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Russell

Strike Violence That Doesn't Get Into the Newspapers

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THE LIBERATOR

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Engaged

By Genevive Taggard

SHE had gone to work for a week of mornings now, feeling as if she had an enemy inside her body. All the nights for a week she had stiffened and cringed in her bed and begged God not to give her a baby. She was not going to work this morning, but it was the same ferryboat. She went to the rail and tried to take her mind between her hands and make it look fixedly at the city, pushing up its gray towers against the sky.

"God doesn't answer. God's away on a vacation."

She was pleased with this sentence. God and her lover were both away on vacations at the same time.

"I'm not losing my nerve in the least," she said. "I still watch the seagulls. I still look at the early sun on the water. I'll make sense of it somehow today. I'm getting used to the idea now."

It was such a lovely, disarming morning, that her body unstiffened a little. The caught feeling between her breasts went away, and left her giddy, saying and re-saying these motherly sentences to herself. Perhaps she could decide what to do before the ferryboat got to the other side, before it bumped against the piles of the slip; it would be nice to have one's mind all made up, and her mouth drawn resolutely when the boat jerked with that bump.

For instance, before she walked off the boat, she might have decided to marry him. In spite of her heart. . . .

There was the hat of the girl who worked in the same office!

To meet the blithe ways of the office-girl was the most intolerable thing she could think of. Get away, get away from the office-girl—the neat, mannerly, opinioned office-girl, who would look at her shoes all mud from tramping the hills last night; look at her hair only half done. The office girl always talked of where you could get bath towels cheap for your hope-chest.

But the office-girl came over, leaning on the breeze, breezy herself.

"Hello, Lady Fair. Had breakfast yet? Let's!"

Well, it might help to eat; anyway, to do something go down the stairs, talk about anything. It will be easy in a minute. Eating on the ferryboat always made you feel as if you were starting off on a journey, as if you were running away. . . .

There was a pregnant Portuguese woman over by some piles of rope on the lower deck. She had a striped shawl

on her head. Oh, what a monster of a woman. She was smiling at the sea-gulls! The woman looked up at a bird that veered into the sky; she staggered on her flat feet.

Down more steps, before a mirror where you see first your muddy shoes and your ankles, then your legs, the bottom of your skirt. And nothing looks wrong yet. Even a smile can be managed, a big laugh for the office-girl, and a quick glance to see how the smile looks, how brave the whole face looks.

The office-girl has thin white fingers and an engagement ring. The ring flashes while her hands butter the corn muffins. The ring comes from a red-haired doctor who probably knows all about this dizzy feeling, who would tell her to get married quick and take care of herself. She danced with him once. He was a good dancer. . . .

Which is it, the ring, or the office-girl talking of hope-chests and bath towels and embroidered sheets? Anyway the ring stabs at her, seems to comprehend why her cramped blue hands across the table push away those steel knives. . . .

Bump, and a second bump. There is the slip. What is it that might have been decided before hitting those piles? Well, anyway, here is the city and a chance to walk, to think, and yet not think too hard. Leisurely, with a cool head—in a panic any more.

The office-girl determines to ride to work.

"I'm going to walk," says the other girl.

"Oh, come on, squander a whole nickel!"

"No."

"Well—see you in ten minutes."

The morning sunlight is all gone out of her now. Even that walk in the hills last night, and the quiet beauty that covered a heap of stones up there where she sat alone, is far off. Here comes the city, framed by the arch of the ferry building door, whistling, clanging, smoking with the day's work.

She chooses to walk in the dirtiest streets, where people look desolate but still keep on living. Walk through the mean little parks, listen to street birds and the talk of old, red-faced men, the drip of water in fountains, look at the Chinese women sitting with their oiled hair in the sun, don't even avoid the rigid dead cats in the gutters.

After a while she gets a feeling of numbness; she is indifferent to the hateful thing inside her. She knows she can't solve the problem of what is right about it. It is too mixed

up with all the dark beginnings. "Anyway," she says spaci-
ciously, "I'm on the high-tide. Let me ride the wave, not
understand it."

A lovely mood is coming over her. She takes an envelope
out of her purse, and tries to write.

*"Along with the smoke of your factories and sky-scrappers,
I will send up the smoke of my soul, casual city.
I will pile the rubbish of old swamps, tangled vines,
Torn-up stumps, into a mouldy autumn heap;*

(Well, it is wordy poetry, numb poetry, dead poetry. No-
body in the world would think she meant very much by tan-
gled vines!)

*Where with fire they become a white vine,
Trailing and caressing ugliness,
Folding and unfolding into the air breathed by your multi-
tudes, casual city.*

II

Hours later, when she has ceased to be pleased with her
poem, she decides not to marry him.

Her body dreads violence so today. It is a sharp agony,
as if a knife cut her, today, for anyone to look at her. She

doesn't want to be touched. That was why it had seemed
needful to marry him. Her body wants a bed and a night-
gown and sleep. She wants to be insensible and stupid, like
the big swelling Portuguese woman.

But when she decides not to marry him she is happy. It
is almost as if she were right again, a girl, back in college
talking about freedom and life, a light-footed girl. She gets
up and begins to walk, trying to walk as she walked then,
pretending to dance. The people in the park look at her.
Suddenly she feels heavy, wounded, altered, old.

She goes down to a chewing-gum machine and looks at her-
self in the mirror. She can only see part of her face at a
time. It isn't a nice face any more. Her chin looks weak.

She decides to wash her face somewhere, to have a shine.
That will make a difference with her chin. She buys a news-
paper. There is a great deal of very important news in it,
she says to herself, perched up in a shoe-shine chair. The
boy slaps the flannel band over her shoe-tips. Just think, he
was born once, came out of some woman, like the Portuguese
woman, curled up like a pink cockle-shell, and grew up and
shined her shoes. She wanted to draw her feet in to herself,
to tell him to stop. She couldn't have him bending down, cut-
ting the mud off her shoes.

"That's all right." She got down, fumbling with money.
"I'm in a hurry." It was hard to get down without tripping
and catching on the steel foot-holders. She felt
clumsy, she who had always been so scornful of
heavy people.

"Here I am, old and clumsy." She walked off
repeating old when she stepped with her right
shiny foot, and clumsy when she stepped with her
muddy left.

"Is that what love does to a girl?"

"But what we have together isn't love."

It gave her great relief to say, "It isn't love."
She had never dared to say that before. Now
she stood waiting for the horizontal traffic to
pass and said louder and louder, almost in a
frenzy:

"It isn't love. It's hideous. It's hideous."

She found that she was talking out loud. In
another moment she would have said into the ear
of a cane-swinging gentleman, "I won't make a
baby out of that."

In the wash place there is a telephone book
with a yellow section. Doctors advertise them-
selves. Two of them sound as if they might
listen to her.

Her face still looks blurred in the wash-place.
When she smiles her lips stretch like rubber
bands. There are hostile glances, astonished scruti-
nities from women with little girls and babies, in
the wash room, but she undoes her dress and
tears off the laundry marks on her underwear.
She throws away the envelope with the poem on
it because her name is on the other side.

So she goes, a little dizzily, across to the near-
est doctor, stopping at a drug-store to get out
the yellow advertisement, torn from the phone
book. For a while she reads the labels on the
jars of drugs behind the counters. But not one
of the clerks looks as though he would reach down
the right bottle, if she should ask.

In the building where the doctor ought to be,



Adolph Dehn

Dawn

his name is gone from the little black-velvet board. When she asks the elevator girl, the girl stares and says that the doctor is in prison.

"It will be hard," she comments.

Down the block at the curb is a familiar car, familiar blue monogram on the door, and cut-glass vase full of fresh flowers. She remembers a blue-eyed freshman that she rushed for her sorority in that car. She repeats to herself some of the chatter she had given the poor baby. Oh, how splendid and sophisticated and strutting she had once been. The profile of her face slides by across the limousine window. Now she would like nothing better than to crawl in there and lie down on the soft cushions, let the car slip away, and go plunging off somewhere.

Then she sees the coat-tails and the backs of her friends on the Star, Sam and Joe. They are laughing. The paper is put to bed for three hours. Sam and Joe are off to a matinee after lunch. They are matching for something now, as they go down the street, saluting cops and flower-women.

Before she knows it, there is the other doctor's place, across the street, far up on the building. Yes, there is his name in big black letters on six windows.

And a cab is just coming up to the door with a beautiful girl in it. They go in together past a policeman. It is a dirty place, and the elevator man is a hunchback. He looks at her, at the beautiful girl (who seems by now not so beautiful), opens the iron door with a sniff, and points at another door down the hall.

There are more girls inside, who all look up. They all sit or stand as she feels that she sits, with a great self-conscious girdle around her waist. They are all alike, with uneasy hands, moving as if their corsets or their bodies hurt.

One girl has blue eyes, like that freshman's. Another has red hands and a wide wedding-ring. She is crying. Most of them are silent, stiff as stone, hardly looking at each other, just keeping their eyes to themselves, cursing their luck.

One by one they go into a side door. There is a kind of mute raising of faces every time a girl goes in. Everyone looks at the girl's back as she goes in, before the door closes. There is a lot to see in that instant, in that girl's back. While she is there in the room, she isn't much, but when she gets up to go in at the door, you want to call her back and tell her that you love her.

At last the nurse says, "You're next, girlie, ain't you?"

Inside the nurse's room, she begins to say things that are hard to say.

"Now, dearie, you don't have to go and make a speech. All you young kids think you've got to tell us something. Just put down your money!"

"How much is it?"

"Say, don't you know anything about this business? It's twenty-five. Who sent you, anyway?"

Thank goodness, it's no more than twenty-five.

When she says she found the name in the telephone book, something goes wrong. The nurse puts the money back on the desk, almost shoves it at her.



Andrée Ruellan

Out of Work

"Now, that's not what we care for in a customer usually." Close scrutiny. The nurse goes behind the screen. A woman has been groaning a little back there. The girl seems to be forgotten. They help someone into the hall, and the doctor tells the nurse to get a cab.

After a while a little man comes out wiping his hands on a towel. He looks at everything she wears, at her muddy shoe, her one shiny one. There is a lot of talking.

"Can you rest ten days after the operation, and no questions asked?"

"I—I—don't know. Do I have to? Yes; yes, I can."

"Not at home?"

"No," swiftly. "At a friend's. I'm a stranger here. I'm from up north. I can stay quiet."

"You see," says the little man, looking at the fat of his thumb, "there's danger, and we can't take no risks." And they talk some more.

"After lunch," he says at last, and puts on a coat and derby. "Three o'clock. Miss Boyd, tell the rest of the girls outside to go home and come tomorrow."

At three o'clock she is back again with a second-hand copy



Otto Soglow

Midnight Near the Docks

of Whitman. She takes the book with her, when the nurse says, "Now come along in, girlie."

At half-past four she stumbles down the iron stairs—seven flights, stepping slowly, escaping. On the street she holds Whitman against her, wonders if she will ever hold a baby, and tries not to walk like a drunken woman.

III

The sun is sweet in the tangled grass on the hill, just before she gets home. It slants down into the little roots of some weedy flowers. People are playing tennis beyond the hill, calling in the late afternoon air. Girls are coming home from the movies, saying good-by to each other at street partings.

It is almost time to collapse now, to lie down, perhaps cry. When she gets to her room she will lock the door and put up her writing sign; let them think she is writing through supper.

Her door stands open down the hall. Just as she gets there she sees her mother in her own room by the window, sewing. This is her mother's favorite place, because she likes to watch the sunset as she sews.

"Jean, is that you?"

She was starting to tiptoe away.

"Come in, here, in your room. Aren't you back early?"

Early!

"I'm grimy, mother. Just a minute while I wash a bit."

"Look here," says her mother, who has been creaking away by the window. She holds up some white stuff. "I feel like a girl again. I've been making doll dresses for the church fair! Tell me about your day, dear."

Dante's face is there on the wall at the bottom of the bed as she stretches out. Lean old hound, Dante. "We'll be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence." Nonsense. Gentle mother, doll dresses, church fairs. . . .

The snappers down the front of her dress rip open and loosen the band of pain. Mother's rocker creaks on and on.

"Are you too tired to talk to mother?"

"Never too tired to talk, mother." This she manages with a little laugh. "But I'm just about too tired to work in that awful office any longer. I've decided to give it up, and freelance a while. And college is coming—my biggest year. I want to loaf a little, mother. Not that college is so much, but I seem to want a little quiet space."

"Well, I'm glad. I've felt all along that you were under a nervous strain in that city work."

"I went looking at park fountains today. They'll take an article on historic fountains at the *Star*, I'm pretty sure."

"And you could help me at home, too, for a change. I'd like to have you to myself a little. There are several letters for you, and three phone calls down on the telephone-stand. And I think that Horace phoned long-distance, saying he'd be back to-night, and is going to drive right over to see you."

"Oh, dear!"

"I'm not sure of it. Your father took the call."

The creak of the chair again, and then mother's voice hesitatingly, "Don't you want to see Horace?"

"I don't want to see anybody."

"Well, you rest now, anyway, while I go down and glance at the dinner. I'm glad you're done with the office, dear. Suppose you finish putting in the lace on this little neck for me."

Mother dropped the doll dress right upon her, and went

out humming to herself. The needle slid off the thread onto the rug. She sat and stared at it, stared until her father came to tell her about Horace.

In spite of his coming, she was going to bed.

Father thought it rather hard on Horace.

"Oh, tell him that I'll expect to see him tomorrow, or tomorrow night."

Father went away dubiously down the hall. He liked Horace.

And now if she could only tell herself what *she* would say to Horace tomorrow night. Some elaborate way of saying, "Go away! Don't touch me!" Perhaps by tomorrow she would have hundreds of words, hundreds of ways.

The sleeping-porch got blessedly dark, and wounded as she felt she lay limp and at ease, at last, after so many rigid nights. Perhaps she would lie there and bleed to death, as the doctor had said she might, if she wasn't careful.

Either die or go to sleep, before Horace drove up.

IV

But she did neither. He came with quite a toot of his horn, tore open the door and plunged to the porch where father sat waiting.

"Gone to bed. Well, I like *that*. Go tell her to get up and come and see what I brought down with me. The most wonderful little twelve-pound bass you ever saw! For her; on ice. Come out and see it."

Father went out and complimented Horace.

"Now, where's the girl?" she heard him say, laughing a little, trying not to be hurt. She felt for her kimona and wrapped it around herself and went to the railing.

"Here I am, Horace. Hello!"

"Well, Jean, you *are* a pill. Here I drive down a hundred and twenty-five miles to see you tonight. Just because there's the kind of moon you like. Haven't even had supper."

Father went in with a soft click to the door. Horace stood looking up.

"You can't cheat me out of a kiss tonight, do you hear?"

With a little grunt he dashed at the window-sill below, swung up to the porch and caught her angrily in his arms.

It was an unsatisfactory kiss.

"Why don't you *kiss* me?" he growled.

He took off his cap and leveled his face at her.

"Look here, Jean. I drive down all that way dreaming of the woman you used to be—a woman with a little affection in her. Can't you ever be that again?"

Yes, he was bitterly disappointed.

"Here we are in all this romantic pose and everything. You in a window of roses. But I must say, Jean, you don't play the Juliet part very well."

"No. I don't. I know I don't. Juliet was fourteen."

Here he was. She tried to tell him that she had discovered something. "It isn't love. It's hideous. It's hideous," she kept trying to tell him.

But he was talking louder. "Well, I hate to say it, Jean, but you're fully forty tonight. I'd almost rather have found you out gadding with one of those newspaper boys than here, looking at me this way. Aren't you ever going to be the same again, Jean?"

He waited.

"I'm always prepared to find you gone out with another man."

She couldn't stand and push him off much longer.

"I'm tired. I wish you'd go home, Horace. It's terrible to stand here in the moonlight and roses. I'm—I'm afraid I can't be much of a sweetheart tonight. Go home, Horace. Tomorrow you'll forgive me."

But Horace was looking at her breast that showed when she leaned down to say she was sorry. He wrenched her nightgown open, fastened his mouth to her in fury.

"Do you want to drive me crazy?" he said under his breath, and lifted his face—so full of drawn passion, so like a hungry little boy—the face that always made her into nothingness. . . .

She had fooled herself. She thought that in not having the baby she was not having Horace any more. Up there with the prostitutes and the antiseptics and the level pain, she had begun to dream of her own heart's love, of love and loving.

Now she knew she had fooled herself. Her bones would turn to chalk, and she would find herself caught, hatefully smothered all over again, one of these sharp moonlit nights.

The college clock struck ten times. It was broad moonlight. The night was vast. The soft dark hills were full of lovers.

Horace was groping between her breasts blindly.

She wasn't Juliet. She couldn't admire herself any more. She wasn't even the blue-eyed prostitute girl in the doctor's office. She was a wife to this man.

"I'm sorry. Am I a brute?" Horace was kissing her throat. "Poor little girl."

This day might even happen all over again.

The Wanderer

OUT of the railroad eating house
Comes a lean brown man,
And putting down his pack
Sits smoking a cigarette.
The glow lights up his sensitive Voltaire face
Gazing moodily out on the trail:
The blue patches under his eyes
Show that he has not slept;
It is evident that he has not long to live
And that he knows it.
He will die sooner if he smokes cigarettes,
And that is one reason why he is smoking one.

Beulah May.



Will Coyne

A Discussion on Communism

Second Song of Release

LOUDER and louder drums beat in my wrists,
Stirring to slow being all ancient wrong,
Goading and gaining with ingenious twists,
Lashing my silence to reluctant song.

Hesitant, groping, a frail word draws through
My stubborn heart to my more stubborn lips,
An imp word of orange, shimmering blue,
Balancing others—falters—swift out-slips!

Mischievous masses, plaited with laughter,
Triumphant, scorning my slim resistance,
They revel their brief freedom; then, after
Long, stern looks from me, merge into distance.

Humble and orderly, they file past me.
I accept and discard with lordly will.
Relentless drums are muffled respectfully
And all wavers, irresolute and still.

Sudden, the roar of the drums rolls high,
Crashing and filling me full and strong.
Swiftly, I snatch at words flying by
Trembling to song, until I am song.

Judith Tractman.

The Jesus-Thinkers

By Michael Gold

JESUS suffered and died for something he believed good; he was not a verbose, tricky journalist, a successful parson, a cunning exploiter of labor, or even a politician, and for this we must respect him. For his age Jesus was undoubtedly an innocent and beautiful poetical voice of all that is best in the emotions of the animal Man; we can love him for that, as we love Shelley and Whitman. We have all of us his tender child-hunger in our veins, that makes us dream of a simple and gentle world, where there is no strife, where all is mild and fraternal, and where men are as little children. It is a beautiful weakness to try to live in that world now. It is a cowardice, too, and must be extirpated from one's soul with a terrible knife if one is to become a man. The spirit of Jesus, His legend in one's blood, leads to confusion, ineffectiveness, and despair in the modern world. Exactly as we must learn to break loose from our earthly fathers to become men, so we must cast off the Heavenly Father of Jesus, and stand with firmly planted feet on the earth. Just as we outgrow the fantasies and follies of childhood, so must we outgrow the follies of the young superstitious Jesus in order to understand reality and conquer it.

For Jesus was a savage and a child. He was subjective, as are children and savages. He believed only in the workings of his own imagination; he did not construct his picture of life from the world around him, as do active men, scientists and others who live on this planet of mud and blood and suffering. Jesus made no concessions to the outer world. Neither does a child. How painful and long is the process by which it learns that fire burns, and knives cut human flesh, and all food is not equally good. What years of stubborn battling before it yields to the truth of human limitation! Jesus never yielded to that truth; he claimed up to his death that his desires were everything, and the world nothing. And he did not love humble men and women enough to understand their problems, and to teach them a way out. He strove to make them perfect at a bound. He was the most savage of despots, exactly like a child. He wanted a world fashioned after his own fantasy, and since the world could not respond, he felt himself a persecuted saint. Why did he not think out the simplest program that would benefit the suffering world of the poor by even the slightest fraction? Why did he leave them in misery, with only the vision of a perfect and impossible world before their tear-blurred eyes? It was because he was a child—Jesus was ever the Son of God. He was never a man, he remained a child.

It is still necessary to discuss Jesus, because his legend has crept into the blood of every social philosopher of the western world, and it causes much damage still. Our pacifists are Jesus-thinkers, our liberals are all Jesus-thinkers (except in wars against other nations), most of our Socialists hoist the flag of Jesus and become bitter humanitarians when they wish to attack Soviet Russia; the taint is everywhere.

The Jesus-thinker knows that he is good, fraternal, just and equalitarian; and he wants the world to become that way. Human misery wounds him to the heart; he would die, as did Jesus, to make men happy and free. He is a fine

type of super-being, but he makes the typical Jesus-mistake of refusing to admit that there are obstacles in the path of such a world. There are governments, policemen, capitalists, politicians, armies, navies, gunmen, the state. To the Jesus-thinker these count for nothing. It is necessary only to be noble and to save other souls for nobility. It is not necessary to think out plans for meeting the opposition, for there is no opposition to nobility. It is not necessary to think about what might happen if millions of the poor suddenly rose against the rich; and the rich turned machine guns on them. It is not necessary to think about what to do with men who try to assassinate the leaders of a free and fraternal world, as they who sought to assassinate Lenin.

The Jesus-thinkers care only for the nobility and purity of their own souls. They are ethical. But does a doctor dream of ethics when he is cutting some rotten flesh out of the side of a sick man? Does a drowning swimmer think of nobility and purity when he is caught by an undertow? He thinks only of objective things, of the force of the waves. He thinks of his own force. The doctor thinks scientifically when he is performing an operation. There is a science in human history, too; that is what the Jesus-thinkers will never admit or see. They mistake their own longings for the movement of humanity. They are egotists, worried about their own souls. They refuse to be objective. It is an ethical crime in their eyes to acknowledge that the majority of man-



Maurice Becker

In Business for Himself

kind acts in certain ways, and to study those ways scientifically, in order to control them for the greatest ends. Jesus-thinkers believe in every science but the science of human happiness.

For Jesus-thinkers want a fraternal world, but they are not willing to pay the full price—which is thought and action. They want only to feel. They want humanity saved as Jesus saved it, preaching and seducing to righteousness a few simple fishermen in a little village of Palestine. They are villagers. They refuse to look at the immense forces of economics and politics with which the fate of humanity is now bound up. They refuse to join parties, to aid in the control and manipulation of those forces. They have no program to carry out, to maneuver for, to scheme for, to fight for and fight others for. That is why they can be pure and pacifistic. The best pacifist generally has a fine income. Poor people are notoriously bloody and bitter when aroused. And the poor have a definite program, based on the source of all our woes, the industrial system. But the best Jesus-thinker is one who has nothing more to gain in this world; he is above the battle. Poor people have so much to gain; no wonder they cannot help fighting.

Jesus-thinkers, like Debs and Anatole France, act on the theory that the Russian Bolsheviks have some sort of special craving for bloodshed, and that is why they sent a message asking for the release of the Social Revolutionary leaders. It does not matter that these leaders plotted for the death of Lenin, and aided Wrangel, Denikine, and the Allies in the killing of hundreds of thousands of poor Russian workers and peasants. The Jesus-thinker pardons his enemies (sometimes). Would a Socialist Jesus-thinker have pardoned Wrangel and Kolchak? Might he have perhaps even not resisted them, but turned the other cheek? It would have been a lovely ethical gesture, but it would have not been scientific, say the Bolsheviks. And it is not scientific, men being what they are, to give the Russian nation the impression that these Social Revolutionaries were correct in sending an assassin with poisoned bullets to shoot Lenin. Other men are waiting to shoot Lenin, and the Allies still wait outside the borders to swoop down and kill, maim, rape, hang, burn and destroy the citizens of the first worker's republic at the next sign of faltering or weakness. Jesus-thinkers hate to believe this, however. They can never believe anything but goodness of the enemy; they are not scientists, and refuse to accept reality.

I have mentioned Debs in the foregoing paragraph and his message to the Soviets. Debs, of course, is not of the cheap, rangy Socialist political type that seized upon this opening to subtly stir up more sentiment in the west against the Russian regime. He is a friend of the Soviets. He is a labor man to the core, and a great labor man. His message to the striking railroad workers and miners was virile and realistic. It is what Lenin might have said to them. But why this Jesus-taint in the blood of the grand old Debs? Why, if he is behind the strikers, though they have killed scabs here and there, and burned down buildings, does he turn against the Russians, though they have been stung into protection against their own scabs? It is a mystery—a Christian mystery.

No; Jesus was a child, and we must not follow a child in a world where all the strength and wisdom of a man are needed if one is to survive. Millions of human beings die of famine in this world. Millions live in slums, amid bed-bugs, dirt, disease and hunger. Millions work under masters

who starve them and shoot them down in strikes. The hospitals are filled with the innocent victims of poverty, the jails, the asylums tell their story. There is a giant edifice of tyranny and woe built upon human bodies. What is to be done? We must study the conditions and fight a way through this wilderness. We must not think about our own souls; we must think of the destiny of humanity. We must drive through at any cost—the world infamy must end. And it is not enough to feel this all—one must think and act. The legend of Lenin is more beautiful to me than the legend of Jesus. A strong, practical man with a heart as pure as that of Jesus leads great masses to emancipation; steels himself against the bloody sacrifices that must be made, and wins to a tentative victory. Victory—not purity. The Russian Bolsheviks will leave the world a better place than Jesus left it. They will leave it on the threshold of the final victory—the poor will have bread and peace and culture in another generation, not churches and a swarm of lying parasite minister dogs, the legacy of Jesus.

Interior

CONSTRAINEDLY he speaks of his emotions,
Awkward and stiff, as if his thoughts held stings,
Too genuine for artifice of language
Which facile handling of the feelings brings.

Most sensitive, he's locked the finest of him:
Thoughts, fancies, dreams, too tight inside his breast.
Sometimes the pressure of that world within him
Tortures his body, and denies him rest.

I envy her who will be his beloved,
For as each kiss, too tense with longing, clings
She'll feel his dreams brush circling close around her,
The beating of a thousand perfect wings.

Gladys Oaks.

All Fools Address the Artful Wise

WE who have wagered all and lost,
Who dared to fail to count the cost,
Who saw the need and struck the blow,
Who knew but did not choose to know,
Yes, what of us, you sheltered ones,
What of our daughters and our sons,
What of our names when we have passed
Beyond the taunts and slurs you cast,
What of our deeds that you despise,
What of the profit of our emprise?
You who because we dared and fell
May guide your steps from yawning Hell,
You who, because you saw our fate,
Kept safely clear, can you yet hate
The martyred but courageous fools
Who were your self-appointed tools
With which you tried the blazing pit
That you might have the cunning wit
To hurry far in base retreat,
You for whom we met defeat:
We are the damned and driven few
Who proudly dared what you dared not do!

James Waldo Fawcett.

Carma

By Jean Toomer

*Wind is in the cane. Come along.
Cane leaves swaying, rusty with talk,
Scratching choruses above the guinea's squawk,
Wind is in the cane. Come along.*

CARMA, in overalls, and strong as any man, stands behind the old brown mule, driving the wagon home. It bumps and groans and shakes as it crosses the railroad track. She, riding it easy. I leave the men around the stove to follow her with my eyes down the red dust road. Nigger woman driving a Georgia chariot down an old dust road. Dixie Pike is what they call it. Maybe she feels my gaze, perhaps she expects it. Anyway, she turns. The sun, which has been slanting over her shoulder, shoots primitive rockets into her mangrove gloomed yellow flower face. Hi! Zip! God has left the Moses-people for the nigger. "Gedap." Using reins to slap the mule, she disappears in a cloudy rumble at some indefinite point along the road.

(The sun is hammered to a band of gold. Pine-needles, like Madza, are brilliantly aglow. No rain has come to take the rustle from the falling sweet-gum leaves. Over in the forest, across the swamp, a saw-mill blows its closing whistle. Smoke curls up, marvelous web spun by the spider saw-dust pile. Curls up and spreads itself pine high above the branch, a single silver band along the eastern valley. A black boy . . . you are the most sleepest man I ever seed, Sleeping Beauty . . . cradled on a gray mule, guided by the hollow sound of cowbells, heads for them through a rusty cotton field. From down the railroad track the chug-chug of a gas engine announces that the repair gang is coming home. A girl in the yard of a white-washed shack not much larger than the stack of worn ties piled before it, sings. Her voice is loud. Echoes, like rain, sweep the valley. Dusk takes the polish from the rails. Lights twinkle in scattered houses. From far away a sad, strong song. Pungent and composite, the smell of farmyards is the fragrance of the woman. She does not sing; her body is a song. She is in the forest, dancing. Torches flare . . . ju-ju men, gree-gree, witch doctors . . . torches go out . . . The Dixie Pike has grown from a goat-path in Africa. It is night. Foxie, the bitch, slicks back her ears and barks at the rising moon.)

*Wind is in the corn. Come along.
Corn leaves swaying, rusty with talk,
Scratching choruses above the guinea's squawk,
Wind is in the corn. Come along.*

Carma's tale is the crudest melodrama. Her husband's in the gang. And it's her fault he got there. Working with a contractor, he was away most of the time. She had others. No one blames her for that. He returned one day and hung around the town, where he picked up week-old boasts and rumors. Bane accused her. She denied. He couldn't see that she was becoming hysterical. He would liked to have taken his fists and beaten her. Who was strong as a man. Stronger. Words, like cork-screws, wormed to her strength. It fizzled out. Grabbing a gun, she rushed from the house and plunged across the road into a canebrake. There, in quarter heaven, shone the crescent moon. Bane was afraid to follow

till he heard the gun go off. Then he wasted half an hour gathering the neighbor men. They met in the road where lamplight showed the tracks dissolving in the loose earth about the cane. The search began. Moths flickered the lamps. They put them out. Really, because she might still be live enough to shoot. Time and space have no meaning in a canefield. No more than the interminable stalks. Someone stumbled over her. A cry went up. From the road one would have thought that they were cornering a rabbit or a skunk. It is difficult carrying dead weight through cane. They placed her on the sofa. A curious, nosey somebody looked for the wound. This fussing with her clothes aroused her. Her eyes were weak and pitiful for so strong a woman. Slowly then like a flash Bane came to know that the shot she fired, with averted head, was aimed to whistle like a dying hornet through the cane. Twice deceived, and one deception proved the other. His head went off. Slashed one of the men who'd helped, the man who'd stumbled over her. Now he's in the gang. Who was her husband. Should she not take others, this Carma, strong as a man, whose tale as I have told it is the crudest melodrama?

*Wind is in the cane. Come along.
Cane leaves swaying, rusty with talk,
Scratching choruses above the guinea's squawk,
Wind is in the cane. Come along.*

Remorse

NIGHTFALL and dew, and slowly, silently,
Dusk, as a folding blossom, closes down. . . .
Starlight be kind! In mute perplexity
Across my troubled vision floats a frown,
And words, sharp, goading words, that in review
Pass and repass and will not, cannot rest.
Somewhere another waits— Oh, does he, too,
Feel now the anguish that disturbs this breast?

Starlight be kind; the memory erase. . . .
Comes now the dawn! Speed, speed, my little thought,
Be swift, be sure: seek out that sacred place
Where for a tear forgiveness may be bought!
Oh, humble now my contrite spirit comes. . . .
Tell him I love—to this all else succumbs!

Helen Frazee-Bower.

A Sioux Dies In Prison

HE saw the gray light widen in his eyes,
Mirrored with bars and sharp with piercing dread
His pale lips burst into a froth of red—
A shudder—and the faintest of faint sighs . . .
How still it is! The patterned daylight lies
Along his savage limbs and noble head:
Wrapped in the awful silence of the dead
He stares into a void of alien skies.

Hush! Does he hear from his beloved West
The murmur of the Happy Hunting Grounds?
He smiles now in the shadow of the bars.
How still it is! The thin hands on his breast
Seem clutched to brush away the strident sounds
Of sulphurous cities, glowering at the stars.

Ralph Chaplin.

Dogs and Shadows in Japan

By Gertrude Haessler

PUT black hair, a kimono, flapping straw sandals, slightly slanted eyes, and a tanned complexion on each actor in the great revolutionary drama in America—be careful not to change his character and personality—and you have the Japanese radical and general labor situation today. There are the conservative trade unions, punctured by insurgent radicals. There is an insecurely seated Czar Gompers—here his name is Suzuki. The same unwarranted arrests; the same lengthy imprisonment before trial; the same vermin-infested jail; the same third degree; the same tolerably clean but intolerably monotonous penitentiaries after conviction (need I state that the procedure of the trials is in the same high-handed manner?); the same artificially worked-up hysteria against radicals; the same attitude by the police; the same “fink” system; the same idealists, terribly in earnest; the same notoriety seekers within the movement, trying to be little tin-gods; the same cleansing of the Universities by dismissal of “red” professors and students; the same sabotage in industry, surprisingly and quietly efficient; the same two useless big political parties whose most notable characteristic is the absence of any reason for existence other than private gain; the same frantic efforts of the prosecution to establish illegal precedents; attempts to establish unions, pinks, anarchists, scabs, strike-breakers, stool-pigeons, unemployment, mob-rule modeled after the Italian Fascisti and the American Legion, and even the Mooney case has its counterpart—a much more tragic counterpart; it is practically impossible to get facts about this secret frame-up with its hanging of twelve men and the sentencing of another twelve to life imprisonment under such intolerable conditions that some of them (how many, or who they are, one can't discover) have committed suicide. Even the same class-war terms are used—not translated—but incorporated unchanged into the labor language of Japan. “Democracy,” “sabotage,” “revolution,” “capitalism,” “bourgeois,” “proletariat,” “strike,” “lock-out,” “open-shop,” “black-list,” are terms not unknown to all the radicals and active labor organizers in Japan.

One can hardly realize that sixty-four years ago this was a feudalistic country, and that the great issue in the never-ceasing struggle for freedom, was political liberty; that the bourgeois revolution was then in the making. One can hardly realize that in those sixty-four years the country passed through this revolution, recovered from it, and is now preparing for the economic revolution. It has caught up completely with the United States—it can boast of as tyrannical a capitalistic organization, bringing forth the same horror and injustice, the same idealism and altruism, the same soullessness and selfishness, the same misery and stupid patience that characterises Western “civilization.”

All this, and much more, which cannot be published without endangering the lives of my informants, I learned from men so closely connected with the radical movement of Japan, that they are facing long prison sentences on account of their activities.

At twilight, down a narrow path, under rows of tall trees,

in the midst of a pretty Japanese garden, walked three of us on our way to a secret Communist rendezvous. One of us was a Chinese lad of 22, anarchist by philosophy, student by occupation—our guide and host for the evening. The second was an American girl, eager to be introduced to the radical movement. “I had no idea,” she said to me on our way home, “how little I know. I was all ears tonight. I wish you would let me in on all your interviews.” The third was myself—hoping to get a good feature article for the Federated Press. It was to be my first contact with the revolutionary seethings of Japan. We were all expecting to meet the most hunted man in this country—the leader of the underground Communist movement. I say “expected,” because we did not know if he would be able to keep his appointment—he might be in jail again instead.

As we approached the tiny Japanese home of our guide, he pointed to the light on the second floor (he knew only a little English), which meant that others were ahead of us. Whether they were the men we wished to see, or police officers, we could not know until we entered.

Pushing aside the little sliding Japanese door with its innumerable tiny, oblong windows, we found ourselves greeted by a young girl in Chinese costume—the wife of our guide, and hostess for the evening. However, until we left later in the evening, we did not see her again, for she had two slant-eyed, black-haired, doll-like babies to take care of.

Up the steep stairs we went in our stockings—our shoes had been removed and left outside, in Japanese fashion. In the room upstairs we faced the two most intelligent-looking Japanese youths I have seen since I came here two months ago. They were dressed in loose kimonos and Japanese house-sandals—their student caps lay on a table.

Conversation did not progress very well after we were introduced and our host had vanished. We were strangers to these two men, and we had no tangible credentials to prove we were not a part of the vast and rather efficient Japanese espionage system. While we waited for our host to come back and start things a-rolling, I looked round the room with interest.

On the wall over the book-case hung an unframed picture of a familiar, white-bearded face—Tolstoy, whom all Japanese intellectuals love. A higher honor was accorded one who not only is deeply loved, but is insanely worshiped; who represents all the hopes and ideals of this earnest, self-sacrificing little group—Nicolai Lenin's picture had been lovingly placed into a simple frame, and was standing on the table in the most conspicuous position in the room. As I recognized these faces, and told of the many workers' homes where these pictures also adorned the walls—their confidence grew, and soon we were indulging in an exchange of news in which I tried to learn all about the Japanese radical activities, and they were listening to all I could tell them of the American movement. When they heard that I had a credential which is a magical open-sesame into any radical circle—an honorable and clean prison record made by a member of my imme-

diate family — I was taken to their bosoms, and all reserve vanished.

Our host reappeared, carrying refreshments on a tray—glasses containing a dark brown liquor, and a plate with cake. He pointed with pride to the latter, and with a delightful smile brightening his too-serious face, said: "Chinese cake—made in Tokyo." "You love China, don't you?" I asked. "Oh, yes," was the fervent answer, "and when you go there, I will give you letters to my Shanghai Revolutionist friends." Speaking English was difficult for him, for he knew so little—but he knew enough to say that. Indeed, introducing people connected with the movement to each other was his contribution to radicalism. "Are you identified with the Freedom for Korea Movement?" I asked. "I am an anarchist," was the quiet reply, "but I help any progressive movement I can." "What do you do to help?" "I write and speak, and I introduce people to each other who can help." Just a youngster, with young Chinese wife and two tiny children, he is living in this picturesque little Japanese house, supporting the establishment while attending the University. He is never idle—he always has reading matter with him;

once while he and I were eating a cheap dinner together, and had great difficulty in understanding each other, he gave up the effort, pulled out a pamphlet of some kind, and was soon engrossed in it, oblivious to my presence until the inevitable rice was set before him.

I——, Communist and jail-bird, was our interpreter. He had lived in America and was familiar with its radical movement. He had a surprising acquaintance with radical American literature, had met many well-known American revolutionists, and was now very eager to get as much news from me as I could give him. Alas, it was not much—I had been in Honolulu for six months, and things change so very quickly. Then, too, I was thoroughly familiar with the radical movement only in California, and I could give him little news of the east. His questions showed that he followed the American news carefully and eagerly. "How is Jim Larkin's case? (I told him of the excessive bail.) Debs is really free, isn't he? What is the latest progress in the Mooney case? What chance is there for Sacco and Vanzetti? Will there be a general amnesty? How many are still in jail? They are mostly I. W. W., aren't they? Do you



Russell

Social Unrest in the Harem

A Newspaper Headline Says: "Guards and Eunuchs Strike in Turkey."

know Foster?" etc. All were disappointed to hear that I hadn't met the latter. They knew of all his activities in the gigantic steel strike, and T—— was busy on a translation into Japanese of Foster's new book on Russia. Both these men are facing trial again this month, and after they are incarcerated, they will have no opportunity of getting any class struggle news except that which trickles illegitimately into prison.

T—— is the man I was interviewing—he knows little English, and I am afraid that I-san and I, in our eagerness to exchange news, quite forgot what we had come for. But every now and then we stopped speaking so that he could translate what we had been discussing. T-san's face would light up wonderfully whenever he heard of any important progress that had been made; he took notes as we talked, and he answered concisely and intelligently every question that my English-speaking friend (who had just come out of prison and who was not yet quite up-to-date on his facts) could not answer. T-san, not yet thirty years old, is the recognized leader of the Communist Party of Japan—efficient, intelligent, earnest, self-sacrificing; his face is as well known to every policeman and spy in the huge city of Tokyo as Woodrow Wilson's face is to the people of America. He is continually watched—how he managed to slip away this night, I don't know. Perhaps he didn't—very probably he had been followed even to this remote little cottage in the suburbs of Tokyo.

Both these young Communists earn a very meager living—when the penitentiaries are not supporting them—by writing and translating. With them a jail sentence for radicalism is a regular occurrence. They expect no worship from their comrades for their many imprisonments; does the business man expect worship because he pays his taxes? It is his contribution to his society,

I can give only the substance of our conversation—it would be impossible to reproduce the picturesque English of our interpreter, or to describe the mischievous twinkle of his eye whenever he told of the stupid activities of the Tokyo police. Frequently he was forced to hesitate for the correct word—once he called for a dictionary; but his familiarity with the terms frequently used in connection with the American struggle, such as "establishing a precedent," "test case," "appeal to a higher court," etc., was marvelous. Most of what follows I obtained by asking definite questions that I had prepared before I came. This manuscript has been submitted to both these men and approved by them for publication, just as it is given here. We cannot be too careful here in Japan, for arrest is not necessarily based on a spoken or written word or definite act contrary to law, but frequently on the mere passing on of certain kinds of information. For instance, there is a heavy penalty attached just for mentioning certain aspects of a famous anarchist case of some years ago. (Note how indefinite I am in referring to this matter here.)

Every now and then during the conversation one or the other of them would suddenly start up in alarm, and the rest would instantly stop speaking. Sometimes, when anything particularly important was being discussed, all voices were instinctively lowered. They are persistently spied upon; they have not a moment's peace.

The Socialist movement in Japan began 25 years ago, long before organization of labor was begun. It grew steadily, being particularly strong among the manual leaders, but

counting in its membership University professors and students. Naturally, these are dismissed when their sympathies become known. T-san was forced to leave his University in December, 1920.

The movement went through a good many changes during this period, splitting and reuniting several times, persecuted and harassed even under the liberal bourgeois government following the fall of the rule of the aristocracy, and finally blossoming forth into the Japan Socialist League, all radicals, with about 2,000 members. In June, 1921, the second national convention of this organization was called; this was also its last convention. The Federal Government sent a letter to the League's office declaring the organization dissolved. The reason given was that this organization was dangerous to the peace of the people. Without any opportunity to protest, the group found itself disintegrated and disorganized. The movement split into two underground groups—The Communist Party and the Anarchists. No definite information can be obtained about either of these movements—the members themselves have no idea as to their effectiveness or number. It is difficult to carry on the propaganda on account of government suppression and the spy system.

Relation to Other Movements

I was particularly interested in knowing whether the groups work in harmony, for I had been involved in the sad inter-group warfare carried on between radicals of different camps in California. But evidently the "stool-pigeons" here are not yet so efficient as they are in the land of orange groves and jails, for here each group goes on in its own way, spreading propaganda by methods each thinks most effective; they all join forces in perfect cooperation for special occasions, such as the May Day celebration, relief work for Soviet Russia and agitation for the withdrawal of Japanese troops from Siberia.

The general tendency in Japan among radical groups up to 1917 was anarchism, due to the Government suppression of all struggles for the rights of labor. The Russian Revolution changed this and turned the tide toward Communism. Most Japanese laborers are genuinely interested in watching the great Russian experiment, and the radicals among them wish to imitate it. All classes of labor are almost unanimous in a bitter opposition to the Japanese invasion of Siberia.

"The general attitude of the masses toward Communism," said I-san, "is not so indifferent as in America. The people are disappointed in the old unions and are beginning to understand that their salvation lies in some fundamental movement. Unemployment and government suppression brings the laborers to Communism. A year ago they resented the movement, for they believed it disturbed their own interests, but that has all changed, especially since the lies about Russia are no longer believed."

Only about 10 per cent. of the factory workers of Japan are organized. These make up the Japan Federation of Labor, corresponding to our A. F. of L., and are usually opposed to Communism. The labor leaders are rarely real laboring men—most of them have college degrees. Suzuki, the Gompers of Japan, is a graduate of the Imperial University and has never done any manual labor; the same is true of Akamatsu, the prime mover in the J. F. of L., and of Asou and Tanashi.

Japan also seems to have her "liberal-radicals." I men-

tioned that I had seen an article in the paper about the arrest of some Socialists at Omori. "Not so red," said I-san, and hesitated for a word to express his thought. Then, "Pink, I think you call them."

Objects and Methods

The object of the Communist Party is not to have a large membership, or even to have any sort of tangible evidence of its existence. It is an educational movement to accustom Japanese workers to the communistic social system, so that they will be prepared for the coming big industrial revolution. This does not mean that the Communists are not actively working toward the Revolution itself—they are not economic fatalists. In their explanations of Communism, in their leaflets, speeches, in all manner of propaganda, they preach the Revolution that the workers themselves must bring about. Their methods were outlined to me clearly and concisely by T-san.

(1) *Literature*.—Leaflets and pamphlets are used to reach the general masses. Almost every week the papers here print news about arrests that have been made of persons who are caught distributing red literature, or who are found with dangerous literature on them. But the distribution goes fearlessly on, despite the large number of arrests.

(2) *Lecturers*.—Lecturers on Communism are sent to workers groups, study groups, and Socialist groups. All this must be done in secret, for the police are trying to find these hot-beds and suppress them. I was astounded to hear that *thirty such meetings are held in Tokyo every night in the week*. The skill that must be exercised by the lecturers to evade detection, and the loyalty shown by those who hear them, remind one of those wonderful stories of revolutionary activity that used to come from "Darkest Russia."

(3) *Soap-boxing*.—The best way to illustrate soap-boxing on the streets of Tokyo is to quote from an article appearing on that subject in the Japan Advertiser of June 6, 1922, written by an anti-red Japanese: ". . . my attention was attracted by a group of students, some of them wearing ordinary hats and others school caps bearing the badge of Waseda University. Each in turn was addressing the crowd in a high-pitched voice, wearing himself hoarse by his excited shouting. Above the head of the speaker was hung a large placard on which were written the names of such Socialists as Yamakawa and Sakai. I was quite startled by the audacity of the students in carrying on such bold propaganda in the center of a principal thoroughfare which was as light as day. In spite of myself, I was attracted to the crowd and listened attentively.

"Here I met with astonishment for the second time. It was Red propaganda, pure and simple, that they were preaching. Loudly they proclaimed the inevitability of Japan's passing through the same situation in which Soviet Russia now finds herself before Japan would be able to enjoy universal brotherhood. Their language was fiery, their manner vehement. Some of them looked as does Danton in the illustrated pages of Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' Others reminded me of Trotsky, with their heavy tortoise-shell rim glasses. Each spoke for about five minutes. When a pause came in the speaking, they would break into a chorus, singing 'The Song of Revolution,' while some would go among the crowd selling small pamphlets which preached their creed. They had many customers.

"Just then I saw a policeman approaching alone, probably

on his regular beat. He halted on the edge of the crowd, and apparently unnoticed by the Socialists, listened for a few minutes. With intense interest I watched his next move. Suddenly he swung on his heel, turned back down the street, and hurried out of sight in the direction whence he had come. I was certain that he had gone to get reinforcements, and as I waited my interest grew into impatience. A horde of policemen scuffling with a dozen Red desperadoes would be an interesting sight.

"To my great disappointment, however, the students hauled down their flag and made ready for a rapid shift of location. Apparently accustomed to an incident of this sort, they packed up their few things with great alacrity and moved off, withdrawing into a small dark street that branched off at right angles to the north of the main thoroughfare."

(4) *Personal Contact*.—Since last year, the Communist idea has been taking hold of the farmer-peasant, who is very hard to reach. Strong local traditional prejudices have to be overcome in working with this group. I imagine it is the same trouble the Revolution in Russia encountered with the peasant there. The methods used in Japan are as follows: the Communists try to get just one man in a community interested in the ideas. He does the rest—for the conversion of a local man in a community where each one has known everyone else for generations, is infinitely more effective than a thousand lecturing strangers would be. If it is impossible to interest any local man, then a Communist goes into the community to live, becomes part of it, slowly wins its confidence, and finally has the influence that a local convert would have. Men of suitable temperament and personality are chosen for this type of work. There seems to be nothing haphazard about the activities of the Communist group—there are no such futile, sporadic, independent spurts of action that one finds all over America. The inroads made in the peasant-farmer group are considered one of the most hopeful phases of the Communist movement in Japan.

Every advantage is taken of the present prevalent unemployment and the stupid police and government suppression. The latter is directed not only against the Radicals, but against what in America would be considered "legitimate" labor activity. Even the simple, conservative trade-union is suffering from the onslaughts of the over-zealous capitalistic government—with the result that the ranks of the Communists and Anarchists are swelling.

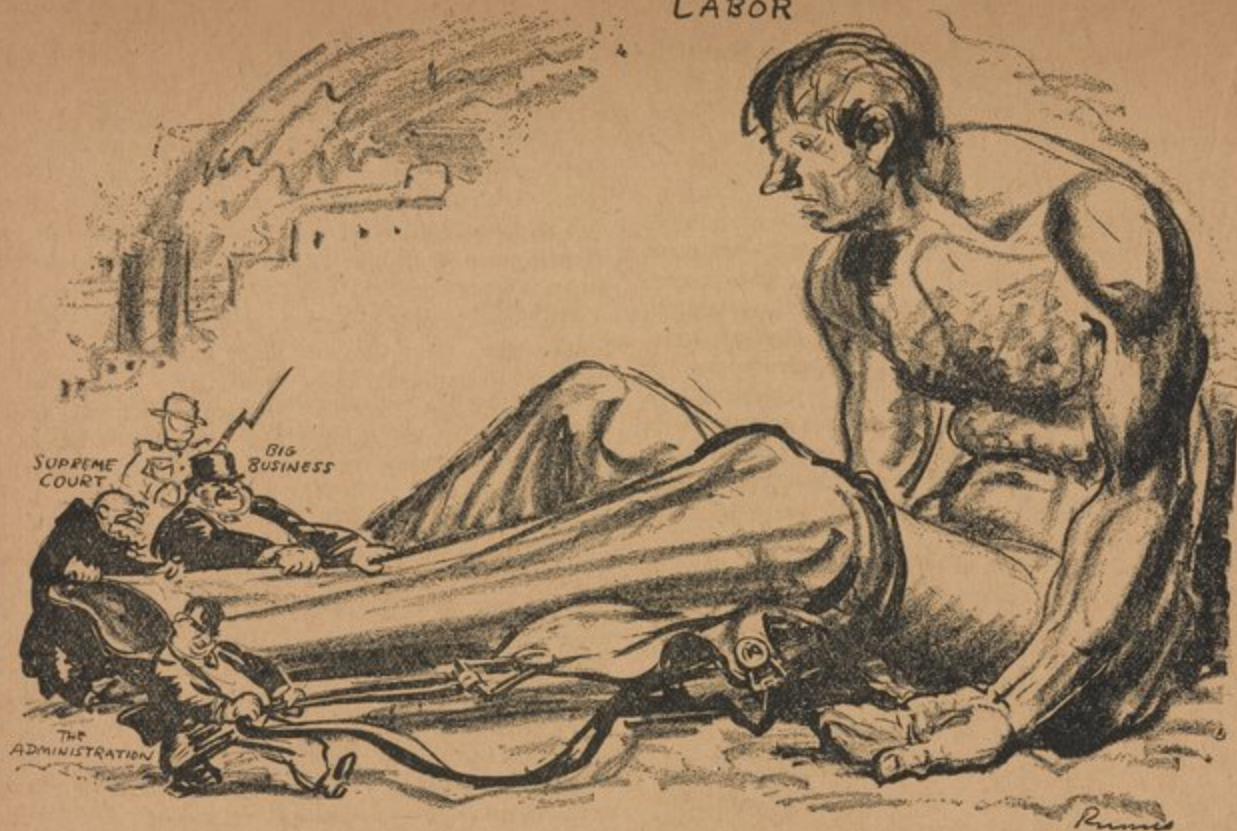
Internationalism

The Japanese Communists are members of the Third International. Up to one year ago there was no connection between the Japanese and foreign movements, but the outlook of Japanese labor and radicals is becoming more and more international. All pamphlets written on labor or radical subjects are now put from the international point of view.

Sabotage

The first big sabotage movement in Japan occurred in 1920 and was surprisingly successful. There had been a general demand for the eight-hour day and higher wages among the employes of the Kawasaki Dockyards at Kobe, where battleships were being built. Comrade Yamakawa had just published an article on sabotage which profoundly affected the thought of these discontented workingmen. The article is considered to be directly responsible for the spontaneous application of this method by 30,000 workers, who had probably

LABOR



The Big Boob



"Read It and Weep, Comrades!"

Four Cartoons



Go Easy—We don't want to destroy the unions altogether—their successors might not be so easy to manage.



Christ Can Conquer All!

King Alfonso Washes a Peasant's Feet as a Sign of Humility, say Newspapers. B. C. Forbes, financial writer, thinks the same idea might help us solve our labor problems.

ons by Russell

never before acted in unison in their common struggle. It was entirely successful in gaining for them what they demanded. Since then sabotage has become one of the most widely used weapons of Japanese labor. Whenever a strike is contemplated, the more peaceful "slow-down" method is first tried. It is generally successful, and there are quiet unseen labor triumphs, too numerous to record, contributing to the general emancipation of the industrial proletariat of Japan. When sabotage is not successful, the open strike is resorted to, also with general success.

Opposition

Besides general police persecution and government suppression, the Communist movement is hampered by the Koku Sui Kai (literally translated "Essence of the Country Association"), composed of the usual anti-labor hordes—gamblers, owners of houses in the red-light districts, and other disreputable elements; small shop keepers; and some honest-minded idiots who have been influenced by the artificially worked up anti-labor hysteria. This is the Fascisti Movement of Japan—a Ku Klux Klan organized primarily for the stamping out of radicalism. It was organized about three years ago, has branches all over the country—even in tiny hamlets with sparse populations. Its officers usually are discharged soldiers, Shinto priests, and firemen. It engages in America's most popular national sport—mob-rule—breaking up labor meetings with fists, clubs, knives, and daggers; lynching the leaders; and generally going on a grand "in the name of law and order" holiday whenever it feels particularly peppy. One would almost suspect that the lumber barons of the American Northwest, the anti-negroes of the South, "American Planners" of Chicago, or the Better America League of California, are behind this organization, were it not for the fact that there is no money in it for these elements. The police are blind when any scimmages are taking place, and sometimes they openly assist the attacking mob. The organization, says I-san, is supported by the Metropolitan Police Bureau and by the Federal Bureau of the Interior.

Prison Conditions for Reds

"Conditions in prison?" (I-san is again speaking.) "Well, they will allow only such reading matter as passes the censor. The prison library consists of religious books and books that make you good—what do you call it? Oh, yes, capitalist ethics. There are two Buddhist priests, but we can have Christian preachers if we want them, though our religion is Communism."

"The food is monotonous. Three times a day we have a sort of cake made of seven parts barley and three parts rice, and some dust added. Morning and evening we have bean soup." I interrupted to tell of the bean diet that San Quentin feeds its guests, and he immediately translated to T-san. These boys were interested in American jails, for they were at this moment facing a hopeless trial.

"We can have baths twice a week and the prison is clean—the jails where we await trial are very dirty and many bugs are there." Again I interrupted to tell of the county jails of California with their "crumbs," and again this was translated.

"The prisons are not heated in winter, but I had enough clothing to keep me warm. Perhaps some of the prisoners freeze in winter, but I don't need much to keep warm."

"As for news from the outside, while the case is pending

we can receive letters from our immediate family twice a week, which are carefully censored so that no red news comes in. We can also have letters from friends. The authorities carefully search letters for any kind of mark, for they are afraid of code messages coming in. No magazines whatever are allowed—the reason given is that the prisoners do not need to know what is happening outside. There is no particular discrimination against political prisoners, but they are not allowed to mix with the others for fear of spreading the scarlet disease."

"Do the officials use torture as they are said to do in Korea?"

"Not exactly torture—they have the third degree as they do in America, and sometimes they make us stand up a long time and hit us. They are not cruel," he added laughing, "just very stupid."

(I have been told that a Japanese will try every other means of getting a living before he will join the police force. Just as the army in the United States is the last resort when starvation threatens, so the police force in Japan gets its recruits from the ignorant, incapable, or worthless class of men, who have found it impossible to compete with their more intelligent comrades in the struggle for existence.)

Case Now in Court

"In the fall of 1921 posters appeared all over Japan—very mysterious." I-san stopped speaking to indulge in gleeful hilarity with his companion. "Some of them like this—

'Down with Capitalism.'

'Up with Communism.'

'Don't fight each other.'

'All power to the workers.'

'Immediate withdrawal of troops from Siberia.'

'Join the Third International.'

There were 34 different kinds, all in Japanese. They came from America," he slyly announced, while that little devil danced in his eye. "They were found even on the police boxes and on the fences of official buildings and the residences of the wealthy."

This seemed to have been the signal for wholesale arrests. "In November, 1921, I was arrested on a charge of distributing literature among the soldiers." "Were you a soldier then?" I asked. "No," he said without resentment, but in a tone of voice which really meant, "Hell, no!" "I was also charged with being the writer of the pamphlets. Within a week 17 more were arrested on the same charge, among them T-san's wife with baby, another comrade's wife, and Comrade Sakai's daughter. T-san was already in prison at the time. After we were all in jail, they brought still another charge against us—that we were Communists and organizers of a secret party. We were not tried until March 15, 1922." "It is like America," I said. "We also serve our sentences before we are tried."

"We were in the dirty police jails all those months, could not see anyone, and could get no letters. In the meantime, Government propaganda was artificially arousing a hysteria against us. Our friends were gathered in the galleries as we entered the court-room, and they greeted us and welcomed us, and sang revolutionary songs for us. But the court was soon cleared of them and the trial proceeded in absolute secrecy. On April 20 the verdict was brought. No need to tell you what it was. You are familiar with such procedures in

America. I got three years and a fine of 50 yen, and six others got one year and no fine. The rest were fined 50 yen, and received no prison sentence. Although these sentences were not so heavy as we expected, we appealed to a higher court, for the importance of the case lies in the fact that it is the first case of its kind in Japan, and the authorities are frantically trying to establish a precedent. The next trial is set for June 27, and we intend, if necessary, to make a test case of it in the supreme court."

They are being tried as I am writing this.

Before the evening had progressed very far, I realized that the material I was gathering was not suitable for a news service. It is too far-reaching in scope even for a feature article for a news service. It requires a radical magazine to publish it. So I announced my intention of trying to write up this subject-matter for the *Liberator* rather than for the *Federated Press*, giving the latter an article based more on the purely labor news, and reserving for the larger article everything of interest to the internationally-minded radical.

Both the young men knew the *Liberator* thoroughly, and the joy they expressed at the announcement upset me not a little. "Don't expect too much," I said; "I have never written for the *Liberator*; I don't know whether they would have space for this article with the news pouring in from Russia, and I have never attempted to write the style of article the *Liberator* likes to publish. But it won't harm to try. I shall send it to them, and if they can't use it, they will send it on to the *Federated Press*, who can revise it and print it in the regular newspaper vernacular."

They promised not to hope too much, but they realized so poignantly what the publicity of an article in the *Liberator* would mean to their movement here, that they could not conceal their hope that I would succeed.

The mention of the *Liberator* brought on a general discussion of American magazines. The only other two they thought worth considering were the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. (The *Freeman* is probably not known to them because of its extreme youth.) "I like the *Nation*," said I-san, "because its news is always absolutely reliable, and it is not unfair to those it criticizes. If it makes a mistake, it admits it prominently. Of course it is not so radical as we would like it to be, but perhaps it is better so—it gives the really important news uncolored by any partizanship. I like the *New Republic* less—it is less courageous and not consistent."

As we pulled on our shoes preparatory to leaving, I noticed that T-san donned the queer little straw hat that our host had worn earlier in the evening, and that the latter wore a student cap. This was self-explanatory later.

It was a gorgeous moonlight night, and as we trudged toward the street car I felt at peace with the world. As usual, after contact with such heroic and enthusiastic unselfishness as I had experienced this night, I felt as though I were living on a higher plane than before.

Quietly T-san dropped behind us. I thought he was uninterested in our conversation, for he did not understand much English; but when I glanced quickly back a few moments later, I noticed that with head averted he was passing a police station and studiously examining the signs on the shops across the way. "If you are seen with him," said I-san, "perhaps you will have a dog following you, too."

Instantly my contentment vanished—I came down to the matter-of-fact cruel earth with a thud. I remembered that human beings will hunt another down, invade his private life, and spy upon him continually, leaving him no peace in his idealistic attempts to lighten the burdens of the world. "We have them in America, too," I said sorrowfully, "but there we call them shadows." "That is much more artistic," exclaimed my companion; he translated for our friend who had caught up with us again, and they both laughed merrily. "They shall all be shadows in Japan hereafter," he gravely decided.

Do you know, oh you spies in the Flowery Kingdom, that you were instantly, one and all, transformed from dogs into shadows on that lovely moonlit night?

Hobo-Mood

A SMUDGE of smoke across a lilac sky
 Marks where a hull-down tramp-ship, loaded deep
 With cotton, oil, and wheat for Liverpool,
 Is bulging through the jade-green shouldering swells
 Into the open sea, while on the beach
 Green-amber ripples edged with fairy lace
 Crawl slowly up in arcs of quivering foam.

. . . And as I watched the slowly-fading smoke
 My heart flared up in white flames of revolt
 Against the sharp futility of life
 Upon an endless treadmill . . . and I longed
 To wander to the corners of the world:
 To go to Tarragona and Capri,
 Bokhara, Samarkand, and Zunguru,
 And Singapore, Kyoto, Sahagun. . . .
 Dear, lovely names, each one a shining poem,
 An ancient call that summoned splendid men
 From homes and counting-houses, sending them
 On fruitless searchings for that subtle thing
 That men have always sought and never found.

Such splendid names of far-off places have
 A magic witchery that whets my heart
 To steel-edged restlessness—the wanderlust
 Evoked whene'er I see blue autumn stars
 Dim-glimmering through thick clots of factory smoke
 That sootily obscures a fragile dusk.

Stanley E. Babb.

A True Poem

O H. you who love so wisely,
 So tranquilly and well;
 Be kinder to my kind of love,
 Heaven mixed with Hell.

Your love does not disturb you,
 Just answers at your call:
 While my outrageous kind of love
 Never behaves at all.

Anne Herendeen.

For the Silent Defenders

By Arthur Shields

JACK RANDOLPH was in jail in Portland, Oregon, as many a wobbly organizer had been before, when he was suddenly taken out and arraigned before the local magistrate on a fresh count. "Charged with obstructing traffic and inciting to riot," read the clerk. Five and twenty deputy sheriffs swore that a violent revolutionary speech was made by Randolph in the middle of the sacred highway.

"Why, Your Honor," gasped Randolph, "I was in jail at that time."

"Sure he was," corroborated the police sergeant, fetching in the police record of his previous incarceration.

The man in dark robes swung the evidence on the scales and appraised the balance in the light of the needs of the best people of Portland.

"Five days!" he said coldly. "You need not think that a police blotter is going to outweigh the testimony of twenty-five officers of the law. These deputy sheriffs are public officials. They are paid to speak the truth. It is not to their interest to distort the truth." And Randolph was led back to the jail.

In the cell Jack discovered an old copy of Pilgrim's Progress which the Salvation Army had sent around for the good of his soul. It proved surprisingly delightful, for his recent experiences had given him the background to appreciate one of the choicest scenes in the old allegory. The trial of Christian and Faithful before My Lord Hategood in the courts of Vanity Fair was a nice reflection of the court scenes of Portland.

Jack has told me also that his adventures with the law gave him a further insight into Shakespeare, and that he now knows the critics are all wrong when they give serious heed to the assumption that old man Lear went a little "off." So far as he is concerned, he says, when the wandering king howled out "Which is the justice, which the thief?" he was just talking sense.

Pacific Coast judges have been generous in their schooling of the wobblies in the ways and wherefores of legal procedure, from the earliest days on, but the fact is that this tutelage was still in its elementary stages in 1913, when Randolph saw the testimony of a police blotter outweighed by the five and twenty deputies. It was not actually till the New Freedom reached its climax in 1917 that their higher education began, and so well did the judicial instructors do their work that in the course of the next two years a strong movement against participating in legal defense gained ground among radical unionists. This sentiment found its first and only large scale expression in the famous Silent Defense of forty-three members of the I. W. W. at Sacramento in the early part of 1919.

The Sacramento Silent Defense was a natural outcome of the disillusioning experiences the boys had been going through. Perhaps they still kept one illusion—that the working class would rise against such flagrant persecution of members of

its class. And it is open to argument as to whether they would not have eventually gained by using conventional defense methods and getting the facts of their innocence on the court record for the sake of future propaganda and appeals in spite of the apparent hopelessness of winning a victory at that time over a picked jury and a red-eyed, lynch-exciting press. Lawyers who have gone over the records say that every one of the charges of violence could have been disproved, as in the Chicago I. W. W. case, in which the appellate court, at a later and calmer period, dismissed all the counts except those regarding expression of opinion. All this sounds plausible, but it is very easy to reason this way if one is not looking out on the world through the bars that blurred the sunlight from the tiny hole where the Sacramento defendants were herded together for a full year before trial. These men, rotting in the filth of a room so meager that there was space for only half of them to lie down at one time on the cement floor that was their only bed—rotting and dying (five died) and seeing their witnesses arrested—felt that legal defense was not worth the cost. And when Godfrey Ebel, a long time I. W. W., who had been held incommunicado for a hundred days as a



A. Rose

Movie Training

"Now, all together, roll your eyes—one, two, three!"

prosecution witness, was finally thrown into the indictment with the rest because he refused to line up against his fellow workers, then it seemed more absurd than ever to expect any justice from the federal authorities in California.

Three and a half years have passed since the blazing defiance at Sacramento, and the eloquent silence of 1919 has changed to the deadening hush of the prison corridor. There is nothing dramatic, in doing time, and the labor world, fighting for its life against the open shop drive, is paying heed to other and more exciting scenes. There is danger that these brave men will be forgotten by all but their fellow workers in the far west and a few thousand others. And even the splendid campaign now being carried on by the General Defense Committee and other organizations for the release of all war-time industrial prisoners may hardly roll back the stone that is being cemented over their memory by time.

The campaign in behalf of the twenty-six Silent Defenders still in Leavenworth has greater obstacles than those that beset the work for the rest of the politicals. Among the Chicago group, for instance, are poets, speakers and organizers who are known nationally and internationally. Their names were carefully selected for the indictment because they stood out from the mass. In the five months' court drama before Judge Landis their personalities unavoidably received still further advertising. In fact, one of the Chicago defendants now at liberty had attracted so much attention as a writer of beautiful lyrics that such champions as H. G. Wells and Hudson Maxim came to his aid. But the case of the Silent Defenders by its very nature did not lend itself to such support and publicity. Through their policy of refusing to go on the witness stand or to take any other part in the trial, the identity of each defendant was lost in the silent group. And in addition their ranks included few notables in the labor world. With few exceptions they were the everyday I. W. W. of the West, the job rebels who had come into the only union that seemed concerned with the welfare of the men who followed their line of work. They were the migratory laborers in the seasonal industries of the Pacific Coast, the "bindle stiffs," who carry their blankets from the harvest fields to the lumber camps and the construction jobs. They are a class of men who are almost looked on as a separate species by their more fortunate brothers. Strong and inured to hardship they are, but cut off from the ordinary social life of the race. With no one to help them but themselves, they had begun to band together into the I. W. W. In the opportune period of war hysteria the California authorities cast a dragnet out at I. W. W. halls, employment offices and other congregating places, and gathered them up as they came, the rank and file of the union that was endangering the low wage scales in the seasonal industries.

It is true that there were a few exceptions to this general classification. For instance there were Mortimer Downing and Fred Esmond, the first a Washington correspondent and special writer for many years, the latter an Oxford graduate of brilliant attainments. Mortimer Downing I saw in Leavenworth, a tall, courtly man, giving no hint of his sixty years, with a back as gracefully supple as an Indian athlete's and eyes that looked straight into yours. He was teaching the class in advanced English, a task voluntarily added to his regular penitentiary stint. There was a vigorous poise, a strength in repose, about him, that made me want to talk to him for one minute more, but the guard was tugging at my arm, and I had to go.

But far and away the majority of the Sacramento men were a rough and ready lot of migratory workers, though with more nervous energy and determination than belong to the ordinary unorganized worker. Their native mental energy they are now showing in their prison studies, where they are coining their leisure hours into treasures for future use by following engineering specialties and foreign languages. And the hardships and discouragements of prison have failed to turn any of them, so far as a visitor can learn, from the intention to take up their union activities again so soon as they shall be released.

It seems unfair to mention any more individuals, or to leave unerased the mention that has already been made, because it is impossible to mention all, and the Sacramento group has given no encouragement to this sort of thing. But nevertheless I find it humanly impossible to follow this strict code, for as I write I cannot help listening to the conversation of several released political prisoners who, here in my room, are talking of the men they left behind in Leavenworth. They are talking about the Sacramento group, who number more than one-third of the total list of politicals there. Just now the conversation is turning on James Quinlan, and I am getting a vivid flash of this grizzled veteran of fifty, whose spirit is still untamed after two years in the isolation cell on the charge of beating a guard. And a moment before they were telling of George O'Connell, sun-burned, square-jawed and brave-hearted, whose unflinching reply to all speculations about the opening of the gates is, "Father Time will take care of it." And now one of the boys is wondering how Bill Hood's little patch of flowers is getting on, and is picturing Bill's tender care of the sprigs of green and petals of gold and rose rising out of the tiny rectangle allowed to him in the sun-baked prison yard.

It's a long, long way to Leavenworth, and the radical or liberal resting in the cosy life of New York, with its brilliant theatrical entertainments like the "Hairy Ape" within call, and the roaring surf in easy reach for a plunge is likely to pay little heed to the sorrow and injustice of this far-away case. Distance lends forgetfulness to all but a few. The ones who do not forget, however, are the men who are bound to the California boys by no distant ties of abstract sympathy, but by the glowing bonds of comrades who have fought together in a common cause.

Song

O H, here the dreamy young queens sat,
And combed their long hair in the sun,
Before the hoot-owl and the bat,
Ended the warm day, sweet begun.

Here their eternal summer day,
They sat a-spinning on the hill,
And said the things they had to say,
Before the moon cloud hushed them still.

And now they've faded like a mist
You cannot see them in the clouds,
And the soft hair that heroes kissed,
Are floating under starry shrouds.

Marya Zaturensky.



Reginald Marsh

"G'wan, whadd'ye worryin' about?"

Ringin' the Dumbells

KANSANS live longer than the people of any other state. Judging by the experiences of William Allen White, this may be regarded as coming under the head of tough luck.

ON the other hand, Washington leads all cities in longevity. The Old Guard surrenders back and forth and vice versa, but it never dies.

GREAT BRITAIN has refused to permit the search of her vessels by American rum-seekers. Now we'll have to have the war of 1812 all over again with reverse English.

"**D**ROP Hearst Boom, Hunt Dark Horse." We can recommend this *Times* headline to the student of English—and politics.

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER was ejected from Colorado "for the best interests of the state," said Adjutant-General Hamrock. "No law was consulted." Hamrock ex-

plained that Foster's presence was sure to lead to law-breaking. Apparently it did.

"**R**AIL chiefs are widely split by Harding's proposal," says a headline. Probably as near as Harding will ever come to being a rail-splitter.

BOTH party managers report great apathy among contributors to campaign funds and no tendency to loosen up. Anyone feeling unable to weep might try tear gas.

"**T**HE Philippines are American territory," says the New York Tribune, "and there is no good reason why they should not remain so." Philippinal servitude for life.

LADY RHONDA has been refused a seat in the House of Lords. This is all wrong. Peeresses should be made to sit there until they shriek for mercy.

COLONEL HARVEY says that though perhaps Providence would never have allowed the Germans to destroy civilization, it was North-cliff that really pulled us through. This leaves the senior partner with an awful load to carry.

WHAT we need, says a writer for the League for Industrial Democracy, is a permanent fact-finding body. Yes, and another thing we need is a permanent fault-finding body.

IT is said that one publisher has swallowed the plan for the censorship of books. But one swallow does not make a Sumner.

THERE is a movement on foot to give John S. Sumner a moronorary title.

THE Sheriff of Thou-shalt-notingham.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

THE LIBERATOR

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Georgia Dusk

THE sky, lazily disdaining to pursue
The setting sun, too indolent to hold
A lengthened tournament for flashing gold,
Passively darkens for night's barbecue,

A feast of moon and men and barking hounds,
An orgy for some genius of the South,
With blood-shot eyes and cane-lipped scented mouth,
Surprised in making folk-songs from soul sounds.

The saw-mill blows its whistle, buzz-saws stop,
And silence breaks the bud of knoll and hill,
Soft settling pollen where plowed lands fulfill
Their early promise of a bumper crop.

Smoke from the pyramidal saw-dust pile
Curls up, blue ghosts of trees, tarrying low
Where only chips and stumps are left to show
The solid proof of former domicile.

Meanwhile, the men, with vestiges of pomp,
Race memories of king and caravan,
High-priests, an ostrich and a juju-man,
Go singing through the foot-paths of the swamp.

Their voices rise . . . the pine-trees are guitars,
Strumming, pine-needles fall like sheets of rain . . .
Their voices rise . . . the chorus of the cane
Is carolling a vesper to the stars . . .

O singers! resinous and soft your songs
Above the sacred whisper of the pines,
Give virgin lips to cornfield concubines,
Bring dreams of Christ to dusky cane-lipped throngs.

Jean Toomer.

Sonnet

HOW I am humbled who was madly proud
And bit my lip, and found the world too small,
Looked on all mankind as one vulgar crowd,
Saw in the earth and sky, the rise and fall
Of seas and empires an eternal folly,
Nothing to make me glad that I was born,
Nothing to stir me but to melancholy
Masked in the iron masquerade of scorn.

And now, only to feel your hand in mine
Or hear your voice is something more than heaven;
And I, who scorned things mortal and divine,
Am glad to be mortal, glad to be forgiven;
Glad to find in your least favor granted
All I have sought, all I have ever wanted.

David Abarbanel.

The Shepherd

THAT man hath a devil behind his eyes.
Long, lean and tired, he is like our own hills
Late in the summer, hills burnt by the sun,
That have long forgotten the green of spring and rain.
His hair is bleached and grizzled like a wolf's,
And like a wolf his devil sits and grins
Behind his eyes;
The wolf of loneliness.
As he talks and laughs he pushes it away,
But it never retreats far
Until it turns and waits—
Waits till he heads his pinto on the trail
That leads to his lonely cabin on the hills.

Beulah May.

To My Mother

WHAT matter if my words will be
As weak as weeds upon the sea,
Be sure of this, that they will show
Which way my tides of loving flow.

I watch you lift away a mask
From every drudging household task;
And leaning down as to a cup,
You smile to sip the pleasure up.
Your days are soft, confiding birds
That murmur to you secret words,
Till knowledge sunken in your eyes,
Is eloquent how you are wise.
You wear your working like a song
That only girds your spirit strong;
Till draining joy from everything,
You smile to give despair a wing.

Louis Ginsberg.

Silhouette

SLANT a black wind lies
Against a gilt moon,
Holding to his heart
Echoes of a stray tune.

Shadows cluster close
Huddled in blue air,
Whirling through the wind,
Find frail anchor there.

Quick the shadows fly
To the tallest tree,
Flinging veiled echoes
Of a tune to me.

Judith Tractman.

In the World of Books

Don Juan at Fifty

Casanova's Homecoming. By Arthur Schnitzler. Privately Printed (By Thomas Seltzer) For Subscribers Only.

DON JUAN is a Christian hero. As a person he is the product, as a figure in literature he is the invention, of a civilization which professed chastity as an ideal and practiced seduction as an amusement. He is an exalted personage among bootleggers, pirates, financiers and others who, by force or cunning, manage to get around the law. Society has always worshipped the adroit, and Christian society has worshipped Don Juan because he was adroit enough to fulfill the dream of every man, which is to be the lover of many women.

In the ancient civilizations of Greece, Rome, and Jerusalem, and in the civilizations of the Orient there have been heroes legendary for their good looks, their courage, and their wit; but none legendary for the great number of their love affairs; because in those civilizations heroes belonged to the ruling classes, and members of the ruling classes had as many wives as their incomes would permit.

But in mediaeval Europe everybody professed to believe sex an abomination, and yet everybody except the sopranos in the Pope's choir wished to enjoy the forbidden fruit. Out of this dilemma Don Juan was born; and, as the Devil in Christian ideology is a hero almost on the same level as God, so Don Juan sits enthroned in glory beside the Holy Virgin.

Of late the reputation of Don Juan has suffered a little at the hands of modern literature. Along with other idols

of our forefathers, the shabby side of his nature has been shown up. Henri Battaille's "L'homme a la Rose" was one exposure; Schnitzler's romance is another.

In each case Don Juan is presented at the decline of his powers. His neck is wrinkled with age, his charm is growing stale with the years, and the gallant who at thirty was loved, envied, and applauded, is at fifty a forlorn and futile figure. Don Juan past his prime is tragic in the way that prize-fighters, actors, and courtesans past their prime are tragic. It is a variation on the theme of *C'était la belle Hialmere*: this was the beautiful Hialmere whose loveliness once touched with desire all men who saw her, and now she is a foul old hag, nothing but skin and bones, her mouth like a dried lemon and her breasts sagging like pieces of cloth.

"Casanova's Homecoming" is Schnitzler's melancholy completion of the train of fantasies which began with "Anatole" and reached their climax in "Reigen." The two adventures which Casanova has in this book are really the final affairs of Anatole. And as one notes the finality of these affairs and the regrets of Casanova one begins to marvel at the stupidity of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The book is now on trial before the courts on a charge of immorality. Yet it is one of the most moral books ever written. It has all the dullness of a Sunday School tract. No sermon in a New England church on the folly of sin could be more commonplace than Casanova's thoughts on the failure of his life:

"Had he in youth but had leisure and patience to devote himself seriously to the work of the pen, he was confident he could have ranked with the leading members of the profession of authorship, with the greatest imaginative writers and philosophers. He was as sure of this as he was sure that, granted more perseverance and foresight than he actually possessed, he could have risen to supreme eminence as financier or as diplomat. But what availed his patience and his foresight, what became of all his plans in life, when the lure of a new love adventure summoned? Women, always women. For them he had again and again cast everything to the winds; sometimes for women who were refined, sometimes for women who were vulgar; for passionate women and for frigid women; for maidens and for harlots. All the honors and all the joys in the world had ever seemed cheap to him in comparison with a successful night upon a new love quest."

These platitudes ought to warm the virtuous heart of Mr. Sumner, especially since the only two sexual adventures in the book are as vague in detail as the most corseted and prim mid-Victorian novel. In one case the proceedings are modestly covered by the phrase that the girl let Casanova "do whatever he pleased." In the other the sensual details are carefully veiled by layers



A. Rose

How gaily the bachelor writes of Love!

romantic and philosophical associations.

Had Mr. Sumner read the Decameron, or Droll Stories, or even Mademoiselle de Maupin, which the courts have declared to be virtuous enough to be sold to the public, he would only have been bored with "Casanova's Homecoming." Any college fraternity, lodge meeting, jury conclave, political convention, or friendly conversation with judges and lawyers during court recess will furnish him with American smutty stories far more juicy than anything Schnitzler has ever written.

But of course Mr. Sumner would never think of suppressing college fraternities, lodges, juries, or political conventions because they tell smutty stories. He is not paid to do that. Besides the smutty story is an accepted institution in America, where literature is looked upon with suspicion, when looked upon at all, and the traveling salesman is a national figure.

It is undoubtedly because "Casanova's Homecoming" is a piece of literature, however inadequate, that the puritans of the country are seeking to suppress it. Don Juan is an alien figure in America. Henri Bataille's play, gorgeous with costumes and full of pretty girls, could not stir Broadway. It was taken off the boards in less than a month, a miserable failure.

We laugh best at our own creeds, and America couldn't laugh at Don Juan because it doesn't believe in him. Not because America is more virtuous than Europe. Lechery is as common here as anywhere. The vices of Paris, Florence, and Madrid are all to be found in New York. But Don Juan is the idealization of a fact, and America has not yet developed the imagination for idealizing the facts of its life. In Europe love outside of marriage has been made material for art; in America it is still merely a scandal for the Sunday papers.

The chief explanation for the attempt to suppress "Casanova's Homecoming" is to be found in the bourgeois character of our civilization. America is the flower of middle-class development; and the keynote of middle-class thinking, as has been observed several thousand times before, is hypocrisy. In America one may be as promiscuous as Casanova, but one may not talk about it. That is, one may not talk about it seriously and beautifully. One may talk about it only in the lewd and chop-licking way in which the newspapers discussed the crude details of the recent Hollywood scandals.

In view of these considerations, it is unfair to call Schnitzler's book moral in the ordinary sense of the term, as so many liberal reviewers have done. Outside of the passage quoted above, the book is moral, not in the sense in which the decalogue is moral, but in the sense in which King Lear is moral. Because the trouble with Casanova is not that he is lascivious, and his tragedy is not the tragedy of sin. It is something far deeper. It is the tragedy of old age.

An old Don Juan is a sad sight, but no sadder than any other has-been, than an old singer whose voice has cracked or a champion who has been knocked out by a younger man. It is primarily the tragedy of those who entrust their happiness to the ephemeral power of personal charm or physical strength. In the long run, it is really the tragedy of having outlived one's day; because the statesman who is a back



A. Rose

A. Rose

How dreary the love tales of the married man!

number and the writer whose influence is dead are in the same melancholy class. The aged Don Juan is no more to be sermonized about—and no less—than the isolated Woodrow Wilson or the poet Verlaine, whom a new generation is mocking as an imbecile. If flesh is perishable, so are reputations. It is merely a question of time.

Schnitzler shakes his head over the fading power of Casanova, but not with the aggressive chastity of comstockery; rather slowly and sadly, as did those wise and weary old men who first observed, *sic transit gloria mundi*.

However, there is no conflict between love and accomplishment in other fields. Casanova's regret becomes ironical when one remembers that Byron, Goethe, and Napoleon, lovers almost as prolific as himself, managed to achieve better things in addition. Casanova's tragedy lies not in his promiscuity, but in his failure to get anything out of it. To him each affair was not an experience, but a mere incident, something like whiskey which stimulates for the moment, but soon passes, leaving nothing in its wake except a desire for more whiskey. His life was one without essential memory or continuity, and his memoirs read like a bound volume of the Congressional Record. The same thing happens over and over again. Each affair is much like the affairs before it and the affairs after it.

In the world of love Casanova is a tourist rather than a traveler. Balzac knew one woman intimately and told us volumes about life; Casanova knew many and tells us nothing. The names of his mistresses change, but Casanova remains the same. For all that his experiences meant to him, he might just as well have been virtuous.



A Freudian Session

By William Gropper

It is creative imagination which gives validity to experience, and Casanova lacked creative imagination. Had he abstained from love and devoted himself to literature he would probably have been unhappy. As it was, he at least had a good time, having "lived such a life as none other before him." If he had made poems, paintings, or music out of his experiences he might have had a much better time. That is his failure. His life was magnificent material which his talent wasted; and Schnitzler's book is an attempt to see this waste imaginatively.

But these things the Puritans of America cannot understand. Casanova's failure in the realm of ideas they will forgive, but his success in the realm of sex, never; because they care nothing about ideas, and care very much about sex. They will not even see that essentially they belong in the same class with Casanova. Because the trouble with them is not so much that they are Puritans, but that they, too, lack creative imagination. For, after all, the man who preached the sermon on the Mount was also a Puritan.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

Love in Alaska

Alaska Man's Luck. A Romance of Fact. By Hjalmar Rutzebeck. (Boni and Liveright.)

My Alaskan Idyll. By Hjalmar Rutzebeck. (Boni and Liveright.)

HJALMAR RUTZEBECK, a big husky Danish working-man, was out of a job in 1914 and beating his way northward through California. At San Jose he jumped the blind baggage of an early morning train, and rode to San Francisco, paid his fare to Oakland, and was jumping another train there when one of the railroad bulls got him. He had reasons—more reasons than most people have—for not wanting to go to jail; so he broke away. The bull drew his gun and fired, and the bullets went into the buildings along Sixteenth street as the big Dane swerved out of their way. Over a fence, over another fence, into a garden, nearly frightening some ladies to death; then into an alley. Safe!

Hjalmar's particular reason for not wanting to go to jail was that he had met a girl at a Y. P. S. L. dance in Los Angeles and fallen in love with her. She was blonde and comely, with a creamy skin, and tall, sturdy, deep-chested—a fit girl for a Norseman's wife. He talked to her about Alaska. He had been there, as a miner, and had found a place on the Chilkat peninsula that would make a beautiful home. There was a smooth, pebbly cove, which he had named Viking's Cove, and a lake, which he called Odin's Lake. All about were forests, glaciers, and mountains, with mountain streams tumbling into deep canyons.

You would not think, perhaps, of this as a place for a home. But Hjalmar did. Have you read "Growth of the Soil"? He had that same epic desire to make a home in the wilderness. He told the girl about it, and her eyes shone. She felt that same desire. He could tell it from her eyes. So he was not afraid to tell her about what might—to many girls—seem his absurd dream of building a cabin there, and clearing a space for a cow pasture and another space for a turnip patch.

That was the first time he saw her. The next evening they went to the movies—and what did they see but pictures

of the northland. He made up his mind to ask her to marry him. And the next time he did ask her. He would go and build that cabin—and would she come?

She thought about it, and said they must wait and see. Meanwhile she gave him a ring, which barely fitted his little finger; and he gave her his match-safe, one that had saved his life more than once in the cold woods. He said he would start tomorrow, and build the cabin as soon as he could. And they would write to each other.

So that was why, beating his way north through California, he didn't want to waste any time in jail.

In Sacramento a fellow "hobo" told him of a saloon where he could sleep on the floor of the back room for nothing. He went there. He wrote to the girl about it. "It was dark and there was a horrible smell. I sat down near the door and waited till my eyes were used to the dark, and then I saw! Men lay there, and some women, huddled on the floor like pigs in a pen, sleeping on the dirty, damp, stinking floor. Some of them were groaning, some were snoring. . . . Most of the men looked old and worn and had gray or white hair." This was civilization, he reflected, as he went away. He was young and strong, and could get out of it in time. He was going to the clean north, and make a home for himself—and for her.

"Alaska Man's Luck" tells the story of that effort. It seems that there is civilization even in the clean north—jobs and lack of jobs; money and lack of money; respectability and jails. Hjalmar had a run of bad luck: no job, no money. He was starving, and he stole some grub and money from a grocery store. He got caught and put in jail.

But the dream was strong upon him, and he escaped, swimming the Skagway, going up into the mountains, living on berries, sleeping in the shelter of great cliffs, crossing the Dyasenki glacier with a hundred risks of death, getting weaker and weaker for lack of food. "I came upon a lynx eating a rabbit. It saw me, hunched its back, and stood there, spitting at me, its hair all standing erect. I made a stumble at it, for a dash it could hardly be called, and it scurried off into the brush, leaving the half-eaten rabbit on the ground. It had only eaten the head and forelegs; I ate the rest. Yes, I sat down there and tore the red, bloody meat with my teeth, and crunched the bones, while the lynx circled around me in the brush, yowling angrily."

He was up in the Canadian wastes at last, safe among his friends the Indians. Safe as long as he stayed there. Accordingly he was invited to take a pretty Indian girl of seventeen for a mate, become a squaw-man, and remain. He was tempted to. But he thought of Viking's Cove and the girl in California he wanted to take there; he would risk the penitentiary. So he kissed the Indian girl good-bye, and went away. And presently the Canadian mounted police had him in custody, and were taking him to the American border.

He got away from them; was recaptured; turned over to the U. S. marshall; taken to the Juneau jail. And then he escaped again, putting a hundred miles of land and water between him and Juneau, rowing, running, crawling, hiding, starving. And then they got him again. And again he escaped.

All the police and military authorities were on his trail. And all the common people—miners, fishers, Indians, even the missionaries—were ready to befriend and help him. He had become an Alaskan myth—this big blond Norse giant that no jail could hold.

He went to Viking's Cove and looked at Odin's lake, on the

edge of which he had hoped to build his cabin for the California girl; he looked at the mountains, the forests, the sky. This was to have been his home!

They got him again, sent him back to Juneau jail, put him on trial. The judge was interested in him, and asked him why he had broken jail. He tried to explain:

"I have lived an outdoor life always. I don't believe I have ever spent a whole day inside a house, for I can never remember having been sick. Then, when I was locked up in jail . . . Did you ever see a wild bird just caught and put in a cage? . . . Your Honor, I was just like that."

The judge pondered, and said slowly: "I will sentence you to the penitentiary for fifteen"—the prisoner gripped the rail till his knuckles showed white. Fifteen years? He would go to the window and jump to his death first—"months," the judge went on. "To be served in Juneau jail."

Fifteen months! That meant, deducting the allowance for good conduct, a year.

And for a year, in the dark basement of Juneau jail, he sat, thinking of Viking's Cove, wondering if anybody had staked out that claim—and writing out the whole story to send to the girl in California. He hadn't made a home for her; he had nothing to offer her but a criminal record.

So he sent her that—the story of his adventures, his many escapes from death. "Down in the valley a mountain stream again barred my way. . . . A tree had fallen across here a long, long time ago, and many animals had crossed on it. It was only a small tree, and the limbs had all rotted away. There was a waterfall above, and a waterfall below that was a hundred feet high or more, and the air was so full of foam and spray that the eight-inch log looked as if it were floating. The constant roar was deafening. I hesitated to walk across the log, slippery from always being wet, but there was no other way; I had to do it. In the middle I slipped and fell, grabbing hold of the log with hands and legs, and there I hung under it, the rushing water tugging at my back, my finger-nails trying to dig into the log to hold me fast. . . . The log was slimy, and I didn't dare try to get a new hold for fear I would altogether lose the one I had. I felt myself grow weaker. What was the use, anyway? It would only be a minute, then rest, sleep, oblivion. Why not?" And then he remembered why not—the girl in California, the cabin that had to be built at Viking's Cove. With broken finger-nails from under which the blood gushed out he reached the stump of a limb four feet away, clawed hold of it, held on with quivering muscles, pulled himself astride the tree, and so across to the other side.

Would she come? How could she help it, after getting those letters!



Stuart Davis

"My boss can put your'n in his pocket, Lizzie Brown!"

He finished his term, went to Viking's Cove, staked out his two hundred and twenty acres. And she came.

That is the story of "Alaska Man's Luck." For he made a book out of it, telling everything as he had told it to the California girl in his letters—a brave and simple book. It was published last year, and now it is followed by another, telling the story of their life together at Viking's Cove. This, too, is a simple story, a tale of epic domesticity, in which love and danger and turnip-raising, gold and kisses and cooking, mountains and the sea and poverty, laughter and salmon-fishing and high hopes are beautifully interwoven. The cabin was built, and the girl from California bore her first baby there. . . . I have seen pictures, snap-shots which Hjalmar has sent me from Viking's Cove—of the cabin, and the girl from California, and the babies. Hjalmar is an author after my own heart, in love with truth and simple things. He has asked me to come to Viking's Cove for a visit; I can't very well do that, so I am the more glad to be able to go there in the pages of this book, and look on at a very exciting and beautiful and epic happiness.

FLOYD DELL.

New Facts and Stale Fancies

Shall It Be Again? By John Kenneth Turner. Huebsch.

ABOUT four hundred and twenty-five pages of this book will delight the hearts of such radicals as may chance to read it. The remaining twenty-five pages will make them smile. They will be delighted by an astonishing array of facts in regard to America's part in the recent dissemination of democracy and civilization; they will smile at the feeble conclusions which the author draws from these facts. Mr. Turner tells the story of America's conduct from Au-

gust, 1914, until the armistice in complete detail. He has taken the greatest pains and has spent infinite labor to prove each and every charge which radicals made against the war, and for which so many of them are rotting behind prison bars. He shows how our neutrality was a joke, and how we declared war on Germany because the interests of American bankers were tied up with the interests of Allied bankers. He also shows how our plutocrats put over conscription and how the most impotent idealist in history failed to put over a single one of the high-sounding principles with which he buncoed the world.

All these charges have been made before, but, with a skill unparalleled in American journalism, Mr. Turner pours out document after document to prove these charges. He marshals his facts like a scholar, presents them with the skill of a lawyer, and interprets them with the wisdom of a historian. The great bulk of the book will furnish Reds with an enormous amount of specific information regarding the working of the capitalist state as exemplified in this land of the free.

But after all Mr. Turner is a liberal, and, as is well known, liberals never learn anything from facts, not even from the facts which they are able to dig up for themselves with such admirable competence. Mr. Turner's cure for the evils of capitalist wars, his program, which he says "would preserve the peace of America, promote its prosperity, and serve democracy at home and abroad," is "an honest application of the principles by which President Wilson professed to be guided in sending American armies to European battlefields."

This return to Wilsonian dogma is urged to the accompanying strains of a tune entitled "repeal, repudiate, and renounce," but even that can be done only after an infantile regression to the miasma of secret covenants openly arrived at, and the rest of the immortal quaterdecologue.

Thus, in the fourth year after the signing of a Wilsonian peace by which all the decent elements of the world were betrayed, liberals, who were betrayed most of all, are still able to gather their ridiculously smashed ideology together and to preach salvation through words.

KARL PRETHOLD.

Twenty-Nine Needles

Twenty-nine Tales from the French. Translated from the French by Mrs. Alys Eyre Macklin. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Introduction by Robert Herrick.

TWENTY-NINE needles. The thread they can carry is of the frailest, the slightest, but the point is there. A savage dig these points have. It is only a prickle, momentary, yet in the searching, probing instant, you wince. Twenty-nine needles are here and there is not one shingle nail among them.

"Irony," says Prof. Herrick in the admirable introduction to "Twenty-nine Tales from the French," "irony, I take it, is in large the perception of the eternal contrast between human will and imagination and human fate. It is the very essence of any fully civilized comprehension of life. It is the genesis of the familiar shrug of the shoulders, the controlled and fleeting smile, the rippled and subdued laughter that greets a subtle situation in a French theatre. Irony in its fullest reach is, rather, the understanding of the gods, which though bitter may be tender and kind."

In the present collection Tristan Bernard tells of the peasant mother who on his last night of life visits her son condemned for a crime passionnel. It is dark. She may not enter the cell. "Ah, it is you, Louise!" he cries, and kisses her ardently through the bars. The mother departs hastily, happy to have left her son in a sustaining illusion, fearful only of destroying it.

A veritable "tale of mean streets," Frederic Boutet's "Force of Circumstances" shows us the ghastly poor and distressingly honest mother receiving with horror her boy, who has been voluntarily caught picking a pocket, and his gull the worthy gentleman, who, softened by tears and dumbfounded by a sight of the home of the erring child, can only do the handsome thing. But next morning out goes little Victor on a similar errand after a frantic struggle with his despairing mother. Then some hours later one of the smaller children comes in with bits of coal a neighbor has given her. "Mother, shall I make a fire? It's so cold." "No," faltering. For suppose Victor, sniveling his money's worth, brings home another gentleman. And mother starts to set the stage.

There is Lucien Descaves's good bourgeois family at dinner covertly watching the anguished hired girl. "The soup has much too salt, this evening, she must have been crying into it," says monsieur wittily. "It's been the same with all the courses," agrees madame mischievously. "Everything has tasted of tears."

And Pierre MacOrlan's drowning philanthropist! The perennial pensioner is on the bank with outstretched hand—fatal gesture. Mechanically into the pocket of the sinking for the third time goes the hand habituated to giving.

Twenty-nine little episodes! They are not stories, not the nouvelle of Merimee, Gautier, Mendes, Villiers de Lisle Adam, not the three-thousand word masterpiece cherished by Frederick J. O'Brien. These are examples of the conte, instrument of naturalism, refined in the hands of Guy de Maupassant, super-refined to a sunbeam edge by the war-time and post bellum generation. The nouvelle appears in the magazines; these are largely taken from the "story of the day" column of *Le Journal* now under the expert literary tutelage of M. Descaves.

You Came to Me

YOU came to me with darkness as a lute
On which you played strange melodies to woo me.
You came with cymbals and wild timbrelling,
With golden harmonies did you pursue me.

Upon a pipe of lovely shivering reeds
You strung your arabesques like filigrees,
The notes were kisses blown to touch my lips
As warm as rain upon pomegranate trees.

You came to me with darkness as a lute,
A swirl of tears to woo me and your eyes,
You brought me death and beauty, I was mute—
Now do I hunger for you, Oh most wise!

Harold Vinal.

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The Mightiest of All Human Passions!

DO you ever dream of your "ideal" mate? Have you ever been in love with two people at the same time? Have you ever loved a person much older than yourself? Why do certain people attract you and others repulse you? What is the chief cause of unhappiness in married life? Why does a small man fall in love with a large woman, or vice versa? Why does bitter hate sometimes masquerade under the guise of love? Why do some people fall in love with their own relatives? Just what happens to a person to bring about the state of being in love? Why do lovers kiss? How do our glands affect us? Are they responsible for our personalities and our actions?

Love has always been the baffling mystery of the ages. Every individual is touched by the flame of love; it shapes the whole course of his or her life, bringing happiness or misery, success or failure. So overwhelming is its power that it may lead a man or woman to any extremity—to murder, to social infamy. "Look for the woman," the French say when a man has committed some strange, inexplicable crime.

And yet this irresistible power of love, in many ways the biggest thing in life, has always been a complete mystery. Few have even attempted to explain it. We have regarded it simply as some blind, unreasoning force—a force that without warning enfolds a man or woman and holds him or her beneath its magic spell.

The Soul of Love Laid Bare

But now science has revealed the cause of love! In the searching light of that most curious and interesting new method, psychoanaly-

sis, the soul of love is laid bare! Now we can see exactly what love is, just how it affects us.

This amazing dissection of the mightiest of all human passions has been made by the eminent psychoanalyst, Andre Tridon. By means of new scientific meth-



Andre Tridon, the eminent psychoanalyst, whose astonishing disclosures of how and why we love have created a tremendous sensation.

ods he has stripped the veil from the deep, hidden sources of love and has shown what is beneath all our love impulses. His disclosures furnish one of the most surprising and startling pictures of our innermost selves that could be imagined. Just as love itself is the most fascinating mystery of human nature so these revelations of its intimate secrets are absolutely spellbinding in their intense personal interest.

With utter frankness Mr. Tridon has uncovered the real reasons for all our emotions, our feelings and our desires, known as love. He shows just what love is, why there are many different kinds of love; just what characteristics about certain types of people attract others and why; why love sometimes expresses itself in abnormal ways; what is behind the mask of modesty; why love dies. He explains why love often drives people to the most extreme acts; why it sometimes leads to sensational crimes.

One of the most remarkable discoveries is that of the effect of our glands upon us. Mr. Tridon tells just how our glands are largely responsible for making us what we are. Different types of people have different types of glands, and our natures, our actions, our emotions are to a great extent the result of the condition of the different glands in our bodies.

A Startling New Book

The whole amazing explanation of love, as revealed by the piercing light of psychoanaly-



When love came to the cave man he hunted the object of his affections with a club, overpowered her by brute force and fled through the wilds with her, dragging her by the hair. Is the modern honey-moon the present-day version of primeval man's flight with his mate? Many of our customs in love and marriage can be traced back to equally curious beginnings.

sis, is contained in Mr. Tridon's remarkable new book entitled "Psychoanalysis and Love." It is a book that will startle every one who reads it; a book that will shock many. But most people will realize that this new understanding of love leads to a healthy normal expression of our instincts and enables us to avoid the many mistakes and false ideas that cause so much unhappiness.

But you must see this amazing book for yourself. If you act quickly a copy of the limited edition will be sent to you without obligation to keep it after full examination.

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Why does love die? What happens after a man and woman are married that sometimes turns love to active dislike, even to hate? Read what psychoanalysts say.



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