

dissimilar from that of many a modern mid-western sheriff who has attempted to carry out a court order to eject a farmer from his home. There awaiting Sheriff Ten Eyck were the neighbors of Farmer Breakenridge, well armed and well determined that no eviction should take place. The sheriff, being a man of discretion, retired and the posse, says a character, "dispersed with commendable speed to their own homes."

This was but the beginning, but it taught these backwoods farmer folk the value of mass action, which lesson stood them in good stead in years to come. In 1774 the townspeople of Dummerston broke into the jail and released one of their comrades who had been placed under arrest for "rioting." Later at Westminster they "packed the courtroom" and prevented the judges from trying the "rioters." This incident ended with the people seizing the courthouse and trying the "judges" and other officials whom they proceeded to find guilty of "inciting the people

to riot" by their unjust rulings. During the seizure of the courthouse, one of the "comrades," William French by name, was killed by the officials. One verse of a popular ballad lamenting his death ran:

But Vengeance let us Wreak, my Boys,
For matron, maid and spinster,
Whose joys are fled, whose Homes are Sad
For the youth of Red Westminster.

Even in those days there were "Reds" in the land. So "Red" were they that Gen. John Burgoyne in a letter written in 1777 characterized these farmers of the New Hampshire Grants as "the most active and rebellious race on the continent." The Daughters of the American Revolution should read history. That the modern inhabitants of this region have learned rightly the lesson taught them by their forebears—"that only organized and concerted action could save their homes"—is attested by the recent formation of a "Homes Defense Council" in Rutland.

H. B. WOLCOTT.

Nazi Economics

FASCISM—MAKE OR BREAK? *German Experience Since the "June Days,"* by R. Braun. Translated by Michael Davidson. International Publishers. \$1.

THIS valuable little book is perhaps the best brief treatment in English of the economics of National Socialism. These richly informative pages do not contain the "record of Hitlerism since the June Purge" of 1934, as indicated on the jacket. There is no systematic presentation of events, nor any treatment of intra-party politics. But there is something more useful and illuminating: a careful analysis of the effects of fascism on German industry and agriculture and on social classes in the Third Reich. The argument is lucidly presented and is at most points amply supported by quotations and statistics from official sources.

The thesis is a familiar one, though it has seldom been put so convincingly. "In monopoly capitalism there is no longer any economic basis for bourgeois democracy." The fascist state is ruled despotically by finance-capital, i. e. the big banks and heavy industry. "Under fascism finance-capital transfers the imperialist methods of spoliation and expropriation of colonial peoples to its own people at home." The result is the enrichment of the plutocracy and aristocracy through the proletarianization of the middle class and the pauperization of the proletariat and small peasantry. But the economic strangulation of monopolistic capitalism can ultimately be averted only by war. Only in war can fascism actually achieve "national socialism," "planned economy" and the "corporative state," and this only for purposes of destruction and conquest. Braun shows clearly how Hitler finances rearmament and how he can finance the war to come.

The weaknesses of the book are a result

of overemphasizing economic factors to the neglect of political and psychological factors. Even in the economic sphere the author fails to recognize a vitally important fact, i. e. that fascist economic planning via fostering monopoly and suppressing free competition can only be partial and never complete in a capitalistic society. The result is that the favored private monopolies—heavy industry, high finance, grain-culture, etc.—are enabled to profit only by exploiting and impoverishing other segments of the national economy. The author also tends to minimize the importance of the Junkers in the Nazi State and to identify them too closely with finance capital. They are feudal aristocrats, animated by imperialistic land-hunger and military careerism and willing to ally themselves with finance capital for purposes of their own. The mass

of the peasantry, moreover, has probably gained more from Nazi agrarian policy than the book implies. And, most important, Braun neglects what Ottwalt, Heiden, Mowrer, Schuman and other commentators have properly emphasized: the tendency of the impoverished middle class to suffer collective insanity in consequence of its deprivations rather than to adopt a proletarian outlook and to seek salvation in rational revolt in cooperation with the workers. Psychopathology is as important to an understanding of fascism as is economics. But at least Braun has analyzed fascism's economic dilemma in a masterly fashion.

ARNOLD W. BARTELL.

Brief Review

A PANORAMA OF GERMAN LITERATURE 1871-1931, by Félix Bertaux. Translated with bibliographies by John J. Trounstein. (Whittlesey House. \$2.75.) Bertaux's panorama of modern German literature is a well-written and stimulating book. But it is sadly dated. The American edition is brought up to 1931, yet there is little understanding of the class issues that were then splitting German literature, as well as German politics, into two camps. Bertaux falls into the traditionally liberal marsh of talking about "the German spirit" and holds that it is moving toward a "dispassionate order"—in 1931! Left-wing authors are treated for the most part parenthetically, and men such as Friedrich Wolf, Oskar Maria Graf and Hans Marchwitza are missing altogether. Despite occasional insights into the connection between modern German literature and German monopoly capitalism, the book fails to carry through to the specific social bases. Franz Mehring's *Literaturgeschichte* and Alfred Kleinberg's *Deutsche Dichtung* still remain the most illuminating works on the period from the Marxist standpoint.

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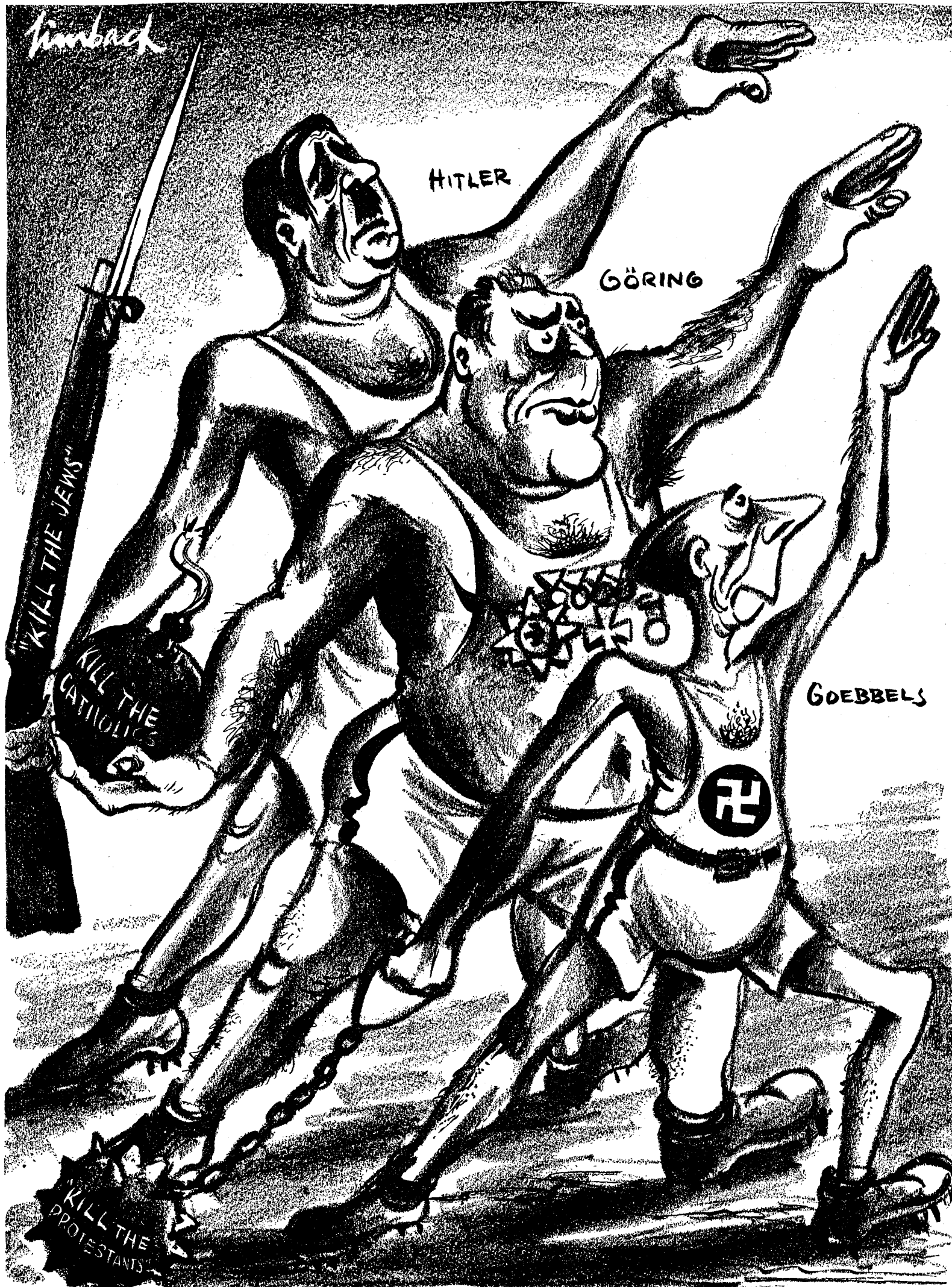
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WATCH FOR OPENING DATES



THE BERLIN OLYMPICS

Russell T. Limbach

First Lesson

BRUCE MINTON

HE STOOD on the curb between Max and Brewer. Strikers jammed the four corners of the sidewalk at the intersection. A sullen silence hung over them, the silence of men for the moment powerless to act. Brewer's pinched, lined face was blank. A hand-rolled cigarette drooped from the corner of his mouth: it had gone out but the lips pulled at it regularly.

David waited next to him. On his other side, Max hummed the same few notes over and over—he still had a piece of adhesive tape above one eye. David squinted up Steuart Street toward the docks. Two windows on either side of the huge steel doors looked like gleaming eyes as they caught the early afternoon sun.

"Why do we wait here?" he asked in a subdued voice. "Why here, when the scabs are working farther down the 'front?'"

Brewer leaned forward, spat thickly in the gutter without removing the cigarette stub from his mouth. "You keep out of trouble. The trucks 'll come this way."

David bit his lips. They still treated him like a baby brother—after he had been working with them for over six months. He could keep up with the best of the gang on the job. But they treated him like a youngster, even now, even after seven weeks on the picket line.

They waited in the hot sun. And suddenly, far to their left, from the Embarcadero that ran along the docks, they heard a shot, then several. They looked down the street. About twenty men rushed toward them, shouting, "Tear gas!", running up to where they stood.

A ragged Negro stopped in front of David. His blue sweater had a hole in it over the shoulder. "They're clearin' th' Embarcadero," he panted. "Guess they'll be up here soon."

No one answered him. The newcomers took their places with the crowd on the four corners of the street. And again the silence settled over them, that heavy, resentful quiet so charged with anticipation.

David jumped when Max clutched his arm. "Look!" He pointed to the intersection, at a Ford touring car. David had not seen it drive up. A tall man got out; he carried a riot gun cradled in his left arm. Slowly he turned, surveying the crowd, his black felt hat pulled low over his eyes. No one stirred, no one talked. The man scanned the crowd, turning with extreme deliberateness, as if counting the men on the sidewalk. His shell-rimmed glasses caught the sun, reflected it for a moment as the windows did in the dock at the end of the street.

It was as if the crowd had stopped breathing. The silence stifled David. And then the man raised the gun, with the same deliberate

slowness that he had used in surveying the pickets. He sighted along it and still no one moved. Even when the terrific roar of the gun shattered the silence no one stirred. The shot had gone directly into a group of pickets on the far corner. One fellow in overalls gripped his arm and gave a long thin wail, unexpectedly shrill.

That broke the spell. They stampeded up the street, away from the gun. David ran too, and then tripped as someone behind stepped on his heel. Max caught his arm, gave him a shove forward. "Get going," he hissed.

Some of the men picked up rocks from the vacant lot next to the Waterfront Mission. They showered them at the man with the gun. He shot back as fast as he could pump shells into the gun. Two more men leaped out of the car, began to shoot in all directions. David heard a bullet whiz past him. Ahead a man spun around and fell.

The guns roared behind him. Another man threw up his hands, clutching the air wildly for support. He lurched forward on his face. His body twitched spasmodically and he gave a long piercing groan. "Oh-o-o-o-oh!" Then he lay still.

David swerved not to step on the man. Ahead a gas bomb plopped on the street, rolled a few feet and exploded with a sharp report—like a giant firecracker on the Fourth of July. Then more, many of them, all round him, giving out a dense white smoke. He tried to hold his breath. He began to cough and his eyes felt as if needles were stabbing into them. He kept running, he didn't know

how. It was impossible to see through the burning tears. Behind him he heard the shots, each time sure he would feel the hot, piercing blow of a bullet in his back. He strained harder. His eyes burned in their sockets, throbbing. . . .

He rounded a corner. The shots still sounded in the distance. He leaned against a wooden fence, panting, dabbing at his eyes with his coat sleeve. Max was next to him.

"Where's—Brewer?"

Max had a fit of coughing. "He went round—circling back. He'll kill those bastards—if he ever gets hold of one—"

David leaned back, wheezing. His eyes felt like blisters. "They shot a man," he sobbed. "They shot a man."

"I saw two fall myself," Max corrected him in a matter-of-fact tone. "They won't stop at nothing."

"They shot a man," David moaned. His whole body shook. He was going to be sick. He swallowed with a great effort, then leaned over and vomited, retching violently. Max kept him from falling. "You got too much of that gas. You better get home."

"What—what are you going to do?"

"I'm going back."

"I'll go with you."

"No—get home. If you breathe more of that gas, you'll know it."

David gripped the fence. The trembling again seized his thin, lanky body. The world swam in front of his eyes. "God!" he muttered.

"Here—keep heading up the street till you

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