

LIBERATOR

JUNE, 1921

25 CENTS



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1921

Frankman Robinson

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is

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Historical Review of the Past Four Years.
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More Crimes of the "Times"!

Being Installment Number 3 of our "Brass Check Weekly."

We have discovered a way to beat the Wall Street Press! For twenty years we have seen them publish falsehoods about those who work for social justice, and refuse corrections. But now we find that all one has to do is to spend \$600 on a full page advertisement in the liberal magazines, and it "smokes them out" every time! First, the "Weekly Review" published a false charge against us, while having on its desk the documentary evidence of the falsity. The "Weekly Review" announced that the subject was closed; but we advertised the story, and forthwith it came across with a signed admission that it had done us "an injustice!"

Next, the New York "Times" featured the attack of a college professor on "The Brass Check." The professor clamored for facts, and the "Times" endorsed the clamor—and then refused to publish the facts when we submitted them! We advertised again, and the "Times" learned of it, and published an editorial explaining why it had refused space to our letter! By this editorial it raised three delicate questions of journalistic ethics: One—can the richest and most powerful newspaper in America discuss editorially a letter addressed to it, while at the same time refusing to publish the letter? Two—can it misrepresent and deliberately misquote this letter, thus making a man appear to prove himself a liar? Three—can it publish what it knows to be false, and then refuse to publish proof of the falsity? All three of these things the New York "Times" has done, and the documentary proof is in our pamphlet. "The Crimes of the Times."

The "Times" denies the incident we have told in "The Brass Check"; that in 1907, at the time of the publication of "The Metropolis," the "Times" prepared a long news story about the book, and killed it at the last moment. The "Times" now asserts: "In every particular Mr. Sinclair's statement in 'The Brass Check' is false. No such incident ever occurred, and the evidence he now pretends to offer is obviously not evidence at all." The "Times" concludes by describing us as a "pestiferous and defiling insect!" Our answer was to telegraph: "Will you obtain and publish in the 'Times' an affidavit of the man who was city editor of the 'Times' in 1907, that there was not prepared by the 'Times' a long news story about 'The Metropolis'? Will you agree to publish on the editorial page of the 'Times' statements of such witnesses as I can produce to substantiate my story, provided total space is not more than half column?" Again silence from the "Times!"

We have on our desk, ready for the inspection of all honest men, a letter from Mr. W. D. Moffat, at that time president of Moffat, Yard & Co., the firm which published "The Metropolis." Mr. Moffat, practically a stranger to us, and an absolutely disinterested witness, writes: "I remember the incident about the New York 'Times' story and our chagrin on the morning when we expected to find the story in the 'Times' and did not find it." Also we have a telegram from Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, at that time a member of the firm, later an editor of the "Century" Magazine, and now Chief of the Educational Section of the government's National Park Service. Mr. Yard wires: "I recall article was prepared about 'Metropolis' for 'Times' to publish, but that was not published, which greatly disappointed us all."

We gave the "Times" one more chance. We wired them that we had Mr. Moffat's letter, and would they publish it? We offered them a photographic copy of the letter, and asked them to wire collect. No answer! So we ask: Do we prove to you that the richest and most powerful newspaper in the United States is without honor, or any trace of regard for fair play? Three telegrams left unanswered—though in one of them we authorized the "Times" to telegraph 500 words at our expense, and offered to publish it in our pamphlet!

For twenty years we have been writing books, trying to tell the truth about social conditions in America. We have made many enemies, but also a few friends. We now have something to say to these friends. If ever you have found any pleasure or profit from one of our books, now is the time for you to pay the debt. We ask you to do us a personal favor, which is to get some copies of our pamphlet, "The Crimes of the Times," and help to circulate them. We have included the later documents, making 32 pages instead of 16, but we shall sell it at the same price, even though it proves to be at a loss: 10 cents per copy, 15 copies for \$1.00, \$5.00 a hundred.

For three months we have been forced to advertise "The Brass Check" and nothing else, but please don't forget that we have a lot of other books in stock—nine altogether. We have published two more, "The Cry for Justice" and "King Coal." We have now a circular listing all our books, which we will be glad to send you. If you are in the East, send to our New York office, 3 East 14th St. If you are in the Middle West, send to the Economy Book Shop, 33 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill., who are our distributing agents, wholesale and retail. They have been very fine and patient with us when our amateur publishing office got tied up into knots, and they will show you the same courtesy, and will save you long delays if you live in their territory.

Books published by Upton Sinclair: "The Brass Check," "100%," "The Jungle," "The Profits of Religion," "Debs and the Poets," and "King Coal." Single copy, paper, 60 cents postpaid; three copies, \$1.50; ten copies, \$4.50. Single copy, cloth, \$1.20 postpaid; three copies, \$3.00; ten copies, \$9.00. "The Cry of Justice": Single copy, paper, \$1.00 postpaid. Single copy cloth, \$1.50 postpaid.

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California.





“You keep out of this! I’ll do what I like with my own.”

THE LIBERATOR

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June, 1921

Clarifying the Light

By Max Eastman

NEWS comes in a letter from France that the group *Clarté*, organized by Henri Barbusse as a kind of intellectual torch-bearer to the revolution, has revised its principles and purged its ranks of reformers and amateur socialists. It has accepted the principle of the class-struggle in its full meaning. We expressed our judgment at the time *Clarté* was formed of this organization which set out to clarify the revolution with principles so vague that it could enroll upon its directing committee bourgeois humanitarians like H. G. Wells and Blasco Ibanez, along with militant revolutionists like Boris Souvarine and Anatole France. Revolutionary clarity consists essentially in the act of distinguishing such people, and showing that, however their words may resemble each other, they are fighting in opposite camps. The *Clarte* movement was, therefore, as far from being a "light" as only a smoke-screen could be.

All that has now been radically changed. The torch has burst into flame. The "intellectuals" have comprehended—somewhat tardily, as literary intellectuals always do—the practical science which can alone really give light to our steps. From being an "International of Intellect" they have become a "Center of International Revolutionary Education"—a more humble title, but one which suggests that their intellects have been in actual use.

I quote the new Declaration in full:

"In order to remove all equivocation, the directing committee has decided to define the situation and work of the group '*Clarté*' by the following declaration, which must be accepted integrally by all its members.

"In view of the facts:

"That the social order must disappear and give place to a new order founded upon the absolute principles of International Communism;

"That the establishment of this new order cannot come from a successive series of reforms, but only from the radical destruction of the capitalist system;

"That the passage from the present order to the new order can be provisionally assured only by the dictatorial preponderance of the class heretofore exploited and despoiled;

"That in order to prepare and realize the universal revolution, the only practical step is to try to give to each man throughout the entire world the consciousness of his class rights and class responsibilities;

"'*Clarté*' defines itself thus:

"*A Center of International Revolutionary Education.*"

"'*Clarté*' is not a party; the political party which responds to its conception exists already; that is the International Com-

munist Party. '*Clarté*' remains aside and apart from all polemic, political or doctrinaire organs and organizations.

"It considers itself thereby qualified to bring to the task of the Communist Socialist Party a contribution of a kind more especially intellectual. Powerless in itself to precipitate the historic evolution, this intellectual action, to which the Russian Revolutionaries devote the utmost care, has proven itself day by day to be one of the essential factors of success.

"In order that its work may be practical and useful, the attitude of '*Clarté*' must be clear. It intends to be strictly intransigent and purge itself of those Internationalists—reformists and sentimental pacifists—who resist all destruction, indispensable as it is to the construction of the unity of mankind.

"'*Clarté*' exercises its action by means of meeting, book, brochure, journal, tract; by the collection of documents and the universal organization of a precise education upon historic, social and political ideas and facts."

The directors of "*Clarté*" seem to feel that the group surrounding the LIBERATOR is their natural counterpart in America, and they desire to form an American affiliation. I can agree that their new declaration expresses in a certain way the function which we think the LIBERATOR should fill. As Michael Gold was saying the other day, "We want to be Gorkis and Lunacharskis, rather than Lenins and Trotskys, of the revolution in America." Not so mild an ambition, either! And my correspondent in the office of "*Clarté*" puts the same thing in other words. "Our program," he says, "is very simple—we are undertaking the task of prolet-culture (in so far as such can be attempted in a capitalist regime) which the communist party, now entirely occupied with questions of propaganda, organization, etc., has not the leisure to attempt."

During the war when all the other Left Wing papers were suppressed, and we managed to replace the MASSES with the LIBERATOR, we felt that our duty was propaganda, and for a time we slipped almost into the position of an "organ" of the movement. But with the reappearance of weekly papers issued by those actually on the job, our function has become more and more differentiated, and we have gradually decided upon a course similar to that now chosen by the "*Clarté*" group in France. To me the term "prolet-cult" is so dull, busy, self-conscious, ugly and uninspiring a name for any creative occupation, that I can not bring myself to employ it. I hope it is not a sample of the poetry it proposes to evoke. But it is perhaps a fair practical designation for the task we are engaged upon.

In spite of this general agreement of motive, however, I still find myself reluctant to join the "Clarté" movement, or propose to the readers of the LIBERATOR that they should form an American section. And I want to open a discussion of this question to which I hope other editors and friends of the magazine will contribute.

In the first place, although I believe that the motive of the "Clarté" group is approximately identical with our motive, I do not think they have succeeded in truly stating it. They call their contribution to the movement "more especially intellectual" than the contribution of the parties which are engaged in the propagation of communist principles, and the organization of those who accept them. And they call themselves a center of revolutionary education as distinct from those parties, which they say are too busy with propaganda.

Now I deny that the literary and artistic people who are directing the "Clarté" group are more "intellectual" than the leaders of the parties. And I deny that any such distinction exists as that which they imply between revolutionary "education" and revolutionary "propaganda."

If "Clarté" were publishing books like those of Sorel, or highly theoretical Marxian reviews like that of Charles Rappaport, they might lay just claim to a more "intellectual" interest than that of the propaganda leaders—although *theoretical* would be the correct word with which to describe it. But they are as far from that, and a good deal farther in fact, than the party leaders—as their tardiness in arriving at a comprehension of the first principles of the revolution so clearly reveals. *Intellectuality* is the very thing they have shown a lack of. Their emotion and their purpose have been revolutionary from the beginning. Their spirit has been willing, but their minds were weak. The present declaration is a confession of that fact.

Without any absorbing interest in theory, then, and without the purpose of practical propaganda, can the "Clarté" group possibly lay claim to the function of "revolutionary education?" They propose to exercise their action by means of meeting, book, brochure, journal, tract, collections of documents, organization of education. . . . Is not that a perfect description of the action of the regular propaganda parties? And would not any judicious person looking for authentic and important information on any of the problems of the revolution—theoretic or practical—go rather to the party publications than to the publications of "Clarté"? I believe he would. And I believe that, seeking such information in this country, he would go rather to the party publications than to the LIBERATOR.

What is it then that we contribute, if it is neither theoretical education, nor a more circumspect and authentic practical information? There is no single word for it, perhaps, in popular usage, but in my own vocabulary I call it poetry. We are distinguished, we literary and artistic people, by our ability to realize—to feel and express the qualities of things. We experience vividly the existing facts, and the revolutionary ideal, and the bitterly wonderful long days of the struggle that lies between these two. All the way along we are dealing as experts in experience. Experience is our trade. We receive it vividly and we convey it vividly to others. And this faculty of vivid living—besides the ultimate and absolute value that it has in itself—contributes something indispensable to the practical movement. It contributes something that we might call *inspiration*. It keeps up a certain warm faith and laughing resolution in those who might weary of learning and laboring in the mere practical terms of the task. It is inspiration that one finds in the works of Barbusse, of Gorki, of Robert Minor—a sense of the companionable zest of the adventure, of the drama, the romance, and the utter reality of the life that is throbbing through time in this mighty current of change. It is warmth rather than light that these men bring to the revolution. *Le Feu* is the word, after all, not Clarté!

I chose to mention those three men because, after performing a mighty service in spreading the feelings of the revolution, and having risen through that poetic achievement to a position of great authority, each one of them committed in that position of authority an intelligent blunder which the merest novice of pure science in a Marxian local could not commit. Gorki opposed the Bolsheviks because he did not understand the elementary distinction between "Socialism Utopian and Scientific." Robert Minor opposed them, as he himself confessed, because he had never glanced inside of the fundamental books of Marx and Engels. His "I Change My Mind a Little"



From a photograph.

Lenin with H. G. Wells

*The "collection of documents" is an exception—but that purely academic function would surely not satisfy the directors of Clarté.

might well have been called "I Begin to Study a Little." And Henri Barbusse, actuated by the most clear and courageous of revolutionary emotions, designed this Clarté group in the first place in a way to do all that a group of artists and writers possibly could do, to obscure the line of battle and weaken the revolutionary perceptions of the workers.

Perhaps it would not be well to recall these celebrated errors, if they did not bear heavily upon the question now at issue. Is it wise for these people whose service to the revolution is inspiration—the poets, artists, humorists, musicians, reporters, story-tellers, and discursive philosophizers—to form a distinct and autonomous organization of their own? To me it seems unwise. These particular people, I should say, are more in need of guidance and careful watching by the practical and theoretical workers of the movement than the members of any other trade. There is so strong an admixture of play in their work—that is the reason. Their work has to be playful in order to be creative. It has to be very free and irresponsible. It cannot, I think, submit to the official control of a party. And for that very reason the task of making it circumspect enough never to injure practically, while it is aiding poetically, the work of the party, is a very delicate one. It is one which can best be accomplished, in my opinion, if the party is the only *organization*, the only corporate source of intellectual guidance.

We have not only to cultivate the poetry, but keep the poetry true to the science of the revolution—to give life and laughter and passion and adventures in speculation, without ever clouding or ignoring any point that is vital in the theory and practice of communism. That is a task which the organizers of "Clarté" seem not yet to have clearly defined. And it is a task which to me at least, so far as my judgment is formed, seems to make their *organization* as unhelpful, as their individual works are helpful beyond price to the revolution.

Barefoot Woman

YOU walk as though you were a chief's daughter,
As though your spirit flowed out in power;
Deliberate and strong you flow like stream-water
And your head floats lightly like a floating flower.

The Golden Bather

THE golden flower falls into the river,
River running smooth, river running still,
And around it circles grow and quiver
Growing and growing until they fill
All the amber water; it is all aquiver.

Golden woman bathing in the pool,
The water reaching to the farthest bank
Shows that you are in its bosom, cool;
Shows by its circles where your body sank,
Shows in its amber your body, beautiful.

And your tranquil life when you wade ashore
Spreads all around you lovely golden gleams;
Spreads in quiet circles that always more and more
Show the quiet kindness of your golden dreams,
Sweet as amber honey, all your golden store.

Lydia Gibson.



A drawing by George Bellows.

Song of the General Strike

By Maria Bravo of Argentina. Translated
from the Spanish by Alice Stone Blackwell.

THE crowd advances like a sounding sea,
The multitude ablaze with banners bright;
In the great chorus that invokes a hope
All earth's revolts seem throbbing, full of might.
Like a huge cloud foretelling cyclones dread
The multitude all-powerful marches past;

Today they rest; their clamor, all as one,
Spreads fear of revolutions dark and vast.
Energy that creates and that destroys,
Perpetual energy, the crowd goes by—
Men with their faith, their strength, their song, their flag—
And as they pass, the streets thrill silently;
A hush falls here and where the pampas ope,
And life itself stands still and waits in hope!

Ad Lib.

THE social revolution in England has been postponed on account of wet grounds. The miners wanted to flood the mines and pool the profits.

IN Pittsburgh the police broke up a Socialist amnesty meeting and the judge would not interfere because no property rights were involved. A mere human right has about as much chance in Pittsburgh as a white collar.

NOW it is proposed that Germany take over the Allies' debt to the United States. We might have known that there was a catch in it some place.

FRANCE does not like the German proposals that have come through the Harding government. We are getting a fair share of the blame on the good old principle, if you get bad news, kick the messenger boy.

CHICAGO has plans to make everybody with a job take out a license and pay a fee. Losing a job will be not only a pleasure but a duty to one's family.

ACCORDING to a chemist, Yale's weakness in athletics is due to the exhaustion of the nutritive qualities in Connecticut land, and he asks state aid for soil improvement. Then when Yale bites the dust it will get a square meal.

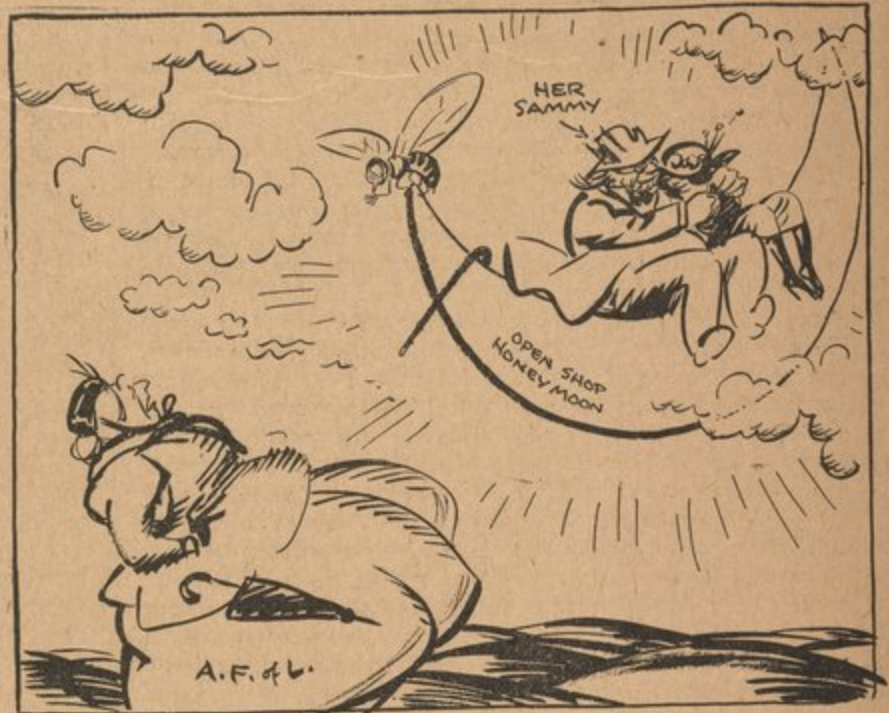
MEANWHILE a federal judge in New Haven refused citizenship to an applicant until he had bought a liberty bond. We are charging admission at the Connecticut gate.

THE paper trust boasts of the best year in its history with earnings of over \$52 per share of stock and complains bitterly about high wages and Canadian competition. The telephone trust increases dividends and asks higher rates to keep the wolf from the door.

THE annual report knows no class distinctions; wealth and poverty go hand in hand.

ROY Harris swore he lied in confessing to the Elwell murder, was released and advised by the judge to go to work. With the National Security League, the Open Shop Association and the Associated Press all working full time, it ought not to be hard to find an opening for an industrious young liar.

'PERSONALLY,' said Judge Gary, speaking of labor unions, "I believe they may have been justified in the long past for I think workmen were not always treated justly." But that was in the dark, preGaryous days.



The Press reports that Gompers spent the first two days of his recent honeymoon at an "open-shop" hotel.

THERE is no secret defensive and offensive agreement between France and Great Britain, said Austen Chamberlain to Parliament. The two fundamental principles of British diplomacy are (1) to make an alliance with France, (2) to deny its existence.

ADVOCACY of a reduction of armament is now denounced by Congress Republicans as "an insult to the President." There is no sign of amnesty for political prisoners; there are Palmerian red raids to foil fake Mayday revolutions. In fact there is no change worth mentioning.

EVERYTHING is as it was,
Harding is as Harding does.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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The Triple Alliance Backs Down

By Charles T. Hallinan

TO my fellow-countrymen: Greetings from London.

Let us take heart. Let us lift up our heads and hymn our granite hills. In our stumbling, modest way we are a great, we are a consistent, people. It is true, of course, that our intrinsic greatness is somewhat obscured, in the new red dawn of the world, by the antique figure of Mr. Samuel Gompers; but as an American who has been watching at close range the scandalous debacle of the Triple Alliance, I rise to make a narrow, nationalistic remark. I rise to suggest that Mr. Samuel Gompers, in his most reactionary and capitalistic moments, is a monument of integrity and loyalty, the very symbol of guts and valor, compared with the head of the great English Triple Alliance, the man who only yesterday was scheduled by our naive English cousins to be the first Labor Premier of Great Britain.

Mind you, Mr. Gompers has his faults. If he had a chance to stick a knife into the Industrial Workers of the World, he would do so without any pious expressions of regret. But Mr. Gompers, as you begin to perceive when you survey him from an alien shore, has the qualities of his defects as well as the defects of his qualities. Along with a distinguished simplicity of bean there goes, you realize, a certain simplicity of heart. If you gave Mr. Gompers a strike to manage, a perfectly orthodox strike, by perfectly respectable unions, for perfectly conventional trade union ends (namely and to wit an arrangement about wages) you wouldn't expect him to "throw" it from sheer funk, or in order to receive privately the plaudits of the cabinet. Mr. Gompers' light is a poor one, but it is practically single; certainly it is not that will-o'-the-wisp of Tory respectability which certain of the labor leaders in England recklessly pursue.

In short, the first impression made upon you is that this particular sort of betrayal would have been almost impossible in America where the struggle between capital and labor is sharper and cruder than it is here, where it is adorned with fewer amenities, where there is little or no middle class interference.

That last point almost sums it up. This is the greatest victory which the English middle class has thus far won against the English labor movement. It is an amazing victory, against overwhelming odds, and won solely by interfering, by playing shrewdly and persistently upon the weaknesses of certain leaders. When it was all over, the London *Times* devoted a couple of columns to the personality of the man who broke the strike. The article bore a significant caption:

MR. J. H. THOMAS

A Petit Bourgeois.

It made you rub your eyes!

At this writing, the miners are too sore for speech. Some of the district leaders have intimated that the Miners Federation would pull out of the Triple Alliance altogether but I doubt it. They will get a lot of comfort in June at the convention of the National Union of Railwaymen when Mr.

Thomas will be put on the carpet by the humiliated rank and file. He will unquestionably win a formal endorsement—he carries the votes in his pocket, like an American—but he can't win it until a good many delegates have had a chance to tell him what they think of him. This process, with its attendant publicity in the labor press, may serve to console the miners for the trick that was played upon them and may persuade them to stick to the Triple Alliance. At any rate, it is too early to assume that the Alliance is a thing of the past.

But when, if ever, will such an opportunity as this come again? This joint strike of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, with the National Union of Railwaymen and the Transport Workers Federation, was the most British thing one would suppose, that could have happened. There was no revolutionary principle involved. The only thing involved was the issue of common defense. For weeks the employers have been hammering first one group of workers, and then another. In union after union, from the Scottish Agricultural Workers in the North to the dock laborers in Southampton, notices of peremptory reductions in wages, lengthening of hours, cancellations of existing safeguards, have been thrust upon the frightened labor officials. There has been something approaching a panic. The one outstanding fact was that the railwaymen had won, last year, what was little better than a postponement of the whole struggle (for the maintenance of war-time wages and conditions) until next August. If that was the best that the railwaymen could do, what hope had the little fellows? The situation created its own slogan—a priceless asset, of tremendous educational value. That slogan was: "It will be our turn next."

In other words, the English labor movement was ready to cast around for a strong defense. The Triple Alliance was that defense. When the English newspapers talked about the threatened strike as a mere gesture of defiance from two and a half million people against 50 million people, they were talking nonsense. The two and a half million members of the Triple Alliance represented at least twelve million of the population, against a balance of thirty-eight million. But there are no privileged working-class groups left in England; everybody has been hit and it is no great exaggeration to say that the vast bulk of organized labor, together with the co-operatives, would have sided tacitly if not aggressively with the Triple Alliance if only from self-interest: "if this fight is lost, it will be our turn next." And then the proportions would have been twenty-five millions against twenty-five millions.

Furthermore, while the government rattled the sabre ferociously and made a great show of recruiting a "white guard" with which to put down "insurrection," this improvised "white guard" was made up only to a small extent of middle-class stalwarts; the vast bulk, around London at least consisted of the unemployed! Through the railings of Kensington Gardens I watched a company going in to mess. They had not yet been put into uniform and they looked precisely like the dreary processions of unemployed ex-soldiers which wind their way daily through the London streets; you felt that they

were dubious material. Of course, had the struggle lasted long enough to release hundreds of thousands of the bourgeoisie from industrial pursuits, the "white guard" would have acquired the character of the Black-and-Tans. But at the start, and for the first week or so, the Government would have been in the position of "arming the proletariat."

And the Government knew it, too.

Why, then, did the thing collapse? Why did the National Union of Railwaymen and the Federation of Transport Workers cancel the strike at the very last moment?

Thomas takes lofty ground. He tells his friends that as long as the miners are under fire, it would not be fair to state publicly the reasons why the railwaymen withdrew. Later on, he says, he will explain everything. His arguments will be immaterial; the real fact is that he lacks guts. In the British labor movement, J. H. Thomas is the exact center. He is not like J. R. Clynes, sturdily on the right. He sees that that won't do. He leads an organization of 450,000 men and he has to be dexterous in his leadership. He looks like a well-to-do English business man; he has force though he is almost too facile, he makes speeches too easily and copiously, to carry weight in parlous times. But he appeals, with a secret appeal, to the streak of yellow in men. He told an audience a few days before the debacle: "You know, gentlemen, that if any way can be found to avoid this strike, I'll do my best to find it." And the audience cheered him. There is discomfort in a big strike; nobody likes the idea. By looking intensely solemn, by multiplying at every contact with the press his suggestion that the strike would be a tragic and terrible thing and that it must be avoided if high-minded men can find a way,—in that fashion Thomas, far more than any of the other leaders, subtly spelled defeat and disaster and appealed to the cravens to rally around him.

As for the Federation of Transport Workers, they too are silent. The only public explanation thus far vouchsafed was printed by a correspondent in the *Labour Leader*, the organ of the right wing of the I. L. P., who pointed out, that if there is a joint strike, the brunt of it will fall upon the transport workers. If no trains run, then the Government will resort to motor lorries for the transport of food, men

and supplies. This means that every van in the street will be a "blackleg" van. The temptation to attack every "blackleg" van will be irresistible. The transport workers will attack the vans, and the Government in turn will attack the transport workers. Which is to say, Q. E. D.

Robert Williams, the secretary of the Transport Workers' Federation, has been a communist. He wears a flannel shirt and dresses the part of a revolutionary. He also makes speeches,—red-hot proletarian, class-conscious, Third International speeches. During the winter, when delegations of the unemployed invaded the perfectly respectable meetings of the British Labour Party and demanded that "something be done," Bob Williams was usually the only paid official on the platform to intervene on behalf of the invaders. In Labor officialdom, Williams has been a scandal, an annoyance, he was so far to the left. But he and Gosling, the two representatives of the Transport Workers' Federation fell in with Thomas and Cramp of the Railwaymen, and called off the strike on the very afternoon of the day on which it was scheduled to take place.

On the very next day, the Executive Committee of the Communist Party addressed a letter to Williams demanding an explanation. That letter was very cool and formal, considering how appalled and angry the Communists were. It was sent by Arthur McManus, at that time provisional chairman, now permanent Chairman, of the Communist Party of Great Britain:

"Dear Comrade Williams,—In view of the mutterings of criticism anent your conduct and general attitude throughout the recent crisis which one hears all around, and also in view of the fact that the custodians of the paper (*The Communist*, edited by Francis Meynell) felt compelled to make mention of your attitude in a somewhat critical way, I feel impelled to write you on behalf of the Executive Committee requesting you to send in your version of the whole affair."

Incredible as it sounds, Williams sent no reply. In the *May Day Annual*, issued by the *Daily Herald*, on May 1st, he had a vague article entitled "Thinking Aloud" in which he contended, apparently apropos of nothing at all, that the rank and file must learn that it is a complex world and that lead-

ers do the best they can and should not be scandalously misjudged. I am burlesquing its tone only a very little when I describe it that way. It was designed as a dignified exit from a very bad mess. Let it go at that. The communists promptly expelled Comrade Williams and he is at liberty to return to the decorous garb of the middle classes whenever he recovers from the strain of this disastrous engagement.

That the thing has been a disaster of fearful proportions everybody, I think, admits. "Right wing" comment sounds exactly like "left wing" comment on this point. The *Labour Leader*, which speaks for Ramsey MacDonald and Mrs. Philip Snowden, says editorially that this finishes J. H. Thomas. "He will never be Labour's Premier, after that day's work." Why it should require a very debacle to enlighten the British labor electorate as to the qualities of Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., when the latter spends days and weeks giving himself away—the man is as obvious as Alton B. Parker—it is a bit hard to understand.



Why Not?



Drawn by William Gropper

The British Judas

In the meantime, the Miners' Federation is struggling along the best it can. What might have been a short, sharp struggle, with victory—disguised, of course, as a respectable British compromise—must now be a prolonged endurance contest. Perhaps it is better so. Perhaps such a struggle is necessary to wean the elder statesmen of the Welsh pits away from their consuming interest in the Beast of the Apocalypse and other theological distractions. In Scotland and England, the Sunday schools are for children; in Wales they are for men. One of the lecturers for the Workers' Educational Association tells me of some mining communities where every third man is bitten with the desire to be a preacher. I have never verified this, and others tell me that the picture hardly applies today, that it describes an older generation. At any rate, the miners will have time to think about Lloyd George.

Note his amazing record. First, Lloyd George begs the miners to submit their case—this was two years ago—to a Royal Commission. This wasn't to be an ordinary all-in-the-day's-work sort of a Commission; it was to be an extra-special, double-starred Commission with power to summon witnesses, to punish for contempt, to get at all the facts. It was headed by Justice Sankey, a distinguished jurist blessed with an open mind. That Commission made, as everybody knows, an exhaustive investigation and reported in favor of the nationalization of the mines as its first choice. Lloyd George had definitely promised that the recommendations of the Sankey Commission would be adopted by the Government

and driven through Parliament with the Government's huge majority. But the "hard-faced" men—to use the Fleet street phrase—decided otherwise; Lloyd George tore up his promise.

Then the coal miners fell back upon a scheme of treating the industry as a whole. They called the scheme a National Pool; if they had called it "Unemployed Benefit" or something of that sort, their case, so far as the dull bourgeoisie are concerned, would have been stronger. As it was, the coal owners and the Government succeeded for days in befooling the public into thinking that "National Pool" meant, in some obscure way, the nationalization of the mines. But it didn't. All it meant was that every ton of coal brought to the surface should be assessed a small amount. That process is already in existence. Every ton of coal brought to the surface pays a royalty, sometimes as much as sixpence a ton, to the man who owns the ground; it would take no additional machinery to assess that ton of coal a few extra pence to be placed in a national pool to be used to help those mines which, from time to time, fall economically behind the others. If, for example, some mines, owing to the character of the coal, had to compete against the "convict-mined" coal from Germany which France is dumping upon European markets, this pool would be applied to keeping up the wages in those unfortunate mines. Later on, when this situation had remedied itself, it might be the turn of some other district—say, one which turned out bunker coal, or domestic coal—to enjoy the temporary help of that pool.

In short, a perfectly simple, non-revolutionary device for treating a national asset as a national responsibility. The only other alternative—which was adopted by the Government under pressure from the mine owners—was to treat each district separately and make the wages paid depend upon the profits. No profits, no wages. Not to go into the technical arguments too deeply, this would have resulted in breaking up the miners' organization; each district would have had to fight its own battles alone; the Federation would have been a paper thing rather than a force.

Thus far I have said nothing about Frank Hodges, the secretary of the Miners' Federation who has been conducting the miners' fight. For a few days after the break-up of the strike of the Triple Alliance, it was the fashion to suggest that Hodges had thrown away the miners' case, had somehow betrayed them when he tentatively agreed, in an informal discussion with some members of Parliament, to take up with them the question of the wages proposed by the coal owners apart from the issue of the National Pool. Hodges went back to the Executive Committee and reported what he had done. He thought that he had secured in this fashion a valuable publicity channel. That is a matter of opinion, of judgment; after some discussion—a perfectly friendly discussion, from all I can find out—the Executive Committee decided that to proceed along those lines would confuse and worry the rank and file and might result in landing the Federation in a *cul de sac*. So the Executive Committee declined to ratify Hodges' offer. And this was pounced upon by the leaders of the N. U. R. and the Transport Workers' Federation as their excuse for calling off the strike. Instantly, without notifying Hodges or the Miners' Executive, they sent out thousands of telegrams cancelling the strike which was to have started at ten o'clock that night. Then they notified the press, and the ticker brought the "great news" to the House of Commons where Lloyd George at first refused to believe it! An hour later, the miners learned the news from the reporters!

To call Hodges a "traitor" seems to me absurd. But he is precocious, a Slightly Superior Person, and this multiplies enemies for him. I listened to him one night—this was long before the lockout of the miners—and I must confess he left me cold. I wondered how on earth he had seized the leadership of the miners. If he has annoyed me with his Y. M. C. A. manner, he has probably annoyed others, and the blast of criticism levelled against him in the labor press may, perhaps, have something of this personal element in it. But he has learned one thing from Smillie, and that is to lead, to keep moving toward a goal. That goal is the nationalization of the mines, under a guild administration. In this program, he is certainly ahead of the other Triple Alliance leaders.

But these English, as the world recognizes with resignation, do things their own way. It is not our way, and never will be. People talk about their having an "imperial" psychology. I don't see it. It would be more accurate to describe it as an "island" psychology. They are surrounded by water; they have no frontiers to escape to. When you throw several thousand Britons out of a job, they stay out and receive doles; they have no place to move to. Dislocations are therefore taken very seriously; there is an inclination to avoid extremes, to patch up and make shift, as men would on an island.

There is this one more thing to say about the situation over here,—the circulation of "The Communist," the new Party organ, has jumped from 40,000 to 60,000 in the past three weeks. Interpret that for yourselves.

Communist Jail-Keeper

By Louise Bryant

A PRISON is like a mirror reflecting the character of the government above the prison. What could be a more faithful likeness of the Wilson Administration than the jails at home full of people still unforgiven for opposing a war that the whole world is disillusioned about? Last week I visited one of the Communist prisons—Andronovski Lager. As I went about observing how the Communists manage people who are a menace to their peace and safety, like a shadow beside me went the thought of Dannemora, where Jim Larkin and Ben Gitlow pass their hard days. . . .

Andronovski Lager is a beautiful place. Before the revolution it was a monastery. Above the chapel hang the sweetest bells in Moscow. There is a lovely garden and numerous low buildings and surrounding it all is a high Chinese wall. We drove up to the big iron gates in an automobile from the Foreign Office. Santeri Nuorteva had charge of the expedition and carried the kind of papers from the Extraordinary Commission that allowed us to wander freely about once we were inside.

We passed beneath arches with holy pictures painted on the sides and unlit shrines in the corners, and came to the Commandant's office, which overlooked the garden. The Commandant was a very mild young man, about as much my idea of a prison warden as Scott Nearing. He gave us tea and told us about the people he had in charge. I wanted especially to see the American Captain Kirkpatrick, who was taken with Wrangel. He proved to be but a stripling—a Southerner whose love of adventure had carried him along, even after the war was over, "hunting Bolsheviks" as they hunt Mexicans in Texas or "niggers" in his native element. Kirkpatrick doesn't like it known that he was taken prisoner by a woman. But that is only because he is a Southerner; the woman who captured him is one of the best soldiers in Russia and is the commander of a cavalry brigade.

When one talks to Kirkpatrick one forgives him much. He has been fed on Southern prejudices and knows nothing about life. He is terribly disillusioned and hurt because "his government" so promptly forgot him. He told me he would "prove to history and the world" that he never meant to harm the Soviets. He asked Nuorteva to send him a lot of Communist literature. The Commandant, he said, was "one of the dearest fellows . . . and so delicate about giving orders to the prisoners."

As we walked through corridor after corridor knocking at doors and being joyfully received it suddenly occurred to me that there were no bars or locks. Upon investigation I found that only the wall was guarded. As far as the rest of the camp went one could go about just as freely as one chose. There were the usual Russian stories about prisoners who were allowed to go unaccompanied into the town, coming back without proper papers and being refused permission to enter for hours. The craziest thing about these stories is that they are usually true. I know it was true in the case of the Anarchists who were let out to attend Kropotkin's funeral. They stood outside for a whole hour trying to persuade a doubtful guard to allow them to return to solitary confinement!

Kirkpatrick escorted us to the quarters of friends of his who proved to be of the cream of the Hungarian aristocracy.



Rehearsing the "Frame-up"

They are held to exchange for Hungarian Communists as Kirkpatrick and other Americans are held to exchange for Larkin and Gitlow. One of them, Count Szechenyi is a cousin of our American Vanderbilts.

The most charming person in the camp was Baron Stackelberg, the eminent scientist. We did not discover what brought him there, and he entertained us in such an easy, amusing way that we did not have the heart to ask him. However, he volunteered the information that he would return in a few days to his post in the Academy of Sciences in Moscow and laughingly added, "of course always subject to an invitation to return here." He had spent his time in prison making a comparison of the English and German languages.

As soon as we learned that the Emir of Khiva was one of the "guests" we insisted on seeing him, but for a reason we could not then fathom the Commandant was very loath to comply with our request. However, he gave way and at last led us into the main room of the chapel where the Emir, the Crown Prince and all the ministers were living with their beds ranged round the great room, a poor copy of Ivan the Terrible's chapel in the Kremlin. There were the same curved ceilings, low windows and holy pictures. But it was

not possible to think of the architecture because of the horrible stench of unwashed, unhealthy bodies which for the moment overwhelmed us. We discovered very quickly why the dapper Commandant had been so reluctant to exhibit his royal guests. He was deeply ashamed of their habits. He told us a tale of how he had arranged everything comfortably and well, but from the very first they had made their quarters a menace to the camp. They refused to use the bath tubs because according to their religion water must be poured over hands from a caraffe. The Commandant had no caraffes, so it became a matter of literally bathing in a tea cup. And that was not all. Like magpies they gathered bits of glass and all sorts of odds and ends of clothing and piled them under their beds and refused to clean out their rooms. In desperation the Commandant herded them all together. Without countless servants they did not know how to manage their lives. They became more and more filthy.

The Emir's room was the only dirty spot in the Andronovski. I want to record that the prisoners there have more food and much more heat than people in Moscow generally.

Nuorteva brought a little joy in his wake because he was able to inform half a dozen Finns that according to the new

treaty they would be immediately released and sent home. The war prisoners from Hungary who had not even heard from home in six years looked at the Finns very wistfully.

The most interesting spot in the prison was a reading room where the Communist local met. We found an American Communist there on hunger strike. Kirkpatrick thought that the Communist was hunger-striking because he wanted to get out of Russia, but when I explained that he was striking because he did not want to leave Russia until he was exonerated from a charge of being a spy, Kirkpatrick's eyes grew round with wonder. "My God!" he said, "he is striking because he doesn't want to get out. He must surely be insane."

It is a long story about that Communist. His brother has been proven an agent in the American Department of Justice, but no one is quite sure about this one. All the Soviets ask him to do is to leave Russia. He refuses, so they hold him in prison.

Time went very quickly in the camp because there were so many stories to hear. When we came through the gates again we found a night of stars. Andronovski is built on a knoll, and from there one gets a splendid view of turreted Moscow. Now it lay far below, shimmering under the moon like blue velvet and dotted with lights. We were all too tired and too saturated with impressions to be articulate, but I still remember how Nuorteva sighed as we climbed into the car, and exclaimed, "Moscow is such a damned lovely city!"

From the Road in November

IS death like this:

The slow and quiet chill
That creeps up from the ground
And wraps the listless hands;
That numbs the closed lips and the drooping eyes
That open to gaze wishless
On shallow banks of snow.

To hear without thrill or sadness
The sounds of twilight,
The soft snap of breaking twigs,
The distant baying of a dog,
Winds urging on uncovered leaves,
And a little stream
That tattles incongruously of summer.

To realize the slant of shadowy hills,
To look again at the lighted house,
Shutting in one's beloved . . .
And then to turn to the dark fields,
To go willingly into the deep sepulchre of night.

Winter-bound

I PRAY thee, send thy arrows, Spring!
I'll court and welcome every sting
Thy silver javelins of rain
That prick my lethargy to pain.
Behold, I let my garments slip
And bare me to thy windy whip,
Nor care if thy approach be rude
So that thou pierce my torpidude.
Thy keenest thrust I beg thee give,
Only that I may know I live.

Jean Starr Untermeyer.

The Last of the Vikings

"ANDY" FURUSETH, who appears on the cover of the *Liberator* this month in Boardman Robinson's wonderful portrait, is no Bolshevik. He has fought capitalists all his life, but never once has he spoken a word against the system that created them. Furuseth is a sailor; perhaps he has felt about the capitalist system as sailors feel about the terrible unseen power that makes the typhoons and piles up the monstrous waves. He seems never to have learned that the capitalist system is a human institution.

No, he is no Bolshevik; he will tell you this himself. He is, nevertheless, an unconscious agent of Bolshevism, an honest, bitter, heroic leader of American workingmen in one of their fiercest battles. Tall, powerful, emotional, canny, dressed in loose blue broadcloth, like a sailor's Sunday suit, living in cheap rooming houses and eating in cheap restaurants, unmarried, fierce, opinionated, the old lion is still as poor and still as militant as when he began. He is President of the International Seaman's Union, but he still draws the wages of an ordinary seaman from the union treasury.

When Furuseth commenced his battle for the sailor's rights the status of seamen was that of the feudal slave. They were bound to the ships in the same manner as feudal serfs were bound to the land and its owner. The passage of the La Follette act, in 1915 was the great triumph of his career, and now he sees that the fight must be made all over again. For in the present strike, as Furuseth himself says, the seamen are not merely resisting wage reductions, they are fighting the attempt of the shipowners to nullify the safe-guards of the La Follette act. Such attempts will continue to be made while the capitalist system lasts. Furuseth's work cannot be permanent, but the old Viking will go on fighting to the last.

Once Andrew Furuseth was advised by friends that he was endangering his liberty by his bitter speeches against the shipowners. "It doesn't matter," he answered grimly. "They can't give me any plainer food in a jail than I've always had; they can't give me a narrower room than I've always lived in; they can't make me any lonelier than I've always been."

Furuseth does not "train" with the other leaders of the A. F. of L. He is not like them. He is a lonely figure among them, an honest man laboring in agony and sweat for the emancipation of his fellow-workers. But some day he will be supplanted. The sailors of America will become intelligent and demand as much as the sailors of Italy. A younger man will succeed Furuseth, but he will never be forgotten. In our Soviet Republic we will not forget to raise some great granite monument, facing the sea, to this great granite proletarian who was never bribed and never beaten.

M. G.

Codes

THEY wove for me a little cloak
Of worsted brown and strong,
They wove it firm, these kindly folk,
That I might wear it long.

I, who would dance in gossamer
With poplars on a hill,
Or wander naked with the wind,—
They clothe in worsted still.

Lois F. Seyster.

The Seamen's Strike

By Winthrop D. Lane

IMAGINE Israel Hands in Treasure Island or one of Dana's sailors joining a labor union! Those were the days when the wind blew vessels from port to port, when the life of the sea was primitive and traditional. Sailors were men of brawn, able to "reef, knot, splice and steer." They were keen-eyed, strong-limbed, deep-chested, ingenuous men. The tattoos on their bodies showed the simplicity of their minds. "Like the sea," some one has said of them, "they were full of moods and as tough as the beef they ate." Moreover, they lived in fear of both God and man. They were the subjects of an absolute monarch—the captain of the vessel in which they rode. Nothing like the autocracy of the ship has ever been seen on land. The captain ruled everything from the keelson to the belaying-pin and from the cabin-boy to the mate. His word was law. The sailor feared him with a simple and awful fear. He feared also the unseen powers of the deep. Superstitious, child-like, he looked for mystery in the winds and tide; if demons did not actually inhabit the sea for him, influences beyond man's knowledge did. To such a man class consciousness was necessarily remote; mutiny was the only form that collective bargaining could take. And it is not on record that mutinies, as strikes, were often successful.

Then came steam. A revolution occurred; it occurred within the memory of people comparatively young. We no longer cross the sea with sail and wind carrying us. When the engineer climbed on the vessel's deck, the sailor largely went over the side. In the black depths of the hull the engineer set up his engines and kindled his fires; the ship was now driven by man, not by nature. With the engineer came a host of mechanics and specialized workmen—oilers, stokers, coal-passers, electricians, water-tenders, donkeymen and deck engineers. The captain now ruled not the simple, unsophisticated sailor, but a crew of skilled and semi-skilled workers. He remained the captain, but his powers were curtailed; he became a constitutional monarch, instead of an autocrat.

All of this does not mean that the sailor entirely disappeared; he did not. The boatswain and the boatswain's mate, the quartermaster and the ship's carpenter, the "able" seaman and the "boy" continued to go to sea. Their work changed, and they changed with it; for one thing, a larger number of intelligent men appeared among them. Neither does it mean that the seaman ceased to be a man of brawn, or even of a flavor all his own; marine occupations do not draw the same personalities that land occupations do. But a third of the ship's crew was now enlisted under the banner of the chief engineer, and the others were of a somewhat different type. Only one thing remained constant still: that was the seaman's exploitation. His work was a form of slavery. As McAndrew sang:

" . . . What I ha' seen, since ocean steam began,
Leaves me nae doot for the machine, but what about the
man?"

Unionism, which now had an opportunity for gaining a foothold, became one of his means of escape.

And today, in a ramshackle old building down by the Battery in New York, and in all the other Atlantic, Gulf and

Pacific ports, seamen are standing in a long line, moving forward slowly to give their names to a man who writes them down on a pad of paper. They are volunteering to join the picket line. They are going forth to fight for their own kind. "Seamen, Be True to Your Class and to Yourselves," the appeal reads, "Show that you have the backbone to resist the lowering of wages and conditions out of American ports," "Stick for the honor of the calling . . . Remember, United We Stand, Divided We Fall."

I have been watching the picketing all day. It was picturesque, like the seaman's life. Much of it occurred along the water front, but not all. The harbor was full of boats lying at anchor, some loaded, others waiting for their cargoes. These boats, partially or fully manned, were vital to the seamen's cause. The men aboard them might sail at any time; even if they came ashore they would be swallowed up and lost to the strike. Picketing must be done at the place of work. Hence it was necessary for strikers to visit these boats. This was no simple matter; picketing a mill or factory on land is child's play in comparison.

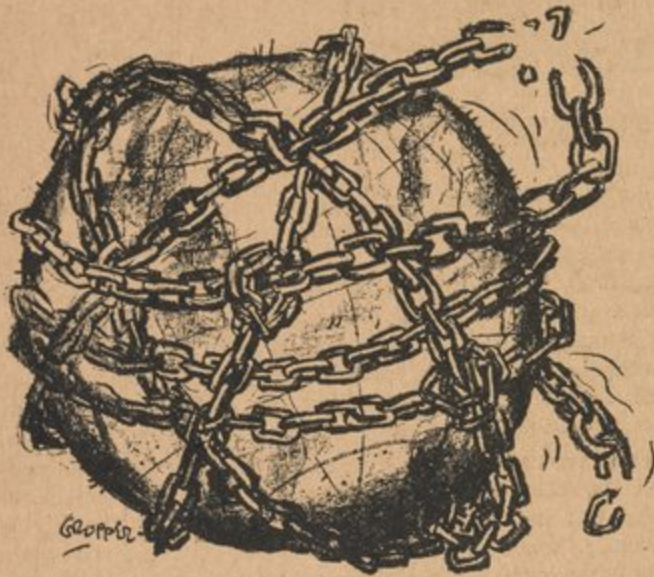
The unions hired launches to make the rounds of the harbor, and from these boarded the vessels by whatever means they could. They walked up ladders, or they made perilous ascents over the side by ropes. Not infrequently, an irate captain met them at the top, but the captain is not what he was.

"Quit talking to those men or I'll put you in irons!" I heard one shout. But the intruders stood their ground and laughed at him. They said that irons had gone out of fashion some time ago.

Usually a mild-spoken delegate would engage the captain in conversation, while the others dived to the bowels of the boat. They would emerge with oilers, firemen, cooks and others following them. These fellows were often persuaded to leave their ships; many of them had not yet signed articles.

The strike affects all ships in trans-oceanic and coastwise trade flying the American flag, mostly cargo vessels. Its issues go to the heart of the seaman's life. Agreements between four marine unions and the owners of vessels expired May first. All classes of seamen were affected: the engineers, the most highly skilled and only licensed workers; the firemen, oilers and water-tenders, constituting roughly the new force added through steam; the sailors, whose work about the ship and on deck relieves them from the grime and suffocation of the boiler room; and the cooks and stewards. Everybody left the ships except the deck officers—the masters, mates and pilots; their agreement does not expire until August.

Before the agreements went out, the owners generously offered the men reduced wages. The reductions amounted to from 25 to 30 per cent. The owners also proposed changes in working conditions which, according to Andrew Furuseth, head of the International Seaman's Union, would have meant "a return to the conditions of twenty years ago." Among these were the elimination of pay for overtime and a diminished subsistence allowance. Not only would both of these have entailed a still further reduction in wages, but the



Cheer up, old World! Your chains are beginning to break.

elimination of overtime pay would have opened the possibility for only two watches at sea, instead of three. That would mean eighty-four hours' work a week. Another change desired by the owners was the signing of a thirty days' agreement instead of a year's contract; then wages could have been sliced again. Finally, the owners wanted to whittle down the union's activities and usefulness.

During the parleys an interesting thing happened. The engineers refused to consider any wage reduction, but the other three unions, affiliated with the International Seamen's Union, declared that certain matters were more fundamental than wages and should be settled first. Furuseth led the discussion. One of these things was the question of enforcing three sections of the seamen's magna charta—the La Follette Seamen's Act. One section insisted upon provides that 75 per cent. of the crews of all vessels leaving ports of the United States shall be able to understand any order given by the officers—not a very unreasonable regulation, one would think; another fixes the number of lifeboats and other life-saving appliances to be carried by ships; the third provides for at least two watches at sea for sailors and three for firemen, oilers and water-tenders, at the same time limiting the hours of work in port to nine. Here, then, were the unions insisting upon the enforcement of law, while the owners declared they had nothing to do with such matters. Another subject which the seamen wanted to discuss was the abolition of the Sea Service Bureau, a recruiting agency established by the United States Shipping Board. A third was giving preference in employment to union men for the sake of developing efficiency, the union agreeing to admit as members only men reasonably qualified.

The owners refused to discuss these questions. At this juncture the Shipping Board, which owns four-sevenths of American shipping, aligned itself with the private owners. Admiral Benson, chairman, proposed a 15 per cent. cut in wages, insisting upon all the other conditions desired by the steamship companies. In this posture matters stood when May first arrived and the strike was on.

The engineers occupy the key position in the struggle. They are the most highly organized and their places can

least easily be filled. To them the men in the engine room, in the galley and on deck are looking for a good fight.

Furuseth, the lean, old eagle-eyed veteran, the mighty warrior of the sea, is leading the fight for the mass of the men.

Born in Norway sixty-six years ago, a sailor at sixteen, Furuseth's fight to make the seamen free has carried his name to every port on the globe. Old at last, he sees the private shipowner turning upon the sailor and trying to batter him back to his slavish past. Furuseth will not stand for it. He screams:

"We asked them in conference: 'Will you give us three watches?' They answered 'No.' We asked for passes to the docks, and the answer was 'No.' We asked if 15 per cent reduction meant 15 per cent reduction in wages, or 15 per cent of wages, overtime, pay and subsistence. The answer was that it meant 15 per cent of the wages and practical abolition of all overtime pay. We said: 'Will you join with us in leaving this question to the President of the United States?' They said 'No.'

"Beneath the question of wages," Furuseth goes on to explain, "we want to do two things. We want to keep American ships on the sea and we want Americans to man them. No country can have a merchant marine unless it has its own nationals on its vessels. This is the clear lesson of history. For years the conditions of life at sea were such that American boys and men would not accept employment. Slowly improvement has come. The La Follette Seaman's Act made the sailor a free man. Now the owners of American flag vessels are driving our boys and young men off the sea by making conditions under which they will not work. When this bill became law less than 7 per cent of the crews of American ships were native Americans. Last December there were 51 per cent. But the owners would turn the tide back. They do not want Americans on their ships. They want the cheapest labor they can get. Well, when they get it, America's merchant marine will have perished."

Furuseth is fighting the owners with dynamite. At one conference he threw down on the table of the American Steamship Owners' Association a report showing the earnings of private steamship lines and the dividends they had declared for several years past. This report, prepared by the Labor Bureau of New York, said in part:

"The financial records of the leading American steamship lines show unparalleled and undiminished prosperity for the past six years. . . . The four big companies operating on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts have made net profits in the years 1914 to 1920 inclusive which average a total of \$52,180,271 per company, or over 230 per cent of their common stock. Out of these net profits dividends have been declared which make a total average for the six-year period for each company of no less than 108 per cent of the common and 38 per cent of the preferred stock outstanding. And finally, after all charges have been met and dividends paid these companies have accumulated a surplus during the six years that averages \$33,060,473 for each company. . . .

"That this prosperity has continued into the present year is shown by the fact that the average dividends paid by these companies last year were 100 per cent higher than any other year since 1913."

And then the report reaches its anti-climax. "On the basis of their present wage scales seamen can earn a maximum of \$935 a year and firemen of \$990!

Thus do the workers share in the prosperity of industry.

How Black Sees Green and Red

By Claude McKay

LAST summer I went to a big Sinn Fein demonstration in Trafalgar Square. The place was densely packed, the huge crowd spreading out into the Strand and up to the steps of the National Gallery. I was there selling the Workers' Dreadnought, Sylvia Pankhurst's pamphlet, Rebel Ireland, and Herman Gorter's Ireland: The Achilles Heel of England; I sold out completely. All Ireland was there. As I passed round eagerly in friendly rivalry with other sellers of my group, I remarked aged men and women in frayed, old fashioned clothes, middle aged couples, young stalwarts, beautiful girls and little children, all wearing the shamrock or some green symbol. I also wore a green necktie and was greeted from different quarters as "Black Murphy" or "Black Irish." With both hands and my bag full of literature I had to find time and a way for hearty handshakes and brief chats with Sinn Fein Communists and regular Sinn Feiners. I caught glimpses also of proud representatives of the Sinn Fein bourgeoisie. For that day at least I was filled with the spirit of Irish nationalism—although I am black!

Members of the bourgeoisie among the Sinn Feiners, like Constance Markievicz and Erskine Childers, always stress the fact that Ireland is the only "white" nation left under the yoke of foreign imperialism. There are other nations in bondage, but they are not of the breed; they are colored, some are even Negro. It is comforting to think that bourgeois nationalists and patriots of whatever race or nation are all alike in outlook. They chafe under the foreign bit because it prevents them from using to the full their native talent for exploiting their own people. However, a black worker may be sensitive to every injustice felt by a white person. And I, for one, cannot but feel a certain sympathy with these Irish rebels of the bourgeoisie.

But it is with the proletarian revolutionists of the world that my whole spirit revolts. It matters not that I am pitied, even by my white fellow-workers who are conscious of the fact that besides being an economic slave as they, I am what they are not—a social leper, of a race outcast from an outcast class. Theirs is a class, which though

circumscribed in its sphere, yet has a freedom of movement—a right to satisfy the simple cravings of the body—which is denied to me. Yet I see no other way of upward struggle for colored peoples, but the way of the working-class movement, ugly and harsh though some of its phases may be. None can be uglier and harsher than the routine existence of the average modern worker. The yearning of the American Negro especially, can only find expression and realization in the class struggle. Therein lies his hope. For the Negro is in a peculiar position in America. In spite of a professional here and a business man there, the maintenance of an all-white supremacy in the industrial and social life, as well as the governing bodies of the nation, places the entire Negro race alongside the lowest section of the white working class. They are struggling for identical things. They fight along different lines simply because they are not as class-conscious and intelligent as the ruling classes they are fighting. Both need to be awakened. When a Negro is proscribed on account of his color, when the lynching fever seizes the South and begins to break out even in the North, the black race feels and thinks as a unit. But it has no sense of its unity as a class—or as a part, rather, of the American working-class, and so it is powerless. The Negro must acquire class-consciousness. And the white workers must accept him and work with him, whether they object to his color and morals or not. For his presence is to them a menacing reality.

American Negroes hold some sort of a grudge against the Irish. They have asserted that Irishmen have been their bitterest enemies, that the social and economic boycott against Negroes was begun by the Irish in the North during the Civil War and has, in the main, been fostered by them



Lady: "Is this really good art? I buy nothing but the best, you know."



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

Back to the Good

The Associated Press estimates the
United States today at from



Boydman & Wilson

Good Old Times

ates the number of unemployed in the
at from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000

ever since. The Irish groups in America are, indeed, like the Anglo-Saxons, quite lacking in all the qualities that make living among the Latins tolerable for one of a conspicuously alien race. However I react more to the emotions of the Irish than to those of any other whites; they are so passionately primitive in their loves and hates. They are quite free of the disease which is known in bourgeois phraseology as Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy. I suffer with the Irish. I think I understand the Irish. My belonging to a subject race entitles me to some understanding of them. And then I was born and reared a peasant; the peasant's passion for the soil possesses me, and it is one of the strongest passions in the Irish revolution.

The English, naturally, do not understand the Irish, and the English will not understand unless they are forced to. Their imperialists will use the military in Ireland to shoot, destroy and loot. Their bourgeoisie will religiously try to make this harmonize with British morality. And their revolutionists—I would almost say that the English revolutionists, anarchists, socialists and communists, understand Ireland less than any other political group. It appears that they would like to link up the Irish national revolution to the English class struggle with the general headquarters in England. And as Sinn Fein does not give lip-service to communism, the English revolutionists are apparently satisfied in thinking that their sympathy lies with the Irish workers, but that they must back the red flag against the green.

And the Irish workers hate the English. It may not sound nice in the ears of an "infantile left" communist to hear that the workers of one country hate the workers of another. It isn't beautiful propaganda. Nevertheless, such a hatred does exist. In the past the Irish revolutionists always regarded the Royal Irish Constabulary as their greatest enemy. Until quite recently its members were recruited chiefly from the Irish workers themselves; but the soldiers of the Irish Republican Army shot down these uniformed men like dogs, and when at last thousands of them deserted to Sinn Fein, either from fear of their fighting countrymen, or by their finer instinct asserting itself, they were received as comrades—hid, fed, clothed and provided with jobs. I saw one of the official Sinn Fein bulletins which called upon the population to give succor to the deserting policemen. They were enemies only while they wore the uniform and carried out the orders of Dublin Castle. Now they are friends, and the British have turned to England and Scotland for recruits. And so all the hatred of the Irish workers is turned against the English. They think, as do all subject peoples with foreign soldiers and their officers lording it over them, that even the exploited English proletariat are their oppressors.

And it is true at least that the English organized workers merrily ship munitions and men across the channel for the shooting of their Irish brothers. Last Spring, following on a little propaganda and agitation, some London railmen refused to haul munitions that were going to Ireland. They had acted on the orders of Cramp, the strong man of their union. But the railroad directors made threats and appealed to Lloyd George, who grew truculent. J. H. Thomas, the secretary of the Railwaymen's union, intervened and the order was gracefully rescinded. As usual, Thomas found the way out that was satisfactory to the moral conscience of the nation. It was not so much the hauling of munitions, he said, but the making of them that was wrong. The railroad workers should not be asked to shoulder the greatest burden of the workers' fight merely because they hold the key to the situation!

It is not the English alone, but also the anglicized Irish who persist in mis-understanding Ireland. Liberals and reactionary socialists vie with each other in quoting Bernard Shaw's famous "Ireland has a Grievance." Shaw was nice enough to let me visit him during my stay in London. He talked lovingly and eloquently of the beauty of medieval cathedrals. I was charmed with his clear, fine language, and his genial manner. Between remarking that Hyndman was typical of the popular idea of God, and asking me why I did not go in for pugilism instead of poetry—the only light thought that he indulged in—he told of a cultured Chinaman who came all the way from China to pay homage to him as the patriarch of English letters. And just imagine what the Chinaman wanted to talk about? Ireland! It was amusingly puzzling to Shaw! Yet it was easy for me to understand why a Chinaman whose country had been exploited, whose culture had been belittled and degraded by aggressive imperial nations, should want to speak to a representative Irishman about Ireland.

Whilst the eyes of the subject peoples of the world are fixed on Ireland, and Sinn Fein stands in embattled defiance against the government of the British Empire; whilst England proclaims martial law in Ireland, letting her Black and Tans run wild through the country, and Irish men and women are giving their lives daily for the idea of freedom, Bernard Shaw dismisses the revolutionary phenomenon as a "grievance." Yet the Irish revolutionists love Shaw. An Irish rebel will say that Shaw is a British socialist who does not understand Ireland. But like Wilde he is an individual Irishman who has conquered England with his plays. There the fierce Irish pride asserts itself. Shaw belongs to Ireland.

I marvel that Shaw's attitude towards his native land should be similar to that of any English bourgeois reformist, but I suppose that anyone who has no faith, no real vision of International Communism, will agree with him. To the internationalist, it seems evident that the dissolution of the British Empire and the ushering in of an era of proletarian states, will give England her proper proportional place in the political affairs of the world.

The greatest tradition of England's glory flourishes, however, in quite unexpected places. Some English communists play with the idea of England becoming the center of International Communism just as she is the center of International Capitalism. I read recently an article by a prominent English communist on city soviets. It contained a glowing picture of the great slums transformed into beautiful dwellings and splendid suburbs. When one talks to a Welsh revolutionist, a Scotch communist, or an Irish rebel, one hears the yearning hunger of the people for the land in his voice. One sees it in his eyes. When one listens to an earnest Welsh miner, one gets the impression that he is sometimes seized with a desire to destroy the mine in which his life is buried. The English proletariat strikes one as being more matter-of-fact. He likes his factories and cities of convenient makeshifts. And when he talks of controlling and operating the works for the workers, there burns no poetry in his eyes, no passion in his voice. English landlordism and capitalism have effectively and efficiently killed the natural hunger of the proletariat for the land. In England the land issue is raised only by the liberal-radicals, and finds no response in the heart of the proletariat. That is a further reason why England cannot understand the Irish revolution. For my part I love to think of communism liberating millions of city folk to go back to the land.

The English will not let go of Ireland. The militarists are

hoping that the Irish people, persecuted beyond endurance, will rise protesting and demonstrating in a helpless and defenceless mass. Then they can be shot down as were the natives of Arimitsar in India. But against a big background of experience the generals of the Irish Army are cautious. The population is kept under strict discipline. The systematic destruction of native industries by the English army of occupation forces them to adopt some communist measures for self-preservation. They are imbibing the atmosphere and learning the art of revolution. I heard from an Irish communist in London that some Indian students had been in Dublin to study that art where it is in practical operation. It is impossible not to feel that the Irish revolution—nationalistic though it is—is an entering wedge directed straight to the heart of British capitalism.

The Children of White Hungary

WHEN we hear or read the words "Red Russia" or Red Guards, we immediately see the alert workers of a big nation working grimly to save their new order from attack. But the term "White" or "White Guards" is so loosely used by the revolutionary press that it is difficult to get a vivid idea of its meaning.

The only truly "white" nation is Hungary, the little hope of the hapless Hapsburgs. There the Counter Revolution is triumphant. We can judge it by its works. If any of our readers are inclined to be impatient with Soviet Russia, to complain that misery still exists there and life lacks the simplest comforts, we ask them to read the following extracts, collected by our correspondent, describing conditions of life in Budapest.

From the report of Rose Wilder Lane, special delegate of the American Red Cross:

"Last month we despatched 63 wagons loaded with provisions and clothes for the miserable population of the Hungarian capital At Budapest the mortality was more than thrice the number of births. The Hungarian hospitals are absolutely powerless against this deluge of dying children. The doctors say that consumption rages. They dare not speak the truth—that it is famine. Children below three years are nearly all rachitic. This, too, is only an expression used by the doctors to hide the spectre of famine.

"In the hospitals the blankets are not changed after the dead bodies are removed, for hot water cannot be got, and soap is a luxury which poor sick people cannot afford, although there is plenty of it in the shops.

"It is impossible to bandage the wounded, the doctors lack- ing cotton and iodoform. They must use paper. The children's covers are also of paper.

"These last two weeks the scarlet fever raged in Budapest, and thousands of children perished in cold lodgings left helpless by the insufficient sanitary institutions. In the



A Drawing by Stuart Davis

great cities of Hungary the population had to pass the winter in want of coal and wood. Only one family out of ten could make a fire and cook their food."

From a heavily censored article in a Budapest newspaper:

"The bazaars and the markets which are open abound with provisions, enormous quantities of meat, vegetables and all sorts of good things. But nobody buys anything. At market people regard the abundant stalls with longing eyes, but they don't buy. The worker's weekly wages varies between 300 and 700 crowns, and meat is 180 crowns a kilogramm.

"The only clients are gentlemen from the foreign missions and their mistresses; the great stock-jobbers and their mistresses."

* * *

"In the year 1920 the number of suicides was thrice the ordinary rate. In Budapest alone, more than 3,000 suicides in a year, i. e., nearly ten each day.

From an editorial in the Christian National paper, *Virradat*:

"It is high time that we acknowledged that our government has not been able to solve any of the vital problems of this nation The nation is dying, and its doctors have neither energy nor ability to save it. Our factories are striking, our peasants refuse to cultivate the beloved soil, and the backbone of the Hungarian nation, the class of the public workers, suffers from un-speakable misery. More than twenty months have passed since the fall of the Bolshevik revolution, and the country has not emerged from the ruins."

We Who Stay---By Rose Pastor Stokes

O Peasants of Russia, my Comrades! Would I were
with you now!

Better to make a plough of our finger-nails,
Digging them into the soil as into our own flesh,
Till the earth bleed bread for ourselves and our
fellow workers,
Than to sow and harvest richly with the sure steel
fingers of Science
For the lords of the land again.

O Proletariat of Russia, my Comrades! would I
were with you now!

Better to break hunger-bread with Liberty,
Than batten at feasts with Oppression;
Better to walk with Death in the ragged ranks
of your armies,
Than move in duvetyned safety in the circles
of bourgeois dry-rot;
Better to be hurried off as Jack Reed by typhus,
Than to wait and wait for the Canker to eat through
the heart of Reaction;
Better even than being that Canker;
For it is more glorious to be for one hour a god that builds,
Than for years to be a worm that destroys,
Though it clear the way for the builder.

O, Russian Proletariat, my Comrades!
I long to share your meager bowl of Kasha,
For the sweet touch to my lips of a wooden spoon
Whittled with Liberty's new pocket knife.

O, to be in your streets, Moscow! Moscow!
To know that when they ring hard,
It is with the iron battle-tread of the proletariat,
And not with the clang of chains about their feet
Forever trudging to the gates of Life, and turned
forever back;

To know that when your streets are gay,
They are no longer gay with song that chills you
and laughter that stabs,
But with the laughter of Red Banners in the wind,
And the healing voice of the multitude greeting with
song that laughter.

O, Mass! O, laughing, starving, challenging Mass!
What would I not give to laugh and starve with you,
And with you to fling my challenge in the face of
the foredoomed enemy;
To hear your Red Standard laughing in the wind!
Flaming kisses would I kiss you, O wind that bore its laughter,
Though your breath should be icy as the frozen Steppes.

O, Lovers of the Poor, the Oppressed, the Lowly!
O, Comrades of the Crimson Cause of the People!
Could but some conscious wind carry me to your doorstep
As our class-consciousness bears me to the altar
of your spirit,

I should not die of hunger;
My joy, more keen to kill, would out-strip
the relentless Blockade.

O, but once to lift my hand in a mad ecstasy of triumph—
One among a hundred thousand other hands—
Darts of flame reaching upward out of the white
passion of revolt.

Once to feel my breast crushed among other breasts
In a surge of that sea dashing its tidal will upon the
shores of Liberty.

O, to be lifted and hurled by the axis-shaking impulse
of that tide,
Ashore! ashore! ashore!

Peasants of Russia, my brothers and comrades!
Again and yet again: To be with you, O, to be with you!
To humbly uncover our ancient fear—to fling it from us;
To take him, the questing Commissar, to our secret
wheat-ward,

And relinquish the bread of our tomorrow,
Sure at last that if we give our brothers grain-power
To stagger on to victory,
There will come a harvest securing all our tomorrows
O, to pull our belts in, together, tight as the cruel Blockade!

Peasant, my Comrade, lifting your fingers out of
the brown earth

To twist them into the black heart of Anti-Freedom,
Would I were marching beside you, a Comrade-in-Arms!
My burning heart steeled for battle,
My tender woman's heart tempered in the whiteheat
of its own flame,

To carry me through some proletarian's inescapable part.

O, Proletariat! again and yet again: O, Proletariat,
Mass, People!

O, Sands of the sea, Stars of the heavens!
Brooks, Streams, Rivers of the world,
Rushing head-long over jagged rocks of your obstruction
To the yearned-for waiting sea.
Dams set up to bend you to their uses
Delay you but a moment.

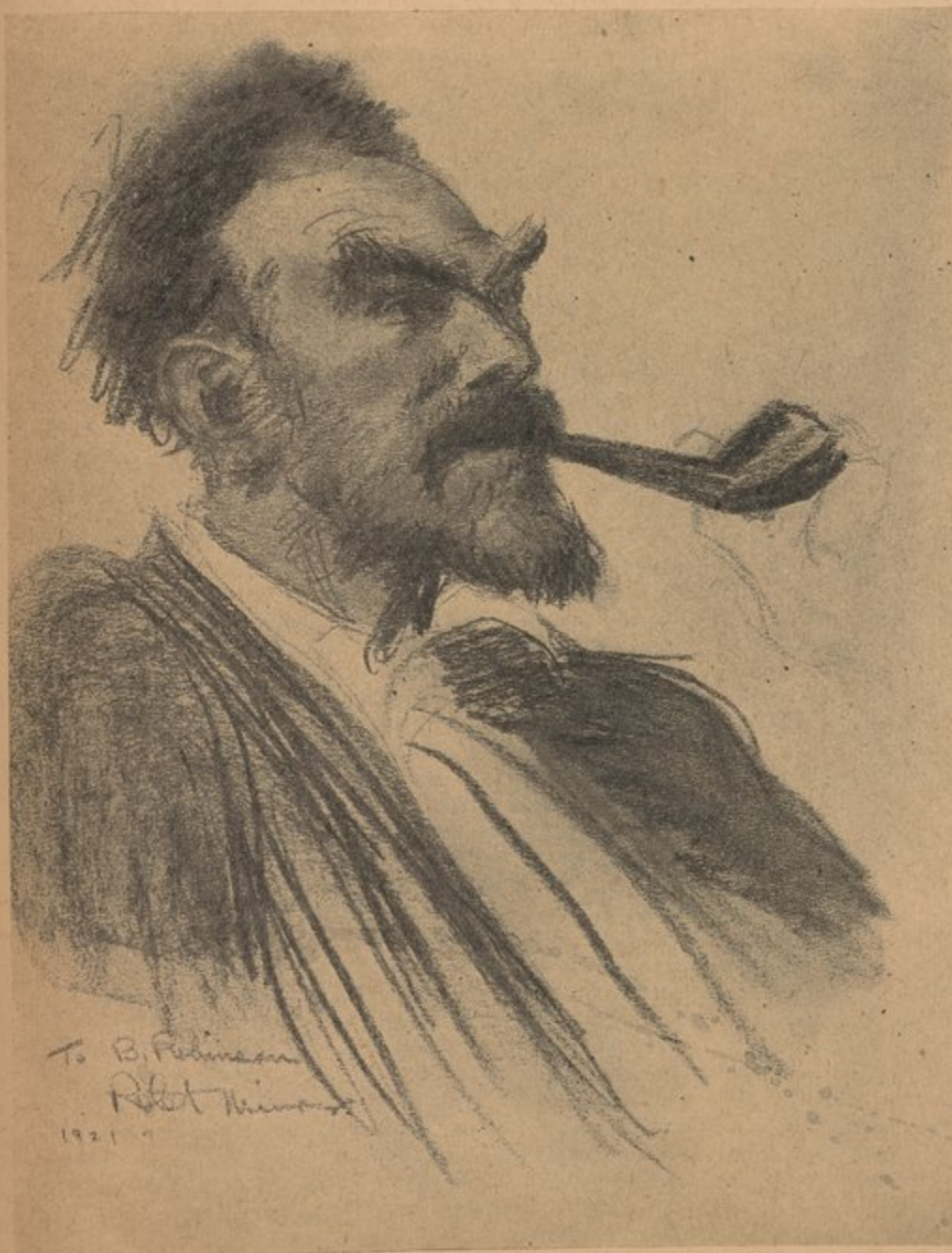
Nothing eventually stays you, O Incorporate with
your Shining Destiny!

Where the rocks are flintiest there would I be with you;

For a whisper intuitive stirs in the rapids
That but a little way the sea lies waiting.
Break us, O Rocks! upon your cruel projections;
Scatter us in a white spray of wild confusion;
Yet shall we find our way back, together,
Following where the whisper wings before
O Russia, O Peasant, O Proletaire! would I were
with you now

And yet—and yet—
Where there is (as yet) no gladness of Red Banners
in the wind;
Where there is (as yet) no song to greet that gladness;

Where, if there is hungering, there is (as yet) no laughter
and no challenging;
Where, if hands are lifted, it is (as yet) to ward off blows,
Not to fling skyward the flaming white sparkles of rebellion;
Where, if breasts are crushed, it is from pressure against
prison bars,
Not from human surf beating on the shores of Freedom—
and yet—and yet—(I say to myself,
Where these things be—
Where Liberty breathes as she were sleeping;
Where Liberty sleeps as she were dead;
Some there must remain to blare an insistent trumpet
into her ear.



A drawing of Boardman Robinson by Robert Minor

Defeat

WHENEVER sudden beauty
flames
Of circling gull or slender tree,
My heart grows tense with loneli-
ness
Because you are not there to see.

The songs that once I would have
made
Fall dumb outside your bolted
door.

Why should I ever sing again?
You will not hear me any more!
Eleanor Hammond.

Walt Whitman's Opposite

READING a volume of Henry
James the other day, I could
not but acknowledge the incredibly
eloquent beauty of his style.
Power was there, and subtlety, and
sublimity. We were in the hands
of a master. And yet at no single
moment were we permitted to for-
get that this master was a gentle-
man, a familiar of elite drawing-
rooms, a man properly dressed—
and yet not too properly. There
was no suggestion of anxiety. His
clothes, his attitude and manners
were exquisitely adjusted to con-
vey the atmosphere of superior
caste, of what is called "breeding."
His eloquence was fashioned to the
same purpose. His power and
subtlety, and even his sublimity,
are never forgetful of it. "Do you
see me having this emotion?" he
says. "Only a gentleman could
have it so perfectly."

M. E.

The Muscovite Steam-Roller

By Our Special Correspondent

IN the west Bolsheviki Russia is limned as a sick animal, lamed and exhausted, panting its last gasp; people endeavor to send a shipload of medicines to it on the chance of saving its life, or an extra regiment to give it the coup de grace. But in Constantinople and points east the picture changes marvelously. Here Soviet Russia becomes the Muscovite steam-roller, the great bully, the terrible destroyer; it is an omnipotent, irresistible machine.

"What can we do with those Bolsheviki?" asks one very Official Personage in Constantinople. "Nobody can find any soldiers willing to fight them." In drawing rooms you hear it discussed, "When will they get Constantinople?" No, no one ever wonders here, "How long can the Bolsheviki hold out?" but only "How long can anybody else hold out?"

Russia is not starving. Russia is an overwhelmingly agricultural country, and the villages have plenty of food; it is true some of the cities are having a hard time, but they are a small portion of the whole. Russia is not crawling along on one leg; of course everything east of the Elbe and the Adriatic has been maimed during and since the war, but a nation does not die just because some of the railroads don't work and the factories don't produce up to capacity: in reality, Russia is the only country in the east that can march on two legs when necessity arises. Russia is not incompetent—no, no; ask the Poles, ask the Georgians, if Russia is incompetent; the question would seem like savage irony. All these countries, which for centuries have moped along in their soulful, tea-sipping, appointment-breaking way, are terrified at the sight of a group of men in Moscow who have purpose, knowledge, will. They don't solace themselves with the image of the Dying Gladiator; to them the image is that of Ivan the Terrible, come to life again in all his ruthlessness.

Even the most sanguine of the anti-Bolsheviki do not talk any more about overthrowing Bolshevism. They only talk of the collapse of Bolshevism from within. They do not so much hope for victories as pray that by some divine accident the Bolsheviki may make a fatal mistake.

The Russian refugees in and about Constantinople have a fairly true instinct. A while ago they drank all night in jubilation over the reported death of Lenin. They knew that would be a loss to counterbalance twenty Bolsheviki victories. But they are undemonstrative over the daily reports of the coming "collapse!" When the French and English papers in Constantinople, in the days following the Kronstadt mutiny, were spreading revolution all over Russia, arresting the Moscow soviet and chasing the government to Nijni-Novgorod, the "Presse du Soir," the organ of the white refugees, kept its shirt on. It printed few of the Helsingfors fables, but on the contrary published in full the Moscow radio account of the mutiny. In short, the refugees, while giving full credence to the terrible food difficulties which Russia is undergoing this winter, did not trust the yarns shot from French propaganda guns and aimed at the stock market or the diplomats' green baize table.

The French propaganda never worked harder than in this instance. There was the Krassin agreement about to be signed in London, with dozens of contracts, for locomotives,

motor trucks, plows, coming into force the moment the agreement became operative. There was the Stinnes concession for a locomotive factory in Russia about to be completed. There were the Polish-Russian peace negotiations approaching their final stage and offering some hope of peace to the Russian people this summer. There were Bolsheviki trade envoys on the point of opening an office and a bank account in Constantinople, with the support of the British. There were American ships waiting to carry goods to Novorossisk. A new American government was about to take stock of the world situation. And there were politicians in Poland, Roumania and God knows where else about to make up their minds to attend to their own business for awhile. These natural processes were developing in spite of all the French intrigue and slush money. They could only be arrested by spreading the report that the Soviet government was about to fall.

The rationale of this French manoeuvre is a little cloudy. Probably it is at bottom nothing more than what it seems—a furious, hysterical opposition to the Soviets to the bitter end, though the whole European economy fall to pieces. But if a Frenchman were to rationalize it, he would probably state it somewhat like this: It is true that no one believed this uprising was going to be fatal to the Bolsheviki power. But it is a sure sign of a steady process of starvation that will go on in a crescendo until the next harvest. It is necessary at any cost to frighten foreign governments and foreign merchants away from sending any supplies into Russia. It is necessary to keep the threat of military invasion at its maximum in order to detain the greatest number of Russia's capable men at the front and away from the interior where they could be producing and organizing. Under these conditions, starvation and disease will increase at geometrical ratio. At present perhaps half a million people in the cities are living in such agony that they would rather be shot than endure the Bolsheviki discipline any longer. It is only a question of time (always provided that no help comes from abroad) until this number is increased to two or three millions. When this time comes the red guards may refuse to shoot the people, after the first few thousands have been slaughtered. There will then be a pseudo-socialist government set up in the cities while anarchy will reign in the provinces. It will then be easy for the Roumanians and Poles to crush any remaining military resistance, while Wrangel can march in with the remnants of his army, now mobilized at Tchataldja, and set up a military dictatorship. The French will then be called in to administer the country, and our millions will be safe.

The plan was not a bad one. The past winter was unquestionably the worst which Russia has endured. The transportation system, in spite of the most heroic efforts, was steadily getting worse. Slow starvation and the draining off of the Communists by war, was rendering the industrial situation almost hopeless. It was by no means predestined that Russia should succeed in surviving this period of her most hideous suffering.

Nevertheless, most people in the Constantinople region were indifferent to the French propaganda. They had been



Maurice Becker 1922

"Business is Business"

fooled much too often. And besides, the Entente of western nations was already in an advanced stage of disintegration. Business interests had got a new desire. They had for a year seen dangling before their eyes shiploads of hides and flax, boxes heaped with diamonds, and most vivid of all that Russian gold reserve. They were not happy to have this picture spoiled. What they once would have called the Cause of Civilization, they now called "the jealousy of the French."

Here were contracts signed and sealed, contracts talked of, and offers under consideration. The Italians had been doing a petty business with Russia continuously for eight months. Greek ships were continuously sneaking into Bolshevik ports and carrying away nobody knew what. A British vessel or two had cleared the Bosphorus for Odessa. An American Shipping Board ship was announced to leave soon. One foreign firm had recently received so and so many Persian

lamb skins from Russia in payment for goods. Another had been paid in Persian rugs. Another had got so-and-so many hundred thousand gold rubles. Somebody was going to get an import and export monopoly for Ukrainia, and somebody was going to get that contract for five million pair of standardized shoes.

Business men went to the suite of Comrade Koodish, the Bolshevik trade envoy, in the Pera Palace Hotel. They were admitted by the doorman, received by the secretary, asked by the assistant envoy to be seated, and at length received at the convenience of Comrade Koodish. Diplomats and military personages went to pay their official respects, to ask favors or to promise support in case the French made trouble. And there, not far from the door, was always a French agent taking down the names of business men, diplomats and military personages. And this illuminating information was taken to the French intelligence office and gravely entered in a big book.

The French, however, haven't been able to make themselves anything more than a nuisance. They have their destroyers in the Black Sea to pirate any ship that leaves a Bolshevik harbor with Bolshevik goods. But the foreign importers of Russian goods simply make the goods their own before leaving port. The French have up to now managed to make anything like a Bolshevik credit or bank account impossible in Constantinople, with their threats to attach it as "propaganda funds;" but Bolshevik funds are now beyond their reach, having been taken under the official protection of the British. They tried to scare the American Shipping Board from sending a coal laden vessel to Novorossisk, by digging up a coal-conservation commission which everybody had forgotten, acting under a Turkish law that never existed. They balled up American plans for a fortnight and evoked a deal of indignant protest against this unwarranted discrimination against American business, and then their pretext collapsed.

Now the diplomats are running around between Warsaw and Paris and Bucharest. The remnants of the Wrangel army, organized and equipped, waits at Tchataldja, while the other hundred thousand refugees starve in French and Italian relief camps or sell Kerensky roubles for souvenirs on the streets of Constantinople. The Kemalist politicians profess to be friendly with everyone while grabbing what they want wherever they can find it. American business men have their eyes on the Batoum end of the Baku oil pipe line. The Polish landlords talk of defending the outposts of civilization, and the Roumanian officers rouge their cheeks in preparation for the next war. And all eastern Europe continues to wallow in frivolous incompetence while the people and the diplomats and the intellectuals talk of the ruthless Russian steam-roller.

When will it begin rolling west again? Not a very long time hence, at all events. There is really nothing but inertia to prevent it. There is Roumania on the Russian border, socially one of the rottenest states in Europe. It is composed of a small, frivolous, oppressing class and a dozen oppressed classes, peasants, Jews, city workmen, and subject races. Nowhere else is the contrast between very rich and very poor so terrifying and unbridgeable. And Roumania has that mania of blustering aggressiveness which God gives to the ruling class in small nations in order that they may kill themselves.

Jugo-Slavia is a small diverse empire without the capacity to manage itself. It has neither the economic vigor nor the intellectual seriousness to live through its recurrent food crises, its unemployment, its social and nationalistic hatreds. On the other hand, it possesses one of the best organized Communist parties in Europe. In many sections of the coun-

try this party has a clear majority of all the votes, and is only kept out of power by governmental bayonets.

Bulgaria is in a very different situation. Her land is fairly distributed, and her ruling class is distinguished by a sobriety which is almost unique in this part of the world. But she is suffering severely from defeat, and she would never dare resist the communist wave in the Balkans. Besides, her Communist party is large, compact and aggressive.

In Greece, the labor movement, which has only existed since the war, is entirely a Communist movement. Of itself, it is very far from being able to make a revolution. But when the collapse of Greek imperialism comes, there will hardly be another organized force in the country capable of taking over the government.

All these Balkan countries are bankrupt. They live on paper money, which lives on political hope. When this hope is seen to be illusion the bourgeois system must crash into ruins.

There is necessary for any thorough revolution some big push, some novel event or condition which shakes the royalties and mental habits of the great mass of the population. Until some such event or condition arrives, the Balkan states will probably continue in their present condition by force of inertia. A war would be sufficient—whether between two Balkan states or between a Balkan state and Russia. Silly people say that Russia is seeking to manufacture a pretext for such a war. As though there were not France manufacturing war pretexts for anyone who is disposed to accept them! In any case, what Russia wants and needs (and knows it) is not war, but peace. For a year at least she will have a desperate war to wage "on the food front." She will not keep a single soldier in the field who is not required by the necessities of sheer existence. The fight that is coming is the fight that Lenin has always had his eyes on—the fight against nature, material and human, the fight against forests and iron ores, against stupidity, laziness and sabotage, for the organization of the communist society. I think he will continue this fight without bothering other people. For unless communism can realize its superiority over the capitalist system of production, no red armies or proletarian dictatorships can give it a very long life. And if it can realize this superiority—if it can make Russia a self-contained communist commonwealth, if it can make communist textile mills produce clothes while American textile mills are closed for fear of lowering prices, if it can make nature's refuse like peat provide cheap energy for all Russia while England continues to pay royalties to her noble lords who own coal estates, if it can provide every man and woman in Russia, willing to work, with food for body and soul while western nations count their unemployed by the millions—then it will be useless to make agreements against propaganda. For the best communist propaganda is successful communism.

Nor will Bolshevism need, even if it wishes, to bother other people with war. Other people will bother it first. And if it comes to war, there can be little doubt of the result, provided that Russia can first get the minimum of her economic life constructed. For all the armies of eastern Europe, save that of Russia, are rotten with the rottenness of their social organization.

In Sofia there sits an inter-Balkan Communist committee, to which all four of the Balkan Communist parties give allegiance, and which gives its allegiance to Moscow. When the push comes (and the rouged Roumanian officers may start it), this committee will soon find itself heir to the direction of the Balkans. For the social structure of the Balkans will hardly be able to withstand the first debacle.



"Oh, Boys, I'm ruined!"



"What in God's name can I do?"



"Business is something fierce!"



"You can see for yourselves I've got to cut down your salaries."



"This whole year I've made only \$100,000."

The Tender- Hearted Boss

By William Gropper

Preliminary Skirmishes in Italy

By Norman Matson

IT HAPPENED to be in Florence when the anniversary of the birth of Umanita Nuova, the anarchists' daily paper, was celebrated. The young Nationalists chose the day for one of their characteristic meetings, followed by a parade. Somebody threw a bomb at the parade; agent provocateur, perhaps (the Communist formally declared that it could not have been one of them, for they advocated only organized violence!) and a Royal Guard was killed and twenty people were wounded. While the body of the Guard was being transported in the usual two-wheeled pushcart ambulance by the black-robed and hooded internes of Florence's hospital, an accompanying Guard killed a railroad worker with the butt of his gun. He said for not tipping his hat quick enough. Ere this the streets were flooded with military, and armored cars were rumbling back and forth through the old streets of Dante and the Medici.

The fascisti came out then and, pistols in hand, proceeded to close up the shops. Before noon they had wrecked the headquarters of the waiters' union; later in the afternoon they entered the headquarters of the railroad workers' union, a half hundred of them, and after briefly questioning Spartaco Lavagnini, head of the organization and also of the Communist local, backed him into a corner and shot him dead. You see, he had nothing to do with the bomb; nobody contended that he did, but he was a red. The tong, or feud, technic. The town was in the grip of an absolutely complete general strike fifteen minutes later.

Before dark in the tortuous, squalid streets of the San Frediano district—the saint was a fifth century Irishman, and the district about his church has had a reputation for belligerence these many centuries—barricades had been constructed of sandbags and doors and stones. And then the cobblers, the carpenters and the factory hands by one means or another got word across the River Arno to the White guards and dared them to come over *senza* armored cars and Royal Guards. They came the next day and gave the Reds battle and would have been wiped out had not the soldiery arrived with machine guns and cannon and one of the huge, round-turreted armored cars. The artillery ended it quickly, and the defenders were shipped, cheering for Lenin, in auto trucks across the city to prison.

During the night peasants and workers of the little towns around Florence had been busy cutting wires and pulling up railroad tracks and barricading important highways. And this was spontaneous; there had been no preparation, no "plot"; anarchists, socialists, syndicalists, communists, cooperated, as they always do in Italy in an emergency and when leaders are busy elsewhere. The second day a villa of a noble on the hills of the Etruscan town of Fiesole on the heights near Florence was burned; soldiers were bombed to death at Bandino; camions full of troops were sent in hot haste to a dozen cross roads to keep the ways open with machine guns.

Outside towns began to send reinforcements to the white guards. Two auto trucks of soldiers and student sailors from Leghorn were speeding through Empoli when they were ambushed. The first volley killed two in the leading machine

which got away; a storm of firing from roadside and windows stopped the second, and of its 25 occupants eight were killed and nine wounded. At Rifredi and half a dozen other near-by towns there was bitter fighting, the workers in a number of cases led by the local Socialist or Communist Mayor. Streets near the Santo Croce church in Florence were blockaded with barricades of smashed furniture and stones, and the rebels held out for hours against the Guards.

At the end of three days thirty-two had been killed in Florence alone and 350 wounded; the total in Tuscany must have been double these figures. During the same days there was mutual killing and destruction of property in Triest, the huge San Marco *cantiere* being burned by workers in reprisal for the burning of the Chamber of Labor by fascisti.

These are skirmishes of a guerilla warfare that is being waged throughout Italy, and will be waged for many months apparently. The hesitation of the masses in that opportune time of confusion after the war gave the bourgeoisie time to organize through Premier Nitti, a specialist counter-revolutionary organization—the Royal Guard, the morale of the army having crumbled before the propaganda offensive of the "sovversivi." In the latter par of 1921 the younger element in the Socialist Party, convinced that the party would never do anything more decisive than elect orators to Parliament as long as it contained within it the diverse elements of social-democracy and communism, began an agitation for a "pure" communist party, committed to immediate revolution.

In January the Communist Party was formally organized. It has about 60,000 members as against the hundred odd thousand of the Centrist-Rightist amalgam, which is now the Socialist Party.

The Royal Guard totals 100,000 men, according to a recent statement in Parliament. It seems to be far stronger. Royal Guards patrol all the cities. They are armed with carbines and automatic pistols. At the slightest hint of trouble the Government pours Royal Guards into the street. The tactic seems always to be to match the numerical strength of the mob with guards. They move in herds; if a street is to be blocked, it is not patrolled but filled up.

The Royal Guard is of course in addition to the regular army, the municipal police and the various other arms of municipal or national protection. It is as yet free of Communist taint, and is composed of "roughnecks" and "strong-arms" who shoot cheerfully, are well-disciplined, have machine guns, armored cars and artillery. Against it the revolutionary workers can war according to only one strategy, the strategy of the furtive, isolated deed. Barricades have their propaganda value, but as yet no military value.

Organized expressly to keep the Red masses in submission the Guard has put heart into the ecstatic Nationalists—the *fascisti*, Italy's volunteer white guard composed of veterans of the war, students, sons of bourgeois families, young nobles—in a great part young men. A "fascio" has been organized in every city in the land, its members ready to save the country and serve the employers whenever possible. They deport themselves precisely as would the majority of American Legion men, let us say, if they were armed with auto-

matics and certain that no matter how many times they wrecked the office of the Call and the Liberator and put the torch to the Central Federated Trades, no matter how many times they dashed down Delancey Street or Second Avenue in auto trucks, taking pot shots at suspected socialists, they'd not be really molested by the police, and that if the Reds should turn for them 5,000 cops would pour out of a branch station and save their lives by politely arresting them for an hour or two. Add to this pleasant immunity a certitude that the morning papers would run lyric appreciation of their idealism and courage. So it has been with the *fascisti*.

How many there are in the country is impossible to say. In Florence there are perhaps no more than 300 members of the local post, or *fascio*, but of course many more sympathizers. They are the shock troops of the reaction. They want to fight and say so. The Communists, too, want to fight. These two parties have the stage—Mr. Giolitti and Mr. Serratti notwithstanding. They have declared war to the death upon each other.

The Parliament has all but ceased to function, so seldom is there a legal quorum these days; and one hears rumors that this and that noble family has sold or is trying to sell the heirlooms preparatory to turning its fortune into currency more stable than the *lire* and fleeing the country.

Fascisti proclamations now being posted in all the important cities of the land boldly call upon companions and sympathizers, "to prepare for the struggle against the "Internationalists," and end with the characteristic sentence: "The Salvation of Italy rests not with an abdicating bourgeoisie, nor with a parliament at the point of death, but with the energy of youth and new deeds of valor!"

This is by way of reply to the Appeal to Italian Workers, published in the very midst of the white guard violence in Tuscany and Triest, which concluded with these paragraphs:

"The violence of the bourgeoisie opens the eyes of the proletariat to the dangerous illusions of reformism, based upon the anticipation of a social peace that is impossible. . . . The Communist Party cries in a loud voice to the workers of Italy that their arms are not only metaphorical arms—words of persuasion, the ballot—and proclaims with enthusiasm its solidarity with those workers who have replied to the offensive of the white forces with their own methods. The Communist Party has shown to the workers that their worst enemies are the heads of those organizations that hypocritically avoid this responsibility, who make a propaganda at which their adversaries justly laugh, who hold to the utopian insane idea that there can be in the class struggle "di civilita e di cavalleria," thus sowing defeatism among the masses and stimulating the daring of the reaction!

"The Party's word, then, is to accept the struggle upon the terms which the bourgeoisie, forced irresistibly by the character of the mortal crisis that now threatens it, offers. Respond to preparation with preparation, organization with organization, discipline with discipline, force with force, arms with arms!"

BOOKS

The Last Year in Russia

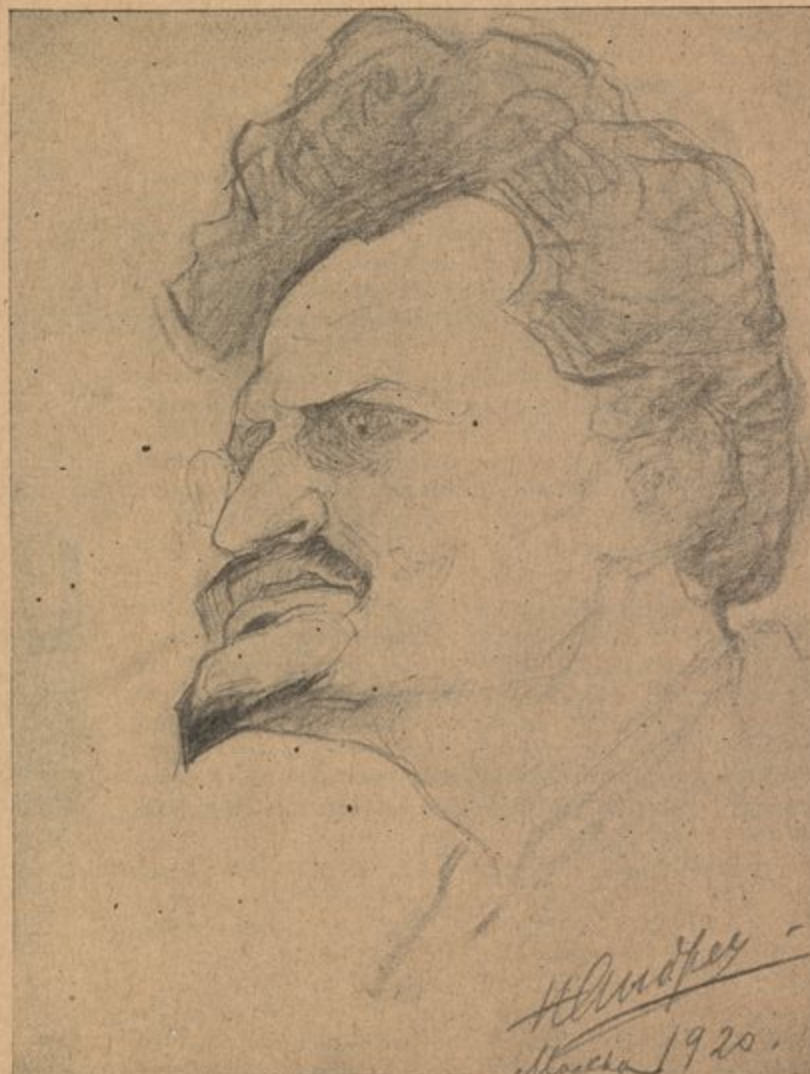
The Crisis in Russia, by Arthur Ransome. (B. W. Huebsch.)

The Russian Workers' Republic, by H. N. Brailsford. (Harper.)

Mayfair To Moscow, by Clare Sheridan. (Boni & Liveright.)

IN the presence of Clare Sheridan, this bright, lovely recent figure on the boards of the international drama, I doff my plume like the most sentimental and archaic knight and cry, with Chauncey Depew and all the bleary-eyed politicians who ever lifted a glass at a banquet, "The Ladies, God bless them!"

Floyd Dell is right. He has always been a bitter partisan of women, and one of their most understanding friends. I, on the other hand, have had a submerged "masculine" resentment against them, and did not like it when they presumed to think. I am learning every day that they do think—they will



From the original by Nicolas Andreiev, presented to Clare Sheridan

Trotzky

even outwit you, if you don't watch out. And I am learning, what Floyd has always maintained, that women improve anything they touch—even the class struggle.

They bring tenderness and wit and clean, clear human wisdom into it all. Men become harsh and abstract in their battles, they would make the world a menagerie of snarling bigots if the women were not here. Women can be as great fools in their way as men, but they are filled with the secret of love, and though they can fight like tigresses in every one of our battles, they never sink as low as we do. Our home, the murderous struggling hopeful world, would be the dreariest of bachelor dens were it not for the women. Yes, Floyd Dell is right; they improve everything.

No episode in the international drama of the Russian Revolution has been so joyful and jolly as the advent of Clare Sheridan. What a glorious joke she has been on aristocratic England! The cousin of Winston Churchill, foremost Bolshevik-phobic of England and related to many other quiet and correctly-principled lords and ladies of the island, "Sheridan," as she reports they called her in Russia, made up her mind to go to the Soviet country and do the heads of the great men there—Lenin, Trotsky, and the rest.

What a decision for a perfect lady to make! There is no record of it in the diary, but surely "Winston" must have raved and beat his breast, torn at his hair, delivered mad misanthropic speeches to the heavens, behaved like a King Lear whose own flesh and blood have placed him naked on the sleety world.

But Sheridan went to Russia. She did Zinoviev, Trotsky, Dsirjinsky, Krassin, Lenin and a Red Guard. She suffered some discomfort, but she is a sport, a realist, and a generous, gallant person, and she had the most wonderful time of her life. Her opinions of the Russian leaders are shrewd and in many ways remarkable, revealing phases of their character that only a woman would have brought out. Lenin is the same iron man, almost super-human in his integrity of mind. Trotsky comes out in surprising hues, a courteous and many-sided temperament, an artist and man of the world. The others are well drawn; no professional journalist could have done better, though Sheridan claims to be strictly a sculptor.

These notes of hers were published in the New York Times, and that is another one of the jokes she played on the "civilized world."

She deserves our thanks for the grace, the tact and the courage with which she has told the truth about her Russian trip. I am inclined to believe that Clare Sheridan's Diary was as important a bit of propaganda work as any book that has been written on Russia—and there have been great ones written. For the first time the English-speaking world felt the humanity of the Russian revolution—and only this unimpeachable witness could have broken into the New York Times to say of Russia:

"I love the bedrock of things here, and the vital energy. If I had no children I would remain and work. There may be no food for the body, but there is plenty of food for the soul, and I would rather live in discomfort in an atmosphere of gigantic effort, than in luxury among the purposeless . . . I love this place. I love the people who pass by me on the street. I am inspired by this nation purified by fire. I admire the dignity of their suffering and the courage of their belief . . . I would like to live among them forever, or else work for them outside; work and fight for the Peace that will heal their wounds."

Ransome Explains the Peasant Problem

The Russian Revolution is a living thing, in a living world where all is change and flux. It is no longer a glowing dream; it is a reality, and to live it must adapt itself to its environment, like all living things, or die. Life says, even to Revolutions, adapt yourself or die, and the Russians have chosen that their revolution shall live.

The newest adaptation the Russian Communists have made is one that will cause many doubts and heart-burnings. It is the recent decree, proposed by Lenin and passed by the Soviets, by which free trading is permitted to the peasants. The peasants have been the dangerous uncontrollable undertow that has threatened to drag the Revolution down to defeat. They have practically sabotaged the great experiment; they have been slowly starving the towns; they have resisted the force, the persuasion, the rewards with which the Bolsheviks have tried to merge them into the commonwealth.

And now, at last, Lenin has admitted defeat, and has sounded the signal for a temporary and strategic retreat before this huge, dumb, immovable mass of rooted humanity. The Government will no longer try to collect the necessary amount of food from the peasants. It will fix a percentage tax on them instead, and they will be allowed to sell what they produce over this in the open market. This is a return



Photographed by Clare Sheridan

Statue of Dostoevski—by Merkouroff.

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to bourgeois conditions in Russia, and Lenin has been the first to call it that.

How is one to adapt one's mind to this stupendous *volte face*, this newest and most startling of the many departures the Bolsheviks have made from the conventional pattern of Socialism? Not by tears of lamentation; not by childish disappointment and sullen acceptance; not by twisted logical defense with which to salve one's bruised idealism; least of all by falling back on blind faith, and continuing to believe what one wishes to believe.

The Revolution cannot be helped by any of these attitudes. It does not need blind faith or the sad, futile support of disappointed idealists. The Revolution can only be saved by intelligence; we Bolsheviks have the terrific responsibility of keeping ourselves the most disciplined and intelligent members of the human race; and here is another crisis in which we must use that intelligence.

We are being called upon again to the hard task of understanding the Russian Revolution. And there is no better way to get ready for that task than to read Arthur Ransome's "The Crisis in Russia." This book rewards one with an immediate understanding of the reasons behind the strategic retreat of Lenin and his party on the peasant problem.

Ransome is not a Bolshevik; he is an over-refined sensitive artist whose overpowering human sympathies have led him into a scientific analysis of the contemporary social scene. His mind is just, skilful and well-trained; as a pacifist, he drops a few unregarded tears over the brutal realism of the

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Bolsheviks, but he knows the truth when he meets it, and he is so constituted that he cannot help speaking it out.

Ransome's books on Russia have been among the fairest and clearest documents we have had in English. And now, in this latest book, which is made up of articles from the Manchester Guardian printed during the last year, he gives us the best summary of the conditions that led up to what is one of the most momentous decisions the Bolshevik leaders have yet made.

In his first two invaluable chapters, Ransome discusses the shortage of men and the shortage of things in Russia, a situation most of us have but vaguely realized here, in the midst of our over-fed America. Russia has been blockaded for six years. Russia never produced any manufactured goods, only food, but the blockade isolated her, and made even the raising of food difficult. Ransome explains why, with a vivid clearness which fixes the facts in your mind.

Spades are worn out in Russia, shovels, harrows; they are ploughing with the primitive wooden sticks in many places. The peasants can get nothing from the towns, and have retaliated by raising less and less food. It was a vicious circle that nothing could break, it seemed. The nation was drifting into a sort of barbaric economic state, Ransome, writing six months ago, says truthfully, "which may make impossible the regeneration of Russian industry, and will result in the increasing independence of the villages, etc." With no food coming into the cities, it was impossible to keep the workmen there for the task of building up the home industries. So Lenin has evidently put off for the present the task of winning the peasants for communism, and has chosen, in his realistic way, to work at the most pressing problem first, which is to get transportation on its feet, and the factories running. This can only be done with food, and Lenin is letting the peasants supply the food in the only way it is possible at present to get it from them.

One must read Ransome's book to understand how inevitable a decision this was.

A Scientific Study of the Dictatorship

I have used the word "best" freely in the foregoing reviews, but I shall dare to use it again. Brailsford's new book, the Russian Workers' Republic is, I believe, the best account we have had so far of the constructive work of the Russian revolution. It is a picture painted by a careful, honest and large-hearted observer, one of the ablest journalists in England, and a man whose political sagacity and social passion are so evenly balanced that it is a pity he is not one of our leaders.

How strange it is a man like Brailsford, who has never vaunted himself a Socialist, goes to Russia, and understands all that is happening there, while the Kautskys, the Spargos and other "Marxians" scream such hysterical lies! There is certainly something deliberate about their blindness, something deeply envenomed about the manner in which they have chosen to take up arms against the first Workers' Republic in history.

Among a thousand other good things Brailsford gives one, I choose to copy out here, his comment on the dictatorship. The Yellow Socialists of the world have been so saintly and indignant in their scorn of this base tactic; hear what a kindly humanitarian, an honest observer, a realist, an outsider, says of it:

"The word 'dictatorship' which Russian Communists use to describe their own monopoly of power in the Socialist state implies that it will be temporary. It should last, according to the tactical theories of the Revolution, until the capitalist system has wholly disappeared in Russia, until the former privileged class has been absorbed in the general body of citizens, and until the civil war and the external war have stopped.

"Opponents are skeptical, and doubt whether the moment will ever come when the Communists will voluntarily renounce the power which they have seized. Power intoxicates, and history shows few instances of voluntary abdication, save in the hour of evident failure and defeat.

"There is one test to which one may submit a dictatorship which professes to be temporary. Does it educate? It is difficult to believe in the permanence of any despotism over a well-educated population. Tsardom survived by reason of the abysmal illiteracy of the old Russia, and within certain limits one may make a case for some form of revolutionary dictatorship by pointing to the hopeless ignorance of the peasant masses. In the modern class state the forms of democracy are frustrated, not merely by the power of wealth, but also by the gap in culture between the propertied and the working class.

"This must be said emphatically for the Russian Communist party, that it is preparing its own eventual disappearance.

"It is ripening the whole Russian people for responsibility and power by its great work for education.

"It has striven, amid inconceivable difficulties, for the prompt enlightenment of the whole nation.

"It has, moreover, based its entire system of education not on any principle of passivity, receptivity, and discipline, but rather on self-initiative and activity. The new generation which will emerge in a few years from these modern Russian schools have crossed the spiritual frontier between East and West and will resemble the passive, indolent, apathetic Russian of the past as little as he resembles the average Englishman or American. As I watched the elder children debating, questioning and governing themselves, I realized that by its educational policy alone the dictatorship has set a time limit to its own permanence."

We need never fear for Russia. These droves of broken-hearted idealists who have been coming back to America on every ship recently, the Dr. Zuckers, the Mr. Schwartzes, the little Bonis and the like who have been turning out so much copy for the capitalist press, we can dismiss them. There are honest witnesses, less partisan, less sadistic in their delight at recounting the terrible pangs Russia is going through, and their stories have more of the vitality of truth.

Clare Sheridan can be believed, and Arthur Ransome. They are not yellow Socialists, they have no axes to grind at home, no jobs to seek. And Brailsford can be believed.

"It may be honestly claimed for the Soviet administration, he says, "that it has a better record in its relations to art and culture, generally, than any other government in the civilized world."

We are grateful for this statement. It reassures us that whatever the political and economic situation may be, the Russian Revolution, in its chief object, the cultural emancipation of the masses, still is living and great. It can never die now; it has brought to light something in the world that humble men never knew was here, and will never now be quite able to forget.

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Name

Address

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To a Swiss Girl in Bohemia

I AM troubled, Neysa, because you do not play havoc with my heart. Too long have I hearkened to the fall of your footstep. And now that you have come—come after so much waiting, I cannot stay my desire to be mocked by your eyes; bruised by your mouth; enticed, defeated, to your unrelinquishing arms.

Before you go away, I should like to test the colors of your loves: whether they be blue or grey, beach-green or mist-of-purple. I should also like to feel the pulse of your trifling, the full burden of your make-believe.

Later, if you like, I shall dream with you in some garden-park in Switzerland, or walk bare-footed to Italy.

But now, Neysa, I am troubled because you do not come and play havoc with my heart.

Gustav Davidson.

A Bolshevik Notes the Spring

YESTERDAY I saw a Robin Redbreast
Flaunt his scarlet on the April air.

From the bare hint of green
Of an old apple-bough, he called:
Stir up! hurry up! hurry up! Stir up! Come!
Stir up! stir up! hurry up! stir up! Come!

Then the Bolshevik Bird—
Some call it the Song Sparrow—
Carolled once, twice, and once again:
Le—Leon Trot—sky and Nick—Nicholai Lenin!
Just like that!
Listen, and you will hear them, too.

Today, a snow flurry
Has thrown a thin white coverlet of silence over them,
But the Spring is here!
And I know that tomorrow they will sing again.

Rose Pastor Stokes.

Tropic Mother's Melody

COCO-PALM, bend double and tickle my baby,
Shark in the pool, splash your tail!

Spread for him, peacock,
Swing for him, banyan,
For my brown little baby boy!

Tattoo him, sun, with patterns of passion-vine,
Big, black beetle, leave him be!
Circle, red flamingoes!

White flamingoes, fly
For my brown little baby boy!

Genevieve Taggard.

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ELECTROCUTED?

WOULD you? No? Then listen to this warning: **Keep out of Massachusetts.** For—if you are a radical—no matter how innocent you are, no matter how many alibis you can prove, no matter how many thousands of honorable men and women you can muster out to testify in your behalf, you stand a good chance of being electrocuted in that ancient and respectable Commonwealth, if some police captain or private detective so desires.

We know it. We have been there. Ten years ago we were arrested in that State, charged with what cannot be described otherwise than psychic murder. We were kept in jail for eight months. Needless to say we had not murdered anybody nor ever desired that anyone be assassinated, with the single exception of the hangman who was assigned to accompany us to and from the courthouse and who used to explain to us four times a day the great advantages of hanging as against the tremendous difficulties of a really successful electrocution.

But it was not at all necessary for the prosecution to prove that we had committed or desired murder. Apparently it was not necessary to prove anything at all, save that we did not approve of private ownership and that we were alive at the time when some unknown individual had killed another.

We learned how charges are built up, how "evidence" is gathered, how "expert testimony" is obtained. We know how the law is construed, interpreted and administered. And we know how hard it is to prove that you are an honorable man when the State of Massachusetts contends and affirms that you are a scoundrel—especially if you are Italian.

Yet, you say, we were acquitted. We don't contend that there are no fair trials in Massachusetts; what we claim is that they are extremely hard to obtain. Do you know what it took to secure that acquittal? It took a ten months' national agitation, an international protest, the resignation of a Socialist member of the Italian parliament in favor of the candidacy of one of us, a threatened boycott of American ships by the Scandinavian workers, an assault on the American consulates in Berne, Barcelona and Milan, the diplomatic intervention of the Italian Government, eight lawyers, fifteen investigators, several thousand mass-meetings and some 200,000 dollars. All these things are absolutely necessary to get a fair trial in Massachusetts, so unless you have them at hand or feel sure that you can get them in time, keep

off the beautiful blue grass of the great Bay State.

Nicholas Sacco and Bartholomew Vanzetti, two workers, two fighters for the workers, two humble teachers of the workers, join us today in issuing this solemn warning to you. They are qualified to speak with authority, for they are now where we were ten years ago—awaiting trial for their lives. But the Commonwealth has greatly improved in the science of building up charges, since it blundered with us.

It is not with a metaphysical crime that the State charges these men, but with the direct slaying of two paymasters for the purpose of robbing and despoiling their corpses. It is much simpler—a very neat case for the electric chair.

Of course, Sacco and Vanzetti are as innocent of this horrible crime as we were of psychic murder. Social revolutionists are no more yeggmen than they are experts in black magic. They have as much good evidence of their innocence as we ever had. They also have good lawyers. But they haven't a national agitation behind them, they haven't an international protest, and, worst of all, they haven't any money. Therefore, they will be electrocuted. There is not the slightest doubt of that. Unless they can get at least a few thousand dollars between now and the time their trial begins next month, Sacco and Vanzetti will pay back with their lives the freedom you bought for us.

Will you permit that? If anyone of you has ever regretted contributing a dollar or a word for the lives of the undersigned, now is your chance to get even with us by refusing to help these boys. But if there are others who think that in our blundering human way we have somewhat vindicated our presumptuous right to keep on living, let them now help Sacco and Vanzetti. They will not be disappointed. They will not be cheated. They will hear of these men in the near future and be glad and proud to call them friends and comrades.

In the name of everything that we are desperately trying to keep alive in these foul and dark days, in the name of the very last defences of the working class, now shaking under the fierce bombardment of reaction, in the name of whatever to-morrow you are yearning for, help us save these men and keep the electric chair off the battlefield of the class war!

**JOSEPH J. ETTOR,
ARTURO GIOVANNITTI.**

Send all remittances to Sacco and Vanzetti Defence Committee, 34 Battery Street, Boston, Massachusetts.