ATTACK ON MY GENERATION
For Grenville Clark in the dark
days of 1940

In March 1939 England decided on military conscription. In May 1940
the ammunition factories took a three day vacation.

The governing class in England has ostracised for the last twenty years
every man who protested against the gospel of the easier and always easier
way of life, who knew that life in the manhood of the industrial era would
become harder and harder on this globe. My best friends in England, five
in all, are not used by the government in any adequate capacity. They are
all of military age. One wrote in 1923 that the next war would be a way of
tanks. That was enough to finish him as a general.

In the fall of 1939 you visualized a peace in terms of the 19th century,
at a moment when the economy of the world had become an economy of hemispheres,
when the Argentine and Mexico looked to Japan and when the whole economic
order believed in by Hull had gone to pot together with the gold buried in
Kentucky.

And now, in May 1940, you resurrect the Plattsburg Camps of 1917. In
this country my whole generation insists on reiterating the thinking of thirty
years ago. Therefore, the country's instincts are against you.

The ROTC needed today to supplement Plattsburg are industrial leader
camps. For the last seven years I have tried to convince you, President
Conant, Hopkins, etc., etc., that this time the industrialized mankind of this
country has to be rebuilt. Behind every soldier ten or eleven industrial
workers must stand and work.

And here, as Leon Blum in France, the President talks about unhoarding the
forty hour week. A Fool's Paradise, President Hopkins insists -- with you --
that we should send the allies every possible help short of war. But he had
not an hour to discuss the real issue; the moral mobilization of our industrial
workers. Without an immediate influx of the gilded youth of America into
the rank and file of farmers and workers, the true menace of the situation
is not understood.

Lindbergh, who at least is a child of this machine age, knows that industry
is the real problem. He is not human enough to realize that before we can
produce, we have to revivify the industrial morals.

You humanists know that officers are indispensable. But you decline to
think in terms of the new era of the Iron Man. You follow the pattern of the
French Revolution. That is all dead for good. Just as dead as John Simon or
Montagu Norman who allowed the City to finance the German armament for the
drive to Boulogne. I claim no merit but to have been molded in my thoughts
by the lessons of defeat. For seven years I have tried to cry myself and
you awake. If Harvard would recognize six months in a C.C.C. as equivalent to
one academic term, it would do the only useful thing. All the rest is paper
and wishful thinking. I am sorry if I must anger you now. But I feel that
my whole usefulness consists in warning you against the mistakes made by the
ruling classes in England and France to think in terms of 1789, in the shadow
of a new world.

Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy
Attack on my generation.

In 1917, America went to war; and in 1919, she staid out of the peace. This time, she staid out of the war; and she is going to get stuck in the peace for the next thirty years.

There is no "do as you please", in Foreign Affairs; and my generation has wasted its freedom of action by letting Senator Nye proclaim in advance what should be the secret of any really living body politic: the future decisions. This is the greatest High Treason ever committed against the life of a great nation; it is the sin against the living God, or if my generation in its helplessness of unbelief, prefers, against the ABC of survival.

You have made worse mistakes than the ruling classes in France and England. How can you expect to get away with your blunders any cheaper than they? My usefulness consists in warning you against these mistakes. I don't claim any other merit but to have been moulded in my thoughts by the lessons of defeat. For seven years, I have tried to cry myself and you awake.

If the American Colleges would recognize six months in the CCC as an equivalent to one academic term, if, in consequence of this step, two hundred thousand students would join this mishandled and neglected army of relief, we could hope to rebuild the broken industrial and spiritual morale of American youth. Then, we could begin to reconnect the outlying, unconnected parts of our economy with the main lifestream, by dropping the insulting work projects like picnics grounds, and doing the really vital work. We could, from this reproductive effort, expect the firm financial basis for armaments. And with this labor army to appear all over the American Hemisphere, we might
finally get 50,000 airplanes.

You, my venerable but absolutely obdurate generation, put the cart before the horse. You shout for 1200 airplanes now when the war is lost. The English declared conscription in March 1939; and in May 1940, their Ammunition factories took a three day holiday. The Canadian airplane scheme was planned to run smoothly in 1941. Volunteers were sent home during all the nine months of the war, except stenographers.

But my generation, in England as well as here, discussed the peace terms after the war, with Luxemburg and Denmark as prominent members of the next League. Today, you revivify the Plattsburg Camps of 1917. My whole generation insists on repeating all the steps (and fallacies) of twenty-five years ago. They have not been killed in action as most of my European contemporaries. And it never dawns on them that they perhaps have to die themselves mentally at least if this country is to have any future.

The gold lies buried in Kentucky, Argentine and Mexico look to Japan. The Northern Pole is the best road from Norway or Russia into Canada. The economy of the world has managed to bridge the gap between labor, capital, and intelligence everywhere except in America. An economy of Hemispheres is in the making. And you talk about trade agreements a la Hull.

If you do not believe in any change, please consider one simple figure: behind every soldier ten or eleven industrial workers must stand and work. Without an immediate influx of the gilded youth of America into the rank and file of our farming and industrial population, we cannot revivify the morale of production. And without this moral change, we cannot produce.
Our generation though not killed yet has not the ear of the country. Lindbergh who at least is a child of the machine age and without the paralysing effects of college education, knows that industry is the real problem. And instinctively, the people feel that he has something to say though they do not like his mind of a mechanic especially. You humanists should beat him easily knowing that officers are indispensable inspired leadership. But you decline to think in terms of the new era, of the Iron Man. Who discusses the real issue, the moral mobilisation of our industry, the conquest of the disastrous mildew on our life? that this thinly populated bleak beach of a vast continent has too many people? that life should become easier year after year? that the Western Hemisphere, by some magic circle called Monroe Doctrine, is immune against the rights of mankind to occupy empty spaces?

We are undermanned, and we are entering a phase in which it will be harder than ever to keep vitality, the will and stomach to live. The industrial mankind of this country has to be rebuilt. "e who in the face of this task re-iterates the outworn phrases of the French Revolution, is a real menace to this country. "e blocks the road to life just as John Simon and Montague Norman whose credits, in honor of laissez faire, brought the Germans to Calais, just as much as we Japan. The English governing class has ostracised any member, that has not believed in the gospel of the easier and always easier life. The General of the Tanks, Fuller, who said in 1923 exactly how this war would be fought, is not with the British E. F.. Four other of my English friends lie fallow, because they all asked for realism. Is my generation here resolved to repeat the umbrella policy?