

Liberator

JULY, 1919

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—on—

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THE LIBERATOR,

34 Union Square, New York



Arthur Young

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 2, No. 7 (Serial No. 17)

July, 1919

EDITORIALS

ON July 4th American labor will enter the march of the awakening proletariat of the world. It will make its first experiment in the general strike. It has Winnipeg for an example on this side of the ocean, and the example should be followed in some detail. At Winnipeg the workers and proletarian soldiers possessed enough power and resolution to issue and enforce this manifesto:

"There will be no more newspapers until we decide to let them appear. We know the effect that a newspaper has in molding public opinion, and that in the past such opinion has been molded against our class."

The news comes that in Buenos Ayres, likewise, for over a week no capitalist newspaper has appeared. More and more the workers are realizing that no effort to better their condition at the expense of capital can succeed until these organs of antagonistic propaganda are silenced. It was no accident that the Berlin revolution reduced itself to a street fight for the possession of the great printing plants. They are the forefront batteries of the citadel of power. Without them capitalism would not last twelve months in any industrial city of the world.

Remember Valiant Russia

THE technical cause and occasion of the Fourth of July strike is the life imprisonment of an innocent workingman, Tom Mooney. In the mind of every striker who has any sense of the international situation, however, the thought of the imprisonment of Russia will be present. The great young Labor Republic, fighting the cause of the workingman over all the world and throughout historic time, is surrounded with a ring of savage steel which is starving her, and creeping in upon her, ready to spring and throttle her when she is weakened to death. Our American Government is a participant in this criminal action. Our soldiers, our officers, our engineers, our supplies, our powder and bullets and poison-gas, are going to Siberia to be used for the murder and

starvation of the people of Russia. Do not be deceived by the return of a few soldiers from Archangel. It is not there that the issue is at stake. Whether Koltchak can get into the valley of the Volga in time to destroy the harvest, whether Petlura can win enough territory in the Ukraine to destroy the harvest—that is the question upon which hang the lives of hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of the working people of Russia, and the life of the first industrial democracy in the world. In order to destroy that democracy the Allied Governments, and our government, are willing to murder all those people by slow starvation, since they actually cannot murder them with their military organization and their engines of war.

There is only one hope. There is only one thing that can save free Russia from these violent barbarians of greed that are rushing against her. It is the propagation of the true principles of her government throughout the world. Just as the waters of the Mediterranean flow back into the Atlantic underneath the great current that sweeps in at Gibraltar, so the principles of Bolshevism pass under the armies of her enemies that seem all-powerful, and though they conquer they do not advance. And so it is that even in the midst of the most widespread and cruel war of national defense in all history, painting the snows and the sands with the blood of his people, Nicolai Lenin is able to say calmly and with the fortitude of a great truth, "It is not with armies but with ideas that we will conquer the world."

Let us play our part in the fulfillment of that prophecy. Whoever in any American city that is affected by the Fourth of July strike, *understands the international situation*, let him use every power he possesses to identify with that strike and its purposes *a demand that the United States Government and the Entente Nations withdraw their soldiers and their ammunition and their moral support from the enemies of Soviet Russia.*

ONE of the most expert political observers in Europe, H. N. Brailsford, has this to say after returning from a visit to Hungary:

"There is no terror, for there is no resistance. The essen-

tial difference between Russia and Hungary lies in the fact that the Hungarian proletariat was from the first united. *There are no Mensheviki and no Social Revolutionaries in Hungary.* The result is that there has been no attempt at sabotage by the intellectuals."

We commend this statement to those Mensheviki in the American Socialist Party, who reject the Left Wing, or Bolshevik, position, because they think it will mean violence. Violence is an inevitable result of the ascendancy of Scheidemanns and Kerenskys. Eliminate them and the change may be peaceful.

More Bombs

WE STATED our opinion last month that the "Post Office bombs" were a frame-up by those who are interested in "getting" the leaders of radicalism, and feel the need of a stronger public opinion before they can act. That is still our opinion. As to these later actual explosions, we think that the same hypothesis is tenable, and would not be excluded by anybody who was intelligently seeking the originator of them. It is, of course, in these cases a more doubtful hypothesis. The people who have had experience in a country whose financial and governmental powers were military-minded and bent on a brutal suppression and wholesale life imprisonment of agitators—the Russians of the Czar's regime—tell us that such provocative acts, even to the point of actual assassination, were employed by the agents of reaction in order to free their hands in dealing with the agitators. There is hardly any other regime of modern times besides that of the Czar, with which the present White Terror in America—mitigated though it is with survivals of libertarian democracy—can be compared. Therefore the testimony of those who have had experience in imperial Russia deserves attention.

Of course we know also that under the Czar, and under every other regime of the kind since the development of the printing-press, real dynamiting and acts of terrorism were employed by certain small groups of people. The most explosive compound in the world is the mixture of education with tyranny. It is now currently stated that there are two thousand political and industrial prisoners in the jails and disciplinary barracks of the United States. Many of them are the finest and best-loved people in their communities; many of them are elected leaders, representing vast organizations devoted to no end but the welfare of mankind. Counting the whole number of them, from Eugene Debs and Bill Haywood to Matthew A. Schmidt and Tom Mooney, and estimating their friends and industrial or political followers, it is safe to say that a good many million American people experience a feeling of impotent outrage at their imprisonment—a feeling which the privilege of

voting for some distant and irrelevant personage once in a year or so, serves to mitigate only a very little. That such a ferment of suppressed anger throughout a vast population will result in acts of violent retaliation by some of the more high-strung and childlike among them, can be predicted even though we are not sure that it has happened.

If the United States does not want these sporadic acts of terrorism, its government must learn, like the more sophisticated governments of England and western Europe, to conduct the class-struggle with a certain philosophic toleration. It would be a good idea for the judges when they sentence agitators to refrain from cursing them, for one thing. Another helpful change would be for the judges to acquire a sense of the fact that to plunge a man or a woman or a child into a dungeon for twenty years, is practically to take his life. The war has made it too easy to take life, too easy to say "twenty years." Another measure that would go far to mitigate the extreme passion of resentment, would be a legal recognition of the status of political and industrial prisoners. The distinction between people who are delinquent or defective, and people who are brave enough to sacrifice their happiness for an ideal of liberty or human welfare, has appeared throughout history and by most civilized governments it is recognized. Finally, the transgression of every common decent principle of civil toleration during the recent patriotic hysteria ought to be humbly acknowledged, and the jails simply opened for those Americans, one and all, who were imprisoned under a law designed for the apprehension of German spies.

These measures might defend us against dynamiting in spite of the rigors of the class-struggle. So far as I understand human nature, they are the only kind of measures that will. It is to be expected that the capitalist papers will blame the communist propaganda for all acts of dynamiting, as they blame every public misfortune upon us. The fact is, however, that if the hostility of the oppressed classes to their exploiters did not find a hopeful and practical vent in the studies and activities of social revolutionary organization, these acts of mere vengeance would be multiplied a hundred times. Every person who is intelligently in contact with the situation realizes this.

Even in the worst days of Czarism the Bolshevik party did not engage in the propaganda of the deed. That was the policy of the Social Revolutionaries, who are now opposed to the Bolshevik government and even disposed to employ the same tactics against the too rigorous public order which that government has been compelled to establish. There is no reason to suppose that under the White Terror in America the Bolsheviks will make any departure from the practical tactics of organization and agitation which were

so successful in Russia. The capitalist papers may shout "Bolshevism" whenever an explosion occurs, but their shouting only strengthens the always plausible hypothesis that it was for the purpose of the shouting that the explosion occurred.

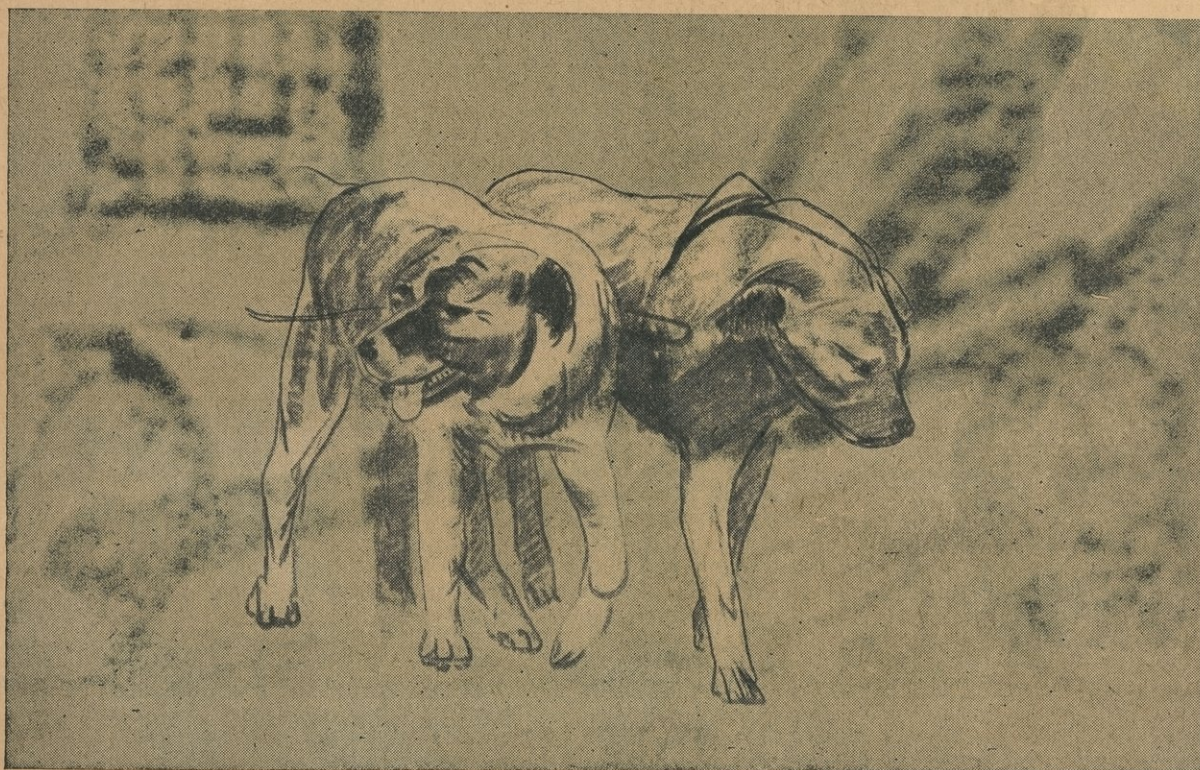
An Explanation

OWING to a failure of editorial supervision we published an advertisement of John Spargo's book on Bolshevism. We have returned the money we received for it, and cancelled the contract for its future appearances. We do not pretend to protect our readers against patent-medicine swindlers, real-estate sharpers, canned goods prevaricators, ptomaine poisoners, fairy bond-sellers, picaroon nickle-pickers, subway ticket speculators, postage-stamp forgers, pie and pancake counterfeiters, plagiary burglars, lecherous pornographers and pictorial back-porch climbers, plundering buccaneer blackmailers and defaulting matrimonial agents, journalistic poachers, foragers, pick-pockets, thimble-riggers, lick-sauce publicity men, notoriety hunters, typographical body-snatchers, black-letter assassins, and promulgators of licentious meters in free-verse. Against these natural phenomena we offer no guarantee to our readers, but we never intended to advertise John Spargo's book on Bolshevism.

Claude McKay

WE HAVE the good fortune to publish this month a page of sonnets and songs by a negro poet practically unknown to the public, who seems to have a greater and more simple and strong gift of poetry than any other of his race has had. Claude McKay is a native of Jamaica, who came to this country seven years ago to study scientific agriculture. He graduated from an agricultural college in the west, but for reasons that I suppose are personal did not return, as he had planned, to his own lazy island. He stayed in America, living the active life of the northern negroes, only with a more wandering will and more song on his lips.

At the time when these poems were written he was a waiter in a dining-car—a position from which he was able to see a great many things and understand them with a bold and unhesitating mind. His attitude toward life is like Shelley's, free and yet strenuously idealistic. I think his conscience is a little more austere in matters of social conduct than in matters of art. I wish he would write more poems as mettlesome and perfectly chiselled throughout, as some of his stanzas are. And I think he will, for he is young and he has arrived at the degree of power and skill revealed in these poems practically without encouragement or critical help. To me they show a fine clear flame of life burning and not to be forgotten.



George Bellows.



Try the Big One!

Maurice Becker

A MESSAGE FROM HUNGARY TO THE AMERICAN WORKINGMEN

[By Cable to The Liberator]

WE send heartiest greetings to the working proletariat of America. Although it has been possible for capitalism to pit one part of you against the others, especially the well-paid workers against those not so well paid, we firmly believe that you will within a short time see clearly that you all belong to an oppressed class, that the bourgeoisie has become unnecessary in your country as it has shown itself to be unnecessary in ours.

For European capitalism the twilight of the gods has arrived. Everybody sees this now. But capitalists console themselves with the hope that the American workingmen will save capitalism for them. We trust that the American workingmen will frustrate this hope.

We particularly greet the Hungarian workmen of America. They had to emigrate from Hungary because it did not offer them a home. We now have made it a home for them.

(Signed) BELA KUN

People's Commissaire of Foreign Affairs

OF THE HUNGARIAN SOVIET REPUBLIC

This message was delivered personally to Crystal Eastman in Buda Pesth by Bela Kun. Her full story of the interview with him, and her account of conditions in Hungary, will appear in the next number of the Liberator.

(LABOR PAPERS PLEASE COPY THE MESSAGE)

The I. W. W. Convention

By Mary E. Marcy

SOME of us awaited the I. W. W. Convention which opened in Chicago May 5th with more than a little anxiety. A week before the arrival of the first delegate, terror thrillers began to appear in the daily newspapers. The lawless I. W. W. had issued a call, they informed us, and from Seattle to Charleston the clan of the Red Terror was making its way toward our city. What were the constituted authorities thinking of to permit this visitation upon the people of Chicago?

Commercial bodies appealed to Mayor Thompson to arrest the delegates. Was he going to sit passively and permit Bolshevism and outlawry to flourish in our midst without lifting a finger? A hasty meeting of aldermen was called to register a protest. Chief of Police Garrity assured us that steps would be taken to protect life and property and to preserve law and order. It looked as though the police were expected to start something. We would not have been surprised to learn that some ambitious reporter, or some zealous member of the force, had "discovered" opportunely a dangerous looking bomb or two.

In spite of the wails of the newspaper editors, however, and the protests of prominent business men, the Convention was called to order on schedule time. It is true that between one and three o'clock Tuesday morning, several squads of Pinkertons descended upon the lodgings of the delegates, roused them out of bed and searched their bags for explosives and firearms. But all they found were a few clean shirts and extra pairs of socks. And Chief Garrity declared that unless the I. W. W. delegates violated some law, the convention would be permitted to proceed according to plans.

The Convention was thrown open to the public. Court stenographers, by order of the Police Department, recorded the proceedings. Scores of detectives swaggered in and out, on duty, and dozed through inspiring reports on the growth and work of the various unions. Glib reporters stopped in "to view the remains," and finding nothing from which they might weave the sort of stories required by their papers, dropped into near-by saloons, there to imbibe inspiration. For they found that the I. W. W., lusty youngster of the 1916 Convention, had thrived under the blows of official persecution. The precocious youth had come back again; he had landed on his feet, more confident, more determined, his smile than ever.

Of the fifty-four delegates less than six had ever attended a general Convention before. We missed the faces of our old friends—Bill Haywood, John Panc-

ner, Preshner, Ralph Chaplin, John Martin, Forrest Edwards, Harrison George, and scores of others, for they, among several hundred of the best known members of the organization, are now making the World Safe for Democracy in various penitentiaries. These were, according to the prosecuting attorneys, "the head and brains" of the I. W. W. Without their direction the organization would suffer sure and speedy dissolution.

We all know the critical period through which the I. W. W. has passed during recent months, when the taking of a job as editor of one of the organization papers, or serving as an official in the O. B. U., was tantamount to accepting a term in prison. We know that again and again as a post was made vacant by the Courts, new, inexperienced men stepped forward and filled it. The Old Guard are behind prison walls, but here, eager and hopeful, was a new group—tip-toe for the Great Struggle, strangers, most of them, to Roberts' Rules of Order, and unacquainted with the methods of parliamentary procedure, but keenly alive to what they wanted. And what they wanted was what they got before they went home.

In the old days the various unions were usually represented by the glorious old-timers, many of them organizers, editors, officers, etc., etc. This year there were over fifty delegates straight from the job, fresh from the heart of the basic industries, all gathered together, precisely as men and women are today gathering everywhere in Russia, to plan and formulate new methods, new tactics to meet new requirements and to supply the needs of the men on the job.

We believe this is the finest praise any one can bestow upon the I. W. W. After all, the machine is the great history-maker. It causes changes and progress in industry and hence in all social institutions. And the organization that springs from working class needs in industry can never go wrong because here the workers are forced to function in the class struggle. They learn by doing.

So the delegates to the Eleventh I. W. W. Convention reflected the needs of the men on the job. Our old friend Tom Whitehead was there, and Embree, from Butte, representing the miners; Murphy, an old-time logging foreman, representing the lumber workers; Red Cunningham, from the Marine Transport Workers on the coast; Trainor, representing the Ship Builders of Coast Union No. 325; Kelly, from the Agriculture Workers; Woodruff, of the Construction Engineers; Carter, of the Marine Transport Workers

of Philadelphia; Axelrod, of the Metal and Machinery Workers, and many others.

Was it John Dewey who said that the highest type of man today is he who can best adapt himself to a new environment? We suppose this is true of men in any age. Certainly the I. W. W. as a revolutionary labor organization possesses this quality above all others, for its members have not only adapted themselves to the conditions imposed upon them by public officials during the past months of suppression and terrorism, but they have grown in the process.

Their papers have been suppressed; their editors have been sent to prison; their defense funds have been seized, their mail held up, destroyed; papers have been confiscated; organizers, officers, editors, active men have been sent to prison. But the members of the I. W. W. met the test and proved themselves. They merely adopted new methods and new tactics, tactics not of terrorism, as the newspapers would have us believe, but tactics and methods for reaching, educating and organizing the workers in the industries.

The reports showed that their papers have increased in number and circulation. The One Big Union Monthly has doubled its subscription list in three months. At the Convention it was decided that all periodicals should hereafter exchange mailing lists so that in the event of one being held up, its readers might be supplied by another.

The General Executive Board reported that there are at present fourteen Industrial Unions, two Local Unions and a general Recruiting Union with a membership of 35,000. Besides these there are now three new Unions, the Oil-Workers' Industrial Union, the Coal Miners' Union, and the Fishery Workers' Union.

The Convention decided that while the authorities had made it almost impossible to carry on agitational and propaganda work from the soap-box and platform, the fruits of past work in this line and the effects of the war upon the workers themselves, had rendered this function unnecessary in the future. It was decided to continue the methods adopted through war-time necessity. Every member of the I. W. W., no matter where or in what industry he might be employed, was to be regarded as a "job delegate," or what we would call a "job organizer," one who organizes while he works on the job. These job organizers receive no pay, but are empowered to receive new members into the organization, to give out due books and to collect dues.

The new "stationary delegates" are to be organizers in charge of headquarters, to which the migratory workers may go for literature, supplies, etc., etc. Naturally, they are paid men. What the Convention calls a "travelling delegate" is a paid member who carries "universal credentials," travels from job to job to con-

sult with job delegates for the welfare of the organization. He may initiate a man into his appropriate industrial union of the I. W. W. at any time or any place. It was the purpose of the delegates that every member of the I. W. W. should receive "universal credentials" if he desired them.

The Convention reaffirmed and amplified the old position of the I. W. W. on the question of Agreements, as follows:

"Agreements. No part of the I. W. W. shall enter into any contract with an individual or corporation of employers binding the members to any of the following conditions:

"(a) Any agreement wherein any specified length of time is mentioned for the continuance of said agreement.

"(b) Any agreement wherein the membership is bound to give notice before making demands affecting hours, wages or shop conditions.

"(c) Any agreement wherein it is specified that the members shall work only for employers who belong to an association of employers.

"(d) Any agreement that proposes to regulate the selling price of the product they are employed in making.

"(e) Any agreement entered into between the members of any Industrial Union or organization subordinate to the Industrial Workers of the World, and their employers, as a final settlement of any difficulty or trouble which may occur between them.

"(f) No Industrial Union or any part of the Industrial Workers of the World shall enter into any agreement with any labor organization contrary to the principles of the I. W. W."

The delegates maintained the old union position against entangling political affiliations, refusing "all alliances, direct or indirect, with existing political parties, or anti-political sects," etc. And it was unanimously voted that—

"Any officer or employe of any part of the Industrial Workers of the World seen in public in a state of intoxication shall, upon sufficient proof, be at once removed from his position by the proper authority having jurisdiction over such officer or employe, and upon conviction, shall not be eligible to hold office in any part of the organization for two years thereafter."

The position taken by the delegates on the power and purpose of the District Councils was a remarkably far-sighted one. The District Councils are composed of delegates from local branches of several different industrial unions. The Convention refused to fix the powers and purpose of these Councils, it being the belief of the delegates that by serving and functioning in emergencies, the District Councils would become, or grow into, the form best fitted to serve the working class in its struggles against Capitalism. The Recruiting Unions were reduced to the active work of feeding the industrial unions.

Formerly organization work was conducted through the General Office. In future unions will carry on this work themselves. Hereafter the Central Office will

serve chiefly as a clearing house for the unions, collecting and disseminating data, taking full charge of publications and educational matter. It proposes to issue many new booklets this year.

One of the high spots in the Convention was the discussion on the future position of the organization on the matter of "Legal Defense." It was argued that a revolutionary labor union can expect no quarter from the Courts; that the Courts are an institution that has grown up for the precise purpose of protecting the private owners of industry in their exploitation of the working class; that only when it held strong economic power could the I. W. W. hope to secure its demands for individual members of the organization.

About twenty-five per cent of the delegates were in favor of putting the force of the whole organization back of any fight made to secure even a semblance of legal justice for any and all members who had suffered through their work for the union. They felt that members should be given legal aid to the fullest extent when they desired it. About half the delegates were unwilling to decide this question, which will be submitted to a referendum vote.

The two women delegates, representing the Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers' Union No. 1100, gave a glowing report on the success of the I. W. W. in these branches. The women hotel and domestic workers are pouring into the organization as fast as they can be assimilated. In striking contrast to this side of the picture is the report of failure to elicit any interest whatsoever among the male workers in the same field, which affords an interesting problem to students of twentieth century sex psychology.

The Convention recommended that a call be issued to members of the I. W. W., asking them to send to headquarters all Liberty Bonds they may have or may get from friends for the purpose of providing bonds for the boys inside. Eight thousand dollars in bonds or in cash are still needed to secure bail for Haywood.

All in all, the Eleventh Convention of the I. W. W. must stand as an inspiration to every revolutionist. It was of and from the shop, by and for the man and the class on the job. Upon all points it stood firmly upon the class struggle.

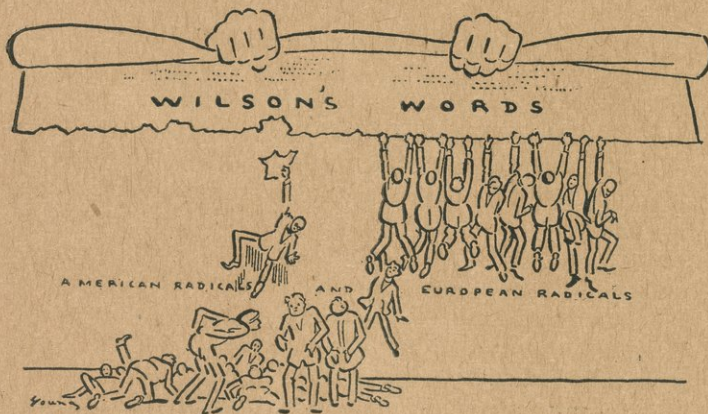
And it proved one thing, that the I. W. W. is not a fixed and static thing, but an organization in the swift process of growing and becoming One Big Union great enough to include the whole industrial working class.

That the delegates were eager to join forces and clasp hands with the comrades all over the world who are blazing the way for historic changes, is shown by their decision to send a representative to attend the International Communists' Conference, and by the following Declaration adopted unanimously upon the last day of the Convention:

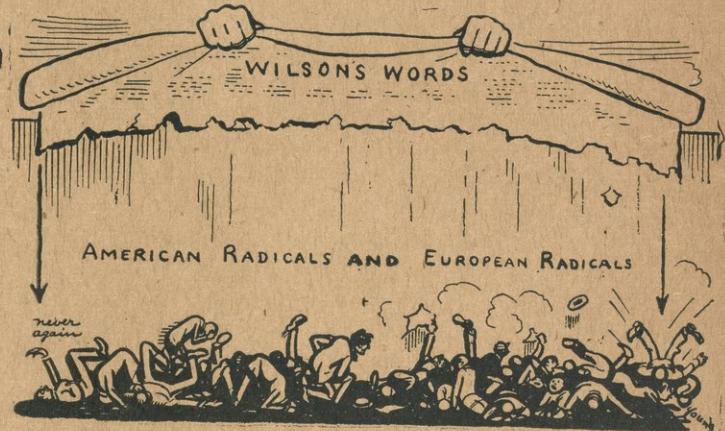
"We, the Delegates of the Industrial Workers of the World, in convention assembled, hereby reaffirm our adherence to the cause of the International Proletariat and reassert our profound conviction that the program of Industrial Unionism not only furnishes a method of successful resistance against the aggressions of a rabid master class, but provides a basis for the reconstruction of society when Capitalism shall have collapsed. We regard the great European war as convincing evidence of the ripening of the capitalist system and its approaching disintegration; and we hail the rising workers' republic in Russia and other countries as evidence that only the Proletariat, through its economic force and by reason of its strategic position in Industry, can save the world from chaos and guarantee the fundamental rights of life.

"We publish again the Preamble to our Constitution and call upon the working class of the world to unite with us upon the basis of the principles there declared, in order that we may, by our combined economic power, displace the wage system with its horde of parasitic exploiters and substitute for it the communist system known as 'Industrial Democracy,' thereby liberating humanity from its age-long degradation and freeing it to go forward, not only to universal prosperity and happiness, but also to a high and noble culture.

"Workers of the world, unite! You have only your chains to lose! You have the world and life to gain!"



—From the February Liberator



Arthur Young

All Off!

Count Karolyi Tells Why

An Interview by Hiram K. Moderwell

I WENT to find from Karolyi himself why he had turned over Hungary to the working class.

He still occupied the small villa high on a hill overlooking Buda-Pesth, in a quarter filled with the houses of men who, like him, were once nobles. No doubt his villa will remain his for use as long as he likes, if he manages to find occupants for its superfluous rooms.

There is nothing manorial about Karolyi's surroundings. They are those of a man of many interests, who lives simply and seriously. Nothing that could be called luxurious was anywhere to be seen, unless it was a box of American cigarettes in a city where cigarettes are few and those few are bad.

Karolyi himself no more suggests the feudal nobility of Hungary than does his house. He is rather the English sportsman in appearance, tall, vigorous, a trifle stoop-shouldered, brisk in manner. He might be a London banker with a taste for sport and paintings. He speaks excellent English. His conversation possesses the listener. This man may be wrong, as all men may be wrong. But he does not speak out of prejudice, or vindictiveness, or devotion to dogma. He does not speak, like many leaders, to convince the hearer of the correctness of his personal position. If one will not see the truth that he has to tell, that is all the same to him; he has experienced that often enough before. But it is nevertheless the truth, for he has lived with it and suffered from it.

The leading question was obvious, understood before it was asked: "Why did you abdicate in favor of the Communists?" I am not sure that it was even asked, for Karolyi began almost instantly with the answer.

"There was absolutely nothing else to do. I was convinced that if I did not abdicate in favor of Bolshevism, Bolshevism would come anyway. Only, if I tried to resist it, it would come with bloodshed. I couldn't take the responsibility of ordering Hungarians to shoot Hungarians to absolutely no purpose.

"Bolshevism was bound to come in Hungary because we had an economic situation that made it inevitable. Capitalistic production had broken down. Capitalism in Hungary was dead, economically and morally. Only a Socialistic type of organization would assure continued production and avert ruin.

"Bolshevism isn't a thing. You can't export it in a bag from Russia. You can't sow its seeds with Russian roubles. It is a form of organization which must come when problems arise which the bourgeoisie can-

not solve. The Entente made Bolshevism inevitable in Hungary by creating an impossible economic condition. Through the military occupation of the most and the best of Hungary's territory, we were cut off from our raw materials. The factories were obliged to shut down, our money declined in value, the unemployed filled the streets. For weeks our coal supply was only enough to last us from day to day. If a slight accident had happened to one of our mines it would have left us without coal and brought a collapse—and Bolshevism. Then came the new Allied demands which would have taken away nearly all our remaining land, and left Buda-Pesth with its two million inhabitants to be supported on—nothing. Under such circumstances an uprising of the people was bound to come. Was I to order my soldiers to shoot down their fathers and their sisters? Perhaps they wouldn't have done it.

"The Hungarian Nationalists were making two impossible and contradictory demands of my government—that there should be no cession of territory and that I should keep the friendship of the Entente. If I failed in either I would lose their support. But, of course, to refuse to cede territory meant to lose the friendship of the Entente, and the attempt to keep its friendship meant the cession of territory. By agreeing to the Entente's demands, as of course I had to, I was agreeing to the economic ruin of my country. The nationalists and the capitalists would not support this policy, though they could offer no alternative. The Entente policy killed the support that could have warded off Bolshevism. It killed the capitalistic system in Hungary.

"If this situation continues five months longer Bolshevism will spread all over Europe. In Hungary it is a radiating center reaching out to the surrounding countries. Slowly, perhaps, but steadily, the idea gets into the heads of these peoples: 'Why should we fight against our Hungarian brothers?' And the Socialist form of organization will inevitably spring up in all the countries defeated by the war, not only the countries defeated militarily, but also the countries, like Roumania, which though technically victorious in the war, have been economically ruined by it. The Entente can't defeat Bolshevism in any one of the three accepted ways. It can send its armies, but what can they do? Armies can't create the economic conditions for capitalism. Or it can seek to starve the Bolshevik country by an economic blockade, but

this only makes the economic breakdown, and consequently Bolshevism, all the more certain. Or, third, it can send food to relieve the distress. But to send food after Bolshevism has come is to feed Bolshevism.

"No, where Bolshevism has become an economic necessity it cannot be prevented by force or bought off with gifts. But I don't see why the Entente nations should oppose Bolshevism, if it agrees to be a good international neighbor—that is, if it will respect religious liberties, protect human life, and agree to a workable system of international exchange.

"A peace of vengeance will in the end defeat the winner. For example, it is quite possible that Germany, by losing Alsace-Lorraine, will win the war. If she is cut off from needed raw materials she will turn to Russia and by her organizing genius will dominate its people and its sources of supply. By losing two million people she will gain a hundred and eighty million.

"Or suppose a huge indemnity is imposed. The Entente cannot collect it. Theoretically, such an indemnity can be taken in gold, in specified goods, or in labor. But Germany has no gold. If she pays in goods, these goods compete with Allied commodities and either limit Allied production or force down the prices on Allied products. And if she pays in labor—well, you can send armies into Germany and make slaves of the people, but what then? The wages of your own working class go down in the face of this cheap competition.

"A league of nations is not in itself going to be able to escape these dilemmas. For a league of nations which is not humbug is only possible if you create an economic unity of the nations. An alliance is not enough. German-Austria had an alliance with Germany, and that alliance killed Austrian industry.

"But an economic unity of the nations does not seem to be possible under a capitalistic regime. Free trade between the states is only possible on some socialistic basis."

The man who had been talking saw himself as the tool of necessity. Only in seeing the necessity perhaps more clearly did he differ from any other statesman in his position. But if necessity bound Karolyi, I thought, did it not also bind the Entente? Would the victorious nations of the West be any more able to escape from the results of their policies than was Karolyi?

Then a thought occurred to me which was occurring to many other persons in Europe at that time: What Karolyi had done in Hungary, other statesmen might do—well, say, in Germany. If Karolyi's action had been a mere threat, then Bolshevism in Hungary would crumble or be made to crumble. But if it had been as he believed, a matter of economic necessity, might not that necessity continue in spite

of all, and hold also for Germany? Was Germany being driven on to Bolshevism in spite of her Noskes and Scheidemanns?

By this time I had forgotten to think of Karolyi as an English sportsman. The almost tragic earnestness of the man made him now a different figure. He seemed like one who had seen his world crumble about him, had struggled to prevent it, and had failed. Count Karolyi, the land-owner and aristocrat, had been crushed in the fall of all that was splendid in his generation. Yet the man who was talking was not crushed. There was a vitality in him that rose above his experiences and demanded a share in the life about him, whatever it was.

"I could well accept Bolshevism for my own purpose," he said. "I love my fortune, but I know the old capitalist system is dead and cannot be revived."

Already Michael Karolyi had entered the new social generation. It is difficult to believe that there will not be a distinguished part for him to play in that new order of things.

For when Count Michael Karolyi abdicated as President of the Hungarian Republic and called upon the working class to assume power, he did a thing that is almost without parallel in history. With two hostile types of society at death-grips the world over, he has made himself, in Hungary, the bridge from one to the other.

Supposing that in the United States an Adams or a Harrison were president and had the wealth of J. P. Morgan besides; suppose he voluntarily resigned and handed over his power to Bill Haywood; and you have a very fair parallel to what happened in Hungary. It is a crazy supposition, of course, but no crazier than the things that are happening as a result of the war in middle and eastern Europe.

Constantine, when he embraced Christianity; Henri IV, when he "bought Paris for a mass," made no change so violent as this. For both these acts were of solid political advantage to those who did them. But Count Karolyi, head of one of the most eminent families of Hungary, one of the two or three wealthiest land-owners in the land, married to a member of the ancient Andrassy family, changed himself by his act into a simple citizen, without a house or an acre to call his own, and with a maximum potential income, in the present value of Hungarian money, of exactly \$150 a month. He fell with the social order that he represented.

The Hungarian property-owning classes called him a visionary and a coward. But he is certainly neither. Throughout the war he was perhaps the one prominent man in Hungary who saw the truth and had the courage to speak it. At the very beginning, when the war against Serbia had been declared and the world conflict looked inevitable, he said in an inter-

view: "The strained relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia are the fatal result of the mistaken policy of the (Austro-Hungarian) monarchy, by which it has converted the Balkan nations into its enemies. It is evident that the war cannot be prevented now; but this situation is exclusively the result of former mistakes." Against these mistakes (the whole series of Austro-German imperialistic intrigues in the Balkans), he had fought in the Hungarian Parliament. He protested against the Austrian strangulations of Serbia in 1913, and understood how certainly it was leading to the racial feud which culminated in the murder at Sarajevo and brought on the great war. He protested continually against the prostitution of Hungary to pan-German Imperialism, and was the political enemy of Tisza, the pan-German, and Andrássy and Apponyi, who were narrow nationalists. Almost alone of the prominent Hungarian nobles, he urged continually that the true interests of Hungary lay with the western democratic nations, not with the autocracies of Berlin and Vienna.

But the war came and found Hungary on the side of Germany and Austria, the central link in the Berlin-to-Bagdad chain. Karolyi saw clearly what it was leading to, and did all that a lonely man could do to save his country before it was too late. He preached a negotiated peace without annexations. He supported the tentative efforts of the Emperor Karl for peace. He even sent emissaries of his own to Paris and Petrograd to endeavor to prepare some sort of an understanding. For all this Karolyi was openly called a traitor, and there were a good many who publicly insisted that he should be executed. It took a deal of courage to face the pan-German wrath.

And Karolyi, who had seen clearly where events were leading during the war, saw with equal clearness what he was doing when he abdicated. He was not under the slightest illusion as to the seriousness of his act. He knew that he was taking Hungary from the power of one social order, whose first principle is the protection of private property, and giving it to another group, the power of Socialism, formed in the image of Russia, and named with the awful name of Bolshevism. He knew, too, that to give Hungary to Bolshevism might profoundly affect the political situation in Europe. He knew perfectly how irreconcilable are the property system of western Europe and the property system of Communist Russia—the one a structure in which all the powers of the state are put in motion to preserve to a man the wealth he has been able to get, the other a machinery which ruthlessly takes away from a man all that he cannot consume: the one policy based on the power to get, the other on the power to use.

There were many, both within Hungary and without, who imagined that Karolyi's act was a mere bluff,

a gesture, a rattling of the skeleton to frighten the Entente. But it was not. Within forty-eight hours the people of Buda-Pesth knew that the thing which Karolyi had summoned into the once imperial palace was not skeleton, but something terrifically alive. A group of workmen, together with some journalists and "intellectuals," few of whom had ever been heard of a year ago, became the Government. Some had been released from prison expressly for that purpose. They instantly proclaimed the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and declared martial law. All large dwelling houses, factories, shops and banks were declared public property, and soldiers were placed on guard. The city was searched for hidden food-stuffs. The selling or consuming of liquor was forbidden. Terrible penalties were fixed for plundering, spreading false rumors, smuggling, and dealing in alcoholic drinks. Villas and palaces were used to help house the overcrowded working-class population of Buda-Pesth. All families must confine themselves to three rooms and put any remaining at the disposal of the central housing commission. Nothing, perhaps, so convinced the rich residents of Buda-Pesth that Karolyi's action was not a bluff, as the sight of working-men and their families coming to live with them in their villas—not even the discovery that they could withdraw no more than 2,000 Crowns a month from their bank.

What drove Karolyi to his action was simply despair, a well-considered, staid, whole-hearted despair. He did what he did because, as responsible head of the Hungarian republic, he was convinced there was nothing else to do. He had entered on his office, at the time of the first revolution, the centre of high hopes. He was accepted as the symbol of the reformed and contrite Hungary; he was to represent Hungary's better sense, which had always distrusted Berlin and her devices. He was to stand squarely on Wilson's principles and loyally to carry through a responsible, democratic government to be a guarantee that Hungary would henceforth live at peace with her neighbors. He was to save Hungary from the worst consequences of defeat.

None deny that Karolyi carried out his programme faithfully so long as he was a free agent. He gave Hungary the provisional shape of a western democracy with universal and secret suffrage in place of the unspeakable tricky and corrupt electoral system of the old regime. He cleaned out of office all compromised characters and replaced them with radicals and Socialists who had been consistently and outspokenly anti-imperialist. Most important of all, he struck at the ancient feudal Junker system in his policy of dividing up the great estates among the oppressed peasantry. His own estates were the first to be divided.

Karolyi's foreign policy was simply to gain the confidence of the Entente by his democratic measures

and thus to obtain the best possible terms for Hungary. The theory was that Hungary could claim something like most favored nation treatment, in view of her being one of the first to quit the Central Alliance and thus clinch Germany's defeat; in view of her thorough democratic reformation, and in view of the fact that she had always been rather a victim than an accomplice of German imperialism. In all events, the Hungarian liberals believed with an implicit faith that Wilson's fourteen points would protect them like shining armor.

But Karolyi and his policies could not save Hungary. For round about her there were three lively young victorious nations constantly nagging the Entente statesmen for more of Hungary's territory—the Czecho-Slovaks on the north, the Roumanians on the east, and the Jugo-Slavs on the south. Under the very first armistice terms they occupied large slices of Hungarian territory which they administered as their own. But the terms were several times revised in their favor, and when there was no revision their armies walked in anyway. Soon more than half of Hungary's territory was occupied. Then, on March 20 came the note from Lieutenant Vix, representing the French military commission in Buda-Pesth, demanding the cession of further territory on the east and north. The new demarcation lines, he added, were to be regarded as political boundaries.

It is unnecessary to discuss whether the claims of the surrounding nations were just or not; or whether the occupied territory would have been given back in part with the final peace treaty; or whether the Hungarians, with their own long record of bullying and oppression, were getting what they deserved. This is not an exposition of the small-nations question, but the story of Count Karolyi's journey from one generation to another. And Karolyi believed, with all his soul, that the new terms proved his regime to have been a failure and would turn Hungary for a year or two into a starving chaos and eventually into a primitive agricultural people, living from plow to mouth. For the occupied territory included the best of Hungary's agricultural land and the great bulk of her raw materials, robbing her of all chance of a future export trade. This meant that although Hungary would be able to feed her agricultural population, she would have neither food nor raw materials for her industrial population, nor any surplus food with which to buy clothes, machinery, coal and the like, from abroad. Karolyi reckoned it a certainty that the surrounding small nations would present their territorial occupations to the peace conference as a *fait accompli* and would refuse to get out. He also reckoned on their abiding hatred of Hungary and their probable refusal to let her have either raw materials or manufactured wares, except on excessive terms. He be-

lieved the situation meant starvation and ruin.

On March 21 he advised Lieutenant Vix that his government could not accept the responsibility of agreeing to the new terms, and had been obliged to abdicate. The same day he issued the following proclamation to the Hungarian people:

"The Government has abdicated. Those who until now have governed by virtue of the popular will and with the support of the Hungarian proletariat, understand that the compelling power of circumstances commands a new course.

"The management of production can only be assured if the proletariat takes the power into its own hands.

"In addition to the threatening anarchy in production, the foreign situation is also critical. The Paris Peace Conference has secretly pronounced the sentence which surrenders to military occupation nearly the whole territory of Hungary. The Entente mission has announced that henceforth the demarcation lines will be regarded as political boundaries.

"The apparent purpose of the further occupation of the country is to utilize Hungary as a field of deployment and operation against the Russian Soviet Army fighting on the Roumanian border. But the territory taken from us is to be the reward of the Czech and Roumanian troops for defeating the Russian Soviet Army.

"I, the provisional President of the Hungarian People's Republic, turn from this decision of the Paris Conference to the proletariat of the world for justice and aid. I abdicate and transfer the power to the proletariat of the Hungarian peoples."

The same day the Dictatorship of the Proletariat came to Hungary.

TO MY ENEMY

THE man I was a year ago
Offended you—

Wherefore hate
Me?

We know him not;
Through need I wear
His cast-off coat.

And who is it that hates?
Not he

Who was offended
A year ago—
Not he but some one else,
Some other wearer
Of a cast-off coat.

Wherefore, Enemy,
Prolong the feud
Of our not-too-well-beloved
Ancestors?

Annette Wynne.



OUR VICTORY

We Invite You to the Comradeship

“PRACTICALLY the entire European strength of the American Red Cross is being mobilized for a campaign against Bolshevism . . .

“There are several reasons why the American Red Cross is the only organization which can successfully and without complications carry on this work. In the first place, it is not hampered by the many diplomatic restrictions under which Government commissions have to labor. Second, the Red Cross is not answerable to Congress for either its policies or its detailed operations. The result, at least so far as

past experience is concerned, has shown that it is the most useful agency existing today for dealing with the difficult and delicate question of civilian morale.

“In addition, the Red Cross has discovered that it can go into countries and take up its work with a knowledge that the people there fully appreciate the disinterested character of its endeavors.”—*From a despatch to the Chicago Tribune.*

It will delight the many sincere idealists who could not buy Liberty Bonds, but gave their money to the Red Cross for mere mercy, to know that it is to be used in this “disinterested” fashion.

Revolutionary Socialism in France

THE evolution of French socialism was appreciably accelerated when Jean Longuet's faction, *les minoritaires*, emerged from the 1918 party congress as *les majoritaires*. Today the ascendancy of Longuet is visibly threatened by the growing communist sentiment in the party's ranks. In his adherence to the Second International, Longuet alienated from his following many of the radicals, who at once cast their lot with Loriot—*chef* of the extreme left, who fought valiantly for French socialist affiliation with the Third International. But Longuet is far too sensitive to his comrades' tendencies to commit the error of his own predecessors. And though his faith is still with the Berne international, it is a vacillating faith, and Longuet regards this moderate program as on trial; in case of its continued aloofness from Moscow, he is thoroughly prepared to link his destiny with Lenin's program. The highly significant function of Loriot is to exert formidable pressure upon the "majority," which is consequently bending, with growing rapidity, toward the left. In view of this changing status, it would be false to consider French socialism irrevocably committed to the Second International. With Italian socialists firmly in accord with the Russian communist regime, we may reasonably anticipate a *bouleversement d'idées* among Longuet's element. A "seance extraordinaire" is already being spoken of as a possibility for reconsidering the official alliance with the moderate International.

Before the war, Loriot and his fellow-extremists in the socialist party, as he himself remarks, "simply did not count." Today those socialists who acquiesce in his program number—at a fair estimate—60 per cent. of the party.

"Against his own will, Longuet is continually being forced to our position," Loriot told me. "He is absorbing our 'minority' at the cost of adopting our plan of action intact."

Loriot, who is treasurer of the party, is, like MacLean, a schoolteacher. Though he was recently removed from one of the foremost Parisian *écoles*, the government (for Loriot is employed in a state institution) did not dare to treat him with the impudence meted out to our Nearings, but contented itself with relegating the Bolshevik educator to a more "quiet sector" of the city. Loriot has crystallized his program in the following seven demands—which he offers "*aux masses prolétariennes, en les appelant à le réaliser.*"

1. Complete acquisition of power by the proletariat;
2. Inauguration of obligatory work;
3. Socialization of the means of production and of exchange, land, industries, mines, transportation

. . . under the direct administration of the peasants, workers, miners, railwaymen, marine transport workers . . .

4. Distribution of produce through the media of cooperatives and municipal stores, operated under collective control;

5. Municipalisation of dwelling houses and of hospital service;

6. Transformation of the present bureaucracy, by confiscation, to the direct control of the employes;

7. Universal disarmament, concomitant with the union of all proletarian republics in the *Internationale socialiste*.

It is absurd to discuss the advance of socialism in France without contemplating the weight of French syndicalism, which, numerically and morally, is the determining factor between the *tricolor* and the *drapeau rouge*. We cannot consider the 72,000 members of the socialist party capable of inaugurating a proletarian dictatorship without the united co-operation of the 1,300,000 members of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. It is, unquestionably, the C. G. T. which is paralyzing the advent of the revolution in France. Before the war, the Confederation was *sovietiste* in thought and intention. But the present guides of this organization have retained little from these former days except a revolutionary vocabulary. That the workers are far in advance of their trailing leaders is clearly indicated by the partial strikes, occurring frequently throughout France, despite contrary orders from Jouhaux, secretary of the C. G. T.

It is the chasm between the C. G. T. and the Socialist Party which heartens Clemenceau more than endless and fictitious reports of Bolshevik military reverses. Until the current conservatism of the C. G. T. is superseded by its former revolutionary spirit, the immediate prospects for a French Soviet Republic are, indeed, slight. Jouhaux, the C. G. T.'s leader, is an erstwhile anarcho-syndicalist, who completely abandoned his position at the outset of the war, when he wilfully subordinated his partisanship in the class conflict to the war of the bourgeoisie. When Jouhaux received a staggering blow from a Paris policeman during the May 1 riots, he regained his class-consciousness long enough to resign from one of his governmental posts. But the effects of the injury were not sufficiently internal, and today Jouhaux remains the primary obstacle in the path of a *rapprochement* between French syndicalists and socialists.

Pierre Monatte, exponent of the C. G. T.'s revolutionary traditions, aptly pigeon-holes Jouhaux as a *chauvin*, and lets it go at that. "Reformer" is the contemptuous characterization made of Jouhaux by Fros-

sard, secretary of the socialist party. I asked Frossard whether Jouhaux might not justly be called a Gallic edition of Gompers. Frossard faced me with a gesture of remonstrance.

"Ah, no!" he said. "I should not speak that bitingly—even of Jouhaux."

If the prodigal Confederation is soon to return to the fold of revolutionary industrial unionism, it is to be through the leadership of Monatte, editor of *La Vie Ouvrière* and captain of the C. G. T. minority. Monatte was conscripted during the early period of hostilities, when conscientious-objecting was a fatal diversion in France. Once more a civilian, he is publishing his revolutionary journal and rallying thousands of his fellow-workers to his side,—workers who, bitter against their betrayal, are eager for a regime which shall emanate wholly from labor. Monatte's temper may be illustrated by his unequivocal statement to Tom Mann, the veteran English syndicalist.

"Remember," Monatte admonished Mann, "that Bolshevism, Spartacism and our own syndicalism are divers names for the same thing. An *Internationale* which fails to comprise the Bolshevist and Spartacist programs, which is, in fact, founded with the hidden thought of combatting these two movements, will be regarded by us as a dupery which must be crushed relentlessly. For us there can be no true International outside of the Third, instituted at Moscow."

It is the imminent declaration in favor of the Third International by both the C. G. T. and the socialist party that Loriot believes will automatically unite the vital forces for the revolution.

That the French troops, satiated with lies and resentful of being lured on into fresh imperialist enterprises, are, for the large part, in wholehearted accordance with the insurrectionary workers was vividly manifested on May 1, when Clemenceau used only his *agents de police*, tactfully refraining from ordering soldiers against the workers. I witnessed one episode (trivial but eloquent) on that memorable day, which points to the genuine trend of the poilus' sympathies. A *garde republicaine* was viciously clouting a mild laborer, with true Lawrence, Massachusetts, enthusiasm; a cavalryman, seeing the outrage, dismounted and delivered himself of a dreadnought kick, planted upon the policeman's stern. The worker grasped the poilu's hand; the *flic* effaced himself; and the cheers of that interminable crowd echoed and re-echoed through the Place de la Republique.

"What guise will the French revolution take?" is a familiar query that falls too obviously within the speculative realm. This much may be said: that both Loriot and Monatte advocate a replica of the Russian revolution for France, though less compromising and with such modifications as are requisite in view of the 20,000,000 French peasants, *petits propriétaires*, vir-

tually all owning their farmhouses, an inadequate acreage and a few cattle, differentiating their status from the vast system of absentee-landlordism that was Russia. But already these *peasants* are finding a new bond with the "left" in the chain of socialist co-operatives, moulded upon the Rochedale pattern, which are springing up throughout the countryside, and particularly in the Meuse, as antidotes to the villainous profit-mongering of bourgeois merchants. Through their own stores, the peasants are able to purchase everything at half the "market" price.

The minimum estimated budget of 22,000,000,000 francs this year (about 600 francs per capita tax) is hastening the precipitate debacle of the Clemenceau reign. Clemenceau's capitalist policy is resting as a torturing burden upon the shoulders of peasants and workers, who are solidifying with the extreme left of the socialist party in their efforts to keep the Quai d'Orsay Tiger from their doors.

As sands sift through the hour glass, so is the socialist sentiment of France moving, steadily and irresistibly toward communism and the dictatorship of the proletariat. And when the brief hour of Pichon and his cronies has expired, the workers will rise to direct the destinies of France, marching, side by side with revolutionary labor in Russia and Germany, as torchbearers of the Commune's traditions. As the French bourgeois government sinks deeper and deeper into the pit of insolvency, of militarism and of white-guard conspiracies, the pendulum of revolution is given an added impetus by the disillusioned masses. And when the workers of France realize their power to its fullest extent, they will hail as leaders men of the heroic stature of Loriot, whose cry of "*Prise total du pouvoir par le proletariat!*"* is today the triumphant watchword of French progress.

FREDERICK R. KUH.

Paris, May 26.

*"Complete assumption of power by the proletariat!"

IF EARTH RECEIVES MY SOUL AGAIN

LORD, if earth receives my soul again,
 Make me as slim as April birches are,
 Ruddy of hair, with speech that breaks in mirth
 Like water falling to a thousand stars.
 Build me as pliant as the mountain grape,
 Firm as the poplar roots deep underground;
 Star me with eyes like hazel leaves in spring
 And plant in me a heart like raising winds.
 Then if you will let all the storm gods loose
 Breaking about my head in bursts of fire:
 I shall go down with a shout, I shall go down,
 But like ships in flame, beautiful to the last.

B. K. Van Slyke.

Sonnets and Songs

By Claude McKay

THE NEGRO DANCERS.

I

LIT with cheap colored lights a basement den,
 With rows of chairs and tables on each side,
 And, all about, young, dark-skinned women and men
 Drinking and smoking, merry, vacant-eyed.
 A Negro band, that scarcely seems awake,
 Drones out half-heartedly a lazy tune,
 While quick and willing boys their orders take
 And hurry to and from the near saloon.
 Then suddenly a happy, lilting note
 Is struck, the walk and hop and trot begin,
 Under the smoke upon foul air afloat;
 Around the room the laughing puppets spin
 To sound of fiddle, drum and clarinet,
 Dancing, their world of shadows to forget.

II.

'Tis best to sit and gaze; my heart then dances
 To the lithe bodies gliding slowly by,
 The amorous and inimitable glances
 That subtly pass from roguish eye to eye,
 The laughter gay like sounding silver ringing,
 That fills the whole wide room from floor to ceiling,—
 A rush of rapture to my tried soul bringing—
 The deathless spirit of a race revealing.
 Not one false step, no note that rings not true!
 Unconscious even of the higher worth
 Of their great art, they serpent-wise glide through
 The syncopated waltz. Dead to the earth
 And her unkindly ways of toil and strife,
 For them the dance is the true joy of life.

III.

And yet they are the outcasts of the earth,
 A race oppressed and scorned by ruling man;
 How can they thus consent to joy and mirth
 Who live beneath a world-eternal ban?
 No faith is theirs, no shining ray of hope,
 Except the martyr's faith, the hope that death
 Some day will free them from their narrow scope
 And once more merge them with the infinite breath.
 But, oh! they dance with poetry in their eyes
 Whose dreamy loveliness no sorrow dims,
 And parted lips and eager, gleeful cries,
 And perfect rhythm in their nimble limbs.
 The gifts divine are theirs, music and laughter;
 All other things, however great, come after.

THE BARRIER.

I MUST not gaze at them although
 Your eyes are dawning day;
 I must not watch you as you go
 Your sun-illuminated way;

I hear but I must never heed
 The fascinating note,
 Which, fluting like a river-reed,
 Comes from your trembling throat;

I must not see upon your face
 Love's softly glowing spark;
 For there's the barrier of race,
 You're fair and I am dark.

AFTER THE WINTERS.

SOME day, when trees have shed their leaves,
 And against the morning's white
 The shivering birds beneath the eaves
 Have sheltered for the night,
 We'll turn our faces southward, love,
 Toward the summer isle
 Where bamboos spire the shafted grove
 And wide-mouthed orchids smile.

And we will seek the quiet hill
 Where towers the cotton tree,
 And leaps the laughing crystal rill,
 And works the droning bee.
 And we will build a lonely nest
 Beside an open glade,
 And there forever will we rest,
 O love—O nut-brown maid!

A CAPITALIST AT DINNER.

AN ugly figure, heavy, overfed,
 Settles uneasily into a chair;
 Nervously he mops his pimply pink bald head,
 Frowns at the fawning waiter standing near.
 The entire service tries its best to please
 This overpampered piece of broken-health,
 Who sits there thoughtless, querulous, obese,
 Wrapped in his sordid visions of vast wealth.

Great God! if creatures like this money-fool,
 Who hold the service of mankind so cheap,
 Over the people must forever rule,
 Driving them at their will like helpless sheep—
 Then let proud mothers cease from giving birth;
 Let human beings perish from the earth.

THE LITTLE PEOPLES

THE little peoples of the troubled earth,
The little nations that are weak and white;—
For them the glory of another birth,
For them the lifting of the veil of night.
The big men of the world in concert met,
Have sent forth in their power a new decree:
Upon the old harsh wrongs the sun must set,
Henceforth the little peoples must be free!

But we, the blacks, less than the trampled dust,
Who walk the new ways with the old dim eyes,—
We to the ancient gods of greed and lust
Must still be offered up as sacrifice:
Oh, we who deign to live but will not dare,
The white world's burden must forever bear!

A ROMAN HOLIDAY

'TIS but a modern Roman holiday;
Each state invokes its soul of basest passion,
Each vies with each to find the ugliest way
To torture Negroes in the fiercest fashion.
Black Southern men, like hogs await your doom!
White wretches hunt and haul you from your huts,
They squeeze the babies out your women's womb,
They cut your members off, rip out your guts!

It is a Roman holiday, and worse:
It is the mad beast risen from his lair,
The dead accusing years' eternal curse,
Reeking of vengeance, in fulfilment here. . . .
Bravo Democracy! Hail greatest Power
That saved sick Europe in her darkest hour!

IF WE MUST DIE

IF we must die—let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die—oh, let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!

Oh, kinsmen! We must meet the common foe;
Though far outnumbered, let us still be brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but—fighting back!

Religion Under the Bolsheviks

IT all depends on what you choose to call "Religion." If you identify Religion with the Official State Church of the Czar, then the Soviet Government may perhaps be said to have buried it, but scarcely to have killed it—for it perished with the old regime in the first flames of the March Revolution. It was a part of the Czar's imperial governmental machine. It was charged with the duty—for which it was richly paid—of upholding the Czar. Its highest institution, the Holy Synod, was composed of archbishops appointed and dismissed by the Czar, under the permanent control of a civil official, the Ober Procurator—the "Eye of the Czar." The Czar was the head of a Church-State, to be obeyed, as Article 1 of the "basic laws of the Russian empire" stated, "not only through fear, but in reverential piety, as is commanded by God Himself." The archbishops were thus not only church, but also state officials, whose duty was to keep the populace in submission to their master. The lesser clergy had the same duty, including the humble but necessary function of acting as police spies. By imperial ukase they were ordered to report to the government anything detrimental to the government which might be revealed to them during confession. In gen-

eral, the whole machine labored to create a popular psychology of obedience to the existing authorities. For their loyalty the Czar rewarded his churchly servants with golden and diamond crosses, orders, and other insignia of excellence, as also with more material benefactions in the form of land and money; and the Church itself was of course handsomely supported by the government. This State Church, as a part of the Imperial Church-State of Czardom, fell into irretrievable ruin with its master. The Holy Synod is doubtless still incredulous of this fact, but it need not detain us here. We merely mention in passing that it is dead, and that the Bolsheviks cannot even claim the credit of its happy demise.

As for Religion in the sense of the Greek Catholic faith, that has simply been put on an equality with all other faiths. Anyone is free in Russia to worship as he pleases, or not at all. Formerly, the Greek church had a monopoly on the right to worship—a monopoly enforced by law. With the exception of a few racial faiths, such as the Jewish and Mohammedan, which were "tolerated" but heavily penalized, it was a crime in Russia to believe in any but the Greek faith. Membership in these "heretical" sects was generally held

in secret, for the heretic was likely to be exiled for life to Siberia. The clergy of other faiths were forbidden to preach their faith to Greek Catholics, and "the seduction of orthodox adherents into an unorthodox religion" was a crime. Even when such a convert had changed his faith without "seduction," the unorthodox church was forbidden to receive him into its fold, and the criminal who had thus changed his faith was directed to be "turned over to the persuasive powers of the clerical authorities," which might result in life-long imprisonment in a monastery prison. Marriages of dissenters were not recognized as legal. These conditions were partly ameliorated by the legislation which followed the revolution of 1905; a few forms of dissent were now recognized, and change of faith became permissible, though the law against "seduction from orthodoxy" remained in force. As a result of this permission, the Greek church in the year 1905 alone lost to Roman Catholicism more than 170,000 persons, to Mohammedanism 36,000 and to Lutheranism 11,000.

The legislation of 1905, passed as a result of the revolutionary uprising of that year, cut down the income of the Greek church so much that it found an incentive even more powerful than loyalty to the Czar to make it active in oppression of the people. From that time on, finding its very existence as a privileged institution threatened by revolutionary agitation, it became a definite and conscious counter-revolutionary force. As such a force, it fought the revolutions of March and October, 1917—particularly the latter. Its officials, and almost its entire personnel, were not only utterly untouched by the new spirit which had come into the Russian people, but they were bitterly reactionary. Yet after the March revolution, with preposterous naivete, they proposed that the new revolutionary government should continue to support them. And, perhaps realizing that the church could be taught to perform the same functions for a capitalistic democracy that it had performed for the imperial autocracy, certain bourgeois "reformers" actually proposed that the separation of the Church and State should not interfere with the financial support of the former by the latter! This question was still unsettled at the time of the Bolshevik revolution, and the matter was very swiftly decided at that time by actual and thorough disestablishment. The church as a counter-revolutionary force has thereby been so completely unhorsed that its influence is negligible.

The church as a property-owning institution—and this is doubtless the crux of the slanders against the Soviet State with regard to its treatment of "religion"—has been treated like any other large property-owner. Its property has been taken away by the State, and restored to the people. And oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! You need not be afflicted

with statistics to realize that the Greek Church was gorged with wealth; nor need you be asked to believe that every monk was a Rasputin, in order to conceive that the life of the princes and dukes of the church was sufficiently luxurious to be a national scandal. And you can readily understand that such personages, forced to depend upon what voluntary support might be forthcoming from the people of Russia, would cry aloud to the world that the crime of the ages had been inflicted on Christ's representatives here on earth! As a matter of fact, strictly religious edifices are open as always to priests to conduct services in and people to worship in. Devout atheists, no doubt, will read with disapproval the thirteenth article of the Church decree, which declares that "Buildings and objects specially intended for religious purposes are turned over to the religious organizations for their free use." What! a Socialist State letting religious organizations use its property to preach "superstition" in? Brethren, it is so. And they don't even charge them any rent. The Church has, in fact, been merely relieved of its economic functions, and left to fulfil its spiritual mission, if it can find a genuine one to fulfill.

But finding a genuine spiritual mission is going to be a hard task for the Greek Catholic church of Russia. Its spiritual mission in the past was simply to preach submission to the tyranny of the Czar. In lieu of that, it shows a tendency to undertake the spiritual leadership of the cause of counter-revolution. But here it finds that the wicked Bolsheviks have anticipated its purposes. Article 5 of the Church decree declares that "The free performance of religious cults is protected only in so far as they do not interfere with social order and are not accompanied with an attempt upon the rights of citizens and of the Soviet Republic. The local authorities are authorized to use all the necessary means for the maintenance of public order and safety for that purpose." That is to say, if a Russian priest urges, from his pulpit, the assassination of Lenin, he is treated somewhat as an American enthusiast would be who on religious grounds urged the assassination of an American public official. He would get short shrift. Yes, it is quite as unsafe to advocate the forcible overthrow of the existing government from a Russian pulpit, as it would be from an American one. And that is what all the accusations of Bolshevik tyranny against the Russian priesthood amount to. They have as many rights as any other citizens—and no more. They are distinctly not encouraged to take up counter-revolution as a spiritual vocation.

And this leaves them in desperate straits. For the Greek Catholic faith—maugre the novels of Dostoevsky!—consists, so far as the people are concerned, in spiritual submission, and in the observance of fasts. With the spiritual submission gone, the fasts do not

continue to have their old fascination. There is an interesting article in the anti-Bolshevik newspaper, "Ponedelnik Vlasti Naroda," which recounts the last chapter of the history of Greek catholicism—the last, unless it really does discover a new mission of a genuine sort. The article deals with the attitude of the peasants toward God. The peasants are of course the historically religious class in Russia—the city toilers are proverbially unbelievers. It seems that the peasants have a new attitude toward God, which the writer of the article illustrates with a homely story. There used to be, in the district of which he writes, a very pious peasant named Ivan. He kept all the fasts (for bear in mind that this was what being pious meant, aside from the duty of submission to the Czar!)—he kept *all* the fasts, and in the Greek Catholic faith there are a lot of them to keep, about one every other day; and he gave the butter and the other delicacies which his piety kept him from consuming, to the village priest. So it was until the revolutionary year of 1905—when to the amazement of everybody this very pious man was observed to be keeping his butter and spreading it on his own bread and *eating* it—on fast days! His neighbors questioned him about his fall from grace, and he replied something like this: "Well, I have been thinking. I have been thinking that there are so many fast days altogether that if we keep them all it means that we fast about two days in every three. We do this, the priest tells us, because God wishes it. But it has occurred to me that it may be because the priest wants the things himself which he forbids us to eat. For why should God ask us to starve ourselves? We are the children of God, and God is very rich. If we should go into the home of a rich man, and he should ask us to sit down at the table, if we did not eat he would be hurt. How much more then should God be hurt at the behavior of us his children, when we do not enjoy the many good things that he gives us! We have been behaving as if we were the slaves of God, instead of his children. I do not believe we are the slaves of God, I believe we are God's children, and I am going to behave like a child of God from now on."

Well—the writer goes on to say—Ivan is dead, but the peasants in his district are now beginning to remember him and quote what he said. "It seems," they say, "that we are the children and not the slaves of God, after all. Ivan was right." And they don't give their best to the priest, but keep it themselves. They live on the finest of everything, fast days have become feast days, and the art of cookery is taking on a metropolitan magnificence!

Perhaps this is sheer materialism—and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps the Russian peasant has discovered a spiritual meaning in Christianity which his priests have not been able to discover for him. It's not a bad

conception of Christianity, at that—Children of God! If Greek Catholicism can rise to the height of that conception, it may still continue to mean something to the Russian people. But if it is too thoroughly identified with the old order, its end has come—for the Russian people are no longer the Slaves of God.

* * *

But, just as there is freedom of belief, so also is there freedom of non-belief. In this respect Russia is freer than America, which still in various of its state constitutions restricts the holding of certain offices to believers. In Russia, of course, non-belief labors under no such disability. But a more striking difference is one which is not to be sought for in the laws of the two countries, but rather in their public opinion. In the United States it is necessary for governors and presidents to render lip-homage to conventional Christian beliefs, as for instance in the proclamations by which we are urged on set occasions to give thanks to the Christian Deity for benefactions that are sometimes not very obvious. It is difficult to imagine an American president, even if he were at heart an agnostic, failing to meet such an occasion with at least due hypocrisy—impossible to imagine one who would venture to state candidly the role which Christianity and its Deity have played in the class-struggle. If, however, we turn to Russia, we find Bukharin, member of the supreme economic council of the Soviet State, and delegate to the International Communist Conference writing, in an article on "Church and School in the Soviet Republic": "One of the instruments for the obscuring of the consciousness of the people is the belief in God and the devil, in good and evil spirits, saints, etc., in short—*religion*. The masses of the people have become accustomed to believe in these things, and yet, if we approach these beliefs sensibly, and come to understand where religion comes from, and why it receives such warm support from the bourgeoisie, we shall clearly understand that the function of religion at present is to act as a poison with which the minds of the people have been and continue to be corrupted."

Of course, if you asked an American president, or any devout Quaker, or H. G. Wells, or even one or two metropolitan clergymen, they might tell you that they also are opposed to religion in so far as that is what it is used for. But Bukharin, as an economist, finds the economic aspect of religion the only one of any significance at present; and as a high official in the Soviet State, he can outline, as he proceeds to do in his article, the plans of his government for "the spiritual liberation," as well as the economic liberation, of the toiling masses. He might have been more reassuring to some people in the Socialist movement in other countries if he had made a distinction between religion as a means to the spiritual enslavement of the people,

and religion as the embodiment of a popular aspiration toward spiritual fulfillment. If he had done so, it would probably have been somewhat in this form: "Yes, comrades, I am aware that the people's desire for liberty has often, in Russia as elsewhere, taken the form of a popular religious reform movement; and this, among other reasons, accounts for the severity with which religious heresies were punished under the old regime. But when the working class becomes conscious of its interests *as a class*, it ceases to pour its revolutionary emotions into a religious mold. That is what has happened today. The twentieth-century form of the people's revolt is direct political and economic communism. The working class has better weapons than religion. We do not care to attempt to convert the bourgeoisie to a Tolstoyan equalitarian Christianity. We are only concerned to liberate the masses from Czarist Christianity."

So he would perhaps explain himself; but he is not talking to tender-minded Socialists on this side of the globe, but to people who understand quite well the economic function of the Russian church; and so what he does say, quite forcibly, is this: "We must fight the Church, not with force, but with conviction. The Church must be separated from the State. This means, the priests may continue to exist—but let them be supported by those who wish to purchase their poison, or who have some other interest in their continued existence. Another poison of this type is opium. Those who have smoked it behold all sorts of lovely visions, are at once transported to Paradise. But the use of opium later results in a complete undermining of the health, and the user gradually becomes insane. It is similar with religion. There are persons who like to smoke opium. But it would be criminal for the state, at its own expense, i. e., at the expense of the entire population, to maintain dens for the smoking of opium and to hire special persons to minister to the needs of the frequenters of these places. We must therefore proceed with the Church as follows (in fact, *we have already done it*): we must deprive the priests, hierarchs, metropolitans, abbots, and all the rest of the crowd of all support from the government; let the true believers if they like, feed them on sturgeon and salmon, of which the holy fathers are such devoted devourers.

"On the other hand, we must guarantee freedom of belief. There necessarily follows the rule: *Religion is a private affair*. This does not in any sense mean that we must cease our struggle against the Church by opposing its convictions with ours. It simply means that the State must not support any Church organization. . . .

"The priests must be kicked out of all the schools; if they like, let them ply their task of misguiding the young in some other place: they shall not do so in

the government schools; the schools shall be *worldly, of the world*, not of the priests."

And this recalls another definition of religion—the cultivation of other-worldliness. Men like Bukharin are not only, as Socialists, opposed to other-worldliness because it is taught to the workers in order to make them more easily amenable to oppression; they are also, as scientists, opposed to other-worldliness *in itself*. For they believe that the world can never be beautiful and happy and efficient until mankind centers its attention realistically upon actual life. To do this, we must needs overcome more than the class-debasing tendencies of religion—we must overcome the human tendency to self-abasement before the Unknown which is so near the root of the religious attitude. When we can do this, when we can face the universe with realistic and not superstitious confidence, when all mankind can share in the spiritual freedom that has been in every generation the privilege of a select few, a new era in human history will begin. In that day "the being that is yet within the loins of Man shall stand erect upon the earth and stretch out his hands among the stars." Such is the belief of men like Bukharin.

And the Russian Soviet State is the first government in the world in which men in such a position as his are *free* to speak and to work in behalf of such a belief—free to put forward a new idea of human perfection based on positive science in place of the old ideals of revealed religion. Both those who believe in the religion of God and those who believe in religion of man, if there is strength and courage in their belief, will be glad to welcome an era in which no special interest of an economic kind will come to the support of any religion, and the ways in which men choose to relate themselves to the mystery of being will rest upon their own free and pure choice.

X.

APART

THICK as the apple blossoms
That strew the grass in May
The days have fallen leaf by leaf
Upon our separate way.

And still I hear your footstep
Pause at my open door,
And feel your hand within my own
Dearer than ever before.

And then I wake and wonder
If the dream has found you, too,
And through the curtained panes of sleep
My face looks in on you.

Georgia E. Bennett.

June Bugs



"If a man is a fool, the best thing to do is to let him advertise the fact by speaking. It cannot be so easily discovered if you allow him to remain silent and look wise; but if you let him speak, the secret is out and the world knows that he is a fool."—President Wilson, Paris, May 10.

The National Conscience

THE representatives of the people were very much exercised when they discovered that the great peace treaty had "leaked" into the hands of a New York banker. An investigation was instituted. The New York banker appeared and testified that it was not in his capacity as a banker but as an official of the Red Cross, that he was granted that opportunity. This nice distinction has appeased the national conscience.

NOW that the Azores have got themselves into prominence, shouldn't the Big Four consider taking them away from somebody and giving them to somebody else?

PHILIP GIBBS says: "British generals were solid but not magnetic or brilliant." Solid what?

THEY tell us that two ounces of salt pork a day saved Vienna from going Bolshevik. At this rate, a pound of beefsteak would have made them all Junkers.

THE NEW EUROPE of London confesses its error in starting the report of the nationalization of women in Russia. The Overman Committee was mercifully spared this blow.

NEWSPAPER correspondents at Versailles have gained one hundred feet after fierce fighting and are now allowed to be in the cellar of the very building in which open covenants are being openly arrived at.

GENERAL MARCH says that the War College's 1915 fears of invasion were largely groundless. Sweep out a cell at Moundville for him.

THE Court of Appeals have decided that the Russellites did not have a fair trial. Of course if they are going to start that sort of thing—!

OUR papers, at this writing, are having a bad time over the lack of disorder in the Winnipeg strike. Apparently the transportation facilities were so poor that it was hard to import any.

THOSE Brooklyn barbers who struck for shorter hours evidently believe in daylight shaving.

SOMETHING tells us that the war custom of having drives for funds is going to linger along with us for quite a while.

THE amusement-loving metropolis is now enjoying a performance by Police Commissioner Enright's troop of performing millionaire deputies.

L EONARD WOOD comes to New York "to congratulate the men he trained for war." Suggests the case of the actor who sent his mother a telegram of congratulation on his birthday.

N EW HAMPSHIRE sees in General Wood the first opportunity it has had to break into the White House since the days of Franklin Pierce. And Pierce is just about the kind of President Wood would make.

I N the opinion of Secretary Glass the raid on the New York Call was probably the Call's own fault. People who have a Glass secretary can throw all the stones they please.

O LE HANSON and Treat 'Em Rough Empey advocate the beating and hanging of those with whom they disagree. When the Ford case is decided we shall know whether it is safe to call them anarchists.

T HOSE who get their information from headlines saw in the N. Y. Times, "Refuse to Strike to Free Mooney." But if you wanted to be nasty and read the piece you found that 220 out of 240 big California unions had voted to strike.

T HE TIMES also says that the "collapse" of the Lawrence strike was the triumph of good unionism over bad unionism. It isn't that so much as the old custom of having a strike collapse after it is won.

T HE Paris idea seems to be to recognize Kolchak but to disavow in advance any Jewish massacres which he may commit.

T EN million people have petitioned Congress on behalf of five cent bread. At least they might be given copies of Ole Hanson's speech advocating the eating of bran.

T HE Pennsylvania Federation of Labor has split even on the prohibition question—against the prohibition of beer, but in favor of the prohibition of Burleson.

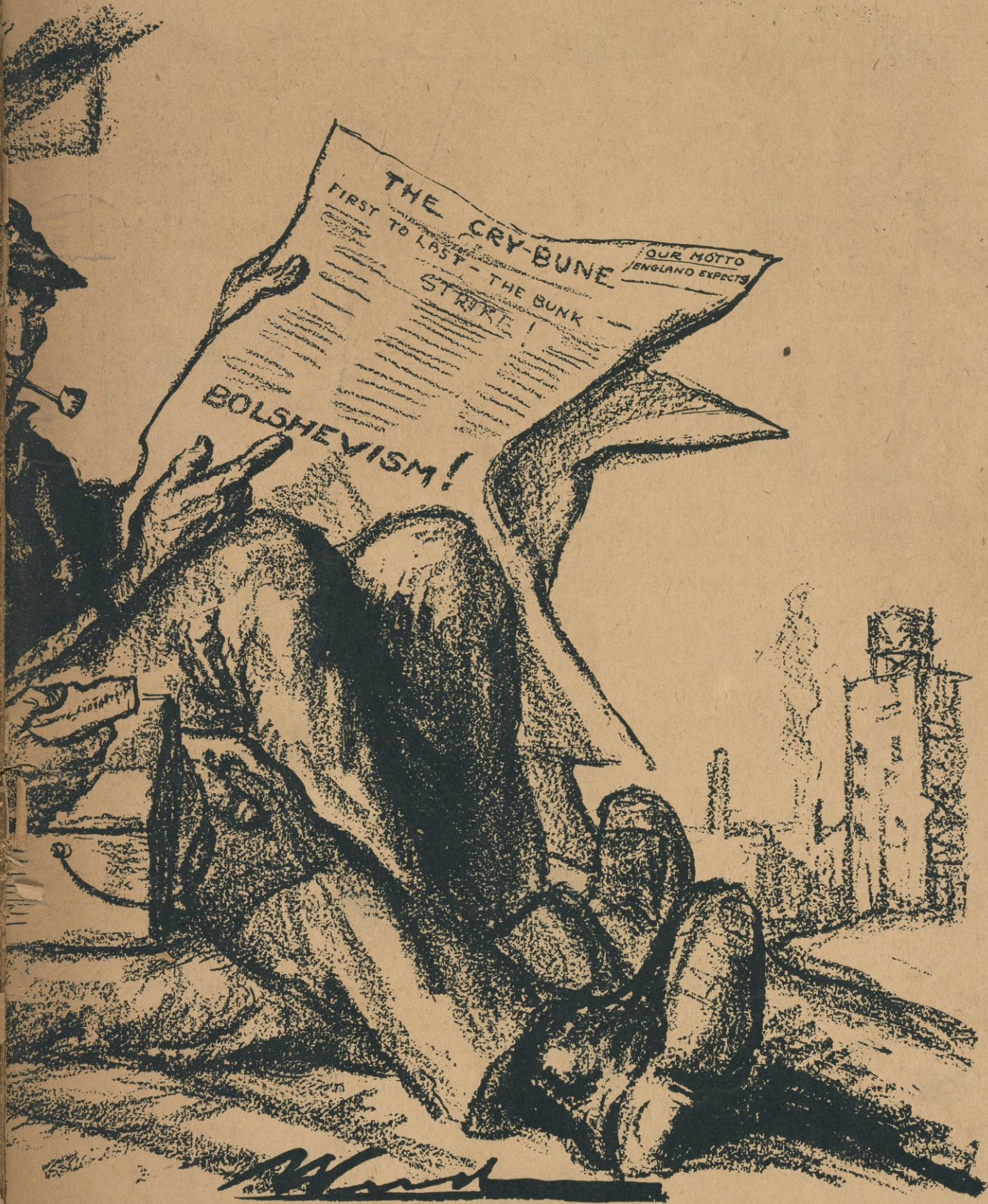
T WO years ago Senator Lodge was receiving congratulations from all over the solar system for valiantly defending himself from an enraged pacifist named Bannwort. Lodge now admits, under pressure of a suit for damages, that he struck Bannwort first.

H ERE'S to you, Henry Cabot! A first class fightin' man and a splendid liar.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



"I know what



Clive Weed

t this Bolshevism means, Bill—it means us!”

The New International

By Max Eastman

THE Communist International, which met at Moscow on March 2d, 1919, comprised thirty-two delegates with full power to act, representing parties or groups in Germany, Russia, Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Bulgaria, Rumania, Finland, Ukraina, Esthonia, Armenia, delegates from the "Union of Socialists of Eastern Countries," from the labor organizations of Germans in Russia, and from the Balkan "Union of Revolutionary Socialists."

There were also present representatives with consultative powers from parties and groups in Switzerland, Holland, Bohemia, Jugo-slavia, France, Great Britain, Turkey, Turkestan Persia, Corea, China, and the United States (S. J. Rutgers, of the Socialist Propaganda League, now merged with the Left Wing section of the Socialist Party). A letter was read from Comrade Lorient, the leader of the Left Wing section of the French Party, repudiating the Berne Congress of the second International.

The Russian Communist Party was represented by Comrades Lenin, Trotzky, Zinoviev, Bukharin, and Stalin. This party contains many millions of organized class-conscious socialists, more perhaps than are to be found in all the rest of the world. In spite of the ring of steel which surrounds Russia, therefore, and in spite of the iron chains in which the bourgeois governments held back most of the delegates who would have attended that conference with full power to act, an overwhelming majority of the Socialists of the world were represented there. It was, in point of numbers represented as well as of business done, infinitely the greatest meeting of international revolutionists ever held. And the manifesto that this meeting issued contains, as might have been expected, a very powerful and complete application of the principles of Socialism to the world today. It is difficult to understand how anyone who calls himself a Socialist, or ever did call himself a Socialist with any understanding, can withhold his allegiance from this international and from the earnest, courageous, undissembling and true words of its Manifesto.

After Seventy-two Years

If the events of the last four years had in some way remarkably contradicted the theory of the class-struggle, or made the economic interpretation of social and political events and ideas seem abstruse or irrelevant, we could understand a great division and confusion among Socialists at this time. But every event that has happened in this crisis of the world's

history has seemed almost miraculously designed to corroborate the principles and fulfill the prophecies of the Communist Manifesto. Darwin published his theory of evolution sixty years ago, and it has been so far broken to pieces and invalidated by further observation and experimental testing that it consists of little more now than the wise designation of a field of research. Seventy-two years ago Marx and Engels published their theory of the evolution of capitalism and the proletarian revolution, and it has survived every test and observation, and has held true in very minute detail even throughout this great bewildering spasm of history—the only thread and the only explanation upon which any serious mind can rest. It is the one thing that has ever happened in the political sciences comparable to the confirmations of the hypotheses of Copernicus and Kepler and Newton in the physical sciences. It is a great moment in the history of human knowledge as well as of human happiness. And so it is no wonder the first word of the Communist Manifesto of 1919 is a declaration of identity with the Communist Manifesto of 1848.

"To the proletariat of all countries!"

"Seventy-two years have gone by since the Communist Party of the World proclaimed its program in the form of the Manifesto written by the great teachers of the proletarian revolution, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Even at that early time, when Communism had scarcely come into the arena of conflict, it was hounded by the lies, hatred and calumny of the possessing classes, who rightly suspected in it their mortal enemy. During these seven decades Communism has travelled a hard road of ascent followed by periods of sharp decline; successes, but also severe defeats. In spite of all, the development at bottom went the way forecast by the Manifesto of the Communist Party. The epoch of the last decisive battle came later than the apostles of the social revolution expected and wished. But it has come.

"We Communists, representatives of the revolutionary proletariat of the different countries of Europe, America and Asia, assembled in Soviet Moscow, feel and consider ourselves followers and fulfillers of the program proclaimed seventy-two years ago. It is our task now to sum up the practical revolutionary experience of the working class, to cleanse the movement of its admixtures of opportunism and social patriotism, and to gather together the forces of all the true revolutionary proletarian parties in order to further and hasten the complete victory of the communist revolution."

There follows a description of the condition to which capitalism has brought the world, the "increasing misery" of the working classes in war-ridden countries, the deterioration of paper money, the mili-

tarization of economic life, the development of state capitalism, the complete dependence of the small nations, the hypocrisy of talking about self-determination for them, and the plight of the colonial populations who "battled on the European continent—what for?—for the right to remain slaves of England and France." In this section there is little which is new to the minds of Socialists, except a clear statement of the degree to which capitalism, in the war-ridden countries at least, has passed into that purely military stage, anticipated by Jack London in his so long incredible book, "The Iron Heel."

This state of affairs, terrible as it is, has clarified the issue between the classes, and made both liberalism and compromise-socialism impossible. In the countries surrounding Russia at least, the issue is now openly drawn between a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie resting upon blood and iron forever, and the dictatorship of the proletariat which with the final suppression of the bourgeoisie will evolve into a communist civilization. Says the Manifesto:

"The opportunists who before the war exhorted the workers, in the name of the gradual transition into Socialism, to be temperate; who, during the war, asked for submission in the name of 'civil peace' and defense of the Fatherland, now again demand of the workers self-abnegation to overcome the terrible consequences of the war. If this preaching were listened to by the workers Capitalism would build out of the bones of several generations a new and still more formidable structure, leading to a new and inevitable world war. Fortunately for humanity, this is no longer possible.

"The absorption by the State of the economic life, so vigorously opposed by capitalist Liberalism, has now become a fact. There can be no return either to free competition or to the rule of the trusts, syndicates, and other economic monsters. The only question is, what shall be the future mainstay of state production, the Imperialistic State or the State of the victorious proletariat? In other words, shall the whole of working humanity become the feudal bond-servants of the victorious Entente bourgeoisie, which under the name of a League of Nations aided by an 'international' army and an 'international' navy, here plunders and murders, there throws a crumb, but everywhere enchains the proletariat, with the single aim of maintaining its own rule? Or shall the working class take into its own hands the disorganized and shattered economic life and make certain its reconstruction on a Socialist basis?

"Only the Proletarian Dictatorship, which recognizes neither inherited privileges nor rights of property but which arises from the needs of the hungering masses, can shorten the period of the present crisis; and for this purpose it mobilizes all materials and forces, introduces the universal duty to labor, establish the regime of industrial discipline, thus to heal in the course of a few years the open wounds caused by the war and also to raise humanity to new undreamed-of heights."

Compare this vigorous and compelling statement of economic fact and of economic purpose, with the

resolution passed at an annual conference by the Socialists of Great Britain, the Independent Labour Party, declaring its adherence to the second International:

"This Conference, in full agreement with the declarations of the International Socialist Congress, firmly adheres to the principles of democracy and firmly declares that a reorganized society, more and more permeated with Socialism, cannot be permanently established unless it rests upon the triumph of democracy, and is rooted in the principles of liberty. It is of opinion that true socialization implies methodical development in the different branches of economic activity under the control of democracy, and declares that those institutions which constitute democracy, including freedom of speech and the press, the right of association and assembly, universal suffrage, a government responsible to, and co-operating with, the people, also should be used to their fullest extent for the establishment of the Socialist commonwealth."

"Democracy," "liberty," "suffrage," "responsible government," "free speech," "the right of assembly," "the people"—in other words, let us cling firmly to all those plausible ideologies and moralistic disguises of the rule of capital which brought us into this universal ruin and bloody death and savage degeneration of mankind, and by that means we will get out of it again—methodically!

That resolution was passed by a close vote, 251 to 245. It is a disgrace to the Independent Labour Party that it was ever written and introduced—that a body of men and women supposedly trained to understand the economic forces that lie beneath these impotent forms and formulas, controlling our destinies, should listen to such bland irrelevant chatter after all these years of enforced hatred and compulsory imperialistic murder and crime.

Let us read the clear-voiced answer of the Communists to this pitiful crying of the empty names of liberty and democracy.

"The whole bourgeois world," says the second section of the Manifesto, "accuses the Communists of destroying liberties and political democracy. That is not true. Having come into power the proletariat only asserts the absolute impossibility of applying the methods of bourgeois democracy, and it creates the conditions and forms of a higher *working-class democracy*. The whole course of capitalistic development undermined political democracy, not only by dividing the nation into two irreconcilable classes, but also by condemning the numerous petty bourgeois and semi-proletarian elements, as well as the slum proletariat, to permanent economic stagnation and political impotence.

"In those countries in which the historical development has furnished the opportunity, the working class has utilized the regime of political democracy for its organization against Capitalism. In all countries where the conditions for a worker's revolution are not yet ripe, the same process will go on. But the great middle layers on the farms, as well as in the cities, are hindered by Capitalism in their historic development and remain stagnant for whole epochs. The peasant of Bavaria and Baden who does not look beyond his

church spire, the small French wine-grower who has been ruined by the adulterations practiced by the big capitalists, the small farmer of America plundered and betrayed by bankers and legislators,—all these social ranks which have been shoved aside from the main road of development by Capitalism, are called on paper by the regime of political democracy to the administration of the State. In reality, however, the finance-oligarchy decides all important questions which determine the destinies of nations behind the back of parliamentary democracy. Particularly was this true of the war question. The same applies to the question of peace.

"When the finance-oligarchy considers it advantageous to veil its deeds of violence behind parliamentary votes, then the bourgeois State has at its command in order to gain its ends all the traditions and attainments of former centuries of upper-class rule multiplied by the wonders of capitalistic technique; lies, demagogism, persecution, slander, bribery, calumny and terror. To demand of the proletariat in the final life and death struggle with Capitalism that it should follow lamblike the precepts of bourgeois democracy, would be the same as to ask a man who is defending his life against robbers to follow the artificial rules of a French duel that have been set but not followed by his enemy. . . .

"The proletarian State, like every State, is an organ of suppression, but it arrays itself against the enemies of the working class. It aims to break the opposition of the despoilers of labor, who are using every means in a desperate effort to stifle the revolution in blood, and to make impossible further opposition. The dictatorship of the proletariat, which gives it the favored position in the community, is only a provisional institution. As the opposition of the bourgeoisie is broken, as it is expropriated and gradually absorbed into the working groups, the proletarian dictatorship disappears, until finally the State dies and there are no more class distinctions.

"Democracy, so-called, that is, bourgeois democracy, is nothing more nor less than veiled dictatorship by the bourgeoisie. The much vaunted 'popular will' exists as little as a unified people. In reality, there are the classes, with antagonistic, irreconcilable purposes. However, since the bourgeoisie is only a small minority, it needs this fiction of the 'popular will' as a flourish of fine-sounding words to reinforce its rule over the working classes and to impose its own class will upon the people. The proletariat, as the overwhelming majority of the people, openly exercises its class power by means of its mass organization and through its Soviets, in order to wipe out the privileges of the bourgeoisie and to secure the transition, rather the transformation, into a classless Communistic Commonwealth."

That is Socialism. That is "methodical" to the man who desires a development of the realities and not the mere forms of liberty and equality. Where the economic conditions for a workers' revolution are not yet ripe, says the Manifesto, the regime of political democracy will be *utilized* by the working class for its organization against capitalism. That is the attitude of the purposeful revolutionist toward the "advantages" of bourgeois democracy.

And that is an abundant recognition of the different

kind of problem which faces us here in America from what faces them in Eastern Europe. We do not, in order to adhere to the Communist International, have to deceive ourselves as to the degree of revolutionary spirit or understanding in the workers and soldiers of the United States. We have only to be sure that we possess a little revolutionary spirit and understanding ourselves, and that we intend to propagate it.

Methods of Propaganda.

We will not propagate it by asserting every day or two in our Socialist papers that "there are just about as many symptoms of a working class revolution in this country as there are symptoms of the well-known resurrection of the dead. In many large tracts of country there are more elephants than there are socialists." (The New York Call.)

We will not propagate it by publishing great featured editorials attempting to prove that "It will probably be fifty years before we have reached the advanced position which Russia occupied before the revolution." In the same issue of The Call in which that editorial appeared, a headline described some labor unions as "seething with revolt."

We will not propagate the spirit and understanding that lead ultimately, through no matter how many years of struggle, to the dictatorship of the proletariat, by publishing editorials asserting that Marx was in a state of inattention verging on coma when he pointed out the necessity of such a dictatorship. I quote these sentences from Victor Berger's paper, the Milwaukee Leader, of the date of the birthday of Karl Marx.

"The economic principles elaborated by Marx have stood the test of time and the assaults of the keenest wits that the powers of privilege could buy. The acceptance of the theory of surplus value becomes general year by year—and the determination to wipe out the system that extracts surplus value from the working class grows apace.

"We sometimes wonder, however, if Marx does not turn over in his grave when his more idolatrous followers place undue emphasis upon minor expressions of his, to which he had not given the careful thought with which he worked out his economic theories.

"For instance, 'the dictatorship of the proletariat.'

"And, 'the proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains.'

"Every writer knows that when he wants to write accurately, and turns his writings over to critics to be censored, it is usually his pet phrases and fine writings that they cut out. When he loses himself in enthusiasm and his pen becomes eloquent, then is the time to look out for inaccurate expressions.

"We cannot help thinking that the two expressions above quoted were of that variety, and that, if Marx had given them careful thought, he would not have used them."

How pitiful it is when a man who has suffered some real buffets for socialism, and even been decorated with that *croix de guerre sociale*, a prison sentence,

turns his back upon the revolution when it has become real! The proletarian dictatorship which Marx prophesied has been established in two countries, and established but temporarily overthrown in a third. It is the objective point upon which the efforts of the revolutionary workers of more than a dozen European countries converge. It has been adopted as a principle even by the Independent Socialist Party of Germany. I quote here from the *Worker's Dreadnought*:

"The programme adopted by the Conference declared that the Independents stand for the Council (or Soviet) System, supporting the Councils in their struggle for economic and political power, and aiming at the dictatorship of the proletariat as a necessary preliminary to the establishment of Socialism. To attain this end the Party will employ all political and economic means, including Parliament, but repudiates purposeless acts of violence. (A concession this to the anti-Spartacists.)"

This from the Independents—the Socialists of Germany who have stayed out of the revolutionary struggle—and yet Victor Berger in the name of Socialism tells us that Marx was manufacturing literary embellishments when he spoke of the dictatorship of the proletariat!

Shallow Talk?

In another issue of the *Milwaukee Leader* the following statements are made:

"This shallow talk about the dictatorship of the proletariat and councils of workingmen, soldiers and peasants in the United States, the paradise of hoary conservatism, will scare nobody, least of all our plutocrats. But it will give them a golden opportunity to rob the American masses of whatever political rights they may still possess.

"If we had a Socialist movement in every large city of this country, such as we have in Milwaukee, where nearly half of the people and at least four-fifths of the workers vote the Socialist ticket and read the Socialist press, then, indeed, we could talk differently."

But if the Socialist press which they read is concerned with proving to them that Marx was asleep when he spoke of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and reminding them that they have many things to lose besides their chains, and must be very careful about losing those, what difference does it make what press they read? What difference does it make whether they vote the Socialist ticket, if they vote for a man who attacks the intellectual and emotional principles of Socialism at the moment when hundreds of thousands of his former comrades are pouring out their blood on the battlefield and sacrificing their loved ones to starvation in defense of those principles?

We of the Communist International are not deceived about the stage of development which the movement has reached in America. We understand quite well that its velocity will depend upon the de-

velopment of the economic situation and not upon the degree of anybody's conviction or state of excitement. We understand this a good deal better than that featured editorial writer in the *New York Call*, who postpones the hope of Socialism beyond the term of his own life upon the ground that it will take that long to elevate the masses to the necessary height of moral and intellectual enfranchisement.

It is the desires, not the convictions, the will, not the intelligence, of the masses that will precipitate the social revolution when the system of capitalistic production breaks down. There are more people in the United States at this moment who have Socialist education than there were in Russia and Hungary at the time of the successful revolutions. The question is whether these people have the resoluteness, and clarity of mind, and solidarity of organization, to seize the helm and guide the masses in such a crisis toward the nation-wide accomplishment of the thing that they desire. They certainly will not have, if they are filled up with the intellectual milk-water and wet wool which went into the composition of those editorials.

The Formation of Soviets.

Let us return now to the delineation of the character of the struggle as it appeared to those looking



A WOODCUT

By J. J. Lankes

from Moscow on March 2. It was the opinion of the delegates that in every country, when the time is ripe for social revolution, soviets or workmen's and soldiers' and farmers' councils will be formed, and through this most spontaneous and elastic form of organization the change will be accomplished.

"In an empire of destruction, where not only the means of production and transportation, but also the institutions of political democracy have become bloody ruins, the proletariat must create its own forms, to serve above all as a bond of unity for the working class and to enable it to accomplish a revolutionary intervention in the further development of mankind. Such apparatus is represented in the Workmen's Councils. The old parties, the old unions, have proved incapable, in person of their leaders, to understand, much less to carry out, the task which the new epoch presents to them. The proletariat has created a new institution which embraces the entire working class, without distinction of vocation or political maturity, an elastic form of organization capable of continually renewing itself, expanding, and of drawing into itself ever new elements, ready to open its doors to the working groups of city and village which are near to the proletariat. This indispensable autonomous organization of the working class in the present struggle and in the future conquests of different lands, tests the proletariat and constitutes the greatest inspiration and the mightiest weapon of the proletariat of our time.

"Wherever the masses are awakened to consciousness, Workers', Soldiers' and Peasants' Councils will be formed. . . ."

The American Situation.

It is important for us in subscribing to this manifesto to realize that it was composed in Eastern Europe, which is indeed an "empire of destruction," and that it was composed in the absence of elected and fully empowered delegates from western countries in which that condition does not obtain, and in some of which the masses are only beginning to be "awakened to consciousness." In most of the cities in the United States the task is still mainly agitation and organization of the industrial unions which will constitute the bony structure of the revolutionary society, even though the soviets move it and bring it into life. The Soviet in Butte, Montana, was a vital factor in the general strike there; it relapsed when the strike was lost, but will no doubt revive again at the next crisis. In Seattle the Soviet was not a factor in the strike; its formation was a timely, although not wholly successful experiment. These are but examples of the fact that no general program can absolve us from the continual necessity of using our judgment about particular situations. It is true, as Morris Hillquitt says in his manifesto, "The Socialist Task and Outlook," that "Each revolution develops its own methods, fashioning them from the elements of the inexorable necessities of the case." But certainly this does not make it impossible for us to

endorse *the general programme of soviet formation*, when it is already so completely spread over the world in concrete reality, wherever a great strike occurs, from Vladivostock to Winnipeg, from Norway to Buenos Ayres. As a mere record of fact, the statement is almost established so far as this revolution is concerned, that "wherever the masses are awakened to consciousness Workers', Soldiers' and Peasants' councils will be formed."

Comrade Hillquitt says that "to prate about the dictatorship of the proletariat and of workers' soviets in the United States at this time is to deflect the Socialist propaganda from its realistic basis." It is, of course a sound maxim that agitators should relate their arguments to the actual interests and prepossessions of the masses they address, and the manifesto of the new International gives recognition in several places to this necessity, alluding to the different stages of development in different countries. Nobody knows better than Lenin that revolutions cannot be made to order. But I think Comrade Hillquitt fails to realize that in the United States not only the "praters," but the rank and file of the working people too, are interested in soviet Russia and soviet Hungary, watching them, inquiring about them, and far more ready to receive light and guidance from *their concrete examples* than from the musty piles of abstract pamphlets in the archives of the "Socialist propaganda." He fails also to realize that the idea of "Workers' Councils" is far more closely and directly related to the immediate lives and interests of the working class than an economic philosophy can ever be, and that even the idea of a "dictatorship of the proletariat"—alien as it is from the national ideology of "democracy"—appeals to an instinct that is much stronger and more normal in a workman striking for his rights, than the idea of the "co-operative commonwealth." If a class struggle is what he is fighting in, dictatorship of the proletariat is a good name for his victory.

Morris Hillquitt is very amiable and good-natured in his manifesto, and he is pretty radical too. He acknowledges the "sound revolutionary impulse which animates the rank and file" of the left wing movement in America, he believes that the new Socialist international should "support" the proletarian governments of Russia and Hungary, and the "class-conscious" and "radical" "division of the Socialist movement" in Germany as against the "opportunist" and "temporizing" one. But he does not at any point strike the note of international solidarity with anybody. He repudiates both the International of the Berne Conference and the International of the Moscow Congress. Right and left, they are neither of them satisfactory to him. Somewhere in his article Comrade Hillquitt has an ironical smile at the ardent spirits of the "left" for having imported not only a

"right wing" but also a "center" from Europe. They may have imported it, but he has succeeded in sitting down on it with a preciseness that shows he was at least aware of its having arrived here.

The best thing, because the most definite, in his article is the assertion that "the Berne conference proved hopelessly backward and totally sterile." That is a whole-hearted turning from the dead, and we should expect after that a rather imposing array of reasons for not joining hands with the living, the Communist International. We find one reason, and just one:

"The Communist Congress at Moscow made the mistake of attempting a sort of dictatorship of the Russian proletariat in the Socialist International and was conspicuously inept and unhappy in the choice of certain allies and in the exclusion of others."

It is impossible to believe that the American party will take its stand upon such ground as that. Surely we are able to realize that the Communists in Russia have been defending themselves in civil war against the attacks of their former "comrades," the moderates, that in Germany bloody combat is still in progress between these two "divisions," as Comrade Hillquit calls them, of the "Socialist movement," that all over the world distinguished individuals and great groups of moderates have failed utterly even to "support," as he says they should, the Communists of Russia. How can he expect them, in the midst of such warfare and open betrayal, to send out an indiscriminate invitation to those that have called themselves "Socialist" to attend the congress? And how can he expect them to be any more indefinite and generous in their invitation than they were? In every country where there was a doubt as to what groups had stood true to the revolutionary principle and the principle of internationalism, they so indicated the alignment as to leave every Socialist free to consider himself their ally who seriously and courageously desired to. That was what they did in America. The S. L. P., the Socialist Propaganda League, the I. W. W., and in the Socialist Party "the followers of Debs!" Could they in a brief word open the door wider to American Socialists, unless they wished to admit prominent members of the Socialist Party who were known to have repudiated them, as Berger did, declaring his solidarity with the Mensheviks who were waging war on them? And even if they had not extended their invitation so generously—the fact that they named the Socialist Propaganda League which no longer exists, and the S. L. P. which has repudiated them, shows that in their isolation they were merely estimating the situation as best they could, and trusting the problem itself to divide us if a division was inevitable. **There is no evidence of a "dictatorship" of the Russians in this international;**

there is evidence in their manifesto to the contrary. Any Socialist and any group of Socialists who will subscribe to the principles of revolutionary Socialism in action will be welcomed in the new international. Action is the dictator. Action and experimental evidence have drawn the new line between those who are Socialists and those who are not. It has drawn the line in Europe, and we cannot ignore that line merely because we are far away, *unless we renounce our internationalism*. It is not our "support" but our *solidarity* with them that the Communist republics have a right to demand. And that world-wide solidarity, which may save their lives and the life of Socialism in this hour, is what the Left Wing movements are determined, at all cost to the prestige and feelings of any individuals, to create.

The "Red Terror."

It would have seemed almost incredible five years ago that when the social revolution actually arrived, and a triumphant proletariat was proceeding with the socialization of capital, a little special rebellion should be necessary within the Socialist parties of the world in order to make them accept it. But so it is that age and habit and innumerable emotional accidents obscure the clear working of the mind. And so it is that, try as we will, we *cannot* entirely throw off the influence of lies and distortions and misinterpretations in the capitalist press. The one thing that has made it most difficult for Socialists in other countries to accept the Bolsheviks as the vanguard of true Socialism has been the story of the "Red Terror" as re-tailed over the world in the capitalist papers. Had they been able to read the true story of the origin of this event, how it was forced upon the Russian masses by the murderous attacks and conspiracies in which agents of their own governments participated, and how the Bolshevik government always sought to discipline and restrain this instinctive retaliation rather than to promote it—had they known that it was but an inevitable mass-act of defense against plots for the wholesale murder of their comrades, they would have rallied the more strongly to the side of their comrades, instead of being driven into the weak and dubious position so many of them now occupy. Let us read what the manifesto of the Communist-International has to say about this:

"The outcry of the bourgeois world against the civil war and the red terror is the most colossal hypocrisy of which the history of political struggles can boast. There would be no civil war if the exploiters who have carried mankind to the very brink of ruin had not prevented every forward step of the laboring masses, if they had not instigated plots and murders and called to their aid armed help from outside to maintain or restore their predatory privileges. Civil war is *forced upon* the laboring classes by their arch-enemies. The working class must answer blow for blow, if it will not

renounce its own object and its own future which is at the same time the future of all humanity.

"The Communist parties, far from conjuring up civil war artificially, rather strive to shorten its duration as much as possible—in case it has become an iron necessity—to minimize the number of its victims, and above all to secure victory for the proletariat. This makes necessary the disarming of the bourgeoisie at the proper time, the arming of the laborer, and the formation of a communist army as the protector of the rule of the proletariat and the inviolability of the social structure. Such is the Red Army of Soviet Russia which arose to protect the achievements of the working class against every assault from within or without. The Soviet Army is inseparable from the Soviet State."

That this is a moderate statement of the events which the soviet government was compelled to meet, and which drove it to the organization of a vast disciplined army and the re-establishment of the death penalty, is now known to all those who wish to know. They are fighting and starving and pouring out the blood of their lives for Socialism, calling to us, their comrades, for world-wide solidarity in the cause, and what are we doing—we who so far as any official action goes still affiliate with the Berne Conference? We are sending a commission to investigate them! Here are the words of Ramsay MacDonald, the leading delegate from Great Britain:

"The duty of Socialists in our country, and in all countries which are not in the conflagration of revolutions, is to stick to Socialism as a guide, and, whilst defending the revolutions as revolutions and not allowing ignorance to swamp them in slander or foolish criticism, to enunciate the principles in the frame of mind which, if Socialism is to triumph, must hold sway after the revolution.

"That is what Berne did. It declined to condemn the Bolsheviks and it declined to say that their revolution was Socialism. It appointed a Commission of Inquiry (and how terribly disappointing it was that in the labor reply to Mr. Lloyd George's speech not a word was said about all this; how deplorable was the lack of the vision which did not see this), but four gentlemen sitting in Paris, pretending to make the world safe for democracy, prevented the commission from going."

They appointed a commission of inquiry—that is what Berne did. And if there was ever a time when the groaning masses of humanity were suffering and crying out, in their poverty of such blessings, for another "commission of inquiry" it is to-day. By the memory of Marx, it is a proud thing to be a Socialist in these revolutionary times, and to feel that because of your profound understanding of economic forces you have been able, even indirectly and through an ineffectual kind of representation, to participate in a magnificent historic act—the appointment of a commission of inquiry, a commission that wasn't even allowed to inquire!

We turn with relief from this puny and corpse-like whisper of a dying committee, to the bold strokes with which the Moscow Manifesto sets forth the nature of the proletarian victory, and the process of socialization in those countries where it is already being accomplished. This portion of the manifesto is of great value because it is authentic, and because it is the first fruit of experiment in a field heretofore occupied by speculation.

"Seizure of political power by the proletariat means destruction of the political power of the bourgeoisie. The organized power of the bourgeoisie is in the civil State, with its capitalistic army under control of bourgeoisie-junker officers, its police and gendarmes, jailers and judges, its priests, government officials, etc. Conquest of the political power means not merely a change in the personnel of ministries but annihilation of the enemy's apparatus of government; disarmament of the bourgeoisie, of the counter-revolutionary officers, of the White Guard; arming of the proletariat, the revolutionary soldiers, the Red Guard of workingmen; displacement of all bourgeois judges and organization of proletarian courts; elimination of control by reactionary government officials and substitution of new organs of management of the proletariat. Victory of the proletariat consists in shattering the enemy's organization and organizing the proletarian power; in the destruction of the bourgeois and upbuilding of the proletarian State apparatus. Not until the proletariat has achieved this victory and broken the resistance of the bourgeoisie can the former enemies of the new order be made useful, by bringing them under control of the communist system and gradually bringing them into accord with its work. . . .

"The Dictatorship of the Proletariat does not in any way call for partition of the means of production and exchange; rather, on the contrary, its aim is further to centralize the forces of production and to subject all of production to a systematic plan. As the first steps—socialization of the great banks which now control production; the taking over by the power of the proletariat of all government-controlled economic utilities; the transferring of all communal enterprises; the socializing of the syndicated and trustified units of production, as well as all other branches of production in which the degree of concentration and centralization of capital makes this technically practicable; the socializing of agricultural estates and their conversion into co-operative establishments.

"As far as the smaller enterprises are concerned, the proletariat must gradually unite them, according to the degree of their importance. It must be particularly emphasized that small properties will in no way be expropriated and that property owners who are not exploiters of labor will not be forcibly dispossessed. This element will gradually be drawn into socialistic organization through the force of example, through practical demonstration of the superiority of the new order of things, and the regulation by which the small farmers and the petty bourgeoisie of the cities will be freed from economic bondage to usurious capital and landlordism, and from tax burdens (especially by annulment of the national debts), etc.

"The task of the Proletarian Dictatorship in the economic

field can only be fulfilled to the extent that the proletariat is enabled to create centralized organs of management and to institute workers' control. To this end it must make use of its mass organizations which are in closest relation to the process of production. In the field of distribution the Proletarian Dictatorship must re-establish commerce by an accurate distribution of products; to which end the following methods are to be considered: The socialization of wholesale establishments, the taking over of all bourgeois-state and municipal apparatus of distribution; control of the great co-operative societies, which organizations will still have an important role in the production-epoch; the gradual centralization of all these organs and their conversion into a systematic unity for the rational distribution of products.

"As in the field of production so also in the field of distribution all qualified technicians and specialists are to be made use of, provided their political resistance is broken and they are still capable of adapting themselves, not to the service of capital, but to the new system of production. Far from oppressing them the proletariat will make it possible for the first time for them to develop intensive creative work. The Proletarian Dictatorship, with their co-operation, will retrieve the separation of physical and mental work which Capitalism has developed, and thus will Science and Labor be unified. Besides expropriating the factories, mines, estates, etc., the proletariat must also abolish the exploitation of the people by capitalistic landlords, transfer the large mansions to the local workers' councils, and move the working people into the bourgeois dwellings."

We have now quoted, I believe, the heart of this manifesto. A suitable conclusion is the portion which after a brief resume of the history of the Socialist Internationals, presents a clear statement of the position taken by the communists in relation to those so-called Socialists of the Berne conference, who will not stand by them in their struggle nor subscribe to the underlying principles of economic revolution in which we have so long believed, and whose truth they have proven in action.

"Just as the war of 1870 deals a deathblow to the First International by revealing that there was not in fact behind the social-revolutionary program any compact power of the masses, so the war of 1914 killed the Second International by showing that above the consolidated labor masses there stood labor parties which converted themselves into servile organs of the bourgeois state.

"This includes not only the social patriots who to-day are openly in the camp of the bourgeoisie as preferred confidential advisers and reliable hangmen of the working class, but also the hazy, fickle and irresolute Socialist Centre which is to-day trying to revive the Second International, i. e., the narrowness, opportunism and revolutionary impotence of their predecessors. The Independents of Germany, the present Majority of the Socialist Party in France, the Independent Labor Party in England, and similar groups, are actually trying to re-establish themselves in the position which the old official parties of the Second International held before the war. They appear as before with proposals of compromise and conciliation and thereby paralyze the energy of

the proletariat, lengthening the period of crisis and consequently increasing the misery of Europe. War against the Socialist Centre is a necessary condition of successful war against Imperialism.

"The capitalistic criminals asserted at the beginning of the world war that it was only in defense of the common Fatherland. But soon German Imperialism revealed its real brigand character by its bloody deeds in Russia, in the Ukraine and Finland. Now the Entente states unmask themselves as world despoilers and murderers of the proletariat. Together with the German bourgeoisie and social-patriots, with hypocritical phrases about peace on their lips, they are trying to throttle the revolution of the European proletariat by means of their war machinery and stupid barbaric colonial soldiery. Indescribable is the White Terror of the bourgeois cannibals. Incalculable are the sacrifices of the working class. Their best—Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg—they have lost. Against this the proletariat must defend itself, defend at any price. The Communist International calls the whole world proletariat to this final struggle.

"Down with the imperialistic conspiracy of capital!

"Long live the International Republic of the Proletarian Councils!"

Crystal Eastman in Hungary

IT will be good news to the readers of *The Liberator* that one of its editors was the first American Socialist to carry greetings in person to the new Soviet Republic of Hungary. The following account of Crystal Eastman's address to the Central Council in Budapest, was translated from a Soviet paper by the correspondent of the *New York Globe*.

"Miss Crystal Eastman of New York brought greetings from the American workmen, and said it was the most beautiful moment of her life when she could address the central council of the Hungarian Soviet republic.

"Describing the American labor movement, Miss Eastman said that the capitalists had placed in prison thousands of the workers and their leaders. Thus the old leader, Debs, was given ten years because he talked against war. (Cries of 'That was a shame!') Four very young Russian children, including a young girl, were condemned to twenty-five years in prison because they said in a pamphlet that President Wilson was a hypocrite. They said that he was talking of freedom and at the same time was trying to destroy the new freedom of the Russian proletariat.

"Miss Eastman ended her speech with the statement that the American movement, just as every other movement of the world, can only aid in the world revolution. The victory of the Russian proletariat which has come over to Hungary will spread to all the other countries of the world and likewise will lead to the liberation of the American proletariat. The speech was greeted with great applause. It was translated by one of the people's commissars. President Agostin begged the foreign guests (there were others besides Miss Eastman) in the name of the Soviet, to accept the thanks of the Hungarian Soviet and convey its greetings to the foreign workmen."



Will They Permit Us To Vote? -- By Cornelia Barns

HEPH.

"HELLO there within! Hello!" cried Apollo,
Slowing his chariot,
Coming to a stop;—
"Hephaestos!"

Hephaestos came forth, grimy of face and hand,
Limping a little,
Powerful in all his muscles,
Blinking in the sunshine.
"Gas," Apollo ordered, descending,
"And the right rear wheel needs air;—
'And, dammit all, the axle's flopped, or something,—
"She wobbles."

He gave his hand, the sun god, to a languid nymph,
All eyes and peachy complexion,
Helping her to the blistering roadway,
While Hephaestos, adjusting the gas,
Turned the crank,
Squinting a look out of his smouldering eyes,
Holding his counsel.

"Whew!" Apollo cried. "It's hot!
"How in Hades do you stand it here?
"Why don't you sport a tree or something, Heph?—
"Stir up a breeze, or have cold drinks on tap?—
"There," he cried; "Winnie, run over yonder,
"Wait in the shade while we rattle this hearse,
"Getting some life into her"

Then—the willowy nymph departing—
 “Well, Lame Legs,” he said, the flippant Apollo,
 Standing with feet apart and hands in his pockets,
 While Hephaestus turned on the air,—
 “Still at the same old job, eh?—making a living?—
 “Still laboring for the common good and the profits you make
 out of us?
 “Grimier than ever, I see”

“And grimmer,” said Heph.

Apollo laughed,
 Flashing his exquisite teeth,
 Dimpling his apple-bloom cheeks,—
 “Same old bee in the bonnet, eh?
 “Same old grouch as ever?—
 “Still fuming for the proletariat——”

“Where is she wrong?” growled Heph.

“There,” said Apollo, pointing.
 Hephaestus, gripping his tools,
 Crawled underneath.
 “Gad!” laughed Apollo. “Lame Legs,
 “You’re a fierce one, that’s sure!
 “Hate me—don’t you?—like hemlock;—
 “Oh, I know what you’re thinking,
 “Down on the ground there,
 Hammering out spite;
 “I’m an aristocrat;
 “I live on Olympus;
 “I feed on ambrosia and other good things;
 “I don’t do a thing for my blessed support;
 “And I spend my time
 “Joy riding
 “From end to end of the earth,—
 “Picking up nymphs and dropping them as I please,
 “Having, all told,
 “(Because I’m a wealthy and handsome young god,
 “And not, like yourself, chucked out),
 “Simply a ripping good time;
 “While you,
 “Here in this tin contraption of yours,
 “Hot as Hades,
 “Sweat away;—
 “Oh, I know what you’re grumbling,—
 “I ought to be at work like you,
 “Doing something useful,
 “Banging away to make life happier for fools I’ll never lay
 eyes on.
 “I’m a shirker, a slacker, and all the rest,—
 “A parasite.
 “I ought to be ashamed of myself;
 “And I ought to get busy
 “And mess up my hands;
 “And wear a three days’ stubbly growth of beard, like you.
 “No, sir!”
 “Not while I’m living on the sunny side of Olympus!
 “If you’d open wise yourself——”

“I’m getting wise,” said Hephaestus grimly,
 Hammering away underneath.

“But it’s all pure buncombe,” Apollo went on,
 Lighting a cigarette, flicking the match into space,
 “This talk about my being useless,— —
 “A hanger-on, a sponger.
 “I’m a necessity, my friend;
 “Life couldn’t get on without me.
 “Why I’m the stimulator of more real industry
 “Than all your pesky tin shop turns out in a decade.
 “See that juicy bit over there?
 (Hephaestus spat in disgust)
 “I keep enough dressmakers, milliners, lingerie makers
 going—
 “Hairdressers and confectioners—
 “To fill up a regiment of hoplites.
 “It’s a fact, Lame Legs, my boy.
 “If it weren’t for me——

“But, Lord!
 “Can you imagine peaches growing where there’s no one to
 pluck them?
 “Think of you down there
 (Apollo laughed)
 “Plucking a ripe, red fruit like that!
 “She’d have a fit!—
 “She’d tell you to go and clean up,—
 “Scrub off the grime,
 “And she’d make you stop working
 “And live in a stylish house on Olympus,
 “And shave,
 “And manicure your nails,
 “And take her joy riding;—
 “No, my boy,
 “There’s a need for everything,
 “And there’s a need for me,
 “The Golden One;—
 “I bring Delight;
 “I bring Variety;
 “I bring the Zest of Life;—
 “In fact—
 “When I race by, clipping it at fifty per,
 “Even poor grubbing folk lift up their heads,
 “Staring in wonder while I whizz.
 “I’m the Awakener, Heph,



“You fellers are always knockin’——”

"Light Bringer, Bringer of Ginger and Joy,
"While you, poor fool, down there, drudging away"

"I'm coming up," said Hephaestos; "wait!"

"Well, come along up," laughed Apollo; "I'm waiting.
"I'll pay the bill and be off."

"You'll pay the bill," said Hephaestos darkly,
Gathering his tools, raising himself from the dust;
"You'll pay the bill with a vengeance."

"How much?" asked Apollo.

"In there," said Hephaestos, jerking his thumb,
"They're adding it up.
"It won't be ready to-day, my friend,
"Nor to-morrow,
"Nor day after to-morrow;—
"But sooner or later, my joy-riding god,
"Taster of nymphs,
"Burner of daylight and waster of starlight,
"They'll bring it to you—
"The whole account—
"And you'll pay—
"Don't worry!"

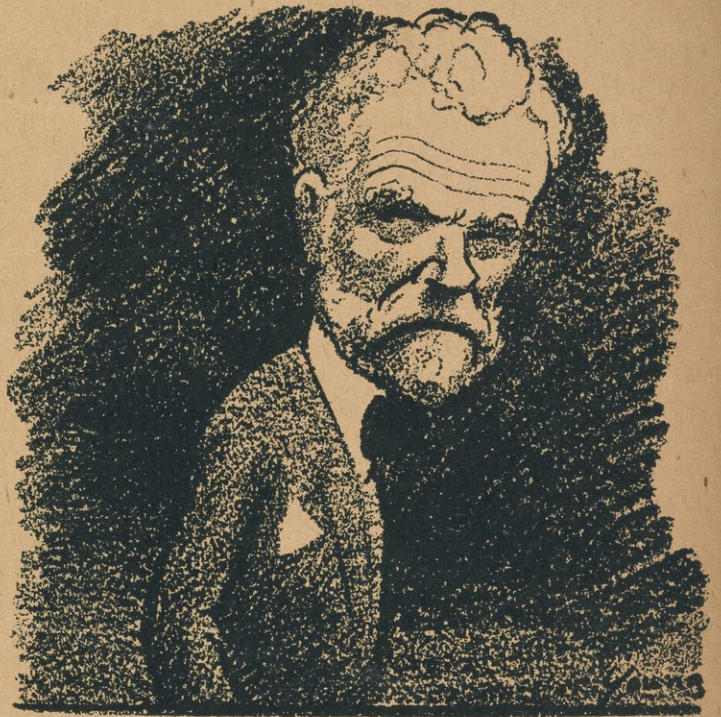
Harry Allen Overstreet.

The Gentleman of the Senate

IN APRIL, 1917, the newspapers printed sensational accounts of "an unprovoked and disgraceful attack" by a pacifist upon Senator Lodge, in the corridor of the national capitol. These accounts were based upon a "formal statement by Senator Lodge." The bravery with which the Senator deefnded himself against this "cowardly attack" was the theme of countless editorials, and telegrams of congratulations from expert "gentlemen" all over the country were showered upon him; these telegrams were given to the press, presumably by the Senator. At the same time, a letter from the pacifist in question, Alexander Bannwart, asking Senator Lodge to "testify to the truth" of the matter, was replied to by the Senator with a curt denial that Mr. Bannwart's version of the facts was true.

In April, 1919, two years later, Mr. Bannwart commenced suit against Senator Lodge for \$20,000—for assault, for false arrest and for malicious slander. Under pressure of this suit Senator Lodge issued another "formal statement" (printed obscurely in a single newspaper), in which he denied the former "statement," and admitted that it was he who had assaulted Mr. Bannwart. No telegrams of congratulations were given out by the Senator this time, but the suit was dropped.

The one mitigating feature of aristocracies in the



—Art Young

Senator Lodge

(As he looks when someone introduces a bill to improve the conditions of Labor.)

past has been an extremely delicate sense of honor, or *noblesse oblige*. The American "gentleman" is probably the only aristocrat in history that ever totally lacked that mitigating feature. Senator Lodge is entirely representative—"the finest gentleman from the grand old State of Massachusetts," as one of the congratulatory telegrams which he gave to the press expressed it—or in the words which Art Young had placed under the above portrait before this news came out, "The prize snob of the United States Senate"

AWAKENING

MY heart awakes again to sing
As once it sang so long ago—
Free as the salty winds that blow
In from the sea. Not anything

Can hold my heart silent again;
Not love's delight, to still my song
Nor dreams wherein to drift along;
Nor kisses deadening my pain;

Nor eyes that weep, nor hands that cling;
Nor memories, terrible and dear;
Nor loneliness, nor face of fear—
My heart awakes again to sing.

Lydia Gibson.

The Winnipeg Strike

By Frances Fenwick Williams

THE strike at Winnipeg is a critical and significant event in the labor and political history of America, as a test of the attitude of the returned soldiers. Can they be used to break the strike, or can they be counted on to carry it to victory? Upon the answer to this question depends the immediate future of Canada.

I went to Winnipeg to find out. On my way I read in the newspapers the familiar comfortable assurances of the editorial column that the Canadian soldier was immune to "Bolshevik propaganda," and that he was proving himself in Winnipeg, as everywhere and always, loyal first of all to the sacred cause of law and order.

There was nothing to be seen in the quiet and orderly streets of the strike-bound town, when I arrived, to show the contrary. But in the eminently respectable pages of the Winnipeg Citizen I found a piece of news which showed that the Canadian soldier in Winnipeg did not precisely conform to the editorial ideal. It was a description by Premier Norris of Manitoba, of his meeting with a delegation of returned soldiers at the Winnipeg City Hall:

"The soldiers had presented a resolution to him in which they had expressed the desire that the government should try to bring about a settlement of the strike, and in which they had asked that "collective bargaining" be made compulsory. They had also complained of the action of the City Council in dealing with the police. They claimed that the ultimatum to the policemen was a serious mistake and that unless the ultimatum were withdrawn serious trouble would ensue.

"They also strongly objected to certain statements in the local press where it was said that trouble was caused, 'not only by foreigners but also by a number of Scotch and English renegades.' The premier had promised that he would see that no similar statements would again appear. 'I had to do this,' he said, 'as the soldiers were very angry and were in a very bad temper.'

It seemed sufficiently clear that when the Premier of Manitoba "had to" do something because the soldiers were "very angry," and confessed the fact very simply in the City Hall of Manitoba's capital, something new was happening.

And on the day following the visit of the delegation, as I learned, the Great War Veterans returned, five or six thousand strong—and, it appeared, more "angry" than before. Outside the City Hall they found various citizens who in order to show their loyalty to the established order and their contempt for the so-called "Reds," were sporting tiny British

flags in their buttonholes. The soldiers tore these flags away.

"We fought for that flag!" they yelled, or so I was told. "We won't see it used that way!"

The city fathers came out and tried to quiet them. The veterans howled them down.

"We want what we fought for!" they shouted. "Democracy!"

Their immediate demand was the withdrawal of the "ultimatum to the police." When the strike first began, the police voted to join. *The strikers asked them to remain on duty.* They did so. Then the city government attempted to make them sign an agreement never to take part in sympathetic strikes, on pain of instant dismissal. They refused to sign it. This was the ultimatum to the police of which the soldiers were demanding the withdrawal.

"Do you think the ultimatum will be withdrawn?" I asked a husky young policeman at a street corner that night.

"Do I!" he responded. "Well, I guess it will! The soldiers will see to that."

And they did. A few days afterward, it was announced in the press that "as the police are taking no part in the sympathetic strike, it has been decided to withdraw the ultimatum." Also, "the soldiers who marched on the City Hall recently have decided to refrain from further demonstrations."

All this, however, does not mean that the Great War Veterans Association has formally lined itself up on the workers' side of the class struggle. As an organization, it has officially disclaimed any responsibility for the delegations to the City Hall. And the employers were not without hopes that as an organization it might be used in some way to hinder the strike. But as an organization, it is still "neutral." Its individual members, however, are not neutral—and they have given the Winnipeg strike its specific color and significance.

I talked to innumerable soldiers in Winnipeg. I did not find one who was not hotly in favor of the strike. And every one of them assured me that all the soldiers held the same views.

Senator Robertson, Canada's Minister of Labor, thought such a statement an exaggeration. "Why, one hundred returned soldiers have taken the place of the strikers in the Post Office," he said. "That speaks for itself."

I had not at that time heard the charge—unfounded, I believe—that the Board of Trade had secretly offered \$25,000 to the first hundred soldiers who would take

the place of the Post Office strikers. When the soldiers heard of it they were so infuriated that some of them, after the demonstration at the City Hall, rushed on the Board of Trade Building, and were only prevented from wrecking it by the persuasions of their leaders.

In any case, a hundred out of ten thousand is not a large proportion. And the other nine thousand and nine hundred or so are enough to give the strike situation a new quality.

I understand that Mayor Ole Hanson of Seattle entertains a great contempt for the authorities at Winnipeg because of their supine attitude toward the strike. It would be interesting to know just how "Ole" would have dealt with these thousands of "angry" young men who know how to shoot and have been public idols ever since their return from the war. If he had tried Seattle tactics in Winnipeg, his career might not be so widely admired.*

Why are these soldiers so heart and soul with the strike? It must be remembered that the strike had its origin in a particular quarrel of "masters" and men over specific grievances in the iron-smelting industry, that it has spread by "sympathetic" strikes to other unions who have an interest, as unions, in the settlement, and that the discussion of immediate issues largely obscures the significance of the strike as an event in the class-war. The soldiers have been for a long time detached from these particular interests. It might, viewed superficially, not seem their cause. Why do they make it theirs?

The answer came from another soldier. He said to me: "The soldier is thinking hard these days. He reads of the large fortunes made during the war, and the honors showered on the profiteer, and compares it with his own hand-to-mouth existence. He is groping toward the light, and when he comes to a full realization of the causes, there will be, in the army vernacular, 'something doing!'"

So far, and in the mass, his interest in the strike is based on his deep resentment of profiteering. He feels himself *against* the men who made fortunes out of the war in which he fought and suffered and in which his comrades died.

He is *for* any effort to take away some of those fortunes. He is for the unions as the immediate means of wreaking retributive justice upon the profiteers. A soldier said to me: "It would have been a revelation to any capitalist to have witnessed the enthusiasm aroused by the President of the Trades and Labor Council in his speech on the strike situation at the general meeting of the Great War Veterans."

And his ire is further aroused by his knowledge

*Mayor Hanson did not, as a matter of fact, use "Seattle tactics" in Seattle. His blustering was confined to public occasions; in private he pleaded with the Strike Committee. He did not break the Seattle strike. The difference between him and the Manitoba officials is that they are candid.—EDITORIAL NOTE.

that the profiteers complacently expect to use him to crush the unions. The soldier whom I just quoted above told me of the "deep and growing resentment at the efforts of the (employers) Committee to use the soldier as the 'goat' in the labor struggle."

The same bitterness at profiteering masquerading as patriotism, which made the soldiers tear the British flag from the lapels of the partisans of the employers at the City Hall, makes them feel that *they* and not the employers, represent—and are—Canada. Conversely, the employers are trying to make the strike appear the work of "aliens." But a soldier said to one:

"We're not going to be drawn into any fuss over aliens, you bet! This isn't an aliens' strike—it's a Canadians'. The alien strikers have been warned to keep out of sight as much as possible. We're picketing the city and watching hard to see that no dirty tricks are started and fastened on aliens so as to get the soldier excited and make him forget the strike. The aliens know which side their bread's buttered on, and they're lying low. Anyhow, this talk about aliens is tommy-rot. The 'Citizens' aren't saying a word about the aliens who're scabbing—not a word! It's only the ones who are loyal to the strike."

How deep this soldier loyalty to the cause of the workers is, may be seen from the fact—too puzzling for the citizens committee to comprehend—that they do not seem to bother about the circumstance that one of the strike leaders is a Pacifist. The prejudice against Pacifists is strong in the army, and this particular Pacifist—the Rev. William Ivens—had openly declared that it was our duty to pray for the Germans! Nevertheless, the soldiers are for him—he is in fact one of the leaders who has most influence with them. I asked some of them about it. They shuffled a little, and grunted—and then one of them spoke.

"Ivens may be a bit of a fool in some ways," he growled. "But he's straight. It's better to pray for Germans than to *steal from Canadians*."

That is the issue as the soldiers feel it—whether the thieves—the profiteers who grew fat on war—shall have their way in Canada.

Technically, the strike situation is not quite so simple. The trouble began last April, when the Metal Trades Council presented certain schedules to the various metal trades employers. One of their demands was for a raise in wages. The cost of living, according to government statistics, has risen over 80 per cent. since 1914; wages in the metal trades have risen 18 per cent. in that period. The men asked for a 32 per cent. increase, making a 50 per cent. increase altogether.

Another demand was for the eight-hour day; and the third was for recognition of the right to organize, which had been denied by the most powerful of the employers.

When this schedule was presented to the employers, they gave an answer to the third of these demands by ignoring the representatives of the Council, and calling into their separate offices committees of their own employees. To these committees the employers stated that they were willing to consider the question of a nine-hour day, but that they would not even discuss the eight-hour demand. When this was reported back to the Metal Trades Council, the men decided to strike May 1.

At the same time, the men in the Building Trades, who had gained recognition for their union the year before, were negotiating an increase in wages with the organization of their employers, the Building Exchange. The employers offered half of the increase asked, and the negotiations were prolonged through April, but a strike was finally called for May 2.

But this was only the top layer of the situation. Many of the employers told the men that their demands were fair, but that the banks refused to lend them money "if prices of business increase." And this refusal was part of a campaign which was started throughout Canada as soon as the war ended *to lower wages in order that Canadian manufacturers might be in a position to enter the commercial world-war with the manufacturers of other nations.* In order to do this, it was necessary to break the power of the unions.

The Building Trades unions were in a particularly helpless case, for the reason that no building is imperative this year. So it was planned to beat their unions, one by one, and commence the grand smashing of all labor organizations in Winnipeg. Such is the situation as it was described to me by one of the strike leaders.

And it was to meet this situation that the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council responded to the appeal of the metal trades and building trades workers, and passed on May 6, unanimously, a resolution pledging its support by "at once taking a vote to call a general strike." The ballots went out the following day. Every organization was included—none was exempt. The voting ended on May 13, and on May 15, by the overwhelming mandate of the workers of Winnipeg, a general strike had begun.

It was, of course, the most tremendous event in the labor history of the commonwealth. I attended a meeting at which the leaders of the Citizens Committee were endeavoring to dissuade certain delegates from the Trades and Labor Council of Moose Jaw from striking in sympathy with their Winnipeg comrades. Much was made by these speakers of the "tyranny" with which the strikers had held the city in its iron grip. Men had not been able to procure food without showing a card reading "By order of the Strike Committee." This was not told to the Moose Jaw delegation to impress them with the power of

labor, but as an argument to show what an unnecessary "punishment" had been inflicted upon an entire city "because three employers had a disagreement with their employees." And on that terrible first day of the strike, they did not fail to recite pitifully, "babies had cried for milk."

I talked afterward with the Rev. Mr. Ivens on this subject. "Never," he said "was a strike so carefully planned to eliminate unnecessary suffering or violence. We asked the police to stay in—we could not make them, but we asked them to. We asked enough electrical workers to stay at the plants to keep the light going. We asked volunteers to run street-cars to take invalided soldiers to and from hospitals. We asked water works employees to keep water at 30 pounds pressure—enough to supply homes of workers, but not enough for business.

"After the second day of the strike we felt that we had shown our strength. We wished first to prove what we could do, then to show how pure our intentions were, and how little we wanted to cause unnecessary suffering. We considered bread, milk, restaurants, absolute necessities, so we asked for volunteers to run them. We also let newspapers and theaters and movies re-open so that crowds might be kept off the streets. And in order that our volunteer workers might not be taken for scabs we issued the cards, 'By Order of the Strike Committee.'"

The strike was in charge of a committee popularly called the "Red Five," appointed by the Trades and Labor Council. Three men from each union were afterwards added to this Strike Committee. The Labor News, of which the Rev. Mr. Ivens is editor, is their organ. Behind them stand the entire union membership of the city. And opposed to them are not only all the employers and financial interests directly or remotely concerned, but almost all the citizens of Winnipeg who do not belong to the "wage-paid" class. Thus, willy-nilly, it has become too palpably a class-struggle to suit those, on both sides, who would prefer to ignore or deny its revolutionary implications.

The Citizens Committee of One Thousand represents the organized attempt of the employers to obscure the class issue. Many and perhaps most of them are quite honest in doing so. They sincerely regard themselves as public-spirited men working to maintain law and order. They are, considered as a whole, eminently respectable and well-intentioned men who know nothing whatever of the realities of economics, and who fight for the existing system as loyally as any gentle Southerner for slavery.

They do not defend the Iron Masters; most of them disapprove the action of the Iron Masters in refusing to recognize the unions. Actually, however, they are the tools of the Iron Masters. Without their skilful

and conscientious "scabbing," the strike would be won in a week. The workers realize this, and detest the "C. C." far more intensely than they do the Iron Masters who were the original cause of the trouble.

So far as the workers are concerned, the class struggle defines itself as a fight between Labor and Plutocracy, with Plutocracy faithfully supported by the middle class—professional men, merchants, small manufacturers. Labor lumps them all together as "capitalists, scabs, liars and profiteers." And the C. C., forgetting or not realizing that its function is to keep the class issue out of sight, retaliate with "Reds, Bolsheviks, Socialists, tyrants and traitors."

In fact, it is the Citizens Committee which most loudly advertises the leanings of the strikers toward Revolution. They refer to the cards issued by the Strike Committee to protect the strikers from being thought scabs when released for service on necessary work—the famous cards bearing the simple words, "By order of the Strike Committee"—as proof that "a Soviet government has been established in the Labor Temple. It appears that the Manitoba government thought the same thing; at all events, the Premier offered to help bring about a settlement if the strikers would withdraw the cards!

Upon these representations, and at the urgent request of the troubled Mayor, the strikers did withdraw the cards. But, said one of the "Red Five" to me, "not one move was made by either Premier or Mayor to bring about a settlement. Evidently thinking we were weakening, they announced that before the question of collective bargaining could be discussed, the sympathetic strike must be called off, the policemen's, firemen's, postal workers', telephone workers' and all other civic workers' unions must either leave, or sign agreements never to take part in sympathetic strikes, and to resign from the Trades and Labor Council.

"To this demand organized labor has just one answer—Never! Realizing that neither civic, provincial nor federal governments are doing anything to bring about a settlement we are enlisting the aid of the entire labor movement throughout the country and trying to bring about a settlement through our economic forces. We have been very successful in this and we expect if our demands are not complied with that many more cities will join in the sympathetic strike. At present Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, a large part of Toronto and many smaller cities are calling general strikes to mark their disapproval of the situation."

And I heard from the lips of one of the citizens, at the meeting before referred to, the grave charge that the strikers' paper, the Labor News, had in spite of its disclaimer of revolutionary intentions, printed a chart showing the plan of the Russian Soviet system of government, with the caption: "Study this!" Also

that a pamphlet, "The Bolsheviki, and the Soviets," had been openly sold at an open-air strike meeting!

In short, if the Canadian strikers do not learn that this demonstration of their ability to run things themselves is the beginning of Revolution, it will not be the fault of the citizens!

But the struggle has not as yet been lifted to the level of full intellectual consciousness of its class character as yet. Take, for example, Mr. Thomas Deacon of the Vulcan Iron Works—one of the Three Iron Masters whose stubbornness toward the unions created the strike. There is doubtless no affectation in his inability to understand what is happening.

"I don't understand the men at all," he said to me. "And I don't understand the public who sympathize with them. Why, I've always paid fair wages, the best I could afford, and I've always treated the men well. It seems as if it was only necessary nowadays to buy a bit of land with one's savings, build something on it that's useful to the community and that gives employment to a lot of men, in order to be looked upon as the worst of scoundrels. The men can't even pretend that I underpaid them. They want a 'wage schedule' by which the inefficient man will get as much as the efficient; they want an eight-hour day, although I've told them that I'm willing to give it if the Government makes it compulsory for all, but that if I give it now I'll be ruined.

"What ails these men? Why, when I was a boy I worked hard—harder than any of them. I put myself through college on much less than they're getting. I lived on less than nothing and saved every cent. No matter what position I took, my wages were raised—why? Why because I gave all my thought, all my attention to my work instead of to gadding. Why can't these men do like me?"

Mr. Deacon does not even understand why there should be unions. "I never had to join unions," he said. "I never had to ask anybody's help. I bought a piece of land and started the Vulcan Iron Works with money which I had saved for years and with money which people I had worked for put in because they had faith in me. They say I won't recognize collective bargaining. I say I did. I had committees where representatives of the men met with the heads and talked things over. I've no objection to collective bargaining, but I don't want the kind where a Metal Trades Council or whatever they call it can walk in and run my business.

"Why, if I gave in to these men, I might as well shut up my shop!"

I could not but remember that other cry that rings down through history from another astonished and indignant monarch. "Why," said Charles I., "should I grant these demands, I would be but the shadow of a king!"

But—although Mr. Deacon is supposed to be the chief stumbling-block to a settlement—the men prefer him to their other opponents; they say, “He is honest.”

Mr. Deacon doubtless is not really aware that he is a protagonist of Capital in a class-war. He merely *acts*—habitually and forcibly and unmistakably—in that capacity. And by so doing he serves to clarify the situation in the minds of the workers.

The position of the Manitoba Minister of Labor, Senator Robertson, is more difficult. He is supposed to occupy a neutral position, and as such should be concerned in finding grounds for a “settlement” of the difficulties. But since such a settlement would necessarily include everything that the strikers have very modestly demanded, and thus come into deadly conflict with the plans of the employing class for reducing labor to a state of complete subservience, he is compelled to find reasons for opposing the strikers’ program. Since there is no such reason furnished by their actual program, he is compelled to look beneath this program and find in its spirit and potential results the beginnings of a Proletarian Revolution. Thus he wired to the Mayor of Calgary:

“I have no hesitation in saying that this strike is not for the purposes alleged, but is on the contrary an attempt of certain radical forces in the community to seize control of the Government.”

I asked him just what he meant. His reply was specific. “It is,” he said, “an insidious attempt to force the One Big Union—which is nothing more or less than the Russian Soviet system—on Canada.”

I asked him what—aside from its identity with the Soviet system—was the matter with the idea of One Big Union?

“I will tell you my objection to the O. B. U.,” he said. “It is an attempt to upset the crafts unions.”

And what then? I asked.

“It would serve to break up the power of the crafts unions, and then, when it didn’t work, there would be nothing left but the Social Revolution—or so they say.

“Now understand me,” he added. “I am a union man. I stand for the unions. I am and always have been a Labor man. If this attempt on the part of the strikers were a forward movement—a movement which made for good—I should be the first to approve it.

“But its aims are different from those of crafts unionism. The strike, for instance, must be rightly used. In this instance it has been abused. The various unions have broken their agreements with their employers, in order to join in the sympathetic strike. Tactics of this sort do not commend themselves to honest men.

“In this strike three employers—three iron masters

—are to blame. Let us allow, for the sake of the argument, that they are to blame. Very good; why then should the whole community be made to suffer? During the first few days, children could not get milk in some instances and were brought near to death.”

I thought of how in Montreal, my home, 50,000 babies have died in the past thirteen years, of whom nearly all might have been saved had the conditions for which these men in Winnipeg were now striving been attained. But we continued the discussion.

“They refused,” went on Senator Robertson, “to submit to arbitration. Twenty-four hours before the general strike was called, the provincial and civic governments approached them begging them to submit their differences to a Conciliation Board. They refused.”

I was aware that five months before the general strike was called, Labor had asked the Provincial Government of Manitoba to pass a law identical with the British Industrial Act, making collective bargaining compulsory; and that the Government had offered them instead an Industrial Disputes Act in which the clause about “recognition of unions” was *deleted*—a crippled measure which Labor indignantly refused to accept. I mentioned this to Senator Robertson.

He said there might be many good reasons for not “copying the British Act slavishly.”

And no doubt there were. There is little doubt also that Senator Robertson knows the exact nature of these reasons. I went away impressed with the official sanctity of the crafts union system, as a means of keeping the workers apart; and with the vast revolutionary significance, never confessed to me by the strikers themselves, of their actions.

I went to see the Rev. Mr. Ivens. He is a man of terse, clear-cut speech, and his personality is founded upon the quiet integrity which everyone cannot but admire. He began with a statement.

“Please make this clear. I am of British birth. I am a graduate of the University of Manitoba. I worked my way through the university. I am a minister of the Methodist church. I left my parish not because I was turned out of it—the majority wanted me to stay—but because I wanted to form a Labor church. Another parish was offered when I left mine, but I refused it. I did not better my position financially when I undertook the editorship of the Labor News.

“I am an internationalist and a pacifist. I have always been against war of any kind. I am against revolution because it involves war. During the European War I neither tried to restrain anyone who wanted to go to fight nor urged anyone to go. I have two brothers in the British army. The older rose from the ranks, was made major in command of a Heavy Battery, and may get a decoration. The

younger is a sergeant who has refused promotion and who has won five medals. He has been about fourteen years in the army—fought in the Boer War. I mention these facts to show the absurdity of the statement that I am a Russian in disguise."

"Then it is not true," I asked, "that you and your associates are, directly or indirectly, fomenting revolution?"

"We are doing everything in our power to avoid it. Personally I believe always in evolution. I believe that what brains cannot accomplish bullets cannot."

"You are not then attempting to establish a Bolshevik Party in Canada?"

"No. Absolutely not. Four out of five of the so-called 'Red Five' are always in trouble with the real 'Reds' because they want everything done constitutionally that can be done."

"Senator Robertson says that the O. B. U."—I repeated the Senator's arguments.

"Crafts Unions, of which the Trades and Labor Council is composed," he said, "were the first step. They did an excellent work. The Industrial Union is the next logical step. That is all."

"This is a strike for a living wage and recognition of unions."

"But our enemies are right in asserting that there was more behind the strike. There was. After the war ended, the Board of Trade sent out a circular letter to merchants, editors, public speakers, commending their opposition to Bolshevism and asking them to keep it up. The Canadian Manufacturers started a campaign to lower wages so that they might be able to compete successfully with the manufacturers of other nations. Three demands were made:

- (1) Greater production.
- (2) Thrift (among workers, of course).
- (3) Increased population through immigration (and this in spite of the ever-increasing army of the unemployed).

"Now with all this in plain view, we realized that there was a definite campaign afoot to lower wages and to break the power of the unions. Note the answer of the employers to the men—'Demands reasonable, but wages must be lowered.' Practically they said, 'The financiers *won't let us give you a living wage.*'"

"We saw that we had to fight them. The Trades and Labor Council was practically unanimous—the fight must be made. Now they talk of me as a dictator—but I had no power but what was given me. I had not even a vote with the Trades and Labor Council. The vote was the most spontaneous I ever saw. They appointed five men as the nucleus of the Strike Committee. First two men, then three, from every union were added." He went on to give me the details I have already stated as to the conduct of the strike.

"And all the men want is the right of 'collective bargaining' in behalf of a living wage for themselves?" It seemed a quiet, reasonable thing, after all I had heard about Revolution from the Citizens and the Government. Only, I remembered that it seemed neither quiet nor reasonable to Mr. Deacon of the Vulcan Iron Works. . . .

"Collective bargaining," said Mr. Ivens, "cannot be settled by the Iron Masters. Only Dominion legislation can settle it. If the Citizens' Committee are sincere in saying that they are not the tools of the capitalists let them petition Ottawa for legislation in favor of collective bargaining. So long as they *don't* do this, and so long as they do scab they prove that, whatever they may state to the contrary, they are our enemies."

"The Civic, Provincial, and Federal Governments have presented ultimatums to civic employees in every branch, demanding that they sign an agreement not to engage again in a sympathetic strike. This makes the issue national. If we allow this ultimatum to pass, Labor is thrown back twenty-five years at least. We can't allow that, of course; therefore it is now a fight to a finish. Either these employees must be reinstated on their own terms or sympathetic strikes will take place all over Canada and all industries will be upset. Win we must. And will!"

From those mild premises of a moment ago, the argument of the pacific Rev. Mr. Ivens had seemed to lead very swiftly—and inevitably—back to open class-war.

"But can you win?" I asked.

"Yes."

"If the strike is prolonged will your money hold out?"

"Not indefinitely—but I think the strike will be settled first."

"But if it is not?"

He hesitated slightly.

"It will be settled. The soldier has no intention of starving or of seeing us starve. He has great power."

"Then the soldier," I said, "is the key to our economic puzzle?"

Mr. Ivens frowned as if thinking.

"I wouldn't put it in just that way. Say, rather, *that the Soldier is the great Titan who will carry Labor safely into the Promised Land!*"

CONQUEST

THIS is the thing that love has swept to me,
I have the measure of my hungry years:
To feel at last, through all the lovely length of her,
A quick, bright tumult and the break of tears.

F. Normile.

IN AN ART MUSEUM.

(To be chanted in Sapphic Metre to the Chord of G)

HERE, in bronze, Young Sophocles stands exultant,
To his lyre wild victory-paeans chanting:—
Persian hosts at Salamis all confounded,
Hellas triumphant!

All around loom statues of gods and heroes,
Poor, bewildered torsoes of myths forgotten,
Broken, strange, in desolate preservation
Locked in a prison;—

Gone, the fragrant incense alight at dawning,
Gone, the wide-limbed murmuring oaks above them;
Gone, the joy and melody all-pervading,
Sweet in the sunlight.

Well for thee, O Sophocles, thou art blinded!
Bronze eyes see not mockeries past believing;
Dead hearts burst not, at all the blasphemous folly
Here that surrounds thee!

Long hath faded the victory of thy singing;
With such stones as builded this cold Museum,
Lo, for Beauty's worshippers now in outlaw
Build we a prison.

—Chained they hang in Leavenworth's darkest dungeons,
Nine long hours by wrists all swollen and bleeding:—
They who dared face tyranny's hand uplifted,
They who love Beauty:—

They who dared hope brotherhood all-pervading,
They who dared with prophecies of the morrow
From this night of terrified old oppression;
Yet—they are singing!

Out of the darkness, the deep and desolate dungeons,
Through steel bars, through walls of granite and marble,
Strong and clear the singing of new rebellion
Echoes foretelling

Swift approaching victory of the spirit,
Man's old fears and miseries all vanished!
Hark!—with head erect and
Spirits exultant,

Dare we to join them?
Irwin St. John Tucker.

*Written during the Socialist trial
at Chicago.

DEPTHS

THERE is in me an ardency
For Beauty that is still;
And yet the quiet in your eyes
Is what I yearn to kill!

F. Normile.

BOOKS

Three Leaders of Revolt

I HAVE just been reading three novels of the type introduced to us by H. G. Wells in his "New Machiavelli"—political novels, or rather, novels in which the interest centers upon the attempt of the hero to reconstruct society rather than to capture a girl. And I must say, having also just re-read parts of H. G. Wells' novel, that as *political* stories all three of these books put "The New Machiavelli" very much in the shade—though they are inferior to it in verbal charm. Wells' librarian theorist was from first to last such a poor, pitiful sheep led to the slaughter that one cannot regard him with any emotion but tolerant pity—and his inevitable debacle is not even instructive. There is food for thought merely in the contemporary reflection that such naive word-mongers as Wells' hero may actually, as in the case of Mr. Wilson, become entrusted with serious tasks of international polity; but Wells does not carry his story to such tragic heights—his theoretician hero never achieves an ounce of real power, and the solemnity with which his story is related is incongruous with its situations, which are merely comedic.

Pio Baroja gives us a real New Machiavelli in his Spanish novel, "Caesar or Nothing." His hero is a brilliant young bourgeois who by reason of temperament and the accidents of his early career becomes emotionally detached from the interests of his class, and comes under the influence of a shrewd old Anarchist in Paris. From him this hero learns the ideal of a free and happy social order, and this ideal, plus his own personal egotism, determines his career. He sees himself as nothing less than the leader of a revolution which will transform decayed church-ridden Spain into a modern Utopia.

He is without illusions. The first thing needful for his plans is money, the second is political office. So, having a scientific turn of mind, he works out a scientific theory of speculation based on the "re-integration of the coupon" (or so we are assured by the author), and applies it successfully enough to be enabled to go to Rome and wait for his political opportunity. For he intends to go into politics via the friendship of the church. He pulls all the wires he can find, with

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complete unscrupulousness though his pride keeps him from being quite a hypocrite. At last he gains the friendship of a powerful local Spanish politician who is in Rome on a visit, and with his backing enters Spanish politics as a Conservative candidate. He is elected, and at once proceeds to assist his backer to crush all opposition in his district, which being done he turns on his backer, crushes him, and makes himself the Boss of the district. In the meantime he cultivates the friendship of the Minister of Finance, intrigues his way into the secret of a huge prospective killing on the stock exchange, horns in on that and makes a fortune, incidentally at the expense of all his bourgeois friends, whose ruin he observes with undiminished cheerfulness. Then he quarrels with his party, quits the fold, and is received with open arms by the leader of the Liberals! His career has begun.

At home, while still nominally a Conservative, he has made friends with the liberal, radical and anarchist workingmen and intellectuals, financed a Workers Club and Library, secured modern improvements for the town, and created the beginning of a kind of revolutionary and modernist spirit. Now as the acknowledged and powerful leader of the radicals, he begins his fight in his district against the Church, which rouses itself to a life-and-death struggle. It is his intention to wipe out the power of the Church in local affairs, make his district the flaming center of new life in Spain, and then put himself at the head of a national revolutionary movement to crush the church throughout Spain.

But at this point he succumbs to the advances of a clever bourgeois girl whom he has always instinc-

tively feared as the enemy of his career, marries her—and from that time on, he loses interest in the struggle. The fact is that the girl, by making him her husband, has drawn him back into the class from which he had become detached. As her husband, he becomes simply a well-to-do bourgeois, to whom the struggle is meaningless. What! turn this dirty old-fashioned town into a center of modernity and revolution? It seems too absurd. Nevertheless, because he cannot quite bear to desert the workingmen whom he has organized for their battle with the Church, he half-heartedly takes part in the election. But his old power is gone. The Church has turned to its final weapons, intimidation and murder—and our hero cannot cope with them. He himself is shot on the eve of the election, his chief followers are surrounded by soldiers in a schoolhouse and massacred. He recovers—but the Church has won the election, and he has no heart to take up the fight again. The book ends with him living quietly in his great house with his collection of beautiful paintings and his beautiful wife. He is not interested in politics.

And here we have, very acutely done, the story of the failure of a revolutionary leader because he made the mistake of trusting in himself. His power, you will note, came in reality from the working-class, and he had that power only so long as he was psychically a part of that class. But the lack of any real belief in the working-class made it possible for a pretty girl to pull him back into the class from which he came. This, and not any black magic in woman or marriage, I take to be the explanation of his failure.

The second of these books, "Democracy," is by an English writer, Shaw Desmond. It also has a bourgeois hero—a young "clerk" with a sense of justice and a gift of gab, who as a result of a speech of protest at a meeting of employers, gets his nose punched and his name in the newspapers, loses his job, is thrown out by his parents, invited to tea by a Socialist Duchess, and asked to speak at a Trafalgar Square meeting. He finds a new career in journalism, but by his gift of gab becomes a sort of labor leader. He sees the amusing pageant of English Socialist politics, becomes disgusted with political action, and goes over to Syndicalism. The Syndicalist leader is an Irish megalomaniac, who succeeds in starting a general strike, but who is crucified (yes, crucified—Mr. Desmond likes a scene!) by his own followers when they find themselves being butchered by the British army. The author of the book is apparently a sick Syndicalist; his book is an admirable expose of the futility of mere political action, but when it comes to facing the bayonets of the British army Mr. Desmond loses his romantic enthusiasm for the cause of militant labor, and his hero gets out—rejoins the politicals—just in the nick of time. An exciting but muddled book—all the more muddled because it was apparently written before the war, which is covered in the book in a single obviously interpolated chapter. Of course the war has changed many things, and a general strike in England now would be vastly different from the paltry and scared imaginings of Mr. Desmond.

Here is a list of Books

that intelligent men and women want to OWN—to put on their shelves to refer to from time to time. Not all of them have been published this season nor is the list arranged according to dates of publication. Many of The Liberator's readers undoubtedly have bought a number of these books, but the list is well worth checking for the purposes of immediate purchases and to keep for reference.

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD. By John Reed. (Fourth Edition) \$2
"I recommend Mr. Reed's book to the allied delegates who are drawing up the terms of peace for Germany at Versailles."—*The Dial*. (In preparation by the same author, "From Kornilov to Brest-Litovsk.")

BRITISH LABOR AND THE WAR. By Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason. (Just Published) \$2
"A source book to those who wish first-hand information concerning highly important discussions in England which the censor largely kept from passing the frontier."—*New York Globe*.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR. By Major Walter Guest Kellogg. Introduction by Secretary of War Baker. \$1
"Such a temperate, judicial, informed presentation of the matter that no one who is interested in it should fail to read the book."—*New York Times*.

AMERICANIZED SOCIALISM: A Yankee View of Capitalism. By James MacKaye. (Second Edition) \$1.25

THE GREAT CHANGE: The New America After the War. By Charles W. Wood. (Second Edition) \$1.50
"The most exciting book I have read for a long time. A vital, timely piece of reporting, making clear exactly what happened to America in our transition from peace to war."—*Chicago News*.

THE BOLSHEVIKI AND THE WORLD PEACE. by Leon Trotzky. (Twelfth Edition) \$1.50
"If you want to know what Trotzky and the Bolsheviks believe, read Trotzky's own book."—*The Outlook*.

IN PREPARATION:

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA. By H. M. Hyndman.
A book of vital importance by the well-known English author of "Clemenceau: The Man and His Times."

FROM WATERLOO TO THE MARNE. By Pietro Orsi.
A new history of Europe by the distinguished Italian historian, with a preface by G. M. Trevelyan.

PRIMITIVE SOCIETY. By Robert H. Lowie.
The most important anthropological study in many years. By the associate curator of the American Museum of Natural History.

THE COLLAPSE OF LIBERALISM. By Harold Stearns.
A most timely book by the former associate editor of *The Dial*.

THE MOON OF THE CARIBBEES and Six Other Tales of the Sea. By Eugene O'Neill. (Just Published) \$1.35
"The most significant collection of one-act plays that has been published in this country."—*New York Sun*. (In preparation by the same author, "Beyond the Horizon," a play in three acts.)

IN PREPARATION:

THE CRAFT OF THE TORTOISE. By Algernon Tassin.
A four-act play, which in its theme and brilliant treatment suggests Shaw at his best.

INSTIGATIONS. By Ezra Pound. (Full announcement later.)

TWELVE MEN. By Theodore Dreiser. (Third Edition) \$1.75
"Dreiser at his best in his new book. By far the most readable and interesting book of all the late spring output."—*New York Tribune*. Also by the same author, "Sister Carrie," \$1.90, and "Free and Other Stories," \$1.75. (In preparation by the same author, "The Hand of the Potter," a play in four acts, and "The King Is Naked," a book of essays.)

MEN IN WAR. By Andreas Latzko. (Eighth Edition) \$1.50
Practically universally regarded as one of the three greatest books produced by the World War. (In preparation by the same author, "The Judgment of Peace"—a novel.)

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS. By Henry James. \$1.75
"I counsel all who love books to buy this one before the edition is exhausted."—*William Lyon Phelps in the New York Times*.

JIMMIE HIGGINS. By Upton Sinclair. (Just Published) \$1.60
A most controversial and sensational novel by the author of "The Jungle." (In preparation by the same author, a new novel as yet unnamed.)

THE PRESTONS. By Mary Heaton Vorse. (Sixth Edition) \$1.75
"The best and the most entertaining story of an American family of modern fiction."—*Review of Reviews*. (In preparation by the same author, a sequel to "The Prestons.")

THE CURIOUS REPUBLIC OF GONDOUR. By Samuel L. Clemens, Author of Huckleberry Finn, etc. (Just Published) \$1.25
(One of the six volumes in the well-known PENGUIN SERIES of books never before published, by Lafcadio Hearn, Walter Pater, Henry James, Hermann Sudermann, etc.)

THE GREAT MODERN ENGLISH STORIES. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. (Just Published) \$1.75
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IN PREPARATION:

THE MODERN BOOKS OF VERSE. The English and American Anthologies, Edited by Richard Le Gallienne. The French Anthology, Edited by Albert Boni. The Irish Anthology, Edited by Padraic Colum. (Price, \$2.00 each.)

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Aside from its interest as a picture of the failure of political action, it is valuable chiefly as an illustration of the way a bourgeois careerist like Mr. Desmond's hero may be counted upon to drop the labor movement like a hot coal the moment it does become hot. His hero illustrates admirably the intellectual befuddlement and moral cowardice, ending finally in despair, of the would-be leader of revolt who does not understand the class struggle well enough to liberate himself from bourgeois concepts.

The third book is "Revolt," by Harold Lord Varney. It is significant as dealing, though somewhat romantically, yet with a fine sense of values, and for the first time in fiction, with the I. W. W. Its hero is a down-and-out college man who is shanghai'd when drunk into a factory with other similarly secured strike-breakers. In the factory he makes friends with a couple of I. W. W. boys who are there to organize the scabs and lead them out of the factory. He joins in the plot, and the attempt lands him in jail with them. So far it is merely a rather exciting story. But here a significant motif begins to appear. The young hero is drawn toward his friends by reason of the different, and as he is compelled to feel, superior standards of thought and emotion and conduct by which their lives are ruled. He is in fact attracted by working class ideology and morality. When he finally decides to throw in his lot with theirs, it is because the working class idea has "got" him. Nor is he accepted at once—not until he proves that he is capable of being a real Wobbly, and not just a "Scissorbill." What being a real Wobbly is, the readers of the book—and I heartily recommend it to every reader of these pages—can find out for themselves if they do not know already. The point I wish to make here is that in this book—again for the first time in fiction, I believe—the bourgeois hero learns from the working class how not to be bourgeois—and only upon these terms becomes one of their leaders.

He goes adventuring with them, and the chronicle of his life covers a thousand fields of working class life untouched by any previous fictionist that I know of. The psychology, except with respect to the change from one class-morality or another, does not run deep; the book does not meet most of the standards which we are accustomed to set for realistic fiction; but it passes a test more important than these when it does what it starts out to do—when it shows the making of a revolutionary working class leader out of a most unpromising lump of middleclassness!

And it is significant, too, that there is no use made of the opportunity afforded for a grand tragic (and hence "artistic") climax. The movement has its setbacks; its leaders fail and are cast aside; capitalism puts up its apparently invulnerable front to our hero; and all is ready for a final chapter of utter failure and despair such as is sufficient to make any author's reputation as an artist. (For, mark you, being an artist, means in fiction nothing more than asserting that Man, proud Man, is impotent in his struggle with the Gods. If you assert that, if you make your hero fail in the end, you may be as generally incompetent

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sitting at the right hand of Sophocles and Flaubert in the Artists' Heaven; and so I wish to offer him, as a slight compensation, my mundane Socialist applause.

Here then is a book which must be taken, or put aside, on its merits as a depiction, not of the ancient theme of human failure, but of the new theme of triumphant working-class revolt. It gives us the psychology of a class rather than of individuals—least of all, of individuals in the familiar situation of romantic love. As such, it is the best example so far produced in America of a significant new kind of fiction—the Novel of Proletarian Revolt, which seems to me the destiny in which the political novel will find its fulfillment.

FLOYD DELL.

Caesar or Nothing, by Pio Baroja. Knopf.
Democracy, by Shaw Desmond. Scribners.
Revolt, by Harold Lord Varney. Davis.

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But oh, with what a terrible cry
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