

story from Thompson, Conn., revealing, among other things:

That Vonsiatsky was conducting an energetic anti-Soviet campaign in the United States, accompanied by numerous clandestine conferences with White Russian elements in Berlin, Tokio, Kobe, Yokohama and Harbin in Manchuria. As a result, Vonsiatsky was reported to have been made the "Fuehrer" of the movement.

That Vonsiatsky, while on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the swastika, conferred with Alfred Rosenberg, who saw to it that the "Count" was given all assistance, even to the point of being permitted to hold a special demonstration.

That "General Staff" headquarters are established on the Vonsiatsky estate, including three former Czarist officers and numerous servants, all under semi-military discipline. Five automobiles are maintained, thus ensuring prompt delivery of The Fascist from the New York City shop, where it was then printed to the mailing address at Putnam, Conn.—from which place it continues to be issued.

That, in addition to continuous correspondence with sections of the movement throughout Europe and the Far East, close contact is maintained with the former Russian Grand Duke Cyril—who, from his French retreat, persistently lays claim to the Imperial throne of Russia.

That Vonsiatsky also shares much of the expense for the publication of a weekly journal, Rossiya, at that time printed, like The Fascist, at 480 Canal Street, New York. The editor of Rossiya is N. P. Rybakoff, who has openly admitted the aid lent to the Russian Whites by his master—whom he believes to be a "saint."

That, when "Putzy" Hanfstaengl found West Point not sufficiently hospitable to him, he was richly consoled by a tea given in his honor by the Prince and Princess Simon Eristoff, at their country home on the Hudson.

And so on and so forth. Today, according to a later news despatch, "V-V'sky" is acknowledged leader of 20,000 White Russians, all of whom are unremitting in their efforts to undermine and discredit the Soviet Union from every vantage point they can obtain—from Harbin to Paraguay and from Yokohama to Paris, Berlin, London and New York. The most recent political canard of this battalion of hate is that King Alexander of Yugoslavia was killed by assassins in the pay of the Soviets, in order to ensure the ratification of the proposed Franco-Soviet treaties.

A recent interview with Vonsiatsky, arranged by C. P. Howe, of the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram, was discussed by Harry Gannes in The Daily Worker. From this we learn that the "Count's" consuming hatred of the Soviet Union was appropriately nourished by service as an officer in Baron von Wrangel's White Guard army, the savagery of which during the Civil Wars, nauseated even the English forces. Surrounded by machine-guns, rifles, hand grenades, in his specially-built arsenal, Vonsiatsky appeared to see no contra-

diction whatever in his joy over the killing of Kirov, his passionate hope for the intervention of foreign enemies to speed the destruction of the Soviet Union—and his consistently approving remarks about Leon Trotsky. As to his actual plans for the future, Vonsiatsky maintained a discreet silence, but the nature of these plans is clear enough from the following statements. They are quoted verbatim from The Fascist (which recently published an obituary notice mourning the death of "Lance-corporal Nikolai Mikoleivitch Mosyagin"—executed by the Soviet government as one of the counter-revolutionary plotters):

"Arrange the assassination of military instructors, military correspondents, political commanders, as well as the most stalwart Communists. . . . Assassinate, first of all, the Party secretaries, the true dogs of the power of the Commissars."

"Cause confusion. Not only do not carry out, but sabotage all orders of the red authorities. . . . Hamper communication of the red power. Hack down telegraph poles, smash the porcelain insulators, cut wire, interrupt and destroy all telephone communication."

"Remember firmly, people: Do not allow any export of the people's goods. Seize whatever you can and distribute it. Whatever you cannot seize, destroy. If this is impossible, then damage in every way the goods which are being exported. For each commodity adopt that method of damage which is best suited to it. Into the food products add all sorts of rubbish and garbage. Put in dead rats, throw in lice, cockroaches and bedbugs. Let the foreigner taste our Soviet [!] spice. Make the firm decision: We have been wrecking, we still wreck, and in the future we shall continue wrecking."

That is clear enough, and suggests, as a proper coat of arms for fascism, White Guard, Brown or Black Shirt and other: a gibbet carrying the mangled body of Civilization, surmounted by a vulture, with two jackals (Terror and War) rampant at the foot, and within a blood-stained scroll above the terse legend, "On Guard!"

Turn now to some of the activities of the Russian reactionaries abroad:

In Henri Barbusse's revolutionary journal Monde, Boris Levovitch wrote an article on "The Third Russia" from which I have space to extract only a few of the highlights. The increasing discontent and bitterness of the émigrés has found expression in the development of various reactionary groups whose programs range all the way from the monarchist aims of "The Union of Young Russians" to one or another variant of Hitlerism in the "Russian Fascist Party," the "Russian National-Socialist Movement" and the many-sided, evasive organization known as the "Rond."

In the program of the first-named group ("Union of Young Russians") occurs a statement, published in the official Annals, calling for "Soviets freely elected, which must ensure a constant bond between the supreme power and the people." The similarity between this

pseudo-democratic aim and the crafty slogan of the Menshevik-inspired Kronstadt rebellion, "Soviet without Communism" is very striking. As for the "economic program" of this group—which has a reputation for strength and discipline not to be underestimated—Mr. Levovitch shows its resemblance with "the economic principles espoused by Major Douglas in England"—and the Utopians in the United States. Further proof of the basically capitalist (and fascist) motivation of this, and its fellow-organizations everywhere, is the statement, published in the official organ "The Russian Star": "The justification for property resides in instinct."

This group, the Young Russians, enjoys the closest contact with the National Socialist leaders of Germany, as also with the fascist organizations in France, Japan and Czechoslovakia. Duplicates of the "Leningrad Center" (under the name "yatcheika"—cells) are functioning wherever groups of White Russian émigrés are to be found, and there is a very active supporting press. Thus, in addition to Young Russia (principal theoretical organ) and The Russian Star, both issued in Paris, we have: The New Word, from Sofia; The New Road, from Shanghai; The Russian Journal, from Sao Paulo, Brazil; while from Prague come two sheets, one addressed to Cossacks, the Assault Signal ("Cloche d'Assaut"), and the other, Russian People, for general propaganda.

It is known that the Russian Fascist Party conducts (in alliance with Vonsiatsky) extensive and strenuous propaganda in Manchuria and the Far East—with especial attention to the incitement of hatred of Soviet Russia among the Japanese.

A recent issue of The Manchurian Month reported an address given at the Dairen Russian Club by C. V. Rodsaevsky, general secretary of the Russian Fascist Party. The closest alliance with Japan was urged, and systematic anti-Soviet propaganda is being carried on from Harbin, world-center for the All-Russia Fascist Party—of which Vonsiatsky is the American representative.

With the "Rond" are associated such reactionaries and German Baltic adventurers as Pelchau (Svitosaroff), Sandmann (Muratoff), Mlle. Runge, Meller-Zakomelsky, and the former Senator Belgard: all united in at least one point, hatred of the Soviet Union and Communism. At Belgrade is the "National League of the New Generation," which publishes the paper Za Rossia (for Russia) in a recent issue of which occurred the statement, "We must do away with Kirov in Leningrad"; in Czechoslovakia Hitler's agent Konrad Henlein conducts fascist agitation which attracts White Russians as dung attracts flies; and in far-off South America—notably in Brazil and Paraguay—the White Guards are unceasingly at work, directing armies in peace or at war, holding "secret" conclaves, collecting funds, adherents, arms, publishing journals, leaflets, programs—destructive among themselves, infecting all they touch with the necrosis which will eventually destroy them and their world.

A Man and a Woman

(Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, Killed Jan. 15, 1919)

ERNST TOLLER

FULL CHOIR:

When the swinging hammers rest
And the sweeping scythes,
When the evening falls
On the ripening fields
And the flags, the red assailing flags
Float in a quiet wind
In the stony canyons of the city streets,
Then we think of them
The fighters of the Revolution fallen unknown.

CHRONICLER:

In the years
Nineteen hundred and fourteen to nineteen
hundred and eighteen
Trampled the fields of Europe—
War.
Where once the peasant
Drove the ploughshare
Where once his hand
Strewed seed for corn
The Generals sowed
Bombs
Grenades
Hate.
And the harvest ripened
And the harvest was gathered in
And the barns were filled
With ten million
Cripples
Towns laid waste
Shattered villages
Hunger
Misery
Despair
Death.

CHRONICLER:

Then there arose
A man
Alone

CHOIR:

Karl Liebknecht!

CHRONICLER:

And with a clear voice
Audible to all
He cried

FULL CHOIR:

War on the war!

CHRONICLER:

First was a silence
More terrible
Than drums at the front.

And all men

Lay waiting

Then

Came no answer.

The voice was still.

And the tyrants' bullies

Buried the voice

In the stone grave

Of prison.

CHOIR OF WOMEN:

One man's voice

Drives

Like the falling leaf

In the storm of September.

It cries and is lost.

CHOIR OF MEN:

One man's voice

Is mightier

Than Heaven's thunder

And the Earth's.

Time's rust

Shall not corrode it

Nor the dissolution

Of Death.

A thousand years

Shall re-echo it.

FULL CHOIR:

For the voice of truth

Is invincible.

CHOIR OF MEN:

And the voice

Woke

The sleepers of Germany.

CHRONICLER:

In the grey streets
Of the city Berlin
There fought
From Wedding to Friedrichshaven
Neukölln to Lichtenberg
Old hardened men
And youths, boys almost
Fought there.

FULL CHOIR:

For a Germany

Of working hands

For a Germany

Of justice.

CHRONICLER:

Ever

Stood with them

A man.

CHOIR OF MEN:

Karl Liebknecht.

CHRONICLER:

He shared

The burden of time

The bread of poverty

The salt of persecution

And their faith.

CHOIR (alternately):

Kill him!

Shrieked

The profiteers, the traitors of the people

Kill him!

Cracked the whips

Of the robbers of the poor

Kill him!

Ordered the generals

If he is dead

The Revolution is dead

And we shall live

Again.

CHRONICLER:

Upon his head they set
A price. Who shall catch him
Shall have his reward
Of money, orders and honor.
The same shall be paid
To whoever brings
The woman whose word
Brings life to the people
In battle.

CHOIR OF WOMEN:

Rosa Luxemburg.

CHOIR:

Who catches Karl Liebknecht?
Who catches Rosa Luxemburg?
A hundred thousand marks
In ready cash
In ready cash
Are his.

CHOIR (alternately):

D'you know, man, what's the good of cash?
Money is bread and good meat hash
Money is warmth and ease inside
Money is sleep whatever betide
Money is time and time is yours
Money is might and bursts all doors
Money is luck, money makes cash
Now's the time, now—or smash!

CHRONICLER:

And one

Of all the millions, one
Betrayed
The leader
Of the struggling people
Of Berlin.

VOICE:

I will tell you
Where they sleep
At night
Hidden like criminals.

CHRONICLER:

And led the soldiers
To the house wherein
Liebknecht and Luxemburg
Slept the uneasy sleep
Of the hunted.

CHOIR OF WOMEN:

For the hunted
Has no rest
Day is his foe
Night shields him not
Only the breath of friends
Lamenting, defenceless guai

MEN:

Are you Karl Liebknecht?

VOICE:

I am Karl Liebknecht.

MEN:

Are you Rosa Luxemburg?

VOICE:

I am Rosa Luxemburg.

CHOIR:

I say to you, whoever strike
These ones dead, does good
And the mighty
Will reward it
The judges will not
Sentence him
The world
Will hold out its arms to him
And the people
Will praise him
The Saviour.

CHRONICLER:

They insulted the prisoners
And asked, mocking:

CHOIR (alternately):

Where now are your comrades?
Where is your Heaven on Earth.

CHRONICLER:

And spat in their faces
And struck with clubs
The defenceless
And secretly they killed
Rosa Luxemburg

And threw her tortured body
In the Landwehr Canal.
And in the darkness of the quiet Zoo
They murdered
Karl Liebknecht.

CHOIR:

The generals shouted
Bravo!
The traitors of the people yelled
Bravo!
Through the night
From the Eden Hotel
Throbbled the wires
Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

CHRONICLER:

The murderers
Brought his body
To the mortuary.

MEN:

Here we bring a strange
Unknown man.

CHRONICLER:

But the people of Berlin
Demanded:

FULL CHOIR:

Where are our leaders?

CHRONICLER:

Then the murderers lied.

MEN:

We had captured them
It was our intent to lead them
In good custody to safe keeping
But they tried to flee
And we were obliged
As they fled
As they fled
To shoot them.

CHRONICLER:

The people of Berlin
Answered:

FULL CHOIR:

You lie!
You lie!
Our leaders
You have
Murdered.

SOLO VOICE:

The people of Berlin
Lamented
For the dead.

CHOIR:

Lower the flags
The flags of battle
Flags of freedom
Lower them to the Earth
To the lap of our Mother.

SOLO VOICE:

From the dying hand
Of one man falls
The blessed flag,
Thousands are waiting
Ready
And the flag of the dead
Flies again high.

FULL CHOIR:

Nations hear the signal:
Fights in the van
The International
For the just rights of man.

VOICE (speaks):

We commemorate the dead revolutionaries
in Europe, America and Asia, in Africa and
Australia, in all the five Continents of the
World where the flag of the Revolution
shines as an eternal hope for the oppressed
and humble, we commemorate the dead
pioneers of Soviet Russia, we commemorate
Lenin, we commemorate Sacco and Van-
zetti who died for us, we commemorate
Eugene Leviné, Gustav Landauer, Mat-
teotti and Erich Muehsam, we commemorate
the innumerable sailors, soldiers, peasants,
workers, writers, engineers, all the Name-
less ones tortured, racked, hanged, shot and
struck down on the battlefields of the
Revolution.

CHOIR OF WOMEN:

When the swinging hammers rest
And the sweeping scythes
When the evening falls
On the ripening fields
And the flags, the red assailing flags
Float in a quiet wind
In the stony canyons of the city streets
Then we think of them
The fighters of the Revolution fallen un-
known.

FULL CHOIR:

For he honors the dead
Who serves the living.

SOLO VOICE:

Many yet will fall
In the crash of the times.

SOLO VOICE:

You perhaps!

SOLO VOICE:

Or you!

SOLO VOICE:

Or you!

CHOIR:

Or you!

FULL CHOIR:

But the world shall be ours!
The flag of the dead
Flies again high.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

A New Direction for Criticism

IN a recent issue of *THE NEW MASSES* (Dec. 4) James T. Farrell reminds us that "the study of an author's style, his selection of imagery and the symbols he uses . . . could bring forth considerable illumination" in the criticism of contemporary writing. A number of Marxist critics have been aware of this method of approach although none of them has as yet applied it—to the considerable impoverishment of our criticism. During the past year, in fact, there has been a narrowing tendency in book reviews, critical studies and literary articles purporting to embody the Marxist point of view. We have been so much concerned with *what* the author is saying that we have neglected the concomitant question: how does he say it? In a basic sense discussion of subject-matter always throws some light on form, since form and content do not exist apart and are separable only for purposes of analysis. But certain formal problems have such fundamental implications that their investigation would help considerably toward clearing up important questions of subject-matter as well.

This may be true of many writers, as Farrell has said, particularly those who are products of urban life. But there is every reason to believe that with far more writers no such dichotomy exists. It is unnecessary to list all of the revolutionary writers born and brought up in non-urban surroundings for whom nature as an impressive background of experience furnishes a wide, perhaps chief, field of reference. One thinks immediately of Josephine Herbst's new novel, and of such an image as the following which is typical of her book and generally typical of imagery used by a half-dozen other writers who have contributed work more or less within the field of revolutionary literature:

Aunty had parceled out four hundred dollars apiece to her nieces Anne Wendel and Hortense Ripley, but look what happened. Sunk in Pap's business and *drained off like so much rain on rocky soil.*

Random examination of several other novels provides similar examples (our italics). In *The Shadow Before*, Rollins writing of a jail:

his eyes slowly swept the twilight forest of rusty bars (p. 173).

In Halper's *The Foundry*:

his great body, rising above his short legs, was like a huge bowlder standing ready to block the way to somewhere (p. 361).

Numerous nature images appear through Gold's *Jews Without Money*, Fielding Burke's *Call Home the Heart*; less frequently

in Newhouse's *You Can't Sleep Here*, although the following is not untypical:

Her teeth were tiny and bad, but she was pretty, *like a dark sparrow* (p. 134).

Although the critical approach which Farrell emphasizes has been generally neglected by Marxists, others have been employing it steadily for some time; and with as much success as their non-Marxist limitations have allowed. For the last decade Professor Frederick Prescott of Cornell University has been subjecting classical English and American poetry and prose to this type of investigation, although to date he has published no results.¹ His specific findings, however, would have small value for Marxist criticism since Prescott's conclusions issue from his basic thesis: that poetry and religious mysticism (and for that matter, scientific mysticism) are essentially the same type of thinking; that they differ only as methods of approach to "Eternal" or "Higher" truth—a belief which has been echoed in the theses of the cleric Henri Brémond (*La Poésie Pure*) and the scientist Bertrand Russell (*Mysticism and Logic*). On the other hand, his investigations of the creative processes and problems of literature bring up a mass of facts extremely useful to the Marxist in his approach to literature via imagery. A critic equipped with Prescott's facts and a knowledge of Marxism could do much to untangle problems of form which our criticism has thus far failed to solve.

There are, of course, not only difficulties in applying the image-method of criticism but dangers as well; and these are probably unavoidable in a method which is essentially a new departure in criticism. For example, Farrell in one part of his discussion makes certain observations which may lead to a dangerous impression unless clarified. He reminds us that the writers of the romantic movement drew heavily on nature as a source of subject matter; "they commenced to re-see it and to extract from it new emotional and aesthetic values." He explains that nature "tied up with anthropomorphism, became an abundant source of imagery. One persistence of the romantic strain in contemporary writing is that dependence on nature as a source of imagery, and the use of romantic labels for symbolism." And some paragraphs later, in speaking of contemporary American writers, he says: "generally speaking the charms and attractions of nature have been peripheral if non-existent in their lives. Often they have sensed a dichotomy between the objects and sensations they have

sought to describe, and the language and symbolism they have inherited as that of literary tradition."

From these statements the reader is given the impression that nature as a source of contemporary imagery is either undesirable because of its affiliations with the romantic tradition or unavailable because of its remoteness from the experiences of contemporary writers. Moreover, the use of nature-imagery frequently involves a dichotomy which needs to be healed—and he adduces Dahlberg as an example of one writer who has deliberately attempted to "heal it with an original use of imagery."

Symbols taken from nature abound in Conroy's *The Disinherited* as well as Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* (an automobile is "a big black chariot . . . running away from a cyclone. The dust blown up behind it did look like the approach of a cyclone," p. 155). Perhaps the most memorable example appears in *The Land of Plenty* (Cantwell): an extended figure of speech composed of nature images, itself a composite nature image:

The light caught the cluster of pipes and wires that crawled like vines over the inside of the roof. There was a fat pipe like a stalk going up the wall, and from it the smaller pipes jutted out in right angle branches. Every few feet there was an ominous blossom of a valve (p. 64).

None of these examples required of their authors any deliberate healing of a dichotomy "with an original use of imagery." To be sure, no one expects revolutionary writers to make nature images or any other images in the romantic manner. We demand originality from each of our writers for the original way in which any writer creates imagery constitutes an important element of his style. None of the examples quoted impresses one as being reminiscent. On the contrary at least two of them have the ring of "inevitability." When Josephine Herbst speaks of money drained off like so much rain on rock soil her non-urban character is using a natural fact in her experience to make a vivid definition of an economic event. Cantwell's character employs an everyday item in his experience to make memorable the particular moment and locale in the consciousness of the reader.

The whole question of nature imagery is clarified when we examine the origin of images. Anyone who has investigated the subject knows that images issue not from God nor from some occult stratum in the stratosphere but from the experience of the writer. During the creative process a number of elements are drawn from the sub-vocal level of the mind, which may be described as a cauldron seething with impressions absorbed from experience. If you had a complete record of

¹ *Poetry and Dreams* and particularly *The Poetic Mind* contain the bulk of Prescott's ideas.