

much of Wilson's skill with words. . . . Baker, before Congress had passed the Draft Act . . . indeed with care to prevent Congress from knowing—Baker, acting through General Crowder and he through Major Hugh S. Johnson, arranged with the head of the Government Printing Office, to print *secretly* the more than ten million blanks that would be required to put the draft in effect when and if Congress should enact it. . . . *Still no word of the operation reached the public or Congress.*"

There are few things more important today than a study of how Morgan's war was popularized by Morgan's puppets in high places. On page 301 Sullivan writes cynically: "But if the youth, taking his way to the registration place along the mountain roads of West Virginia or the city streets of New York, had any sullenness, it was dissipated in most cases by finding shortly that Baker's art had made him, unexpectedly, a hero. Presently, under the influence of the national spirit, he began to believe it. Speeches from the mayor, the clergyman, and the Chamber of Commerce head; congratulations by star-eyed committees of women, more intimate attention from young girls, turned most of the draftees to feeling the war would be a grand adventure."

Such is, briefly, the technique of the organization of mass slaughter for imperialist aims. It is being used again—with improvements. Words of peace are ever on Roosevelt's lips. But the greatest armament campaign ever launched in a country not actually at war is under way. 350,000 young workers are being militarized in the C.C.C. "In 1933," says Sullivan in a footnote to the above, "the technique was revived to cause the country to accept a new relation between government and business, called the N.R.A. . . . As during the war, the process included compulsion exercised by the majority upon the minority. . . . The technique of N.R.A. in 1933 was a duplicate of that of conscription in 1917. The Gen. Johnson who administered N.R.A. in 1933 was the same man who as Major Johnson had managed preparation for the draft in 1917."

Morgan's men are riding again. Their keen noses, trained to the trail of blood in the World War, already scent the rotting bodies of murdered workers on future battlefields of imperialist glory. Baruch and Baker are back. Creel, who slaughtered more workers with his lying pen than Pershing did with his artillery, once more rides the crimson crest of a war wave. The N.R.A. bureaus are filled with these professional organizers of Wall Street wars.

To complete the broad outlines of a picture of war preparations, implicit in a comparison of the period dealt with by Sullivan and the present—and it must be remembered that the capitalist crisis makes for far greater speed than in 1914-17—it is only necessary to quote a paragraph from the New York Mirror's "Washington Merry-Go-Round" of Dec. 10: "Significant of how the administration's mind may be working is the fact that a general staff

officer, a trusted adviser of General MacArthur, has just returned from a swing around the country. *He has been inspecting the distribution of the U. S. Army from the point of view of riot suppression.*"

The question raised by *Over Here*—entirely without any such intention on the part of the author—is: *Shall it be again?* The answer will be given in the factories and mines, on the railroads, ships and docks, by American workers in the revolutionary struggle against imperialist war headed by the Communist Party.

BILL DUNNE.

### Valiant Attempt

*UPSURGE*, by Robert Gessner. \$1. Farrar and Rinehart, 1933.

Look! We are the depression bastards!  
You of America, our fathers, look at us!

These opening lines of *Upsurge* spurt from the mouths of the "youngest old men in the world" who have "been given the run across your private continent three times, four times—ten!"; whose numbers form an "unseen army moving over America." They warn: "You won't see us taking it below the belt with our mouths shut! . . . Give us the world! We'll fix it!" The next thirty pages are verse—sketches of England, France, Germany, and Russia, commenting on each nation by elucidations of particular, significant locality or episode. The feebly proud chaos of England, the militant chaos of France, the mad, bloody chaos of Germany become all at once anachronized in the light of the hope and harmony in the "green land of the Soviets"—hope, not for Russia alone, but for the whole world:

The youth of Russia is marching in a uniform . . .  
Clasping hands with the builders of America,  
Clasping hands with the workers of the world!

And the poem ends with an ultimatum from the depression bastards:

Give us back the land! We'll run it!  
Give us back our farms!  
Give us back our tools! We'll use 'em!  
Give us back our factories!  
We'll take your God-damn country!  
It's ours!

In attempting this vast project Gessner uses the method of his first prose book, *Massacre*: a more than adequate documentation presented so as finally to convert the reader by sheer preponderance of data. In *Upsurge* this method is applied within the confines of a group of fragmentary notations.

Gessner's sincerity communicates itself by a driving bitterness which mounts to a frenzy of affirmation. But this general impression does not issue from a series of particular, memorable passages. The imagery lacks inevitability; sometimes it is frankly questionable (as for example "the mouth of the World's Empire," Southampton: "These unwashed teeth not masticating?") Occasionally the fusion of ele-

ments in the image is unpleasantly superfluous (cf. final lines, page 21). On the other hand *Upsurge* does contain some precise commentaries: "The long patience of the hopeful free," for instance; or

Look down from your turrets and towers  
Into this grave of Lenin, pulsating  
Waves of warmth in a warming land.

Frequently Gessner's images are made by juxtaposing startlingly unrelated elements. This popular method is effective when sparingly and expertly used; otherwise it seems mannered. Likewise, excessive use of hard-boiled lingo, which breeds the danger of canceling its effectiveness. Both juxtaposition and overlong stretches of violent language frequently lead to overstatement which conveys the poet's personal anger but vitiates his poetry.

Gessner's difficulty in controlling his vast subject-matter is reflected in a lack of integration in the poem, and a concomitant inadequacy of rhythmical pattern. The most successful passages appear to be those which did not harass the poet by the pressure of too recent events. But no understanding reader can deny that *Upsurge* is a valiant attempt. Remembering the effect of the whole poem and of such a passage as the six-lines ending "the earth flows under fences, beneath flags," many readers will be hopeful of the contribution Gessner may make to our growing literature of proletarian revolutionary poetry.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

### Dr. Beard Cooperates

*THE FUTURE COMES*, by Charles A. Beard and George H. E. Smith. \$1.75. The Macmillan Co.

*The Future Comes* is a study in current history. The authors of the book are trying to describe the New Deal and to analyze the forces that called it into existence.

The forces behind the New Deal are traced from the morning of Oct. 29, 1929, when "the big gong had hardly sounded in the great hall of the Exchange (New York Stock Exchange) . . . before the storm broke in full force," to the Roosevelt inaugural on March 4, 1933. Stock prices, commodity prices, national wealth, farm indebtedness and unemployment are listed. But there is no word of the international aspects of the crisis, nor is there a

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