

humblest student of Marx could foretell the outcome of that fabulous adventure. The Daily Worker and THE NEW MASSES not only predicted the collapse of the plan, but indicated the mile posts where the collapse would come. There was no mystery about it. The fact that the N.R.A. appealed to the Liberals was even more symptomatic and in a sense even more flattering to the intelligence of the Marxist. It was possible to sit back and smile at the antics of the Soules and Lippmanns and Keynes and New Republics and Nations. They talked again of socialism through evolution when even a child could see that if anything came out of the New Deal it would be Fascism. More than that, they talked of recovery through the New Deal policies when it was apparent that the only recovery would be the recovery of corporation profits at the expense of the employed worker and without fundamental relief for the unemployed. These are not things which the Communists are saying after the event, but things which they predicted in almost minute detail prior to the undertaking.

It is for this reason that I have ideas about revolutionary journalism. I may be wrong in my feeling, but I can never think of our bourgeois literary opponents, for example, in any but a pitying way. They struggle so hard, they have so little to work on, they back and fill, and charge and retreat, and it is all so hopeless from their point of view. They no longer have a philosophy to sustain them. They can't believe in democracy and capitalism any more than they can believe in tea-leaf readings. When J. Donald Adams begins to scream about Russia in the New York Times, it seems to me an excellent thing. He ceases to fool even his staunch conservative readers with his pretenses of impartiality. In a paroxysm of hatred he makes the point which we have never been able to make ourselves: that the Times book reviews are consciously partisan and vicious when they concern the Soviet Union or Communism.

As for Putzy Hanfstaengl, I know what he was over here for, I know that he represents the murderous gangsterdom of German nationalism and I could bear up manfully if something happened to him upon his return, but he is in essence a pathetic figure, running about with his tin busts hoping to gain friends for a system which cracked with a hideous noise at the very moment he was taking part in another burlesque spectacle, the Astor-French nuptials. Is there anything to envy in these Hanfstaengls and Astors? Far from being envious of them, we can afford to laugh at them. They are so infinitely puny and worthless it is almost an act of cruelty to attack them.

If we must have symbols, I don't want to see a picture of J. Pierpont Morgan sitting as a huge figure on his money bags while the masses struggle against him from below. I want to see a huge, strong, youthful figure of labor looming over a cringing little Morgan on his bags of gold. This is putting it crudely, but the second version happens to be the truth and the first ones does not.

It is going to be a fight to the death, but we have nothing to worry about; we're going to win. The others are the ones on the defensive and I want to keep them there from this time on. We happen to have reason and common sense on our side. We also have brains and courage. The thought that Communism should be snobbish is perhaps carrying the idea too far, but it is more fitting than that we should feel inferior to our enemies. Mike Gold wants the dancers to show the joy and hope of revolution. That is also what I want and I want it carried over into all our cultural activities. Capitalism is dead and you won't find even among its most highly paid prostitutes any who will defend it as a philosophic idea. The most they will say is that there is nothing better to take its place. But there is something better in Soviet Russia and there will be something a great deal better in the Soviet World. It is the job of revolutionary writers and artists not only to capitalize on that fact, but to readjust the cultural values so that Communism will assume its proper place in the scale of events, which is to say, first with all others following.

The Thin Man (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a fairly good Hollywood melodrama, with a wire-haired terrier doing the most important acting.

Historical Hash

LAST year Fox Films glorified British imperialism by making a film version of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*. The Nationalist film critics of London raved because it took an American to make the first important British film. The Americans raved because it brought English "dignity" and Art to the local screen. It was a hit; voted the best film of the year. Fox films then commissioned Reginald Berkely, who adapted *Cavalcade*, to do for America what Coward had done for England. But Berkely isn't Noel Coward, and we have *The World Moves On*: an Aryanized *House of Rothschild*; a hopelessly confused and confusing movie, preaching lies and the usual perverted "pacifistic" sermons about imperialistic war; a film that is terribly written, badly directed, slovenly edited, and outrageously lit and photographed. In one sequence the director outdid himself. The battle scenes are graphically portrayed and intelligently directed. But John Ford, director of *The World Moves On*, didn't do them. They are lifted right out of the Pathe-Natan (French) film, *Crosses of Wood*, which Fox purchased sometime ago.

Berkely gathered together *Cavalcade*,

Berkely Square, Power and the Glory, Four Sons, and "married" them. Thus the new film is a potpourri of human and American history: Love, Hate, Religion, War, Peace, Industrialization, High Finance, Depression, Rearmament, and Brotherly Love.

The story follows the general line laid down by *Cavalcade*: it traces the history of an Anglo-American family from 1825 to the present time. By the outbreak of the World War the Girard-Washburtons have spread their cotton business through America, England, France, and Germany. In order to stress the "futility" of war a German cousin sinks the liner which carries his American and British uncles. They are immediately avenged by the British navy. Later on Mary Warburton (English) refuses to manufacture munitions in her textile factory. Her cousin Richard Girard (American) refuses to marry her. But in the nick of time the British confiscate the factory and make their own gunpowder. Later Mary and Richard become wealthy and they are happy. (*Power and the Glory*.) With the crash they Lose All. There follows the last meeting of the members of the Family. The meeting decides that the war was useless, but that only another war will bring back prosperity. Mary delivers a passionate plea (as a future mother) for brotherly love. This is broken into by a newsreel compilation purporting to show how all the world: (Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, France, United States and Britain) is re-arming for another war. Finally Richard and Mary go back to their "simple" family home in New Orleans to start all over again. The film ends with a close up of the Cross (as it began) and a prayer on Mary's lips.

IRVING LERNER.

Between Ourselves

F. R. LESCHANI, whose engraving, "U. S. S. R." appears on page 7, is one of several hundred members of the Austrian Socialist Schutzbund who went in two contingents to the Soviet Union, after the civil war in Austria last February, to work and help build Socialism. This engraving, symbolizing the union of peoples in the Socialist Republic, and the growth of industry, agriculture, science and the arts, was made in celebration of the eleventh anniversary of the constitution of the U. S. S. R., July 6.

The cover design this week is by Mackey. Albert Maltz, co-author with George Sklar of *Peace on Earth*, has been traveling through the drought area as part of an extensive trip of investigation of conditions generally.

Joshua Kunitz's next article will deal with the formation of the R. A. P. P. (Russian Association of Proletarian Writers).

Joseph Kalar, of the middle-western group of revolutionary writers, was one of the four poets represented in *We Gather Strength*.

Tom Johnson writes from long experience as an organizer in the South.

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