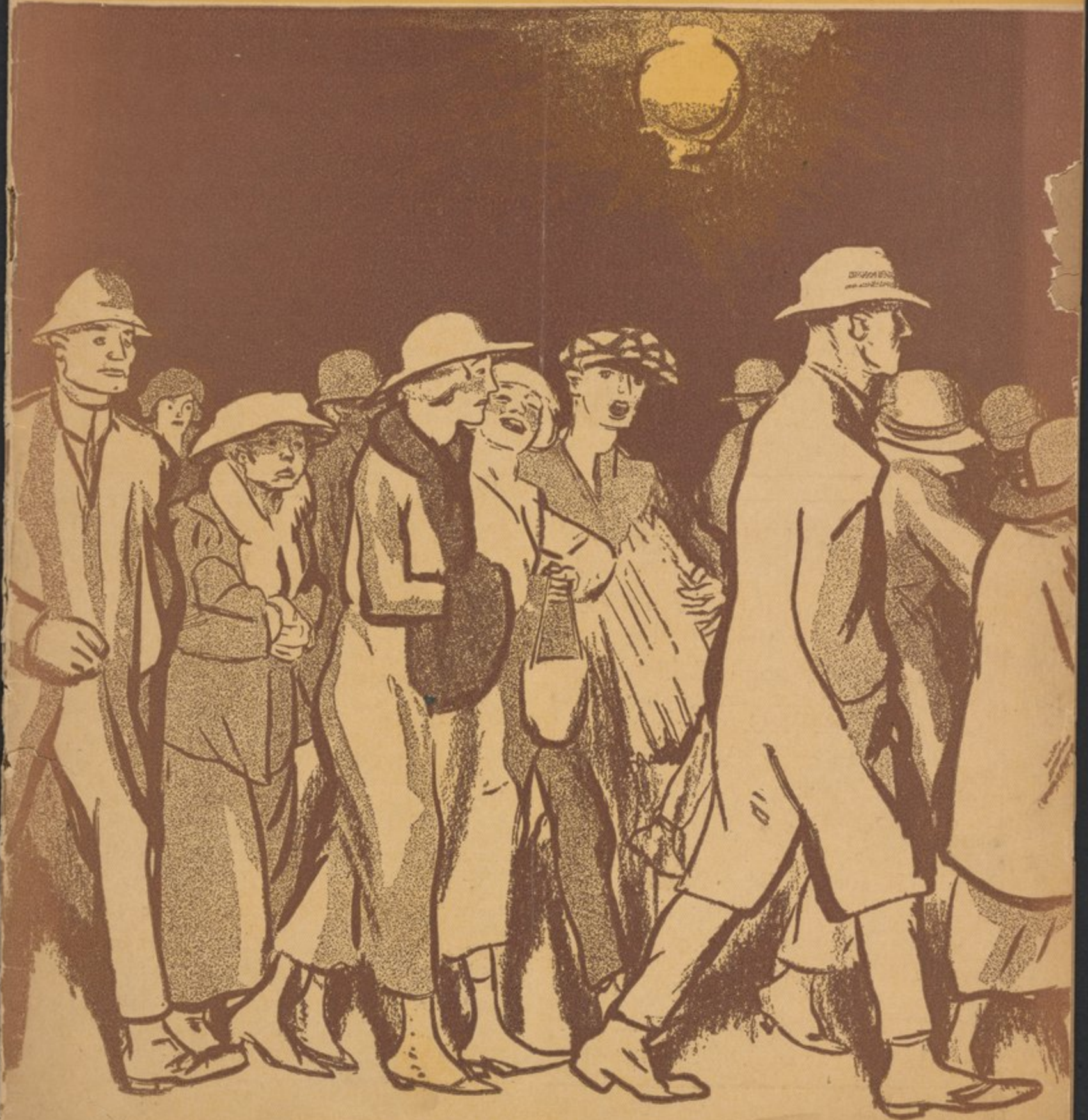


January 1921

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LIBERATOR



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100%

The Story of a Patriot

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Somebody has said that when a German wishes to know what an elephant is like, he retires into his closet and evolves an elephant from his inner consciousness. Last summer we sat ourselves down to evolve from our inner consciousness the story of how Big Business had managed the Mooney "frame-up." We had no inside knowledge about it; we simply guessed how it probably had happened, from our knowledge of other activities of the "undercover operative" and the Agent Provocateur. And now, one month after our book is published, the "Peter Gudge" of the Mooney case comes forward and confesses! You may read about him in "100%: The Story of a Patriot."

From Louis Untermeyer: Upton Sinclair has done it again. He has loaded his Maxim (no silencer attached), taken careful aim and—bang!—hit the ball plump in the centre. First of all, "100%" is a story; a story full of suspense, drama, "heart interest," plots, counterplots, high life, low life, humor, hate and other passions—as thrilling as a W. S. Hart movie, as interest-crammed as (and a darned sight more truthful than) your daily newspaper.

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From Emanuel Haldeman-Julius: I have just finished reading your "100%" or rather I have finished it about ten hours ago and have been thinking about it ever since. The first thing that impressed me was your craftsmanship. It is crammed with good writing. While I try to appreciate substance void of craftsmanship, I just chortle with happiness when I see both sound writing and substance between the same covers. There is such a sense of easiness about this novel. It just flows along. All of which proves that you did some hard work, for it is the artist who sweats that the difficult material shall seem like silk to the touch.

The Brass Check

A Study of American Journalism

This book is now being translated into French, German, Italian, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish. The London Daily Herald cables for the right to publish it serially, and our London agents have cabled for four thousand copies in the last couple of weeks. We have now an abundant supply of both cloth and paper copies, and if your bookseller cannot supply it, it is his fault, and please tell him so.

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The orders for the autographed special edition at five dollars a copy are coming in so fast that we have only a few copies left. But the book is now ready in both cloth and paper, as many copies as you want at our wholesale price, and you will find it the best weapon for amnesty yet devised. We are pledged to make no profits out of this book, but to put everything back into advertising. We invite you to help us to bring 'Gene out of jail.

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UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California





"To all the King's horses and all the King's men!"

THE LIBERATOR

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January, 1921

"In Vino"

By John Damer

WE were sitting around the long deal table in the rear of the little barracks of the camp fire detachment drinking the inevitable evening cups of black coffee and condensed milk with huge slices of cake. Sergeant Rudge, the stuttering Rudge, had his feet on the table and was grousing at intervals about the war and the eats and things in general; Jerry sat on the back of a chair smoking a black old briar pipe; and the rest of us lounged around and tried to blow some of the heat out of our steaming coffee cups. Pete, just off a spree, had been retailing for the nth time his recent experiences in the guardhouse.

"Boy, I know just how you felt," mused Jerry, taking a long pull from his pipe. "I done a spell in the guardhouse waitin' to be sent up once myself, and it ain't no pleasant experience."

"What were you in for?" asked Jim Hanlon. "Told your commanding officer what you thought of him or something like that, I suppose."

Although a new man in the company, Jerry had already acquired something of a reputation as an outspoken lad with not too much respect for the conventions. One morning at drill the Lieutenant had bawled out: "Why in hell can't you guys stand at attention? You're a fine bunch of —" . . . certain choice ob-jurgatives. Jerry's whispered meditation as he stood looking straight in front of him had been heard by the entire group: "Sometimes I wonder what this war's all about, anyway." . . . He had lived a good deal in the West and there was an open roughness about him that appealed to his companions. He was not handsome; a lanky fellow with a small head, close-cut hair, little, un-symmetrical blue eyes, an unshapely nose, and a slouchy, long-legged way of walking that conformed but painfully and fitfully to the military step.

"You hit it right, Sarge," he answered Jim. "I told that guy *just* what I thought of him right to his face; and I ain't got so much pleasure out of nothin' in a long while."

"Ah, go on!" The sceptical interjection came from Rudge. "You can't tell me you—now—t-told an officer your personal opinion about him and got away with it. This ain't no play army. It ain't done."

"Well—maybe at the time I wasn't just responsible."

"I guess not. You must 'a been just plain nuts."

"All right, Buddy, if you think I was nuts I'll tell you about it," said Jerry.

And then he began one of those interminable personal-experience stories that nightly go the rounds of every group of soldiers in every barracks in the world; one of those stories to which half the audience listens while the other half talks, reads, writes, and continues its game of poker.

"I was in the M. P.s, where I got transferred from to this select bunch of loafers. We had a guy for a Captain that was a pippin. You guys think you know what a hell-raiser is with the Boss here, but believe me, he ain't in it with this bird of oun. He was a Do-Do: a husky bloke, about as tall as me, with a very white face something like he had been dipped in a barrel of flour. His whole head was white, eyebrows, hair and lips and all, with blue eyes, pale like a post-man's shirt.

"Them blue eyes used to get my goat, they was so damn cold—them and the white lips. They made you think that guy was a fish with water for blood and no human guts.

"I remember they used to make me think of that especially at Saturday morning inspection. We'd line up in front of the barracks and the Cap'd go up and down the line inspectin' your rifles and equipment—you know, the regular stuff. He'd stand in front of you for about five minutes perfectly still without sayin' a word, and you'd begin to think he was either a damn fool for doin' it or you was for lettin' him; and he'd look you over from head to foot like you wasn't a human being but a gun and a uniform and he wasn't very enthusiastic about either. Them blue eyes would stare at you cold and insolent. Then he'd just touch a button that was unfastened, and them white lips'd sneer somethin' about you're bein' a poor specimen of a soldier and shut tight again in a straight line. And while he was walkin' away he'd tell the sergeant to put your name down for a month without a pass or a couple o' weeks in the kitchen. Then you'd feel like the lid of that tea-kettle when the water boils inside.

"He was one of these here Regular Army guys that'd been raised from the ranks since the war; stuck in the Army about fifteen years, got to be a corporal at about sixteen dollars per, and then all of a sudden found himself a captain. You'll notice them blokes is mostly either princes, as square as you make 'em, or hellers—the kind you wouldn't have nothin' to do with in civil life. And when they're that kind, they just grind hell out o' the men like they got it ground out o' them, I suppose.

"We had one merry party in that company, and that ain't no lie. A guy'd have his bunk out o' line about half an inch, and his name'd be stuck up on the bulletin board for two weeks k. p. without a chance to get home. What made it bad, o' course, was that we was booked for overseas any old day, and naturally a fellow wanted to get in and see his folks as often as he could. It might be the last chance. And even guys like me that didn't have no people here generally had a Jane or two they liked to see so's to get a touch o' joy out o' life before you cashed in. So when you was stuck in camp all day Sunday peelin' spuds with the sun shinin' outside, you got to know how anxious some blokes is to commit murder.

"And the Old Man had a way of makin' the whole of life a round o' this sort of thing. For instance, you know, a guy doin' guard duty is supposed to do two hours on duty and four on reserve for a day, and then a day off duty. Well, just because we wasn't a regular infantry company, but a special guard outfit, he worked out some scheme of his own for us. He give us three hours on duty and three on reserve for thirty-six hours and then eighteen hours off duty—except for drillin'—or somethin' like that. We couldn't keep it up. No one can. By the time you just get to sleep with your clothes on, you got to get up again. At the end of thirty-six hours you felt like you'd lived a long time, and at the end of a few months of that you was ready for mutiny. Finally there was so many kicks and so many guys court-martialled for sleepin' on post that he must 'a got wise, and he changed the system. But the new one was just as bad as ever. He give us six hours on duty and six on reserve instead o' three. Now I'll say guard duty ain't what you'd call heavy work—it ain't like weedin' a good-sized beet field in the hot sun or pitchin' hay all day. But you try six on and six off for a steady grind, especially when the weather's down a good way below zero, and your ears is nipped about the end of the first twenty minutes, and you'll get good *an'* sick of it in the first week.

"Well, you guys can understand why this here Captain of ourn was not the most popular bloke in the Army by a long shot. About half the time the whole outfit was restricted to camp, and if you wanted a pass you had to go to the orderly room and give special reasons for it; which meant that only the good handshakers and boot-lickers got a show to get in regular. It raised hell with a guy's patriotism and all that. . . . I've heard a lot about officers bein' found dead after a battle with a bullet in their back, when it's a cinch the enemy didn't get be-

hind 'em. I didn't take much stock in them stories until I heard some o' the tough nuts in our outfit swappin' opinions o' the Old Man.

"It was only once or twice he bucked up against me. Once I come near gettin' him right. I'd been sick for two or three days but I didn't think nothin' of it, you know, until one day it got so bad I knew I'd have to give up. It would 'a been simple enough to go on sick report and get out of a tour o' duty; but it just happened this day we were in for some kind of a review and a long march over the hills. A couple o' guys had tried to crawl out of it before me; so when I comes into the orderly room as big as life the Old Man gives me a cool grunt and asks me what's the matter.

"'I don't know, sir,' I says, 'except I just don't feel right.'

"'Well, you don't look like you had a great deal the matter with you,' he says, givin' me a cold stare. 'What would you do, now, if you was in the trenches and expectin' an attack from the enemy?'

"Any damn fool knows the answer to that question, and I tells him.

"'That's just it,' he says like he'd make a big discovery. 'You men seem to think because you're over here you got to be coddled and petted like a bunch of infants. Well, the sooner you get over that idea the better. You're here for one thing—trainin' for war,' he says, 'and the sooner you make up your mind to that and quit givin' in to every little ache and discomfort, the better it'll be for you. You'll have to put up with a damn sight worse in the trenches and there's nothin' that'll learn you to do it but startin' in now. Report back to your sergeant for duty,' he says.

"Which I done, and went out on the hike. However, I come back in an ambulance and went to the hospital with a fever of one-hundred and four; and the doc says it's pneumonia. Believe me, I was one sick guy for quite a while, and afterwards some of the fellows told me the Captain got a rakin' over the coals for lettin' me go out that morning at all. Anyway, I didn't cash in like a lot done around me, and nothin' ever come of it. If I'd of up and croaked I suppose the Old Boy'd of cooled his heels in Leavenworth.

"Lynin' on my back there in the hospital, my feelin's toward him didn't get no more cheerful, especially when I knew how damn near he come to puttin' my folks in mournin' without so much as an honorable mention to make up for it.

"That's the kind o' stunts he'd pull, one after the other; pure bonehead as far as managin' men was concerned. There was a guy in the company that used to be top-kick but got reduced somehow to a corporal. Believe me, he was one swell fellow—one o' the whitest I ever run up against. Well, this guy comes from Illinois, and he and a little kid sister was all the children his parents had. Lily, the kid sister's name was. What he didn't think o' that girl ain't worth talkin' about. He'd sit lots o' times and tell us about her until you could darn near see the kid and her blue eyes and her pig-tails and all, and the whole family kind o' worshippin' the



Drawn from Cornelia Barnes.

"I must see the places where those dear boys died—
the war meant so much to me."

ground she walked on. And sometimes he'd read her letters out loud—she could write some letters, too, for a youngster, with a lot o' this junk about her brave soldier brother; the kind o' stuff all little sisters think and some big ones. Anyway, she thought as much of him as he done of her.

"Well, one day he gets a telegram: 'Come home at once if possible—Sister Lily very sick—Callin' for you'—or somethin' like that.

"O' course the guy was terribly upset and worried and anxious to get off right away. He goes right to the orderly room and asks the Captain for a furlough.

"Well, by gosh, that fish wouldn't give him none.

"I'm sorry for you, Corporal,' he says, 'But we're here, you know, to win this war. We can't let personal things stand in the way no matter how important they seem. Why,' he says, 'I wouldn't go home even if my own wife was dyin'.'

"Which I don't think he would of. . . . Well, the corporal wouldn't take a Frenchie like all of us told him to—some guys is funny that way—and his sister died and he didn't ask for another furlough to go to the funeral. But all the interest and life seemed to have gone out of him, and he done somethin' or other to get busted and transferred to a company goin' overseas, because he said he couldn't stay any longer in the same company with the Captain.

"It ain't nice to say, but I got so I hated the Old Man and with him the whole Army. Out there on guard by

himself a guy didn't have much to do but think about things. I used to think a whole lot about the war and one thing and another, and the more I thought the worse of a muddle it got. But there was one thing stuck in my mind: it didn't seem right to stick a bloke like him over a bunch o' decent guys to do nothin' but rile 'em up all the time when they didn't have nothin' to say about it—even about gettin' into the Army in the first place. I couldn't see why a guy that I didn't have no respect for at all had the right to boss every damn thing I done from the time I got up till the time I went to bed. But the bad part of it was, there wasn't no way out of it; he was bossin' me and that's all there was to it. Somethin' bigger than me just picked me up off the farm and put me down in the Army right there where I was and held me there whether I wanted to squirm or not. Well—you know the way a guy gets to feelin' sometimes about it all.

"So the more I walked post and thought about the Captain the more I wanted just one thing: a chance to get even with him for all he was doin' to that bunch o' men; to tell him just what I thought of him and give him one good smashin' up. Then I figured I'd feel a whole lot better. Sometimes I'd think: 'Well, my turn'll come when the war's over. I'll settle up with him then.' And I'd plan out just what I'd do and say and when I got into civies and met the Old Man face to face, just like lots of guys have planned in this Army, I suppose. Then I'd think that probably when the war was over I'd go back home and forget all about it; and maybe I'd get shot anyway and then the chance'd be gone. So I'd figure I'd ought to tell him now. But I couldn't see goin' to a military prison for thirty years or so.

"Well, one night I got a pass and went in to town. I went in to a place where a bunch of us used to hang out to get a bottle o' beer; one o' them places where a soldier pays for sandwiches and goes into a back room and gets the liquid refreshments out o' the icebox himself. I had a couple o' bottles o' beer and got talkin' to a guy from the company naturally about the Captain. And before I knew it for some reason I was hittin' in-to booze.

"Now, booze is a thing I ain't drunk very many times; I don't like the stuff. So almost from the bang-off it begun to tell on me. The first thing I knowed I was gettin' drunk. . . . I don't remember just what happened, but some time along in the night an M. P. had ahold o' me, cartin'



Drawn by Charles H. Kuhn.

Ghosts

me back to camp. I guess I made a little scene on the train and told the guy a few things; he was from my company and one o' the Captain's bootlickers. So he phones the Old Man from the station that he has me in tow and the Captain says to bring me over to the orderly room.

"Well, boy, by that time I was feelin' like a regular old hot tamale, I guess, and I don't think I could of been better pleased than to see the Old Man right then and there. The M. P. takes me into the orderly room where the Captain was sittin' with the Top Kick. And afterwards the Top Kick tells me everything that happened.

"Hello, Cap,' I says, cheerful, without salutin' or takin' off my hat. 'Understand you want to see me.'

"First he takes a half-pint bottle out o' my hip pocket with only a little left in the bottom and sticks it in his desk drawer. Then he gives me a cold look in the eye.

"You're a disgrace to the uniform,' he says. 'You'll be made an example to the company for this.'

"Is that so?' I says. 'Well, then, if that's the case, Cap, I'm goin' to sing my swan-song right now. I got a few things I been anxious to say to you. I been wantin' to climb on your neck, Cap, for one hell of a long time. You got a good bit comin' to you from me and I don't mind tellin' you that some day you're goin' to get it good and proper. And what's more,' I says, 'I ain't the only one that has an itch in the same direction.'

"That's where the Captain got in his licks. He'd got me in there on purpose so's he could pump me and find out who the guys was that wasn't satisfied with the way he run things. So right away he fires a string o' questions at me.

"I shoves my hat on the back o' my head, pulls up a chair next to him, puts my feet on the desk, and lights a cigarette. And I nods and mumbles over each one of his questions. Then I lets go.

"You think you're one smart guy, all right,' I says, 'gettin' me in here to pump me; but if you think you're goin' to get me to snitch on any o' the boys you got another guess comin'. I ain't that kind. There is a hell of a lot of guys in this company that'd give a good deal to see whether your jaw is harder'n their knuckles, the same as what I would; but you ain't goin' to find out who they are from me and you may as well give it up.'

"Haven't you got any respect for your superior officers' orders?' he says.

"No,' I says, 'I ain't. If you want to know the honest truth, I don't give a damn for the whole works o' you guys if they're all like you—captains or majors or generals or anything else. I wouldn't care a damn if you was the commander o' this here Army; as long as you're you and I'm me, you're the kind of a man I just got to slam and that's all there is to it.'

"You're comin' mighty near treason,' he says to scare me.

"Can't help it,' I says. 'If you was the President o' this here U. S. I'd have to talk to you just like I am now. I ain't got one damn bit o' respect for you, and what's more I never will have. And I'm just anxious for the end o' this here war so's I can put them sentiments into

action.'

"Take him out!' the Captain says to the M. P.. 'Put him in the guardhouse!'

"Well, I ain't said all I'd like to, Cap,' I says; 'if you got a few minutes to spare I could add quite a bit about that face o' yourn and what you've done to this bunch and me among 'em and what I think your future'll be. All very interestin' stuff, Cap. . . .'

"But I was dragged out before I had a chance to finish.

"Well, next day, o' course, I wakes up in the old guard-house with a big head, wonderin' how in hell I got there.

"There was a court-martial and I wasn't sure just what was goin' to happen to me; but I couldn't remember a word I'd said the night I was arrested. So they give me about two weeks in the mill for bein' drunk and disorderly in uniform and when I gets out the Top Kick tells me the whole story."

Hal yawned.

"Huh!" he grunted meditatively. "It ain't a bad scheme. How drunk do you have to get?"

"Oh, enough to carry it off natural, anyway," grinned Jerry.

TO A CAGED BEAR

EYES, to look on bars of steel,
Ears, to hear commands of men
Put you through a trick or meal,
Feet, to pace along your den
And pace the same way back again,
Strength within captivity,
How are you different from me?

Break your bars! They will not break.
Obey or die,—sole choice allowed.
I wonder will you ever make
A cheerful citizen and cowed,
In your zoo, oh fierce, oh proud?
Strength within captivity,
How are you different from me?

Viola C. White.

NOVEMBER

THE leaves are fallen, and the soft sweet flame
Of glory-memory that summer shed,
Like inner garments on her glowing bed,
When she departed naked as she came—
They all are gone or fallen, and the fame
Of her bright passion, coloring the dead,
Her blossom-calling smile, her fruiting tread,
Is but the dry grass whispering her name.

What gaunt great madness of the poet earth
Preserves that stricken whisper, and keeps sweet
The seeds of corpses, and the rooty feet
Of the chilled relics of his withered dream!
What mirth is in his anguish, and what gleam
Of the dry wounds of anguish in his mirth!

Max Eastman.

Twenty Years

By Mary Heaton Vorse

RECENTLY in Chicago, after a meeting, I went to get a sandwich with a group of labor men. As I looked around the table, it came to me with a shock that I was the only person there, but one, who was not condemned to a long jail sentence. For all the people at the table were members of the Industrial Workers of the World convicted in the famous Chicago case.

Ralph Chaplin sat next to me. I had been talking only a few minutes before with his wife, a girl of extraordinary loveliness. She had not come out with us to supper because she had gone home to put her little boy of seven to bed. I had seen them standing all three together, only a half hour before.

Ralph Chaplin is a gifted idealist, a poet, as well as a man of action. His quality of uncompromising courage made me think of Jack Reed. It is upon such youth that the strength of a people is founded, men ready to suffer and with gifts to make people understand the beliefs which have stirred their hearts. And his wife is like him. It made you feel right with life to see them together. They face a 20-year sentence.

Ralph Chaplin is to be put in jail because he belonged to an industrial union, a legal organization.

Ralph Chaplin was Editor of "Solidarity." And that is why he was given twenty years. It was a pretty bad crime for anyone to hold a red card. The talented ones were selected for 20-year sentences. Apparently Judge Landis could not bear that a man of attainments and gifts should belong to the organization of the I. W. W.

Charles Ashleigh is another poet. What had he done? He had been an I. W. W. He has a sentence of five years. He was one of those against whose sentence even Captain Lanier of the Military Intelligence protested. One wonders if the Captain had ever read the poem by his distinguished relative, called "Jacquerie." And so Charles Ashleigh is among those who are slated for Leavenworth, where he has already spent two years.

Opposite me sat George Hardy, the General Executive Secretary. He was one of those who got off easy. He only got a year and he has already served his sentence. No one knew exactly why some got long sentences or why some got short ones.

Bill Haywood, at the head of the table, as a matter of course was given the maximum sentence; that means a death sentence if it is carried out.

Since the beginning of the war between 3,500 and 4,000 members of the I. W. W. had been persecuted simply because they belonged to that organization. There are more than one thousand I. W. W. members in prison today. Almost without exception these men are in prison for their opinions—either for things that they said or for things that they wrote. One hundred sixty-six of these are Federal cases; 98 were convicted in Chicago, 37 in Sacramento, and 28 in Kansas City, Kansas.

These men were convicted of a "conspiracy to unlawfully and feloniously and by force prevent, hinder and delay the execution of certain laws of the United States, concerned with the government's preparation for and prosecution of the war."

The next day I went down to I. W. W. Headquarters to find

out more details about the cases. There is nothing harder in the world than to try to find out the cause of an I. W. W. sentence. The men do not know what it is that they are supposed to have done—except that they belonged to the organization.

Take the case of Vincent St. John, for instance. St. John is an old-time miner, and for some years he was general executive secretary, and then he gave up his position and left the organization and went back to mining. For five years before the war he was engaged with his hole in the ground down in South Mexico. St. John is a man economical of words. It is certainly like mining to try to get speech from him; but after hewing away for an hour or so, I learned that the scrap of evidence that was brought against him was a list of people who would be possible secretaries in Haywood's place should Haywood be arrested. St. John's name figured in this list. He had not even been asked if he would accept the position. He had never seen the list. But because of this jotted memorandum that contained his name and because of the fact that five years before he had been secretary of the organization, he has been given ten years.

As I write these things, they do not seem credible. Yet they are so.

"My case isn't so much," St. John told me. "Clide Hough's case is a lot worse than mine. After all I was arraigned. That is more than Hough was."

Here is the incredible tale of Clide Hough. Hough is a fine young fellow of twenty-six, an American, a fighting wobbly. When registration day came, he with some other fellows paraded down to the county jail of Rockford, Ill., and gave themselves up, since they did not intend to register. He was sentenced to a year and a day in Bridewell, and while he was in jail, the famous alleged conspiracy of the I. W. W. took place. Bear this well in mind. Hough was in jail from Registration Day on. He was in jail when the Espionage Bill went through. He was in jail during the whole period in which members of the I. W. W. were supposed to have entered into a conspiracy against the United States to impede the draft. Yet they took him from the jail, brought him to Chicago, placed him on trial without arraignment and sentenced him to five years.

Sam Scarlett was one of the 20-year men. There was no evidence that Scarlett had conspired, and he wasn't an editor. But Sam Scarlett has had a hard time being an industrial unionist. He was one of the men held in the famous Mesaba Range case, held for murder as accessory after the fact, and kept in jail for I have forgotten how many months.

At the end of the trial when the judge asked Sam what his nationality was, Sam made the mistake of getting gay. He answered:

"I am a citizen of the world."

"That will be about all," said the judge. "Twenty years."

Andreytchine is another of the 20-year men. Andreytchine is a Bulgarian. He is a man in his early twenties, and with an education that far outstrips that of most university men in this country. He was opposed to Bulgaria's alliance with Germany. But he was one of the dangerous intellectuals.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns

Surplus

He edited the Bulgarian I. W. W. paper. When I see George Andreytchine I cannot realize it. I am so used to seeing him come in and out with his eager interest in things, always translating some article from some foreign paper, absorbed in an idea, full of enthusiasm. I cannot get it through my head that this sentence lies before him.

These cases are picked at random. They could be paralleled many times over. There are details connected with these Chicago cases which illuminates the attitude and methods of the Department of Justice. For instance, twenty-two people were indicted who during periods of from one to five years had had no connection with the I. W. W. The prosecutors just took the names of all the leaders and everybody who had ever been connected with the I. W. W. periodicals, or who have held any executive position, and indicted them all. They did not take the trouble to find out if they were still with the organization.

They did not even take the trouble to find out if they are alive or dead. This is no rhetorical way of speaking. Murdered Frank Little, who had been taken from his bed and lynched in Seattle the summer before, was actually indicted for conspiracy.

If I am telling more about the Chicago cases than any of the others, it is because I happen to know more about them. It is not because the Sacramento cases and those of Kansas deserve less attention. Their lot was even harder, if possible, than those of the Chicago cases. For one year men were confined in Kansas without bail, in a jail of a scandalous reputation for filthy conditions. Men went insane in that jail. Among the Sacramento cases five men died. The doctor asked the release of a man dying of consumption. He died in jail.

The simple fact is that, when war came, the people who own things in this country seized on the war as a pretext to make a drive to break up the I. W. W. Their organizations have been raided. The police violence has merged on mob violence in the illegality of its action. I. W. W. locals and headquarters have been searched without warrant, papers have been illegally seized, furniture and property destroyed time after time. The story of the mob violence used against them is so dreadful a story that the full details are among the horrors that are only printed in private records.

Concerning all this welter of illegality one man had the courage to lift his voice in protest. This was Captain Alexander Sidney Lanier. He was a lawyer, who, as an officer in the Military Intelligence, studied the cases and came to the conclusion that, although he detested the I. W. W. and their works, it was his duty to write a letter to the President "to expose the grave injustice the record discloses." He did this because he believed "that the indictment was fatally defective in that it does not give or convey to the defendants sufficient information of the nature and cause of the accusation against them. . . ."

"That evidence is insufficient, on the whole, to show and establish beyond a reasonable doubt a conspiracy, as charged in the indictment.

"There was not," he stated, "a scintilla of evidence against Charles Ashleigh, Leo Laukie and Vincent St. John," and "they were absolutely innocent and wrongfully convicted." And, finally, this man, whose class and training made him the enemy of the I. W. W., says:

"While I am of the opinion that these men were convicted contrary to the law and evidence, solely because they were

leaders of a revolutionary organization against which public sentiment was justly incensed; and that the verdict rendered was a foregone conclusion from the beginning in obedience to a public hysteria and popular demand, due to the psychology of the times, I feel that the inclusion in the verdict and sentence of the three defendants above named was a gross miscarriage of justice and an outrage that every consideration of right and the peace and good order of society demand should be corrected."

Things look dark. The Circuit Court of Appeals has refused a rehearing. All that now remains to be done is to carry the case before the Supreme Court by a writ of certiorari. Writs of certiorari are very seldom issued by the Supreme Court; it only does this in cases of great legal importance or of great public moment. It does not look as if there were a bright chance for the Supreme Court's being persuaded of the need of doing this. So that, if a writ of a rehearing is refused and a writ of certiorari is denied, everything is over as far as the legal end goes. There is nothing to hope for then, but a pardon.

This persecution of the I. W. W. was no new thing. There had for years been a newspaper campaign of hatred against them, which had obscured them with such a haze of lies that the average citizen in this country knew less about them than about Voodoo. The average person in this country has no idea that they are first cousins to the industrial unions placidly pursuing their functions in every European country. Most people believe the I. W. W. to be an organization of malefactors who destroy property after they have got their hands on it.

For a long time I didn't understand this hatred. The I. W. W. had a long distance philosophy which implied education and not violence as its principal weapon. The persecution seemed like the old witchcraft hysteria.

Many conservative craft unions were far more violent. Many such organizations had their "educational fund." Everybody knew what that fund was for. Its purpose was to educate employers not to employ scabs, by means of sudden and violent destruction of property on which the scabs were engaged in working.

Why was it that the I. W. W. was subject to merciless persecution rather than such organizations? After a time I began to see light. These "conventional" unions had no revolutionary program; they were merely out to eliminate abuses within the present scheme of things. The people in power in the United States have never been excited about crime and violence—they have been used to both and they used both. America is a violent country. Not even the thought of organized violence is very painful to this young republic with the West removed only by a short generation from the time when every man was his own policeman. You could do almost anything in this country and get away with it. You could murder and you could lynch. Why this outcry against an organization from employers who employ thugs and professional gunmen, until the I. W. W. becomes a national bug-a-boo?

After a while I got at the root of the employers' relentless fury. You may break any law in America with impunity. But there is an unwritten law you break at your peril. It is:

Do not attack the profit system.

The I. W. W. was the first labor organization in this country with a clean-cut revolutionary program. It was out to eliminate the wage system. Its quaint idea was, and is still, though facts seem to disprove the theory, that this can be

done simply by "building a new society within the shell of the old." Already their building has been a bloody path punctuated with lynchings.

The employers could not stand intelligent, purposeful revolt. So the incomprehensible hatred of the I. W. W. was the instinctive gesture of the herd of owners. The herd of owners was being attacked. Whenever they heard the word I. W. W. their sensitive pocketbooks gave a jump.

When a new idea assaults the power of established authority authority always screams out that morality has been affronted. It makes no difference if this idea is that the world is round or that women should vote or that the workers should control industry. It is because the I. W. W. believes that the workers should control industry that they are tucking away the leaders in jail for twenty years.

But it is not a sensible thing to do. There is a saying which goes: "When the young men see no visions the people perish."

When a country imprisons men like Ralph Chaplin and George Andreytchine it has given an account of itself to history. It is the act of a panic-stricken and dying order.

YOUNG MOON

THE moon is a slender girl
Swimming,
Diving through silver breakers of cloud,
Laughing and diving
And dripping stars.

Eleanor Hammond.

American Labor Demands Trade With Russia

WHEN American labor looks at the coming winter, it sees—no jobs, mills and factories shut down, unemployment. It hears that the reason why this must be so is the lack of a market for American goods. And then it sees across the globe the huge market of Russia, waiting anxiously for all the things that American labor can produce.

That was one of the reasons for the meeting of New York labor in Beethoven hall, Nov. 21. It was a conference representing over one hundred labor organizations—over six hundred thousand workers. Hannah, president of the Central Federated Union, was in the chair. Timothy Healy, international president of the Stationary and Eccentric Firemen, and Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated, were there. Longshoremen and men of the transportation trade were there. Garment workers of all kinds had come. It was a conference to decide on a nation-wide campaign for lifting the blockade against Russia.

The blockade against Russia was officially lifted by the State Department some time ago. But trade is still made impossible by restrictions concerning communication, money, and the kind of goods which may be sent. Certain young men in the Russian division of the State Department who are married to Russian-aristocratic wives may have had something to do with these restrictions. At all events, the blockade is still on in fact.

Abraham Lefkowitz and James Maurer set forth in their speeches the whole deadly meaning of this fact. Workers in Russia without clothes; American clothing workers walking the streets looking for jobs. Russia shoeless: American shoe factories closing down. Russia in need of 500,000 bales of cotton today; and American cotton growers burning those bales for fuel.

But there was another motive than the economic one that found expression in that meeting, too. Joseph Schlossberg, secretary and treasurer of the Amalgamated, just back from Europe, spoke on behalf not of American needs but of the hopes of the workers of the world, centered now in the Workers' Republic of Russia; and he carried the meeting with him. The cheers that greeted his appeal proved that these American workers are fighting not only for their own jobs, but for the world's freedom.

The campaign of labor to lift the blockade has begun. It begins, as such a movement must, with resolutions; and with funds, too, in response to Joseph Cannon's appeal. But one young man spoke out the secret thought at the heart of that meeting when he rose and growled: "There are more pigeon-



That bad boy reading dime novels again!

holes in Washington than we can ever fill with resolutions"—and went on to say something about action and the English method of "Down tools!" The rest was drowned in a thunder of applause.

Applause was all that meeting could give to that idea; applause was all they could give to Timothy Healy's hearty approval of the methods of English and European labor. The time for an American Council of Action is not yet. But the idea has been born in the hearts of American labor.

The plan, so far, is to have all American labor meet, on the same day, to protest against the blockade. It is interesting to think of the great shout that will go up in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Detroit and San Francisco, at the utterance of that new phrase—"Down tools!" The

echoes of it will reach Russia, and tell the workers there that their brothers in America have awakened.

Meanwhile the American Defense Society, already awake, has got busy. Long telegrams have been sent to the governors of all the states, saying that Russian agents are behind this nation-wide campaign of American labor! "The American Defense Society urges you to call on newspapers in your state to thwart this new insidious and dangerous propaganda of the enemies of America. We shall be glad to aid in establishing citizens' committees to combat this urgent matter."

So Labor will have no easy task in holding its great mass-meeting. American capital prefers to face even hunger-riots, to letting the workers know about Russia.

Soviet Russia Now

By John Reed

II

(The first of these articles on Russia in 1920 was printed in the December Liberator.)

EVEN greater than the toil of constructing, organizing, drilling, arming, feeding and transporting the Red Army, is the most gigantic task of all, educating it, as no army has ever been educated.

There are the schools for the Red officers, hundreds of schools, where an emergency course of six months for soldiers, and of one year for civilians, turns out several thousand smart young "commanders"—there is only one officer's rank in the Red Army, that of Commander, whether it be of a company or an army corps. The bulk of these officer cadets is made up of workers elected by their organizations, or young peasants chosen by their villages.

Of course many of the technical instructors in these schools are old Tsar officers, professional militarists. At the graduating exercises of the General Staff Academy—all graduates of officers' schools are members of the General Staff—there occurred an incident which could not happen in any other military school on earth. One of these old professors gave an address on the "Art of War," in which he glorified militarism after the manner of Treitschke.

Podvoisky, representative of the Communist Party and of the Commissariat of War, immediately sprang to his feet.

"Comrade students!" he cried, "I object to the spirit of the last speech. True, it is necessary to learn the art of war, but only in order that war may disappear forever. The Red Army is an army of peace. Our badge, our red star with the plow and hammer, shows what is our purpose—construction, not destruction. We do not make professional soldiers—we do not want them in our Red Army. So soon as we have crushed the counter-revolution—so soon as international revolution has put an end forever to imperialism, then shall we throw away our guns and swords, then shall frontiers be abolished, and we shall forget the art of war."

By far the most important part of the Red Army is the political-cultural department. This is composed of Communists, and is under the direction of the Communist Party. The Political Commissars all belong to the Polit-Otdiel, as

it is called. Each unit has its Communist Commissar, who must report daily to the Commissar of the unit above him about the morale of the soldiers, the relations between the army and the civilian population, the Communist propaganda work in the ranks, any discontent among the soldiers, add the reasons for it, etc. In each unit, the Communists form a separate group within—the company, regiment, or brigade, lead the fighting, strengthen the morale of the soldiers by propaganda and example, and educate the soldiers politically. Besides this work the Polit-Otdiel also conducts classes in reading and writing and elementary technical education and vocational training; this is done right up to the front trenches. The actors and actresses of the Great Theater, the Art Theater, are transported to the front to play for the soldiers the masterpieces of Russian drama. The pictures of the great galleries are taken to the front, and art exhibitions and lectures take place in the soldiers' clubs. Vast quantities of literature are furnished the soldiers. They are taught games like Rugby. The soldiers are also creating their own drama, and are building and acting their own plays, chiefly about the Revolution, which in time is bound to become a national epos, a sort of vast eternal pageant spread through all the villages of Russia.

The results are remarkable. The bulk of the army is, of course, made up of more or less ignorant peasants. The peasant usually comes into the army unwillingly—unless he lives in a part of the country once occupied by the Whites, or close enough to the front to hear what they are doing, in which cases he volunteers. And so, an unwilling, ignorant lout, unable to read or write, ignorant of what the war is about, he enters the ranks. Six months later he can usually read and write, knows something of Russian drama, literature and art, understands the reasons for the war, and fights like a fury for the defense of the "Socialist fatherland," enters captured cities under the red banners, singing—in short, has become a class-conscious revolutionist. More than 40 per cent. of the Red Army can read and write and all the Red Navy. . . .

Besides the regular military conscription, the Communist Party also conscripts its own members, who by reason of age or other reasons would be exempt under the regular draft. These Communists are concentrated wherever the Polit-Otdiel



Drawn by Maurice Becker

Any More?

thinks necessary—in units whose fighting morale is weak, where there is a large percentage of illiterates, where there are workers or peasants corrupted by Anarchism or Menshevism. The Trade Unions also mobilize their own members and the Cooperatives.

But why conscription? Russia is not an industrial country; it is a land of peasants. The vast majority of the soldiers therefore, must be peasants. But it is the industrial workers who made, and who now lead and direct the Revolution. The peasant, infinitely backward in comparison with the city worker, followed the latter until he received the land. The peasant, as a general rule, wants to own his land, to have free markets for his products—this is his petty bourgeois psychology. He usually does not understand Communism, or the ultimate aims of the Revolution. The villages are far removed from the burning life of the great towns, and the peasant, being as a rule unable to read or write, and living far away from the front, usually knows very little of the causes of the war.

If it were not for the incessant attacks on Soviet Russia and the terrible condition of the economic life, necessitating the straining of all resources of the conscious industrial workers, it would be possible to agitate and explain these things to the peasant; as it is, an enormous amount of education is carried on; but not enough. And in the meanwhile the peasant must be made to fight, so that the Revolution, and his own future happiness, may not be lost.

But, on the other hand, the peasant does already understand well enough not to resist mobilization. You can't conscript a thoroughly unwilling people, especially immediately after that same people has overthrown all governmental authority. The draft has proceeded, each time, without a hitch, and the peasant in the Red Army will return to his village a revolutionist and a propagandist.

* * *

The collapse of Denikin, the conclusion of peace with Esthonia, seemed to mark the end of the civil war.

It seemed that the breathing space so ardently longed for had come, the opportunity for Soviet Russia to throw all its forces into the work of economic reconstruction.

In January I had a talk with Trotzky, who outlined to me his plans for the future military policy of Russia.

"When peace comes we shall demobilize. Out of one hundred divisions, ten will be left on guard at our most menaced frontier. The rest of the army will be sent into industry. Of the other divisions only the cadres—the frames—will be left.

"Russia is now being redistricted. The new districts shall be ordered according to their economic character, as economic units. Each district will be an industrial center, with the villages and land about it, containing in itself, if possible, labor, food and the machinery of exchange; the effort being to make all the population worker-peasants.

"Each of these districts will be the headquarters of a division cadre, whose task is to mobilize the population not only for the army but for work.

"The army divisions on the frontiers are to be constantly renewed. Each will remain on duty for three or four months, and then sent home to work. In this way the whole male population will be trained to arms, each knowing his place in his regiment, and also his proper work.

"In each district will be an officers' school, through which will pass the elite of the working class. These schools will doubtless become combined military, industrial and

cultural schools, fitting workers to be leaders of new life.

Russia is an industrially undeveloped country; skilled workers are few; and our economic apparatus is ruined by six years of war and revolution. We must be able to concentrate labor upon certain emergency tasks—where it is most necessary. For example, the Ural mining district needs 50,000 skilled workers, 200,000 semi-skilled and 200,000 laborers. We want to be able to send these workers to the place where they are most needed; of course this would be done only after consultation with the Unions, the Shop Committees, etc."

I asked if the workers would want to go.

"Well, in the first place, we have in the army already tens of thousands of sincere and disciplined Communists—and we are getting more all the time—who are ready to go where the Party sends them. As always, the Communists must lead the working class in this new direction.

"Under capitalism, the worker must go where there is a job, whether he likes it or not; but he works for a capitalist, and not for the working-class, as he does here. We make it especially attractive and pleasant for workers who are ordered to distant places, to distasteful work, etc.—special rations, short hours, their families should be particularly well cared for, like the families of our Red Army soldiers. Add to this unlimited schools for technical and every kind of training, open to all, and you can see the opportunities.

"Registration is now going on in the Army. Every man is carefully examined as to what sort of work he can do, so that at the time of demobilization the men can be sent where they are needed most."

The desperate situation of the industries upon the close of the war with Denikin, however—and especially the transportation system—made it necessary to adopt an emergency plan—the creation of the Labor Armies.

Instead of demobilizing, the armies were transformed, all their organization intact, into Labor Armies, and set to work. One Labor Army was set to repair the bridges destroyed by Kolchak, and rebuild the railway lines eastward; another tackled the transportation lines ruined by Yudenitch; a third was set cutting and transporting wood in the forests of the North; another turned its attention to the Ural industrial district; still another was sent to help the peasants along the Volga get the ground ready for the spring planting.

This policy was not adopted without some opposition. It was discussed for weeks in the local Soviets everywhere, in the Union branches and Party committees, and in the press. At first there was considerable hostility to the plan. The soldiers were worn out by two years' continual fighting—they wanted to go home; the Unions had remnants of sentiments against compulsory-militarized-labor. It needed Lenin's own clear explanation—that this was not a question of the possible exploitation of the workers by private interests, but simply a plan by which the maximum labor force might be concentrated to save the life of the Russian people, to save the Soviets, the Revolution. And at the same time to keep intact the organizations of the Red Army, in order to guard against a possible treacherous attack—which, in fact, was launched soon afterward by the Poles. So finally the plan was everywhere indorsed, even in the army itself. The Third Army, in the Urals, issued a proclamation to the workers and peasants, declaring that its military task was completed, and that it turned itself toward the "labor front," and claimed the honor of being called the First Red Labor Army—electing Trotzky as its president. Others followed. The most popular

men in Russia were placed at the head of these armies. Every meeting, every paper, was full of the doings of the Labor Armies. The press published daily "communiques from the bloodless front," showing the work done.

In a talk I had with Lenin, he admitted that the Labor Armies were an experiment, and that if they proved unpopular they would be abandoned—for it was impossible to make men do efficient work if they didn't want to.

"But where we have the advantage over the rest of the world," he said, "is that we can experiment, we can try any schemes we please, and if they don't work, we can change our minds and try something else. The workers know that at least the Communist Party, which controls the Soviets, is a revolutionary working-class party, that it is fighting capitalist exploitation for their benefit; they trust us."

The Labor Armies accomplished a colossal amount of work. In six weeks they rebuilt the great steel bridge over the Kam River, blown up by Kolchak, and thus restored the direct route to Siberia—a task which it is calculated would have taken a bourgeois contractor three or four months at least. They worked singing, a great military band playing on the bank, with an indescribable enthusiasm. They restored the railway to Yamburg. They cut millions of feet of firewood for the cities. To the rebuilding of the transportation they brought such energy that the repairing of locomotives, which for more than a year had been steadily more and more falling behind the number damaged, passed the "dead" point and began to climb.

The cities would have been provisioned and provided with

wood for the winter, the transport situation would have been better than ever before, the harvest would have filled the granaries of Russia to bursting—if only the Poles and Wrangel, backed by the Allies, had not suddenly hurried their armies once more against Russia, necessitating the cessation of all rebuilding of economic life, the abandoning of the work on the transport, the leaving of the cities half provisioned, half unprovided with wood, the concentration once again of all the forces of the exhausted country upon the front.

No one can conceive the horrors that will be in Russia this winter, because the nations of the Entente loosed their mercenaries on Russia this summer.

But it will be the last difficult winter; for the Poles are smashed, the Tcheko-Slovaks are almost offensively neutral, the Rumanians are most conciliatory, and the Allies are bankrupt. And in spite of all that has happened, the Revolution lives, burns with a steady flame, licks at the dry, inflammable framework of European capitalist society.

* * *

In the dead of winter, the worst period of the year, the hardest winter Soviet Russia has known, I went out into the country to see the provincial towns and the peasant villages.

There, comparatively far from the metropolis, I found that the Soviet order had bitten deep into the life of the people, that the new society was already an old-established and accustomed thing.

Take, for example, the little town of Klin, capital of Klin uyezd, or country, seat of the Uyezd Soviet. . . .

(This article as we received it stops short at this point.)



The Concert at Geneva



Soviet
Armenia

"Save Christian



Soviet
Russia

Robt. Minor

Drawn by Robert Minor

sti: an Armenia!"

Hillquit Repeats His Error

By Max Eastman

MORRIS HILLQUIT complains that the discussion caused by his manifesto on the Communist International "has tended to obscure rather than clarify the issue." I think this is true, and I think the fault lies entirely with Morris Hillquit. Either he does not know, or else he is unwilling clearly to state what the Communist position is. His method of attack is not to mark out his enemy and then go for him, but to raise a great cloud of dust over him and then exhibit brilliant feats of arms in the same general vicinity.

In order to lay this dust a little, I am going to state what seems to me the real point at issue between Hillquit and the Communists. I hope the reader will not think that I am attempting to prove that I am perfect, or that the Liberator is the sole hope of the revolution, as he might imagine from some of Morris Hillquit's replies to my previous article. I have committed egregious errors, and so has the Liberator, although I do not acknowledge that either its spirit of serious play, or the variety of its interests in the world of ideas, is one of these errors. Neither of those characteristics makes it unlikely that a wise word might come out of our magazine. And as for mistakes—it is not a sin to have made them. It is a sin to be making them.

The essential point of the communist position, in contrast to the position of the "Centrists," is its absolute and realistic belief in the theory of the class struggle, and the theory that all public institutions—whether alleged to be democratic or not—will prove upon every critical occasion to be weapons in the hands of the capitalist class.

All the other "peculiar features of our Communist friends" flow from this general hypothesis. And all the confusion and lack of clear deliverance, as well as the positive errors, in Hillquit's articles, flow either from his failure to grasp this cardinal point of the communist belief, or else his failure to feel how actually and completely the communists believe it, or else his unwillingness to face and confess the truth that he does not actually and completely believe it himself.

Immediate Realization

His assertion that the Communists demand in all countries "an active struggle for the immediate realization" of Soviet governments, for instance, is but a way of expressing his incomprehension of their belief that such a struggle will really come. The difference is not about what we should do, but about what we should teach. The truth is that the Third International not only does not call for the immediate formation of Soviet governments, but it expressly deprecates the formation of any Soviets at all except under extreme conditions which it very clearly defines.

In my previous criticism of Morris Hillquit I made the statement that the Third International had ceased to stress the necessity of forming soviets. I inferred this from the fact that the subject is not mentioned in the twenty-one "Conditions of Affiliation," which were the only utterance of the recent Congress of the Third International then in my hand. Now that I have a full text of its resolutions and statutes, I learn that my inference was wholly incorrect. The Third International has not ceased to stress the

idea of the soviets, but it has decided that soviets ought not to be formed artificially and in advance of a revolutionary crisis. They are to be regarded as instruments of the active struggle, which appear spontaneously when the masses are filled with revolutionary enthusiasm, and when the economic and political crisis is so sharp that power is actually slipping from the hands of the preceding government. But "in cases where these conditions are not fulfilled, the communists can and should propagate systematically and stubbornly the idea of the soviets, popularize it, demonstrate to the deepest layers of the population that the Soviets constitute the only governmental form which answers to the needs of the period of transition to total communism."

Newness

"Astounding" is the answer Morris Hillquit makes to my assertion that there is nothing fundamentally new in the Communist position but the idea of soviets. The assertion is true, however, and it can not be too often repeated. The actual experience of a successful revolution has only confirmed the opinions of the revolutionary or thorough-going Marxian factions in all the socialist parties of the world. It is transforming these factions from weak and seemingly "academic" minorities, into powerful and active majorities everywhere. Their opinions seem "new" only to those of the old majorities who were too indolent or too scornful to pay studious attention to them when they were weak. The new thing about them is their power.

Here again if Hillquit were a little more familiar with the literature of the matter, he would have a different reaction. He would hardly find my statement "astounding," for he would know that Kautsky had already tried the device of calling Bolshevism "the new theory" and been ridiculed by Lenin, and effectively backed out of the arena by the simple method of daring him "even to approach the analysis of the Commune of Paris by Marx and Engels."

And the Communist program and policy is no more "Russian" than it is new—except as it happens that the ablest and most devoted of the leaders of the Left Wing are Russian, and Moscow is the place where the revolutionary delegates from 34 countries could most freely and effectively meet together. The reply of these delegates to some French and German Socialists who objected to Moscow as a seat for the executive work of the International was as conclusive as it was clever. "Just arrange things so we can have the same facilities in Paris or Berlin," is what they said.

It is sad indeed to see Eugene Debs duped by the ingenious pretence that the Left Wing position is a "Russian" thing, the Communist program an "emanation" from Moscow.

"The Moscow comrades," he says, "have arrogated to themselves the right to dictate the tactics, the program, the very conditions of propaganda in all countries. It is ridiculous, arbitrary, autocratic, as ridiculous as if we were to dictate to them how they should carry on their propaganda."

The thing that is ridiculous, arbitrary and autocratic is the assumption that "we"—that is Debs and the rest of the Center and Right Wing—constitute the American movement. Has Debs forgotten that the Revolutionary Age, edited by Louis

C. Fraina, succeeded in organizing an actual majority of the American Socialist Party, and that this majority (expelled by the officials of the minority) is participating in the "dictatorship" of which he complains, through its natural delegate, Louis C. Fraina himself, as well as two other delegates?

Comrade Debs, it is not Moscow that is dictating to you and your friends of the Right and Center. It is the Left Wing of the Socialist movement of the whole world that is dictating to you. And they are dictating in the very language of the most vigorous and realistic writings of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, their Communist Manifesto and their analyses of actual historic events. And this "dictation" amounts only to a simple and practical statement—if you do not believe in our principles you can not come into our organization and dilute and corrupt them, as all principles always have been diluted and corrupted in the past, by near-believers of every description, from conscious hypocrites to accommodating interpreters.

Dogmatism and Opportunism

Akin to the charge of newness and nationalism is the charge of "dogmatism" which Hillquit brings against the Communist leaders. Or rather, he brings against the Russian leaders a twin charge of dogmatism on the one hand and opportunism on the other. "The peculiar feature of our Communist friends," he says, "is that, while they seek to force the Socialist movement of all foreign countries into a rigid mold of dogmatic formula, they themselves have never hesitated to change their program and policies to suit the changing conditions of their country, and it is this political opportunism to which they largely owe their practical successes."

Here again Hillquit reveals a failure to grasp the essence of the Communist attitude. It is a failure to understand the energy and practicality and realism with which they conceive and conduct the class struggle. There can be no flexibility in the minds of the people actually conducting such a struggle as to the existence of the struggle itself, nor as to the presence of the enemy, and of his weapons and fortifications. It is either a struggle or not a struggle, and if it is a struggle, then—call it dogmatism if you will—there is no use parleying, collaborating, compromising, and in a million other little ways of speech, action and idea, obscuring the issue and clouding the line of battle. Better conceive it more definite than it is, than more indefinite. That is the mentality of action. And that is the attitude of the Bolsheviks toward their own movement, as well as toward that of foreign countries.

But on the other hand, since it is a battle, and not the demonstration of a thesis—grab every advantage, every probability, every possibility of defeating the enemy that comes to your mind. Be an opportunist of the most extreme flexibility, only so your goal is clearly defined and your compromise is for the sake of that goal, and not for the sake of some personal end that leads away from it. It is the compromises of the will that are despicable. The compromises of practical intelligence, when the will is inflexible, are of the essence of great generalship. And it is such compromises that have characterized the communist leaders in Russia. What Hillquit calls their "dogmatism" is the inflexibility of their will to victory in the class struggle, and what he calls their "opportunism" is their agility and intellectual freedom in the conduct of that struggle.

Historic Facts

It may be his failure to grasp this distinction between dogmatism of mind and resoluteness of purpose, which caused Hillquit to give the erroneous account of the history of the Bolshevik revolution that he did give, and still insists upon giving. He thinks the fact that the Bolsheviks *participated in the elections for the Constituent Assembly*, trying to capture as many seats as they could, is a ground for asserting that they had not at that time conceived the idea of forming a government of the soviets. At least this fact is the only ground he has for his assertion.

It will be remembered that, in reply to his original statement that it was not until the Bolsheviks discovered themselves to be a minority in the Constituent Assembly and in control of the soviets, that they coined the slogan, "All power to the Soviets," I cited him several issues of *Pravda* and *Isvestia* for June and July, 1917. (They are in the public library), which proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Lenin advocated the transfer of power to the soviets in the All-Russian soviet convention on June 17th, that Lunacharski introduced the Bolshevik resolution demanding "the transfer of all governmental authority into the hands of an All Russian Soviet" a few days later, that on July 1st the Bolsheviks carried in their section of the demonstrations the slogan, "All power to the Soviets," and that the extent of their "control" of the soviets at that time was manifested in 126 votes for their resolution as against 543 votes for the Menshevik resolution.

Hillquit's reply to my citations of fact is to admit that he was wrong in saying that the Bolsheviks "coined the slogan" only after the elections to the Constituent Assembly, but to assert that at this earlier time the slogan had a different meaning—it meant that the provisional government should be *made up entirely of soviet members*. The Bolsheviks were still at that time intending, he asserts, that the power should go to the Constituent Assembly when it should be convened "Otherwise," he says, "why call an Assembly, participate in the elections and contend for its control?"

That is to say, it is inconceivable to Hillquit that a party believing in a transfer of governmental power to the soviets, and yet knowing of the popular demand for a Constituent Assembly, would join in the call for an Assembly, participate in the elections, and try to win as much power there as possible. And yet, if he would get out of the mood of academic inference, and into the mood of practical action, he would see in a moment that as good generals they could not possibly do otherwise. Every additional delegate that they had in the Constituent Assembly—as well as every one they had in the Congress of Soviets—made it that much easier for them, when the time came, to tell the Constituent Assembly to go home and go to bed. It made the success of the transfer of power which they had been long contemplating more certain.

Does not Morris Hillquit know that Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg advised the German Communists also to participate in the elections to a Constituent Assembly, although they were at that time the uncompromising advocates and organizers of a soviet government? Surely he knows that. But does he also know that Lenin has expressly commended them upon that point, and that the Third International as a whole has repudiated the German party of so-called Left Wing Communists, who opposed their policy, and still oppose the general policy of political action. If the attempt of the Bolsheviks to win seats in the Russian Con-



Boardman Robinson

Drawn by Boardman Robinson

Sammy Gompers: "If we're not careful, this fellow will learn dangerous ideas from those foreigners."

stituent Assembly proves that they had not at that time "conceived the notion" of a soviet government, how do you account for their advocating the very same step in Germany two years later, when they had a Soviet Government in Russia, and the one purpose of their minds was to produce another in Germany?

If Morris Hillquit would go through those copies of *Isvestia* which I cited to him, in which Lenin speaks of the soviets as a "type of state," and in which the Bolshevik resolution is introduced and discussed, he would be compelled either to shut his eyes altogether or else acknowledge his error. But since that is not enough for him, I will carry the proof still farther back into the past, and make it still more convincing.

Zinoviev, in his speech about Lenin on the occasion of his recovery, Sept. 6th, 1918, said that he believed Lenin conceived the idea of a Soviet State during the revolution of 1905.

"He only saw the Soviet in 1905 once or twice, but I am firmly of the opinion that even then, when he was looking down from his seat in the balcony upon the first Labor Parliament, the idea of the Soviet State must have already been dawning upon his mind."

Inasmuch as Zinoviev worked with Lenin and under his guidance for the whole fifteen years following the revolution of 1905, we could hardly have a better authority for the date and place of the birth of this idea. It is certain that the idea was dawning in Lenin's mind by the year 1907, when the All-Russian Congress of the Social-Democratic Labor Party (Bolsheviks and Mensheviks) was held in London. For in a speech before that convention on the Bolshevik's "Attitude Toward the Bourgeois Parties" (p. 272 of the Proceedings) he spoke of the "Soviets of Workers' Deputies, Soviets of Peasants' and Soldiers' Deputies" as "the organs of revolutionary power," and he described how at the height of the insurrection against the Czar's government, the bourgeoisie were already dreading and beginning to fight against these proletarian institutions. "They saw in them," he says, "the revolution going too far for them," and tried to divert its energy "into the channel of police-constitutional reaction."

These citations, whose existence I was sure of, but which I could not get my hands on at the time of my previous reply to Hillquit, make it fairly certain that Lenin understood the role that the soviets were to play in the revolutionary state, many years before he came to Russia in April of 1917. But that he understood it, and preached it without the slightest qualification the very moment he came there, is beyond any doubt. And since Hillquit is contented to be only a little ironical about my citations of *Pravda* and *Isvestia*—which he says are not on sale at his newsstand—I will now cite him something that has been on sale at least on the newsstands of the Rand School for over two years. That is the "Theses of Lenin" presented at a meeting of the leaders of his party in St. Petersburg the day after his arrival (April 4th [17th]). These theses were published in No. 26 of *Pravda* for April 7th (20th), 1917, and are to be found in Louis C. Fraina's volume, "The Proletarian Revolution in Russia," published by The Communist Press in New York in 1918. Even if we assume that Lenin first "conceived the notion" of setting up the soviets as a "permanent governmental institution" at that time, it will be instructive to Morris Hillquit to see how clearly he conceived it, and how well he was aware at the same time of the petty minority that

his party could command in the Soviets, or anywhere else. I quote a few sentences from numbers 2, 3, 4 and 5 of these Theses.

"(2) The peculiar character of the present situation in Russia lies in the fact that it represents the *transition* from the first stage of the Revolution, which has placed power in the hands of the capitalist class as a result of the insufficient class-consciousness and organization of the proletariat, to its *second* stage, which must transfer power into the hands of the proletariat and the poorest sections of the peasantry.

"(3) No support of the Provisional Government: demonstration of the utter mendacity of all its pledges, especially concerning the renunciation of annexations. Exposure as a policy, instead of the inadmissible and illusion-sowing 'demand' that this Government, a Government of capitalists, should *cease* to be imperialist.

"(4) Recognition of the fact that, in the majority of Councils of Workers' Deputies, our part is in a minority—in a weak minority as yet—as against the *coalition* of *all* the lower middle class opportunist elements which have succumbed to the influence of the capitalist class and which transmit this influence to the proletariat, from the Populist Socialists and Socialist-Revolutionaries down to the Organization Committee of the Social-Democratic Party (Chkheidze, Tseretelli, etc.), Steklov, and others.

Enlightenment of the masses as to the fact that the Councils of Workers' Deputies are the *only possible* form of revolutionary Government, and that therefore our duty, while this Government is still under the influence of the capitalist class, can only be patiently, systematically, persistently, in a manner adapted to the practical requirements of the masses, to *explain* its mistakes and tactics.

While we are in the minority, we carry on the work of criticism and explanation of mistakes, urging at the same time the necessity of the transfer of all power to the Councils of Workers' Deputies, in order that the masses may free themselves from mistakes by actual experience.

"(5) Not a parliamentary republic—a return to it from the Councils of Workers' Deputies would be a step backward—but a republic of Councils of Workmen's Laborers' and Peasants' Deputies throughout the country and from top to bottom."

At about the same time that these theses were published, Lenin published an analysis of the different political parties in Russia, and their attitudes to the leading questions of the day. And in that analysis Hillquit will find, side by side, the answers of the Bolsheviks to these two questions:

Are we for a single authority or for a dual authority?

Shall a Constituent Assembly be called?

The answer of the Bolsheviks to the first question was:

"For sole power in the hands of the Councils of Workers, Soldiers and Peasants, from top to bottom over the whole country."

And their answer to the second question was:

"Yes, and as soon as possible."

I do not think any further citations ought to be necessary, but I will add these words from a "Letter on Tactics," which

Lenin published in *Pravda* at the same time with the theses which I have quoted. (This letter has also been in the Rand School since 1918.) "Apart from a capitalist government, there can be no government in Russia outside the soviets of Workers', Laborers', Soldiers and Peasants' deputies."

Now I ask Morris Hillquit to lay aside all his pride of authority and acknowledge that he was flatly and absolutely wrong, not only in asserting that the Bolsheviks "coined the phrase," *All power to the Soviets*, after they had captured a

majority in the soviets; but also in asserting that "it was then and then only that they . . . discovered that the Soviets were the only logical instrument of proletarian rule"; and also in repeating that assertion in his reply to me in the following words: "It was only when the Bolsheviks found themselves in a minority in the Constituent Assembly that they conceived the notion that the Soviets must supplant the Assembly and be set up as a permanent governmental organization."

THERE WAS ONCE

(A child poem translated from the Bohemian)

THERE was once a little cottage,
In the cottage a little table,
On the table a little bowl,
In the bowl some good water,
In the water a little fish.
Where is that fish?
A cat ate her!
Where is the cat?
To the forests it has run!
Where are the forests?
Burned to ashes in the stove!
Where are the ashes?
The water carried them away!
Where is the water?
The oxen drank it!
Where are the oxen?
The lords have eaten them!
Where are the lords?
Dead in the churchyard!

Annette Wynne.

FOR EAGER LOVERS

I UNDERSTAND what you were running for,
Slim naked boy, and why from far inland
You came between dark hills. I know the roar
The sea makes in some ears. I understand.

I understand why you were running now
And how you heard the sea resound, and how
You leaped and left your valley for the long
Brown road, I understand the song

You chanted with your running, with your feet
Marking the measure of your high heart's beat.
Now you are broken. Seeing your pale brow
I see your dreams. I understand you now.

Since I have run like you, I understand
The throat's long wish, the breath that comes so quick,
The heart's light leap: the heels that drag so sick,
And the warped heat wrinkles, lengthening the sand. . . .

Now you are broken. Seeing your pale brow
I see your dreams, understanding now
The cry, the certainty, wide arms,—and then
The way rude ocean rises and descends. . . .
I saw you stretched and wounded where tide ends.
I do not want to walk that way again.

Genevieve Taggard.

I SHALL LOVE YOU

I SHALL love you when you have learned to weep:
When sorrow, washing from your happy eyes
The mists of ignorance, the stains of sleep,
Shall leave you standing generous and wise
To brood upon the treason of the years,
The lure, the brevity, the certain ache
Of the world's fragile offerings. Such tears
As I or any man shall bring you—take.
For, having known and suffered, you will hold
All lovely things more dear because they move
In fugitive battalions manifold;
And you will love men with a fiercer love,
As if this very night the seas should rise
And, billowing madly, burst apart the skies!

Joseph Freeman.

Announcement

I N order to devote my time exclusively to writing, I have resigned my position as co-editor of the *Liberator*. This is the fulfillment of a plan which had long been in my mind, and our readers will understand that the relief from editorial and business responsibilities will result in my writing more, and not less, for the *Liberator*. They may also be permitted to hope that I will know more about the subjects I write of. At any rate this is not a farewell announcement on my part, but the announcement of my arrival as a steady and undistracted contributor.

It is also my privilege to announce the addition of William Gropper and Michael Gold to the list of special contributors.

MAX EASTMAN.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

Editors, Max Eastman, Crystal Eastman; Associate Editor, Floyd Dell; Business Manager, Margaret Lane.
Foreign Correspondents, Hiram K. Moderwell, Frederick Kuh.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Cornelia Barns, Howard Brubaker, Eugene V. Debs, Hugo Gellert, Arturo Giovannitti, Michael Gold, William Gropper, Helen Keller, Robert Minor, Boardman Robinson, Maurice Sterne, Louis Untermeyer, Clive Weed, Art Young.

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Drawn by Cornelia Barnes

"George, are you actually willing to have your sister seen in a flivver?"

Small Change

THE mayor of New York threw millions of the city's money into the limestone ring. This is what is technically known as the Hylan fling.

EDITOR RATHOM of the Providence Journal will not be held down. When he lost his job as America's greatest spyer he instantly started out to win the title of America's greatest liar.

THE small nations went to Geneva to fight for disarmament, and they were disarmed with a promptness that must have excited their admiration.

A NEW YORK snooper made charges of Bolshevism against a Czechoslovak organization called the "Red Turners," but this proved to be an athletic club with red gym suits. They were flip-flop turners, not overturners.

THE authorities stopped persecuting Russians for a few minutes to do honor to the family of Terence MacSwiney. The official heart is where the votes are.

NEW YORK, America's center of gravity in architecture, begs to present the exitless movie theater, the patent collapsible office building and the stairless studio apartment house.

EMPIRE STATE Republicans will not expel the Socialist assemblymen any more. The performance lost them twelve thousand votes in the Bronx, and anyway their honor is satisfied.

THE intrepid German democracy now refuses to give the ex-kaiser more than fifty million marks a year. Let him eke out a precarious living sawing wood.



"Ye Gods, what a bore!"



"Young man, aren't you ashamed to read a book like that?"

IMPATIENT friends of Debs must remember that the President's supply of pardons is limited. It was all he could do to find one for Franz von Rintelen, convicted of putting fire-bombs on ships.

THE royal brother-in-law did not take a bribe, he merely collected some money that he never expected to get. It would be in bad taste to speak of the "U. S. Tipping Board."

LIGHT on Russia is coming fast. Mrs. Clare Sheridan, English sculptress, charges that high Soviet officials would not always stop work to suit her convenience, and H. G. Wells discovers that Karl Marx had whiskers.

BALAKOVITCH has lost or mislaid his army and is thinking some of postponing his capture of Moscow. If anybody notices something stuck in a marsh near Poland, that would be Balakovitch.

THE Kansas Industrial Court which locked up coal miners is on the rampage again. It has shaken a finger of warning at flour millers who decreased production to keep up prices.

A SAN FRANCISCO detective confesses that the case against Mooney was framed on perjured testimony. Mooney should now be convicted of inciting district attorneys to crime.

AS soon as the election was over the factories began cutting wages. The workers voted for a change, but what they got was small change.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Wells the Destroyer

The Outline of History: Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind, by H. G. Wells. Written with the advice and editorial help of Ernest Barker, Sir H. H. Johnston, Sir E. Ray Lankester and Professor Gilbert Murray. And illustrated by J. F. Horrabin. Two volumes. (The Macmillan Company.)

SOME day, in Soviet England, there will be erected a queer-looking cubistic statue of H. G. Wells, in some thoroughfare already adorned with stone memorials to Karl Marx, Nicolai Lenin, Sylvia Pankhurst and other revolutionary heroes. And beside this statue some British workingman will pause, and sticking out an inquiring thumb toward the laudatory inscription on the base of the statue, will say to the bystanders: "Wot are we puttin' up a statue to 'im for? I knew 'im well, the old codger, and I calls him a bloody counter-revolutionist. Always complainin', 'e was, about everything. When it wasn't 'is grub-ration it was the rotten tram-service—no satisfyin' 'im there wasn't. And 'ow 'e did fuss when we drafted 'im to shovel snow! I was the foreman of the gang, an' I said to 'im, 'Wot you want is a nice, clean, tidy revolution, don't yer? I suppose you've written a book tellin' 'ow it could 'ave been done all nice and pretty.' 'I 'ave that,' 'e says, 'an' if the idiots that are tryin' to run this 'ere revolution would just let me show 'em 'ow to run things, they'd be better off.' 'Bloody likely,' says I, 'but wot about the blockade? With the bloody Americans tryin' to starve us out, and settin' the Japanese against us, and bringin' the bloody blacks from Africa to restore order, 'ow are we goin' to settle down an' do things right?' 'That's it,' 'e says, 'blame everything on the blockade instead of on yer own slovenly, silly, ignorant spirit of disorder.' 'That'll do,' says I, 'an' if you like order as much as you say,' says I, 'you can prove it by shovelin' a little snow off yer own doorstep,' says I."

"That's all right, comrade," another man, an elderly person, will say, "but when I was a boy I read those books of H. G. Wells', and I can tell you that we might not be having a revolution right now if it hadn't been for him and his books. You complain because he was always raising hell about our inefficiency and muddle. Well, he got the habit under capitalism, and he couldn't stop. But you know when the revolution came, how fast it went; well, that was because there was nobody who believed in capitalism enough to fight for it. And Wells and his books had a lot to do with that. He had a lot of influence on the sort of people who read books. He couldn't make them believe in Communism, because he didn't understand it himself; but he made them quit believing in capitalism, and that was a great thing, comrade. If you want to know my opinion, H. G. Wells was one of the great hell-raisers of the old era, and he's fully entitled to a Bolshevik statue."

And the ghost of H. G. Wells, revisiting these glimpses of the moon, will listen to this conversation with wonder and a futile ghostly anger. Because that wasn't the way he regarded his own life and works at all! He had meant, not to help destroy, but to help reconstruct. . . .

And yet the elderly Bolshevik will have been right. I can add my testimony to his. The influence of H. G. Wells, so far as I have known it by experience and observation, has been a magnificently destructive influence. In the world of

thought of the late nineteenth century, that dismal twilight of quasi-Darwinian "progress," his utterance came like a shaft of lurid lightning. We had been trudging ahead, accepting everything as it was and telling ourselves that we were inching along toward something better. And that blaze of lightning showed us to be on the verge of an abyss. We were not "progressing." We were stumbling into the chaos of world-war, with its concomitants of famine, pestilence, bankruptcy and class-massacre.

To this had the arts and sciences, the learning and the religion, the high hopes and restless ambitions of mankind brought us. To achieve this we had, so many millions of years ago, crawled up out of the slime. We had had our chance and we had bungled it in a thousand ways. We faced the wreck of civilization, and the decline of mankind into a degraded species, living feebly among the ruins of its former glories, until at last it crawled back into the slime from which it had so vainly emerged.

It might have been supposed that such a vision as this would make us despair. It did nothing of the kind. It had upon us, as any contact with reality has, a tonic effect. There was something in us which said NO to this future. Out of this very wreck of civilization must arise something new and beautiful!

Mr. Wells shared our emotions, and he gave them scope if not sustenance. He, too, could see splendor beyond the smoke of apocalypse. He pictured for us Utopias of his own. But always, though he encouraged us to believe in Utopia, he failed to make his own version of it quite convincing. It was not nearly so convincing as the alternative horrors which he portrayed. There was somehow no connection between his beautiful dream of a future, and the ugliness out of which it must emerge. And finally we had to recognize that his Utopia was of the nature of a religious hope. It depended on some sudden evocation of the best in mankind—some miraculous emergence of the kindness and unselfishness and sober far-thinking reconstructive power which mankind has kept hidden in its passionate breast.

Well, we could not quite expect that. And we saw, as Mr. Wells never could quite see, other possibilities—the reconstruction of the world by common men with common passions merged into some great class-movement. We could hear the ancient discords of human love and hate blending into a hymn of human happiness. We could imagine little men doing great things. We could conceive of all this because we could understand the insignificance of individuals and the meaning of "class-action." We did not wait for a new Saviour to redeem mankind. We waited for common workingmen to join together.

The nineteenth century had been, above all other times in the world, a time of worship of individuals. Our minds were filled with it. We believed perforce in the Myth of Greatness by which one man here and there was set apart from others. As this century of fantastic hero-worship drew to its close, we had begun to suspect this myth. And it was H. G. Wells who most of all encouraged us in irreverence.

One after another, his books were blows at the prestige of all that was sacred to the Nineteenth Century. He exposed the mixture of accident, self-credulous hysteria and crude fraud which masqueraded as Success, as Power, as Wisdom, as Dig-

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nity, in our contemporary world. He showed that what we had naively thought to be the triumphs of civilization were mere ugly and insanitary garbage-heaps. He filled us with a desire to have these things done away with. We looked forward to the Revolution as a cleansing flame. . . .

And that, of course, was not quite what Mr. Wells intended. For Revolutions are themselves disorderly—a culmination of disorder. Mr. Wells wanted us to clean up the house, not to burn it down.

Nevertheless, for all his insistence upon the beauty of Order, he was temperamentally but a poor protagonist of that virtue. He had never learned the essential orderliness which comes from submission of one's self to an impersonal process. Even his imaginary Samurai, the self-chosen rulers of one of his Utopias, were simply glorified individualists, who had proved by a certain personal virtue the right to do as they damn pleased. The heroes of all of Mr. Wells' books, without exception, were egregiously impulsive, irritable, cranky, self-willed persons, utterly incapable of either giving or obeying orders—a disorderly and conceited lot. So far as we of the younger generation were affected by the example of these Wellsian heroes, it was in the direction of making us throw over our most childish wishes the cloak of some magnificently intellectual theory, and thereby to become, so far as we were permitted, nuisances of the most ineffable sort. And Mr. Wells himself, in all his books, somehow called up the picture of a man trying to dress for a party, stamping angrily about, cursing because nothing is ever put where he can find it, and emptying bureau drawers on the floor to show his contempt for this kind of housekeeping. . . . Mr. Wells had, as such a person always has, a Utopian ideal. But such a person is not one to teach order. Mr. Wells taught us, in the name of Utopian efficiency, to throw monkey-wrenches into the already half-broken-down machinery of civilization. I for one am grateful for the lesson. But I shall have to sit at the feet of another master to learn how to behave under a harassed Soviet government too busy to be patient with my notions of perfection.

It is as destructive critic that Mr. Wells will be known to future generations. And this history of the world will hold an eminent place in the record of his destructive activities. Conceiving himself, as he does, in other terms, he has written it with a constructive intention. Mankind, he says, has had in the main only two forces sufficient to override its suicidally separatist tendencies: these two great forces are religion and education. But education itself has been used to divide mankind into jealous and warring groups, particularly by nationalistic history. It is to provide one example of a universal history, subordinating the local interests of each group to the common interests of mankind, that he has written this book; proving further that universal history is not too huge a thing for the ordinary man to learn. . . . To the writing of this history Mr. Wells has brought a brilliant literary gift, and no small amount of erudition, not to speak of the learning of his editorial assistants. He has in particular illuminated the earliest part of the earth's history with the light of a passionate scientific interest; and I think

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Having left active connection with the International Headquarters of the Amalgamated, though still bound to the Organization by many ties, I am free to begin the publication of books for the Progressive Labor Movement. I am beginning with the publication of one book a month—in sets of three—for \$1 for the three. The books will be printed on good book paper and will be illustrated. By use of a compact but easily read type I plan to get as much material in 128 to 160 pages as is contained in the ornate volumes that are retailed at \$2.50. The books will have paper covers and will be of the size of the Modern Library. The order of publication follows:

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that in this respect his book is a landmark in history-teaching. Certain things will be taught a little differently in every civilized country after this book has exerted its influence, and young people will be both happier and wiser because of it. In his discussion of still other special parts of our human story he has made a contribution to historical thinking, by the sheer impact of a certain kind of curiosity. Historians will quarrel with him about his account of this epoch and that, and with considerable justice, for there are limits to his learning and his judgment. But it is a magnificent task, magnificently accomplished.

It is, however, I think, not at all what Mr. Wells intended it to be. Mankind is united, at present, more by a set of superstitions about Greatness than by anything else. And it is to the task of destroying these superstitions that Mr. Wells' book really devotes itself. Mr. Wells has actually no great enthusiasm for any of the accomplishments of the human race after the paleolithic period, in which the first great achievements of the human race, its conquest of fire and tools and speech, were made. From the Pithecanthropus Erectus right down through more than half a million years, there had been a triumphant progress under the most terrific difficulties. But in the succeeding 15,000 years, from the Forest Dwellers to the Paris Peace Conference, there is not much to enthuse over. From the Neolithic period on down to the present time, the record has been one of misuse of fire, tools and speech, and of the other subsequent additions to our human equipment. As the story is told, it makes one wish the human race could go back 35,000 years and live differently its history. After a splendid 565,000 year start, it was a pity that it had to go wrong in the Neolithic Period.

Man, in the Paleolithic Period, was a fine fellow—the sort of person who, it would seem, with a little encouragement, could have achieved a Utopia in 35,000 years. But Neolithic Man had gone astray—into dark and confused processes of thought, and cruel customs expressive of that kind of thought, from which he has hardly yet emerged. For man had become afraid—afraid of everything, from women to the weather. Men communicated their fears to each other, and institutionalized their fears in the customs of property, marriage, government, and war. . . .

Into this savage thought process—which still survives in the unconscious minds of all of us—Mr. Wells does not go very deeply, though it would explain why the record of the 35,000 years lived mostly under its influence, is a tragic record in human history. Savage thought Mr. Wells touches with reluctant fingers, as though it were something at once dirty and horrible—which it is. But it is only by handling dirty and horrible things that we can learn to cure mankind of its ills. The next historian of mankind will deal more fearlessly with this subject. . . .

At all events, the story of man, from that point on, is less a story of progress than of failure. Most historians have felt it to be so, and they have gained what consolations they could from an unrealistic emphasis upon the brief and questionable glories of Greece and Rome and the Renaissance. But Mr. Wells is not thus consoled. The Renaissance scarcely exists for him in such a sense, as a green island in this wide deep sea of historical misfortune; it is a time of transition, not a time of splendor. The Roman glories, too, are obscured by the base silliness of the Carthaginian vendetta. Even Greece does not win his real admiration, for he feels that Pericles and his friends were only momentarily and acci-

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dentally free to think and act above the baseness of the Athenian crowd. . . .

No, it is not upon such moments that he dwells, moments in which we may fancy that the human race has justified its age-long travail. It is rather upon its great failures—upon Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon, Gladstone, and President Wilson.

What might not Alexander have done, if he had not had a barbarous and weak neolithic mind, a prey to the darkest of superstitions and the most childish of vanities! The nineteenth century historians have been busy trying to prove that Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon and Gladstone and their kind were great and wise men. Mr. Wells ruthlessly pushes the myth aside, and points out the hysteria, the egomania, the dark savage weaknesses verging upon insanity, in the best of them. He comes into a realm where we have supposed some order to exist, if only in the wise and far-seeing minds of our heroes; and he shows us the mere meaningless chaos that is really there. . . .

At the end of his story of the frustration of all the splendid possibilities of mankind by these dark impulses which have come up with us from the jungle, Mr. Wells asks us to believe in a Federation of the World. "Our Outline of History has been ill-written," he says, "if it has failed to convey our conviction of the character of the state toward which the world is moving." It has not been ill-written, and it has not failed to convey a conviction of the state toward which the world is moving—but it is not the beautiful and Utopian state which Mr. Wells proceeds to describe with warm eloquence. "Human history," he warns us, "becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe." And, from the data furnished in this book, we can confidently bet on catastrophe. This is a history of the debacle of the human effort. It is a story of the Rise and Fall of Civilization, missing only the last sensational chapters.

And I think this book will be valued in the future as a true history of the end of the old world. It contains no hints—not a scrap or shred of a suggestion—of any authentic gathering of forces sufficient to rebuild civilization out of its ruins. That there will be such a gathering of forces, I have no doubt; nor that the beginnings of that effort are plain to be seen in the modern world-wide Communist movement. That will be the material for another history. This one, by overlooking those forces, and by depending on some vague and unrealistically defined forces of "education and religion" to save society, merely deals with the disintegration of our present world. It cannot, I think, save to the most purblindly progressive minds, fail to convey that sense of world-disintegration and impending collapse. And by thus weakening, in the minds of the intelligentsia, the last hope and faith in the present world order, it contributes significantly to that collapse. . . . Mr. Wells' unconscious mind, I fear, is full of savage impulses of hatred of which his hopeful and kindly conscious mind is unaware.

"All we need," says he, as it were, "in order to have a beautiful world, is to have a little more love and fine thinking. Come, my friends, let us each do our part"—and so saying, he puts his shoulder to one of the few pillars of the Temple left standing by the War, and gives a great push. . . . I can hear the grinding of the rafters as they pull loose above his head.

And when the collapse comes, no doubt he will blame us young Bolsheviks because he is pinned by one leg under the ruins. He will talk about the Bolshevik lack of a sense of

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order, and wish that we young fools had read his books. . . . But we have, Mr. Wells, we have! . . .

One more piece of destruction in which my darkly Neolithic mind rejoices, when I read this book, is the huge shattering of historical tradition. Here is a historian who does not pretend to know everything, who does not conceal his uncertainties as to facts, who allows his advisers to quarrel with him publicly in lengthy footnotes—who, in short, abdicates the pedestal of Greatness. History has become what it should be, an excited discussion of humanly interesting issues. No one will ever get from the Wells history anything resembling the old-fashioned notion of a historical education; he will only get a vivid sense of the world, and its destinies, and of himself as one who can help create these destinies with the labor of his own hand and brain. No one who reads this book can but cease to have any respect for history as an educational fetish, for the great Human Adventure will have become as real and as poignant to him as his own adventures in life and love.

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F. D.

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They Hated Him Because He Cried "Prove It"

Is there a God? Is there a Hell? Is there a Heaven? Are we better than the Savage who worships an Idol? "Prove it and I'll believe you," cried Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. But they couldn't—or wouldn't. So they cast him out. They hated him. They fought him. But for fifty years he fought back. Never could they batter down his logic. Never could they answer with reason.



Col. Robert G. Ingersoll

We sympathize with the savage whose God is a monstrous Idol. We pity him for the glory he places upon the ring in his nose. But are we better than he?

Is it true that much of our goodness is mothered by cowardly fear? Is it true that our God is created by a mind too lazy to do its own thinking? If you believe in God, why? Is there a God? Are you afraid to say "No"? Is there a Hell? Why don't you paint your face and your body and wear a nose ring? Why don't you worship a snake? Others do!

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, for fifty years, preached the gospel of truth. He sympathized with people who feared what he believed did not exist—a God. He felt that the world was being swallowed up by a phantom—a shadow—a "bogeyman." He challenged every sect, every creed. He dared them to prove to him that they knew what they were talking about. He defied them to answer him. Instead, they held him to scorn. They mentally burned him at the stake. But they couldn't find a flaw in his logic. And that's what hurt.

Ingersoll toppled over a brittle Belief and it broke into thousands of pieces. He said, in effect, that the bible was a fake. Of course that was a bad thing to say, especially if you really believed it and could make thousands of others believe it.

Ingersoll was a power. In olden days he would have been tarred and feathered, imprisoned, "done away with." He could have been governor of Illinois—some say he could have had the presidency. But he wouldn't stop talking against a blind acceptance of a man-made God. No one could find a "motive" for his belief, save the true motive he had—to shake people from the mental prison into which they had been thrown by "blindly following the blind." He wanted to break the shackles of fear. He wanted to bring people into the light. And for fifty years Ingersoll spoke to packed houses up and down and across the continent. Even after his death he was fought—for they tried to prove that he recanted. But under oath his family has sworn that Ingersoll died as he had lived—an agnostic—an unbeliever.

A Few of Ingersoll's Important Addresses

Jesus Christ's Life
Some Mistakes of Moses
Which Way?
The Truth
The Foundations of Faith
Superstition
The Devil
Progress
What Is Religion?
About the Holy Bible
My Reviewers Reviewed
The Limitations of Toleration
A Christian Sermon
Is Suicide a Sin?
Is Avarice Triumphant?
Orthodoxy
Myth and Miracle
The Christian Religion Is Divorce Wrong?
A Vindication of Thomas Paine
Shakespeare
Robert Burns
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Whatever your belief—whatever your religion—you must justify it to yourself. You cannot go on and on, living a lazy mental lie—if it be a lie. And if it be Truth, how much more firm will be your faith if the World's greatest Unbeliever cannot shake you from it. And if it be, to your challenged mind a lie, think what freedom must come to you when the chains are broken.

Ingersoll, even the Clergy admit, was a great thinker. Henry Ward Beecher said that no man ever lived who could talk like him. The press quoted him. Tens of thousands of pamphlets containing his orations

were sold. He was the subject of attack from nearly every pulpit, in every city, town and hamlet in the country. It is safe to say his words were translated into every foreign language. He couldn't be stopped. He couldn't be bought. He couldn't be shaken one iota from the truth as he believed it.

Every man and woman with a spark of courage will want to read Ingersoll. He has been dead for twenty years, but no one has yet appeared who could answer him, and no one has yet appeared who could add one whit of argument to the case he presented.

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