

Liberator

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The Freeman

Mr. B. W. Huebsch takes pleasure in announcing that in March he will begin to publish THE FREEMAN, a weekly paper edited by Mr. Francis Neilson and Mr. Albert Jay Nock.

THE FREEMAN is planned to meet the new sense of responsibility and the new spirit of inquiry which recent events have liberated, especially in the field of economics and politics. It will follow developments in all phases of international life, and its point of view, in the discussion of industry and commerce, will be that of fundamental economics. In dealing with public affairs it will concern itself more with the principles of politics than with political events, personalities or superficial issues; and especially with the economic principles that underlie politics.

THE FREEMAN will be more interested in discovering popular sentiment than in creating it and will aim rather at enlightening and unifying public opinion than at controlling or instructing it. THE FREEMAN is grounded in the belief that the greatest public service that can be performed at this time is the promotion of free popular discussion, particularly of social, economic and political ideas, and that a paper which desires disinterestedly to serve its age can do no better than take this for its avowed function.

In its treatment of news THE FREEMAN will not respect the journalistic fetish of timeliness to the prejudice of accuracy, importance and well-reasoned discussion. It

will not compete with the daily newspaper or with any weekly résumé of news. Nor will it pretend to compete with such organs of special opinion as are now serving a large public and serving it exceedingly well.

THE FREEMAN will also present sound criticism, freely expressed, upon literature and the fine arts, besides offering American and foreign works of creative imagination. The editors expect to make a paper which shall so far differ from existing periodicals in style and temper as well as in content and purpose as to keep out of their field; and they are confident that the venture will in time attract a public of its own which shall be sufficient to warrant its continuance.

To B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, 32 West 58th St., NEW YORK CITY

I enclose \$6.00 (\$6.50 in Canada; \$7.00 in other foreign countries) for one year's subscription to THE FREEMAN, to begin with Vol. I, No. 1.

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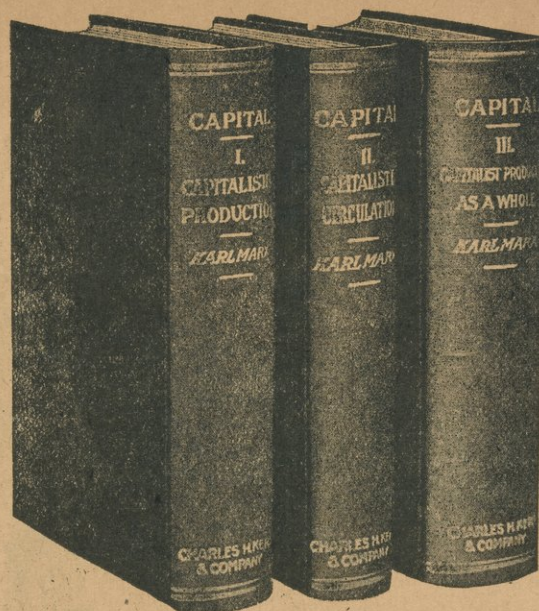
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The publisher will be glad to have lists of persons who might be interested in receiving a sample copy of THE FREEMAN.



Is it a fact that

"Society as a whole is splitting up more and more into two great hostile camps, into two great classes facing each other—bourgeoisie and proletariat?"



Was Marx right when he said,

"England is the only country where the inevitable social revolution might be effected entirely by peaceful and legal means."

CAPITAL *By* KARL MARX

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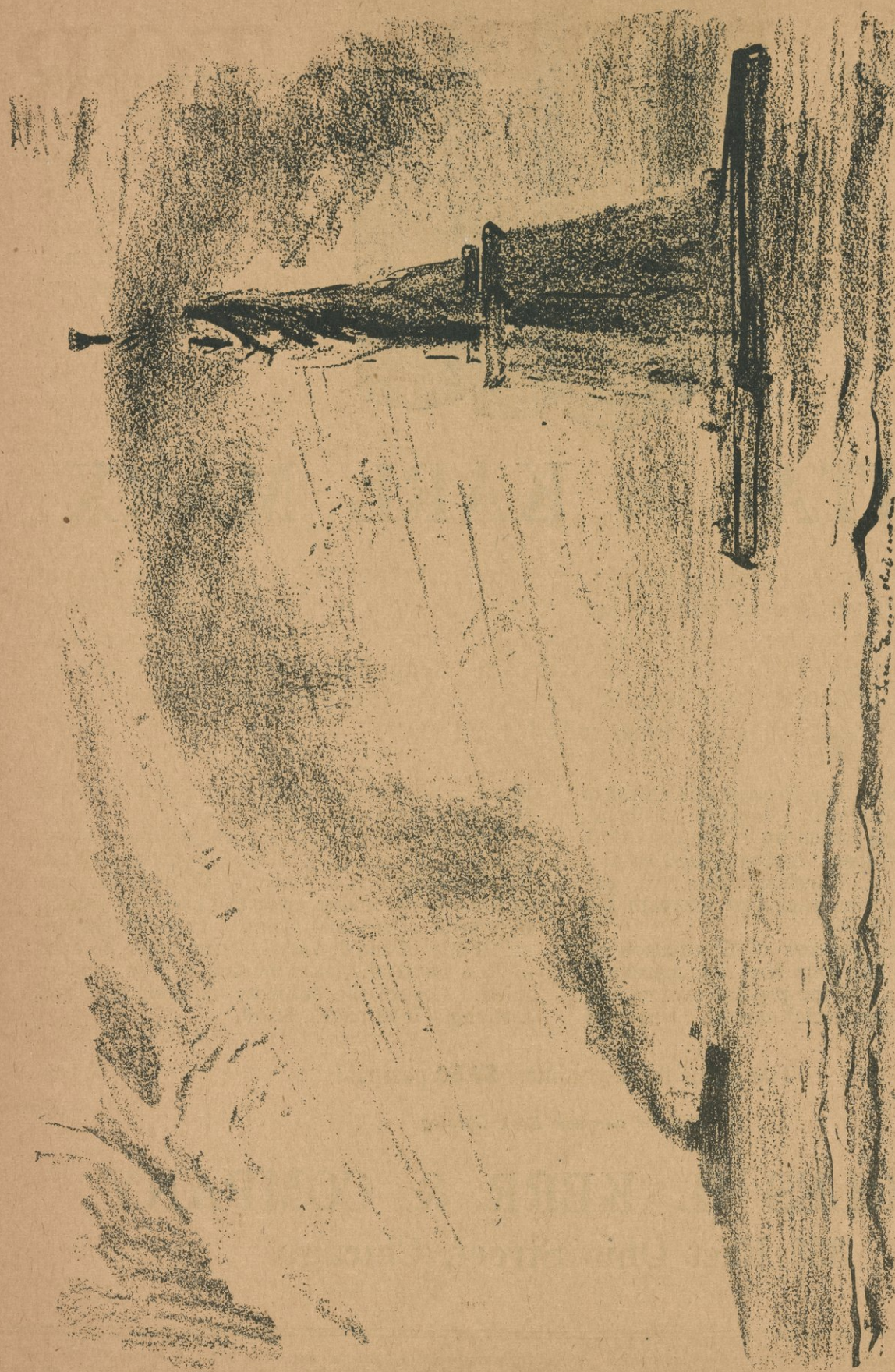
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Boardman Robinson

The Sailing of the Buford

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 3, No. 2 [Serial No. 23]

February, 1920

EDITORIALS

BY MAX EASTMAN.

THE sailing from New York harbor of the "Soviet Ark," containing deported European workingmen, is one of those events which signalize the passing of a period in history. This might be described as the period of the Myth of American Freedom. It is true that a great forward step was taken by our republic in the abolition of kings and the feudal nobility; indeed the wealth of unoccupied land and unseized opportunity created almost a real or economic freedom in our earliest days. But nevertheless our culture and our government were actually established and moulded upon the principle that the owners of land and capital should rule the proletariat. As capitalism develops and the proletariat acquires a genuine body and power, the real nature of these institutions becomes apparent. The "Asylum for the oppressed of all Nations" turns out to possess the most perfect bouncing system ever struck off by the hand of man.

A Significant Picture

THE American liberals feel very disturbed in their hearts over the sailing away of the Buford. The New Republic, with a journalistic courage that is admirable, makes the following statement:

"A policy has been pursued by Congress and the Administration which must force those who have any respect for American traditions to take the unpopular side, and insist that even where anarchists are concerned the principles of liberty of speech and opinion and of due process of law which are embedded in our constitutional structure must not be set aside. That no man shall be held to account merely for his opinions, however obnoxious they may be, that no man shall be deprived of his liberty without a fair judicial trial, these are among the fundamentals of true Americanism. . . . If we do not repent and expiate the anarchist deportations and sedition prosecutions of 1919, as we repented and expiated the prosecutions under the alien and sedition laws of 1798, our national worship of liberty and due process of law will indeed have a hollow sound."

To those who sailed away on the Buford, our national worship of liberty and due process of law has long had a hollow sound. Most of them were not anarchists, many of them were not even revolutionists; some were veterans of the war for democracy; one at least had never heard of Alexander Berkman. But it is safe to say that they were all completely disillusioned of the dream of liberty and opportunity which brought them here; and had they been treated with decent regard for their rights as human beings and members of families, had they been supplied with adequate clothing and provisions for their first days in a strange, cold and starving country, there would have been little dismay or surprise in their hearts. The moment of surprise and dismay was long past. Conscription for a war in Europe was the final blow to their too faithful hopes and dreams. However long it may take the New Republic to learn it, the poorest foreign laborer in the United States has known since June, 1917, that our boast of a superior liberty and regard for human rights is hollow and absurd.

To those, therefore, who believe in clearly perceiving real facts, and advertising them as widely as possible, this deliberate shipping back to Russia of a boatload of unsubmitive slaves seems a fine and wholesome thing for the world. It is a great advertising picture of the true state-of-affairs. It explodes the romance that has hypnotized Europe for a hundred years, and that made Woodrow Wilson's great sanctimonious international swindle possible. It will never be possible again. The dreamers and revolters against tyranny are travelling East instead of West, and the eyes of all the true lovers of liberty in all the world are turning in the same direction as they go.

Anarchism

THIS picture of the true facts has been made more perfect, and more instructive to the international proletariat, by two events of great importance. The first was the arrival of a letter from Ludwig Martens, the American Envoy of the Russian government, extending a welcome in the name of his government to Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman and all those agitators of liberty, whatever their creed, whose presence is unendurable to the American republic. In this connec-

tion it is worth while to remember that on June 9th, 1918, a decree was issued by the Soviet Government "establishing the right of asylum for all aliens persecuted in their native countries on account of their political and religious convictions." So it is not only as citizens of Russia that the deportees are welcome to the Soviet Government, but as patriots of liberty in the world.

The other event which perfected the significance of the picture was the clear and definite statement made by the leader of the deportees, Alexander Berkman, that he intends to co-operate with the Soviet Government upon his arrival in Russia. This does not mean that he renounces the anarchist faith, or that he thinks the day of agitation and propaganda towards a greater freedom is past. He knows that human society, even after capitalism is overthrown, will still have need of that brotherly-rebellious idealism of which anarchism is an absolute expression. But it does mean that he will not allow the *absoluteness* of that idealism to get in the way of the practical process of overthrowing capitalism. He will stand with the working class throughout that process, even though to the long sacrifice of his personal life and liberty, he must even add a sacrifice or postponement of the assertion of his social ideals. In short he is a proletarian and revolutionary, not a bourgeois and utopian, anarchist.

I have on my desk two anarchist papers published in Paris. In one of them I read that "Anarchism is not a question of classes, it relates to every individual—worker or not—to whom liberty is dear." In the other I read that "Marx has not made of liberty his fundamental principle, nor of the individual his point of departure; he starts with the *fact* of the conflict of classes; his principle is the *abolition of classes* by the struggle of all the oppressed against all the oppressors; but who does not see that the emancipation of the individual can be only the consequence of the abolition of classes?"

These two quotations, so far as they indicate a *method of action*, are the direct contraries of each other. And since it is the essential function of ideas to indicate methods of action, we may say that they express two essentially contrary ideas. It is of high importance now, and will be still more so as events develop in Southern Europe, that socialists as well as anarchists understand the distinction between these ideas. They must learn to estimate each other not according to what ultimate social religion they profess, but according to what position they take up in the actual conflict of social forces. It is good to know that Alexander Berkman will continue to put his sincere and great courage at the service of the working-class.

We bid farewell to him, and to Emma Goldman, and to all those comrades whose love of liberty was too strong for the republic, with a smile on our lips. We shall see them again.

Criminal Capitalism

WHILE every audible voice in the country is shouting denunciations of *sabotage*, of *strikes conducted at the expense of the community*, and of the *doctrine of lawlessness* in so far as these can be imputed to the working-class, it is interesting to see what are the plans of the master-class in the present crisis of conflict.

The Bache Review, a weekly summary of the general financial and business situation published by J. S. Bache & Co., leading members of the New York Stock Exchange, offers to its clientele the following suggestions of "an intelligent correspondent":

If such strikes as the coal strike should become a success, "then many large employers of labor ought to *promptly close down their plants*. As long as labor continues to win its demands, it will be as insatiable as the grave and the womb. *Millions of involuntarily idle men and women* would have a quickly sobering effect upon labor as a whole; infinitely more so than all the moral precepts that have been uttered since the earliest times in ancient India.

"The best interests of all may soon demand a serious industrial depression. Courage and decision in the application of a desperate remedy are fast becoming imperative. *Such a course may alone conserve or restore the proper interests of millions of investors.*"

The editor of the review points out that these "intelligent" suggestions were made before "the government exerted its power to overcome strikes," and he further hopefully observes that "with the West rising *en masse* against the I. W. W., righteously incited to exterminate these enemies of the republic and of civilization . . . we are getting well along in clearing the way for industrial prosperity." Even so, however, he is not sure but that "it may require economic depression to straighten out the heresies of the times."

To our judgment these sober sentences condone and advocate sabotage, mass-murder, a strike at the expense of the community, and a manipulation of the financial system that would bring ruin and devastation to the larger part of our population, and famine to millions. We suggest that the officers of J. S. Bache and Company be indicted and arrested as enemies of the republic and of civilization. And if they can not be indicted under the existing laws, we suggest the passage of a *Criminal Capitalist Law* that might read somewhat as follows:

"Any person or persons wilfully and maliciously advocating the preservation of the profit system under the United States Government by private and unlawful means, especially by the extermination of its citizens, whether through conspiracy to curtail the production of the necessities of life, through felonious manipulation of the currency and the credit system, through starving, shooting, hanging, rising *en masse*, or any other

private and unlawful means whatsoever, shall be subject to a fine of a hundred thousand dollars or a term of twenty years in prison or both."

Contributions

A FORCE of two detectives, sometimes reinforced by a third, is deployed to watch the house where I live. One of their duties is to dig all my waste paper out of the ash-barrel and read it. This morning I sent them down a few pages of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason and the Sermons of Jonathan Edwards. Anybody who has any literature suitable for the edification of two loyal and impecunious patriots will confer a favor by sending it to the Liberator.

SCIENTISTS have discovered that space is limited—the first real set-back to the spread of Bolshevism.

"POLITICAL intelligence—\$50,000," is one of the items in the President's European expense account. A justifiable purchase, but what did he do with it?

Announcement

WE have been compelled by the advancing cost of work and materials to raise the price of the Liberator to 25 cents. This increase does not exceed the increase in costs, and is simply inevitable if we are going to stay in the game. We are. And we believe all our readers will stay with us.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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To Ethiopia

By Claude McKay

THROUGH the pregnant universe rumbles life's terrific thunder
And Earth's bowels quake with terror; strange and terrible storms break,
Lightning-torches flame the heavens, kindling souls of men thereunder:
Africa! long ages sleeping, oh my motherland, awake!
In the East the clouds glow crimson with the new dawn that is breaking,
And its golden glory fills the western skies:—
Oh my brothers and my sisters, wake, arise!

For the new birth rends the old earth and the very dead are waking,
Ghosts are turned flesh, throwing off the grave's disguise,
And the foolish, even children, are made wise;
For the big earth groans in travail for the strong, new world in making—
Oh my brothers, dreaming for dim centuries,
Wake from sleeping; to the East turn, turn your eyes!

Oh the night is sweet for sleeping, but the shining day's for working;
Sons of the seductive night, for your children's children's sake,
From the deep primeval forests where the crouching leopard's lurking,
Lift your heavy-lidded eyes,—Ethiopia, awake!
In the East the clouds glow crimson with the new dawn that is breaking,
And its golden glory fills the western skies:—
Oh, my brothers and my sisters, wake, arise!

For the new birth rends the old earth and the very dead are waking,
Ghosts are turned flesh, throwing off the grave's disguise,
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Oh, my brothers dreaming for long centuries,
Wake from sleeping; to the East turn, turn your eyes!

Important

We urge all those readers who can not secure the Liberator on their news-stand to subscribe. It is the one thing every reader can do to help us stand up against the present campaign of terrorism which is ultimately directed to the destruction of the truth-telling Socialist press.

CHAMPAK--A Story of India

By Irwin Granich and Manabendra Nath Roy

NANDA received the five revolvers from the hands of Harish as had been arranged. He left the home of the quiet-mannered civil-servant late in the dusk, when the vast Indian sky was all purple depth and darkness, and the streets of Shibpur were thick in gloom. The young student was elated with the thrill that danger always gave him. To be found with the arms in his possession meant death, and the thought filled him with a strange, secret laughter, like wine in the blood. He hugged the pistols tighter under his loose chadar and tried to walk casually, as if he were a late visitor returning to the city. But his whole being throbbled with the ecstasy of danger, and his feet would have skipped with joy had he not restrained them.

No one had seen him steal out of the home of Harish, he was sure. The gentle little clerk was trusted by the Raj, for no one who marked him pattering over the huge ledgers in the Sanitary Office, could dream of the fiery visions of freedom which burned behind those placid eyes. Nanda felt certain that Harish was not watched, but he held himself on guard as he moved through the streets leading away from the house he had just left. He cast swift glances before and behind him, for spies lurk everywhere in India, and the little suburb of Shibpur was not without its quota of shifty-eyed, snake-gliding men who lived on India's shame. Nanda was alert, but he saw nothing to arouse suspicion. The palms waved quietly in the breeze, great dumb, dark masses laced with moonbeams. The bo-trees cast huge shadows on the deserted streets, and the heavy, sweet-flower fragrance of the champak and shephali and mullika hung on the air. All was going well.

There were many ways of crossing the river back to Calcutta; there was the Howrah bridge, and several lines of ferries, moving like glowworms on the dark surface of the water. But Nanda avoided all these orthodox means and made his way to an old, rotting pier away from any houses and people. There he leaned over the edge cautiously, and saw a small row-boat rocking idly on the broad bosom of the Ganges, a man seated at the oars. Nanda saluted him silently, and clambered over the side. The man, without a word, began to row towards Calcutta.

It was the Indian winter, when the moon is up every night in a cloudless sky and cool winds blow in from the Northern Mountains to refresh the heated brow of the city. The Ganges was dark-blue to its depths, not red and heavy with the silt of summer rains, and the moon flooding it with light, changed it to restless silver. On

the other bank was Calcutta, a dark blur pierced with lights and breathing a golden haze upon the sky. Lower down was Fort William, the stronghold of the Raj, a sombre, sullen cloud of darkness from which flashlights sprang like lightning, searching the earth and heavens for blasphemers against the sacred creed of Empire.

Nanda scrambled from the boat as it grated against a pier on the Calcutta side and walked swiftly up the street that led across the Great Esplanade to the Foreign Quarter. He was more alive now, and throbbing again with the intolerable ecstasy of danger. The revolvers were pressed firmly against his side, and his heart beat upon them strangely. It was risky to go through the busy Foreign Quarter, but there was no other way of reaching his destination—the house where his fellow revolutionists were awaiting him. He bent his head on his breast as though preoccupied, and walked with quick, nervous steps through the bright streets and glittering scene.

The Foreign Quarter of Calcutta is like a slice of Europe set down in the heart of Asia. It is eloquent of the easy riches that the West has harvested from the East. The houses are all of a lordly pattern, stately and ornate, built of brick and stone, and the streets are clean and well-paved boulevards, brilliantly illuminated. The comfort and splendor on every hand glittered in vivid contrast to the brooding darkness of the suburb which Nanda had just come from. No gaunt spectres of famine in Indian garb stalked these streets; no ragged men and women with their pitiful big-eyed children blundered about in the living daze of the Indian peasant, half-mad with poverty and hunger. Well-fed, ruddy-faced Englishmen walked sedately to and from their commodious clubs, smart carriages and shining automobiles streamed through the bright avenues, and women in splendid toilettes chattered on the arms of their escorts, as sweetly complacent in their little world of frivolity, food and gossip as though no famished millions were dumbly suffering and dying just outside the Quarters' limits.

No one paid any attention to Nanda as he walked quietly through the bright and animated scene, clutching his hidden revolvers. He was just one of the unheeded, dark-faced millions which meekly bent their necks beneath the yoke of foreign domination. The young student, for all his deep, glowing eyes, the sensitive, intelligent face that reflected the spirit behind it, and lithe, graceful figure, was only another "native" in the eyes of the portly, self-satisfied promenaders. They

did not give him a glance, even of contempt, and he was glad of it.

Nanda hastened his steps and passed before the huge structure known as the Grand Hotel, reeking with all the luxuries of a master-class, gilded and extravagantly magnificent as any to be found in Europe. Lights blazed from every window, the wistful, langorous strains of an Austrian waltz floated out into the night, and a long train of vehicles waited before the gleaming portals. Nanda hurried past, but then, out of the corner of his eye he saw something that made his heart jump with nervous excitement.

Three Hindus of the lower class were lounging about one of the automobiles, and as he passed, the face of one of them lit up with curious interest. Nanda remembered that dusky, hang-dog countenance, with its jutting nose and little, black, animal eyes. A fellow-revolutionist had once pointed it out to him at a puja and had told him of its evil import. The man was known to be a spy, one of those who, for a few miserable rupees a month, delivered his fellow-countrymen to the tireless gallows of the British Raj. He was one to be avoided at all costs, but as Nanda walked quickly on, he noticed the other was actually beginning to follow him.

For a moment the young student was puzzled what to do. He dared not go directly to the house where the arms were to be delivered, for that might reveal to the police secrets more precious than the one he was carrying. Awaiting him in that house was a group of his young fellow-revolutionists, and there was stored there a stack of arms patiently hoarded for many months—arms enough to supply several villages of helpless famine-stricken peasants with the weapons of revolt.

"I will walk about the town," thought Nanda vaguely, "and see if the spy is following me. If he really suspects me, I will keep on walking till I have shaken him off the trail."

The young student darted quickly into one of the streets that led away from the Foreign Quarter, and into the Chadney Bazaar. Chadney Bazaar was a congeries of narrow streets, crooked as hairpins and lined with native shops of every description. By day it was a maelstrom of humanity in the vivid sunlight. But now it was dark and deserted, except for the huddled figure of a watchman here and there, and his tiny oil-lamp throwing weird shadows.

At the end of one of these silent bazaar streets, where it curved abruptly into another, Nanda stopped a moment in turning the corner and cast a fleeting glance behind. His suspicions were confirmed. There, in the wavering moonlight, in the dark tunnel between the squat houses, a figure was walking mysteriously in his direction. The student moved hurriedly on.

He turned one crooked street after another, the spy following close on his heels. Through the Bazaar the

two wandered, and then Nanda came out into the Eurasian Quarter, the spy not far behind, never lagging for a moment. Nanda now saw that the spy was fully aroused and determined to see this through to the end. He could not be thrown off in this fashion, and if Nanda prowled about the streets until too late an hour, it was very certain a police officer would arrest him, or the spy become fully convinced and cause the student to be held.

As he passed one of the smokey grog-shops, in this section, the answer came to him in the simplest fashion imaginable. A group of the half-breed Anglo-Indians in ragged European clothes were leaving the shop, and as they went one of them called drunkenly to a friend within, "So you won't go with us to Sonagachi? You would rather stay here and drink. What fools you are!"

Sonagachi, which means the Golden Tree in Hindustani, was the segregated quarter of Calcutta, where the clerks and government employees and other native elements above the peasant class went for their "bit of love." The word gave Nanda an immediate inspiration. If he went there, and spent the night in one of the houses, the spy would be sure to go away. Even the spies knew that every revolutionist had sworn an oath never to know or love or have contact with women until the day India was free. It was a sacred oath; and the organization disgraced and punished any of its members who broke it. If Nanda went into one of the houses, he reasoned, the spy would feel sure that this was no revolutionist, and would give up the chase. He decided to do this.

He set his course toward Wellington Square, then down Shankritola Street, and into the Native Quarters, the spy crawling behind like a shadow. It was about ten in the evening now, but the Quarter was not so sombre and deserted as the Bazaar. A few shops were open, their proprietors squatting by a flickering lamplight in the midst of their wares, dreaming patiently until a customer came. On a mat in front of their house, a little band of Urlya palenquin bearers were seated with a drum, intoxicating themselves with its primitive beat, and chanting wild harmonies. Through the windows of the houses along the tortuous streets whole families could be seen chatting quietly, the men of the groups smoking their cocoanut-shell hookahs in peace. A street lamp shone here and there in the darkness, and a few people were strolling about aimlessly.

Sonagatchi was just beyond the Native Quarter, after Nanda had crossed the wide space of the Bow Bazaar. Nothing was quiet here. Long crowded lines of the square Indian houses enclosed streets swarming with a miscellaneous masculine life, clerks, laborers, and small business men, in their loose many-colored winter chadars, jostled each other idly, to the hum of laughter and excited conversation. Women were seated in front of the

houses, beckoning and smiling. From the windows came the sound of singing and drums and flutes made throbbing magic that stirred the blood.

Nanda, walking in and out amid these crowds, was always conscious of the spy winding in and out as casually, ever on his heels. Although the student had fully resolved to enter one of the houses, he felt a painful aversion to the actual deed, and hesitated long before he finally went into a wide door before which a woman stood, like a living advertisement of shame.

He entered ostentatiously, stopping a few moments to chat with the woman outside, so that the spy would be sure to note him. Then the young student found himself in a dim, long hall, leading to a courtyard and a flight of stairs. He looked about, and saw the spy still lurking in the street. A fat, coarse-lipped woman with a husky voice came up to him at the end of the hall, and peered into his face.

"Do you want a girl?" she asked at once, in a hurried manner, then turned, and called out into the courtyard toward one of the rooms that ran about it on all four sides.

"Champak!" she said. A door opened up there and a girl stood revealed in the light. She seemed to know what was wanted, for she instantly came down the stairs, and approached the two.

"Go with the Babu!" the woman ordered, holding out her palm to Nanda, "It is ten rupees," she said, "and if you wish entertainment, it will be more."

Nanda paid the money and followed the girl to her room. It was a bare, cheerless room, with a wooden bed in one corner, an oil-lamp flickering wearily, and gaudy, English-made chromos of Hindu deities decorating the brick walls. The girl sat down on the bed, inviting Nanda to sit beside her. He did so with the same timidity that had marked his encounter with the fat mistress downstairs. He did not know what to say, and sat in silence, the girl searching his face curiously.

She was young, about seventeen, with large, luminous brown eyes, a fine delicate face soft as a child's and the slenderest hands, fragile as the petals of a flower. Her skin was golden as an autumn moon, the hair above it black and rich as midnight. There was not a gross line or suggestion about her, nothing of that hardness the prostitute develops in self-defense; the girl seemed innocent to the point of shyness.

She laid her flower-like hand on Nanda's arm.

"What is your name?" she asked shyly.

"Nanda," he answered.

"And what do you do?" she asked again.

"I am a student."

"At the University?"

"Yes."

She grew thoughtful. Then her head drooped, and she drew her hand away from him.

"Is that why you despise me?" she asked in a quivering voice.

"I do not despise you," Nanda cried, touched by the question. "Why do you think that?"

"You have not even removed your chadar," she said. "What have you come here for?"

"Why, I have merely come to talk with you," Nanda stammered, "that is all."

"But why should anyone wish to talk with me? You are making sport of me."

"No, no," Nanda protested. "I was lonely—that was why I came here to talk with you."

The girl burst into tears.

"You despise me," she wept. "You are like all the men who come here. They use us, but despise us at the same time!"

Nanda was amazed. He had expected to find some brazen old harpy who would attempt to wheedle his little money away from him, and who would have sickened him with professional embraces. But this was a child—a child in trouble, a child lost and weeping, and he felt himself go out in pity toward her.

Taking her little hand in his, he said tenderly, "You must believe me when I say that I do not despise you. I see that you are not like many of these others. You are beautiful and pure, and I honor you. Do you believe me?"

She did not answer, but went on sobbing quietly.

"Tell me your name now," Nanda said softly, drawing her near him.

"Champak."

"That is a lovely name—and you are fragrant as the yellow flower it stands for. How long have you been here, Champak?"

"One year."

"Do not cry, little flower. Tell me how you came here."

"I came because I have a shameful soul," she wept.

"No, that is not true," Nanda protested, soothing her. "You must have been forced to live here. I do not believe you. Where are your Father and Mother?"

"They are dead."

"How and when did they die?"

"They died last year—of famine."

"Of famine," Nanda cried, his revolutionary passion suddenly blazing out as if reminded of itself by the word.

"Yes," the girl said. "My father owned a little land in the village of Chandrapur. Two years ago the crop failed, and we could not pay the taxes, so the Government took our land away. Last year was the great famine, and my father and mother both died in it. I should have died with them. But I came to the city, and I wandered about the streets till a man led me here. Do you not think I should have died?"

"No," Nanda said gravely. "You must live. We Hindus have been too unafraid of death, and have let it solve all our difficulties. We must learn to struggle, and to live. Life is good, and we must learn to guard it, and fight to make it better."

"But there is no hope for me!" the girl cried. "Is life good without that?"

"Our hope is in ourselves," Nanda said. "See our Mother India; how dark and despairing she is, without a ray of hope. Yet she must live on, we must bring her hope, she must not die."

The girl brooded on this, even while sobs continued shaking her delicate frame. She buried her face in Nanda's shoulder, and spoke in a muffled voice.

"Tell me," she said painfully, "tell me why our Mother India suffers so. Tell me why our millions must die of hunger every year? Tell me why there is cholera, the plague, fever, and all the sickness forever in the villages? Is the whole world like that? Tell me what it means. Tell me why my mother and father suffered, and why I am leading a shameful life here. Tell me if you know!"

"Yes, I know," said Nanda solemnly. "There are men in the world who reap profit and glory from the suffering of the poor. They make governments and set them over us; they slay and torture millions of us, if it brings them gold. They are the human vultures, preying on our misery; they are the worms in the human family, eating away our life and joy."

"Do you mean the British?" the girl asked, lifting her head to gaze at him with strange and significant curiosity, as if she were seeing him for the first time.

"Yes," Nanda answered, "It is the British, and it is also many of our own Hindus, for men prey even on their blood-brothers for gold. They all are to blame for our Mother's sorrow."

"But they are so powerful," the girl said tremulously, "they have guns and cannons and the gallows, while we have nothing."

"We have our eternal despair," Nanda said, "and our eternal hope. These will prove more powerful than their guns."

"I do not know," the girl said, "I do not know."

"Champak," the youth cried passionately, "believe me that it is true. The night cannot last forever. There will come a dawn for our India, even for our old, sad, beloved Mother, India. It is a dawn that is growing over the world. It will bring joy to the broken hearts of the poor. There will be no masters and slaves, only brothers; there will be no hunger and despair, only freedom and joy. Men will be pure and innocent as children; and women will know love, and the dawn-light will be on everything. It is coming!"

"Are you sure such a great thing can come about?" the girl asked, tears of joy and hope in her eyes.

"Yes," the young student cried. "Yes!"

"I myself will live in shame and misery all my life," the girl said, "and the millions in the villages will die every year, but if we knew this were true, we would be content only with the dream, and could die happily waiting for it."

"It is true!" the youth repeated blazingly. "And it is coming sooner than you think. It is coming even for you, Champak!"

"Are you sure?" she wept softly.

"Yes, yes," he cried.

She placed her head again on his shoulder, and his hand was in hers. Warm and throbbing with youth, their bodies were near each other, as in a fraternal embrace. Thus they sat through the entire night, speaking of different things in that Indian calm that is studded with thought, as a quiet lake is with living lilies.

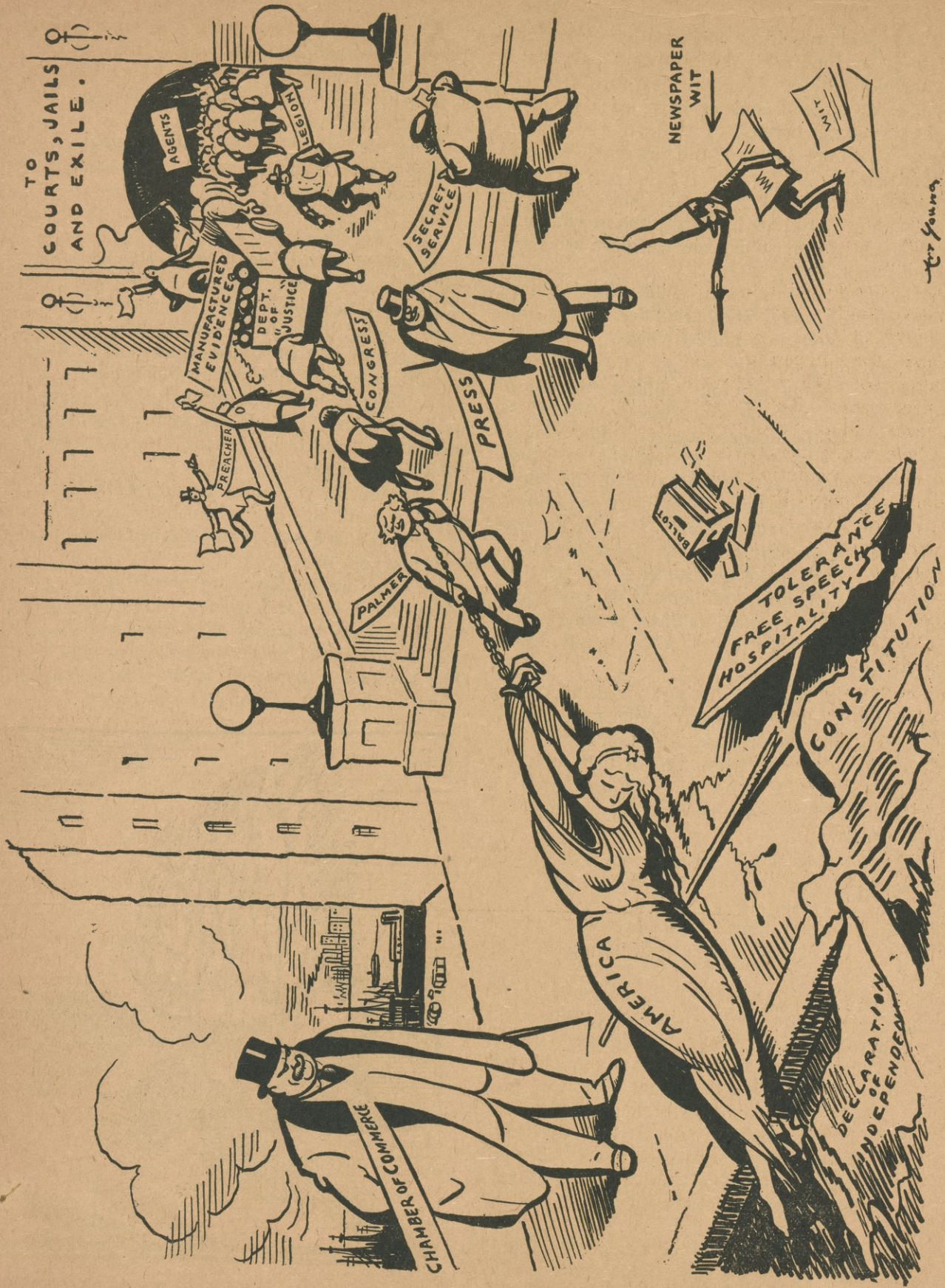
The dawn came at last through the window, beautiful and tenderly red. Nanda rose gently from the girl's side, and put his hand in his bosom. He took out one of the revolvers, and gave it to her.

"I am leaving you now," he said softly, "take this and guard it until the day when India needs it, and you. For you too, are one of the Mother's sorrowful daughters; her very own."

He bade her goodbye, and went out into the streets, where silent men and women were slowly going down to the Ganges to purify themselves and to greet with prayer and sacred music the holy new light in the east. The spy had disappeared; a flute was sounding somewhere in the quiet morning.



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes



Examples of "Americanism"

By Max Eastman

IT may be good politics, but it is poor science to say, as the *New Republic* did recently, that *freedom of speech* and a *respect for the due process of law* are "among the fundamentals of true Americanism." If that rather vacant abstraction *Americanism* means anything at all, it must derive its meaning mainly from the qualities which American people possess in greater degree or wider distribution than other capitalistic peoples. They certainly do not possess in such a way the freedom to express unpopular opinions. England surpasses them in this respect, and always has. So does Italy, and France, and even Germany. Without reviewing a thousand cases, it suffices to state in general that where the American republic imprisons agitators for a number of years, the republics and monarchies of Europe imprison them for the same number of months.

Moreover, in Europe agitators are rarely imprisoned at all for merely saying things. The doctrine that treason requires an overt act—embedded with some other precious gems in the unexplored depths of our Constitution—is with them a tenet of everyday common sense. Only the other day in the great auditorium at Albert Hall, a sort of Madison Square Garden of London, John Maclean and Tom Mann, advocated the formation of Soviets, and openly advised the British workers to prepare for the revolutionary seizure of power. In France at the recent Congress of the Federation of Labor, Lorient said—according to a conservative labor paper— "There is only one solution possible, deliberate revolution. A violent revolutionary movement is inevitable." Nobody thought of proceeding against him in the courts. In Germany a White Terror prevails at the moment which in some respects exceeds our own. But it is the result of actual insurrections, and even there an open rebel like Ernst Toller, who led a *Communist red army against the armies of the government*, has been sentenced to only three years in prison! As for Italy—there the revolutionary proletariat is too powerful for any measures of suppression.

For my part I desire that the change from a capitalist to a communist society may be as peaceful and orderly as possible, and it is not through any temperamental liking for violence that I make these comparisons. But in face of the fact that the ruling class of the United States is more intolerant, more ruthless and brutal, more inconsiderate of the rights of men and of families, less restrained by any relic or memory of the ideals of freedom which meant so much in the eighteenth cen-

tury, less tempered in its tyranny by any drop of mercy or reverence for the person of the dreamer and the prophet, than any ruling-class in the world outside of Japan—in the face of this fact I object to any further propagation of the idea that a superior liberty is among the "fundamentals of Americanism." It is not.

The truth is that our *opinion* that we are a "free country," our self-complacent traditional libertarian *emotion*—soaring along like the Wilsonian rhetoric above all consideration of deeds or actualities—makes it possible for us to commit atrocities of repression that any people with a little saving color of shame or self-criticism in their make-up would find impossible. We are not distinguished by freedom, but by the sanctimoniousness with which we institute the grossest forms of tyranny.

As for making a regard for *due process of law* another of the "fundamentals of Americanism"—there is not any laughter large enough to greet the absurdity of this proposal. There is not any civilized country in the globe—Japan or any other—where in the absence of actual civil war, so little regard is paid, either by the publicly constituted authorities or by self-constituted authorities, by mobs, thugs, private gunmen, military and "patriotic" societies, to the legal rights of the people they object to, as in the United States. It is the birth-place



Art Young
A. Mitchell Palmer, Candidate for Kaiser.

and abode of lynch-law. On New Year's Day I was talking to a prominent English reformer on his way back to London. "You have it harder," he said to me—"where we go out expecting to get pummeled a bit, you have to go out expecting to get lynched."

It is the common opinion in Europe. It is the plain truth. Why should we deceive ourselves about it? Where a British or a French or a German community occasionally takes the law into its hands and drives an obnoxious person out of town, an American community drags him into the public square and hangs him until he is dead. We lynched six white men last year and 72 negroes. One of the latter, a soldier, was lynched for the crime of refusing to turn out of the road for a white man to pass. Here is a list of the crimes for which, or upon suspicion of which, we have lawlessly murdered all these citizens—one every four days:

| | |
|--|----|
| Being a member of Non-Partisan League..... | 1 |
| Insulting white woman..... | 5 |
| Altercation with white man..... | 1 |
| Attempting to pull white woman from horse..... | 1 |
| Trouble between white and colored cotton mill workers..... | 1 |
| Assault on white woman..... | 14 |
| Murder..... | 27 |
| Insulting white man..... | 1 |
| Shooting white man..... | 7 |
| Attempted assault on white woman..... | 5 |
| Insulting white man..... | 1 |
| Shooting white man..... | 7 |
| Attempted assault on white woman..... | 5 |
| Result of race riot..... | 1 |
| Talking of Chicago riot..... | 1 |
| Leader among Negroes..... | 1 |
| Circulating incendiary literature..... | 1 |
| Misleading mob..... | 1 |
| Boastful remarks re killing of sheriff..... | 1 |
| Intimacy with white woman..... | 1 |
| Found under bed in white man's house..... | 1 |
| Expressing himself too freely about lynching of Negro..... | 1 |
| Causes unknown..... | 1 |
| Beating and robbing white man..... | 1 |

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On July 25th last the French Chamber of Deputies, after debating the attempt of American officers to persuade the French authorities that negro soldiers are not to be given the respect or protection accorded to white citizens, passed unanimously a resolution which is so bitter and terrible a rebuke to the American republic that it ought to make the advocates of 100 per cent Americanism hang down their heads in shame.

"The chamber, true to the immortal principles which have inspired the declaration of the rights of man and of the citizen, reproving and condemning all prejudices of confession, caste and of race, affirms and proclaims absolute equality and the protection of all by the laws of the country. (Applause.)

"It counts upon the government to impose upon all respect for these laws and in particular to pursue with energy all the measures to prevent infractions of the penal law committed upon national territory, no matter who be the authors or the victims of these infractions, and it moves the order of the day. (Loud applause.)

"I put this order of the day to vote."

(The order of the day is put to vote and adopted.)

The president—"I declare that the vote was unanimous." (Applause.)

Victor Berger has been twice elected to Congress by his constituents in Wisconsin; he is not a revolutionist, a communist, or in any degree opposed to the present forms of democratic government. Yet he is deprived of the right to speak, arrested and deported from one city to another by mayors and chiefs of police. Nobody dreams of suggesting that any "process of law" is necessary in order to make a scape-goat of this "elected representative of the people." What chance have the obscure, the destitute, those who are without influential friends and yet have some scientific opinions about the historic process we are in? Their chance of any better protection than that which is afforded to cattle, is suggested in these headlines, all from one issue of the New York Times:

ROUND UP OF REDS.

100 TAKEN IN AND NEAR BUFFALO.
RAIDS IN 17 CONNECTICUT TOWNS.
FIFTEEN TAKEN IN BRIDGEPORT.
SEIZE 150 RADICALS IN NASHUA.
65 ARRESTED IN MANCHESTER.
SEIZE 30 RUSSIANS IN BOSTON.
SEIZE EIGHT AT LAWRENCE.
NINE ARRESTS MADE AT HOLYOKE.
WORCESTER'S TOTAL EXCEEDS 50.
TAKE THIRTY AT LOWELL.
TWENTY-ONE ARRESTED IN HAVERHILL.
SPRINGFIELD ROUNDS UP 65.
SEVERAL ARRESTS IN RHODE ISLAND.
ROUND UP 18 AT BALTIMORE.
OAKLAND RAID NETS FIFTEEN.
LOUISVILLE'S BAG IS TWENTY.

These unfortunate people will be put through a cursory examination and according to the temporary disposition of the examiner, their future lives will be disposed of. If the precedent set in the case of the Buford is followed, they will not only be forcibly separated from their families, but many of them will even be denied an opportunity to arrange with their families a plan of future communication. As the Buford prepared to sail, we were treated in the press to the story that a gang of anarchist women came down to the battery, assailed and attempted to destroy the ferry-building which gives entrance to the immigration station where the "reds" were confined. These were wives and mothers and sisters and sweethearts torn from those they loved and upon whom they depended. Women pregnant and without any means of support, women with families of children thrown into the street because their livelihood had been taken away, were among them. And some of these women were not only thus left homeless and destitute, but they were left without any plan or prospect of ever meeting their husbands again. They tore at the gates

and broke the windows of the ferry station in the agony of grief and despair. Whether the government that committed this atrocious thing, or the press that laughed at it as an "anarchist riot," is the more contemptible it is hard to say. But they must both be included if we are to give any real meaning to that abstraction, Americanism. I believe there is no one of the five great nations with which America associated herself in the recent war, where such deportations, if they should be enacted at all, would be enacted in so ruthless and brutal a way.

Our final tribute of devotion to "law and order" was paid last Fall in the great city of Omaha, where a mob of many thousands of representative American men and women twice attempted to lynch their own elected mayor, stringing him up to a lamp-post and standing around yelling until he was cut down and dragged away unconscious by some audacious individual, to come slowly back to life after many days in a hospital. He was lynched for the simple reason that he insisted upon "due process of law." The citizens had assembled to lynch a negro; the negro was in the Court House; the mayor stood on the Court House steps and said he would defend the negro's right to a jury trial with his life. Somebody yelled "negro lover," and that was enough. After stringing the mayor up to a lamp-post half a block down the street, they came back—many thousands of average Americans—and burned their own Court House, set fire to it on all sides, in order to smoke out the little lonely company of peculiar individuals inside who were still insisting on "due process of law." I saw that Court House the other day as I was passing through Omaha. It is not a little country-town brick building, as you must imagine. It is an immense pillared structure occupying, with the wide plaza before it, an entire block. It is twice as large as the New York public library, and has all the austerity and majesty that are traditionally associated with the idea of law and government. Standing there wrecked and smoked and gutted by the people to whom it belongs, in their anger at the suggestion of "due process of law," it is too symbolic of the way we are going, to be ignored by anyone who is seriously seeking to describe Americanism. The fact that the whole performance was instigated and steered from the office of a nationally famous newspaper, makes it all the more typical. For our newspapers from coast to coast, with hardly a dozen exceptions, make daily incitement to mob-violence, daily intimations that certain large classes of people are outside the protection of the law.

These incitements and intimations are the stock-in-trade of those who shout the loudest about Americanism. As I passed through Denver I was told by a prominent business-man that Leonard Wood, who is seeking the presidency on a basis of 100 per cent Americanism, had related to an audience the day before, a suggestion that all the radicals should be "loaded into a concrete vessel

and just shipped to hell." "Ship or shoot" is one of the mottoes upon which he expects to secure the presidency.

In the Chicago Tribune I read the following account of a speech by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., to the American legion:

"He was cheered by 3,000 listeners grouped around the Khaki and Blue club in Grant park as he told them:

"You will always find us ready to stand for the ideals of this country handed down by our fathers and tempered by Europe's fire. First, last, and always we are 100 per cent American.

"Bolshevists, the I. W. W. and red flag Socialists," he cried, 'I see as criminals, to be treated as such. Don't argue or temporize with criminals. Go to bat and meet 'em head on.'"

I may be a little over-sensitive, but as I read these words I felt that the members of the American Legion had been advised by their most conspicuous leader to assault and if necessary murder me, and several million like me in their opinions. I am not complaining of this crime of Roosevelt's. Complaints would be futile. A district-attorney would laugh in my face. What I am complaining of is the further propagation by intelligent people of the idea that a regard for due process of law is a distinguishing American characteristic. The opposite is true. There are crimes and pogroms and persecutions elsewhere, but America is the only place in the world where people seek office by boasting of their contempt for the legal and constitutional rights of men.

America is a great place. There is something lusty even in this recklessness of all the rights and enactments that have made organized society possible—a dare-devil devotion to economic adventure, and let all other rules and decencies perish. The same devotion might seem noble directed to a greater end. But there is nothing lusty and nothing in any way great or acceptable about the sentimental falsification of these facts, the pretense that Americans are circumspect about any kind of liberty but the liberty to do business, or any process of law but those which protect the rights of property. Their most conspicuous national characteristic, at the present time at least, is a contempt for personal liberty and an established custom of taking the law into their own hands whenever they feel like it.

As our train pulled into Omaha I spoke to a typical middle-western business man—strong, masterful, heavy in the jowl, meticulously clean and silky, but bad-mannered and noisy with his throat and nose. I spoke to him because I knew that he lived in Omaha, and because I had heard him proclaiming his "devotion to law and order" in the buffet-car. He had stated that all those who oppose the constitution "ought to be stood up against a wall and shot." His speech was so typically American that I suspected when he said "law and order" he meant property. I asked him about the outrage in his town, and expressed a little mild surprise that

citizens should burn down their own public buildings, and string up their own mayor because he tried to enforce the law.

"Yes, it was a damn shame," he said, "—not the mayor—I guess he got pretty fresh—but it was a damn shame to destroy that building!"

The first reaction of an abstract mind to the question "What is Americanism," would be to say there is no such thing. America has derived its population from all races and nations, and therefore no American characteristic except mere diversity itself can be found. Upon reflection, however, it appears that quite the opposite is true. Each race possesses all the human characteristics in a good deal the same proportion. But America was founded, and has been populated, by certain definite types selected from all the races—namely, the types that *get up and go away from home*. They are restless

types, and rather hard—pioneers, economic adventurers, for the most part. A disproportionate number of criminals, black sheep, debentured servants, persons fleeing from scandal of one kind or another, are among them. It is impossible to describe them very explicitly, but in general, in the very nature of the case, they possess the aggressive masculine non-parental virtues and vices, rather than the virtues and vices of the more preserving and sympathetic side of our nature. That a population composed of these people and their descendants should have an exaggerated regard for the rights and liberties of those who get in their way, that they should have a more than usual respect for the forms of law, is incredible. They have, as a matter of fact, a very extraordinary indifference to the rights and liberties of others, and a contempt for the forms of law that is phenomenal.

Murder in Centralia

By J. T. Doran of the I. W. W.

ON Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1919, a mob broke into the I. W. W. hall at Centralia, Washington, and five of them were killed. The attackers came from a passing parade of ex-service men. The same day an ex-service man, Wesley Everetts by name, was seized by a mob, dragged through the streets and lynched.

The lynchers of Wesley Everetts are known. They have not been indicted. They will never be tried for their crime. That is because Wesley Everetts was a member of the I. W. W.

But ten members of the I. W. W. (including five ex-service men) have been arrested and charged with conspiring to fire upon and kill the men in the parade as it passed their hall; they are charged with having plotted and planned to do this thing for two weeks in advance of the act; they are charged with doing this as an attack upon the Government. They are going to be tried for murder.

The trial has been set for the 26th of this month. By the time this article is printed, the trial will be in progress. You will read the accounts of it in the daily newspapers. I want to tell you some things to remember when you read those accounts.

You will read about "confessions" said to have been made by some of those men. The police are busy trying to get those "confessions" now. They have not yet succeeded in getting the kind of confessions they want, but they are trying hard. I am privately informed that they are heating soldering irons red hot and holding them a few inches away from the bare feet of those prisoners—not

so near as to make a scar that could be shown in court as proof of torture—but near enough to cause almost unendurable agony. Then they ask: "Well, are you ready to admit that you fired on the parade?"—That is the first thing I want you to remember.

Second, about the judge. There isn't any judge in the State of Washington who has any love lost on the I. W. W. But there is one judge who is reputed to be strict about the *law*. He is known to be in the habit of demanding *evidence*. This case was originally scheduled to come up before him. But the prosecution is taking no chances, so they engaged *his brother* as an assistant in the prosecution, and then applied for a change of venue—on the ground that the judge might be too favorably disposed toward their side! So the Governor *appointed* a special judge to try the case. Remember, when you read about some of his decisions, that he is hand-picked for the occasion.

Next, the governor. His name is Hart. If you want to know what he is like, think of Ole Hansen. Governor Hart is another one just like him. He was put in office by the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, which together with the shipping combine, rules the State of Washington. He was put in office to use the powers of the State against the I. W. W., and to let the lumber combine do anything it damn pleased to protect its profits. Remember that.

For nine years, ever since 1911, there had been open and merciless war against the I. W. W. in the State of Washington. In 1911 began the attempt of the lumber-

workers to organize. They wanted decent living conditions and decent wages. In 1912 they created the Lumber Workers International Union No. 500 of the I. W. W. This organization was quickly crushed, but in the battered heads and embittered hearts of the workers the determination to organize and fight for their rights at the first opportunity was only made stronger. The opportunity came with the outbreak of the European war. The scarcity of labor gave them the upper hand, and in spite of every effort, by police brutality and imported gunmen and legislative enactment, to destroy their union, it increased to vast proportions. Union organizers were illegally arrested, their property and the property of the union was destroyed by officials and by thugs in the employ of the lumber barons. Finally, on Nov. 5, 1916, an armed band of Vigilantes organized by the Commercial Club of Everett—a body dominated by the lumber interests—shot and killed eight men, and drowned an unknown number of others, in an attack upon them when they attempted to return to the homes from which they had been illegally driven away.

When you read about the Centralia trial, remember this Everett incident. Remember that the newspapers then reported that the I. W. W. had made an armed attack upon the town; remember that 74 of these workingmen were arrested and charged with murder. Only one of these cases was ever tried; the jury brought in a verdict of *not guilty*, and the other 73 indictments were dismissed. Remember that; but remember also that the lumber interests are determined not to let anything like that happen this time!

The Everett outrage resulted in an increased membership in the union, and in 1917 the men declared a general strike for the eight-hour day and improved camp conditions. The United States had now entered the war against Germany, and the lumber interests were quick to use patriotism as a cloak for their purposes. They took advantage of the war-hysteria, and arrested the supposed leaders of the strike, held them in filthy jails for months, and shipped them at last to Chicago, where they were convicted along with others in the famous I. W. W. case under the Espionage Act, and sent to prison for twenty years.

But the imprisoning of these men did not improve the situation in the lumber industry. Press and pulpit joined

in a demand for the destruction of the I. W. W., and in some instances for the murder of its members. But sheer inability to produce enough lumber finally led to the *granting* of the demands of the I. W. W. These demands were:

Running hot and cold water, and bathing facilities.

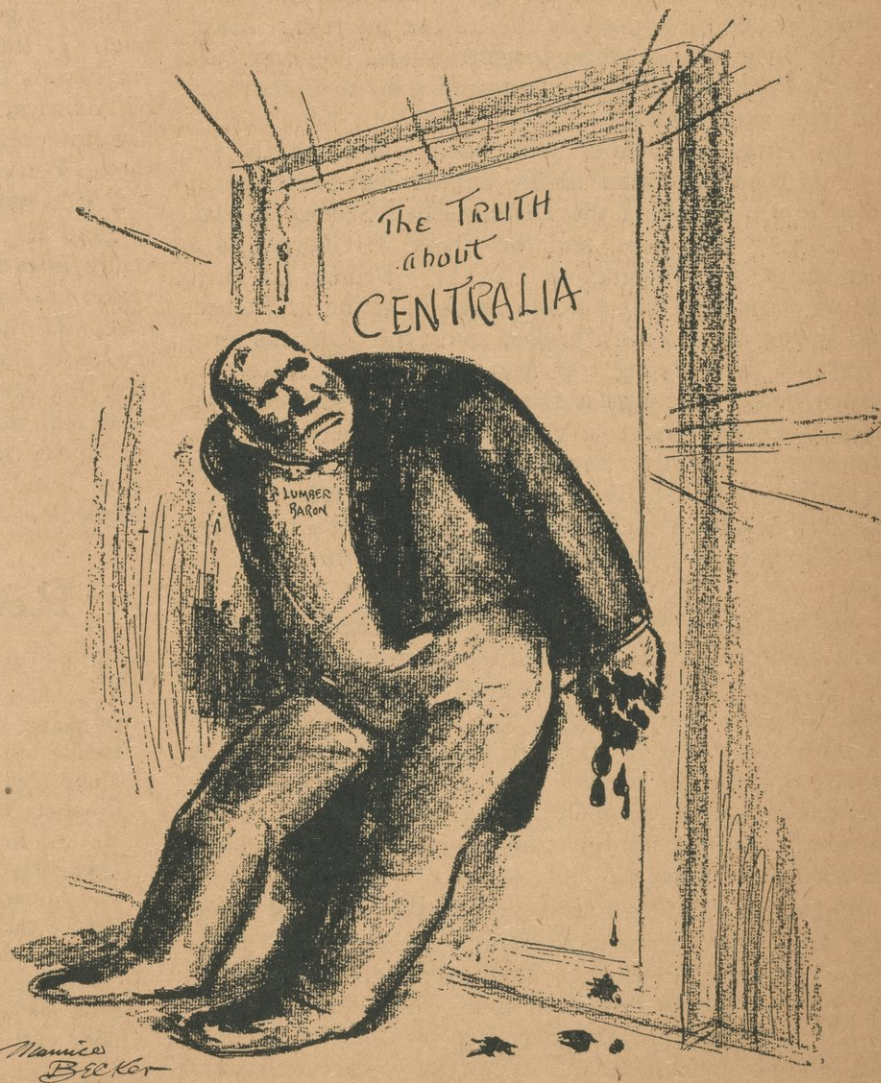
Spring-beds and mattresses.

The employment of a "crumb-buck"—a man to take care of the bunks and keep them free from lice.

Lights to read by.

A basic 8-hour day.

The union has seen to it that these standards were maintained—and they are maintained to this day. To the lumber-camps during the war came many men from all over the country, drafted into the military service and sent to do this kind of work; they came hating the I. W. W., but when they worked beside them, getting inferior wages, inferior food, inferior camp-conditions, they realized what the union was for, and envied their



I. W. W. comrades the protection it gave them—and they went away sold to the I. W. W. idea!

After the war there was danger that the long story of graft and profiteering and lawlessness in the lumber industry would be exposed to the public, and it became necessary to manufacture sentiment against the I. W. W.—especially as its organization was growing ever larger and more powerful, and included great numbers of ex-service men within its ranks. You will read, in the accounts of the Centralia trial, of the alleged hostility of the I. W. W. in the Northwest toward the returned soldiers. It is not true.

The American Legion in Butte, Montana, is, so far as voting power goes, absolutely in the control of the I. W. W.

In Seattle the ex-service men have organized a Workers', Soldiers', and Sailors' council and kindred organizations sympathetic to the program of awakened labor. They have preferred not to join the American Legion because it has throughout the state of Washington a universal ill-repute among workingmen as a subsidized police-force used by the lumber interests. Many of the members of these organizations, however, are now in favor of joining and controlling by their numbers the American Legion.

The American soldier who bears more medals for bravery than any other in the United States (seven of them in all, including the Distinguished Service Medal, the British war cross, and the Croix de Guerre) is a member of the Washington I. W. W.—Private La May. He was wounded half a dozen times in action in France, and is now lying with a broken spine, hurt perhaps irrecoverably by a falling tree in a logging camp after his return home. He was a friend of the ex-service man, Wesley Everetts, secretary of the Centralia I. W. W., who was lynched after the attack on the I. W. W. hall on Armistice Day. If La May had not been lying with a broken back he would have been at Everett's side that day, shoulder to shoulder with him facing the invading mob.

And remember this: the bodies of the dead attackers were found *inside* the door and on the threshold of the I. W. W. hall. The lumber interests had planned the attack, someone had arranged that the parade should go out of its way, far from the chief thoroughfares, so as to pass through the obscure street in which the I. W. W. hall was situated. And Dr. Frank Bickford, one of the paraders, testified at the coroner's inquest that he had led the attack upon the hall.

Remember that the raiding of I. W. W. halls is no new thing. It is a form of sport which the lumber interests and the newspapers have promoted enthusiastically all over the northwest. Pianos which the boys have saved their dimes to buy have been wantonly destroyed, and adding machines and typewriters carried away.

The police would laughingly flip a coin to see who should get the next typewriter.

The men who are going to be tried in Centralia, the men who were in the hall when the locked door was broken open by the mob, are typical workers of the lumber camps, ordinary hard-handed not-easy-to-bluff loggers. All of them with, I think, only one exception, are natives of that section. Five are ex-soldiers. They were in that hall on Armistice Day for the same reason that they are members of the I. W. W.—because they had a right to be. They live in a place where rights are not respected—unless they are protected. They didn't expect the Constitution to protect them in their right to join a union, and they didn't expect it to protect them in their right of peaceful assemblage. But they were going to belong to their union, and they were going to have a place to meet in, or know the reason why.

When the trial comes—if a *real* trial ever does come—you will know the reason why; you will know a good many interesting things which I cannot tell you now.

But it's going to be hard to get a real trial for these men. If they are not to be legally lynched by the lumber barons before we can get their story to the workers of America, it will only be because people like you who are now reading this article do what you can to help them. You can do this in two ways: by sending us money—a little will help a great deal if you send it in promptly (and if you make it just a little more than you can really afford to give, we promise that you will never regret it)—and by stirring up other people about the case. If the workingmen—and women—of this country know the truth about Centralia, the additional murders that are planned by the lumber barons of the northwest will not happen.

(Money sent to this magazine for the Centralia Defense Fund will be forwarded promptly to the proper recipients.—The Editor.)

Return From Captivity

AFTER the longest exile they return,
Men who have hung their harps on willow trees
Of many lands, and wept in dark sojourn
Beside all waters, flowing to all seas;
Their feet are crowding down the sacred road,
Prophets in rags, starved seers and minstrels dumb,
Marked by their toil, scarred by the thong and load,
They lift their eyes unto the hills and come!
The Joppa gate swings wide, they shall go in,
Before their sight the Temple walls shall rise,
Nor hammer stroke be heard for the glad din
Of hearts and praises lifting to the skies.
How old a dream strikes root upon this day,
They only know who face the East to pray!

Hortense Flexner.

From Shore

THE wind is very blue to-day
And free,
It carries tall white ships away,
Over the sea.

Along the far horizon line
They drift,
And all their passage will be fine
To-day, and swift.

White arrowy sails, and at my lips
A cry,
Because I may not join the ships
That pass me by.

Esther A. Whitmarsh.

Return

I FELT your coming as sometimes the grass
Can feel the coming of the rain,
All quivering as it waits its touch,
The tall grass on the plain.

I felt your coming as the trees at noon
Whisper the coming of a breeze,
And happy thoughts raced through my brain
Like dancing poplar leaves.

I felt your coming, dearest one,
As little birds can sense the dawn
And waken to another day
Before the night is gone.

Elizabeth Reeves.

Hills

QUIET sunburnt hills, you lie like sleeping animals,
Tranquil,
The folds of your limbs darkened with foliage:
And one I love and I have come to you
To nestle like your young in the curves of your flanks.
Out of the hardness of the city, away from its barren scales,
Away from its coiled length and reptilian head
Lighted with golden eyes that repel and fascinate—
Into your fastnesses we have come.
You speak old words to us, O hills, you speak wisdom;
The heat of the earth, the sturdy fecundity of the eternal
self-renewing earth.
Let us lie together in the grass, let us drink together
The wind of summer like wine poured out of the sky.
Let us climb hot as the earth, sweating and smelling of
the sun,
Until we come to the high ridge and the pinetrees;
And when night falls let us lie down to sleep in your shadowy
places.

Lydia Gibson.

I Wonder

I WONDER if a girl, let be,
Would not grow lovely as a tree
And hold a baby at her breast
As branches hold a robin's nest.

Her hair would flutter in the breeze
As leaves twirl on the poplar trees.
Her body, growing unconfined,
Would be kissed hourly by the wind,

And feel the graciousness of sun
Warming the sinews, everyone,
Until the blood from cheek to toe
Would as rich sap through maples flow.

Her limbs, unfettered, let grow free,
Would smooth and straight as beech trunks be,
And bear her body's crowning weight
As they uphold their emerald freight.

As little winds the still leaves start,
Her voice would stir the listener's heart;
Bending to her reflected face
She would defy the willow's grace.

The years would mark her as a tree,
And each one make her stronger be.
And Time its sure, indelible trace
Would leave upon her changing face.

Its etching as upon the pine,
And nobler beauty but define,
There's nothing lovelier than a tree
Nor what a growing girl might be.

Elizabeth Colwell.

Home Thoughts

Something just now must be happening there!
That suddenly and quivering here,
Amid the city's noises, I must think
Of mangoes leaning o'er the river's brink,
And dexterous Davie climbing high above,
The gold fruits ebon-speckled to remove,
And throwing them carefully in the tangled mass
Of wis-wis lush and blue and lance-shaped grass;
And Cyril coming through the bramble-track
With a big bunch of bananas on his back,
And Aleck—none could ever dive like him—
Getting his scanty clothes off for a swim,
And schoolboys from Bridge-tunnel going home,
Watching the water downward dash and foam.
This is no day-dream, there is something in it—
Oh! Something's happening there this very minute!

Claude McKay.

Leap-Yearlings

WHO is it worries all the Feds,
And fills the *Times* with scarey heads,
And murders people in their beds?
The Reds.

THE backbone of radicalism was officially pronounced broken at 12:30 on the morning of January 3rd. Any further hysteria on the subject will be regarded as reflecting upon the integrity of Old Doctor Flynn.

AS time goes on the Fifth Wisconsin district seems to get Berger and Berger.

THE pro-germanism of Milwaukee is again proved beyond doubt by the fact that Victor L. Berger was elected over a man by the name of Bodenshtab.

"THE strangling clutch of labor will be difficult to shake off," says Henry C. Wiltbank, discussing the future of the shipbuilding industry. Yet when the strangling clutch of labor loosened itself from the coal pick everybody complained. It is all very puzzling.

WHATEVER may be the decision of the coal commission the fact remains that the miners are the guys that picked the first and last syllables out of injunction.

IN view of McAdoo's statement about last year's profits, would it be improper to speak of the coal operators as 1,000 per cent. Americans?

IT seems to be a settled principle of history that allies fall out after the war is over. There is the case of Palmer and the coal operators, and look at the way Daniels and his navy are carrying on.

THE administration's promise to reduce prices has not as yet been fully realized, yet it must be admitted that prices have not gone up in some places as much as in others.

"WHY was our second class mail privilege taken away?" asked the New York *Call*.

Mr. Burleson deliberated for eleven months and then replied without a moment's hesitation:

"Because you are not a newspaper."

A smaller mind might have needed time to think up an answer like that.

BURLESON says that no power on earth has the right to question his ruling in the *Call* case. Will the hired girl please sweep out the spare room at Amerongen?

MATTHEW WOLL of the A. F. of L. says that "to deport the reds and coddle the profiteers will not bring us to a state of domestic tranquility." Maybe we shall yet see an "ark" full of profiteers setting out for Hog Island.

ACCORDING to the South Dakota conventions, the contest this fall is to be Wood vs. Woodrow. If the president should decline they might ring in Underwood.

THE question arises, is this excessive woodishness due to a scarcity of coal or merely a scarcity of presidential timber?

WHILE on the subject, William M. Wood of the American Woolen Co. is our candidate for America's leading humorist. He has come out against profiteering by retailers. Friends say he gets off the most sidesplitting things with a perfectly sober face.

IF we must have restrictions upon free speech, what about the man who proposed Nicholas Murray Butler for president? Is this not a clear case of holding up our form of government to ridicule and reproach?

DR. BUTLER'S chances of election would be brighter if the time were not so short. We can't deport all the voters between now and November.

REPUBLICANS and Democrats are making out a very good case against each other as to who killed the peace treaty, but the conviction still persists it died of old age.

COMPETENT observers testify that the wheels of government at Washington have completely stopped revolving. Apparently nothing is going around except rumors.

WE read that the House made a gentlemen's agreement not to do anything about anything until the Senate had made up its mind—if any. While twiddling its thumbs the House might appropriately have passed a few more laws against sabotage.

IF Senator Fall or anybody wants us to go to war, of course we must do it. Still a war to make Mexico safe for William O. Jenkins *would* be an anticlimax.

THE gratitude of the people should go out to the newspaper publishers. When asked by the government to conserve print paper they cheerfully and patriotically responded by raising the price of Sunday papers to ten cents. No vicarious sacrifice is too great for them.

A CALIFORNIA soldier has been notified three times by the war department of his death in France, yet he persists in being sceptical. People do not have the implicit faith in the government that they used to have.

MR. PALMER might take that extra day in February to explain how the packing trust is going to bring down the cost of living.

AMERICA is at last shipping munitions and supplies to the Soviet government—judging by the impressive list of materials captured by the red army at Omsk.

ATHLETICS, the papers say, have come in for a tremendous revival since the close of the war. How true that is! Kolchak's record for long-distance running may never be equalled, and isn't Denikin doing well in the sprints?

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S charge that the British Labor Party must be kept out of power because it is incompetent to govern, is being given serious consideration. Churchill has come to be recognized as a great authority on incompetence.

FRENCH finances must be getting into a rather desperate state. It is reported that the government is seriously considering levying some taxes upon the rich.

"HOW, then, did I win the war?" asked Foch. "By smoking my pipe."

IF the soldiers were no help, at least they weren't a hindrance.

THE Italian cabinet got a vote of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies of 242 to 216. Whatever it dies of, it won't be over-confidence.

PEOPLE are now openly advocating that Austrian children be saved from starvation. Has our morale gone to pot so soon?

THE women's demand that they be given equal representation in the Republican National Committee looks like another of those embarrassing leap year proposals.

PERHAPS that Brooklyn undertaker who sold wood alcohol whiskey was only trying to stimulate industry.

WHAT is Poland going to have for a government now? A pianola?

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



"Honest, Addie, I wouldn't laugh. I don't think it's meant to be funny."

Counter Revolution in Advance

A Summary of Recent German History

NOTE.—*In view of the efforts of American capitalism to start a similar regime here, this account of the inward cause and sequence of events in Germany since the armistice, is important. It is written by a historian who was present during the events which are here for the first time thoroughly explained.*

SO far Germany has not had a revolution. She has only had a change of government. A year ago some three-and-thirty rulers went packing and there was a modification of the suffrage. Otherwise nothing in Germany was changed. We in America change our rulers every four or eight years, and are continually modifying the suffrage. But we never call it a revolution. It is not a revolution until the essential relations between the classes within the state are altered. And in Germany no class relation has been altered. The German workman is today imprisoned or shot under the same martial law which justified the enormities of Zabern—and the same officers do the imprisoning and shooting. The same class of militarist Junkers stand behind the government and bully it as during the war. The same newspapers tell the same lies. And the same business men pay the same bills. The same workmen must strike for the same illusory increase in wages, and the same spies report the same names. The same laws are passed by the same legislators, interpreted by the same judges and administered by the same bureaucrats. There has been no change—not even (with exception of the three-and-thirty kings and dukes) a change of personalities.

There has not been any revolution. *There has not been even any deliberate attempt at revolution.*

But Counter-Revolution is a thing as tangible as cabbages, as highly organized as a steam engine. It is a state within itself, with its political cabinet, its general staff, its army, its treasury and its taxpayers. It works with firm will and refined technique toward a perfectly definite goal. Such a counter-revolution has been laboring with signal success in Germany. It has been organized and directed by a reactionary class more firm-willed, more industrious and more politically shrewd, I suppose, than any other similar class in the world. And the personalities in command are exactly those "who have hitherto controlled the destinies of the German Empire."

It is true that workmen's and soldiers' councils—"soviets"—were formed spontaneously at the very beginning. But these formally revolutionary organisms were in most instances not the least revolutionary in spirit. They were formed in emotional imitation of the soviets of Russia. But more particularly they were formed be-

cause, when the military skeleton of embattled Germany was shattered, there was nothing else to hold the land erect. Each army regiment, each factory, each city district required some sort of rough and ready administration in the moment when all authority had fled, and the men concerned appointed councils, or committees, to provide it. But such councils, usually appointed by party bureaucrats or trade union organizers (and often, in the case of the army, by under officers) were usually about as revolutionary as a committee appointed by Mr. Gompers to discover a *modus vivendi* with the National Manufacturers' Association. The people were satisfied. "Die Rote Fahne," in the early days, could scarcely be given away. Liebknecht could muster only a handful of soldiers to follow him to decisive revolutionary action. It took months for a revolutionary consciousness to come over any considerable part of the German working class.

But the counter-revolution, on the other hand, began the very day after the Kaiser's fall. It began when Hindenburg offered his sword in the service of the "revolutionary" government and (secretly) issued orders that soldiers' councils be formed in all army corps. These two gestures, puzzling enough to the naive observer, were definitely counter-revolutionary acts. Hindenburg was not acting in the dark. It must be remembered that the German Junker class has been through this thing before, in 1848, and has perfected its technique. By offering his services to the "revolution," Hindenburg retained command of the army. By ordering the formation of soldiers' councils in the first moment he secured the election of class conscious officers in all the army corps to which the realization of the incipient revolution had not yet penetrated. It baffles speculation, to estimate what these actions of Hindenburg accomplished. If he had opposed the revolution and all its works, if he had gathered his faithful followers in a crusade against the upstart Socialists and their devilish soviets, he would have crystallized the revolutionary consciousness at the start, and Liebknecht might have been the general of millions, instead of hundreds of red soldiers. But your true Junker knows how to appear to yield. He may be clumsy in his dealings with foreign nations, but he knows his countrymen. He is perhaps the only reactionary in the world gifted at once with unyielding will and political shrewdness. So revolutionary Germany had as supreme war lord a noble East Prussian land-owning general of the Moltke school, and its soldiers' soviets were peppered with select young officers with handles to their names and monocles at their eyes.

It is not to be supposed that the Junker officers who were organizing the Counter-Revolution had anything but contempt for the crew of saddlemakers temporarily occupying the sacred throne of Emperor William by the grace of God. It is not to be supposed that they intended Germany to be either Social-Democratic or a republic if they could help. Germany never has been a socialist republic and never pretended to be. Erzberger announced in his first speech in the assembly that it distinctly was not such, and Scheidemann took it without a whimper. But the counter-revolution found it good policy to repeat the popular formulas. They cared little how their army was called, provided they had command of it.

For what had happened? A government professing to represent the majority of the people had been compelled to select the military force on which it should base its power. It had two choices—the revolutionary regiments formed spontaneously in the first days to preserve order, and representing a rough average of the whole German people; or a small compact volunteer force recruited largely of convinced monarchists and commanded by such entirely. It rejected the Republican regiments and chose the monarchist corps to be its praetorian guard.

The action of the "people's commissaries" did not, of course, look so bald as this at the time it was quietly taken. Indeed, Ebert and Scheidemann may not have been quite conscious that they had made any such decision at all. What they formally did was to incorporate into the new National Army (Reichswehr) all formations which were willing to enter the pay of the state—monarchist corps and Republican regiments alike. Hence the majority of the working class for weeks suspected nothing. What was actually happening did not become evident until it was seen that Ebert and Scheidemann were actively recruiting the monarchist corps, and systematically demobilizing the republican regiments.

If this situation, as it existed toward the end of December, be understood, everything else at once becomes clear. Almost without exception the subsequent fighting of the "revolution" resulted from the efforts of the Counter-Revolution to demobilize the revolutionary institutions, military and political, before they should become Bolshevik. The resultant conflicts were not the attempts of these institutions to seize power, but to *preserve their existence against the Counter-Revolution*.

The first overt act of the Counter-Revolution was the attempted demobilization. This was formed of the sailors from Kiel who had given the first push to the revolution by their revolt in November, and had marched to Berlin and installed themselves in the Royal Palace and the Royal Stables. They were not revolutionary. There were few Spartacists among them. They pledged to the provisional Socialist government their support and acknowledged its authority. But one day shortly before Christmas they called at the *Stadtkommandanten* as usual

for their pay. They were told there would be no pay. They were demobilized. They objected corporately, out of regimental pride, to being forcibly disbanded and disarmed. They objected individually to being thrown suddenly on to the streets to join the unemployed. After some parleying, they dared the government to demobilize them and retired to their royal strongholds. The Garde-Cavallerie-Schuetzen-Division, the heart of the Counter-Revolution, was dispatched against them. The battle ended in a draw. The sailors were not demobilized and were permitted to remain in the stables. But the Independent Socialist members of the government, now clear as to the Counter-Revolution and helpless to veto it, withdrew.

The Counter-Revolution was now started on its career. Its plan of campaign, systematically followed through the following months, was three-fold; first to collect into its own keeping the weapons so distressingly and democratically distributed among the German people; second, to imprison or assassinate the radical leaders; and third, to dissolve, where it could not control, the councils and other popular bodies created by the November revolution. The aim was a compact, well armed military, set over against a weaponless, disorganized, terrorized proletariat. In such terms the Junker Counter-Revolutionists could envisage a Germany which made sense to them. This state achieved, their property could be considered safe against socialistic legislation. The pseudo-Socialist government could be sent about its business at any convenient time, and Germany could be transformed by a military coup into a Hohenzollern monarchy, limited or unlimited, or into a bourgeois republic, as should seem advisable.

To carry out this campaign the Counter-Revolution needed above all two technical instruments—panic and provocation. I call these instruments technical, though they are of emotional texture, because they are scientifically elaborated weapons of Counter-Revolution. They are manipulated by experts, in perfectly cold blood, for perfectly definite objects. They are mathematically amenable to control, like heavy artillery.

The battle with the sailors was in reality a victory for the government, for the Volks-marine division, succumbing to fine phrases, entered into a formal compact with the Garde-Cavallerie-Schuetzer-Division to protect the government and preserve law and order. Armed with this security, the Counter-Revolution now attacked Emil Eichhorn, Independent-Socialist Police President of Berlin. The enormous stores of weapons which Eichhorn had at his disposal must be secured by the monarchist corps. Eichhorn believed they belonged to the revolutionary formations, and distributed them freely. It must be added that he did it with singular *maladroitness* in a country which places such store by orderliness, for he passed out his weapons to any workman who applied, instead of assigning them officially to the official work-



Rosa Luxemburg

ers' organizations. This fact gave the Counter-Revolution its chance. Eichhorn was preparing a reign of terror in Berlin! Liebknecht was directing the campaign! The panic technique was cultivated for several days through the newspapers, then Eichhorn was declared by the government to be relieved of office in Berlin. Eichhorn replied that he was responsible to the Workmen's Executive Council of Berlin, which had placed him in office, and to it alone.

The East Side demonstrated by the thousands in his support. *Liebknecht, Ledebour and Eichhorn all counselled them to preserve order and take no aggressive action.* But they were bitter against the newspapers, and this bitterness was manipulated by government *agents provocateurs* to stir them to excesses. The meeting closed with cries of "To the Vorwaert's!" and the crowd surged to the Linden Strasse. The Vorwaerts, the *Vossische Zeitung*, and then the rest in town were occupied by armed workmen. The Volks-marine division and the republican regiments declared themselves *neutral*. But the workers needed no military for the moment.

They made themselves masters of the inner city, and it was bad luck for any officer to be seen on the streets with his epaulets on. *Liebknecht and Ledebour now accepted a difficult and unfavorable situation and framed a provisional government.* They parleyed with the Scheidemann government, which played for delay while regiments of monarchist troops were massing outside Berlin.

The Counter-Revolution had the situation it craved. It attacked the spontaneously organized worker's battalions one by one and captured their strongholds in turn, ending with the police headquarters. It searched all pedestrians for weapons. It arrested Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, and others. It controlled Berlin.

Then it came at last into the open. The officers again appeared on the streets, with side-arms, monocles and all. The leaders held daily conferences in Potsdam, and the knowing ones began talking of the Kaiser's return. The government no longer counted. The staff of the Garde-Cavallerie-Schuetzer-Division planned the campaign and made the decisions. Noske was a blustering figure-head.

The Counter-Revolution, now in its stride, did not bother much about finesse. The Garde-Cavallerie-Schuetzer-Division procured and paid for the murder of Liebknecht and Luxemburg, and cooked and issued from its press department the fairy tale about the "angry mob" and the "attempt to escape." The murderers smilingly went about their daily pleasures when their names were known to all Berlin, and at last, when in a moment of panic the government arrested and accused them, when they had been condemned by a farcical military court to a holiday in jail, the division officers procured through the government the escape of Vogel, the one officer involved, and withheld news of it until he was out of danger.

The March uprising was the most dramatic success of the Counter-Revolution. It was a peaceful strike turned by deliberate provocation into a bloody uprising. The strike, a protest against the reactionary measures of the government, was planned for the first Thursday in March. It was scheduled for the Ruhr industrial district, for Saxony and central Germany and for Berlin. It was not an attempt at violent revolution, however much some of the Communists may have hoped for decisive results.

But a week before the strike was due, the Counter-Revolution concentrated troops in Muenster. On Sunday they appeared mysteriously in all the strike centres. The result was exactly as intended. The Communists, always stronger in courage than in organization, struck in indignant protest. They neglected even to arrange matters with their allies the Independents, who stuck to schedule. The strike of Monday, then, was only a third of a strike. The monarchist troops then surrounded the towns, cut off the food supply, entered and shot up the workers' quarters and by Thursday had the whole strike

movement disorganized and terrorized. But on Thursday the Central German strike came as scheduled, only with the heart all gone out of it because of the bloody fiasco of the Ruhr.

The battle of Thursday was a slaughter. The revolutionists, outnumbered five to one, were penned in the square and attacked by all the most horrible weapons of modern war—machine guns from aeroplanes, heavy artillery, poison-gas and sheets of flame. By dusk they had retired to the barricades in the side streets.

The battle was really won for the government. But the Counter-Revolution was not through; it exploited the situation to the utmost limit. For a week it maintained the farce of a first-class campaign against the few snipers and wandering bands of fanatics in the east side. It shattered whole houses with its heavy artillery and filled the papers with fanciful accounts of desperate resistance. It stationed a guard in the office of the Marine Division, and shot down the weaponless sailors one by one as they entered. It searched every house in the east side for weapons and shot men, women and children in the courtyards for possessing a revolver, a Communist member-

ship card, or even a copy of "Die Rote Fahne." It left the East Side, after many days, one quivering terror.

Thereafter it entered the second stage of its campaign, which was the systematic "cleansing" of one city after another (with blood and iron whenever provocation could be used successfully). It dissolved all the people's military organizations. It dissolved workmen's councils. It suppressed papers, it arrested leaders, it broke strikes, it had a large and effective strike-breaking detachment attached to each division. And always when it could find an excuse, it killed. It killed in secret, in the dead of night, and it left no traces. Within two months it was governing most of Germany under martial law.

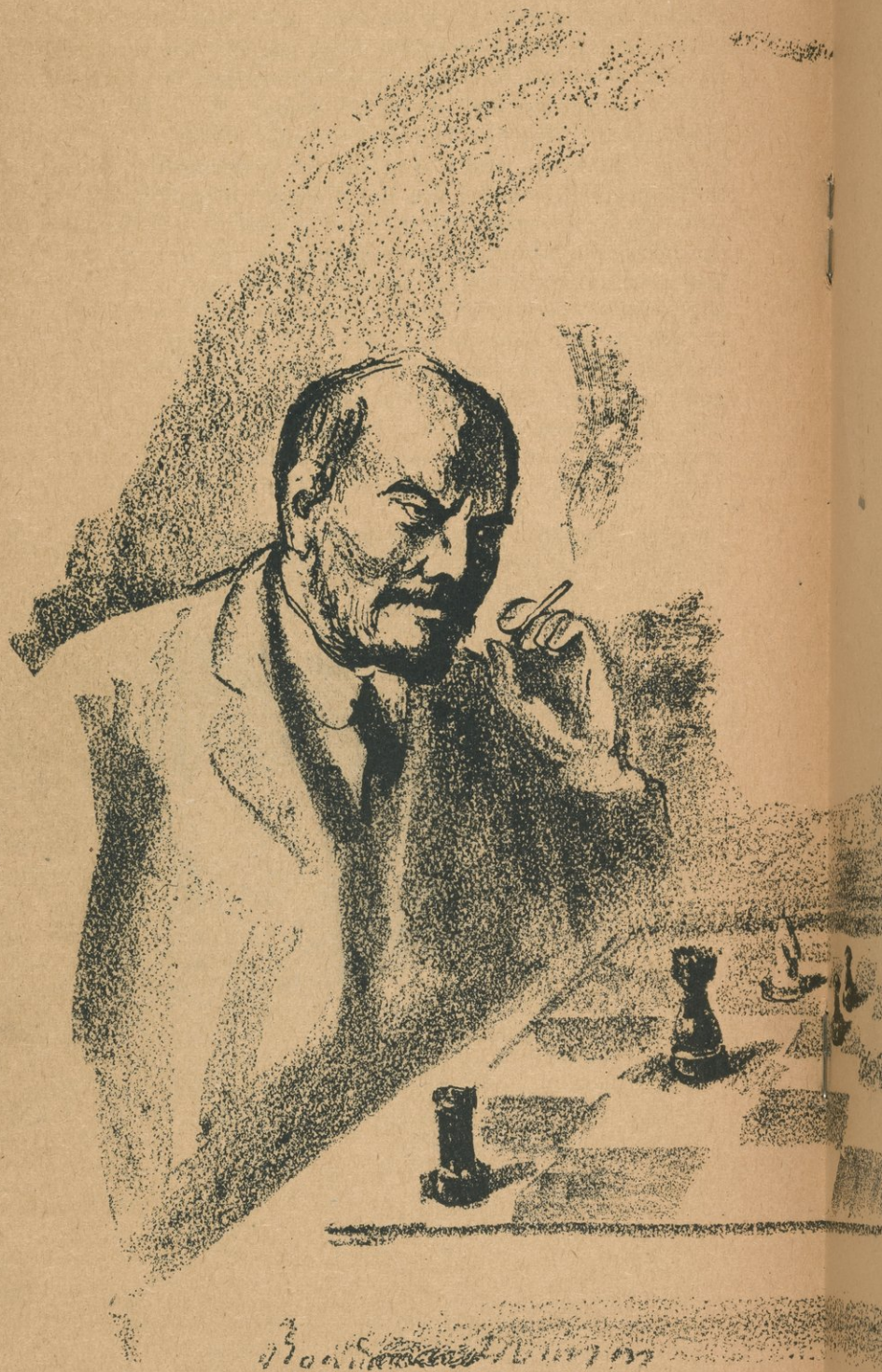
Germany has been "cleansed" of many of her noblest and ablest men. She has had no revolution. But she will have one—that has been assured.

The Workers' and Soldiers' Councils have become more and more conscious of their class interests. They cannot continue to exist without demanding more and more power, and they will resist any attempt to deprive them of the power they have. All Germany is conscious of the inevitability of this conflict.



KARL LIEBKNECHT—A DRAWING

There are just two moves they can make—war against Russia which will mean revolution at home; peace with Russia, which will mean the spread of Soviet principles throughout the world.



"Checkmate, Ge



Boardman Robinson

kmate, Gentlemen!"

"Solidarity! Serenity! Audacity!"

An Account of the Italian Situation by Hiram K. Moderwell

WITH the news that the Socialists had elected 156 deputies, nearly a third of the Italian parliament, the world began to talk once more of revolution in Italy. The impression was confirmed by the news of numberless campaign quarrels, resulting in several dead and scores of wounded, and finally by the general strike that accompanied the opening of parliament. Obviously, the world said, the Italian Socialists intend a revolution.

Now the Italian Socialists, though they are the most revolutionary that are to be found in any of the once Allied and Associated countries, do not in the least intend a revolution. They expect a revolution. What makes them dangerous is precisely that they know their place. They know that revolution is bigger than any party. They know that a party-engineered revolution, if it were possible, would be a mean, constricted and eventually fruitless affair. They understand that the party will have a place in the movement only as it knows how to translate into words and actions the dumb desires of the masses.

As to its ability to translate these desires into words, the elections are sufficient evidence. As for actions—the next few months may tell. In the meantime the Italian party shows a remarkable capacity for thinking straight about the world it is living in. While retaining unimpaired its revolutionary aim, it has adopted a scientific, realistic policy toward the actual circumstances which surround it. Committing itself to a communist revolution, it has avoided those two fantasies which can make so much energy fruitless—that the revolution can be made by parliamentary votes, and that it can be made by armed uprisings; the one bringing endless reforms endlessly blocked by legal and administrative devices, the other bringing impotent frenzy, bloodshed, and finally despair. We shall use, say the Italian Socialists, both preliminary votes and armed uprisings, each in its place; but the Revolution is more than an act of party will—in the historic sense, indeed, scarcely an act of the human will at all. It is a **great**, impersonal precipitation of the social fluid inevitably caused by events beyond the will of any man or group of men. The Italian revolution that is to come is only the future tense of the Italy that is to-day.

* * *

And what is Italy to-day? Externally a quiet enough country if you neglect the occasional bloody election rows. The shops are open and the cafes are full of people gossiping, or reading of the "passionate dramas" which end in murder or suicide in some dirty slum; beggars still

sit on the street corners which are theirs by right of inheritance, and old women sell you chestnuts or flowers or penny fortune-telling cards on the street. As an on-looker you could live for months in Italy without knowing that anything unusual is happening.

But when you undertake so commonplace an activity as shopping you feel an uneasiness in the air. Your favorite sweetmeat crawls up in price by a few centesimi each week. The tobacco which last week filled the counters of your cigar store has now disappeared; you go to other stores and find that overnight tobacco has ceased to exist in the city, and no one knows when more will arrive. The milk which you drink in the corner *latterie* tastes like the best vintage of the village pump; such as it is, you get it without any sort of public control, but you learn that thousands of babies are doing without it and that American society folks are importing milk powder from the States to give to the hospitals the milk which the government has just allowed you to drink. When you want to go to Milan you learn that your favorite express has been taken off the schedule for lack of coal, and that you must get up at four in the morning to catch a local which may stop in the middle of the journey to cut firewood from a nearby field, and to ride on this local you pay twice as much as you did last month. You remember that the strange look of the streets comes from the almost complete absence of automobiles, which is in turn due to the almost complete absence of oil. You read in the papers of strikes, endlessly and everywhere strikes, strikes in small shops and large factories, strikes of farm workers in the valley of the Arno, in the plain of the Po, and among the hills of Sicily; marvellous strikes like that of the 200,000 metal workers who held out for six eventless weeks, at the expense of all the Italian trade unions, until they brought the employer's association to terms; queer strikes, like the passive resistance of the government telegraph employees who, not daring openly to quit their jobs, manage to make a telegram to Florence take longer by several days than a letter.

You go to the bank to get your money changed and you find that you receive three hundred more Lire for your hundred dollars than a month ago. You hear your friends discussing whether they shall cash their letter of credit now, or wait for the exchange to rise still further. They all decide to wait.

From the working classes, the small householders, and that class of salaried employees who are here as everywhere the "new poor," you hear always of the prices.

They are climbing always, each month a little. Even bread has recently gone up again. Prices are "controlled," of course; all retail prices, even on some luxuries "*calmiere*" prices, all officially sealed and signed, whitens the walls and the shop windows of every Italian city. A curious crowd gathers around it studying it, and smiles resignedly or shakes its head. It is not merely that this month's official prices are higher than last month's. It is that the goods will not be found for sale at the prices named. Shops are "out" of goods, or offer you only a small portion of what you need at the *calmiere* price, or stuff of an inferior quality. But if you have the money you will get what you want. The crowd around the *calmiere* list remembers that even such blessings as the *calmiere* brings are the result of the food riots of July when the people took price fixing into their own hands and administered it through the *Camera del Lavoro*. Later the government took over the whole administration—and what is the result? Each month living costs a little more, and the winter is coming on.

Is all this merely the reaction from war? Well, a few days before the election we celebrated the fact that the war ended a year ago, and at dinner that night we ate war bread. If war makes living harder, surely peace, which is the opposite of war, should make it easier. But instead of getting easier with the peace, living is getting steadily more difficult. That is what hurts. Things are still endurable at present. But when they change, it is always a little for the worse. When will things begin to change in the other direction? Surely there is something that can be done about it? Why don't our statesmen do it? Or perhaps—perhaps they have done all they know how to do? If that is true, then we shall try something else with a vengeance. The Socialists are for a revolution, a Bolshevik revolution. That is something definite, at least.

So a third of the voters of Italy, and nearly half of those in the north where the masses can read or write, vote for the Socialists, and for Bolshevism, and red flags, workers' councils, and barricades.

The papers like to talk angrily of food speculators and profiteers. But the Socialist journals do not indulge much in such talk. They don't regard the present condition of Italy as the result of a malicious plot. They call it the long foreseen collapse of capitalism.

They remind you that Italy has a total debt roughly equal to her total wealth. Italy has mortgaged her house and lot and her labor for a generation, and if she is forced to borrow anything more she can give no security more material than her good intentions. She is in need of almost all the raw materials of human life and industry. All her coal must be imported, and she is importing about a quarter of what she needs. She must export manufactured goods, but to make these she must import the materials out of which they are to be made.

These she cannot get from the west without paying double their normal price, because of the rate of exchange. The east, where she could buy at a favorable rate, is blockaded and invaded by capitalism trying to re-establish itself, and the north, which once sent her so much, is strangled by capitalism seeking to crush a rival. The Lira, which once stood at 5.20 to the dollar, now fluctuates between 12 and 13. Mostly it fluctuates downward. It has been fluctuating since the armistice. There is nothing in sight to suggest that it will cease falling. To restore the Lira, Italy must first restore production; to restore production, she must first restore the Lira. No statesman has yet been able to find any instrument with which to break this vicious circle. It is, say the Socialists, something that cannot be broken within the rules of the capitalist game. It is capitalism destroying itself.

The truth is this: that either the international bankers and politicians must turn communist, or the people will. If those who control credit and those who control the circulation of raw materials were to conspire to a gigantic act of co-operation, all would be well. If the international bankers were to grant loans to the poor countries (necessarily including Germany and Austria), if the generals were to permit Russia to resume production, if the politicians were to permit raw materials to flow whither they are needed—in short if a world soviet of the rich and mighty were to take counsel for the good of all, there would be little demand for a soviet of the despised and rejected. If—but the case is unthinkable. A capitalism which did not seek to crush its competitor would be no capitalism.

Failing any such saving altruism, the economic dissolution goes relentlessly on. And dissolution, if it continues to the end, becomes revolution. The Socialists of Italy know this, and the knowledge saves them from the error of supposing that the revolution must be made by them.

However, Italy will scarcely be obliged to wait for the normal, agonizing process of this dissolution to fulfill its appointed time. The crisis is being precipitated by other factors. Let me introduce one of them. Its name is lyric poetry. It is here a menacing power, though American readers, if they be born since the mouldering of John Brown's body, will scarcely believe that it can be a serious factor in political life.

Poetry adorns all of Italy, but we sometimes forget to what an extent it frequently dominates her. Yet I think that if we were to examine Italian history we should find that when Italy acts, it is under a poetic concept, just as England always acts under a moral concept. Surely the most astonishing exploit of the nineteenth century was Garibaldi's crusade, and it was pure poetry. I do not doubt that great social events here as elsewhere have economic causes, but before an economic force can move

the Italian to conscious activity, it must be sublimated into a poetic form.

Now nothing could be less poetic than the present Nitti government, with its doglike adherence to its honorable engagements with Paris, its cautious internal policy, its patient awaiting of some future saving event. The Italians are weary of it. Who will bring back to Italy the great days, the days of daring, of combat, of exaltation?

Now just across the Adriatic is one of the greatest poets of the age, who makes a specialty of daring, combat and exaltation. A conquering hero, he moves from town to town, planting the standard of victorious Italy. Seen at closer range it is prosaic enough to walk with your soldiers into an unfortified city and, instead of setting the world by the ears, be obliged to sit on your uniform and wait for something to happen. But given a little Adriatic fog, the thing becomes imposing. So much so that the government is obliged to keep d'Annunzio's grandiloquent bulletins out of the newspapers. Every bulletin is a poem, and in these days every poem is dangerous. If the prose in Italian politics continues much longer, who knows but that through the fog d'Annunzio may begin to look like Garibaldi or Caesar, and his volunteers like the red-shirted Thousand or the Praetorian Guard?

D'Annunzio's influence does not end with his volunteers. He has the whole navy with him—the officers, that is; the men have not yet been heard from. He has a large part of the army; I do not know what proportion, neither does the government, which wishes to heaven it did. He has his political party in the Combattenti, though it fared badly enough in the recent election. And he has his free-masonry in the Arditi, once a junta of Arditi officers in Milan, now a vast patriotic society within the army, the regisseur of occasional diverting melodrama to the public, but with no one knows what ramifications in Italian life. He has even his press, the loudest-voiced in Italy, whose daily life is one continuous dithyramb of the glory that is to be. In short, if d'Annunzio should ever decide to introduce the divine fire into the Italian peninsula, say by a march to Rome at the head of his volunteers, there is a complete organization, white guard, white press and all, to rise at the first sound of the passionate trumpet.

It might be supposed that these d'Annunzians are devout royalists. Nothing of the kind. Ask them about the monarchy and they reply that if the king will play Italy's game they may permit the king to remain, if not—! But why this coolness toward the glorious House of Savoy? Go to a Combattenti cafe and you will hear remarks about the d'Annunzian dynasty. Well, why not? The Julian dynasty, the Flavian dynasty, and others, have been established by a march of a devoted army from the provinces. It is in the Italian climate.

It is not possible to predict when, or if, the apt couplet will unleash this force as something active in the politics

of Italy. But I think it will be met by a poem that is grander and more universal, albeit one rarely heard in ancient Rome. The Italian proletariat, though it has been relentlessly schooled in economic determinism, has a poetry of its own. Here, more than in other countries, Lenin is made a personal hero. The solidarity of the working class is the monotheism of a new religion. The epic has its grim comic relief, too, as in the exploit of those lads, who, during a battle in the Piazza del Duomo in Milan, crept along the shadow of the cathedral, captured the pumps at the point of the revolver, and turned the hose on the soldiers from behind.

For the proletariat, too, is sensible of the glory of antique Italy. I once asked Arturo Caroti, deputy from Florence, why his city, which is certainly not industrial, should be one of the reddest in Italy. It was not a case of economic determinism, he thought, but a consciousness on the part of the workers that Florence had been the first soviet republic of the Middle Ages. Look it up, as I had to do, and you will find that in Florence in the 14th century, the people had their political representation not by geographical units, but by the natural units of professions and industries. I read in my Sismondi that on the 20th of July, 1378, during an uprising to demand *political representation for the minor trades*, "a carder of wool, named Michele Lando, in a short waistcoat and barefooted, marched at the head of the people, carrying in his hand the gonfalon of the state," and that having been acclaimed gonfalonier he "exhibited by his own example how much a free government spreads sound sense and elevated sentiments among even the lowest classes of society." There is a statue of this Lando in the Mercato Nuovo. I had never heard of him, but Caroti tells me that he is the hero of every Florentine lad, just as George Washington is the hero of the American schoolboy. It was these Florentines who, finding their nobles troublesome, excluded them from political rights, and authorized the *Signoria*, in case of disturbances by other families, "to ennoble them too, as a punishment of their crimes, in order to subject them to the same summary justice." If the nationalists can fight to restore Italy's ancient glories, the workers can fight to restore her ancient liberties.

Add to this a hair-trigger state of the Italian nerves, responding with a shot to the slightest touch at a sensitive spot. You stand in a peaceful crowd, listening to an outdoor political speech. Suddenly the hum of half-whispered conversation rises; you hear a melee of voices in some distant part of the square, and you see the crowd coagulate itself about the voices. Then, above the voices a cane is raised, followed by a dozen canes waving and falling through the air. Then the government police run up, holding their silly long capes over their shoulders with one hand while they fumble for their swords with the other. A trumpet sounds, and the guard rushes into action. The centre of combat sways this way and that.

The Socialists then form a scratch parade, elbowing its way down the side streets, "uttering" (as the newspapers say) "subversive cries." Sometimes stones fly, and frequently, in these days, revolver shots are exchanged. It is half an hour or half the night before the crowd has completely lost interest and gone home.

It has been the task of the Italian Socialist party to humor and discipline this quarrelsomeness, and to provide the militant symbols for this temperament, while guiding them through the maze of political and military intrigue to the clearly envisaged goal. To my mind the

party has thus far succeeded marvellously well. It has nurtured in the proletariat that splendid, lovable individualism which has been the glory and the curse of Italy, but it has inculcated also just those qualities of realism and discipline which the Italian temperament has lacked. The party's influence is summed up, for me, in a slogan which is current in Florence and might well characterize the whole Italian Socialist movement:

SOLIDARITY! SERENITY! AUDACITY.

And above all, a practical statesmanship which knows



Robert Minor

Clemenceau: "But where will you get the troops?"

Lenin: "I'll use yours."

the world it is living in, and can thread its way through complicated facts to the supreme moment.

* * *

It was at the Bologna Congress of October that the party took final stock of its situation and decided on the policy which carried it uncompromisingly and victoriously through the recent elections. And because in doing so it framed perhaps the first serious summary of Marxian doctrine and tactics as revised to fit the facts of Western Europe in the light of the Russian revolution, I believe it is worth while to put on record something of this congress and its factional struggles.

Bologna is a Socialist municipality and the district around it is known as the reddest of Italian provinces. Seven of its eight seats were captured by the Socialists in the parliamentary elections of 1913. The same year the city went Socialist and under the Zanardi administration has grown stronger than ever, having made the workers feel that it was on their side. No other Italian city has had so many institutions to ameliorate the poverty of the people during the war. A municipal unemployment subsidy, a municipal lodging house, and a municipal restaurant have met the first needs of the poor. More than one Minister of the King, in the past few years, has mentioned Bologna as the model municipality of Italy.

Model or not, it is Socialist, and that made things simpler for the party delegates. They were not obliged by superior physical force to perform any of the rituals of the religion of state. They put no Italian flag over the red-framed picture of Liebknecht in the municipal theatre where they held their congress. They hired no brass band to play Garibaldi's hymn for their souls, and they did not even mention Fiume. Yet there were no soldiers menacing the entrance, no police arresting the wearers of red carnations, no government stenographers listening for detached sentences on which a penitentiary term might be based. It is true that one evening a band of soldiers, on their own account, tried to start something with a crowd singing Socialist songs in front of the municipal palace. But the constituted authorities, in the person of Mayor Zanardi, warned the soldiers that the crowd would stay there all night if they did not withdraw. They withdrew.

The congress struck me as a very serious council. There is a great difference between a congress whose function is to inscribe the true doctrine, and one like this which must grapple in anticipation with a state of actual revolution. If there are to be barricades in the Piazza Vittoria in Milan, there were also barricades in the Bologna Theatre. The delegates ran the risk, in case they decided wrong, not of being refuted in a learned work by some Marxian monk, but of sending thousands of their comrades to useless slaughter and themselves being strung up by the neck. An incentive, this, to decide right!

And just as it is more difficult to decide to do a thing

than to do it, this congress was a more significant achievement than any of the revolutionary battles which may result from it. For here was achieved the supreme determining act of revolutionary will.

Strictly speaking, it is not delegates who achieve revolutionary will, and it is not at congresses that men make up their minds. All congresses can be divided into the *steam-rollered* and the *sewed-up*. This one was sewed up—by the well considered decision of the rank and file. For weeks before the congress met, the various locals, in their several meeting rooms, had discussed night after night the four programs submitted for their approval by the four factions within the party. For weeks the columns of "Avanti" had been full of controversial articles from all four. And methodically each local arrived at its decision and instructed its delegates accordingly. So although there was here little of the fluid process of decision, yet there were here passed in review the thoughts and emotions which had filled the Italian Socialists since the armistice.

But now there is necessary a bit of technical explanation. Four distinct programs had been presented. First, and most conservative, was that of the "Reformist" faction* led by Turati. Turati and his group, though they have been consistently opposed to the late war, are not as consistently in favor of revolution. Indeed, they declare pretty frankly that they do not expect a revolution in Italy. Even if a revolution were possible they might not welcome it. They are frankly sceptical about the Bolshevik regime. They look the other way when anyone mentions Soviets. When they are asked what should be the program of a Socialist government in Italy they talk of water power and inheritance taxes. As for collaboration with the bourgeois parties, they make no secret of their belief that such collaboration would be for the benefit of the working class if their mandates permitted it. Their program presented to the party, therefore, was the familiar one of urging the "conquest of public power" by means of the ballot, and the securing of reform measures in maximum abundance all along the way. They represented themselves as conservers of Marxism undefiled by soviets, commissaries, and other new fangled inventions.

Opposing the Reformists were the Maximalists, the group which gained the predominance and the party machinery at the Rome congress of 1918. It was under the direction of the Maximalist faction that the party declared its adherence to the Moscow International and organized, so far as it could, the international strike of July. Undisputed leader of the Maximalists is Serrati, director of "Avanti" and editor of its Milan edition. The

* The "Reformist" Socialists of Italy must not be confused with the patriotic Socialists, most of whom were rather syndicalists, who were expelled from the Party when they declared in favor of the war. The word "Reformist" is loosely applied to these latter by the newspapers, but properly it belongs only to Turati and his group.



An Italian Caricature of Turati.

Maximalists disagree with the Reformists in almost every question of tactics and method. Their very first premise is that they most decidedly do expect a revolution in Italy and that soon. Far from regarding the Italian revolution as a vain dream, they find the vanity in supposing that competitive capitalism can ever deliver Italy from the economic bankruptcy left by the war. Being as they claim, the "conscious expounders of the unconscious processes of history," they content themselves with pointing out that a country which is being ruined by nationalism and competitive capitalism can only be restored by internationalism and communism. When the crisis will come depends partly on the ability of others to see the truth. For themselves, they can wait; they must wait. They can only prepare to seize and guide the revolution when it comes. Thus, like the Calvinist God, they can sit calmly waiting for the predestined event which they have freely willed.

The revolution being inevitable, how shall the Party seize it when it comes. The Maximalists, in contrast to the Reformists, insist that the proletariat can seize it not

through the parliament and other instruments of bourgeois politics, but only through the workers' own organizations, the soviets, protected by proletarian arms. The true function of the party, then, is the education of the proletariat in the historic necessity of Communism, the founding and building of workers' councils, and the securing within these of a dependable Communist majority. The program, when the revolution comes, must be that of the Bolshevik party of Russia,—the arming of the proletariat, the disarming of the bourgeoisie, and the establishing, as a transitional measure, of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Is this contrary to the Gospel according to Saint Marx? The Maximalists assert that it is not. But however that may be, it is in harmony with the present reality of Socialism militant, facing a world in arms.

And now the last plank in the Maximalist platform: Rejecting parliamentarism as a revolutionary instrument, what shall be done about parliament? Abstain from taking part in bourgeois elections says logic. Certainly not, says Serrati. Send as many revolutionary deputies to parliament as possible. They will use the Chamber of Deputies as a soap-box of revolution, and will keep out the yellow Socialists. Further, though the Maximalists do not say this, the activity of a parliamentary election will serve to keep the party unified, the machinery oiled, and the less revolutionary comrades in a fighting spirit. The deputies, on the other hand, are to be pledged to scorn the parliament they enter; they must refuse any sort of collaboration with the bourgeois groups, and must obey all mandates of the party on pain of immediate expulsion.

Opposing this logical inconsistency in the Maximalist program, there arose the extreme left, or "Abstentionist," faction, under the leadership of a vivacious young civil engineer from Naples, Amadeo Bordiga. Since the revolution cannot be effected through the instrumentalities of the bourgeois state, he says, let us reject the bourgeois state and all its works and proceed as rapidly as may be to the armed insurrection. Participation in the parliamentary elections, which the Maximalists admit to be useless for the purpose of revolution, will only entangle the representatives of the workers in the wheels of the existing machine, and lead the minds of the proletariat away from their main business. But do not suppose that this was the "leftest" thing in the convention. By no means. There was still a "left wing" of the Bordiga faction, led by a fiery middle-aged woman, one Abigail Zanetti, which insisted on the expulsion of all party members who did not immediately join revolutionary class-conscious soviets.

A fourth faction, calling themselves "Centrists," elbowed its way in between the Reformists and the Maximalists. Their reason for existing was their fear for the unity of the party in case the congress should attempt to force the Maximalist program on its parliamentary

deputies. They endeavored to find some ground of agreement between reform and revolution and made rather a poor showing of it. Lazzari, political secretary (equivalent to our president) of the party, was perhaps lured into heading this faction by his concern for the flock which had increased to nearly a hundred thousand souls during the past year of his incumbency.

For the purposes of the convention the Reformists, feeling themselves weak, merged with the Centrists, painting themselves red and proclaiming themselves also Maximalists—"Unitarian Maximalists." Their program conceded what their orators did not concede, that the crisis through which the world is passing is really of a revolutionary character, and that the classic Marxian program proclaimed by the Italian party in 1892, must be revised in the light of subsequent events. Finally, it demanded "for all members the rights of citizenship in the party, and complete liberty of thought and discipline in action."—Very like one of the "substitute resolutions" which Mr. Gompers' committee produces at an A. F. of L. convention. Its real aim was to secure a margin of free-

dom to the Reformist deputies in parliament and thus prevent their insurgency.

* * *

Literally speaking, this was a congress of graybeards. Italy is one of the few countries where the barber's craft is an art, because here nearly every man has a beard and every man who has a beard is vain of it. Beards have been a revolutionary symbol since the forties, when they were adopted by patriots as the one safe way of expressing their anti-Austrianism. They continued to be a patriotic fashion until the late war, when for hygienic reasons all beards at the front had to be shaved. Now, with the smooth face the symbol of nationalism, the Socialists have the more reason to retain their beards or grow new ones. A meeting of the Socialist party directorate looks like a council of the Sanhedrin.

But under his beard, your typical Italian Socialist has the animation of the American business man. There is Serrati, for example, a man whose mind is continually in motion, a man whose will has compelled the party to its present course, and one who may be trusted to carry the greatest responsibilities when his time arrives. Twenty

years or so ago he was in America, editing a little Italian Socialist paper and organizing Italian branches of the Socialist party. In Italy, at the beginning of the war, he was in the minority which demanded active measures against the war, and in Turin he made a speech which cost him eight months in prison. Yet it is typical of his genial personality that he still keeps in his room a holy picture given to him out of sheer affection by the prison priest. When the Bolshevik revolution sent a challenge to Socialists throughout the world, he never wavered in his conviction that the future of Italian Socialism lay with Moscow, and through the firmness of his conviction and the relentlessness of his ideas, rather than through his eloquence, he forced the party, first of all the great Socialist parties of the world, to turn its eyes resolutely to the east. The world will in the coming months hear more of other names than of his, but the final authority within the party will continue to be Serrati's.

Serrati had against him at Bologna two remarkable antagonists,—one to the right, Filippo Turati, founder of the party and for years leader of its deputation in the Chamber; and to the left, Bordiga. Turati was formidable



SERRATI.

not only because of the reverence which the rank and file, and the fear which the high and mighty feel towards him, not only because of his economic knowledge and parliamentary experience, but especially because of his fertile wit and tireless good nature. Bordiga was formidable because of his youthful vitality and his conviction that the future is on his side; but he also fought with wit and good nature, as did Turati. So did Serrati. These qualities are priceless in Italy; one does not win without them. So the contest at Bologna seemed at times an endurance test in cheerfulness.

Turati, though he knew from the first that he was a loser, wandered whimsically about the stage, his hawk nose and piercing eyes framed in his gray-black beard, saying to this person and that: "Even if I am a reformist, I'm still polite, still polite." Bordiga champion of fire and sword, took life still more easily. He sat, smooth shaven and well tailored, in a stage box, surrounded by two or three enthusiastic younger comrades and a retinue of beautifully gowned women (quite the most charming in the hall) and made irreverent comments on the opposition speeches. He was calmly confident that though the congress would declare him loser, history would declare him winner.

* * *

Bordiga, speaking first, insisted that a revolutionary party should remain outside the tricks and snares of bourgeois political life, and that those who wished to remain in said tricks and snares should remain outside the party. Socialists well understood, by this time, that bourgeois democracy was in fact the dictatorship of the rich. Socialism, pure Socialism, means the dictatorship of the proletariat. The bourgeoisie, which maintains itself by force, can only be overthrown by force. And now, added the speaker, is the time to do it.

Claudio Treves, Deputy from Milan, and perhaps second only to Turati in parliamentary prestige, followed for the reformists. The bourgeoisie which we are seeking to overthrow, he said, is an international bourgeoisie; witness how readily Roumanian bayonets do the will of Versailles. The revolution, then, must also be international; we cannot make it in Italy until international propaganda has progressed much further. Moreover, can we afford, by adopting a violent programme, to break our traditional bonds with the Italian Federation of Labor? The method of insurrection would not be followed by the majority of the Italian working class.

"Well, then," he concluded, "if you persist in your method, you will end by having an aristocracy of in-

surrection; whereas we prefer that the insurrection shall come from the conscience of the masses. Therefore we remain faithful to the program of 1892."

Gennari then spoke for the Maximalists. "It is a strange thing," he said, "that opposition to revising the program of 1892 comes almost wholly from certain comrades who were Revisionists. The program of 1892 must be revised, especially in regard to the 'conquest of power.' We deny that the instruments by means of which the bourgeoisie rules can be instruments for the emancipation of the proletariat. The program of 1892 corresponded to the historic tendency of that period, when it was supposed that it was possible to transform society without a catastrophe. But in any case, we have already revised our program by the act of adhering to the Third International.

"We cannot be in favor both of bourgeois democracy and of the proletarian dictatorship," he concluded. "We must declare for the dictatorship of the proletariat, and to be able to exercise this dictatorship we must prepare ourselves in the use and technic of violence."

After these rather formal presentations, a day and a half was consumed in enlarging them. Serrati, Lazzari, Turati, all three entered the joust. Serrati was at once reserved and intense—the scientist acting as propagandist. Lazzari, though he is at heart more Maximalist than Reformist, spoke with the sad dignity of an old man bidding good-bye to a world which he no longer understands. Turati spoke, as always, like one with his thumb to his nose. His speech was the most quotable. That is why it was feared. He has a fine gift for dropping phrases that cannot be forgotten.

"The dictatorship of the proletariat," he cried, "can be nothing but the dictatorship of one proletarian over the proletariat."

Or again: "The war has not brought nearer the advent of Socialism; on the contrary it has demonstrated the enormous power of the bourgeois state, which was able to send five million men to slaughter."

It was Turati's clever tongue that was feared. At one point in his speech he did deadly work with it. Epigrams dropped from his lips one after another. But then a surprising thing happened: these Italians, who will agree with anybody who makes a joke, who love the man who can make a joke about anything, but even more him who can make a joke about nothing—these Italians became angry with Turati's joking.

When he said: "Soviet is a thaumaturgic word which the public does not understand," someone cried: "The Soviet is too serious a thing."

Another man added: "This is no cafe-concert!" Then yells of anger came from all parts of the hall. For the first and only time during the congress, it came to the point of personal combat. It was twenty minutes before the orator could resume his speech. When he resumed, it

* It is one of the chief sources of strength to the Italian Socialists that the General Confederation of Labor, built up under its patronage, maintains with it a close working alliance, by virtue of which each agrees to act in support of the other in all important matters. The adoption of the Maximalist program, with its emphasis on soviets and its slurring of trade unionism, did indeed cause a certain tension between the two great organizations, as Treves foresaw, but there seems to be not the slightest danger of a serious break in the alliance.

was as a beaten man. There was one word which these Socialists would not have as the subject of a joke, for it was a word for which they might soon be bleeding on the barricades or wasting in prison.

They fought it out all day, and when at eight in the evening the speaking was over, they voted to stay until midnight to ballot. An American convention would have been peevish. But these Italians sat through the ordeal dinnerless without once losing their good humor.

Bordiga sat in his box and cheered himself whenever his name was mentioned. The whole house had to stop and laugh when the town of Serrati voted against Serrati's motion. When a middle-aged woman delegate announced that her vote was for Bordiga, the official stenographer found time to look up at her and banteringly remark: "It was from personal sympathy."

At midnight the final vote was announced: Maximalist motion (Serrati), 48,411; Unitarian motion (Lazzari) 14, 886; Abstentionist motion (Bordiga) 3,417.

* * *

As party dissensions go, the Maximalists were now triumphant over their enemies, and in a position to grab everything in sight. But there is something strange about this Italian party, which I cannot pretend to explain. Both the defeated wings announced that they would remain with the party. The abstentionists promised to conduct no anti-parliamentary propaganda during the electoral campaign. And after the Maximalists had got everything into their hands, they decided to nominate their candidates from the three groups in proportion to their strength, including trade union and co-operative officials in goodly measure. But with this generosity went a protecting clause: all candidates were obliged to pledge in advance a line of conduct strictly in accord with the decisions of the party. At the same time the committee passed other resolutions—one of them, that no one who had in any way favored or aided the late war might be a candidate. Since the central committee has a veto power over all local nominations for parliament, the party can enforce these decisions to the letter.

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The election was sufficient evidence that the mood of the Maximalist program was the mood of the workers. To say that the result surprised the ruling classes is nothing. It surprised the Socialists. They had expected seventy to ninety seats. They won 156. They had reckoned on the probability that the redness of their program, with its open support of the Bolsheviks, would frighten away many of the more timid workers. They had supposed that the Clericals and Combattenti, with their almost Socialist programs of internal reform, would lure away many of their normal supporters. But the Italian workers rose to greet this bold manifesto with a gesture as bold. It stirred their imagination. It gave them the mood of victory.

The young Socialists who went laughing, singing, and sometimes shooting their way to the elections of 1919, are going in the same spirit to meet the revolution which they believe is before them. They seem to care little for the thought of the blood that will flow, for the famine, the suffering. Tough, wiry, inured to the diseases which lay a foreigner low, they leap at the thought of these things as to a great adventure.

But the responsible leaders are not approaching the revolution as adventurers. They feel the solemnity of asking thousands of brave men to go to death or prison for their theories. I think they envisage with perfect clearness what they are saying, mean it with all their souls and minds, are willing to share the fate of the humblest of their comrades, and (what is of vastly more importance) are able to bring all their notable political abilities to bear upon their program, and to contemplate the high fortunes of the coming months as unemotionally as they would contemplate the prospects of to-morrow's weather.

Two weighty arguments are urged against this program by Socialists who still accept its aims—and nearly all who are still in the party do accept its aims as distinguished from the methods it proposes. The first is the natural objection of all humane men to the use of violence; the second is the argument that a revolutionary Italy, cut off from economic relations with the rest of Europe, yet herself in need of importations of almost every prime material, would starve.

In answer to the first objection Serrati, in a campaign article which amounts to an official pronouncement of the faction, reviews the familiar argument that the dominant class has violence constantly at its command—physical violence in the army and the police and mental violence in the press—and uses it ruthlessly, legally when possible, under a legal pretense when the law cannot justly be invoked, and finally, when all masks fail, without any pretense whatever. The programme does not suppose that in the broadest sense the revolution can be effected by fire-arms; it must happen in the minds and wills of the workers. But it takes into account that before the final moment of revolutionary decision arrives, the dominant class will take the initiative, with arms in its hands, to disorganize and shatter the growing proletarian power. If and when this happens, the proletariat, says the Maximalist programme, must be prepared to resist the aggression—to protect against violence the organs which are making the revolution a fact.

But it must be remembered that in Italy violence is taken as a fact of every day life much more than in Anglo-Saxon countries. Nearly every day, during the campaign period, there were public fights, resulting in killed or wounded. The working classes still remember the notorious Crispi period when government was maintained by blood and iron, amid the applause of the landed and industrial classes. So universally is the inevitability of vio-

lence accepted that the anti-socialist newspapers make scarcely any capital out of the accepted violence that blazes in red in the Socialist programme. The Socialists are simply taking into account conditions which everyone knows to be a fact.

"Violence," says Serrati, "exists in the facts far rather than in our desire. We too could wish that the transition might come without tumult and without blood. But history is inexorable and does not accommodate itself to our desire."

Again, the Reformists say: "Make a revolution and die of starvation."

The Maximalists do not attempt to make a complete refutation of this prediction—who can, indeed, *completely* refute any prophecy? They are willing to take the terrible chance without which revolutions are never made. But they point out, in Serrati's words:

"1. That it is only nations economically exhausted which, at a given moment, are the first to revolt. There never was a revolution made on satisfied stomachs, with the larders full.

"2). That the proletarian revolution, although it avails itself of the actual conditions in each individual nation, is international, in that it tends to cross national borders and spread like a fire which, having everywhere a little receptive ground, ignites first in a more inflammable centre. The proletarian revolution is international revolution.

"3). In these conditions of internationalism the proletariat must find the means of developing its own new order of things in the natural activity of exchange between the various communities of the Communist Federation, Russia is such a vast and almost virgin storehouse of agricultural and mineral products that it can generously provide for the needs of all Europe, after the triumph of its revolution.

"4). In any case, if it is true that because of the economic blockade by the capitalist states the existence of an Italian communist republic created by violence would be impossible, do our comrades suppose that it would have any possibility of life when created, as they propose, by means of parliamentary action?"

Here again, Serrati is insisting that the Italian revolution is not an isolated thing, but a part of the world revolution. Is it so certain, he seems to ask, that when the revolution comes here, Italy will be geographically and economically separated from Soviet Russia? Is it so certain that the workers of other countries will permit the blockade against Soviet Italy, after the horrors of that against Soviet Russia?

* * *

The day after the election, a bomb was thrown by officers of the Arditi at a parade of Socialists

celebrating their victory in Milan, killing one and wounding eleven others. Bombs and firearms were found to be illegally collected in the Arditi club-rooms.

The day the Socialist deputies took their seats in the Chamber, officers attacked them on the street, on various pretexts, and arrested one of them, after wounding him, knowing him to be a deputy. Two hours later the general strike was proclaimed in Rome. In the next two days it had spread throughout all of Italy. The workers were convinced that a counter-revolutionary movement was in action against them.

There was scarcely one city which did not see fighting between the people and the soldiers. In Rome, once the langorous town of the bureaucracy and the small shop-keepers, a Socialist was killed and several were wounded in the Piazza della Esedra. In Turin more than a hundred officers were beaten and despoiled of their insignia. In Milan a pitched battle on the Piazza del Duomo caused the death of three and the severe wounding of dozens.

In Andria, in south Italy, two hundred persons were wounded in open fighting.

In Mantua the railroad station was captured and the jail broken open.

The period of preparation, of political fencing, of writing programs was over. The period of revolutionary insurrections had begun.



A DRAWING BY GEORGE BELLOWES.



Robert Minor

Robert Minor

The Bolsheviki Wolves

To My Baby

(From a conscientious objector in prison)

TINY little baby,
Eyes as bright as stars,
Every day they twinkle
At Papa through the bars;
Don't you start a-crying,
Straighten up your face,
Your dad has gone to prison
To free this bloomin' race.

Chorus:

Go to sleep, my baby,
Don't you weep nor wail,
Wilson's in the White House,
Papa's in the jail;
Mamma's in the laundry
Washing clothes for me,
And everybody's working
For world-democracy.

Quit your crying, baby,
Lonely little waif,

Papa's in an iron cage
To make your future safe;
All the other daddies
Have gone and left their wives,
And all the kids on our street
Are playing with their knives.

Here's your bottle, baby,
Skin as soft as silk;
Easy on the rubber,
Easy on the milk;
Just a little swallow
And give it back to me,
For most all the baby food
Has sunk into the sea.

Byelo, little baby,
Let your crying cease,
You'll go to jail with Papa,
If you disturb the peace;
Close your little eyelids,
Don't you peep nor yell,
Half the dads in Christendom
Have died and gone to hell.

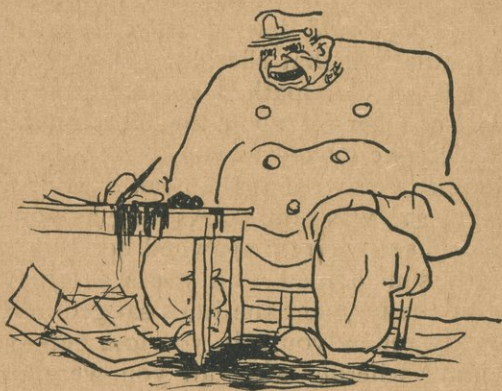
Floyd Hardin.



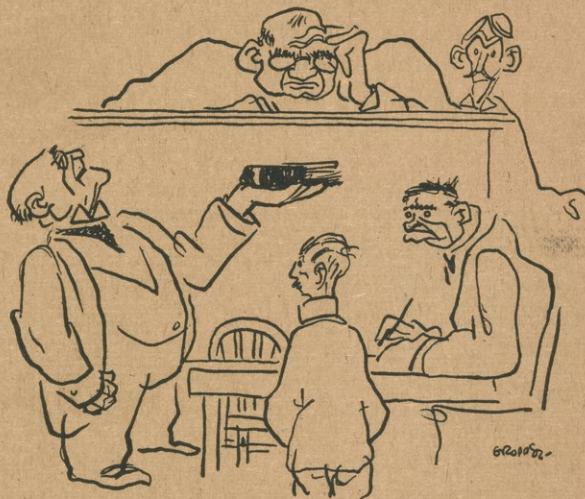
"Every guy in this joint is under arrest!"



"Clear the road there, boys—we got a dangerous Red."



"Come on! Come on! What's your name?"



Seditious Literature:
The Bible.



Trying to convince the cops that they too are workingmen.

Rounding Up The Reds

By William Gropper

Frank James Burke

Conscientious Objector who died at Fort Douglas,
Utah, July 30, 1919.

THAT you should leave your stone-gray prison—free—
Before our fumbling, awkward hands could know,
Before our dragging feet could learn to go
With you along the corridor—for me
This is a shameful thing. The unused key
Lies rusting in our grasp. Barred gates below
Stand black against the sudden morning glow
Your dying sheds about us. . . . Who will see?

Strange upper paths, more friendly for your doing,
High winds that, howling, failed to conquer you,
And deep, free spaces for your spirit's knowing,
Are calling us to dare to follow you.
Oh, Youth, so swiftly, beautifully fled
On wings of light denied us—are you dead?

Ruth R. Pearson.



A WOODCUT.
By J. J. Lankes.

Ruth

YOU saw it on her face (if you were not a stranger to feminine psychology) very soon after you knew her. It was the look of a bird poised for flight, impatient to be off, restless at your delay in giving her the cue to take wing—and withal a bit cynical of your ability to do so.

Her delicately-boned face and small body, her starry-blue eyes, her poignant sensitiveness, her quick moodiness, her highly mentalized temperament, gave you the sense of a little human thrush, all nerve and spirit, and ever a-wing. You almost saw in her the bird-instinct to migrate hither and thither, following the warmth of the sun. Her spiritual temperature must ever be tropical.

And if you felt impelled to know her more, and ventured forth upon the quest, all your wit and all your power would soon be laboring desperately—you would be fairly entered in the doughtiest tournament of your life. For you would discover that Ruth lived only in super-stimulation, that she hated the ordinary hours and details of life, loathed commonplace duties and joys, and fed herself upon the high moments of life—for which she looked to you.

As long as you were at the peak of your high moods and power she was yours. As long as you stimulated the atmosphere wherein spawned her epigram and her fancy, her soul homed with yours as only such souls can. But the moment the lines sagged and you could not quickly renew yourself, you lost her—you felt her questioning whether after all you were the man for her. Plainly you could discern in her eyes a shivering horror at thought of the possible dull evenings of your possible married life; the horror of possible lead weights to her wings, affixed by the cruelty of law. She recoiled at thought of your failure in the necessary task of holding her to the high concert pitch of her temperament.

Perhaps she would be with you on a mountain walk when the balanced, restful mood of nature would permeate you, for the time being making you slow and slack of speech and ideas. Feverishly then would Ruth jab you, insisting that you speed up the racing car of her thought, to maintain the speed of flight which she considered necessary to prevent tumbling gracelessly to dull earth. Ruth was very frank in admitting that only the man who could ever maintain her at her peak should marry her; that, alone, her mood sank; that she lived in terror lest at some time in her future there be no male to manage her temperament and mood.

With thriftiness of spirit, therefore, she held many men in readiness for her emergency—young men, old men, business men, preachers, socialists, brokers and

editors—also shy, gentle youths (who were no match for her, but whose thrill consisted in their ingenuous simplicity). From one to another she migrated, following her bird-instinct for the sun at its meridian.

Of course she was utterly cruel to those of us who failed her, even for the nonce. She smiled at you a little sadly and wearily; perhaps she would fall into the way of saying "Well?" with a challenging intonation as she searched your face; perhaps she would merely slump into cynical listlessness as she felt you touch lower level, or bring forth stale mental merchandise. If you were one of those poor male creatures with single-phased minds you were early and surely lost! Ruth would lay cunning thought-traps for you, set up straw men for you to knock down with your naive energy—all for her entertainment. By a sort of mental terpsichorean facility she would dance all around your standard sets of ideas, in a phenomenally short time, and become letter-perfectly familiar with them. Thereafter she would mockingly break into your most imposing conversations, or your seemingly most original thought, right at their start, and finish them off for you in mimicry, just as you had intended. Life under such circumstances would lose its salt and flavor—you would poignantly break your heart and seek out the flaxen-haired doll Nature intended you to marry—always, however, with a restive memory!

But the sport was fine if you were even measurably in her class of mental and spiritual agility. You soon learned that surprise was the protein of her diet, and you boldly undertook to be her protein provider. You and she would waltz dizzily over many fields and heights, with backings and fillings, hots and colds, franknesses and simulations, brutal knock-downs, exquisite delicacies, triple-decked plots and pretendings. You lost your balance more than once and felt yourself marked for destruction at her hands, but you had no choice—for Ruth was infinitely the most interesting thing in life, at every point.

And at last? Well, after you had endured a series of heavens and hells—or at least poignant intimations of them—through her seismographic ups and downs, you took your courage boldly in your hands and you left her—aye, left her! Not, of course, before you almost if not quite literally *shook* her and said brutish things to her as to your vital relation to her life.

The terror of the months that followed when you stayed from her are only assuaged by what, in a letter (or was it a telegram?) Ruth intimated were her own feelings—which you are not willing to disclose—now that she is dead. For perhaps you have guessed that Ruth was a tendril too fragile to bear the burden of life under any circumstances, and died as she lived—radiantly impatient for the next flight of spiritual adventure.

J. GEORGE FREDERICK.

BOOKS

Education Made Happy

Were You Ever A Child? By Floyd Dell. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

PAUL JORDAN SMITH, who is a very delightful and ingenious "radical" in Southern California, impelled me to write this review of Floyd Dell's book by saying that he was disappointed in it. What he said, exactly, was this: "I have always regarded Floyd Dell as the greatest book-reviewer in the world, and when he came to write a book himself, I looked for something entirely unique and original, a new departure, but this book contains only the advanced ideas about education that we are all familiar with."

It seems to me that he missed the purpose and quality of the book entirely. It is something unique and original. It is a new departure, and one which I am tempted to compare with the cinematograph or the telephone, or the talking machine. It is an *animated text-book*. Just think of that! A text book that can talk and laugh, and get up and move around, and shuffle its feet, and poke you in the ribs, and even *ask questions*! A text book that can ask questions—could anything be more unique, or more perfectly phenomenal, or more destined in its propagation to alter the face of our civilization, and turn dull hours to the hours of delight?

What I mean is well exemplified in the title. If Floyd Dell had called his book "An Introduction to the New Attitude in Education," "An Outline of Modern Educational Theory," "A Briefer Course in Revolutionary Pedagogy," or some deadly thing like that, Paul Jordan Smith would have approached it with a mind ready to judge its true purpose and utility. He would have said, "That is indeed the most lucid, thorough, brief and charming summary of the thing I have seen—just what I might have expected from the greatest book-reviewer in the world—pity he couldn't think of a livelier title!"

But he did think of a livelier title—a "lucid, thorough, brief and charming" title, "Were You Ever a Child?" And that is the way the book is written throughout. It is not only an Introductory Course in the New Kind of Education—it is a new kind of Education.

And then when Paul Jordan Smith speaks of "the advanced ideas that we are all familiar with," just whom does he mean by "we" in that sentence? Does he mean the distinguished company of the professors who have been kicked out of the colleges and are still smiling, as he is? It is a growing company, but not yet very large as compared with the total population. Or would he add in the educators who have passed over the colleges altogether,

and are occupying chairs in our American prisons and disciplinary barracks? A still larger company, but not widely influential at the moment. If these are the groups to which he refers, and I don't know who else it can be, it seems to me we are peculiarly in need of some new device by which their "advanced ideas" can be propagated during the period of their disablement. And could there be a better device than the animated text-book, which we may now put down as a Yankee invention of the year 1919? I only wish that Floyd Dell had the time, as he has the ability, to write similar text-books in all the sciences—chemistry, physics, biology, economics, psychology. Even geometry under his humane and humorous solicitation might be persuaded to ask questions. That is the task to which I would assign him if I were the People's Commissar of Education in the Socialist Federated Soviet Government of North America. I would appoint him to see to it that the people have a good time getting educated. It is a thing that will have to be done.

Even supposing this book were not an extraordinary invention, however—supposing it were written in the "heavy, unintelligible and soporific manner" it rejects—still it would contain a feature of complete originality, and at least one truly bold stroke into the future—it would contain a chapter on love. It would make plain to the educators of children that a part of their task is to prepare those children for success and happiness in the enterprise of love.

I do not enjoy Floyd Dell's writings on love in these days of the Freudian ascendancy as much as I did when he was just a naive and candid speculator in his own right. Perhaps this is partly because I read Freud first, and used to enjoy a little of that ascendancy myself, in advance. But more than that, I think it is because Freud's psychology has had a taming effect upon him, whose trouble and whose charm in these matters was that he was too wild. So if there is a little over-postulation of the dogma of durable monogamous wedlock (a word that I can never dissever in my association centers from *padlock*) I want to record my disaffection. But I endorse with all my heart the idea of making a comprehension of Freudian and other wisdom about love a nuclear part of a regular general education. It is a startling excellence of this text-book that it demands that.

Another thing that pleases me is the intrusion in the middle of the book of an elderly gentleman who still wants to divide the important things of life into Beauty, Truth and Goodness, and the author's ready acceptance and skilful translation of those terms into the divisions that he needs for his own purposes. It pleases me because the book is so sophisticated, and this classification is so dry and old-fashioned.

"Certainly sir," says the author to the elderly gentleman. "Beauty and Truth and Goodness—or, if you will permit me to translate these eighteenth century abstractions into our contemporary terminology—the cultivation of the creative faculties, of disinterested curiosity, and

of personal relationships, undoubtedly constitute the chief ends of democratic cultural endeavor. These, indeed, together with what you would call usefulness and what we would call technical efficiency, comprise pretty much the whole of existence. Not all of it—but quite enough to take as the subject of our new inquiry."

Then follow those chapters on art and philosophy and love which must have startled the elderly gentleman out of his boots, but which will make all young-minded readers happy because they voice so arrantly, and as mere matters-of-fact, the best and most extreme hopes of human culture. Whatever may become of those hopes in general, the author has proven that he himself at least is a skilful artist, a lucid philosopher and an efficient workman. To those who know that he is also a most gentle and responsible friend, it is something of a tribute to the schools of the future that he was not educated in the schools of the present. He was educated by himself, and we may assume according to his own theories. And I would suggest to the publisher that this is a far more important and illuminating fact, than that he is a "Member of the Advisory Council of the Association for the Advancement of Progressive Education, under the leadership of Charles W. Eliot," startling and incredible though that is. For there is hardly a better educated man in the United States than Floyd Dell, or a man better equipped to attack and handle any problem that is presented to him.

MAX EASTMAN.

Moods

Moods: A collection of Prose Poems, by Mercedes de Acosta. (Moffatt, Yard & Co.)

IT makes me feel a little old and grown up to read Miss de Acosta's book, for her youngness of mind is so simply and unaffectedly presented. Charles Hanson Towne in his introduction has tried, not altogether successfully I think, to say why he has a peculiar esteem for this book. I think it is because affectation and a lack of simplicity are the special marks of youngness when it becomes literary, but here there is youngness without a trace of those unlovely marks.

Perhaps I ought to explain that I have no knowledge of the age of the author, and when I call her young I am only expressing a disposition of my own. I should like to be her teacher! With so much clarity and good taste she expresses those moods which seem to her profound and important, or at least appropriate for elevated expression, but most of which, I venture to think, are nowhere near the depths of her experience.

For one thing I would like to teach her that to live without God, and without excessive concern about "the Beyond", whether it may be wise or foolish, is not "to stifle and kill all the emotions." I think I could prove to her from her own writings that God is often a refuge to which she runs to get away from her emotions, and that "The Beyond" is a vague concept by which she tries to



"THE old ideals crumble; new ideals must be forged. The intellectual's mind will continue to roam widely and ceaselessly. The thing he will fear most is premature crystallization. If the American intellectual class rivets itself to a 'liberal' philosophy that perpetuates the old errors, there will then be need for 'democrats' whose task it will be to keep the intellectual waters constantly in motion to prevent any such ice from ever forming."—

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M. E.

"The Secret Battle"*

WHAT is, I think, the most interesting book of the war has just been published. It is by an English writer, A. P. Herbert. It is called "The Secret Battle." It exerts a deeper fascination upon my mind, it stirs me more profoundly, than any other piece of imaginative literature that has come out of this struggle. I say this having in mind particularly Barbusse's "Under Fire," Latzko's "Men in War," and Ellen La Motte's little masterpiece, "The Backwash of War." It has not the large social importance of either Barbusse's or Latzko's book: I do not think it will ever be banned by Postmas-

ter Burleson; it is not an incendiary book in any sense. It is written by a British officer who, so far as anyone can tell from his story, has never even considered why wars are made.

But if the author's mind is obtuse to this aspect of war, it is extraordinarily sensitive to another, the human and psychological aspect. He presents the best picture yet penned of the way it affects a certain kind of person—the imaginative, over-eager and over-sensitive kind of person. It shows in the most impressive detail the disintegration of the character of such a man under the impact of the experiences of war. It ends with his being shot as a "coward." He is not a coward; he is the bravest person in the book. Too brave! He put more burden upon his nerves than nerves could bear. But for large military purposes he might as well have been a coward: and the comfortable higher officers who, themselves safely out of harm's way, ordered him shot, were—from the point of view of large military purposes—probably right. He had no business in the army, and shooting him at least served the purpose of getting him out of the way.

I said this book had no great social significance, but I see that I was wrong. It has. It is a small picture of what must happen on a large scale if the world continues for a period of years in the state of universal warfare from which we are now having, it appears, only a partial and temporary respite. If war is to be the order of the day, even if it be, as seems likely, a war between a decaying League of Capitalist Nations and an ever-growing League of Socialist Republics—then there will be little use in the world for people like the hero of this book. And since such imaginative, over-eager and over-sensitive people are those who in times of peace provide us our art, our music, our literature, our finest thinking, all that makes civilization what it is, the world will emerge from such a struggle with an appalling poverty in the realms of emotion and intellect. There has been little enough room for the rarer and less hardy flowers of emotion and thought in the capitalistic society of the last hundred years; but they have at least been allowed precariously to exist. In a militarized world there will be practically no chance for their existence at all.

Of course the question of whether we can afford to dispense with these things, is a purely academic one. If we have to go through such a period, we will simply have to go through it, and take the consequences. But to the individual who happens to be one of those thus doomed the prospect has no small interest. Within the ranks of the revolutionary-minded of this generation there are many who are already asking themselves if they can "stand the gaff" in the struggle that is being forced upon them—and, perhaps like the hero of this book, proposing in their revolutionary enthusiasm to lay burdens upon themselves to which they are, as a cold matter of fact, in the long run unequal. If such persons can perform the imaginative fact of putting themselves for an

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* "The Secret Battle," by A. P. Herbert. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

hour in the shoes of a patriotic young British officer at Gallipoli—and this the extraordinary realistic art of Mr. Herbert should make it easy enough to do—they have the experience, which is to all of us so disturbing and yet so fascinating, of seeing themselves as in a glass darkly. And they may have thereby the precious opportunity to fight out their own "secret battle" in their studios or at their desks, instead of on whatever dark battlefield the future may seem to call them to, as heroic but over-eager volunteers.

FLOYD DELL.

HOUSE SPIRITS

WOMEN are flitting around in their shells.
Pale dilutions of the waters of the world

Come through the windows.

Back and forth the women glide in their little waters;

Cellar to garret and garret to cellar,

Winding in and out under door arches and down passages,

They and all their spawn,

In the shell,

In the cavern.

You may come into her shell to overpower her,

Males,

But in the shell, in the shell.

She cannot be torn from the shell without dying;

And how can one possess the dead?

Evelyn Scott.

TIMBERLINE

STARK-WHITE against a sapphire sky
The last trees stand.

In the valley

Fallen logs are covered

With moss and tangled things

We shudder to lift.

We hide on our faces

Tears

And the print of time.

We cover grief with pride

And death with flowers.

And the wounds of these things,

Pressed inward,

Rot the heart.

These trees alone,

That gave their lives to reach the highest earth,

Have no concealment.

Storm, time, death—

Stand naked

In the terrible candor,

The white revelation,

Of their tortured branches,

And here alone,

Time is a wild glory,

And death the ultimate beauty.

Ruth Suckow.

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SAY never that the State concerns you not,
O artists, though you toil not for your sons.
See where I lie, I and my paints forgot,—
Whom Munich bred to fall by Essen's guns.

Edmund Wilson, Jr.

CHILD AT A CONCERT

SONATA, F MINOR BEEHOTOVEN.

(For Richard Buhlig).

BETWEEN that child's face seen half in shadow,
Where the dim lights touch into soft radiance
The rondure of temple, cheek and chin,—
Between that grave face,
As gently moulded as a melody,
What bond is there with the tumultuous sound
That burns and storms and rushes through this hall?

The child never stirs.
She is as unshaken as a marble muse.
And under the artist's fingers,
From his fixed eye, through tensely breathing lips
The Apassionata seems to surge;
To catch up in a divine rage

These shaken men and women,
A mocking giant careless of their fears—
A wielder of water, earth and air,—
A scourger with brands of war—
A shimmering healer—
A cradling, compassionate God. . . .

And when the music dies away
And blinking faces shake off their awe,
Amid the bustle of departing crowds
The child sits,
Lonely, grave, composed:
Moved and unmoving.

Jean Starr Untermeyer.

A BLIND GIRL

NO conscious posing of the tender lips,
No proud uplifting of the rounded chin,
A wan, dim, groping face for all its youth—
A tragic, mask-like face, its light shut in.
Only the restless, seeking finger-tips
To touch the glowing wonder of the world;
Only the ear's quick sense through which there slips
Some shadowed gleam of glories ever furled.

Rose Henderson.

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Will house and feed
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Of the Seed
Unto harvests
Of Thought and Deed . . .
Blindly I cast
The seeds about:
Never the God
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