

May, 1921

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— OR —

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, Calif.

CRIMES OF THE "TIMES"!

(Being instalment No. 2 of the "Brass Check Weekly")

For a year the New York "Times" refused to admit the existence of "The Brass Check." Hush! Not a word! Not even in the advertising columns! A perfectly good check for \$156.80 was rejected, together with a perfectly good advertisement accepted by the New York "Tribune," "Herald," "Globe" and "Evening Post."

But everybody in New York is reading "The Brass Check." All the men on the "Times" staff have read it; the editors cannot go to a dinner party without hearing it discussed. So something must be done. A champion is selected, James Melvin Lee, who got his training in journalistic ethics on the staff of "Leslies," the barber-shop weekly, and now is sanctified by an academic mantle, director of the Department of Journalism of the New York University. Prof. Lee delivers a lecture before the Brownsville Labor Forum, entitled "The Fallacies of 'The Brass Check,'" and the "Times," carefully provided in advance with clippings and quotations, displays everything which the Professor said in defense of the "Times," in a two-column article opposite the editorial page—"preferred position"!

Was Professor Lee reviewing "The Brass Check" or was he reviewing the Brownsville Labor Forum? Again and again he would call for facts—for names, dates and places—and when his Brownsville audience could not supply them, the Professor would declare that he had answered "The Brass Check." The "Times" gave preferred position to these claims; and in every single instance where the Professor clamored for facts, there were facts given in "The Brass Check" that fitted his requirements, and in several instances the guilty newspaper was the "Times"!

We wrote the "Times" a letter, not so long as the attack on the book, and sent it by registered mail. But of course we might as well have put the letter into the sewer. When the Great Madame of metropolitan journalism puts up a job, she does not let anybody else put it down. We telegraphed twice, asking the courtesy of a decision by wire collect. Dead silence. We sent the "Times" another advertisement of the book, with a bank draft for \$200., and wired, asking their decision on this. No answer. However, we have perfect confidence in their honesty. We know that we shall get the bank draft back. (Later: We got it!)

Also we tried the Professor—wishing to see just what sort of journalistic ethics he is teaching to your sons and daughters at New York University. We ask the Professor, will he publicly demand that the "Times" print the news? We ask, will he publicly retract his defense of the "Times," if the "Times" does not publish the facts for which both the Professor and the "Times" have clamored? We ask reply by wire collect, but we get none. However, we are going to smoke out this Professor! We are going to print the controversy in pamphlet form—both sides of it, please note!—and mail a copy to every student in New York University. We are going to do this every year so long as the Professor lives and teaches. Never again will he talk about journalistic ethics to a group of guileless boys and girls who believe him!

Meantime, "The Brass Check" has been concluded serially in the London "Daily Herald," and is about to start in Berlin "Vorwaerts" and Paris "l'Humanité"; also in Norway, Sweden, Holland, Italy, Japan and Argentine. Even when they travel, the editors of the "Times" will be asked about it! Even in their beloved little Belgium! "Lumiere," Antwerp, says: "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."

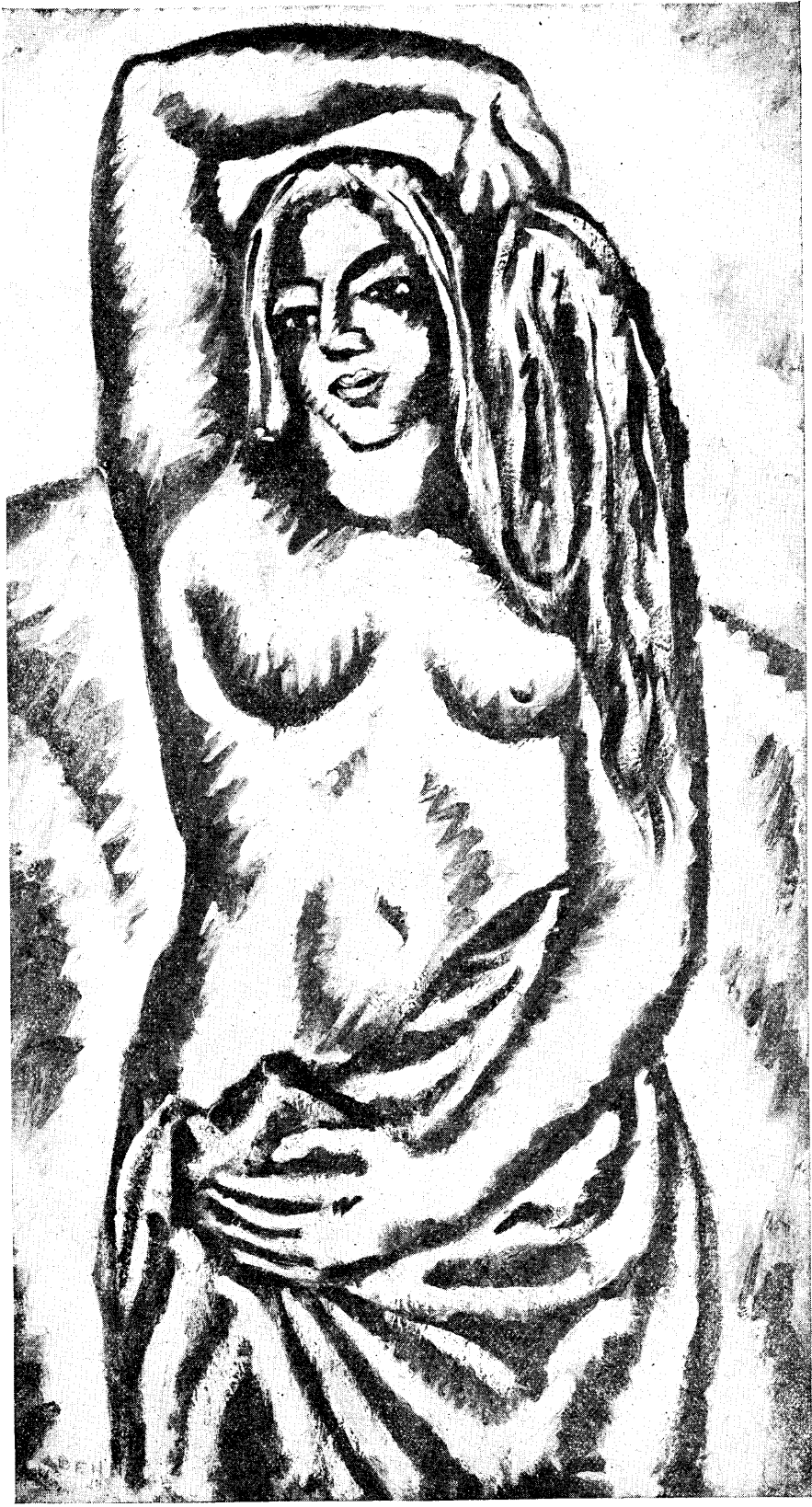
People complain that it is hard to get "The Brass Check" in the East. The bookstores do not love it. So we have decided to open a New York office. Joshua Wanhope, who used to edit the New York "Call," and ran away to sea for his health, turned up in San Diego the other day on a collier, and we offered him the job. He said he was no business man, and sailed away on his ship. Then with a couple of telegrams to Long Branch, New Jersey, we stole his wife, and when Joshua arrives in the East, he will be a surprised sailor—he will find Mrs. Sallie in charge of our New York office at No. 3 East 14th Street. You will find her there also, surrounded by stacks of books, and you may have all you can carry. Also you will find a pamphlet entitled "The Crimes of the Times." Will you help us circulate it, and teach a lesson to the Great Madame? Will you help us persuade her patrons to read the facts—the 444 pages of facts known as "The Brass Check"?

Please note also that we have arranged with The Economy Book Company, Thirty-three South Clark St., Chicago, to act as our middle western agents. All orders will also be promptly filled by them. You can save by ordering from the nearest place.

Please note also that we have two new editions ready: "King Coal," a novel of the Colorado coal country, and "The Cry for Justice: an Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest." This book contains 891 pages, in addition to thirty-two half-tone illustrations. It is a collection of the world's greatest utterances on the subject of social justice, chosen from thirty languages and four thousand years of history. Jack London called it "This Humanist Holy Book"; Louis Untermeyer says, "It should rank with the very noblest works of all time." The price is, paper bound, \$1.00 postpaid; cloth bound, \$1.50 postpaid. The prices of all our other books, "The Brass Check," "100%," "The Jungle," "The Profits of Religion," "Debs and the Poets" and "King Coal" are: Single copy, paper, 60c postpaid; three copies, \$1.50; ten copies, \$4.50. Single copy, cloth, \$1.20 postpaid; three copies, \$3.00; ten copies, \$9.00.

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California.





From a Painting by Ben Benn

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 4, No. 5 [Serial No. 38]

May, 1921

EDITORIALS

BY MAX EASTMAN

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the I. W. W.'s convicted under the Espionage Law will send many of our best friends, and the best friends of truth and humanity in the United States, to jail for twenty years. There are but two hopes of delivery from this tragic thing. One is that the working class movement in America may still be so weak that a little abstract justice or legality or honorable decency may prevail to secure their pardon from those who rule. The other is that the working class movement may soon be strong enough to compel their liberation. Failing the first, we pledge our utmost effort to bring forward the day of the second.

Wilsonism Still

PRESIDENT HARDING has refused to establish trade relations with Russia on the ground that under the communist system Russia cannot produce any goods to trade with. If it were true, or if Harding and his general superintendents really believed, that Russia cannot produce goods, they would not have the slightest hesitation in establishing trade relations. They have established trade relations with every little rocky island in the five oceans. They would establish trade relations with a coral reef that was ruled by a vulture, if it had one saleable bird's egg laid on it per annum.

And why shouldn't they? Every sensible person would. And every sensible person knows that the reason why trade relations are not established with Soviet Russia is other than the one stated by Secretary Hughes. The only question is whether Hughes knows it—whether Harding and the members of his cabinet know it. Did all these "best intelligences" gather round the long table and solemnly talk over this proposition for upwards of five hours, without ever any one of them letting out a faint ironical peep of the real truth? Was there not one in all those eight representative Americans who had enough humor—to say nothing of the other virtues—to pull in a good breath of the free air, and remark:

"Well, gentlemen, we certainly don't want Russia to produce goods on a communist basis, and for that reason we are depriving her of the benefits of trade. Let us therefore, in accord with the example set by our illustrious predecessor, announce that we are depriving her of trade because she can't produce goods on a communist basis."

The Free Press

THE New York Tribune finds "unconscious humor" in our refusal to sell advertising space for anti-communist propaganda. So does the Springfield Republican. They both quote my remark to Upton Sinclair that "if his idea of 'freedom' involves the indiscriminate public sale of the opportunity to propagate false statements, I would suggest that he

can find a close parallel to it in a house of prostitution—or, for that matter, in the daily press"—and then they laugh. What they are laughing at is the idea that a paper which has a political purpose should refuse to take a little money from those who wish to use it for a contrary purpose.

It is funny. Anything unusual is always funny. And I am mighty glad that these sturdy advocates of freedom are now able to see the joke and laugh at me, instead of demanding that I be put in jail as they did a couple of years ago.

But I want the nature of this joke to be clearly understood between us. The unusual and funny thing about me is not that I don't believe in Free Speech. There is no editor in the United States who believes in Free Speech. The funny thing about me is that I come right out and say so. Isn't that obviously an occasion for screams of laughter? An editor who admits that we none of us believe in free speech! And he the very one we were trying to put in jail for speaking freely! How ridiculous!

I can't help it, however. I know it to be a fact that as soon as my speech becomes again a menace to the absolutely vital interests of the ruling business men, they will suppress me again if they can. And I know also that only one thing would please me better than to suppress the Tribune, if I had the power, and that would be to suppress the Times. So long as our civilization consists in its economic essence of a war between two classes, Free Speech will exist only at such times, or to such extent as may be harmless to the interests of the class in power. I refuse to build my plans for progress towards real liberty on any less candid recognition of the facts than that. And I cheerfully submit to the laughter that must greet this discordant note in the smooth chorus of Liberty-Equality-and-Deport-the-Reds which is sung by the great American press.

Dogmatism Again

IOWE it to Robert Dell of the Manchester Guardian to publish these paragraphs of a letter received from him.

"My Dear Max Eastman: A friend in the States has just sent me your article in the November Liberator, in which you accuse me of being a 'bourgeois intellectual.' I have never claimed to be an 'intellectual,' but to the charge of being a bourgeois I must perforce plead guilty, with the extenuating circumstances that I have been an active Socialist since boyhood, and am now at an unpleasantly advanced age more Socialist and more revolutionary than ever. As a member of the French Socialist party during the war I was a 'minoritaire' from the first and opposed the continuance of the war on Socialist and internationalist, not on pacifist, grounds. As a member of the I. L. P. in England I voted some months ago for affiliation to the Third International, but that was before the promulgation of the Twenty-one Articles of the Bolshevik Religion. . . .

"While making every allowance for the peculiarly difficult circumstances of Russia, I still think that what I called the 'religious temper'—the dogmatism, if you will—of the Rus-

sian Communists has done harm. That temper is manifested in the Twenty-one Conditions for admission into the Third International, attempting as they do to impose as a dogma on the Socialists of every country the adoption of particular methods, whether suited to the local conditions or not. In her speech at the French Socialist Congress on December 28th Clara Zetkin said that the faithful must accept not only the tactics of the Third International, but also its conceptions of organization. We must think with Moscow, just as Catholics are expected to think with the Pope. 'In Russia,' said Clara Zetkin, 'the faith in the world revolution has become a religion.' Precisely. It has been taken outside the domain of reason and become a matter of faith. I agree with Henri Barbusse that there is a fundamental antagonism between faith and reason and 'they destroy each other even when they are agreed.' The war has made me think that religion is almost more dangerous than capitalism, for the evils of capitalism are evident, whereas the zeal and sincerity of really religious people blind us to the danger of emotionalism as a motive of action. 'The heart has its reasons that the reason knows not'—but they are damned bad reasons. The

mystics of the Left went wrong in the war almost without exception—naturally so, since their pacifism and internationalism were purely emotional. They fell easy victims to Mr. Woodrow Wilson's phrases and have perhaps the greatest responsibility for the prolongation of the war for Justice, Right and other abstractions with capital letters. Therefore am I uneasy when I find a writer in *L'Humanite* comparing visitors to Moscow to the Magi led by the Star of Bethlehem. Have you ever met a workman that talked like that? It is the pre-war literary mysticism breaking out again in another form. I shun it like the plague.

"In my opinion the religious temper of the Russian Communists is a Russian rather than a peculiarly Bolshevik characteristic, although it seems to be horribly infectious. Equally Russian is the narrow sectarianism that is acting as a solvent in European Socialism. Of course there must be discipline in every party. Complete toleration in a party is absurd, for without some common principle of action it ceases to be a party and becomes a heterogeneous mass incapable of any effective action. That is what the Second International has become. But there is something between the inverte-



Drawn by Maurice Becker

Lloyd George: "Now old chap, let bygones be bygones,
and let's talk business."

brate comprehensiveness and complete indiscipline of the Second International and the sectarianism of the monstrous telegram sent to the French Socialist Congress at Tours by Zinovieff, Lenin, Trotsky, Boukharin and the men of straw supposed to represent other countries on the Executive of the Third International. The Italian representative, Serrati, did not sign it. The signatories demanded the immediate expulsion from the French Socialist party of men like Longuet, whom it described as 'determined agents of bourgeois influence on the proletariat,' merely because they do not want Moscow to dictate to the whole international Socialist movement on questions of methods and tactics. I stood by Longuet during the war, when he stuck to his Socialist and internationalist principles at great risk to himself, and I declare the assertion that he is an agent of the bourgeoisie to be an infamous calumny. Unless the signatories of this telegram are merely suffering from swelled head, or are influenced by base personal rancor—as I do not believe—what hypothesis is possible except that they are fanatics so convinced of the certainty of their beliefs that they can brook no difference of opinion, however slight? That is the only hypothesis on which their conduct is even excusable, for they are shattering European Socialism and dividing the forces of the proletariat . . .

"Perhaps you will continue to disagree with me, but I beg of you, my dear Max Eastman, at least not to continue in the delusion that only 'bourgeois intellectuals' think as I do about the arrogance of Moscow. . . .

"I apologize for the length of this letter. The only excuse for it is the importance of the question. For the issue really is whether the path to Socialism is to be a path to freedom or not. If I may be allowed to quote a book of my own, 'State Socialism is as incompatible with liberty as is the capitalist system, and the servile State is no imaginary danger.' A leading member of the British Communist party, writing to me a couple of months ago, said that he agreed with me that Socialism might result in the servile State, but that he for his part would be delighted if it did. That, I very much fear, is the spirit of Moscow. For my part I am not pining to be a slave even to a Communist bureaucracy, and it seems to me that, if the proletariat is merely going to exchange one form of economic slavery for another, it is hardly worth while to have the trouble and inconvenience of a revolution. It would not console me in the least to be told that I was a slave of the 'community,' which some Socialists are beginning to personify just as Nationalists personify the nation. But I deny that this conception of Socialism is Marxist. For Marx and Engels said that it was the object of Socialism to destroy the State and substitute for it 'the free federation of all men.'

"Yours fraternally,
Robert Dell."

That is a vigorous and able letter, and so far as it purposes to stand guard against the establishment of a Bolshevik, or

any other new religion, emotional or intellectual, I am in full accord with it. I share the writer's alarm at the remark imputed to Clara Zetkin, and I share his distaste for the comparison of the pilgrimages to Moscow with those to the cradle of Western superstition at Bethlehem. There is no doubt that the fanatical, dogmatizing, religion-making tendency is at work among the revolutionists, as it is everywhere else—the attempt to shift off upon some God or rigid set of ideas the burden and responsibility of the daily exercise of intelligent judgment. Against this tendency all lovers of the full truth, and all real lovers of liberty, will struggle to the end of time.

In so far we are in accord. And I can say further that there are features in the organization of the Third International which I am not able to defend. It is not true that the international signers of its communication to the French party were all "men of straw"—although the American signer was not certainly a person of New England ancestry!—but it is true that the Executive Committee of the Third International is not a perfectly international body.

Section 8 of the Statutes of the Third International provides that, inasmuch as "the chief bulk of the work and the greatest responsibility" lie with the party of the country where the Executive Committee resides, that party shall send to the Executive Committee "five members with a decisive vote."

"In addition to this," it continued, "one representative with a decisive vote shall be sent from "ten or twelve of the largest communist parties." The remaining parties are to send "one representative each with a consultative vote."

That seems to be a little disingenuous in the first place, surprisingly casual in the second, and extremely unwise in

the third. It is disingenuous because the reasons for having the Executive Committee reside in Moscow are overwhelming, and the real meaning of the section, therefore, is that five out of fifteen (or seventeen) of those decisive votes shall be Russian. The rest may be "ten or twelve"—or, as we say when we are buying collar-buttons, "about a dozen." This attitude is unwise in exactly the same way that the invasion of Poland was unwise. It ignores the insurmountable fact that nationalities and nationalistic feelings exist. It will be no more possible to unite the revolutionary proletarians of all nations in any International dominated by Russians, than it was for Russians to carry the revolution into Poland—or than it is to unite the capitalists of the world in a League of Nations dominated by another "Big Five." It is to be hoped that the delegates to the next international Congress will not be in such a hurry to enunciate the true principles, that they cannot take the pains to adopt a candid and definite and practical form of organization—an organization that will be international as well as revolutionary.

I say these things, simply because I cannot defend the Executive Committee of the Third International from Robert Dell's attacks without saying them. Its form of organization I cannot defend. But its acts I can. The telegram to the

May Day in Moscow

A rift of wings and clouds around
each sentried steeple,
Red flags licking like flames the fold
of the great dome,
Silence and sunlight and the bared
heads of the people . . .
The Red Army is coming home.

Arturo Giovannitti.

French Congress was not in the least degree "religious" or "sectarian," nor was it dictated by personal rancor, or any other personal or emotional consideration. It was a part of the carrying out of a perfectly cool, practical policy—the result of deliberate judgment about a concrete problem.

The problem is—human nature being the fact given—how to avoid such betrayals of the workers by the leaders of their organizations as occurred in Germany and Hungary? How to preserve through non-revolutionary periods an organization that will function masterfully in revolutionary periods? How to have a political party without falling into the political morass against which anarchists and syndicalists and I. W. W.'s all over the world had built so dogmatic a barrier? That is the problem. And the solution adopted by the Communists has been to split the Socialist Parties, not in the center, but definitely to the left of it; and then to combine with the revolutionary Anarchists and Syndicalists in a party committed at all points to the conception of class-conflict and proletarian dictatorship as the method of progress towards economic freedom.

Robert Dell might very likely be able to present arguments against this solution of the problem. But it is only because he ignores its existence that he is able to call the Communists' solution of it sectarian or fanatical. The Communists have taken a purely practical position between the dogmatic religion of anarchism and the sentimental religion of yellow socialism. The new spirit they have brought into the movement is the spirit of Applied Science, and nothing else.

It is barely possible that Robert Dell thinks Jean Longuet is to the left of the center of the Socialist parties. If so, it only shows that he himself is far to the right of it. He is a warm friend of Longuet, and his resentment at his being called "an agent of bourgeois influence upon the proletariat" is natural. It is a personal resentment. But there is nothing personal in the minds of those who apply that name to him. They are classifying him according to the "objective tendency"—to quote Zinoviev—of his acts and utterances. Whether the cause is soft-heartedness, muddle-headedness, political habits of thought, a taste for respectability, old age, indigestion, or bad circulation—it does not matter to them. They have not considered the question of Longuet's moral character. They have considered only the question of his attitude upon significant issues, and they have rightly judged him to be potentially counter-revolutionary.

It is not necessary to go into the details of his record, although I could do so. I talked with him myself in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris during the War, and so far from "sticking to the Socialist and Internationalist principles" at that time, he took considerable pains to explain to me the necessity of "national defense." . . .

But the investigation of his record has been made unnecessary by his acts since he left the Congress of the French Socialist Party. He joined himself immediately and without a hesitating thought to the so-called Socialists of the right, Renaudel and the others, whom everybody knows are the Eberts and Scheidemanns of France. In so doing he confirmed absolutely everything that the Executive Committee of the Third International had said about him. No revolutionist, no matter how mild his ideas about tactics, could be happy for five seconds with the men Jean Longuet has spontaneously joined. For my part I can readily imagine a valuable man stepping aside when he finds himself unable to carry out or endorse the extreme policies of the majority. He

would go home and wait for them to find out what he considered their mistake. But a man who when rejected by his group on grounds of tactics, turns automatically to the group that is opposed to it in principle, is a man who belonged from the beginning in the opposing group.

Is not that evident as soon as it is stated?

As to the final paragraph of Robert Dell's letter—it is the characteristic utterance of a British intellectual Socialist. I do not know whether it is the climate or the king, or what it is, but for some reason no intellectual in Great Britain—not even Bernard Shaw—has ever been able to take the point of view of the working class, or conceive the struggle towards liberty as in reality a class-struggle. If Robert Dell were a wage-worker whose lack of freedom consisted in his inability to pay for the fulfillment of any of his wishes—and that is the one and only big universal form of tyranny worth talking about until after it has been removed—if that were the kind of tyranny Robert Dell suffered under, he could not possibly make the remark he does about "exchanging one form of economic slavery for another." His sense of personal need would prevent his saying it. The most rigid political tyranny conceivable, if it accomplished the elimination of wage-slavery and continued to produce wealth, would-increase the amount of actual liberty so much that the very sides of the earth would heave with relief.

The reason Robert Dell fails to see this, is, that it would not increase his liberty. It would, however, enable him to work and teach and agitate for complete freedom—the abolition of the authority of the state, as well as the authority of religion and tradition and all kinds of congealed ideas—without knowing that his words are rendered futile and foolish before they are spoken by the existence of an underlying, universal, unshakeable system of business that makes freedom impossible.

The first step towards liberty is to get a system of business which will enable us to say the word liberty without sounding like a fool. That step is being taken in Russia without hesitation, without qualification, without compromise. Let them hesitate, qualify, compromise in every other particular that may be necessary—the gain for human freedom remains stupendous. The Russian revolution remains the supreme social achievement of mankind. Robert Dell would know that, if he knew how to identify himself with the masses of mankind, his trouble with their trouble, and his good luck with theirs.

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HOLDING THE BAG

For the Communists at Sing Sing

A "CERTIFICATE of reasonable doubt," which allows a man out on bail pending an appeal, has been denied to our comrades in Sing Sing—Gitlow, Larkin, Ferguson, Ruthenberg and Winitzky. This is a typical case of "high and low justice." The case bristled with new points, the ground for "reasonable doubt" is about all the ground there is,—but these are working-class prisoners.

With the defendants all in jail the preparation of the Appeal cases is difficult, but nevertheless the work has been

going forward. Gitlow's conviction has just been affirmed in the Appellate Division, but will be carried to the Court of Appeals and, if necessary, to the United States Supreme Court. The National Defense Committee, which is handling these appeals, is practically at a standstill for lack of funds. We know of nothing more important now than to get these men out of jail, and we commend the work of this Committee to the generous hearts and limited pocket-books of our readers. Send your contributions to Dr. George M. Dunaif, Treasurer, 339 Stone Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Russia -- Two Sonnets

By Jacob Robbins

MEN sneered when the peasant left the horse and the plow,
 And the workman left the bench and the busy loom;
 But will they sneer as before, when even now
 The dread hand writes on the wall the words of doom?
 For the old World falls, it falls, and the new World rises
 Like a star, like a star from the darkness and the gloom,
 And a terrible trumpet calls to the last Assizes
 The kings of the world to stand in the Judgment place.
 Yea, men have broken their chains. Like iron vises
 Their hands hold the hilts of freedom. The old race
 Has straightened the broad bent back. The eyes of men
 Are clear and unafraid in death's own face.
 New suns shall glow, new skies shall azure, when
 The new-born gods walk on the earth again.

Once in a thousand years the phoenix lays
 Her egg of golden promise. Then she dies
 With a low, melodious cry. For days and days,
 For weary months and years the promise lies
 In alabaster shell of such pure white
 That he who looks upon it dreams and sighs
 For the beauty hidden in the cloak of light,
 And all his days are dreams of loveliness.
 Even as that rare bird, in the dark, dark night,
 Tortured with suffering and long duress,
 Broken with many sorrows, stricken and sad,
 And bent with the weight of utter weariness,
 Even as the phoenix whom her pain makes mad,
 You moan in grief that mankind may be glad.



A drawing by Maurice Sterne.

Burmese Girl

The Humming Bird

SWIFT darting, winged sprite,
 Fire opal in the light,
 A tiny garden rainbow in the sun.
 Where do you sleep at night
 I wonder? Wings furled right
 To fit some flower; is that your bed? What fun!

Or are you, when your self
 At night, a green clad elf,
 Who dances to the piping of the wind?
 Or is it really true
 That as a drop of dew,
 You on a moon lit cobweb have reclined?

Perhaps instead you are
 A firefly or a star,
 To lilting music going on your way.
 I neither know nor care
 If, in my garden fair,
 You are your iridescent self by day.

The Wood-Chuck

OFTEN I've seen him in the Autumn sun,
 When garden truck was housed and summer done
 Sitting, eyes closed, paws folded on his breast,
 As if he had begun his winter's rest.
 Kill him? Why should I kill a drowsy guest
 Because he likes my peas and lettuce best?
 Why should I wait to get him with a gun,
 Because, like me, he finds a garden fun?
 You say, "Because he is a garden pest."
 But what am I to him? Ah! that's the test.
 When in the summer's dawn he has begun
 To break his fast, and, forthwith, has to run
 Because I come with rifle and in quest
 Of him—I to the Wood-Chuck seem the pest.

Susan Nordhoff.



SPRING COMES TO BROADWAY

To a Hawaiian Playmate

TO this deep pool with blowing torches came
 Your fathers, light as flame,
 Trailing their nets and poisoning their slim spears
 Over this pool, a hundred years.

Up from the pool the dim white fishes came
 After the flame,
 To touch the fluid fire shaking deep
 Into this pool, where shade on shade they sleep.

Above your pool we lie, on your worn stone,
 And you are known
 By these dim fishes that will dart and glide
 When you and your flame-bodied race have died.

Genevieve Taggard.

Cemetery Robins

WHAT are you chuckling about,
 Teetering there on that slanting stone?
 It's no use daring these poor souls to sing and come out.
 They're done with song and the people you're taunting
 have gone.

But still you remain there and chirp,
 A challenge too cocky to thrill;
 Leave them in peace! Why should you usurp
 The role of the rousing angel, disturbing the dead on
 their hill?

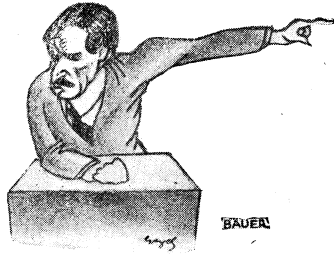
What keeps or compels you here? And how
 Are you and the dead on such intimate terms?
 You dive to their mounds and leap back to your stony
 bough.

Ah yes,—I'd forgotten the worms.

Louis Untermeyer.

The International of Patience

By Frederick Kuh
Drawings by Gergel



WE were told that the International Conference in Vienna, February 22 to 28, was to pave the way for a new International, reaching from Lenin to Scheidemann. But the tenor of the delegates' speeches scarcely bore out this promise. They cursed the communists; they anathematized Lenin, and they called down all the powers of destruction on the "insidious Third." And after this hierarchical ceremony they bowed their heads in loquacious prayer for a swift reconciliation with the "Second."

It was no mere coincidence that Vienna was chosen as the place of meeting. Renaudel and his Vienna friends did not venture to go to Berlin to fling their petulant taunts at the Third International. That would have been like singing "God Save the King" at a Sinn Fein demonstration, for Berlin is the center of the most powerful communist party outside of Soviet Russia. They cautiously chose Vienna, instead. Vienna, you see, has a strong social democratic party. The capitalists haven't much to fear from that party. In fact, every now and then they chant its praises in their press. This, in a manner of speaking, socialist party forms coalition governments with monarcho-clericals and frowns upon insolent workers who ask, "Now that you're in power, why don't you begin socializing production?" The communist movement in Vienna, thanks largely to the demagoguery of these same social democrats, is not yet a dangerous competitor.

When the Conference opened, it was clear that it had too many goals. It wanted both Dictatorship and Democracy, it desired simultaneously peaceful ascent to proletarian power and armed revolution. At least so said the "constitution" of the Vienna International, and when, after six days adrift, the good ship 2½, having swirled around in an eddy of vicious circles, sailed crestfallen into the very port from which it had embarked, no one was especially amazed.

From my seat in the fenced-off section of the stage, behind the speakers, reserved for newspaper men, artists, communists and similar riff-raff, I saw the familiar faces of dozens of social democrats once identified with the revolutionary movement in Europe. There was Crispin, the former house-painter, who had come to slap a few coats of Marxian phraseology on the new menshevik bungalow. He looked like the most elegant floor-walker you've ever seen outside a department store. Then there was Longuet, socialist by birth and grandson of Marx by conviction. Longuet has lost none

of his radiant kindness, but a note of plaintive exasperation has crept into his voice.

Next to Longuet sat Fritz Adler, patron saint of the Conference. Adler's fame dates from that zealous moment in mid-war when he stalked into a nice, bourgeois restaurant and shot the Habsburg Prime Minister, Stuergh. That shot proved fatal—to Adler. All his revolutionary energy was expended in that one pressure of the trigger. He never recovered. When he defended himself in court, Adler explained his violent act by saying that he wanted to prove to the Austrian workers the necessity for going over the heads of the socialist-patriots, Renner and Seitz, and making a revolution despite the reactionary socialist party. Today he sits in the Party Executive, side by side with the same Renner and Seitz, whom he then condemned as betrayers of the proletariat.

Otto Bauer, with his ebony Chaplinesque moustache, his forehead furrowed by a deep scowl, and his immaculate starched collar resplendent, hovered in the background. Unquestionably of shrewd intellect and of profound Marxian training, Bauer has yet seen fit to accept the role of Master of Ceremonies to the Opportunist Socialists. His is the task, occasionally rewarded by ministerial portfolios, of supplying the glib Left arguments with which the Right appeals to Labor.

The Conference opened imposingly. Jean Longuet rang a little dinner-bell and Friedrich Adler began talking. After extending a special greeting to the Serbian delegates, he turned his attention to the International. His speech, like the rest of the Conference, was an attempt to find a middle ground. But the delegates apparently had no such concern. The applause which greeted his attacks on the Third was tumultuous. The delegates would leave no doubt where they stood.

Though he could not endorse the "sceptical unbelief of the Second," explained Adler, in summing up his position, he must vigorously condemn the "naive impatience of the Third." "The International," he asserted, "is a problem of patience." Patience! I thought of the plight of the European workers and particularly of the proletariat of Adler's own country, confronted with the grim alternative of revolution of reversion of barbarism.

"The atmosphere of Moscow," declared Longuet, who followed Adler, "is not for us. The Third International ex-

*Gergel is an Hungarian artist who attended the Conference and made these drawings for The Liberator.

cludes too many socialists, though it includes anarchists and even nationalists."

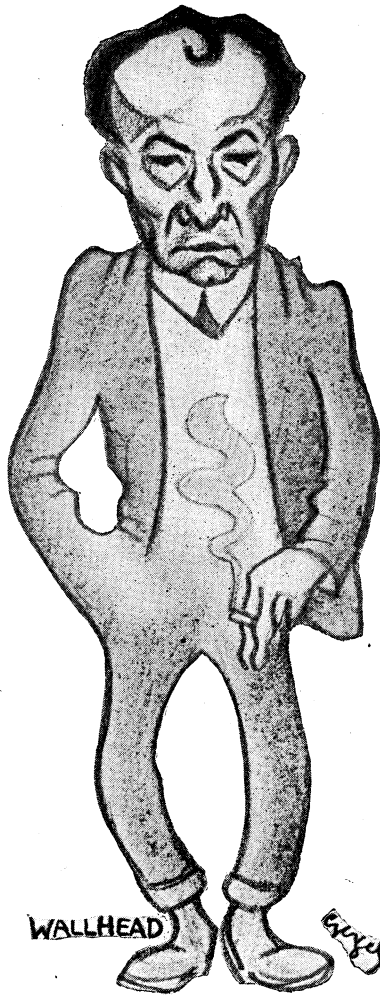
Business became the order of the day. A permanent Bureau of the Vienna International, comprising Grimm, Wallhead, Longuet, Ledebour and Adler, was elected. Three committees were appointed, one on Credentials, another on Imperialism and Counter-Revolution, and a third on internal problems of the Conference.

Thus ended the prologue.

When the second session opened, Wallhead, chairman of the British I. L. P., was accorded the floor. His subject was "Imperialism and Revolution." Much of what he said was written by J. A. Hobson in the last century, but he said it compactly and vividly. From 1881 until 1903 England expanded her dominion over four million square miles of land. It cost untold treasure in life and gold, and it brought a three per cent. increase in trade, the British worker's share of which was \$5 a week as wages.

"The domination of Europe by the French military cast is no great advancement beyond 1914," said Wallhead, with a timid glance toward Citoyen Renaudel. "Germany lost the war, and we found it."

I liked this aphorism, but I was sorry Wallhead didn't suggest what we are going to do with the precious disillusionment on which we've stumbled. His facts had been sound; he had been describing the fruition of a process that inevitably leads to revolution. But he didn't say that. He stopped talking just as I thought he was



going to begin. He "finished" imperialism and when it came to revolution he sat down.

After Wallhead's address, the findings of the Credentials Committee were read, and some desultory discussion followed. A letter from James O'Neal, on behalf of the American Socialist Party, was read, stating that an American delegate had not been sent to Vienna because of inadequate time for preparation, shortage of money, and di-

vergence of opinion within the party itself. The attitude of the American S. P. toward the Vienna International is to be one of wait-and-see, but the prospects for eventual affiliation, which will be discussed at the party's congress in June, are favorable.

Then, as almost an hour had elapsed since Fritz Adler had last addressed the Conference, he again granted himself the floor.

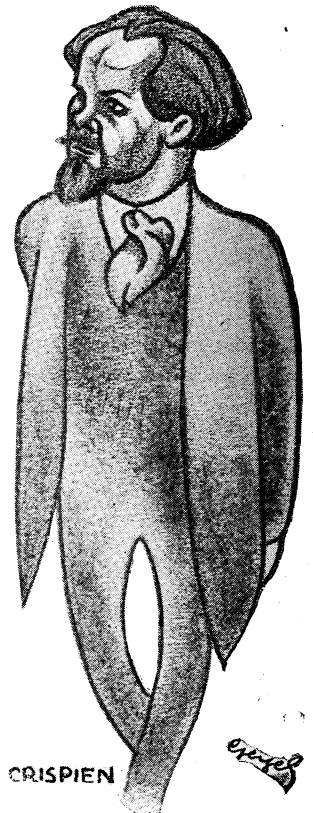
"For two years," he said proudly, "we socialists in Austria have been in a position to establish a proletarian dictatorship. But we have resisted the temptation of grasping power for the proletariat." Revolution is dependent, he maintained in explanation of this policy, not only upon the situation in any one land, but on the relative strength of labor and capital internationally.

This is the familiar argument of the Vienna Mensheviks. Talk to one of them for five minutes, and you will learn that Austria is surrounded by White Hungary, reactionary Germany and counter-revolutionary Czechoslovakia. You will not hear these far more significant facts, that Germany contains a vast revolutionary mass ready to strike out, that the crushed proletarians under Horthy are waiting for a signal to rise, and that Czechoslovakia is seeing the consolidation of hundreds of thousands of its communist workers. Whether you regard Austria as encircled by retrograde governments

or by revolutionary labor, depends on whether you are Fritz Adler or somebody less consecrated to the International of Patience.

For the third session there was a little sensation. A capitalist news agency published a report that Russian Red troops had marched into Georgia and overthrown the government of the Caucasian republic. When this message was read from the platform, the Conference became frenzied. Grigorovici, a Rumanian delegate with a beard like a whisk-broom, jumped to his feet, wild-eyed.

"This means," he shouted—and one could fairly see the Socialist veneer peel off and reveal the chauvinist surface—"this means that Rumania is in immediate danger of being overrun by those bolshevik bandits!" This is the same Grigorovici who spoke to the workers of Cernowitz a few weeks ago, saying that he be-



lieves in arming the proletariat—to fight the communists.

Martoff, the wheezy Russian menshevik, gesticulated and coughed, and finally got out in a hoarse whisper:

"This Georgian atrocity means the doom of the Russian revolution!"

A few minutes later, a hurried call was sent for Bronsky, Soviet Russia's emissary in Vienna, who explained that a wireless, just received from Moscow, made clear that what actually had happened was that the oppressed Mohammedan population had revolted against the Georgian regime.

The Conference realized that it had been a little overzealous, and the subject of Georgia was sidetracked.

As a curtain-raiser to the next day's session, Grimm announced to the Conference the news that Clara Zetkin, Dauemig and Levi had resigned from the Executive of the German Communist Party. The delegates interpreted this as a fresh defeat for communism, and cheered until the raft-



ers shook. And, before long, Grimm's announcement had assumed weird proportions; a guest, arriving tardily, asked me whether it was true that Lenin and Trotsky had come out for the 2½ International, and in the rear of the hall I heard some one ask his neighbor, "What's this report about Christ having repudiated the New Testament?"

I have tried to indicate that, while the Conference was in hearty unanimity in its denunciation of the Third International, there were other important issues upon which the various delegates came into sharp conflict. When the fourth session adjourned, several tendencies had asserted themselves within the Conference. There were two minority oppositions, that of the Russian Essaires, who wished an approach to communism, but who had less than 2 per cent. of the delegates, and that of the I. L. P., whose pacifism was incompatible with the program of the Continental socialists. Then there was the overwhelming majority which was determined not to exclude from its policy some form of cooperation, open or veiled, with the bourgeoisie. Finally, there were isolated sections, such as the Rumanian Right and the Rus-

sian mensheviks, which scarcely bothered to conceal their purpose of undermining Soviet Russia.

* * * * *

Ledebour, a German Independent, ascended the platform toward the close of the Conference. "Capitalism," he declared, adjusting his pince-nez, "did not break down in Europe after the war. At first the workers had thought so, but they soon learned that it was only dynastic militarism that had collapsed. . . ."

"We've all heard that before somewhere," I said to myself, but, after all, it can't be emphasized too often. But suddenly Ledebour digressed. He started sending messages of fraternal solidarity to 'Gene Debs, which was all right, too. And then I heard him begin to declaim:

"In the United States of America, that great nation, where freedom was ushered in by George Washington, the father of his coun . . ."

Now, among the reasons why some Americans leave their native shores for a vacation is an irrepressible desire to escape the oral pyrotechnics of July Fourth. And they don't come to socialist meetings in Vienna to enjoy them. Independence Day in Tammany Hall and Independents' day in the Arbeiterheim should be differentiated. So when Ledebour reached that point, I grabbed my hat and rushed out. I strolled along the Danube for a few minutes, still trying to shake off the spectre of a First Ward orator, his star-spangled bosom heaving. . . .

I got back in time to hear Hilferding.

Hilferding made an address of Reichstag calibre. He spoke, with Greco-tragic inflections, of the Allies' subjugation of Germany. He cast bitter aspersions upon the statesmen who, in London and Paris, are stifling German trade and industry,





reaping harvests of misery, augmenting unemployment and disease. It was, as I said, a glorious Reichstag eye-opener. A malicious neighbor asked whether Herr von Simons had, perhaps, read proof on that speech.

Nor was anyone astounded when the French delegate, Bracke, answered Hilferding.

"But I do not want you to think," shouted Bracke, his arms akimbo, "that the plight of labor in France is less horrible. The privation of our workers is beyond belief. Nor can I pass over in silence the fearful devastation in the French war zone."

And so it went, the Quai d'Orsay sparring with Potsdam.

After an interval Otto Bauer started another attack. Playing deftly upon the nationalist sympathies of the assembled internationalists, he led up to the reactionary activities of the Entente powers in Austria.

"Even now," he said, "the Entente is demanding that the weapons which Austria is obliged by the Treaty to surrender shall be delivered direct from Vienna to Warsaw. But even our clerical regime is aware that this is impossible: our railwaymen are not available for feeding the cannons of irredentist Poland."

Glancing sidelong at the French benches, Bauer went on: "The question is not whether we were in the wrong in 1914. We realize German and Austrian culpability. But there is one fact, concerning which our French comrades need cherish no illusions: when we speak of 'imperial' nowadays, we mean, above all, French military policy. We know that it was French weapons that freed Germany and Austria from their tyrants"—(applause from French delegation)—"but we

appeal to you French socialists to march side by side with us in our struggle against French expansionism." (Applause from German section.)

When Bauer left the platform, half a dozen French heads were put together, and Renaudel was announced as the next speaker. Taking his place behind the pulpit, Renaudel, his drooping moustache trembling with inhibited emotion and his burly neck straining to burst through his collar, brought his closed fist down upon the speaker's stand.

"Citizens," he began, "there are national problems within the International, which, while not predominating, must neither be veiled nor forgotten. Today, for example, France lives in constant fear of fresh aggression on Germany's part. Her foreign policy is patterned by this fear. France wanted no territorial gains from the war. But it is difficult to ignore the shell-swept regions of the northern provinces."

From "explaining" the imperialist psychology of French militarism Renaudel came perilously near to defending it. He ended, with a magnificent flourish:

"If our government be reactionary, France herself is not."

The German delegates arose quietly and left the hall. A hundred Viennese spectators in the gallery, who had understood no word of Renaudel's French recruiting-sergeant's speech, clapped their hands gleefully. But among the delegates, there was a fluster of agitated whispering, which mounted to a confused murmur of angry voices. Adler and three other comrades ran over to Bauer's seat, where a hurried consultation followed. Perhaps it would have been more discreet to let Renaudel go unanswered. But—

Otto Bauer, it was announced, would again take the floor.

"I wish to say a few words," Bauer stated, "in reply to Renaudel." (Lusty shouts of "Very necessary!" from the German benches, which had again been filled.) "A German or an Austrian is entitled, is, indeed, bound, to explain to the workers the crimes of Germany and Austria. But the French delegate might properly leave this task to us."

And on this note the Conference ended—the Conference which had "broken" with the Second International's social-patriotism and which sought to unite the world's proletariat.

Ledebour made a few hasty closing remarks, cried "Hoch!" to the new Vienna International, the curtain fell.



The Beleaguered Amalgamated

By Arturo Giovannitti

FOR the last twenty weeks 60,000 members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America have been locked out in New York City, following the refusal of the Clothing Manufacturers' Association to renew the agreement with the union. The union did not demand any additional concessions but merely the continuation of the same relations on the same terms as were then in force. The manufacturers made no direct requests to modify the agreement—they simply denounced it altogether and proclaimed loud and wide that they would no longer tolerate any further interference with their business. There was, therefore, no question of rights involved, but solely a question of power. And this power has manifested itself in the establishment of a state of siege against the union, a siege that has lasted now five months, during which the employers have had but one aim: that of taking by hunger the fortress they could not dismantle by assault. And by doing this they have rendered the labor movement an eternal service, for they have saved from somnolence and obesity one of the most promising army corps of the American Proletariat and jerked it up again into deep thinking and solid action.

Indeed, had it not been for this stupid lockout, which has put to a severe test the very essence of industrial unionism, the Amalgamated might be settling down now to a placid life of ease and respectability under the paternal guidance of progressive and polite liberalism, instead of roughing it over again along the straight and unpaved roads of class war.

For which let us be very thankful and ask the gods to bless and preserve the asininity of our masters.

The issues involved in this crisis have now only a relative importance. In a long-drawn battle they are apt to be lost sight of. When a war is protracted beyond all preparations, budgets and resources, victory becomes an end to itself, and the destruction or humiliation of the foe the only objective.

To fight becomes second nature, a high principle, a sacred law, a religion. This struggle, so far as I can observe, is well on the way to becoming a religion with the workers. To them the union shop is an undebatable article of faith, an unquestionable dogma. Thousands have gone into the desert for it. All have been out of work for ten, twelve, fourteen months suffering hunger, persecution, disease, all the attending evils of unemployment for the sake of it. Many have gone to prison; a few have actually suffered martyrdom. They have risen to the heights of every heroism, of the flesh and of the soul. They raised a fund of 1,000,000 dollars in less than three months, the greatest financial achievement ever accomplished or attempted by any body of workers, any time, anywhere. They violated the sacred stillness of the Sabbath by going on the picket line! and the sanctity of the law by beating up scabs. They shoveled snow in order to save the union the strike benefits. And they stayed out. All for the union shop.

I don't know whether the Paladins of the open shop have reached such a high elevation of spiritual self-denial. I don't know how many of them are starving for their faith. I have not tried to find out whether any number of them went into bankruptcy for the glory of the scab-god. Maybe there are a few; indeed for the sake of my own belief in the

nobility of human nature, I hope that there are even a few who have actually committed suicide rather than submit to what they consider wrong.

The manufacturers say it is all for the sake of the public who needs and must have clothes. Bless the darling public, am I not one of them? Aren't you, isn't anyone who doesn't make or sell clothes a part of the righteous public? Then, what are we going to have in New York for the sake of wearing clothes—the open shop or the union shop? Allowing that there are now two irreconcilable interests contending against each other and both sublimated into an absolute principle, on which side are we, the innocent coat-vest-and-pants wearers, going to line up? In plainer words, what dictatorship will be more acceptable to us, given the inevitability of either, that of the manufacturers, some 900 men, most of whom are worth more than one million dollars and none of whom can sew a button; or that of 60,000 workers who make an average weekly wage of \$30.00 a week and can turn out in nine months in the year one-third of the clothes worn by the entire male population of the United States? If money alone, not abstract right, is going to settle the dispute, where shall we invest our 50 dollars per annum that U. S. statistics prescribe for our average individual protection against cold, heat and the charges of inelegance and indecent exposure?

This is a very momentous question, and it must be answered as a matter of civic duty. For truly, indeed, at the bottom of this whole controversy there is after all nothing but the cold fact that we, the public, must have clothes. The law does not say that we must have food and play and health; these things are optional. But the law emphatically decrees that we must have clothes. Now the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is organized for the purpose of making clothes. It may talk an awful lot about wages, but it cannot possibly get them without making clothes. It could not exist unless its members produced clothes. It would die if clothes got out of fashion. It would die if they became so prohibitive in price that only a few could afford them. On the contrary it would thrive immensely if they got so cheap that even the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands could afford pants instead of palm leaves. The larger the demand for clothes, the bigger the Amalgamated. The wider the markets, the bigger its membership and its bank account. That's how the Amalgamated restrains trade. Why there isn't a single tailor in the entire world that is not a wild advocate of larger wardrobes.

Not so the bosses. They have money. They have social prestige. They have credit. They are supposed to have initiative. They can go into other lines. They can invest dollars in railroad stocks, real estate, foreign bonds, Mexican oil wells. But tailors cannot turn needle and shears and tape measures into hammers, trowels, plows. They own nothing but their skill to turn cloth into clothing—it will take them years to turn this skill into something else. Once driven out of the tailor shop, they are turned adrift into chaos. Therefore, they are far more vitally interested than the manufacturers in the permanence of the clothing factories, the extension of the clothing business, the prosperity of the clothing industry.

Look at the present crisis in the clothing industry What

are the causes of the deadlock? Only one—the determination of the bosses to inaugurate the open shop, that is to eliminate whatever influence the union has had so far in the operating processes of the industry. There is no question of an absolute wage being demanded by the workers. At all times the union has been ready to revise wages, or at least to discuss their reduction with an open mind and from the viewpoint of the economic situation of the industry, based upon the private ownership of its means of production. For over two years industrial peace has existed between the manufacturers and their employes. No attempt has been made to boost wages beyond the limit that would entail a curtailment of a certain margin of profit necessary to attract private capital. The industrial order, the capitalist system, if it were challenged at all theoretically, was not attacked directly by any action or intention. Everything, therefore, pointed to a gradual modification of the industrial relation along the lines of peaceful and harmonious adjustment to the exigencies of the new times. Before this lockout, ultra-radicals like myself were beginning to lose certain high hopes concerning the revolutionary potentiality of the labor union. Hardened syndicalists were turning longingly toward the Third International and seriously discussing the necessity of a political party of communism as an accelerator of the revolutionary impulses of the toilers. It seemed that the industrial union, even when it had reached the acme of numerical strength, organic perfection and dynamic efficiency was insufficient as an instrument of the revolution.

Here was the Amalgamated established firmly in almost the entire field of the trade, a strong industrial union. It had a sound and scientific preamble declaring as its ultimate aim the transition of the operation and control of all industrial processes and functions from the hands of the capitalist class into those of the workers. It had a splendid, honest, hard-working, far-seeing generalship. It had a membership with years of experience in the field, inured to long, fierce struggles; imbued with Socialist propaganda. In addition it was made up almost entirely of Jews and Italians, the former with their eyes turned to Russia, the latter thrilling with hope and enthusiasm at the splendid achievements of their comrades in Italy. Everything seemed to be very favorable to the ushering in for the first time in America of militant syndicalist tactics. And yet instead of this, what did we see? We saw direct action discarded at the very climax of its try-out. We saw impartial tribunals, joint boards of employers and workers established in every city, discussing pleasantly and intimately the affairs of the industry, not as enemies who are trying to wrest a full and indivisible power from each other, but as partners regulating their mutual interests in their common property. Wages, hours, conditions were indeed regulated to the satisfaction of the workers, but they were always considered in relation to a certain irreducible standard of profits.

Here then we witnessed what to some of us appeared as an actual suspension of hostilities in favor of perennial mediation—the class struggle reduced from a systematic onslaught of the workers against private ownership to a mere process of converting the bosses to the “justice” and efficiency of limited and modest demands. It appeared, indeed, that industrial unionism was following meekly along the paths of its decrepit parent, trade-unionism, from which it differed only in phraseology. The day of the final crash seemed as remote as ever—indeed more remote, for some of the bosses and many of the impartial chairmen were even

speaking the language of the social-democrat and pretending, some unquestionably with sincerity, that what was being done was the gradual establishment of socialism through legal, peaceful and harmonious reforms.

This is a true picture, every leader of the Amalgamated will honestly admit, and I know of no organization that has a larger number of honest leaders than the Amalgamated. They will also admit that it had to be so. First, no other action was possible so long as the whole of the labor movement, the I. W. W. excluded, was going in this direction (and tailors, after all, are of small moment), and second, it was almost impossible to follow any other course in the face of the attitude of the employers. If the workers could get a raise without striking, why should a strike be insisted upon? That would look too much like a fight for the fight's sake.

Now, however, all this has been changed. And mind you, it has not been changed by the union, as most of us so fervently hoped, but by the stupidity, the greed, the arrant ignorance of the employers. After months of stagnation and unemployment, they suddenly locked out all the members of the New York Joint Board, demanding the abolition of all relations and the establishment of the open shop. If they had wanted a reduction in wages, they probably could have gotten it by going before the impartial chairmen. The Chicago bosses are doing so now. Had they wanted a standard of production, they could have obtained it likewise by a simple joint debate of their statisticians against the union leaders. They could have maintained peace, insured their profits and passed for great friends of their workers without stopping a single machine or going out of their offices. The union was at all times ready to discuss everything. In addition they could have gotten more—something distinctly to their own advantage; they could have strengthened and perpetuated this machinery of peaceful adjustment, defeated the radicals, consolidated the conservatives in the high councils of the union, and substituted indefinitely, mediation for warfare.

Instead of that they chose war, and they chose it in a clumsy way and at an untimely moment. They have done more by their lockout to spread the truth of syndicalism among the tailors, than all the adherents of the Third International. Men who would never have bothered about the tenets of revolutionary unionism now think solely in terms of revolution. This is what has happened: 65 thousand men and women, willing and eager to work at the same conditions, willing even to discuss the possibility of reducing their wages, were thrown out in the streets at the beginning of winter for reasons that were never made clear to them. Up to that time these men had believed that certain definite forms of mutuality had been established in the industry, that certain laws safeguarding them had become at last part of the scheme of things, that the absolute power of their masters to dispose of the industry had been definitely abolished. They had assumed that through the agency of strange forces which they had never understood a new morality had been adopted whereby the man who works has a right to a steady job, to a certain standard of living. They never knew exactly how this came about, whether through the League of Nations, or as the aftermath of the war, or by the direct intervention of the divinity, but they innocently believed that they never had to worry again about working; that the most that could happen to them would be a reduction in wages following a reduction of the cost of living. Then suddenly the lockout took place.



Drawn by Robert Minor.

Back to the Galleys--The Goal of the Open Shop

A dozen men sitting pleasantly around a table, smoking fine cigars and cracking jokes, turned out these 65,000 men and women, and told them they must not come back unless they were ready and willing to do anything they were ordered for whatever they would be offered.

Why? Some of them started thinking, and most of them asked questions. And the answer became at once apparent to even the simplest minded, the humblest of them. At the bottom of the whole struggle there is nothing but one sole, cruel, implacable truth,—that the supreme right to allow people to live or compel them to die is still now and has always been vested in the hands of a few—that nothing has changed since the world began, and that nothing will change until this right is finally wrested from these people and returned to all people through the association of their class.

So what the radicals could not do, the bosses have done. The present strike of the Amalgamated is the first great industrial battle in America against the very millennial principle of private property. The workers may not be aware of it—their leaders always cautious with their speeches as all leaders are and perhaps ought to be, may not declare it openly—but the truth nevertheless is this: that out of this struggle, fierce and uncompromising and heartless and brutal, a new orientation will issue, a new understanding of social forces, and the vision of a new order of things.

Decidedly there is some strange god relentlessly at work driving back history into the grooves of the class war, after each pause or deviation. This time he has made utterly mad the clothing manufacturers of New York.

April Follies

CVILIZATION is one-stepping forward. Nevada has adopted lethal gas for executions, the Delaware whipping post has achieved a new high level for the number of lashes per back, and Westfield, Massachusetts parents have discovered that ether on sugar reduces the appetites of expensive children.

THE new administration ought to do something about that ten billion dollars that Europe owes us. Why not write them a letter beginning: "No doubt this little matter has escaped your notice."

UPPER SILESIA went German by a large majority. This is reminiscent of our own election last fall. Probably the people voted German in order to express their opinion of Poland.

"THE Soviet denies the report of an uprising in Petrograd, thus giving strong confirmation to the report." Will the Philadelphia North American kindly point out any official Moscow statement of facts that has proven false—including this one?

THE business outlook is better in the west than in the east. Two New York burglars cracked open eleven stores and got only \$75, while an Idaho schoolteacher who took on banditry as a side line came near making ends meet.

"THE Germans now know that the Allies mean business," says the N. Y. Evening Mail. Getting blood out of a turnip with a bayonet does seem to be rather mean business.

THE new war is to be about the cost of the old war. With very little skill this charming arrangement can be kept up indefinitely.

IF we take part in the next war, maybe they will let us have Yap.

SENATOR SPENCER has brought out figures showing that the United States was the heaviest investor in the war. Refuting the old belief that it is always the small investors that get stung.

ALONDON paper reflects sorrowfully upon the cost in money and lives of the Mesopotamian mess in comparison with the small amount of petroleum produced and wonders whether the game is worth the candle. The true oil magnate has no such niggardly conception of his relation to his government. He only asks: "Is my game worth your candle?"

"DUE regard for the protection of persons and property" is the condition laid down by Hughes for trade with Russia. Unless the Soviets are extremely tolerant America will not be able to pass this test.

THERE is widespread nervousness in England and America over the question of trade with Russia, and it is hard to tell which is the more nervous, the acceptor or the rejector.

GENERAL NIVELLE urges France to combat German propaganda here and start some of her own. They are all trying to talk us to death—propaganda for our declining years.

"BASEBALL cases dropped in court."

BUTTER fingers!

Howard Brubaker.

Awe

YOU are by far too beautiful for me:
You are for kings to love; for emperors
To send you peacocks, apes, and ivory
Along with scarlet-robed ambassadors.
You are for gardens full of drowsy scents,
With moons of orange in Venetian skies,
And choirs of pages, stringed instruments
Chanting that you are beautiful and wise.

There have been times you were so beautiful
I dared not love you, dared not look at you,
But turned away from the terrible
Splendor of lightning in a night of blue;
And there have been times you were so merciful
I loved you innocently as children do.

Joseph Freeman.



"Just let me rub a little of this in--it will cool your head off."

The Red Army in the Near East

By our Special Correspondent

Constantinople, March 10.

"Yesterday, the twenty-fourth, bitter fighting the whole day along the whole front. At 11 o'clock in the evening the enemy had been totally defeated everywhere. We captured a large number of prisoners, but the enemy cavalry rode around our flank and we were obliged to withdraw to Aftchalo.

"There the enemy's cavalry detachment was defeated and our active forces took up new positions in the region Machtet-Aftchalo."

THIS is the official Georgian announcement of the capture of Tiflis by the Bolshevik armies, issued February 25. It contains two victories and it doesn't even mention Tiflis.

Translated into honest men's language this communique would read as follows:

"Yesterday the enemy, operating in most unfavorable territory where his forces could cooperate only with the greatest difficulty and where supplies could be brought up only by heroic efforts, attacked us on our natural fortress protecting Tiflis, where we could be supplied easily and for an indefinite period from the trunk railroad line, which was entirely in our hands.

"In spite of these odds, the enemy outfought us and out-

flanked us. His cavalry, making a forced march through trackless mountains, appeared in the rear of our right flank. Our line thereupon collapsed and we evacuated Tiflis without a struggle, retiring to a safe distance up the Kur valley. The enemy occupied Tiflis a few hours later."

The Georgian communique is typical of the boastful Georgian temperament. There is, in fact, a dotted line drawn across the face of Europe approximately between Danzig and Trieste, and the inhabitants on the two sides of this line behave quite differently in regard to the punctilios of life. To the west of it people at least pretend to observe their written and spoken word. Eastward (and Georgia is eastward) they don't bother. It is true the Bolsheviki are endeavoring to bully the Russian people into western notions of responsibility. But the field yet unplowed remains vast. Once you get east of Trieste it is no use troubling your head about what we call "the rights and wrongs" of a thing. None but a babe would bother about the technicalities of a quarrel. You might as well look for the "fair and just price" of an article in a bazaar. East of the Danzig-Trieste line people

will feed you with reasons for anything so long as you will listen. They will lie to you with seraphic countenances so long as it continues to amuse anybody, and they will fish out of an inexhaustible reservoir of invention enough excuses to put you in the wrong for anything you may have done or intend to do.

Anybody who is concerned over the technical "rights and wrongs" of the Bolshevik-Georgian war may be entertained so long as he can stand it by the Georgian explanation. It will start with yesterday and go back through last week and last month, through past years and centuries, and presently you will find yourself in the mighty Georgian kingdom of 400 A.D., with Georgia still championing right and truth and liberty. No matter how many times Georgia broke her word, there were several exalted justifications for it. Now this is a game that two can play at, and if anybody hopes to get at the truth by examining the diplomatic notes exchanged between Tiflis and Moscow and Baku and Erivan and Angora last winter, he is too simple for this trans-Triestrian world.

And yet, when the fighting actually commenced the Bolsheviks managed to have a hundred per cent. of the technical right on their side. The Georgians were occupying the Bortchalo "neutral zone" of Armenia (quaint, how neutral zones always have soldiers in them!) under a treaty with the former Armenian government. The Armenian Soviet asked them to get out. They proudly refused, pointing out that they were there by treaty. But it happened that this treaty was to expire on February 12, and the Armenian soviet never mentioned that. After Georgia's proud refusal the matter was dropped, without even the usual formal demand for withdrawal when the treaty should expire. Instead, there was a great diplomatic hubbub over Azerbaidjan. People asked, "When will Azerbaidjan attack?" and the government strengthened the defenses by the Red Bridge at Poiil.

Thus approached the night of February 11th, and the weak border guards in the Bortchalo laid themselves down to sleep. They went to sleep quite lawfully, but exactly on the stroke of midnight when the treaty expired they were turned from defenders of the hearth into lawless invaders of a friendly nation. Exactly on the stroke of midnight the Armenian Bolshevik army marched into its own territory. The Georgians woke up bewildered and gave battle. This the Georgians officially called "a treacherous attack in violation of solemn treaties." But strictly according to technicalities, the Georgians were invaders of Armenia, firing on peaceful Armenian troops engaged in occupying their own territory, an act of war if there ever was one. That act justified the Armenian Bolsheviks in marching on to Tiflis. So any lover of oriental technicalities can chew on that while I go on to more important matters.

Georgia was the prize exhibition stallion of Menshevism. Look over your mental map and you will find that of all the so-called "socialistic republics" not one has ever pretended to introduce the Socialist state except Georgia. But in Georgia the orthodox Socialist measures were written into law—division of the land, nationalization of sub-soil wealth, universal labor obligation, and the like. The Menshevik party commanded all but a small fraction of the seats in a parliament elected by universal suffrage. Georgia was held up to admiration at Menshevik and Second International Congresses. Karl Kautsky spent three months "studying" Georgia, and departed with unction fairly dropping from his lips. Georgia had introduced Socialism into the world without Bolshevik excesses. Georgia would not execute individuals for the sake of communism; she would only slaughter

thousands of soldiers for the sake of a few acres of territory like the Bortchalo inhabited by Armenians.

There was nothing disconcertingly socialistic about the outer aspect of Georgia. The shops were selling goods at Paris or London prices. All the delicacies of life were to be had by him who could pay. Everything was on open market. The rich kept warm while the poor shivered. The speculators and money changers were operating on the streets and in the cafes, while the poor devils of unemployed were chopping wood, under the universal labor law, out on some snow-covered plateau. Beggars crawled along the sidewalks—some professional and organized into squads by their sweater bosses, and other genuine derelicts, hovering between bread and suicide. Minor state employees received around twenty thousand roubles a month, whereas the foreigner spent half a million a month to keep himself in unluxurious comfort. Elementary school teachers received eight thousand a month, with a half a pound of black bread a day. Hospitals and relief agencies were starved and neglected. Everyone took bribes, as you and I should under those conditions.

Georgia was too remote to have much share in the exploits of Denikin. But she never wearied in protesting her hatred of the Bolsheviks and rattling her sword at all her neighbors. "As for Bolshevism," said a Georgian general to one of the French delegates last summer, "you need have no fear. You may safely leave that to the Georgian army." And the editor of the official government Menshevik daily said for foreign consumption: "There is no Socialism in Georgia."

So that was that. Georgia was a harmless lamb toward the Allies and a raging lion toward the Bolsheviks, roaring out of one side of her mouth, and bleating out of the other. You may imagine that such a mongrel was difficult to live with. The foreign commercial men testified that it was nearly impossible to do business with or through Georgia. A heavy transit tax for goods passing through the country, then on top of that an import tax when they came in and an export tax when they went out. Goods mysteriously vanishing, and no one responsible. Queer laws and charges sprung on the puzzled merchant, and all sorts of fly-by-night prohibitions and embargoes. As for the transit of Bolshevik merchandise, either to or from Baku, it was practically impossible. Russia, in spite of a treaty guaranteeing free commerce, could neither import nor export articles of prime necessity, for they would certainly have been seized. She could not pump her oil through the excellent Baku-Batoum pipe line, for it would have been tapped on the way. She could not import the machinery she needed, for it would have been confiscated. These actions, like all that Georgia did, would have been justified by numerous and noble pretexts, and the exchange of diplomatic notes would have continued for months. But Georgia would have kept the goods. Thus the Georgian government held up a train of medical supplies on its way to Russia, and several trains of grain on their way to Armenia. All these acts, you understand, were in retaliation for things the Bolsheviks had done, which in their turn were retaliations, and so on back to 400 A.D. I do not mean to suggest that the Bolsheviks behaved according to Chesterfield, either. They confiscated, or "temporarily borrowed," a number of Georgian oil trains, sent to fetch fuel from Baku, and this too was in retaliation for something or other. I only mean that peaceful neighborhood was impossible for nations so quarrelsome as Georgia and so desperate as Russia. Georgia was starving Russia by depriving her of commerce, and Russia was starving Georgia by depriving her of oil.

But even if Georgia had had the best will in the world to-

ward the Bolsheviks, instead of the worst, she couldn't be a loyal neighbor. France wouldn't let her. For instance, some of Wrangel's old merchant ships, with Bolshevik crews, interned at Poti harbor after the Crimean debacle, to escape the French destroyers. Georgia was morally obliged to hold these ships for Soviet Russia, and specifically promised to do

so. But one fine day came a French destroyer into port, and a French officer boarded one of the ships and commanded the captain to sail his ship to Constantinople. And a destroyer protected her on her way, pointing her guns at a Georgian ship that tried to interfere, and telling her to mind her business. The Georgians, in officially apologizing to the Bol-



Boardman Robinson
Drawn by Boardman Robinson

City Child: "Oh, Mamma! Look at the poor bird,
it hasn't got any cage!"

sheviks for their dereliction, referred to the French destroyer as "force majeure." Which it was. A force making honor and straightforwardness impossible in the Caucasus, even if there had been any persons present with a talent for such things.

When the Armenian Soviet Army (much strengthened by a "foreign legion" of Russian Bolshevik troops) attacked the Bortchalo, it penetrated nearly up to the mountains which guard Tiflis on the south. Then the Georgian Mensheviks, who still had some fight in them, called in all their troops and drove the Bolsheviks back. Tiflis, which had been panicky, heard the news of this great victory, and with true Georgian frivolity settled down to quiet life. But to effect this success, the Georgians had denuded the Azerbaidjan front, exactly as the Bolshevik high command had intended, and Boudenny's cavalry swept across the Red Bridge and up the valley toward Tiflis. The whole Georgian army, thus menaced, then withdrew and formed itself in a small arc, on the almost impregnable hills guarding the capital. Here the Bolsheviks hammered away at them for a week until they were deadily tired—until the inefficient Georgian supply department had starved or discouraged the Georgian troops. Then Boudenny's cavalry rode around behind the whole line to the extreme west, crossed a wooded range, defiled into the valley of a creek, and came up behind the Georgian right wing.

With that, all was finished. On the night of February twenty-fourth the Georgians marched silently through the streets of Tiflis toward the west. The underpaid, half-clothed People's Militia, which had been guarding the city, watched them depart. Then it made a rush for the shops. In

a few hours, before the Bolshevik troops had arrived, most of the magazines along the Golovinsky Prospect had been thoroughly looted.

With daylight came the first of the Bolsheviks. Then began that depressing, inspiring story of iron rule and centralized administration which is to be told wherever the Bolshevik armies come to grapple with the problem of the chaos which their enemies have left to them.

What are the results of the campaign? Not of the first order, but of distinct usefulness to Russia. Communication with Kemalist Turkey is now open by railway the whole distance, from Moscow straight through to Kars. Batoum may become an excellent export point for the discharge of the two million tons of Baku oil which Russia expects to export this year in exchange for badly needed machinery, and for many Turkestan and Astrakhan products as well. Russia is freed from the danger of an invader threatening her rear and nourishing rebellion among the tribesmen of Azerbaidjan and Daghestan, and thus cutting off the cities of the north from one of the richest sources of supply. This business, also, is finished in time to free the Soviet troops for the coming danger on the Polish and Roumanian front. The Kemalists, if they had ever toyed with the idea of breaking their alliance with Moscow, are certainly awed. And finally, one of the most infectious centres of intrigue and mischief in the world has been depurated.

Amusing, primitive, slovenly, childish, tricky Georgia! In quieter times she might have turned into a pretty comic opera utopia! But she was caught in no man's land between Socialism and Capitalism, between Russia's fierce need and France's implacable hate.

Georgia Saves Her Reputation

An Eye-witness's Impression of the Peonage Murder Trial

THE trial scene lacks much in the staging. The room is crowded with witnesses, lawyers and spectators hopelessly mixed in. If you want to find the jury you look for twelve men sitting on chairs, and conspicuous because no one is sitting on their laps or climbing over them nor crowding in between. Judge Hutcheson is not so fortunate; the sanctity of his bench is being shared with the townsfolk and neighbors. During a tilt between the opposing counsel the Judge leaned forward to listen more attentively, and on one side of him a barefooted urchin, on the other an old man, leaned forward, unconsciously assuming the same attitude. When his honor wants to make any notes he absentmindedly pushes one of his compeers aside for the time being.

The defendant on trial for murder and the members of his family are simply part of the indiscriminate crowd. Overhead there is a dimly lighted gallery where the occasional flash of white teeth or eye balls calls attention to the few black faces that blend into the darker background. The white men below occasionally glance up at this gallery. I overheard the remark: "Those damn Niggers oughta be out workin'!"

Before the verdict was brought in I made a survey of Covington opinion about the case. I talked with the barber, an automobile salesman, an agricultural county agent, a deputy sheriff, some farmers, the educational county supervisor, a lawyer, a school teacher, and so forth. They all agreed that Williams undoubtedly killed or helped to kill the Negroes, and though some of them deplored this, even these were more concerned with the fear that; if Williams should

be found guilty, the "Niggahs would get out of hand". The average white man's attitude was, "Sure he killed 'em, an' what of it?" Some would have had him acquitted simply because a Negro accused him. One young farmer went so far as to remark: "Well I hope they turn that black — loose, he won't get one hundred yards from the jail."

Among local groups discussing the case, I heard several times this same expression of regret: "Williams oughta have killed just one more Niggah."

In a Northern court Williams would probably have been found guilty of murder and paid the death penalty, but the life sentence was all any jury would be courageous enough to impose in the Black Belt, and already the good news has gone forth that the next Governor will pardon him. Williams went too far. (Not because the muddy yellow river and the red hills of Georgia gave up eleven mutilated bodies, for what's a niggah more or less?) But Williams ought to have shown better judgement in the time and quantity of his killings. To clear the good name of Georgia he must be sent up.

The whole situation was summed up in the last words of his counsel. "I know you are not going to send John Williams to the gallows on the story of this lying Niggah. I ask you for the sake of his past, for the sake of his wife, for the sake of his children, throw over him the mantle of Christian Charity. Whatever mistakes he may have made will never be repeated. You know it. This curious prosecution will teach him a lesson he will never forget."

ESAU JONES.

The Oppressor

A Story—By Edmund Wilson, Jr.

SAM BRADSHAW quite forgot that he was a sergeant when the shell waked him up. The explosion was so near that it shook his bunk. He jumped out as fast as he could and made for the door with everybody else, though in ordinary emergencies he would have harangued them and told them just what to do. And when he got outside he did not know what to say to them. Should they stay right there or fall into formation and go somewhere else as soon as possible? Some were evidently running away with all speed. He heard voices all about him in the black night: "Who did that get?" "Jesus Christ, it sounded like it was right up against me!" "Say, let's get away from here quick! There'll be another one o' them things along!" "Aw hell, no! They're droppin' 'way off now. You c'n see 'em over by the swamp there. See?" Sergeant Bradshaw listened and heard some faint explosions. Realizing that there was probably no more immediate danger, he began to feel cooler. It was evident, besides, that nothing had been set on fire. The shell must have blown up one end of the barracks, though.

Then he heard the captain's voice: "Get back there! Get back there! goddam it! Fall in! where's Sergeant Bradshaw?" The captain was evidently much excited, and Sam felt no reassurance, as he heard the tones of loud and confident authority which the commander used to conceal weakness and the fact that he was at sea. It is harder for an officer to deceive a sergeant than to deceive a private.

"Here I am, sir," said Sam, with conscious coolness.

"Well, why the devil didn't you come before? You've got to be on the job all the time!"

"Yes, sir," Sam assented. The captain was certainly up in the air! He wondered why he himself hadn't been there sooner.

"Well, how many men are hurt?"

"I don't know, sir."

"How many are killed?"

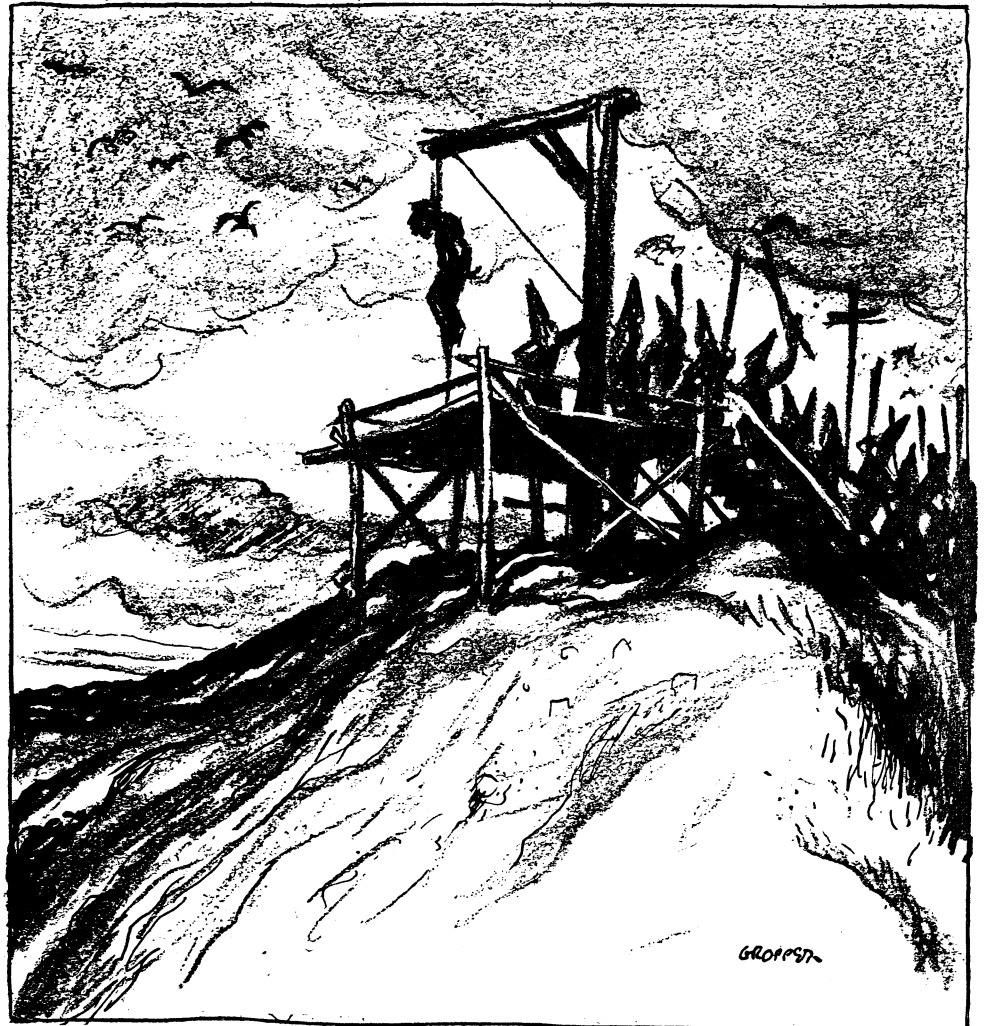
"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know! Well, for Christ's sake, what have you been doin' around here all this time? You ought to be court-martialed for this! Go and find out right away how many wounded there are! And make it snappy, d'ye hear?"

"All right, sir!" answered Sam and started off.

"Hey, come back here, Bradshaw!" the captain shouted after him when he was some distance away. "I'm not through with you yet. Don't run off that way before I'm done with you. Keep your head, for God's sake!" No master ever dares speak to a servant as the captain spoke to Sam, and people rarely let themselves go so violently when they are angry at dogs. His words were like blows designed to kill the last traces of human relationship. "Now, I want you to stand at the door and make everybody go back in. Bring the wounded out first of all. Then every man will check up what he's lost and the damage done to his bunk. Every man will be held accountable for the check on the space around his bunk. When they're done, line 'em up and have 'em report. All right now, snap it up!"

Sam had a hard time getting the men together in the dark, and he did not try to put them into formation. They simply



"America leads the World"

stood around him. When they heard the orders they cursed and groaned.

"Je-sus Christ!" said somebody. "Why don't he wait till morning?"

The whole thing galled Sam himself, and he was consequently all the harsher to the men as he stood at the door of the shack and made them go in.

In a few minutes the captain came up. "How many wounded were there? Where are they?" he demanded.

"I don't know, sir," answered Sam. "They haven't brought them out yet."

"I thought I told you to have the wounded brought out right away. Did you tell 'em that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why the hell don't you go in and see they do it, instead of standing around here like a goddam sight-seer? Say, you're gonta do as you're told after this!" he burst out, letting his temper go completely. "Now, you go in there and don't come out again till you know how many dead and wounded there are!"

He seized Sam by the shoulders, turned him violently around and kicked him through the door of the shack with all his force.

Sam stumbled blindly on till he found himself among voices. "Say, why the hell don' you guys bring the wounded out?" he shouted.

"There ain't any wounded!" answered a voice.

"Christ! It's gas!" exclaimed another.

Sam noticed then that there was a sickening smell and that some men were coughing furiously.

A panic commenced; everybody seemed to start for the doors at once and Sam was swept to one side. He opened his mouth to shout a command, but the long breath filled his lungs with something that choked him, and he had to stop and cough before he had finished. He felt that parts of his body had begun to itch and burn. In the darkness the few men who had not gone were coughing horribly, as if they would cough their lungs out, and one man was gasping.

Sam rushed outside, where he found that the stretcher-bearers had come and were carrying people off to the first-aid station. As he doubled up with coughing someone took him by the arm. "Come on," said the man. "Can you walk it?" and began to lead him.

The first-aid station sounded like a kennel full of excited dogs. It was crowded with barking soldiers, their faces purple. On the floor lay the stretchers with the dying or dead. Wherever the body had been moist the mustard gas burnt it like fire; the men who sweated most profusely were red all over, as if they had been scalded. But, in most cases the gas had affected, besides the lungs, only the eyes, which were bleary and puffed, and the genitals, which were monstrously swollen and perfectly raw.

Sam had got comparatively little of it, but enough to make him horribly uncomfortable. As he was waiting in line he listened to the conversation about him.

"It didn't do no damage when it first went off, did it?"

"Christ, no! Them last bunks was empty. It just blew out the end of the shack. If that crazy Hudson hadn't sent us back in, there wouldn't a-been no harm done at all. The dirty, lousy — of a —!"

Then Sam remembered how he had been kicked into the shack and a murderous resentment obsessed him. At first he had nothing but a brutal lust to smash the captain's face. He imagined himself giving Hudson a stunning blow right in his big blunt nose. He would break the cartilage and

the blood would shoot out. He took a ferocious gusto in feeling the soft face crushed against his hard fist. It was the only way he could satisfy his fury. And every time Hudson came back he would send him a mile away again. He would hammer him as he had hammered boys at school. He would black both his eyes and give him a swollen lip. Then, when the first barbaric passion had spent itself, he began to devise more subtle methods of punishment. The first time the captain tried to "ride" him there, he would have answered as follows: "What the hell do you mean by that, you big goddam——? Do you think that just because you got two bars on your shoulder you can treat me like a nigger?" And he would slap him on the cheek in a cool and nervy manner. And then, when Hudson tried to come back at him, he would begin to slug him. He hated Hudson's fat face, his little piggy eyes and the moustache he had begun to clip small to try to make it look foreign. He hated his big hulking body and his contemptuous ways. Who was he that he should look down on an enlisted man? What was he in civil life? A floor walker? a ribbon clerk? a dance-hall bouncer? a pimp?

He wished he were out of the Army and as good as anybody. He hated the authority that was over everything, that you couldn't get away from, that had everybody of importance on its side, that could always put you in the wrong, that gave you over into slavery to a man like Hudson and rendered you helpless against him. Even suppose he made a complaint. They would take the captain's word against his and probably manage to prove that he had disobeyed orders or something. He had seen that done. And there were all those men dead or in torture because one incompetent had lost his head. There was he with his breath coming harder and his eyes stinging worse and worse . . .

He'd like to see the day when a man like that could say a word to him in civil life. Back in his home town where he was known and where his father was known, where men used to come out to the farm and ask his father to run for the Town Council, where his uncle was one of the richest men in town, where he could go with any girl in town, he'd like to meet this Hudson in the street there. He'd stop him and say: "Well, Hudson, this is where we settle up. Just step around behind the church here a minute and we'll talk about that boot you give me." He'd like to have him come around to his father's house to ask for a job on the farm. Before Hudson could open his mouth, he'd say: "Just step around to the back door and the girl'll fix you up," and then, when Hudson turned around, he'd kick him off the porch. But what he'd like the best of all would be to have Hudson come around and ask him for a job. He'd be at the head of a big factory then, in an office with stenographers around. "Take off your hat!" he'd say. "Don't you know enough to take off your hat inside a house? Where were you brought up, anyway? in a bar-room?" Then, when Hudson had taken off his hat, "We don't need any more unskilled labor, Captain Hudson!" he'd say. And wouldn't Hudson look cheap as hell in front of all those girl stenographers!

* * * * *

One afternoon, a month after he was demobilized, Sam met a friend of his, another ex-service man.

"You wanta have some fun to-night?" said the friend. "There's gonta be a raid on the Reds. I know one of the cops and he told me I could come along. You can come, too. We both belong to the Legion. Only you better put on your uniform."

Sam went home and got into his uniform. He liked to wear it nowadays. He liked to show his two gold service

The Economic Slavery
of the
American Office Employee

READ

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- III.—The right to strike when welfare of people is at stake.
- IV.—A dilemma: Will education suffer from high wages to laborers or from low salaries to teachers?
- V.—Is the black and yellow peril looming up?
- VI.—Present wages of laborers compared with salaries of office help.

PART TWO

- VII.—Employers having ideas of the last century.
- VIII.—Signing time-sheet or punching clock, a shop-like system.
- IX.—“Slave-drivers” in business offices, an obnoxious type.
- X.—Why blame employees who change positions?
- XI.—Union of employees for protection purposes, a necessity.
- XII.—Profit-sharing system and insurance of employees, eminently indispensable.

PART THREE

- XIII.—Influence of high prices on social unrest.
- XIV.—A few suggestions to employees to reduce the H. C. L.
- XV.—Summing up. The author draws a moral.
- Appendix “A”—Let us start at once an Employees' Association like the “Brain Workers” Union of France.
- Appendix “B”—Incontrovertible facts showing the unequal distribution of wealth in the United States.
- Appendix “C”—How to dispose of the retired rich.
- Appendix “D”—A letter to the Secretary of the American Federation of Labor and his reply.

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* In the year 1920, when Part I of this book was written, the average American workingman was enjoying unparalleled prosperity. In the meantime, conditions have changed considerably, but this altered situation does not affect the validity of the author's conclusions as set forth in Parts II, III and Appendices.

stripes and his wound stripe. He liked to feel, when he went into the street-car, that everybody was looking at him and that he made all the civilians and all the men with silver service stripes regard him with respect and a little uncomfortably. And he was glad to find in the "Reds" something against which he could exercise that authority. He had learned from the headlines of the newspapers and from the American Legion that the Bolsheviks were a lot of dirty foreigners who wanted to blow up the government and that it was up to 100 per cent. Americans to run them out of the country. He liked to think how his uniform would scare them and how he could do practically anything he liked, because he was on the side of authority, working with the police, and because he was a discharged soldier who had been wounded in France.

In the evening he and his friend and two other soldiers, together with six policemen, made their way to the I. W. W. headquarters, which was over a tobacco shop. They went upstairs very softly and halted outside the door. "You gotta creep up on these birds," said one of the policemen. Then he burst the door open with a bang and the Army followed him in. Unleashed, they fell in clusters on the three persons in the room. Sam, who was one of the last in, could find no opening for his own zeal. He looked into the next room, however, and there saw a pale little man, apparently in a state of hesitation as to how he should escape. The room was a bare office with desk and chairs, like any other office, and the man was dressed in a gray business suit, like anybody else. This surprised Sam a little, because he had expected to find black-bearded villains constructing infernal machines in a dark and noisome den, but he supposed the enemy was no less sinister for his conventional disguise. So he made a dash for the man, threw his arms around him and bore him down to the floor with a terrific crash. The man's eye-glasses flew off and broke and Sam heard his head come down with a bang against the planking.

"Let me go!" gasped the little man. "I give myself up," and he fainted.

In the next room, also, the enemy had been downed. They had all tried to give themselves up, but that had not helped them. The woman, when she was seized, had said such cutting things to the policeman and had put up such a savage fight that, as a consequence of her resistance, she now sat half hysterical, her hair down her back, her blouse much torn and one of her wrists twisted. But she had given the policeman a black eye.

The man who had fared most easily sat holding his jaw. The other, a heavy peasant type, had been perfectly passive until a vigorous upper-cut had made him bite off the end of his tongue. He had then commenced to lay about him with arms of iron, but, having had three policemen and two soldiers against him, now lay unconscious on the floor, bleeding and livid. The desk was covered with blood, like a butcher's block.

The soldiers had an exhilarating ride to the Police Court in the motor patrol, clanging at top speed through the streets and making everybody give way. It thrilled Sam to have all eyes turned upon him as an actor in the drama, a returned American soldier enforcing Americanism. It would all be in the papers, no doubt: "St. Mihiel Heroes Rout Reds."

The prisoners were hustled into jail with much shoving and swearing, and the Crusaders found themselves in the streets with the rest of the evening on their hands, not a little disappointed that the raid should have gone off so swiftly and easily.

"Say, looka here, boys!" said a big soldier. "There's a meetin' bein' held over on Halstead Street by these self same birds. Whaddye say we go down there an' clean up on 'em? They tell me the Legion's gonta be there. It's a bunch o' these — Socialists."

They arrived at the hall with their uniforms bulging with bricks and garbage and sat down in the empty seats at the back, not knowing quite what to do. The audience seemed disconcertingly respectable; Sam felt as if he had come to church or commencement exercises. The speaker was so very well dressed and had so much the appearance of a young schoolmaster that respect for his social position and his obvious education withheld Sam's hand from his brick.

"And so we Socialists must stick together," the speaker was saying in his low voice, "for order against chaos, for organization against anarchy. If American Labor should listen to Bolshevism——"

At the terrible name of Bolshevism a ferocious hissing arose. Obscene insults were shouted. Two dozen individuals who had been waiting in the grim self-consciousness of their American Legion buttons had judged this their proper cue.

"Shut up, you goddam pro-German!" yelled a hoarse voice at Sam's side.

"Shut up, you — pro-German!" shouted Sam, intensifying it.

Then somebody threw a large stone, which hit the speaker in the knee.

"That's right! The dirty yellow — of ——!" the man bellowed at Sam's elbow.

"The —— of ——!" echoed Sam, going him one better.

He began to add the brick-bats he had brought to the hard-falling shower from the crowd.

"Here, gimme one of those," said his neighbor, snatching a cabbage from his hand.

Sam looked and saw that it was Captain Hudson, transported with savage joy, his little eyes gleaming eagerly. His moustache waxed sharply to a point.

"Aw, what the hell is he doing here?" Sam grumbled to himself. "If we'd had to depend on him, we'da lost the war!" And he got up and moved away.



"S-s-s-h! Not too fast!"

A Letter from one of America's Foremost Literary Critics---

Dear Dell:

In renewing (very gladly) my subscription to **The Liberator** I seize the chance to offer you and Eastman my sincere congratulations upon the work you are doing. Bolshevism, which you defend, seems to be chimerical and more than a little dishonest. But I hope I know able and effective journalism when I see it. You produce the best magazine in America — not now and then, but steadily every month. I only wish you could do more cartoons by Boardman Robinson and Art Young; they interest me a good deal more than the sketches by the Greenwich Village Follies. But I like **The Liberator**, even with those sketches. It is informing, it is good-tempered, and it is often brilliant. Here is at least one customer among the opposition that you will have as long as you go on.

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BOOKS

Growth of the Soil. By Knut Hamsun. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

OH, the great, good thing that is happening to our world! Communism is coming—even in fiction!

Mankind is awakening from the slavery of a horrible nightmare, a winter of many centuries. Mankind is coming of age; the signs are everywhere. We are re-discovering the childishness of war and egotism; we are discovering again the permanent wonder of our dear, strong, starlit and sunlit, familiar earth.

Plato, Kant, Descartes, Berkeley and Schopenhauer—they are dead; the dreadful dream of their search for the Absolute has passed; we are free to live and love and fight again; we are reading the pamphlets of Lenin. The obsession of the Absolute has vanished; dear, homely, friendly Earth, with her positive sciences and simple, good emotions, we are returning to her warm arms like errant children who have long been lost in a forest.

The Russian Revolution has killed the mystic bourgeois notion that poverty was eternally written in the constitution of the universe. Communism is founded on materialist positivism, and it is killing, too, all the old idealisms, that made the heroes of Russian novels shoot themselves, that made men hate women and women hate men. It is killing the romanticism that kept mankind in a state of dissatisfied turmoil. The Russian revolution is killing all the intoxicating, brain-spun lies of the intellectuals. Soon we shall be free. Great days are here. A renaissance is a great, liberating,

stupendous movement, that sweeps over men like a religion and changes more completely than an earthquake the contours of their world. The Revolution of materialism against idealism is seeping in everywhere. Nothing can escape it. Soon every pessimist and Christian will be dead.

Tolstoy said this, in his grand, blundering way. He predicted in his mighty essay, "What is Art?" the effect of a proletarian revolution on art. The unhappy old giant was obsessed by God and the Absolute, but he was not their slave. What errors he made were due to the shackles of God on his mind. Outside those errors Tolstoy was the greatest realist and materialist of the nineteenth century.

"Art is the transmission of one man's emotion to another," said the master. Ten thousand other things had been said of art, but this simple human fact seemed an insult and a revolting crassness to the artists. They are still bitterly fighting it. They do not want to be regarded as our fellow human-beings. They set themselves up as priests. But the Revolution will do away with the priests; yes, we are tired unto death of priestcraft. Art will live more abundantly after its priests are dead.

Artists have only five senses; they feel more keenly, but they feel the same things the rest of us feel. How they fight this simple truth! How they fight the truth that the emotions they transmit can be either good or bad! The esthetic philosophy of life is the artists' way of despising humanity and its purposes. They claim that art is above the common man's good and evil. Baudelaire and Oscar Wilde preached that death and decadence were equal as material for art with Life and goodness and valor. The Revolution will sweep them away.

Artists are learning. Here is Knut Hamsun, the great Norwegian novelist. He has written, in his sixtieth year, a book that crowns his life with a glory that will be long remembered.

"Growth of the Soil," a strong, poetical, human tale of the life of peasants—a book, that in my mind, ushers in with all the trumpets of a splendid sunrise, the new age of proletarian art. Hamsun has written it like a confession. In this book he says at last that his life has been that of an intellectual fool. He leaves the wild, hectic, neurotic life of the studios and kneels down to a field of common earth and kisses it with passionate love. He becomes a man again—a simple, kindly, social, strong, good man, living in the world of reality. He is sick with the life of the moon; the pale mystic "mid-regions of Weir." Life is good; at its deepest depths it is better than fantasy and mysticism. Earth is enough, he says in this book.

Hamsun's development is a symbol of what will happen in the world of art.

"As a boy," says the translator in a note on Hamsun, "he wrote verse under difficulties—he was born in Gudbrandsdalen, but came as a child to Bodo in Lofoten, and worked with a shoemaker for some years, saving up money for the publication of his juvenile efforts.

"He had little education to speak of, and after a period of varying casual occupations, mostly of the humblest sort, he

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came to Christiania with the object of studying there, but failed to make his way. Twice he essayed his fortune in America, but without success. For three years he worked as a fisherman on the Newfoundland banks."

Hamsun began life as a proletarian. He was born of peasant parents, and knew in youth the realities of the proletarian world—work, hunger, tyranny, fear, hate.

Because he went through this, he became an anarchist in youth, though his publishers have not cared to include this fact in his biography. While in America, he worked for a year or less as a street-car conductor in Chicago. He was also a farm-hand in the Middle West, a blonde, great figure of a man, a "square-head Swede" rebel worker such as one finds in wobbly halls through Minnesota and Kansas.

There is a story told of Hamsun by one who knew him. This man met Hamsun in the steerage of the ocean liner that was taking him back to Norway after his first unsuccessful foray here. The tall, huge, hard-fisted "wobbly" Norseman was rolling dice with a gang of other migratory workers returning to the old country. His friend stopped to speak to him. Hamsun stood up, with the dice in his hand. He had a long streamer of black crêpe hanging from his lapel.

"Who are you mourning for?" his friend asked, looking at the crêpe.

"For my comrades who are being hung in Chicago," Hamsun replied. It was the year of the Haymarket crime against American labor.

Hamsun was a "wanderer in corduroys," as he described himself, until his thirtieth year—an anarchist house-painter, ranch-hand, sailor, factory worker like our own Jack London. Then he wrote his first novel, "Hunger." It was the intense confession of a wild, neurotic proletarian-scholar-poet like himself, who tried to make a living by his pen in Christiania, and starved to the point of hallucination. The book was so strange and new that it brought Hamsun immediate fame, and so he left his proletarian wandering and settled down as a member of the literary colony of the Norwegian capital.

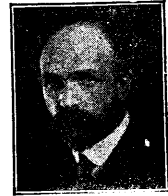
He had gone from the world of labor and reality into this neurotic world of ideas and art. He left the fields and the ships, the rough, sweet contacts of living men and women, and settled down to write books. He was unhappy. Modern culture has become another word for unhappiness; for neurotic reaching beyond life for something that can never be found. Hamsun's books during this long period reflect the unhappiness of the proletarian-realist in the midst of the mad, unreal artists' world.

They were the accounts of morbid, erratic individuals who were too idealistic to live. They were stories of mad, irresponsible lovers who could find no peace in each other, but destroyed each other like the lover-wasps. They were subjective studies of semi-insane characters who denied reality by saying that they would never grow old. "The beating of wings in the void; the striving for utterance of things beyond speech;" the scorn of facts and the commonplace glory of life—this was Hamsun in his first period. He was trying to escape from the metaphysical cloud that has descended on the whole world of bourgeois culture—the fog of words and ideas in which the intellectuals grope after "the meaning of life."

Hamsun at last found what was the meaning of life. It is work and love. It is as simple as all that. Even the superstitious peasant is wiser than the member of the Academy, knowing this.

Isaak is the hero of Hamsun's greatest novel. He is an articulate peasant, "a strong, coarse fellow with a red iron beard, and little scars on face and hands;" "a stump of a

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MANY INTELLECTUALS, ARTISTS, RADICALS

and others who think that they are above the vulgar crowd, despise all health advices. For them to be healthy means to be a conservative Philistine. With some the only claim to talent is their neglect of health rules. When they become ill or die their misfortune is always attributed to overwork for art's sake, for an ideal or for a great cause. Their distasteful or repulsive errors, their sins against hygiene are usually ignored. Why should not truly superior people strive to be as healthy as they can? This is an editorial note from:

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man," "a barge of a man," Hamsun describes him, "a dumb animal close to the poetry of earth." He works like a slow, solid machine; he builds a hut in the wilderness, plants corn, raises goats, finds a wife, brings up children. This is his life, through long years, and Hamsun has made it more interesting than any melodrama of Dostoevsky's.

Hamsun writes as simply and beautifully as Hans Christian Andersen; and yet this is no fairy tale. He writes with human tenderness and understanding; he attempts no false, mechanical Flaubertian objectivity, but broods over every scene, a great universal poet speaking of life.

This is Life. Peasants are cruel, ignorant and slow, but they work and love, and therefore their life is beautiful. Reality is more poetic and beautiful than romance. Hamsun has proved this, and we others can go on from this beginning. The era of proletarian fiction has begun. Tolstoy was its prophet, but Hamsun has written the novel that Tolstoy failed to write in a lifetime of religious groping toward it. Hamsun has laid a cornerstone of our proletarian art.

MICHAEL GOLD.

Debs and His Contemporaries

Debs and the Poets. Edited by Ruth LePrade. Published by Upton Sinclair.

A SIX months campaign, conducted with one-half the intelligence and daring and ingenuity displayed by the Woman's Party in forcing through the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, would bring 'Gene Debs out into the sun again. The proceeds of this little book, we are told, will go toward such a campaign, and we wish it all success.

The book contains tributes to Debs in verse and prose from forty-eight contemporaries, many of them writers of distinction. I like especially "The Old Agitator," by William Ellery Leonard, and "Debs Has Visitors," by C. E. S. Wood, in which he pictures the spirits of Whitman, Lincoln and Jesus visiting Debs in his cell. But the one poem which has a real working-class ring to it, which makes you want to sing and fight, is by Douglas Robson, after the manner of Kipling's "Danny Deever." We quote two stanzas:

"Why are the people waitin'?" said the brakeman up ahead;
"To see us start, to see us start," the train conductor said;
"What makes you look so gloomy?" said the brakeman up ahead;

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to do," the train conductor said.
"For we're takin' Debs to prison, for sedition, so they say,
He's said good-bye to home an' friends, he'll soon be on his way,

It's ten long years behind the bars, the price he has to pay
An' we're takin' Debs to prison in the mornin'."

* * * * *

"In ninety-four I heard him," said the brakeman up ahead;
"He organized the railroad men," the train conductor said;
"The workin' class all love him," said the brakeman up ahead;
"He's goin' to prison for them now," the train conductor said.

"For we're takin' Debs to prison and how strange it must appear,

That the brakeman an' conductor an' the railroad engineer,
The workin' men he stood for when the cause looked dark and drear,

Now are takin' Debs to prison in the mornin'."

I wonder if the American Railroad Workers will teach that song to their children?
C. E.

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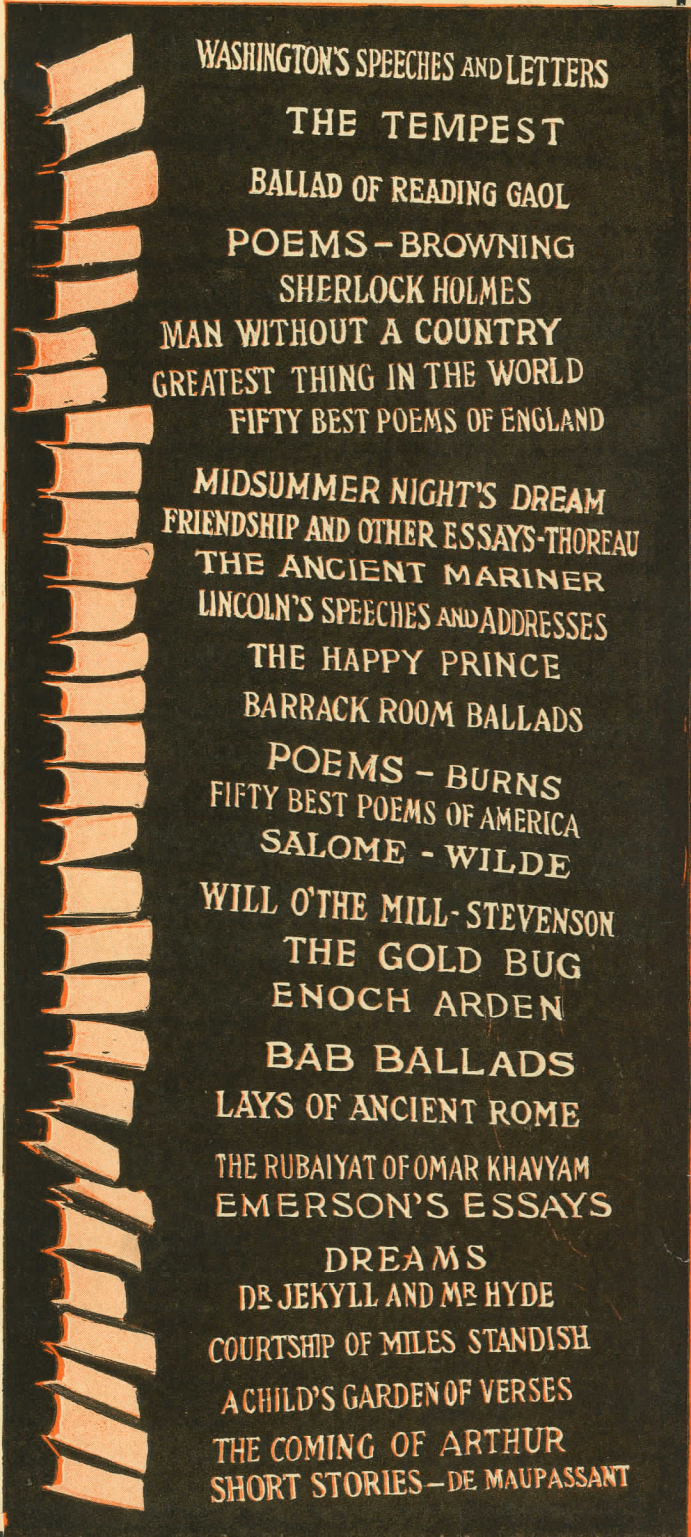
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