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A Sociological Study of the Oligarchical Tendencies of Modern Democracy. By Robert Michels, Professor of Political Economy and Statistics, University of Basle.

Prof. Michels was formerly an active member of the Social-Democratic Party of Germany, but withdrew from it on account of the undemocratic way in which its affairs were controlled by a group of leaders. In this book he has made an exhaustive study of what has happened in the Socialist parties and the labor unions of France, Germany, Italy, England and the United States. His closing chapter, "Party Life in War Time," was written especially for the American edition, and explains why most of the Socialist party leaders of Germany supported the Kaiser; 426 large pages, cloth. \$2.00

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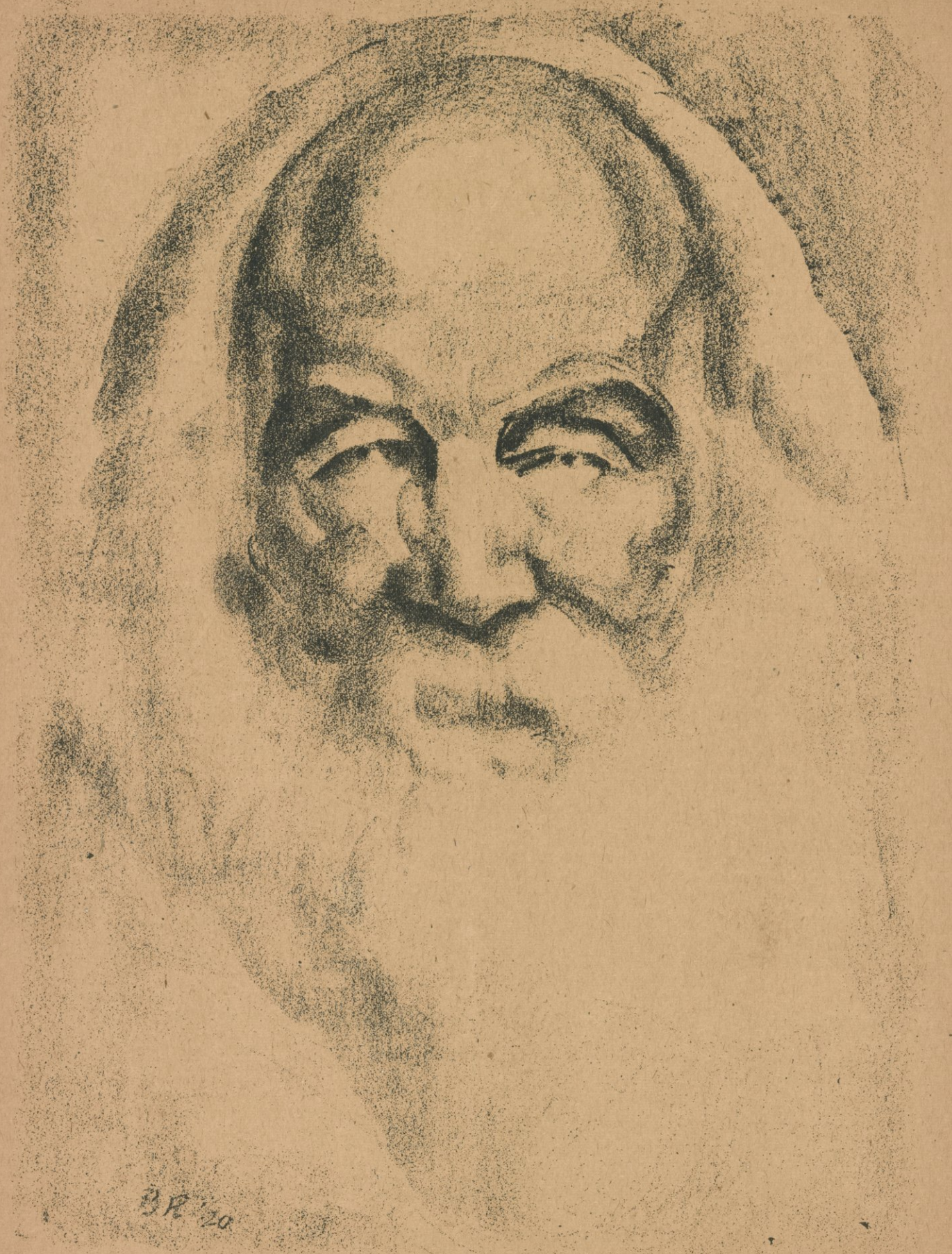
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THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 3, No. 5 [Serial No. 26]

May, 1920

EDITORIALS

BY MAX EASTMAN

LAST month we expressed our abiding sense of solidarity with the spirit of Eugene Debs by publishing a portrait of him as "Our Candidate." After the magazine was printed Debs became the presidential candidate of the Socialist Party. As our readers are aware, we believe that real understanding of the revolution is to be found rather in the I. W. W. and the other organizations which accept the principles of communism, than in the edifice of the Socialist Party. Eugene Debs is a great deal more to us than our candidate for president.

The Minority Report.

THE Socialist Party has recently applied for affiliation with the Communist International. It has done this with a reservation of the right to have delegates at a Congress of the International before endorsing its programme wholesale. This reservation would seem reasonable enough in most circumstances, and especially in the present historic situation when America is so far behind Eastern Europe in the evolution of the class-struggle. But when one reads the "Minority Report" as expressing its attitude toward the Third International, and which gives the party officials their only ground for proposing affiliation with it, that reservation acquires a very unpromising significance. The Minority Report expressly repudiates what it calls the "Moscow programme and methods," and advances some exceedingly queer and extraneous reasons for declaring itself "in support of" the Third International. I quote its essential clauses:

"The Socialist Party of the United States, in principle and in its past history, has always stood with those elements of other countries that remained true to their principles. The manifestoes adopted in national convention at St. Louis (1917) and Chicago (1919), as well as Referendum "D" 1919 unequivocally affirm this stand. These parties, the majority parties of Russia, Italy, Switzerland, Norway, Bulgaria and Greece, and growing minorities in every land, are uniting on the basis of the preliminary convocation, at Moscow, of the Third International. As in the past, so in this extreme crisis, we must take our stand with them.

"The Socialist Party of the United States, therefore, declares itself in support of the Third (Moscow) International, not so much because it supports the 'Moscow' programs and methods, but because:

"(a) 'Moscow' is doing something which is really challenging world imperialism.

"(b) 'Moscow' is threatened by the combined capitalist forces of the world simply because it is proletarian.

"(c) Under these circumstances, whatever we may have to say to 'Moscow' afterwards, it is the duty of Socialists to stand by it now, because its fall will mean the fall of Socialist republics (!) in Europe, and also the disappearance of Socialist hopes for many years to come."

It is a hopeful sign of the membership of the Socialist Party that, as between the two reports submitted to them, they adopted this one which is the more radical. They adopted it by a five-to-one majority. That may possibly mean that the body of the members want the Socialist Party to be a party of communism. If they do, however, the delegates who framed these two reports successfully prevented them from saying so. Neither of the reports raises any of the issues upon which it is of supreme importance to every organization that pretends to be revolutionary to express its will and judgment today.

For the officials of the Socialist Party to apply for affiliation with the Third International upon the basis of the adoption of this report seems to me, to say the least, naive. I do not see how, short of an off-hand rejection, there could possibly be but one answer: *Submit to your members a real referendum on the principles involved, so that we can find out whether you are in fact a party of communism or of compromise.*

For President

OUR own personal candidate for president—let us confess is—is General Leonard Wood. Never, we think, has a man less endowed with beauty or brains been raised to so high an eminence by the mere qualities of his character. We believe that a glance into the General's eyes will convince any unprejudiced person that there is nothing there to obstruct the natural operation of the laws of economic determinism. The General has been denounced to us as possessing a strong arm. We have examined his aspect with care, and are unable to confirm it. We have also examined his ca-

reer, and we have examined his speeches, and we are convinced that the great American party of Big Business who nominated him, is right—the General has nothing. He will not hinder or confuse with any pronounced virtues or vices, or absurd whimsicalities of rhetoric or ambition, or any insurmountable traits of character whatever, the smooth operation of the United States Government and its armed forces by the powers that naturally should, and in the long run always will, operate it, the powers of class-conscious capital. It is a matter of notorious scandal that for the last eight years these powers have been inconvenienced in the application of their sovereignty by the queer personal caprices of their present representative in the White House. *A smoother operation of the machinery* is the slogan upon which they have selected the redoubtable soldier of Santiago and backed him for the job.

We have not been invited to do so, but we give him our backing also. He is an ideal candidate for antediluvian president of the United States. After four years of the direct and efficient dictatorship of Wall Street, over which he will preside innocuously like a padded image of the man on horseback, the majority of the people might realize that they can govern themselves better to their taste through a commission form of government having an industrial basis, and with a franchise limited by the labor qualification as in Russia.

The General would consent to the shooting down of everybody who holds any such opinions, to be sure. But it is better for us to be shot down, than to be gassed. After four years of Wilson we rise to nominate Wood.

Inadvertent

THE tribune of Parliament can be exploited for revolutionary purposes," says Zinoviev in a recent communication to the locals of the Third International. And though apparently it is not now being so exploited in any country east of Italy, we agree with him unreservedly. But we want to call to the attention of labor leaders who are inclined to get bogged in the morass of "democratic" political action, the following editorial utterance of the *New York Times*. Please read it very carefully:

The British Federation of Miners has been or pretended to be eager for the nationalization of the coal mines. Its radical leaders have committed it to the policy of direct action—that is, of the general strike, for the purpose of securing nationalization. . . . Referred to a Trades Union Congress, called for the special purpose, direct action as a means of forcing the Government to nationalize the coal mines has been badly defeated. To the referendum were submitted two questions: Should political action take the form of "intensive propaganda" in preparation for a general election? The majority of the yeas over the nays was 2,717,000. Should trade union action be direct, take the form of a general strike? Nays, 3,370,000; yeas, 1,050,000; majority against direct action, 2,820,000. . . .

The verdict of the Trades Union Congress must be regarded as a verdict against nationalization not merely of the coal mines but of any industry. It shows that the mass of British trade unionists are sensible, conservative, not awed by the violent Socialism or Bolshevism of some of their chiefs.

What we omitted in the middle of this quotation was just a few irrelevant sentences that allowed the writer to get off the track and forget himself, sufficiently so that he could conclude with that surprisingly indiscreet confession—the confession that *for labor to decide to accomplish something by political action is the same thing as for labor to decide not to accomplish it*.

An inadvertent acknowledgment like this from the enemy ought to be convincing to the leaders of labor even if the advice of their revolutionary friends is not.

Protest from Mexico

IN a recent number of the *LIBERATOR*, answering John Kenneth Turner's praise of the Carranza Government, our friend and contributor, Irwin Granich, took a "side swipe" at the Communist Party of Mexico. He said that Carranza's toleration of that party is due to the fact that it is "not a real Communist Party." His most concrete, and also most extreme statement was that *Gale's Magazine*, which he called its "official organ," is printed in the Government printing office.

Out of a flood of denials and counter-attacks which have come to us, we publish a selection below. It seems evident that Irwin Granich is wrong in asserting that *Gale's Magazine* is printed in the Government printing office or in any way subsidized by the government, and we earnestly apologize to its editor and all those concerned, for publishing that error.

There seems to be an excess of personal emotion in all this controversy, and we heartily regret the opening of it in the *LIBERATOR*.

As soon as our ship comes in, we are going to send a hard-headed historian down South to find out whether such a place as Mexico really exists. At present we are in a state of suspended judgment about it. From the variety of the stories that come up from that direction we get an impression that one passes into a kind of "piote-land" after crossing the Rio Grande, and when he wakes up on this side again he is likely to remember almost anything he wants to.

From Linn A. E. Gale,
Editor, *Gale's Magazine*,
Mexico City.

"Every English speaking person in Mexico City knows that *Gale's Magazine* is and has been, almost all of the year and three quarters I have been in Mexico, published by the firm of Chavez and Son, at No. 5 Lopez street, a Spanish-American printing house which

has not the slightest connection with the Mexican or any other government. . . .

"The Communist party does not know and never has 'supported' the Carranza government. . . . Carranza has pursued a policy similar to what La Follette, or Bryan would probably have pursued in the United States. We prefer such a policy to that of the Wilson Czarism, but we have never asserted that it is Communism."

From Fulgencio C. Luna, Sr.,
Director The Humanitarian English Academy,
Mexico City.

"Gale's magazine has never been printed in the government printing office and he has never been subsidized by anybody, and any such statements in your columns only tend to make your magazine the laughing stock of Mexican Radicals. . . . There is only one Communist movement in Mexico and it is that represented by the Communist Party. It is small, naturally, and it has no bed of roses ahead of it. Neither has it any use for the government of Carranza, the 'democracy' of Zapata, the Utopia of Yucatan or the bloody kingdom of Villa. It repudiates them all."

From F. E. Plummer,
Manager American Ink Co.,
Avenue De La Independencia 4, Mexico.

"It happens that our store is directly across the street from the two rooms that Mr. and Mrs. Gale occupy as office and living quarters, and that the printing office where his magazine is published is right around the corner on another street. So I know that it is not printed in the government printing office, and I also know a little about the way in which the Gales live. I know that instead of their getting rich, they have lived very economically for a long time, and still live so. They have a constant struggle to make ends meet and the idea of their sporting around on Carranza money is silly."

From C. F. Tabler,
Apartado Postal No. 9,
Guanapnato, Gto.

"As a member of the Mexican I. W. W., and Treasurer of the Mexican Communist Party, I consider it my most urgent duty to rectify the vague charges against Mr. Gale, . . . in the March edition of the LIBERATOR. Why, Granich and everybody else knows that Gale's magazine is, and has been printed for a year and a half by Chavez y Hermans, located at Calle de Lopez No. 5, and that this printing office has

no more to do with the government, than did the common American people with Wilson's declaration of War, nor the peace-treaty at Versailles."

From George Barreda,
International Secretary,
Communist Party of Mexico.

"As International Secretary of the Communist Party of Mexico and as a member for many years of the Mexican labor movement, I want to offer my most energetic and angry protest at the . . . article by Irwin Granich in the last LIBERATOR. . . .

"It is known throughout Mexico City that Gale's is printed by Chavez y Hno, a private printing house that has nothing whatever to do with politics of Carranza.

"I know that while there have been unions and syndicates here for years, the first real effort to unify and nationalize the Radical movement, came after Gale and his wife entered Mexico two years ago, and is due mainly to Gale."

From Ten Printers:

"We, the undersigned, are printers in the house of Chavez y Hno. Calle Lopez No. 5, Mexico City, and we know that Gale's magazine has been printed here for a year, and it is false that it is printed by the government as your magazine printed."

Ruperto Veres Gopar	Enrique T. Riviera
Jose Guzman	Ricardo Gutierrez
Enrique Olvera	Enrique H. Arce
A. Garay	Benito Macias
Miguel T. Ossio	Refugio Rodriguez.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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FROM BAD TO VERSE

BOOMS and boomlets and boomerangs.
Candidates proing and conning and lining their
nests.

Mercury climbing, sap going up, and rents.
Evicted families sitting on sidewalks in the soft sunshine.
Streets clearing themselves of snow.
Workingmen ceasing to do so,
Bricklayers throwing them but not laying them.
A world at peace fighting tooth and nail.
Socialists falling out of legislatures;
Legislatures falling out of public esteem.
Pedestrians dodging taxis.
Profiteers dodging taxes.
Soldiers going out with baskets to gather bonuses.
Baseball, violets, tornadoes,
Strikes, primaries.
Spring!

New German Hero

WHO put the climax onto Kapp
And made the Junkers hike?
That celebrated fighting man,
The gallant General Strike.

Tobacco Nalia

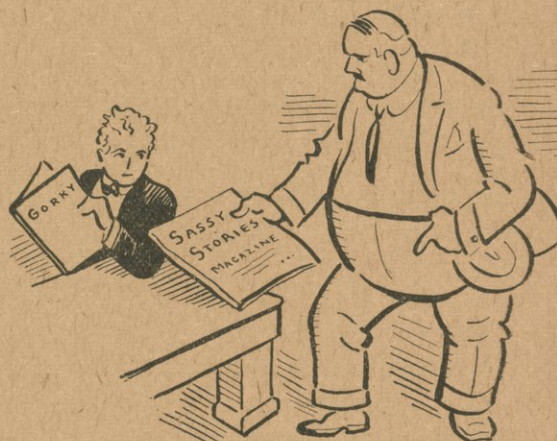
(Cigarette interests have bought into McClure's Magazine. Classical poets desiring butter on their bread should act like this.)

FATIMA!
When the world was young
And Murads wagged on every tongue,
When Melochrinian incense rare
Like cost of living rose
Upon the thick blue air
To Deities with nicotinsel Trophies hung,
Much thou didst care!
When Pall and Mall burned side by side
In praise of old Narcot,
And Camels died,
Thou rolledst thy own with yellow stained hand,
Thou worriedst not!
A Lucky Strike drooped from thy face,
Thy voice fell like a falling vase,
Shinasi!

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



1.—Be willing to have your children made automatons.



2.—If you see an employee reading foreign literature always call attention to our superior "Made in America" brand.



3.—When the true 100% type hears a foreigner criticising American laws or institutions, he turns on him with the remark: "Why don't you go back where you came from?" This reveals a very high order of intelligence.



4.—Insist that all our grievances can be settled by the "sacred ballot"—never mind if the people you vote for are kicked out.

AFTER THIS YEZ MUST SPAKE
NUTHIN' BUT UNITED STATES
LIKE THE RIST OF US. DYEMIND?



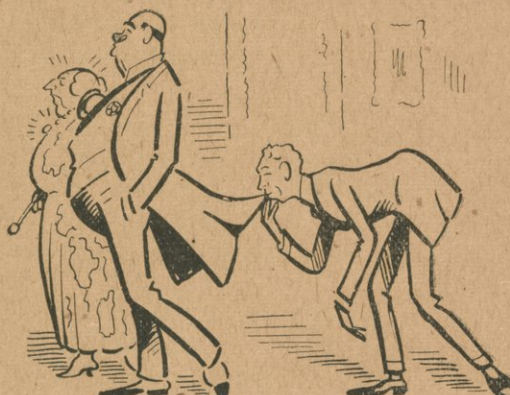
5.—The English language is good enough for anybody—no true American should listen to anything else.

LESSONS IN AMERICANISM

By Art Young



6.—The true loyalist—the man who always talks about "respect for law," but who counts that day lost when he hasn't broken several laws himself.



7.—On meeting an American who has been knighted by King George no one should be lacking in respect and humility.



8.—The ordinary citizen can express his loyalty in no better way than to quietly submit to everything. To him goes the medal of honor.

Democracy and Revolution

(Professor Bertrand Russell of Cambridge University is one of the two or three most celebrated philosophers in the world to-day. He is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he teaches mathematics and mathematical logic. His outspoken opposition to the war caused his removal from this position, and his imprisonment for six months under the Defense of the Realm Act. But the university has recently been compelled, by an organized demand from soldier students returning from the war, to reinstate him and expunge from the University record the minutes of his dismissal.)

To many who have thought of Bertrand Russell, aside from his scientific achievements, as merely a liberal pacifist by temperament, this article will come as a surprise. That he is dealing with the problems of current history, as well as the Theory of the Infinite, in a dispassionate spirit of science, and that he has reached such conclusions as are expressed here, is news of international importance. We are happy that he has given the LIBERATOR the privilege of publishing these conclusions.)

BEFORE discussing my nominal subject, I propose to make a brief survey of the world from the point of view of the possibilities of freedom. The ultimate possibilities of freedom are greater than ever before, but the dangers also are great, and the immediate future is very difficult.

The war has afforded a test as to what was strong and what was weak in the nominal beliefs of men. Much that was traditional would probably have stood a good deal longer, but for the harsh realities which the war forced upon people's notice. Much also was swept away that belonged to what may be called urbanity, much that depended upon not getting down to bed-rock, or stirring up the primitive passions. The world since the war is more stark, less easy-going, more brutal. The division of old and young is greater than in normal times, for the old succeeded in idealizing the war, and in order to do so were compelled to depart even further than usual from reality, whereas the young have had reality ground into them as never before. The result of this is that politics is no longer so amiable as formerly, and that, although leading politicians may indulge in the old humbug, it has lost its grip, and the motives for which men vote are very realistic.

Not only the Liberal Party, but Liberal ideals also, have suffered eclipse as the result of the war. Their failure was made manifest by President Wilson's collapse. Liberal ideals, in so far as they were genuine, depended upon a certain degree of forbearance as between man and man, a certain unwillingness to push

things to extremes. Religious toleration, democracy, free speech, free press and free trade, were all of them ideals implying that the differences between different groups were not irreconcilable. I am one of those who, as a result of the war, have passed over from Liberalism to Socialism, not because I have ceased to admire many of the Liberal ideals, but because I see little scope for them, except after a complete transformation of the economic structure of society.

The war has resulted in a confrontation of plutocracy and labor, capitalism and socialism. Socialism has appeared at last as a force roughly equal in strength to capitalism. In Russia, it is in power, and elsewhere there is a possibility of its acquiring power. What have these two opposing creeds to offer?

Capitalism, so long as it fought against feudalism, was associated with certain Liberal ideas: freedom, democracy and peace. It was associated also with increased production. The lingering remnants of feudalism have been swept away by the war: the three Emperors who dominated Eastern Europe are gone. In the remaining monarchies, in Milton's words, "the kings sit still with awful eye." But every step in the victory of capitalism over the past has made it more hostile to the future, and less liberal. In America, I am told, there is now a prison at the foot of the Statue of Liberty.*

The greater part of the civilized world remains subject to a reign of terror. The Bolshevik reign of terror has of course been used to make our flesh creep, but it differs from the others solely in its purpose. I do not allude merely to the White Terror in places like Hungary, where the Bolshevik regime has been crushed; similar methods in a less drastic form have become all but universal. In France, by the acquittal of the murderer of Jaures, the courts have given it to be understood that the assassination of a Socialist is not illegal. In America any one professing Socialist opinions is liable to imprisonment or deportation, and Socialists duly elected are not permitted to sit in the New York Legislature. In Ireland any person who believes in the rights of small nations, in self-determination, or in any other of the objects for which the war was fought, is liable to imprisonment, without trial. Of India it is not necessary to speak, since the facts have become too notorious. Throughout the world we are faced by a clash of naked force. Socialism, in alliance with oppressed Nationalism, is opposed ruthlessly by Capitalism, strengthened by victorious Nationalism.

*I do not know whether this is true literally or only symbolically. (It is true literally:—ED.)

—By Bertrand Russell

Under these circumstances, freedom throughout the capitalist world is not to be thought of. But how about democracy? Democracy was supposed to be one of the inspiring ideas for which we fought in the war. We are now told by the Bolsheviks that democracy, as we have hitherto understood it, is a bourgeois trick. We are told, on the other hand, by the capitalists, that it is anti-democratic to attempt by means of direct action to prevent a reactionary Parliament from flouting the will of the majority. Let us try to understand what democracy in a capitalist community consists of. We have to begin with the Judiciary and the Civil Service, both allies of the Plutocracy. We have the fact that Members of Parliament, and still more, Ministers, through their social status and income, are brought into natural connection with the possessing classes. We have the fact that capitalistic influences are more concentrated, swift and secret than labor influences, and the fact that the psychology of power tends to make its possessors more sympathetic with the directors of the capitalist industrial machine than with those who, for the time being, obstruct its smooth working. The constitutional power of the democracy is limited to the expression of a choice about once in five years, a choice often between candidates none of whom are really expressive of the political opinions of the constituency, for, owing to the expense of elections, only great and rich organizations, or very wealthy individuals, can fight with any hope of success. In the whole process of forming opinion before the exercise of the vote, capitalism has enormous preponderance. Beginning in the schools, where the education is designed to produce acquiescence in the *status quo*, and continuing in the press, which, with very rare exceptions, is a capitalist venture run in the interests of capitalism, the mind of the child is warped, and the mind of the adult is filled with falsehoods, so that only persons of exceptional energy and independence of thought can hope to arrive at anything approaching a true view of the issues to be decided at an election. The early Benthamite advocates of democracy imagined that it was easy for a man to ascertain his interest, and that he would certainly vote in accordance with it. Thus the result of democracy would be a just representation of all interests in proportion to their numerical strength. Admirable theory! But if they had studied, for example, the Jesuits and their influence, they might have seen its falsehood. The average man's opinions are made for him like the house he lives in. He can choose among a few varieties, but the varieties are rigidly limited by forces quite outside his control. There are limitations, it is true, to what can be done in the way of manufacturing opinion. If the opinions in-

culcated lead to the death in unsuccessful war of a large proportion of the men, and to the starvation of the women and children, it may happen, after a certain number of years, that the usual methods of generating opinion will fail. In that case, revolution results. But the hardships required before this climax is reached are appalling. What is called the rule of the majority in a bourgeois democracy is, therefore, in reality, the rule of those who control the methods of manufacturing opinion, especially in the schools and the press. It is absurd to give a sort of fetish worship to such a system, or to condemn all uses of the weapon of direct action, because of the supposed sacrosanct authority of a Government elected years ago on quite other issues. The Bolsheviks are right in maintaining that bourgeois democracy is a trick by which the victims are induced to pronounce their own condemnation, in order to minimize the force required for carrying it out.

At the outbreak of the late war, capitalism pretended that feudalism, as represented by the Kaiser, was what had caused the disaster. Feudalism is gone, but capitalism has shown itself incapable of making any real peace. Quite apart from the hostility to communist Russia, the trade rivalries inherent in capitalism have necessitated a harsh treatment of Germany and Austria, which makes any stable peace impossible. Every thoughtful person must realise that the continuance of the capitalist system is incompatible with the continuance of civilization. It is as clear as noonday that, if this system survives, the late war must be succeeded by other wars, which will be even more destructive in proportion as they are more scientific. A few more of such conflicts must put an end to everything that has made the European races of importance to the world.

Finally, capitalism has begun to fail as a technical method of production. The well-founded and universal belief in the importance of production no longer, as in the past, strengthens the hold of the capitalist system. The old incentives to work have broken down, for the bees have begun to think that it is not worth while to make honey for their owners. At the present moment, as a result of the war, the world needs speedy production in a quite unprecedented degree, but if speedy production is to be possible, new incentives must be found, and can only be found through self-government in industry. It is this that has given, in Great Britain, such extraordinary and sudden strength to the guild idea. We have all been watching the experiment of the building trade in Manchester, where, after the whole capitalist machinery had failed hopelessly to deal with the housing problem, it is being found that guild methods afford a complete solution, equally perfect from the

point of view of the producer and of the consumer. Largely because of this technical breakdown of capitalism, the advent of socialistic methods of production is now immeasurably easier than at any previous time. Whatever the workers choose to demand in the way of economic justice, they can secure. Nothing stands in their way except the moderation of their own demands.

Thus capitalism has lost all the merits by which, in the past, it sought to commend itself to the average man. Through trusts and an intimate union with the State, capitalism has succeeded in destroying almost all vestiges of freedom. Through control of education and the press, it has made democracy a farce. Through national rivalries, it has made peace impossible except by its overthrow. And by arousing the discontent of the workers it has become inefficient as a method of production. The first three of these failures are reasons for desiring its overthrow. The fourth, fortunately, is also a reason for expecting it.

Capitalism has failed to secure freedom, genuine democracy, stable peace, or the increased production that the world needs, and there is no reason to think that its failure in these respects is in any way temporary. On the contrary, it is likely to grow more and more marked through the discontent which it arouses. What has Socialism to offer in these respects?

The most important of all the new facts that have emerged from the war is the existence of a Great Power which has adopted socialism in practice. Socialism, hitherto, has been a mere theory, something which practical men could despise as impossible and visionary. The Bolsheviks, whatever we may think of their merits and demerits, have at any rate proved that socialism is compatible with a vigorous and successful State. Faced by the united hostility of Europe, and by civil war within their own borders, coming into power at a time of unexampled chaos and starvation, deprived by the blockade of all outside help, they have, nevertheless, beaten back their enemies, reconquered the greater part of the old Russian Empire, survived the worst period of the famine without being overthrown by internal revolution, and set to work to regenerate production with amazing vigor. There has been nothing comparable since the France of the Revolution, and for my part I cannot but think that what the Bolsheviks are doing is of even greater importance for the future of the world than what was accomplished in France by the Jacobins, because their operations are on a wider scale, and their theory is more fundamentally novel. I believe that Socialists throughout the world should support the Bolsheviks and co-operate with them. And I think that Guildsmen,* in particular, ought to pay great attention to Bolshevik methods of organization, not only because

of their power and prestige, but because of their partial adoption of an industrial instead of a geographical basis for the Soviets. But I do not mean to suggest that we, in this country, where conditions are exceedingly different from those in Russia, should blindly follow in the footsteps of the Bolsheviks. With other Guildsmen, I recognize the importance of organization by trades, but at the same time believe that the territorial Parliament still has useful functions to perform, and therefore I am not persuaded that, for us, the complete suppression of Parliament as opposed to Soviet forms is desirable. And I am strongly of opinion that whatever in the way of socialism is feasible in this country can be accomplished without armed revolution. Slavish imitation of the Bolsheviks is not what I wish to advocate. I am inclined to think that their methods were probably the only ones by which success could have been achieved in Russia, but it by no means follows that they are the only or the best methods for us. Our circumstances, however, are peculiar, and throughout the Continent there is far more similarity to Russian conditions, and far more likelihood of similar methods being needed, if socialism is to acquire power. And in view of the success of Bolshevism in beating back its enemies, the spread of socialism throughout the Continent has become a by no means remote possibility.

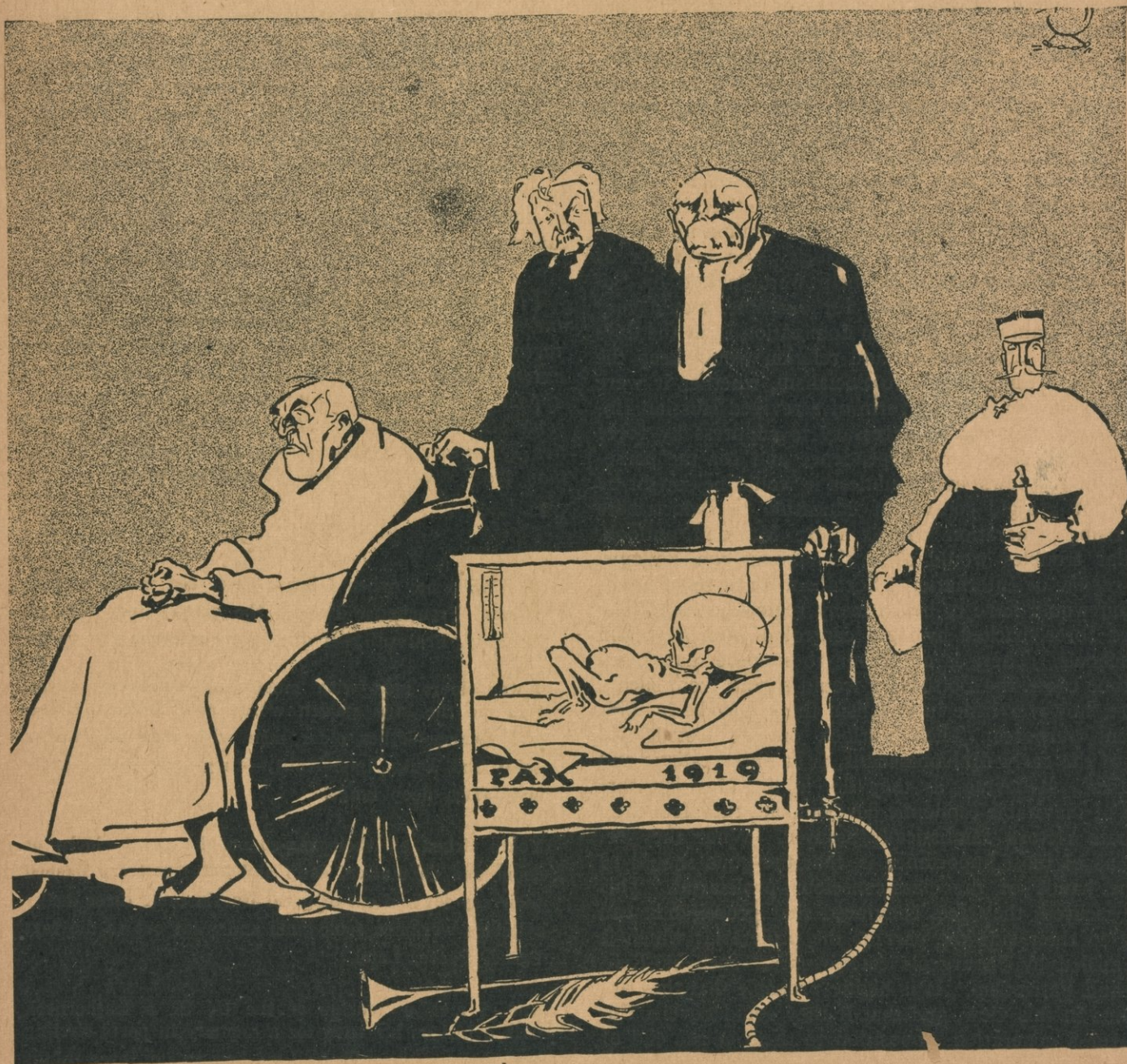
Bolshevism has temporarily flouted two ideals, which most of us have hitherto strongly believed in; I mean, democracy and liberty. Are we on this account to view it askance? I think not.

The dictatorship of the proletariat is professedly a transitional condition, a war-time measure, justified while the remnants of the old bourgeois classes were still struggling to promote counter-revolution. Lenin, following Marx, regards the State as in essence the domination of one class in the community. As soon as communism has abolished the distinction of classes, the State is to wither away. When there is no longer any class except the proletariat, the dictatorship of the proletariat will *ipso facto* cease, and the State, in the sense in which Lenin uses the word, will disappear. Are we to object to this process on the ground that it may involve for a time the seizure of power by a minority? And are we to object on the same ground to direct action for political ends, in our own country? Lenin's defence of his action is broadly that the opposition to communism is essentially temporary, and that, when once communism has been established, it will command universal support. An argument of this sort can only be judged by the outcome. If the outcome shows, as it seems to have done in Russia, that the opposition was largely ignorant, and that experience of the new *regime* leads people to support it, it may be said that the forcible transition has been justified. The arguments in favor of democracy and liberty, it may be said, are arguments

* A reference to the members of the National Guilds League of Great Britain.—ED.

applicable to normal times, not to cataclysms and world revolutions. In these terrific epochs, a man must be prepared to back his own faith; whether he is right or wrong in doing so, only the issue can show. I think there is something a trifle pedantic in applying to the circumstances of Russia the sort of arguments and principles which are valid for ourselves in ordinary periods. Russia could only be saved by a strong will, and it is

doubtful whether a strong will could have saved it without dictatorship in some form. I do not think, however, that these considerations would apply to ourselves, even if we were much nearer than we are to the establishment of complete socialism. England, ever since 1688, has had a love of moderation. Methods such as those of the Bolsheviks would alienate ordinary people. Nor is the opposition of the reactionaries sufficiently



"The Peace": A Child of Old Men

ruthless to justify such methods. The moderation of our Labor Party is often exasperating, but at any rate it is matched by the moderation of their opponents. This was clearly illustrated at the time of the railway strike. Marx, the great exponent of the doctrine of class war, asserted that, in England, Socialism might come by peaceful means. Let us hope that in this, as in so much else, he was a true prophet. But on the Continent, as the example of Russia has shown us, such a hope is probably chimerical. I believe, though of course to prophesy is so uncertain as to be little more than a pastime, that in view of the successes of Russian communism in resisting the united hostility of the capitalist Great Powers, the victory of Socialism in Germany, France and Italy, within the next ten years or so, is quite within the bounds of possibility. There is much reason to fear, however, that it will not be effected in these countries without the same accompaniments of war and terrorism that we have seen in Russia, though perhaps in a much fainter form. I do not believe that, if it were victorious in such a contest, it would confine its victory to those nations in which a majority was in favor of Socialism, particularly if its help were invited by Socialist insurrections. Poland, for example, would very likely fall again under Russian domination as in the days of Czardom. Nationalism and religion would keep the Poles, for a time, hostile to Socialism, whether it were international, or took the form of a revived Russian Imperialism. It would be necessary to suppress by force the Polish desires for independence and for the persecution of the Jews, and doubtless it would be sought by means of a rigid control of education to indoctrinate the rising generation with a more Marxian outlook. Similar troubles would arise throughout the Balkans. The *regime* of International Socialism for at least a generation would have to be, in many regions, a *regime* of armed force, backed by rigid control of the press and the schools. There is no reason to suppose that, when the time came, the Bolsheviks would shrink from such a course, however little imperialism there may be in their present purposes. Their outlook on the world, like that of the early Mohammedans, is at once realistic and fanatical. Believing, as they do, in the Marxian formula of inevitable economic development, they feel their ultimate victory fatalistically assured. What they regard as of most importance is, that the guns should be in the hands of the class-conscious proletariat. This once secured, they feel convinced that propaganda can bring to their side the part of the proletariat which is still misled by "bourgeois catch-words," such as Religion and Patriotism. It is highly probable that they are justified in this view, and that if they could govern Europe for a generation, opposition to them at the end of that time would not come from the dying forces of the past, but from whatever new movements might arise, for embodying such Socialist ideals as the Bolsheviks might in the meantime have forgotten.

If we suppose that some such development is likely, on the assumption that Bolshevik successes continue, ought we to seek to promote those successes, or to shrink from promoting them because of the bloodshed and terror that they might involve, and the loss to civilization, at least temporarily, that the conflict would entail?

For my part, I feel convinced that any vital progress in the world depends upon the victory of International Socialism, and that it is worth while, if it is necessary, to pay a great price for that victory. I feel convinced also that there will be no peace in the world until International Socialism has conquered, and that to strengthen its forces, and to weaken those of the opposition, is the quickest way to end the conflict. I believe, in a word, that "each recruit means quicker peace." When I speak of Socialism, I do not mean a milk-and-water system, but a thorough-going, root and branch transformation, such as Lenin has attempted. And if its victory is essential to peace, we must acquiesce in the evils involved in conflict, in so far as conflict is forced upon us by capitalism.

[The second part of this article will be published in the next issue. Mr. Russell goes on to speak of certain factors which qualify the conclusion stated above, to the extent that it might become necessary for new forces to oppose a "victorious Communism" in the interests of some still freer set of institutions; and of the possibilities of different communistic and revolutionary forms than those with which we are acquainted.]

Threes

I WAS a boy when I heard three red words a thousand Frenchmen died in the streets for: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—I asked why men die for words.

I was older; men with mustaches, sideburns, lilacs, told me the high golden words are: Mother, Home, and Heaven—other older men with face decorations said: God, Duty, Immortality—they sang these threes slow from deep lungs.

Years ticked off their say-so on the great clocks of doom and damnation, soup and nuts: meteors flashed their say-so: and out of great Russia came three dusky syllables workmen took guns and went out to die for: Bread, Peace, Land.

And I met a marine of the U. S., a leatherneck with a girl on his knee for a memory in ports circling the earth and he said: Tell me how to say three things and I always get by—gimme a plate of ham and eggs—how much?—and—do you love me, kid?

Carl Sandburg.

ON LENIN'S BIRTHDAY

VICTORY, lightning-faced, flame-winged, has
come
Just on the day it was told by your
prophets and seers,

The harbingers of your great day, the builders of
your highway,

The blazers of your world-trails!

Holah; ye the axmen of truth, blasters of lies and
wrongs,

Torch-bearers of the sun, incendiaries, petroleers,
Marshallers of the storms, thinkers and pioneers,

Hurlers of proclamations, bomb-throwers of song,

Raisers of mobs and altars, knights of the mad
crusade,

Arise! Break from your chains, burst through your
jails.

Tear through the noose of the gibbets—the day of
days has come!

For lo! the Red Army has broken through the
blockade,

And Russia that spoke with the bible, now speaks
through the cannonade

And her spokesmen that were in the dungeon are
now on the barricade

In Berlin and Dublin and Rome!

Gone are the days of despair,

Come are the days of your glee;

Debout les damnés de la terre!

Clemenceau rides a wheel chair

And Trotsky has reached the Black Sea!

And now that Lenin is fifty and he can rest, as your
law

Prescribes, and now that Brussiloff is crashing
through to Warsaw,

Rest you also, Mother Russia, O full of glory and
blood.

The rainbow is wreathing your head, your ark has
conquered the flood,

The fates are fulfilled; your task is done. You have
labored enough!

For gone is the pale little father, a little wind blew
him off.

And the big father also is caught in the rifts of the
gale.

The holy synod is filling with the red wine of the
grail

And the white bread of the host the peasants' bags
and the gourds;

Saint Peter and Paul is full of bishops and ladies and
lords;

The hangman is kicking the wind, strung down from
a minaret,

The children that begged for kopeks, now beg for a
bayonet;

The ikons of the saints wear a red cap instead of the
halo,

The grand dukes are in the mines and the miners in
Tzarskoe-Selo;

Kolchak, ripped in the belly is reeling and vomiting
out

His guts and your gold, and Youdenich like a boar
stuck in the snout

Is trailing his blood and his froth across the Estho-
nian lands,

And Denikin runs to the ships with his bowels in his
hands;

The Letts and the Finns now own you have princi-
ples and field-pieces

And you have four million soldiers to reclaim the
Poles to Jesus,

Your teachers enlighten the people without any rest
or stint,

And they give them one good rifle with every good
book they print;

And the workers now own everything, even their
right to be born,

And the peasants have taken in the full flax and the
wheat and the corn,

And in Moscow it is high noon, and in Europe it is
the morn,

And the Soviets are everywhere!

Rest, then! Your dreams are all there,

True as your martyrs foretold

And the earth is just one day old

On Lenin's fiftieth birthday.

And lo! the red cock's on the steeple.

The red flag upon the stronghold,

The red star upon the high sea;

And lo! ere the calends of May,

The Uprising, the Epopee,

The Apotheosis! Behold!

The Investiture of the People.

Arturo Giovannitti.



"Say 'How-de-do!'"

Guilty By Inference

By Floyd Dell

"OUIJA, does the defendant want to overthrow the United States government?"

Scratch, scratch. "Y—E—S."

"Aha, we knew it! Five to ten years in Sing-Sing. . . . Next case!"

That wasn't just exactly the way they arrived at the verdict in the Winitsky case. They complicated the Ouija method with a judge and jury and several lawyers. But that was what it all amounted to.

Curious, how certain the authorities are that there are a lot of people in the United States who want a different kind of government.

You wouldn't think—to hear what these same authorities say, when they make public speeches on our blessed government, or orate upon its perfections from the bench in sentencing some boy to prison for five or ten years—you wouldn't think that anybody could possibly object to the nice kind of government we've got.

It is strange! Especially when you think of the peaceable and orderly ways that exist to bring about changes. When all you've got to do, if you want a co-operative commonwealth, is to elect your representatives to the state legislature or the United States Senate, from which they cannot be thrown out except after a perfectly fair trial in which their political opponents act as judge and jury, it is preposterous that any one should be so fanatical as to conceive any other way of bringing about changes. Nevertheless, the authorities *do* think that such an idea might arise—has even now arisen, in the minds of several hundred thousand people. That is the fantastic and startling theory upon which they convicted Winitsky.

Harry Winitsky is twenty-two years old, was born in New York City, lived in the Bronx with his parents, and is the executive secretary of the local organization of the Communist Party. It took the jury just one hour to find him guilty of "criminal anarchy." How did they do it?

Well, to begin with, he lives in the Bronx. That is in itself a sufficiently damaging fact. Time was when "the Bronx" was a kind of geographical joke, like Brooklyn, or Yonkers. But times change, and the Bronx has now acquired an aura, mysterious and malevolent, since it was discovered to have been the home of one Leon Trotzky. The world has had enough trouble with one man who lived in the Bronx.

And he isn't the only one. Here is another case in point. Professor Goode went to Russia to see how the

Communist State was getting along, and he found a man named Melnichansky, the secretary of the Moscow Council of Trade Unions. In Russia before the Bolshevik revolution, there were only three trade unions in Moscow and not many more than that in all Russia. Now the trade unions embrace every form of labor, have a membership of three and a half millions, and help govern Russia. Melnichansky, who helps run the government on their behalf, used to live in the Bronx.

But of course the case against Harry Winitsky was not based solely upon the fact of his residence in the Bronx. He belongs to the Communist Party. The reading of the Manifesto and Program of the Communist Party of the United States occupied three hours at his trial. Of course, there isn't anything particularly new in that manifesto and program. The district attorney could have found the same ideas in the Communist Manifesto written by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels some seventy years ago. It is no news, either, that a large number of people in the United States, as all over the world, believe in the program enunciated in that document, and want to carry it out. It ends with a sufficiently inflammatory sentence: "Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain." There are, and have been all along, any number of people who believe just that, and who are trying as hard as they can to lose their chains and gain the world. They are perfectly certain they could run the world better than it is being run now. And it has not been, save in exceptional instances, considered criminal or anarchistic for them to think so.

But the Communist Manifesto read at the trial was different in one respect from the document produced by Marx and Engels in 1847. It was different, so to speak, in the matter of a footnote. After the Communist Manifesto was written, the Paris Communards "stormed Heaven"—and failed. That failure was instructive as well as tragic. It led to a pregnant sentence in the 1872 preface to the Communist Manifesto.

Not that the authorities know or care about the classic details of Marxian scholarship. But as it happened, that sentence was the basis of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia. And the authorities did know about that. The failure of the Paris Commune had shown how, when opportunity arose, another such attempt might be made a success. And the Russian Communists, having found their opportunity, proved that it was so, and wrote that sentence into the Manifesto of the new Moscow International, whence it was copied almost literally

into the manifesto of the American Communist party.

Perhaps by this time you are wishing impatiently for the production of that mysterious sentence in plain type. You can wish all you want to, it will not appear in this article. Not that it is an inflammatory sentence—not in the least. It is a coldly scientific generalization, no more likely to inspire you to treasons, stratagems and spoils than the statement that the sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. It is, in fact, like the recipe for an omelette when you haven't got any eggs handy—when, in fact, the eggs are locked up in a steel safe with a time-lock set for some indefinite time in the future. Still, doubtless, there would be something terrible, something horrible, something perfectly devilish, to the Hereditary Custodians of the Sacred Eggs (supposing that we had such officials in the United States) in the scientific generalization that you can't make an omelette and keep the eggs in their pristine and ovoid perfection. . . . You can conceive that this might be a matter of controversy between two schools of omelette-makers; one school saying you could, that it was totally unnecessary to break any eggs, and the other school maintaining that this was merely an excuse for delaying the eventual omelette. . . .

Harry Winitsky belongs to a party that has copied from a Russian document some remarks on the best—that is to say, the most efficient and certain—method of changing from capitalism to communism. It was proved successful—in Russia. Do the judges and prosecutors mean to assure us that it would be equally successful here?

They certainly went to a good deal of trouble to try to prove it in the Winitsky trial. They brought a couple of men all the way from Canada, to tell about the Winnipeg general strike there. One of them was a government provocateur, who was on the Strike Committee which ran the city of Winnipeg during that historic and heroic demonstration of the power of the workers. If the jury had been inclined to think that Communism was a matter of a few youthful idealists, and its phraseology a question of only academic interest, they were, it would seem, persuaded of the contrary by that picture of a sudden and for the time being utterly successful assumption of authority by the working-people. And didn't something like that happen in Seattle? And how many Winnipegs and Seattles would it take to make a revolution? Why, this man is a firebrand—off with him to the dungeons!

One swallow may not make a summer, but in the estimation of these alarmed gentlemen it indicates that some change of climate more rapid than the good old precession of the Republican and Democratic equinoxes is about to occur.

They appear to envisage the labor unions of the country, which to some of us seem too decidedly tame, as

ready to make a common cause of their various quarrels with capitalism, and set themselves up in the business of producing and distributing the nation's goods for themselves. This would indeed be an interesting state of affairs; and doubtless the current capitalist conviction that a labor union, once allowed to exist, will stop short of nothing, accounts for the determination of Mr. Gary and his friends to destroy them root and branch.

But can it be the dear old U. S. A. that they are thinking these things about? Do they really believe that conditions are so bad here that a Marxian concept dropped into the powder magazine will explode the whole shebang? Are we on the very eve of Revolution, when nothing will save the Constitution and Congress and the unearned increment of Morgan and Rockefeller but a frantic jailing of everybody who is acquainted with recent Russian history?

If that is truly the case, then the game of sending us to jail for what they think we think is more explicable.

"You are charged with conspiring to blow up the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. What is your name?"

"John Jones."

"Have you ever heard of the Einstein theory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very suspicious. Very suspicious, indeed. Gentlemen, this man wants to overthrow Newton's law of gravity. Are you an admirer of Cubist art?"

"Not particularly."

"You are trying to conceal something. Didn't you attend the Independent Artists' Exhibition?"

"I did."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner has practically confessed to the charge. It is clear, from his unconventional views on art, that he regards the Statue of Liberty as an unsightly object, and one which should be destroyed by any means, however unlawful. What object, I ask you, would any man, in such times as these, have in possessing unconventional views, except to use them for illegal and hellish purposes? Why would he be interested in art at all, except with the intention of blowing us all up one fine day, you and me and the Statue of Liberty in one fell swoop? Gentlemen, this is a dangerous character, and I ask you to find him guilty of criminal anarchy."

That is what it is coming to. Law has become a matter of inference, and if you are not as dangerous a person as you are inferred to be, you are in the opinion of the authorities decidedly behind the times... Do you know that there was a revolution in Russia? Then, obviously you *must* be plotting one here. Five years for you!

If the authorities were Machiavellian, they might be supposed to be acting as paid provocateurs, seeking to incite an uprising in order to show that they are needed in "keeping order." But they are not so much clever

as merely foolish and frightened. And all the time they are advertising revolution; and we may be sure that if the population of this country should arrive at the stage of desperate discontent in which its officials apparently believe it to be already plunged, it will not lack knowledge of the tested theories by which it could bring about what it might deem to be a suitable change.

Russia looms huge above the horizon. The judges and the officials and the defenders of capitalism have seen it there, a stormy menace. But you must not look in that direction. You might like what you see, and that is criminal anarchy. Harry Winitsky got five to ten years for it. You must not think about Russia; for some one will find it out, and bring you to the judgment bar of a terrified and hysterical capitalism. How can

you possibly see what has happened in Russia without wanting a change here? Shut your eyes! Stop your ears! And vote for General Kornilov Kolchakovitch Wood!

Or collect postage stamps. . . . There are so many new nations set up every week that it is a sufficiently exciting occupation for a mild person like myself.

Fashion Note

"IT is an old tradition," says the Queen of Roumania, quoted in the *New York Times*—"that a Queen should wear a crown. I have had several very smart ones. It is uncomfortable to go abroad and feel shabby. I do not know if the Bolsheviki have sold my crowns."



Robert M. Wood

The "Morality" Business

The latest vice investigation discloses that detectives of the "vice squad" are engaged in a lucrative private business on the side as protectors and profiteers of prostitution.

The Great Flop

By Robert Minor

O H, dear me! The I. W. W. is no good after all! Harold Lord Varney has left the organization and written for the papers that the I. W. W. is a delusion and a sham and that he now believes in Capitalism. The New York "World" used the first page of its editorial section on Sunday, February 8th, for Varney's confession of new faith under the title, "The I. W. W. Exposed by its Chief Propagandist, Bill Haywood's Counsellor and Aid."

Two or three of Varney's friends protested to me that he could not have written the stuff. This particularly interested me because the same newspaper had once first-paged me as repudiating the cause of the working class in articles on the subject of Russia. Let me now say plainly that the "World", or at least its New York office, was not to blame for distortions of the Russian dispatches. They were altered, and one of them rewritten, on the other side of the Atlantic, and the "World" printed them as received from the cable. But, though it was not to be blamed in that instance, if the New York "World" was becoming for a second time a purveyor of false "peccavis," I wanted to know it and to know why. So I telegraphed to Haywood, asking whether Varney had really written the "World" story.

I received this reply:

"Varney was indicted recently in Chicago; evidently afraid of the cars."

"WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD."

So, for the second time we must say that the "World" editorial office has not been guilty of intentional direct falsification, whatever we may think of its capitalizing poor Varney's fright without explaining to the reader that Varney had just been indicted for criminal syndicalism and that this change of faith would probably save him from spending twenty years in the penitentiary.

Varney decided that the I. W. W. is just an exciting adventure for young fellows, a sort of "pirate game" for boys, and that when it begins to rain and get dark, and the crickets begin to sing, the bats to flutter and the ghosts to hover in the shadows, it's time for little boys to come in to mother and be tucked safely in bed,—with the mangey hag, Capitalism acting the role of "Mother."

The I. W. W. is just an outlet for boys' mischievous emotions, Varney thought, after the indictment. He used to think that it was an opportunity for a glorious career. In the "World" he tells how, while he was studying to be a lawyer, he met Haywood. And then, he says,

"A lawyer's career became strangely detestable to me. I determined to become a Jean Jaures—a Eugene V. Debs—a Bill Haywood, a glamorous leader of revolution."

They call 'em "careerists" in Europe and count on so many per year flopping over to the side that's safe.

On April 4th comes the New York Times flaunting another half-page from Varney, as though Varney, once started, must take on all comers in his new trade of prostitute journalism. And who will not say that he well apprehends his trade? "One must please all the gentlemen who come."

In this Times article, Varney drops his pose of tolerant disillusionment and turns like an adder upon those who once trusted him. He glorifies the lynching, jailing and deportation of all with social ideals above commercialism. The malignancy and hysteria of it make one wonder whether he is rationalizing a future appearance on the witness stand. Are Varney's new masters exacting that further price before letting him off? It's always that way, Varney.

But it is rather amusing that Varney should flop at this of all moments. I smile as I remember that during a sharp fight in Moscow, the head of the Russian police released me from arrest immediately upon my explaining that my opinions were equivalent to those of the American I. W. W. I feared that all of the careerists would begin to see about this time that even the bread of their dirty self-interest is buttered on the revolutionary side. In fact I think one of the real dangers of the workers' revolution now is that it will get cluttered up with a lot of the kind of "heroes" who always want to be on the winning side. The more Varneys that flop now, the better. Even a twenty-year prison sentence might ultimately mean more of prestige than of penal servitude. In Russia it is indeed a mean family that cannot show a rogues' gallery portrait of father.

Passing through Chicago the other day, I stepped into the I. W. W. offices at 1001 West Madison street and asked Haywood what he had to say about the defection of the great Lord Varney.

"Lord who?" asked Bill.

"Varney," said I—"Harold L. Varney."

"Oh," recollected Bill, "didn't I send you a wire about that? Afraid of the cars, Bob, afraid of the cars; that's all. I haven't had time to look into it, and only know what's in the newspapers. I'm busy as hell. Some of the other boys might know something about it."

"Got lots of mail, haven't you?" I observed.

"Yes, I'm answering a lot of letters with contributions to the I. W. W. defense from Cuba and Mexico and South America; and here's a lot from Sweden, Norway and Denmark—\$400, \$1,600, \$500—there's a North American Defense Committee for the I. W. W. in Norway, and they want an I. W. W. charter in Sweden—and here's 6 pounds 15 shillings from Bombay. See if some of the other fellows can tell you what you want, Bob, and then come back later."

I wandered about from desk to desk in the big publishing plant. "Do you know how that article came to be written by Varney?" I asked.

"Who?" said George. George was busy with the scissors over stacks of papers ranging from the "Libertaire" of Paris to the "Sczqwvsqjkdskwxszprbqpksszski," or something like that, published in the city of Something or Other in the Balkans. Everybody else was busy over a thousand other matters, but in wandering around the house I got my conceptions of the I. W. W. considerably dusted off. These people don't seem to be giving as much attention as I had expected to the fifteen-year and twenty-year sentences. And in these days when mere membership in an industrial union is often punished by twenty-year prison sentences, the Wobblies don't worry over the fact that only 50,000 new members have come into the I. W. W. in the past fourteen months. The actual members are only the "shock troops," they say, while the real progress is measured by the spread of industrial union principles in all directions; the permeation of the A. F. of L., for instance. All over the Pacific coast, A. F. of L. unions are tacitly co-operating both in the defense of I. W. W. members and in the economic struggle. The attacks of the White Terror upon the last remaining American liberties have driven even Gompers to defensive lobbying in Washington, and from the sacred portals of the Federation in that city has come the actual threat of the General Strike for Political Purpose.

The blood-curdling ferocity of the Wilson Administration's attacks upon Labor and Liberty and upon the I. W. W. in particular, is causing agitation on behalf of the I. W. W. amongst the workers in France, Spain and Italy. The spokesmen for 46,000 workmen in Holland have sent resolutions of protest to Washington.

And the principle of industrial unionism is booming through the breadth of Europe. The convention of the French Confederation Generale du Travail at Lyons last September adopted a program for the taking over of the means of production and distribution by French labor. The Italian Syndicalist Convention, representing 325,000 workers, adopted almost to the letter the American I. W. W. program, the agitation for which centered about Angelo Faggi as secretary of the Camera del Lavoro at Piacenza.

Spain's 800,000 revolutionary syndicalists whose Mos-

cow is the city of Barcelona, are cleaving as close to the system of the American I. W. W. as local conditions make feasible.

The Shop Steward movement in England is now a million and a half strong. It is hampered by old craft-union lines, still existing, but is struggling toward the industrial union goal, and resolved in its last convention that all industries should be taken over by Labor and run by industrial unions. The Wobblies are proud of this and claim that the vigorous campaign in England of their Chicago I. W. W. man Hardy had something to do with it. The British Socialist party now is calling for direct action—that is, a world-wide strike in preparation for the dethronement of Private Capital.

An industrial union landslide appears to have begun in Canada some two years ago, and to have spread like the Flu throughout Britain, colonies and all. In the Melbourne convention of January a year ago, one half of Australian labor adopted the One Big Union plan. South Africa is churning with industrial unionism, for which the Independent Socialist League conducts a campaign from Capetown with its official organ, "The Bolshevik." Another newspaper, the "Internationalist," published in Johannesburg, co-operates with the "Bolshevik" and wields a heavy influence with colored labor.

There's an I. W. W. in Germany. The revolution that Noske thought he had shot to pieces in Berlin over a year ago, is creeping up in the coal fields and industrial towns in Westphalia. There are now 1,200,000 organized into One Big Union in Westphalia, and at their con-



"Quick, Kid, wrap that flag around me!"

vention in Dusseldorf this Fall they adopted word for word the Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World of the United States. They even copy the insignia from the American I. W. W.'s stationery, with the initials "I. W. W." which have no significance in the German language. As I had seen the beginnings of this myself in Germany, I felt sure that industrial unionism would be the next phase of the German revolution. German gentlemen (ex-Huns) are quoted as deploring the presence in the Westphalian trouble zone of *German-American agitators!*

Nobody is expected to wash his neck or belong to a labor union in the Balkans; at least that has been the uninformed notion over here. But that appears to be somewhat exaggerated, as regards the present time. Sophia, Bulgaria, is the center of the labor movement of the Balkans, and industrial unionism is the center of its thought. On the first of January there came a General Strike that was about the most complete tie-up in history. Nearly 500,000 were out—the railroad workers, telegraph workers and on down to the bank clerks and state functionaries. The government machinery quit functioning. None of the wage-workers or university students or teachers would take an attitude opposed to the revolutionary strike. In fact among the population none but the "Bashi-Bazooks" (white terrorists) and the "Doubbazzi" (whom the Russians call "Kulaks," or landlord peasants) took a definite and conscious stand against the workers.

The strike spread to Greece and Serbia. When it was attempted to bring scabs from Greece and Macedonia, the Greek and Serbian railroad workers struck and prevented their passage. The French General Franchet d'Esperey flooded the country with 100,000 Senegalese, Indo-Chinese and Madagascan colonial troops. The politician Stambouliski brought in hordes of "dark" peasants, paid 100 francs per day, to police the cities. The leaders of the strikers in all of the countries, Syndicalists and Communists, were arrested. 880 railroad workers are now on trial for their lives, many of them in Serbia, which is second to Bulgaria in the Balkan labor movement. The strike is still on.

In Roumania 100,000 workers are organized along practically I. W. W. lines. They are mostly transport workers in the Black Sea ports and along the Danube River. Christian Rakovsky, a pioneer in the revolutionary labor movement, was engaged in the work in the main industrial town, Braila, until came the time for him to go to Russia, where he is now, I believe, at the head of the Ukrainian Soviet army.

In Greece the ideal of the labor movement is the One Big Union and the declared purpose is to take over into industrial union hands all means of production and distribution.

It seems that Barcelona, Spain, is not only the Moscow

of Spanish labor, but also is the City of Ideals for the entire working class of South America. This is constantly evident in the Argentine Republic; the railroad workers have endorsed the plan of industrial unionism and the transport workers have done this and more by organizing an I. W. W. There have been lively times in the Argentine lately. The agricultural workers are now forming an industrial union. The labor press of Chili indicates a similar condition developing there. The unions of Uruguay have agreed that their purpose is to take over the machinery of production and exchange "when Capitalism collapses."

Coming on further north, we see in Mexico that a great I. W. W. organization has been formed which uses the same letter-head as is used by the Wobblies of Westphalia and those of Chicago. And, having got you back to Chicago, I'll quit.

In this national headquarters of the most dreaded of all labor organizations I hadn't learned much of Harold Lord Varney, but a half-dozen busy men, preoccupied in writing, editing, reading proofs and opening mail, had told me this story of the dizzy career, the new world-push, of Industrial Unionism.

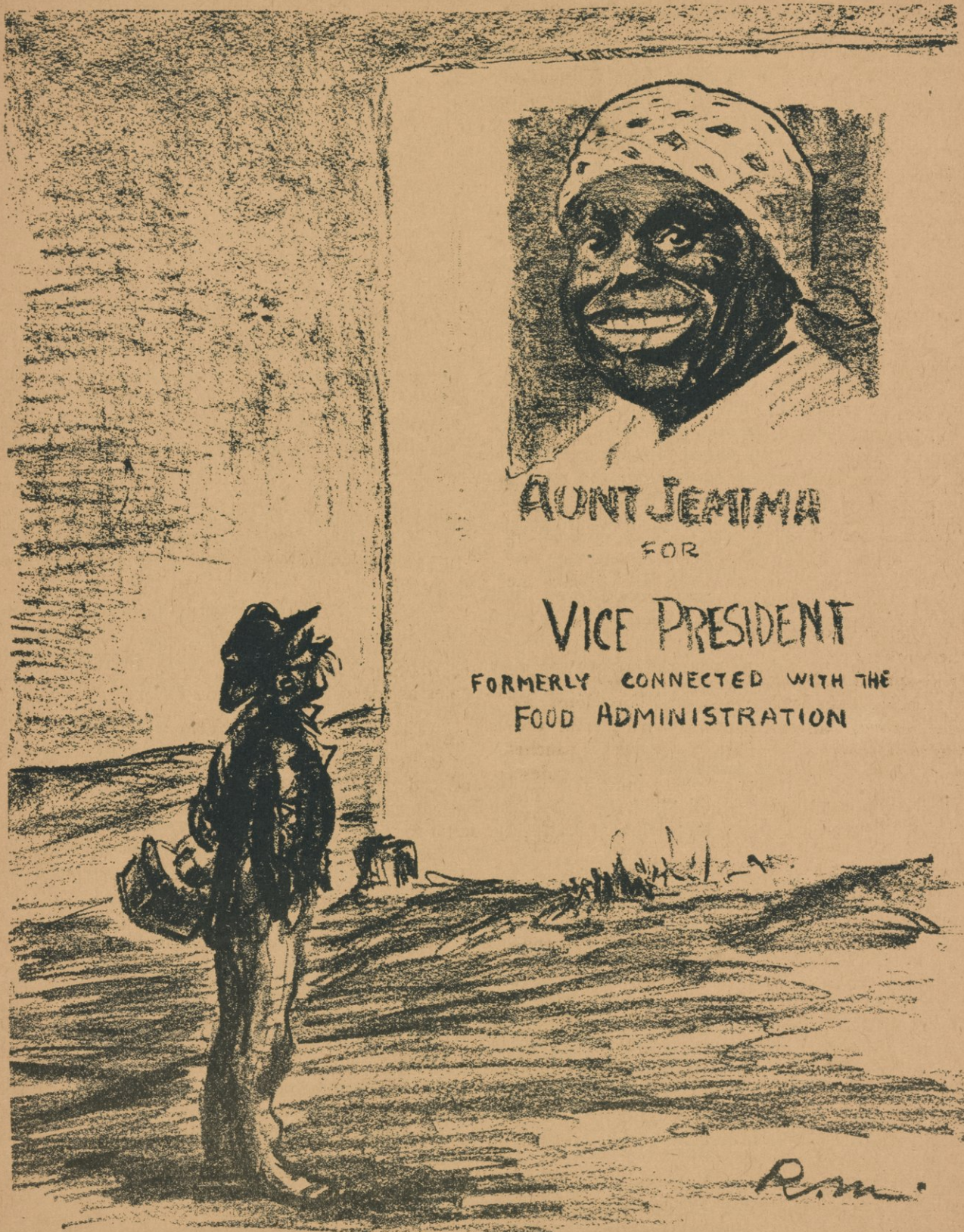
"And only two thousand of us in jail!" said Bill Haywood contemptuously. "Isn't the price dirt cheap?" As I left he called after me: "Say, Bob, the Sun never sets on the Industrial Workers of the World!"

Before I finish reading the proofs of this article events following one another with the speed of lightning are shaking Europe; and strangely each one of them comes as marvelous validation of one or another of the tactics of the I. W. W. The republican power of Germany fell at one blow of the Von Kapp coup d'etat, and the General Strike arose as the one weapon that could, and did defeat the counter-revolution in a few hours. French rulers send negro colonial troops (probably the only ones that would go) into Germany, and Lloyd George screams in terror lest this may re-open the World War with fatal results to every government in Europe.

In the midst of it comes a blaze from Denmark. The King of that country—a funny one-horse king as all Scandinavian kings are—tried a little Von Kapp, or, let us call it a Von Palmer coup; the King was rudely awakened by the call of the General Strike that shook Denmark to economic foundations that the King didn't know Denmark had. His Majesty in hatless haste begged the unions for peace, and at last reports it appears he may lose his throne anyway.

And now, the "Outlaw Strike" in America! It's not really a strike—mercy! no; striking is illegal; it's a vacation. It is not an I. W. W. affair. The "leaders" are ignorant of all such ideals—but it's a spontaneous flop to I. W. W. tactics by starved men who see that nothing else works.

A great flop.



Her First Appearance

THE gray morning swam in through the gray windows over a swarm of gray faces. The walls were gray. It seemed as if all the bright color of the world had ebbed away, leaving coldness and inertia.

The president was speaking. Every one seemed to be listening, even at the back of the assembly hall. It was the day before George Washington's birthday.

The girl was conscious of the sickening skidding of her heart. It seemed utterly inadequate to its work. It felt like an upturned insect in her chest, feebly kicking its tiny legs in order to get going. She took deep breaths, but her heart could not behave. Her feet prickled as if they were asleep, her hands were cold and stiff, yet the palms were damp.

She tried to follow the president, but it seemed to her that the clear silence behind his words hurt her ears. She wished that someone would move a little. She imagined how it would sound if some one should scream. She imagined herself screaming, and with the thought a wave of heat spread over her. She tried to move her chair ever so slightly, so that it would scrape the floor. But she could not stir.

Facing her were three thousand student faces. It was among them that she was accustomed to sit. But here on the platform she could not keep her eyes from lifting towards the gallery. The sight of that heavy mass of faces so high, and unsupported, above the floor of faces on her own level, was dizzying. It dizzied her eyes, as the president's impressive pauses dizzied her ears.

His head was very round. She found herself watching his gestures, objectively, as one would at a dance. She forgot the vivid silence which filled the room, and the thin voice of the president which trickled, haltingly, through it.

Beside her on the platform the old professors listened wisely with approving smiles. The philosopher sat with his owl-like eyes solemnly on the gray mass of faces. He alone seemed to be thinking thoughts of his own.

The sociologist stroked his mud colored whiskers, and smiled as if he had something startling up the sleeve of his thoughts. There was a grand Darwinian look about him that made the students think of apes and primitive men. The young assistant at his side was pale and thin. He was superintendent of a Sunday school, and his sparse mustache curled around his mouth like a faint halo.

Suddenly the sense of grayness swept again over the girl who sat at the back of the platform. Her heart skidded more weakly than before. She could not forget for five minutes.

There was a sudden clapping of hands. She took a

deep breath. The end had come. The president bent his neck in stiff acknowledgment of the applause.

"The next on our program is a patriotic address—"

The girl breathed deeply to keep from trembling. A fat citizen of the town came forward. "It is fitting that on this day we should—"

She heard no more. She found herself looking at the gallery again. It was high and awful. And above it was the dome-like ceiling, white and frescoed, with dusty knobs and bunches, in a design of leaves and flowers. She imagined workmen making it, high above the floor. And she was obliged to shut her eyes, not to see.

Beside her on the platform the faculty had assumed a slightly amused air. The citizen of the town was cautious with vague platitudes, but he could not expect to seem as important to the faculty of the Neoshofield Normal as its president. The gray faces in the audience were a shade duller. Heavy feet shuffled occasionally, but there was always the same colossal silence behind the speaker's polysyllables.

The large fat woman in the fifth row smiled and nodded her head. Beside her the stiff, red country boy sat motionless. The gray haired student on the aisle blinked his eyes hopelessly, as if dazed by his belated education.

The patter of hand clapping showered the room. The Neoshofield citizen was moving with red face toward his seat. He sank down and mopped his face exhaustedly. She watched, curiously. He seemed unusually tired.

"The next on the program will be—"

The girl's heart leaped upward, her fingers became numb.

"A piano solo—"

The president stopped to examine his paper.

—"by Miss Muriel Jones, Arabesque, by—"

He paused a minute, and went on recklessly, "by Debussy."

He made it rhyme with fussy.

The girl arose and walked to the piano.

Now the minute was before her. For two days, whenever she thought of this occasion she had been praying, hopefully, that when this minute came she might break loose, and somehow make them like Debussy.

Her fingers began. She was conscious of nothing in particular. Afterward she wondered where her mind was, really. It held no particular object. It was vacuity. But her fingers went on. They were stiff and clumsy. They went on and on, and she was not feeling or thinking.

Her foot was poised correctly over the pedal. But as she brought her toe down upon it, she found herself unable to keep it there. Her knee wobbled. She

tried again. It seemed to her that her knees were rocking and knocking together. They trembled and wobbled. She knew that the faculty, beside her on the platform, was watching her knees tremble.

And the pedal was not really down. The tones jumped apart, like white grains of popcorn over a fire. Some one whispered in the audience, "She's afraid." She heard the hissing of the s's. Some one always whispered that. It was hopeless. She set her feet firmly on the floor. It was better to give up pedaling. Her fingers might forget to play.

She was startled when she noticed where they were. They had covered three-quarters of the piece, and she had not known it. A picture of the next to the last page came to her mind. She had almost finished. She wondered what the assembly had thought of the unintelligent sounds that had trickled out to them so continuously from her fingers.

As she played the two crisp chords at the end, her mind became clear. Those chords she was playing. They were music, and Debussy. The rest had been merely her fingers.

She saw that she had failed. She had not touched the audience. She walked back to her seat.

Again a pattering of handclapping showered through the room. She rose and nodded her head at them, prompted by her teacher.

It was all over. The assembly was dismissed. They were filing out, whispering, laughing, talking, in their quiet, country-bred way. Her teacher congratulated her, but she took no notice. Teachers always complimented.

The sun was out. Everything was bright and different. Light dazzled the frosty window panes. She saw a sparrow nervously promenading the narrow ledge outside the window. Every one looked friendly and happy. She wished that she might play again for them. Now she felt that she might make them like Debussy. If only she could play again!

HELENA MAXWELL.

A Busy Day

I HAVE had nothing to do to-day—
Nothing to do but watch the sky
To see that the slim clouds
Never slip by,
To see that the great clouds stay;
Nothing to do but watch the flight
Of thousands of little buff moths that Spring
Has taught the trick of the fluttering wing,
Sending them out to play;
I have had nothing at all to do
But taste sweet air and touch warm sun—
Oh, to be busy another day
With the good things I have done!

Marguerite Wilkinson.

Coon Town

THE crazy cabins huddle in the gap
Where more pretentious houses thrust
them down,

To welter in the wounds of Mother Earth,
Too lazy to combat the grown town.

A nucleus of hot smells they blister there,
Beneath the summer sun's relentless eye,
Below the gracious coolness of the hills,
To laugh and quarrel, suffer, breed and die!

But night has tender heart and tender hand
And bending to it softly from above
It hears a music, melancholy sweet,
And honey-drawl of voices making love.
Amanda Hall.

A Birthday Sonnet

NOT only that I love you, that in you
I find old dreams incredibly come true,
And you in every dream, world without end—
Goddess and girl child, lover and guest and friend;
Not only that I love you, seeking still
To bend and break the guarding of your will,
And find behind the stubbornness, what splendor—
Body and soul in triumph of surrender!

But that, deep under deep, in you I find
Something to my caresses deaf and blind—
Something not mine to take nor yours to give,
But only by whose light our love may live;
Lovelier in you than all your laughing youth
Is that which holds love lightly beside truth.
Floyd Dell.

Pensees d'un Soldat

IF I were dead and ended were my breath,
My blown and fragmentary body part
Of this shell-tortured soil where sudden death
Stalks not, but leaps at the most dauntless heart—
I could rest quietly, lost forever there,
Could I but hear the talk of friendly men
At friendly tasks, and women's laughter near,
And see the broken pastures springing green:

I could rest quietly did these wounded things
Draw to a common healing out of pain—
Though in far-fevered streets Death stilled his wings,
And through the beating sorrow of the rain
I heard the curse of cities old in crime,
And bitter laughter from the slums of time.

Legare George.



Drawn by Robert Minor.

THE LIBERATOR, May, 1920.

Ire



reland

Palmer's Arithmetic

OUR Washington correspondent assures us that the "Round-up of Reds" was nothing in the world but Attorney General Palmer's attempt to save the day for the Democrats, and boom himself as a candidate for president. Maybe the Attorney General thinks that if he puts all the intelligent people in jail he will stand some chance of getting elected. His New Year's Manifesto was a document to be treasured in a museum. The American sympathizers with the Soviet Government, he says, "are composed chiefly of criminals, mistaken idealists, social bigots, and many unfortunate men and women suffering with varying forms of hyperaesthesia. They are enemies of the Government, of the Church and of the home, and advocate principles which mean the abolition of all three of these safeguards of civilization."

"Twenty million people in this country own Liberty bonds. These the Reds propose to take away. Nine million eight hundred and thirty thousand people in the United States own farms, and 3,800,038 more own homes, which they would forfeit. Eleven million odd people have savings accounts in savings banks, and 18,000,000 people have deposits in our national banks, at which they aim. There are hundreds of thousands of churches and religious institutions,—all of which they would abolish. In other words, 110,000,000 hard-working and saving people, who own property, love liberty and worship God, are asked to abandon all the ideals of religion, liberty and Government, which are the outcome of the struggles of their fathers and their own development and to place themselves, their homes, their family, and their religious faith in the keeping, and their property under the domination of a small group of Lenins and Trozskys."

We feel quite sure that we belong among those who suffer from hyperaesthesia. It seems to take the form in our case of an extreme sensitiveness on points of mathematics. When the Attorney General states that less than 4,000,000 people own homes in the United States, it starts going a certain vibration in our cerebral cortex, which does not subside soon enough for us to receive with undivided attention a statement in the same paragraph that 110,000,000 people are going to have their homes taken away from them by Lenin and Trozky.

When he states that 20,000,000 people own liberty bonds, and 18,000,000 have deposits in our national banks, and 11,000,000 have savings bank accounts, and that 10,000,000 own farms, we observe that these numbers, if added all together, amount to only a little over half of 110,000,000. But we know, we suspect that the Attorney General knows also, that they are not to be added together, but that each number counts all the same people over again, and that the 20,000,000 people in the United States who bought liberty bonds includes prac-

tically every last man, woman and child who has really got anything to buy them with. In other words all these figures are just another supplementary proof of the facts established for all advanced capitalistic countries, that less than 20 per cent of the people own practically the whole of the country—to which it should be added that only a half of these, or 10 per cent, own anything that can be seen from the road; and as a matter of fact, 8 of these 10 per cent own so little that 70 per cent of all the wealth of the country remains in the hands of 2 per cent of the people, and they constitute the ruling power.

Palmer is the first defender of the present regime that has been foolhardy enough to abandon the political ideology of capitalism and try to talk about the real economic facts. Therein he shows himself to be a naive greenhorn, and it may be confidently predicted that Wall Street will soon recall him and send down somebody who knows enough to stick to politics, and the pretense that we are pro-German, and devoted to murder, chaos and the nationalization of women.

Murder in Hungary

WE have received a document addressed by the Socialists of Austria to the Socialists of the world, in which the details of the Hungarian White Terror are recited in detail. It is one of the most terrible records that ever met the human eye. We refrain in this place from republishing this story of the merciless, bestial and obscure revenge of the capitalists and militarists of Hungary upon the workers. Many of the incidents are too nauseatingly horrible to thrust upon an unprepared reader; but we will send a copy of the report to any one who writes in for it.

We will state here only one of the facts set forth in that document: that a huge number of the working-class of Hungary are being systematically *herded in concentration camps and starved to death*. There are—or were—9,000 of these unfortunate beings interned at Hajmasker; 4,000 at Csepel; 2,400 at Zalaegerszeg; 2,000 at Eger; 3,000 at Cegled; 2,000 at Komaromhomokhegy; and 4,000 more in minor camps. *All these are doomed*. And meanwhile the arrests continue—not to speak of the tortures and the horrors detailed in the record.

These things are being done with the tacit consent of the United States government. No protest has come from President Wilson or any other representative of our country against these outrages. The government which perpetrates this White Terror exists by the permission of the victors in the late war and the approval of the capitalists of Europe and America. It was they who destroyed the Workers' Republic in Hungary and set up this government in its place. This is their chosen alternative to a Workers' Republic.

What do you think about it?

Two Mexicos--A Story

By Irwin Granich

THE world was beautiful as we rode out from Guadalajara in the golden morning light. The broad Mexican spaces were blazing with color, with the glistening green of new corn and the dull green of cactus, with the fire of yellow sands and the slow, blue radiance of meadows thronged with trees. Nothing seemed solid; all was radiance; the world was the heart of a crystal ball of radiance.

Far off on the horizon loomed the mountains—the grand, savage, naked hills of Mexico, that stand everywhere like the visible passion of the land—great, glorious masses of rock cut in fantastic patterns, all barren of vegetation like jewels, and shining like them in purple, amber and rose.

The air sparkled. From the blue perfect sky winds came against our faces, intoxicating as flowers. The horses sniffed the freshness of the morning, and stepped springily over the gaps in the road, and down the rocky inclines on our way to Don Felipe's ranch, thirty miles from the city.

Don Felipe was gay, and we, too, were gayer than careless birds as we jogged through that thrilling Mexican countryside, that is always like some melodrama of color and form planned by a wild young master. We drank the winds greedily, and filled our eyes with the pageant about us, and felt strongly the mad joy of living. Don Felipe burst into song, and, clapping spurs to his horse, went roaring down the road for a few hundred yards. Then he wheeled violently and came charging back at us in a spectacular cloud of dust.

"Viva Mexico!" he shouted, swinging his fringed sombrero about his head, and whooping like an Indian. "Have you anything so wonderful as this in the United States?"

"No, no!" we cried, carried away by the high, reckless romantic mood that the Mexican landscape induces in the beholder.

Felipe reined his horse in beside ours, and, digging into his saddle-bag, brought out a bottle of the white, incandescent liquor named "*tequila*." We accepted a pull at the stuff, and Felipe gurgled a great mouthful of the flaming mixture himself, his tanned face red as a poppy when the *tequila* entered his veins.

Felipe was a friend of three days' acquaintance. Phillips and I had fallen in with him while lounging about the "Fama Italiana," the only good cafe in the sunlit, sweet-smelling, church-ridden city of Guadalajara. He could speak a choppy and slangy English he had picked up in one of the American border towns,

and his ancestry was undoubtedly Spanish, for he had blue, bulging eyes, a tawny moustache and crop of hair, and a big, curved, Oriental nose, tenderly pink at the tip and unlike the sharp, razor noses that mark the Aztec strain. He was short and natty and slender, and unbelievably wiry, like a young tiger. He had come into town on business, and had spent almost a week on the spree that accompanied every transaction of his. Now, when he was returning to the ranch, he had insisted that we go with him for a visit.

"You will like our ranch!" he said, as he trotted his horse beside us, sitting lightly in the high, elaborate saddle, a dazzling figure in the *charro* costume he changed to from the neat Chicago business suit he had worn in the city.

"It's not a large ranch, as Mexican estates go, but we have everything for your entertainment—wild deer to shoot, a mountain pool always cold as ice, horses to ride, and many near-by places you will enjoy seeing. You will like it, I know. We employ about a hundred *peones* on the ranch, and raise corn, wheat, maguey and cattle. You will see how we lasso steers and brand them, and we will give a fiesta in your honor, and you will have many pretty girls to dance with. What more do you want? You have but to say it, and it is yours!"

He waved his hand in a large, free flourish, and we thanked him for his hospitality.

"I and my brother Enrique own the ranch—our father left it to us, and I am the elder brother. You will like my brother Enrique. He is a strong, fearless, honest man—much better than I am, but too serious. He takes life as if it were a religion, but to me, *Carramba!* it is one great joke, and I laugh at it. That is the right way, no?"

He fished out the tequila bottle and slapped it fondly, then offered us another draught of the liquor.

"No, thank you!" we cried. "We have just had some, and the American stomach isn't strong enough to hold your Mexican firewater and ride a Mexican horse at the same time."

Felipe laughed uproariously. "Ha, ha, ha!" he shouted, hitting his thigh, "that is true, that is true! I have seen many Gringos put under the table by our tequila! That is one point where we Mexicans will always have the better of you!" He swallowed another long drink, and wiping his lips, put the bottle away.

"Would you believe it," he said earnestly, leaning forward to us from his saddle, "my brother Enrique will not touch a drop of alcohol—not a drop. He is a fa-

natic on the subject. He goes so far that he has wished to give up our *maquey* fields, from which the *pulque* is made that the poor people drink. But I would not let him do this, and he can do nothing without my consent. If I let him have his way, we would be ruined in a year, he has such fantastical ideas on everything. Just the same, he is a good man, a real man—and the best rider and lassoer on the ranch; better even than I!”

A shade of almost somber intensity had crossed his face, to be immediately followed by the mood of bold, reckless laughter—violent mirth playing scornfully with life and death, and heedless of a single human value. That was how we found Felipe—there were depths in him, some chords that could be touched, but dominant was the full tide of his barbarianism, his strange lack of the sense of good and evil, his paganism stained with the blood of a creed that makes manslaughter a trifle, light as love.

Felipe lived but to drink, to win women, to ride horses and to prove his personal valor in contest with other strong barbarians. He was proud and sensitive; and as unconsciously cruel as an animal. He told stories of his exploits on the ride through that glowing, great scene, and we listened to him in fascinated amazement, as to some dark man from the Middle Ages.

“Once,” he said, “we had a peon on the ranch who had fierce hatred for me. He was a steady, hard-working fellow, living with his parents, and in love with one of the peon girls for whom I had taken a fancy, and whom I managed to seduce. The fellow heard of this, and it made him begin to hate me.

“You must understand that in the old days the peons on the ranch were really our slaves. They owned nothing of their own, and they had to take what we gave them. They could not leave the estates of their masters, for they were always in debt to us. We did anything we pleased with them—there was no law. When they approached us on business they first had to kiss our hands.

“Now it is different. Now the peons live on our property, rent free, and work for us by the day. We pay them about 35 cents daily when they work, and on this they manage to even save a little and buy fancy revolvers and sewing machines and other luxuries that turn their heads. It is the result of the revolution that upset everything.

“My brother, you must understand, has even tried to go out of his way to turn the heads of the peasants. He gives them a bonus out of the profits at the end of the year, and he gives them little fields where they can cultivate their own produce. He is mad on the subject. He treats them almost like equals, and once he wanted to turn our entire ranch over to them, with himself as mere manager and servant to them. I came to blows with him almost before I could drive this mad notion out of his head. He fought in the revolution,

you see—he was one of the first to risk his life for it, and one of the few who really believed in it, and who did not try to grab a fat political job for his services. He is a good man, my brother, but a little mad.

“Well, this peon, a tall, dark, silent fellow, began showing his hatred for me soon after he learned I had had his girl. He would scowl at me when I passed, and refused to take off his hat to salute me, as every peon on our ranch must when I go by. Once I sprang off my horse and tore his hat from his head, and flung it on the ground.

“‘You must never fail to salute your betters!’ I cried, sticking my revolver under his nose. ‘Do you understand that?’

“‘Yes!’ he said quietly, turning on his heel, and leaving the hat there in the road.

His bravado and insolence maddened me, and I wanted to shoot him in the back as he walked away. Perhaps I would have done so, but the thought came to me it would be better to let the beast live and to make his life a misery for him. Thus I would show him who the better man was, and at the same time give a practical lesson to the other peons, who were quite as bad as he was. It is the only method, my friend; you must daily show these cattle of the fields that you are their master; you must do it frankly and harshly; they do not understand other methods. Ah, if my brother were not only my brother, I could show the way to keep these dogs down!

“Well, to make a long story short, this Pedro meekly bore all the insults and hardships I put upon him. I once lashed him with my whip across the face, while he was working in the fields with the other peasants. I came to his cottage one day and took five of his chickens and wrung their necks before him, and walked away. We needed meat for dinner that day, you see; I did other things to humiliate him, but he said nothing. Perhaps he found it inconvenient to move with his parents from the ranch, I do not know. It may be he was making up with the girl again, and thought of marrying her before he left.

“Anyway, I came across the two one Sunday, talking in front of the church at Tomala, where we go for mass. There was a group of the peons from our ranch there, lounging about under the trees and waiting for the services to begin. I dashed up to the two lovers, and seizing the girl around the waist, swung her on my horse and rode off with her. Pedro stood looking after me with the most stupid eyes you ever saw.

“The next day he did not come to work. I was passing his cottage in the morning on my way to the wheat fields, when he sprang out from behind a stone wall and fired a revolver at me. His face was white with anger, and he did not speak a word. The shot grazed my shoulder, and I leaped on him, and dug my knife into his ribs and killed him. Then I found a rope

and hung him to a tree, where every one could see him as an example. All on the ranch, when they saw him later, knew I had killed him, but no one dared to lay the case before the officials at Tomala, who are my friends. Ah, but my brother was angry with me then! We almost fought with guns that time!"

He laughed reminiscently, and spurred his horse into a proud, slow trot, with the foam coming from the checked animal's mouth. We were rather shocked by the story, but knew no way of breaking in on the man's unconsciousness of the evil of his deed. Besides, there was a curious atmosphere about him as he told these things that eliminated all feeling of morality; he was like some returned soldier who narrates dreadful horrors and murders to an audience that shudders and yet cannot blame. Life seems different and younger on these passionate Mexican plains; and death is an old, familiar incident in the day's monotonous melodrama. We hardly knew what to say, and rode on in thoughtful silence.

In Felipe, on his glossy, splendid horse, in his flamboyant leather costume with its silver buttons and rich decorative cordings, we seemed to see riding the incarnation of that brutal, primitive aristocracy that had weighed the Mexican worker to the dust, and that we had found still dominant wherever we had been in the Republic. It was the incarnation of all the thoughtless evil of the Latin and Indian nature, sanguinary, haughty, passionate, and lust-loving, with no mercy for the animal or man in its power. It was too proud to be hypocritical about its vices or virtues; it was the pure primitive.

We grew anxious to meet Felipe's brother Enrique. For only one sober thread of conscience had we detected in the scarlet pattern of Felipe's nature, and that was his feeling for his brother. Always in the stories Felipe dropped from time to time the brother appeared as some better angel, sad, striving and impotent before Felipe's savageries. Felipe would always say his brother was mad, but we could find in him, too, a faint spark of shame and unworthiness that made him uneasy when he spoke of the other. It was as if he knew his brother was right, but could not acknowledge it or live up to his brother's ideals, and for this reason assumed a cloak of exaggerated boyish superiority that ill-fitted him. His brother was Felipe's external conscience, his sole link to the goodness that is in Mexico.

The sun was climbing higher into the sweep of glittering sky. Heat waves shimmered like the hot breath of the sandy, scrubby wastes about us. The distant mountains were softer in the slow air. A few grouse could be heard whirring in the shade of a yucca-tree off the road, and Felipe unslung his rifle and drew a bead on the speckled creatures. He did not shoot, however, for a thought crossed his mind.

"Ah! I forgot; we must not waste time!" he said,

dropping his gun. "We are expected at the ranch, I think. Let us keep moving."

This was a good resolution, and it was broken not many minutes later by Felipe himself. We had started from town soon after dawn, and were due at the ranch about two in the afternoon, but Felipe developed vagaries that ate up the hours, and that brought us to the ranch patio some time near midnight.

For though he set his horse off into a good trot that we followed, he stopped a short space thereafter, and took another drink from the bottle after we had again declined. His eye lit with enthusiasm. The momentary seriousness on his face was again wiped off, as he pointed to a dark-green meadow criss-crossed by irrigation ditches, a few levels below us in the valley.

"There are bulls there!" he cried gleefully. "Now I will show you how we Mexicans can ride!"

He spurred his horse over a fence, and into the meadow where a herd of cattle was peacefully grazing. With wild cries he lassoed a huge black bull, by the hind legs, and, leaping off his horse, fastened a rope around the writhing animal's middle. The bull was furious, but Felipe leaped on its back, and holding tight to the rope, and gripping his legs into the creature's side, lashed it into a frothing rage.

The bull put its head down and charged like an express train. It shook itself from side to side, and bucked and came down on all its four hoofs. It belled madly, but Felipe held on as if glued, and shouted and even had the bravado to take one hand from the precious rope to wave his wide hat at us. The bull tried to scrape him off against the stone fence of the corral, and then it came at last to a weary and bewildered stop, when Felipe leaped lithely from its back again. He recovered the rope and returned to us, grinning, ill-concealed vanity shining from his fishy blue eyes.

"What do you think of that?" he asked in a glow, taking another pull at the unfailing bottle. We assured him we had never seen anything like it before.

The trip was resumed, down a gentle valley, then up a circular path that ascended a hill all of grass, and on whose round summit a little square block-house stood, a memento of the Revolution. Felipe showed us some of the trenches the fighters had made, and pointed out some mounds marked by faded wooden crosses, the graves of the revolutionists.

"That is their reward, the fools!" he said, "and that is all they deserved to get. I often tell my brother that."

He seemed in no hurry to get home now, though the morning was advancing toward noon and the sun was stronger on our backs. It was amazing what animal spirits the man had—life overflowing and exuberant and positively aching for expression. He roared lovely sad Spanish songs of love, he beat his horse into wild gal-

lops and trots, he drank from the bottle and told us story after story of violence and lust. He was tireless, and athirst for danger.

We went down a *barranca*, a deep mountain gorge whose paths were steep alleys of boulders on which the horses slipped and floundered. Sheer thousand-foot drops were on one hand of us, and on the other were rugged cliffs black and wet with hidden springs. Felipe would not permit his horse to pick its careful, difficult way through the stones, but whipped it on blindly, and bade us follow! Once he jumped his horse over a chasm that we went painfully around, the poor beast sliding and crashing and almost toppling over the cliff beyond. Felipe only laughed, and looked at us for admiration. He was quite foolhardy, and also vain.

At the bed of the *barranca* rushed a full, strong mountain-river, deep and foaming yellow. Felipe insisted that we all strip for a swim, and we saw him dive recklessly into the rocky bottom, and fight his way out of that great, steep cup of savage boulders and stunted shrubbery. At the top we found a green, immense valley stretched beneath us, a tremendous plain of shining grass and dark clots of trees, threaded by a silver trickle of water, and with huge, billowy shadows moving over its brilliant face. It was beautiful in its broad peace, a wonderful stage set for Titans, and far off in one corner we saw a cluster of white houses from which a church-tower rose, like the pistil of a flower. Felipe had stopped his horse, and was gazing thoughtfully.

"That must be the ranch there!" we cried, pointing to the distant houses. Felipe shook his head.

"No," he said, "that is the village of Tomala, about four miles from the ranch. Do you know what would be a good idea?" he added slowly, his face lighting with enthusiasm. "We ought go there instead of to the ranch for our dinner. We are hungry, and I have some important business to transact there besides."

"Are you sure of that, Felipe?" we asked, trying to divert him from we knew not what.

"*Carrajo!*" he exclaimed, "of course I am sure! The judge there has sent us a requisition for five saddled horses, to be used for two months by the military commander who is fighting the rebels. I know what they will do with those horses; they will sell them. I must go and have the order withdrawn."

"But how can you do that?" Phillips asked dubiously.

"How?" Felipe laughed gaily, tugging at his reddish moustache. "How? *Bueno*, I will get the judge drunk! Wait and see!"

So we urged the horses onward to the pueblo of Tomala. The valley grew richer and greener as we went cantering down the rough roads, there were more trees, and cultivated fields, and squat adobe houses with their little gardens and cactus fences enclosing a few pigs or a cow or two. At last the road became a street lined with these little houses side by side, the plaster walls painted

in delicate shades of pink and blue. We were in Tomala; a village of about 500 peon inhabitants, the center of all the farms in the valley. Lounging men in white peon clothes and immense hats stared somberly as we clattered by, and children ran about us, and women looked up from the ditches in front of their homes where they were busy with the family washing.

Felipe pressed himself with his usual vanity, and whipped up the horses, so that we entered at a spectacular gallop into the grass-grown, sleepy plaza that is the heart of every Mexican town.

We had a dinner of beefsteak, eggs, frioles and black coffee at a small restaurant, bare as a cell, and presided over by an unimaginably old and wrinkled crone. Then Felipe led us about his business of the Judge.

We found this dignitary sitting in the sunshine on a bench in front of his home, doggedly playing Mexican waltzes on a mandolin to which the Sheriff played accompaniments on a guitar. The Judge was a battered little old man, with matted gray hair and beard, and tiny stupid eyes that twinkled suspiciously, like a weasel's. He was clad in the white, cotton flapping clothes of an ordinary peon, his dirt-caked feet enclosed in sandals. From out the wild tangle of hair on his face a corn-husk cigarette drooped, stale and forgotten.

The Sheriff was huge and burly, with an enormous black moustache that almost reached to his eyes. He too was dressed in peon clothes, with a red blanket folded over his right shoulder, and a shirt of vivid flowered pink made by his wife of some gaudy calico that had probably intrigued her soul at the village store. Around the Sheriff's waist was a heavy belt loaded with cartridges, and a 30-30 rifle stood against the wall by his side. The officials abandoned their harmonizing as we came up, and arose to greet us.

"Felipe, my *amigo!*" the Judge called in a cracked, joyful voice, embracing our host in the Mexican style and patting his shoulder enthusiastically. "Why have I not seen you for so long?"

The proper introductions were made, and then Felipe drew the Judge aside and held a little conversation with him. We could see the serious air with which the two spoke, and the manner in which the Judge shook his head from side to side, as if in doubt. Finally Felipe took him by the arm and brought him over to us.

"Let us all go to the *cantina!*" Felipe said. "We need something to drink."

The Sheriff accepted readily, picking up his rifle and carrying it fondly under his arm. We followed with our horses, and we marched in procession about the little plaza till we came to a low, ill-smelling wooden shack with great letters painted across it in red and blue, reading, "*La Lucha Por La Vida*"—The Struggle for Life. That is the way Mexican merchants name their dry-goods and grocery establishments.

Inside the dark, smoky saloon there was a wooden

counter, sticky with liquor and swarming with flies. Behind this were shelves with various colorful bottles standing in rows, and there was a huge barrel containing the oily, sour, thin drink called *pulque*. A few men drooped about idly, and the saturnine, fat man behind the counter greeted us with the universal bartender's smile. Felipe ordered drinks for every one, striking the bar with his fist.

"This is our holiday," he cried, "and no one must be unhappy!"

We all took tequila. Tongues began loosening after the third or fourth drink, and laughter arose as if by magic.

The Sheriff spoke to us solemnly, from the heart. "You have many wonderful things in the United States, you gringos," he said to us, "but there is one thing of ours you cannot have, and that is our National Hymn. It is the most beautiful in the world. Did you know," he informed us proudly, "did you know that once the United States offered ten million dollars if we would give them our hymn for their own, and that we refused? Yes, we refused, for we are poor, but men of honor and sentiment and pride. And this is a fact, it is history; my own brother heard from a policeman he knew well in Guadalajara."

They sang the national hymn, which is really beautiful, beating on the counter with their glasses. There were other songs, and stories of women and fighting. The Judge was not holding his liquor well, for his little eyes were growing dimmer and dimmer, and he wobbled on his feet.

"The revolution set us peons free," he uttered in a hazy voice, slapping his chest. "Yes, we are free now. Do you see, I am the Judge here, and if any one should hurt person or property in this pueblo I would instantly put him in jail. No robbers, no atheists, no reactionaries are allowed here. If we find a rebel, we hang him at once. We are free!"

"You, Senor, are the best Judge in the whole state of Jalisco, aren't you?" Felipe said, putting his arm on the little man's shoulder and winking at us.

"Yes!" the Judge answered at once, glaring at him half-suspiciously. "Yes, I am! And here is the best Sheriff in the whole state of Jalisco!"

The Sheriff swelled out his chest, and lifted his gun to his lips and kissed it religiously.

"With this gun I maintain the law and order in this village!" he proclaimed, beginning to wobble a little too. "I have arrested three drunks to-day and not one dared to put up a fight. They know who I am."

Drink after drink, and the shadows gathering in the room and obscuring those wild, flushed faces, and outside in the sky the blue catching flame from the sun, and dying with a last shout of glory. The trees were liquid darkness, and deep dusk was filling the dusty

street. Our horses champed impatiently, and we went outside, calling Felipe after us.

"Aren't you ready to go yet?" we asked politely, "and haven't you arranged that matter of the horses with the Judge?"

"Yes, I've arranged it all!" he said excitedly. "We'll only have a few more drinks and then go. Come in!"

We returned reluctantly, and continued drinking, for it is almost an insult to refuse an offer of this kind in Mexico.

The place grew wilder and noisier as the liquor mounted to all heads. Felipe began boasting, and drew a large hunting-knife from its scabbard, and stuck it into the counter.

"This is my only friend," he cried, "and with its aid I can do what I choose anywhere. I have killed three men with it, and am ready for more—at any time, even now!"

"But you will keep order in *this* village, Senor!" the Judge mumbled stupidly, moving up against Felipe and fronting him chest to chest.

"I will do what I choose!" Felipe sneered, waving the knife in the air. "I have a ranch of three leagues, and employ almost a hundred peons. I will do what I please!"

"No!" the Judge shouted, flushing with anger. "No! Arrest that man!"

But it was the Judge that the Sheriff took by the arm and forcibly led out into the night. "I will keep law and order here!" the Sheriff mumbled grandly, dragging the smaller man as if he were a sack of flour. "I am the Sheriff here, you must remember!"

The two came back a moment later, and Felipe bought them many more drinks. We went outside, weary and with whirling heads, and waited for Felipe there. And at last he staggered to us, after many hours of night, when the village was all gloom and dots of light, and the stars had long crowded the sky. He mounted his horse, and we started off.

The Judge and Sheriff stood waving their hands after us, and as we rode down the rocky street we could see their dark, wavering forms like clots of night in the moonshine. We reached a wide, massy tree where the street changed to fields, and Felipe turned on his horse and fired three shots toward the *cantina*. A great crash answered, a bullet sped by us somewhere, and we saw a fiery burst of flame spring where the Sheriff was standing in darkness. The friends were saluting each other.

We rode through rich moonlight, between fields of corn that glistened like waves of the night-sea. The distant mountains were formless, blue smoke against the misty sky. The air was wilder than wine. A world of mystery lay about us; the drink was in our blood, and the wind against our faces. We shouted and sang. Felipe shot his revolver off many times, and we followed

with salutes to the dreaming heaven. It was romance to be living, it was ecstasy and adventure, and the sad, eternal earth, humble beneath us in the moonlight, rang again and again with the cries of man's ephemeral joy.

Felipe was in glorious mood. We too had forgotten everything in abandonment of reckless wonder. Felipe saw something stirring in the bush, and shot his revolver at it. The next moment an old, bent peon came out, and stood bowing in fright. We laughed madly, and sped on our way.

We spurred our horses over great boulders, and across a stream, and through soft purple meadows sweet to the nostrils. The moonlight drowned all the senses in silver. There were millions of colored stars in the mighty Mexican sky. Little adobe houses swam by us in the night, petals on a dark river. The mountains were ever before us.

And then, jumping a fence, and waiking our horses through the corduroy roughness of a ploughed field, we saw the houses of the ranch resting quietly under the moon. Felipe fired another shot, and cried, "We're home!"

We set our horses into a furious gallop, and with flushed faces and beating hearts roared up to the biggest house of all, where the brothers lived. Felipe banged out another shot still shouting "Viva Mejico!"

A tall, solemn figure came out on the porch as we reined in our horses. It was Felipe's brother Enrique.

He had dark, stern Indian features, and a stiff, black moustache, and he folded his arms and regarded us out of lowered eyes. His silence was ominous, and chilled our reckless joy as with a cold hand.

Even Felipe seemed sober, and somewhat sheepish under that gaze. We dismounted, and went up on the porch where Enrique stood. He fixed Felipe with his black, grave, dangerous eyes.

"You drunkard!" Enrique said, in a low, fierce voice. "You drunkard! You care for nothing but your pleasures and passions! You have been away three days now, and have probably spent all the money for the corn you sold!"

Felipe's face flamed with badly-suppressed rage. "I am the elder brother here," he muttered; "you can say nothing to me!"

"You drunkard!" the other repeated bitterly. "All that I do here you undo. You and your kind are the curse of our poor Mexico. Follies such as yours have been the ruin of our people. If you weren't my brother I would kill you!"

"I am the elder brother here!" Felipe muttered sullenly, his hand twitching at his revolver.

They stood facing each other in the vast, silent moonlight, the brothers who were the poetry and wisdom of Mexico, her good and evil, her barbarism and civilization battling each other and assuring her no peace till the younger shall have forever slain the elder.





Pictures in Mexico



A drawing by Anne Valentine.

The Well Beloved

(An English rendering of a French translation by Franz Toussaint of an Arabian poem of the 10th century)

WHITER far and more rounded with treasure
 Than the tents of an emir,
 Thy breasts, adored one, are the tents of my love.
 When at midnight I hide my face in thy hair
 And my gaze meeteth thine,
 Thine eyes are two stars which illumine the soft shadows
 In which I swoon.

If one day, O Well Beloved, I learn that another
 Hath rested his head in thy hair
 And that thine eyes hath shone upon one unworthy,
 I shall not seize my dagger,
 Nor shall I seek to buy me poison;
 But I shall whistle between my teeth;
 I shall take the road to Grenada;
 I shall seek the spot where first I met thee;
 I shall bury there for all eternity the kerchief of silk
 With which I have wiped away my tears.

Phillips Russell.

The Alien

AMERICAN! the patriot thrill of pride
 Dies as I see this thronging multitude
 From frozen steppe, and town, and ancient wood,
 And olive-grove, and castled mountain-side.
 Home in their hearts, although the sea be wide,
 Home in their speech, to other ears so crude;
 Beneath the bright, queer costumes, coarse and rude,
 Flows crimson through their veins the racial tide.

The alien—I? I know not whence I came,
 Nor of what races blent. All who could know
 Have crumbled into dust. Yet from this band
 A face, a vibrant accent, or a name
 Has power to kindle in my heart a glow
 Warm, strange, compelling, for an unknown land.

Hazel B. Poole.

En Route

THE sun goes down in softness on the hills,
 And through the mist along the river-road,
 The train rolls dreadfully as rolls this world
 Through fainting dreams and 'groping veils of thought,
 With bold necessity upto its doom.

Men, Women and Books

By Floyd Dell

A Child of the Puritans

Farmington, by Clarence Darrow. Third edition. (B. W. Huebsch.)

THIS book has a disturbing effect upon me, and for that reason if for no other I would be compelled to conclude that it is a true book. It is a book about childhood. It presents a life that is a universal memory us that this life wasn't, as the humorists tell us, funny, nor, as the romantic stories tell us, beautiful. It reminds us that it was the life of young eager growing things cramped by a puritan environment; and whatever virtues Puritanism may have for grown people, its most damnable failing is that it is not kind to children, not even when it tries to be; that it hurts them most when it tries to help them; that it makes childhood a period of unnecessary misery, just because it does not understand children.

The father of "John Smith," as Mr. Darrow calls his childhood self in this book, is a noble and unusual man, who would have done anything for his children; he did do many things for them, but they were the wrong things—for he didn't know what children needed. And the teachers and preachers and grown-ups generally in this story meant well—but they only got hated and feared and finally, perhaps, pitied, for their strenuous efforts on behalf of the younger generation. The younger generation didn't want what they had to give—neither the stern discipline, nor the admirable precepts. There is more than a trace of childish triumph in Mr. Darrow's (or "John Smith's") account of the discovery in later years that the boy who had been held up to him as a model by his father, the boy of whom his father predicted great things, had not amounted to anything after all!

The children knew that their parents and teachers were wrong; they escaped from home and school into the world of play as quickly as they could. But it is precisely this world of play, as described by Mr. Darrow, that I find sadder than anything else in the book. Mr. Darrow does not sentimentalize the joys of boyish play; he speaks of himself and his young companions as "young savages," and once, I think, as "young animals." But their play does not remind me of the activities of either savages or animals so much as it does of the activities of insects! Play is a good thing in itself, and it

was not, as their censorious elders thought, so much time wasted. But it was, with reference to the world about them and the lives they were to live, largely wasted just the same. It was too much a mere reaction from the meaningless discipline to which they so unwillingly submitted—and, except as a reaction, itself almost as meaningless as the discipline. Play, in a community which understands the needs of childhood, can have all the values which are later more fully unfolded in adult adventure, and art, and friendship. Perhaps these values were really there, in Farmington, and Mr. Darrow does not see them, looking back into the past. But I am inclined to think that his picture is a true one, and that play in Farmington had little more than the mere negative virtue of not being work. Mr. Darrow can record only one profound thrill of happiness in all those years of play—the joy of knocking out a three-bagger and winning the game for the home team!

I gather from Mr. Darrow's preface that some people have complained that there is a tinge of sadness over the pages of this book. But I don't see why Mr. Darrow shouldn't feel sad. It is a sad thing to have been brought up in a Puritan community. It leaves its mark, even upon those who rebel against its precepts. It has left its mark on Mr. Darrow. He cannot escape its influence; he has, ingrained in his mind, the Puritan habit of moralizing over everything. He moralizes to a different conclusion than the stories which he quotes from his school-books, but the original inspiration of many pages in his book is to be found without doubt in those same pious fables. He cannot write about the boyhood pastime of fishing without concluding as follows:

"In some form I have been fishing all my life and will have no other form of sport. Ever and ever have I been casting my line into the great unknown sea, and generally drawing it up with the hook as bare as when I threw it down. . . . We are all fishers—fishers of fish, and fishers of each other," and so on.

It is the Puritan who sees life in these anthropomorphic and moral terms. It might have been Jonathan Edwards in one of his most characteristic sermons, who says, after describing a visit to the pigpen, "I shall always feel that I learned a great deal about human nature by helping Uncle Ezra feed his hogs." Even the fact that one has to draw a sled up the hill a long way in order to have the brief ride down is construed into a little allegory of human life. And this is what Puritanism has done to Clarence Darrow. He simply cannot

help it—though he does help it, to be sure, in the chapter on Aunt Mary, where the story is left to point its own moral without the intrusion of the moralizer, with the result that this is the most genial and tender and “pagan” chapter in the book.

If only for that chapter the book will continue to deserve, even in a time when American literature is becoming more candid than it was when Mr. Darrow wrote Farmington, its reputation for an unusual truth and beauty.

To Carl Sandburg*

CARL SANDBURG, I like the tune your poems go to—it's a queer tune, abrupt and vivid, with a short pounding beat in it like the throb of the engine that runs the steam-shovel when we stop in the street to look into the torn hole of an excavation for a new sky-scraper; it's like the pulsing throb that comes from the sky and makes us look up with a quick glance to the bird-man soaring somewhere overhead; it's like the noise of a racing speed-boat, half out of the water, or a little old Ford bursting its heart as it takes a tall hill. And it's like things I have never seen or heard, except in fancy; it's like the thresh of oars on some old Norse galley sweeping into battle; and it's like the victory-song—short-lined, abrupt-rhythmed, Beowulf stuff—sung in hall after the battle, to the clash of cups on the table, under the smoky rafters. And it's older than that; it's the music of the oldest drum in the world, the tom-tom beaten beside a fire in a forest, stirring the blood. And it's the blood's own rhythm, beating, beating day and night in heart and pulses: the throb of the old engine of human life, monotonous and mysterious, commonplace and terrible. And that's why your music gets into my blood, and beats with the beating of my heart and flows pulsing to my finger-tips and becomes a part of my life.

And I like the things you sing about: they are the things I have always known, the things everybody in America knows, but which we all forget—beautiful things, with something in them that hurts, and makes us put them by. You make us remember. All of us have been proud to be part of a great ugly, huckstering, cruel, happy city like Chicago—and you tell us why. All of us have felt, and forgotten, something of the hot, sweating, triumphant joys of harvest-time back home in the prairie-states; and you make us remember. All of us have thrilled with child-hearts to the galloping hoofs of Buffalo Bill—and you recreate for us the ache of that moment of lost beauty.

Your poetry is as everyday American as sitting on

*Author of “Chicago Poems” and “Cornhuskers,” both volumes published by Henry Holt & Co.



Carl Sandburg, Sketched by Robert Minor

the front porch of an evening with the nicest girl in town—and as easy to laugh at if you have forgotten all that it once meant to you, and as hard to keep from crying over like a fool when you suddenly remember.

And—speaking of evenings on the front porch—I like the girls in your poems. There's nothing fancy about them—they

are just nice, everyday, foolish, ignorant, pretty American girls who want nice clothes and can fix over last year's things if they have to, and who want to get married and intend to be sensible about it but who are as secretly romantic as the latest popular novel: you don't idealize them, not a bit. But you see in them what only the poet and the wise man and the foolish love-sick boy can see in them—the possibilities, which may never come true, but which are there all the same, for something better than everyday life—the smouldering courage, the hesitating candor, the humor and sweetness and passion that *can* make life beautiful. You see them keeping hold, precariously and splendidly for a moment at least, on the dream they want. . . .

You know what is the matter with America—and with the world. You want to make all things new—but your reason, and I don't know of a better one, is that you have seen so much fine human stuff spoiled in the processes of life as it is, so much warped and twisted and hurt beauty that is still, in spite of everything, beautiful, so many grimy proofs of the splendor of life, that you want the whole world to do for itself what you have done about it in your poems: stop being discouraged and cynical, quit being afraid of dirt and ugliness, and trust in its secret dreams.

Bah! bah! Black Sheep!

Rebels: Into Anarchy and Out Again, by Marie Ganz. (Dodd, Mead and Company).

THERE is sufficient occasion for ironic laughter in the fact that Marie Ganz—“Sweet Marie,” the leader of the food-riots in New York a few years ago, the fiery soap-box orator of anarchism, who went with a

loaded revolver into the office of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to tell him that she would kill him if he kept on murdering the Colorado miners, and who was a friend of Arthur Caron, who was blown up while supposedly making bombs—that this young woman is now the author of a book addressed to a new audience which will as she suggests, point out “that the miners had attacked property and that the troops had been called out merely to protect it and to protect the lives of those who were in charge.”

“Sweet Marie” Ganz has, in fact, reformed. Her reformation is another tribute to the purifying and ennobling influence of the Great War. For it was in America’s entrance into that idealistic conflict that she rediscovered her patriotism, found herself beautifully at one with the American people. . . . Her book does not state that she became a Red Cross nurse; life does in some respects fall short of the perfect contours of popular fiction. No doubt she wanted to be one; but then her Young Man (for Love played a part in her conversion, too, just as according to the best-paid editorial standards, it should)—her very nice young man, who had all along regarded her anarchistic career with a pained expression as something not quite ladylike—this Hero himself falls short of the *Saturday Evening Post* standard, being unable by reason of bad eyesight to join the army; so perhaps that made it unnecessary for her to become a nurse. But I feel cheated a little, I must confess—the last chapters should bring them together on the battlefield: I miss the accustomed climax.

I cannot help laughing when I read this story. But the joke, as I see it, is not precisely on Sweet Marie. It is rather on the bourgeois society which, I gather, now nourishes her in its bosom. I can see those sweet Christian ladies crooning over the poor little thing, who is really, you know, a perfect darling!—or so I hear them telling each other after having motored her home from a fashionable tea. And how, I ask myself, would Sweet Marie have ever achieved those motor rides and those teas and the adulation of the Christian rich, except by the firebrand route? No, if Marie had been good, and believed in the American flag and the country for which it stands, etc., she would still be in the sweatshop, working her fingers to the bone, and looking with vain and futile longing at the Pollyanna underwear advertisements in a last month’s magazine. It was certainly a lucky day for her when she first took to the soap-box! Pious respectability, like the Good Shepherd, is more concerned about the one lost sheep, especially the little black sheep that wilfully goes off and loses itself, than with the ninety-and-nine who are safe in the sweatshop. Yes, Marie Ganz certainly put something over!

But what of the effect of this confession upon the ninety-and-nine? When they learn that the repentant sinner is more rejoiced over than all the saints in heaven,

will they not want to try the same road to glory? One trembles for the East Side. (Or would tremble, did one not know that for these achievements a certain temperamental aptitude is required, not to speak of the debut of a glorious and idealistic war, for flops that merely keep the flopper out of jail—like the confessions of Harold Lord Varney, late of the I. W. W.—are somehow lacking in the odor of sanctity.)

But it opens up a new career for ambitious young women, all the same. Consider the perfectly nice Young Man who is personally instrumental in converting the heroine of this book: would he have been half so interested in her, if she hadn’t been so desperately in need of conversion? Didn’t he have a thrill of pride at the idea that it took *him* to rescue this brand from the burning? And now I come to think of it, the thing might work the other way. Doubtless there are Nice Young Women who would ask nothing better than to teach true Americanism and the proper use of oyster-forks to some not unpulchritudinous young dynamiter of the masculine gender! The vista grows wider. . . .

Some readers, I suppose, will deplore the frivolity of these remarks, and wonder why I haven’t said anything about the danger to the revolutionary movement in taking to itself such persons as the heroine of this story. But I know of no way to prevent it, and, truth to tell, I see no crime in the desire for power which led this girl from the miseries of the sweatshop into the leadership of mobs and then betrayed her into accepting the leadership of the local bourgeois circle of bandage-wrappers and lint-pickers for the poor dear soldiers. It only confirms me in my habitual lack of hero-worship and my determination to believe in leaders only after I have found out that their leadership of my own cause is not merely in default of something “better” to lead.

A Woman’s Book

The Swing of the Pendulum, by Adriana Spadoni.
(Boni & Liveright.)

THE heroine of this book is a girl who has lived all of her young life in a woman’s world—that is to say, in a world of responsibility and of unquestioning fidelity to the demands that are made upon her; her ambition takes her out into a larger world which she conceives and lives in upon exactly the same terms. But she falls in love with a man who by preference lives in bohemia—that is to say, in a world dominated by the lazy and sloppy masculine ideals of freedom and pleasure: a world in which debts never come inexorably due, and in which one is whatever one pretends to be.

The clash between these two worlds is inevitable, when they come in contact, as they must through the marriage of such a man and such a woman. The man will either be tamed and trained into a responsible adult, or

the girl will adapt herself to the infantile standards of bohemia, or they will part company. In this story the girl and the man both refuse to adapt themselves; the girl enters into a friendship with an older woman who is the head of a social settlement, and under her guidance returns to the responsible and useful life she craves—and when she finds that the man has likewise relapsed into his former life, to the extent of a secret love-affair with one of his old flames, she indignantly leaves him. The rest of the book concerns her life in this woman's world, and her efforts, ultimately unsuccessful, to have a love-life on the same responsible terms. The story of the two worlds, the man's and woman's, remains a story of psychic conflict to the end.

The early chapters of the book are laid in San Francisco, and contain a picture of bohemian life there which, I am assured by ex-bohemians of that city, is bitterly unfair! But they represent accurately enough the reaction of non-bohemians the world over to a kind of life which is grimy or gay, sordid or free, ugly or beautiful according to whether you prefer (and many men and not all women do prefer!) to live in the world which I have called the woman's world—the world of sober reality. The point of view of that world is represented eloquently and impressively in this book, and it will have a disturbing effect, to say the least, on those who are accustomed to go, in fiction, to a care-free world of masculine fantasy.



REINFORCEMENTS

Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

"I feel that we must throw our support to General Wood."

"Absolutely, old dear. A strong man for strong men—how's that for a campaign slogan, what?"

Paris in the South Seas

Noa-Noa, by Paul Gauguin. (Nicholas L. Brown.)

READERS of Somerset Maugham's sensational psychological sketch, "The Moon and Sixpence," under the natural impression that they have been reading a fictionalized account of the life of Paul Gauguin, will turn to this autobiographical record of Gauguin's life in the South Seas with especial interest. But they will be surprised, and perhaps shocked. For the Gauguin of this book bears no resemblance whatever to the painter-hero of Maugham's story. Gauguin, as revealed by himself, is no such fascinating and startling monster of single-minded devotion to his art and brutal indifference to everything else, including particularly women, as Maugham has created. Gauguin, in his own book, appears as a much more familiar, not to say conventional, figure. He does not take white women by the scruff of the neck and throw them out the window when he is tired of them.

Nor is he even callously indifferent to his dusky adolescent bride; in fact, he is quite humanly jealous of her (on the basis of a savage superstition, to the effect that if when you are away fishing something or other happens, it proves that your wife is being unfaithful to you while you are gone!)—and in spite of her request to him, when he is angry at her, that he beat her and get it over with, he would not think of striking her. He treats her with great consideration, and appears to have exactly the same attitude toward her sex as the common run of romantic, if selfish, males.

He is not at all the neurotically "primitive" creature of Maugham's story. He is not even primitive in the gentler fashion of the South Seas. It is true that he has come there to escape from Parisian civilization; but he has brought it all along with him. When he came, he transformed his particular corner of the South Seas into a suburb of Paris. He remains French, civilized, a trifle decadent, and utterly sophisticated, to the last moment. He is never more civilized than when he is congratulating himself, "Now I am becoming simple!"—never more Parisian than when he fancies himself immersed in the habitudes of the South Seas. He never escapes the traditional orderliness, precision and elegance of the French spirit.

It shows in every sentence he writes. He does not write as a painter should—with new and unaccustomed effects gained through the use of an unfamiliar medium. He writes like a man who has written all his life, and who always knows what is the proper phrase to use. He writes like a member of the Academy. No least breath of the wilderness can steal through the web of traditionally patterned verbal lacework which he weaves upon the page. Or let us say he is a chef with a bowl of bouillabaisse; there may be all sorts of ingredients in the soup, but it is good French soup and nothing more. And when one has read the book, one remembers his pictures, and asks oneself if there is anything more traditionally

Russian Facts

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French, anything less "primitive," in the whole world of painting?

At this point someone tells me that the book was not written by Gauguin at all, but concocted by an expert Parisian journalist from some half-illiterate notes by Gauguin. And there you are!

Well, it may be so, but I am compelled to think that the Parisian journalist did Gauguin justice, after all. This book is to me the story of the man who painted Gauguin's pictures—the story of an essentially well-bred, well-mannered, well-educated Frenchman, who had learned with exactness the limited number of objects and ideas which constitute the French universe; who knew precisely how to deal with those objects and ideas; who could not even conceive the existence of anything outside of those familiar and ordered categories; who could only endeavor to state them with more grace and more scientific precision; and who abhorred uncertainty, disorder and dullness. . . . Gauguin painted about as much of savage life as this book reveals; that is to say, as much as could be stated in the ancient and sufficient terms familiar to his countrymen; and is it too irreverent to say that that was about as much as could be seen in a costume ball in the Latin Quarter?

But, having mentioned "The Moon and Sixpence," perhaps I ought to go on to say that I do not regard its fictitious painter-hero as any more authentically "primitive" than the Gauguin of this book. Maugham's painter seems to me a very real person, and none the less real for being left entirely unexplained. But his brutalities are the products of civilization, not the contribution of his own essential human nature. He is simply a man compelled against his secret wish to be a stockbroker; he runs away, as a man might run away from a prison; and the reason he is so brutal to women is that he is still afraid that he may be caught and put back in prison. His ill-treatment of the woman in the Paris episode is not a proof that he despises her, but rather a proof that he is terribly afraid of her. Most atrocities, as we learned during the war, are the result of hysterical fear. . . . I do not know whether Somerest Maugham really understands his hero or not; in this and in his former book, "Of Human Bondage" (a magnificent piece of work, and a monument in English fiction, as many of us have belatedly discovered)—in these books, not to speak of his plays, there are evidences, I think, that he is himself to some extent the victim of neurotic illusions about women: he distinctly has his knife out for certain types of them, while toward another type he betrays an infantile trust and confidence. To discuss such matters is, however, a privilege which we possess only with regard to artists who, like Gauguin, are dead and cannot protest!

A Psycho-Analytic Primer

Psycho-analysis, Its History, Theory and Practice, by Andre Tridon. (B. W. Huebsch).

THOSE who are beginning to read about psycho-analysis need a book to start with which will give them a general view of the subject, some acquaintance with its technique, and a familiarity with the special terminology which it employs. This book by Andre Tridon serves the purpose very well. It should be followed or preceded by Bernard Hart's "Psychology of Insanity"—which contains, incidental to its nominal theme, the best brief, readable explanation of the psychology of *sanity* that has appeared in English, and the simplest account of the processes involved in psycho-analysis. Following these, Pfister's book on "The Psycho-analytic Method," Adler's on "The Neurotic Constitution," Ferenczi's "Contributions to Psycho-analysis," and a few of the well-known English and American books on the subject, should make it possible for the non-expert reader to *understand* the none too easily written books of Freud and Jung. There is a place for still further "beginning" books on psycho-analysis, but this newly-published volume fills an obvious elementary need.

Poems of Youth

Youth Riding: Lyrics by Mary Caroline Davies. (The Macmillan Company).

THE most interesting book of verse that I have read for some time is Mary Carolyn Davies' "Youth Riding." I like it because it is just what the title proclaims it to be—a book about youth, triumphant and afraid, tender and reckless, wistful and bold, believing everything and suspecting everything. I think that some of these poems were published in "Others," but this book seems to me out of the current of the "new" movements in poetry; and I like it all the more for that. It is simply the rediscovery of the oldest theme in the world, the springtime of life. I sometimes feel that the younger generation is too damnably old; it has forgotten so many things that I like to remember, and that I want poets and artists to help me remember—the evanescent fragrance of those moments when we did not know what the world was like, nor each other, nor ourselves, when every road led into strange places, when every face might contain some wonderful secret.

F. D

Walt Whitman

MAY 31 is the birthday of Walt Whitman. The frontispiece portrait in this issue is from a lithograph by Boardman Robinson.

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The Story of a Conversion

By Sidney R. Flowers

"WHAT made you a radical?"

I have many times been asked that question by friends who knew my conservative attitude before the war. I could only answer—"experience." And my experience differed very little from thousands of my comrades, and they are not radicals—yet. However, the radical forces are gaining every day by new arrivals fresh from the ranks of disillusioned veterans.

I say disillusioned. Poor devils, they certainly were. So was I—badly.

I volunteered for service in London in December, 1914, but was rejected because of my physical condition. In January we sailed for America.

About this time the newspapers began to get in their deadly work, and because I had so recently left the war zone I avidly devoured every particle of news pertaining to the war.

So it was that I dragged myself away from my little family, and without waiting for America's entrance, went north to Canada, joined the infantry and proceeded to France.

There the real business happened.

Through the avid smoke you stumble and stagger. Stray fronds of wickedly barbed wire catch at your legs and waken you to a realization that they belong to you, as you feel the sting in your flesh.

A shattered remnant of a trench duckboard poking eerily out of the sea of putrefaction signifies the first enemy line. Mechanically your eye follows the faint outline; pulverized resting place of shattered men.

On through the muck, the raucous shrieks of comrades in your ears, your arms with feelingless hands attached grimly gripping a half-ton rifle with dully glinting bayonet, your brain awl with crazy notions, feelings unearthly chase up and down within your body, striving for outlet, and turn to spasms of exhilaration, dizziness and pain because of denial.

Chaos? The whole world is chaos. High explosives sag your eardrums; the squelchly burst of gas shells set you frantically digging for your mask, but your hands are dead; they will not obey the dictates of your brain.

All around, you know your comrades are fighting, dying, yet you occupy your own separate world, and that is too big, too horrible for your senses to grasp.

Long ago, ages it seemed, you had ceased firing into the murk of grey-clad forms scattering before and from among the hail of shells, and yet your mind groped wonderingly at the possibility of survival, as you saw the same grey-clad remnants creeping from demolished dug-outs, from half obliterated reserve trenches, and from shell holes littered with the fragmentary corruption of twisted and torn human carcasses.

It was impossible, yet it was so. You wanted to shriek aloud at the miracle, your emotions undecipherable. How could men actually fight after undergoing such hell? Yet—they undoubtedly did. Yes, fought and died fighting. My brain then registered for the first time the query—"for what?" . . .

A coatless figure in grey shirt, with one top boot missing, scrambled out of a caved-in dugout. A crazy figure, mouthing and gibbering, his eyes ablaze with the reflections of a demented mind.

We were alone, or so it seemed, alone, utterly and entirely shut off from the rest of the human race. He saw me as soon as I saw him and fired point-blank the rifle he carried.

Missed! That word danced in a million letters before my mind.

We clashed. The next few moments (hours they seemed) were nightmarish. Slipping and sliding in the horrible welter, we degenerated into pure brutes, actuated solely by the desire to kill. A crack from the butt of his rifle bent in my left ribs and I could see the exultant leer upon his face as he momentarily waited for my collapse. All the pent up passion of centuries, it seemed, surged through my body, crystallized into one thought, and that was—*take him with you—take him with you.*

Way back in my brain somewhere I remembered the bayonet drill of the instructor and I lunged up at his throat as I stumbled forward.

The foul mud I was standing in came up half way to meet me and we both lay, the weight of our bodies pressing up the ooze.

Two fool humans. "What quarrel did we have with each other?" was the last thought I remembered before my mind became as blank as the mud we lay in.

Years afterwards, it seemed, I came to. The battle was over, or was so far ahead that stretcher parties were combing the field for unfortunates. My brain was drunk. My body was drunk and didn't belong to me, because it would persist in jumping up and down and doing all kinds of queer stunts with my legs and arms.

By and by someone brought a steam hammer and started to hammer in my ribs—or was it inside of me trying to hammer out? The form by my side seemed to be the only still thing, yet the earth was bubbling all around it, queerly.

This sight sobered me. My brain cleared, my body came back to me and my hand allowed itself to be used so that I could feel the *thing* before me.

His identification disc was hanging loosely around his



THE NOVEL of the NEW WOMAN



WOMAN

By MAGDELEINE MARX

The record that this novel has made for itself in a few weeks is unique in the history of French literature. The author has received letters full of enthusiasm from the greatest writers everywhere, Anatole France, Georg Brandes, Israel Zangwill, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, and others. Lectures are being delivered on the work. It is having a phenomenal sale, equalled only by "Marie Claire" and Barbusse's "Under Fire." In a day, the author has become a world celebrity. Her work is being published simultaneously in almost every country of the globe.

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A Radical Weekly-- (From an editorial in THE FREEMAN)

"THE FREEMAN is not a liberal paper; it has no lot or part with liberalism; it has no place in the field of liberal journalism and cannot pretend to seek one. That field, indeed, is so completely served by the *Nation* itself and by the *New Republic* that it would be a superfluity, not to say an impertinence, for the editors of this paper to think of invading it. THE FREEMAN is a radical paper; its place is in the virgin field, or better, the long-neglected and fallow field, of American radicalism.

"Radicalism and liberalism, unfortunately, are often used as interchangeable terms; so used, indeed, by whole myriads who, if a free public school-system is half what it is cracked up to be, ought to know better. In the philosophy of public affairs, the liberal gets at his working theory of the State by the "high priori road;" that is to say, by pure conjecture. . . . The radical gets at his theory of the State by the historical method; by tracing back and examining every appearance of the State, to the most remote examples that history can furnish.

The result carries the radical to the extreme point of difference from the liberal in his practical attitude towards the State. The liberal believes that the State is essentially social and is all for improving it by political methods so that it may function according to what he believes to be its original intention. . . . The radical, on the other hand, believes that the State is fundamentally anti-social and is all for improving it off the face of the earth; not by blowing up officeholders, as Mr. Palmer appears to suppose, but by the historical process of strengthening, consolidating and enlightening economic conditions. . . .

On the side of economics, the practical difference between the radical and the liberal is quite as spacious. The liberal appears to recognize but two factors in the production of wealth, namely, labor and capital; and he occupies himself incessantly with all kinds of devices to adjust relations between them. The radical recognizes a third factor, namely, natural resources; and is absolutely convinced that as long as monopoly-interest in natural resources continues to exist, no adjustment of the relations between labor and capital can possibly be made, and that therefore the excellent devotion of the liberal goes, in the long-run, for nothing." . . .

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neck and I detached it, tremblingly trying to decipher the leaden scrawl.

"A—n G—b," I muttered, "Kleinostheim b. Aschaf-fenby. 7/5 89. Nr— 3. Ersatz Btl. bay. 9. J. R. 2.K."

I transferred the disc to my pocket, and succeeded in disentangling myself from the embrace of the poor devil. Then my mind became a blank again.

Days after I regained real consciousness in the hospital at Bailleul, France, and found myself temporarily blinded from gas. This condition lasted nearly a month, and combined with external burns, my sore ribs and a broken arm, caused me to pray many times for an end to my sufferings.

Months afterwards, when I became convalescent, my belongings were returned to me and I found myself in possession of the identification tag—the only thing that convinced me that the nightmare I had gone through was not indeed a nightmare, but an actual occurrence.

Now, two years after the impressions I have related, I wish to God it were *not true*. I yearn with every fibre of my being, that my hands were clear of blood. Sometimes I think that I may have been mistaken, that I could not have done what my memory carries impressions of. It cheers me until—I think of the disc. Then I *know*.

Back in civilian life. All the hatreds of war supposedly left behind. All the beauty of unmutated landscapes and undefiled homes before me; a dear, true wife and a baby, now a robust boy, to welcome my homecoming, it seemed strange that any disquieting factor could enter my life. Yet I was not satisfied. My mind was groping for explanations for what I myself had undergone. This desire became insatiable. Everything else, business, money, ambition even, was secondary.

About this time a few wounded veterans got together and formed an organization. I was one of the original members.

It was the experience gained while trying to build up this organization that first opened my eyes to the opinion in which the veteran was regarded by the merchants and manufacturers and other elements of Big Business.

Every despicable trick was resorted to, to prevent our organization from growing, and I could understand enough to realize for the first time that we were regarded and had been utilized as tools to further *their* interests.

The more I investigated the more I discovered and the more I became convinced that Big Business and crooked international politics were responsible for setting the working classes of practically the whole world at each others throats—in other words, we were Dupes.

It was only a step, with that knowledge, into radicalism, and I became obsessed with the desire to acquaint my comrades of my own discoveries in this respect.

The war was over now, and hundreds of thousands of returned soldiers were walking the streets, unemployed.

First hand information I obtained from hundreds of boys, which confirmed the opinion I already held that "something was rotten in Denmark."

The returned soldier in many states even became unpopular and was thrown into jail upon the slightest provocation—fitting reward was it not for the sacrifices he had made? How soon he was forgotten!

The bitterness was spreading, especially so when the veteran learned the way things had been managed when he was overseas.

Liberty and Democracy! We actually had less liberty, not to mention democracy, than when we sallied out to fight for them.

In that blessed name were perpetrated some of the grossest and most despicable acts that the human mind can conceive.

The Espionage law was used to cloak the blackest of crimes against those brave souls that stood for the rights of free speech and free assembly. The dark ages never witnessed anything worse than was done right here in America, when men were spirited out of their beds at night, maltreated and killed, others were shipped to loathsome dungeons, starved and practically murdered for their principles.

If a man had a conscientious objection to war, whether religious, political or personal, it was sufficient in many instances to insure his death.

Can you wonder that we were certain we were duped? We fought for these principles, the majority of us did, and countless thousands *died for them*. *Why haven't we secured them?* The same international interests that caused the war brought about the peace and we and the country, in fact, the working classes of the whole world, were buncoed.

This knowledge is gradually seeping out in spite of the frantic efforts of the powers that be to suppress it, and the certainty that they were fooled is going to have a terrible effect upon the masses, but not nearly so terrible as upon the classes that did the fooling.

Can you wonder we are radicals when we *know* we suffered for naught, that all our efforts in the light of the "just peace" that has been fastened upon us have been in vain?

God, what a reckoning there will be when the whole damnable mess is disclosed! Already the workers and the soldiers of our allies are awake to the true conditions.

Russia, the martyred; Hungary, the murdered; China, the despoiled, all will have their day.

The political prisoners will have to be released. *All* political prisoners, and that means old Gene Debs, the far-sighted fighter for the rights of man, who refused overtures from his persecutors because he was man enough to remain behind the bars until his comrades were released with him.

Radicals! The word has been hurled at some of us as a slur, but to me it is the highest compliment they can pay me.

We will never cease the fight we started in France until we have achieved real liberty and real democracy.

From Alaska to the Andes

and at many a spot between

"Letter
mail reaches me
pulled over 2,000
miles of snow by relays
of dog teams, averaging
thirty miles a day in blizzard
and frost. But the Liberator /reaches of the
lay all winter well refrigerated in the upper/
Yukon--- mightiest, strangest and deadliest
of rivers. For most of the year I am
farther from you than if in Petrograd,
Cape Town or four times round the world...
I get the other liberal and radical
papers and read them. I am glad they
are printed and circulated, but I
split the wrapper of the Liberator
with a warm glow of feeling. It
gives me the kick of a Crusader."
---and here's /---There's
another: "It one
has been my let-
misfortune ter
to spend
over a year
in the
Southern
Andes,
250
miles
from
a
post office,
in company with two
English gentlemen, very im-
perialist and very patriotic. During
that time I had to glean whatever knowledge
I could of current events from the slush of
the Northcliffe press and the ponderous
platitudes of the London Spectator. When
at rare intervals the whim of Mr Bur-
leson or the vagaries of the Argen-
tine rural mail delivery allowed
me to receive a copy of the
Liberator you can imagine
the welcome it had. I
venture to say
that no one
in the States
can appreciate
the Liberator;
it has never
been with-
held from
its read-
ers long
enough at
a time.
I have
been
taught
to appre-
ciate
it."

The Liberator is read

and loved. Our friend in the Andes complains of the whims of Mr. Burleson. More exasperating to us are the moods and prejudices of certain self-appointed local censors. Now and then a 150% American deprives a whole city of its Liberator by banishing them from the newsstands.

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Sonnet

ALL men raise up some altar on their sight,
Some star to follow, some dear dream to love,
Some sanctity that keeps their lives alight,
For which their spirit cannot do enough:
I have loved beauty, tender in the rose,
Or in the wakeful midnight soothed and stilled;
Beauty, whereby the acceptant spirit grows
Into that greater which itself has willed.

Beauty, whose face shall leave me not again,
Being thus wise and beautiful and dear,
I need not fear the mockery of men,
Nor death, nor lonely darkness need I fear,
Having this light and glory of your face,
The presence of your calm and healing ways.

Legare George.

Her Last Lover

SHE had had many lovers since the first
Whom she, in sweet simplicity, had thought
Also the last, the only, and the best.
And now she lies here on an iron cot,
Her bosom heaving with a passion new,
And limbs embracing her strange lover, Death.
She has not known before a love so true,
Nor yet so cold a clasp, so chill a breath.

This lover will not be denied her all.
Of those who briefly yielded to her charm,
Not one is near or heeds her spirit's call;
A callous hireling waits without alarm—
She is alone, her beauty flung aside,
And Death has come to woo and win his bride.

George Lysander.

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In benediction over nun-like hills.

A wave of longing overwhelmed my soul,
My heart grew faint ceasing its furious throbbing;
And in the thronged street, losing self-control,
Like a child lost and lone, I fell to subbing.

Claude McKay.

"Dear Old Tirps"

IF we had published the following letter from Lord
Fisher, Admiral of the British Fleet, to Admiral von
Tirpitz, after the latter's dismissal as head of the Ger-
man Navy, it would have been regarded by our readers
as a crude and vulgar attempt to be funny, and by the
American government as a piece of high treason against
the "war for democracy." But read it carefully:

"Dear Old Tirps:

We are both in the same boat! What a time we've been
colleagues, old boy! However, we did you in the eye over the
Battle Cruisers and I know you've said you'll never forgive
me for it when bang went the 'Blücher' and von Spee and all
his host!

"Cheer up, old chap! Say 'Resurgam'! You're the one
German sailor who understands War! Kill your enemy with-
out being killed yourself. I don't blame you for the subma-
rine business. I'd have done the same myself, only our idiots
in England wouldn't believe it when I told 'em!

Well! So long!

"Yours till hell freezes,

"FISHER."

Well, that letter was written by Lord Fisher on March
29, 1916. It is printed in Lord Fisher's *Memories and
Records*, just published in this country by the George
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Police! Police!

To the LIBERATOR:

HERE is a useful piece of knowledge. It is from John Stuart Mill's *Political Economy*, Book II, Chap. I, Sec. 3.

"If, therefore, the choice were to be made between Communism with all its chances, and the present state of society with all its sufferings and injustices; if the institution of private property necessarily carried with it as a consequence, that the produce of labor should be apportioned as we now see it, almost in an inverse ratio to the laborer—the largest portions to those who have never worked at all, the next largest to those whose work is almost nominal, and so on in a descending scale, the remuneration dwindling as the work grows harder and more disagreeable, until the most fatiguing and exhausting bodily labor cannot count with certainty on being able to earn even the necessities of life; if this, or Communism, were the alternative, all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be as dust in the balance."

How is it that the intelligent policemen of Oakland have left such a work as this on the shelves of the public library?

Oakland, California.

Yours truly,
HARRY KLOSS,

Carl Larsson

TO THE LIBERATOR:—I enjoyed the psycho-analytic confessions in the April LIBERATOR greatly, and I have a suspicion that your "anarchist friend" is back of everything of which has happened or will happen in the world. But what I started out to say was, that the young woman who sold the "Carl Larsson" book to you had rather a hazy knowledge of the painter. He never arrived at being a millionaire. For a number of years he made as much as 10,000 kronor a year by his work, but I am sure he never invested it where any "unearned increment" was at work. He started, of course, like many millionaires, by being a very poor boy. He married young, and his father-in-law—a well-to-do merchant—gave him the old house, which Larsson afterward had so much fun in remodeling.

He always worked hard, but always treated work as play, and no title of commissar could have increased his interest in "art for the people." As it is, the whole of Sweden, from the poorest cottage to the rich man's palace, is full of Larsson's masterpieces. The poor, of course, have the reproductions. And when he died a year ago, the whole people went in mourning. He was the best known as well as best beloved man in Sweden. He always preached and practised a simple, sane and joyous way of living, and I do not think that any system—even Lenin's—could have improved on Carl Larsson. He was your anarchistic friend, the unconscious in perfect working order, and he got more out of life for himself and for all other people in that way.

Woodstock, N. Y.

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Lenin's Smile

Dear Comrades:

NEVER in my life before did I enjoy so much The Liberator as I enjoyed the January number. And there is a good reason for it. The life in jail is dull, although we Russians who came from the land of the Czar are more or less used to it and feel in here somewhat at home. After being dragged around in the police station, where in cells built for four we have been 23, the cells of the jail, where every one has a bed and blanket—look like a decent place. But this is only the first day you are in.

When you expect to get out the second day on ten thousand dollars bail—I am indicted on two charges under the state laws—and find out that double that amount must be furnished if it is in property, and that it takes time to get so much property put up, of course the life in jail becomes more or less dull. And just now somehow the January Liberator was passed to my cell. I say "somehow," as no radical papers are permitted in jail. And it cheered me up a good deal. First of all, I notice how many "cuts" you made in my article. Got sore a little bit, but cooled off soon, when I thought about the editor's scissors I have used in the past. And I excused you.

And then I noticed Lenin! I mean the picture of Lenin on the second page of the cover. And a bright idea struck me. Bright ideas usually strike the unfortunate, says an old Russian proverb. Our cell (there is another comrade in my cell) is so dull, unpleasant, no pictures on the walls, and even no walls at all except one. The others are taken up by the beds, toilet and iron bars. But still there is a wall, and there is a picture of our Lenin.

The jail bread and water made excellent paste, and from now on the greatest leader of the rebels, the man whom the imperialists and capitalists of the world would like to put behind the bars, is right here smiling down from the wall upon us. And his smile gives us new vigor. When I think about the many jails that he went through, when I think about his brother that was hanged by the Czar's government's hangman, when I think about the thousands of rebels who gave their liberty and lives for the same ideas that we are fighting for—I feel that our sacrifice, our offer, our suffering, is very, very small and mild in comparison with theirs.

And I feel as if Lenin's smile, there on the wall of our cell, tells me all about it. And I know it really does, and I feel I must jump up from my bed and shake hands with the old Ilich.

A. M. STOLAR.

Cell 258, Cook County Jail.

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