

# Liberator

November, 1920

25 Cents



*Drawn by Lydia Gibson.*

## “Lenin Lays The Cornerstone”

And Fifteen Other New Photographs--Brought From Russia  
by a Bolshevik Courier

In Praise of Lenin - - - - By Maxim Gorky  
Communist Factories in Italy--By Our Special Correspondent  
Hillquit Excommunicates the Soviet - - By Max Eastman

Nov., 1917 - - Nov., 1920



# What Causes Social Explosions?

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# COMMITTEE *of* ONE HUNDRED On Ireland

New York City,  
September 29, 1920.

The Editor of THE NATION,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

I am impressed by the fact that the Committee of One Hundred, which has been organized by THE NATION for the investigation of atrocities in Ireland, is national in character and in geographical distribution. It seems to me that an undertaking of this kind which is so obviously national should be nationally financed.

I accordingly take the liberty of suggesting that THE NATION should invite general public subscriptions for the expenses of the Commission which is to conduct the investigation. I feel sure that everyone who loves Ireland or Great Britain, everyone who would help to maintain peace now seriously threatened, everyone who believes that the facts regarding the unspeakable barbarities which are daily being perpetrated in Ireland should be thoroughly and impartially investigated and responsibility for them clearly fixed, will welcome an opportunity to contribute to such a fund. I am taking pleasure in enclosing my own contribution of five hundred dollars (\$500.00).

Yours very truly,  
John E. Milholland

THE NATION accepts Mr. Milholland's suggestion, and gratefully acknowledges his generous contribution to the Committee.

The necessary expenses of such an investigation as is planned will inevitably be very considerable. The investigation may occupy several months. The Commission may find it necessary to sit elsewhere than at Washington. Numerous witnesses have already been invited from Ireland, and their traveling expenses are to be paid. Other necessary expenses include compensation for the members of the Commission and payment of its clerical staff, rent, telegrams, correspondence, office supplies, etc.

THE NATION accordingly invites contributions to a fund for meeting the expenses of the investigation. Contributions of any amount will be gratefully received. Mr. Royal W. France, of the law firm of Konta, Kirchwey, France & Michael, New York City, has undertaken to act as treasurer of the fund.

All money contributed in aid of the investigation will be separately accounted for and a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures will in due time be made public.

Contributions should be addressed to  
ROYAL W. FRANCE, Treasurer  
Care of THE NATION  
20 Vesey Street  
New York City







Lenin laying the cornerstone of a memorial to Karl Marx  
(Moscow)



# THE LIBERATOR

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## In Praise of Lenin

By Maxim Gorky

VLADIMIR ILYITCH LENIN appears to me a source of energy so powerful that without his dynamic influence the Russian Revolution could not have taken the form it actually has taken. I say this in spite of my belief in a theory of human history which assigns to the individual an insignificant rôle in the great process of cultural development.

To Lenin's will, history has given the terrible task of digging up from the bottom this desultory, misbuilt, slothful semi-human ant-hill which we call Russia. But to me it seems that the significance of Lenin as the initiator of social change in Russia is of less moment than his importance as a world-revolutionary. The terrific energy of his will, the impact of which is re-moulding Russia, goes farther; it is a tireless battering-ram under whose blows the monumental architecture of the capitalist states of the West, and the ancient piles of those execrable despotic empires of the East, are already staggering to their downfall.

I think now, as I thought two years ago, when I opposed Lenin, that to him Russia is only the first material to hand in a gigantic social experiment conceived on a planetary scale. In the face of this idea I was overwhelmed by a sentiment of pity for the Russian people, the victims as it seemed to me of this experiment, and I was indignant against the experimenter. But since then, observing the course of events in the Russian Revolution, seeing its revolutionary effects broaden and deepen, I have realized that it is actually awakening and organizing more and more effectively such forces as are really capable of destroying the foundations of capitalism. I now feel that if Russia is destined to serve as an object of social experiment, it would be wrong to blame the man whose endeavor it is to hasten the progress of this social experiment by transforming the potential energy of the working masses of Russia into effective, kinetic energy.

I have no intention of writing a discourse in defense or justification of Lenin. That is not necessary either to him or

to me. But I know him a little. Mistakes—if it is necessary to speak of them—are not crimes. The mistakes of Lenin are the mistakes of an honest man, and the world has yet to see an infallible reformer. But those who oppose and condemn Lenin, the Lloyd Georges and the Clemenceaus and their followers, are infallible in their own rôle of criminals and assassins; they are condemning a whole people to the torments of hunger and cold, by supporting the continuation

of an insane civil war. Yes, insane—for aside from the Bolsheviks there are no parties in Russia able to take the powers of government into their own hands, able to awaken the forces of the exhausted country, able to call out and use the energy indispensable for productive labor.

In considering Lenin I put aside my personal affection for the man and consider him as a human being under my observation, a phenomenon interesting to me as a writer describing the life of my own country.

I see him making a speech at a meeting of workers. He uses extremely simple terms; he speaks with a tongue of iron, with the logic of an ax; but in his rude words I have never heard any vulgar demagogism, nor any banal seeking after the beautiful phrase. He always speaks of the same thing: of the necessity of destroying to the root the social inequalities of men, and the means of

accomplishing the task. This ancient truth resounds upon his lips with a sound harsh, implacable: one feels always that he believes unshakably in it: one feels how calm is his faith—the faith of a fanatic, but of a fanatic-scientist, and not of a metaphysician or a mystic.

It seems to me that what is individual interests him hardly at all; he thinks only of parties, of masses, of states. And in dealing with these he has the gift of foresight, the intuitive genius of the experiment-thinker. He possesses that happy clarity of thought which is attained only by means of intensive and constant intellectual labor.

A Frenchman asked me one day: "Do you not find that Lenin is a thinking guillotine?"



Lenin



For my part, I would compare the work of his thought to the blows of a hammer endowed with vision, shattering and destroying precisely those things which for so long have needed to be destroyed.

To the petty bourgeois of all countries, Lenin must naturally appear as an Atilla come to destroy the Rome of their prosperity and comfort. Their comfort, founded as it is on slavery, blood and pillage, is indeed in danger. But just as ancient Rome deserved to fall, so the crimes of the contemporary regime justify the necessity of its destruction. It is a historic necessity; no thing and no person can evade it. We hear from high places the plea of the value of European culture and the necessity of defending it against the invasion of the New Hun. Such sentiments when uttered by a revolutionary have sincerity and value. But upon the lips of the organizers and accomplices of the shameful massacre of 1914-18 they are heartless hypocrisy.

As for the development of culture, if we understand this to mean the progressive development of art, of science, of technique, and of the humanization of the beings who are contemporary with this development, such a process cannot be retarded by the new fact that not only tens of thousands of individuals, but vast masses of many millions will take an active part in the cultural task.

Sometimes that audacity of imagination necessary to a man of letters puts before me this question: "How does Lenin visualize the new world?" And before me there unrolls the splendid picture of the earth become a gigantic jewel, faceted with beautiful evidences of the labor of a free humanity. In this new world all men are reasonable, and each has the feeling of personal responsibility for all that is done by him and around him. Everywhere city gardens enclose majestic palaces. Everywhere the forces of nature, conquered and organized by man, work for him. And man himself has become—at last—the real master of the world. No longer is his physical energy lost in a coarse and filthy labor, it is transformed into spiritual energy—and all this power is consecrated to the struggle with the fundamental problems of life, to the solution of which his thought has vainly devoted itself for so many centuries. Vainly, for it was shattered in the social struggle which it was helpless to explain, it was exhausted by the inexorable conflict of irreconcilable principles.

More noble in technique, more socially just, man's work in this future world has become a joy. Man's reason, the most precious thing in the world, being set free, has become fearless.

I do not think that I have here imputed to Lenin a dream which is alien to his mind. I do not think that I "romanticize" this man. I cannot represent him to myself without this superb vision of the future happiness of all mankind, of a life become bright and joyous. The greater the man, the bolder his dream. Lenin is more a man than any other of our contemporaries. And although his thoughts are obviously occupied in the main with political problems which romantic minds would describe as "narrowly practical," I am persuaded that in his rare moments of release this militant spirit allows himself to be carried in thought far away towards a future of beauty, where he sees much more than I myself can imagine.

The fundamental purpose of all Lenin's life is the

happiness of humanity. And for that reason he must have glimpses in the distance of the age to come, of the end of this magnificent process, to the unfolding of which he has consecrated all his energies with the courage of an ascetic. He is an idealist, if one understands by that the devotion of all the forces of one's nature to a single idea—the idea of worldwide human happiness. His private life is such that in an epoch of great religious faith we would have regarded Lenin as a saint.

I know that this statement will put the petty bourgeoisie in a fury. Also, many of the comrades will make fun of me, and Lenin himself will greet my statement with a joyous burst of laughter. Saint! that is indeed a paradoxical and comic term, applied to a man *for whom*, as the old man-of-God, the ex-revolutionary N. Tschaikovsky, said, *absolutely nothing is holy*. A saint, Lenin, whom the chief of the English conservatives, Mr. Churchill, a man of the best British education and the highest British culture, considers "the most ferocious and the most execrable of men"!

Although himself a severe realist, Lenin is becoming little by little a legendary figure. And that is well.



Lenin at the Karl Marx memorial ceremony.



From the far-off villages of India, coming hundreds of miles over mountain paths and through forests, hiding, risking their lives, there arrive at Caboul, at the Russian Soviet Embassy, Hindus representing the millions crushed under the ancient yoke of British officialdom; they arrive and ask:

"Who is Lenin?"

And at the other end of the world we hear Norwegian laborers say:

"Lenin is the honest lad. There has never been his equal on earth."

I say it is well. The great majority of men have an absolute need of personal faith to enable them to begin to act. It would be too long to wait until they began of themselves to think and act, without such assistance; and during that time the evil genius of capitalism would crush them more and more with misery, alcoholism, and the stupor of weariness.

It seems to me necessary to note also that Lenin is not exempt from the sentiments of friendship, and that in general nothing that is human is alien to him. I feel a little embarrassed and ridiculous in mentioning this; but the petty bourgeoisie of the whole world are so frightened at Lenin's inhuman intellectuality—and Mr. Churchill, with his gaze fixed anxiously on the Orient, rages so furiously that one fears he will do injury to his health—and as I have a tender heart, I feel obliged to give some slight reassurance to these frightened and furious people.

It sometimes happens that Lenin judges the virtues of people too much in their own favor, and to the detriment of the cause. But his unfavorable judgments—even those which seem at first without foundation—are almost always confirmed utterly by the conduct of these people. This perhaps proves that Lenin senses the faults of men better than their virtues; but also that in general there are many more harmful than useful men.

It must be understood that one could say of him as an individual many more things than what is said here. But the modesty of this man, so completely devoid of ambition, embarrasses me. I know that the little I have said will appear to

him superfluous, exaggerated, and ridiculous. All right. Let him laugh, as he knows so well how to do. But I hope that many people will read these lines not without profit to themselves.

In these lines I have discussed a man who has had the audacity to begin the process of European social revolution in a country where a vast number of peasants wish to become well-fed property-holders, and nothing more. Many regard this audacity of Lenin's as madness. I began my work as an instigator of the revolutionary spirit with a hymn to the madness of the brave. There was a time when a natural pity for the Russian people compelled me to consider this madness as almost a crime. But now when I see that these people know much better how to suffer in patience than to work consciously and honestly, I sing anew my hymn to the sacred madness of the brave. And among them Vladimir Lenin is the first and the maddest.

## THE DANCERS

FAR from the turmoil and the dust of trade,  
From daily slaveries, the dancers spin:  
Dear jewelled ladies, are you not afraid  
Of all those pallid faces looking in?  
Some night the rhythm of the dance may crack,  
The lights may vanish and the music halt,  
And all these revelries may falter back  
Like echoes dying in a hollow vault.  
Then darkness will rush over you and cry  
With voices full of agony and death;  
The halt, the lame, the blind will stumble by  
And you will feel the anger in their breath;  
There will be torches and a trail of fire  
And free hearts singing of a new desire.

Joseph Freeman.

# Poems of Wang Wei

(8th Century)

## I. THE GREEN BROOK

Talk of discovering the Earthly Paradise—  
I'll follow this green little brook of water  
Up into the mountains of ten thousand curves;  
Before the path has wound a hundred miles,  
Music will mingle and voices with the rocks,  
Color and quietness among the green pines,  
Heavily, heavily, the lillies and the reeds,  
Gleamingly, gleamingly, the mosses and the grasses,  
Shining to my heart will make it void and still—  
So clear and pure a stream it is. I'll rest  
On this huge rock, drop hook, and stay forever.

## II. A FARM HOUSE BY THE WAI RIVER

The resting sun shines on the highlands only;  
The sheep return along the pauper street;  
The old man peering for his youthful shepherd

Leans on his staff beside the brown thatched door;  
The cocks are young, the rice-blades very green,  
The silk-worms lie in many mulberry leaves;  
The farmers bringing on their backs their plows,  
Come in together, and they talk as friends;  
In envy of their idle quietude  
I pensively recite The Hermit's Song.

## III. PASSING THE HENG TZE TEMPLE

I did not know it was the Heng Tze temple,  
High up in the cloudy-headed hills,  
The aged trees—no trodden path comes here.  
From what deep mountain heart resounds a bell?  
Is it but water sobbing on the perilous rock?  
The sun's declining color chills the pines,  
And a thin twilight fills the winding gorge.  
The demon greed of power is silenced here.

Translated by Moon Quan and Max Eastman



## About Dogmatism

A MAN in a sink-hole has to believe in something. He has to regard some facts as confirmed and some ideas as valid, or at least worth acting upon, because he has to act. A man lolling on the bank in a comfortable chair does not have to believe in anything. That is one of his special privileges. And the special privilege of not believing in anything is the one to which the bourgeois intellectual clings long after he has acknowledged the injustice of all others. He calls the struggling proletariat "dogmatic," "fanatical," "religious," and various other intellectual bad names, because the proletariat believes that certain facts are verified and certain ideas valid. He thinks he is very wise and liberal-godlike in doing this, but he is really only making a final assertion of his own superior caste. What the proletariat would say to him, if it were completely in possession of its philosophy, is this:

"I also intend to stop believing so intensely. I intend to take away from you that exclusive right to be sceptical—to be tentative—to be in a state of suspended judgment, which you find so liberal and so delightful. I am going to sit on the bank too. That is why I am doing so much believing just now and just here."

I am moved to these reflections by a letter to the London Nation from Robert Dell—a noted journalist of the Manchester Guardian, a great friend of Anatole France, a near-socialist—commenting upon Bertrand Russell's discoveries in Russia. Robert Dell takes Mr. Russell's discoveries for the ultimate truth. "At last," he sighs, "we have the testimony of a trained scientific observer." If Robert Dell does not know the difference between a trained scientific observer and a mathematical philosopher, he is not much of an observer himself. He should go back to Plato's Theaetetus, and find out what a philosopher really is—a man, as Plato says, who knows so much in the abstract that he cannot find his way to market. I quote this sentence: "On every occasion, private as well as public, when the philosopher appears in a law-court, or in any place in which he has to speak of things which are at his feet and before his eyes, he is the jest, not only of Thracian handmaids, but of the general herd, tumbling into wells and every sort of disaster through his inexperience."

That is the kind of "trained scientific observer" Bertrand Russell is—as appears very clearly in the absurd tale he told us about Maxim Gorky. He said, you remember, that Maxim Gorky was discouraged, disillusioned of the revolution, "obviously dying of a broken heart." He said this after visiting Gorky and "observing" him personally. The facts about Gorky's attitude toward the revolution, and the state of his heart, are recorded by his own pen in this issue of the Liberator, and the reader will not ask any further proof of the folly and unreliability of Bertrand Russell's solemn gossip about Russia. The best we can say for Bertrand Russell is that he is indeed "a philosopher," and in venturing out of that narrow cerebral habitation which philosophers call the universe, he has gone all astray, and so smeared and damaged his reputation for sound judgment, that it would be better for him if he had tumbled into a well.

The particular "testimony" of his which Robert Dell seizes upon with so much delight is the assertion that the Russian communists, and Lenin especially, are fanatical and dogmatic. "Shall we ever get a revolutionary movement," says

Robert Dell, in concluding his letter, "led by men free from the religious temper, guided by reason and not by faith, content with hypotheses and eschewing dogmas?" And he adds that we probably will not—for at least two hundred years.

Now, I would like to testify that I have never seen a sign in any speech or writing of Lenin, that he regarded the Marxian theory as anything other than a scientific hypothesis in process of verification. I have never even been able to discover that sort of half-oriental emotional fatalism about the revolution which Arthur Ransome ascribed to him. It seems to me that these writers are merely surprised that a man in the position Lenin occupies should have sound nerves. In his speech on "The World Crisis" in the recent Congress of the Third International, after laughing at the bourgeoisie for regarding the present industrial crisis as a mere temporary malady, he took pains to castigate on the other hand those revolutionists who think it is all a sure thing, and the issue absolutely determined.

"That is an error," he said. "There is no such thing as a situation with only one possible outcome. The bourgeoisie acts like a bandit who has lost his head. It commits folly after folly, renders the situation more acute and precipitates its own doom. All that is true, but there is no 'proof' that the bourgeoisie cannot either calm down a certain number of the exploited by concessions, or choke by force in the germ each partial uprising of the oppressed. To try to demonstrate that there is not, for the bourgeoisie, any possibility of getting out of this impasse, is mere pedantry. It is playing with words and ideas. Practice alone can furnish us with 'proof.' It is in order to prepare 'proofs' by deeds that we are united in this Congress of the Communist International."

If Mr. Robert Dell or Mr. Bertrand Russell can find a way to speak about the present crisis any more perfectly in the language of instrumental science, I would like to hear them do it. I think we have heard enough about "dogmatism" from so-called intellectuals who are simply too priggish, or too lazy, or too stiff in the head with habit, to study the revolutionary science, and find out something about it besides what it looks like from the point of view of a traditional mental culture that is diametrically opposed to it.

An active and perfect belief in a thoroughly-understood hypothesis is not dogmatism. It becomes dogmatism only if it continues after the hypothesis has been disproven. And while there may be debate as to whether the Marxian hypothesis in its general outlines has yet been proven or not—anyone who says it has been disproven in the events of the last five years is either totally ignorant of the hypothesis, or totally ignorant of the last five years. MAX EASTMAN.

## THE LIBERATOR

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JOHN REED

Died at his revolutionary post, October 17, 1920



# Answer to My Critics

By Robert Minor

SEVERAL people have disapproved of my article in the October number of the *Liberator* which expressed my change of opinion in regard to the Soviet Republic and its philosophy. As yet only one person has given his objections in detail, but each of them appears to think that I have become an apostate.

Let me make a brief answer.

I think that what I have done is to discover for myself and to declare to my comrades that the first large, successful workers' revolution—crystallized in the form of the Soviet Republic—does truly represent the aspirations that are fundamental to the Anarchist movement. I said that mistakes of reasoning had crept into both the Anarchist school and the Socialist school, and that the correction of these mistakes in the light of the Russian revolution would lead both factions back to the common ground of the First International of the time when Marx and Bakunin worked together, which, roughly speaking, is something like the common ground that Lenin stands upon now with some Anarchists that I am going to tell you about.

I expressed the opinion that the Third International will get its best strength from the Anarchists and Anarcho-Syndicalists when these men, who are the cream of the revolutionary movement, begin clearly to understand the meaning of Lenin's program. Only, said I, the Anarchists being mortals, not gods, must consent to learn. It happens that Lenin has just written to Sylvia Pankhurst a letter which deals with Anarchists who support the Soviet Power. Lenin says that they are "our best comrades and friends," that they "are the best revolutionists who are the enemies of Marxism through a misunderstanding, or rather in consequence of the fact that the predominant official Socialism of the Second International (1889-1914) had betrayed Marxism, had fallen into opportunism, had distorted the revolutionary teachings of Marx in general, and his teachings concerning the lessons of the Commune in 1871 in particular."

Lenin has seen in Italy the grand old man Malatesta as the leader of the best blood of Italy—the Anarchists—precipitate the occupation of factories that nearly resulted in a successful revolution, and then fight with all his power to prevent the betrayal which was accomplished by Socialist and trade union politicians. Lenin knows that the revolutionary movement has been skimmed of its cream and that in many countries the cream is in the Anarchist bottle. He knows that the working class revolution depends for its further development in many places upon the men who have in the past revolted from the timid Socialist parties and have named themselves Anarchist-Communists. But he knows also that in swinging into the revolutionary first line the Anarchist movement must chuck some of its "philosophers" into the same ash-pit with Scheidemann, Ebert, Noske and Stedman. That is what I think, too; and some will call it apostasy.

Don't imagine that this is a new question to me. I had to consider it while the grenades were exploding and the cannon were firing in Moscow and in Berlin. I was slow to come to the conclusion that I now hold. My comrades in Moscow, Odessa, Kiev and Kharkoff had to consider the matter, too,

while men were dying over these issues. Some beside myself have changed their minds a little.

The cleanest young Anarchist that I knew in Russia was Anatoli Zheleznakoff, who commanded the Kronstadt sailors that dispersed the Constituent Assembly. In the early days when the Soviets depended much upon the Anarchists to take the front posts of danger beside the Communists, Anatoli was never away from the front. When the disciplined Red Army was formed, Anatoli refused on principle to join it, and many of his comrades, including myself, then agreed with him. Anatoli became a fugitive, concealing himself in Odessa to escape the Soviet authorities. When the city seemed about to fall to the counter-revolutionary general Denikin, Anatoli came out of his hiding place and joined in the defense. Then the Ukraine was in danger of capture by the White armies, and Anatoli volunteered and went to the front as commander of two armored trains. He was killed in battle at Yekatrinoslav.

The ablest executive that the Anarchist movement developed in the Russian revolution was William Shatoff, who had published "Golos Truda" in New York. As general manager of the Nikolaievsky railroad Shatoff broke the bourgeois sabotage system and restored that great trunk line to good service. Then he became Chief of Police of Petrograd and exterminated the counter-revolutionary plots that threatened that city. He was appointed political commissar to the Seventh Soviet Army, in which he exposed and arrested the General Staff that was planning to betray Petrograd to Yudenitch. Shatoff is now, I believe, managing the Soviet portion of the Trans-Siberian railway.

The strongest military leader that the Anarchist movement developed in Russia was an ex-school teacher who became General Makhno, and who rallied an Anarchist army of the remnants of the black flag regiments in the Ukraine when they refused to submit to the Red Army discipline. This Anarchist army operated independently against both the Red and White Army, planning at an opportune time to form the nucleus of a revolution more radical than that of the Bolsheviks (thinking there could be such a thing). In December, 1918, Makhno with 9,000 Anarchists got on the road to fame with the capture of Pavlograd from the White Army. They put that city in charge of a soviet of workers, which affiliated with Moscow.

The clearest and boldest Anarchist thinker that I met in Russia was Volin, and he was a bitter opponent of the Bolsheviks. He joined Makhno's army and became his political adviser and editor of the army newspaper, the "Nabat." Volin and Makhno made a heavy Anarchist propaganda in the Ukraine and recruited many thousands of peasants that had been dispossessed of their land by the White armies. The counter-revolutionary general Grigorieff, seeing Makhno's propaganda in opposition to the Bolsheviks, applied for an alliance with Makhno. Makhno, by way of reply shot Grigorieff dead.

The Anarchist army increased to 25,000 and held a front against Denikin. Makhno asked Trotzky to supply him with arms and Trotzky refused, because Makhno would not work



under Red Army discipline. So Makhno's army retreated to the Ukrainian woods and disbanded all but a few hundred men. Denikin started his great drive on Moscow, his supplies coming from England and France by the single railroad line from Sevastopol to Kharkoff. As Denikin penetrated far into Russia, Makhno, with his remaining few hundreds of Anarchists, seized the station of Sinielnikoff, breaking Denikin's communication and forcing him to fall back in defeat before the Red Army defending Moscow.

Makhno's army grew to many thousands (said to be 75,000) recruiting, besides the dispossessed peasants, sailors from Kronstadt and from the Black Sea fleet and thousands of other turbulent men who had marched with Lenin in the overturn, but who were now in bitter revolt against Lenin's tactics of State-formation and the military discipline. The Anarchist army refused to stir to the Bolsheviks' aid during the Polish campaign. It remained quiet on the Ukrainian front between Soviet territory and Wrangel's counter-revolutionary army. When the Bolsheviks were defeated in Poland, Volin pleaded with Makhno to go to the Polish front or else to attack Wrangel. But the long factional quarrel with the Bolsheviks had been too bitter; the Anarchist general refused to stir. Volin left Makhno and went over to the Soviet lines.

Makhno had become something of an idol among the Ukrainian peasants, who would do any service for him, supplying him with food, information and recruits. General Wrangel, seeing the magic of Makhno's name, printed on his recruiting circulars the statement that he was a friend of General Makhno. Some of these circulars fell into the hands of newspaper men, who telegraphed to Paris that there was an alliance between Makhno and Wrangel. On August 15th the Moscow *Izvestia* denied that Makhno would help Wrangel. But the belief spread. That's how it happened that in the hour of greatest danger to the Soviet power we heard repeated reports that Makhno was operating with Wrangel and would march for the capture of Moscow, and I thought I should die of shame.

A report came from Paris that Makhno had by a sudden move captured Kharkoff, which had been held by a Red Army garrison. The cables from Paris hummed with counter-revolutionary joy. Then another sudden move was made by an army that I think was Makhno's, though its identity is not made clear by the cables. It struck at

Wrangel and captured Mariupol. At the same moment comes a Soviet wireless announcing that General Makhno has joined the Bolsheviks and received a command under the Soviet administration against Wrangel.

Anatoli, who is dead now, and Bill Shatoff and Volia and you and I, find ourselves sooner or later where Makhno was, between Wrangel and Lenin. Each has to take his choice. But it's a pity that each cannot make his choice earlier, before too much brothers' blood is spilled between us and before the mortal wound is put upon the revolution. They haven't got time in Moscow to argue with us.

If by any chance it should be that Makhno has really sided with Wrangel, as Paris claimed, or if he persists in remaining idle during this fight, then I should set Makhno down in the list with Scheidemann, Noske, Pilsudski and Tchaikovsky—wouldn't you? But the Soviet wireless usually tells the truth, and I believe the Anarchist army have gone over to fight on the working-class side of a fight that has only two sides.



"Yes, I voted for Harding—I hear he's a Wall Street man, an' it seemed no more'n neighborly to vote for 'im, seein' as how this is a Wall Street building I'm scrubbin' in."



# Communist Factories in Italy

"VERY well, comrade, come in." Accompanied by a member of the Central Committee I entered past the red guards through the gate of the Tabanelli factory. On a tree, high above me, waved the red flag. Over the door was a rude painting of the sickle and the hammer, and beside it a spirited drawing representing the "entrance" and "exit" of the factory. The worker was entering the one; the employer was departing through the other. The commissary of the factory soviet received me.

Was this in Soviet Russia? No, in Italy. The Tabanelli factory is only one of five hundred metal factories and other plants which have been seized in the past three weeks by their workers and operated under their own direction. In each of these factories the same conditions are repeated; red flags, soviets and commissars, and red guards. The seizure was merely the answer of the workers to the threat of a general lockout incident to a campaign of obstructionism initiated in the effort for higher wages. It has already led to the granting of workers' supervision of books (which is here called "control"). It is a possible step toward the actual transfer of industrial capital from the hands of the banking and commercial class to those of the workers themselves.

I went through the various departments of the factory, eager to see whether (the best authorities are convinced it cannot be done) production is possible without a capitalist to levy part of the product. Apparently it is possible. The wheels of this factory were turning. The furnaces were blazing. In one department the workmen were planing wood. In another they were putting the last coat of paint on newly completed tramcars. Yes, work was being done.

But how could ignorant workmen do this? "Meet the head of the department," said the commissar. The head of the department was a middle-aged person, clean-shaven and clearly a man of education.

"Are you a union member?" I asked.

"No, I'm not organized," he replied, "but I'm with the men in this fight." In many of the Italian factories these higher bosses had similarly stayed with the men. In others they voted allegiance to the employers, but later submitted wage demands in language that said, though with their own phrasing, that they too were wage-slaves with grievances.

"Meet the clerks and accountants," said the commissar. They came out of their office and greeted me.

"Why are you staying here?" I asked.

"Oh," said one of them, "we are organized, too—in the clerks' union. We want to make this experiment a success." Throughout Italy the great majority of the non-manual workers have stayed in the factories with the others.

"But what," I asked the commissar, "do you do if someone decides not to work?"

"He is brought before the factory soviet to be disciplined." The discipline seems to be based mainly upon the moral reprobation of his fellows, but this is unquestionably effective.

The commissar explained that to-morrow obstructionism was to cease, and an intensified schedule of work introduced.

"We don't object to work," he added. "We are willing to work ten hours a day, or twelve, or fourteen, for the workers' republic."

A man in overalls approached us, carrying a dinner pail.

In it was a steaming stew of macaroni and vegetables. "From the railroad men," he explained. Several such gifts were brought that noon, besides goodly quantities of bread from the railroad men's own co-operative. It was not much, but it went to the general restaurant of the factory to feed the workers who had no families to bring them food, and it was a spontaneous gift from a rival and at times an enemy, organization. Bread and meat are supplied in large quantities by the co-operatives on credit, and improvised kitchens cook the meals.

We passed through the department in which the bunks have been fashioned out of blankets from home and any straw that could be found in the factory, and came to the machine shop. Here a good-sized rifle field-gun glared at me.

"It isn't quite finished," explained the commissar. "The men got the impression it was going to be sent to Poland and so—it isn't quite finished."

I asked about the red guards. They were organized in squads, which relieved each other day and night. They were drilled each day with military methods by workers who had been officers in the war.



**ERRICO MALATESTA**

Leader of the syndicalist-anarchist branch of the Italian labor movement. It was his influence which persuaded half a million metal workers to occupy and operate their factories.



"And if the Guardia Regia comes, what will the red guards do?" I asked.

"They will resist," he answered.

"But have you any arms?"

"Oh, no," he assured me, and smiled an innocent smile.

In this factory, as in most of the others, life moved under a species of martial law. Very few of the workmen were allowed to leave the premises, except when permission was granted once in several days, to spend a few hours (but not the night) with their families. The women and children, who brought the lunch and dinner, were permitted to enter at meal hours and eat with their men-folk. But they stayed only until the meal hour was finished. Women workers were invariably sent home at the end of the working day.

The factory regulations posted at the Tabanelli factory are typical of those posted in factories throughout Italy:

**"Every comrade who fails in his duty will be judged by a Disciplinary Council.**

**"Anyone who makes defeatist propaganda among the comrades or in the community will be judged as above.**

**"Whoever damages or neglects the machines, commits theft or wastes materials, or fails to take proper care of the tools confided to him, will be judged by the said Council.**

**"At the blowing of the whistle, whoever is not at his post, or whoever leaves work before the fixed hour, will lose the entire day.**

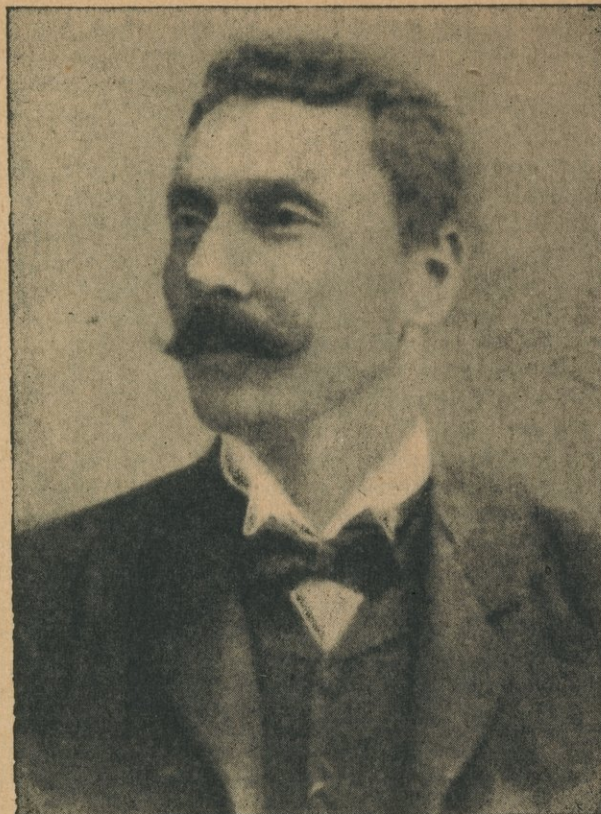
**"The Factory Council of the Communist Factory of Rome, formerly Roma Tabanelli."**

But the problem of internal discipline is the least of the difficulties. It is necessary to make the factories function, as far as possible, in a normal manner. This need forced the workers' committees to build, in a rude way, the beginnings of a whole national economy within the existing Capitalist system. First came the need, explained years ago by Lenin, for "accounting and control." The General Committee of Agitation appointed a "Technical Committee" composed of technical men appointed by the various factories, and of some of its own members. Here is its first order:

"The Central Technical Committee asks all the local branches of the Fiom (Metalworkers Union) to come to an understanding with the local branches of the technical and administrative employees and with the technical bosses as individuals where these are not organized, to form a technical and administrative commission to provide for the co-ordination of production and efforts, and for the solution of eventual differences which may arise between the directing element and the workers now in the factories.

"They are further asked to proceed immediately to a general inventory of all raw materials, machinery, tools and implements, etc., existing within each factory. For the machinery, tools and implements they need compile only one copy of the inventory, which is to remain with the internal commission of the factory in question, but for raw materials it will be necessary to prepare four copies of the inventory, of which one is to remain deposited with the internal commission, another is to be consigned to the local technical committee, another to the regional or provincial committee under whose jurisdiction the metalworkers' branch is placed, and finally a last copy sent to the Central Technical Committee which has offices at the General Confederation of Labor in Milan.

"To the internal commissions is confided the execution of the above regulations, which must be conducted precisely and carefully as directed, in order that the Central Technical



CLAUDIO TREVES

A leading Socialist opponent of revolutionary violence—one of the negotiators of the workers' control agreement. By the irony of politics, the prestige of the factory seizure urged by his antagonist Malatesta has been reaped by this man and his friends of the Reformist branch.

Committee may be informed of the available stocks of raw materials existing in Italy. It is especially directed that the inventory be conducted after working hours.

"To the inventory reports shall be appended specific indications concerning production in all the factories. The regional and provincial committees and all the branches are asked to communicate the information requested solely through their officers."

Nothing could give a truer impression of the spirit in which this agitation is being conducted.

But where raw materials and fuel were lacking, what then? Then representatives of the internal commissions went to the places where they were to be found and demanded them. The following report gives the substance of dozens of others:

"The secretary of the Fiom had demanded of the firm of Binucci Brothers, wholesale dealers in metal, the consignment of a certain quantity of raw materials for the occupied factories, but the firm had refused. Thereupon the employees of the firm demanded the consignment of the materials under the threat of occupying the factory. Under this pressure the firm consigned the goods to the factories which had demanded them."

In other cases the metal workers needed fuel and sent down their request to the workers in the peat mines, who promptly seized the mines and shipped the fuel required.

Similarly, the railway men had a way of investigating into



the contents of the cars they were hauling, and, finding goods which might be of use to the metal workers, shunting them off into the factory sidings. The railwaymen were not asked to give revolutionary assistance, but some of the minor categories took what governments call "preventive action." The employees of the Rome-Tivoli tram line one day raised red flags over their cars, seized the administrative offices, and put them under guard, and posted a notice which, after setting forth the desirability of operating public utilities for the benefit of the people and not for the profits of a few owners, continued:

"Having taken under observation the present general situation, the employees of the Rome-Tivoli line have decided to invite the representatives of the present managers to withdraw, and to be substituted in their property rights by the community, in whose name the employees now take into custody all rolling stock and fixed equipment for the regular continuation of the service to the benefit of the community."

The movement spread to the apartment houses, where tenants threatened with expulsion or suffering under the neglect of their landlords, formed "internal commissions" and "red guards" of their own, raised the red flag, and summoned the landlords to come to terms. In every instance they came.

The movement had an echo on the farms. For example, the wage-working peasants of Sicily, after clamoring for weeks for the right to work idle lands on the great estates, took possession of the estates of Baron Valdaura, Baroness Di Salvo, Marchioness Salandra, Prince Comporeale and many others. The Socialist Party, understanding from the Russian experience the importance of possessing at least the passive sympathy of part of the peasantry, issued an appeal pointing out that the aims of the two classes were parallel, and promising that in case of success the city workers would sell to the peasants the manufactured articles they need at

better prices and on better terms than under capitalism. The appeal closed with the following paragraph:

"Peasants!

"Follow the struggle of the metal workers with sympathy, give them your aid. And if to-morrow the hour strikes for the decisive battle against all masters, against all exploiters, then make haste. Take possession of the villages, of the land; disarm the troops, form your battalions together with the city workers, march toward the large cities to aid the people battling against the mercenary police of the bourgeoisie. For perhaps the day of liberty and justice is near."

I have not attempted to recount the course of the struggle, nor the strange political intrigues behind it; nor to explain the various factors which made the government helpless to combat the metal workers by force; nor to estimate the partial success of this almost impossible experiment in workers' management while political and financial power were in the hands of their enemies; nor finally to estimate what substantial advantage may accrue from the rights of supervision granted to the workers' internal commissions by the factory owners. Control or supervision, such as it is, is likely to prove a step not to an achievement, but to a new phase of revolutionary struggle. It is not likely to allay revolutionary feeling. The workers have now new weapons, but the only use for weapons is to use them against the enemy. Little of a definite nature ever comes of these agreements and accords.

What is definitive is the remarkable spirit and method of the agitation. They prove that the Italian workers have learned the lesson of the Russian revolution—that revolution means not shooting or shouting, nor slogans nor even ideals, but work, competence, administration, patience, discipline—in short, "accounting and control." The whole emphasis of this struggle, not only among the leaders, but especially among the masses, has been on discipline, method, accuracy. The workers who accomplished the fundamental revolutionary act of seizing for themselves the social capital of production, did not believe that their act was symbolized in the red guards placed at the doors of the factories. They believed it was symbolized in inventories and records—in production. This is the victory of the occupied factories.

## ISRADA

I TANGLE her feet with songs;  
 Across her eyes  
 I spread a net of happiness;  
 Her ears I touch with music  
 Like sea-shell clamor.  
 I hold her, I close her in my arms,  
 Lest she escape  
 Into the sky.  
 I tangle her feet with songs—  
 And she stays.  
 She cannot hear afar  
 The world song;  
 The sky cannot call her out.

Annette Wynne.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"And no one dares to rub it off!"





Communists volunteering for service on the Polish front (Petrograd.)

## Back Home in Russia

**Y**OU were in England recently while the Russian-British negotiations were on. Will you tell us about it?

**ANSWER:** I suppose all of you know that negotiations with England started about a year ago when Litvinoff and O'Grady met in Copenhagen and concluded a sort of preliminary pact for the exchange of prisoners and,—by the way, this is quite an amusing incident. You remember the famous Mr. Nathan who played such an important part in raiding the Soviet Bureau and the Rand School? Well, this Mr. Nathan, after he had been exposed in the American press as a British Secret Service agent in the employ of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Lusk, was finally forced to leave the United States. He went back to England, and Mr. Basil Thompson, head of the British Secret Service, decided that

he would be a good asset to Mr. O'Grady, and he shipped him over to Copenhagen.

Unfortunately, Nathan did not disguise himself well enough. He was recognized by some people in Copenhagen, and Litvinoff was notified. Litvinoff told O'Grady that Nathan must be withdrawn, or the negotiations could not proceed any further. O'Grady, who evidently was unaware of the fact that his new secretary was a Secret Service man, agreed, and so Mr. Nathan ignominiously retired. Soon after that, the final pact for the exchange of British and Russian prisoners was signed. And then the British government, again unofficially, through Mr. O'Grady, began negotiating with Mr. Litvinoff for a final trade peace, if not a political and diplomatic peace. And the official delegation to England resulted.

\*This is a verbatim report of a conversation.



Q. You landed in England last June?

A. Yes, the beginning of June.

Q. Kameneff and Krassin were then in London?

A. Kameneff was not in London. At that time Krassin headed the delegation and Noggin was his assistant. Noggin is the head of the textile industry in Russia. He had lived in Manchester for some years and knew England pretty well, and Lloyd George did not like to have a man who knew England, so he suggested to Krassin that he take Mr. Noggin to Moscow on his first trip back and leave him there. Krassin realized the absolute necessity of finally breaking the iron wall around Russia. He was ready to make every possible concession of this kind to Lloyd George rather than break off negotiations. So Noggin went back to Moscow and Kameneff was appointed; Kameneff has played an important role in the Russian revolution.

Q. Tell us something about these two men, Krassin and Kameneff.

A. Well, Krassin is a man of unusual ability, a man of culture, a man of education, who was in the movement from his early student years. While a student in the Karkof Institute of Technology, he was arrested, but he had influential friends and, instead of being sent to Siberia, was exiled to Europe. After completing his three year term of exile he went back and graduated as an engineer from the same school. He became very successful in his profession. For a number of years he was the Russian manager of the Simmons-Schukert electrical concern, one of the few Russian engineers in Germany receiving 100,000 rubles a year. Kameneff is much the same type. He was in exile for a number of years in Switzerland and in France, and only came back to Russia in 1917 after the first revolution. He was one of the five—Lenin, Krassin, Zinovieff, Trotzky and Kameneff—who organized the Bolshevik movement of the November revolution. For the last two years he has been Chairman of the Moscow Soviet of Deputies; in other words, the boss of Moscow. He is a man who not only speaks French and German fluently, but who knows German and French politics as well as Russian politics. He speaks English too, of course, although he has never lived in England.



Kameneff

Q. Except for Brest-Litovsk, these were the first formal diplomatic negotiations between the Soviet Republic and a great capitalistic nation, weren't they?

A. And a great capitalistic country, yes. Of course there were a number of negotiations with small Baltic provinces.

Q. Can you give us some picture of the way you found these men living, how the press treated them, how the people treated them?

A. Before they went into England, Lloyd George had insisted that the whole delegation, together with Mr. Krassin, sign a pledge not to utter one single word that could be construed as interfering with internal British life. The Russian delegation was at the time in the mood to accept all these conditions because peace was wanted pretty badly, but, as Krassin put it, "How can I possibly keep quiet, when the whole yellow press keeps on attacking me every single day?" And, let me tell you, the New York Times' talks on Soviet Russia are child's-play to what the English press does. Why, he was a demon—he was the devil himself incorporated in the form of a human being—that is how Krassin was pictured in the yellow press. "Why," he told me, "I am in a position of a man who has been bound hand and foot and gagged, and yet asked to perform before an audience."

Q. Were the crowds friendly?

A. The working people, of course, were friendly. There were delegations coming to see Krassin practically every day. Krassin many a time had to absolutely refuse to see them because he was afraid that some possible wink of an eye or a smile might be interpreted by Basil Thompson as violating the agreement.

Q. Would you say that the British labor movement was of any help in keeping the negotiations from breaking off?

A. Oh, yes, it was an open secret that pressure was exercised by the labor movement more than once when negotiations were at the breaking point, but that was independent of Krassin's will. It was on the initiative of the workers of England themselves. Officially Krassin couldn't even appear to be friendly with them.

Q. Were you in London when Nuorteva arrived?

A. Yes. That was amusing. I knew that Nuorteva was sailing from America about the 10th of June, so on the 19th I went to Krassin and asked him if he had heard anything of Nuorteva. He had not. I waited another two days. On the 21st I came again and was informed that "Basil Thompson Sherlock Holmes" had called upon Krassin's secretary and informed him that the American Bolshevik Nuorteva was on his way to England. He informed the delegation officially that under no conditions will he allow Nuorteva to set his foot upon English soil. That same night at twelve o'clock Nuorteva called me up. He was in London. It seems that Mr. Basil Thompson notified all the places around London that Nuorteva should not be let in, but forgot to notify that one insignificant little port of England—Liverpool!

Nuorteva was allowed to enjoy the English climate for about two weeks. Then they arrested him and held him incommunicado for a few days. But Nuorteva, by threatening to break windows, forced them into action. First they tried deporting him to Esbjerg, Denmark, where the Danish



police met him and shipped him straight back to England with the message that if the British government think that Denmark is a dumping ground, they are mistaken.

By the way, these English are very positive. While this was happening, Lloyd George was asked in Parliament whether he was aware of the fact that a certain anarchist Bolshevist Nuorteva is living in England. Lloyd George emphatically said that the gentleman in question had left England, never to return. That same day, Nuorteva came back!

After a few more days the British government gave it up and deported him to Esthonia, which was exactly what Nuorteva wanted, what the Russian government wanted. He is in Moscow now.

Q. When you left Russia, what was the state of the Polish war?

A. Well, when I left Moscow I was told that by the time I got to Petrograd the Red Army would be in Warsaw—but ill-luck intervened. When I got to Petrograd the retreat started. The reason was practically as follows: At that time Wrangel was making an extreme effort,—with the benevolent help of France and England, though Lloyd George has denied it officially. He had obtained tanks and a force of a good many thousand men, excellently provided with ammunition, clothing, food. Taking advantage of the fact that most of the effective forces of the Soviet government were engaged on the Polish front, he made a dash out of the Crimean Peninsula. They realized that if Wrangel was not defeated at the very beginning there would be a repetition of

Denikin's advance, and because of the failure of the grain crop in Central Russia they knew this would practically put Soviet Russia out of business. The richest grain region would be cut off.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee it was decided to stop Wrangel, whatever it cost. A good many troops were withdrawn from the Polish front at that time and sent to the Crimean front. Somehow or other, I don't know how it was, the Polish General Staff knew exactly from what particular section of the front the Russian troops were withdrawn. They made an extreme



Zinovieff

effort and broke through. That was not hard because, due to the oversight of one general, the front was badly protected. When the Poles made their dash, the advance guard of the Russian Soviet Army had gone far ahead of the infantry and the supporting artillery. That was the explanation made at the time in the newspapers. I am not a military man, and I am taking it for granted that it was true.

Q. It doesn't seem to have particularly altered the Russian Polish situation though, does it?

A. Politically it did not. Because at the height of the advance, even when they were at the gates of Warsaw, they realized that to crush Poland would mean again war with the whole civilized world. Even at that time they were ready for peace. And the terms on which peace is now being concluded are practically the same they offered at the height of the advance.

Q. Is it possible that without an outside enemy attacking Russia its morale will break down? We hear that sometimes.

A. It is childish. A few years ago they said "just a little pressure from the outside, and the Soviets will be crushed." "Show the people that the outside world is against them and they will dispose of the Bolsheviks." Now, since that has not come true, they say the exact opposite.

Q. How do you account for the fact that a man like Bertrand Russell did not "see" Russia?



Trotzky conferring with General Vatzetis at the front.





1. A statue of Czar Alexander III—symbol of the old regime (Moscow).

A. No one could understand what has happened except a man who knew Russia before, who knew the life of the average citizen, the life of the peasant, the life of the workingman. Take the matter of profanity. In Russia of the old days, one could hardly pass a street, one could hardly pass a house, one could hardly pass a gathering of three or four men without hearing a constant stream of curses—the most elaborate sort of cursing. But during one month's stay in Russia this summer I did not hear one single man or woman cursing—not one single instance. And I travelled about 650 miles. The trains usually stop at every town and village, and everybody comes out to meet the train. That is an old Russian custom. In the old days the air was always filled with cursing and foul language. To-day there is none of it. Now, that means something. It is indicative of the great moral transformation of the whole nation.

Q. You said that a military demobilization would be followed by an industrial mobilization. Are there any plans for decentralizing the government, for parcelling out to trade unions or local Soviets any of the things now done in Moscow?

A. Yes, there are plans, but there can be no demobilization, no decentralization until they are assured completely and definitely by all the civilized world that they won't be attacked again.

Q. We are told so many times that there are special

qualifications besides industrial skill for membership in trade unions, such as membership in the Communist Party.

A. Important places—places that are important from the political point of view—of course are given to men that believe in the Soviet form of government, whether they be Communists or non-Communists. For instance, Lomonosoff—you've all heard of him. Professor Lomonosoff at the present time holds one of the most important positions in Russia. He is not a party member. He openly says so. He says he does not want to be bound by the discipline of a party, but he believes in the Soviet form of government. And Lomonosoff, because of his great ability, has been made director of all the railroads, waterways and electric works, and reconstruction all over Russia.

Q. Does that principle apply to the rank and file in the trade unions?

A. Yes, if the man actually knows his work, whether he belongs to the Communist Party or not, he will occupy the place that he is entitled to. Of course, too, this liberal spirit is growing. I remember the words of one former general of the Czar's army, now chief of a division in the Soviet army. "The sharp corners are beginning to round off a little bit," he said, "and I am feeling more comfortable—just as all my comrades are feeling more comfortable. Of course, I have not got an automobile. I have to sew my own shoes, because, due to the blockade, we cannot import any machinery for shoes to be produced on a large factory scale.

I have not been a shoemaker myself, but I have to provide



2. Bolshevik iconoclasm gets to work





3. Poor old Alexander topples

my family with shoes, and the government gives us leather."

Q. Has the attitude of the peasant towards the town changed?

A. Well, it is changing. The Soviet government is learning how to teach the peasants. At first they sent agitators out from the large industrial centers to the peasant communities. But the Russian peasant is quite a peculiar being. He has natural intelligence in him, yet he is in most cases superstitious, ignorant and illiterate. He will believe a statement that comes from his own class. Anyone that is not from his own class he will listen to, shake his head, and finally say, "He said something. Possibly he is right. But I don't believe him. He is not my own." Now, when the Soviet government realized this they changed their method. They began taking the brightest young men and young women from the peasant villages and sending them to the nearest school and there teaching them the principles of Communism, the division of products as well as the division of land, and the necessity of cooperation between the peasant and

the working man through whose efforts and by whose blood the peasant was enabled to get the land.

When the young peasant comes back to his village, and all the elders know he is the same Johnny or Tommy that used to run barefooted and whom they used to lick quite often—when this same Johnny or Tommy calls a meeting and begins to explain to them in their own language the necessity of cooperating with the towns, the results at times are very marvellous. I have seen schools in Moscow of this kind. They turn out from seven to eight hundred people a month, and they think of increasing the number of peasant students as soon as peace is declared.

Q. We understand from Bertrand Russell that all the inhabitants are living in daily terror of their lives. Did you hear anything about it?

A. Yes. There are certain groups who are living in daily terror. That is true. Bertrand Russell evidently came in contact with people who had reasons to be afraid, who are sabotaging, trying to avoid productive labor in any form whatsoever, trying to make a living on subterfuge or speculation. These people live in daily terror that sooner or later they will be caught. And they will be caught. There is no question about that.

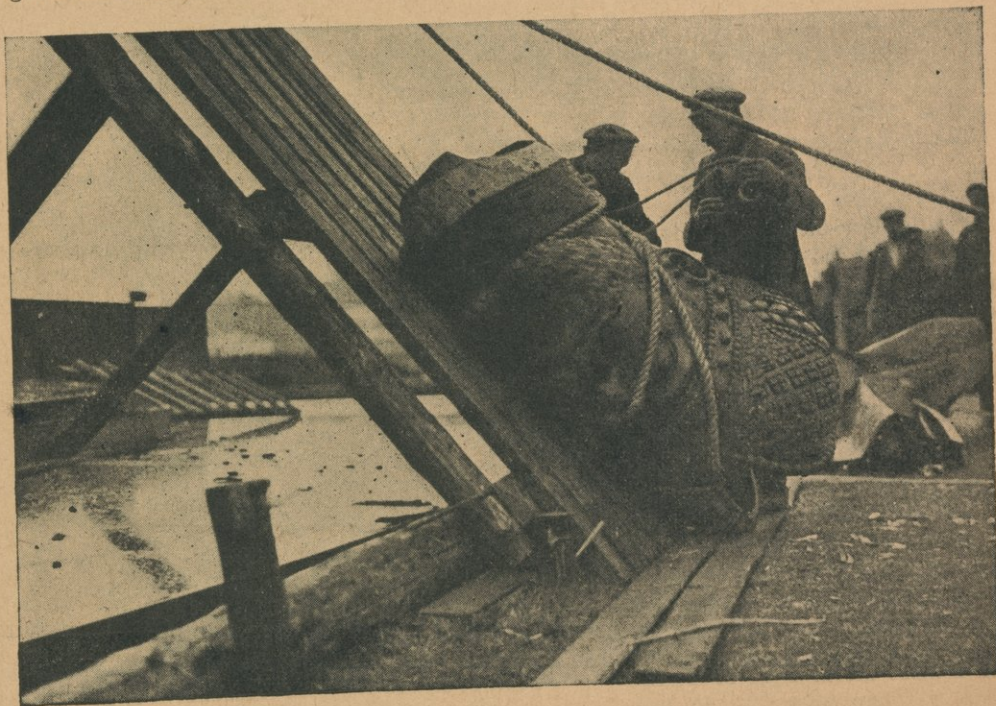
Q. The daily terror is of their having to work for a living—is that it?

A. Exactly.

Q. There is not any terror going on now?

A. Well, you know capital punishment was abolished before the Polish war began. It was introduced again—that is true—but only as a war measure. They could not possibly do without it. Living there, you realize that when you have to deal with a number of people of formerly well-to-do classes who dream of Denikin and Wrangel and Kolchak as the entente that is going to save them from the dictatorship of the proletariat, and when you have a Polish war on one front and Wrangel on the other, sentimentality would not do.

Q. Should you say that art and literature flourish under the Soviets?



4. How are the mighty fallen!





Soviet Labor Registration Office—members of the bourgeoisie applying for work (Moscow).

A. Art ought to flourish, artists are the most privileged human beings living in Russia at the present time. Actors, for instance, work for the State and they are supposed to play a certain number of times during the week. They have four months off during the summer, in which time they are preparing the repertoire for the next season. Savinsky, an actor of international fame, with his troupe, was given a palace not far from Moscow—one of the Grand Dukes palaces. They had to prepare their own food, but they were provided with everything. There they lived while they were preparing for the winter season. A few of their new plays I brought home—the Russian actors in New York will try to produce them—dramas of the present civil war, dramas of the present social order in Russia.

As for painting and sculpture, I personally have not had the chance to develop my taste in futurism and all the new styles in art that flourish in Russia to-day. But it is amazingly popular there. I was ignorant enough not to appreciate it.

Q. Did you see our friend, John Reed?

A. Yes, he was at the Congress of the Third International, looking as fine as ever. He wanted to be remembered to all his friends here.

Q. How many delegates were there at that Congress?

A. About two hundred in all, from all the principal countries of Europe, and from Asia. They were a most picturesque body, the delegates from Asia. Japan was

in Russia. Does anybody ever take a vacation? Do they ever play?

A. Well, I will tell you about Zorin's island. There is a great island in the Neva River, near Petrograd, immortalized by Tchaikowsky in one of his pieces of music. It is called Kameniy Ostrov, which means Island of Stone, or Stony Island. Since Petrograd was in existence, this island has been a summer home for the nobility, a sort of summer court for the diplomatic corps of all the nations. It contains



Bela Kun, arriving in Petrograd, is welcomed by Communist leaders. Kun is in the center of the front row, Bucharin is at his right hand, Zinovieff at his left. The man standing behind Zinovieff is Zorin.

represented. India was represented. Persia was represented. Turkey was represented. China was represented. There was not a nation—hardly a sect—that was not represented.

Q. That reminds me about this news that China has asked the Russian Ambassador of the old regime to resign? Do you attach any importance to that?

A. Oh, yes. China, as soon as she stops being dictated to by England, will come to a friendly understanding. It seems to me that China is going to be the nation on most friendly terms with the Soviet government.

Q. Of course, the presence of all those Asiatic delegates to the Third International gives it an entirely different character from any other Socialist International, does it not?

A. Yes, and you could see the East and the West coming together, a link being formed never to be broken again. Russia is a natural place for the union of the East and the West.

Q. There is so much talk about work

Does anybody ever take a vacation? Do they

ever play?

A. Well, I will tell you about Zorin's island. There is a great island in the Neva River, near Petrograd, immortalized by Tchaikowsky in one of his pieces of music. It is called Kameniy Ostrov, which means Island of Stone, or Stony Island. Since Petrograd was in existence, this island has been a summer home for the nobility, a sort of summer court for the diplomatic corps of all the nations. It contains



the most elaborate, most beautiful palaces that wealth and art could create. It was a private island, inaccessible to any but the court. After the revolution this island was neglected, till recently Zorin, a member of the Petrograd Soviet, thought of turning it into an island of rest for the workers. Zorin, by the way, lived here for a number of years. He worked on Novy Mir. Zorin wanted me to see the island. He is proud of his work. So we went out there together. At the entrance stands a great statue of Spartacus, an heroic figure of a working man raising his arms to free himself. All the palaces have been converted into living places for the working people, and tens of thousands come there during the summer. Every workingman, every working-woman, every working boy or girl, is entitled to four weeks holiday on that island. Ten thousand can come at one time. They have built a sort of open stage on a tiny island surrounded by water, so that if the play calls for a scene on the water, the action is continued in the actual water. There is an amphitheatre around the little island, with a seating capacity of 12,000. Of course, there are all sorts of sports and games and recreation.

I went into one of the great houses towards evening; people were playing chess in one room, and in another room they were reading. Some of them looked up and recognized a stranger coming in to see them, and their faces almost said, "Here we are. We will never get out of this place. We rather like it."

### A GIRL'S SONG

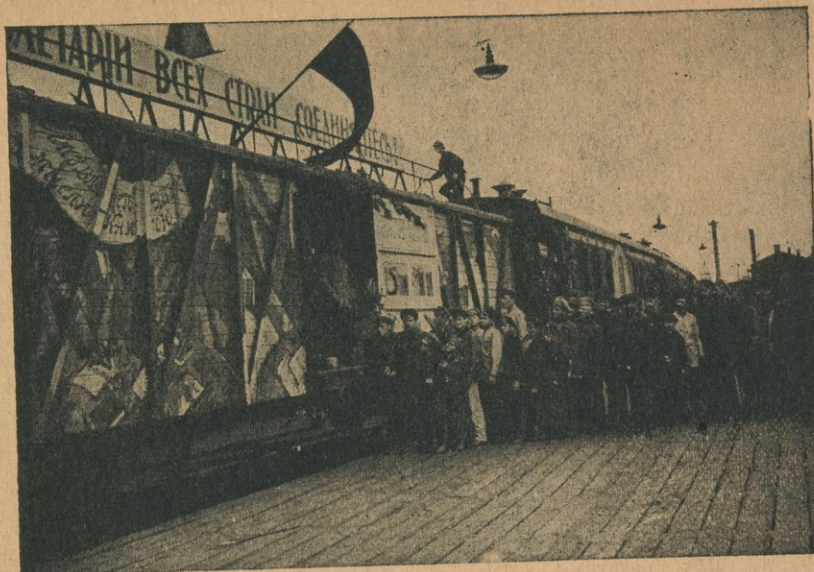
MY Love is eloquent; his body cries  
Like trumpets in the morning; and his eyes  
Persuade me to be insolent and strong.  
His brow commands me, and his lips beseech;  
His lifted head is like a battle-song;  
His shoulders more articulate than speech;  
His breast more boastful than a shout; his arms  
Deeper than wisdom. When I hear him come,  
Ringing with courage and with keen alarms,  
His tread exalts me like a mighty drum.

Joseph Freeman.

### SONNET

ALL morning long, blurred images of you  
Closed in on me like mist upon a glass;  
Your love remembered cut me through and through;  
And your duplicity—well, let that pass. . . .  
Come, let us make a truce, and wander out  
For the last time along the accustomed roads;  
And, as of old, clasp hands, and laugh, and shout,  
Mad with the landscape's fragrant episodes;  
Tilt head to head once more beside the river,  
And watch our shadows, delicately drawn,  
Bring their cheeks closer, turn, touch lips, and quiver  
Too safe to care if we are looking on;  
And in the twilight on a hushed blue hill,  
I shall go, bitter that I love you still.

Joseph Freeman.



Soviet Propaganda Train stopping at a village.



Interior of the Propaganda Train.

### THE PROJECTION REMOVED

THE projecting beam has been removed.  
Mechanically I have stooped for twenty years to avoid  
its audacious sociability.  
In that time all sorts of human heads have come in contact  
with its wooden wallop.  
Right where I labored it jutted out.  
All arguments for its removal went unheeded.  
Now I am stoop-shouldered.  
But this morning to my surprise the offending projection  
was sawed off.  
Yesterday for the last time a person had bumped his head  
against the projection.  
I didn't see the person, but the carpenter told me.  
It was the boss.

Frank V. Faulhaber.



# Hillquit Excommunicates the Soviet

By Max Eastman

SOME people think that Morris Hillquit is a great intellectual leader, others think he is a great politician, but he seems to me to have missed fire in both these capacities in his recent manifesto calling for a new yellow international. He issued his manifesto on September 23rd, and that was just fourteen days after the famous old conservative official French newspaper, *L'Humanité*, the stronghold of yellow socialism for years, turned loose upon its astonished readers column after column of pure communist propaganda. In the issue of September 9th Marcel Cachin and L. D. Frossard, who had been sent to Moscow for the purpose of "treating" with the Bolshevik leaders, published in *L'Humanité* the nine "conditions of affiliation" which they had brought back with them, and declared that they accepted them without serious alteration, and that they would henceforward lead the struggle for the adoption of those principles by the French party. And they took pains to state that they would do this "in complete accord" with that little group of Socialists and Syndicalists of the extreme left, gathered together originally, as I remember, by Comrade Pericat, the "Committee of the Third International." To those who understand the significance of things this news is almost as important as the recent events in Italy.

There could hardly have been a less appropriate time, from the standpoint at least of international politics, to come out with an attack on the "dictatorship" of the Third International, not replying to those nine conditions of affiliation, but ignoring them altogether. And there could hardly be a less favorable moment to launch the call for the "new 2½ international" than the moment when *L'Humanité*—the heart of the French party—had abandoned it.

However, since Morris Hillquit will undoubtedly be one of the chief founders of that international—and perhaps the only one left by the time he gets around to it—we are compelled to read his manifesto with critical attention. Are its statements of fact reliable? Are its arguments valid? Does he succeed in making a case against the Third International from the standpoint of sincere Socialism?

## Invective

In my opinion he makes a case against them upon one single point only—he successfully accuses them of calling him bad names. There is no doubt that the Communists have chosen the method of polemics, rather than of dispassionate demonstration, in compelling the Socialists of the world to take their stand for or against the process of revolution as they conceive it. In this they seem to me to have acted unwisely, but when I reflect that in a good many of the countries of Europe the "socialists" whom they denounce have been shooting them down on the streets, I cannot say there is anything unnatural in the tone of their voice. At present I am satisfied to demonstrate very quietly—as I am going to—that Hillquit's arguments are fallacious and his statements of fact unreliable. But if he were coming after me with a machine gun I should probably agree with Zinoviev that he is a "traitor" and "agent of the bour-

geoisie." At any rate, it is not the tone of its voice or its choice of epithets, which will determine any intelligent man's decision about the Third International. As Marcel Cachin himself says, "We ought not to confound the truculent word of accusation with the serious and profound truth which their criticism contains. At bottom they tell us that in order to enter the Third International it is necessary to fulfill one condition and one only—to break vigorously with the policy of collaboration, to act as Socialists, to prepare the coming revolution. The rest is a question of form."

While agreeing that the Communist invective—at least as directed toward "centrists"—is not the best political policy, I cannot refrain from adding that there is a good deal of poetic justice in it. It gives me a certain aesthetic pleasure to see Morris Hillquit in a state of indignation because Zinoviev has "excommunicated" him from the Third International as a traitor and an agent of the bourgeoisie; and it will give the same pleasure to about sixty thousand others who were "excommunicated" from the American Socialist Party by Morris Hillquit's minority machine as traitors and agents of anarchy, for the simple reason that they advocated the Third International. It may be bad politics, but it is excellent dramatics. And any word of objection which Morris Hillquit utters against the Left Wing on the ground of its use of epithets can be turned with equal force against himself and practically all of his colleagues of the Right and Center.

## Novelty?

There is no use pretending that this split in the Socialist parties is new, or that the absolute mutual intolerance of the two groups is new. It has always been exactly the same—on the one hand revolutionary Marxians, on the other reformists and diluters of Marxian theory. They have always known their views to be incompatible. They have always been ready to tear each other's eyes out. They have always called each other "anarchists" on the one hand, and "agents of the bourgeoisie" on the other. The Russian revolution did not alter this fact in the very least. What the Russian revolution did was to give each of these groups a chance to show what it could do for Socialism. The reformist group failed miserably, and the revolutionary group succeeded gloriously. And for that reason the revolutionary group, from being a pitiable academic minority which the reformists could ignore or condescend to smile at, has become a majority in a great many of the Socialist organizations of the world, and is rapidly becoming a majority in them all. The position of the two groups is reversed, but their opinion of each other is exactly what it was five years ago, when we of the Marxian group in this country used to publish a little inconspicuous and continually perishing, but terribly conscientious, magazine called the *New Review*.

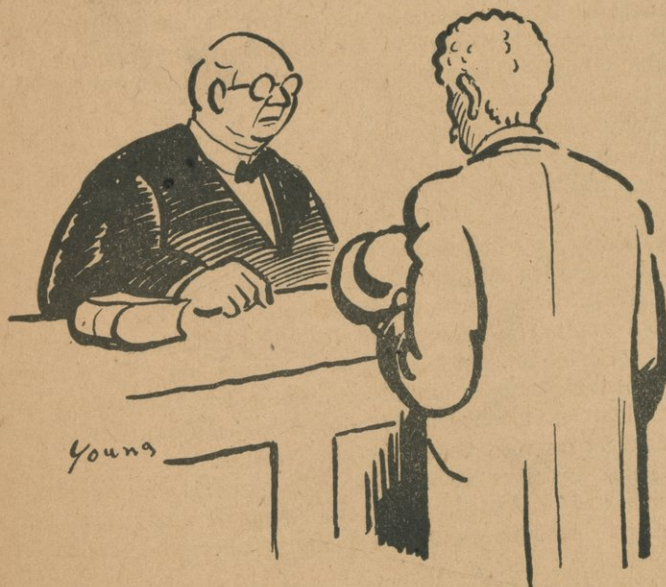
Morris Hillquit's manifesto is an attempt to prevent our group from becoming the majority in this country and sweeping his group into the position of negligibility which we formerly occupied. And it is very astute of him to attempt to do this by asserting that our doctrines are "new," that



they "emanate from Moscow," that they are "narrowly national," that they are a "glorified version" of Bolshevik "mistakes and shortcomings," that they are an attempt to submit the working class movement of the world to a "dictatorship of Russian Communism." All these statements are in my opinion absolutely false, and yet in calling them astute I do not really mean to call them insincere. I can imagine that Morris Hillquit actually believes them. I doubt if he ever read the New Review, except as a comic paper. I doubt if he ever realized that the I. W. W. was a body of grown-up men and women led by serious and intelligent experts in revolutionary theory, several of them more erudite than he is, if not so clever. I believe that his sarcastic surprise at this relentless and didactic laying down of the law to him and his crowd by the new International, is perfectly genuine. He thinks that it "emanates from Moscow." But almost every word of it might be a quotation from anti-Hillquit editorials in the New Review. The actual truth about this matter is that the present communist program differs so little from the Left Wing Marxian position, as expounded even before the war by such people as Rosa Luxemburg, Franz Mehring, Lenin—or for a concrete instance by Pennekoek in his debates with Kautsky in 1912—that one can only be astonished at the boldness and practicality of their imagination. Only because he did not take such writing seriously in the past, and study them, does Hillquit find himself surprised at the "newness" of the Communist position. Anyone who did take them seriously in the past and study them, could not fail to be surprised at the opposite fact—namely, that the actual experience of a successful revolution has added so little in the way of general principles to the body of revolutionary science.

**Soviets**

The one new and distinctly Russian contribution to the Marxian theory is the name and idea of soviets. These institutions played the dominating role in the Russian Revolutions both of 1905 and of 1917, and they determined the form of the first proletarian state. It is not an unnatural assumption that similar institutions will play a leading role in other revolutions and other proletarian states. Just as parlia-



"Do you believe in the due process of law?"  
 "Well, Judge, it's about due."



A well-known labor-leader recently seen by agents of the Dept. of Justice leaning against the pillars of the Capitol, is now believed not to have been leaning, but trying to push over the U. S. Government. His arrest is expected.

ments and ministries, or parliaments and presidents, have been the universal expression of the victory of the bourgeoisie over the feudal regime, so soviets and commissars, or some modification of the same, may very likely be a universal expression of the victory of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie. At least the fact that soviets have been successful in one revolution is not an argument against their revolutionary value. Hillquit will have to agree, I think, that the burden of proof rests on him. Let us see how he acquits himself of it.

"When the Bolshevik party unfolded its active agitation after the February revolution," he says, "they demanded the immediate convocation of a Constituent Assembly on the basis of unrestricted franchise. The Soviets were already in full swing, but the Bolsheviks had little influence in their councils. When the elections were held several months later the Bolsheviks secured a strong minority representation in the Assembly, while the Social Revolutionists were in the majority. But between the election and the meeting of the Assembly the Bolsheviks had succeeded in capturing the Soviets and the government machinery of the country. *It was then and then only* that they coined the slogan 'All power to the Soviets,' and discovered that the Soviets were the only logical instrument of proletarian rule." (My italics.)

That is an absolutely false account of what happened. And anyone could find it out in a half hour's reading of almost any account of the Russian Revolution. But I am going to leave all second-hand accounts aside. Hillquit will find in a copy of *The Izvestia* of June 19, 1917 (new style) a speech of Lenin made on June 17th to the first All-Russian Congress of the Soviets. It was Lenin's first great public speech after he returned to Russia, and it was a speech anticipating and supporting the Bolshevik resolution subsequently to be introduced by Lunacharsky demanding that the governmental authority be transferred to the Soviets.

"There is no other course for these institutions," he said. "They cannot go backward or stand still. They can only exist by going forward."

And, as though he anticipated the very argument which



Hillquitists were going to make against the Soviets in future time, he added:

"They are a type of state which was not *invented by Russians, but produced by revolution.*"

That was on June 17, 1917, and Lenin's speech was followed on the same day by a speech to the contrary effect by the Premier of the existing government, Kerensky. In *The Izvestia* of June 22nd Hillquit will find the Bolshevist resolution introduced by Lunacharsky, the concluding sentence of which reads as follows:

"Having ascertained, therefore, the complete breakdown of the policy of agreement with the capitalists, the Convention finds that the only solution is the transfer of all governmental authority into the hands of an All-Russian Soviet of Workers, Soldiers, and Peasants' Deputies."

And if Hillquit wants to know exactly how far the Bolsheviks had at that time succeeded in "capturing the Soviets," he will find in the same paper a report of the voting on these two resolutions, the one advocated by Kerensky and the one advocated by Lenin:

"543 votes for the Menshevik Resolution.

"126 votes for the Bolshevik Resolution.

"52 not voting.

"65 delegates absent."

And if he will read the *Pravda* for June 29th and the *Izvestia* for July 3rd he will find that in the demonstration of July 1st organized by the same convention, the Bolshevist minority carried in its line of march the slogan, "All power to the Soviets!"

It seems worth while to me to establish this matter in detail, because Hillquit is surrounded for many minds with an atmosphere of scientific authority which he has done little in recent years to merit. There could hardly be a more inexcusable, or a more important, mis-statement of easily ascertainable facts than he has made here.

But I confess that his reasoning seems even less reliable to me than his facts. I cannot imagine a prettier example of the fallacy of "argument in a circle" than the one which Hillquit presents in these words. "Let us assume," he says, "the reverse of the situation, i. e. that on the day of the opening of the Constituent Assembly the Bolsheviki had found themselves in the majority of that body, while the Soviets were in control of the non-Bolshevik Socialist parties. Would the theoreticians of Moscow Communism still insist upon the 'dictatorship of the proletariat in the form of Soviet power,' and would they have dispersed their own Constituent Assembly? If I may venture a guess I should say that in the hypothetical but not impossible situation outlined, the body to be dispersed would have been the Soviets, and the revolutionary formula now preached to the world would have been 'the dictatorship of the proletariat in the form of a Constituent Assembly.'"

In other words, "let us assume that the Soviets had not proved to be the proper organs of revolution, would the Bolsheviks still insist that they are?" Of course they would not. The whole point of the matter was that the Soviets *did* prove to be the proper organs of revolution, and the fact that the Bolsheviks believed they would, and that Lenin prophesied it on the general grounds of revolutionary theory long before only adds to the rigor of the concrete proof.

There is, of course, a legitimate question about the universal value or necessity of exactly that form of organization called Soviets, and if one is in a simple state of mind about the matter, it needs only to be simply stated. It does

not require any circulatory arguments or misrepresentations of history to prove it. When Hillquit says that "If at the time of the first outbreak of the Revolution of 1917 there had been in Russia a strong and unified Socialist Party and a powerful country-wide organization of labor unions, the chances are that one, or, more likely, both of them, would have taken charge of the situation"—he suggests something whose possibility nobody can deny. The value or necessity of forming Soviets under such circumstances seems now to be in process of experimental determination in Italy. And it is no doubt because of this fact—and because the leaders of the Third International are absolutely devoid of that bigotry and narrow nationalism which Hillquit imputes to them—that they have ceased to stress the demand for the organization of Soviets. Neither in the nine conditions of affiliation which their executive committee presented to the French Socialists, nor in the twenty-one conditions which their recent Congress adopted for presentation to the Centrist Parties in general, do they make any mention of that Russian word, or any of its equivalents in other languages. They do, on the other hand, expressly state that the Executive Committee of the Communist International must in all its decisions take account of the "varied conditions under which the workers of different countries are compelled to struggle."

The Communist International is centralized, it is disciplinary, it is "the International of Action"; but it is farther from dogmatic thinking and sectarian emotion than any other Socialist body that ever existed.

## II

It seems, then, that Hillquit has not only attacked the demands of the new International very ignorantly and with false logic, but he has attacked them where they no longer exist. He has based his entire argument against the Third International upon a brief statement in a letter written over a year ago, and signed only by Zinoviev, the chairman of the Executive Committee. It seems a little strange that he should have done this two weeks after the nine "conditions of affiliation" were published in Paris, and relayed to the newspapers of this country—the *New York Times* at least—by cable. These nine points were the Socialist news of the day. It is difficult not to be a little impatient at Hillquit's rushing into print just while we were waiting for an accurate copy of them, with this overwhelming attack upon the Third International based upon a brief and wholly out-dated statement of its Executive Secretary.

It strains our patience still more when we notice that Zinoviev himself declared in his own statement that what he was saying applied only to "the present moment." This is what he said:

"The general unifying program is at the present moment the recognition of the struggle for the dictatorship of the proletariat in the form of the soviet power. . . . The so-called center is, in spite of its protestation, an *objectively* anti-socialist tendency, because it cannot and does not wish to lead the struggle for the Soviet power of the proletariat."\*

Hillquit says that this is "The sole specification of offense which, as far as I know, the chairman of the Moscow International has ever vouchsafed in his indictment against the 'Centrists.'" And here I must remark again that for a leader in socialism and one of the prospective founders of a

\*I put the word "objectively" in italics because I think the careful truthfulness implied in its use is so apt a refutation of Hillquit's assertion that Zinoviev is "bombastic." He is anything but that.



new International, Morris Hillquit's knowledge does not extend very far. Has he never read, or heard of, the reply of the Executive Committee of the Third International to the proposal of the German Independent Socialist to join with them in forming that new International? It is the crucial document in the whole matter upon which Hillquit is presuming to deliver an opinion. It is dated Moscow, February 5, 1920. It is signed by Zinoviev as President of the Executive Committee. It bears every mark of his personal style. It contains not one, but eleven "specifications of offense," or, in its own words, "Capital Faults," of the leaders of the German Independent Socialists and "The Centrist Parties in General." And after reciting these eleven points, which constitute a record, sometimes of perfidy, sometimes of stupidity, sometimes of vacillation, but never of clear speech and action by these leaders in *their own countries*, it proceeds to draw up five more counts in an indictment of their *international attitude*. It is so devastating and yet so true a document, that if Hillquit really has not read it, I can only congratulate him.

I will not quote the parts which characterize his own position, but since he declares that the "Independent Socialists of Germany rallied whole-heartedly to the defense of the Soviet Government," and that "the Moscow International expressed their appreciation of this manifestation of International Socialist solidarity by publicly denouncing them as renegades and traitors," I will quote a few sentences of its indictment of some of the leaders of the German Independent Socialists.

"At the beginning of the revolution these Centrists formed a coalition government with the declared traitors of the working-class—the Scheidemanns—they sanctioned the shameful expulsion of the Berlin Ambassador of the Russian proletariat, and sustained the policy of the rupture of diplomatic relations with the Soviet power. The chiefs of the Right of the Independents have from the beginning of the German revolution advocated an orientation towards the Entente, and have opposed with all their power, the alliance of German with Soviet Russia. . . .

"Their literary representatives who published their writings in the same edition with bourgeois pacifist 'democrats' and the avowed servants of the Bourse and the bank, could find no better activity than to spread the dirty scandals of Russian and other counter-revolutionaries against the Russian revolution. A calumny as completely absurd and dishonest as the so-called 'Socialization of Women' in Russia, which was invented by the generals and the spies of the Entente, finds a place in the book of Kautsky. The latest work of this writer, 'Terrorism and Communism,' appears in the same edition with the collection of falsified documents discovered in America about the corruption of the Bolsheviks by the German general staff. These examples suffice to characterize the physiognomy of a series of leaders of the Right of the German Independent Socialists."

That is a specimen of the "manifestation of International Socialist Solidarity" by Hillquit's friends, the German Independent Socialists of the Right.

And what manifestations by Hillquit himself, or by any official, or any leader in the American Socialist Party, except Eugene Debs? Not one single unqualified word or gesture. Only the demand that our government should stop waging war on them, that our government should recognize theirs—the demand of every intelligent bourgeois liberal in the United States. Only that—and always accompanying it an

assurance to the American public that "we are not as they," "we do not believe in their methods," "we are a different kind of socialist"—an assurance which only finds a complete culmination in this very manifesto itself.

Morris Hillquit, why do you try at the same time to boast of your "solidarity" with the Communists of Russia, and to expound with convincing lucidity your absolute want of solidarity with them? Why not be as straightforward as Victor Berger, who is against them, and always has been against them, and always has candidly said so? Do you not know as well as he does that there has always been this split in the ranks of those who call themselves socialists? Do you not know that not only the same doctrines, but in several cases the same individuals whom you and he "excommunicated" from the Socialist Party in America, with your notorious section 6, are now in Moscow helping to excommunicate you from the Third International? . . .

I should like to go on to say that Hillquit not only missed the real issue of the nine and the twenty-one points, and the reply to the German Independents, but in devoting himself to Zinoviev's letter, he also dodged Zinoviev and centered his attack for the most part upon something which he read into that letter, and which is not there at all—namely, the idea that we have in all countries reached the point of overt action for the "immediate realization" of Soviet governments. . . . But I am cut off at this point by our new boss—the high cost of paper. And I shall have to omit, or at least postpone, what I was going to say under the title "Hillquit Absorbs the Dictatorship of the Proletariat."



Home Brew



# BOOKS

## The Militants' Victory

*Jailed for Freedom, by Doris Stevens. (Boni and Live-right.)*

THE activities of the American militant suffragists constitute one of the most remarkable chapters in the world's history of political agitation. The woman suffrage movement, after a flourishing beginning half a century ago, had passed into the stage of a pious aspiration, where it seemed likely to rest for another hundred years, supplying at best only topics for lectures to woman's clubs and high-school debates. Of course women *ought* to have the vote. And then suddenly the militants *got* it for them!

And how was it done? Doris Stevens in her dramatic and analytic recital of the history of American militancy, makes clear the three essential factors of its astonishing success. The first factor is that a small band, a tiny minority, did it; putting themselves at the head of a vast group of well-meaning but lazy and unheroic people and acting *for* it. This minority did not argue with the mass; they acted. And the mass, after recovering from the shock, accepted their leadership, and gave them its support.

The second factor in the success of militancy is that this minority leadership achieved its power, with both its friends and its enemies, by being ready to go to extremes in behalf of its belief; by being ready to die for it, not as a beautiful sentiment, but as a hard fact, and by actually going to jail and suffering every indignity that a stupid government could inflict upon them. The militants were powerful because they were occupying the strategic position of the fighting battle-front, giving and taking blows on behalf of their cause.

The third factor is that they had leaders, and in pre-eminence Miss Alice Paul, who knew how to boss the job. She was a tactician who knew where the enemy's weak points were, and she massed her legions to attack precisely



"O, stop that cryin', Mag!"  
"You let me alone—it's the only fun I get."

those weak points. The militant demonstrations were never mere spontaneous outbursts of emotion; they were never wasted on the desert air; if they were staged on the White House steps, it was because that was the most effective of all possible places to stage them. They were intended to hurt somebody's feelings in particular, to get somebody-in-particular's goat. If they so bedevilled the president, it was not because of any sentimental animus against him, but because if he were sufficiently bedevilled he would—as he finally did—get the needed vote for the amendment. It was cold, hard, scientific generalship.

We who consider ourselves revolutionists and are inclined to be a bit sniffy about woman suffrage, have something to learn from the militants, even though in detail our task is sufficiently different from theirs. In the principles which underlie the details, our task is the same as theirs, and if I were organizing a militant communist movement I think I would invite Miss Paul to come over and show us how to make a go of it.

Back of everything else, of course, is a sound knowledge of psychology—how to make the best use of your friends and get the worst of your enemies. In this particular line-up, it meant discovering the strength of women and the weakness of men. Miss Stevens' record is illuminating upon both counts. No man who reads this book and sees the pompous folly of masculine politics exposed to the merciless and humorous gaze of womankind, will ever take politics quite so seriously again. That is one thing upon which this book quite amply reassures us. We need not ask whether women will not become disillusioned about politics; those of them who have been in the militant suffrage movement are disillusioned already. If they fought for the vote, it was not because they wanted to take part in the game just as it stands, for well they know it is not worth the candle. They have been in real politics, and they will not be quite content with fake-politics; they have become accustomed to getting what they want, and they will not be easily tamed by what is after all only their first success.

And human achievement, won by heroism against odds, is always invigorating and inspiring, whether it is the reaching of the North Pole, the Freudian exploration of the darkest regions of the soul, or the establishment of woman's right to take a citizen's part in the activities of a republic. Something in me thrills to this achievement as to any other high adventure, and even if I'm not going to take the trouble to vote this year, I'm glad the women can. F. D.

### "Jailed For Freedom"

IT will be a shock to many newspaper editors and politicians who see Doris Stevens' book to learn that the militant suffragists were not excited women devoid of a sense of humor and driven to impractical acts of martyrdom by their love of an idea. They were unspeakably cool-headed women who were using the excitement of those very politicians and newspaper editors, and using the public news of their martyrdom, with unswerving practicality, and not without a great deal of humor, in order to drive a worried government into action. They succeeded—as the hard-headed idealist does succeed—and the story of their success is told with masterly comprehension and vigorous dramatic imagination in this book by one who played a leading part in the fight.

M. E.



## Why Invincible?

*Invincible Minnie*, by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding.  
(George H. Doran Co.)

THIS is a disturbing book. It is a brilliantly vindictive attack, from the modern feminist point of view, on the old-fashioned "womanly woman." The Invincible Minnie of this book is the creature who triumphs by her weakness. And we are told by the author that this "womanliness" of Minnie's means, when you get right down to brass tacks, that she is a liar and a thief. We are told that her fierce, unthinking, "maternal instinct" which makes her so apparently ready to die for her children, makes her at the same time an utterly unfit person to have children. We are shown the children for proof—certainly as unfortunate wretches as have ever appeared in realistic fiction—and we are made to feel that they would have been much better off as orphans. We are told that her charm, such as it is, consists of a kind of greasy warmth of emotion, a crude ineptness of behavior, a sloppy indifference to results, and an intellectual silliness.

That's all right, so far. Nobody can hurt my feelings by saying such things. But when I am further told that the so-called modern man (which I take to mean me) is helplessly the victim of such charms—when I am told that her maternal emotions appeal to something infantile in me, her helplessness to my protective instincts, her idiocy and sloppiness to some streaks of bonhomie—and when I am further told that I prefer her to the clean, sensible, capable, honest, modern woman—why, by Heaven, I protest!

I resent the imputation upon my sex that we prefer the primordial female to the 1920 brand. Of course there may be some troglodytic males left in the world who like that sort of woman. But where do they find her? I didn't suppose there were very many of her left. I never have been really acquainted with an authentic Minnie in my life, and I had supposed the type to be obsolescent.

Imagine, then, my surprise when half a dozen of the quite modern and very candid women of my acquaintance in talking about this book confessed to finding in Minnie something of a portrait of themselves! Not of their most obvious selves, which are honest and sane and civilized; but of their secret, suppressed selves! "There is," said one of these candid women, "a lot of Minnie's 'pure sex and wilfulness' in all of us." And it seemed, from further remarks, that this Minnie self was not always quite suppressed, either!

Well, I call it noble of them to confess; and I shall go on thinking that they are not in the least like Minnie. If they have a submerged Minnie self in them, they manage it very well, and their triumphant modernity is all the more to their credit, say I.

But I have another quarrel with the book. Minnie, in the story, takes a young man away from her very modern sister, Frances. He isn't very much of a young man, but anyway, Frances loves him. He is a very weak and childish person; and Frances, loving him, hates his weaknesses, and is engaged in sternly and successfully making a man of him when her sister Minnie comes along and takes him away from her.



"Well, my old man was a Republican. I'm a Republican.  
Isn't that reason enough?"

Minnie proceeds to mother him in her terrible way, encouraging him in his weaknesses until she has utterly destroyed his self-respect and made a mess of him. . . . All that I can grant for the sake of argument. But what I want to know is, why did Frances let her sister do it?

The point I wish to make is that there may be some excuse for poor, weak, romantic males being steam-rolled by the invincible Minnies; but why should sane, efficient, honest girls like Frances lie down and let themselves be run over? And if they do, then are they as sane, as efficient as honest—in short, as modern—as they are supposed to be? In a word, if the Minnies are invincible, whose fault is it?

I cannot hold with the author that Minnie is the right one to blame. In fact, I am much more inclined to blame her quasi-modern sister Frances for the way everything goes wrong. It is because Frances is not quite the real thing in the way of modernism, that Minnie is successful. If Frances were the real thing, she would render all the Minnies in the world harmless. Modernism is not a pious aspiration; it is a thing as fierce and passionate and ruthless as anything the primordial woman can offer, and ten times as effective. *I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered feminist modernism, that (to go on misquoting Milton) never sallies out and knocks the daylight out of its adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.* In short, I want to read a book about the Invincible Frances!

I should add that this book is an admirable adventure in American realism.

FLOYD DELL.



**"Growing Up"**

*Growing Up, by Mary Vorse. (Boni and Liveright.)*

CHILDREN are among the most interesting people in the world, and, strange as it may seem, they are just being discovered for purposes of fiction. There have been children in books to be sure—angelic and pathetic and misunderstood children for the most part, and all too obviously the author's own idealized and slightly hysterical conception of himself or herself as a child. These pretty memories of our childish selves which we carry into adult life are not real children. The real child, as observed by any sympathetic but candid parent able to face the facts of what he sees, is far more interesting than such ideal pictures. The real child is less a little angel than a little devil, trailing behind him not so much clouds of glory as vague hints of the primordial pre-human life from which our race so painfully emerged—a fascinating and sometimes a terrifying phenomenon. And—if one can retain one's sense of humor, that first aid to parenthood—an irresistibly and delightfully funny phenomenon. Mary Vorse has kept her sense of humor magnificently, and is able to deal with the children in her book as many parents will wish they could in real life. Her book is a masterpiece of accurate observation, and (in spite of a little jibe at Freud in one of its pages) decidedly a book for Freudians. The mysterious and whimsical aspects of "growing up" and the underlying painful seriousness of that process, have never been so well represented in fiction. Among the public which appreciates a true realism which is consistent with good old-fashioned story-telling, this book is destined to become a modern classic.

F. D.

**"Open the Door"**

*Open the Door, by Catherine Carswell. (Harcourt, Brace and Howe.)*

WE have all known in real life the young woman who persists in falling in love with the wrong kind of man. And by the wrong kind of man we mean nothing particularly subtle as to character—we merely mean that he is obviously unmarriageable. The first time it happens, we are glad that he is unmarriageable; a lucky thing, we think, for her! The second time we are distinctly annoyed, but we set it down as part of her education. But after it appears to have become a habit, we are simply sorry for her. It seems such a waste of perfectly good emotion, to keep on falling in love with unmarriageable men. And, as we rate things in real life, among the most unmarriageable men with whom a girl can fall in love are those men who are quite solidly married already.

The fact is, we want our friends to be happy. And so we do not like to see them as the heroes and heroines of tragic romance. That may be all right for characters in a book of fiction; but in real life we exasperatedly ask, "Why the dickens can't she fall in love with somebody that she can be seen on the street with?" Practical life makes moralists, of a sort, of us all. We do not, in real life, admire the heroine of such painful misadventures as a splendidly emancipated person. No, we impatiently wonder what the devil is the matter with her.

The girl in this book is such a person. It is true, she does get married—but to precisely the wrong person, and we breathe a sigh of relief when her marriage is quickly termi-

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nated by her husband's death. We hope she has learned something by her experience; but it appears that she hasn't—for with plenty of admirable young men hovering about, she has to fall in love with a man who is already married, and who has no intention of becoming unmarried, and who is about twice her age, and who is altogether as impossible to the reader as he is fascinating to the girl.

The book is largely occupied with a convincing account, unmarred by either romantic adulation or moralistic disparagement, of the necessarily painful and unsatisfying relationship which ensues between these two people. We see here, as we can seldom see in real life, how curiously inevitable it was, without being freed from our fundamental conviction that it is all a mistake. The girl herself appears to share these feelings of ours, for she attempts to free herself from this relationship at the very outset by engaging herself to a splendid young man with whom she ought to be in love. But, confound it, she isn't, and she has to break the engagement and let herself drift into what is in contrast a mere footling intrigue. Finally, having exhausted the disillusionment which this intrigue is capable of affording, she painfully frees herself from it. And what then?

In the last few pages of the book the odd and mysterious distaste which has kept her from falling in love with the right man suddenly disappears, and she finds her real destiny—a destiny as happy as it is ordinary and sensible—in the arms of the right young man. The incident through which this miracle happens is one which will be quite clear to none, it is to be feared, except Freudians. But, anyway, it happens. She emerges from the queer inhibitions and compulsions which have been clouding her wishes, into a "new-

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born life." "She knew her happiness and hailed it"—in fact, she ran after the right young man as fast as she could, and thrust herself breathlessly into his astonished arms.

Well, such things happen. The trouble in writing about them is that this generation is just beginning to be re-educated into a belief in miracles. It is hard to believe in revolutions, whether in the epic of world-history or in the dramas of the individual soul. But they happen. Only we have no words in which to make them seem probable—the only really intimate knowledge of such sudden changes being still couched in the technical jargon of, in the politico-economic field, Marxism, and in the psychic field, psycho-analysis. It is really too much to expect a story-teller at the very beginning of our new knowledge about the human soul to make clear why such things happen, without cluttering up her pages with offensive scientific gibberish about "complexes." The best she can do is to make us feel that such things do happen—and that, I think, Catherine Carswell has done. Even with its explanatory i's left undotted and its t's uncrossed, this story will help many people to understand themselves and each other—and that, of course, is what stories are for.

F. D.

## Birth-Control

*Woman and the New Race, by Margaret Sanger. With a Preface by Havelock Ellis. (Brentano's.)*

**B**IRTH-CONTROL is sometimes thought of as a movement aiming at the abolition of legal restrictions upon the spread of contraceptive information. Margaret Sanger's book makes it clear that the movement is of more profound



significance than that. The laws which now classify such information as "obscene" will very shortly, under the impact of public agitation and education, be repealed; of this we may be certain, in spite of the dismal prospect which such reforms seem to face in this reactionary period after the war. But when the laws are changed, the birth-control movement will have only just begun to operate. For birth-control means a real revolution in human affairs—the replacement of involuntary and ignorant and careless and helpless and reckless parenthood by voluntary and enlightened and responsible and efficient and conscientious parenthood all over the civilized world. The movement will not have reached success until it operates as it were by an unwritten law, having behind it the weight of a general social approval—until not only are all potential parents free to practice birth-control, and able to practice it, but until they universally do practice it. What is aimed at, in short, is an actual and not a theoretic victory—a real and revolutionary change in people's behavior in the matter of parenthood.

Mrs. Sanger puts the case for birth-control so admirably in her book that it remains only to note one aspect of it which she has neglected, doubtless by intention. Perhaps it would be well to say nothing about it here, but it is the only thing which Mrs. Sanger has left anyone to say. She consistently regards birth-control as a means of freedom for women—freedom from the coercion of custom, ignorance and prejudice. That is certainly the most appealing way to deal with it. We all want to be free. But there is a sense in which birth-control will restrict our freedom, a sense in which it will introduce a new and stringent coercion upon our lives. And it is with this unpopular aspect of birth-control

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EDITORIAL NOTES—Quacks, Fall Health Measures, Birth Control, Health in Soviet Russia, Radical Doctors, Sebastien Faure, etc.

ARTICLES—Living Rooms, by The Walker; Influenza; Modern Medicine; Max Klinger's Beethoven; The Cause and the Symptom; Be Your Own Doctor; Labor and Health, illustrated; Labor and Industrial Hygiene; Physical Examination of the Workers; Fatigue and Work; Women in the Textile Industry; Food and the Child; The Child and the Home (Recompenses); Dr. Marie Stopes of England on Birth Control; Vegetarianism; Slaughter for Hat Feathers; The Healing Professions (The Opinion of a Regular. A Popular Drug, Chiropractic Literature, Quackery and Banditism); As a Doctor Sees It, by Dr. B. Z.; Impressions of the Country, by a Semi-Farmer; Book Review; Reproductions from Zorn and Klinger.

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that I propose to deal—on the theory that we might as well face the worst of things.

At present there exists a kind of freedom which birth-control will abolish. Any of us are free to have more children than we can support, free to have children who are an intolerable burden both to ourselves and to society at large, free even to have children who by reason of congenital weaknesses ought never to be born at all. Not all of us are ignorant of the means of birth-control, by any means, and yet some of us seem to be as pathetically in the grip of the blind and reckless passion of parenthood as others are in the grip of a drug-habit. Parenthood is with some of us, and particularly with those of us who are proletarians, a habit. It was doubtless this habit which caused the observant Romans to give the name of "proletariat," which means "producers of children," to the working class. And under the circumstances, the habit is often nothing less than a vice. The parents of too many children may complain of their lot, just as the victims of the drink-habit do; but they yield to it just the same. Not to go into morbid psychology too deeply in a family magazine, we may suspect that people whose economic position is a humiliating one, and lacking in the normal gratifications given by a sense of power, may find pleasure in the helplessness and dependence of children whom they are actually unable to support properly. There is no one so poor but he can be a king in his own home and have children for subjects. Even martyrdom has its satisfactions, and parents who are martyrs to large families are frequently enough so by choice. Our literature has been very kind, very delicate, very tender, upon the subject of parenthood, and it is far from telling the truth about it. As a



matter of brutal fact, we become parents for all sorts of obscure motives which we would find it difficult to justify in the light of reason. We become parents for no better reason sometimes than that a child is a more satisfying kind of pet than a cat or a dog. And some of us, to whom a dog-fancier would hesitate to entrust a perfectly good puppy, can have children and treat them in a way which would make any lover of dogs bitter. There are limits, of course, to the inefficiency and brutality with which we are allowed to treat children and dogs; but on the whole we are allowed to do with them just about as we please. Thus the dogs, being a hardier kind of pet, have the best of it, as the comparative mortality statistics would show.

The blind and reckless philoprogenitive instinct which sufficed under more primitive conditions must be supplanted to an extent by something more conscious, deliberate and responsible. That has already happened to a large extent throughout the educated classes of the world, who have been socially coerced into being sensible about babies. They have been coerced by doctors and women's clubs and books and the opinion of their class. They are already obeying the new unwritten law.

The question of when to have babies and how many to have, is only a part of the realistic attitude toward babies in general. And this realistic attitude is slowly pushing "natural" parenthood, that pathetic combination of blind instincts and exaggerated sentiments and neurotic impulses, out of the way. The true argument for birth-control is that the private history of sexual passion between husband and wife has no more to do with the social question of whether and when a child should be born, than the contents of the family ice-box have to do with the question of what the baby should have to eat. It is "natural" enough to give a hungry baby a piece of mince-pie. It is equally natural to yield to the urge of the philogenitive instinct when it would have equally inappropriate results. And the only way we ever stop being "natural" is through social coercion.

But this pressure cannot be applied by members of one class to another with any success. The well-intentioned lady who lectures her washerwoman on the selfishness and thoughtlessness of having too many children is silently admonished to mind her own business. The fact that the well-intentioned lady has in her ignorance hit upon the essential truth in the washerwoman's case, does not alter the uselessness of such advice. It is not, in fact, the business of the rich to interfere with the pleasures of the poor. But it is the business of science and education to interfere with the pleasures of all of us when these pleasures are incompatible with social well-being. But it is a hard task.

The truth is, humanity as a whole is just beginning to take babies seriously. In a few years we shall have all the popular woman's magazines discussing the best means of birth-control, along with modified milk and rompers. Nobody will think there is anything obscene about it. But in the meantime, with silly anti-birth-control laws on the statute-books (though in New York State the law has recently been interpreted as giving to physicians the right of teaching contraception), and with many thousands of women in actual ignorance of any means of preventing conception, there is a tremendous need for such books as this of Margaret Sanger's. It throws into the dark and criminal stupidity of the opponents of birth-control a powerful searchlight of scientific intelligence. And it is by the power of scientific intelligence that birth-control is destined to conquer.

F. D.



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HE who marries Beauty  
Has a fleeing spouse.  
She will not be patient  
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Trails reach out and take her,  
Daring hill and hollow,  
And as in his courtship days  
A man must follow!

Now at home and now abroad,  
As it suits her best.  
He who marries Beauty  
Has a fitful rest.

He who marries calm Content  
Is met at each day's close.  
Ah, but how he tires of her  
Never neighbor knows!

Mary Carolyn Davis.



## Love Among the Artists

*Youth and the Bright Medusa*, by Willa Cather. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

THERE is a just prejudice against books about artists and writers. It is not, of course, that these people are not interesting, for they are—in fact, the whole tribe of business men and their wives are worshipfully and enviously interested in the lives of the artistic tribe. But they are usually written about—as for instance by May Sinclair or Leonard Merrick—with some species of preposterous sentimentality, which exaggerates either their lack of common-sense or their disregard of the conventional properties, until they come to seem, in such fictions, utterly unlike regular human beings.

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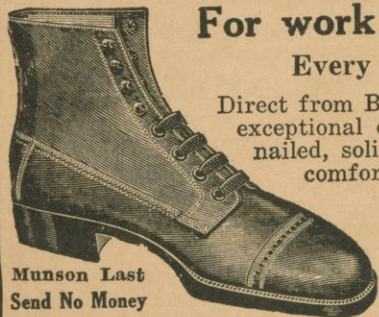
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