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September, 1921

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The True Purpose of the Ku Klux Klan

THE LIBERATOR

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September, 1921

EDITORIALS

By Max Eastman

IT is only a hundred and sixteen years ago that Joseph Dennie was arrested for sedition in Philadelphia, and described in the indictment as "a factitious and seditious person of a wicked mind and unquiet and turbulent disposition and conversation, seditiously, maliciously and wilfully intending as much as in him lay to . . . condemn the principles of revolution, and revile, depreciate and scandalize the characters of the revolutionary patriots."

Philadelphia has travelled a long way since that time, and so have the principles of revolution. We now have a former high official of the American Government writing a long letter to the press, advocating that all publishers whose slogan is "revolution and not reform" should be regarded as outlaws, and deprived of their rights as American citizens without even the formality of an indictment or the inconvenience of a criminal proceeding.

Legal and Illegal Activities

THE high official to whom I refer is William H. Lamar, Solicitor-General of the Post Office under Burleson. He complains in his letter that we radicals "made a hobgoblin of Postmaster-General Burleson." And he is entirely right. We did. We knew all the time that the real enemy of legality and decency in the Postal Service was not Burleson but William H. Lamar. Burleson promised us the mailing privilege, sincerely if helplessly, more than once, but when it came to the point of getting it, we always found ourselves by some quick shift of the scenery in the shrewd and illegal presence of the Solicitor-General.

Mr. Lamar's argument, stripped of all unessential verbiage, is this:

"Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are guaranteed by the Federal Constitution . . . but . . . the Federal Constitution provided for the establishment of a Postal Service, and many laws have been passed by Congress defining and limiting the matter which this governmental instrumentality may transport. . . . The administration of these laws in no way involves a censorship of the press. If matter is published which does not violate the laws it can go through the mails. If it does violate the laws, it must be thrown out of the mails; that is all there is to it. . . . Lenin, in his address before the Communist International last year

. . . advised 'the need of sympathetically uniting legal and illegal activities.'" . . . Therefore the Postmaster-General of the United States is justified in adopting the same policy, and when he cannot legally throw out a revolutionary magazine, he should illegally deny it the second-class privilege, and hold up its publisher for as much excess postage as possible.

I have stated the conclusion in my own words, merely because Mr. Lamar left it out. He is not so frank as Lenin. But he knows how to stick to the point of an argument, and he does stick to it in this letter—once you understand what the point is.

The American newspapers seem to have understood it clearly, and their judgment upon the whole is unfavorable to the Solicitor-General. The New York Tribune, to be sure—honoring in its usual manner the memory of Horace Greeley—praises Mr. Lamar for his "clear statement," and seems entirely content with the proof contained in Lenin's advice to the Third International, that the New York Call at least is engaged in a criminal conspiracy, and ought to be held up illegally if it cannot be legally thrown out of the mails. The Tribune seems to discriminate a little in favor of the Liberator in this matter, and I suppose it will rejoice the heart of The Call—or at least the left ventricle—to be so honored above "the dandies of thirteenth street." Upon the whole, however, the rulers of opinion seem to have decided that even that insurrectionary sheet ought to be suppressed by some legal procedure if it is suppressed at all. The Baltimore Sun has contributed \$500 toward defraying the expenses of The Call's appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the New York World remarks that "the most serious conspiracy that menaces American institutions is not that of radical publishers, but of reactionary politicians to regulate all the activities of the American people and censor all political and economic opinions that are not in harmony with the accepted views of the majority."

I am afraid the New York World is right. And if our purpose were to destroy "American institutions," we might well succumb at this point, and let the reactionary politicians engineer the job. But since our purpose is to save and build up a true civilization out of the break-down of those institutions which we consider inevitable, it is important that we should keep on talking. And so for the moment our interest coincides with that of the great newspapers. For which we give thanks to our private gods, for these newspapers could have us cleaned up and suppressed to the perfect taste of the Solicitor-General inside of six days, if they chose to endorse that "union of legal with illegal activities" which he so delicately recommends.

The Second Childhood of Mathematics

IN these days of difficult living professors at Columbia University ought to go slow about recommending as "momentous contributions" books which cost as much as three dollars. Professor Cassius J. Keyser is, I suppose, the most gifted teacher of mathematics in the world. He can stand up in front of a blackboard, looking in all points exactly like St. Gauden's statue of Admiral Farragut going into battle on Madison Square, and teach you that the sum of the three angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles, in such a way that you come out of the class-room, not only convinced, but so eager to bleed and die for the conviction, that you just hope somebody will have the courage to deny it. Professor Keyser is a great teacher of mathematics, but as a judge of "momentous contributions, to the best thought of these troubled years," he is as wretched an amateur as ever got into a position to mislead the poor.

I am trying to warn the reader against spending three dollars for a book by Alfred Korzybski called "The Manhood of Humanity." It is a book which pretends to apply the technique of engineering to the problems of human welfare, but really applies the technique of mediaeval theology. It seeks, in the manner of the most admirable of scholastics, to divine "the essence of man," and from that deduce the whole science and art of life and politics. The essence of man—as opposed to the plant whose essence is to transform "solar energy into organic chemical energy," and the animal, whose essence is "to move about in space"—the essence of man is that he is able to remember and record his past experiences. He is, in short, "in the universal tongue of mathematics and mechanics" a "time-binder."

"It must be obvious to any one," says the momentous author of this phrase, "that time-binding is the only natural criterion and standard for the time-binding class of life. This mighty term—time-binding—when comprehended, will be found to embrace the whole of the natural laws, the natural ethics, the natural philosophy, the natural sociology, the natural economics, the natural governance, to be brought into the education of time-binders; then really peaceful and progressive civilization, without periodical collapses and violent readjustments, will commence; not before."

That is the "core" of this book, which Prof. Keyser describes on the cover as "a great conception which is new." It is neither new nor a great conception, and aside from a few nursery imitations of mathematical formulae, and a great deal of protestation about how difficult the idea must be for the reader (true enough, if he is accustomed to using his brain) the core is all there is to it.

"The Manhood of Humanity" is about as much like "Human Engineering" as it would be like mechanical engineering if I should say the "The Essence of Steel is to Bind Stone," and go ahead on that basis to build a sky-scraper.

I venture to think that Professor Keyser would be aware of the childish and mediaeval quackery of this book, if it did not perform a little function that has become almost indispensable to his own peace of mind. It supplies a rationalization—pseudo-mathematical and sufficiently engineerish in aspect—for his desire to revolt against the established system of things. It is not easy for a professor of mathematics at Columbia University to revolt, as you can well imagine, and if Mr. Korzybski has made that possible, I do not think we need have any regrets—provided we still have hold of our own three dollars—that he dropped in on Morningside Heights with his system for demonstrating the Social Revo-

lution on the basis of "a conception of man in terms of time." He is clever enough to convey his thanks in the preface to various other distinguished professors, who criticised the manuscript—"or helped otherwise." I imagine the principal help of each was to palm it off on the other, until it arrived in the hands of Professor Keyser, who needed it so badly.

A Human Engineer

IF the engineers are really looking for a prophet, let them try Thorstein Veblen. He will tell them at least, and tell them with that hard ironical taste for fact which is the real requisite in a human engineer, exactly what is the matter with the social and economic building we have so far constructed. He understands it. I do not know any document that answers so quickly and clearly the question all thoughtful people, from Wall Street to the Labor Temple, are asking—"What is the matter with business?" than his little book, "Engineers and the Price System." He could not point out the weak spots in the machine with a more dry and masterly accuracy, if he were consulting engineer to His Satanic Majesty who contrived it.

Indeed, I am inclined to think he does hold some such office, for when it comes to the question how to mend this machine, he slides us off into a kind of abstract mythology just as ingeniously misleading as that of the more classical economists. He tells us that the engineers themselves are the only ones who can revolutionize the business system in any advanced industrial country, and he leads us to believe that perhaps they will actually do it.

"No effectual move in the direction of such an overturn can be made except on the initiative and under the direction of the country's technicians," he says. "The chances of anything like a Soviet in America, therefore, are the chances of a Soviet of technicians. . . . It is a question whether the discretion and responsibility in the management of the country's industry shall pass from Vested Interests, to the technicians, *who speak for the industrial system as a going concern.*"

What this Soviet of technicians will do, according to the author, is to "disallow the institution of absentee ownership." And "by absentee ownership . . . is here to be understood the ownership of an industrially useful article by any person or persons who are not habitually employed in the industrial use of it." Communism, in short, is what Veblen would have us look to these engineers to introduce.

I have italicized the phrase "who speak for the industrial system as a going concern," because it is so often repeated by Veblen; it is the essence of his theory so far as it contains hope or purpose; it is the only allusion he makes to any motive, any dynamic force, by which the revolution he anticipates can be accomplished, or even "initiated."

And what is that dynamic force? It is the force possessed by a philosopher's abstract idealization of the function of the technician within the system of industry. If you catch an actual technician in substantial flesh and blood, and not just at the moment of exercising his "instinct of workmanship" within the walls of a given factory, you will find that he does not "speak for the system of industry as a going concern," but like all other general classes of human beings so far as they enter into large or lasting calculations, he speaks for his own pocket-book. And Veblen himself falls short of the full stature of a human engineer, in just this point, that he can talk about a "Soviet of Technicians" as

the source of power for an enormous historic change, without even raising the question what the immediate effect of that change will be upon their own economic status.

As a matter-of-fact, the effect of such a revolution, even if very adroitly and "technically" manoeuvred, would be to lower, at least for a long time to come, the relative and absolute economic status of the engineers, as of everybody else who stands above the level of the common laborer. And therefore Veblen's "Soviet of Technicians" may be set down as a soviet of abstractions—interesting as an intellectual experience, but irrelevant to the problem of defining and organizing a dynamic force sufficient to alter the essential course of history.

A Better One

WE turn from Veblen's practical ingenuities to the discourse of a truly supreme human engineer with somewhat the same mixture of minor regret and major satisfaction, that we have in poetry when we turn from some exotic "individual" to the great classics. There is something deeper than excitement in the pure and utmost poetry, and in pure practicality, something more compelling than stimulating.

"The definition of the extent and the conditions under which concessions are an advantage to us and not dangerous for us, depends upon the relation of forces." That is the manner in which Lenin approaches his problem, and that is the only manner in which the problems of human engineering can ever be solved. I do not see how anybody could read Lenin's article on "The Significance of the Agricultural Tax"—more widely read in Russia, Lewis Gannett tells us, than a "best-seller" in the United States—and retain the least doubt that, if the existing economic forces do not preclude the possibility of it, Russia will evolve toward communism under his guidance. The article is published, with inexcusably bad translation, in Soviet Russia for July, 1921, and I hope every reader of the *Liberator* will make it his duty to see it.

(I say "inexcusably bad" because if there is one thing the American revolutionary movement is rich in, it is people who can write good English and are willing to do the work of revision that is necessary upon such documents. If our Russian translators would have the grace to realize that they have not mastered the English idiom until about twenty years after they think they have, we might see an end of these inept, obscure, alien-sounding pamphlets that the American worker is continually being asked to believe in.)

We ought to realize in approaching the problem of these new concessions that they do not spring from any change of opinion among the Russian leaders, nor represent a profound alteration of policy. These leaders have told us from the beginning that unless a proletarian revolution occurred in one of the great industrial countries, Russia could not proceed directly towards Communism, because the industrial workers have not the manufactured articles to exchange with the peasants for food. The war against the counter-revolutionists who combined feudal landholders with expropriated capitalists—has kept the peasants and the industrial workers together until now, and the workers have been able to hold all their gains, while waiting for a revolution in western Europe. That revolution has not come, and they are now compelled, as they have continually told us they would be, to reintroduce capitalism.

That being understood, the question is, how to introduce it in such form and to such extent, as will not endanger the present political sovereignty of the workers, nor hinder

their own economic enterprises (electrification, etc.) from growing faster than capitalism. And Lenin's solution of the problem is, briefly, to back the large-scale industry (under the political control and economic domination of the Workers' State) against small community production, which in Russia is the real danger. The organized workers will keep in their own hands the railroads, the best mines, and the greater factories, and they will keep that "weapon of class domination," the State. With that reservation-of-power, they will attempt the hazardous march *through capitalism* to a free industrial republic.

People who are not accustomed to think in terms of the real science of human engineering—the mechanics of history that Marx founded—will smile at this, perhaps, as a casuistical way of surrendering the whole program. Theirs is a foolish smile. And the more such foolish people smile at the developing science of revolution, instead of learning lessons from it, the better for the hopes of that science.

While all over the rest of the world the working-class is fighting for power against the capitalists entrenched in industry, and armed with the press, the schools, the pulpit and the political state—in Russia we shall now see a capitalist class fighting for power against the workers entrenched in industry, and armed with the press, the schools, the true interests of mankind, and the political state. There is a hazard, to be sure. But anybody who can find in this spectacle a ground for despair of the revolutionary science, must have been feeding upon millennial dreams, or unconsciously seeking a ground for despair, from the beginning.

Help Russia!

EVERY friend of Russia must now give to the uttermost to help the Workers' Republic fight the fiercest of its enemies—the Famine. It is a crucial hour, and no one must hold back. Thousands of lives are in peril. If you are not in contact with one of the labor unions or other organizations that are furnishing aid, send your donations to the American Committee for Relief of Children in Soviet Russia, Room 506, 110 West 40th Street, New York City.

Send every penny you can. Send every dollar you can. This is no moment for economy or hesitation. Things are bad here; and the American movement needs our help; but first we must help Russia!

THE LIBERATOR

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Editors: Max Eastman, Floyd Dell.

• Claude McKay, Robert Minor.

• Business Manager, Margaret Lane.

Foreign Correspondents: Frederick Kuh, Norman Matson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

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

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The Deserted House

(A Woodcut by J. J. Lankes)

HERE candid moonlight is the only guest,
And knife-edged shadows lie beneath the eaves.
Across the sills no curious winds make quest
Or stir intrusive rustle in the leaves.

No wistful phantom glides, remembering,
Across the lawns and past the gaping door
To taint the silence with faint murmurings.
Dead are the dead and sleep forevermore.

And though the moon withdraw her silverness,
The empty eyes that from this white face stare,
Indifferent to the loss of her caress,
Will keep their lidless gaze, and will not care.

Carolyn Crosby Wilson.

Kathleen

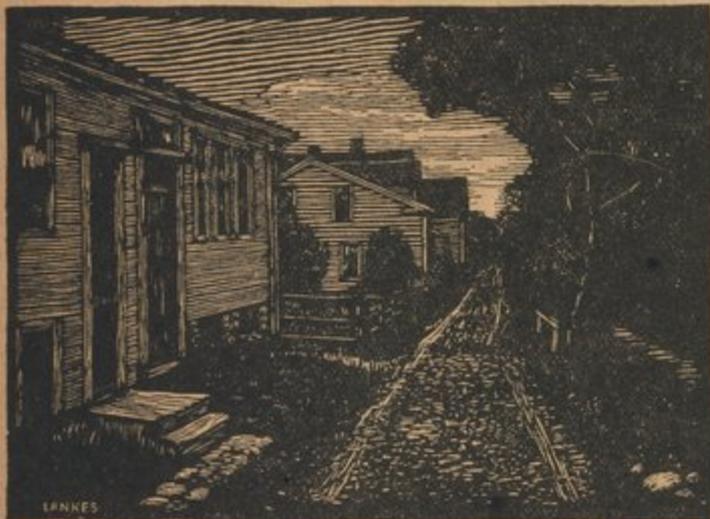
IT'S of her I'm dreaming always,
Of her black curls like his own;
And the softest skin for kissing,
Like rose-petals scarcely blown.

Her lips were really scarlet,—
She had the softest skin!—
And her cheek just curved for kissing,
Above her pointed chin.

She had such laughing ways with her,
And blue, blue Irish eyes,
That crinkled at the corners,
And wondered, quaintly wise.

It's of her I'm dreaming always,
Of her soft rose-petal skin;—
Oh, I want to kiss my baby,
Where those dimples dented in!

Sarah Hammond Kelly.



Woodcut

Mill-Race Road

J. J. Lankes

Respite

(For M. E. V.)

I SHALL not, dead, miss love's sublimities,
The pageantry, the passion, and the smart,
But only this: the sweet proximities
Of flesh to flesh, of heart-beat to the heart.

I shall not, dead, remember anything,
The sun, the moon, the waters, and the lands,
The wild adventure of my journeying:
Only the weary flutter of white hands.

Let earth the maggot feed upon my brain,
Let me forget the rime, the rune, the rose,
If but this vision to the end remain:
A little body, birdlike, nestling close.

Of all God's deeds the foulest deed is this:
Though my heart aches, though all my manhood squirms,
When I am dead, your touch, your mouth, your kiss,
Dear Love, will seem no sweeter than the worm's.

For hearts and worms and lovers' ecstasy
To life's Mad Master, on invention bent,
Are but the ashes of his alchemy
That he discards in his experiment.

There is no lode-star in this lonely sea,
Save Love's eyes shining tenderly,
No ghost of any harbor for my quest,
Save for the respite of your breast,
And—maybe—rest.

George Sylvester Viereck.

Little Jean

LITTLE Jean, I loved you then.
You were a lawless child.
I loved the dryad glance you flashed
From eyes so sweet and wild.
I loved the warmth and strangeness
Of your beauty when you smiled.

Little Jean, your spirit burned,
Unquenchable, like flame.
Your eyes were full of mystic fire
Which nothing seemed to tame.
My world was cold without you, Jean,
And then today you came.

Little Jean, I mutely stood
And took your hand in mine
While hungrily I searched your eyes
For any lingering sign
Of that sweet Jean I used to know,
With spirit free and fine.

Little Jean, my little Jean,
What sorrow have you known?
The saddest eyes in all the world
Looked back into my own—
Two urns of cold gray ashes now,
From which the fire has flown.

Regna Laik.

A Wind of Fall

A WIND went forth a little after dawn
And sounded his thin horn above the trees,
And there was sudden stilling of those bells
On which the tree-toads rang quaint harmonies.

The languid mist upon the morning hills
Melted beneath that wind's swift icy breath;
Each tree took on a loveliness more keen
To taste the rare, bright atmosphere of death.

Each leaf was as a gallant banner flown
For that far runner the wind heralded.
Would they not know the outflung delicate locks
Down all the ways the silver-limbed had sped?

Before the joy of his clear visioning
They had no sorrow, leaf and leaf, to part.
I cry the wind from out the clouds to blow
Through all the dusty summer of my heart.

Quiet

SINCE I took quiet to my breast,
My heart lies in me heavier
Than stone sunk fast in sluggish sand
That the sea's self may never stir
When she sweeps hungrily to land,
Since I took quiet to my breast.

Strange quiet, when I made thee guest,
My heart had countless strings to fret
Under a least wind's fingering.
How could I know I would forget
To catch breath at a gull's curved wing,
Strange quiet, when I made thee guest?

Thou, quiet, hast no gift of rest;
The pain that at thy healing fled,
More dear was to my heart than pride.
Now for its loss my heart is dead
And I keep horrid watch beside.
Thou, quiet hast no gift of rest.

Léonie F. Adams.

The Gold Rush, 1849

THERE being no new oceans to explore,
The cry "Bonanza" roused the world-old zest.
Big Brother Bill hugged mother to his breast,
Then started, with a thousand brothers more,—
Adventurers with pack mules after ore.
And when the world expanded, found the West,
Men saw the remnants of that golden quest,—
Here blackened camps, here one lone crazy whore.

They lived and died; our life was all too slow;
Time could not follow them; its tardy flight
Was fixed for other things. Some only know
Necessity and do not wait for night
Or day or clocks to sanction how they grow.
We learn from ashes how their fires were bright.

The Rainbow's End

SOMEWHERE far westward of us stand the gray
Devices of a life lived out, so spent,
So briefly lurid, we are reticent
And call it madness of another day.
Within the great hotel the winds now play
Proprietor and guest, and spiders vent
Their horrors where the drunken miners went
Through marble halls, with girls and gold to pay.

The ocean's at New York, Des Moines has corn.
And they'll not vanish for ten thousand years.
But every rainbow's just a broken horn
Of plenty, glimmering where it disappears,
And gold's a mirage, on a trail forlorn,
Where phantom cities rise on strange careers.

Stirling Bowen.

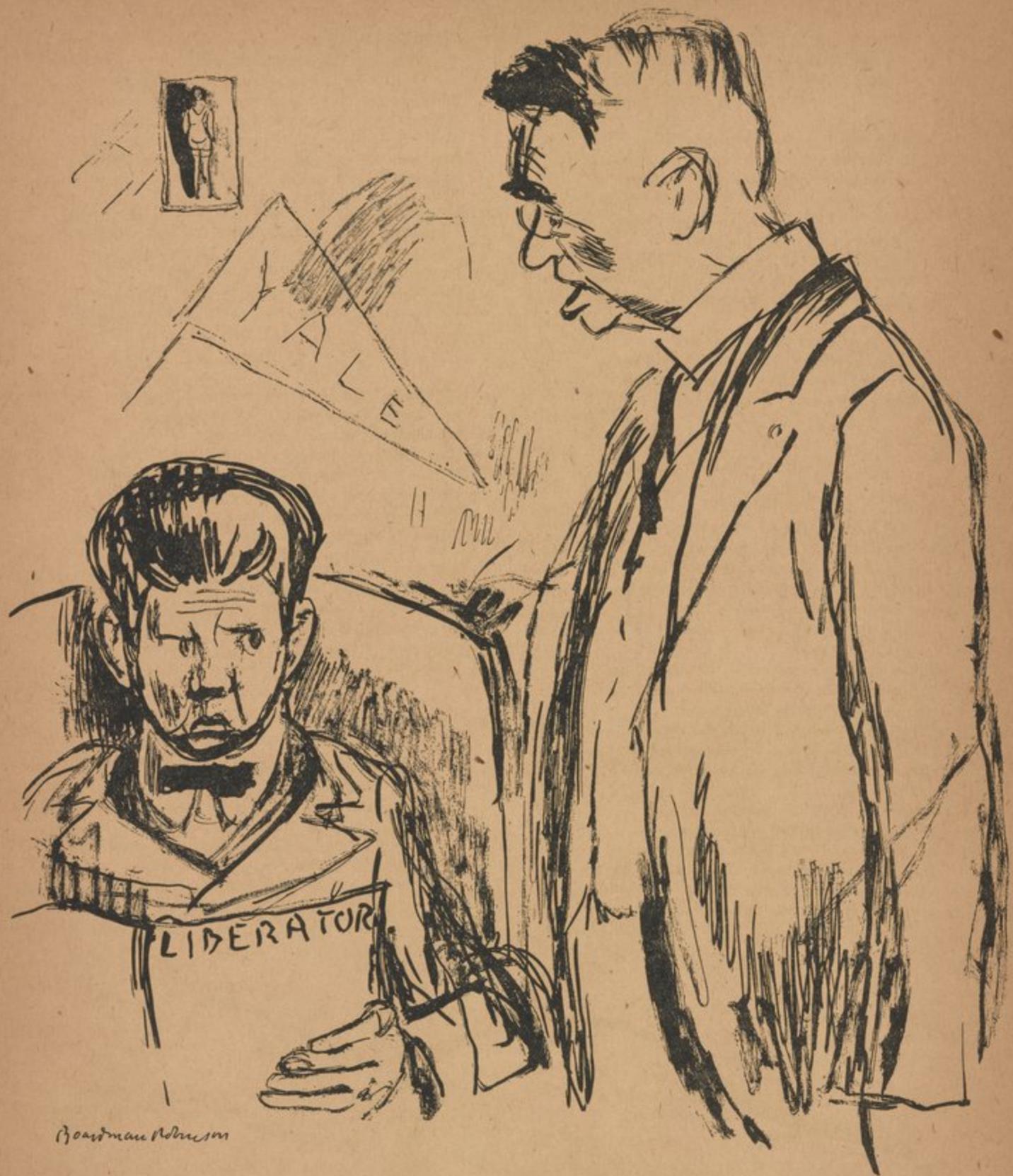
The Quiet Woman

I WILL defy you down until my death,
With cold body, indrawn breath,
Terrible and cruel I will move with you
Like a surly tiger. If you knew
Why I am shaken, if fond you could see
All the caged arrogance in me,
You would not lean so boyishly, so bold
To kiss my body, quivering and cold.

Genevieve Taggard.



Hugo Gellert



Boardman Robinson

Boardman Robinson

"My son, what are you reading? You should remember that your ancestors have been Americans ever since 1776."

Bill Haywood in Moscow

By Lewis Gannett

I FINALLY isolated Bill Haywood about one o'clock in the morning. His room, most of the time a sort of gangway for all the Americans and half of the other folk in Moscow, was relatively empty. Lifshitz, Bill's super-secretary, a sort of walking encyclopedia of the Far East, and Yoshihara, a Japanese Wobbly, were settling the Nikolaiev affair in one corner of the room; Crosby was studying a Russian grammar in another; a New York Wobbly was reading the *Liberator* in a third corner; and I detached Bill from his Russian dictionary in the fourth corner and started firing questions at him.

Bill is pretty good at Russian. He can call numbers on the telephone, establish connections with the hotel cook, and make himself thoroughly understood by the small boy delegation from the Third Internationale Boys' Club of Nijni Novgorod; but he wants more. He would like to know enough Russian to be able to stay and do real organization work in Russia. That is why he is studying Russian day and night, and why his primary interest at the present moment is a plan to colonize a rich coal, iron, and copper region south of Tomsk with American Wobblies—"just to show what the I-Won't-Works can really do." A delegation headed by Jack Beyer leaves this week to study the ground. The first real job will be for a bunch of lumberjacks to clear the site and put up workers' houses.

I don't think Bill himself is sure whether he will stay in Russia or go back. It depends partly on what he can do in Russia. He has no enthusiasm for Leavenworth. "I can't do anything there, can I?" he said. "A man in the penitentiary is practically dead, and there's not one chance in a hundred of Harding granting a general amnesty. If they think I'm coming back to spend the rest of my life in a pen they're crazy with the heat."

Some people say that Bill Haywood's escape from the land of the free may make it harder for other political prisoners to get bail. "It might make it harder to raise bonds—unless the bondsmen can get protection," Bill said when I suggested this. "I happen myself to have the remarkably good fortune to have friends who will see that my bondsmen lose nothing—and I don't owe a thing to the government. They got all that they exacted for my release, and instead of being indebted to them they are much indebted to me—but that they have yet to learn." Bill worked for his fellow Wobblies up to the last moment, and then Russia.

Russia is a highly centralized state controlled and operated by the Russian Communist Party, and the I. W. W. have in the past objected to highly centralized states and to political parties. Half the talk in Moscow today is about the new Trade Union Internationale which is being launched under the auspices of the Communist Third Internationale. Bill Haywood is strong for it.

"Will the I. W. W. join?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered confidently.

I suggested that there might be opposition to alliance with a political party among the American I. W. W., and mentioned one or two American Wobblies in Moscow who do not like the system.

Bill answered to the point. "If they could feel the heart-beat of things here, and understand that this is not a political

party in the sense of American parties, there'd be no question. This is really an industrial movement. You may differentiate if you will between Communism and the Communist Party—I'm not going to. Communism is based on the theory of Marx, which means that labor produces all wealth and that all wealth belongs to the producers thereof—and that's economic, not political, philosophy. If you have half an eye open here in Russia you realize the necessity of a political party for those economic ends.

"We didn't always use exactly the terms we find here, but we used to talk about the dictatorship of the proletariat in the I. W. W. even before the war. The boys expressed the idea not only in their conversations; they sang it in songs like "Putting the Boss in Overalls," and they emphasized that the boss must make the overalls he wears. Now during the transitory period, just to keep him at that particular job, there must of necessity be a certain control of things political. Here in Russia they've had nineteen battlefronts to fight on. They've had to recruit, discipline, and provide for a tremendous army. They have had a lot of unscrupulous nations—most of them as bad as the United States—to deal with. An upheaval means changes in the life of the people; adjustments must be made, certain commodities exchanged abroad—and that requires the dictatorship of the proletariat. But every communist in every country must be educated to see the end, the final revolution, and to know that the political state is going to exhaust itself and find no further function. The thing that takes its place is industrial—industry including art and science and agriculture, all human activity summed up in economic life, and in all those fields Russia is coming out in the forefront of the world. Here the Revolution is an accomplished fact, and other nations must follow. I've learned that here."

Moscow is chock-full of talk about "tactics." In some countries the Reds are being urged to work inside the old trade unions rather than from outside organizations, and many would like to make it a definite policy of the Red Trade Union Internationale to oppose dual union organizations such as the I. W. W. I asked Bill what he thought of this talk.

"Don't amount to a pinch of snuff," he answered. "Not in the United States, anyway. I see in this Red Internationale the culmination of the aims and aspirations of the I. W. W., but I can't see it through anything except the I. W. W. For fifteen years the I. W. W. has carried on the most vigorous kind of campaign in the United States. We haven't overlooked any part of the A. F. of L. We're not going to. But we're not going to try to save the A. F. of L. or anything it stands for. We want to educate the members of the A. F. of L., or as many of them as can be reached, to take up their work in a revolutionary way. There are some fellows around here who say that there are 159,000 good Reds in the A. F. of L. Anybody who says that is a damned fool. A revolutionary is a real person. He's a man who has an economic foundation, a knowledge of where he's working from and what he's working toward. He's not a MacNamara, nor even a West Virginia coal miner, though a West Virginia coal miner is a thousand per cent. more a revolutionist than the sluggers of Chicago. Out of the coal miners we can make revolutionists—by God, they're fighting for their lives,

their jobs, for the mines, for a place in the mines—which can grow into control of the mines. And that means association of industries, which can grow into the overthrow of capitalism. But the Chicago gang have no other thought than a gambler's stakes."

I recalled to Bill that he had told Max Eastman before he left America that Russia had done four big things any one of which was worth a revolution by itself—expropriation of industry, education of children, relief to women in motherhood, and transfer of the land to the peasant.

"That's it," said Bill. "What is there to add to it? What more do we want in America? Expropriation of industries. Here it has been complete. The stock exchange and its nest of gamblers has been wiped out, the Duma and the Czar's Council extinguished, the banks closed and liquidated, the factories and railroads appropriated—in a word, everything's in the hands of the workers. The bourgeoisie who haven't accepted the new conditions have either left the country, or are in concentration camps, or are down there on the market selling the family jewels, silk socks, silver cigarette-cases and picture-frames; some of them have died. Everything is done for the children—education for industry, for art, their own theaters and libraries, everything. The children of Russia have a tremendous advantage over the children of America; they are not only being taught with their heads, but their hands and feet and bodies are being taught to express what their heads get. They've got the Montessori System backed off the map. In a few years the children of Russia will be so far advanced over the children of the rest of the world that people coming here, when they meet a child on the street, will say: Why, what a precocious child. But the truth will be that the visitor is undeveloped.

"And there's more to that peasant proposition than I realized. The peasants form 85 per cent. of Russia, and today they are absolutely free from domination by capitalist or monarch, and they are crawling from under the cover of religion—which is really a fifth gain worth two or three revolutions: to release a nation of people from what they call in Russia the opiate of religion.

"I haven't changed my mind; the things I heard about in New York I've seen here, and they're real; they're worth the revolution. I'm more enthusiastic every day; I've been in

Moscow two months and I haven't heard of a death by starvation, of a murder, a raid on an illicit still, on a saloon, a gambling den, or a house of prostitution, and I haven't seen a drunk or a prostitute. By God, boy, this is the most wonderful city in the world."

It was half past two. Crosby was half asleep over his grammar; Lifshitz and Yoshihara had exhausted Nikolaiev and were swapping American yarns; the New York Wobbly had disappeared with the Liberator. I beat it, and walked home through the dark streets of Moscow. Others, too, were tranquilly strolling homeward. Not a policeman was in sight; the only visible agents of law and order, or of Red Revolution, were the street sweepers of the Moscow Soviet.

From the Russian of Maximilian Voloshin

TO be black earth! To break the human mesh,
Grow blind before the fire of the sun,
And feel the sharp tooth of the ploughshare run
Its sacred path into my living flesh!

Beneath the gray yoke of the yearning heaven
To drink dark waters with each open wound,
To be tilled earth! To wait until the ground
Is pierced and webbed with long awaited leaven!

To be black earth! To listen as the wheat
Murmurs the mystery of its return,
To know how jeweled waters leap and churn
Under the constellations dim and sweet!

Jacob Robbins.

A Memory

RIGA, July.—A statue in memory of John Reed, the American communist who died from typhus in Russia in 1920, was unveiled in Red Square, Moscow, July 4, says a wireless dispatch from that city. Imposing ceremonies were held, in which the delegates to the Third Internationale participated, making a pilgrimage to his grave near the walls of the Kremlin.



Art Young

Caught!

The Death of a Soldier

By Edmund Wilson, Jr.

HENRY had a magnificent thrill at the Havre rest-camp. The dirty chicken-wire bunks of the French barracks were the first authentic sign he had seen of the squalor of the war. Everything in America had been adequate and new, but here the grasp had slipped; the war was gaining on them. The filthiness of these old sheds, where for three years soldiers had been coming and going, gave him a ghastly sinking of the heart, to which lurid rumors added. It seemed that things were very desperate and they were going straight to the front; it seemed that they were going to be brigaded with the French. These wholly unfounded statements, born of the excitement of the moment, had at once been accepted as well-established fact and everybody was telling everybody else about them with a grimness not devoid of gusto.

But when he went out of doors, he was exhilarated by the November sunshine, which brought out the reds and blues and khakis of the passing uniforms and lent splendor even to the barracks. He watched the strange crowd with wonder. The English officers staked along in glittering smartness; they did not regard the rest of the world and hardly spoke to each other. The French poilus seemed tired and untidy and ridiculously small. Here and there one saw an American officer, very solemn and a little self-conscious of the freshness of his uniform. He would have thought it all rather gay if he had not been in the Army and felt always the oppression of being handled like a thing without will. They could do absolutely anything they liked with him; he had felt that in the barracks as he had never felt it before. They could tell him to go to more horrible places than barracks and he would have to go and stay there. And he was dismayed to find how much the edge was taken off his enjoyment by the iron unshakable sense that he was not his own master. Still, he felt keen pride at being there. This was the World War! These were the things you saw pictures of in the American Sunday papers!—And how much he had grown up since he first went to camp in June!

He had enlisted at eighteen on his graduation from High School. "The young men and women who go out into the world this spring," the Superintendent had said in his Commencement address, "have an opportunity for glory such as no other class has had. It had fallen to their lot,—it becomes their inestimable privilege to vindicate before the world the fair name of America! Nothing grieves me more at this moment than the fact that I am not young enough to bear arms myself and I envy you young men with all my heart for the Great Adventure that is before you." The Minister had said in church: "Take up the sword for Christ! The German Antichrist—the Ambassador of Hell—has ravished France and Belgium and, unless we smite it first, will hold bleeding in its talons our own dear land! The Hun must be made to drink the blood he has ruthlessly spilled! He must suffer every torture and agony he has inflicted on the innocent! We are fighting not only for Democracy, but for Christianity! "Vengeance is mine!" saith the Lord!" And Henry, walking alone in scented dusks of June, had decided that even his uncle's real estate business in New Bedford was far too flat a way to begin the world.

The first weeks of his training had disappointed him a little. After the sober piety of his home, the life of the bar-

racks shocked him. Not even when he went to High School had he heard such language as that; but, since that was the language of the Army, he would of course have to learn it, and he had soon mastered a vocabulary that clashed with his innocent eyes. In a month he had learned all the other things, too, that are fundamental for a soldier: the habit of not making plans and surrendering the direction of his life, the right formula in morose complaining when he was given anything to do, how to give the impression of working when he was not working, but, when he did work, how to work harmoniously with anybody, self-repression in the presence of officers and the acceptance of a lower valuation of himself as a private in the Army than as a student at High School and the son of a respectable farmer, ability to enjoy and get on with any sort of man and inability to consider any woman except in one simple relation.

Now, he felt, he was really almost a man. He had discovered with excitement that the taboos of home need not be binding. You could curse like a baggage-man if you wanted to, without its doing you any harm; and the men who swore and drank most he found the most amusing of all; they seemed to have more fun in them, more imagination than the others, and they had had more adventures. As long as he had been encamped near home, to be sure, he had left the whores alone, but when he should get to France—well, everybody knew what France was! And you didn't take much risk, because the Government would disinfect you afterwards. In the States he hadn't been able to drink except furtively, and it was with a thrill of freedom and adventure that he went into the English Y. M. C. A., and had beer among the absurd voices of English soldiers. If only he could get rid of that damn cold that he had caught on the ship and from sleeping on the ground at Southampton, he would be pretty well satisfied, he thought.

That night he was horribly tired and had a sore throat and a headache, and he tried to get to sleep early in the barracks; but there were a lot of people drunk who kept yelling and singing till midnight. And after they had subsided, everybody began to cough.

The next day it was their turn to leave at four in the morning. He could hardly go to sleep for thinking how he would have to jump up quickly and get into his pack; he kept wak-



Wonder where the rummies are running?

ing up, and thinking the sergeant had called, and when the Sergeant did call it found him nervously awake. He tore himself out of his blankets, buttoned his breeches hurriedly and put on his blouse and coat, then spread out the blankets on the muddy floor where the man had been spitting all night. He struggled into his pack, fumbling in desperate haste—you were always afraid that the command would come before you were ready—and, holding his rifle and leaning against the wall, fell into a sort of doze. His throat was so sore that when he swallowed he seemed to have a sharp knife in it.

"All out! Fall in!" yelled the Sergeant.

They stumbled out into the night, and presently found themselves in formation. An officer appeared and made them stand at attention, then disappeared and left them there. After they had stood at attention for fifteen minutes, the Sergeant gave them "At ease." "What the hell does he care?" said somebody. "He sleeps warm with comforters and everything. I seen their billets yesterday." At the end of an hour the officer reappeared and gave them the command to march.

When they had left the camp they found themselves confronted with a blank darkness thickened by the fog. Only here and there, as they proceeded, was the road illumined by a ghastly greenish light from a feeble street-lamp with a blackened top.

At last they arrived at a railway track where an unlighted train was puffing under its breath. When they had stood there half an hour, they were ordered to get into the box-cars. The Captain, made a little self-conscious by knowing the command would be a shock, gave it with extra harshness. They clambered up in deadly silence. Then some one had the courage to begin cursing: "Just like a lotta goddam cows!" he muttered, and the car was filled with bitter growling.

They found by falling over them that there were four benches, two at each end and parallel with the sides and leaving a clear space in the middle from one side door to the other. They threw down their packs in a heap in this center space, and ranged themselves on the benches, which proved to be so narrow that they could neither sit nor lie on them without constant effort. Everybody felt angry and ill, and they began to quarrel among themselves. Some one had made out and explained the sign on the outside: "Hommes 40 Chevaux (en long) 8." It was the final wound to self-respect, the last indignity of the Army. A universal complaint arose. "Aw, this ain't nothin'!" said a voice. "Wait till yuh get to the trenches. Then you'll wish you could set down in a box-car, what I mean!"

The train waited till dawn, shifting backward and forward now and then with much bumping and creaking. Everybody cursed the French railroads: "Hell, they ain't got no real railroads in this country!" Then they seemed to be starting and got, as far as a station, but only backed up again to wait for another hour. At last the train seemed to pull itself together and went along half-heartedly, as if willing at any moment to abandon the struggle. France revealed itself as a gray and desolate country, where everything was either marsh or mud. The towns were all miserable-looking and exactly alike: dull red roofs and yellow walls with washed-out streets between. The country consisted mostly of barren fields and dismal woods, inhabited by unfamiliar birds, and there were endless lines of poplar skeletons in whose fish-bone-like branches the mistletoe clumps were lodged like enormous nests. And everything was wet, saturated with fog and rain. The men themselves were wet. It had been at least a week since they had been really dry. So this was Europe!

As the morning wore on they began to get hungry, but the

supplies were in the last car, and they had not been provided with emergency rations. The train would stop in the midst of some rain-soaked wilderness and everybody would yell for food: "When do we eat?" but no food ever came.

"Say, you're sick, aincha?" said a man next to Henry. "You better lay down."

"There ain't any place," he answered. The central space was already full.

"Why didun' yuh go to sick-call at Hayver?"

"I did, but he only gave me a CC pill."

"Goddam ol' horse-doctor! These here Army doctors dono nothin'. Here, you better take the corner seat so's you can lay up against the wall."

Henry changed places with him, and was very grateful for the corner. He tried to relax as much as he could without slipping off the seat. He shut his eyes and tried to forget his hot headache and the inescapable cold in his legs. The jouncing of the train was like crockery broken on his head; the oaths and coarse words, senselessly, endlessly repeated, like something less than human speech, struck his brain dully like the regular blows of a hammer. He took refuge infinitely far inside him, putting himself back home.

The images were diminished in size and concentrated in intensity, like something sharply focussed through a telescope; the wood-fire in the sitting-room gave him sharp satisfaction; the pitcher of water in the dining-room was too delicious to be believed; he felt that he could drink a glass with fierce passion. He put himself in bed on a Sunday morning under warm blankets and a "goose-chase" quilt; the gay patches of the quilt had a familiar security; he could remember that when he was little he had thought of them as alive. The square-paned window was up and he could see the great smooth contours of the hillside gleaming with snow, the horizon as clear and bare as the room he had slept in. In a minute or two his mother would come and call him curtly; then he would have to get up and dress right away, because no extra allowances were made for Sunday morning breakfast. He would dread setting his bare feet on the cold uncarpeted floor, and would lie staring at the flowered wash-stand set and the signing of the Declaration in a splotched print above it. But oh! how warm it was with your feet and legs in bed! . . . Presently he fell asleep, but only to jerk himself into wakefulness when he began to lose his purchase on the seat.

They stopped at a rather large station late in the afternoon, and everybody was allowed to get out. Having had no food for twenty-four hours, they fell upon the buffet and cleaned



2

Maybe a man jumped off the roof?

it up. Everybody got wine, which, tart and clear, brought deliciously to the bewildered men their first real taste of the country. Everybody was laughing and joking; a faint sun had appeared. One of the young Lieutenants offered to supply anybody who needed it with money to buy wine, and had dispensed any number of francs when the commanding officer, a conscientious Regular Army man who was zealous to forestall "unsoldierly conduct," put a stop to the charity by ordering that no more wine should be bought.

When the train jolted on again, morale had enormously risen. With the wine aboard it became possible to enjoy the thing as a lark. If the French built toy railroads that "didn't go no faster'n a horse an' buggy," was that any reason why they should forget that they were the American Expeditionary Force come over to kill the Kaiser? Everybody fell over Henry, who had taken the time when the car was empty to make himself a bed of packs; but the wine made him feel better, and he minded things less.

"Shut that goddam door! It's cold!"

"Aw, get away from it if yuh don't like it. We wanta see the world! 'Join the Army and See the World!' Christ, I could see more than this on the old Pontiac trolley-line!"

"I can't say much for this wine. Jest like a lotta sour grape-juice!"

"Why, Christ, didunja get any brandy? They had brandy there, too. . . . Why, you fat fool! of course they had brandy. Don't try to tell me they didun have no brandy! Didun Dicky get some?"

"Why, Chur-rist! If I'd 'a' known that, I wouldna bought all this here goddam red ink! It ain't no good to drink!"

"Why, I find it very stimulating," chirped a professional male nurse of the Sanitary Detachment, a bland, bald-headed man with the voice and manners of a shop-girl. He had had two bottles of his own wine and as much as he could get of other people's, and was now softly singing "My Old Kentucky Home" over and over.

"Say, look here! I can't supply the whole goddam company with brandy!" said the man who had some.

"Who's askin' yuh tuh sply the whole goddam comp'ny with brandy. I only ast yuh fer a drop!" demanded one of the messmen, who was getting more and more quarrelsome.

"Now, I'm all set," said the man who had just got the brandy. "All I want's a girl."

"It's too goddam bad we couldna had some wild women along.

"One good old night at the Arcade, eh?" suggested a middle-aged man, who claimed to be a lawyer in civil life.

"I wouldun give a good goddam fer the Arcade!" shouted the messman so loud that he could be heard above the hideous rattle of the cars and the uproar of everybody talking at once. ("Sit down, you big stiff!" "Lay down and go to sleep!")

"I tell you," continued the lawyer, "in the good old days when I was at law school we used to set out on the front stoop and hail 'em in from the street. We used to ask 'em just to come in for a minute, but it was very seldom they ever got out in a minute, what I mean!"

"Say, this guy's sick," said a man near Henry. "Why doncha move over and lettum lay out?"

"What did you say?" inquired the nurse.

"Aw, Jesus Christ! how many times do yuh want me to say it? Get over and let this guy lay down!"

"I can't move over any further. There's no more room. He oughtn't to lay right next to the open door, anyway! I think it's perfectly terrible! The idea of letting a poor boy lay around like this when he's sick!"

"Well, that night," continued the lawyer with unflinching

zest (Henry could not escape that persistent voice; the others could be forgotten as dull, amorphous sounds, but this one was so distinct and near that it would not blur), "we had so much to start with that Jack, he just passes out before dinner's over and Flo says she's going out to look after um. And that left me and Genevieve all alone. By and by she gets pale and pitches forward on the table and breaks a couple of glasses, and I had just about time to get her to the couch when I loses my own lunch right in the cracked-ice pail. I didn't come to till about six the next morning, and then I looked over at Genevieve, and she was just the color of a bum oyster. 'Well, Genevieve,' I says, 'I guess we don't want anything now, do we?' And she rolls her eyes over at me and says: 'No! I guess we don't!'"

Twilight had erased the faded countryside, and the damp autumn air had become sharp. The train kept slowing up and stopping as if it had lost its way. The open sides of the car brought the country all too close to them; they might almost as well have been down among those wet thickets and those cold little streams. The sight-seers were finally prevailed upon to close the doors. But Henry did not feel the cold so much now and was no longer conscious of the delay; the only things he wanted were water and to be able to breathe more easily. He had emptied his own canteen and then had disliked to ask for too much from his neighbors, but now he had reached a point where he did not feel so much reluctance and was willing to take all they would give him. His breath came terribly hard and had begun to make a hoarse, rasping sound. . . .

There was a dazzling light in his face; he turned his head to avoid it. Then somebody was shaking him out of his stupor. Distant voices: "What's the matter with yuh?" "What's the matter with him?" "I think he's got a fever, sir. If there was an extra place in one of the regular cars—" "What's the matter with yuh? Cantcha hear, I'm talkin' to yuh?"

"Got a cold," murmured Henry.

"Let me see your tongue. Say 'Ah.' Bowels all right?"

"If there was room in one of the regular cars, sir—" the Sergeant suggested again.

"Well, there isn't!" the Lieutenant cut him short. A former doctor at Police Headquarters, he had learned that "all two-thirds of 'em need is a good swift kick."

He shook the messman, who was the nearest human item in the congeries of packs and human bodies, and commanded him to get up. Some of the men prodded him and helped



My God! What a crowd! It must be a revolution!

him, swearing, to his feet, while others undid a blanket-roll and made a sort of bed on the floor.

"Just keep him warm," said the Lieutenant, when he had finished scolding the messman for disrespect. "I'll give him something when we get there." He jumped down and the train started.

"Aw, I bet there's lotsa room up there," said somebody. "They've got all the room they want, with plush seats and everything!"

"It's different with a well guy, but when a guy's sick like that, why they might show a little consideration."

And the Sergeant added: "He's just as kind and gentle as a crocodile, that bird is!"

"I never heard of such a thing!" complained the nurse, who had not said a word when the doctor was there and who had more room now that Henry had moved. "I've had professional experience, but they won't listen to me."

"Now, where am I gonta lay?" roared the messman. "Sweet Jesus! Do yuh think I'm gonta stand up all night?"

"You can lay along the roof," suggested somebody.

"Well, d'ye know what you can do?" bawled the other, and told him what he could do.

"Shut up, Striker, and go to sleep! Cantcha see the guy's sick?"

"Well, Jesus Christ! he don't hafta be sick, does he?"

"Well, he's sick?"

"Well, he don't hafta be sick, does he?"

"Yes!"

"Well, he's outa luck!"

"Now, look here, fellows!" began a young man, seizing upon the opportunity to indulge a taste for eloquence. "There's a man sick in this car, and we ought to try to make it comfortable for him, just like what we'd do if it was ourselves that was sick. My opinion is that if we haven't got enough consideration to give him a place to lay down in, we don't deserve to bear the name of American soldiers."

"Aw, what the hell yuh talkin' about?" bellowed Striker. "He's got a place to lay down in, ain't he? If a man's sick I'll get up and give him a place to lay down in, but what I can't stand is this here goddam High School stuff!"

"Shut up, yuh big bastard!" "Shut up, both of yuh!" "Speech! Speech!" "Give us a recitation, Shorty!" And Shorty, already on his feet, gave them "Barbara Frietchie," "The Face Upon the Barroom Floor," "The Cremation of Sam M'Gee," a series of ribald limericks, and finally "Crossing the Bar," described as "the dying words of Lord Tennyson." Then they all became hilarious and sang "Where Do We Go from Here?" and "The Bastard King of England." And when the singing was over and drowsiness had made them quiet, the enthusiastic lawyer, who had never stopped his narrative, was heard proceeding to a climax. "But finally I decided that I'd had enough of that, and I thought I'd get me a nice girl to go with all the time. So I did—a waitress in Schwartz's she was—and I went with her regular, going kinda easy at first—I thought she was all right, see?—and then, what did she do but hand me the prettiest little package I ever had in my life!"

The train stopped at a large station, and nearly every one got out to warm himself by walking up and down and drinking the coffee and cognac which some genial and chirping French soldiers were ladling out from a pail.

"We've got a sick man in our car, sir," said the Sergeant to a mild little Lieutenant of the Medical Corps, who had asked him how they were "making out."

"Let me see him," suggested the Lieutenant. "He's pretty sick, I'm afraid," he said when he had examined Henry. "He oughtn't to be here at all. I wonder if we couldn't put him in one of those ambulances and have him sent to a hospital. I'll see what I can do."

He found his commanding officer scowling at the smiling and unconscious French soldiers who were dispensing bitter coffee to the eager Americans. The Major had tasted the cognac and was standing stiffly with the cup in his hand, mute with moral indignation.

In civilian life this Lieutenant was a bacteriologist, who pursued his work with a high enthusiasm, scientific and humanitarian, and he therefore rarely felt at home in the company of doctors; he was a gentleman, besides, and had never got used to military manners. When the Major eyed him in silence, he began to sound apologetic and the Major was not impressed. "They've all got colds," he said, and threw out the tainted coffee in his cup with a gesture of contempt. "Lieutenant Forbes has seen him. That's all that can be done."

"It's pneumonia, I'm quite sure."

"Well, we ought to be in to-morrow. He can be attended to then. I shouldn't like to let a man go like this unless it were absolutely necessary. I should like to arrive there with every man, if possible."

"But would you mind looking at him yourself?" He began to feel helpless; the Major thought him unmilitary.

Just then the train tooted and began to back a little. "Well, it's too late now," said the Major. "We must get aboard. I'll see about it at the next stop."

They reached the next stop at about three in the morning, and the Major was persuaded to look at Henry and send him off in an ambulance; it seemed that there was a base hospital near by.

"Now please be sure to drive very slowly, won't you?" begged the Lieutenant of the ambulance driver (he had never been able to give a command properly). "It may make a great deal of difference, you know, because he's got pneumonia and the jolting might make him worse."

"Yes, sir," promised the driver; but as soon as he got beyond the town he began winding up the smooth straight road like tape. It had been announced that the train of wounded he had been waiting for would not arrive till morning, and his mind was full of the plump charms of a certain café



A Job!!

patronne, whose husband had just left the front. The rush of the car drowned out Henry's no less harsh and mechanical breathing.

There was a little piece of cotton in his throat; he thought if he could only get that out he would be all right. He coughed and coughed, but he couldn't dislodge it. He remarked on this fact to the Sergeant and later to his sister, who, it seemed, were both there. Then he found that he was being horribly shaken up. "This is the damnedest straw-ride I was ever on," he said. "I don't call this no fun. Straw-ride without any straw!" But the train was slowing down; they would have to get out and march; it was eight miles to the camp. He must be able to put his hand in his pack and rifle in an instant. He supposed that he'd be able to get into his pack all right, though he didn't feel very well. That first moment when you heaved it up and wrenched it on to your shoulders was unpleasant and hard, but after that no doubt he would find that he could get around. They would all fall in and right-dress, jostling each other in the dark. . . . Ah, the train was going to stop. He reached for his rifle. Where the hell was it? "Are we going to stop here, Sergeant?" . . . Evidently not. The train was going faster again. They ought to get there in no time, at this rate! . . . "We used to sit out on the front stoop," he said, "and hail 'em in from the street. And I bet very few of 'em ever get out, either!" . . . Then it seemed he was in bed and it was harder to breathe than ever. Still, it was evidently morning and they would have to leave the barracks any minute. Could it be that he had overslept? "Is it time to go yet, Sergeant?" He got out of bed to see. "Here! what do you want?" exclaimed somebody in a severe voice of alarm. "I want my shoes," said Henry. "Where's my gun?" "All right. We'll get them for you. Now, you just lie still and keep covered up." Somebody tucked him in. "Have you got a glass of water, please?" he inquired weakly. Then things became more and more obscure. He was aware of the presence of a man, evidently his father. . . . No, it was the Sergeant at last, summoning him to go. He made a wild effort to get out of bed, but they held him down and he collapsed on his back exhausted, panting faster than ever. . . .

The doctor and nurse were watching him at noon. His breath had become as rapid as the ticking of a small clock; his lids were already half-closed over his eyes, his unshaved cheeks were dirtily livid and his gaping lips were sticky and discolored; his head was strained desperately back, as if some invisible enemy had him by the throat. The panting became fainter; the clock was running down. His lungs were full and he was drowning. Then he had caught breath and struggled on again till he could get no further. Three times they saw him strain to the surface only to go down. Henry was nothing but a thread of breath, forcing its way through thickening channels. Then he was nothing.

"He put up a pretty good fight there at the last," remarked the doctor, noting the breath in a register. "If this keeps up we'll have to have a special floor for pneumonia. I should suggest the second floor." He smiled. "Then we'll take nothing but indigestion up here. Give 'em something to do downstairs. But seriously, they ought to isolate these cases; it begins to look like an infection."



American Generosity

"I should think so," said the nurse. "And when you consider that the Army's hardly over yet—"

"Now, be sure all his personal belongings get to the right place; they've been making a fuss about that lately."

The orderly assembled in a khaki handkerchief all the things in the pockets of the uniform. There were a pipe, a crushed bag of tobacco, photographs of Henry's mother and sister, half a dozen obscene post-cards bought at le Havre and a little brown leather pocketbook stained dark with sweat.

Songs for a Lady

I

THOUGH darkness beat about my heart,
How can I complain?—
I who have touched the simple grass
And felt the quiet rain;

I who have lain in fragrant woods
And felt the west wind blow,
And looked into your clean blue eyes
However long ago.

II

OF all I loved and all I knew
In the old and distant city,
Never a one could love like you,
Never a one could pity.

For they who talked to me by day
Set my brain a-riot;
But you who came to me at night
Left me clean and quiet.

III

A JUG of water to your hand—
Leap from your lonely bed,
And wash her perfume and her scorn
Out of your foolish head;

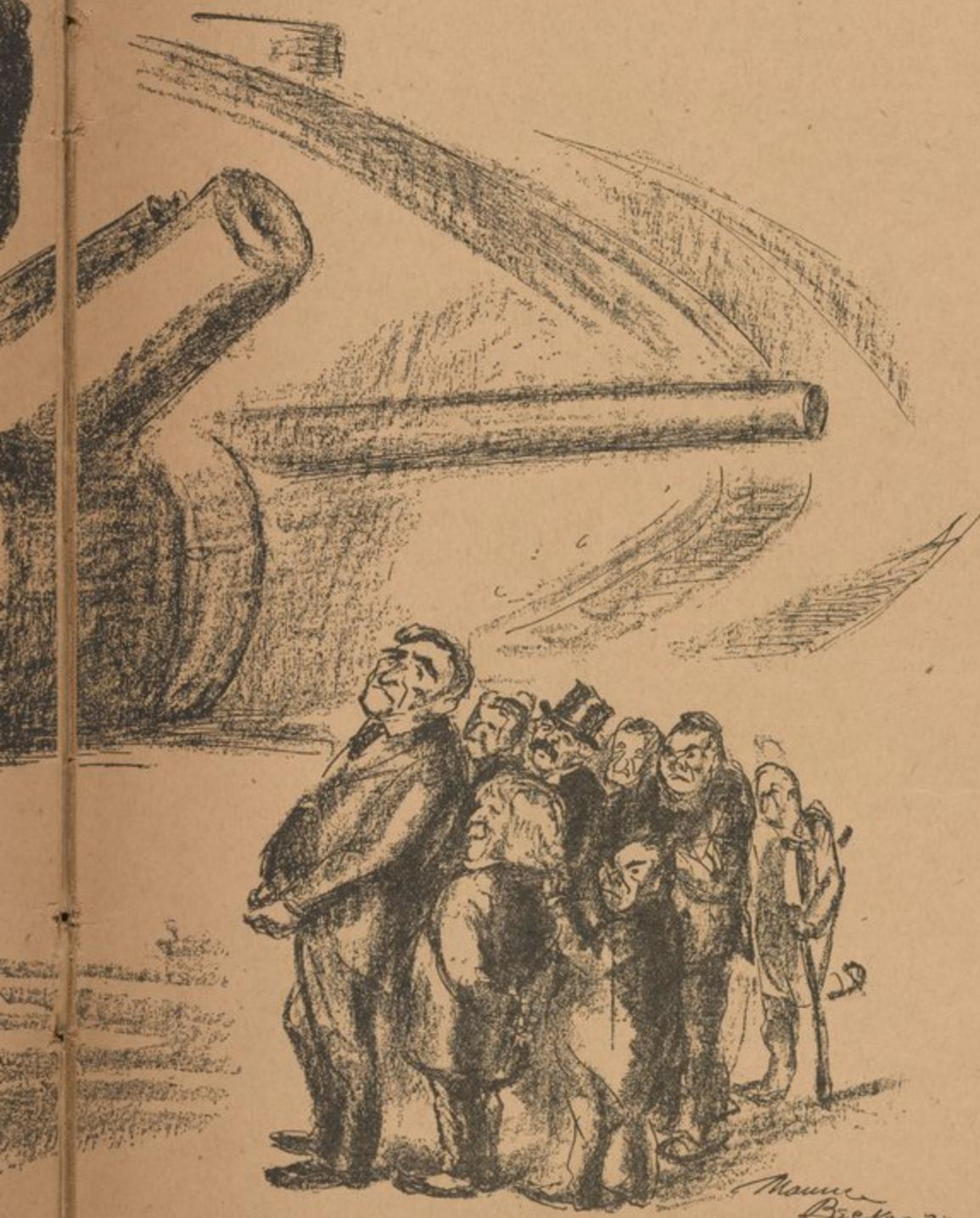
Walk through the clean blue morning air
After a night of rain,
And smell the drenched and fragrant trees,
And love the world again.

Joseph Freeman.



Maurice Becker

The Disarmament Conference: "Perhaps we can trim do



rim down the expense a little without spoiling his beauty"

Neither Here Nor There

YIELDING to none in reverence for the English, French and Japanese premiers coming to the disarmament congress, still—remembering Versailles and everything—maybe Mr. Harding had better lock up his watch and chain.

IT is obviously the duty of a vice president to hunt down vice. In the celebrated case of Coolidge versus College, conducted in the Delineator, it was disclosed that a University of California paper reported and condemned the mobbing of a man who sold radical papers at the university gates.

HARDING is said to be favorably impressed with the plan to pay the soldier bonus out of the interest collected from foreign loans. It sounds like a highly practical—joke. Yet an ungrateful returned soldier was recently heard muttering: "Bonus, bonedry, bonehead."

SECRETARY MELLON'S latest proposals include a ten-dollar tax on all automobiles, a two-cent stamp on checks and three-cent letter postage. If it is the business of government to make the greatest nuisance of itself to the largest number of people with the smallest return, no doubt he is right.

IF you do not like Harding as an amiable modest creature unwilling to encroach upon the prerogatives of Congress, you may like him as a vigorous, masterful man who bends Congress over his iron will and spans it. Both conceptions are current and you can take your choice.

THE withdrawal of Sir James Craig threatens disaster to the peace conference on Ireland, yet it does not necessarily follow that Lloyd George had an Ulterior motive.

SINN FEIN Ireland is accused of being the dog in the manger. Steadfastly refusing to be wagged by the Ulster tail.

THE tariff bill puts skeletons on the free list. This is gratifying evidence that our domestic skeleton industry is able to compete with the pauper skeletons of Europe.

MAYBE it was a sabotaging compositor on the N. Y. Times who turned out that masterpiece of misprints, "Chief Justice Tfat."

OUR papers these days are full of congratulations for Russia over the birth of twins—capitalism and starvation.

A CHARMING note is introduced into the discussion by a N. Y. Tribune editorial. Lenin is the world's greatest plutocrat. He got 750 million dollars in gold when he seized the treasury, and he has been rifling banks, churches, platinum mines and Kolchaks ever since, besides stealing a billion in jewelry from the ears and fingers of aged aristocrats. Despite some expenses, he is still the richest man in history—all this upon the sacred word of the Reval correspondent of the Paris Figaro.

SENATOR FRANCE accuses Major Ryan, head of the American Red Cross, of fomenting the Kronstadt mutiny. That would be more than enough to make a Red cross.

OUR compatriot, Charles W. Wood, tried to get the N. Y. Civic Club to buy a co-operative brewery, but was promptly squelched by all the legal sharps in sight. You can homebrew as an individual, but you can't form a tippie alliance.

LABOR Party members of parliament visiting New York found this city dry. That may give some light on the problem, "What is the matter with the British Labor Party?"

ARUMOR that King George had expressed an opinion upon some subject was promptly denied. Britannia, at the latest bulletin, was resting easier, but still feverish.

THE revelations concerning Senator Lusk give rise to a problem in higher mathematics. If he got dinners, flowers, joy rides and silverware for engineering a hundred thousand dollar raid on the New York treasury, what did he get for fathering a law giving the subway contractors seventy million dollars extra pay?

WHY worry? If you are not born with a silver spoon in your mouth, get neighborly with a legislative slush fund and draw a whole dinner set. **HOWARD BRUBAKER.**



Our Vice-President



Thank God!

The Society for Americanizing Immigrant Women has quit for lack of funds.

Madame La Guerre

NOR all the blood
Ten million men have shed
Distilled to one small rouge-pot
Can paint her sullen cheek.

Comrade Levy

I'D like to be a Bolshevik
And help paint Russia Red;
But I sell hip confiners
For a corset firm, instead.

Revolution

IF I should chance to live to see
A new world dawning gay and free,
Gardened and forested with care
To shield the lovers walking there;
If, from my window, I could hear
Merry young mothers singing clear;
And all the people worked with skill
At tasks they loved—I'd shout until
I broke the peace for sheer delight!
They'd put me out of there all right!

Anne Herendeen.

The Anarchists of Italy

By Norman Matson

THE Italian Anarchist movement is powerful. It is numerically powerful; ideologically, it is virile, pervasive. The party, naturally, has no membership list. Lacking this, it may be noted that the *Umanita Nova*, daily organ of the movement, had 50,000 paid subscribers. (Had, because after the bombing of the Diana theatre in Milan in April, the establishment was smashed by a mob, and the journal, having moved to Rome, has not yet resumed publication.) The influence of the party spreads far beyond its avowed followers. Its psychology, its steadfast faith in the infinite capabilities of the masses, its unwavering confidence that the present is always the best time to act, flavor the entire working class movement of Italy. Your Italian temperament, avid of liberty, impatient of delay and discipline, turns readily to an anarchistic way of thinking. In Italy the masses are always more radical than their leaders. This is hackneyed but a truth, nevertheless, that continually makes itself vividly manifest. Events, seen and read, confirm it; and the leaders, themselves, from Turati to Serrati, to Amedeo Bordiga will tell it you. The Italian rank and file is hard to lead. The anarchists care less about leading than stimulating it. In a word, the anarchists will play no little part when the revolution comes to Italy. They will be in the vanguard of the onslaught that overthrows the capitalist state. And after that they will not cease to function as the Extreme Left; powerful in numbers, powerful in their leaders, powerful in their propaganda. What, then, is the attitude of the party now; more especially, what will it be after the *colpo di stato*? Has it or will it undergo a "realistic" orientation in so far as its theory and the actuality of that dictatorship of the revolutionary state accepted in anticipation as necessary, are concerned?

Theoretically it is intransigent. At present it is "realistic," practical, striking hands for purposes of immediate strategy with those who are, philosophically, its mortal enemies—those builders of the new, more powerful State—the Socialists. It avows, in its press and in its infrequent manifestoes that this tactic of alliance with those who will one day be an enemy—to overthrow those who are now their enemy will be continued until the latter, the capitalist state, is definitely overthrown.

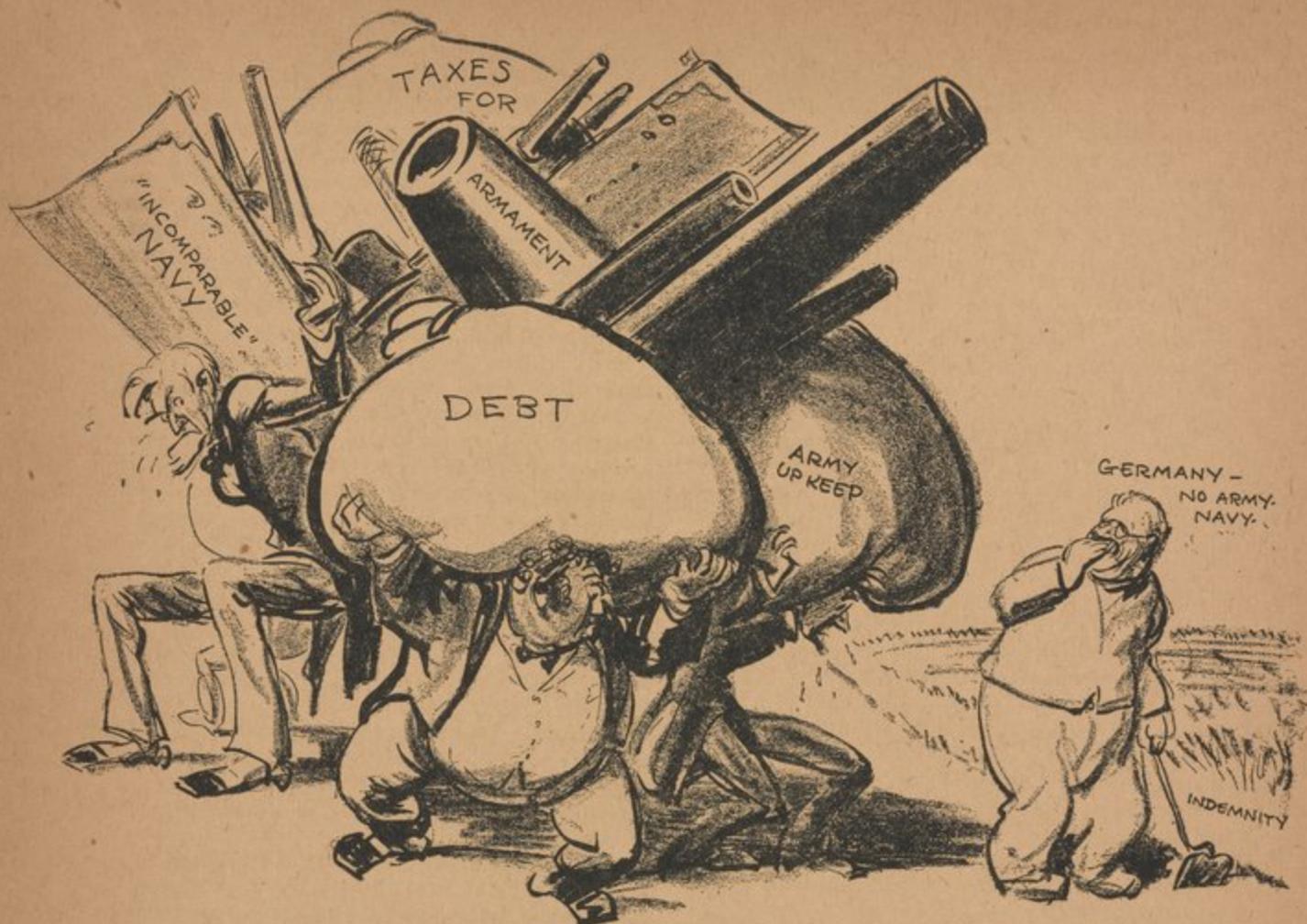
After the war, during those tense months when Italy teetered on the verge of a tremendous mass revolution, a period that reached its crisis in September, 1920, with the occupation of the factories, and when, as the Government now officially admits, the Government did not have enough dependable troops to guard those factories, the anarchists met with the Socialists, the Syndicalists, the Communists, the railroad and seamen's unions, and agreed to participate in the formation of a single front. The pact stood about six months. At the meetings of this inter-allied committee there were seldom representatives of all the groups, so that it could not act effectively. The Socialist apathy in the face of the arrest of Malatesta, and the retreat from the factories smashed the formal concord. Only the Committee *Ordine Nuova* cried out prophetically to the great Socialist party that the reaction would strike the Communists next and then the Socialists, and even the reformists among them. The concord dead, the anarchists continue to co-

operate with any and every movement tending toward the "catastrophic" revolution. They fight white guards shoulder to shoulder with right socialists, communists, and to coin a fearful but illuminating adjective with the Nonpartisan-league-type Catholic union men. In general and naturally they have co-operated with the Syndicalists and Communists, but to these latter they are less close today than yesterday, when directing elements of the Communists were abstentionists. The Communists, seeing eye to eye with Moscow, now send men to Parliament; and the Anarchist press says Rome will ruin the Communists, also.

The Syndicalist union (syndico-anarchistic; its strength centers among the workers of the mines and common laborers like the I. W. W.; it claims 300,000 members) is affiliated with the Third International. The Anarchists, as a Party, of course are not, but the adhesion of the syndicalists, among whom are so many true anarchists, constitutes something very near to representation for them.

The present attitude of the party as to Russia is one of suspended judgment. Of its many weeklies, one, *L'Avvenire Anarchico* of Pisa, openly attacked the regime of the proletarian dictatorship and constantly published so-called accounts from Russia that equalled in bitterness and resembled in phraseology the familiar Helsingfors dispatches. But the editor responsible—a Virgilia Mazzoni—resigned a few weeks ago under a storm of criticism to make way for *Souvarin*, whose policy is the party's policy—suspended judgment. Mazzoni, among other things, was accused of being paid by certain bourgeois interests. Avowedly, inevitably opposed to the dictatorship of the proletariat, the anarchist press, the anarchist leaders, have no wish to swell the critical chorus of the bourgeois press; and if they wished, they could not, in the face of a following that sees Russia first and above all as the one land in which capitalism has been overthrown. *L'Avvenire* proved that.

But the Party is a unit in suspecting and fearing the dictatorship of the proletariat. It agrees that after the *colpo di stato* there will be a period of confusion, of consolidating gains before further advance, a period in which a dictatorship of a minority violently speeds the work of destroying the last vestiges of capitalism—and directs the defence of the revolution against outside aggression. (An anarchist leader said to me: "Perhaps, here in Italy a dictatorship of the anarchists!") But at the first signs that this dictatorship is crystalizing into anything that looks like a political, centralized state the Italian anarchists will pass to an opposition as bitter as that toward the present regime. Amedeo Bordiga and the other theoreticians of the Communist Party are saying that the reorganization of industry necessarily will be of long duration—many years perhaps. During the process there will have to be, for sake of efficiency, a political dictatorship. As in Russia. The Italian Communist leaders are first of all scientific productionists. They preach with cold frankness that the true revolution will be a long, hard exercise in applied science. Such statements as that paraphrase of Bordiga and the written attack upon Lenin published by Malatesta before he was incarcerated six months ago, in which he bitterly denounced the Soviet leader as a



Who Won?

destroyer of liberty, supporting his argument on classic anarchist grounds, illustrate the fundamental differences. Obviously.

The "single front" cracked at the first impact of concrete, revolutionary realities. It seems certain, if anything in the future is certain, that the anarchist's judgment as to where to mark that dead-line upon which the last vestige of the capitalist State will have expired will differ from the Communist judgment of the same. The cool acceptance by the Communist productionists of a political dictatorship of long duration is a veritable challenge to the Anarchists. That there will be a post-revolution struggle between the two is accepted by both.

Malatesta's program for the period following the *colpo di stato* differs from Lenin's precisely as Proudhon differed from Marx:—production and distribution in the hands of free co-operatives, decentralization, no Red army but an "armed working class." Neither the executive committee of the I. W. W. nor the Soviet of Moscow. Decentralization. Not in the dim future but then, immediately after the white guaras are crushed and the land and the factories are physically in the hands of those who work them. Decentralization for reasons of fundamental philosophy, but also because Italy is a loose federation of clearly defined, traditionally and economically autonomous districts. But this itemized intransigence is tempered by a realism born largely from a study of Russia which accepts the theory of the necessity of a brief period in which a dictatorship of a minority will function.

All this is vague. But so is the conscious tendency of the movement. It shades off by imperceptible degrees into the syndicalists; its press in general refrains from criticism of Russia, but this phenomenon must be considered in relation to the fact that in Italy as in no other land is Russia loved, sung to, all but prayed to; Malatesta is acclaimed by gigantic crowds of workers in the great cities, and the government can slap him into the complete silence of prison in the very period that it dared not use its troops to protect the private property that the workers decided they wanted—and the protests are impressively impotent; the Anarchist members of the Syndicalist Union are represented in the Third International, and proud of it; but the party in all its written pronouncements opposes the dictatorship of the proletariat on grounds of fundamental philosophy. The truth is that there are two wings of the party—one, the most powerful just now, tolerant of Leninist measures, but only tolerant; the other bitterly opposed. It was a leader of the former tendency, however, that said to the writer: "The Soviet I fear has solidified into an enduring State . . . I said to Bordiga, we will fight your enduring political dictatorship, and he replied: 'Aye, we will fight.'"

LUIGI FABRI writes from Corticella:

The comrades of the "Guerra di Classe" have turned over to me your note, because they know of the close personal friendship between Malatesta and me.

Enrico Malatesta is radically adverse to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat; he has remained so and will be so al-

ways. I am enclosing a letter that he wrote me from London in 1919 that will explain his thoughts. But he has also written diverse articles against the Dictatorship of the Proletariat in the *Umanita Noya*, of Milano, and an opuscolo, "Le Due Vie," which I am sorry I have not here now.

I have just published a book (*Dictatura e Rivoluzione*, edit. G. Bitelli, Anconax), in which I examine the question from the same point of view as Malatesta. Malatesta wrote me from prison authorizing me to preface this book with the letter which I enclose.

Carissimo Fabbri:

Upon the question that so occupies your mind, that of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, it seems to me that we are fundamentally in accord.

Upon this question it seems to me that there can be no doubt among anarchists, and in fact there was none prior to the Bolshevik revolution. Anarchy signifies "non-government," and therefore for a greater reason "non-dictatorship," which is an absolute government without control and without constitutional limitations.

But when the Bolshevik revolution broke several of our friends confused that which was the revolution against the pre-existent government and that which was the new government came to superimpose itself upon the revolution so as to split it and direct it to the particular ends of a party . . . and little by little they themselves became bolsheviks.

Now, the bolsheviks are simply marxists, having a difference with their masters and models—the Guesdes, the Plekanoffs, the Hyndmans, the Scheidemanns, the Noskes, who finished as you know. We respect their sincerity, we admire their energy, but as we have not been in accord with them on the terrene of theory, we cannot affiliate with them when from theory they pass to action.

But perhaps the truth is simply this, that our Bolshevized friends intend with the expression dictatorship of the proletariat merely the revolutionary act of the workers in taking possession of the land and of the instruments of labor and trying to constitute a society for organizing a mode of life in which there would be no place for a class that exploited and oppressed the producers.

Understood so the dictatorship of the proletariat would be the effective power of all the workers intent on breaking down capitalist society, and which would become "l'anarchia" immediately upon the cessation of reactionary resistance, and no one would attempt by force to make the masses obey him and work for him.

And then our dissent would have to do only with words. . . . "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" should signify dictatorship of all which certainly does not mean dictatorship, as a government of all is no longer a government, in the authoritative, historic, practical sense of the word.

But the true partisans of the dictatorship of the proletariat do not understand the words so, as they have clearly shown in Russia. The "proletariat" naturally enters as the "popolo" enters into democratic regimes, that is to say, simply for the purpose of concealing the true essence of things. In reality one sees a dictatorship of a party, or rather of the heads of a party; and it is a true dictatorship, with its decrees, its penal laws, its executive agents and above all with its armed force that serves today "also" to defend the revolution for its external enemies, but that will serve tomorrow to impose upon the workers the will of the dictators, to arrest the revolution, consolidate the new interests and finally defend a new privileged class against the masses.

Bonaparte also served to defend the French revolution against the European reaction, but in defending it he killed it. Lenin, Trotsky and their companions are certainly sincere revolutionaries—as they understand the revolution, and they will not betray it; but they prepare governmental methods (*quadri governativi*—governmental pictures, literally) that will serve those that will come, who will profit from the revolution and kill it. They will be the first victims of their method, and with them, I fear, will fall the revolution. And history will repeat itself; *mutatis mutandis*, it was the dictatorship of Robespierre that brought Robespierre to the guillotine and prepared the way for Napoleon.

These are my general ideas upon things in Russia. Inasmuch as the news we get from Russia is too contradictory to base upon it a judgment, it is probable that many things that seem bad are the fruit of the situation, and that in the peculiar circumstances in Russia it was impossible to do otherwise than was done. It is better to wait, much more so in that whatever we might say would have no influence upon the developments in Russia, and to seem to echo the interested calumnies of the reaction would be illy interpreted.

The important thing is what we must do. I am far away, and it is impossible for me to do my part.

ENRICO MALATESTA.

Wheatland--1921

DUST—powdery dust—

Dust on the long benches and the rickety chairs of the courtroom—

Dust on the old-time desk with its hanging bulb concealed in an inky blotter—

Dust on the table covered with scabby red oilcloth—

Dust on the two cells downstairs, with their barred doors open to the street—

Dust on the heart of Wheatland—

Dust and cobwebs.

The wide empty main street of Wheatland is vacant and quiet as a melancholiac.

Somnolent shops snore by the raised wooden paving.

The tiny hotel is bare and casual.

Dust—dust—dust in the sunlight on the powdery roads,

Dust on the houses with their tired hedges of honeysuckle,

Dust on the apathetic railroad station—

A curse of dust on the town of Wheatland.

The dust is all whispering . . .

It whispers in the drab rutted streets—

It whispers through the torn hanging window-shades of the courtroom—

It whispers over the empty cells with their whitewashed sides scrawled with inscriptions—

("Ten days"—"nine days more"—"Kentucky Slim did time here")—

It whispers ominously away off on the wind to the wheat-fields and the hop-fields—

It whispers till the heart is chilled—

It whispers till Ford and Suhr can hear it in Folsom.

A curse of whispering dust on the town of Wheatland!

A curse of sleep on the town of Wheatland!

A curse of hops on the town of Wheatland!

A curse of memories on the town of Wheatland!

Miriam Allen deFord.

Freedom In Mexico

By Frank Seaman

SOMETIME ago Paul Hanna made a flying trip to Mexico, was feted by the Mexican Government and by the Gomperses of the Mexican labor movement, and returned to the United States to write a series of articles about "The Labor Government of Mexico," as he called it. I take it that a good many readers of the *Liberator* will have seen Paul Hanna's articles and may be interested to know just how a "labor government" goes about the business of deporting its radical agitators. Fortunately I am in a position to supply this information, having been deported myself. I am writing this in Guatemala, to which country I was deported in company with Sebastian San Vicente and Natalia Michaelova only a few days ago. Guatemala City is the ridiculous capital of a comic opera republic; no newspapers find their way in, there is no industry here, no way of making a living—but, of course, that is no concern of the Mexican Government.

Natasha, Sebastian and I were thirty-three* as part of a general clean-up drive on the whole labor movement, a drive that did not stop until every foreigner who was identified even remotely with the working class movement had been kicked out of the country. Naturally the first deportations were of comrades like Jose Rubio and M. Paley, who were working in radical organizations like the Confederacion General de Trabajadores, the Mexican I. W. W., etc., but later even the aristocrats of the Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana began to go. One fellow, Walter Foertmeyer, was deported for the reason that he was a friend of mine. Jose Allen, a born Mexican of American descent, was separated from his Mexican wife and children and shipped out of the country because he was "unable to prove his nationality."

It was a regular orgy of governmental libertinism, a wholesale atrocity, one of the most complete of its kind that has ever been pulled off. Obregon went the very limit in his endeavor to show that Mexico was worthy of recognition by the United States Government. When he had kicked out everybody in sight, Obregon topped off his work with an Ole Hansonesque proclamation in which he announced that any foreigner who attacked "Mexico's fundamental institutions" would be deported.

There can be no doubt of it. Civilization has reached Mexico at last.

San Vicente, who is a member of the Executive Committee of the Confederacion General de Trabajadores, was arrested on the evening of May 15th. I was arrested the next morning. In the Inspeccion de Policia, Sebastian was robbed of some letters, a wallet and his batch of seaman's discharges, and I was relieved of my wallet, notebook, fountain pen and pocket knife. Perhaps some friend of the President's is using them now! After being held for some hours without anyone having explained to us why we were arrested, without any charges having been preferred against us, and without being given an opportunity to say a word in our behalf, we were suddenly informed that the Chief of Police was willing

to see us. We were led out of the building and down a side street, where we were pushed into a waiting automobile. Four plain-clothes men jumped in after us and the machine made full speed for the depot. Inside of fifteen minutes we were on board a train for the Texas border. Arrested May 15-16th and out of Mexico City before nightfall of May 16th. No noise; no publicity, everything just as smooth as clockwork. True, Sebastian and I were losing practically all our things; we had not even a clean pair of sox with us and we were not given a chance to get some money!

Our train had already reached Monterey when our private escort received a telegram signed by President Obregon ordering us to put about for Mexico City. It was not until we saw next day's newspapers that we found out what it was that had induced the President to change his mind so suddenly and had saved us from the eager claws of the United States Government. The Executive Committee of the Confederacion General de Trabajadores had been in session with Obregon on the afternoon of May 17th and he had finally promised that we "would not be sent to the United States." He didn't say that we were already on our way there! He further promised that we should be allowed to choose the country to which we preferred to go. It seems that this last promise was never meant to be taken seriously. Anyway, no one consulted us as to our choice in the matter, and we were shipped here because it was a short haul and the rates were cheap. After being held in jail for nearly a month, first in Queretaro and then in Manzanillo, we were unceremoniously dumped into the steerage of a Pacific Mail liner on June 9th and were dumped out again three days later at San Jose de Guatemala.

The Government's original plan was to ship us to the United States before anyone should know that we were even arrested. Comrades who came to see us at the Inspeccion de Policia were told that we were not there. Every bit of paper was taken away from us to keep us from writing messages. Luckily we were able to "break through the blockade"; Sebastian found a good comrade among the soldiers who were guarding us and sent him to C. G. T. headquarters with the news of our arrest. So the Executive Committee knew we were in jail only a few hours after we landed there.

Paul Hanna is not the only one who has written nonsense about Mexico. American radical publications have been swamped with articles about the flaming Bolsheviki who are supposed to be ruling Mexico. The origin of all that stuff can be traced to the campaign promises of Obregon, Calles & Co.—Carranza made the same kind of promises in the early days of his regime—and not to any tangible work for the laboring class. It ought to be understood that generals are very seldom class-conscious Communists. Obregon breaks strikes, jails workers, shuts down labor papers just like any other respectable bourgeois president. Councils of Workers, Peasants and Soldiers are not yet ruling Mexico, nor will they ever rule it if Obregon and the rest of the "military politicians" have their way. The Mexican Government is a capitalist government. It is inexperienced and weak and may not be so well versed as the United States in the uses of the repressive machinery, but it is learning fast.

*To be "thirty-three" is, according to Mexican slang, to be kicked out of the country under the provisions of the famous Article 33, of the Mexican Constitution, which gives the President of the Republic the power to deport summarily and without explanation any whose presence in Mexico may be, in his judgment detrimental to the country.

The Inside of the Clothing Business

By Charles W. Wood

IT rained in New York the other Sunday, more beautifully, I think, than I have ever known it to rain before. It wasn't a mere shower and it wasn't a drizzle. It was a steady downpour for hours and hours—the sort of downpour in which an umbrella is of no use whatever. It was warm, delightfully warm. That is, it would have been delightfully warm if it hadn't been abominably hot. I wore a raincoat and a rubber hat. In order to keep dry it was necessary to become soaking wet with perspiration.

I finished my errands as quickly as I could and went home. The house was hot and stuffy. In spite of the temperature, we had to close the windows to keep the rain from coming in. Those who were in New York that Sunday will remember how insufferable it all was.

Eventually I had an inspiration. So did six million other New Yorkers, although not all of them could act upon it. I went to the bath-room, took off my sweat-soaked clothes, and stood under the shower bath.

Great! Wasn't it? I know, of course, that you did the same thing if you could—if you had access to a shower bath and there wasn't any company in the house. Talk about luxury! All you had to do was to stand still in a porcelain tub, in an enclosure almost two feet and a half wide; and you could keep standing there until the bath curtain had become so soaked that the water began to flood the floor. Then you could get out and mop it up, put on dry clothes if you had them, and they might remain fairly dry until you had almost got your collar buttoned.

But while it lasted it was great. On such a day as that, no luxury can compare with that of a shower, at just the right temperature—precious, priceless, purifying water.

Outside the warm rain fell in torrents—precious, priceless, purifying rain. Just exactly the right temperature, too.

The idea must have occurred to some more of the six million. After all, the thing had its limitations. There is much more room outside than there is in a porcelain tub. And the air is much better outdoors than it is in a bathroom. One could walk—outside—or leap and dance and run. If only—well, will some bright student please tell me why the six million New Yorkers didn't go out and enjoy that all-day shower?

The answer, children, can be given in one word. That's right. It's clothes.

What are clothes?

No, the purpose of clothes on a day like that was not to keep us warm. In the first place, not one of the six million wanted to be kept warm. And secondly, clothes kept us hot. Also filthy, although there is reason to believe that most of the inhabitants of New York, even those who went to church, had no particular craving for filth.

No, again: the function of clothes on this particular day was not to make us beautiful: for any costume except a one-piece bathing suit worn that day looked like hell before it had been worn an hour.

The best answer, children, can be found in the catechism. Clothes were worn that day because clothes are the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disgrace.

The technical name for this inward and spiritual disgrace is civilization.

Civilization is the process of covering everything up. Thoughtless persons often speak of the discoveries of civilization, but that is a most confusing error. The human mind discovers things—then civilization comes along and puts the cover on.

Art and civilization have ever been at war. Art is forever trying to uncover things. Art is altogether irrational and doesn't know this. Art, in fact, often imagines that it is at war with science, but science is utterly impersonal and impartial. It serves any employer. It invents killing-machines or safety appliances as per order, regardless. It doesn't "array itself" either on the side of Labor or Capital, of Master or Slave. True, it has usually been at the service of the Master, but it is always the Master who has done the arraying.

Art's real grievance is not against science. It is against the clothing business. The clothing business couldn't get along without civilization. The clothing business depends fundamentally upon the development of this inward and spiritual disgrace.

There are, as I intimated, only three conceivable reasons for wearing clothes: for warmth, for adornment and for decency. If the clothing business were to depend upon the first two, it would have hard sledding, for most of us are too warm most of the time, and beauty unadorned is adorned the most. But with everybody utterly ashamed of himself, the business has taken on mammoth proportions. In New York, for instance, morality compels a man not only to wear pants but a coat, regardless of the temperature. In the summer of 1930, it is hoped, overcoats will be compulsory in the subway.

Many people have wondered why so many manufacturers of cloaks and suits suddenly blossom out as theatrical producers. It is no accident. To people as bright as I am the normality of the progression becomes instantly apparent.

Every time you cover anything up it rankles. That is, if it is alive, and the human race is still alive. It wants to get out. It wants to see what's underneath. If it believes that it is a sin to see anything of the sort, so much the better. That makes the covering tighter and the rankling more intense. Keep women's legs a perennial mystery and we'll pay almost any price to see a leg-show. The modern theatrical enterprise, then, is a natural outgrowth of the clothing industry.

If Art ever gets the best of civilization, the theatrical business will be doomed. Undoubtedly people will still want to see beauty, but they won't hanker to see a show. The stage, poor thing, will have to depend on drama instead of upon the nervous derangements of correctly attired business men.

On the other hand, if civilization ever conquers Art, the finish of the show business is equally apparent. People will cease to struggle against their shame, and they will quit going to the theater. Ohio Methodism will become the universal religion, and everybody will get under the covers for keeps. Perhaps a small fringe of society will sneak into

back alleys now and then, and pay fifty cents to see some depraved old man expose his left ear, but society as a whole will be redeemed and dead, and the theater as we know it will have passed away.

But just now the show business is great. There is just the right balance between life and censorship to drive everybody insane. Theoretically, we are all committed to the censorship, but actually we are wild to get a peep. Morality is almost but not quite stifling us, and we are in a delirium of neurotic perspiration. Simultaneously we are kicking off the clothes and clamping them on. We suppress one-piece bathing suits at a dozen additional beaches, when up goes the circulation of the Daily News, with pictures of still more remote resorts where the costumes are gratifyingly immoral.

For the last year, it is true, the market has been somewhat troubled by a slight overproduction of knees. The bare movement, however, has been checked, though it seemed for a while that business would have to look to legislation for relief. If the public could see bare ones in the subway for a nickel, it could hardly be taxed four dollars for an orchestra seat.

Mack Sennett was also making the one-piece bather altogether too common. Something had to be done immediately or people would cease to get excited at such exhibitions and would think only of the comfort and common sense of the one-piece suit. As for musical comedy, the secret is to keep legs high-priced.

It seems to me that we are succeeding fairly well. I do not believe there is any danger at present of the race being destroyed in the process. The patient is rugged and should be able to stand still further tortures. At the first sign of actual resignation, however, civilization should let up a bit. Actual surrender would be ruinous. The main objective should always be to keep everybody mortified and uncomfortable and frantic, with a great reverence for law, but an insane desire to escape from it.

The situation on that rainy Sunday was ideal—from civilization's point of view. Everybody wanted desperately to take things off, but everybody made himself uncomfortable instead. It was a shameful thing to do, but shame has to make these concessions to human demands, especially in the case of those who can afford things. Otherwise there would be danger of our kicking off the lid and going out unashamed to enjoy the rain.

New Yorkers used to do this—before Hendrick Hudson came with a full cargo of civilization. New York then was in the hands of the Reds and the clothing business was rotten. And so, likewise, was musical comedy. Not only on the East Side, but up on Fifth Avenue and along the drive, folks took such showers for just what they were worth. Careless and happy and entirely nude, they revelled unashamed, exactly as you and I wanted to do but didn't. But they didn't rubber. They didn't gloat. And although they were so innocent of value that they sold the whole island for \$24, there wasn't a man in town crazy enough to fork over his wampum to

see some chorus girls who had been advertised to take off part of their clothes. Lo, the Poor Indian, was untutored. But it's Lo, the Poor Fish, who is unclean.

One may well ask right here: What has all this to do with "Mr. Pim Passes By"? Perhaps it hasn't anything to do with it. Perhaps I only think it has. Perhaps I enjoyed Mr. Pim so much that I simply had to take a fall out of the fool shows that usually pass as entertainment. On the other hand, Mr. Pim seemed to me about the most delicious incident of dramatic art that I have seen for years. It did an important bit of uncovering, and did it so adroitly that everybody could see what a complete farce the clothing business is.

It didn't deal at all with the aspects of the business which I have described; but, perhaps, with my hint, A. A. Milne will dramatize those aspects, too. What he did deal with was marriage, and marriage is nothing on earth but the clothing of our sex relations. Marriage, like other forms of clothing, can be and is defended on the grounds of comfort, beauty and morality. Floyd Dell is so defending it in *The Liberator*: and while I intend sometime to file a brief in opposition, I do not want to do so here. The marriage which Mr. Milne uncovers is both comfortable and beautiful; but it is the morality of it which furnishes the comedy.

I don't want to spoil the story for those who have not yet seen Mr. Pim. You probably know from the reviews, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Somebody are married. Also that Mr. Pim passes by and they are not married! That is, they are, but—well, they are just the same as they were before, but it's terrible. Mr. Pim never does anything except to pass by, but each time he does it, all human relationships are reversed. Still, he is not a philosopher. He doesn't explain anything and doesn't attempt to do so. Milne has fairly exceeded Shaw in letting the situation uncover itself.

In the play that I want Mr. Milne to write, Mr. Pim will pass by some more. Before he comes, we will all be comfortably and beautifully and morally dressed. Mr. Pim won't do a darn thing to change the situation, but it will change. Suddenly we shall find ourselves still dressed, but only comfortably and beautifully. Morally, we shall be naked: and how we react to the situation will depend upon the particular hold the clothing business happens to have on us.



Elizabeth Grieg.

"I failed in my Civil Service examination as an Electrical Engineer."

"What was the matter?"

"I couldn't remember who wrote the Star-Spangled Banner."

Two Critics in a Bar-room

By Michael Gold

SCENE: The melancholy back room of a Greenwich Village barroom, a sad, fly-infested corner of the sorrowful world. "Real" liquor is sold here, and a few sombre figures sit about at the polished red tables, martyrs sipping their poison in defiance of the State, which has forbid poison. They drink solemnly and slowly; it is like a rite; this dingy chamber has the aura of a Christian catacomb, where in darkness and secrecy the faithful gathered to worship the true God, He who had given horror on earth and hell-flames in the hereafter, to His beloved sheep.

At one of the tables of this modern catacomb, private to Satan, sit two young men, most obviously of the intelligentsia.

One of them, a dark, moody eager American Jew, with carelessly brushed black hair, black, flashing eyes and sinister yet not unhandsome features, is the obscure and talented Michael Gold, recently shunted into the curious position of literary critic on the *Liberator*, that best and brightest of American magazines. He has not always been a critic; he has been a strike leader, a waiter, a porter, a soap-boxer, a section gangster, a road-mender, a dishwasher, a shabby clerk, a factory hand, a newspaper reporter, a free-lover, a near-beer poet, a fool, a serious thinker. The traces of all these occupations still linger on his brow and may be guessed from the disreputable state of his linen.

His companion, no less obscure and talented, no less burdened with a background of uncollegiate activities, is a blue-eyed blonde, strong figure, with the fanatic pale face of William Blake, his bold, mystic great eyes, his lofty forehead.

His father was Irish, his mother Icelandic, he was born in Canada, and, like Michael Gold, whose father was Roumanian-Russian and mother Hungarian, he is an American. His name is Edgar Holgar Cahill.

He, too, has hoboed and dug ditches and sweated in the Kansas harvest fields, he has washed dishes, rebelling at his own worthlessness, and swaggered in the fire zone and at political rallies with a newspaper reporter's badge. Now he writes occasional criticisms for the *Freeman* and an odd essay now and then for the *Nation*, yet many of his old low habits persist, such as slang and unmanicured fingernails.

The two young men, friends for many years, are alike in their surprise in finding themselves suddenly accepted as intellectuals and critics. The responsibility weighs them down. They are sitting here as a relief from their duties, and like every other pale, haunted figure in that drear room, they are discussing the State of American Literature.

Gold: You are drifting into dangerous ways, Eddie. You are drifting away from the revolution. You will be soon hinking Mencken a great man.

Cahill: He is great, for an American. He is a pessimist, and that is a red badge of courage and golden laurel of distinction in this country. He is also irreverent, and that is a feat, too.

Gold: Bah!

Cahill: And I am still a revolutionist, Mike. I have, however, found the profoundest revolution of all.

Gold: What is that, fellow-worker?

Cahill: The revolution in form. You concern yourself with the superficial and the monotonous. You would change the political and economic structure of society. That to me now seems trivial. It would not change by a hair the essential quality and color of human life. There would still be the same grand permanent monotonous facts of life, waiting for expression in art. The generation which expresses them in new, sharp, original ways has accomplished a revolution. It has also widened the domain of human feeling; it has increased the stature of man, much more than have the inventors, the statesmen, the scientists and the political revolutionists. Cezanne has added more power and divinity to the ever-evolving soul of man than have a hundred Karl Marxes.

Gold: You really surprise me, Edgar. You have been poison-gassed by all the hot air that fills these Greenwich village studios. The revolution of form! Shelley wrote:

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts, from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow and black and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes—

and Keats wrote:

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art—

Cahill: You needn't continue quoting. We all have read Keats, my friend.

Gold: Thus spoke Keats and Shelley, Byron and Poe and Shakespeare and Milton, and now there has been accomplished a revolution in form, and Orrick Johns writes:

Blue undershirts
Upon a line,
It is not necessary to say to you
Anything about it—
What they do,
What they might do . . . blue undershirts . . .

while Mina Loy gasps out, like a modern Sappho, a passionate love song that goes like this, if I remember correctly:

Spawn of fantasies
Sitting the unappraisable
Pig Cupid, his rosy snout
Rooting erotic garbage
"Once upon a time"
Pulls a weed white star-topped
Among wild oats sown in mucous membrane
I would an eye in a Bengal light.

(Gold stops for a drink.)

Cahill (quietly): You don't think you have made a point, do you?

Gold: I know I have chosen crude examples for what I mean. But I am right just the same.

Cahill: You simply have no esthetic instincts, Mike. You cannot understand. Your senses are as blunt as a butcher's. You do not see that these advanced poets, painters, musicians are the true voice of our age. For good or ill, they alone express the emotion of this strange century of skyscrapers, science and the baffled, complex, tortured human soul. Smooth, easy realism will not do any longer. Like all your crowd on the *Liberator*, you are a revolutionist in politics, and a black reactionary in art.

Gold: Edgar, you think I misunderstand. No, I do understand, because it is not as difficult as you imagine. This new art is good, some of it; but it is experimental, and it has no place except in the trade organs of the artists. We revolutionists refuse to deal with it; we have not the time; and we are too hurt and moved and desperate with the present reality. The world is in too tangled a state for its thinkers to give up clear thinking. The means of expression must not be muddled now in experiments; men have too much to say to each other.

Cahill: That is just the matter with America; it is too self-satisfied to experiment any longer.

Gold: Eddie, you shock me. I had not realized how much you have become infected with the Greenwich Village hallucination, that nothing exists in this world but art.

Cahill: What other purpose can you show me in life but self-realization, feeling, experience, expression, the joyous and adventurous devouring of the world by the cultivated senses, which is Art?

Gold: You did not speak this way five years ago, when we were both out of a job in Chicago, and mooched our meals and slept on the floor in back of Fedya's book-shop. You wanted to throw bombs then.

Cahill: I knew no more than how to sustain physical life then. Now I have found Art.

Gold: Art! Must art be detached from life—from the life you and I know? You talk like a priest who has had revealed to him some divine mystery, and who can only spit on the petty human reality, the mortal terror and splendor of man's world, not God's.

Cahill: No, I am simply more interested in being than in becoming.

Gold: What is being? Is it not the thing you and I know? By the beard of Mahomet, are you living in eternity or in time?

Cahill: You simply do not understand. You could not. You are a born journalist. You think and feel with the false and glittering assurance of an Arthur Brisbane.

Gold: But what is being? It is life as we know it, is it not? And how have we of the literary proletariat, as Dostoyevsky described himself, envisaged Life? Has it not been in poverty, sickness, action, strikes, desperate social rottenness of one sort or another? Why, when we begin to write and think clearly, must we think and write like these pampered fools, college boy-wonders, Harvard rhapsodists, bored dilettantes who are eternally rushing to Europe for relief from themselves, inhibited ancient lady poets, wild young brainless alcoholic painters, all the rest?

Cahill: You are simply calling names. Artists are no worse than other people—no better—but they are artists.

Gold: But don't you see what I mean, Ed? Most of them

have a middle-class background, and they don't know what you and I have known. That is why, if we ever get to work upon our novels, we must make them different from what these Greenwich Villagers produce.

Cahill: Art is an ecstasy. It has nothing to do with social classes. You will never learn this.

Gold: By the common sense of Confucius, you remind me of a young decadent painter I know. He painted abstractions—wheels and cubes and gorgeous green prisms, and whenever he was drunk he sneered at me. He said I was a commonplace realistic fool. Then the war came, and he was drafted. He wept on my shoulder; he was terribly excited now about reality; he drew terrible violent subversive anti-war cartoons that he wanted put in the *Liberator*. He suddenly became quite social upon the discovery that his own little life of painting and Neitzcheanism was bound up fast with the life of the community.

Cahill: And now?

Gold: Now he is back in his former proud individualism. The war is over. I hope another comes—it may shake him up again.

Cahill: Wars are an interruption to art. That is why he hated it. The war is over—he goes back to his art. That is a perfectly correct position to take.

Gold: A child starving is an interruption to art. Miners being shot down in West Virginia are interruptions. Five hundred thousand melancholy men walking the streets of New York at the present moment, without jobs, are an interruption. Russia suffering the pangs of famine, and Poland and France plotting to attack her are an interruption. There ought to be no pure art, arty art, while there is tyranny and suffering in the world. Artists are not human beings if they can stand by calmly whilst these things happen.

Cahill: By the Lord Jesus, but you are rabid. You are just a fanatic.

Gold: Perhaps I did exaggerate. But think, Ed, if all



Reginald Marsh.

A Linoleum Cut

these intelligent people, these leaders of thought and feeling, these artists and scientists who make opinion—think, if we could get them for a year to concentrate on the social problem, instead of pattering about with their erotic garbage and their Einstein theories, important as these may seem? Might not some great miracle happen?

Cahill: Well, you are still a Utopian, old-timer. But let us speak of other matters. I am tired of your orations. What do you think of the Dial's offer of two thousand dollars for the best contribution to its pages by an American?

Gold: That would be a fine offer, except that Sherwood Anderson will probably have to win it. There are so few other Americans who are allowed to contribute to its pages.

Cahill: Yes, they are a queer lot down there. They are the consumptive children of Henry James—they are a little ashamed of the land of their nativity. Did you see their last month's poster? They advertised Yeats, Hardy, Beer-bohm, Shaw and Lawrence, I believe. What grandeur! Not an unknown or any mere American among the names!

Gold: They remind me of the Mexican intelligentsia, who think it the height of culture to be able to ask in English for a match. The Dial will print second-class French work in preference to second-class American.

Cahill: They should try to develop young obscure authors like ourselves, my dear Michael. That is really their true function.

Gold: Yes, we may be crude, but at least, thank God, we are American. (Both young men sip their liquor modestly.)

Cahill: I want the complex, the subtle, the deep and great and fine in art, but there is no way to get it as yet in America except through crudity. We will have to swim through oceans of raw experiment before we develop a native art. That is what these bright young intellectual dandies do not see.

Gold: What is the matter with all of them—the Nation, the Freeman, and the rest? They, too, are after the holy grail of a great American culture. And not one of these journals of the intelligentsia ever prints a decent bit of fiction or encourages poetry. Yet it was in such journals that Gorky and Tchekov and Dostoiwesky were developed in Russia. American writers have no place for their work except in the commercial magazines, books, or the Little Review. The alternative is appalling. No wonder nothing happens.

Cahill: You forget to include the Liberator.

Gold: It is degenerating, I am afraid, in that direction. The war has left us too bitter to do anything but orate. But the old "Masses" had the spark of creation in its heart that none of these liberal weeklies seem to have. They are journals of and for critics. What a dull lot critics are, anyway! They know everything about art, and yet they never want to create it, somehow. I can't understand this. It is like taking a purely scientific interest in love.

Cahill: Don't try to understand it. Your brains are too few for such problems.

Gold: H. L. Mencken is another example. He is an omniscient, clever, venomous, harsh, sneering critic, and he has never been able to write a play, a poem or a story in his life. Perhaps this is an unfair taunt, but he is more than unfair himself.

Cahill: You do not understand the useful constructive value of criticism, my dear Michael. He does not have to "create," as you call it, in order to help form our American art. Critics are the spade and shovel laborers, the axmen and levelers who prepare the ground where the artists are to come in and build.

Gold: But Mencken has no right to criticize. He edits The Smart Set, and it prints the trashiest, lowest prurient, penny-catching drivel of the nation. The editors of Snappy Stories or the Saturday Evening Post are more honest—they believe in their school of art. They live by their philosophy.

Cahill: He lives by his. He is a pessimist—and he has to make a living. He is a great force—despite the Smart Set.

Gold: He is a pessimist; there, you have said it. And all this modern art of yours is pessimist. Now we have reached the core of the matter. I will tell you, Edgar, why I believe that no great American art will come except through men who are Bolsheviks.

Cahill (snorting): Ha!

Gold: I will read you a text from Taine, a critic who combined mighty erudition with a common sense amounting almost to genius, as you doubtless acknowledge (takes book bound with green leather from pocket loaded with books). Taine says, in his History of English Literature:

"Beneath every literature there is a philosophy. Beneath every work of art is an idea of nature and of life; this idea leads the poet. Whether the author knows it or not, he writes in order to exhibit it; and the characters which he fashions, like the events which he arranges, only serve to bring to light the dim creative conception which raises and combines them. Underlying Homer appears the noble life of heroic paganism and of happy Greece. Underlying Dante, the sad and violent life of fanatical Catholicism and of the hate-filled Italians.

"From either we might draw a theory of man and the beautiful. It is so with all the others; and this is how, according to the variations, the birth, blossom, decline, or sluggishness of the master-idea, literature varies, is born, flourishes, degenerates, comes to an end. Whoever plants the one plants the other; whoever undermines the one undermines the other.

"Place in all the minds of any age a new grand idea of nature and life, so that they feel and produce it with their whole heart and strength, and you will see them seized with the craving to express it, invent forms of art and groups of figures. Take away from these minds every grand new idea of nature and life, and you will see them, deprived of the craving to express all-important thoughts, copy, sink into silence, or rave."

Gold (continuing): The master-idea, that is what impregnates to birth the great ages of art and science! And that is what our America has not yet found, except in such numerically small groups as the Liberator galaxy. Most of intellectual America has found nothing to live for, to express, to be mad about, to fight for, to love, to bring great works of art to, as Abraham brought his first-born to Jehovah. We have two art-philosophies in this country, and both are decadent and incapable of lusty, life-bringing fertilization. Both are rotten with the syphilis of cynicism.

There is the school represented completely by the Saturday Evening Post. Plutocratic, feudal America, made up of cockney, white-collar slaves, sordid, golf-playing, spruce overseers, and the Masters, speaks through this school. The writers are amazingly expert technicians who perform a definite function in the industrial dynasty. They feed the masses the opium of a cheap romanticism, and turn their thoughts from the concrete to the impossible. They gild the filth in which we live; they make heroes out of slave-drivers, and saints out of vultures. But they cannot create a great art.

No one, who speaks for the right wing in any age, can rise to nobility and passion.

The other school is in rebellion against commercialism, but it is decadent, too. It is the weakly-wagging tail of the pessimism that seized the world after the Darwinian revelation. It must perish of its own sadness. It is represented by the raving of Mina Loy, "Others" and the Little Review on the one hand, and the sombre, realistic, yet romantically hugged tragedy of Eugene O'Neill, Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson on the other. It sees how full of horror and injustice is the American world, and it can only despair. Beneath all its pure art, beneath its landscapes, its aesthetic patterns, its eroticism, and apparently classless ecstasy, my dear, you will find the hollow skull of this despair. Nothing can be solved—the world is an abomination from which the only refuge is Art, this school says. Pessimism is useful in the midst of this dirty American Optimism, that has slain its tens of thousands, but pessimism is not the truth, and it is not the loins from which can come forth the grandeur of a vigorous, happy, art-loving nation.

So that Bolshevik realism alone is left us—this is the sole master-idea that can inspire the artists of our age to passionate labors.

Man beaten a thousand times, but rising with undaunted heart; Man, living in the centre of an irrational, strange universe, but creating a wonderful and meaningful life of his own in that darkness; Man, finding a way through everything with reason and courage—that is the vision!

A Bolshevik artist will never lie, will never romanticize, he will be as sincere and useful in his art as a scientist, for Bolshevism is based on science, which is the master-idea of our century. And he will write of the masses, the working men and women who form America, therefore he alone will best express the true America.

In Russia of the Czars every major artist was a foe of the System, and in his every line that enmity could be found, giving his work the passion and strength of a great hope. In every line of our commercial American writers may be found the devout acceptance of the capitalist system. In every line of our decadents may be found the opposing philosophy of despair. Come, poets, come, novelists and essayists and critics and humorists, let us hear in your accents now the master-idea of this century, Bolshevism! Build now for the new America, of freedom and beauty and justice! Ah, Eddie, don't you see how grand it all is?

Cahill (glumly): That was a long speech. It would have been cut in any but a Shaw play. Let us have another drink. (They drink.) You are talking too much. You had better go home and do a little work. What book are you reviewing for the Liberator this month?

Gold: I thought of tackling Main Street. What do you think of it?

Cahill (dourly): Well, it is the sort of realism you seem to be inviting. A monotonous, unartistic, dull piece of work, as dreary as my six months in the Kansas City workhouse. I can't see why it has been so successful.

Gold: I will tell you why. Because it touches upon the master-idea. Something is happening in America, Eddie, that you estheticians know nothing about. The success of such books as Moon-Calf and Main Street proves it. America is groping toward something like the rest of the world. These novels, breathing the dim, crude, pathetic American yearning for something beyond respectability and commercialism, may well be the forerunners of even such events as the abolition

of Gompers and the purging of the American labor movement. That is just a far-fetched theory—I would not attempt to defend it, though Van Wyck Brooks has), but I will say this—literature that is popular reflects the popular subconscious mind, and that mind, in America, is, strangely enough, turning to novels written by pink and red and black Bolsheviks, and not by red, white and blue Americans. How do you explain that?

Cahill: I do not explain, I only marvel at you. Go home and do some honest work. Adieu. (He turns sourly to his liquor. Gold, with shining face, leaves, Cahill shaking his head mournfully as his friend vanishes through the family entrance.)

CURTAIN

BOOKS

Queen Victoria, by Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S Diamond Jubilee of 1897 was the big event of my boyhood years. It thrilled me to exaltation, and I grew twice bigger than my seven years. On that day of June I flaunted a brand-new brown drill suit made with a sailor cape, and for the first of my life I was to wear stockings and black boots like my brothers and sister.

The house was astir before the fowls flew down from the mango trees. With one of my cousins who was helping my mother with the large household, I went to the spring for water. That day she was to make extra meals for our little friends and cousins from nearby districts. I bore a brown two-jointed vessel of bamboo filled with water, she a kerosene can, and we made three trips before daybreak came, dissipating the soft red glow that enveloped Mocho mountain.

The Queen's Jubilee! Before eight o'clock the chapel school, set right on the small of Zion Hill, was overflowing with happy, dark-skinned and golden-hued children. We went through our devotional exercises, the mulatto schoolmaster exhorted us, and I received and swallowed my first impressionable lesson on the British Empire. And at the head of that Empire I visioned a woman greater than my own mother—greater than all other women, a woman who was "mother, wife and queen." Tennyson's rhymes of the Queen was one of our choicest memory gems. "Her court was pure, her life serene." The solid, respectable Poet had saluted his solid, respectable Queen.

Nine o'clock brought the older folk with our lunches, the fiddles, the flutes, the fifes, the tambourines, the kettle drums, and old Cudjoe beating the big bass drum. Over the pulpit was Victoria's picture, sad and heart-touching, in her widow's weeds. The cloth was slid back and we rose and sang with deep enthusiasm "God Save Our Queen." The prizes were given out. And when I received the second best medal of the Queen in bronze, for good attendance, I hung my head and cried shamefully because the first medal, a little miniature of the old woman in a gold-gilt frame, was given to my classmate, friend, and rival for excellent character.

"Jubilee for the Queen, jubilee, jubilee for our queen; Victoria, Victoria, Victoria the good." All that day we repeated those words. We sang them and danced to them. We formed up in files with banners, flags and pennants streaming. The monitors and older pupils had worked for a week, cutting out pretty white and colored letters for our banners so that

our school should make the most effective showing. The music led the column; our feet followed in happy unison, our parents, uncles, aunts and cousins bore up the rear. Down the yellow parochial road we marched to the main to meet other schools, one, three, five, seven miles distant, that came marching down the green hills, up from the valleys, to the tune of "Rule Britannia." They came from John's Hall, Mainridge, Nine Turns, Tabernacle, Crooked River, Bunyan, Ballard's River, Collington, Frankfield, Red Hills, Trinity and Staceyville. Hundreds of us, thousands of us. As each swung into column the nearest school shouted greeting: "Jubilee for the Queen," and the words went sounding down the whole long line. In the big common at Mear's Pen the day was devoted to making us joyful. Nightfall was already upon us when our school marched back singing over two-mile-long Park Hall hill, the bugbear of draymen, for there the choicest draft mules and hardiest horses of the hills hauling loaded drays and carts met with disaster, bringing shame upon their proud owners. But we children fairly danced over it, not a whit tired from the day's fun. We could have kept on for two days at the same pace. We were unwilling even to go to bed and think and dream of our great, good Queen!

But to my emotional and romantic mind the Diamond Jubilee was merely a beginning. I had touched a mysterious reality of which I was eager to know more. There were about four heavy, illustrated books, *Lives of the Queen*, in the house. I drank in them all. Her pictures adorned the white-washed walls. I asked questions. And my teacher and parents told me that Victoria had freed the slaves. She had mounted the throne of England with the words, "I will be good," on her lips. The Bible was her light. From her great love for her colored subjects she had freed them from slavery. She loved India and was Empress of that strange mystery-land, some of whose sons were her daily attendants. And among her vast possessions our tiny island, even Jamaica, was distinguished, honored in her being its Supreme Lady. And so we pupils wrote down in our exercise books and in our minds, "Victoria, the Good, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India and the Supreme Lady of Jamaica!"

Extraordinary indeed is the growth of the child mind, which seemingly absorbs, retains and discards ideas by accidental occurrences. A very sacred ideal like the sincere affec-

tion of a relative may be shattered beyond repair by an unwitting remark or a harsh glance, a new treasure takes its place miraculously; but often some silly discredited symbol retains its hold in the heart, spreading out into the imagination, coloring and overshadowing all thought. Like such a symbol was the legend of Victoria. To my mind she represented Omnipotence and Omniscience. As I grew bigger she grew mightier. The police, the soldiers, the officials, even the governor, all belonged to her. She controlled the machinery of life. Imagine then my amazement, when an Englishman of that most highly honored and superior tribe, which always decline mechanically to the precedence of the Sovereign in and out of England, quite carelessly destroyed my schoolboy myth, rendering me speechless for a long while.

"She was just an obstinate, vindictive and malicious old widow," he remarked casually. To be sure I was now in my higher, elementary school stage. I knew that the African slave trade was discontinued by act of Parliament before Victoria was born. I knew she did not really bring about the ending of Negro slavery in the British dominions and colonies. But if I were a little more informed of historical events, Victoria simply loomed larger and nobler in my imagination. She was to me what Lincoln is to the little American Negro child. If her ministers sometimes erred, if Englishmen abroad were often cruel and inconsiderate of the small rights of the native population, the Queen herself, like the Christian God of the world, was a Majesty great and holy who also ruled over sinful subjects. The Englishman smiled at my fancies and told funny stories about the Queen.

One I remember dealt with Victoria's attitude towards an aged titled couple. The man was an old eccentric who traced his line back to the Norman invaders and was occupied with the upkeep of his castle and estate, finding no pleasure in politics and society. But the hobby of his old wife was to attend court functions rigged out in the regalia of her rank. In some little manner the Queen desired to change this, to her, irregular course of life of this couple; but the old man proved refractory and Victoria, enraged over a subject disobeying her, revenged herself by removing the wife's name from the court list.

And now this *Life of the Queen* strips the Legend bare of its halo and all the saintly trappings in which the solid self-righteous English bourgeoisie invested it. Victoria stands out alone naked and unbeautiful, quite ugly, a very poor figure. Those who are expecting a ripping biography from a special angle may not perceive the joke. The incisions, the lacerations, the sweet sensation of stripping naked may be found in a line of a paragraph, a paragraph of a chapter or beautifully inlaid in the last chapter of the book. The ultra-extremist might spit, the hoary conservative might condemn; but the biographer has neatly put his stuff across and sold it besides to the respectable Anglo-Saxon buying world of two continents. And the Mystery stands revealed for those who want to see.

Victoria was merely a little commonplace personality who grew up with the deity-idea of kingship fixed in her mind. Her strange German parents got married for the high purpose of giving birth to a ruler of England. As a child she was always impulsive and domineering. When a mere tot she could say to her little playmate about her toys, "You must not touch those, they are mine; and I may call you Jane, but you must not call me Victoria."

The dominating passion of her life was not to "be good"



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as she desired the world to know, but it was to appear to her subjects as a perfect paragon of respectability. At the beginning of her reign she set her face grimly against the coarse masculine laxity of the preceding courts. In her zeal for outward appearances she went so far as to encourage and foster a quite unfounded scandal of sexual indiscretion in one of her ladies-in-waiting. She possessed a morbid dislike of change, opposing her ministers from petty personal motives; to her the difference between the Whigs and the Tories was largely determined by the manners of her ministers.

But in all things her chief purpose was to guard, extend and conserve her royal prerogatives. She loved, yet wanted to be queen over her dear Albert. She fell, however, before his sustained onslaught of calculated reserve, and yielded everything to him, body, mind and throne—a victim of her manifold ecstatic emotionalism. Before his death she came to worship his slightest wish, word or deed. She was amazed at his scientific activities and even marveled at his labors in trying "to convert sewage into agricultural manure." But death took possession of her heaven, from which she withdrew to don perpetual widow's weeds and live in an atmosphere shrouded in mystery and thick with superstition. She clung to the useless remains of her dead husband as only a civilized decadent could. Indeed Victoria was the supreme embodiment of the decadent spirit of this age. Savages and the ancients buried the things of the dead with the dead.

But Victoria even ordered fresh water to be set in a basin every day for Albert, whose ghost to her mawkish imagination visited the palace every night. She might have become the high priestess of spiritism. It must have been this superstitious vein predominant in her life that possessed her to become Empress of India, learn Hindustani and have a bodyguard of Indian servants. It must have been the rosy-hued fake religion and mystery that reached Victoria's heart. There is nothing recorded to prove otherwise. Obviously it was not the poetry, philosophy and art of the plundered country which stormed her imagination.

Outwardly a woman of great sorrows, solid and fixed, Victoria put her seal of approval only upon solid, heavy, respectable things. She was avid of power, but distrustful of change. She was dead against woman's suffrage. A woman agitator of title should, in the Queen's opinion, be whipped. She let it be known she was opposed to a second marriage. No divorced woman was received at court. No liberties could be taken by her nearest relatives or the highest personages. The Heir-Apparent was virtually an outcast from her home. But to one person she allowed all liberties, one who almost came to take the place of the Prince Consort in her heart, who was her daily attendant, whose chamber adjoined hers. By him she was "bullied, ordered about and reprimanded." And she meekly submitted to the dictatorship of her Scotch servant John Brown.

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Ridding Massachusetts of Undesirables

AFTER five hours' deliberation a Norfolk County jury, on July 14, decided that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the nation of which it is a part were best rid of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti—both aliens, opponents of capitalist wars and leaders of labor. It returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, on the old theory that it doesn't matter how you kill a dog provided he's real dead when you're through with him.

The verdict, granting the infallibility of juries, impeaches the sanity of those who followed the trial. It is unwarranted by the evidence. It is a flat negation of basic guarantees of a fair trial, such as the presumption of innocence until guilt is proved. It is a cowardly capitulation to prejudice against radicals and prejudice against Italians. It is stupid—else a malicious—submission to the "atmosphere" deliberately created by the prosecution.

Ten witnesses, five of them Americans, and all of unquestionable and unquestioned good character, testified to Sacco's movements on April 15, 1920, the day of the payroll murders; he was in Boston at the hour the crime was committed. Eleven witnesses, again five of them Americans and all of excellent repute, testified to Vanzetti's movements, placing him in Plymouth, 25 miles from the South Braintree murder scene.

Witnesses brought into court by the prosecution itself, many of them far better placed for observing the men who shot Parmenter and Berardelli than those who claimed to "identify" the defendants, refused to identify Sacco and Vanzetti as the bandits. The few who stuck to their "identifications" bravely despite contradictions in their individual and collective testimony were peculiarly certain of the one thing they had come into court to be certain about and ignorant about everything else. One witness was so obviously "mistaken" that the prosecutor asked the jury to disregard him. A young woman, having caught a flitting glimpse of a covered, speeding automobile, from her coign of vantage in an upper story window 80 feet away,

recognized not only Sacco, but what is more amazing, the curl of his hair and the muscularity of his arm.

Against witnesses of this type the defence introduced unimpeachable eye-witnesses, many of them in excellent positions to see the bandits, who testified that Sacco and Vanzetti were not on the scene. Clean, straight-forward testimony against ambiguous, over-reaching testimony. And New England boasts of its traditional aids to justice, of which the presumption of innocence is the most venerable.

But the trial revealed that the two Italians had devoted years of their life and the best of their energy in the labor movement, that they had been active in various radical movements, that they propagated internationalist theories. In short, they were manifestly undesirable.

Every trick calculated to impress upon the jury the idea that Sacco and Vanzetti were a desperate pair, representing a desperate crowd, was resorted to during the trial. Rumors were set afloat to the effect that violent acts on part of defendants' friends were to be expected. To strengthen this vicious fiction an unusual number of uniformed officers and plain-clothesmen were thrown around the court house, and every now and then "redoubled." At least two officers always guarded the cage where Sacco and Vanzetti sat, a precaution against the expected "rescue." Every spectator was "frisked" for hidden weapons as he entered the court-house—another precaution against desperadoes. Each morning the defendants were paraded under the very window of the jury, manacled, under heavy guard, and walking in the middle of the street instead of on the sidewalk. The prisoners, clean-cut young men, of frank intelligent face, were the only marring element in this melodramatic stage-setting.

The first phase of the battle for Sacco and Vanzetti, and through them against the frame-up system, is over. Vindicated of the far-fetched murder charge in the eyes of all who followed the evidence impartially, they have been condemned to death for their ideas. The case now goes to the higher courts.

—EUGENE LYONS.

MUST SACCO and VANZETTI DIE?

THEY ARE INNOCENT—

¶ The evidence introduced is highly circumstantial. The so-called identifications are ludicrously weak. The alibis of both men are iron-bound.

¶ Those impartial persons who sat through the trial—men and women known and respected by the community—are convinced that a judicial murder is being perpetrated. Many who started with a bias against the men, among them representatives of the Massachusetts press, ended in believing the defendants unqualifiedly innocent.

¶ The convicted Italians were denied a fair trial, a vicious "desperado atmosphere" having been created by elaborate precautions against a "rescue."

THEY ARE CONDEMNED TO DIE FOR THEIR IDEAS—

¶ The trial developed unavoidably that the defendants were radicals, opposed to war, active in strikes and labor propaganda. In place of evidence of guilt, an impression was forced upon the jury that such men were capable of murder.

¶ Under these circumstances the Court's pleas for "loyalty to government" and his admonition to the jury: "seek courage in your deliberations as did the American soldier boy as he fought and gave up his life on the battlefields of France," were highly prejudicial.

THE DEFENSE NEEDS MONEY, LOTS OF IT, TO SAVE THESE INNOCENT MEN.

Justice is Expensive. The Story of the Frame-up Must be Brought to the Attention of the American People. Recourse Must Be had to the Higher Courts, Involving Costly Expenditures.

TIME IS SHORT. SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION NOW, BEFORE
THE EXECUTIONER TURNS ON THE DEATH SWITCH.

SACCO - VANZETTI DEFENSE COMMITTEE
68 Pemberton Sq., Boston