Kirchwey, former dean of the Columbia Law School; Miss Fola La Follette, daughter of Sen. Robert La Follette, Sr.; Rabbi Judah Magnes; Prof. Harry Overstreet, of City College; B. W. Huebsch, publisher; Miss Lillian D. Wald, settlement worker on the East Side; Walter Weyl, of the *New Republic*; Dr. James Warbasse, of the cooperative movement; Amos Pinchot, brother of Gifford, who was later governor of Pennsylvania; Carlton Hayes, a prominent Catholic and associate professor of history at Columbia. Others listed as dangerous radicals were Norman Thomas, Morris Hillquit, Scott Nearing, Max Pyne, of the United Hebrew Trades, and Albert Rhys Williams.

In a letter to the *Times*, Professor Hayes charged that Stevenson included his name to get even with him. As captain in the U. S. Military Intelligence during the World War, Professor Hayes had spurned an earlier and similarly phony list by Stevenson, who as a "patriotic" snooper, had branded liberals as pro-Germans and traitors. Prophetically, Professor Hayes warned that Stevenson's "random and indiscriminate accusations are peculiarly dangerous to the welfare and solidarity of the good people of the state of New York."

PALMER'S FRIENDS

But protests against the fabrications of Stevenson and the Lusk committee were confined to a few individuals. Indeed, Samuel Gompers and John P. Frey, with other leaders of the American Federation of Labor, which was then in convention in Atlantic City, continued to help big business by indulging in attacks on Communists and the Soviet Union. Frey, as chairman of the Resolutions Committee, scuttled a resolution favoring a general strike to free Tom Mooney.

The reactionaries, taking their tip from the labor leaders, went further. At a meeting of the New York City Board of Aldermen a Socialist member introduced a motion supporting Mooney's fight for freedom. Shrieking, "Mooney is a Jew!" and frothing against "the Bolshevik bomb-throwers of Russia," Alderman Kenneally prevented even the consideration of the motion.

In the face of the rapidly rising flood of reaction, the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, which had already forced a split by the expulsion of militant members, suddenly discovered some more left-wingers and promptly expelled them. This headlong retreat did not help them one bit, as will later be seen.

The shuttle plying the threads of the anti-Communist and anti-labor plot was switched back to Washington. Senator Overman demanded that Congress reenact the wartime

espionage laws for curbing the radicals. But the main work for putting the "Red" crusade into high gear now devolved on Attorney General Palmer. He prepared a wedge to be driven between native and foreign born workers. On Aug. 12, 1919, the Department of Justice dispatched secret instructions from Washington:

To All Special Agents and Employees: The bureau requires a vigorous and comprehensive investigation of anarchistic and similar classes, Bolshevism, and kindred agitations. . . . In the present state of the federal law this investigation should be particularly directed to persons not citizens of the United States, with a view of obtaining deportation cases.

Palmer's Red hunt among the foreign born soon had a second bitter result—this time for organized labor. On November 1, John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, called a strike of 410,000 bituminous miners for a six-day week and for higher wages. Average earnings of the miners were under \$25 a week, through the year. The mine owners clamored for governmental action against the union. The press supported this clamor, the liberal *New York World*,

for one, fulminating: "The strike order is not so much a defiance of the mine operators as a declaration of war upon all industry, all commerce, and all government." President Wilson, on his sick bed, obliged the mine operators by condemning the strike.

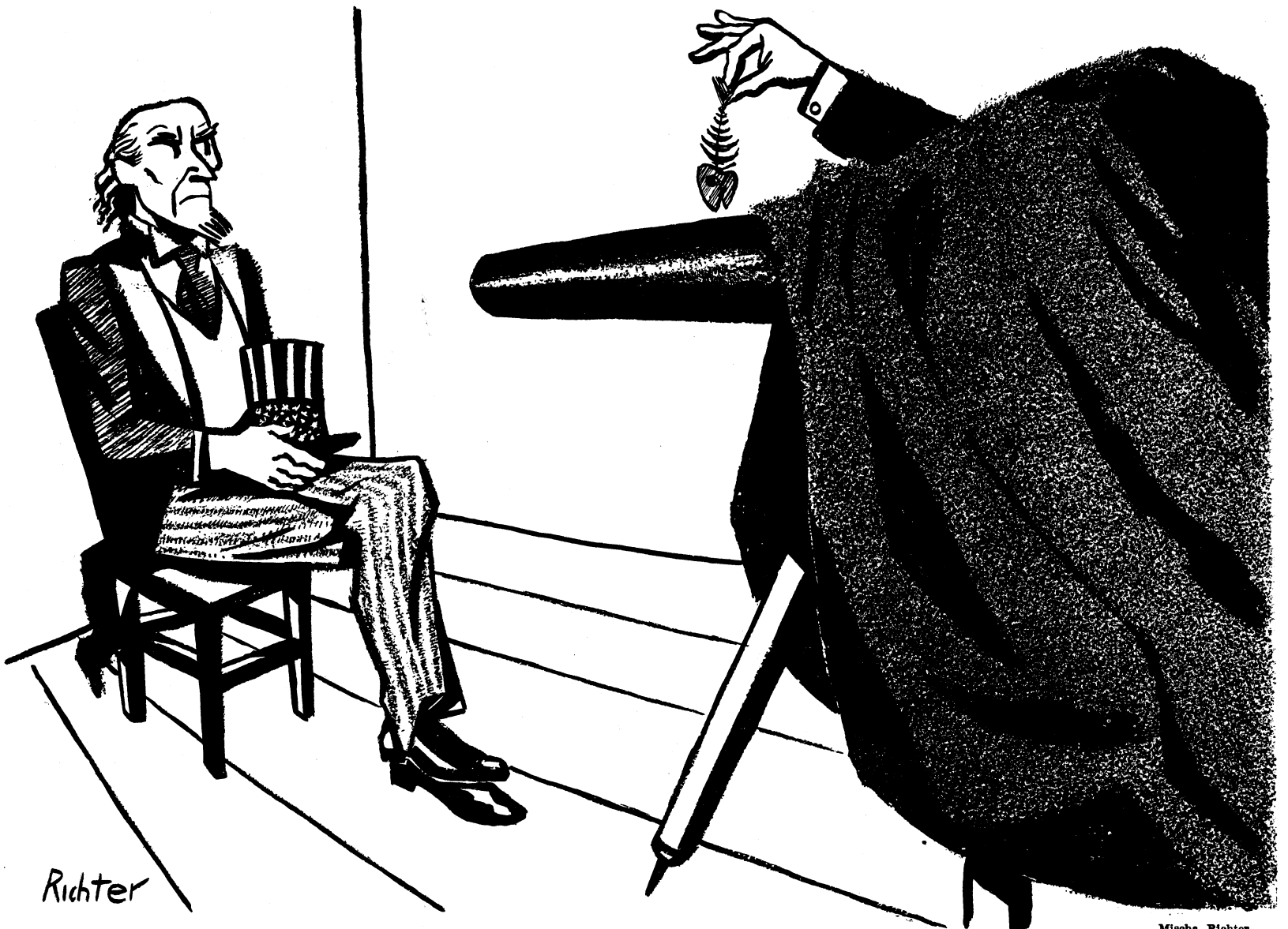
DEPORTATION DELIRIUM

Palmer waded in and obtained a sweeping injunction from Federal Judge A. B. Anderson at Indianapolis ordering the miners back to work. Palmer took additional measures to bludgeon the miners into submission. On November 7, his agents raided halls and social centers frequented by foreign born workers. The raids took place in Eastern manufacturing areas ringing the mining districts. Men and women were jailed and held incommunicado. They were third-degreed to force them to admit that they were Communists, and to wring from them names of friends and acquaintances. Victoriously, Palmer announced that he had a list of sixty thousand "Red" suspects. In his book, *The Deportation Delirium of 1919-20*, Louis F. Post, assistant secretary of labor during Palmer's reign of terror, states that these raids were "only tentative—in the nature somewhat of a lab-

oratory experiment." Injunctions and raids forced the collapse of the strike in less than a week.

Suspicion of Palmer's conduct now appeared. Opposition mounted, but as yet hardly along the vigorous, broad front the situation demanded. The *New Republic*, for example, calling for Palmer's resignation in its December 17 issue, stated delicately, "We are not charging Mr. Palmer with any motives that are not of the highest and most patriotic." "The underground gossip runs that Mr. Palmer was shooting his bolt for the Presidency."

Spokesmen for big business were not so subtle. The December issue of the *Bench and Bar*, a magazine of reaction, pressed Palmer to use a "broad-ax on the neck" of anyone in the way of his drive. The *Bench and Bar* voiced the confidence of the bankers and industrialists that the time had come for a still bigger assault. They had got by with the steadily mounting campaigns of Red-baiting. Raids on the foreign born, smoothly carried out under the guise of hunting down "Reds," had been followed by the collapse of the miners' strike. Still no formidable wall of opposition had arisen. Why wait? Why not



deliver the stunning blow which would force wide open the ranks of labor throughout the country?

Late in December 1919 Palmer issued "Strictly Confidential" instructions to his chief agents:

For your own personal information . . . the tentative date fixed for the arrests of the COMMUNISTS is Friday evening, Jan. 2, 1920.

On the evening of the arrests, this office will be open the entire night . . . communicate by long distance to Mr. Hoover [J. Edgar] any matters of vital importance or interest which may arise during the course of the arrests. [All italics in original.]

In preparation for Palmer's big push, "Agents . . . went to work sometimes as workers in remote mining colonies, sometimes as miners, again as steel workers, and, where the opportunity presented itself, as agitators of the wildest type," the *New York Times* gleefully reported on January 3. The January 2 raids also took place in industrial sections, but on a nationwide scope. That night, Palmer's agents swooped down on Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Denver, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, San Francisco, Spokane, St. Paul, St. Louis, Paterson, Gary, Nashua, N. H., Trenton, Scranton, Youngstown, and on other cities and towns. Men and women were routed from their beds. Some were flailed with blackjacks. Others were led in long chains, through the city streets, to the jails. The *Times* carried a big banner line:

"REDS PLOTTED COUNTRYWIDE STRIKES; ARRESTS EXCEED FIVE THOUSAND."

The nationwide dragnet hauled in Negroes who had been active in unionization work; a group of Poles in New Jersey who were visiting people on that same night to take up a collection for burying a dead neighbor; members of a Socialist Lithuanian Chorus holding a rehearsal in a Philadelphia hall; members of the Workingmen's Sick Benefit and Educational Society of Detroit found playing checkers in their headquarters. The society's membership and sick lists were confiscated. The Detroit raiders also hauled off boys in knee pants found in or near workers' halls. In Buffalo, James Campbell, secretary of the local Molders Union, was arrested. In Nashua, N. H., the raiders broke into St. John the Baptist Hall where 150 men and women were attending a meeting. The home of Prof. N. L. Sims, of the University of Florida, was raided, and he was forced to resign his university post.

A mop-up drive that followed the raids netted such Communists as Thomas Truss, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers at Baltimore and respected elder of the St. Paul's Polish Church (Presbyterian) of that city. Hindus and those who appeared to be of East Indian origin were picked up as Communists in the manufacturing centers of Pennsylvania and New Jersey and taken to jail, where representatives of British shipping

interests were permitted to cow them into hiring out as low-paid crews on vessels engaged in the British-Indian trade.

SACCO AND VANZETTI

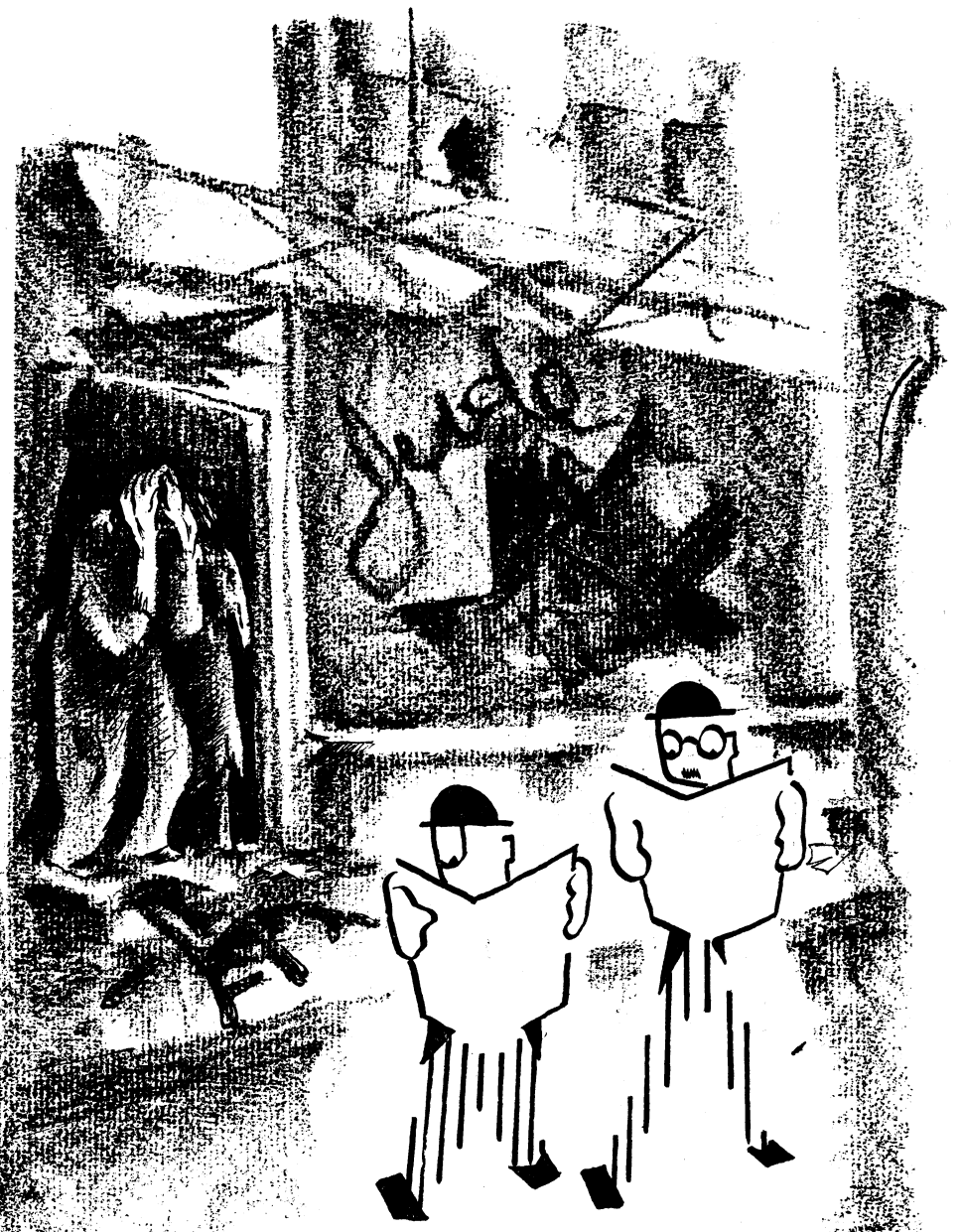
It was in this hysterical atmosphere that Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested, on May 5, 1920. They had in their possession leaflets advertising a meeting to protest the treatment of Andrea Salsedo, a Brooklyn printer, who had been arrested during the January raids and was found dead under the window of the Department of Justice, in New York City, after having been held incommunicado for months without a warrant. Sacco and Vanzetti had been active in organizing workers in New England. Shortly after their arrest, the murder charge on which they were sent to the electric chair was cooked up against them.

The real motive behind the raids was revealed by some of the questions put to the

victims. "Do you believe in the General Strike? In private property? What papers do you read?" Palmer's list of sixty thousand "Red" suspects swelled to two hundred thousand.

The press and leading figures whooped it up for Palmer. Rev. D. T. Manning, the American Defense Society, and the *New York Times* urged Palmer to make his large list public. C. D. Newton, New York state attorney, went Palmer one better, by putting the number of "Reds" in New York City alone at half a million, although the combined membership of the Communist Party, the Communist Labor Party, the Socialist Party, and the Socialist Labor Party was hardly 100,000 all over the country.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, put aside his educational duties to denounce the "Reds." Samuel Gompers continued to tag along with the corporations and their spokesmen by again condemning Bolshevism.



W. Clinton

"The 'Jewish Daily Forward' says that the Moscow menace means the end of civilization as we know it."

Ex-State Senator Slater of New York shouted at a meeting of the Kings County, Brooklyn, Republican Club, "The nation is challenged by organized labor, organized Socialists, organized Bolsheviks!" He also railed at liberals. The Department of Justice added still more fuel to the excitement by concocting a Communist plot to counterfeit American money. Nineteen years later the Dies committee, with the aid of Ben Gitlow, discovered a similar plot.

THE TEACHERS JOIN IN

As the anti-Communist frenzy rose to fever pitch, big business spread its attack along a broader front. Professional and cultural workers were among the first to feel the effects of the hysteria. Dr. W. L. Ettinger, head of the New York City schools, denounced "parlor Bolsheviks," and in the same breath warned teachers to shun unions. "I dissent most heartily from the basic thesis," he declared, "that it is the function of our schools to allow students and teachers to express their beliefs freely. . . ." John H. Finley, commissioner of education for New York State, said that "a school teacher is out of place in a union." The Lusk committee, still in session, introduced measures in the State Legislature to prohibit teachers from advocating even peaceful changes in the federal and state governments.

Victims of the Red hunt in New York schools included Miss Julia Pratt, teacher of drawing in the Buffalo public schools. A Department of Justice agent, Herman Bernhard, testified that she was a member of a Communist Party branch of which he claimed to have been the recording secretary. Tearfully, Miss Pratt explained that a mutual acquaintance had introduced him to her as an "interesting intellectual," and that she invited him to her home for dinner, and played the harp for him. That was all she had done. But the Board of Education accepted the undercover agent's testimony and deprived her of her school position. In Lancaster, Pa., the Board of Education expelled teachers who were members of the American Federation of Teachers, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. The teachers' union was outlawed in almost all the public schools in the country.

Artists, too, felt the impact. Under cover of opposition to radicalism, a wealthy "angel" of the Boston Symphony Orchestra had thirty of its musicians, including the concert master, fired because they tried to form a union to protest their low salaries.

Lynchings of Negroes and "race riots" were stepped up, spreading as far north as Duluth, Minn.

AXING THE SOCIALIST PARTY

Very shortly, the Socialist Party felt the "broad-ax" on its own neck. On Jan. 7, 1920, five Socialist members of the New York State Assembly were suspended by that body, as dangerous radicals plotting "the overthrow of the government." State Assemblyman Louis

Why I Helped Free Earl Browder

Dear Mrs. Huntington,

I followed with great interest stories of your assistance to Earl Browder in the latest attempt of reaction to stifle at least one voice that might cry out the truth at this time, when Wall Street seems so determined to drag us into another European, imperialist conflict.

You have performed a very brave and a very courageous act, dear Mrs. Huntington. Some of us live a lifetime without having justified our existence; your opportunity to do something that really counted depended not alone on financial ability. It took backbone, too.

Thank you for the example you have set to many thousands of liberals and thinking people all over our country. Everyone in our whole apartment house said, "Good for Hester," and "More power to her"—and we aren't miners, or auto workers, or steel workers. We're just run-of-the-mill American little people—small business man, insurance man, and a painter—not wild-eyed Bolsheviks at all. The family that lives across the hall are salty-tongued Hoosiers; the people that live upstairs have been Clevelanders ever since old Gen. Moses Cleveland laid out the town. They join me in thanking you, sincerely.

Personally, I've never been any nearer to Russia than Bedloe's Island, but I think Earl Browder's is the clearest, most intelligent, and most honest voice in America today. And I'll bet if that old, hardy frontiersman who happened to be my great-great-grandpappy were alive, he'd say so, too.

Yours very truly,
Katherine Boone Wilson,
East Cleveland, Ohio.

FROM the typewriter of a woman whose name I did not know till yesterday comes this testimony of indignation stirring in the country. There is a creeping fear among broad sections of our people that they, too, will be drawn into imperialist war. There is a recognition now of why the efforts on the part of reaction are intensifying to separate all liberals and progressives from the entire mass of people.

For weeks I have watched the mounting tension. When Mr. Browder was arrested I furnished bail for him, first, because I am one among thousands who wish to hear his voice speaking against our entrance into imperialist war, and second, because we must remember our Bill of Rights. We include the right of free speech, of secret ballot, of fair trial, in our conception of our Bill of Rights.

If these are taken from us we may well ask ourselves, how soon shall we see concentration camps in America?

HESTER G. HUNTINGTON.

A. Cuvillier wanted the Socialist assemblymen shot. One of the expelled Socialists was Louis Waldman. On January 10, the United States Congress ousted Socialist Representative Victor L. Berger.

On a real rampage now, Congress considered legislation to uproot all civil rights. The Senate passed an anti-radical bill which the National Civil Liberties Bureau condemned as an effort to outlaw expression of even liberal views. Today such legislation is being prepared under the smokescreen of attacks on all who do not favor the participation of the United States in the imperialist war.

The same types of people who ran in the Red hunt with Overman and Palmer now run with Dies. Let those leaders of the American Labor Party and the American Federation of Labor, those writers and journalists who claim the term "liberal" yet whip up a lynch spirit against the Communists, remember that the "broad-ax" which, at first, appeared to have been wielded only against Communists, fell also on even slightly pink necks.

After the "liberals" and progressives were

jailed in 1920, the real offensive started—the fight to smash the AFL. I shall cover that campaign next week.

MORRIS KAMMAN.

Death and the Llamas

"WESTERN civilization" took great strides forward last week. In London, the Ministry of Transport announced that road deaths in England, Scotland, and Wales have doubled since the "air raid" blackouts started. In September, 1,130 lives were lost through traffic accidents caused by insufficient illumination of British lanes and highways. Over a thousand lives: several times more than the casualties at the Western Front! The great majority of deaths occurred among pedestrians, motorcyclists, and bicyclists. In London also, camels and llamas were employed to haul provisions for St. Regent's Park Zoo, replacing gasoline-driven vehicles because of the fuel shortage. Time was, in Merrie England, when the employment of motor-driven vehicles for such humble tasks was hailed as the advance of civilization.

California's Cotton Strike

The cotton pickers of Central Valley fight starvation imposed by Associated Farmers, Inc. The unity of the workers.

IN THE Central Valley of California since the second week of October the notorious Associated Farmers, Inc., has carried on a campaign of violence against labor which has seldom been equaled in the history of the American working class.

The Central Valley is a large and fairly diversified agricultural region raising many fruit crops and grains, as well as cotton, around which the present strike has developed. The agricultural laborers who harvest this crop are part of the Steinbeck family: migratory, insecure, dispossessed workers so intensely exploited that only with the most herculean effort are they able to cling to the crag of life.

Will Dobson's family is such a unit. There are eight of them: Will, his wife Martha, their eldest child Dorothy, seventeen, and mother of an eight-month-old child, her husband Alec, eighteen, and Cecilia, Ray Owen, Virginia, and Mary. The last four, ranging in age from nine to sixteen, attend the community schools. Consequently they can work "in the crops" only from dawn till late on Saturdays. The rest of the family works every day. In the past month and a half "since grapes" the Dobsons' income amounts to \$58. From this sum must be taken \$12 for the kitchen and bedroom that constitute their home, 50 cents a day to run the old jalopy back and forth to work, and now by the grace of God and the Congress of Industrial Organizations, monthly dues in the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America.

NOTHING LEFT FOR FOOD

"Why, mister," said Dobson, "after I git through payin' for this shack an' runnin' the car why they ain't enuf to feed the family . . . not even on the bread, gravy, and coffee most of us workin' folks eats all the time . . . just can't be *done* at the 80 cents a hundred pound these growers aims to pay us."

Some members of the committee appointed by Governor Olson to investigate and recommend a fair basic rate of pay for the cotton pickers suggested \$1.25 the hundred pounds. This figure was acceptable to the workers. The reaction of the Associated Farmers to this recommendation could not have been more violent if it had been accompanied by the news that Earl Browder had been elected President. A deadlock ensued and the members of the union walked out of the fields, asking their fellow workers to join with them in the struggle for a decent life.

The center of the strike area was Madera County. The strikers set up headquarters in the county park. Pickers left the fields in droves. The solidarity of the laborers was amazing for so centrifugal a group as migra-

tors. In the meantime the Madera County strike spread to other areas. UCAPAWA men walked out of the fields in Tulare and Kings counties as well as Madera. By this time fever had risen to a dangerous height among the growers, who saw themselves threatened by the big banks on one side and the deafening roar of the laborers for an American standard of life on the other. The Associated Farmers went to work to crush the strike. They organized oily propaganda machines labeling all the leaders of the strike "Red radical outside agitators" and demanding they be run out of town. In the meantime the UCAPAWA continued to picket peacefully in moving cars, calling to workers in the fields, those few who hadn't yet come out on strike, to join them. They could not stop and picket in the traditional fashion because of the disreputable anti-picketing ordinance of Madera County.

CARL PATTERSON

The main leader of the strikers during the early period was Carl Patterson, a resident of the valley for over a decade. Patterson is known up and down the valley; to the men a fearless, intelligent leader, to the growers a "radical Communist." Will Dobson told me his sentiments about Patterson: "Why, we'd follow that man anywhere. There ain't a finer, more honest man on the face of the earth, and he always teaches we gotta work peaceful . . . he trained us how to picket that way." T. R. Marston, one of the leaders of the growers' committee, has admitted that it was imperative to "get" Patterson on one charge or another. "Patterson's a trouble maker and if he doesn't get it here he'll cause trouble somewheres else."

"Then this particular charge of conspiring to violate the anti-picketing ordinance is not really the primary issue?"

"That's right."

This makes it clear that the real charge of conspiracy should be made against the Associated Farmers and the growers and not against the strikers, who if they have conspired anything have conspired to win back a respectable American livelihood.

Twenty-one Madera strikers have been held in the jail for nearly two weeks. After getting the Associated Farmers' side of the story certain journalists attempted to interview the imprisoned strikers. The sheriff forbade all attempts to get their side of the story. The sabotage of news on the strike has been almost complete. The large news services have sent sparse reports about the "embattled farmers" struggling to preserve law, order, and property. The only West Coast journal which has given adequate and impartial coverage is the San Francisco *Daily*

People's World. The correspondent of that paper has been jailed on a flagrantly trumped up charge. He now reposes in the Madera jail.

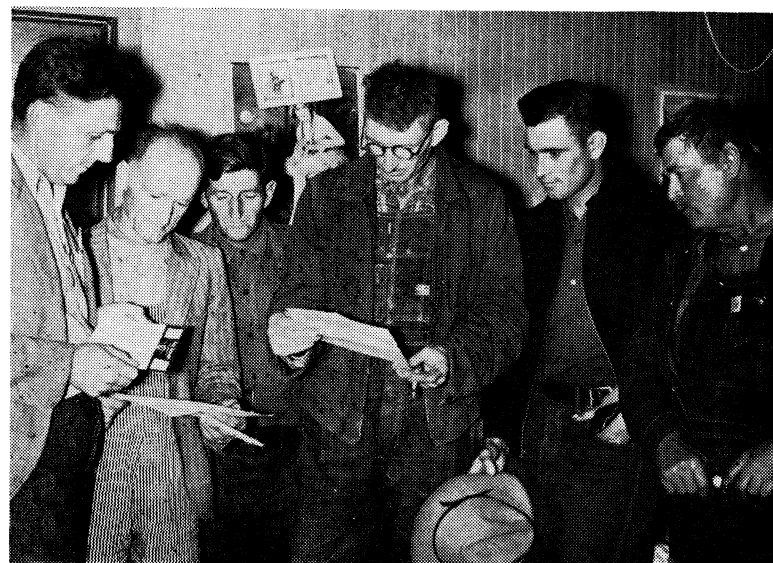
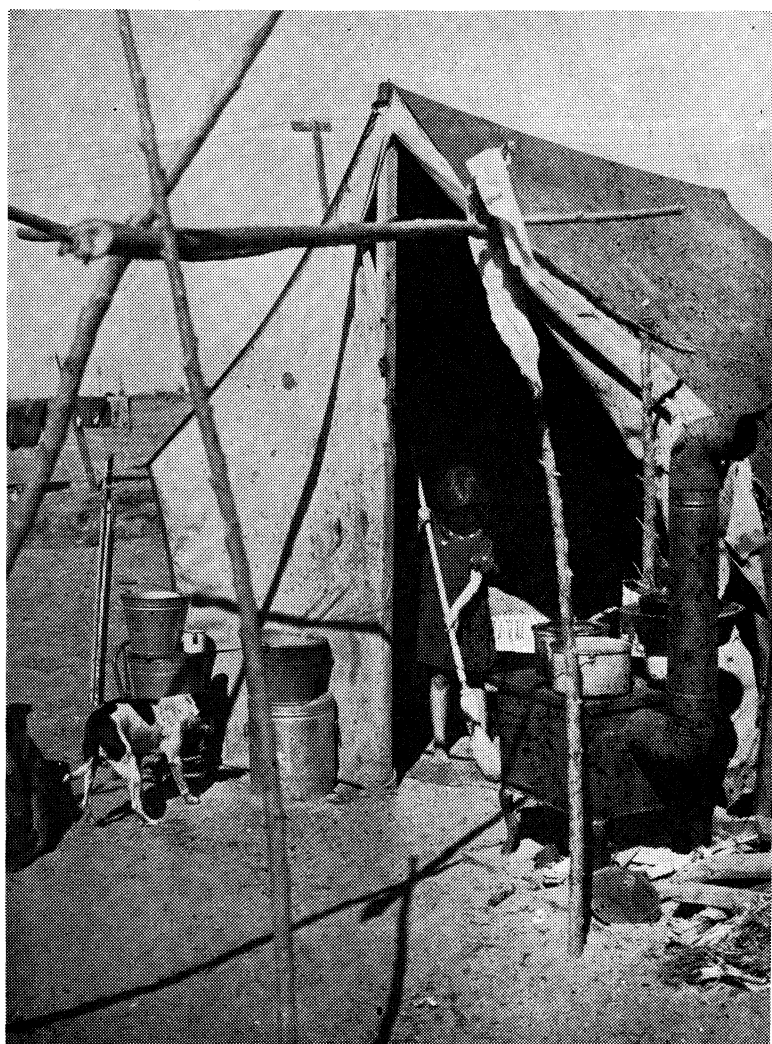
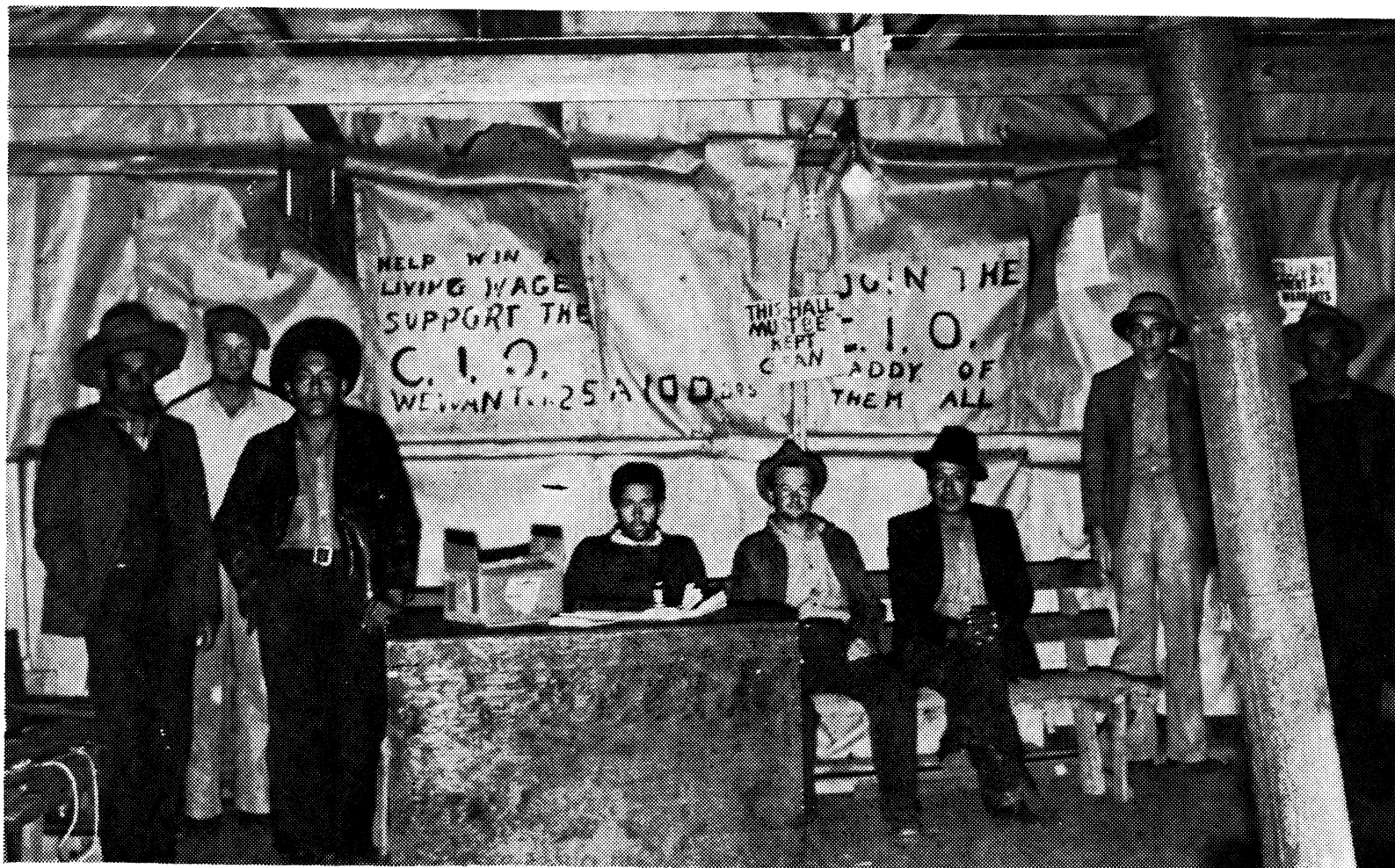
When funds were sent addressed to Carl Patterson to help organization work he was jailed immediately to prevent cashing of the check. Helmar Bergman, Tulare County strike organizer, received a certified check to carry on his work. Not a single bank in the county would accredit his identification. The reign of lawlessness is carried on without abatement by the growers through their tieups with county and state police officials.

The reign of terror reached its peak on Saturday, October 21. The strikers were holding a peaceful meeting in the public park which they had used as strike headquarters since the first day. A group of pickets who according to the growers had used "abusive" language were beset a short way out of town by a group of vigilantes comfortably outnumbering them. Volunteers were called for from the speakers' stand to help resist the attack. While the audience of striking men, women, and children was still considering what action to take, a group of vigilantes variously estimated at from three to five hundred men, including imported thugs, attacked the meeting. Standing by at the time were officers of the State Highway Patrol as well as county law-enforcement officials. After two minutes of the battle, in which strikers defended themselves as best they could with the few folding chairs on the speakers' platform against the growers' bats, billy clubs, pick handles, and rubber hoses, tear gas shells were fired by the Highway Patrol and the riot was broken up.

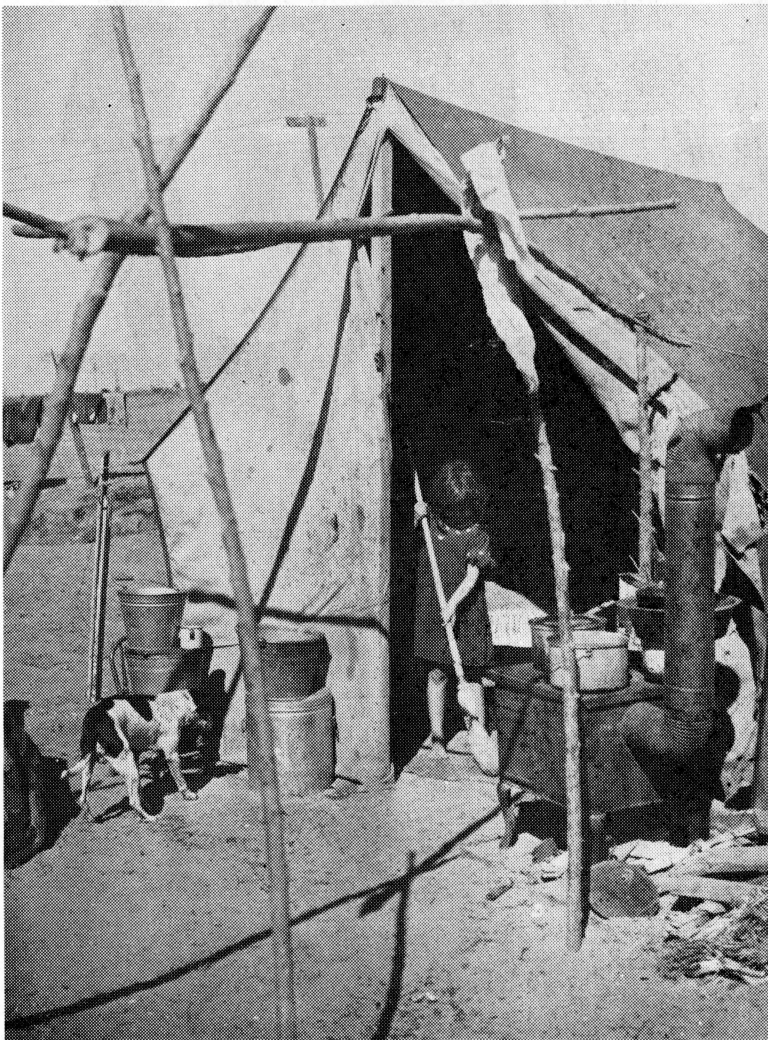
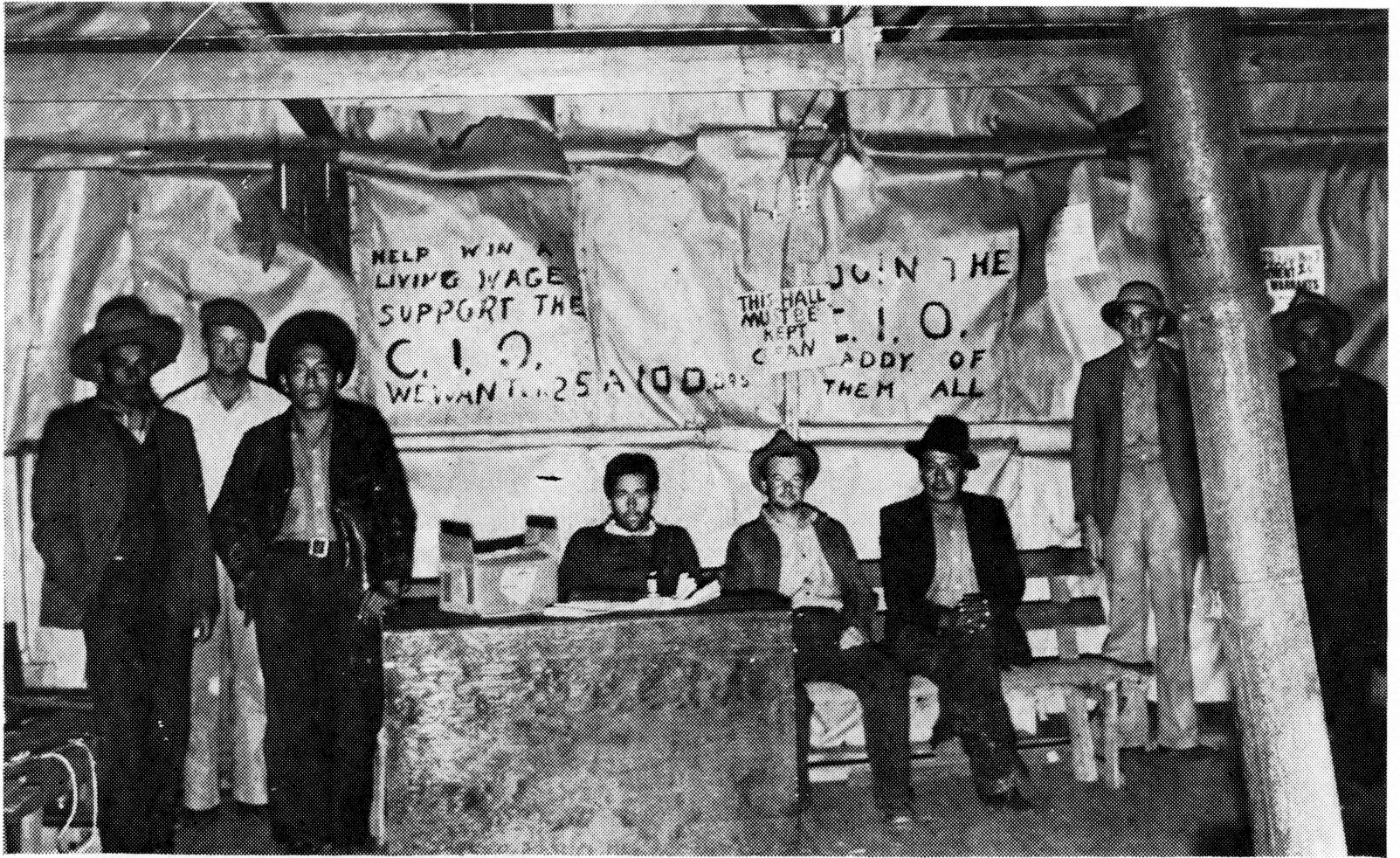
At the moment the battle has passed over to the Associated Farmers and their fascist allies. Ultimate victory cannot be theirs. The lessons which have been learned in the past two weeks will not be forgotten. As Will Dobson said yesterday, "They won't give none of us that was in the strike a chance to work no more. Some of the small growers say they want to, but the big ones come around and threaten 'em. I always knew the upper classes didn't like the laborin' man, but I never knew they hated us like that."

Since the strike, over twelve hundred men have joined the CIO United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America. The fearlessness with which A. L. Wirin of the American Civil Liberties Union has defended the strikers has made staunch friends of the unionists. Jim Allen, one of the men who suffered terribly in the beatings, told of his unbroken faith in the CIO after the attack. Jim said, "The union's our only hope. We gotta all stick together . . . that's the only way the laborin' man stands a chance."

EDWIN HOWARD.



THE LABORING MEN VS. ASSOCIATED FARMERS. The cotton pickers of southern California want \$1.25 per hundred pounds picked. The planters want to keep them to 80 cents a hundred. The field workers joined the CIO's agricultural workers' union. They were terrorized, attacked by vigilantes, and tear-gassed by the California Highway Police. Little or no help has come from the state. The striking men are the people of "The Grapes of Wrath." They know the bitterness of exile and the hostility of the landowners who take advantage of their plight to buy their labor at starvation wages. At the top is their CIO hall near Corcoran, Calif. At the left is a typical home in a camp site near Corcoran. It was first set up by the union but is now supervised by the government. Above are a group of striking workers reading a letter from Governor Olson. It tells them not to discontinue their Workers Alliance meetings in the bedroom of a shack where the photo was taken.



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William Gropper

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Twenty-Two Years After

"I HAVE seen the future and it works," said Lincoln Steffens after a visit to the Soviet Union. Today fourteen million people, Ukrainians, Byelo Russians, and Jews, in what was formerly eastern Poland have reached out to that future and made it into the palpable present. On the eve of the twenty-second anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution these newly liberated people have elected their national assemblies which have voted to become part of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Twenty-two years after, the social revolution which overthrew capitalism in one-sixth of the earth's territory and gave to mankind the vision of a new freedom once more demonstrates its vast vitality.

In considering the revolution of Nov. 7, 1917, one often forgets how deeply democratic it was. Even some friends of the Soviet Union are under the impression that the revolution was the work of a small minority which has redounded to the benefit of the majority. True, the Bolshevik Party, like any organized political party, was and is a minority of the population. But behind that party stood in November 1917 a *majority* of the workers and peasants. It was, in fact, not until the Bolsheviks had won the support of the majority that they took power.

The growth in influence of the Bolsheviks between March and November 1917 is one of the most remarkable phenomena of that period and shows how faithfully the Bolsheviks expressed the sentiments of the people. For the best account of this development we refer our readers to the official *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*, a book which has sold nearly 100,000 copies in English translation in this country and millions of copies throughout the world. As late as June 16, 1917, when the First All-Russian Congress of Soviets met, the Bolsheviks had only a little over one hundred out of about eight or nine hundred delegates. A month later, however, huge demonstrations of Petrograd workers and soldiers were echoing the Bolshevik demand for peace and the transfer of power to the Soviets. In August and September new elections swept out the Mensheviks and gave the Bolsheviks a majority in the two largest cities, Petrograd and Moscow, and in many smaller cities. In the countryside the peasants were taking matters into their own hands and seizing the landed estates, thereby

fulfilling another part of the Bolshevik program. When the Second All-Russian Congress of Soviets opened on November 7 after the overthrow of the Provisional Government, an overwhelming majority of the delegates were Bolsheviks. Thus Lenin was completely accurate when he wrote shortly before the revolution that "the majority of the people are for us."

The majority of the Russian people—an ever widening majority—have continued to be for the Bolshevik regime. The past twenty-two years have been years of disintegration, crisis, and war in the capitalist world. Under the leadership of Lenin and Stalin, they have been years of expanding production, rising living standards, cultural growth, and peace in the land of socialism. Today the USSR marks the furthest outpost of the struggle for freedom everywhere. When our Hearsts and Lippmanns and Dorothy Thompsons call for a crusade against the Soviet Union, let us recognize that the first casualty of that crusade will be American democracy. In this hour of imperialist war our people will best be served, not by a campaign of hate, but by efforts for closer collaboration between the United States and the USSR in behalf of peace.

Closer to War

AMERICA is closer to war as a result of the action of the Senate in passing the Pittman bill repealing the arms embargo. America is closer to war because in the process of passage neutrality has been trampled under foot. President Roosevelt's injunction that we be neutral in action, if not in thought, has become patent unneutrality in both thought and action. The embargo was not lifted when it was crucifying democratic Spain because the dominant economic royalists of this country, lining up with the ruling classes of Britain and France, wanted it that way. The embargo is being lifted now when it provides some obstacle to the warmongers and profiteers because the dominant economic royalists, again lining up with the ruling classes of Britain and France, want it that way. In both cases our government has been unneutral. In both cases it has helped undermine democracy and increase the danger of American involvement in war. In both cases it has acted in the interests of reactionary big business and against the interests of the people.

The "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column reports that the real field marshal of the administration's drive to kill the embargo is Vice President Garner. This is symbolic in a disquieting way. Under the pressure of Wall Street, the old distinction between the New Deal and anti-New Deal forces is fast disappearing. Both sides are today fighting under one flag which looks rather more like the Union Jack than the Stars and Stripes. That is why Martin Dies has been having such a field day.

Apart from the embargo question, even the cash-and-carry provisions in the Pittman bill

now emerge as decidedly ambiguous. The "carry" provision was of course greatly modified at the demand of the shipping interests to permit trade in American bottoms with many of the British and French possessions. Nor is the "cash" section airtight despite the elimination of the original ninety-day credit proposal. Section 7B, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, makes it "likely that the participants in the present war, particularly England and France, will still be able to obtain credit here in sizable amounts."

The American people want to be completely neutral in this war. This is shown by all the polls. And despite the fact that President Roosevelt's personal popularity was never greater than it is today, support for his pro-British foreign policy has declined 13 percent since September, according to a recent *Fortune* survey. There is still a chance for those who want to keep America out of war to stop embargo repeal in the House.

"City of Flint"

WE CAN'T get excited about the *City of Flint* and we don't see why the State Department does. The Germans captured the ship on October 9, took it first to the Norwegian port of Tromsø, from which it was shooed away, and then harbored it on October 23 at the Soviet Arctic port of Murmansk. Nobody knows why this happened: one report says that the seamen had lost their charts, therefore hesitated to navigate the mine-bound waters of the North Sea; another that the freighter's machinery was defective. The international law on these matters is contradictory. The *New York Herald Tribune*, for October 29, admits that the USSR was acting "in accordance with international practice." Years ago, the United States refused to recognize that article of international law which permits neutrals to harbor seized vessels pending investigation. It can hardly arraign the USSR for abiding by the Hague Convention, whose Article 23 the United States refuses to recognize. In any case, the Germans captured the vessel, admittedly carrying oil, rubber, steel, chemicals, and other contraband. Its forty-one seamen were in danger of either British warships or British mines, a danger imposed by the United States Lines which leases the boat from the American government. The Soviet Union harbored the vessel and then dismissed it from its own shores.

Obviously, the whole matter is being deliberately inflated into an anti-Soviet balloon. Mr. Hull is reported hot under the collar about alleged Soviet indisposition to permit Ambassador Steinhardt access to the crew. All we have is the State Department's word for it. According to G. E. R. Geley, writing from Moscow in the *New York Times* for October 29, Mr. Steinhardt was twice received at the Soviet Foreign Office during the time that the American press, reporting from Washington, made it appear that the ambassador was spending an all-night vigil at his desk because of Russian discourtesy.

Perhaps the most ominous thing about the

incident is the accidental disclosure that the British have searched 580 non-British ships since the war began. Twenty-four of these were American. At the moment, twelve are detained by England, five by France, and only three (including the *City of Flint*) by the Germans. Just why this information was suppressed by the U. S. Maritime Commission has not been explained. Such candor from Washington belies the excitement over supposed Soviet misdemeanors. Somebody is grinding an ax on the issue of the *City of Flint*.

Albion Admits

REPLYING to a question in the House of Lords last Thursday, Viscount Halifax admitted that the British government does not consider the Soviet occupation of eastern Poland as of the same cloth with Germany's invasion. "They would never have taken that action," Halifax remarked, "if the German government had not started it. . . . Secondly, it is worth recalling that the action of the Soviet government has been to advance the Russian boundary substantially to that recommended at the time of the Versailles Conference by Lord Curzon." On the same day, the prime minister endorsed similar points of view expressed some time ago by Winston Churchill and Leslie Hore-Belisha.

But no explosive protest rocked American public opinion. No editorialists acknowledged to the country the contradictory position in which they had been placed by the British declaration. Ignoring the perplexities of their more devout readers, newspapers generally submerged the story, a phenomenon which merely emphasizes a still more ominous one, namely, that anti-Soviet hysteria is largely of native manufacture: the most rabid will-to-war exists within our borders, conveniently insulated by two oceans.

But the British statement was hardly essential for Americans to appreciate the wisdom of the Soviet Union's occupation of eastern Poland. The profound changes among all countries along the Soviet border, the collapse of fascist penetration, and above all, the reaction of the Ukrainians and Byelo Russians (admitted to the USSR on the eve of its twenty-second birthday) give the most important justification for the Red Army march.

The British are still playing their wily game: still hoping to detach the Soviet Union from its independent position, still hoping to ensnare it (as in the Soviet-Turkish negotiations) in an orbit of relations that would kindle enmity between the USSR and Germany. Refusing to play the game, the Soviet government this week gave additional evidence of its independent attitude toward the war in which the imperialist governments have engulfed their peoples. Replying to British notes of September 6 and 11, the USSR declined to recognize the British blockade on the grounds that "it violates international law, . . . menaces the health of peaceful populations, and violates the freedom of the seas." Comparing the starvation of the aged, women,

and children to the bombardment of open towns, the Soviet Union gives notice that it will be a party to none of this. Stressing that its shipping is owned by the socialist state, it reserves the right to claim compensation for losses suffered by any of its institutions.

Here is a new challenge to imperialist warfare. Contrasting with the United States, which cooperates with the Allied blockade, the USSR reaffirms the courage of its neutrality.

Emjo Basshe

A WEEK ago we published a notice in the "Between Ourselves" department that the talented playwright Emjo Basshe was critically ill at Bellevue Hospital and would like to hear from his friends. Now there is even sadder news for these friends: Emjo Basshe is dead.

Basshe was one of the pioneers of the progressive theater in this country. Back in 1927, in the days of Silent Cal, he and four other playwrights, among whom were Mike Gold and John Howard Lawson, banded together to form the New Playwrights Theater. That theater blazed the trail of the social drama which such organizations as the Theater Union, the New Theater League, and the Group Theater later followed. Basshe contributed to the New Playwrights Theater repertory one of its most striking plays, *The Centuries*, a tale of immigrant life. He also directed one of its outstanding successes, Upton Sinclair's *Singing Jailbirds*.

Basshe was a frequent contributor to the monthly NEW MASSES. In recent years ill health and poverty greatly impeded his work. His death, from a streptococcus infection, is a real loss to the progressive theater.

Fight for Civil Liberties

THE full significance of Earl Browder's arrest on a tissue-weight legalism is becoming apparent to hundreds of thousands of Americans. U. S. Atty. John T. Cahill may proclaim mellifluously from dawn to dusk that civil liberties is not the issue but thinking Americans know better. Just consider the sequence of events since the people's leader was arrested by the federal authorities at the behest of the Dies committee which in turn had responded to the pressure of the Republican National Committee.

Twenty-four hours after Browder's arrest the wild-and-woolly representative from Texas published, with malice aforethought, a list of federal employees in Washington who dared belong to an organization created to combat fascism in America and was committed to labors for peace. The attempt to smear was so flagrant that practically every tory publication in the country ran editorials warning Dies not to overreach himself. The President himself departed from customary procedure to brand the committee's action as a "sordid procedure."

Now remember Browder's warning: "If they can close my mouth, can silence the Communists by such methods, then no one in

America will long feel secure in his civil liberties, and those who want to take America into the imperialist war will soon have a free hand."

But many liberals are not availing themselves of the warning. Some are content to consider the harassment of the Communist leader on its "technical" aspects (*New Republic* and *Nation*). Others keep quiet, hoping to avoid the drive of reaction by their silence. But Dorothy Thompson, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, whose apocryphal word still carries weight with some liberals, provided the most shameful spectacle. She shrilled like Dickens' Miss Squeers who said, "I'm screaming out loud all the time I'm writing this." Miss Thompson put it in black and white: "In the case of Mr. Browder . . . false passports . . . are incidental to the main issue. . . ." The Dies committee, she said clearly enough, "is doing an unpleasant job, in the course of which a number of perfectly innocent people are bound to be smeared." She provided the apologia for the indigenous fascists and they read her column with an eager eye. The seismographic Miss Thompson, who can discern the faintest tremors of capitalist topography, had her say and it came from no crystal bowl. Reaction in America is out to destroy liberalism, and they don't care what stick they use to break its bones.

Browder's appeal for loans for a defense fund should be heeded by all honest Americans. "Let all people be on guard," he wrote. "This attack on the Communists is fundamentally an attack on the political rights of all labor groups and progressives generally, and is a prelude to an attack on the living standards of the masses."

Headquarters of the Defense Fund for Civil Liberties for Communists, headed by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Robert Minor, is in Rm. 428, 799 Broadway, New York City. Remember that address.

"Herald Tribune" Forum

JUST what is the purpose of the *New York Herald Tribune* Forum on Current Problems? In past years it has been for the most part an innocuous talkfest, but this year it opened with a blast against "alien isms" and "termites" that struck a decidedly ominous note. This lofty Red-baiting was perhaps not unrelated to the copious pro-war propaganda that came from an assorted variety of speakers, including Jean Giraudoux, French general commissioner for (mis)information, Lord Lothian, British ambassador to the United States and chief propagandist in this country for British imperialism, and Count Jerzy Potocki, ambassador of the defunct Polish government.

The real character of this forum was also indicated by the fact that this year Trotskyites were given solo parts in the reactionary chorus. Ben Stolberg, Sidney Hook, and the ineffable "General Krivitsky" were among the brightest stars, outshining even so luminous a tory as Matthew Woll, AFL vice-president. Woll's presence, as well as Stolberg's, empha-

sized the sharp line which the promoters of the forum drew between the leaders of the AFL and the CIO.

A shocking spectacle was Edna St. Vincent Millay delivering a warmongering speech which concluded with a poem about "termites" that sounded like a bugle call for vigilantes. The Edna St. Vincent Millay who defended those two victims of war hysteria, Sacco and Vanzetti, must have turned in her grave. Miss Millay's cry of "termites" was quickly taken up by the sinister J. Edgar Hoover and by Stanley High, who praised the Dies committee.

In this atmosphere Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's address was like a gust of fresh air. Warning against catch phrases, she urged care in preserving civil liberties and declared: "I'm not afraid of talking to a Communist or meeting a Communist."

President Roosevelt's amiable talk can hardly be considered reassuring to those who are concerned about maintaining civil liberties and keeping America out of war. At a time when a lynch spirit is being whipped up by the Dies committee and other anti-democratic big business forces—a spirit to which the *Herald Tribune* Forum contributed—the President's grouping of fascism and Communism and his statement that "Extreme rightists and extreme leftists ought not to be taken out by us and shot against the wall" evades the issue, to say the least. And his assurance that the United States "is neutral and does not intend to get involved in war" would be more convincing if the policies of the administration did not offer considerable evidence of an opposite trend.

One must also question the propriety of the President of the United States speaking at the same forum with the counterfeit "General Krivitsky." The very presence of this shady character in the United States is in contravention of the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement of 1933 pledging each government not to harbor on its soil individuals or groups plotting the overthrow of the other.

The Rich Get Richer

AUTOMOBILE workers hotfooting it along the belt—and those locked out by the Chrysler-Dodge corporations—will thrill to the news that Frances Dodge Johnson, daughter of the old master himself, the late John F. Dodge, was awarded \$10,000,000 of the estate funds last week. She will get hers November 27. Some \$47,000,000 more is to be divided by court judgment among other members of the family.

Meanwhile, 54,000 Chrysler-Dodge workers stay locked out because they asked, not for a share in the \$57,000,000 under dispute, but a 10 to 15 cent increase an hour. Motor officials charge them with wanting to "sovietize" the plants because they bid for union conditions in plants where the speedup was maddening, and for a dime more an hour.

For American labor today has suffered a 10 percent wage cut. That cut was evident

in the cupboards of millions of workingmen long before the Department of Labor announced that food prices have climbed by 10 percent since the outbreak of war. Matters weren't improved in their kitchens by the knowledge that such firms as Westinghouse Electric coined \$11,909,000 the year ending September 30 as compared with \$9,617,000 the previous year. Union Carbide and Carbon raked in \$8,400,000 in the three month period ending September 30. That compares with \$5,451,000 for the same time a year ago.

Labor has become increasingly aware that the war and the domestic conditions it has effected are not to their benefit. Not only real wages, but civil liberties, are imperiled.

The Connecticut state convention of the CIO called upon America to keep out of the "imperialist" war. John Brophy in an address before that body warned of the Dies committee's activities. "If we surrender to reaction," he said, "then we shall become a major casualty of the war whether we are in it or out of it. We must concentrate upon organizing the unorganized if we are to defend democratic principles." Following the same tack, thirty-three local unions setting up the Hudson County Industrial Union Council, in Mayor Hague's duchy, declared that "denial of civil liberties to any minority group is a step toward attacks upon and the suppression of trade unions." Labor has not ignored the moral of 1914-18: "It's a rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

Your Write-In

NEW YORK voters have the chance this week to vote on the war, on unemployment, on anti-Semitism, on civil liberties, on housing, and a hundred other issues affecting the destiny of democracy. Although the four Communist candidates for City Council have been ruled off the ballot by one of those ubiquitous technicalities that are the special privilege of reaction, the voter may write the names in on the ballot. Great care must be taken to spell the names accurately and to place before each name the figure "1" to indicate a first choice under proportional representation. Thus, in order to vote Communist in Manhattan, you must put in the box in front of the first blank the figure "1" and then write in the blank "ISRAEL AMTER." In the Bronx, write the figure, then "ISIDORE BEGUN." In Brooklyn, write the figure, then "PETER V. CACCHIONE." In Queens, write the figure, then "PAUL CROSBIE." Memorize the name of your candidate, practice spelling it among your friends, and help the vote for peace and progress.

What, No Piety?

TRAVELERS returning from Europe report a new ditty making the rounds of the British Army:

Hitler is a gangster,
Daladier's a bore,
Chamberlain's a counterfeit,
And so's the new world war!

So They Say

GORGE BERNARD SHAW again cracks down on the imperialist war in a statement in the *London Daily Herald* which has been ignored by most of the warmongering press in the United States:

I advocate a truce because I do not consider that our official case is sound enough to be pleaded successfully before public opinion in Europe and America.

The case is that we have no material aims, but are standing as the divinely appointed agents of justice, honor, religion, the Ten Commandments, and all the cardinal virtues, against threats to civilization of a brace of rascals who are at best only upstarts, aggressive cads, and at worst enemies of God.

As the judge, jury, and executioner in this case we appoint Mr. Chamberlain and our War Cabinet. . . .

In 1920 when Russia was down and out, with Kazan taken by her enemies and her army a handful of ragged, bootless young men with unloaded guns, Mr. Churchill took hundreds of millions of the money we had voted for the World War and launched at the Soviet an expedition to give it the coup de grace.

I propose we stop shouting damned nonsense and send to the conference of the victors over Poland, and urged by neutral powers, a delegation of persons of common sense and good manners with heads big enough for international affairs. . . . We must have somebody who is habitually conscious that the universe is somewhat larger than Edgbaston and the home counties, and knows that its center is not the heart of St. James. . . .

Thoughtful Americans will read and re-read the following from the *Wall Street Journal*:

Big business has apparently done more to create a feeling of genuine good will toward it in high administration quarters during the past two or three weeks than at any previous time in recent years of the New Deal.

It is significant that White House advisers who have on past occasions played an important part in policy-making are privately remarking today that Mr. So-and-So made a "pretty good" speech and that business leaders are "sounder" in their general attitude and "have learned something" from what happened in 1937 when a recovery movement washed out.

Sir Stafford Cripps, declining a yellow dog contract that would have readmitted him to the British Labor Party, says:

The action taken by me was the only one that I could have taken consistently with my duty to my constituents and the best interests of the workers of the country. If the party could have been persuaded to combine with others to get rid of the National Government this spring, then we would not be in the ghastly position that we are today.

The War and the Intellectuals

Randolph Bourne's essay originally appeared in 1917. Today it is a timely warning to American intellectuals that support of imperialist war is desertion of democracy and culture.

TO THOSE of us who still retain an irreconcilable animus against war, it has been a bitter experience to see the unanimity with which the American intellectuals have thrown their support to the use of war technique in the crisis in which America found herself. Socialists, college professors, publicists, new-republicans, practitioners of literature have vied with each other in confirming with their intellectual faith the collapse of neutrality and the riveting of the war mind on a hundred million more of the world's people. And the intellectuals are not content with confirming our belligerent gesture. They are now complacently asserting that it was they who effectively willed it, against the hesitation and dim perceptions of the American democratic masses.

A war made deliberately by the intellectuals! A calm moral verdict, arrived at after a penetrating study of inexorable facts! Sluggish masses, too remote from the world conflict to be stirred, too lacking in intellect to perceive their danger! An alert intellectual class, saving the people in spite of themselves, biding their time with Fabian strategy until the nation could be moved into war without serious resistance! An intellectual class, gently guiding a nation through sheer force of ideas into what the other nations entered only through predatory craft or popular hysteria or militarist madness! A war free from any taint of self-seeking, a war that will secure the triumph of democracy and internationalize the world! This is the picture which the more self-conscious intellectuals have formed of themselves, and which they are slowly impressing upon a population which is being led no man knows whither by an indubitably intellectualized President. And they are right, in that the war certainly did not spring from either the ideals or the prejudices, from the national ambitions or hysterias, of the American people, however acquiescent the masses prove to be, and however clearly the intellectuals prove their putative intuition.

These intellectuals who have felt themselves totally out of sympathy with this drag toward war will seek some explanation for this joyful leadership. They will want to understand this willingness of the American intellect to open the sluices and flood us with the sewage of the war spirit. We cannot forget the virtuous horror and stupefaction which filled our college professors when they read the famous manifesto of their ninety-three German colleagues in defense of their war. To the American academic mind of 1914 defense of war was inconceivable.

Randolph Bourne

IN REPRINTING Randolph Bourne's essay on "The War and the Intellectuals," we are reviving an association which goes back more than twenty-five years. In 1912, when he was editor of the monthly literary publication at Columbia University, Bourne was already contributing to the *Masses* those sensitive and penetrating essays which were to mark him as an intellectual leader of his generation. An instructor in the Columbia philosophy department, after his graduation, Bourne was for a time deeply influenced by John Dewey's liberal pragmatism. When the real implications of this philosophy were revealed in Dewey's support of the war, Bourne rejected pragmatism in favor of a more radical and scientific criticism of capitalist society and the war spirit. Dewey, Spargo, Gompers, and the vigilantes were now grouped by Bourne with all the other supporters of the "war technique."

Bourne had been a regular contributor to the *New Republic*, founded in 1914. When Lippmann and Croly turned this journal of independent opinion over to the Allies and the Wilson administration, Bourne wrote several essays exploding the myth that the imperialist war was a war for democracy. The mood of the liberal intellectuals with whom Bourne broke was described by Floyd Dell, who said that the editors of the *New Republic* had decided that "a war patronized by the *New Republic* could not but turn out to be a better war than anyone had hoped." It is appropriate to recall this mood, and Bourne's biting refutation, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the *New Republic*.

"The War and the Intellectuals" appeared in the pages of the *Seven Arts* during 1917. Bourne was an editor of this magazine, which, like the *Masses*, was forced to suspend publication because of its opposition to the war. The essay was included in the posthumous *Untimely Papers* (1919), edited by Bourne's friend, James Oppenheim. We reprint the bulk of the essay with the consent of the copyright owners.

The atmosphere of the country at the time "The War and the Intellectuals" appeared was described by John Reed in the September 1917 issue of the *Masses*: "In America, the month just passed has been the blackest month for freedom our generation has known. With a sort of hideous apathy the country has acquiesced in a regime of judicial tyranny, bureaucratic suppression, and industrial barbarism, which followed inevitably the first fine careless rapture of militarism."

From Bernhardt it recoiled as from a blasphemy, little dreaming that two years later would find it creating its own cleanly reasons for imposing military service on the country and for talking of the rough rude currents of health and regeneration that war would send through the American body politic. They would have thought anyone mad who talked of shipping American men by the hundreds of thousands—conscripts—to die on the fields of France.

Such a spiritual change seems catastrophic when we shoot our minds back to those days when neutrality was a proud thing. But the intellectual progress has been so gradual that the country retains little sense of the irony. The war sentiment, begun so gradually but so perseveringly by the preparedness advocates who came from the ranks of big business, caught hold of one after another of the intellectual groups. With the aid of Roosevelt, the murmurs became a monotonous chant, and finally a chorus so mighty that to be out of it was at first to be disreputable and finally almost obscene. And slowly a strident rant was worked up against Germany which compared very creditably with the German fulmination against the greedy power of England.

The nerve of the war feeling centered, of course, in the richer and older classes of the Atlantic seaboard, and was keenest where there was French or English business and particularly social connections. The sentiment then spread over the country as a class phenomenon, touching everywhere those upper class elements in each section who identified themselves with this Eastern ruling group. It must never be forgotten that in every community it was the least liberal and least democratic elements among whom the preparedness and later the war sentiment was found. The farmers were apathetic, the small business men and workingmen are still (June 1917) apathetic towards the war. The election was a vote of confidence of these latter classes in a President who would keep the faith of neutrality. The intellectuals, in other words, have identified themselves with the least democratic forces in American life. They have assumed the leadership for war of those very classes whom American democracy has been immemorally fighting. Only in a world where irony was dead could an intellectual class enter war at the head of such illiberal cohorts in the avowed cause of world liberalism and world democracy. No one is left to point out the undemocratic nature of this war liberalism. In a time of faith, skepticism is the most intolerable of all insults.

Our intellectual class might have been occupied, during the last two years of war, in studying and clarifying the ideals and aspirations of the American democracy, in discovering a true Americanism which would not have been merely nebulous but might have federated the different ethnic groups and traditions. They might have spent the time in endeavoring to clear the public mind of the cant of war, to get rid of old mystical notions that clog our thinking. We might have used the time for a great wave of education, for setting our house in spiritual order. We could at least have set the problem before ourselves. If our intellectuals were going to lead the administration, they might conceivably have tried to find some way of securing peace by making neutrality effective. They might have turned their intellectual energy not to the problem of jockeying the nation into war, but to the problem of using our vast neutral power to attain democratic ends for the rest of the world and ourselves without the use of the malevolent technique of war. They might have failed. The point is that they scarcely tried. The time was spent not in clarification and education, but in a mulling over of nebulous ideals of democracy and liberalism and civilization which had never meant anything fruitful to those ruling classes who now so glibly used them, and in giving free rein to the elementary instinct of self-defense.

The whole era has been spiritually wasted. The outstanding feature has been not its Americanism, but its intense colonialism. The offense of our intellectuals was not so much that they were colonial—for what could we expect of a nation composed of so many national elements?—but that it was so one-sidedly and partisanly colonial. The official, reputable expression of the intellectual class has been that of the English colonial. Certain portions of it have been even more loyalist than the king, more British even than Australia. Other colonial attitudes have been vulgar. The colonialism of the other American stocks was denied a hearing from the start. America might have been made a meeting ground for the different national attitudes. An intellectual class, cultural colonists of the different European nations, might have threshed out the issues here as they could not be threshed out in Europe. Instead of this, the English colonials in university and press took command at the start, and we became an intellectual Hungary where thought was subject to an effective process of Magyarization. The reputable opinion of the American intellectuals became more and more either what could be read pleasantly in London, or what was written in an earnest effort to put Englishmen straight on their war aims and war technique. . . .

We have had to watch, therefore, in this country the same process which so shocked us abroad—the coalescence of the intellectual classes in support of the military program. In this country, indeed, the socialist intellectuals did not even have the grace of their

German brothers and wait for the declaration of war before they broke for cover. And when they declared for war they showed how thin was the intellectual veneer of their socialism. For they called us in terms that might have emanated from any bourgeois journal to defend democracy and civilization, just as if it was not exactly against those very bourgeois democracies and capitalist civilizations that socialists had been fighting for decades.

But so subtle is the spiritual chemistry of the "inside" that all this intellectual cohesion—herd instinct become herd intellect—which seemed abroad so hysterical and so servile comes to us here in highly rational terms. We go to war to save the world from subjugation! But the German intellectuals went to war to save their culture from barbarization! And the French went to war to save their beautiful France! And the English to save international honor! And Russia, most altruistic and self-sacrificing of all, to save a small state from destruction! Whence is our miraculous intuition of our moral spotlessness? Whence our confidence that history will not unravel huge economic and imperialist forces upon which our rationalizations float like bubbles? The Jew often marvels that his race alone should have been chosen as the true people of the cosmic God. Are not our intellectuals equally fatuous when they tell us

that our war of all wars is stainless and thrillingly achieving for good?

An intellectual class that was wholly rational would have called insistently for peace and not for war. For months the crying need has been for a negotiated peace, in order to avoid the ruin of a deadlock. Would not the same amount of resolute statesmanship thrown into intervention have secured a peace that would have been a subjugation for neither side? Was the terrific bargaining power of a great neutral ever really used? Our war followed, as all wars follow, a monstrous failure of diplomacy. Shamefacedness should now be our intellectuals' attitude, because the American play for peace was made so little more than a polite play. The intellectuals have still to explain why, willing as they now are to use force to continue the war to absolute exhaustion, they were not willing to use force to coerce the world to a speedy peace. . . .

Numbers of intelligent people who had never been stirred by the horrors of capitalistic peace at home were shaken out of their slumber by the horrors of war in Belgium. Never having felt responsibility for labor wars and oppressed masses and excluded races at home, they had a large fund of idle emotional capital to invest in the oppressed nationalities and ravaged villages of Europe. Hearts that had felt only ugly contempt for



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democratic strivings at home beat in tune with the struggle for freedom abroad. All this was natural, but it tended to overemphasize our responsibility. And it threw our thinking out of gear. The task of making our own country detailedly fit for peace was abandoned in favor of a feverish concern for the management of the war, advice to the fighting governments on all matters, military, social, and political, and a gradual working up of the conviction that we were ordained as a nation to lead all erring brothers towards the light of liberty and democracy. The failure of the American intellectual class to erect a creative attitude toward the war can be explained by these sterile mental conflicts which the shock to our ideals sent raging through us. . . .

The intellectual state that could produce such things is one where reversion has taken place to more primitive ways of thinking. Simple syllogisms are substituted for analysis, things are known by their labels, our heart's desire dictates what we shall see. The American intellectual class, having failed to make the higher synthesis, regresses to ideas that can issue in quick, simplified action. Thought becomes any easy rationalization of what is actually going on or what is to happen inevitably tomorrow. It is true that certain groups did rationalize their colonialism and attach the doctrine of the inviolability of British sea power to the doctrine of a League of Peace.

But this agile resolution of the mental conflict did not become a higher synthesis, to be creatively developed. It gradually merged into a justification for our going to war. It petrified into a dogma to be propagated. Criticism flagged and emotional propaganda began. Most of the socialists, the college professors, and the practitioners of literature, however, have not even reached this high-water mark of synthesis. Their mental conflicts have been resolved much more simply. War in the interests of democracy! This was almost the sum of their philosophy. The primitive idea to which they regressed became almost insensibly translated into a craving for action. War was seen as the crowning relief of their indecision. At last action, irresponsibility, the end of anxious and torturing attempts to reconcile peace ideals with the drag of the world towards Hell. An end to the pain of trying to adjust the facts to what they ought to be! Let us consecrate the facts as ideal! Let us join the greased slide towards war!

The momentum increased. Hesitations, ironies, consciences, considerations—all were drowned in the elemental blare of doing something aggressive, colossal. The new-found Sabbath "peacefulness of being at war"! The thankfulness with which so many intellectuals lay down and floated with the current betrays the hesitation and suspense through which they had been. The American university is a brisk and happy place these days. Simple, unquestioning action has superseded the knots of thought. The thinker dances with reality.

With how many of the acceptors of war

has it been mostly a dread of intellectual suspense? It is a mistake to suppose that intellectuality necessarily makes for suspended judgments. The intellect craves certitude. It takes effort to keep it supple and pliable. In a time of danger and disaster we jump desperately for some dogma to cling to. The time comes, if we try to hold out, when our nerves are sick with fatigue, and we seize in a great healing wave of release some doctrine that can be immediately translated into action. Neutrality meant suspense, and so it became the object of loathing to frayed nerves. . . .

The results of war on the intellectual class are already apparent. Their thought becomes little more than a description and justification of what is going on. They turn upon any rash one who continues idly to speculate. Once the war is on, the conviction spreads that individual thought is helpless, that the only way one can count is as a cog in the great wheel. There is no good holding back. We are told to dry our unnoticed and ineffective tears and plunge into the great work.

Not only is everyone forced into line, but the new certitude becomes idealized. It is a noble realism which opposes itself to futile obstruction and the cowardly refusal to face facts. This realistic boast is so loud and sonorous that one wonders whether realism is always a stern and intelligent grappling with realities. May it not be sometimes a mere surrender to the actual, an abdication of the ideal through a sheer fatigue from intellectual suspense? The pacifist is roundly scolded for refusing to face the facts, and for retiring into his own world of sentimental desire. But is the realist, who refuses to challenge or criticize facts, entitled to any more credit than that which comes from following the line of least resistance? The realist thinks he at least can control events by linking himself to the forces that are moving. Perhaps he can. But if it is a question of controlling war, it is difficult to see how the child on the back of a mad elephant is to be any more effective in stopping the beast than is the child who tries to stop him from the ground. The ex-humanitarian, turned realist, sneers at the snobbish neutrality, colossal conceit, crooked thinking, dazed sensibilities of those who are still unable to find any balm of consolation for this war. We manufacture consolations here in America while there are probably not a dozen men fighting in Europe who did not long ago give up every reason for their being there except that nobody knew how to get them away.

But the intellectuals whom the crisis has crystallized into an acceptance of war have put themselves into a terrifyingly strategic position. It is only on the craft, in the stream, they say, that one has any chance of controlling the current forces for liberal purposes. If we obstruct, we surrender all power for influence. If we responsibly approve, we then retain our power for guiding. We will be listened to as responsible thinkers, while those who obstructed the coming of war have committed intellectual suicide and shall

be cast into outer darkness. Criticism by the ruling powers will only be accepted from those intellectuals who are in sympathy with the general tendency of the war. Well, it is true that they may guide, but if their stream leads to disaster and the frustration of national life, is their guiding any more than a preference whether they shall go over the righthand or the lefthand side of the precipice? Meanwhile, however, there is comfort on board. Be with us, they call, or be negligible, irrelevant. Dissenters are already excommunicated. Irreconcilable radicals, wringing their hands among the debris, become the most despicable and impotent of men. There seems no choice for the intellectual but to join the mass of acceptance. But again the terrible dilemma arises—either support what is going on, in which case you count for nothing because you are swallowed in the mass and great incalculable forces bear you on; or remain aloof, passively resistant, in which case you count for nothing because you are outside the machinery of reality.

Is there no place left, then, for the intellectual who cannot yet crystallize, who does not dread suspense, and is not yet drugged with fatigue? The American intellectuals, in their preoccupation with reality, seem to have forgotten that the real enemy is war rather than imperial Germany. There is work to be done to prevent this war of ours from passing into popular mythology as a holy crusade. What shall we do with leaders who tell us that we go to war in moral spotlessness, or who make "democracy" synonymous with a republican form of government?

There is work to be done in still shouting that all the revolutionary by-products will not justify the war, or make war anything else but the most noxious complex of all the evils that afflict men. There must be some to find no consolation whatever, and some to sneer at those who buy the cheap emotion of sacrifice. There must be some irreconcilables left who will not even accept the war with walrus tears. There must be some to call unceasingly for peace, and some to insist that the terms of settlement shall be not only liberal but democratic. There must be some intellectuals who are not willing to use the old discredited counters again and to support a peace which would leave all the old inflammable materials of armament lying about the world. There must still be opposition to any contemplated "liberal" world order founded on military coalitions. The "irreconcilable" need not be disloyal. He need not even be "impossibilist." His apathy towards war should take the form of a heightened energy and enthusiasm for the education, the art, the interpretation that make for life in the midst of the world of death.

The intellectual who retains his animus against war will push out more boldly than ever to make his case solid against it. The old ideals crumble; new ideals must be forged. His mind will continue to roam widely and ceaselessly. The thing he will fear most is

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premature crystallization. If the American intellectual class rivets itself to a "liberal" philosophy that perpetuates the old errors, there will then be need for "democrats" whose task will be to divide, confuse, disturb, keep the intellectual waters constantly in motion to prevent any such ice from ever forming.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Epic Migration

THE TORGUTS, by W. L. River. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

IN THE history of great migrations—from pre-history to the opening of the American West, the famous Long March of the Chinese Soviets, the loyalist flight from Catalonia—the mass migration of the Asiatic Torguts from the Volga to China in 1771 has been a lost chapter. Now W. L. River has made an epic novel of it, a book that succeeds in bringing a remote people and a dim age into immediate perspective. The Torguts were descendants of Ghengis Khan. Their ancestors had fled westward to Russia in 1628 after the destruction of Mongolian autonomy by the Chinese emperor Kien Lung, who is remembered by bourgeois historians for his felicitous verses. In the grazing lands of the lower Volga near the Caspian Sea, the Torguts prospered until the reign of Catherine the Great, whose policy of inciting various subject peoples against each other was a great source of her power.

The Torguts decided to escape back to Asia and they set out on Jan. 6, 1771—400,000 people with millions of cattle, household goods, and a small tough cavalry. In their nine-month hejira they covered three thousand miles, fought several pitched battles and incessant skirmishes with the Kirghiz, besieged a Russian frontier fort, starved and drowned, and died of heat and cold. But half of them reached Asia with a pitiful remnant of their chattels. There a traitorous Torgut prince delivered them into the bondage of the Chinese emperors once again.

The author of *The Torguts* commands a fine prose style, all the more remarkable because it is the surface of an amazing scholarship in the mores of the Torguts. He is an excellent romancer; his hero, Sumutai, and the handsome princess, Cedar-Chab, have not only a symbolical proportion in the epic, but are also human beings. He has taken the attitude Eisenstein had toward his principals in *Alexander Nevsky*, and I think he has carried off the conception with greater success. Indeed, Eisenstein might well be excited about the film possibilities of this grand book; the reader constantly visualizes the great horde, struggling forward across two continents, and the minor stories within the big one.

Mr. River has filled this colossal outline with the imaginative reconstruction of a social historian. His book is an exciting adventure story, a thoroughly documented anthropological study, a rousing account of the indomitable human impulse of freedom.

JAMES DUGAN.

The Basket Man

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, by Dalton Trumbo. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

DALTON TRUMBO's new novel speaks for the "little guy" whom the World War left the "nearest thing to a dead man on earth." Joe Bonham, the hero, is deaf and blind; his nose, mouth, and lower jaw have been shot away; his legs are off at the hip, his arms at the shoulders. The "basket man" lies in a hospital and, passing judgment on the last war, formulates an angry warning to the fomenters of a new Armageddon.

Joe spent his boyhood in Colorado, laid tracks in the desert, worked as a bread-wraper in a Los Angeles bakery, stood tense as the undertakers carried out the body of his father in a creaking wicker basket, spent a night with the girl he loved, was ordered to war without knowing much what it was all about, and got hit by a shell. He woke in darkness to evaluate his life, to weigh the past against the present, to determine the role of war. His conclusion: life, under any conditions, is better than death. In bitterness his mind cries out:

I would trade democracy . . . independence and honor and freedom and decency for life. I will give you all these things and you give me the power to walk and see and hear and breathe the air and taste my food.

Thus concludes the first half of Joe's story, entitled "The Dead." Having shared his pain, seen him as he was and as he is, we feel the psychological truth of his outcry without believing his logic, for we know what makes life precious to Joe Bonham. His tragedies prior to hospitalization have been tragedies of separation—from a boyhood pal, from his father, his girl, from mother and sisters. To be as he is, or to be dead, is to be forcibly separated from people. From this "loneliness" stems Joe's real hatred of death-breeding war.

For all his mutilation, Joe Bonham remains among "The Living." At the opening of the second phase of his story, years later, he is figuring the passage of time, attempting to get back into the calendar of men. Successful, he uses the Morse Code, tapping with his head, to make himself understood. When finally asked what he wants, in a flood of words he demands to be exhibited in every church and school, at the fairs, the beaches, farms and factories, parliaments and congresses. He is the future; the people must see the future in time to rise up and change it. He is answered: "What you ask is against regulations. Who are you?" Joe starts to plead anew. A jab of a needle cuts him short. Before the sedative takes effect he realizes why he has been refused: a new war is brewing. His mind flares:

If you make a war . . . if there are men to be killed they will not be us. They will not be the guys who grow wheat and turn it into food . . . who build dams and power plants and string the

long moaning high-tension wires. . . . It will not be us who die. It will be you. . . . We are men of peace we are men who work and we want no quarrel. But if you destroy our peace if you take away our work if you try to range us one against the other we will know what to do. If you tell us to make the world safe for democracy we will take you seriously and by god and by christ we will make it so.

With this warning the book ends.

Johnny Got His Gun is an exciting, often brilliant, intensely provocative novel. In skill, sincerity, largeness of theme, this work is many cuts above the author's other novels or short stories. There is still lack of discipline, a proneness to rely too much on his technical facility, his creative "instinct." Nevertheless, the book is a heartening answer to the slanders that Hollywood contract writers are incapable of fine, sustained, and serious work.

MORTON GRANT.

Lobbyists

THE PRESSURE BOYS: THE INSIDE STORY OF LOBBYING IN AMERICA, by Kenneth G. Crawford. Julian Messner, Inc. \$3.

MR. CRAWFORD'S book is the long-needed dossier on the operations of the invisible crusaders (lawyers, research directors, chorus girls, society matrons, public relations counselors, and plain peddlers of favors) who shape legislation and bulldoze congressmen for whatever pieces of business the corporations want done. It has been going on for so many decades that the public never notices it except when a particularly nasty job of lobbying becomes open scandal. The lobbyists make no speeches and their exploits seldom reach print. But their influence is stamped on every important measure coming out of a congressional committee. While most of the pressure boys work by remote control there are the inside lobbyists who play the dual role of senator (or representative) and legal adviser to private industry. The combination is richly rewarding. Take the case of Senator Tydings. On the Senate floor, a service for which he collects a government salary, he is at the beck and call of property interests. And through the medium of his law firm he collects again for advice given these same interests as their attorney. Reprehensible indeed. But there is no law to stop such conduct. Bennett Clark of Missouri, notes Mr. Crawford, is known as the senator for Listerine, Josiah Bailey of North Carolina as the senator for Vick's Vapo-Rub, Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan as the senator for Parke, Davis. The whole book rakes the muck of lobbying not only for drugs but also for utilities, sugar, railroads, munitions, shipping, un-American activities. Name it and Crawford will tell you who is behind it.

I consider Mr. Crawford's book a useful public service in the best tradition of militant journalism. Much of what he could not say in his daily correspondence from the Capital to the *New York Post* can be read here without the trimmings of so-called impartial re-

porting. His corrosive anger points up the simple lesson to be learned from watching the lobbyists: "Low income groups, if well organized and informed, can become an effective deterrent to continued breakdown of democratic institutions by the hireling pressure boys of property. But no great progress can be made until the hard-pressed middle classes learn that their destiny is bound up with the welfare of fellow workers at the bottom, not the owners at the top, that their prosperity flows up from the roots, not down from the leaves."

JOHN STUART.

The Negro People

BLACK FOLK THEN AND NOW, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50.

THE lie concerning Negro inferiority has several bases, biological, anthropological, historical. Destroying any of these cripples the falsehood itself. Dr. Du Bois, himself one of the most eminent living refutations of the calumny, attempts to destroy, within the limits of four hundred pages, the historical base, and, on the whole, does a fine job.

The rich historical record of the various Negro peoples in Africa—their powerful states, worldwide commerce, high industrial and cultural development—is succinctly described. The causes of the decline of these states, such as geographic handicaps, geologic disturbances, and century-long slave-hunting invasions by "civilized" folk from Asia and Europe, are detailed. So is the unspeakably sordid story of imperialistic exploitation in Africa by England, France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, and Italy. This tale is brought right down to the present and Du Bois emphasizes in its telling, as is proper, the heroic and continuing resistance of the Negro people to their despoilers in the Old World and the New.

In relating the general configuration of Negro history, Du Bois calls attention to many of the great Negro figures of world history: in religion, Saint Benedict, Bishop Crowther, Richard Allen; in science, Just, Carver, Turner, Matseliger; in art, Gomez, Pushkin, Dumas, Tanner, Coleridge-Taylor; in the struggle for freedom, Toussaint, Vesey, Turner, Douglass, Maceo; and so on.

There are occasional errors of an inconsequential nature; but others, such as the minimizing of the Negro's role in the Populist movement in the United States, or Du Bois' insisting that the era of Reconstruction in the South represented a dictatorship of the proletariat, are more serious. Excessive pessimism as to the possibilities of progress and advance on the part of the Negro may also be noted in the volume.

But the book is definitely a salutary one. None may read it without enhancing his understanding of and respect for the Negro people, and one must certainly acknowledge the sincerity of Dr. Du Bois when he declares that he is "at least paying Truth the respect of earnest effort."

HERBERT APTHEKER.

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Of this book Quincy Howe, former editor of *Living Age*, and radio commentator on current affairs, has said:

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A native of Missouri and long a student of economics, William J. Blake has been Managing Director of the London Scottish Banking Corporation, Investment Director of the Grain Union, S.A. (Antwerp), and Associate Editor of the *Magazine of Wall Street*.

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The Daring Young Man Continued

William Saroyan has the time of his life in the new Theater Guild play at the Booth Theater . . . Alvah Bessie reviews two new plays.

ATENTATIVE balance sheet can now be drawn up about William Saroyan, who came out of the West and continues to startle the customers whether he is writing letters to the editor, short stories, or plays. On the basis of his output, which is relatively enormous for one so young, it would seem that the boy is about 75 percent phony, 25 percent genuine. His latest exhibit at the Booth Theater, *The Time of Your Life*, is a case in point.

When Saroyan is being phony, he is no small potato in the field. He demonstrates himself to be a carefully calculated screwball, who is busily at work in many departments of our life, creating a legend about himself. He is an exhibitionist, an egocentric, a braggart, a loudmouth, an opportunist. He makes such a loud noise that one inevitably wonders if the barrel isn't just as empty as it sounds. Like one character in his new play, he shouts, in effect, "Nobody knows how to laugh any more," or he cries plaintively, "I don't know what it's all about." Or he yells, like his policeman whose lot is not a happy one, that "Everybody's crazy." He makes a cult of mindlessness; he drips with high class treacle; he turns handsprings on the edges of life, having himself a wonderful time and occasionally amusing the cash customers. It is an edifying sight.

The Time of Your Life is scarcely a play in any accepted sense of the word. The playwright has no talent for living dialogue; he cannot create character or conflict; there is little dramatic impact in the majority of his scenes. When hard-put to keep the ball rolling, he will turn to vaudeville, and give us a fine jazz pianist for a few minutes, or a brilliant soft-shoe artist. Or the assembled cast will break into a heartrending Salvation Army song. It makes for fun.

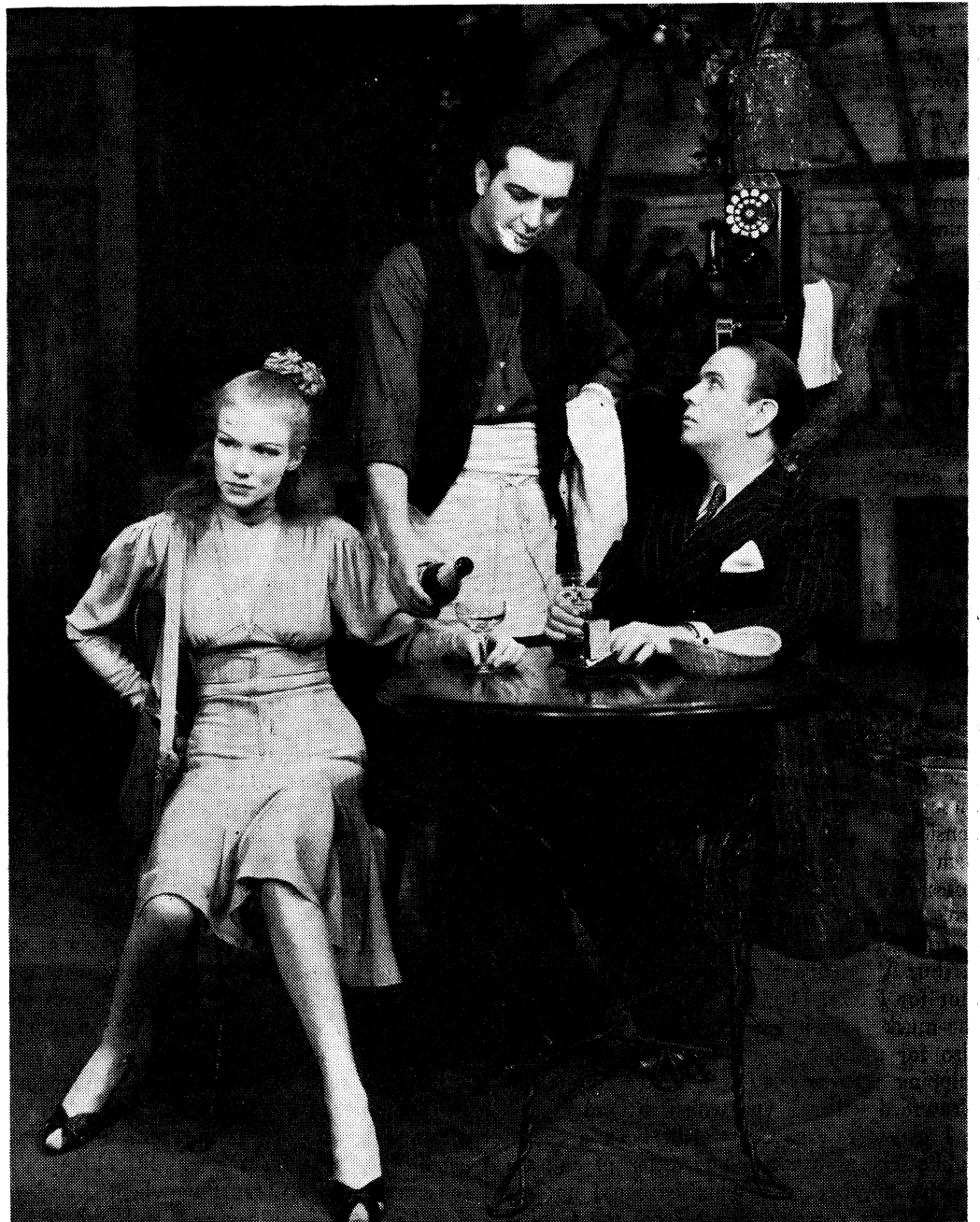
For the boy is alive, make no mistake about it. In a sense, he has extended the boundaries of the theater, and the spectator at *The Time of Your Life* will alternately be amused, touched, and titillated by Saroyan's refusal to remain within the confines of the conventional theater. His play about the denizens of a San Francisco waterfront saloon drags for long moments; then it clicks and moves rapidly for another ten minutes. His characters, if relatively unrelated to life as we know it, still retain sufficient plausibility to bring a smile or a moment of keen recognition. You like them; they can move you in the way they seem to move Saroyan—"I love people!"—they are essentially human, as confused, as "crazy," as sentimental, as mindless as their creator. Occasionally they start talking and philosophizing, and then

you can sit back and close your eyes and ears for a time, and wait until they start to live again; for at such points they represent their creator at his worst. But when they are merely people, when the cop rebels against keeping the peace, "just keeping it" (it doesn't matter for whom), when the genial wealthy drunk sends out for toys because "I remember that once a toy stopped me from crying," when the softhearted bartender feeds the starving colored lad and threatens to beat up the vice squad snooper, when the bedraggled prostitute reveals her deep humanity, you will recognize them and

applaud Saroyan for what he understands of them.

For it would be a sad mistake not to encourage that percentage of the man that has a genuine pathetic impulse, and to concentrate upon the larger portion of him that is meretricious and superficial. Time solves all problems; it might even solve Saroyan's in a way that would make possible a larger contribution than he has so far managed to make. Up to now he has revealed a small but genuine talent; it may grow.

The direction would have been vastly improved if the services of Bobby Lewis (who



JULIE HAYDON, CHARLES DE SHEIM, AND EDDIE DOWLING as the habitués of William Saroyan's barroom drama, "The Time of Your Life," at the Booth.



JULIE HAYDON, CHARLES DE SHEIM, AND EDDIE DOWLING as the habitués of William Saroyan's barroom drama, "The Time of Your Life," at the Booth.

staged *My Heart's in the Highlands*) had been retained. Julie Haydon is charmingly miscast; Eddie Dowling as the amiable drunk, Charles de Sheim as Nick, the barkeep, Grover Burgess as the vice squad snoop, and Len Doyle as an amiable liar, all play with distinction and authority.

THE DISPOSSESSED

Michael Chekhov (nephew of the great Anton) was one of the founders of the first Moscow Art Studio, and a great actor. He left the Soviet Union many years ago (by mutual consent), and for the past few years has been lavishly supported in his efforts to build up a permanent company by an extremely wealthy woman whose daughter plays one of the leads in his current production at the Lyceum. This is an anomalous effort called *The Possessed* and is allegedly based upon the writings of the great Dostoevsky.

There is little of the author of *Crime and Punishment* in this sprawling, confused, badly acted, and truly sinister production. There is more of an attitude of mind that is becoming more prominent these days—reaction. For George Shdanoff has chosen to portray the earliest leaders of the Russian Revolution as heartless, drunk with a desire for personal and destructive power, followed by a group of crackpots. If the playwriting were more intelligent, the "message" would be clearer for those who want to see this sort of thing; as it is, even an audience that was largely claue laughed unashamedly at the absurdity of the acting and the urgency of the "message"—a return to Christ, who will destroy the powers of darkness that threaten to overwhelm the world. But there is a moral in Mr. Chekhov's current efforts and it is not hard to find.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Screen Matters

Anti-war film from France at the Filmarte.

THE Filmarte's new French film, *That They Shall Live*, is a tragic outcry against war, the more tragic because it says nothing about the causes of modern wars. Inspired by *Miracle at Verdun*, the picture is very high-pitched emotionally. There is one searing scene after another—the mud, blood, and thunder of Verdun, a new war slowly on the make, and finally the grand climax of the ten million dead of all countries and seas rising in warning against the new war. Abel Gance's film makes you quail in your seat. The movie was exhibited in France during the months before Munich and its message coincides exactly with the state of blind fear that made the big treachery seem like a prevention of war. Now, of course, the film cannot be shown in France because its pacifist plea is no longer useful to the Daladier-Bonnet fascist gang. Emotionalists are ever useful to cynics, and clever ruling classes can always use a blind revulsion against war to make one.

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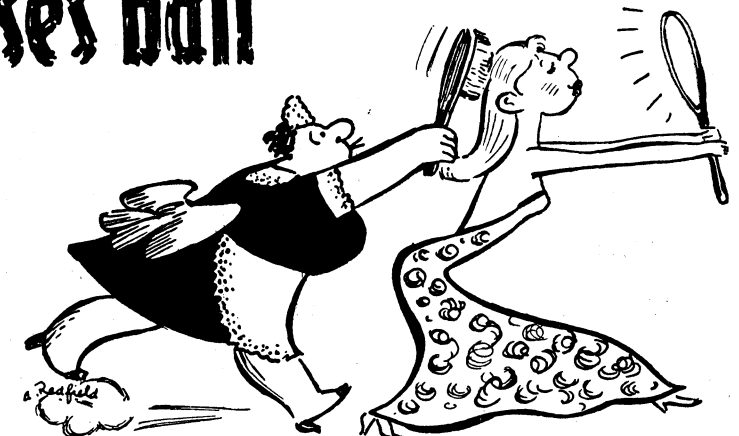
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Man has a deep instinct for self-preservation, the instinct from which *That They May Live* has been able to beckon our wildest emotional responses. When this instinct reaches the point of unreasoning fear, it is ready to be used in whatever way those who own propaganda may wish. Fear of war can be transformed overnight into fear and hatred of an enemy, hence into war itself. It is proof of the intellectual bankruptcy of the bourgeoisie that they seem unable to *think* about war, the art and science they have perfected. Jean Diaz, the disillusioned war veteran in the film, dedicates his life to researches to prevent another war. We are never introduced to what these researches are except a pitiful piece of steel glass armor which will resist machine gun bullets. Jean Diaz, you are as foolish as the rest. There were other veterans of Verdun who learned from Verdun. They rejected Abel Gance's loony statement that "the negligent, the unseeing, the selfish and the grasping" caused these horrors. They learned that imperialism, the high fever of a dying economic order, sent the millions to their death. They learned that these wars as well as these despicable times of "peace" are the habit of capitalism and only socialism can remove these wars from the world. They were henceforward armed with something more impenetrable than Jean Diaz' steel glass armor. Today these survivors of Verdun still fight capitalism's war. Not all your dead rising in their majesty from the ranked crosses of Verdun can stop the war. If these lost millions died for anything it was that we might know why they died.

Abel Gance, the young director, accuses "the war of tomorrow of preparing the complete and absolute destruction of Europe." More words of fear and ignorance. Whether this damnable war continues and whether it stops, a socialist Europe will rise, more splendid than Europe has dreamed. Now the socialist veterans of Verdun fight against the new war as best they can, but Gance's poor outcry is silenced. Jean Diaz at the end of the picture is burned at the stake for calling the dead forth to march. His socialist comrades from Verdun will not die, they will call forth the living to march against the war, toward socialism and the end of imperialist war forever.

A film that took this emotional attitude toward typhoid would be laughed out of the theater. Science has taught us not to fear typhoid but to do away with it. All this film can say is an old cry of doom, which is as useless against imperialist war as it is against epidemic. Gance and his leading actor, Victor Francen, have made an impressive and powerful emotional picture but they have said nothing true about war, have in fact made war seem inevitable.

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GOINGS ON

FRANCIS FRANKLIN, Virginia teacher, lecturer, writer, speaks on THE NEW SOUTH, Friday, November 3rd, 8 P.M. Discussing latest developments in the movement for the ballot and in labor organization. Room 205, Workers School, 35 East 12th Street. Admission 25 cents.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN, member National Committee Communist Party, just returned from tour of the country, will speak Saturday, November 4, at 2:30 P.M., on the subject AMERICAN LABOR TRAVELOGUE, 1939. Auspices Workers School, 35 East 12 Street, 2nd floor. Admission 25 cents.

MUSICALE—PHILEMONA STRING QUARTET—followed by Cocktail Party. Home of Natalie Mann, 600 West End Ave. (near 89th St.), Apt. 6B. Committee to Aid Tenant Organization. Sun., Nov. 5, 8 P.M. Adm. 75c.

ALFRED GOLDSTEIN, popular political analyst, discusses the week's news, Sunday, November 5, 8:30 P.M. Auspices Workers School, 35 East 12 Street, second floor. Admission 20 cents.

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The truck sets off in the night for Le Havre, the soldier sitting glumly beside the driver. The truck gathers speed. A dog darts across the road, the soldier twists the wheel, and the truck caroms off the highway to a stop. The driver explodes in wrath. The two men get out to fight. But reason prevails and the driver gives the soldier some cigarettes and points to the town. The soldier walks off in the fog.

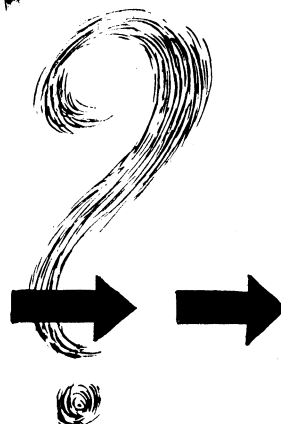
That is the cryptic beginning of an unusual and moving French film called *Port of Shadows*, which has opened at the Central. Jean Gabin plays the soldier who is running away to the seaport from an accidental homicide. In Le Havre he meets a bum, a dog, a girl, a melancholy artist, a philosophical gin-mill proprietor, a trio of vicious young bucks, the ugly stepfather of the girl, and a cheerful ship's doctor. Before he is through he has won the girl and the dog, and the clothes and passport of the melancholy artist, he has murdered the stepfather and met his own death on the wet cobblestones. The plot is as melodramatic as a James M. Cain thriller, but the director, Marcel Carne, makes the film tantalize by somber understatement and psychological suspense worthy of Hitchcock. The photography is superb. Most of the film was made in Le Havre and the seaport milieu saturates the picture—fog and rain, the ships honking in the harbor mists, cargo booms creaking, and water slapping at the quay. The atmosphere is as real as a rainy day.

All of the characters are caught in circumstances they cannot control. Gabin and the girl, Michele Morgan, are the traditional French lower class lovers, like Albert and Pola in *Sous les Toits de Paris*—half afraid of happiness because they know it is not for them. Resignation to fate has a peculiar charm for French moviemakers; you may struggle against destiny as does Jean Diaz in *That They Shall Live*, and the soldier in *Port of Shadows*, but destiny is destiny and you are doomed. The fact of human will and brotherhood is denied; the soldier hopes for nothing from his fellow men except the accidental Samaritan you encounter every once in a while. In the last year this bittersweet pessimism has fastened upon the French film like the fog of Le Havre which lifts only for the momentary morning. Perhaps *Grand Illusion* was the last of the French films of the pre-war era, of the optimism of the Popular Front period, and the movie began to register the despairing mood of war from Munich on. However decadent this theme of resignation may be, *Port of Shadows* is an eminent film for its gravely beautiful camera, direction, and acting. Michel Simon as the stepfather, Le Vigan as the artist, and Pierre Brasseur as one of the phonies, contribute splendid support to Gabin and Mlle. Morgan. Carne's direction has already been noted by a half-dozen prize awards for the film, including Mussolini's First Prize at the Venice International Film Exposition. Mussolini must like pessimism in the French.

JAMES DUGAN.



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JOHN L. SPIVAK
America's Ace Reporter



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