

The Revolutionary Age

A Chronicle and Interpretation of International Events

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The Bolshevik Call for an International Communist Congress

THE Congress of the Communist Party (Bolshevik), held during the latter part of January, 1919, has decided to send out an urgent call for the meeting of the first Congress of the new "Revolutionary International." This is the call:

1st Section.

AIMS AND TACTICS

In our estimation, the acceptance of the following principles shall serve as a working program for the International:

- 1.—The actual period is the period of the dissolution and collapse of the whole capitalist system;
- 2.—The first task of the proletariat consists today of the immediate seizure of government power, substituting in its place the power of the proletariat;
- 3.—This new governmental apparatus must incorporate the dictatorship of the working class, and in some places, also that of the poorer peasantry together with hired farm labor, this dictatorship constituting the instrument of the systematic overthrow of the exploiting classes.
- 4.—The dictatorship of the proletariat shall complete the immediate expropriation of Capitalism and the suppression of private property in means of production, which includes, under Socialism, the suppression of private property and its transfer to a proletarian state, under the Socialist administration of the working class, the abolition of capitalist agricultural production, the nationalization of the great business firms and financial trusts;
- 5.—In order to insure the Social Revolution, the disarming of the bourgeoisie and its agents, and the general arming of the proletariat, is a prime necessity.

2nd Section.

ATTITUDE REGARDING SOCIALIST PARTIES

- 7.—The fundamental condition of the struggle is the mass action of the proletariat, developing into open armed attack on the governmental powers of Capitalism.
- 8.—The old International has broken into three principal groups: the avowed social-patriots who, during the entire duration of the imperialistic war between the years 1914 and 1918, have supported their own bourgeoisie; the minority Socialists of the "center," represented by leaders of the type of Karl Kautsky, and who constitute a group composed of ever-hesitating elements, unable to settle on any determined direction, and who up-to-date have always acted as traitors; and the Revolutionary Left Wing.
- 9.—As far as the social-patriots are concerned, who stood up everywhere in arms, in the most critical moments, against the revolution, a merciless fight is the only alternative: in regard to the "Center," the tactics consist in separating from it the revolutionary elements, in criticizing pitilessly its leaders and in dividing systematically among them the number of their followers; these tactics are absolutely necessary when we reach a certain degree of development.
- 10.—On the other hand it is necessary to proceed in a common movement with the revolutionary elements of the working class who thought hitherto not belonging to the party, yet adopt today in its entirety, the point of view of dictatorship of the proletariat, under the form of Soviet government; including the syndicalist elements of the labor movements.

Translated by Andre Courland

11.—It is also necessary to rally the groups and proletarian organizations who, though not in the wake as yet of the revolutionary trend of the Left Wing, nevertheless have manifested and developed a tendency leading in that direction.

12.—We propose that the representative of parties and groups following these tendencies shall take part

ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE!

The men, women and children who are on strike in Lawrence, Mass., remaining firm in their determination to stay out until victory, the mill owners are becoming desperate and the police are increasing their terrorism as a means of breaking the strike.

On Saturday a warrant was issued for the arrest of Louis C. Fraina, editor of *The Revolutionary Age*, on the charge of "inciting to riot." On Monday evening, Fraina surrendered voluntarily, was released on bail, pleaded "not guilty" on Tuesday, trial being set for March 12. While in the court, one of the police called Fraina a vile name and said: "I'd like to break your head for you, and I hope I get the chance to do it." Fraina answered: "And you are the fellows that maintain order!" This is characteristic of the police spirit in Lawrence.

Tuesday afternoon, upon Fraina's suggestion, the General Strike Committee decided to organize its own police, the Striker's Guard, to maintain order, and prove that it is the police who provoke violence. Permission was asked of Director of Public Safety Carr to hold a parade, but this was again refused. The strikers' Executive Committee asked that the police stay away from the parade to avoid violence, the strikers guaranteed the maintenance of order with their own Guard.

The strikers have determined to hold a parade anyway, of the women and children who are on strike. The active organization of the Striker's Guard is proceeding, most of the members will be former soldiers who are still entitled to wear their uniforms.

On Wednesday night A. J. Muste and Cedric Long were arrested while on the picket line at the mills—the police smashed the heads of some of the strikers, and blamed Muste and Long.

But the strike is not broken. It is spreading. A general strike is about to break in the textile trades. The police say it is a "Bolshevik Strike." This is a challenge to you. Will you accept it? Money is needed. Send funds to C. Silin, 885 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

in the Congress as plenipotentiary members of the Workers International and should belong to the following parties:

- 1.—The Spartacus group (Germany); 2.—The Bolshevik or Communist Party (Russia); Other Communist groups of: 3.—German-Austria; 4.—Hungary; 5.—Finland; 6.—Poland; 7.—Esthonia; 8.—Lettonia; 9.—Lithuania; 10.—White Russia; 11.—Ukraine; 12.—The revolutionary elements of Czecho-Slovakia; 13.—The Bulgarian Social-Democratic Party; 14.—The Roumanian Social-Democrats; 15.—The Left Wing of the Servian Social-Democracy; 16.—The Left Wing of the Swedish Social-Democratic Party; 17.—The Norwegian Social-Democratic Party; 18.—The Danish groups of the class struggle; 19.—The Dutch Communist Party; 20.—The revolutionary elements of the Belgian Labor Party; 21.—22.—The groups and organizations in the midst of the French Socialist and syndicalist movements who are in solidarity with our aims; 23.—The Left Wing of the Swiss Social-Democratic Party; 24.—The Italian Socialist Party; 25.—The left elements of the Spanish Socialist Party; 26.—The left elements of the Portuguese Socialist Party; 27.—The British Socialist Par-

ty (those nearer to us are the elements represented by MacLean); 28.—I. S. P. R. (Great Britain); 29.—S. L. P. (England); 30.—I. W. W. (Great Britain); 31.—The revolutionary elements of labor organizations of Ireland; 32.—The revolutionary elements of Shop-Stewards (Great Britain); 33.—The S. L. P. (U. S. A.); 34.—The elements of the Left Wing of the American Socialist Party (tendency represented by E. V. Debs and the Socialist Propaganda League); 35.—I. W. W. (Industrial Workers of the World), America; 36.—The Workers International Industrial Union (U. S. A.); 37.—I. W. W. of Australia; 38.—The Socialist groups of Tokio and Samon represented by Sen Katayama; 39.—The Young Peoples Socialist International Leagues.

3rd Section.

THE ORGANIZATION AND NAME OF THE PARTY

13.—The Congress must be transformed into a common organ of combat in view of the permanent struggle and systematic direction of the movement, into a center of International Communism which will subordinate the interests of the movements in everyone of the different countries to the common interests of the Revolution from an international point of view.

The concrete forms of organization, representation, etc. will be elaborated by the Congress.

In the opinion of *The Revolutionary Age*, this call of the Bolsheviks for an International Congress of revolutionary Socialism must be accepted by every Socialist who is in accord with the new epoch of revolutionary struggle into which the world has emerged.

There is no party that has a right to call a congress for the organization of the new International other than the Communist Party of Russia (Bolshevik)—they have developed the new tactics of the revolutionary proletariat, they have conquered power and organized the new proletarian state, they have inspired Socialism with new ideals, new energy, new tactics.

As the call makes amply clear, this new International must be a fighting International: it must not admit petty bourgeois elements, either of the right or of the center: it must consist wholly of revolutionary Socialism.

That this Bolshevik call omits the official Socialist Party of the United States, is a challenge to every militant member of the party. The Bolsheviks are right in omitting the party, at present, since the official leadership of the party now consists of right and centre elements. But the membership is revolutionary; and the membership must conquer the party for the party, for revolutionary Socialism, and become part of the new Communist International.

Our party is officially pledged to participation in the infamous Berne Congress of the betrayers of Socialism. Local after local of the party has repudiated this "Congress;" the repudiation must be made complete; and then the party must repudiate the men who were responsible for dirtying the party by pushing it into the Congress of the Great Betrayal.

As against Berne—let us accept the Communist International! Let us purge the party of its petty bourgeois elements, let us revolutionize the party. Destiny calls, the great struggle call to us; are we worthy of the great things ahead of us?

The issue is clear: *Which* International, comrades of the Socialist Party?

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LUDWIG LORE

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We need to have the clear party note sounded now and our position sharply defined as an uncompromising revolutionary party if we are to take and hold our rightful place in the international movement. We have got to plant our party upon the rock if it is not to be swept away in the oncoming tempest.—EUGENE V. DEBS, February 15, 1919.

The Torrent of Words

IT was a beautiful day in Boston, upon Woodrow Wilson's arrival; and it was a beautiful address.

A cynic has said that words were made to conceal thought; in the President's case, words are used in a masterly way to conceal lack of thought. America and the world expected something definite; but there was nothing but indefinite phraseology. America is the hope of the world; a new era is in birth; all civilization must guarantee peace; a eulogy of the Peace Conference—all this and more was in the President's address; and all this means nothing. What is the League of Nations? How is peace to be preserved? What of the economic problems and antagonisms that split the nations under Capitalism? Mr. Wilson evades all these serious problems, and instead of ideas, offers words. The one tangible thing in his address was that "I have not come to report the proceedings or the results of the proceedings of the Peace Conference; that would be premature." In other words, we are to know nothing—trust all to Woodrow Wilson! . . . "To make the world safe for democracy." . . . "Open covenants of peace openly arrived at—diplomacy shall always proceed openly and in the public view."

Governments and Peoples

THERE was a very interesting passage in the President's address: "When I speak of the nations of the world I do not speak of the Governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present Governments do not do their will, some other Governments shall." Splendid, but inept. Does Clemenceau represent the people of France—this reactionary and imperialistic politician? Lloyd George's mandate represents only a small portion of the British people. The American delegation at the Peace Conference represents Woodrow Wilson alone. It is simply a clique of the people of the world—an imperialistic clique—that is assembled at Paris. There is just one government that really represents the people, in fact and in policy, and that is the Soviet Government of Russia. The proletariat's task is to see to it that "some other Government shall" make peace—their own Soviet Governments.

Deporting Civil Rights

THE Government seems determined to deport "alien agitators." The President returns home and speaks eloquently of liberty and civilization; but deportations proceed, and these deeds of reaction are the answer to his words of democracy. Some have already been deported; others are being deprived of elementary civil rights—it is not alien agitators who are really being deported, but what remnants of civil liberty remained in this country. And these deportations are carried on secretly and brutally. The American Government was the most repressive during the war; since the armistice other Governments have relaxed their repression, but ours has not—a supine proletariat invites repression. Among these to be deported are some Russians; will these be sent to

Archangel and Vladivostok, to be executed by the counter-revolutionary "governments" there maintained in power by the bayonets of the Allies? Labor—speak!

Lloyd-George—Wilson

THE most important aspect of the war was the conscious use of governments made of democracy and petty bourgeois "Socialism" in the prosecution of an imperialistic war. It was a "democratic war" in this sense, that the belligerent governments used the ideology of democracy and even Socialism to get their peoples to "carry on."

Simultaneously with the development of a brutal Imperialism, there develops the instinctive revolt of the working class against its repression and torments. The capitalist class must reckon with this. There develops, accordingly, a deceptive democracy in the ruling class and in the governments' policy. Bourgeois democracy is absorbed by Imperialism, and becomes the instrument for the promotion of Imperialism.

This development is typical in Great Britain, and almost as typical in the United States.

Lloyd-George was the director of the war, the man who seduced the masses and whose prestige gave the war an appearance of democracy. Lloyd-George was originally an insurgent democrat, an enemy of the Tories and the aristocratic and moneyed democracy. He opposed the Boer War; he plumed himself upon representing the poor and the oppressed; he was bitterly denounced by the reactionary powers as an "enemy of society." Then came the imperialistic war; and Lloyd-George became the centre of it all, the idol of the plutocracy, to whom he offered the people up as a sacrifice. This development of Lloyd-George is not a personal matter, but represents the surrender of bourgeois democracy to Imperialism, its amalgamation with Imperialism.

Woodrow Wilson was elected to office as an insurgent democrat. He denounced corporate wealth, and corporate wealth denounced him. He spoke glowingly and captivately of the New Freedom, of the rights of the people, of democracy and the predatory character of Big Business. His denunciation of the "Six-Power Loan" to China was acclaimed as a repudiation of imperialistic diplomacy and as opening a new era in international politics. Wilson was re-elected President on the platform, "He kept us out of war," against the candidate of Big Business, Charles Evans Hughes. And then the country went to war; Mr. Wilson used democracy in the service of the war and Imperialism; and recently, his Government approved of an imperialistic loan to China by American financiers.

These two "democrats" dominate the Peace Conference and direct its policy against the peoples, against democracy, against Socialism.

This is the universal tendency in imperialistic nations: bourgeois democracy is corrupt, reactionary; it is the miserable agent of Imperialism. The proletariat must not be seduced by this fraudulent democracy. As against it, the militant proletariat must develop the conscious, revolutionary struggle for Communist Socialism.

The Terror of Revolt

INSTEAD of being allayed, the apprehensions of international Capitalism are being increased by events. Everywhere unrest and revolt are developing acutely, in Russia the masses are still in control, and becoming a formidable enemy of the bourgeois League of Nations; in France potential revolution has thrust forth its dread hand through the attempted assassination of Premier Clemenceau; in Hungary and Rumania Communist revolts are in action; in Great Britain, Lloyd George warns the people that "civil war" impends, while labor marshals its iron battalions for the great struggle; and in Germany the assassination of the Premier of Bavaria, Kurt Eisner, has unloosed the revolutionary energy and indignation of the masses.

Bourgeois society, which complacently accepted the terror of four and a half years of brutal war, is aghast at these dread acts of revolt. The London *Daily Express* recently said:

"The attempt upon Premier Clemenceau's life and the actual assassination of Premier Kurt Eisner of Bavaria makes one think that whole world is crazy, what with revolution and anarchy in eastern Europe, the renewed menace from Germany and the threats of a vast strike in England. The world seems to be turning upside down. Either citizens two years hence will say we were all mad or on the other hand man will be gripping a blunt hammer and peering out for any enemy that might be approaching his cave, without any knowledge that the great war took place. It is a time when all men should rally to the cause of sanity and order."

But the "cause of sanity and order" is the thing that provoked the war, since it means Capitalism; it is the same thing that is provoking universal revolution,

since its oppression and torments of the proletariat are unendurable. What did they expect? That after unloosing the most terrible instruments of destruction, the masses should scruple to use these instruments for the spoliation of the people against the masters? Capitalism has itself armed the proletariat—now the proletariat raises its arms against Capitalism.

The assassination of Premier Eisner, as well as of other officials of the "Socialist" Government, was a conspiracy of monarchial forces. In the reaction that followed, the masses again attempted to seize control; the Munich Soviet proclaimed a proletarian dictatorship; and a new and implacable struggle developed. Again the Independent Socialists acted against the proletarian revolution by uniting with the petty bourgeois "majority" Socialists in the organization of a coalition cabinet, — repudiating proletarian dictatorship.

But the proletarian revolutionary struggle has again flared up in violent intensity. An appeal has been issued by the Spartacans and left Independent Socialists to overthrow the Government of Saxony; a general railway strike has been proclaimed, and railway communications are being cut. Plauen and other industrial centres are reported under Spartacan control. Left Independents in Leipzig have issued a manifesto against the Government organized by the Constituent Assembly, and demanding its overthrow. Even Haase has bitterly attacked the new Government, which is preparing a "loyal" army under Hindenburg, to crush the proletarian revolution.

The civil war in Germany rages. Scheidemann says: "The ground is shaking under our feet." The "Socialist" Noske is being laishly praised by the bourgeois press for his "excellent" methods of "restoring order." But the Spartacans renew their activity, more general and more intense.

In Bavaria itself, a struggle has broken out between the Soviet and the Government. The Soviet is arming the proletariat; and although the government refuses to arm the unemployed, this is being done by the Spartacans. The Munich Soviet still persists in its declaration of a proletarian dictatorship.

The Constituent Assembly marked a distinct swing to the right. It was dominated by reactionaries; the attitude of Ebert, Scheidemann & Co., of the Social Democrats was directly counter-revolutionary — in comparison, the policy of Kerensky was ultra-revolutionary. This, together with reactionary plots and the social and economic crisis, produced a new spirit of revolt among the masses.

One thing was clear: allow the Constituent Assembly to control and the Soviets would have to be abandoned. The Soviets and the Constituent Assembly cannot exist together: one or the other must go. But the masses feel that the Soviets are their own, their own peculiar instruments of action; they feel that the move to dissolve the Soviets is a reactionary *coup*; and as this feeling develops and becomes clear, the Soviets will be compelled to swing more and more to the left, until they will have to usurp power. The existence of the Soviets is a guarantee that, sooner or later, the Spartacan policy will control.

The situation is still potential of proletarian revolution. Capitalism trembles at the spectre of revolutionary Communism. The struggle is not over: it is just starting.

Imperial America

IN his Boston address, President Wilson played many variations upon the theme of an idealistic and disinterested America. The United States, according to him, has no aggressive purposes and no selfish plans to promote; it is the harbinger of a new order; it was the United States that showed Europe what the war was really about, and our country has the task of using its influence to bring about a world where there shall be no war and no aggression. Said the President:

"In the midst of it all, every interest seeks out, first of all, when it reaches Paris, the representatives of the United States. Why? Because—and I think I am stating the most wonderful fact in history—because there is no nation in Europe that suspects the motives of the United States."

Perhaps; but Russia is a nation, and Soviet Russia suspects, and suspects justly, the motives of the United States—of our Capitalism. Among the "interests" that seek out the representatives of the United States are the agents of Czarism and Capitalism in Russia; and these are heard and dealt with; among the "interests" are Capitalism in Germany, which appeals to the American representatives to help them crush Bolshevism in Germany. In its attitude toward Russian and German Capitalism, America is not "unselfish," since the retention of Capitalism in those two nations means a new lease of life for Capitalism in the United States. The motives of the United States are not suspect in this sense: that it has no territorial ambitions in Europe; but it has another ambition—

to crush Socialism and promote its own Imperialism in its own way.

In another part of his address, the President said:

"But you understand that the nations of Europe have again and again clashed with one another in competitive interest. It is impossible for men to forget those sharp issues that were drawn between them in times past. It is impossible for men to believe that all ambitions have all of a sudden been foregone. They remember territory that was coveted; they remember rights that it was attempted to extort; they remember political ambitions that it was attempted to realize, and, while they believe that men have come into a different temper, they cannot forget these things, and so they do not resort to one another for a dispassionate view of the matters in controversy. They resort to that nation which has won the enviable distinction of being regarded as the friend of mankind."

The implication is that the United States has never coveted or seized territory. The war with Mexico, in 1848, it is admitted by historians, was an act of brigandage. Then there was the war with Spain, an adventure in developing Imperialism, and the seizure of the Philippines. Intervention with Mexico was attempted, and prevented only by fortunate circumstances; and today there is an aggressive campaign for war against Mexico and the seizure of that country in the interest of American Imperialism. The President says not a word about the Republics in Central America and the Caribbeans, which are absolutely under the control of the United States, armed force being used to terrorize the people.

No; America is not the "friend of mankind;" it is in words, but not in deeds. Acts speak louder than words; while negotiating to free the small peoples of Europe, why not free the small people in Central America and the Caribbeans from the yoke of American militarism and Imperialism? To discover America's intentions, one must not study the words of Wilson at the Peace Conference, but the acts of Capitalism at home,—its aggressive Imperialism, its repression of the proletariat, its jailings and deportations.

In its January 11 issue *The New Republic* says: "If there is one characteristic that America today appears not to present, that is Imperialism." It then says that "no competent psychologist or historian looks to surface indications only for a revelation of the real character of a man or a nation, still less for a revelation of destiny." It proceeds:

"We have a vivid sense and impression of unbounded power. We raised great armies, and, man for man, we are firmly convinced they were of as good fighting quality as ever moved upon the earth. We exhibited colossal industrial strength. In science and invention, in mechanical skill and organizing ability, we accomplished marvels, so we believe. Our financial achievement was prodigious. We developed strength beyond our belief, nevertheless we feel balked. The war ended before we had proved to the world the existence of the might we were conscious of bearing within us. ... Our Allies reiterate that we did extraordinarily well in the war. Yes, but nothing like what we could have done, and shall do next time. Next time: but there is to be no next time. Are we not entering now upon an era of permanent peace? Yes, if our European Allies will it so; but if they do not will it, there are hundreds of thousands of young Americans of just the most active and energetic type, the men most likely to color our political thinking in the next generation, who will not shrink from the thought of a war in which we may really make good."

This is an indication of the belligerent psychology in the American ruling class, provocative of war. *The New Republic* places the onus of war or peace upon the European nations; but this is a begging of the question, since Imperialism is international. It then proceeds to show the necessity of a large navy—"we shall seek to build, not merely a powerful navy, but an all-powerful one. Secretary Daniels and his naval programme are symptomatic." *The New Republic* proceeds:

"Behind the American navy of the future and the American mercantile marine stands American export industry, bursting with energies demanding a vent. Behind American industry stands American finance, capacious enough, when it gets through with war priorities, to float the commerce of a world. Shall not American goods penetrate every market within reach of the salt seas? Shall not the American financier take mortgages upon whatever properties can be made to serve as guaranties for purchases? And shall we not find ourselves holding virtual mortgages on backward and improvident governments, and thus driven to meddle with political concerns, after the manner of every imperial nation since the days of Rome?"

"Quite unconsciously America is being drawn toward Imperialism. The logic of defence urges an all-powerful navy. A predominant merchant marine is a corollary of naval supremacy. The extension throughout the world of American industrial and financial power is not only a natural consequence of sea power, but there is an inherent force of expansion operating from within."

There you have it, in spite of its dodging the real issue. America is imperialistic; America is potential of aggression.

The United States was drawn into the war because it was part and parcel of the imperialistic interests of the world; it was drawn into the war because its "splendid isolation" had ceased, and its developing commercial and industrial supremacy required that it

should pursue an aggressive world policy. And while it talks "self-determination" in Europe it holds in bondage millions of our neighbors in adjoining lands; while it talks of freeing mankind, it enslaves the working class in our own country; while it talks peace, it is developing the reserves for new industrial wars, financial aggression, Imperialism and war.

The United States, our Capitalism, has no territorial stake in Europe; but it has a stake in the division and re-arrangement of the world; it has a stake in suppressing the proletarian revolution; it has a stake in preventing its European rivals from being aggrandized. That is its stake at the Peace Conference.

The policy of the United States in the war was an "idealistic" policy in this sense: that it insisted upon a settlement that would mean neither an aggrandized Britain nor a crushed Britain; neither an aggrandized Germany nor a crushed Germany—but a balance of power: two rivals neutralizing each other, instead of one big rival. Force of circumstances impelled it to go further; and now it is allied with the four great imperialistic powers, preparing to determine the policy of the world, to crush revolutions and stake out claims.

The war has made the United States the dominant industrial and financial power; and it will prepare itself to become the dominant naval power. Its industry has developed a new efficiency; its reserves of surplus capital are enormous; it must have new outlets for its products, new investment markets for the absorption of its surplus capital; it must become the most aggressive of all imperialistic nations. This accumulation of surplus capital is proceeding at a terrific pace; and it must find outlets, a "must" which will produce financial and territorial aggressions. Economically, the United States is belligerent; and economic belligerency ultimately produces military belligerency. It is, moreover, becoming the centre of reaction, the nation wherein the final struggle between Socialism and Capitalism will be waged, which will decide the destiny of the world.

How can it be otherwise, under the system of Capitalism and Imperialism? How can the multiplying contradictions and antagonisms of bourgeois society be ended upon the basis of a rapacious Capitalism?

Under Capitalism, there is no way out. Economic and financial aggression, territorial and military aggression, and new wars: all this is inevitable while Capitalism and Imperialism are in control. The proletariat must organize itself for the conquest of Capitalism and Imperialism. As against Imperial America, we shall oppose revolutionary Socialism.

MASSACHUSETTS NOTICE

At its last session, the C. C. C. of Local Boston, Socialist Party, decided to endorse the following nominees for members of the State Executive Committee of the party in Massachusetts: Chester Bixby; W. T. Colyer; Julius Cornell; Louis Henderson; Charles Jansen; Frank Mack; William Sharpshooter.—For the Committee: Amy Colyer, Secretary Pro-Tem.

A dispatch to the London *Daily News* from Arthur Ransome reports that the union of other Socialist parties with the Bolshevik government is now in course of progress. The Mensheviks' Party Committee has declared against intervention. At the same time the powerful Co-operative Societies have decided to abandon their policy of neutrality and "to put the whole of their experience at the service of the Soviets in the work of establishing Labor Communes."

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Bolshevikjabs

IF "the people are in the saddle" then we must come to the conclusion that in Lawrence the cossacks are the people.

* * *

Judging from Congress and the Senate if the League of Nations produces as much harmony abroad as it does at home, we are of opinion that all true pacifists will urge the continuance of the war.

* * *

At any rate we are sure that the musical world is glad that it was not called the Concert of Nations.

* * *

In view of the President's Boston speech we wonder are the deportations one of America's delicate ways of sending freedom to Europe.

* * *

Perhaps the freedom that has gone to Europe accounts for the shortage here.

* * *

Every aspect of this ill-fated league seems to cause trouble—the Boston *Transcript* has just discovered that it is a British League of Nations and not a Wilson league at all.

* * *

The offer of the Bolshevik Government to exchange two American citizens for Mooney and Debs arouses great wrath on the part of the press. One editorial indignantly asks "Are Mooney and Debs Russian citizens?" These two men were American citizens but America has withdrawn their citizenship and if Russia is quick enough to pick up the good things we discard we should take the loss in good part and determine to profit by our experience.

* * *

After all both Mooney and Debs are citizens of the working class, that's the reason they have been prosecuted and that's the reason Russia is interested in them.

* * *

We will have to revise our opinion of the Bolsheviks. Hitherto we have been led to believe that they were ferocious looking long haired muskaten, dirty people, but we now learn that they are very fastidious indeed. Beauty parlors, manicurists and barbers are doing a flourishing trade in Moscow and Petrograd we learn from the press reports.

* * *

Even Leon Trotzky, who when in this country was invariably referred to as "a dirty foreigner," has apparently mended his ways. He has a special manicurist all to himself. It is at least pleasing to know the hand that signs the death warrants of the bourgeoisie is dressed in the approved bourgeois fashion, and we are awaiting with interest the announcement by our manicurist that she will clip nails a la Trotzky at the usual prices.

* * *

Lenin, however, does not seem to be so fastidious regarding his personal appearance but confines himself to the more substantial things of life.

He is strong on the menu, spending 60,000 roubles a month for food which doubtless leaves him very little to squander on personal adornment. All of which just goes to show that "you can't change human nature."

* * *

The Sinn Feiners cannot accuse the Peace Conference of discourtesy. They have at least got an acknowledgement of their memorial. Might we venture the opinion that the Peace Conference, and particularly that portion of it which represents Britain, paid much more attention to the Belfast Strike than to all the petitions and memorials that have been presented since the sittings began.

* * *

A memorial always invites refusal, industrial action always threatens refusal.

* * *

Press reports say that the Soviets won full powers in Munich. No wonder Herr Scheidemann felt the ground shaking underneath his feet. We imagine the shaking must have become a regular earthquake by now.

* * *

As the Senate is about to conclude its inquiry into Bolshevism and as we are convinced that inquiries are necessary to the public welfare, if for nothing else than to keep its mind off more important things, we are shortly going to conduct our own inquiry into Democracy in this column.

The Situation in the Baltic Provinces

THE events transpiring in the Baltic regions reveal much that is characteristic concerning the sincerity of the aspirations of Allied "liberation." . . .

In the whole world, there is probably not a single social group as reactionary as the small group of German landowners in the Baltic provinces, a group closely united by its traditions and organization, and which bitterly hates the workmen and peasants. If the artists who drew the posters during the recent Liberty Loans had required a living model for their presentation of "The Hun," they could have found none so appropriate as the Baltic German baron.

From the very beginning of the war these barons went over to the side of Imperial Germany, partly because of their racial kinship with the Prussian Junkers (there are a number of god-sons "Wilhelm II" and the "Crown Prince" among the barons), but chiefly owing to the fact that they saw in Germany a strong and solid bulwark for their power and privileges. After the German occupation of the Baltic Provinces, all the chief functions of administration in these regions were entrusted to the "landtags" controlled exclusively by the barons. It is said that for the purposes of "democratic" camouflage the barons, in some places, allowed participation in particular sessions of the landtags of "representatives of the people," coming chiefly from the well-to-do Lithuanians and Estonians; but even this contemptible "people's representation" was not elected by the people, being appointed by the barons themselves. z

During the war we became accustomed to attacks

full of wrath and hatred directed against the Germans by the Allies. These attacks were manifold. The Germans were branded as "beasts" and "Huns," they were charged with perpetrating all sorts of horrible crimes, with severe treatment of the people in occupied districts, etc. Then came the armistice, and it was astonishing to see among its provisions one which delayed evacuation of Russian territory (the Baltic Provinces) by the Germans until a time that the Allies should consider appropriate.

Many wondered. But a few days later it was all clear. It transpired that the Allies intended to entrust to the German "Huns" the maintenance of "law and order" in the occupied Russian territory.

A few days after the signing of the armistice, moreover, it was declared that the peoples of Estonia, Courland and Lithuania, and the provinces, also the islands of Esel, had decided to create an independent state. Who were the "people"? A referendum vote in such a short time was impossible. With the exception of the landtags of the German barons, there was not a single other political institution. Therefore, neither directly nor indirectly could the people have given an expression of their will. But the German barons, who controlled the telegraph, and telephone and posts, could indeed very easily get together within a period of two or three days and reach any decision among themselves. They were the "people" who decided to form an independent state, not to unite with Socialist Soviet Russia. The German barons could very easily adapt themselves to new circum-

stances and give their interpretation of the principle of "self-determination" of peoples.

But Socialism was rampant among the masses; as early as September, 1918, it was reported that Bolshevism had created a "serious situation" in the Baltic provinces.

Then in December came rumors of the British warships being off the Baltic Coast, and British co-operation with the armed forces of the German barons.

"The Estonian workers are almost all Bolsheviks," says Baron Aekekil. . . .

The workers of the Baltic regions can be proud that they are united with the revolutionary movement of the Russian workers, and of the world. Despite their desperate situation, they don't falter, and they are playing an enviable part in the task of emancipating the international proletariat.

At the beginning of the war Ernest Wasserman, a prominent German, wrote about the Baltic provinces:

"When under the rule of the Russians, the Baltic Germans showed merely a superficial loyalty to the Russian government, but secretly co-operated in the Pan-German cause. . . . We are jubilant over the fact that the time is not far off when our dear brothers in the Baltic regions will have a better life."

With the defeat of Imperial Germany these hopes of the Junkers in Germany as well as in the Baltic provinces have assumed merely another form. They hope now, also, to have a "better life," not under the protectorate of Germany, but under the protectorate of Germany's conquerors!

The Birth of the New Age

PRESIDENT Wilson has returned from Europe, from the Peace Conference that is to settle the problems now weighing heavy on humanity, only "to report progress" and to express vague hopes couched in the language of idealism. For nearly five years the world has mourned the death and mutilation of her young men, for nearly five years man has crouched in wait for his fellow that he might leap upon and destroy him, for nearly five years the babes born in the agony and bloody sweat of woman have cried for food, for nearly five years desolation has walked in the path of the sun and lurked in the curtain of night, for nearly five years mankind has poured forth its blood and then came a halt and the Peace Conference. . . .

The war ended and the peoples of the earth heaved a sigh of relief, relief that the fighting, which they never sought and never wished, was over, that settlement would soon be made, and that in peaceful reconstruction man would seek to wash away the traces of his shame. But the war's end is already four months past, the Peace Conference is already two months old and the report is one of progress.

What is the progress that President Wilson reports? Is it the progress of the bloody battles in the frozen steppes of Russia? Is it the progress of new quarrels among the small peoples of Eastern Europe? Is it the progress of the crushing of labor in England, of the starvation of the workers into submission, of the distribution of peoples against their wills, of the armed

ring around the German workers struggling for liberation, of the looting of China, of the renewed enslavement of the dark peoples of Africa, of the beating back of the workers of Seattle, Patterson, Butte, Lawrence into the hells from which they dared emerge that they might gaze upon the peaceful world and seek to find their place therein? Is it the progress of the building of mighty navies that the seven seas may again be strewn with wreckage, of the training of gigantic armies that the blood-stained earth may more red blood soak? Or is it the progress of international peace among nations, of the coming together of the peoples of the earth in "the Brotherhood of Man the Federation of the World," of the liberation of the industrial wage slaves from the factories, mines and workshops of the world, of the conquering of the world by the workers?

" . . . And now these ideals have wrought this new magic, that all the peoples of Europe are bouyed up and confident in the spirit of hope, because they believe that we are at the eve of a new age in the world when nations will understand one another when nations will support one another in every just cause, when nations will unite every moral and every physical strength to see that the right shall prevail." Says President Wilson. And again: "I have come back to report progress, and I do not believe that the progress is going to stop short of the goal. The nations of the world have set their heads now to do a great thing, and they are not going to slacken their

purpose. And when I speak of the nations of the world I do not speak of the governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present Governments do not do their will, some other Governments shall. And the secret is out and the present Governments know it."

Do the peoples of the nations of the world want the invasion of Russia? Do even the peoples of the five nations, that have appointed themselves the masters of the world, want the invasion of Russia? Are the peoples of America the jailers of Eugene V. Debs, Tom Mooney, Bill Haywood and the thousands of others who have also seen the new age through the mists of today? Is the progress of the deportation ships across the ocean an index of the kind of progress President Wilson means? Is that the ghostly progress of the shadows of prison bars across the cell floors a reflex of the progress of the Peace Conference?

It is true we are on the eve of a new age. The new age is even now being born in the pangs of the world's oppressed. In the death struggles of the Soviets of Russia against the reaction, in the fierce fighting of the Spartacists of Germany against the retention of Capitalism, in the strikes of the English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh workers against their exploiters, in the eruptions of Lawrence, Seattle, Butte, in the revolutions of Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, in the writhings of the world's workers, the new age is being born.

An Independent Labor Party Leaflet

THE I. L. P. of Britain has just issued the following striking statement on the position in Russia, as a leaflet:

What are the reasons that you are now paying your millions of money, sending your thousands of men to a long campaign in Russia?

Excuses have been given at different times. They are conflicticting and feeble. Just consider them:—

(1) To protect the Czecho-Slovaks, prisoners of war, who wanted in the summer to return to fight as our Allies in France. But they were always free to come if unamed; they are still kept by our Government fighting against the Russians in Russia.

(2) To establish a new Eastern front against Germany. But this is now absurd, as the Germans have collapsed everywhere.

(3) To prevent the White Sea (Murmansk and Archangel) becoming bases of any meaning, for Germany has given up her submarines to us and can fight no more.

(4) To hinder peaceful penetration of Russia by Germany. But this was most difficult in any case after Germany imposed in February, 1918, her Peace of Brest-Litovsk on Russia.

(5) To punish the Russian Revolutionaries for their crimes. But what right has Great Britain to punish crimes in foreign lands? It never punished the Czar for his much worse crimes, but made an ally of him and heaped honors on him. It never pun-

ished the Turkish Sultan for his Armenian massacres, but told him when the war began that he might keep Armenia if he remained neutral in the Great War.

(6) To establish a stable Government in Russia. But the present Soviet Government is stable; it has become stronger today than ever, in spite of war from five or six sides by five or six powers, and in spite of Czarist and bourgeoisie plots and insurrections, which our agent and secret service money have immensely aided.

Lies and absurd promises have been made to support these shameful excuses, e. g.:—

(1) That the Bolsheviks, the present ruling Socialist Party in Russia were Jews and criminals. The fact is, as the *Daily Mail* said of them long ago they are men of intellect, character and ability. They have been joined by men originally opposed to them like M. Gorky, the most famous Russian writer now alive. At least two famous British correspondents have supported and worked for them.

(2) That the Russian terror of executions and bloodshed has alone kept the Bolsheviks in power. The fact is that the few authenticated cases of putting to death without trial have been due to panic, self-defence, or agents provocateurs, and most have been followed by official punishment of the perpetrators. Many stories are manifestly absurd, e. g., the Grand Duke Nicholas has been reported as murdered on four separate occasions. The official report was that Petro-

grad was being burned down; an obvious lie! etc., etc.

(3) That the whole of Russia would rise and welcome the Allied soldiers at once and turn down the Bolsheviks. The fact that intervention by our armies has brought many former opponents to support them, and they are now stronger than ever, even the *Times* admits.

(4) That the Bolsheviks were only five per cent of the Russians and would soon fall anyhow. The fact is that they are now the only party capable of governing Russia, and independent anti-Bolsheviks (Dr. C. H. Wright) say that there is no party to take their place if we defeat them and occupy Moscow.

(5) That we have very few soldiers in Russia and shall not send any more. The fact is that we have sent several thousands, and there are Canadians, Americans, French, Italians, Serbians, Chinese and Japanese—in all an immense force, and our payments of money, shipping, naval support are very large.

The truth is that we are making war against Russia in order to—

(1) Exploit Russia and support the claims of bondholders, concessionaires, oil kings (like L. Urquhart), and profiteers.

(2) Extort from impoverished Russian workers, in many districts starving, the debts which we thrust on the corrupt Czar's regime.

(3) Set up an anti-revolutionary Government, which will do the bidding of reactionaries in England, France, etc.

Thirty Days in Prison

Letters written while "Doing Time" in the Essex County Jail, Newark, N. J.

By Louis C. Fraina

I—The First Day

It is a clear, sharp day. The streets seem more inviting than usual, the sun warmer and more cheery, the people more interesting and companionable. I linger as I walk, flushed with a feeling of sensuous pleasure—linger, to snatch a few more precious moments to get the thrill of these familiar things; for when you are to be deprived of the streets and its people, of the sun and the wind, of the old familiar world, often terrible but always fascinating—even if only for thirty days—they assume a more intimate character, their personality floods your being. And, through it all, I glimpse the great struggle.

But time and the law are implacable; the streets and the people, the wind and the sun, liberty and all the joy of life, are of scant importance in the rigor of their onward sweep. And if the law considers these simple but fundamental things of life in its cold calculations, it is only in the sense that, by depriving you of them, your spirit will break and you will prostrate yourself in humble reverence to the terror of the Law. . . . But I hasten, regretfully; and, ten minutes late, I enter the squat, ugly building that is the terrible abode of a very terrible Thing. In this building are the Federal Courts, and many ugly crimes. The place is musty and drab; and drab and musty is the Law, a blotchy, senile old man, consumed with hatred of life and beauty and all that is free. Senile and malignant, but possessing a brutal power.

It is a furtive place, too. It seems not to have the courage to revolt against its crimes and the criminal system it represents; but in its furtive aspect there lurks a sense of shame ashamed of itself. It harbors many a dark secret, many an injustice. Persons flit lurkingly in the corridors—friends anxious for the fate of someone, compunctively important lawyers trading in freedom (and haggling about the price), conspiring either against the Law or against the liberty of persons: the lawyer is under no reverential illusions about the majesty of this Thing, the Law. A sinister murmur ladens the air; it is cold, stuffy, spiritually unclean. I have a feeling of vomit.

My lawyer and I go through some dull, routine commonplaces; a dead clerk reads some papers, and informs us that instead of being committed to the Mercer County Penitentiary, I am to make Essex County Jail my abode;—there is a frightful, leisurely quality in all this routine that is to deprive me of my liberty. Then a strong arm man escorts me to the detention room—it is 10.30, and my imprisonment has started.

The detention room, with a ponderous iron gate and a high window barred with iron, fronts upon the park. There is the pretentious but commonplace City Hall, as commonplace and pretentious as His Honor the Mayor and the idea it represents; there are the trees, more human than the Thing that has scores in its grip. . . . In the room are a number of prisoners awaiting trial—mostly boys: one is very nervous, another cloaks apprehension in an irritating swagger; still another is fearfully stolid.

The place is familiar—I was here the day after my arrest, waiting for bail—Ralph Cheyney and myself. A guard had informed us: "Once in here, it's all up with you." "But what about being innocent until you're proven guilty?" I asked. "You don't really get the benefit of the doubt." . . . Our company then was varied—a pimp, a thief, three sellers of cocaine, a soldier arrested for being drunk, and a smuggler. My memory recalls an interesting incident. A friend of Ralph's was arguing earnestly, just beyond the gate, with the Assistant District Attorney prosecuting our case. This fellow was syphilitic, with a bad limp, a crooked smile and evasive eyes—markedly proud of himself. The girl was trying to convince him that, as political offenders, we were not really criminals: it was unjust to arrest us. With his crooked smile, the A. D. A. beckoned us to the gate; and through the iron bars, earnestly, even solemnly, he told us:

"I sympathize with these unfortunates [indicating with his finger the pimp, the sellers of cocaine, and the others.] They are ignorant, they do not know; and I would do all I can to help them. But you are different, worse. You are educated, and understand; you are out to wreck law and order; you are dangerous. I cannot sympathize with you."

And Ralph answered, ironically:

"Thank you. I don't think we are particularly desirous of your sympathy. In fact, we are grateful not to receive it." . . .

There is a stir beyond the gate; it opens ponderously, and Ralph and I greet each other; I greet his father. . . . Time passes. . . . About 12.30 a deputy marshal comes for us. Ralph and I are hand-

cuffed to each other—my right wrist to his left wrist; but in spite of this, I am happy to be out on the streets again (a few persons look curiously at us, but all are bent upon their own affairs) and feel the free touch of the air. After we are on board the tunnel train to Jersey, the marshal takes off the bracelets; at which Ralph's father, who accompanies us, brightens considerably. There is a random conversation between Ralph, the marshal and myself, about this and that; the marshal seems interested in the labor unrest (he was formerly a railway worker and an active member of the union) — "big strikes are coming; they are necessary, considering the high cost of living; the trusts must be broken."

We are in Newark. I ask the marshal whether he will allow us to have lunch in a restaurant before turning us over to the Jail officials; he hesitates a moment, then graciously consents. I eat heartily, with a feeling of intense pleasure—for thirty days I can't choose my own food: a small matter, ordinarily, but now it looms importantly, as a phase of one's liberty.

We approach the jail—a rather small building, with trees on two sides, very rural in appearance. The iron bars on the windows, and the wall—yes, it is a prison; but I think of the horrible mills in our squalid Jersey and Massachusetts mill towns—dirty, barred, with an aspect of being determined to crush all the life in you—this jail is much more inviting than the mills. The mill, and not the jail, is the final indictment of the final enormity of our social system. . . . The sun shines and the wind blows: it feels good to live. But in *there* is not life, only a perversion of life. As we wait at the big iron gate, waiting for it to open and admit us, I wonder what reception will be ours; and I think of the Tombs. The day after my arrest (bail not having arrived in time) I was committed for the night to the Tombs. The guard who took me there, anxious to get away, would not waste five minutes that I might purchase a few sandwiches, having had nothing to eat since breakfast, and it being too late for "eats" at the Tombs. The man at the desk was a fine old gentleman, with pinkish cheeks and beautiful white hair—the sort of a man little children would snuggle to and call granddaddy. When he heard that I was arrested for being against the war and conscription, his mouth spewed forth a stream of filth:

"You God-damned son of a bitch! I'd like to blow your arse off—all you dirty bastards!" . . .

The gate opens; we enter. There is a surprising sense of cleanliness about the place; no bawling and no profanity. The proceedings are perfunctory; some papers are looked over; a guard goes through my pockets.

"Got a knife?"

"No."

I am given a slip of paper with the number 43 on it—that's my cell; another guard takes charge of me; and I proceed into the heart of the jail.

The place is dim; and there is a murmur of voices—a sort of murmur of ants in the gloom. It is clean,

but oppressive. Everything is vague and indefinite—except the iron bars, which are here and there, there and here. As we ascend the iron stairs to the tier I am assigned to, faces stare at me curiously. I have no impression of men—just faces; no impression of locality—just iron bars. . . . An iron gate swings open, slowly and ponderously, with a racking noise, worked by a triple mechanism. Through the bars I see a number of persons, some seated around a table.

"Forty-three," yells the guard.

My cell is of iron—iron floors, iron walls and an iron gate. In one corner is the wash-basin; right next to it is the urinal; at one side, a cot. I must live in this for thirty days and thirty nights—I who yearn for large spaces—the spaces of the soul and of the earth; I, who love movement and beauty.

Disgust overwhelms me—disgust and hatred. Then I smile—they think that *this* can alter a man's opinions!

I walk out into the tier—there are twelve cells on the tier. Five of the inmates are playing poker. They stare at me, curiously and covertly; they seem to have a feeling that I am not one of them.

"How long, brother?" asks one of them.

"Thirty days."

"Hell, that's only sleeping time," cry out two of them.

The game proceeds and I watch them. They play earnestly, although the stakes are small—two cents limit. They often quarrel with each other, not seriously. Their conversation is heavy with frequent repetitions of bitch and pimp, whore and bastard, and vile expressions and images which our hypocritical society tolerates—and encourages—in life, but expurgates in literature.

I make a suggestion that I play. They hesitate—a stranger, what sort of fellow is he I insist, and they acquiesce. There is a damper on the conversation for a time; but it revives again in all its picturesque obscenity. As we play, I learn who they are. One is a pimp; another a pickpocket; the third a Conscientious Objector and Socialist; the fourth a draft dodger, and the fifth a thief. Then there is a maker of illicit whiskey, a man who sold liquor to a soldier and sailor, and a fellow who beat up his sweetheart when he found her walking with another man: he claims he was drunk, and doesn't look vicious.

I am now one of them. There are no class divisions. The rebel plays poker with the thief; the trafiker in a woman's body associates with the jealous sweetheart. We are all alike—all criminals. This is democracy.

Up from the tiers below wells a strident noise, expressing the vitality of scores of men caged in small spaces. It is interesting, and not provoking; but will it remain interesting? The feel of the place is oppressive, stultifying. There is a big, stout animal fellow, who sold liquor to the soldier and sailor. He is restless, walking up and down the tier, up and down, like a caged animal. The bars and the small spaces fret and limit him. He quivers, with the quiver of an animal who wants to roam and run in the wide, open spaces. He has a fixed smile on his red face, and obscenity oozes out of his mouth when he speaks of jail.

My mind is only very slightly on the poker game; I am acquiring impressions. My mates speak to me about the food served by the jail. They feel very strongly about it.

"In the morning they give you a cup of piss that they call coffee—no sugar and no milk; and a hunk of bread."

"They might give us some oatmeal."

"In the afternoon they give you a pot of beans, or peas, or soup, and another hunk of bread. Once a week they give you a small piece of meat."

"I wouldn't feed the meat to my dog."

"What do you get for supper?" I ask.

They laugh, mockingly. "Nothing for supper—eats only twice a day and they're rotten."

I must have looked rather apprehensive for one of the boys tells me that I can buy food three times a day; also cigarettes and newspapers.

"It's a damn fine jail if you've got money," says the big fat fellow, savagely: he has no money and seems to have no friends. . . .

"All in!"

It is eight o'clock and the shout signals us to retire. We all scamper to our cells. There are shouts all over the place as the inmates rush to their cells, and the iron mechanism locks us in.

Noise flares up in the tiers below; beyond me are the iron bars of my cell, then the iron bars of my tier, and then the iron bars of the windows beyond. Soon the first day will end in the first night. What then?

Red Week for the Age!

The Red Week is a Socialists' week, a means of developing our intellectual and material forces for the overthrow of Capitalism.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

The Revolutionary Age

—our only red Socialist-Communist paper. It will start March 2, at the Dudley Club of Lettish Branch No. 1, 23 Kenilworth Street, Roxbury, Mass., which has been rebuilt and beautifully decorated.

All of Boston will participate. Every night will have something to offer. This week will be a victory week.

Mass Meeting

at LANCASTER THEATRE

Cor. Causeway and Lancaster Streets near North Station

Sunday, March 2, 1919, at 2 p. m.

GREGORY WEINSTEIN

Editor of "Navy Mir"

and other speakers

ADMISSION FREE

Auspices, Russian Branch No. 2, S. P.

The Artist and the Revolution

Being An Open Letter to Maxim Gorky

By Henriette Roland-Holst

DURING the period immediately preceding the world war, when Socialism had become tame and gentle throughout Western Europe, when it was at home in salons and drawing-rooms and even frequented court circles, many great scientists, artists and literary men called themselves "Socialist." Even as far back as the "forties" of the last century Socialism had already become fashionable. The rulers and diplomats had no fears of its name. To be known as a socialist was entirely harmless and placed no obstacles in the way of an "honorable" social career, the aspirations for higher positions and appointments to official functions. On the contrary, as part of a parliamentary majority of a ministry the Social Democracy, in the person of its leaders, controlled the appointment of officers and high functionaries and the bestowal of decorations.

Social Democracy was no longer hostile to Capitalism, it had become a part of civil society.

In the catastrophe of the world war, however, the Socialism of the official Social Democratic parties was tested and found wanting, the great literary men who were closely connected with these parties succumbed to the nationalistic and imperialistic cliques. Anatole France, Verhaeren, Wells, George Bernard Shaw, all the world's celebrated writers who adorned the progressive, humanitarian, pacifist and reformist Socialism since the beginning of the twentieth century were hurled upon the rocks of capitalist conscription by the awful flood of passionate desires aroused by the war. They became idolators and apostles of the nationalist-imperialistic idea and revealed how closely they were yet connected with the bourgeoisie, how impregnated with its ideology, and their complete inability to conceive the future of humanity in any other way than in the political and social forms of bourgeois society.

Romain Rolland alone, of all the celebrated writers of Western Europe, remained true to his cosmopolitan principles, in his ideas of conciliation between Germany and France, without the realization that the basis of such a conciliation was lacking in the present system of society. He presented a tragic figure—his moral courage, his absolute independence, his desperate struggle to save international thought and democratic liberty in the imperialistic face of Capitalism, and his initial impotence to understand that these could only be saved by war-like Communism, the mass action of the world proletariat for a new society.

As did Romain Rolland in the bourgeois West, so did you, Maxim Gorky, alone, of all the renowned poets and writers of the absolutist East of Europe, take a stand against the tide of nationalism. But while he held his stand in the name of an ideology which had no roots in the social system, in the name of a principle that could only arouse a few, you took a stand in the name of revolutionary international Socialism, the ideology that inspired the advance guard in Russia and called them to heroic deeds.

And we, the revolutionary Socialist artists, in small neutral Holland, where the political and social thought is in advance of the social struggle, where the revolutionists feed themselves on the ideal reflection of the struggle which is in action outside its boundaries, we looked with pride and love and warm comradeship to you, who, in the general renunciation, remained true to the International revolutionary ideal. We did not expect anything less from you. We knew your works and were aware of your love as a son and brother of the people thirsting for liberty. We knew you as an enemy, not only of Russian absolutism, but of Russian bourgeois and petty bourgeois society.

Did you not always condemn bourgeois society for its miserable narrow-mindedness, its cowardly fears and cringings? Were your works not a hymn of resistance and revolt against the fetters of old ideas and morals, of old forms and prejudices.

As long as the masses in Russia were too weak to wage war on coercion and oppression, you moulded your heroes after individual and individualistic rebels, from the gypsies and tramps. You never praised, as did the generation of great writers before you, the patience and docility of the peasants as their highest virtue, never was your social ideal that of submission, you always praised rebellion—the active uprising against the unbearable conditions from which the people suffered, against ignorance, tradition, prejudice. And as soon as the labor movement manifested its power you made it your hero.

In *The Mother* you have tried to picture something of the greatness of the first semi-proletarian revolution: the Russia of 1905, something of the greatness of the suffering and struggling masses, which for the first time appeared on the world's stage. You were as one with the idea of this struggle, the wrestling and

FOREWORD

This article (translated from the Dutch by B. Auerhaan) is written by one of the most brilliant women in the revolutionary Socialist movement of Europe.

Henriette Roland-Holst is a member of the Communist Party of Holland, until recently the Social Democratic Party in Holland, which is the left wing expression of the Dutch Socialist movement. This party soon after the November 7 Revolution was designated by the Bolshevik Government as its representative to secure information from neutral and belligerent countries. The party publishes a daily newspaper in Amsterdam, *The Tribune*, which is a splendid exponent of revolutionary ideas, and which wages a merciless fight against the reactionary, petty bourgeois Socialism represented by the party of Peter Troelstra. Comrade Roland-Holst is associated with Anton Pannekoek and Herman Gorter on the editorial staff of the theoretical monthly magazine of the party, *The New Age*; she is also associated with Wynkoop of *The Tribune*.

Besides being active in the revolutionary movement, Henriette Roland-Holst is literary artist of the first magnitude, and is recognized as one of the foremost literary critics of Europe. *The Revolutionary Age* expects to print her articles regularly, as well as the articles of the brilliant group—Pannekoek, Gorter and Wynkoop.

seething peasant and proletarian masses. You remained true after the defeat; amidst the reaction of 1917 and the following years you remained true to the proletariat when so many lesser notables deserted—when nearly all the intellectuals sunk into obscurity and sensualism.

And in those years before, as well as during, the world war, you continued in close relation with the Russian Social Democracy, the party which Western Europe considered revolutionary. But when in February, 1917, Czarism collapsed under the attack of the workers' and soldiers' masses, it became evident we were mistaken.

A part of the Russian Social Democracy went over to the bourgeoisie,—as averse to revolutionaries as the official parties of Western Europe. Instead of supporting the slogan of the Bolsheviks: "All power to the Soviets," they allied themselves with the weak, hypocritical, politically impotent Russian bourgeoisie, marionettes whose actions were controlled by the great Capitalists in London and New York.

And when in November of the same year the Soviets pressed between the choice of surrendering Russia to the reactionary adventurers or attempting to make use of their power, choose the latter, they found the Mensheviks and Right Social-Revolutionaries arrayed against them from the first day they assumed power. This meant that a great part of the specialized intellectuals and petty bourgeois decided against the attempt to realize the Socialist idea in Russia insofar as her economic development would allow. The break in the Social Democracy weakened the revolution, diminished its basis, lowered its moral and political superiority and made it impossible for the masses to conquer power and maintain their conquest without resorting to force. This relative weakness of the revolution, through the lack of unity amongst the masses, resulted in an inevitably severe, often cruel proletarian dictatorship. Indeed this lack of unity gave the dethroned oppressors and exploiters courage to repeatedly intrigue and conspire against the Soviet Government.

More than that, the Mensheviks and Right Social-Revolutionaries supplied the men for the attempts of the reactionaries to enslave the masses again. Still the circumstances, out of which the revolution was born, multiply the terrors without end. "The revolution that was born out of the war" says Lenin in his *Letter to the American Workers*; "must necessarily go on through the terrible difficulties and sufferings that war created, through this heritage of destruction and reactionary mass murder." The revolution found Russia, economically and socially, in a state of terrible deterioration. It found starvation and general unemployment, the stores of supplies empty, the means of communication and traffic at a standstill. It found the old ties of docility and fear, which had kept the suppressed masses in check through their elementary instincts, gone as if by magic, it found their souls brutalized and savaged by the horrors and cruelties through which they had lived and which their masters

had taught them to commit. The revolution aroused in the masses for the first time human personalities but it could not prevent the awakening being accompanied by rough, wild, coarse egotism.¹

This explains the wild chaotic character of the beginning of the proletarian revolution. The unchecked eruptions of desires, the anarchistic tendencies, which again and again came to the surface, the currents of cruelty and vengeance, which made for trouble and disturbance. These things are conceivable to us, but they are nevertheless not less terrible to our imagination and conscience.

And when you, Maxim Gorky, in the midst of all these terrors, when the revolution in its wild leap often destroyed everything that was to you holy and supreme, and which you trusted would be holy and supreme to the masses—freedom of the press and speech, justice and tenderness, humaneness and mutual interest—then your heart hesitated for a time and you wavered in your confidence in the revolution.

There are, perhaps, among us revolutionary intellectuals of Western Europe, some who sneer at your wavering and looked with disdain upon your internal struggle; writing-desk heroes, people without any power of imagination who cannot conceive what it means to be a living part of a social revolution. People without the wide and deep sympathy which is part of you, who in their own narrow jealousy and dull hatred were flattered by the rough instinctive deeds of the centuries—long enslaved masses.

To these then let my voice interpret the sentiments of those, who, revolutionary in mind and heart, even as you, Maxim Gorky, have hesitated, have struggled with themselves because they, with you, have, as far as it is possible in the imagination, lived through the soul shaking experiences of the proletarian revolution, have tasted its bitterness, have suffered its disillusionments, of those who have beheld the naked realities collide with their dream and threaten to destroy it. We revolutionary poets and writers cannot do different—and in this lies our power—than to erect within and around us a beautiful image of the proletariat as it wishes in its struggle for world freedom.

That image we admire, we love; it is a dream—and yet a glorious truth.

To trace its features in the deeds of blind egotism, of fierce hatred and beastly dissoluteness which accompanied the revolution and sometimes appeared to be the revolution itself, is hard and difficult.

We have to struggle and struggle to recognize it. We revolutionary artists have all absorbed the bourgeois culture, we are lavished with its unlimited wealth. We have grown with it, it was part of our very lives. In the proletarian revolution we see how rough hands destroy it.

The toiling masses have no reverence for bourgeois culture. How could they have? They never had a part in it! They destroyed with sensual pleasure that which we hoped would be treated gently. This aroused pain—and to conquer this anguish is hard and difficult. We have to struggle continuously to accomplish it.

We all, poets and artists, have our sympathies refined to the extreme, their feelings reach out to all the boundaries of life. The sufferings of the masses was the key that opened our souls to them. We were moved to the revolution by the sufferings and the destruction of the mass, insulted and humiliated, who because of their ignorance or their fanaticism were connected with the rulers, who were tortured, ill-treated and killed.

Our sense of justice, our humaneness goes out to these victims of the sins of others; we can easily prate about injustice, our hate is not like the hatred of the masses, hardened like stone by centuries of oppression, we can easily prate about humanity, we who have had every opportunity to train ourselves in humaneness, to relish the holy truths of Socialism; we who above all live in Socialism, its external appearance, its farthest objective, the realization of the Brotherhood of Man.

But the masses are in the stress of the struggle, wholly absorbed with the work that is necessary to bring about this unity; to repulse and conquer the bourgeoisie. And in this work of repulsion and overpowering they are often compelled to do things which offend our sense of justice and is abhorrent to our humaneness.

Thus the revolution, for which we have longed so fervently, brings countless symptoms which confuse us, make us unhappy, irritate, disturb and amaze us. It is the old-old difference between the dream and the reality. We must work undauntedly to abolish this difference.

¹Trotsky—*Work, Discipline and Order*, Page 17.

Terribly severe is our struggle. In many of your expressions concerning the revolution we found proof of the internal struggle. Your confusion, your unhappiness, your irritation, your amazement and sometimes your horror; we understood and appreciated them. We felt the torture of your mind and heart, when the revolution, victorious and yet perplexed in its titanic attempts to withstand its enemies, adopted methods and brought into practice means which Socialism had taught us to condemn in the master class. We were torn by the same tortures, we suffered as you suffered. We felt the same agony of the breach, the terrible difference, between the dream and the reality.

But we suffered more on account of you, you to whom we have always looked with such deep and implicit trust. We were afraid that your revulsion for the rough, severe and sometimes really hideous forms of the revolution would blind you to its golden kernel, its deepest being, its glorious liberating power. We feared that your criticism, your wavering and accusations would bring you to the side of the enemies of the people. We knew that the more violent becomes the class struggle, the smaller becomes the line of demarcation between friend and foe, how impracticable it is to take a position between the two armies.

We knew that whoever in this period of violent struggle (which had already started for Russia and which is inevitable for the whole capitalist world) does not remain steadfast with the revolutionary masses, despite their shortcomings and mistakes which make this gigantic struggle irrevocable, will be forced into the camp of the peoples' enemies whom the imperialistic rulers are endeavoring to restore and maintain.

Out of abhorrence for the deplorable, but historically inevitable excesses of the social revolution, the timid shall find themselves with those who in one terrible uninterrupted carnage would sacrifice civilization and humanity to their demoniac desire for power and conquest. Out of indignation at some deplorable

but isolated and in fact accidental violations of humaneness by the masses the timid will go hand in hand with the social wolves, whose conception of humanity ends with the clique of great possessors of property and whose sense of justice consists in the mutual division of the spoils.

How many of the great Russian philosophers, fighters and martyrs whom we have honored, are already in the camp of the enemies of the revolution, the enemies of humanity: Kropotkin, Plechanov, Breshkovskaya? Should we lose you also?

Fear concerning this greatly agitated us. But since we know that you have offered your services to the Soviet Government we are at ease and rejoice. You saw the danger, you realized where the swinging between the parties would lead you. You understood the loyal purport, the highest possibility of the revolution, you conquered your wavering. High minded was your action in setting aside your wrath, aroused by many an angry and hurtful word.

You saw where you belonged and took your place amongst the leaders of the revolution, fighting for humanity. The social revolution is unlimited in its objectives, it embraces the whole human fabric, manifold are its aspects. Alongside the violent political and physical struggle against the enemy class, sparkle the economic and social reconstruction, the moral, educational and artistic elevation of the whole working class.

You, Maxim Gorky, are now selected for the glorious work of promoting the spiritual uplifting of the broad masses in the Soviet Republic, of satisfying their elementary cravings for beauty and civilization, of unlocking for them the gates of human knowledge and leading them through its heights and depths, of filling their outstretched hands with the soft-glowing pearls and sparkling gems ripened in the work-shops of human genius.

What was and is nothing but a lie and a delusion

in all capitalistic countries has become a reality in Russia—making the masses a partner in the enjoyment of the beautiful treasures which humanity has collected during the centuries. And you, fortunate one, are the leader of this great work of civilization. How we rejoice in this, for your sake and for our own and for the results we expect from your work. We rejoice that the political leaders of the Soviet Republic called upon you for such an extraordinary position.

And as the Russian proletariat was our teacher in the use of the mass strike and in the mass refusal of military service, so it is now our teacher in the Socialist reconstruction of society. And we hope to learn in which way, by what methods we can best serve the spiritual uplifting of the masses. We rejoice from the bottom of our hearts for the Russian people, that the sun of your fine, sparkling, strong humaneness will penetrate freely into the plastic being of their desire for beauty and their craving for exaltation.

But we rejoice also for you, Maxim Gorky, that your heroic and high-hearted stand linked your fate with that of the revolution, at the moment when its enemies, the capitalists of all countries, multiplied their efforts to strangle it in an iron grip, at the moment when they supplied fanatical assassins with weapons to deprive it of its most beloved leaders.

We rejoice for you, that your name as a revolutionary author shall beam unblemished in the future and that you shall live in the memories of the coming generations. We rejoice that you are saved from the shame of deserting the holy cause of human liberation.

We send you, Maxim Gorky, assurance of love and warm sympathy, and we hereby solemnly vow to follow you, to conquer our internal struggle and hesitation, to fulfill our duty in the great struggle which will undoubtedly extend until it embraces all countries. May it be given to many of us, even as you, to dedicate our strength to the spiritual uplifting of the masses, the peoples liberated by their own efforts.

Socialism and the New International

By Leon Trotzky

THE crisis in the International is not an external, irrelevant phenomenon.

The Socialist parties of Europe were formed at a time of comparative capitalist equilibrium and of a reformist adaptation of the proletariat to national parliamentarism and the national market. "Even in the Social-Democratic Party," wrote Engles in 1877, "*petit bourgeois* Socialism had its defenders. Even members of the Social-Democratic Party who recognize the fundamental concepts of scientific Socialism and the practical nature of the demand that all means of production should pass over into social ownership, declare that the realization of this demand is a possibility of the remote future, the precise time of which is practically impossible to determine." Thanks to the long-drawn out character of the "peaceful" period, this *petit bourgeois* Socialism actually became dominant in the old organization of the proletariat. Its limitations and its insolvency assumed the most offensive forms, as soon as the peaceful accumulation of contradictions gave way to a tremendous imperialistic cataclysm. Not only the old national governments, but also the bureaucratized Socialist parties that had grown up with them, showed that they were not equal to the demands of further progress. And all this might have been more or less foreseen.

"The task of the Socialist Party," we wrote twelve years ago, "consisted, and still consists, in revolutionizing the consciousness of the working class, as the development of Capitalism has revolutionized social

relations. But this labor of agitation and organization has its internal difficulties. The European Socialist parties—particularly the most powerful of them the German—have already attained a certain conservatism, which is all the stronger where the most numerous masses have embraced Socialism, and where the organization and discipline of these masses is the most advanced. In view of this, the Social Democracy, as an organization expressive of the political experience of the proletariat, may, at a given moment prove to be an immediate obstacle on the path of an open struggle between the workers and bourgeois reaction. In other words, the propagandist-Socialist conservatism of the proletarian party may, at a given moment prevent the straight fight of the proletariat for power (*Nasha revoliutsia*, 1906, P. 285). But if the revolutionary Marxists were far from being fetishists with regard to the parties of the Second International, no one could foresee that the destruction of those giant organizations would be so cruel and so catastrophic.

New times demand new organizations. In the baptism of fire, revolutionary parties are now being everywhere created. The numerous ideologico-political offspring of the Second International have not, it appears, been in vain. But they are passing through an internal purification: whole generations of "realistic" philistines are being cast aside, and the revolutionary tendencies of Marxism are for the first time

being recognized in their full political significance.

Within each country the task is not so much to support an organization that has outlived itself, as to bring together the genuinely aggressive revolutionary elements of the proletariat, who are already in the struggle against Imperialism, gravitating into the front ranks. On the international field the task is not to coalesce and "conciliate" government-Socialists at diplomatic conferences (as at Stockholm!), but to secure a union of the revolutionary internationalists of all countries and the pursuit of a common course of action in the Social Revolution within each country.

To be sure, the revolutionary internationalists at the head of the working class at present constitute, throughout Europe, an insignificant minority. But we Russians ought to be the last to take fright at such a state of affairs. We know how quickly, in revolutionary moments, the minority may become a majority. As soon as the accumulating resentment of the working class finally breaks through the crust of government discipline, the group of Liebknecht, Luxemburg, Mehring, and their adherents will immediately assume a leading position at the head of the German working class. Only a social-revolutionary policy can justify a division in the organization,—but at the same time, it makes such a division inevitable.—From a pamphlet, "What's Next?" (published in Petrograd, August, 1917.)

The Revolutionary Movement in Ireland

According to the Irish bourgeois press the end of the Belfast strike has not ended industrial unrest in Ireland. In all the industrial centers strikes continue and even in the agricultural districts strikes are widespread, the laborers, the agricultural proletariat, being very active. The magnitude of the strike in Belfast has apparently captured the minds of the workers and the general strike looms ahead. The following excerpt from an editorial in *The Voice of Labor*, the organ of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, shows that the question is receiving much attention:

We welcome the current discussion on the employment of the general strike of labour as a political weapon. The organised cessation of labour may be as potent as its organised application. Like every other weapon, however, the general strike calls for skill in those who would wield it, and skill in this instance demands a wise foresight. The general strike has several forms. Our disposition in favour of it arises from the success which attended the employment of one, only, of these forms, when on April 23rd, there was a general "rest" for one day only. Next day work was resumed as usual. The one day strike was simply the interpolation of an extra Sunday in the calendar. For it the wise made due provision and the unwise suffered no inconvenience

If, however, it is proposed to institute a sustained general strike, until its declared objects were attained, obvious limitations must be imposed on the extent of the stoppage of work. The community must be fed, and therefore the food suppliers must keep open shop. Reserve stocks of food are generally insufficient to feed the nation for more than a week ahead. Therefore, the mills, abattoirs, and markets, and the lines of transport must not be interfered with. Numerous other exceptions will occur at once to our readers, who knowing more than a little of strikes, are not so prone as academic persons to talk lightly about them.

These suggestions of some of the difficulties of the General Strike are not intended to discourage the advocates of the proposal, and when we suggest further that in the event of a national stoppage the existing machinery of the trade union movement would probably be dislocated, we do so, in the hope that steps will be taken to set up in each locality an efficient representative body capable of undertaking the local management of communal affairs.

Where Trades Councils exist they should maintain close touch with the more mobile military organisations, and with their aid, take stock of local resources. In the event of a general strike each parish will have to feed itself for a few days or a few weeks. Fuel supplies will stop along with other necessities and comforts. Without a preliminary survey of the kind we suggest, the best-laid plans will go wrong, and the

powerful weapon of the General Strike return like the boomerang on those who handled it.

The following report deals with the activity of the Socialist Party of Ireland and is a further instance of the solidarity of class conscious workers everywhere in demanding that their governments "withdraw from Russia."

Despite the police order prohibiting a Bolshevik demonstration, the workers of Dublin seized the opportunity to hail the revolution in Central Europe and celebrate the establishment of the Soviet Republic in Russia. The occasion was the mass meeting in the Dublin Trades Hall on Sunday, December 1, when the S. P. I. organised a rebel gathering to rejoice at "the downfall of Prussianism." The speakers and the audience made it clear beyond cavil that the Prussianism they meant was militarism, imperialism, and capitalism, and that if it has been banished from Russia and Germany, it is still rampant and still ruling in Ireland and in Great Britain. The spirit and tone of the meeting were most subversive and the speeches were directed against the social and political disorder which is still maintained in this country. Eminently practical and pointed advice was given by the speakers, who included Tom Foran, Wm. O'Brien, Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, Tom Johnson, Sidney Arnold, J. I. Hughes, Hector Hughes, and Tom Kennedy. The war-cry of the meeting was: All power to the Soviets.

Butte—A Soviet Strike

By Harold Lord Varney

THERE are cities in America which, one feels, belong peculiarly to the revolution. They are associated with stirring revolutionary traditions. Or else they are enacting the revolutionary drama today. Such a city is Chicago. Such a city is Paterson, N. J. or Seattle, Wash. Such a city is Butte, Mont.

In Butte, ideas which are wildly new, elsewhere, are traditional and common place. Proletarianism is an accepted theory. Class consciousness is surprisingly general. Even the dread letters, I. W. W., are a badge of popularity, and the I. W. W. feels here all the familiarity of home. For Butte claims the honor of being the birthplace of the "Wobly." For it was here in Butte, in the long-ago year of 1893, that the Western Federation of Miners organized, and the Western Federation of Miners was but the opening phase of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Naturally, then, in coming to Butte upon the summons of the strike, I foresaw a revolutionary struggle. And now, in the heart of the fight, I do not hesitate to state that this Third Butte Strike is the most perfect and class conscious of all the strikes of the I. W. W.

Butte, even in normal times, seems colorful and picturesque. Perched upon a sloping plane—high of altitude—ratified of atmosphere—ringed by a circle of mine dotted mountains, which, in the winter stand white and stately with their snows—this copper city bursts upon the blase eyes of the traveller from the east as a city unutterably "different." And, upon closer intimacy, as he brushes against the strata of its population, he learns that its people are unlike any others. Human temperaments in Butte are undeniably "Butesque."

In times of strike, the difference is cast into a deeper relief. Class lines approach a bitterness here, undreamed of, in other cities. The great copper octopus—the A. C. M.—leaps into conflict like a maddened, revengeful beast. And the workers, since their tragic lesson of 1914, meet the assault with ranks disciplined by an unwavering goal of Revolution.

It was this discipline which first struck me. The strike was a week old when I came. I had read the capitalist papers and I was prepared for scenes of chaos and riot. I did not find them.

Instead, there was quiet and purposeful restraint. The mines were closed and smokeless. The streets were crowded with idle men, but they shuffled along in a strange calmness. From time to time, soldiers clattered past with rifles and ugly-looking bayonets. But there were no fights. The strikers kept their way with indifference, and the footsteps of the soldiers died away in the crunching snow. No street cars were running. The quiet of a Sabbath, or better, of a holiday, was everywhere.

To visualize the Butte situation, one must view it in the frame of its labor factors. And these factors, in this present strike are four:

- 1st. The I. W. W.
- 2nd. The Independent Metal Mine Workers' Union.
- 3rd. The Soldiers', Sailors' and Workers' Council.
- 4th. The Butte Daily Bulletin.

To consider them singly, the power of the first factor, the I. W. W., in Butte was undreamed of until the present strike revealed it. Again and again, in the past, the I. W. W. had attempted to come into Butte and had failed. It attempted in 1914, it spurred the miners to free themselves from the coil of Moyersism, it smashed the old Miners' Union and wrecked the old Miners' Hall, but then came the saturnalia of martial law and the bayonet drove them from the city. After that, followed a blighted period of three years in which the rustling card reigned unchallenged and unionism was but a word of whispers.

The I. W. W.'s tried again in 1917 and paid into the struggle the life of their bravest fighter, Frank H. Little. And by 1917, they had found a new and unspeakable following—the Finns. But the supremacy of the I. W. W. in the 1917 strike was blocked hopelessly by the sturdy personality of Tom Campbell.

The strike of 1917 can best be described as a struggle between the Finns and the Irish. It is these two nationalities which fill Butte. And in 1917, the Irish were stalwart followers of Tom Campbell.

Campbell threw his weight against the I. W. W. When the 12,000 miners of Butte rushed out of the mines in that wild, precipitate stampede, they did not follow the example of their Arizona brothers. Instead of the I. W. W., they followed Campbell. And he organized them in an independent union—the Metal Mine Workers' Union. It was this union, with its 4,000 enrolled members, which dominated

the six months struggle. And the I. W. W. growth halted with only a few hundred Finns.

But after the strike, the tide began to turn. Slowly, but steadily, the I. W. W. membership mounted upward. Campbell's control of the Irish found a powerful adversary—old Joe Shannon. Volumes could be written about Joe Shannon. For thirty years he has battled the A. C. M. His personality towers out above any other in Butte,—in picturesqueness and in rude, compelling force. He was a leader in the flare-up of 1914. Gradually now, in the early months of 1918, he swung the Irish miners to the I. W. W.

In September, 1918, when the outrage of the Chicago convictions was wired to Butte, the I. W. W. was strong enough to call out 6,000 miners on a three weeks protest strike. And what was more significant, it was strong enough to return to work again intact.

It was on Feb. 6, that this third and present strike began. The A. C. M., drunk and mad with the unbridled lust of its war profits, determined to cut wages. With \$53,000,000 of undivided profits in its coffers, it brazenly announced a wage cut of a dollar a day. And the next day, the workers rushed from the mines. By the second day, the mines were empty. By the third day, the strikers were turning to other crafts and planning to make the tie-up general.

The I. W. W. at last dominated the miners. It was discovered that their membership had passed the 5,000 mark before the strike began. With the strike on, new hundreds swarmed in.

And as they had grown, Campbell's independent union had declined. It mustered only 200 men when the third strike came. And it has acted merely as an auxiliary throughout the present situation.

But the I. W. W. have not attempted to press their control. They have shared it. They have taken advantage of this strike situation to cement a new unity with the A. F. of L. craft unions of Butte. They have admitted these unions into joint control with them of the strike. They have taken a leaf from Russia—and from Seattle. They have formed a Soviet.

In this Soviet—the Soldiers', Sailors' and Workers' Council—every bona fide union in Butte, except Moyers' aggregation of engineers, is affiliated. The control of the strike is vested in this delegate body. It was this body which decided to make the strike general. And so other crafts began to follow the miners—the electricians, the machinists, the street car men, the smelter workers, the boiler makers, the molders, the laborers, the culinary workers—one by one, they came off the job in a general city wide revolt. And like a permanent governing body, this Soviet sits continuously, legislating every detail of the changing crises.

A splendid advantage was won by the strikers when they enlisted the support of the returned soldiers. Despite tremendous pressure from the A. C. M., the boys from France enlisted in this new fight against the Beast of Butte. They headed the picket lines, clad in their uniforms. They put one over on the bosses when they entered the Army and Navy Club meeting. Like similar bodies in other cities, the Butte Army and Navy Club is a counter-revolutionary junta, controlled by city politicians. But I. W. W. soldiers, suddenly swarming in to exercise their prerogative to vote, captured the organization, endorsed the strike, and elected delegates to the Soviet.

Of course, retaliation followed. The local Red Cross officials blacklisted all pro-strike soldiers and barred them from the relief funds. And a detachment of regulars, sent to Butte by the governor, drove the pickets from the hill and stripped off the uniforms from the I. W. W. soldiers.

But, despite persistent provocation, the strikers held their hands from violence. Strenuous efforts were made to declare martial law. The regular troops—picked and thought-proof, for this strike duty—harried the citizens on the streets, jostled passers-by off from the sidewalks, stabbed them with their bayonets. On February 10, they raided the I. W. W. building, broke up a mass meeting, and cleared out the strikers. But the I. W. W.'s were grimly silent and the troops marched away.

But apart from the I. W. W. and the Soviet, the outstanding factor of the strike is the courageous Butte Daily Bulletin. In other strikes, the workers have been paralyzed because publicity was in the hands of the plutes. In I. W. W. strikes, the venom of the press has been a barbed and fatal foe. But in Butte, the situation is grotesquely reversed. Here, it is the capitalist papers which are silenced: and the

Bulletin, with its passionate summonings to strike, is found and read everywhere.

For even the newsboys were class conscious. When the strike began, they spurned the *Butte Miner* and the *Butte Post*. Many were the fights between the loyal little fellows until not a boy was left to sell the organs of the A. C. M. And so the menace of a lying press was averted. The truth of the strike was published and read and popularized.

And, although the *Bulletin* was founded and owned by the A. F. of L. unions it is not opposed to the I. W. W. On the contrary, Bolshevism and the I. W. W. find favorable interpretation in its columns. The I. W. W. shares in the management. The policy of the *Bulletin* is the policy of a One Big Union. It is opposed to craft autonomy. It seeks revolutionary unionism. It does not flinch from exposing even unions of the A. F. of L. when, like the engineers, they prove disloyal to labor's broader cause.

Long has the labor movement needed such dailies as the *Bulletin*. Let us hope that the present surge of the New Unionism will bring many such voices in its wake.

Such are the forces which have combined in this epoch-making Butte Soviet Strike. With a harmony which is unbelievable, they are fighting the A. C. M. and their gigantic opponent is already on the run. It is literally, an entire city in arms against the copper trust. But the only weapon which they bear is the one weapon which is indomitable—solidarity.

The outstanding figure of the situation is A. S. Embree. His name is strange to many even of the students of the I. W. W. He does not belong to the old group who led the I. W. W. and sprang into national fame at Lawrence and Paterson: Haywood—Ettor—Flynn—Tresca. His personality is not spectacular: he does not attempt oratory. Embree represents the new generation of leadership which is slowly coming to the fore in the place of the old. He is western in psychology. His education was in the Western Federation of Miners. He is an executive, not an agitator. He is a strategist, not a spell-binder. And possibly, in this distinction, the basic difference between the I. W. W. of Lawrence days and the I. W. W. of today, is made most plain. It is Embree who generalizes the strike at Butte.

His control of the miners springs from their confidence. He knows the miners and he knows the Copper Trust. He fought at Bisbee and he led the strike which perished in the deportation. His personality inspires belief and his decisions are tactical and lucid. And his courage, has never flinched from a fight.

Under such leadership, the strike grinds on. The issue of course is still speculative. But come victory or defeat, one battle has already been won—the miners are organized. And their organization will go back, stronger for the fight. And the Soviet, grown from this strike, will become an institution in the labor movement of the city—an indestructible organ of solidarity. Its very existence will continue to constitute an argument for unity.

But there is one organization in Butte which has been false to the cause of labor from the beginning. This is the Engineers, organized in the I. U. of M. M. & S. W. As in the 1917 strike, they have refused to join in the fight of the miners. They have refused to enter the Soviet. And while every A. F. of L. body in Butte looked to them as an example, they attempted to bludgeon the spirit of the strike by voting against it, two to one. If defeat comes, the responsibility will be obvious. And if the temper of the other A. F. of L. bodies in Butte can be judged by the utterances in the Soviet, a defeat in the strike will bring a definite rift in the ranks of the A. F. of L. unions and may be the precursor of a secession of crafts to the I. W. W. There is a bitter undercurrent among the union men against the Engineers. And day by day, this undercurrent is threatening the A. F. of L. itself. Certainly, whatever the outcome, the I. W. W. will emerge with a prestige and a support which it never had before.

While there have been no general arrests so far, the A. C. M. is expected to seek reprisals soon. The Trust-owned press is demanding arrests. If their words are an index to the future, it will be the Finns who will be made to suffer for the strike. Wholesale deportation is demanded by the *Butte Miner*. A resolution has been introduced in the Montana Legislature for similar action. But the Finns themselves are blandly indifferent. "I should worry," one of them chuckled in a recent meeting. And this is the spirit of all the strikers.

Undoubtedly, the next chapters of the strike will soon be enacted.