

Liberator



APRIL, 1920
25 CENTS

BR.

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news editor of The Chicago Herald. The business manager is Louis P. Lochner, a publicist of note and until recently editor of The International Labor News Service.

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BLESSED INTERVALS**

President Wilson is quoted as saying: "There are blessed intervals when I forget, by one means or another, that I am President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender, and chase him all over."



COL. ROOSEVELT SAID:
"I did a whole lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen good detective stories by Arthur B. Reeve—some of them were corkers."

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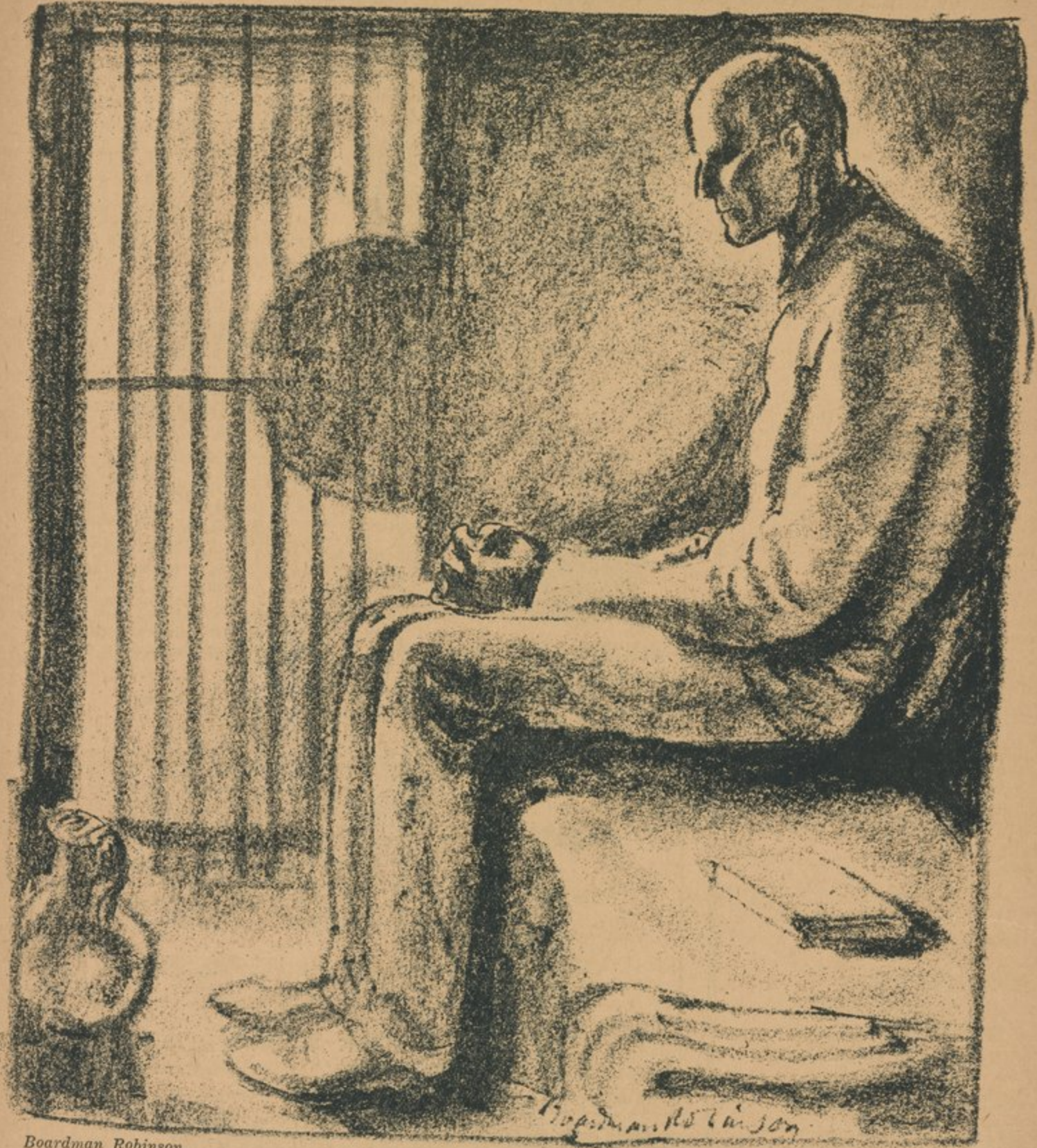
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Boardman Robinson.

Our Candidate.

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 3, No. 4 [Serial No. 25]

April, 1920

EDITORIALS

BY MAX EASTMAN

THE willingness of Soviet Russia in the moment of victory, to make peace at the cost of extensive concessions to the capitalist nations, is of high importance. To communists and capitalists alike it is the crucial fact in the history of these times. The New York World's Russian reporter, while quoting the popular opinion of Trotsky in Moscow and among his troops as "one of the greatest soldiers in the history of man," and acknowledging that he is the leader of "the most formidable army in the world to-day . . . the most sensational war-machine humanity has ever beheld," states that the one thing this formidable soldier sought to impress upon him, was that Russia would offer economic advantages for the sake of peace, and that "peace would lead to the immediate demobilization of the Red Army."

"It is charged in some quarters," said he to Trotsky, "that Soviet Russia is becoming militaristic, that by force of arms you will seek to impose your revolution throughout the rest of Europe." Trotsky's black eyes blazed.

"Ludicrous lies," he exclaimed. "The Red Army is the most anti-militaristic body existing to-day. Ninetenths of us, I mean organizers, are workers and peasants, pacifists all.

"Immediate demobilization is obligatory with us as soon as hostilities cease. The workers and peasants will insist, once the revolution is no longer in peril, on returning to their factories and farms and making Russia a fit land to live in. Frontier guards will be maintained, of course. The framework of our organization must also be preserved in order that with the experience they have received in the past eighteen months our proletarian fighting men can be remodelled in two or three months if the need arises. There will also be some form of military training for the working class, that it may always be ready to defend itself against the bourgeoisie. It is amusing to think that in capitalistic circles I am looked upon as a militarist. I suppose I am by inclination the least military individual imaginable. Militarism, strik-

ing as it does at the very roots of Communism, cannot possibly exist in Soviet Russia, the only truly pacific country in the world."

Tactics

I BELIEVE it is the first time in history that an overwhelmingly victorious army ever actually pleaded for peace. And while this may seem disappointing to some rebels who identify the revolution with a satisfaction of their own fighting impulse, it is a profoundly and dramatically revolutionary act.

If the concessions that are offered to foreign capital should involve any essential or prolonged renewal of exploitation, if the "insistence" of the Red Army upon going to work, turns out to be, as this reporter elsewhere describes it, a "militarization of labor"—then disillusionment indeed! But the detestation of war, the consecration of life, the renunciation of communism-by-conquest, the fundamental reliance upon economic rather than military forces to bring freedom to the rest of the world's working-class, is unswervingly in accord with the true science of revolution.

An intuitive knowledge of this fact is what makes it so hard for the capitalist governments to make peace with Soviet Russia. "When the Bolsheviks say they want peace," said Secretary Lansing, "and give assurances that they wish simply to be let alone in order to work out their experiment in Russia, such offers of compromise are purely tactical." Of course they are purely tactical. And worse than that, they are correctly tactical! The breakdown of capitalism has gone so far in the other countries that it is possible, little as anyone hoped it would be, for Russia to develop a system of socialist economics by herself. And if it is possible, there can be no shadow of doubt that from the standpoint of the world revolution, it is the proper course. Let the military and patriotic-authoritarian regime come to an end in one country; and let that country demonstrate to the masses of the people in all lands that happiness, and freedom, and real civilization, and the "decay of the state," do begin from the overthrow of capitalism; at the same time let that country occupy, as Russia will, a dominating position in the markets of the

world. That is the strategy of real revolution, and what we have hoped for continually, as we watched the power of the Red Army grow.

The peace that the Bolsheviki make with the Allies will be tactical; international communism is still their aim. But the peace that the Allies make with the Bolsheviki will be still more obviously tactical; their aim is international capitalism. Is there anything unfair about this? Is there anything not understood? Is there any hitch or difficulty in the Allies' deliberations whatever, except what rises from the knowledge in the depth of their own minds that capitalism is inherently doomed?

Lenin

NOTHING is better calculated to strengthen one's faith in the internationalism and revolutionary integrity of the Bolsheviki leaders, than to read the "Theses of Lenin" read to the party workers at the time of Brest Litovsk. They are published in the report of our State Department on Bolshevism, and they concern the relations of the Russians as revolutionary socialists to imperial Germany and the imperialist Allies. To me this document is one of the greatest pieces of political reasoning ever put on paper—certainly the most important intellectual event of the war period. And it is as distinguished in the unclouded singleness of its purpose, international social revolution, as in the scope and cogency of its science. To envisage an ideal aim with such inflexible passion, and yet retain a complete flexibility in adjudging the means of arriving there, is to occupy the heights of human intelligence.

It has been amusing to find this man—advertized to the world so thoroughly as a fanatic, a theoretical zealot, a bigot of the Marxian dogma—by far the most pragmatic in his mental operations of anyone who ever attained distinction in the socialist movement. His mode of thinking, and his very style of writing, in the first English translations that reached us in 1918, reminded me very startlingly of my teacher in philosophy, John Dewey. It seemed as though the instrumental theory of knowledge was at last actively understood. From what I can learn, Lenin's position in the socialist movement has always been that of a practical thinker, a general in the field, a master of tactics, for whom theoretical knowledge is only an indispensable part of the complete equipment for action. He has been attacked at times by the moderates, and at times by the extremists, in the course of his career. And this, because he has never regarded the emotional concept of "being moderate" or "being extreme" as of any importance whatever. He has known that the important thing is to keep a clear definition of the goal, and then be *practically right* as to the method of getting there.

The popular opinion that Lenin is dogmatic can be eas-

ily understood, however, if we reflect that he is a technical and expert scientist. If the reader has ever endeavored to converse with a chemist, or a biologist, or a physicist, about some question containing an emotional although amateur interest for him, I am sure he has found himself confronted with just that unyielding insistence upon certain fundamental attitudes or modes of mental procedure which Lenin presents and which seems like dogmatism to the minds of naive literateurs and groping unhappy journalists. It is merely an insistence upon science, and might be just as inflexible in one for whom all scientific principles are working hypotheses, as in one for whom they are *a priori* intuitions of immutable truth.

The science of democratic progress, in so far as such a science exists, has its foundation and main framework in the principles of Economic Interpretation and the Class Struggle that were formulated by Karl Marx. Lenin's mind as a leader of democratic progress dwells within that science. He does not bother with a vast clutter of mediæval intellectual rubbish which its builders long ago swept away. And that is why, although so very flexible and realistic in his thinking, he has seemed dogmatic to a world whose other great political figures are still digging around in the rubbish and trying to palm it off upon the public for truth.

Farmer-Labor

WE print an article this month on Farmers and Laborers and their getting-together ground. It is not so exciting as an article by the same author on Spartacides and Bolsheviki and the battle-field would be, but it is important.

In his report to the Eighth Congress of the Russian Communist Party in April 1919, Lenin discussed the question of the relation of the proletariat to the middle peasantry. "For Marxists," he said, "this question does not present difficulties from the theoretic point of view. . . . I recall, for example, that in Kautsky's book on the agrarian question, written when Kautsky still correctly presented the teachings of Marx and was recognized as an unquestioned authority in this field—in his book on the agrarian question he says of the passing from capitalism to socialism: 'The task of the socialist party is the neutralization of the peasantry; that is, to handle the situation so that the peasantry remains neutral in the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, that the peasantry does not give any active assistance to the bourgeoisie against us.'"

Whatever the practical complications may be, this statement of Kautsky, endorsed by Lenin, gives us a theoretical compass with which to orient ourselves toward such organizations as the non-Partisan League and other farmers' leagues of a class-conscious kind.

A little while ago the United States Post Office sent out a questionnaire to 200,000 farmers, chosen at random in all parts of the country. The replies were such as to indicate, according to the New York Times correspondent, "a widespread spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction among the farmers of the country, so threatening as likely to disturb the existing economic structure."

A member of the Senate Committee before whom the report of the Post Office was read remarked that the replies seemed to come "mostly from a bunch of Bolsheviks."

As anybody who is "neutral" in the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie would appear "Bolshevik" to the senatorial eye, we may take this report as indicating a wholesome progress toward the state of affairs demanded by the Marxian theory.

Representative?

IN signing the railroad bill, President Wilson stated that its provision for a Labor Board is "appropriate in the interest of the public which, after all, is principally composed of workers and their families." Every voice in the country representing the workers and their families was opposed to that provision.

If President Wilson were still a professor of political science and we attending a lecture in Nassau Hall—as we did once so long ago—on the principles of representative government, we might raise our hand at this point and ask the question:

"Why do the representatives of a public principally composed of workers and their families pass a law un-animously opposed by the workers and their families?" And we might further ask: "Why do these workers and their families acquiesce in the passage of that law?" And still further again: "How long will they so acquiesce?"

But Wilson is no longer a professor of political science, much less a real dealer in it. He is just an irascible old desk-dweller who has taken to quarreling with his rubber stamps.

At Death

NOW where the winds of Earth are cool
 You are completely beautiful,
 Your spirit blows a daffodil,
 Your body is the slim young hill,
 More perfectly your beauties move
 Within the universe I love.

I will not let them talk to me
 Of other immortality,
 For if, because of pain, I took
 The brief, distrusting backward look,
 I should have lost you miserably
 As Orpheus lost Eurydice.

Esther Whitmarsh.

When I Go Out

O BE to me tender, leaves that wait outside
 This sullen wall, and keep inviolate,
 Until I come to you with love-dumb lips
 From out of this dull tenement of hate;

Out of the fresh breathing of the earth
 To draw allayment of my rasping fear,
 My woundings and my frettings, till my mind
 Is soothed by winds that draw like nurses near,

To tend me on my bed of living grass;
 And all the hush of spring shall be my cover;
 The hills shall stand as guards about my peace;
 And the audacious sun shall be my lover. . . .

When I go out. . . . O roads of all the world!
 O Beauty, fields and cities, do not fail!
 Await, strong friends, my coming,—let my heart
 Once more drink glory on a careless trail!

Charles Ashleigh.

Fort Leavenworth Prison

A DETERMINED effort is being made to secure ten thousand dollars for the release of Charles Ashleigh on bail pending the appeal of the I. W. W. case. It would be a small and yet a great thing, for some "patron of art and letters" to do, to set that much money aside for a few months, in order that this sensitive and real poet might have the liberty that he knows so well how to love.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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Published monthly and copyright 1920, by the

LIBERATOR PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

138 West 13th Street

New York

Yearly subscription, \$2.50. (Add 50 cents for postage for subscriptions outside U. S.) Single copies, 25 cents. Rates on bundle orders and to newsdealers on application.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the post-office at New York City pending.



Maurice Becker.

The Allies (to Russia): "If you weren't so bloody we might recognize you."

The Log of the Transport Buford

By Alexander Berkman

U. S. Transport Buford, Jan. 3, 1920.

WE are now (12 noon ship time, in New York, 7:30 A. M., Sat.), somewhere in the Biscay Bay, west of France, going to the English channel. No one seems to know where we are bound. Captain claims he is sailing under sealed orders. The men are near crazy with uncertainty and worry much about the women and children left behind, how they will manage, etc. Already 14 days at sea—in every sense. Ship is an old leaky tub—rains and pours into our bunks. Sea very rough, rolling so I can hardly write. We were literally kidnapped from our beds in the dead of night. That rat Congressman Siegel was there, Caminetti, etc. We were told censor was there and so all sent letters and wires for their clothing. They took wires, etc., but I doubt if they were ever sent. Took ferry at 4:20 A. M., Sunday, put us on the Buford and started to sea at 6 A. M., December 21st. I wonder when you found out we were gone. Everything secret here, military style. Sentries with fixed bayonets, clubs and guns at our doors. Emma, Ethel and Dora in a cabin, not allowed to see us. 248 men in three cabins. In my cabin 48 men. Sleeping in bunks three on top of each other. Conditions fierce. Two inches of water on the floor, everything wet. No steam heat. Food at first so so; now horrible. Girls getting better food, but have to sit in bed all day, no room to move about. If not rough, we get out for one and one-half hours twice a day. Girls separately where we can't see them. I had visit with E. three times, a 20 minutes. Perkins also saw Dora. All were very seasick; E. only a little. Bianky and I the only ones who were not affected at all. Now all feeling o.k., except a few sick with various diseases. The young school boy, nephew of Bianky, lost his hearing. From a severe cold, I think. Others have bad diseases. All mixed indiscriminately. Representative here from Labor Department with many secret service men. I have been selected to represent the men in their dealings with the authorities.

All orders, etc., pass through my hands and I'm trying to do all I can for the men. They refused to let me send wireless. No mail allowed out. This is just taking a chance, you understand. Becker, Novikoff, Bianky, Perkins and the other boys you know are with me in cabin. Privacy unknown; even in Lavatory 50 men at once. The men discuss, and sing and plan for Russia. Most of these men haven't a thing—no shoes, shirts, etc. We collected stuff here and divided. But it is not enough. Nearly \$50,000 due to the men in American banks, factories. And most of them penniless on the ship. Think

of it, these men and boys who have helped to produce America's wealth! I'm making lists of their money and effects left behind. Washington representative (a Mr. Berkshire), says he'll see what can be done. Rumor that a second ship is behind us with things and the women.

It's an awful boat, ships the sea constantly—built in 1885, repaired in 1900. Engine works badly, rolls fiercely. Only makes from 7 to 10 knots per hour. Sometimes less than 200 per 24 hours. Wind blew us out of our course twice.

Sunday noon (N. Y. Time 8 A. M.), Jan. 4, 1920.—Still rolling around in the North of Biscay Bay. Big storm last night. Expected to break up housekeeping here. Many sick now, rolls like an old rubber shoe thrown into the ocean by East Siders vacationing at Coney Island. Ethel's stomach won't digest even eggs. E. has pains "inside." Dora very generally upset. Ethel much worried about Lipman. Dora about Perkins. He's near me, sick in the bunk. Water in my bunk all night. To-day three inches of water on floor of our cabin. We are all wet. Be sure to have other deportees provided with rubber boots and good shoes and warm underwear. Also good warm overcoats and rain coats. Also some medical supplies. Disinfectants of some sort. Plenty of lemons. Some of the men were arrested in their work shops, kept in jails from four to six weeks; no change of underwear; taken to Ellis Island and put on the Buford without clean clothes or anything to keep them comfortable.

It's just rolling, going from side to side, not forward. Last night we got S. O. S. from some Japanese boat, couldn't go to her rescue, our own boat was in peril. The Japanese boat went under with all aboard. Did you ever hear of a transport or other boat taking 15 days from New York to English Channel? Columbus made almost better time. Thirty-two years ago I came from Hamburg to New York in ten days in February, (1888) and we stopped half a day in Havre, France. In 1920 it takes three to four weeks. It's *some* journey this. Glad the women and children didn't come on this boat. Soldiers, sentinels everywhere. Crew armed with big Brownings and Colts carried in belt, openly, to overawe us. We are planning meeting here in memory of 1905 revolution, on the 9th of January. No news from anywhere. I wonder what's happening in the world. Be sure to tell others to take along medical supplies, this is important, such as C. C. pills, some disinfectants, listerine for sore throats, asperin tablets, etc. Get our good Doctor friend to fix up medical outfit. Our suitcases and

trunks o.k., though some wet. Wish I had raincoat and field glasses. We were out for half an hour to-day, saw ship in the distance. Waves went over our boat so we had to go down below.

Give the news out that men were not allowed to get things preparatory for trip. No time to get money or clothing. It's an outrage. Some only arrived Saturday morning and evening, direct from jails. Now they are all wet and most of them without a change of clothing. Forbidden to get in touch with their people, till the last minute. I am sure that the American people, if informed, would not stand for another boat-load of deportees being set adrift upon the Atlantic without clothing to keep them warm. I have faith and confidence in the American people, but American officials are rotten to the core.

Must keep this ready. May add a line when we near the Channel. Much love to you all. My heart is with you. How did the Deportation pamphlet look? And read? It was done so hurriedly. I should like to have gone over it. I know it needed my eagle eye over it again. But I have confidence that you will get it out all right.

Sunday evening. Things as uncertain as ever. Rolling hard. Girls and most of the men sick. Get my things, if possible from Ellis Island. Those scoundrels kept my good bottle of whiskey that you gave me before I left. Wish I had it now. As the Jew would say: devorgen zullen zey veren (hope they choke).

Can't write. Love Sasha.

On Board U. S. T. Buford, Jan. 7, 1920.

At last in the North Sea. Water this morning green and quiet and smooth. Now, 10 P. M. Going North, evidently on the way to Kiel Canal. Still the same mystery ship, no positive information.

Pilot came aboard yesterday. Managed to get some letters, E's and mine, into mail bag. Hope they reach you. Sent you wireless that we are still alive; more was not permitted to be said. We are comparatively o.k. I have been very busy taking care of the 248 men. Many sick; all need help. Bread was very bad. Put to-day two of our men in the bakery. Saw Emma only three times for a few minutes. No news from the world except that 4500 were rounded up in U. S. This was a wireless picked up. Wonder what's doing in New York and how you and friends are. I have many questions to ask, but what's the use, you can't answer. I wanted to send you Preface to new edition of Memoirs, but so far was busy every minute, had no time to think or write. I was practically the only man not seasick among the 248.

This is Jan. 7th, 11 P. M., 6:05 P. M. according to your watch present, which I keep at N. Y. Time. That little bone file arrangement, in the cute leather case, comes in

handy here. I often look at the inscription there. It has withstood the salt water. I think it will withstand Time itself. The authorities on Ellis Island did not return my pearl pocket knife, note and address book and notes that I made while in Atlanta prison. Get them for me if possible. How about the Jewish translation of my book? I wonder what and how things are at home. If you get new preface from me for new edition of Memoirs, it could be used for Jewish translation also. Let Alex C. translate it. Give him my love.

Friday, Jan. 9, 1920, 10 A. M., ship time, about 5:30 A. M., N. Y. Passed North Sea. A couple of nights very rough; feared floating mines. An American destroyer accompanying us since English Channel. Last night we were at anchor, near Kiel Canal. No ships pass at night. Now passing Canal, no one allowed on deck. They are afraid of something. It's all quite funny. Act queer; orders stricter, etc. Most of the men feel better now, a few sick with rheumatism, sore throat—from the dampness. I'm o.k.; so are the girls. Ethel has been very seasick all the way—can't keep anything on her stomach. The French chef has been very kind to the girls and prepared them special dishes.

Tried to write preface for book. Couldn't. Too many people around me, too much noise and besides too many demands on my time and energy. Haven't had enough sleep since I came aboard. To bed at 1 and 2 A. M., get up at 6. Tending the sick, taking care of the many needs of all the men. Am worn out. Long for land and a bit of rest away from the crowd. Perhaps too late for Preface anyhow. You wouldn't get it till March probably. I wonder if book is being done. And how you live and work. I hope the general work is going on.

Novikoff, Bjankey and Orodovsky ask you to send greeting to their wives. Novikoff was very happy about the things you sent him. He begs me to say if not for your thoughtfulness, he'd be naked. Hopes to thank you for it some day personally, he asks me to tell you.

Anchored now in Kiel Canal.

Much love to you all.

S.

On the Way Somewhere—U. S. T. Bulford,
Jan. 9, 1920.

Old leaky tub this boat is. Crew and soldiers terribly discontented. Have talked with them. Soldiers ordered on the Buford two hours before sailing, didn't know where they were going and have nothing with them. One was to be married on Christmas, another has sick mother who does not even know where he disappeared. Soldiers are friendly; also crew, all sympathetic. We've "agitated" them a bit. I guess I have told you we're not allowed even to see the three women. The men wake me at night when any one is sick—and some one is always sick. Twelve life boats assigned to me for my men. I have divided them in twelve groups with their own cap-



Alexander Berkman

tains and assistant for each group. Have had several trial alarms to teach them how to handle the life belts, find their places and get without confusion to their respective boats. A big job, as there are about ten different dialects spoken by the men: Russians, Ukrainians, Polish, one Tatar from the Caucasus, Letts, Lithuanians, etc. About six non-politicals among us, Mann Act cases. The rest are Anarchists, Bolsheviks, members of the Union of Russian Workers and some unattached. Only 33 trunks here for all the men. Very few have money with them. We collected underwear, shoes, etc., and divided among the needy. Still not enough; lack especially overcoats and shoes. I have made a list of things they have at home; also of the pay and sums left in banks. Over \$45,000 left behind; besides, a few did not care to put their names down. Gave copy to Washington man; one to Commissioner and one for myself. Washington man promised to induce the Government to have the things, trunks and money collected

and sent to the men in Russia, but I have little faith in it.

We are all worn out with this long journey, bad conditions, etc. I don't know what has happened in the world since December and what conditions prevail now in Russia; but I mean to go with E. to Petrograd to see Shatoff and then to Moscow. . . . In good weather we are permitted one and one half hours on deck morning and afternoon. The women separately; we don't see them. We have not been out for several days—bad weather. To-day weather very beautiful, but we are not out; passing through Kiel Canal and they are afraid we'll be seen. I suppose people know what ship this is and who we are. I'm hungry for word from you and other friends. Love to all our friends. I wonder how H. W. is; well, he made a good fight, anyhow; give him my regards. And Alex, Ben C., Bob—my love to them all.

Jan. 9th, 11 P. M.—I may have to close this to-morrow. Rumor that we go to Libau, get there Monday. Considerable excitement here to-day. Got into Kiel Canal and anchored; then started again. Our morning time for deck exercise passed and we were not let out; in the afternoon the same. Men began to grumble—was fine weather. I sent word to Washington man. Colonel sent orderly to tell me military order to allow no one on deck in German waters or territory. I threatened we'd raise hell. The order was changed and we went on deck. Both sides of ship lined with soldiers. An American destroyer, Ballard, U. S. S. 267 is accompanying us. The authorities were afraid of a demonstration, or of some one trying to make a break for the bank—only a few feet away. At 5 P. M. we anchored at a lock in Kiel Canal, fine big city—we pasted notes on the closed port hole windows and held lighted matches to enable the people on the pier to read our message: "Deported Russian radicals from America. Greetings to you workers, etc." It was not Kiel; perhaps a Danish port. We wrote in several languages. Officer came down, almost had a fit. Took me for report to the Colonel; changed his mind on the way and let me go. He'd report me to Washington man, he said. As if I care; I told him we didn't recognize his Colonel. That my men took instructions only from me; from no one else. Authorities here scared stiff. Officer told me yesterday we've "corrupted" the soldiers. All of them are discontented and 85 per cent very friendly with us. Officers are very anxious.

I have just now been informed very confidentially that we go to Libau. There Washington man is to go with me 70 miles to some place in Finland, with white flag, to make arrangements. If everything o. k., I remain there and he returns for the men and the three women. So much excitement and confusion here, can't write more. Much love and best thoughts to you all. I miss you.

Saturday 1 P. M., Jan. 10.—Stuck in Kiel Canal since last evening. Leaking in boiler serious; will take at least two days to repair. We're at anchor. How we will navigate Baltic Sea and fight the ice is more than I know. Destroyer Ballard, U. S. S. 267, alongside of us.

5 P. M.—We stand opposite City of Kiel; in the center of the Kiel Bay; on both sides stretches of fine land with beautiful villas and neat clean looking homes. But over all reigns the stillness of death. Five years of carnage have left their indelible mark. The bloodshed has been washed away, but the hand of death is still visible, appalling, paralyzing.

The misery of Germany, the woe of the world, was expressed in a few words by the Quartermaster of the Canal who came on board the Buford. "You are surprised at the stillness," he said. "Well, we are being starved to death by the kindness of the powers who set out to make the world safe for democracy. We are not yet dead, but we are so faint we can not cry out." But the Quartermaster does not know that the dead come back to life. Woe, then, when Resurrection strikes!

Last night sailors got whisky on board; soldiers and officers got drunk. Had my hands full to keep the men out of trouble. Four soldiers and two deck hands got arrested by ship officers. We were out on deck this morning and afternoon. German boats all around; keeping an eye on the American ships. We are not allowed to communicate. We sent you cable from English Channel; were not allowed to say anything or mention ship or place. Trying to send another cable. Tried to write Preface again; can't. Too much trouble and excitement here. Will continue later.

All well, more or less. What the future holds is another mystery. I am thinking of you and those left behind. I wonder if I'll ever see you again. At any rate, you may assure all friends, we'll do the best we can and the gods will attend to the rest.

Love to you all,

SASHA.

Just been told that we will land at Hango—soldier ran past me and gave the word. Until we meet in Russia!



Art Young

"Why, but I'm Freedom—I'm an American!"

Palmer: "Go on! You can't impose on me, you damn foreigner!"

Fear in the Jury Box

A NERVOUS little man is on the witness stand in Montesano. He is James T. McAllister, whose wife owns the Roderick Hotel next door to the raided I. W. W. hall in Centralia. He testifies that one of the defendants, Eugene Barnett, was in the Roderick lobby all during the Armistice Day shooting and not in the Avalon Hotel, as the prosecution asserts.

"But when you were arrested you said there was nobody in the lobby," says a prosecutor for the lumber trust. "Why did you say that?"

"I wasn't sworn then," replies the little man. "I didn't want to be drawn into no trouble."

He cowers in his chair, remembering the mob. There was a list of people to be hung that night beside Wesley Everest.

"What's the matter?" demands Vanderveer, counsel for the defense. "Are you afraid now?"

"N-no." The little man shakes as with a chill.

Ten men sit facing the judge and jury and gallows. They are accused of killing Warren O. Grimm, service man, in the Armistice Day parade. But it is not a murder trial; it is a trial of organized labor; the lumber interests seek to crush their most dangerous enemy, the uncrushable I. W. W. The main legal issue is whether men still have a right to defend their lives and property against violence. If these ten workers get a fair trial and are judged solely by the evidence, they will without any doubt go free. But will the jury dare to acquit? A verdict of acquittal would mean ruin for the twelve. Each man's history is known to the lumber trust; it knows how to break men; it has broken men before.

Grays Harbor County is shadowed by fear. There is an atmosphere of surveillance everywhere; stool-pigeons for the prosecution appear at your right hand and look over your notes; American Legion men introduce themselves to you and display too keen an interest in your welfare; there is a mysterious knock at your hotel room door while you are bathing; you ask who it is and a man says: "I'll come back later." He doesn't come back.

Investigators for the defense are jailed repeatedly without warrant, are held for days and then released. The case was rushed to trial. Judge John N. Wilson himself stated that a fair trial could not be had in Montesano; indicated that he would grant a second change of venue. Five days later he announced that the law will not permit a second transfer.

George F. Vanderveer, attorney for the defense, battles alone against six prosecutors, behind whom the lumber trust's shadow always looms. He is quick, forceful and fearless—equal to the battle.

"He is a man I'd like to go tiger-hunting with," an onlooker said to me.

Guns to arm a garrison are exhibited by the state, to build up an atmosphere of violence and blood-thirstiness around the I. W. W.; a regiment of soldiers is marched into town by the governor to add to this atmosphere; intimate testimony about wounds and death is given; but the lumber lawyers battle to keep out evidence about Wesley Everest and the mob which tore and hung him, and about the plan to raid the Wobblies' hall and run them out of town.

The stuff gets in, however, time after time.

There is not the slightest doubt that these ten defendants shot in self-defense, and that if the jury votes on the weight of evidence it will vote for acquittal. And this even though the judge rules so flagrantly in favor of the prosecution, that Vanderveer was compelled once to threaten to withdraw from the case. The only question in this trial is whether there is one courageous man in the jury. And no one in any other part of the United States can imagine the amount of courage it will take for that man to be honest.

One holiday I went to Centralia, fifty miles from Montesano, through stump-lands. The town is like an open wound. Strangers are watched with menacing eyes; are questioned if they pause. I saw the tragedy scene, and the gray skeleton of the earlier I. W. W. hall; an eye-witness of the torture of Wesley Everest pointed out to me a white-haired citizen who carried a rope in the crowd, a business man who tore strips of flesh from Everest's face with his finger nails, a youngster who helped hang this ex-service man and boasted of it afterwards. Everest died without a whimper; never pleaded for mercy; did not cry out when bayonets were stuck into him; and he was alive then, standing up in the street near the jail with the mob surging around him. My companion saw that. The man with the bayoneted gun didn't have room enough, and the crowd had to push back to let him make the thrust. Then Everest's body was dragged through the streets, covered with mud and blood. On a tree near the bridge where he was hung, which Everest could have seen if alive, is a sign: "Eternity where?" Parties of singing men and women and girls came through the night in automobiles to jeer the half-naked figure, swinging in the glare of automobile searchlights; finally somebody cut the body down; it lay in the river for hours; then was fished out and carried to the jail.

That revolting corpse with its foot-long neck was placed where the other Wobblies must see it. Throughout the night members of the mob talked at intervals under Loren Roberts's cell window. "We lynched that guy Everest," they would say. "We'll get this fellow Roberts next if he doesn't come clean."

Courthouse, Montesano.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.



Stanislaw Szukalski

DANTE

Condemned Man

"IT is a still town
With no sighing,
It is a still town
You go to, dying."

How long I've wanted towns
That quiet be—
So turn the current on,
And let me see.

Harold Cook.

March, 1920

WE long, we watchers on the hungry hills,
We long for freshets and the burst of spring.
The plowman gazes on the land he tills,
He tinkers with his drags and drills
And wonders when the meadow birds will sing.

O sudden blossoms in the midst of May!
O tree of such explicit pink delight!
We count the days until that one sheer day
Of beauty, so profoundly gay,
When trees emerge like magic out of night!

There'll not be long to wait; the signs are sure!
The ring around the moon last night was dim
With wing on wheeling wing of geese, obscure
Wild arrows feathering the moor.
Oh, soon there'll be a cherry on the limb!

Oh, soon there'll be the green along the ground,
The fluttering spurts of wheat and rippling corn,
And pussy willow, silver as the sound
Of silver bells, and soft and round;
One hundred birds will sing at break of morn.

It may be like no other, this next spring.
The earth is swollen, stirring with a seed
That fell at some old harvest's garnering.
We watchers on the hills, we sing,
As gay as finches on a bending reed!

Stirling Bowen.

Oblivion

YOU had a second birth within my heart,
That opened wide to you its unforced doors;
Your spirit has become of me a part,
As though my body carried it, not yours.

And when this eager life shall cease to be,
When, faring forth on my last feeble breath
The You within me prisoned shall be free,
Will you not know a swift, dim taste of death?

Will you not feel a taut cord snapped in two,
The closing in of walls on every side,
The sudden coming back of You to you,
With you alone forever to abide?

Mary Davis.

Vecchietta

SHE is so shrivelled, who was sweet,
So brown, who once was saffron-gold;
Crippled and gnarled the lovely feet,
And blind the eyes that were so bold.
Once all the beauty arms could hold
Burned in her, fearless of defeat—
And see her, shaking with the cold
Stumbling along the windy street!

Lydia Gibson.

A Psycho-Analytic Confession

By Floyd Dell

NOW that the Soviet Government of Russia is about to be recognized and everything, perhaps it will be all right for me to make a frank confession.

I hesitate to do so, for fear this article may be raked up in the future, when we have a Soviet Republic of our own, and I may be haled before a Revolutionary Tribunal and charged with constructive treason for thinking things that no loyal and patriotic Bolshevik ought to think. I have had enough of that sort of thing under capitalism, and so I will enter a disclaimer right here. It is not I who think the things I am about to relate—at least, it is not my conscious intellect. It is my Unconscious. And I am not legally responsible for the vagaries of my Unconscious. If you know anything about your Unconscious—if you have ever had one yourself—you will know that it is a wayward and cussed thing, always thinking the wrong thoughts. It is always thinking how nice it would be to take a day off and loaf, when your conscious intellect tells you that you must be at the office at nine o'clock sharp, this morning just the same as every morning, so that you can pay the grocery bill. The Unconscious does not think about grocery bills; it just thinks about what it would be pleasantest to do.

Now as long as the Co-operative Commonwealth was a long way off, and we could imagine it to be anything we liked, my Unconscious was all for it. Doubtless the lazy thing expected that we would have one long holiday under Communism. But as it comes nearer, and we can see its initial stages in all their realistic detail, my Unconscious begins to protest. Communism begins to look too much like work.

I may say, with all due modesty, that I do not feel the same way about it. I like work! I mean, of course, that my conscious intellect perceives the necessity of work, and the moral nobility of its performance. But my Unconscious keeps growling away down there in the dark, and a while ago I sent down a psycho-analytic expedition to find out what is the matter. The part of my mind delegated to that task returned with the following report:

"It says it expected something different—more of a change. We have always had to work. We want a rest."

I was about to compose a reply to this, when an Anarchist friend of mine—one of the gentlest souls in the world, a man who wouldn't hurt a fly—came in and made a similar objection to the hard, laborious, ordered efficiency of the Soviet regime in Russia. So I made my reply to him instead. I said: "Of course you understand

that that laborious efficiency represents a period of transition. In order to save the Soviet State it is necessary for it to compete successfully with Capitalist States. It has proved that it can beat them in war; it must prove that it can triumph over them in peace. It must produce more goods, and better goods, in shorter hours."

"In other words," says my Anarchist friend, smiling satirically, "it must prove that it is a superior kind of Capitalism?"

"I thought," I reply calmly, "that Capitalism was the private ownership of the means of—"

"I take back the word," says my friend. "Only I thought we wanted to abolish Capitalism to get free from this infernal pressure to produce. If man remains the slave of the machine under Communism, I do not see that he is much better off than he was under Capitalism. Let us say that he gives himself orders to work at something ten hours a day, instead of being ordered by a brutal and selfish employer. Does he like it any better?"

"Well," I answer reflectively, "I have been working on a novel these last few weeks, and I have been giving myself orders to work ten hours a day, and I must say that I like to receive those brutal and selfish orders from myself, better than I liked the mild request of the Liberator management to try and put in a few hours a day at my desk. In fact, the more work I got out of myself, these last few weeks, the better I liked myself, both as overseer and as worker."

"But you were working for *yourself*," said my Anarchist friend slyly. "And you were not doing anything useful. That makes all the difference in the world. Would you have been as happy working ten hours a day making shoes?"

"If I were a shoemaker, I would," I asserted stoutly. "The shoemaker also can be an artist, and take pleasure in his work."

"Yes—if he makes the shoe to suit himself, and makes it all. But if he makes a part of a shoe, over and over again, for ten hours—! Tell me, how would you like to work in a fiction factory, and do descriptions ten hours a day, never seeing the beginning or the end of any of the stories you made them for? And yet I hear that Comrade Lenin is anxious to introduce American efficiency—that is to say, speeded-up piece-work—into Russian factories. Is it not so?"

"That is necessary in the transition stage," I replied. "It is first necessary to save Russia from chaos. It will presently be necessary to save the whole world from

chaos. We will adopt any scheme which will enable us to feed and clothe and shelter the human race. Then we will begin to carry out our plans for enabling them to be happy, through doing work as artists, and taking creative pleasure in it."

"Then you do believe that work is an evil? For I must point out to you that when the worker becomes an artist, what he does ceases to be work and becomes play. You wish to abolish work?"

"Yes," I replied reluctantly.

"Aha! I knew that you agreed with me all the time!"

I looked up, and discovered that my Anarchist friend, with whom I thought I was conversing, had gone away some time ago. It was my Unconscious that I had been arguing with!

That is the trouble of arguing with your Unconscious. It always gets the better of you. And it pursues its advantages in a mean way. Thus, it forced a part of my conscious intellect to work for it, inventing quasi-reasonable arguments for its mere childish laziness, as follows:

"Don't you think that it is a pity the Russian people, who have at least been free from the worst evils of Capitalist efficiency, should be introduced to some of those evils by your Bolshevnik friends?"

"It is a stage they must go through," I replied.

"Don't you wish that the Russian people had found some way, as we used to hope, to skip that stage, and go straight into Utopia?"

"What's the use wishing? We live in the real world, and this is the way things must happen."

"Aren't you hypnotizing yourself with that *must happen*? Perhaps, if not the Russians, some other fortunate people will discover a way of avoiding the factory and machine stage of existence?"

Here I turned roundly upon my Unconscious. "You can't fool me," I said bitterly. "You aren't as anxious about the world at large as you pretend to be. You are as selfish as you are depraved. What is it you want? Tell me that, and stop pretending to pity the poor Russians!"

"I," said my Unconscious with shameless candor, "I want a million dollars and a large house, full of children."

"I have always suspected you of bourgeois tendencies," I said angrily. "But this is really too

much! A million dollars—with which to wallow in the luxuries of the idle rich, no doubt. And a large house for ostentatious display. But why the children?"

"You misunderstand me," replied my Unconscious with an injured air. "There is nothing bourgeois at all about my desire. I do not wish to wallow in luxury, I wish only to lead a busy and happy and artistic life. Do you remember Carl Larsson?"

Yes, I did remember Carl Larsson. I had bought a book of his just the other day. It was in Swedish, and I couldn't read very much of it, but there were dozens of pictures. The young woman who sold me the book told me that Carl Larsson is a painter, a millionaire, and the father of a large number of children. The pictures told me the rest of the story. He and his wife bought an old house, and fixed it up, the way we all dream of buying a house and fixing it up. He sawed and nailed and painted it, and carpentered the furniture himself; and then he and his wife and children *lived* in it. And never in any book have I seen a more sane and healthy and happy and delightful *life* than those pictures represent!

"That's just what I think," said my Unconscious. "I've always wanted to live in a houseboat, with a nice girl and our children, and play in the water most of the time, and not wear any clothes to speak of, and just laze around and talk and laugh and eat and sleep and fool with the kids. That's my idea of the kind of life to live. And once in a while we would go off in a motor-boat with a rifle and shoot a few ducks. You see I'm not opposed to machinery, so long as it can take its place in a



"Ah, Floyd, you know you want a million!"

sane life. And maybe, if I felt like it, I would write a few immortal works of fiction, just as Carl Larsson makes those paintings.

"Think of it!" my Unconscious went on enthusiastically. "That million of his keeps him from having to make a business of art. He doesn't have to bother about whether people like his stuff or not—and the result is that people do like it! Because he is a real human being. You see, with that million, he doesn't have to be afraid of women—afraid, that is, that one of them will spoil his life if he takes her seriously and goes off to live with her and have children. He does not have to be afraid of love, and domesticity, and fatherhood. He takes them and enjoys them and paints them, and is happy."

"All very nice," I reply, "but I haven't got the million—not to speak of the children. So what's the use talking about them?"

"But you want them," pursued my Unconscious. "At least, I do! Come, now, tell the truth—don't you, too?"

"Suppose I did," I responded angrily, "that would be mere envy, and as such unworthy of me. Besides, you may not realize where Carl Larsson's million comes from, but I do. Unearned increment! Yes, sir. Unearned increment. Now, what have you to say?"

"I never can understand those long words you use," responded my Unconscious. "But all I can say is, wherever he got it, he's a lucky fellow."

I disdained to answer such a childish remark. My Unconscious, seeming to think it had scored, returned to the fray.

"I suppose," it said, "that you want to take Carl Larsson's million away from him, and make him Commissar of something or other?"

"Exactly," I replied. "Commissar of House Decoration and the Life Beautiful. I'd make him teach other people how to be happy though married, and how to have fun with their children. And you can't tell me that he wouldn't be glad to be doing that for everybody instead of just for himself."

My Unconscious relapsed into sullen silence. It knew it was beaten. The next day, however, it popped up again with another silly remark. I had just been reading Thorstein Veblen's "Instinct of Workmanship." You wouldn't think an ignorant and unsociological Unconscious like mine could understand a book like that, let alone get any comfort out of it. But it woke up suddenly in the middle of a page and said triumphantly.

"There! Isn't that just what I've been telling you?"

I looked at the page again. It began as follows: "What is known of the earlier phases of culture in the life history of the existing races and peoples goes on to say that the initial phase in the life of any given racial type, the phase of culture which prevailed in its environment when it emerged, and under which the stock first proved its fitness to survive, was some form of sav-

agery. Therefore the fitness of any given type of human nature for life after the manner and under the conditions imposed by any *later* phase in the growth of culture is a matter of less and less secure presumption, the farther the sequence of institutional change has departed from that form of savagery which marked the initial stage in the life history of the stock."

"Well," I said condescendingly. "I will explain that to you. Mr. Veblen means—"

"I know well enough what he means," replied my Unconscious. "He means that we are essentially what we were just after the last Ice Age—peaceful, agricultural, home-loving savages, with a fondness for our wives and children and a taste for puttering about the house and garden; and that it's a question if we can endure the strain of what you very flatteringly call 'civilized' life—that's what he means. And just look at this!"

I had turned over hastily to the back of the book, to a chapter entitled "The Machine Industry." And just by ill luck I had opened the pages to the following passage:

"Neither the manner of life enforced by the machine system, nor the occupations of those who are in close contact with this technology and its due habits of thought can be 'natural' to the common run of civilized mankind. According to accepted theories of heredity, civilized mankind should be best fit to live under conditions of a moderately advanced savagery, such as the machine technology will not permit. Neither in the physical conditions which it imposes, therefore, nor in the habitual ways of observation and reasoning which it requires in the work to be done, is the machine age adapted to the current native endowment of the race. . . . The limit of tolerance native to the race, physically and spiritually, is short of the unmitigated materialism and unremitting mechanical routine to which the machine technology incontinently drives."

I didn't know exactly what to say. However I began. "You must take that in connection with its context. Mr. Veblen means—"

But my Unconscious interrupted. "You," it said, "may be one of those people who like machinery, and want to fill the world with it. But I am not. I want to live in a state of 'moderately advanced savagery'—very moderately advanced, I may add. Not too darn advanced. I admit the typewriter, but I bar the telephone. I know I am inconsistent. I admit the Standard Oil reading-lamp and rule out electric lights."

"Lenin says," I remarked, "that in ten years Russia will have seven hundred million incandescent bulbs, and all the factories in the country will be run by electricity from power-stations in the Urals."

"He can have the bulbs," said my Unconscious. "I don't want any such contraptions on my houseboat."

"Who cares," I said rudely, "what you want? The people—"

"The people like it, I know," said my Unconscious. "It is a new toy. But they will get tired of it in a few thousands years, and come around to my houseboat idea."

"The Simple Life!" I sneered.

"Confess," said my Unconscious, "that you share the same views. When you went out to your house in the country last week-end, and shoveled the snow off the flat roof over the kitchen where it had begun to leak in, and looked at the garden and wondered how soon the snow would be off the ground, and snowballed your girl when she came out to call you in to dinner, and lay around the house reading poetry and talking about the new porch you were going to build next spring, you were *living*, in a sense in which you do not live in town. You were living in a state of moderately advanced savagery. All that was needed to complete the picture was half a dozen children, and a million dollars to enable you to stay there and build that porch, instead of coming back sourly to machine civilization on Monday morning."

"We can't all have a million dollars," I said.

"No—and that's why we're going to have a revolution, if you ask me," said my Unconscious.

"No," I said, "we are going to have a revolution because of—well, you wouldn't understand if I told you. But it's all in the Communist Manifesto."

"It's true, I never could understand that book," said my Unconscious. "I seem to take more readily to poetry."

"You're a Utopian," I said.

"Of course," said my Unconscious. "And between us, I think you are, too. I think you are a Socialist simply because you want a different kind of world, one you can be happy in. And you work for the social revolution just as other people work to make a fortune. You want to see your dream come true. But the dream which you want to see come true is my dream—not Lenin's seven hundred million electric bulbs, but a houseboat and a happy family living in a state of moderately advanced and semi-nude savagery!"

"Suppose," I said desperately, "that all this absurd nonsense were true. What then?"

"Well," said my Unconscious, "I was just thinking. I remember a picture I saw once. It was on the cover of the Masses. It was a picture of a battle between the miners and the militia during the Colorado strike. The militia had set fire to the little tent-colony of strikers, and were shooting into the tents, killing women and children. The picture showed a striker crouched in front of his blazing tent, with a rifle in his hands. Over his knees was the body of a dead child, killed by the bullets of the militia hired by the coal-company. Under the picture it said: '*Strike, for your homes and firesides, God, and your*

native land!' I could understand that. Isn't that Socialism?"

"Well, yes," I said, "of a sort intended to appeal to the emotions rather than to the intellect."

"It appealed to me," said my Unconscious. "And what's more, it occurred to me that if I were that miner, with a gun in his hand, I would be fighting not so much for the little coal-oil stove inside that tent as for a real fireside with children around it. I would be fighting for a home I didn't have, all my own, and the right to stay there and enjoy life. Is that Socialism?"

"Perhaps," I said guardedly. "It seems tinged with notions of private property acquired during the regime of capitalism—"

"My dear young man," said my Unconscious. "I am not merely several millions of years older than you, but I am a few million years older than Capitalism. I acquired those ideas in the Ice Age. There was privacy before there was private property. It is privacy that I am talking about. I don't want the right to sell my garden-truck at a profit to someone else. I only want the right to plant and hoe in a little backyard, and eat my own strawberries under my own roof."

"That sort of thing can be done so much more efficiently on a large scale, with modern machinery," I murmured. "Tractors—"

"Give them to Lenin," said my Unconscious. "I don't want 'em. But if you ask me, there are enough people to make a revolution who want just the same things that I do. They are dying now in the effort to get a little corner of the world, for themselves, where they can get away from capitalism. Maybe they would just as soon die trying to get the whole world free from it. But I wouldn't die for a million electric bulbs—no, not for a billion of 'em!"

"Lenin gave the peasants their land," I said.

"That was thoughtful of him," said my Unconscious. "I notice he is still in power. And Bela Kun didn't. He kept the large estates intact, and worked them with tractors, I believe. And where is he—in jail, I believe."



Floyd Dell and his Unconscious

"Damn it all!" I cried. "Must we regress to a peasant-world?"

"A pleasant world by all means!"

"I didn't say pleasant—I said *peasant*. Must we do everything by hand, as in the middle ages? Must every house have a kitchen, instead of us going to—"

"Child's? I'm for the kitchens, every time!"

"I was going to say, to large, efficient communal eating-places—"

"Yes, I know. I said Child's."

"—Where food is cooked by experts who know more about cooking than the overworked amateurs of our private kitchens—"

"Get out!" said my Unconscious. "You know food cooked on a large scale doesn't taste like anything."

"But," I said, "can't we all work an hour or two a day in the factories, without pretending to enjoy it, and get the work of the world done, and then have all the rest of the day to live and do as we please?"

"You can," said my Unconscious. "But I don't want to! If people want to work in factories, let them. They'll get tired of it after a while, and find it's more fun doing things by hand."

"It's impossible to argue with you," I said. "You seem to think civilization is a disease that people are going to get over after a while."

"Exactly. It's a dream, a nightmare. Some day we shall wake up."

"But that isn't Socialism. It's petty bourgeois utopian nonsense. It has all been demolished by Frederick Engels in the preface to—"

"I suppose so. Well, then, take your factories, and build them up until they reach the sky. Put electric bulbs everywhere, turn night into day, and install a wireless telephone in everybody's hat. Extend the underground subway system all over the earth, so that people will hardly ever see the top of the ground. You are doubtless right. Give people what they think they want—that's the only way they will ever find out they don't want it. Turn machinery into a toy—and finally grown people will get tired of it, and leave it to children. There will be telephones in the nursery—and the children of Timbuctoo will have long conversations with the children of Alaska; and you won't be able to get a grown person to use one any more than you can get him to play a game of mumble-the-peg. Who was it said, 'The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom'?"

"A mad poet named Blake. But the science of engineering—"

"Boys will play at that, as they do now at football. It is a fit diversion for the excessive energies of youth. Mathematics will be a child's game, instead of picture puzzles. Just as we have retained the habits of barbarism in games and sports, so we will retain the habits of

capitalism—as pastimes for the young. The railroad engine will take its place with the child's bow and arrow; and just as there are cranks who still, in their adult years, have Archery Clubs, so there will be Railway Clubs, and if anyone really *prefers* to sit in a stuffy carriage instead of walking, with a blanket on his back, why—he can! But normal people will relapse into the comfortable, busy, happy savagery to which they are by nature fitted."

"Economics," I began, ransacking my memory for statistics, "proves—" But I have a bad memory for statistics. So I took another tack. I spoke scornfully. "And because of these futile utopian desires," I said, "you are lacking in sympathy for the great experiment of common ownership of the machinery of production in Russia, I suppose. Because it is not just what you want, you will not give me your assistance—for I do need your assistance—in trying to help people understand it, in order that it may live. You will not do your little share in that task of ours?"

But my Unconscious did not answer. It had apparently forgotten all about the Russian Soviet Republic. It was humming a silly old war-song:

"And shall Trelawney die?

And shall Trelawney die?

There's twenty thousand Cornishmen

Will know the reason why!"

And just as I turned away, it added: "I have gone through a long period of barbarism, too, you know, and I understand that better than you do. Fighting, for the sake of victory! You would be shocked if you really knew me."

I, myself, do not approve of fighting. It is not a civilized thing to do. I shuddered, and took up the current number of the New Republic, and my Unconscious went promptly to sleep.

The Rush Hour

TEARING compulsive rush, the screech and croak
Of forces balked by friction; roaring stress
Of atmospheres imprisoned that compress
With dreadful weight intangibly, and stoke
To raging heat the living things that choke
Body compact to body—spiritless,
They to one monstrous substance coalesce
In oozy soldering of sweat and smoke.

And as the eruption of some burning mount
In tumult of terrific labor drives
Into the sky and wide its turbid fount—
So bursts the city from her nether dives,
Welding to steel and stone the massed amount
Conglomerate of crushed and molten lives.

Olga Erbsloh.



Clerk: "Six of the men held for deportation have died."
 Attorney General Palmer: "Half a dozen, eh?"

Reverse English

INCOMPLETE reports from 800 dinners and meetings on February twenty-second, indicate that George Washington was opposed to revolutions.

STRIKING telephone operators won more pay in New York. Sometimes the best thing a hello girl can do is to say good-bye.

EUROPE, the economists tell us, is bankrupt but not Bolshevik. That red flag must belong to the auctioneer.

GERMAN government bonds are now offered on the market here for as low as \$10.00 per thousand marks. Still if paper continues going up they may be a good investment.

UNDER a Soviet form of government it is doubtful whether Woodrow Wilson would get the support of the cabinet makers.

ONE theory is that Mr. Lansing was released because his private war with Mexico threatened to compete in public disfavor with Wilson's private war with Russia. Perhaps unrestrained competition is no longer sound Democratic doctrine.

"NOWHERE is law to-day so promptly and vigorously enforced," says Senator Harding in an attack upon Soviet Russia. This is what is known to the trade as "anarchy."

ACHIP off the old block is Assemblyman Theodore Roosevelt. He boldly and fearlessly holds his peace about the Socialists' suspension until he sees which way the cat is going to jump.

THE young woman who saw Charles Solomon spit upon the flag in a public meeting in Brooklyn has been so thoroughly discredited that she ought to get a job writing for the Civic Federation Review.

THE National Civic Federation has appointed a committee to study radicalism and aid in its defeat. Suggesting the case of that suspicious mother who said: "Find out what Willie is doing and tell him to stop."

HEDLEY of the New York subways has announced that a device will be installed soon which permits one guard to close all the doors of a train. Optimists say that each door will catch at least one arm or leg. More casualties at smaller cost is the Interborough's thrifty motto.

STOCK Exchange seats now sell for \$95,000, including a pair of shears to clip lambs and coupons, but chaotic conditions continue in the price of seats in the U. S. Senate. Estimates from Michigan vary from \$150,000 to \$800,000.

SENATOR SMOOT has compiled a volume of the Senate speeches on the treaty; 3000 pages, six million words. We fearlessly predict that this book will be one of the six worst sellers.

WE have never before been able to understand the difference between puts and calls, but now we are told that the railroad strike has been put off, not called off.

WASHINGTON now believes that Bryan will be squelched at San Francisco and the Democrats will not nominate a radical. Gompers can now choose between a hide-bound conservative and a reactionary.

HERBERT HOOVER may not be a candidate for President, but when as definite a man as he begins to talk like a trial balance, we are entitled to at least one suspicion. Hoover is clear enough on European topics but he forgets that clarity begins at home.

GREAT BRITAIN seems to have turned off the anti-Russian propaganda, and pleasant things are being said almost daily. In billiard circles this is known as reverse English.

IN the interest of efficiency General Wood wants to remove the burden of taxation from those who are making large profits and put it upon those who are more used to carrying burdens.

PRESIDENT Wilson is said to be mentally fit again. Fit for what?

DR. PERCY S. GRANT and the Church of the Ascension have been up before the bishop on a charge of out-and-out Christianity. The tolerant bishop let them off with the injunction not to do it in the church building.

GOVERNOR LOWDEN appeared in public recently wearing a shabby overcoat three years old, but the Wood stumpers are not worried. The General's qualification for president is his shabby treatment also three years old.

UNIVERSAL military training has been shelved by both parties as a dangerous issue.

THE goose-step has been replaced by the side-step.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



"Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water!"

Malatesta In Italy

By Carlo Tresca

IN the last week of February, the executive committee of the Italian Socialist Party met in Florence, and passed a fateful resolution presented by Bombacci, leader of the left wing element. This resolution provided that the party send out organizers all over the country to begin immediately the formation of Soviets of workers, soldiers and peasants, in preparation for the revolution.

Turati and his still-powerful group of parliamentaires opposed such extreme action, and are still opposing it. They do not think a revolution can be successful in Italy now. But the one fact that every realistic thinker in Italy knows to-day is that there will be a revolution soon, whether the leaders will it or not. And as usual only the extremists have the courage to recognize this fact, and prepare boldly for what is coming. Whether it will be wholly successful or not is beyond their predictions. But there is a workers' revolt coming, and they mean to be of it and in it; to steady it with true revolutionary ideas, to guide it in its proper economic channels, to make of it, at the very least, another advance in the international social revolution.

It must be remembered that Italy has been suffering from the evils of war since 1912, when she won Tripoli from Turkey at the cost of 100,000 workers' lives. The masses gained nothing by this victory; they learned a fruitful lesson then in the bankruptcy, high taxes, and unemployment that followed the imperialist triumph of their country. In 1913 their deep disillusionment manifested itself in a remarkable wave of revolt that began with a number of strikes in Angona—"the Red Province." The military forces were used to crush the strikers, and all working-class Italy rose in protest. During the "red week" that followed, 500,000 workers abandoned their tools, and not a wheel turned in the whole nation. The barricades went up in scores of cities; republican governments were established in many provinces; hundreds were killed in the clashes between monarchists and red republicans. But the revolt, unorganized and unprepared for, had taken the leaders by surprise, and they could not hold it together for more than one historic week.

Enrico Malatesta was the soul and centre of this spontaneous outbreak of the people. When the strike subsided, this grand old veteran who is loved as no other man is loved by working-class Italy, was again forced into exile. The government flung troops along every frontier to watch for him, but, disguised as a monk, he escaped into France and from there went to London,

where he lived until his recent return to Italy. After his departure, the Italian revolutionists settled into a period of organization and agitation, and built up a great Socialist and labor movement that withstood even the shock of the new war into which the Italian diplomats, corrupted by French gold, thrust the nation in May, 1915.

With the exception of a negligible minority, every radical element was solidly against the late war. Nothing effective could be done during the war period, however, and it was only in the spring of last year, after the armistice came into force, that the masses were goaded again by the miseries of another "victory" into a revolutionary anger. The memorable high-cost-of-living riots were the first unmistakable symptoms that Italy had begun its revolution. The masses showed a conscious knowledge of the causes of their distress. They raided warehouses and shops, but did not destroy the food and other goods confiscated, as unorganized mobs would. The Chamber of Labor in each town and village received the various commodities, instead, and distributed them to the poor. "*Facciamo come in Russia!*" "Let us do as in Russia," was the slogan of the uprising, displayed on the signs carried by the masses surging through the streets of the Italian cities and towns.

The officials of the Socialist Party and the *Confederazione del Lavoro* called a general strike at this time, for the people were demanding it. But the strike was called off by the same officials in a few days. The government made a few grandstand arrests of small shopkeepers, (the large landowners and industrial barons being innocent, of course); and the masses resigned themselves to paying the same dizzy prices for food again. Their uprising seemed to have brought them nothing.

There followed the general strike of July 21-22, to protest against the blockade on Russia. It was the most successful ever held in Italy, despite the fact that a day before it was to happen the government placarded Italy with posters saying that in France and England the workers had voted to desert the plan. But there was no more tangible result.

Soon after this strike came the campaign for the elections, described by the "Liberator" correspondent in the February number. "We are going to Parliament only to destroy it," said the Socialist candidates. "Your vote means the Revolution."

Lenin was the most popular name in the campaign, and Lenin means Soviets and revolution in Italy. Hun-



NICOLA BOMBACCI

Political Secretary (i. e. President) of the Socialist Party*

dreds of ballots were turned in at the booths on election day, with "Lenin" written in for deputy. The Socialist party, controlled by its maximalist element, stood on a thoroughly revolutionary platform. The masses were given the impression throughout the campaign that this was the last election of its kind, that it was in reality no election at all, but the preliminary to the revolution.

And then came the opening of parliament in December, when two of the Socialist deputies were attacked and beaten up by a band of royalist enthusiasts. The Socialist party immediately called another general strike, and the country was aflame in a moment. The workers in every city responded to the call, some not even waiting for the official word. The barricades went up again; there was fighting. In Mantua the workers burned down the prison and released all its inmates. For three days the city was under their control. And

* Our correspondent in Italy, who sent us this portrait, says: "Bombacci is one of the leaders of the radical Maximalist faction in the party. He is the right hand man of Serrati, though in character the direct opposite. He has the look and manners of a prophet, is wholly a man of emotions, an old-school orator and virulent interrupter in Parliament. Bitterly hated but everywhere respected by the bourgeoisie as 'an incorruptible fanatic.'"

then the Socialists, frightened by what had resulted from their call, sent deputies into all the provinces to plead with the workers to return to the factories. In the more conservative Socialist press a furious attack was made on the strikers at Mantua, who were called "criminals" for having burned the prison.

Disillusionment with the Socialist deputies has been the result of all these things. "In Florence," wrote a worker to my newspaper, *Il Martello*, "the crowds came to the Chamber of Labor with arms in hand to answer the call of December 2. We were ready for the revolution, and thought that was what the call meant. Then came Deputy Caroti to advocate calm. The people, shaken and confused by his plea, returned to the factories on December 4. We are all convinced now that our Socialist deputies have come to like their jobs too well and will never be the ones to lead us to the revolution."

The Chamber of Labor at Bologna voted soon after this strike never to go out on another general strike unless it was for the revolution. And at the syndicalist congress held in Parma late in December it was voted by the representatives of 300,000 workers that the next general strike be called only for the purpose of setting up the Soviet form of government in Italy.

Another result of this disappointment of the workers with their Socialist deputies was the cry that went up from all over Italy for the recall of Malatesta from his exile in England. Great mass meetings and demonstrations were held, and Nitti was at last forced to yield to the demand of the masses for the leader who could be counted on to bring them to revolution.

England granted Malatesta his passports, but the French officials refused to permit him to pass through France, and so this 70-year-old veteran of the class war added another adventure to his long and thrilling career by stowing away in a ship for Genoa. Three hours before he reached there word was flashed that he was on board, and the workers of the city immediately proclaimed a holiday. More than 50,000 of them came down to the docks and greeted Malatesta as no king of Italy was ever greeted. The same thing happened in Turin and Milan and other cities on Malatesta's tour through the country. The workers surged out in joy to greet the leader who at last would tell them what they wanted to hear. For in all his speeches, then and since then, Malatesta urged the unity of Socialists, syndicalists and anarchists for the purpose of immediately overthrowing by force the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.

The government is powerless to touch him. During the railway strike in February, which the workers won, Malatesta addressed huge meetings in Florence. There were riots and street fighting there, but the government was fearful of arresting Malatesta. It waited



ENRICO MALATESTA

till he had left the city, and tried to abduct him at Tombolo, a small station on the line. The train crew immediately notified the Chamber of Labor at Livorno and Pisa, and a general strike was proclaimed at once. The government was forced to release Malatesta immediately, and even begged him to go to both those cities to show the aroused people that he was free.

Malatesta has gone directly to the workers, over the heads of the labor and Socialist officials, as is shown in the following dispatch printed in the New York Times:

"MILAN, March 3.—Because of violent opposition of the anarchist element to the joint order, issued by the socialist and labor organizations for a return to work, the general strike which began suddenly yesterday afternoon still continues. The tramwaymen have had to desert their cars, and thousands of work people have been forced to march out of great factories.

"Several arrests were made this evening. A determined attack was directed on the Labor Chamber headquarters by an anarchist mob 1,000 strong.

"The agitation is headed by the revolutionary veteran, Malatesta, who after last year's amnesty returned to Italy from his long exile in London.

"At a monster meeting in the Napoleon Arena today Malatesta urged upon the workers the necessity of taking forcible possession of the big industrial establishments in their own interests."

All over the country the masses are showing by specific acts that Malatesta and Bombacci, of the Socialist Left, really represent their views. The peasants have begun spontaneously to expropriate large estates throughout Italy. And that is the ominous warning bell of every revolution. In the last month, even in Calabria, the most backward state in the most backward part of Italy, there have been peasant uprisings. In Caraffo, Brancheleone, Casnigana, Stoli and San Agita di Bianco there has been wholesale confiscation of the lands of the nobility. In the factories the workers have begun breaking down the centralized conservatism of their General Federation of Labor by means of a strong shop steward and shop committee movement.

Malatesta's arrival on the scene was the clearing of the decks for action. His influence with the masses is incalculable, and his influence is all for revolution. In a recent interview published in L'Avanti, Malatesta was asked whether an article in another newspaper saying that he was against the Bolsheviki was true.

"Are you a Bolsheviki?" he was asked.

"In my revolutionary thinking I wish to go further than the Bolsheviki," he replied. "I am a Bolsheviki in this however: I believe in the Soviets as organizations of the producers for their mutual interests, and I believe in immediate revolution."

This grand old man has led a life of revolutionary activity. He has been exiled, imprisoned and shot at, but he has never flagged in his simple devotion to the ideal. He is a count by birth, and comes from an old family owning estates near Naples. When a young student he fell under the influence of another young aristocrat-revolutionary, Pisacane, and was a delegate to the First International, where he sided with Bakunin in the split with Marx. He is near seventy now, but his small frame has worn well, and he is more active than hundreds of younger men. His long life may soon be crowned by the vision of an Italy freed from her idlers and parasites, her diplomats and oppressors, an Italy struggling toward the attainment of the anarchistic ideal of free workers producing only under the compulsion of their instincts of social solidarity.

Malatesta dresses plainly, like a workingman. His face and manners radiate affection and tolerance, and he charms his bitterest enemies into friendship by the unmistakable rich goodness of his nature. His leadership of the Italian masses is not based on any of those brilliant gifts that are associated with a leader. Malatesta is not a fiery orator nor is he a writer of outstanding brilliance. His gifts lie in the simplicity with which he can explain the knottiest economic problems to the peasants and workers, and in the feeling he gives them that he is really one of them, simple and suffering, and ready to share all the travail and dangers of a revolution.

In Portugal

OPPOSITE me on the train to Lisbon sat a monarchist. He was very lean, had violet rings under his eyes, and a tightly stretched parchment face. He orated all night, bouncing up and down on his seat, and when he reached the climax of his eloquence, as he did frequently, his eyes flared in a most extraordinary way. As he kept handing me most tasty little patees which he took out of an inexhaustible paper bag, I felt excellently disposed towards him, and cheered in the pauses. He said that Portugal was a *pequenha Russia*, and that only a monarchy strongly supported from the outside, could keep the working people from taking control altogether. The place was not worked with soviets and with the infamous doctrines of Malatesta and Sorel.

Later, in Lisbon I heard much the same story from the paternal white-haired old gentleman who edited the leading "Liberal" newspaper. His cure was "a strong conservative government" with the usual work and reconstruction and no-strike tag. Portugal, he said must fulfill her obligations to her great ally. As I left I sprang something on him. How about the rumor that the royalists in the January revolt had landed in Oporto from an English vessel? The Duke of Palmella had been sheltered in the American Legation, hadn't he? The paternal old gentleman went to the door and shut it hastily. Then he cleared his throat and said impressively, "Portugal will always look to England for help and advice. What we need is work and a strong conservative government."

The republic, entirely in the hands of the bourgeoisie, receiving its orders as to foreign policy from Great Britain, having done nothing to free the country from domestic or foreign capital, has fulfilled none of its promises. Illiteracy remains over 75 per cent. Labor is worse paid than in any except the Balkan countries. The mineral wealth of the country is untouched, or else exploited by Great Britain. Portugal is a British colony without the advantages of British administration.

But in Portugal, as everywhere in the world, the giant stirs in his sleep. The story of Russia has spread among peasants and workmen. The first result was the November, 1917, peasant revolt in the province of Alemtejo, where the land is held in large estates. They proclaimed a communist republic, seized and divided the land and for weeks held out against the troops of Sidoneo Paes. The railway men in the southern part of Portugal struck in sympathy, and for a time it looked as if the revolution were at hand. The organization was insufficient, however. The centers in Lisbon were cut off, and Sidoneo Paes was able to deal with the rebellion with such severity and secrecy that not an echo was heard in the outside world.

Since that time syndicalist organization, on the model of the French C. G. T., has gone on vigorously, until now Lisbon and the south are excellently organized, while propaganda is making progress even with the clerical northern peasantry, who own their own land and form the most profoundly conservative force in the country. *A Batalha*, the organ of the C. G. T., is the best printed paper in Lisbon, and has now the third largest circulation. Of the editors Joaquin Cardoso is a typographer and Alexandre Vieira a college man and journalist. Cardoso told me that he personally had four separate trials pending, but he added, laughing, justice is less expensive in Portugal than in America.

A Batalha has in the eight months that it has existed become the center of the syndicalist movement. I know of no paper that seems so rooted in people's affection. A constant stream of people would pour through the office, asking advice, telling their troubles; old women would ask help for sons who were in prison; boys would take off their shirts to show on their backs the welts raised by the sabres of civil guards, all with a trustful, burning enthusiasm that will go far some day. After talking a couple of hours with Lisbon workmen, the days of the politician and of the bourgeois seem numbered. And they might be over now if it weren't for British Dreadnoughts.

If organize and wait is the motto of the C. G. T. shout and sing is the motto of the new tendency embodied in the Maximalist Federation whose organ the Red Flag, leads a lively and precarious existence. Their aim is to form the nucleus of a red guard which, while leaving all direction in the hands of the C. G. T. shall be ready from the first to fight the counter-revolution.

When I was talking to the editor of another "Liberal" newspaper, this one not fatherly but youngish, in a tight black silk vest, with a monocle in his eye, we heard singing in the street outside that sounded suspiciously like the Internationale. "It's nothing," he said. "They'll be arrested soon. We need a strong conservative government to control this rabble. What Portugal needs is work and order so that we may fulfill our respons. . . ."

But I knew what he was going to say. I left in a hurry. I found out that it was the Young Syndicalists protesting against the arrest of some members of the Maximalist Federation. The Young Syndicalists mostly boys between fifteen and twenty, were arrested too. In the prison they continued singing the Internationale. The Fire Department was sent for and the hose turned on them; they sang louder.

When I left Portugal about a week later, they were still in prison, and still singing. People could hear them from adjoining streets, which was demoralizing. But it's hard to see what else syndicalists can do in Portugal but sing until something happens to the Dreadnoughts. Madrid, Dec. 14, 1919. JOHN DOS PASSOS.



The Liberator, April, 1920.

Spring Comes To



Com To Russia

A Yankee Convention

By Robert Minor

THE plaster is falling off the ceiling, the roof has caved in, the floor has rotted and the plumbing leaks, in the house of Capital.

Private merchandising doesn't feed people any more. It fails to carry ham and eggs and bread and beef and beans from the farm to the human belly. Likewise it has fluked at getting shoes and overalls and overcoats onto people. It's all wrong. People are going without things everywhere. In Europe about thirty million men are wearing old army uniforms because they can't get any other clothes. Is America doing much better? For my part, I'm wearing a borrowed shirt, an overcoat given to me by a Moscow soldier in November before last, and a pair of woozy horse-hide shoes. I haven't lately been able to pay money right over the counter in a store for anything except collars. I have been able to buy some new soft collars, and I paid a *half dollar* apiece for them. It's all wrong.

Isn't the average American covering his meek pride in clothes of Winter-before-last and of fabric as phoney as a New York egg? And isn't his food, for all he pays for it, of the kind that ought to be hauled off by the garbage man? Yes.

Why, the American people are so giddy-headed now for something to eat, that the Wall Street barons are putting up Hoover for president, knowing the people will vote for him because his name reminds them of food!

Everywhere, people are groping for new ways of getting food and clothes. Aside from that country where they have struck the soviet style of supplying the working class through the factory committees, and letting the bourgeoisie pay 2,000 per cent more to speculators, there is a grand rush toward the co-operative movement. It was strong in Europe long before the war, and had lapped over into America to the extent of about six hundred retail stores run by farmer and worker groups. In the past two years under the pressure of hunger and profiteer prices, about three or four thousand more retail stores have sprung up. Nobody knows exactly how many. They sprang up spontaneously and haphazard, and in spite of everything that bankers and merchants, lawyers and newspapers could do to stifle them. Many go down under the vengeance of banks and the boycott of wholesalers. But they spring up again in unexpected and unknown places and roughly hang on, managing to survive in the leeway of the difference between wholesale and retail prices. Enough of the co-operative retail stores in the United States have gotten into com-

munication with one another to establish a dozen wholesale centers.

In Boston is the "New England Co-operatives Wholesale Society" (34 Merchants' Row), doing business for forty societies. Warehouses of the "National Co-operative Association" have been opened at Chicago, Hoboken and Seattle.

In addition, there is the older "Co-Operative Wholesale Co." in San Francisco (236 Commercial Avenue),—and another is the "Tri-State Co-Operative Wholesale" in Pittsburg (39 Terminal Way) which, if it was not born of the Steel strike, at least cut its teeth thereon. Then there are two independent wholesales, which are not a result of the labor struggle but were crystallized by economic pressure on the farmers of the Middle West. They are the Farmers' Union Jobbing Association of Kansas City, Kansas, and the Co-Operative Wholesale Society of America, at St. Paul, Minnesota. The Central States Co-Operative Wholesale, East St. Louis, Illinois, and the Co-Operative Central Exchange in Superior, Wisconsin are a couple more of highly substantial wholesales, each serving about fifty societies.

So, you see, it's coming from two directions—from the labor side and from the farmer side.

There is a co-operative packing plant at Fargo, North Dakota, and another at Seattle, Washington, co-operative fish canneries and milk condenseries on Puget Sound. There are co-operative timber mills in Western Washington. The Middle West is dotted with co-operative grain elevators and flour mills, live-stock exchanges and live-stock commission offices. In Brooklyn, N. Y., there is a co-operative knitting works. The land is lousy with co-operative banks, warehouses and grocery stores from coast to coast.

Co-operative restaurants are sprouting up everywhere. That reminds me that while in Detroit recently I had a meal of steak and apple pie of the kind I used to get in Texas twenty years ago but haven't often seen since; and I got it in a co-operative cafeteria run by the "Workmen's Educational Association" in the "House of the Masses," then in the hands of the members of the Communist Party. Until raided by Mr. Palmer's dicks, the place was crowded by the working class of the neighborhood every meal-time and all day. Even the policemen on nearby beats came here because the prices were extraordinarily low for such quality of food. The place had a sort of un-stereotyped, an anti-Childs spirit about it.

Schools are being established on the co-operative basis

and co-operative recreation parks are being built. Laundries, coal yards and slaughterhouses, as well.

Maybe it doesn't get the working class anywhere in the long run, but at any rate some of the capitalists are beginning to worry about it. The American trade paper called "The Dress and Waist News" says of the co-operative movement in the United States:

"This is the movement which has virtually delivered the British Government into the hands of radical labor, which, in turn, is responsible for one surrender after another to the most exorbitant demands of organized employes. . . . It is all very well to talk of the "direct-from-producer-to-consumer" principle. But in its final analysis this would mean the reintroduction of barter for modern trade, and another prop knocked from under the conservative economic structure.

"If our newspapers knew their business they would have knocked the scheme to imitate this system in America on the head as soon as it showed itself, for just as little as business has the right to usurp the functions and rights of labor, just as little has labor the right to become a competitor of business."

I respect business men's judgment about some things. If capitalists think the movement threatens to aid in freeing the working class from them, then the co-operative movement deserves some very serious and favorable attention.

But the biggest thing that catches my eye in the co-operative movement is this: That it brings the farmers' organizations and the labor unions together.

It is strange how little is known among the city masses about the various associations of farmers. They are just now getting introduced to the labor unionists. Some of them are "Kulak" (tight-fisted landlord) organizations, as Lenin would say. For instance, there is the California Fruit Growers' Association, made up of wealthy land barons living in a feudal style upon itinerant wage-slave labor, as the planters of the Old South lived upon chattel-slave labor. They might also be compared to the landed aristocracy from which were recruited the White Guard, and which the political sharps like to call the "real people" of Russia.

But then there are other farmers' organizations whose opinions as economically determined are very much closer to labor. In the old "Grange," organized in the '70's, the main officers and a certain conservative element are unsympathetic to labor, but the vigorous rank and file knows that its hope lies in joining hands with the cities' disinherited. The American Society of Equity is a strong farmers' organization with efficiency and courage, fully proven by its work in bringing farmer and laborer together in both industrial strikes and agricultural crises. The Farmers' Union, in its various State branches, has shown itself always for the under dog of city and country. And the Farmers' National Council



CHAIRMAN C. H. GUSTAFSON
President Nebraska Farmers' Union

engages in enough militant activities as to give promise of a great future.

Maybe you'll remember that the conflict of interests between the city laborer and the small farmer has been a bugbear to progress throughout the industrial age. The French Revolution was nearly strangled by it, the Paris Commune was checked and left to destruction by the failure to co-ordinate with the peasantry. And, most illuminatingly, the clashes of apparent interest between the peasantry and the city laborers have been the most terrible internal problem of the Russian Revolution. I can never forget the impassioned speeches of Lenin in protest against the treacherous avarice of the "kulaks."

It is for that reason that I get excited about this early-stage agreement between exploited American farmer with American labor. There may be jokers in it, galore, that I have not seen, but the trend of it is right.

On Lincoln's birthday, February 12th, labor and the farmers met together in Streetcar Men's Hall in Chicago. The purpose was not merely to reduce the cost of living in some metaphysical congressional sense, but directly to supply workmen's families with farm products and farmers' families with factory products, with the huge profits of middlemen lopped off entirely.

More than that. The purpose was to break the Elevator Trusts and the banking boycott for the farmers, and to help labor win strikes. And still more. In the background of everything said and done at this convention was the conscious and definite purpose of taking over the entire means of production and exchange by labor of farm and city.

It was a Yankee convention. All the characters that Mark Twain ever talked about were there. For instance, H. A. Fuller, of St. Paul, of the farmers' organization called the American Society of Equity. I wish you could have seen him and heard him talk. The twang of his voice and the way his hair fits on his head, his Upper

Mississippi grammar and the big-gauged, sweeping capability of him set him off as the typical typical American I ever saw. He can stand as a sort of illustration of the whole convention. To hear his store-and-bank talk makes you sit up and take seriously what he's in.

Of the city businessman type, is Dalton T. Clarke, President of the National Co-operative Association, and Allen E. Barker, section hand, was there as Grand President of the Maintenance of Way Employees. Grant Slocum, President of the National Association of Gleaners, beside Joseph Schlossberg, General Secretary of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

Then there were the farmers with their whiskers proudly on and their wits in their heads; there was the guy with the country poem which he insisted on reading to its everlasting refrain; "Co-op-per-ate, co-op-per-ate"; and the rural ex-store-keeper who'd caught the fever of the new day. And there was Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Engineers whose appearance seems to shriek: "Toot-toot! dang-a-lang! All a-bo-o-o-ard!" Present also were the mystic faces of New York's East Side, among them Sydney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, restlessly stirring about to see if things are going "real"; there were city "intellectuals" and the women sociologists, and farmers, farmers, farmers. It was the Americanest looking convention I ever saw.

C. H. Gustafson, President of the Nebraska Farmers' Union, presided over the Congress, relinquishing the gavel once in a while to Warren S. Stone.

Stone had the super-important position of Chairman



J. H. CARNAHAN, Farmer,
Black River Falls, Wis.



H. A. FULLER
American Society of Equity

of the Committee on Banking and Credit. His presence meant the presence of the colossal strength of the Railroad Brotherhoods. Wait a minute while I tell you that the labor organizations present at this convention have cash assets of about \$40,000,000,000, and what they decided to do with these assets to promote the interests of Labor and the farmers.

When Stone opened up his introductory talk on "the Situation Confronting Us," it sounded as though we were in for a spell of those hard-boiled remarks with which the ancient pilots of the American Labor movement have for years eased themselves through annual conventions. He observed that the convention might expect to be pestered by the usual number of faddists; that "children go to school suffering with malnutrition," which "alone deserves the attention of anyone who loves his country." But this perhaps was only strategy, for, just as I was beginning to wonder why I'd come, he seemed to have eased this stuff off his chest, like a priest rid of his prayers, and he started out talking like a man. He remarked that "Russian roubles are the only thing on the increase." I think he meant increase in value, for the audience understood it so, and gave a whoop of applause. Everybody sat up and took notice and Stone started in



Warren S. Stone

then and made a good speech with ideals 'way above the dinner bucket. He said right out that the employees are the only men who know anything about the railroads and the only men who should be allowed to run them.

It wasn't a mollycoddle convention. There was a thrill a minute. The American War Veterans, the 750,000 organization that is bucking the American Legion for the proletarian cause, was endorsed by the convention with a unanimous bang. Attorney General Simon Legree Palmer was hooted with a whole-hearted venom that poisoned the air whenever his name was mentioned.

A voice in the audience called out: "In view of the probable presence of an Attorney General, I move that no speaker shall hold any red cards in his hand when he talks." Motion passed hilariously.

Did you ever hear a fellow make a good speech about the price of gloves? I have. O. C. Trask, of the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees, made a speech full of that sort of stuff. At first it sounded like the palaver of the dried-up soul of a business man, but after a little I began to get the drift of it and, by golly, it was interesting! It was about how the Maintenance of Way Employees got hold of some glove and hosiery factories of Detroit and are now supplying gloves and socks of best quality to railroad men and other workers at low prices, without the exploitation of labor. When these people took the first factory, they unionized it and reduced the workday to eight hours. The employees of the private-capitalistic factories began to desert to go to work for the railroaders' factory. After the first few weeks, the co-operative workers by the very force of their good will produced as much finished product in the eight-hour day as the capitalistic factories' workers produced in nine hours. Then the capitalistic owners of the near-by factories began trying to sell out to the co-operative. One more factory has been bought this way, and it is expected that more will be taken in soon.

Glenn Plumb was there. After you have heard "Plumb plan, Plumb plan, Plumb plan," blazoned around everywhere, and puzzled as to how in the hell the newspapers came to give publicity to anything that seems so good, you naturally want to see what this fellow Plumb looks like. He's the lawyer for the Railroad Brotherhoods. It turns out that behind this co-operative convention is a sort of triple partnership of the Labor Unions, the Farmers' organizations and the Plumb Plan League. There were hints of presidential aspirations on the part of Plumb, but I like him too well to believe them. Everybody seemed to be for his plan of railroad nationalization. One of the happenings of the convention was a mass meeting in which Plumb was featured for a speech.

I went to the meeting and my attention was very much arrested by the fact that even Plumb,—presidential aspirations or no presidential aspirations—talked as though a least little ray of the light of these revolutionary times had caught his eye.

Politics were officially barred from the convention, but the Non-Partisan League peeked through the bars, along with Plumb. The feverish appreciation of the value of farmer and labor votes was apparent everywhere, under repression.

Well, what did the Co-operative Congress do?

The principal action of the convention was the appointment of the All-American Farmer-Labor Co-operative Commission of twelve men, to go ahead in the formation of co-operative banks for the purpose of keeping the working man's money in his own control. It means that the many millions of dollars in treasuries of unions and the farmers' associations are to be moved to a strategic position for the aid of Labor in its struggle against industrial lords, and to the aid of the farmers in their struggle against elevator combines, meat trusts, railroad pirates and land barons.

The convention demanded that the war debt be paid by a heavy tax on capital, graded up to 75 per cent of fortunes as large as \$500,000,000. It asked that army trucks be put to the work of road making

Benigna Green Kalb, Secretary
Farm Woman's National Congress



Editor Herron of the "Farmers' Union"

and hauling farm produce to market, and that there be no "peace time sedition laws."

It protested against the return of the railroads to be the playthings of whatever dukes the Vanderbilt girls may marry, and against the sale to Wilson's London friends of the fleet of ships which we were told we couldn't exist without; and it decided that all co-operative stores throughout the country should have a uniform system.

The convention also took Ol' Doc. Warbasse's prescription. That is, adopted the "Rochdale System." The co-operative movement started in Rochdale, a suburb of Manchester, England in 1843. It was started on a capital of \$140 by twenty-eight weavers who were sore at being beaten in a strike. Perhaps that is why it started right.

The Rochdale system fixes the prices of goods at the lowest cash market price. Thus the general public as well as co-operative members can be allowed to buy in the stores. At the end of the quarter, the "profits" that have been made are given back to the co-operative members in proportion to the amount of their purchases. Only in exceptional cases, where a strike makes it necessary, are goods supplied at cost prices.

Now one out of every three persons in England is connected with one of the co-operative societies, which did a business in 1918 of over a billion dollars. The

merchants' associations call them "the devil turned loose on trade." Sixty factories owned by the co-operatives and employing 30,000 men have earned money with which the co-operatives have bought and now own farms, wheat lands, tea and coffee plantations, fruit groves, herds of cattle and coal mines.

It is the same way with most of the rest of Europe. In the Scandinavian countries and in Switzerland, more than one third of the population belongs to co-operatives. Even in the Darkest Russia of before the Revolution, twenty million persons were members of co-operatives. Counting their families, perhaps one half of the population of Russia got its supplies through co-operatives. There is some obscurity as to the exact status of the co-operatives in Russia at present, but when the fog of censorship and blockade clears away, we may find that the Russian co-operatives have bodily become the ready-made food-and-clothing distribution arm of the Socialist state. We shall see; we don't know yet.

Dr. J. P. Warbasse works year in and year out in his den at Number 2 West Thirteenth street in New York City, with a clerical staff, under the name of The Co-operative League of America, and answers with literature and letters of advice about a thousand inquiries per month from all over the United States, Canada and Mexico.

He's "the Doctor," all right. He medicates the young struggling co-operatives that get started badly and have something wrong with their livers. For, you see, there are scores or maybe hundreds of co-operative stores that start and fail every year in America. It's lack of understanding, lack of education, the Doctor says, such as caused the collapse of the co-operative ventures of the New England Protective Union and of the Knights of Labor, long ago. His office has accumulated the information of seventy-five years on the subject, and from that information he writes out prescriptions for co-ops of failing health. The Doctor hates to see a co-op die. Every co-op funeral is bad for the labor movement, says he,—depressing. Time after time, co-operatives have started up enthusiastically attempting to give provisions to workers' families at cost price. This is fine, at heart,



Isaac Sherman of the Siberian Co-operatives



Joseph Schlossberg,
Gen. Sec'y Amalgama-
ted Clothing Workers

but it won't work. It's just the right ethics, and honest workmen have hundreds of times started out with a boom, that way, as seems the natural, decent and honest way to start. But, one after the other, every such scheme has failed. No co-operative ever works which gives goods out in the first place at the cost price (plus expense of distribution); the market price must be charged in the first place, and the profits can be given back to the workmen-customers later. It has proven to be absolutely necessary for the co-operative to have this margin to work on, and

to manoeuvre around the market vicissitudes.

The Doctor advises against starting "too big" and he advises also against anyone counting on enemies of Labor to do the business thinking for the co-operatives. "Train your own men," he says, "and don't start anything bigger than you know how to run."

Doctor Warbasse's League does not launch any co-operative ventures itself; it maintains strictly its function of curing and educating.

The co-operative movement in America was endorsed in 1919 by labor unions and labor political parties and church societies galore. In fact, nearly everything from the American Federation of Labor, the Railroad Brotherhoods, State Federations, City Federations, the National Catholic War Work Council, Interchurch World Movement and the Socialist Party, to the Communist Party.



William Bouck

That's where I get suspicious. Anything that can get the endorsement of church societies and which has a monster bank account in the midst of capitalist pollution makes me nervous. I puzzle to see how it can possibly keep clean—keep *unconnected* with capitalist institutions. Anything that grows under toleration of capitalist rule, is likely to get an organic connection with the vitals of the capitalist order; it is

likely to get *dependent* upon capitalistic institutions and to defend those institutions when they are attacked and about to fall as I believe they are surely doomed to fall in the near future years. I noticed that this was the case, to some extent, with the Russian co-operatives when the working-class revolution came on. The Russian co-operatives were too much in the hands of the let-well-enough-alone class that

was hostile to the liberation of the industrial slave mass and landless peasantry. So I kept a suspicious eye on the Chicago convention. Will the co-operative movement in America become a little bastard capitalism? I don't know, but here are some mighty strong evidences to the contrary:

When the General Strike of Seattle broke out, the employing class in terror pronounced it a "Soviet revolution," and the Merchants' Association denied all credit to Union men and their families. The Co-operative answered by promptly offering to back the strikers' commissary. The news was spread by the *Seattle Union Record* and the strikers' committee issued coupon books to the workers for food at ten per cent below the market price. 10,000 loaves of bread were distributed free. The only meat and the only milk distributed for four days was sent out by the co-operative on wagons licensed by the strike committee. The workers commandeered the restaurants, prepared food and distributed it to the strikers.

It's hell, isn't it? Mayor Ole Hanson got out a liquor warrant and therewith staged a raid on the offices of the Co-operative to find out for the bosses what the financial standing of the Co-operative was. The Co-operative stood up in that memorable strike, through the test of machine-guns and the worst vilification that capitalistic organs could shriek. I remember this particularly, because the "Saturday Evening Post's" hysterical description of it furnished some of the best reading-matter I had in the only jail sojourn I ever experienced.



Duncan McDonald of the United
Mine Workers



Fred Howe, former Immi-
gration Commissioner



Glenn E. Plumb

During the Tacoma shipyards strike, the co-operative store was the commissary department of the strikers.

In the Machinists' and Shipyard Workers' strike in the San Francisco Bay District, the strikers depended upon the co-operative store.

At Great Falls, Montana, four years ago, the Co-operatives worked in conjunction with the A. F. of L. in the strike against the great Flour Mill Combine. The farmers had their wheat ground in small mills and shipped the flour in

union-label sacks of the Farmers' Union. The strike was won for Labor and all the great flour mills were unionized.

In the Messaba Iron Range strike, the Finnish Co-operatives and the American Society of Equity backed Labor. They made a deal with the I. W. W. not only to furnish the strike with provisions but to *give credit for the provisions*. The I. W. W. guaranteed the strikers debts and have since made good on the bills.

When the great Steel strike started, John Fitzpatrick as chairman of the strike committee invited the National Co-operative Association at Chicago and the Tri-State Co-operative Association of Pittsburg, to handle the strike commissary. The Co-operatives jumped at the opportunity. In the Chicago Steel district, provisions were distributed to the strikers in the Co-operative's own trucks, and long-distance freight shipment were made. Something over a half a million dollar worth of food was supplied.

And now if I have made the once dry word "co-operative" smell and taste like food to you, I'm satisfied. Think of strikes with *food!*

General strikes with food!

It seems to me that the American co-operative movement has made good with Labor.

The Hopper — A Story

By Mary Heaton Vorse

PETIE and three others stood in the station in Ottawa, and looked at one another with the awkwardness of simple men whose emotion makes them dumb. They had been in hospital together; they had been discharged together; made their journey back together.

Now they were home; the great moment which they had talked so much of had come and left them all vaguely disappointed, disposed to cling together, delaying the moment of departure which was to break the life they had lived together for so long.

Of the four of them, Petie alone belonged to Ottawa; Crump and Billie Sud went on further west. Edwards lived in a little place fifty miles north. And so it was good-bye. They stood searching vainly for something adequate and not finding it. They could find nothing at all but:

"We'll hear from you some time?"

"Rather."

"Good-bye, Petie."

"Good-bye, old man."

He shook hands with them all around and still lingered a moment, irresolute.

"You're in luck, Pete. You're home already."

"Yeh."

"Well, so long. Good luck!" They called it after him. Then he was off, plunging through the station up Broad Street. As quickly as he could he left the thoroughfare, for the civilian disorder of the city disturbed him. There were so many people. They were so confused. There was something so alien in the familiarity of it all that his eyes rested with gratitude on a group of soldiers of the 23rd Canadian Rifles. A man of the Royal Flying Corps, his little cap on his ear, passed by Petie. Three girls with cheeks as red as early apples, ran along laughing and chattering. An old woman in rusty black with a black knitted scarf bound round her head hobbled by him, and after her another pair of soldiers, swinging swagger sticks. He could tell by their well fed carelessness that they had not yet been "*There*."

A sensation as of pain came slowly over Petie. It was like the rising of a cold tide; it invaded the inmost recesses of his being, and like some bitter water it put out one after the other the lights of his spirit. He did not know what ailed him.

"I wish Blasty was here!" was the nearest that he could put it. Blasty was dead. At Mons. And as one must give one's self a reason for an overpowering emotion: "Poor old Blasty!" he thought. "It's rough—him croaking out there, and me home again." He wanted to take Blasty with him to the missis and the kiddies. Another wave of darkness broke over him. He felt lost and helpless. The indifferent, hurrying people disturbed him, and suddenly he felt weak.

"That damned wound and the cough," he thought, "takes the life out of a fellow."

He had come now to the meaner streets, going up one and then another by habit. His family had moved since he had left, and he looked at the bit of paper which told him the new address.

"Mind where you're going!" a woman cried to him sharply.

He stepped back with a mumbled apology. He had almost run her down. He looked down and his eye caught sight of his clothes. He was not in uniform. His own had been destroyed, and at his discharge he had been given civilian.

"Queer, I can't get used to them," he thought.

An unexpected hatred of his civilian clothes seized on him. He hated them, though he didn't know it, for being the symbol of his anonymity. For three years now he had intensely been part of a great thing, of the intensest thing in the world. Life had been luminously simplified. Choice and conflict, the twin enemies of civilized man, and Personal Responsibility—a heavy burden for any but the spiritually robust—had been taken from him. His body had lived often enough in squalor and filth and without decencies. He had seen times when every sick nerve had been shocked by the unspeakable outrages which the accidents of battle committed on the flesh of his comrades; but his liberated spirit, freed from choice and doubt and conflict, triumphed perpetually over his cold and shrinking body. No responsibility—comradeship—a sense of balance and adjustment; these gifts of the spirit had walked daily with Petie for three years.

These three years he had been accustomed to his definite place in the world. Every one knew everything about him at a glance; that he was a Canadian; and after that his Regiment and his Company. The eyes of unknown men when he passed greeted him. Now his place in the world was taken from him, and he walked along as though threading his way through a familiar dream, a sense of loss flooding over him.

During the three years he had been away he had seen Anne Marie through a haze of sentiment. Home had meant all the things which he had not: comfort, shelter, your own woman. During the three years he had been away the memories of his marriage had become as conventionalized as a Christmas card. When he thought of Anne Marie, he thought of her as he had first known

her—a dark-haired, ivory-faced girl with a scarlet mouth. He had forgotten the toll the years had so swiftly taken of her beauty, for in the five years of their marriage there had been three children. He had forgotten the way they used to fight.

His first definite memory of what this life really had been like, came to him when he turned up the stairs and a familiar smell of dirty children and damp, greasy dish cloths assailed his nostrils. Then he was in the room. She was there waiting for him. Her dark hair was piled elaborately on her head; it looked as if it had been greased. She wore a black skirt and her best shirtwaist, which had been given her; and both were a little tight for her.

He gazed at her a moment registering her appalling strangeness. She was a pale, stout young woman with a red, discontented mouth. For a moment they stared at each other, and then they embraced. Tears came to ease the tension of their embarrassment.

"Oh, you've been away so long! It's been so hard getting along, Petie!" she sobbed.

She marshalled the children up to kiss him. They too were in their best, and there was in their looks no one familiar thing to guide him. They embarrassed him extraordinarily.

"If you think with what you've sent back it's been an easy thing to do for them—" Anne Marie began.

She had honestly meant not to bother him, at least at first; but the sight of him had set her complaining tongue to wagging. Life had never been any too easy for Anne Marie. She was not a good manager. Petie was not a good provider; and if he had a good temper, well, she had not. It's easy enough for a man to have a good temper—he doesn't have to have the children; he doesn't have to make a little go a long ways. And then if you could count on a man! There's no telling what he'll spend at any time in a public house, for Petie wasn't always steady. So things at their best had never been too good. Then he enlisted without consulting her. He had just gone out one day and then come back an enlisted man. There she had been with three children and prices of things mounting every minute.

At the end of the twenty-four hours he felt drowned, drowned in the details of the story of Anne Marie's life. It was a confused, bitter story. There were lady visitors in the story, and penury and want and sickness. A story of incompetence, a story of an untrained girl with none too high vitality, trying to eke out the allowance of a soldier's wife. It was a story of odd jobs and jobs lost. Luck had been against her—she had told him that a dozen times in her aggrieved way.

All this was mixed up with the story of how the upholstered chair got broken. It would cost three dollars to fix it— "Three dollars!" I said. "Do you think soldiers' wives are made of money?" A good chair to

break that way; but with children what can you expect? There's nothing safe. And me out half the time. 'You should take a job in the factory,' one of the visitors told me. 'Yes,' I said, 'oh yes; and leave the baby to choke to death, and the children to be run over.' I tell you, to be a soldier's wife is no joke. You're not a wife, you're not a widow, you're *no one!*"

During their absence from each other he too had acquired a romantic unreality in her eyes. Each in retrospect had imagined a marriage which had never been. Now they sat confronting each other, and as they found in each other no resemblance to the sweethearts they had each dreamed, they both felt cheated and injured. So they sat and looked at each other and struggled to find their way back to each other, for they were bound together by the memory of their early passion and by the fairyland of marriage which they had mutually imagined.

With her talk, some memories of the gray fabric of their marriage began to emerge from the past. It was funny that he had forgotten that she was always complaining and grumbling. Formerly he had known how to jolly her out of her complaints; but he had lost the trick. Her talk dripped away the life of him.

Anne Marie had imagined in those years a prosperity that had never existed in their commonplace story of too little money and too many babies. She had moved since he left, and among these people who did not know her earlier circumstances, she had formed the habit of saying with a sigh: "When my husband was home, things were different," or "Before he went away, it wasn't like this."

Suddenly Petie found the cluttered room intolerable. It had been slicked up when he first arrived, and it had grown progressively untidy. It always seemed cluttered anyway, for Anne Marie always left everything a little awry. The bed had a handsome crocheted spread on it, lined with bright pink satin. Anne Marie had made this for her trousseau. There were crocheted things on the table and over the chairs. On the wall were religious pictures in gilt frames covered with pink netting. There was a Virgin, her heart transfixed with a sword and her eyes full of tears. There was a Jesus and a St. Anne, and under the picture of St. Anne a dirty wreath of paper flowers, green and pink and white; and on the mantel were painted statuettes of St. Anne and St. Joseph.

There was never anything quite in place, because Anne Marie always began something else before she had one thing finished. She knew this peculiarity of hers, but she accepted it as an affliction sent by God. "I'm like that," she would explain with a perplexed frown and a puzzled look in her limpid eyes. When life was hard, Anne Marie sat down and complained; then she went to church and prayed, and she would come back calm and at peace with things as they were. Before Petie went

away it had sometimes infuriated him to hear her say when she spent money foolishly, when she did not get her work done: "What will you? It is my fate."

Looming through all her talk more and more clearly there came to Petie the understanding that she now expected things to be different. Some way she had identified him with prosperity. He did not understand this at first. The baby, who had grown up in his absence, explained it to him with cruel concreteness. He came up to Petie and put his hand on his knee; and he let fall these amazing words:

"When are you going to buy me my pony?"

Now Petie understood the adoring look with which the children regarded him. He understood Anne Marie's vague allusions as to a Golden Age. It was as though a wave of weakness beat him down.

Of course! He had to support them. He had not thought what this meant. He had fallen out of the habit of personal responsibility and of worrying about the future. He had wanted intensely to get home, to have his own woman near him. Now from his stale disillusion had leaped this fact: they not only expected him to support them, but they expected *things*, every kind of thing from him that he was quite inadequate to get for them.

He rose. "I guess I'll have to go out and look for a job," he said.

Realities and fantasy were oddly mixed in Anne Marie's mind.

"Lots of the discharged men have had hard times getting jobs," she said. "Girls have all took your job in the factory, Petie."

"Girls?" he echoed.

"Of course," she said impatiently. "Girls. Are you deaf? With all the men gone, what do you suppose the girls did? They had to work, didn't they? The work had to get done, didn't it? You hadn't ought to have gone, Petie. Whatever did you enlist for without asking me? We got along so nice. Now maybe you won't get a job at all. What will we do then? Suppose you didn't, Petie? Luck's always been against me. Just when I got a nice job, Joseph must take sick, of course." She looked him over appraisingly. "You don't look strong," she pronounced.

Some way he did not seem to know quite how to go about it. How did one get jobs? Petie had worked for three years in the same place before he left. That, though he did not realize it, was one of the reasons why he had enlisted: he had had just about enough of that job. Now it did not exist any more. Girls had taken his place. He found out where an employment agency was. There he made his first mistake. When they asked him what he could do, he answered, "Anything!" which meant to the ears of the man at the desk that there was nothing special that Petie could do. There are all sorts

of things open for the discharged man, like reunion rooms, where you could get everything except a job. You would meet kindness and encouragement that warmed you at first; and then it left you faint and empty; there was no meat in it. What made it harder was that everybody seemed to think there was lots of work. There was, except just not Petie's kind, which was no kind. There was labor wanted in mines and in the lumber camps. Just here and now in Ottawa there did not seem to be any place for Petie. He didn't know how to do the trick, anyway. He would go up and say in a shy sort of way:

"You don't want a man to work, do you?" And every night going home was like going into a disappointment.

"You look worse every day," Anne Marie told him. "'t isn't work, God knows, that's taking it out of you." And self-distrust got him by the throat. At last it seemed there was something for him. Packers were needed in a hurry at a factory. There were men and girls both working together, and there was a foreman who speeded all of them. Petie was not used to the strain of steady work. After a while his ears buzzed and his head ached, and it seemed as if Petie Groff sat very far off, while his body sweated and toiled. It seemed to get further and further from him every minute. Like a fly buzzing very far away, he heard the foreman, a big, dyspeptic Cockney, growling:

"These discharged men—wot good is they? Tell me that! No good! The blighters sit around France and do nothing for two or three years, and then they come back and lives on us. A ball through their lungs, or shrapnel in their guts, they says. Wot if they 'ave? I didn't put it there, did I? Then I get blamed!" He knew what would follow. He expected it, and yet when the foreman said:

"That'll be about all for you, my lad," it descended like a blow. Then suddenly he knew he had come to a stopping place. He couldn't go home with this news. He could not go home; not now; not without a drop of something. He went to look for the fellows. He had kept away from them while he was looking for a job, like a man who fears to look back on a land of lost content.

Afterwards he never accounted to himself completely for that evening. A few drinks did for him. He saw the scene through a haze—everything flying round—music—voices—comrades. It was as if he were back again—inside the comforting shelter of his organized life—back to his appointed place; and then, like a wind blowing from a cold cellar door, came memory—and that memory visualized itself as Anne Marie, her hair tossed negligently on her head, a strand of it writhing round her neck like a snake, her red mouth scornful, her eyes passionate in her anger, as she looked when life went wrong with her, for she revenged herself on it by losing her temper. Then she would use her anger like a lash,

and when she had tormented Petie sufficiently, she would burst into tears and wish to be loved. Each time he remembered Anne Marie he drank more. He drank more, not because he wanted to drink, but to escape from a burden which he could not carry. He found drink the only road by which to return whence he had come. He could never, after this, have the feeling of being at one with life—or have the peace of knowing just what his duty was, and just doing it. He wanted to escape—from what—to where—he could not have told.

Then he slept for a long time. After he had slept something very deep down in Petie Groff awakened him. Something very deep down in him shook him from sleep into waking.

"Go on!" it said to him, in a warning tone. "Get up and go on!"

Petie shrank back into sleep again. There was some awful thing waiting for him he knew when he woke up—something he could not face—a monster was waiting the other side of consciousness. His nerves shook with the unaccustomed drink. He lay as prone and as anguished as he had once lain on a battlefield, only there he had no need of doing anything—for the moment. Now he had the need of doing something—wounded in the battle of life, he must *go on*.

All the sensations of the familiar nightmare—the absolute necessity of performing some impossible task, flooded Petie's unwilling consciousness. He closed his eyes and let sleep wash from him his throbbing head, his sick nerves, the burden of his prostrate body. Then again in his sleep a voice called him:

"Petie! Petie!" it said. "Petie!"

It was Anne Marie's voice—the toneless voice in which she waked him up on cold winter mornings in time to go to work.

"Petie!" said the voice.

Petie woke up. He did not recognize the room in which he lay. It was a very low room, and stretched a long way. In the room there was a hopper—that was the first thing he noticed—a hopper like the hopper of a chopping machine; and attached to it was a great handle which turned a grinder, and there was a woman with her back turned to him, and she turned the grinder very slowly and with great effort. She seemed to Petie very strong and as if she had stood there grinding for a long time, and at sight of her a cold sweat broke out on Petie Groff. He did not know why he feared her—and then his heart stood still, for the woman he so feared and who ground so steadily was Anne Marie.

"Petie," she said without turning her head toward him, "the hopper is empty!"

She said it in the same toneless voice with which she had awakened him.

It was more terrible than anger or complaint.

Something compelled him to get up. He rose and

every sick nerve of his body complained. He looked on the shelves round about the room to see if there was something to put in the hopper. He knew if he found what belonged there he would recognize it, yet he dreaded this knowledge. Then for a moment she stopped her slow, laborious grinding, and she repeated in her monotonous voice:

"Petie, the hopper's empty!"

Now she stopped and went to the shelves that stood around the low room and found a long knife which she handed to Petie, and her eyes looked through him instead of at him. He took the knife in his hand and he knew now what the impossible thing was which it was necessary for him to do.

He had to fill the hopper—so he lopped off an arm with the knife.

Now she was satisfied and ground on slowly and laboriously. Then her voice came again:

"Petie, the hopper is empty!"

A frenzy came on him. He had to fill the hopper. So he ripped the knife into himself— And she ground on.

Then Petie saw that the blood ran from him down on the stone floor into a pool, and there were little animals that lapped at it greedily and at his cry of anguish they looked up at him with innocent eyes, and he saw these little animals had the faces of his own children, and their mouths were stained with blood. He screamed, and oblivion came to aid him.

Presently he heard a voice say:

"Whatever ails you, Pete?" And another voice from afar off:

"'E's got 'em bad!" And another voice:

"Your old woman won't say a thing—oh, no!" And still another voice penetrated to him:

"He was talkin' about the grand job he was goin' to get to-day and screamin' like he was bit by a snake."

Very slowly, as if he were coming up from underneath the sea, consciousness of reality came back to Petie. He was lying on the floor of a room he had not seen before, while a man explained:

"Dropped like he was shot, so I just stows him here. I looks at him a couple of times this morning, and he groans and moans."

There was something comforting about their talk. He escaped for the moment the terror that was on him; but only for the moment. He knew now what ailed him.

He could not stay with Anne Marie. Why should he? She had gotten along without him all these years. What had he to do with Anne Marie and those children? They seemed to him like the veriest accidents—a chance meeting—a chance passion.

The memory of his dream came to him, and with it a mortal sickness.

The very flesh of him had revolted, and in his mind

was blank fear—fear of the woman who had turned the crank of the hopper with merciless patience—fear of the children with blood-stained faces—the awful little mouths of his children with blood stains upon them.

How he got to the train that left for the West carrying the harvesters was always obscure to him. He acted on an imperative must. He fled as a man tries to save himself from drowning, as a man flees a burning house, as a starving man seeks food—an upsurging impulse to live got Petie Groff on that train.

A sweet weakness enveloped him. The motion of the train rocked him; he felt at rest. Now he loved his anonymity. No one knew him—he was a part of nothing, and so he was part of everything. Petie Groff was dead; something lived; what was its name? He did not care. Petie Groff that fed the hopper had died that night at Jenks'. So he swung, relaxed to the motion of the train, happy, free from burdens too heavy for him.

Two soldiers had sat down in front of him. As Petie listened to them, and they seemed very far away, he had no connection with them any more. Then a word that one of them dropped pierced through him as if it had been a bullet.

"Pension!" He was talking about his pension. This freed man—this new unnamed person, would get no pension. He saw Anne Marie in her cluttered room, the children about her. She was so helpless—it was her fate. Slowly there came to Petie Groff a familiar sense of having to go on. It came back from the very heart of France to him. Those weary times when one had done all one could, and yet there was more to be done. *He had to go on.* Often he had said to himself that he could not go on, and yet he had gone on. One may not desert, and he knew he could desert now as little as he could then. He knew he must go back to the children and to Anne Marie. His running away was only illusion.

One may not desert. He had done things before beyond his strength. He had done things that he had known he could not do, when his tired, outraged flesh had rebelled, when his spirit had seemed weak as water, still he had gone on—often—to fulfill the appointed and impossible task. Men had to go on, and he had to go on now.

The train stopped at a junction, and now Peter Groff got up wearily and changed cars, to go on with the most difficult task, for it is often harder to face life than to face death.

EPITAPH FOR A HOSPITAL NURSE

I, CATCHING fevers that I could not quench,
When twenty died for four that we could save,
Was cast with sixteen soldiers in a trench,
Glad of no meaner grave.

Edmund Wilson, Jr.



"Ah hah! So, you don't like this government, eh?"



"Now get the hell out-a-here!"



"Well, take that—"



"Can you beat it? Guys like that preaching violence!"



"You God-damn Bolshevik!"

Law and Order

By William Gropper

The Clarté Movement

By Max Eastman

IT has been suggested to me that the "Liberator" might form the center in America for the organization of a section of Clarté, the international group of "intellectuals" which derived its name and initial enthusiasm from a novel by Henri Barbusse. This group is more fully entitled in its statutes "A League of Intellectual Solidarity for the Triumph of the International Cause," and its purpose is "to exercise in complete independence the activities designated by its title."

Clarté has upon its International Executive Committee the names, "irrevocable and not removable," of Henri Barbusse, Georges Brandes, Paul Colin, Victor Cyril, Georges Duhamel, Eckhoud, Anatole France, Noel Garnier, Charles Gide, Thomas Hardy, Henry-Jacques, Vincente Blasco Ibanez, Andreas Latzko, Laurent Tailhade, Raymond Lefebvre, Magdeleine Marx, E. D. Morel, Edmond Picard, Charles Richet, Jules Romains, Rene Schickele, Severine, Upton Sinclair, Steinlen, Vaillant-Couturier, H. G. Wells, Israel Zangwill, Stefan Zweig.

I notice also in an English section recently formed the names of Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Robert Williams (the General Secretary of the Transport Workers), Frank Hodges (Secretary of the Miners' Union), Miles Malleon, Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Dell and some others not unfamiliar.

A handsome bi-weekly paper, "Clarté," described as the "French Bulletin of the International of Thought," is already in circulation; and a pamphlet written by Boris Souvarine, one of the editors of Longuet's paper, *Le Populaire*, has been issued under the imprint of the group. It is significant of the revolutionary leaning of those who stand at the head of the group in Paris that this first pamphlet is an able and instructive plea for working class adherence to the third international. And this leaning is still further emphasized in some unofficial letters I have received—notably one from Henri Barbusse, in which he says:

"The intransigence of the program which we have defended on different occasions has alienated some of those who found themselves in the moderate opposition, that is to say, in reality conservative. As we have no intention of modifying our ideas, whatever may come, the result has been that Clarté has taken an orientation much more revolutionary than can be inferred from its first manifestoes. In truth, we have not modified the expression of our principles, but we have shown what an absolute and radical meaning we give to them."

M. Barbusse is the President of the Republican Asso-

ciation of War Veterans, an organization with three hundred sections and comprising an immense mass of the soldiers who are left alive in France. There is no need to describe the width of his influence to those who have read his book, "Under Fire," and remember how it blew and burned like a living flame of truth all over the world. He tells me that this organization of war veterans is "from the point of view of ideas at the extreme left," and in a printed message to them he has this vigorous thing to say:

"There are but two nations in the world—that of the exploiters and that of the exploited. The more powerful is the prisoner of the other, and we all belong, proletarians of battles, to the one that is vanquished. Such is the tragic, mad, shameful reality. All the rest is but foul superannuated sophisms which will bring the world's end by mere force of absurdity—if slaves remain slaves."

In spite of these encouraging signs, and the humble respect that I have for many of the names that are signed upon the roster of Clarté, I feel alien and opposed to it. I think it is bad science to form a group of that particular kind. And I think this bad science—or complete lack of science—reveals itself at almost every point in the official calls and manifestoes around which it has been formed. I quote the following characteristic sentences:

The Duty of the Intellectual.

"To the conflict of material forces has succeeded the conflict of ideas. It is no less ardent. It relinquishes little by little the same bloody forms, but it is more important still, more profound, for it goes back to the causes of all existing institutions. . . .

"The war has made appearances crumble. It has brought to light the lies, the old errors, the sophisms sagely entertained, which have made of the past a long martyrdom of justice. The end imposes itself at present to organize the social life according to the laws of reason. Since human affairs are not validly regulated except by human intelligence, it belongs to the intellectuals above all to intervene in preparing the rule of the mind. . . .

"A veritable accord between free spirits exists already in the world. In order to be effective, this accord ought to formulate itself. Let them arise then, those whose thoughts fraternize, and let them recognize each other. Let them found without delay across the frontiers their

immense family. Their ideals will never realize themselves if they do not decide to realize them together. . . .

"We do not intend to form a political party. We intend to form a living entente around a living ideal. Our effort is precise, and the care which inspires us is that of the future. We will work to prepare the Universal Republic outside of which there is no safety for the people. We wish the end of all militarism, the abolition of the factitious barriers which separate men, the integral application of the Wilsonian fourteen points; respect for human life, the free development of the individual, limited only by the living community, the social equality of all men and all women, the obligation to work for every able citizen, the establishment of the right of each to occupy in society the place which he merits by his labor, his ability or his virtues, the suppression of the privileges of birth, whatever they be, a reform from the international point of view, which is the absolute social point of view, of all the laws regulating human activity.

"Our list is not closed, and we wish that it may never be. We call amicably to our side all those who believe in the power of thought. We will add that in order to take part in our group it is not necessary to have a name consecrated by the profession of letters or the scientific mission. The teacher who writes to us from a far-off village, the student who meditates, the young socialist who devotes himself to the cause—all those whose generosity vows itself to the service and the happiness of man—all men and women can contribute effectively to our effort."

In exposing my reaction to these proposals, I have to confess at the outset a more than temperamental distaste for the assumption by artists and writers, and a few scientists who are alive to something besides their own specialty, of the self-conscious title of "intellectuals." This word has always been more useful to me as a missile with which to knock over a prig, than as a tribute of praise to a sincere man in humble contact with reality. There may be something peculiarly American in this fact. I know that the progress of life is held back in our country by a popular habit of sneering at real thoughtfulness which is entirely peculiar to us. As Edith Wharton says in her *French Ways and Their Meanings*—"The very significance—the note of ridicule and slight contempt—which attaches to the word 'culture' in America would be quite unintelligible to the French of any class. It is inconceivable to them that any one should consider it superfluous, and even slightly comic, to know a great deal, to know the best in every line, to know, in fact, as much as possible."

This crude peculiarity of American civilization makes it all too easy for me to attack the "International of

Thought." The very assumption of that magniloquent title seems so foolhardy on this side of the ocean that further argument is superfluous.

"It belongs to the intellectuals to intervene in preparing the rule of the mind," says the manifesto. And if M. Barbusse will imagine a group of those soulless and hard-headed schoolboys, who by some obscure process of gravitation always arrive at the back seats, deciding that it is now time to assert their superior sophistication by throwing chalk at the teacher, he will have an idea how such an announcement will be received by the average intelligent American. This is not surely a thing to boast of; the French have decidedly the better of us in their attitude toward the life of ideas. But if it enables us to see and say clearly what is the real fault of this European movement, we need not be altogether apologetic about it.

Its real fault is that it still moves in a world of ideologies. It still assumes that a conflict of beliefs and abstract ideals, a dialectic process, is the essence of history. It seems to be entirely ignorant of those deeper-lying and more prevailing motives, those currents of material interest, which Marx so long ago declared and which recent events have so abundantly proven, to be the real motor forces in social evolution. Only in such ignorance could an indiscriminating appeal to the dealers in intellectual wares as natural leaders and light-bringers in a revolutionary age be made.

It is not intellectuality, reason, "the power of thought," that will fight and win the battle for liberty and international peace. It is the self-protective will of the exploited classes that will do it. And if there really is such a thing as an intellectual—a person whose will attaches with single devotion to abstract and impersonal truth—he will be distinguished by his *knowledge of this very fact*. He will know too much to imagine that he can assemble an effective revolutionary army on the basis of "moral accord" or a "fraternizing" of their "thoughts." His intellect will never permit him to utter such a sentence as this: "To the conflict of material forces has succeeded the conflict of ideas."

It is not true. A conflict of class interests has succeeded to a conflict of national interests. Ideas have been employed as weapons upon both sides in both conflicts, and they will continue to be so employed. And the ideas of artists and writers in general—sad though it be to say it—will be employed upon the side of the capitalist class. We can deduce this from what we know of their natural economic position, or we can arrive at it empirically by remembering their behavior in Russia. "The Sabotage of the Intellectuals" is a phrase that comes back to my mind from one of Lunacharsky's reports on the effort to create a revolutionary system of education. It sums up the bitter truth about the activi-

ties of the professional ideologues in those greatest hours of all human history. We cannot afford to ignore this, or excuse it, or mitigate it.

The task at hand is the overthrow of a master class by the workers of the world. It is just as simple as that. In this operation the humanitarian intellectuals will function up to the critical moment as obscurers of the issue, and when the critical moment comes they will function as apostles of compromise and apologists of the masters.

In the light of this established truth, how pathetic is the vain glory of their raising a banner of leadership! It would be more appropriate after what has happened that they should form a penitential order, retiring into a convent in sack-cloth and ashes, resolved that if they can not help the working class in its struggle, they will at least cease to corrupt and water its vigor with misleading and obscure idealistic emotions.

My friend André Tridon tells me that I do not understand the Latin style, and that I must learn to make a certain discount for "language" when I read a manifesto that is written anywhere south of the Rhine or the Rio Grande. But that is not the real difficulty. It is not only that these manifestoes fail of any explicit reference to the class-struggle at a moment when the whole world shudders with it; they evidently avoid this reference for the express purpose of bringing into their membership people of literary and artistic distinction who stand on both sides of that struggle. The obscuring of the issue is deliberate, and can only spring from a failure to perceive how single and unescapable an issue it is. If M. Barbusse will throw all this misty cloak of pious generality to the wind, and publish upon his membership blank only those naked words which I quoted from his message to the soldiers, "There are but two nations—," he will find his distinguished and affluent collaborators, the writers of books and the painters of paintings, flying from him to their own proper haunts in great numbers. And the few remaining, who really care about the destiny of man, and who invite sacrifice, and who know how to think, will have a right to inscribe upon their banner the word "Clarté."

But if Clarté is not the real purpose, if the real purpose is simply to organize the artistic trades as one of the subordinate and least revolutionary of the groups that can identify themselves in any degree with the labor movement, then let him discard the great motto and lay down the pretense of revolutionary and intellectual leadership. Let him form this union as a new and inexperienced section of the Confederation General du Travail, having the mildest possible declaration in its articles of a common interest with organized labor. No matter how little revolution, how little socialist theory, how little of the world's future, was contained in these articles, we could subscribe to them then. For the

method would be revolutionary, however the words might not. And if the I. W. W. would not trust us, we might affiliate on our side of the ocean with the workers in the American Federation of Labor, and try not to be any more reactionary on account of our "knowledge" than they are on account of their "ignorance." That would be a step of some potential significance.

As it stands, however, there is only one reflection about the Clarté movement to which I can recur with comfort, and that is that it is impossible. If M. Barbusse and his associates are really revolutionary in their wills, however unwilling their minds may be to enter into the hard science of revolution, they will soon learn from the facts themselves that what they are trying to do can not be done. An organization for the revolutionary transformation of the world, which contains bourgeois liberals like H. G. Wells and Blasco Ibanez on the one side, and proletarian revolutionaries like Steinlen and Anatole France and Raymond Lefebvre on the other, will either split in two at the first active effort it makes, or making no active effort will expire with a long sigh like any pious and impractical intention.

A Tree by the Road

THE hawthorn tree,
On the roadside near the prison,
Is like a pensive lady of gentle birth;
And in the evening
When we march in from work
Its dark leaves, lighter green at the ends—
Like the tips of slender, soft fingers—
Reach down
As if offering caresses,
Languidly,
Knowing they cannot touch her lover.

Fort Leavenworth.

H. Austin Simons.



A Drawing by Stanislaw Szukalski

BOOKS

The Daily Lie

The Brass Check, A Study of American Journalism,
by Upton Sinclair. (Published by the author,
Pasadena, Calif.)

WE live in a world in which our opinions are manufactured for us by the newspapers. We believe what we are told to believe. We—

"Yes," I hear you say, "but why tell this to me?" Don't I know it. Haven't I always said so! You can't believe anything you read in the newspapers."

Yes, brother, I know we *oughtn't* to. But the point I am making is that we *do*. We, just as much as anybody else.

You don't think so?

Well, then, I withdraw the statement so far as it concerns you. You are a sophisticated and suspicious person, and they can't fool you. I take it back. But I have a confession to make. They *can* fool me—and what is more, they do it all the time.

I am not an unsophisticated person, either. I have worked on daily newspapers, and observed at first hand the manufacture of news-fiction. I have perpetrated some of it myself. I know all about how it is done, and *why*. And when it comes to reading the papers, I am just about as suspicious a reader as you can find. I can smell the stink of falsehood in many a perfumed paragraph. I am accustomed to discount highly all that I read in the daily press. I generally discount it by 50 per cent, often by 150 per cent, and sometimes by 500 per cent. But I find that I am fooled just the same—all the time.

I have been figuring up the statistics of my gullibility. The statistics are necessarily incomplete. But I figure that I have been gulled 50 per cent about the recent war; only 15 per cent about Russian affairs, but that was because I had exceptional sources of information, and knew most of the news two or three months before it was printed in the daily papers; at least 35 per cent about the labor situation in this country; and fully 70 per cent about the more or less interesting domestic disturbances in the lives of my contemporaries, which fill so large a portion of the space not used up by advertising in the daily press.

That is to say, I find that I have believed for periods of days, months or years a pretty large mass of what I afterwards found out to be lies. How much more of what I think I know will eventually turn out to be newspaper fiction I can only perturbedly guess. In spite of a

professional incredulity and a background of instructive experience in the concoction of newspaper lies I find that I am as capable of being taken in by them as anybody else.

I am inclined to believe that that is human nature. The mind, it seems to me, cannot be held continuously in an attitude of skepticism toward what one reads. It is easy to disbelieve a falsehood when one already knows



"I see them Bolsheviki has conquered the Rooshians."

"Yes, these is terrible times for a God-fearin' man."

the truth; it is less easy, but it is possible, to take into account the known animus of newspapers toward certain events or personages; but it is impossible not to give unthinking credit to a vast amount of plausible narrative of incidents with regard to which one has no previous information. With respect to this gullibility, I am forced to conclude that I have in my disposition many doubtless reprehensible but quite human qualities, such as indecent curiosity, malice, envy, hatred, and the mere hunger for sensation—and that these require food. Something older and more primitive than my critical intellect wants to believe the fables which are called "news"; of what use is it that my intelligence tells me these substances are in-nutritious and perhaps poisonous? Its watchfulness is evaded, and the hungry mind is fed.

Upton Sinclair seems to me to slight only this one factor of the newspaper situation in his remarkable and brilliant and impressive book. He tells the story of one newspaper lie after another, and in every case pierces to the root of the matter, the economic motive. It is true, the power of publicity is held by the masters of our economic scheme. It is for that reason that the *Saturday Evening Post* publishes scandalous fiction about Socialists, rather than scandalous facts about the industrial situation. But the public is just as much interested in one scandal as in the other. It is not, I think, generally interested in truth as such; but it is profoundly interested in truths of a sensational nature—truths which appeal to the doubtless reprehensible motives which I detect in myself, of indecent curiosity, malice, envy, hatred and awe—that is to say, *interesting* truths. Upton Sinclair proposes laws which will prevent and punish newspaper lying; I do not believe that they will gain any support from the American public in its present state of mind. It wishes, above all things, to be entertained. Upton Sinclair also proposes a new newspaper, devoted to the truth. I only hope that the editors of that newspaper will realize the necessity of making truth as interesting, as sensational, as intriguing, as startling, as emotionally satisfying, as the daily lies to which we are accustomed.

Upton Sinclair, who is, I think, without any question the greatest journalist that America has ever produced, as well as being, when he chooses, one of its few great novelists—Upton Sinclair knows the trick of making truth as interesting as the damnedest lie ever told. That is why he has been so easily confounded, by those whose interest it was to obscure the truth, with lying sensation-mongers. Of course his magnificent exposes would be denounced as lies—for they had all the splendid emotional qualities which we are accustomed to associate with unscrupulous fiction. It is odd, too, that Sinclair should not more philosophically accept the fact that he is himself, in his own person, one of the best newspaper stories in the United States, and one which irresistibly tempts every poor newspaper writer to take a whack at it. Under the circumstances, he has had only one chance to keep them from doing it badly—and that was to do it

himself, and do it so magnificently well that the poor dubs would recognize greatness and keep their inexperienced hands off. Upton Sinclair has been often accused of exploiting his own personality. It is not true; but it is just what he should have done. Instead of doing so, he has been compelled to defend himself against the attempts of hack journalists to exploit his personality; he has replied to these attempts with sober truth—and it has not been printed. Naturally—no one wants the sober truth. It sounds egotistic when a man tells the sober truth about himself. But the truth fitted out emotionally de luxe is irresistible. It is doubtless natural for a man who wishes to be a novelist to desire a quiet private life; but it is extremely difficult if he is so interesting a person that myths collect about him while he lives. Theodore Roosevelt, being a politician, knew how to take advantage of such myths; but Upton Sinclair, being less spiritually robust in the political sense, has seemed to live bewilderedly and indignantly beneath their terrifying shadow. He records that Roosevelt once told him over the telephone, in the midst of the packing-house investigation provoked by "The Jungle," "Mr. Sinclair, I have been in public life longer than you, and I will give you this bit of advice: if you pay any attention to what the newspapers say about you you will have an unhappy time."

Upton Sinclair has bothered about what the papers said, and he has had an unhappy time. But we owe to his experience the present book, in which the truth and the newspaper fiction of many a *cause celebre*, not the least interesting of which is the Gorky incident, are held up in illuminating contrast. There has never been a truer or more important account of any American institution than this story of American newspaperdom. Its exposures go from high crime to the pettiest penny-snatching meannesses, and the pseudo-great of American journalism are all caught and photographed in their nakedness.

Naturally this is not a book which newspapers will review or advertise. One of the first things that every cub learns is that the worst crime a newspaper man can commit is to "foul his own nest." What the newspaper reviewers will do when they read this book will be to say, "Pooh! I know things a hundred times worse than anything printed in here. Why, you remember—" But they won't print those reminiscences—not if they want to keep their jobs. They know what American journalism is like; they are perfectly acquainted with the disgraceful truth to which Upton Sinclair alludes, with the contemptuousness of the free man toward the prostitute, in his quaint title, "The Brass Check." But if they help to circulate this "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of their slavery it will be only privately, by word of mouth. And if your friends hear of it it will be by the same means. The newspapers belong to the enemy; and not until the *Times* has become the *Red times* and the *New York Tribune* the *New York Communist* will such facts as the existence of this book be "news."

FLOYD DELL.

Spiritual Pikers

Liberalism in America, by Harold Stearns. (Boni and Liveright, publishers.)

WHAT is there in the smoky air of our America that dries up the faith and freshness of our young men? What is there in our colleges that poisons their deeper, unconscious selves, so that our young men are forever ashamed of anything that is naked, extreme, passionate, beautiful or unpopular?

Great scientists like Marx and Lenin probe the industrial disease, and come to a radical revelation of the cure. They reach a program of truth, and follow it in simplest faith, as Jesus followed his program of love. But our young American intellectuals shrink from the awful glory of the Truth; it burns too hot for their souls. They tremulously retrace their footsteps, to reach less lonelier places where the crowds surge and there is a comfortable twilight over all.

Stearns shows ably how the spirit of our young liberals withered and died in the terrible flaming crisis of the war. At the first fiery touch they capitulated; they yielded their virgin ideals to the rape of the enemy; they retreated to safe berths at Washington, and enlisted their pens in the ranks of the Army of Destruction. It is our American virus of success in their blood, I think, that made them do this, Stearns finds a host of other reasons, but I can see only this one cause.

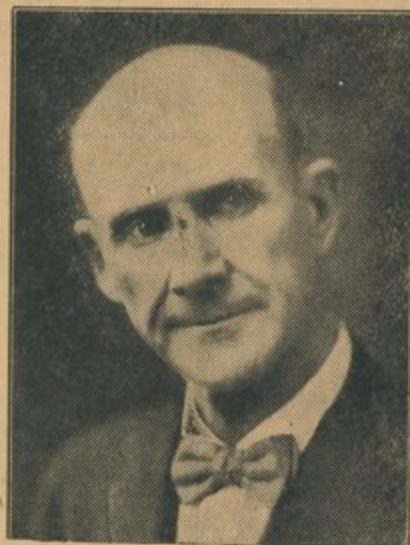
A true American is afraid of anything that is not opportunistic, and promising of immediate and obvious achievement. He wishes *results*, though they turn to dust in his hands. He is sure only of the petty and the near. He has not the strong heart of the Slav, that can wait sadly and sternly through centuries, or the wild splendid faith of the Latin, that can burn so gaily through every storm of evil.

Our Americans are not gamblers; they want a sure thing. With a whole world to gain, they argue shrewdly and guardedly for municipal ownership.

Stearns himself, though he criticizes the watery spirit of the liberals, is one of them. His book leaves a radical puzzled and angry. It is full of all the liberal priggishness and selfrighteousness. The liberal, we are told, is the only tolerant and humane being in this whole mad world. He is the sole true interpreter of the battles of communist and capitalist in the dark valleys below. He is the only remaining guardian of science and art; the radiant treasure of love has been forgotten by all but him. He alone is competent to judge the rest of us; and when he deigns to step down and aid either side, it is as God might aid us, coldly, justly and without human passion.

May we not humbly suggest that in the ranks of the international proletariat there is some residue of humanity and tolerance and art and science also? Gorky and Barbusse might do for the symbols of our art, Lenin for our science, and is there a man in America with the bounteous gift of love that is in our 'Gene Debs?

Though Jailed He Speaks



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As to the martial dogmatism of our movement, let this again be explained to those liberals, who seem not yet to have learned the lesson: We of the militant working class have the same love of beauty and gentleness that you have. We have the same awe for the personality of man, and the same desire to see it free and creative. But we have seen more clearly than you that man will never be man till he has shaken off the chains of capitalism, of competition and all the daily degradation of our system of wage slavery. The working class, which suffers most under capitalism, alone can develop the desire and strength to destroy this system. Therefore, since it is the only security for that high and holy thing we dream of, we desire the domination of the working-class in the world's affairs.

The liberals never adopt a program that calls for the complete domination of the working class in the world's affairs. They skirt about it, and join movements that have only small, inconspicuous portions of the program for their goal. They wish immediate success, and they will surely find it. Such success, however, we do not want. It would mean nothing to us. We have greater hunger and thirst than that. We are content to wait. Here in dark America we have set up the banner that stood in Russia and Europe through years of darkness. The workers do not see it yet, but there will come a dawn in which they will see it here, too. They will be thankful that we never let it fall. Perhaps now we seem like fools in the eyes of the success-hunting liberals, but we will not seem like fools then.

Or perhaps we will lose after all. We would rather lose everything than gain that which liberals gain.

IRWIN GRANICH.

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I.

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Glide on the pond's pale waters
Like opal tear-drops
On the wilted lily cheeks
Of wan and broken girl-blooms.

II.

Fireflies of gold
Sprinkled on the earth's green veil,
Diamond fireflies
Scattered on the sky's blue mats,—
Which shall strew my bridal gown?

III.

Red, glowing lanterns
Nodding in the shrieking dark,
Grim, bloody faces,—
Faces that the daimyo sees
In dreams before the battle,
Frances Vinciguerra Roman.

A Portrait

YOU are not beautiful as some are fair,
Your cheeks do not outglow the roses
bloom,
Strange shadows do not dwell within your
hair,
Your eyes have not led men to bitter doom.

But you are lovely as a fragile chain
Bearing one perfect pearl of antique time,
You are as gentle as an April rain,
Haunting as moonlight, fragrant as wild
thyme.

Wide seas, deep plains speak knowingly
with you,
I think you took your gestures from the
birds
Your thoughts from flowers, your freshness
from the dews
And from the leaves your simple woodland
words.

And yet, you are not lovely as a star
Or half as fair as other women are!
Marya A. Zaturensky.

At A Concert

LOVE, the flute faints in the dark,
The music melts, the cadence dies,
And beauty stumbles—hark! O hark!
Its heart is breaking and it cries.

Beauty is perishing in pain,
Fallen from its astonished flight
Like a bird haunted and half-slain
Fluttering in the wounded night.

Joseph L. Freeman.

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WE sit in trim rows, considering "case
work."

The lecturer writes on the board the names
and ages

Of a hypothetical family.

He talks of "relief," "the family norm" and
much else.

His voice is tired.

I study the faces, earnest perplexed,
Some eager with the passion for interfer-
ence.

One woman thinks the family's troubles
Came from extravagance—at twelve dollars
a week.

At the end of my row a girl with a beau-
tiful neck,

A wonderful neck, slender and curved,
Hangs, spell-bound, on the lecturer's words.
She is the most real thing in the room
Because she is beautiful. We have forgot-
ten beauty.

But the rest of us might at least be real.
And we all know in our hearts that poverty
is a bigger and tougher problem

Than will ever be solved by case work—
Or friendly visiting, though an angel did it.
It is a pity someone does not tell the beauty
That we are not real at all. Her belief is
so touching.

Elizabeth Carter.

In A Small Town

CHILD of the hardened eyes,
Fifteen-year-old habitué of the band
concerts,

What are you seeking?

There is rebellion in your narrow face,
And revolt in the tossing of your arms,
As you perch on the railings, coquetting
with the young degenerates who seek
you out.

What are you getting out of it?

You with your pitiable pride in your re-
tinue of calf-roués,
Chattering with you, leering at you,
Telling your little lewd secrets,
Counting off on their fingers this time, or
that,

Mussing your hair, hinting at furtive in-
decencies,
While your own obscene giggling betrays
your slavery—

What do you think you are doing?

—But if someone could show you the
beauties of sex,
You might yet control this festering before
it rots you,

And the frank sweetness of real knowledge
could shine in your eyes.

Allan Lincoln Langer.

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I DO not like this civilization!
It takes children
Like butterflies with yellow wings,
Harnesses them to carts
And drives them in the dust
Till they are drab and twisted,
Content to sit in rows of monotonous ugliness
Reading the sporting page of the evening
paper.

I do not like this civilization!

Eleanor Hammond.

Progress

WE burned the witches— they had
devils in 'em.
We mobbed Lovejoy—he preached a schism.
We hanged John Brown—he broke a law.
And now we've sent 'Gene Debs to prison.

Will Burt.

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These battles have been necessary to save this "University of the Workers" from the onslaughts of the Lusk Committee and similar agencies.

The last battle of all is now approaching. Triumphant, but with depleted treasury, the Rand School is preparing to defend its standing in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at New York.

A year ago, Scott Nearing and The American Socialist Society (which conducts the school) were tried jointly on charges growing out of the writing and the publishing of "The Great Madness." Professor Nearing was acquitted of any wrongdoing in writing the pamphlet. But the jury, contrary to all logic and precedent, held that it was a crime for the school to publish and sell what it was no crime for Professor Nearing to write and issue for publication. The trial judge imposed a fine of \$3,000 against the Society.

A fine of \$3,000 is a very serious handicap to an altruistic institution which is operated each year at a loss. But a conviction of violating the law is a calamity. It opens the way for every reactionary, every enemy of freedom, every antagonist of intellectual liberty to attack the school.

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make an end of its work, which has held a dignified and unquestioned position in the labor movement for fifteen years. If the verdict stands, tomorrow may bring another and more successful attack.

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