UPTON SINCLAIR

Biographical and Critical Opinions

From:

England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Spain, Egypt, India, China, Japan, Australia, South Africa, Argentine, and the U. S. A.

Including:

Henri Barbusse, Robert Blatchford, Georg Brandes, Luther Burbank, Floyd Dell, Max Eastman, Frank Harris, Robert Herrick, George D. Herron, V. Blasco Ibañez, W. L. George, Ellen Key, Richard Le Gallienne, Sinclair Lewis, Jack London, H. L. Mencken, David Graham Phillips, Eden Phillpotts, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, May Sinclair, Carl Van Doren, Frederik van Eeden, H. G. Wells, Clement Wood, and others.

UPTON SINCLAIR

[This pamphlet, first printed in 1923, is reprinted in 1931 in response to continual demands from readers.]

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

"L'Opinion," Paris, 1921: What is Mr. Sinclair's position in American letters? It is hard to find out. To us he seems to be a novelist of the very first order. Those who read "The Jungle" can never forget the profound and powerful impression of that somber picture. . . . . Sinclair has been compared to our Zola, which is certainly flattering for us. But we must add that at the same time in a work like "Jimmie Higgins" there are many pages which make us think of Anatole France, the Anatole France of his best days. . . . . One need not agree with the ideas or the illusions of Mr. Upton Sinclair, but one is forced to recognize his splendid talent.

New York "Evening Post," 1922: It should be realized in America that Upton Sinclair and Jack London are the most well known in Europe of quite modern American writers, and the most well known of any American writers whatever except Poe and Mark Twain. London and Sinclair reach the great public, the public of the movies. Their stories have run as serials in any number of newspapers.

Ellen Key, 1918: Upton Sinclair has become, with Jack London, among the Swedish Social-democracy's most cherished authors.

"La Nacion," Buenos Aires: Since having conquered Scandinavia, Upton Sinclair has actually invaded Belgium. His "Jimmie Higgins" is being translated by Henri Delgove. "The People," of Brussels, considers Upton Sinclair as "the American Zola," and adds that his novels are "the most living, the most moving, and the most characteristic of modern Anglo-Saxon literature in America."

Charles Zueblin, 1922: Your latest enterprise interests me, as everything you undertake does. I am happily bearing witness to your repeated declaration that you are more valued abroad than at home. I find your books everywhere on the Continent, translated and in the original.

Albert Rhys Williams, 1923: O well, you can't expect both fame and cash; for everywhere in Russia, as in Germany, I find they know you, and in Yalta they were filming "100%"—way down on the south coast of the Crimea.

New York "Evening World," 1906: Not since Byron awoke one morning to find himself famous has there been such an example of world-wide celebrity won in a day by a book as has come to Upton Sinclair.

"La Lumière," Antwerp, 1920: Upton Sinclair, the greatest writer of America, permits us to publish some extracts from his extraordinary history of American Journalism. . . . . A man known to all lettered people of the world, whose whole life has been a sacrifice to an ideal of justice, of truth, he is one of the greatest consciences of our society. He is at the same time one of the most prodigious men of action that one ever sees.

Georg Brandes, 1914: I find three present-day American writers worth reading—Frank Norris, Jack London, and Upton Sinclair.

Vicente Blasco Ibañez, 1920: I am a fervent admirer of your work, so beautiful and generous.

Bertrand Russell: I am an admirer of your books, and have got into trouble with various Americans by quoting them as an authority on American conditions. I wish I knew of similar books that I could quote as to similar conditions here.

H. G. Wells, 1921: Dear and Only Upton: You have just saved a bit of your property by getting ahead with your "Book of Life." I should have been at that in a year or two. I may do it still in spite of you. Why do you always think of things first? I am older than you. I have

read both your books ("The Brass Check" and "100%"). I will not say anything about them except, "Fine!" If I start on anything more I shall use up the whole morning, and meanwhile you will be getting ahead.

"La Grande Revue," Paris: Upton Sinclair is one of those difficult spirits whom the present does not please at all and who succeed nevertheless, one does not know how, to some notoriety, such as formerly among us Rabelais, Molière or Voltaire, and today Anatole France.

"Das Forum," Berlin: Maxim Gorky, Anatole France, and Upton Sinclair are recognized as the greatest writers of present-day world literature.

"Social Demokrat," Stockholm; "Literary Candidates for the Nobel Prize": The greatest American name is a thoroughly political and militant one, Upton Sinclair. He is well worthy of the Nobel prize, and if only he had dealt with nonsense and humbug as intensely as he has portrayed the most sacred struggle of mankind, the struggle for human rights against the kings of money, he would surely have got the prize long ago.

"Der Aufstieg," Berne: Sinclair forges in all his works ever new weapons of enlightenment, to the end that all injustice and all vulgarity be swept from the earth. Were the Nobel prize for literature really awarded to those who create in order to help suffering humanity, Upton Sinclair would surely have received the prize long ago. Yet, his is a much higher prize, flaming love, deep gratitude of all those who know that the earth must be made over by the spirit of Socialism. Here is a genius which has never bowed itself before corrupting power.

Hermynia zur Mühlen: I trust you are satisfied with my (German) translation of "King Coal," which will have reached you by now; the book promises to be a great success; several workingmen I know have bought it, and they all tell me that it has simply thrilled them, that it is *the* book for them. You ought to hear them talk about "Hal" and "Ohl Mike" as if they were their own personal friends; and they are clamoring for a sequel.

Dr. Karl Oskar Piszk: After the wholesome reading of your splendid and manful book, "The Profits of Religion," I cannot resist the impulse to express to you the unbounded reverence of my whole heart, something which I have many times wished to do, but have not felt justified in doing. I wish that I might make you some small return in offering you an assurance—knowing that you accept it as more than a phrase—that here in Austria at the present time you are valued and held in respect as a reformation hero.

George D. Herron, 1920: "The Brass Check" certainly gets in its righteous and deadly work here in Europe everywhere I have given it out. I told you the profound impression it made upon a monseigneur of the Catholic church who came to borrow other of your books. I gave a copy to a former Russian minister under the Czar. He told me that for four nights after reading the book he could not sleep. He insists that the moral horrors of our public life and press in America counter-balance the physical horrors endured in Russia under the Czars. I am glad to see that you have broken through the conspiracy of silence and that your book is being widely discussed now in America.

Arturo Caroti, member of Italian Parliament, 1920: How can you manage such editorial business as yours, and keep writing so fecundly such beautiful works? However, while your immense power of production is beyond my comprehension, I perfectly understand your artist's soul. I have just returned from Austria, where "Jimmie Higgins" has already reached 80,000 copies. I am translating it, and presently I tackle "King Coal."

Régis Michaud, "Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons," Paris, 1918: There are no novels which offer us so striking a portrait of American life in what it has of intense and actual. A "revue" of the work of Upton Sinclair affords a veritable historical interest.

"Politiken," Copenhagen: Sinclair's power in character delineation is scarcely surpassed by any writer in the Anglo-Saxon world.

"Der Abend," Vienna: Not more than two great art works of wrath have been brought forth by the war. In "Under Fire" Barbusse shows us how the will-less servant of murder suffers; the American Upton Sinclair in "Jimmie Higgins" shows us *why*. Both books have won world fame. . . . . This is true people's art, like "The Marseillaise," art-work and rallying-cry at the same time.

"Vorwaerts," Berlin: Anyone who knows the level of American novels will start out upon the reading of this work by an American with very little confidence. But see here: this "Jimmie Higgins" by Upton Sinclair discloses itself as a book of quite individual significance, a book which represents at once knowledge and artistry, and rears itself into the regions in which only works of world literature are named.

"Die Neue Zeit," Stuttgart: With this work there lie before us five good translations of novels by this lively and moving American, and one would go in no way wrong in asserting that among the living writers of America, Upton Sinclair is the only one who is closely known in Germany; for what in the way of literary wares has come across the great water to us in the last decade has been altogether only quickly forgotten mediocrity. Sinclair's significant works constitute a glorious exception. . . . . One can compare him with the Russian Gorki, with the French Zola, with the Danish Nexö, but one would scarcely do him justice thereby.

"Folkets Dagblad Politiken," Stockholm: Since Anatole France, now in his advanced age, remains silent, no one is likely to deny that Upton Sinclair is the foremost contemporary novelist in the world's literature.

Translation from the Hungarian of Grete Wagner, published in "L'Humanité," Paris: This novel, "They Call Me Carpenter," is an indictment of the actual America; formidable, living, full of movement, interesting, fantastic, and grandiose.

"Pester Lloyd," Buda-Pest: Who Upton Sinclair is need not be set forth. One knows that this born publicist

and poet plays a great rôle in America. His novel "The Jungle" has created the utmost uproar throughout the whole world, and there is no language in Europe in which this work has not raised its own echo. As a fanatic of the truth, as an American Ibsen of fiction, Sinclair came forth with his work revealing the dark powers of the Beef Trust in the new world, and if he possesses many powerful enemies, nevertheless no one will contest him the clear glance, the sure judgment, and the steadfast love of truth.

"España," Madrid: All the world knows "The Jungle" of Upton Sinclair. He holds a sort of patent upon revealing investigations. After having studied the slaughter houses of Chicago, he devotes his attention to the coal of Colorado, and now he studies the press in "The Brass Check," a book of documentation, in which one finds much of the surprising.

New York "Herald": Recently an observer of the trend of Japanese thought, especially among younger people, made an examination in Tokio as to the imported books and magazines that are most extensively read in the capital. . . . . "The Brass Check" by Upton Sinclair is just making a great hit.

Japan "Advertiser," Tokio: Mr. Sinclair knows how to write a novel.

"Literary Supplement to United India and Indian States": Mr. Upton Sinclair is a great novelist, and the ablest pamphleteer in America today. He has risen to great fame, and his novel "The Jungle," one of the best of modern novels, has been translated into seventeen languages.

Bombay "Chronicle": It yet remains for some Indian imitator of Mr. Upton Sinclair to publish a treatise on the subject of how newspaper propaganda is used by the opponents of India's freedom.

Shanghai "Times": Upton Sinclair hitherto has been regarded as a novelist of some brilliance, but his latest

perpetration ("They Call Me Carpenter") is a horrid burlesque and defamation.

"Egyptian Gazette," Alexandria: Mr. Upton Sinclair has once more lifted up his voice in an indictment that will shortly resound through both hemispheres.

"Australian Highway," Melbourne: "The Brass Check" is the most closely documented, carefully prepared, and astoundingly thorough indictment of a great country's press that has ever been published.

"Labor News," Sydney: In this work, which he describes as "the most important and most dangerous I have ever written," the author of "The Jungle," "The Metropolis," and "The Cry for Justice," has beyond all doubt made out one of the strongest and most convincing indictments of capitalist journalism which has ever been penned.

"South African Review," Cape Town: No one who has read Upton Sinclair's terrible exposure of the American press, disclosing a virtual conspiracy against the people, entitled "The Brass Check," will be surprised.

"Cape Argus," Cape Town: Great sensations come from America from time to time, and "100%" adds another to Upton Sinclair's list of revelations.

"The Nation," London: If you wish to read a lively book of adventure—really desperate big-game hunting, in a country apparently full of man-eaters that stalk the hunter invisibly and generally get him, read "The Brass Check." It is by Upton Sinclair, an author who has written about jungles before, I am told, though I have never read him. One gathers from Mr. Sinclair that Sven Hedin, Shackleton, Doughty, and other pioneers in lands where you find rocks but no truth, had simple tasks compared to that of an American newspaper reporter who tries to tell what he knows; for the sub-title of this book is "A Study of American Journalism." It appears from it that there is work still for stout-hearted pioneers in New York which will make Buffalo Bill's excitements in

the Wild West seem but table tennis. What are grizzly bears to High Finance? What the Sioux Warrior Rain-in-the-Face to Mr. Hearst? Young men who are looking for an exciting life, but are deploring the softness of a modern existence, should read Upton Sinclair and admire the opportunity he shows could be theirs.

A SYMPOSIUM OF FELLOW-WRITERS

Richard Le Gallienne, on "The Journal of Arthur Stirling." 1903: At once an authoritative document, a heart-searching appeal, and a tragic entertainment. I don't remember to have seen the old case of the "Poet versus The World" put with more truth, more vehemence, and more charm. . . . . I have given little notion of the freshness and vigor, the wit and beauty, the attractive humanity of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," but I hope the reader may be sufficiently interested by what I have said to make acquaintance with the book for himself. In the weary waste of clever imitation books it is an oasis of originality indeed.

David Graham Phillips on "The Jungle," 1906: I never expected to read a serial. I am reading "The Jungle," and should be afraid to trust myself to tell how it affects me. It is a great work. I have a feeling that you yourself will be dazed some day by the excitement about it. It is impossible that such a power should not be felt. It is so simple, so true, so tragic, and so human. It is so eloquent, and yet so exact. I must restrain myself or you may misunderstand.

Jack London: Here it is at last! The book we have been waiting for these many years! The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of wage slavery! Comrade Sinclair's book, "The Jungle"! And what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for black slaves, "The Jungle" has a large chance to do for the white slaves of today. It is essentially a book of today. The beautiful theoretics of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" are all very good. They served a purpose and served it well. "Looking Backward" was a great book. But I dare to say

that "The Jungle," which has no beautiful theoretics, is even a greater book. It is alive and warm. It is brutal with life. It is written of sweat and blood, and groans and tears. It depicts not what man ought to be, but what man is compelled to be in this our world in the Twentieth Century.

Frederik van Eeden on "Love's Pilgrimage," 1911: It is surely your greatest book, and very nearly one of the great books of the world. . . . . You give wooing, marriage, pregnancy, birth in great classic lines. This is general, universal, typical. It is the working of life seen by a modern temperament. . . . . Of course you have read Zola's description of a birth. Yours is better, because it is more human, more poetical. It is one of the best things in English literature. Of course you will be attacked and decried, but that is all right. This book will make your world fame. Even the Russians will appreciate it. . . . . I have been reading the rest of your novel, and it pleased me much better than I expected. It is very long and I never thought I would finish it all, but I could not stop, and I stayed up at night, which I hate to do for a book, because it shows me that the book is master for the time being, while I want to be master of the book. I congratulate you. There was one name that came to my mind while reading, and that was a great name—Thackeray. But you went beyond Thackeray in many respects.

Eden Phillpotts: I have read "Love's Pilgrimage" very carefully, and it has given me enormous pleasure and satisfaction. You don't need a fellow-artist's praise, but I am going to praise you, because you have written a grand book, full of fine thought—a book that ought to shake up our muddled and rotten economic thinking and show, in its real infernal ugliness, the lie on which civilization turns. . . . .

Thyrsis is absolutely the most real genius I ever saw in a work of fiction. Of course, novels teem with them, but what do they *do*? You have tackled the hardest problem of all and not escaped by making the great man play, or sing, or act. But he *writes*, and so you are called

upon to show what he writes; and you do show it and prove that he writes grand stuff, only to be conceived and produced by a real genius, and a big one at that. This is an achievement of enormous difficulty and you cannot be praised enough for it. Again, my heartiest congratulations. I am full of enthusiasm for this splendid work of art.

Emanuel Haldeman-Julius on "The Cry for Justice," 1915: "Had Sinclair confined himself merely to an anthology on economic or political freedom, his book would have been of such limited scope as to lose force among people of intelligence. But, fortunately, he loves and appreciates freedom in art, literature, science, philosophy, speech, music and education; his vision is broad and far-seeing, enabling him to give his book that divine touch that makes it more than a book, makes it more than a storehouse of utterances, makes it an expression of the soul of man, held down and shackled for the moment, but aspiring and fighting for the glorious heights. I am determined to keep that book as long as I live. I've got my Bible at last; and I've got religion."

Georg Brandes on "King Coal," 1917: Upton Sinclair is one of the writers of the present time most deserving of a sympathetic interest. . . . . This time he has absorbed himself in a study of the miner's life in the lonesome pits of the Rocky Mountains, and his sensitive and enthusiastic mind has brought to the world an American parallel to "Germinal," Emile Zola's industrial masterpiece.

Sinclair Lewis on "The Profits of Religion," 1918: I've been reading "The Profits of Religion" again. It isn't merely that the book is so everlasting sound—it's so delicious as well—literally delicious! You can taste the fine flavor of humor. I don't know any book like it.

Luther Burbank: No one has ever told "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" more faithfully than Upton Sinclair in "The Profits of Religion."

W. L. George: I have just finished "The Profits of Religion." I think it a work of the highest sincerity, and

regret only that 140 years after the death of Voltaire it should still be necessary that your brave pen be enlisted against venal mysticism.

H. L. Mencken: Naturally, I delight in your general massacre of the reverend gentlemen of God. You do it uproariously and with beautiful impartiality. Nearly all anti-clerical literature in America is denominational propaganda in disguise. But you give them fair doses all 'round, and so I think you stand clear of all that pishposh.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes: I must confess that it has fairly made me writhe to read these pages, not because they are untrue or unfair, but on the contrary, because I know them to be the real facts. I love the church as I love my home, and therefore it is no pleasant experience to be made to face such a story as this which you have told. It had to be done, however, and I am glad you have done it, for my interest in the church, after all, is more or less incidental, whereas my interest in religion is a fundamental thing. . . . . Let me repeat again that I feel that you have done us all a service in the writing of this book. Our churches today, like those of ancient Palestine, are the abode of Pharisees and scribes. It is as spiritual and helpful a thing now as it was in Jesus' day for that fact to be revealed.

Henri Barbusse: I have just read "The Profits of Religion"; unfortunately my knowledge of the English language is imperfect, therefore I have not been able to taste all the value of the art and style, but I have got a very perfect notion of the grand flail which the book is. It is a terrible indictment, and of high fervor, and the man who has written it has as much of courage as of heart and talent. It maintains you magnificently in the rank of the great "humane" writers.

Romain Rolland on "Jimmie Higgins," 1919: First let me say that I am ashamed of not having written you before to tell you how much I admire your "Jimmie Higgins." It is one of the most powerful works which have been written on the war. No novel of this time is nearer

to the art and the spirit of Tolstoi. It has his abundant life, the virile human sympathy, and the impassioned truth. One such work will survive in an epoch, and will be its dreaded testimony to the future. If, as I hope, a new social order, more just and more fraternal, succeeds in establishing itself, your Jimmie, that sincere hero and martyr, will remain in the memory of men the legendary figure of the People sacrificed in the epoch of the Great Oppression.

Louise Bryant: I've written a review of "Jimmie Higgins" for the next "Liberator"—I'll try to do a better one for the "Call." It is great, everyone is speaking of it here. Boardman Robinson said last night it proved to him conclusively that fiction is so much more powerful as propaganda than articles. Certainly "Jimmie Higgins" stings, that's why the "Times," etc., call for your blood. It is a great compliment.

Ellen Key: I must have seemed most ungrateful not having thanked you for your most touching, most thoughtful, most tender, most terrible book, "Jimmie Higgins." Now I am reading "The Brass Check," and am glad these things—the same everywhere I fear!—are told with so strong a voice.

Max Eastman on "The Brass Check," 1920: There are few sweeping statements to which I like to sign my name, but one is that American popular newspapers and magazines are false and unreliable to the core. . . . . Upton Sinclair, in "The Brass Check," proves this statement for the first time. He backs it up with the unanswerable facts and documents. He illustrates it with living tales from a wide field of observation, and with a swift and candid narrative of his own experiences which can only leave the reader in a state of amazed indignation. . . . . I can wish nothing better than that every honest-minded American should stop reading his newspaper long enough to read this book and find out what his newspaper is.

Floyd Dell: Upton Sinclair, who is, I think, without any question the greatest journalist that America has ever

produced, as well as being, when he chooses, one of its few great novelists—Upton Sinclair knows the trick of making the truth as interesting as the damnedest lie ever told.

Robert Blatchford, in "The Clarion," London: Mr. Upton Sinclair has sent me a copy of his latest book, "The Brass Check," which has caused me to open my English eyes and to realize facts of which I have lived all my life in contented ignorance.

I have always regarded Mr. Sinclair as too bitter and vehement. When I read his letter about British foreign policy in the "Clarion" a few weeks ago I was rather shocked by its virulence. But now I begin to understand. Now our friend's bitterness no longer surprises me, now I see that the fierce denunciations of the capitalist system which struck me as exaggerated turn out to be absolutely justified by the facts.

The criminal persecution to which Mr. Sinclair has been subjected in his own country for twenty years would embitter and infuriate an angel. The condition of things as he describes them exonerates him in his fiercest invective from any charge of recklessness or over-emphasis.

Sinclair Lewis: I came somewhat late to "The Brass Check," and was enormously impressed by it, enormously interested in it— and as always astounded by your ability to get so much done with only twenty-four hours a day to do it in!

Dr. Frederik van Eeden in "De Amsterdammer," on "100%," 1920: "Good for you, Uppie! Again a book by Upton Sinclair—I believe it is the third in two years' time, and what is best of all, every book is stronger than its predecessor. I know no novelist who in a series has leaped to such a climax. 'The Brass Check' was better than 'Jimmie Higgins,' which was an extraordinary success. But this novel, entitled '100%,' is an even more prodigious piece of work. . . . . Every word burns like a drop of glowing lava. The book is as sharp as a needle and as strong as a great dynamo."

Carl Van Doren in "Contemporary American Novelists": How hope has worked in Mr. Sinclair appears with immense significance in the contrast between "Manassas" and "100%"; the two books illustrate the range of American naturalism and the progressive disillusion of a generation. "Manassas" is the work of a man filled with epic memories and epic expectations, who saw in the Civil War a clash of titanic principles, saw a nation being beaten out on a fearful anvil, saw splendor and heroism rising up from the pits of slaughter. And in spite of his fifteen years spent in discovering the other side of the American picture, Mr. Sinclair in "Jimmie Higgins," the story of a Socialist who went to war against the Kaiser, showed traces still of a romantic pulse, settling down, however, toward the end, to a colder beat. It is the colder beat which throbs in "100%," with a temperature that suggests both ice and fire. Hardly since "Jonathan Wild" has such irony been maintained in an entire volume as that which traces the evolution of Peter Gudge from sharper to patriot through the foul career of spying and incitement and persecution opened to his kind of talents by the frenzy of noncombatants during the war. To this has that patriotism come which on the red fields of Virginia poured itself out in unstinting sacrifice; and, though the sacrifice went on in France and Flanders, was it worth while, Mr. Sinclair implicitly inquires, when the conflict, at no matter how great a distance, could breed such vermin as Peter Gudge? Explicitly he does not answer his question; his art has gone, at least for the moment, beyond avowed argument, merely marshaling the evidence with irresistible ironic skill and dispensing with the chorus. "100%" is a document which honest Americans must remember and point out when orators exclaim, in the accents of official idealism, over the great days and deeds of the great war.

May Sinclair on "The Book of Life," 1922: Very many and great thanks for the volume of "Love and Society" from your "Book of Life." I read it with intense interest and admiration and agreement. You have written the best and sanest things about love, and it seems to me, the best and sanest things about society. I am not greatly

interested in Utopian theories, but your scheme of reconstruction is a very different thing.

Robert Herrick: I read "The Book of Life" with great appreciation, recommended it to several friends, and ended up by writing a review of it for "The New Republic," which will come out in a short time and which I hope will please you. I found it an extraordinarily sensible and useful book, and gave it to my son to take away with him, as stating certain matters of especial importance to youth more sanely than any book I knew of.

Alanson Sessions: I approached "The Book of Life," by Upton Sinclair, with a feeling of dread. Was it possible for any man forty-two years of age to tackle such a subject and avoid the artificialities, dogmatisms and platitudes? Could such a book really be made interesting? Was not the subject one of such magnitude that the author could but begin to introduce himself to it?

I confess a surprised satisfaction. My wife and I sat by the fireside and listened attentively to what Upton had to say about spiritualism, fried potatoes, colds in the head, personal survival, apple sauce, the prevention of conception, heating stoves, moral standards, cigarettes, the subconscious, booze, Jesus, bathing, the Bible, fatness, the fourth dimension, candy, evolution, constipation, socialism, gargles, happiness, raisins, telepathy, and rupture—and a lot of other things in the same category. . . . .

Really, there's piles of fun in this book. It is stimulating. It makes one take stock of the condition of his mind and body. It makes one want to overhaul all his habits. It points to new worlds to be conquered. It makes us poignantly conscious of the mean, dirty, shabby lives we lead, as William Morris used to say.

George R. Kirkpatrick on "The Goose-step," 1923: This is a handshake across the wide spaces, a greeting of sincere gratitude for the work you are doing, and are yet to do with "The Goose-step." This, your latest assault, is undoubtedly the most strategic of all. Speaking generally, students become social nerve centers from which radiate influences far above the average person's influence

—for good or ill. If our friends are cunning in the sense of being intelligent in their ways and means of striking at the predatory system, they will see to it that more than a million of "The Goose-step" are distributed. I want the privilege and honor of helping at least a little in this work. "The Goose-step" will make the college walls rumble with a sort of resurrection roar—with the board of trustees and the college president snarling a high tenor. Go to it, dear old scout! Some thousands of us are keenly grateful to you.

Michael Gold on "Hell," a blank verse drama to be published 1923: I have really enjoyed reading your Gargantuan epic. It is immense, it is interesting and stirring. The idea of the movie accompaniment is entirely new and effective, especially as you use it, for it heightens the drama and at the same time interprets and aids it along. It is really a most original device, and may usher in a new technique of stage-craft. You have done a sort of dramatic presentation of the capitalist cosmos, a Socialist morality play for the modern primitives—the workers. I do not know what it would all look like on a stage—but the whole thing would make a grandiose festival-play for a Red Moscow holiday week. I don't know what you are going to do with it, but I hope you will try the little editor at the Kremlin.

Louise Bryant in the "Liberator," November, 1921: Krupskaya (Madame Lenin) herself made the tea. She told me that she had just finished reading Upton Sinclair's "Jimmie Higgins." "It is a good book," she said; "it gives me a very definite idea of what an ordinary American Socialist is like. It is also sad and disillusioning and therefore instructive. I would like to know about Sinclair. Is he a Communist? And has he written other books?" I told her briefly what I know of Sinclair. She was interested and said she would like to read "The Jungle" and "The Brass Check." I said: "I'm sure he would send you autographed copies of them if he knew you were interested." Krupskaya was pleased but unconvinced. "Really," she said; "why should he? He has probably never heard of me." There was something very charming about her naïveté.

UPTON SINCLAIR, BY CLEMENT WOOD

(From the *"New York Call,"* March 30, 1918)

The storms of emotion seething just below the surface of this age must create their outlet, in thought, poem, picture, novel, song and deed. Out of the myriad-toned babel rise a few great voices, able to etch the present masterfully on men's minds, able to point the way to the inevitable next step. The American revolt of the people has had no lack of able writers to picture the horrid story of the machine's inhumanity to man; and among our novelists Upton Sinclair stands first, in popular estimation, as the labor novelist of today. And he has earned this precedence by a life of magnificent conflict against the shams and shames of today's oppression.

Sinclair comes of fighting men. His immediate ancestors were in the early United States navy; before that, in the British navy. The Civil War swept away what fortune they possessed; the novelist was born in the sterile atmosphere of a Southern family with leisure-class traditions and no money. He fought out of this, doing hack fiction to pay his way through college, before he was twenty-one, he has often said, writing as much in bulk as the works of Walter Scott. His first novel, "Springtime and Harvest," appeared when he was twenty-two; "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," a poetic narrative of the man of letters condemned to death by poverty and belief in his ideals, two years later. "Prince Hagen," an odd fantasy of the world's gold madness, came the same year; this was afterwards dramatized and is one of the four strong plays included in his "Plays of Protest." The next year witnessed one of his best books, although one of the least known, "Manassas," a Civil War novel, immeasurably better than the pleasant mediocrity of the best of the Winston Churchill war books. The pursuit of the runaway slave in this is one of the greatest bits of dramatic writing done by an American. It was intended as the first of a trilogy on the sixties. In view of what followed we can forgive the shelved plan.

In 1906 appeared "The Jungle." It was the editor of *The Appeal to Reason,* it has been said, who suggested

the idea of a stock yards novel to the novelist. Sinclair made the Chicago packing town his home, and got at first hand the sordid bloodiness, the sorrowful filth, the torturing toil of the thousands of hopeless serfs rotting to pile up noisesome dividends for the meat lords. No more powerful tale of labor's sufferings was ever conceived or executed; the pages reread today wring the heart, as they will a hundred years from today. After disheartening setbacks, the book was finally published; it swept the country. It hit even the bourgeois in their tenderest spot —the stomach; some observer has said that it gave a nation the stomachache. Out of the floods of denials the truth of Sinclair's story emerged untouched; it resulted in at least a temporary righting of some of the more awful evils of the system.

Book after book followed, each laying open one of the fester spots of moribund capitalistic society. "The Industrial Republic" was a prophetic study of ten years hence; it was a strong vision. "The Overman" pictures the higher possibilities of the spirit; "The Metropolis" uncovered the decay in the New York smart set, "The Moneychangers" attacked the financial overlordship of the country, and another of the "Plays of Protest," "The Machine," was a withering indictment of the vicious alliance between politics, finance and commercialized vice. "Samuel the Seeker" is a simple, fictional explanation of Socialism; "Love's Pilgrimage," another of his finer books, a treatment of love and the home relationship, with a caustic understanding. "Sylvia" continued this, and his latest novel, "King Coal," seeks to do for the despotic feudalism of the Western mining camps what "The Jungle" did for the packing hells. Georg Brandes calls it an American parallel to "Germinal," Emile Zola's technical masterpiece.

All of these works will not survive the sifting of time. "The Jungle" is sure; some of the plays, several of the novels, may become permanent possessions of the world's literature of proletarian revolt or social criticism. Upton Sinclair is young yet, just turning forty; he may outshine the brilliant fire of the poignant leaf from packingtown life. Whether he does or not, the effect that this vivid

flood of revolutionary outpouring has had upon dormant, self-satisfied American thinking is almost incalculable. He has ridden rough-shod over prejudice and falsehood, he has blazed a brutal trail into the inmost capitalist unholy of unholies; these things count.

Sinclair the personality is as interesting as Sinclair the novelist. He is a slight, well-built man of average height, with a boyish face and a boyish manner. In his relaxed moments, he radiates a strong magnetic charm. But when he turns his soul against some social problem, his brow furrows deeply, persistently; he has no mind for anything except the thing to be attacked, and the ways of attacking it. The picture he presented one night in 1914—it was the night of a big Carnegie Hall protest against the Colorado outrages—is one that will never leave those who saw him; he sat as silent as "The Thinker," but there was an inexplicable and painful intensity frozen on his face, a mask covering some deep internal writhing. The next day he began his silent picketing of 26 Broadway, the heart of the Colorado trouble; it was this that had shaped itself out of his brooding wrath.

Upton Sinclair has a rounded philosophy of life. He realizes the importance of care of the body, and for years his monthly article in "Physical Culture," upon dietetics or healthful living, was one of its prized features. On the tennis court he is the picture of confident grace; his velvety persistency has a way of unobtrusively downing the most tumultuous opponent. A fixed requirement for his secretary is that he must be able—and eager—to play a rattling match at least once a day. . . . .

The essence of the highest novel writing is that it reflects the more important phases of life sincerely and clearly. The very statement of the present condition points the way out of the tangled wilderness. All of these qualities Sinclair possesses abundantly. His powerful sincerity speaks in all of his writings; the truth as he sees it is what he gives forth. His subjects are the most important ones confronting man today; and the burning light of day he throws against the man-made darkness of modern industry has rarely been equalled. He rarely needs a conventional hero or heroine; dumb, slowly wakening

labor is his hero, the diseased industrial machine at once his mighty background and the force of evil that must be conquered.

In the epic of modern labor he has treated finally certain phases; if the great American novel has been written, it is his "Jungle"; for no greater work of fiction, especially from the social standpoint as opposed to the individual, has yet been produced among us. In his writing and his living he has earned the right to be classed among the few pre-eminent American voices speaking for social justice and a better world.

UPTON SINCLAIR, BY FRANK HARRIS

(From *"Contemporary Portraits"* (Third Series), published by Frank Harris, New York)

A handsome fellow of good middle height and strongly made, Sinclair reminded me at our first meeting of Wells; but his features were even more regular and his forehead broader. The eyes, too, were fuller of light and kinder than Wells' eyes; not such reflective mirroring pools, I mean, but quicker, brighter, vertical wrinkles between the brows—surely of doubt and thought; perhaps of disappointment grown impatient or querulous. Nevertheless, a fine, well-balanced face, backed by direct cordial decisive manner which contradicted the wrinkles.

Sinclair was still young—about thirty-two—and had already "The Jungle" to his credit and half a dozen other novels; he might well be one of the Sacred Band, seer at once and creative artist—another Cervantes. "The Jungle" was very nearly a masterpiece; if the end had been worked up crescendo to flaming revolt, it would have been the finest of American novels, fit to rank with "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Cloister and the Hearth." None of these books was written before the author was forty; what might not Sinclair do in another ten years? Clearly he was a man to know, worth careful study.

Unluckily for me he was then on his way to Holland, stopping in London only for a short time; he could not give me another meeting, though he was kind enough to say that he regretted the necessity.

I talked to him of his new book, "Love's Pilgrimage," which I thought a mistake, and in the unexpurgated form, a blunder. There were fine pages in it, however; here and there an original thought; a mind beginning to feel its own power.

The book was so different from "The Jungle" that in spite of its shortcomings it testified to uncommon width of vision. I was eager to know how Sinclair had grown; what reading he had done, and what thinking, to come to his power as a story-teller. For as Dante knew, the man who can tell convincingly what he has seen, must have a noble mind. Sinclair gave me the outlines of his early life quite simply: I reproduce his words:

I was born in Baltimore in 1878. I went to the public school and the College of the City of New York, where I studied the things which interested me and neglected those that did not interest me.

In the last year I got leave of absence for several months, stayed at home and read omnivorously. The three men who had most to do with the shaping of my thought were Jesus, Hamlet and Shelley. But at this time I also read and studied especially Carlyle, Browning, Milton and Goethe. Tennyson I read, but was always irritated by his conventionality. Arnold was, I think, next to Shelley and Shakespeare, my favorite poet. I loved his noble dignity—rather mournful—not at all what I was or meant to be, but the best of the old stuff. I think a lot of Thackeray, too. I read all the Germans up to Freytag before I read any French, so the French had less influence on me. But Zola taught me a lot. I said of "The Jungle" that I had tried to put the content of Shelley into the form of Zola. . . . .

What brought me to Socialism was more Christianity than anything else. I saw that those who professed Jesus did not practice him nor seem to understand him. I wanted to. And the more I came to doubt his divinity, the more important it seemed to me to understand and apply the human side of his teaching. I wrote "Arthur Stirling" and "Prince Hagen," which are pretty much Socialistic works, before I ever met a Socialist. I thought I was the only person who knew those things; I had the burden of it all in my soul at twenty; and then, when I ran into Leonard Abbott and Wilshire I discovered it was all known before.

Sinclair did not feel as I did the necessity of embodying the two opposing principles of individualism and Socialism in life, and so I put the question to him: "Do you believe Socialism will supersede individualism? I

want the State to take over many departments of labor; to resume possession of the land and to nationalize railroads, telephones, telegraphs, etc. I hope municipalities will take charge of all local public services; but you seem to want Socialism everywhere, seeing no shortcomings in it." Sinclair replied:

I have never doubted Socialism. You see I use the word in a broad sense to mean the change from private ownership and exploitation to social ownership and co-operation. As to ways and methods, etc., I have an open mind, and change it continually. I am a half-syndicalist, and I understand that the final goal is anarchy, so I can get along with all the sects. I think an open mind is my chief characteristic; at any rate my belief in it. I try to combine moral passion with good judgment, and I know it's hard to do because I see so few who even try it.

I try to be impersonal; that is rather easy for me, because I am naturally absorbed in ideas. I prefer getting alone and reading about world events to meeting anybody. I naturally don't see people. I mean, I don't notice their eyes or hair, etc. . . . . Sometimes I am rude without being able to help it, because I am easily bored and have great difficulty in controlling myself; I mean that my mind runs away before I know it, and I am chasing some thoughts inside myself.

I find that I have started out to tell you about myself as I really am, and as I suppose that's what you want, I'll go on.

When I was young, eighteen or so, I thought I was inspired; at any rate I had some sort of a demon inside me and I worked day and night and ate myself up. I set out at seventeen to try and learn the violin, and I practiced ten hours a day, practically every day, for two or three years. I mean that literally; eight to twelve, two to six, and eight to ten. Then I got married and had to work at things that carried at least a hope of money.

I had supported myself by writing from the time I was fifteen. But when I got to be twenty (and had marriage in view) a desire to write serious things overwhelmed me, so I could no longer write the pot-boilers, dime novels, jokes, etc., by which I had paid my way through college.

From twenty to twenty-six I nearly starved. All my novels of that time—"King Midas," "Prince Hagen," "Arthur Stirling," "Manassas," and "A Captain of Industry"—brought me less than one thousand dollars altogether. I lived alone on $4.50 a week in New York and I lived in the country with my family for $30 a month. I really did it—had to. Hence my bitterness and my fury against poverty. They can't fool me with phrases.

When I wrote what really interested me, I never stopped day or night for weeks at a time. I mean that I had the thing I was writing in my mind every moment—I think even while I

nothing else it has tested friendship and tried men as by fire; forcing them to reveal themselves to the very innermost chamber of the heart.

Moreover, I have now read all Sinclair's writings, and I may as well confess it at once there's a Puritanism in him that I can't stomach and that, I believe, injures all his work. There is no passionate love-story in any of his writings. Take his latest work, "King Coal," which has just been published by Macmillan. In "King Coal" there is a superb Irish girl who confesses her love for the hero and offers herself to him only to be told by him that he is in love with another girl and engaged to her. There is no love-story in "Love's Pilgrimage," or in "Manassas" or in "The Jungle." Yet I have an unreasoned conviction that the greatest stories of the world are love-stories and no Tendenz-Schrift, no novel-with-a-purpose, however high, is going to live with the tale of Ruth or Juliet or Manon Lescaut.

In his essential make-up Sinclair is more like Arnold Bennett than Wells. Arnold Bennett, too, has never been able to write a love-story; but then he has not Sinclair's insight into social conditions, nor Sinclair's passion for justice. His shortcomings don't matter much, while Sinclair's fill one with regret. So few are called to great work. Why will not Sinclair put his hand to the plow and give us the masterpiece we expect from him?

It seems to me that he may do this at any time. He appears to have all the powers necessary and he sees himself with the detachment of genius. The other day he sent me a eulogy of Jack London that I thought overpitched. I praised Emerson to him and Poe and Whitman in comparison, and in reply he answered me thus:

> I find London more interesting as a personality than any of the men you mention. Emerson is much nearer my own temperament because he had a Puritan conscience; but he was very apt to run to abstractions and to facile optimisms. . . . . Poe had imagination without conscience. . . . . Jack London was antagonistic to me in many ways, but he had the eternal spirit of youth.

Excellent criticism this, though I don't agree with the classification; Emerson is among the world's thinkers,

the greatest American after Whitman, whereas London in my opinion has done nothing that will live. But it is "the Puritan conscience" or rather the Puritan strain in Sinclair, thinning his blood, which I regard as perhaps his most serious limitation. . . . .

To return to Sinclair; I am not only in close agreement with him, but I have a very genuine admiration for his extraordinary talent. It is seldom that men admire those who resemble them closely. As Anatole France was fond of saying, "I must know all that my contemporaries are thinking so I never read them: they don't interest me."

I have over Sinclair the sad superiority of the senior: I am more than twenty years older than he is and so inferior to him as a younger-born of Time. He is not yet forty and when I think of all I have learned since I was forty I am ashamed of finding any fault in him; for in the next twenty years he may outgrow all his limitations and make my judging appear impertinent. But at the moment, sixty has perhaps some right to tell forty how to steer between Scylla and Charybdis, between too little self-restraint and too tight a rein, particularly if sixty is inclined, as in this case, to advocate a more complete self-abandonment.

In my opinion "The Jungle" is so superb and splendid an achievement that it justifies us in hoping even greater things from Upton Sinclair. His criticism, too, of others, is excellent; penetrating at once and sympathetic: he even sees himself with exceptional detachment and fairness. To set bounds to his accomplishment would be merely impudent; but I am sorry that he has written "King Coal," which is merely another Socialist novel.

THE PRICE I PAID

By Upton Sinclair

Pasadena, California,
A. Maurice Low, Esq., Jan. 15, 1917.

My dear Mr. Low: I have read with interest your article in the January *Forum*. You point out the terrific crisis to which civilization has come, and you declare your faith that the salvation of the world depends upon the arising of new leaders, men of fervor, zeal, and sincerity, who are not bent on self-advancement, on coining notoriety into cash, but are willing to face sufferings and undergo sacrifices to save humanity. Your article is deeply felt; and I am going to reply to it frankly, relying upon your intense earnestness to keep you from being offended. I am going to tell you of my conviction—that there are in the world today, in every land, hundreds and thousands of men and women of the sort you call for; and that it is your class-training and environment which make it impossible for you to recognize them. I do not mean this in any way offensively; I state it because it is a fact, which you, and your readers of the London *Morning Post*, must recognize and allow for, in their dealings with the problems of our time. I will tell you of a movement, numbering millions of adherents throughout the world, which has been made body and soul out of the heroic sacrifices of exactly such men as you have sought in vain. This movement is being molded and maintained today by the efforts of such men—and I will give you their names and addresses, if you really wish to hunt them up.

What sort of sacrifice will you have? The other day I heard the story of a young man of one of the oldest and wealthiest Boston families, who left his home and went to work in a steel mill to help the workers to freedom—and died of the sights of horror and despair which he saw. If you ask for poor heroes, not rich ones, then I will tell you of a youth who took part in the Lawrence strike, saw his wife and baby die of starvation, then threw himself into a struggle for free speech on behalf of the Colorado strikers, and had his face beaten in by a policeman's fist.

I ask again, What sort of sacrifice, of heroism? Willingness to face ridicule? I know a man who is heir to millions, who devotes his life to organizing the tramps, and, though he is a man of real ability, the nearest approach to Christ I ever saw on earth, is never mentioned in the newspapers without mockery. I know a labor leader, steadfast, true, devoted, able, now under life sentence for a murder he had no more to do with than you—and yet unperturbed and busy at his work. I know another, who has lived the life of a Spartan or a saint, a giant of a man, shaping laws to set free the slaves of the sea. I know a young lawyer, a devoted Socialist, who the other day told the woman he loved that he was too poor to marry; yet he refused a fee of five hundred dollars for something which would

have done only the faintest discoverable harm to the public interest. I know a young clergyman who has just given up a prosperous Boston church to earn a precarious living as a radical lecturer. I could go on like this for twenty pages to prove to you what I say—that there is a mighty surge of humanity under way, made out of innumerable heroisms of men and women; and you, and men of the class for which you write, sit by and have no idea of it all!

You speak of those who coin their notoriety, sell the moving picture rights of their propaganda, exchange their faith for high-power limousines, etc. That a few may have done these things I do not deny; though I think that mostly this is a legend set abroad by capitalist interests. What you fail to realize is that the persons who do sell out are the ones who have money behind them, and so they get publicity, while those who resist temptation remain comparatively obscure, and are seldom observed by you and your world.

I am going to do a peculiar thing. I am going to tell you the facts about one man out of the many thousands who have stood by the faith; that one being the man I happen to know about beyond question—myself. From the point of view of evidence I am a perfect case, for I am one of those whom the *bourgeois* world thinks of as notoriety-seekers, making profit out of zeal, turning faith and vision into cash. I am continually reading such things about myself; so widely spread and firmly based is the legend that the very trades-people in the shops are convinced that I am one of the darlings of fortune, and insist on trying to serve me accordingly. When I compare the facts as I know them with what I read about myself in the newspapers; when I compare what I read about other "millionaire Socialists" with what I happen to know about their every-day lives—I feel safe in assuring you that the business of agitation is not nearly so profitable as you imagine it; that the occupation of turning love of justice into high-power limousines exists mainly in the minds of editors, politicians, and other retainers of privilege.

Ordinarily, the most ungracious thing a man could do is to set forth a list of his own virtues. But if he happens to be the exponent of a cause, and if the cause is traduced, it would seem that he may fairly offer his life as evidence. It happens that I am the one person about whom I have the facts at hand and beyond dispute. So here, behold me, a bug impaled on a pin for study: a specimen of the *agitator auriferens*, popularly described as "parlor Socialist"!

I am thirty-eight years old, and have supported myself since I was fifteen, always with my pen. Since the age of twenty, I have written exclusively in the cause of human welfare, nearly all my writing being part of the class-war. I was able to say to a newspaper man the other day that in those eighteen years I have never written a line I did not believe. I have written many lines which were below my best from the literary point of view, for I have been ill part of the time, and poor most

of the time; but I have stood by my faith, such as it was and is. I have won much notoriety, and possibly a little fame; also I have made a good deal of money. I made thirty thousand dollars out of one book, and proceeded at once to invest it in a Socialist colony, so organized that I had no possibility of making profit out of it; it burned down, and I lost nearly everything, and started again. The next time I was on my feet, I launched, here in California, a Socialist dramatic enterprise, again without possibility of profit; and when I had got out of debt from that, I went in a third time, trying to get justice, or a tiny modicum of it, for the slaves of the Colorado coal mines.

Now, I shall be egotistical enough to assert, as a fact beyond question, that if I had worked for eighteen years with the same energy, zeal and persistence at making money that I have worked at producing a score of Socialist books and hundreds of Socialist propaganda articles, I would have been a very rich man today. At the age of seventeen, one of my prosperous relatives offered me a handsome salary to take charge of the opening of a branch of a bonding business in Paris. At the age of twenty-six, I refused a salary of ten thousand a year as advertising manager of one of our biggest magazines, and another contract, starting at the same figure, to write editorials for America's greatest publisher of prostitute newspapers. I refused to permit the use of my name in connection with a "model" meat-packing plant, in which I was to have two hundred thousand dollars worth of stock at the start. A little later I refused my name to a proposed book which was to turn my protest against "white slavery" into cleverly veiled pornography—for which I was to get thirty thousand on signing the contract. It is a fact that I have refused not one, but a dozen offers for the production of plays of mine, provided that I would rewrite them and "leave out the Socialism." The same thing is true of the moving picture end of my business; and some of the offers have come from men who are making millions.

Before my literary success I lived in New York on four dollars and a half a week, and later I supported a wife and child on thirty a month. Since my success I have taken a living out of my work; but the taking has generally been behind the living—that is to say, I have spent more on "causes" than I had at the time. I have never owned an automobile—not even a Ford. I once owned a saddle-horse, as a matter of health; but at present I ride a bicycle, for which I paid ten dollars second-hand. At the moment of writing, my worldly goods consist of about ten dollars in the bank, a few clothes which are five or ten years old, a couple of hundred dollars worth of furniture which was purchased second-hand, and a few hundred books. Yet, whenever I come out and raise a cry for the wage-slaves of my country, I never fail to read about myself as an agitator for profit. Do you wonder that the radical worm sometimes feels like turning and biting?

You lament that men no longer have their faith tried by martyrdom. My dear man, what, in God's name, do you mean

by that remark? Have you never even heard about capitalist jails? Have you never read Berkman's "Prison Memoirs"? Have you never heard of Pat Quinlan, Arturo Giovannitti, Fred Merrick, Ben Legere, Carlo Tresca, John Lawson, Helen Schloss, Gurley Flynn? Do you know nothing of the torture-instruments of poverty—the rack of hunger, the thumb-screws of neglect, the stocks of ridicule, the dungeons of disease? There are whole armies of people facing these things for the sake of their vision of social justice.

You ask for a "Superman." They seldom call themselves by any such high-sounding name; they simply do their hard duty, as plain, ordinary, humble men and women have done it through the ages—people like Jesus, and Paul, and Galileo, and Luther, and Huss, and Lincoln, and Wendell Phillips, and Gene Debs, and John Lawson, and Andrew Furuseth, and Pat Quinlan, and Karl Liebknecht, and Bertrand Russell, and Sylvia Pankhurst, and Sheehy Skeffington.

Let us return to the particular bug we are studying—our specimen of the *agitator auriferens,* popularly described as "parlor Socialist." Not merely have I never made any money out of my propaganda, but I have sacrificed for the sake of it practically all my standing and influence as a man of letters, a much-respected caste in the present-day world. It is a fact that when American novelists are discussed, my name is systematically omitted. When Georg Brandes, Europe's greatest literary critic, came to this country three years ago, he stated to a group of reporters that there were three American novelists he found worth reading—Frank Norris, Jack London, and Upton Sinclair. With the exception of one single newspaper, every paper in the country which reported that interview said that there were *two* American novelists whom Georg Brandes found worth reading—Frank Norris and Jack London. Brandes himself mentioned this circumstance to me, and asked if I could explain the puzzling phenomenon. It is a fact that New York City's leading newspaper has a rule that articles about me and articles written by me are not admitted to its columns; I was told this personally by two different editors to whom such orders were given. Reporter friends of mine have described to me the process which goes on of editing accounts of me which appear in other New York papers, so as to take out of them everything which might reflect credit on me. As to the Associated Press, I don't know what rule it may have about the matter, but its practice is that my name does not get upon its wires unless I am arrested, or divorce my wife, or do something else considered disgraceful. As to magazines, the respectable ones send back my articles in dignified silence; the sensational ones write me friendly letters and explain that if I would only "leave out the propaganda," etc.

And do you think I am unique in such experiences? Not in the least! There are hundreds like me; not all of them so notorious, not all of them so desperately willing to throw away every consideration of *bourgeois* respectability for a chance to

strike a blow at the exploiters of the world's toil; but all of them making sacrifices—*money* sacrifices—for the cause of justice now and here. There is a little magazine in New York, which exists because a certain young college professor was willing to throw up his job and go out and beg among his friends. This magazine has never paid a dollar for a contribution, yet it has the brainiest staff of writers of any magazine in America. Go meet some of the boys on the *Masses*, and ask them to tell you what they know about sacrifices made and humiliations endured by men and women who wish to write what they believe! If you don't find your "Superman" among them, let me know, and I'll send you to others—if they are still alive. I could fill up the rest of this page with the names of one particular group of martyrs known to me—men and women who have turned their social vision, not into high-power limousines, but into tuberculosis!

Here is a call to you, Mr. Low. It is a call which comes to all your fellow-countrymen, Englishmen, and will come louder yet when the war is over. If you want to find saints and martyrs for this new time, don't sit up on your hilltop of leisure-class good taste, but come down and look for them where they are—in the grime and smoke of the revolutionary movement.

Yours for justice in our time, UPTON SINCLAIR.

NOTE—The above letter was published in "Pearson's Magazine," April, 1917. All the statements in it were true when made, and are still true. But the agent of a leading "hundred percent" organization has been lecturing all over the United States upon the wealth which Upton Sinclair has made, and the automobile and other property which have been purchased therewith; so it seems proper to state that I now have the use of an automobile, which privilege I acquired as follows: Three years ago my mother-in-law, who is violently opposed to Socialism, presented her daughter with a Dodge car, which was immediately commandeered by my wife's husband and converted into an office-dray. After it had carried several hundred tons of books to the postoffice, my wife eloquently dedicated the remains to the cause, with the comment that its proletarian status might fairly be considered as established.

M. C. S. comes from the far South, and her family are as conservative as would be expected from descendants of the old slave-owning class. However, their family life has always been conducted on a basis of primitive communism, with occasional insurrections due to the entrance of "in-laws" bringing traces of the private property ideal. Some years ago, when one of the daughters was getting married, and was engaged in furnishing a home, a younger daughter was missing for several hours, and was finally discovered out in the orchard, sitting on a handsome rug. When asked what she was doing, she replied that she was determined to keep at least one decent article of furniture for the rest of the family!

But all previous perplexities of this family descended from a colonial governor were as nothing compared to the coming

of Socialism as an "in-law"! They want to give to their beloved daughter, but they don't want to give to that most wicked of all causes! When by their help and her own labors M. C. S. acquired a home and an office, and then both were mortgaged to the limit to pay bills for printing Socialist books, they set up a counter-revolutionary propaganda in the family, with the result that M. C. S. has decided that Feminism precedes Socialism as a stage in evolution, and if any of the comrades differ with her sociological views on this point they may write and convert her!

We regret very much that the reports as to our wealth are not true. We ought to have done better, having sold 55,000 copies of "The Profits of Religion," 133,000 of "The Brass Check" and 35,000 of "100%." But most of the profits from the first-named book went into a propaganda magazine, and the other two books were published during a paper shortage, and copies were unobtainable for several months. Large quantities of paper had to be ordered four months in advance at double prices, and when finally the paper was got and the books printed, the slump hit the country, and a large supply of books are still on hand, also a large supply of debts. When the books have been disposed of and the debts paid, the surplus, if there is any, will go to the issuing of the writer's earlier books, fourteen of which have been out of print and unobtainable for from five to fifteen years.

Frederik van Eeden, in preface to Dutch edition of "King Coal": Upton Sinclair is a writer with wonderful power. Among artists and decadents, he stands with his strong personality immovable and invincible. He does not ask anything of art-formulas or artistic systems. He is born with a superfluency of ethical strength, and his aim has been pure from the beginning. All art with him is "tendens-art"; in all his work it is the man who speaks, the man who loves his fellow-men and tries to lift them to higher humanity. It is a fine, restful and hopeful sight, to see a man at work who is so strong and firm. There is no one, that I know of, in this critical moment, who is armed with so much artistic strength; who indulges so serenely his inner impulse for doing good, for building-up, and for lessening the evil on this earth. He is not purely an artist, who looks only for beauty; neither is he a preacher or apostle, who wants only to convert and convince us. He is both in one. But that which drives him is love for humanity, and his marvelous artistic powers he uses only by the way, to reach his moral aim. First of all is he the man of action, and if he thought he could

serve humanity with this, he would be willing to burn all his works.

The greatest trouble he has with his work, is to make it short and not too tendentious. Many times he has thanked me when I suggested that he should be not too much the apostle, but also should try to develop and purify his great artistic powers. And typical is the dedication of his book "King Coal," wherein he says that the reader should be grateful to his wife, Mary Craig Kimbrough, who by the dangerous act of tearing up his manuscripts, has protected the reader from most of the mistakes that otherwise would have been in the book. If Upton let himself go, he would preach and argue, till nobody would be willing to listen to him any longer; because men do not want to be converted by oratory, but are glad to follow whoever leads them with plastic beauty. So Upton has learned to control himself, and harness his strong artistic horses before the heavy cart of his ethical feelings.

From Albert Rhys Williams, 1916: I don't want to slop over, but I just want to affirm with all the affirmatory power there is that if you had played the literary game and had been searching out some sort of a literary niche in America, even with revolutionary stuff, you wouldn't have one-tenth the hold over the idealists of America; because as I know them they are sick and disgusted with the whole tribe of climbers in church and literature, and then when they find it in the revolutionary ranks they turn away disheartened. So you might have produced a great literary masterpiece in the time you have given to direct action, but at the same time you would have helped produce a lot more of the breed whose eyes are always on the main chance, and so reinforced the glorious gospel of getting on—which obtains too often in the revolutionary movement as it does elsewhere. Here is one that is glad you didn't, and just meeting you for a little while has confirmed and strengthened all my desires to play the game for the crowd and not for myself; and just because your renunciations have been spiritual and intangible, I believe I can appreciate their cost. Tell Mrs. S. that I am trying to be quite as good and sober and righteous as she wanted me, and I am unusually succeeding.

Books of Upton Sinclair in English

(In Print and for Sale by the Author, 1931)

THE WET PARADE, 1931. Cloth, $2.50.
ROMAN HOLIDAY, 1931. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
MENTAL RADIO, 1930. Cloth, $3.
MOUNTAIN CITY, 1930, Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
OIL! (Dramatization), 1929. Paper, 25c.
BOSTON, 1928, 2 vols. Cloth, $2.50.
MONEY WRITES, 1927. Cloth, $2.50.
OIL! (Novel), 1927. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
THE SPOKESMAN'S SECRETARY, 1926. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50c.
LETTERS TO JUDD, 1926. Cloth, $1; paper, 15c.
MAMMONART, 1925. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.
SINGING JAILBIRDS, 1925. Paper, 25c.
BILL PORTER, 1925. Cloth, $1; paper, 50c.
THE MILLENNIUM, 1924. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
THE GOSLINGS, 1924. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.
THE GOOSE-STEP, 1923. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.
HELL, 1923. Paper, 25c.
THEY CALL ME CARPENTER, 1922. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
THE BOOK OF LIFE, 1922. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.
THE BRASS CHECK, 1920. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.
100%, 1920. Cloth, $1.50.
JIMMIE HIGGINS, 1919. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
THE PROFITS OF RELIGION, 1919. Cloth, 50c.
KING COAL, 1917. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
THE CRY FOR JUSTICE, 1915. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.25.
SYLVIA'S MARRIAGE, 1914. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
SYLVIA, 1913. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
DAMAGED GOODS, 1913. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE, 1911. Cloth, $2; paper, $1.
THE FASTING CURE, 1911. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
SAMUEL THE SEEKER, 1909. Cloth, $1.
THE MONEYCHANGERS, 1908. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
THE METROPOLIS, 1908. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
THE JUNGLE, 1906. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
MANASSAS, 1904. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.
THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING, 1903. Cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.

Pocket Library Edition

PRINCE HAGEN 5c
THE OVERMAN 5c
THE POT BOILER 5c
THE SECOND STORY MAN 5c
THE NATURE WOMAN 5c
THE MACHINE 5c
A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY, 2 vols. ... 10c