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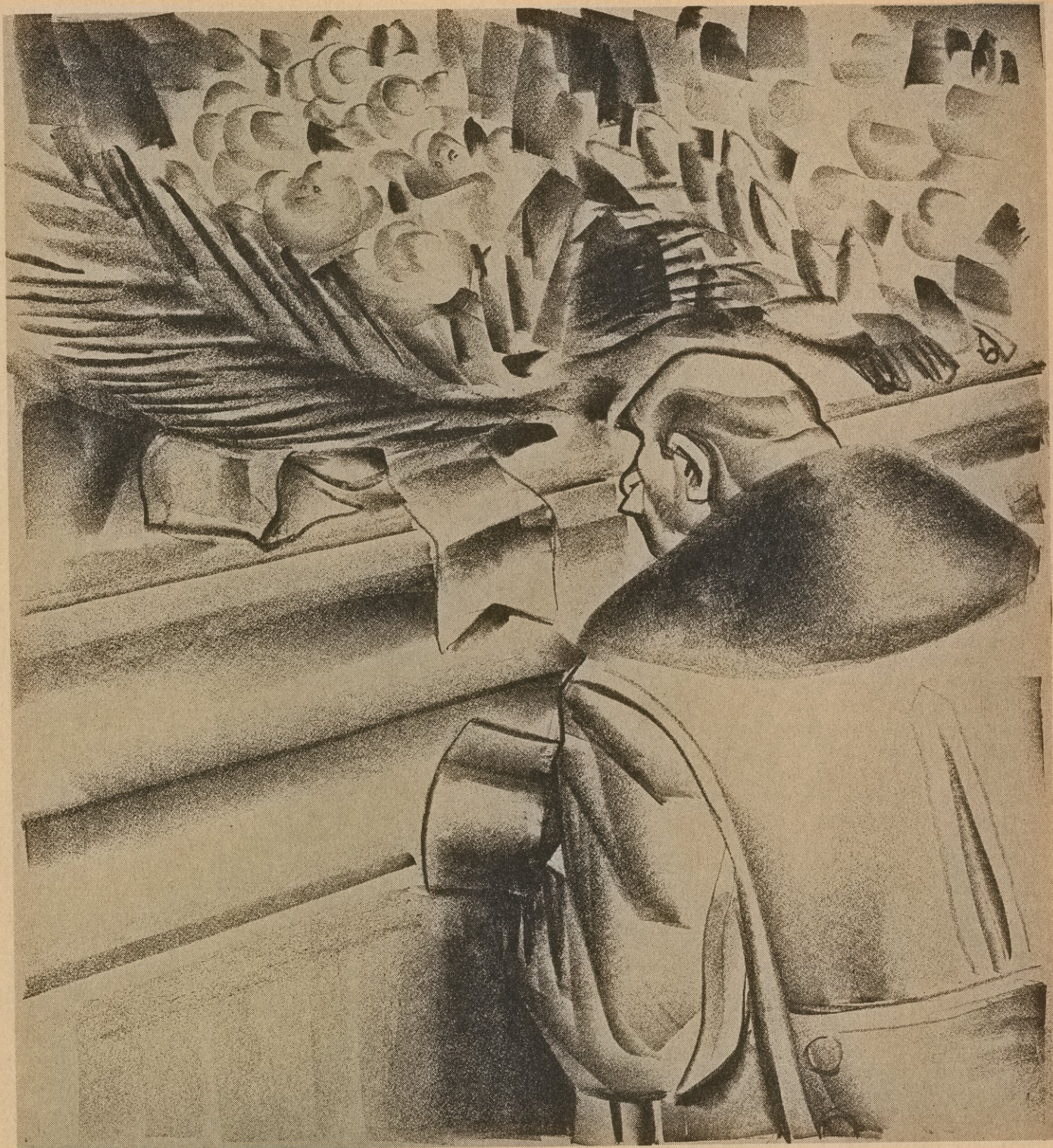


JOSEPH PASS, *Editor*

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FIGHT, November 1936



The War-Maker and the Unknown Soldier

(The Bear and the Fox)

By Hugo Gellert

A Bear used to boast of his excessive love for Man, saying he never disturbed him when dead.

The Fox observed, with a smile: "I should have thought more of you if you had as much consideration for the living."

The Brussels Congress

Four thousand delegates gathered from every corner of the world to forge a united peace movement

By Margaret Forsyth

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB KRUCKMAN

FROM September 4th to 6th of this year, the World Peace Congress sat in session in Brussels, Belgium. It was the first time in the history of the peace movement that such a meeting was called together. Groups from the right and the left politically, sanctionists and anti-sanctionists, delegates from countries belonging to the League of Nations and delegates from countries outside of the League of Nations sat amicably together to determine a common course of action to preserve some measure of peace in the world. Now, in every conference there are two stories to be told. One is the story that is told by the average observer or newspaper reporter sitting in the body of the meeting, judging the meeting merely by what is happening on the platform and having no close touch with the forces at work. There is the other story which can be told by the active delegates and the executives of the conference who direct the movement of that meeting. It has been the goal of reporters everywhere to try to get at the inside story of such meetings with the laudable purpose of getting the real "dope," and no one can overlook the importance of the inside story. But on the other hand, no report can be made of a Congress, such as the Congress held in Brussels, without considering all the forces at work.

Four thousand delegates came to Brussels on the fourth of September. Sixty of the four thousand were Americans. The others came from countries either war-torn or in danger of war. They came by buses, old motor cars, third class carriages or simply on foot. They came for the sole purpose of helping to preserve peace and they sacrificed much to come.

Limitations Imposed on Congress

The Congress had gotten off to a bad start. Originally scheduled for Geneva, it had had to move at the last minute to Brussels. But in Brussels the restrictions were even more drastic than they were in Geneva. No "political" issue could be mentioned by order of the Minister of the Interior. With the entire conference tense and

waiting for news on the next move in Spain, the Spanish situation was supposed to be out. The word Fascism could not be mentioned. Italy and Germany with their Fascist

policies were threatening almost every country present with the danger of war. But discussion of such policies was supposed to be taboo.

It was not long before the Con-

gress began to realize the difficulties with which it was faced. You heard the delegates in the cafes, in the corridors of hotels and in the meeting. They had come for help in a world situation and the Belgian government was trying to block them. (There was also the job of preserving the united front in a Congress containing a big delegation from the right.) In the commissions they were supposed to speak only on those matters on the agenda, and the matters seemed too mild. For instance, in one commission meeting when the matter of propaganda for peace was discussed, the discussion was supposed to be held down almost entirely to the methods of raising money, but it did not work out that way.

A Disciplined Body

The majority of the delegates sat patiently through the endless addresses with their translations, stolid, quiet, unmoving. But it was not the placidity of indifference. It was the control of a disciplined body that wanted peace and Democracy and was determined to have peace and Democracy by whatever method they could be achieved. One important method left was harmony between the many groups working toward peace, and the fire, they felt, was discreetly banked while the harmony became a reality. But in spite of the injunction of the Belgian government the Congress showed fire occasionally.

When a Spanish delegation on its way to France stopped at the Brussels Congress the audience showed great popular response. It was not necessary to report on conditions or even ask for aid. Its presence was enough to remind all delegates present that the Congress was organized for the chief purpose of fighting war and reaction. Everyone had awaited eagerly to see La Pasionaria. She stood before them without uttering a word, but her face told the story of courage and faith in the struggle for the preservation of freedom and Democracy. It was not until after the Congress that some of the American delegates had a chance to hear her plea for aid. For those who heard that plea and wit-

(Continued on page 46)



They came to Brussels by buses, trains, old motor cars, third class carriages or simply on foot



For The Spanish Republic

By John Groth

On the Home Front

By Harry Gottlieb



A War Mother



Unemployed



Air Raid

By M. Pass



Young Republicans, crouched behind a barricade of stones in Barcelona, fighting the Fascists



A young anti-Fascist soldier

“AFTER God the House of Quiros” is the motto on the coat of arms which adorns a wall in a mansion in the heart of Madrid. Today the house is the headquarters of a large youth organization which supports the fight for Democracy. The original owners fled when the revolt broke out.

Ten delegates from the United States, Canada and Cuba drove 400 miles from Barcelona to Madrid. We were stopped twice in every town. Once at the barricade at the entrance and once at the barricade at the exit. Both times we had to show our credentials from the authorities in Barcelona and give the password, which was “Alianza, una, una” that day. At one of these barricades after getting okayed, the militiaman leaned over to our driver, also a young militiaman, and asked for something in Spanish. A shiny bullet changed hands. The guard at the barricade had been shouldering a rifle which didn’t have a single shot!

We were standing in front of a recruiting office in Barcelona, exchanging our impressions in the English language. A young Negro fellow rushed up to us. “Are you the American delegation?” And for the next half-hour we heard an exposition of the military situation in good old American. Here he was all the way from Harlem, New York City, fighting the battle of Spanish Democracy along with Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Cubans and dozens of other nationalities. In the Barcelona railroad station we had seen the office for “Foreign Comrades Coming To Help Spain.”

Three incidents out of hundreds which illuminated our ten days’ stay in Spain. They were ten days in which the one-time sleepy Mediterranean country shook and convulsed the people of the whole world. They were little incidents which give the gist of a fight which will determine years of world history.

Coming Upon a “New” Day

We knew that we had come to Spain when we got to the last French town, Cerbere. The Spanish locomotives and railroad cars with their revolutionary slogans and emblems had brought something of Barcelona with

them. Then the representative of the People’s Front appeared to lead us through the long railroad tunnel, the no-man’s land which separates the two countries. With our baggage and packs we plunged into the coal black and coal dirty mountain-hole. This human train of ten cars, with our guide-engine coaxing, plunged faster and faster. A little flashlight was our headlight as we rushed on to the land of civil war. Again we came to light of day, and the first thing heard upon emerging into the light was the crow of a rooster. The first thing we saw was a locomotive with three white letters on its nose, UHP, standing for Unite, Brothers Proletarian. And the first people to speak to us were the frontier guards, two workmen in overalls. We had come upon a “new” day.

It takes about four hours in normal times to get from Portbou to Barcelona, and that is exactly what it took us after we got our credentials from the frontier committee which meets in a cafe on the Mediterranean. The whole country is run by committees consisting of representatives of the groups loyal to the Republic. Our train carried militiamen going to the front, so there were loud greetings at every stop along the route until we got to Barcelona, where the notes of a brass band boomed above the last gasps of the engine. When we got out there was a large banner, “Welcome International Delegation.”

Enthusiasm at the Front

Barcelona is a city that is in the hands of the people. Not a policeman in the town, but militiamen patrol the streets, guard buildings and banks. Great care has been taken to protect potential public buildings. The government has put signs on cathedrals, museums and buildings of historical interest, asking that the people protect them. In the home of the Communist newspaper, *Treball*, situated in the aristocratic Jockey Club, we saw a sign which is spread throughout the city: “This house is yours—respect it.” On the shelves were hundreds of valuable and beautiful books. Only three seemed worn with use. These come under the title of “erotica.”

The trains are being used to transport troops and munitions, so we un-

dertook a four hundred mile trip by auto with militiamen as drivers. My car had been taken in a bitter battle. For days it had been a Phantom Fascist Auto which flew through the streets of Barcelona, killing people on the streets. Finally it was taken. The rear glass, as well as the side, had been knocked out in order to make room for machine guns. Bullet holes decorated the sides and blood stains of the former owners were still on the upholstery. American gangsters have better cars for such purposes.

There is no doubt that the overwhelming majority of the people in Spain are behind the government. We saw that ourselves. You ride through the towns and see the children in their mothers’ arms, as well as the old men and women, raise their fists in salute. Of course, we couldn’t get through to the sections held by the rebels, but a study of the February 16th election figures shows that the most important cities which the rebels have, like Oviedo, Saragossa, San Sebastian, were overwhelmingly democratic. A people has been welded into an army, most often without guns, but with far greater understanding of what they are fighting about than any professional army.

The most interesting time was that spent at the Somo Sierra front in the strategic Guadarrama Mountains. Here the war had reached a stalemate. Both armies were lined up in a valley. In back of the troops stretched the hills. Neither side dared advance because the whole section was mined and advance would have meant tremendous loss of life. It was a quiet day when we sat down to lunch with Commander Galan, the brother of the famous Spanish military man who died fighting the monarchy in 1931. Galan, tall, imposing, breathing confidence and good will, told us of his army, the enemy, the people and what the prospects were. Here we found why the militiamen are so enthusiastic. Libraries have been set up, classes established and discussions held regularly. Then there are the radio broadcasts. At the very front, newspapers were being printed and distributed. The government trusts its men and they are permitted to listen to the rebel broadcasts as well as those from Madrid.

I Was in

Sooner or later every country
liberty or give me death is
you think so go over to Sp

By James

In the rebel camp, Madrid is outlawed. A mercenary army mustn’t think.

Need for Adequate Equipment

These men knew that their government lacked arms, and every militiaman told us that as they pleaded for our assistance. They were an army torn away from the factories, fields and schools. They were fighting in overalls and old sweaters because there are no uniforms. They were wearing the customary Spanish rope sandals in the bleak, rocky hills because there were no shoes. They were using old air rifles and shot guns against machine guns and cannons. And even more. We visited the barracks of the Young Guard Battalion of the 13th, or La Pasionaria, Regiment, in Madrid, and reviewed the crack battalion. They had one rifle to every five boys. For days several thousand had been waiting for the weapons which would enable them to go to the front. And yet there was no pessimism, no downheartedness.

As bad as the situation is today, it was even worse the first days of the revolt. Commander Galan, as well as a military leader in Barcelona, told us of the early days of the fighting, when bodies of men and women were used instead of sandbags for barricades. We were in the Hotel Colon in Barcelona from which the rebel officers had used machine guns on the public in the great



ist soldier out of Somosierra



Civilian volunteers, fighting on the side of the government, crowd the windows of this troop train as it leaves Barcelona for Zaragoza

in Spain

country has its 1776. Give me
th is not an outworn slogan. If
to Spain and see for yourself

mes Lerner

square. Thousands advanced with rifles only in the hands of those in the front line. When those in front fell, the guns were snatched from behind and men crouched behind their fallen friends. And between the changes of machine gun belts the people advanced. And at several fronts around Madrid the same situation had existed.

Farce of Non-Interference

Galan was bitter in discussing the neutrality policy of France. So were many of the Spanish youth leaders. (In France a similar feeling exists.) Abroad it is still possible to weigh a mythical neutrality and its advantages. In Spain, however, neutrality is seen for what it is. We were there when three German planes were brought down. We talked to militiamen who were fondling shiny new German revolvers which they had captured from Fascists in battle. The new bombers which were coming in from Germany and Italy, complete with pilots, were faster than the government pursuit planes.

The arms situation has improved tremendously, however, since the early days. When the revolt started, all available workers went to fight for the government. Those who stayed behind frequently had to face the sabotage of the owners who favored the rebel cause. Gradually, production has become normal and munitions are being

produced in larger quantities. The production of munitions, the expected support from abroad, the emergence of an army and a military command made us believe that time was playing on the side of the government.

At Somo Sierra the front lines were within shouting distance of each other. We saw the loud speakers through which the government men spoke to their opponents and told them what the issues were. Insults and curses were the only comeback. But hardly a night passes without several desertions from the enemy. Here at the front the battle did not look very much like movie war thrillers. Shots were fired as fellows and girls crouched in the camouflaged dugouts. Once in a while someone was hit. But as we dashed past the open road to our cars it seemed inconceivable that here men and women were dying daily. That here the fate of a country was being decided. That here was possibly a last stand of European Democracy. But, nevertheless, the trucks of wounded soon brought us back to reality.

We returned to Madrid and the safety of our hotel. A safety of today because only a few weeks ago, holes in the windows and walls indicated, there had been firing. Firing from Fascists who had taken refuge across the street in the modernistic M-G-M movie palace. Our hotel was called the "New Yorker." We thought, would we one day be defending our republic from the Hotel New Yorker and the Roxy?

Madrid and Toledo

Excepting for the nine o'clock curfew on alternate nights, the capital city was surprisingly normal to us who had read of terror and corpses and anxiety. Here and there were government signs pointing to gas shelters, a small number of militiamen and nothing else. The stores closed for their afternoon periods of three and a half hours and functioned normally. Even the bull-fights went on throughout Spain. Again, it was hard to understand that 40 miles away wolves were being held at bay at the points of bayonets and by bombs.

But things were not so calm out at Toledo, the city of rock on the last hill before Madrid in the South. The crackle of guns welcomed us to the

environs of Alcazar which simply means the Castle. Kings had built it as a fortress and a mighty fortress it was. The day we stuck our heads above the last barricade before the objective, one shaky tower still stood. Four thousand militiamen milled around the streets where Cervantes and El Greco had lived and worked. There was great activity as mines were laid under the stone hills. Two blocks away the Cathedral in which Charlemagne had worshipped stood unharmed. The Greco Museum was there as ever. The seminary, which seemed a fortress in itself, was empty but unharmed as we walked through it.

Costly Humanitarianism

The great question is, why didn't the government forces take Alcazar? The answer is: humanitarianism and respect for historic monuments. We were told of the priest who marched forward, spanned the 100 yards of no-man's land and entered the castle to plead with the rebels. They had with them 500 women and children whose lives the government wanted to save. The rebels refused to let the women out. We saw the loud speaker through which members of the foreign legations had asked the Fascist chiefs to let the women and children escape. The government forces waited and waited, took measures which would frighten those inside instead of destroy them. And when the new government, the Caballero cabinet, finally decided upon bold action, relief was on its way for those locked inside. The rest you have read elsewhere. Some of the women and children, those who had not died of hunger or gone insane with torture, were saved—a thousand or more innocent inhabitants of the city were mowed down with machine guns as Franco pledged to make Toledo the "whitest" city in Spain. Much more "red" will have to flow before Toledo becomes a white sepulchre, a monument to black Fascism. That city boasted collective farms and a workers' administration. Its people are anti-Fascist.

Youth Wants Peace and Freedom

No story of Spain has yet been told without reference to the women, and truly no story would be complete un-

less tribute were paid to this so-called weaker sex. Let the words of Commander Galan tell it for me: "The women do not come here as women but as soldiers. They come not to cook or sew but to shoot. It is the girls who are the first to offer themselves for the most dangerous jobs. Sometimes whole companies vacillate but girls are ready. You see that girl outside, well, only a few days ago one of our companies had to retreat under heavy fire. Out on the field was a wounded boy. No one dared go into that hell. Without hesitation she walked out and brought that fellow back." We saw young girls who had lost sweethearts and brothers in action and themselves bore bullet wounds.

The end of our visit approached. The ten days in Spain had shaken us. Originally we had gone to Europe to attend a peace congress and here we were in the midst of a war. The young Commander Sejiz of the 13th, or La Pasionaria, Regiment put his finger on what was in our minds when he greeted us at the dinner we were given at the barracks. "You are here as a peace delegation in a barrack. This may seem contradictory but it is not so. We are also for peace, but this war has been forced on us by the traitors in our country. You have been told that this is a fight between Christianity and non-Christians, religious versus non-religious, but this also is untrue. This is a fight of liberty and freedom against Fascism."

The Spirit of Lincoln

As we boarded our train, which was to lead us back to France and the boat, the young leaders of Spain embraced us. It was a tense moment for all. Tomorrow we would be safe, some of them possibly dead. How many would we see again? Would they be victims of a victorious Fascism in some dungeon as were their brother lovers of freedom and Democracy in Germany and Italy?

Not many years ago our nation was engaged in a great Civil War. It was a war which decided that chattel slavery should be abolished. We can only act today in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln so that "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Two Lithographs

By Louis Lozowick

On the Picket Line

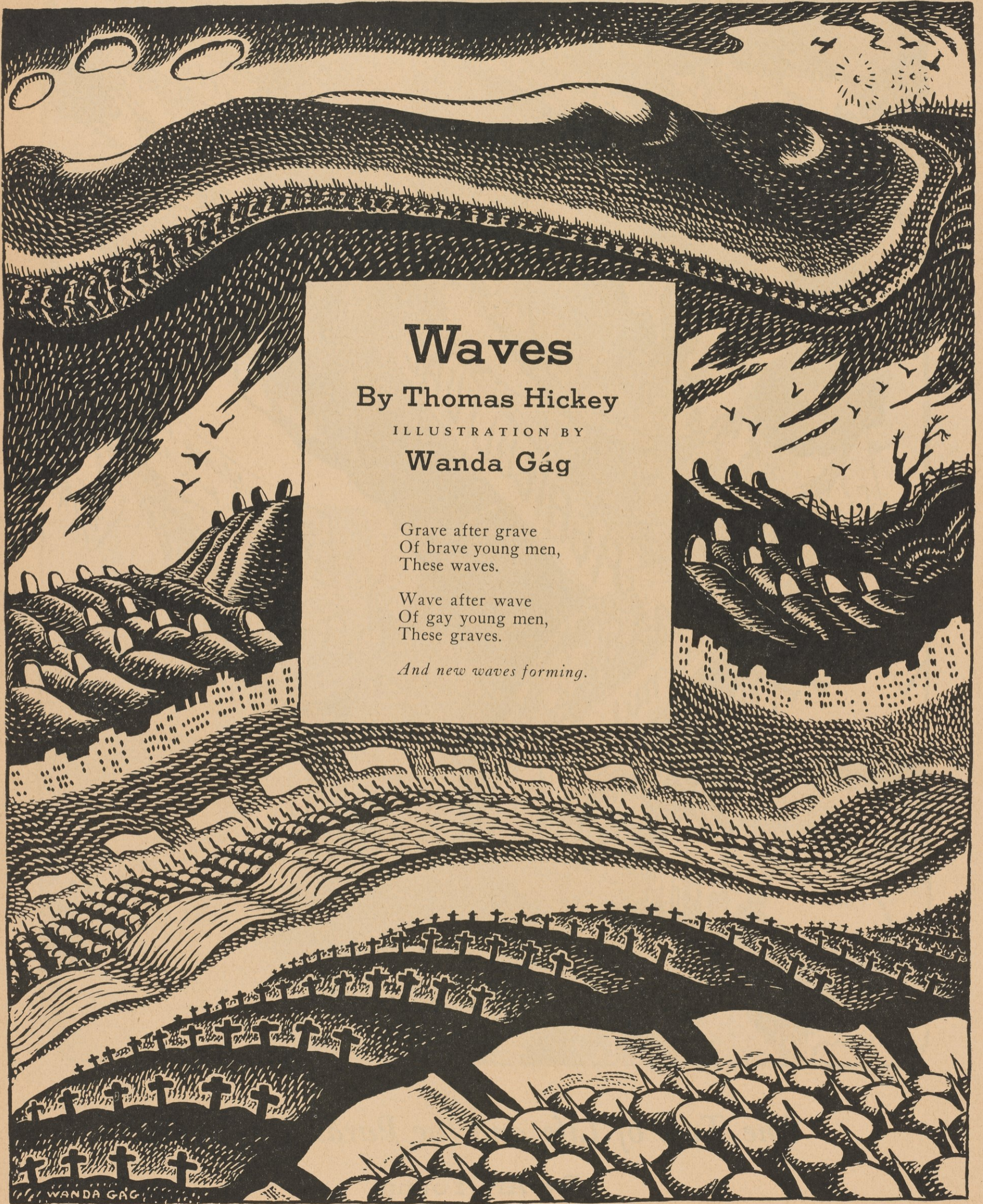


A Lynching in Alabama



The Tree of Life and the Parasite Growth

By Art Young



Waves

By Thomas Hickey

ILLUSTRATION BY

Wanda Gág

Grave after grave
Of brave young men,
These waves.

Wave after wave
Of gay young men,
These graves.

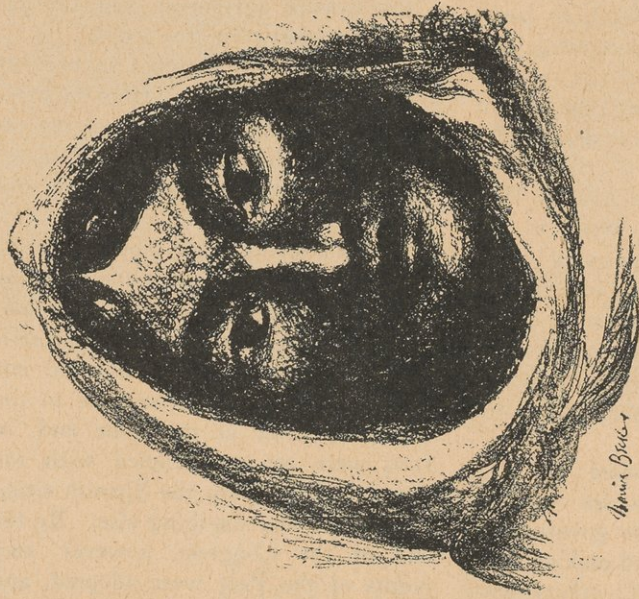
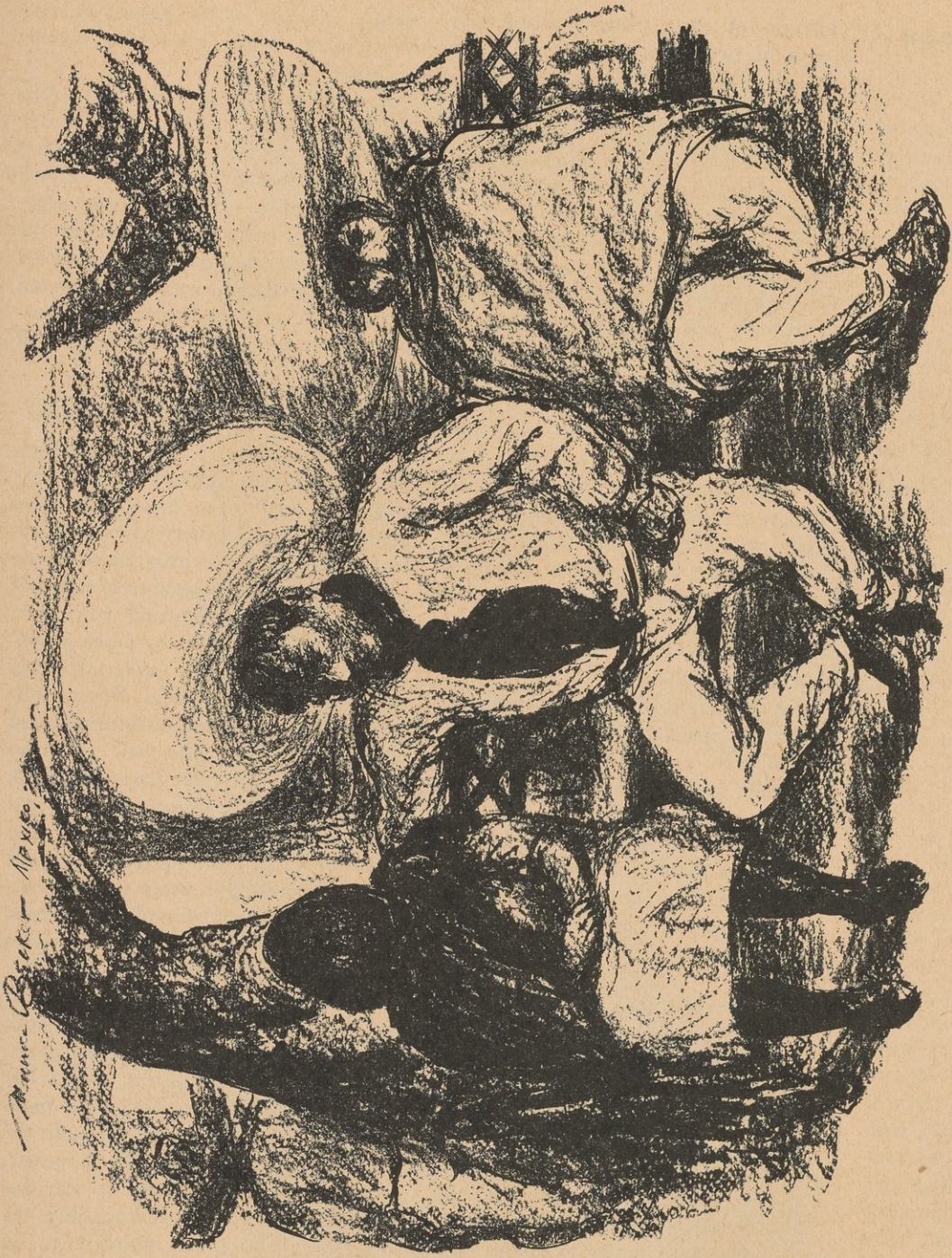
And new waves forming.

WANDA GÁG

MEXICO

A Neighboring People

By Maurice Becker



Brussels Congress

(Continued from page 36)

nessed the reception of the Spanish delegation at the Congress, an impression was made deeper than that of any other happening in the days of the meeting.

Four Objectives

The World Peace Congress was called originally by a small committee headed by Viscount Cecil, Chairman of the League of Nations Union in Great Britain. This committee proposed four objectives:

1. Restoration of the sanctity of Treaty obligations.
2. Reduction and limitation of armaments by International Agreement, and the suppression of profit from the manufacture of arms.
3. Strengthening the League of Nations for the prevention and stopping of war by the more effective organization of Collective Security and Mutual Assistance.
4. Establishment within the framework of the League of Nations of effective machinery for the remedying by peaceful means of international conditions which might lead to war.

The American delegation was composed of two groups at the time the Congress was called. One was the National Peace Council with Nevin Sayre as chairman, the other was the American League Against War and Fascism with Harry F. Ward as chairman. In the preliminary meeting before the official opening of the Congress, it was decided to unite the two American groups for the duration of the Congress only, with the two chairmen acting as co-chairmen. Each group was granted two members on the General Committee and the fifth place was filled by a Negro representing a racial group.

Effecting Unity

In view of the long struggle in America for these two peace groups to come together on a working basis, the formation of such a committee was a distinct achievement. It accomplished, for the time being, the aim of unity which had been most dear to the American delegation.

The American League Against War and Fascism delegation went to the Congress with two purposes in mind. The first was to cooperate fully in any move toward unity of the peace forces, the other was to present the Peoples' Peace Pact which had been prepared by the American League before the Congress.

The Peace Pact proposed:

Preamble: The peoples of the world want peace. The governments are preparing for war and making war; some against their will, others with aggressive intent. At this moment, in

violation of their pledged word, the troops of two great nations are upon the soil of others; imposing their will. The governments have failed to secure peace. They have failed to protect freedom. It is time for the peoples of the world to talk directly to one another; to unite; to act.

Therefore, the following national organizations, representing millions who seek to escape the terrible fate of unwillingly destroying each other, and desire that all peoples should have peace and freedom, unite in the Peoples' Peace Pact.

They join in declaring that they will:

1. Inform their governments, whenever the occasion requires, that they will not take part in, or in any way support its invasion of or attack upon any other nation in violation of the covenant of the League of Nations, the Paris Pact or the Rio de Janeiro Treaty.

2. Demand of their government that its armed forces and armaments shall not exceed the amount required for actual defense of its borders and coasts from invasion; this amount to be determined in each case by a national Peoples' Commission after hearing the judgment of experts; this to be but a first step toward universal, complete disarmament.

3. Proclaim the invader of another nation the enemy of mankind; demand that their government order the cessation of all commercial, financial and diplomatic relations with the invader until the invading forces are withdrawn, organize to stop, by peoples' action, any war supplies, loans or credits going from or through their country to the invader.

4. Initiate and support measures designated to secure equal access for all nations to all things needed for their development, realizing that this can only be accomplished through world-wide agreement and mutual exchange between free peoples.

5. Resist all attempts to prevent or stop the people from expressing and organizing themselves on behalf of these or any other measures that seek to secure peace and freedom throughout the world.

It was difficult to get it on the agenda of the commissions and almost impossible to get time for adequate presentation. The matter of time was a serious matter. The Europeans did not feel that the pact was suitable to the European scene at this time and, in fact, were too preoccupied with the danger arising from the Spanish situation to consider anything else. By the end of the Congress, however, two points of the Pact were adopted, and interviews with leading individuals from England and European countries promise to bear fruit in the near future.

In the strengthening of the pos-

sibility of unity of the peace forces in the United States much was accomplished.

Remember that in the American delegation there were strong anti-sanctionists as well as some favoring sanctions. It might well have become a splitting issue. But by careful negotiation, a provision was made in the set-up of the continuing organization by which freedom of action was assured to those delegations which were outside the framework of the League of Nations.

Program of the Peace Campaign

The International Peace Campaign, the continuation organization of the Congress, is a very loose federation made up of the broadest possible representation. Its initial program is one of joint action in the collection of national peace ballots, contributing toward a peace fund to be used for peace propaganda, uniting on a universal peace day, supporting National Peace Congresses and promoting an international team of speakers who will go from country to country on tours for peace propaganda. But through this Campaign there is the possibility, for the first time in the peace movement, for all persons interested in peace to work collectively in one organization even though their individual work and views may be quite different.

When it comes to the assessment of the World Peace Congress, it has both its shortcomings and its distinct gains. Some of those behind the scenes felt that there should have been some more dynamic proposals made through the Congress. Such proposals, however, were impossible in view of the unavoidable restrictions surrounding the meeting. The great, scarcely to be measured, gain was the move the Congress made to establish a genuine United Front of world peace forces.

The most amazing demonstration of the United Front took place the night of the mass meeting when Lord Lytton spoke for the Conservatives, Mrs. Corbett-Ashly, a leader of the British liberals, spoke, followed by a Belgian Socialist leader and a French Communist. That such a United Front could be achieved in Brussels at this stage marks a milestone in the fight against war.

Close to Goal

As far as America is concerned there is a real possibility for achieving this unity, which is terrifically important because of the role that the United States will be called upon to play, increasingly, in the preservation of world peace.

The goal is not won yet and much delicate and tedious work will have to be carried on with patience and tolerance on both sides before there is a real united peace movement in America. But the World Peace Congress in Brussels has brought the goal closer.



The World Peace Congress sat in session in Brussels, Belgium



Hop it, the Cop!

By Pearl Binder



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—a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies that were priced at \$20,000 each. Unexpurgated and identical with the original text is this special edition of the famous

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE



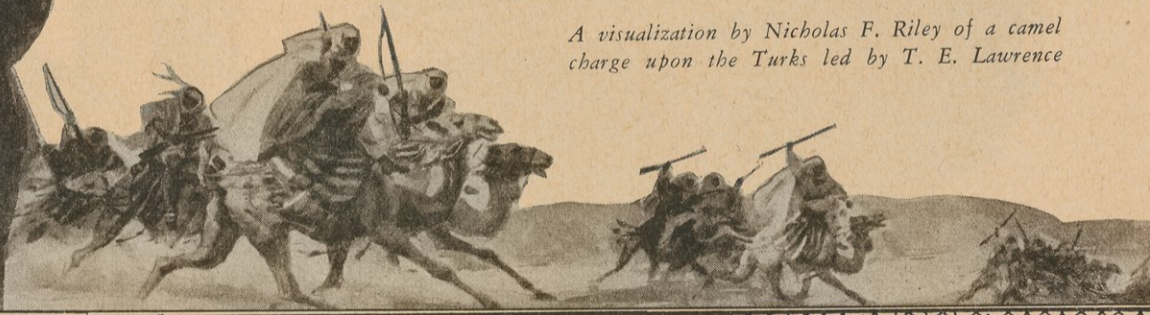
THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but this style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at \$20,000 apiece. The money realized from this private edition was donated by Lawrence to Arab charities. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Compiled from a notebook which must often have contained hurried items set down in exhaustion and anguish, expanded into a book in the bitterness of disillusion, the SEVEN PIL-

LARS OF WISDOM is neither all narrative, all reflection, all memoir, but a blending of every kind of writing except formal poetry in complete self-expression. . . . Nor is it a clear and simple account of the Arab revolt which helped to win the war in the Near East. For the truth is that Lawrence was not writing a history in this book. . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."



A visualization by Nicholas F. Riley of a camel charge upon the Turks led by T. E. Lawrence

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