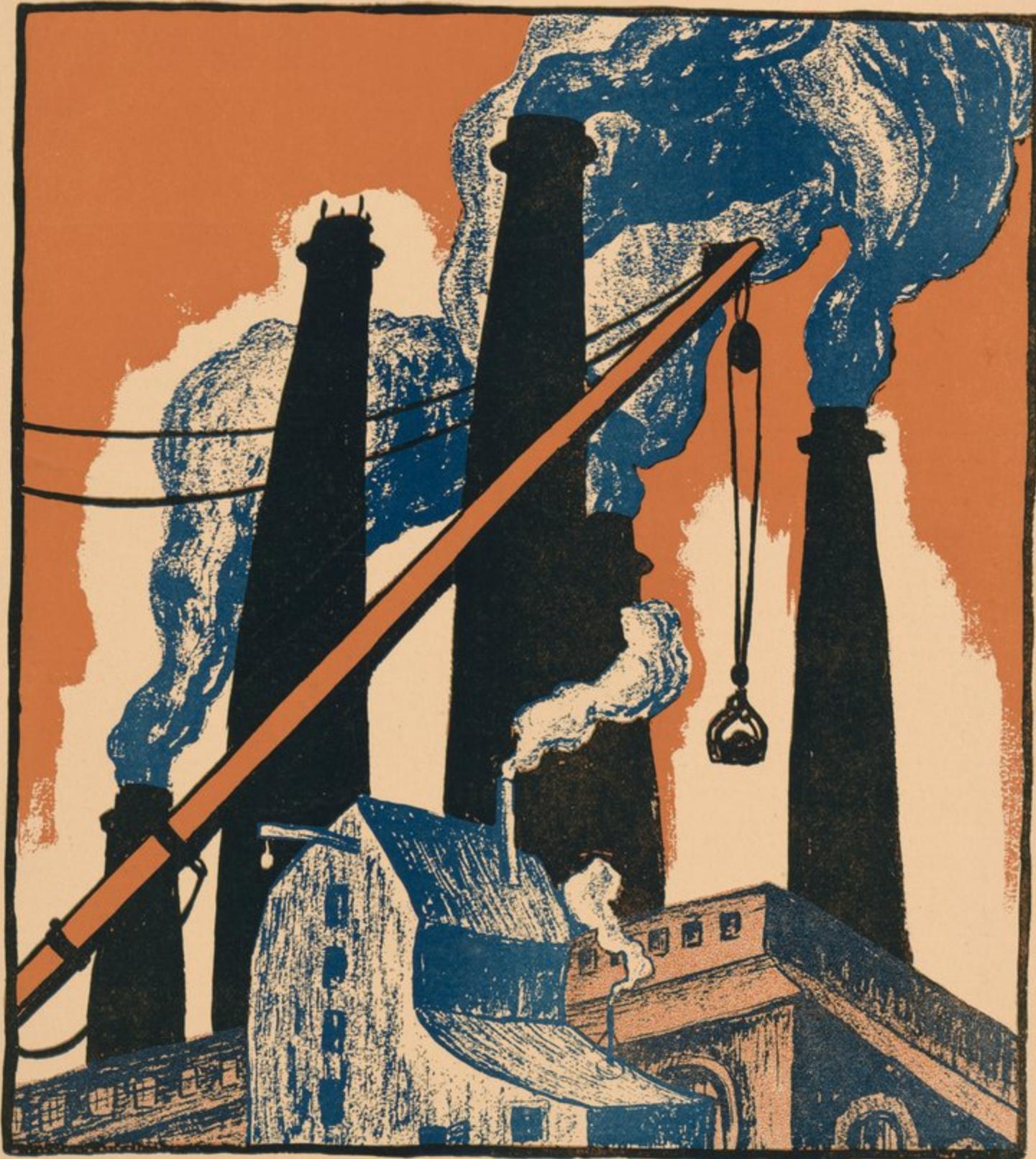


LIBERATOR

OCTOBER, 1922

20 CENTS



Adolph Dehn

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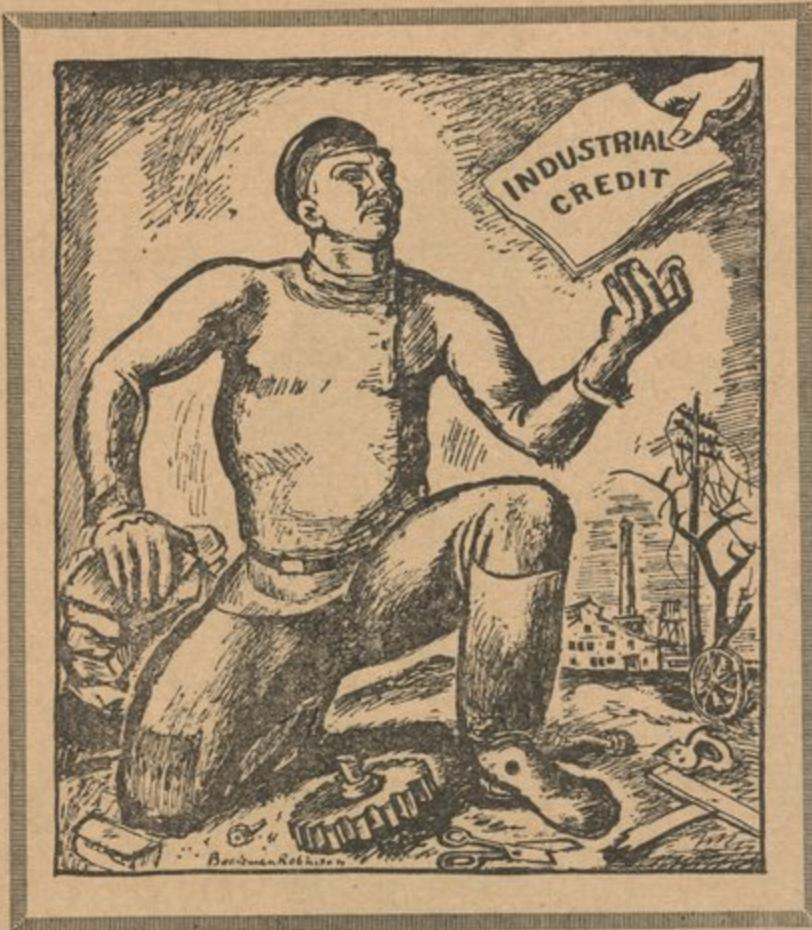
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PROGRESS

"Where we going, Mama?"

"Never you mind where we're going."

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 5, No. 10 [Serial No. 55]

October, 1922

Labor Liquidates Revolution

By J. B. Salutsky

MY young friend, an important office-holder in a large local labor union, came in the other day with the remark:

"You know, I have found that mysterious 'perpetuum mobile' which scientists used to seek. It's my organization which is moving perpetually—though without arriving anywhere."

My friend hardly realized that he had admirably stated the essence of the movement in our hemisphere, the movement that moves without advancing, that drifts aimlessly when it doesn't retreat consciously. He stated our "formula of progress."

What's really "coming up" in the American labor world? To be sure, something is doing here, there, and everywhere. There is motion and commotion, but is there movement?

William Z. Foster, perhaps the one live man in the American labor movement that is American, sums up the situation in the following words:

"The old trade union bureaucracy is intellectually dead and spiritually bankrupt. Absolutely no progress may be looked for from that source. The dead hand of Mr. Gompers holds the old officialdom securely in an icy grasp. He will not tolerate even the mildest progressivism on their part."

There was plenty of dynamite in the air of American labor reality this year to supply the basis for a test. But what are the net results? If the miners' fight for their independence and the tragic struggle of the railway shopmen did not offer the movement the much desired opportunity to assert itself, what, where and who will supply that chance?

The showing made at the recent meeting of the central conclave of the American Labor Movement at Atlantic City did not belie Foster's appraisal of the situation. To be sure, Mr. Gompers said something about a general strike to counteract Daugherty's injunction against the striking shopmen of the nation's railways. He said it in rather annoyed tones, enough to inflame the self-heated imagination of some kindergarten Socialists. But then came the bathing beauties' contest, and the great heart of the Grand Old Man of Labor warmed up to the new situation. Will you blame him?

Said an editor-manager of a mid-western American labor paper to prominent visitors in his office, the other day: "We are for labor, and I say to my city editors—if the readers want SEX, give it to them."

Of course, Mr. Gompers is also for booze. His blood evidently needs strong stimulants. But is there enough stimulation in the body of the Labor Movement to awaken its official head from old-age slumbers?

"The otherwise dismal situation of black reaction," to use once more Foster's characterization, could not have been made more strikingly clear than by the meeting of Mr. Gompers' Executive Council at Atlantic City referred to above. The Council had been facing a situation that not only called for action, but made action mandatory upon anyone who has not sold his conscience for a pot of flesh, or cold-storaged it.

The miners, even though led by Lewis, Green and others, who are "Americans first and would not fight our government," checked decidedly the onslaught of big capital on union labor, in fact stopped the energetically pushed process of the post-war liquidation of labor. The miners won a signal victory.

The railway shopmen, on the other hand, were pretty near a successful conclusion of their battle marked by genuine fighting vitality, if only—if only labor would agree to move an inch. Without aid, substantial, generous, quick, effective—not necessarily a general strike—the largest and most effective struggle of railway labor in the history of this country was brinking the abyss of unrecoverable defeat.

Could the A. F. of L. call a general strike? Of course not. It would have been the part of wisdom not even to invoke in vain the sound of the word. But surely the alternative that confronted the Supreme Council of Labor was not: general strike or inspection of bathing beauties.

Was it a search for union labels on bathing suits that engaged the attention of the captains of labor, as suggested by a good communist?

II

"Liquidation of Labor" has been the slogan of the captains of industry coming into their own after the war-time "inflation" of Labor.

Liquidation of Revolution—is the object of the Captains and Lieutenants of Labor since the noticeable return to normalcy on the exchange of social forces battling for supremacy.

The "Revolution" came in Europe, and there it is being liquidated. Europe has had its experience, and its "best minds" are willing to learn from the past. At times, of course, they are not altogether free to forget. While the

liquidation after the great social upheavals of 1848 and 1871 was carried out with "fire and sword", it is the policy of "peaceful penetration" that marks the present day process.

True enough, misery and suffering fall to the lot of the rebellious proletarians of to-day as then, but no longer are their leaders exiled to a better world or even to lands "not so distant." At least that is true with regard to some of the leaders. Blind vengeance is no policy for the enlightened twentieth century; and the rule of reason, or compromise, has substituted it.

The Paris Commune of 1871 was drowned in its own blood, and those who challenged the social fabric of merchants and money-lenders in the red days of 1848 did not live to tell the tale. But 1871 was the direct heir of 1848, and the immortelles placed by history at the grave of the communards reared the seeds of the red roses of 1905 and 1917.

The bourgeois leaders of to-day, unlike the Bourbons, forget if need be, and learn if they must. They reject the historically proven-to-be-fallacious idea of drowning the revolutionary workers in their own red blood; rather will they tame them with the aid of a submissive leadership; they dilute the revolutionary stock in the rosewater of social democracy. Thus with the benevolent assistance of the enlightened bourgeoisie, order revives the Second International to grandeur and orderly betrayal.

The great German Independent Socialist Party capitulated its at times conscience-stricken head to the peaceful standards of the Majority Party of Scheideman, Ebert, Noske, and the rest. The British Labor Party under Webb, Thomas, Henderson and Tom Shaw cuts away from whatever red

blood transfused into its body politic. George Lansbury, who is not willing to revise his sympathy for the Russian Workers' Soviets is recalled from the editorship of the paper he created in the twilight of the decadent social day. The Vienna Internationale passes away, offering the blessing of its dying lips and the fading shades of its by-gone promising youth to the grave-diggers and ill-wishers of the German and Russian Revolutions.

The family-reunion of the gentlemen of betrayal on the Second, and the Knights of Hesitancy and indecision on the 2½, amounts to a carte blanche to the powers that be to exterminate to the root the non-conformists of the third Internationale. Thus Europe is liquidating the revolution by peaceful penetration into the ranks of the proletariat, diluting the red blood of the rebels with the pink hopes of the reformists.

III

But capital in America does not need the finesse of dealing with adversaries that the European bourgeoisie sees fit to employ. There is no social-democracy in the United States worthy of buying or blinding. Whatever handful of it there is left is the debris of post-bellum spiritual re-adjustment, is either reactionary as a matter of faith or too insignificant to be honored with benevolence. And the giant on legs of clay, Organized Labor, is atrociously counter-revolutionary, counter-progressive, counter-anything that "was not good for grandpa." It is phenomenally stupid. So much so as to worry even the intelligent ones of the commanding classes. True to the fashion of the day, it proceeds to liquidate the "revolution" on its own hook. Thus the action of the A. F. of L. in revoking the charter of the New York Bookkeepers' and Stenographers' Union because it contained 'reds', and endangered the strategic basic industry of typewriting minutes, communications and letters in a dozen New York radical union offices. It was the only "action" of the captains and lieutenants of labor, except of course the uttering of an acrimonious diatribe against radicalism, leftism, Fosterism.

And what "national" labor is doing, local labor feels obliged to follow. Thus a regular witch-hunting of radicalism in labor unions styled as "socialistic", the raid on the conference of the Trade Union Educational League, the determined effort to get Foster, all this by federal authorities, unquestionably provoked and stimulated by the "feelings in the matter" of regular labor leadership. The old classic report of the Russian County Sheriff to his superiors—"There was going to be rainstorm and a lot of damage caused by it, but due to the energetic precaution taken by the police in my charge, nothing happened"—will be paraphrased some day by Gompers reporting to history itself or to the Civic Federation, "The East Side, the American Workers and Foster were about to offset Law and Order, but I said—no!"

IV

"There were times much worse but never as mean." It's true the badly damaged ship of labor and hope is sailing under the flag of defeat and there's nothing cheerful in sight. But a poor captain is he who is not ready to weather storm. Downs are inevitable where ups are attempted, and those who, on this side of the ocean, banked on imported victories, will have to pay their own checks, which will not be honored because written against exaggerated hopes. The promise of labor is international in its outlook and scope, but fulfillment is notional, local. You may hope regardless of distance and time, but struggle is territorial. And an alarming tendency is noticeable to disintegrate belief and to weaken action because of what has happened across the waters.



Inflammatory Propaganda

"'Bill', he says to me, 'Read this', he says, an' he handed me a newspaper with the Doggerty injunction printed in it. 'Read this', he says, 'an' then tell me if them Communists ain't right!' But I ain't lookin' for no trouble, so I didn't read it."



William Gropper

"After all, life is wonderful, when you come to think of it."

The militants in American labor, and rebels and non-conformists on labor's periphery, will have to learn from defeat as well. It's just at times like the present that thinking is most necessary; that aping and following stereotyped formulae or notions is a mortal danger. More than ever there is a necessity to-day for a thorough-going ransacking of the house of labor from ill-advised attitudes, from overestimated shibboleths, wherever they come from. An organization of militants so knit together that it is capable of action on the slightest provocation, yet not straight-jacketed, is the command of the hour, now that the "revolution" is being liquidated even before it has arrived. But this does not mean that privately-conducted tea and garden parties, even if enjoying official labels, are the means to the end, are to substitute for mass-movement, open and above-board. Hunting in the woods and fishing around the lakes is a pursuit worthy of the gods. But the men who will forge the sledge-hammer of the American revolution will come into the open from the open, not an exotic growth, and not children of a childish conspiracy.

The romantic chase in Michigan was worth all that they may get for it to the sleuths of the federal and state authorities, and the immediate group for whom they were acting, the fossilized leadership of the misled. But to the real labor movement this event betrays the fact that in the heads of many revolutionaries there is still fog rather than gray matter.

V

The Workers' Party, hardly nine months after its inception, succeeded in earning the condemnation of all it set out to combat, which is proof positive that it was a hit rather than a miss. The ire it honestly deserved was due to its determination, as expressed repeatedly by its original organizers, to live in the open, to remain open. It was the open communist fighting movement that the alliance of yellow and

black hates and fears. Groups of ten are of no danger to anything except the aims they profess to be pursuing.

And what is true with regard to the political end of a labor organization, such as the Workers' Party was conceived and born to be, is equally true with regard to the Trade Union Educational League, in its own way, to be sure. The T. U. E. L. must be an open consolidation of all actively progressive forces in the Trade Unions. Any annexation of the league by party units not committed to a policy of broad progressive trade union action would be detrimental to the objectives of the movement, including the Party.

However, it looks as if these self-evident truths have been sacrificed to a narrow-minded, historically stupid mode of thinking, deriving its strength from parrot-like copying of situations and conditions totally different.

If there is any truth in the detailed account of the Michigan Communist Conference as published in the Boston Transcript, striking departures have been made from the policies understood to be guiding the Workers' Party and the Trade Union Educational League, respectively.

It looks very much as if the costly experience of the last four years has been consciously cast aside, and the frail shell of the open and above-board movement is to be made a tail to the kite of romanticism at its worst. A perfectly irresponsible, because uncontrollable, leadership from around the corner is to keep in mechanical control the political movement, as well as the efforts of genuine progressives in the unions. A citizenry of first and second raters, of desirables, near and pretty-near desirables, is to be built around or under the organizations that thrive in the open, and are the only ones capable of attracting the confidence of the masses of thinking American workers. All this sub-structure is devised in order to assure the "mechanical control" which is incapable of controlling by virtue of ability.

The liquidation of revolution by a deadening labor bureau-

eracy could wish no better assistance than this policy of hari-kari on the part of the radicals within the ranks of labor. It is the sort of co-operation for which they would give any price; the radicals burying themselves in underground dug-outs and they—letting down the lid over the chances of the radicals in the functioning of labor conglomerations.

I know that the undergroundist psychology, trying to elevate itself to the height of a policy, has a powerful backing in a source from which we are prone to draw our inspiration. But in that great and enticing 'over there' there is little patience for child's play, and we owe it to them to cease being children here.

The Battle-Fields

By Max Eastman

YOU never saw the Summer dance and sing
And wreath her steps with laughter, toss her larks,
And strew her crimson poppies, and make rise
Across the meadows in her train a cry
Of happy colors—O you never knew
How birds can make a business of their singing,
How the golden music can rain down
From sunny heaven like a hail-storm all
Day long—you never saw the naked life
Of Summer, till you saw her in her wrath
And gladness, young-eyed, golden-irised, loud
And wild and lovely-drunken, running, prancing,
Clambering across these fields of death.

Old pits and craters where the solid earth
Rocked up and smoked like water, are the beds
Of blowing lillies; huge dull-yellowing piles
Of steel, the dead-ends of the work of death,
Are choirs for thrushes and gay trellises
For rose and morning-glory; and you see
The tissue petals trailing down the holes
Men huddled in to die like driven rats.

You see black crazy strings of barbed-wire fences
Legging down the hillside like old men
Amuck, tripped up and clambered on and loved
Down into earth by mountains of wild-grape
And ivy. And you see old obscene tanks,
Gigantic bugs without antennae, bugs
Named Lottie, and named Liesel, cracked and blasted,
Pouring out their iron guts among
The daisies, and you see the daisies laugh;
And long-tailed pies that fly like aeroplanes
Float from their turrets, gentle in the blue.

Whole cities were sowed in this earth like seed.
The wealth and eagerness of all mankind
Was here, like mountain thunder, coursing through
These ghostly paths, that lie so privately
Beneath the glossy crowds of bee-loved clover.
They were here for murder, death-determined.

But the shepherd trails his willing sheep
To crop that clover; and the clicking hoe
And sliding shovel talk as surely forth
As crickets when a summer storm is past.

These villages, close-nesting like the hives
Of bees, were crushed to blood and powder by
The speeding hoof of war. Their temples fallen
And their homes a pit for gravel, they,
The many neighbors, are a lonely few
Lost pioneers. But they have pitched their tents
And tacked their paper shanties in the desert,
And the hens are clucking, and the beans
Are blossoming with white and brick-red blossoms,
And the vine, the purple clematis,
Is royal at the door. On holidays
They lay their tools down, and with sunny wine
From the old cellar-pits, and kindling mirth
From depths incredible, they eat their bread
In laughter, they fling jokes at the old war,
And pour soup in the bugle, and sing loud,
And pound the drum, and call out all the girls,
And march, and dance, and fill the darkened streets
With love and music till the moon goes out.

In all death's garden but one plot is dead,
One cold bleak acre swept-up for our tears,
The turf, the pebbles, regular and still—
The tired white little soldiers marking time!
But they are feeble, and their watch is brief.
To-day remembering a name, to-morrow
They will mourn the death of memory;
Another morrow they are gone; time's wind
Has blown the sweet-briar roses over them.

Earth does not mind the madness of her children—
She has room. From one gaunt womb she could
Pour back those cities, and fill all these fields
With men and women aching at their toil,
And droll-faced children trudging with a pail
To greet them. This raw miracle of life
Is ruthless, reckless, sure. Plunge in your hands
To fashion it; be ruthless, reckless, sure.
Fear is the only danger. And the death
Of dreams dreamed weakly is the only death
Of man—the prayers sighed outward from the earth,
The songs that feed the poet with his wish,
Beatitudes tramped under armies, thoughts
Too mother-tender or too childly wise
To stand out in the weather of the world,
And deeds untimely kind, and deed-like words
Of Love's apostles, who would pilgrim down
The black volcanic valley of all time
With hymns and waving palms, their sweet white banners
Lost and perishing, like breath of brooks,
Like strings of thin mist when the mountains burn.
In them man's spirit in its power dies.
The rest is nature's life—and she will live,
And laugh on dancing to the doomless future,
Slave to no thought softer than her own.

THE OX

By Regis Gignoux

THE Three Wise Men had left more than an hour ago, but it was only about ten minutes since the last shepherd had closed the stable door. Old Jew that he was . . . he had kept reciting over and over again all the things he had brought the son of God, just to show that he really understood what good-will meant!

Stretched out on the straw, his right arm tucked under his head, Joseph was sleeping. In fact, he was snoring, though how he could snore, opening and closing his mouth like that, so that his beard swept the straw regularly as a pendulum, was a miracle.

Mary was sleeping, too, but she was sitting on a stool. Of course, although you couldn't see them, there must have been some angels holding up her shoulders and waist, for she never moved, and seemed completely at rest. Her hands lay together, finger-tip to finger-tip, and she breathed with the rhythmic abandon of utter weariness and contentment. About her lips still lingered something of the smile that young mothers have when they hear that the child they have just borne is strong and lusty.

The little Jesus was nestling between two bundles of hay. He wasn't asleep, he was only pretending he was, so as to be able to think quietly about all the things that he had to do . . . and very softly, to himself, he was going over some of the things that had so recently been happening . . .

"The Three Wise Men were really very kind . . . Of course, they shouldn't be given too much credit. They don't deserve nearly as much praise as the shepherds. . . . However, the important thing now is to get through the rest of the night. . . . We'll be off at dawn, before Herod's soldiers get here. . . . Poor mother Mary will be so tired. . . . But then, of course, she can ride the donkey. . . ."

And at that very moment the little Jesus turned towards the small grey beast, who happened to be just taking a breath, while the ox let his out in a gentle sigh; for these two breathed alternately, just as a couple of blacksmiths strike one after the other when they have a hard bit of iron to shape.

"Oh," said little Jesus, "you are tired, dear donkey; and you, my good ox, are keeping me warm. Thank you from my heart, kind friends. But it's no use getting out of breath on my account. I assure you I'll not catch cold. Don't you know that my life is all arranged with mathematical precision? I am to live thirty-three years, and it isn't pleurisy that I'm to die of. . . . So, go to sleep, dear, good creatures, for you must be tired, too. Until tomorrow then, or until just a few hours from now . . . for this first Christmas eve party has kept us up very late. . . ."

Whereupon little Jesus went to sleep. And right away, the donkey put his ears back flat against his head, and closed his eyes. Within two minutes he was snoring so loud that Joseph couldn't be heard at all. But the ox stood heavy and awkward on his clumsy hoofs, like a great big unhappy old fool; for he had understood that the Holy Child was sad at having to come to earth to suffer, and all so uselessly. Poor little kid! And he could tell you what was going to happen as well as any old woman. . . . Just the same, it was pretty cold in that stable. . . ."

"Well, no matter what he says, he's going to be com-

fortable tonight at least," said the ox to himself; and he began to blow all the warm breath of his great lungs on the body of the little Jesus.

At dawn Joseph woke up with a start, like a workman who's late for his job. He called Mary.

"We must be off quickly, my little one, before Herod's soldiers can be summoned. Loose the donkey, will you? Softly . . . the baby's asleep. 'Turn to the right,' they said, 'as you come out of the village, if you want the road to Egypt.' So we can't go wrong."

How tired Mary was! She could scarcely raise her eyelids. Half asleep she picked up the child. Then Joseph, who was strong, carried her out and set her down on the donkey. They went out of Bethlehem looking like hucksters, Joseph rubbing the prickly straw out of his eyes, and the donkey stopping to browse at every clump of young grass.

In the stable the ox was all alone. If he had chosen to follow the fugitives he could have done so quite easily. He wasn't tired. But, he reasoned, if they hadn't taken him along, it must have been because they didn't want him. . . .

He didn't complain; he wasn't proud; only he thought to himself, "The little Jesus dropped me just as soon as he didn't need me any more. He's an ungrateful little fellow. Already yesterday I noticed that he seemed to be making fun, just a little bit, of that one of the Three Kings who was a negro. Of course, that's excusable in a child. It's all right for a child to laugh at a black man . . . and the negro King would have felt worse if the little Jesus had been afraid of him . . . but, just the same, there's something wrong with a child who doesn't love animals. . . ."

"Now this child is the son of God. And if the son of God doesn't know how to be grateful, what can we expect of the sons of men? I did my best to be kind and useful. I blew so hard all night that I have a pain in my side. If he had asked me to do it, I would have carried him to the end of the earth, just like the rainbow . . . but no, he places all his confidence in the donkey . . . it's always the donkey!"

"What's to become of me now? After working for God I can't go back to the plow. Of course, I have no such pretensions as the golden Calf—at my age it would be ridiculous! But I certainly can't go on working with the other oxen. Think of it! I shall be mentioned in the Gospels and they shall put my portrait in all the holy pictures. . . . I am now official and historic!"

Thus the ox lamented at the door of the stable. He looked so disconsolate and ridiculous that Herod's soldiers burst out laughing when the first patrol to come that way discovered him. They gathered about to make fun of him, and it never occurred to them to thrust their swords through the straw in the stable behind him. And if they had stepped inside, wouldn't they have smelt the incense offered by the royal Wise Men, wouldn't they have pursued the fugitives, wouldn't they have changed the whole face of the globe?

But the poor old ox understood. He had been useful on one occasion, yet that gave him no right to claim importance or even a reward. It was already quite enough that in his modest existence there should have been one short hour that counted in the life of the world.

"My role isn't quite over yet," the poor fellow concluded. "Today is the Christmas feast-day. I can still, after a fashion, contribute something to the rejoicings of the Jews."

And piously chewing the straw of the Holy Child's cradle, he ambled off towards the butcher's.

Gay Vienna

By Frederick Kuh

I

HOTEL Proprietor: Yes, sir, a room and bath.

American Tourist: And the price?

Proprietor: Very reasonable. The room costs 200,000 Kronen a day. We charge 30,000 for the bath. Then there's a municipal tax of 2,000, a levy of 1,500 for foreigners, a supplementary charge on luxuries of 5,000, and the tips will probably amount to . . .

Tourist: Listen. If you intend putting the whole deficit of Austria on my hotel bill, why, say so. When I left the Bronx, they told me living in Vienna was so cheap that I could only spend twenty dollars a month if I rented a ducal palace, gilded with champagne and played the races. Now, you want to charge me three dollars a day in good Federal Reserve banknotes. I'm not a relief mission for Vienna hotel proprietors!

Proprietor: (Shrugs his shoulders)

Tourist: Who won the war, anyway?

Proprietor: (absent mindedly): The American tourists, sir.

Tourist: What!

Proprietor: You see, sir, the same room and bath in New York would cost you over ten dollars. But Viennese hospitality . . .

Tourist: Hospitality? Hell. Bill Perkins, who runs the drygoods store on Upton Ave-

Proprietor:

Tourist:

Proprietor:

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Tourist:

Proprietor:

Tourist:

nue, told me he came to Vienna last year with 200 dollars, lived here for six weeks, and came back with 210 dollars.

Which Mr. Perkins, sir?

I guess he didn't stop at this hotel, anyhow.

Perhaps Mr. Perkins speculated in Kronen?

Yes, come to think of it, Bill did say he took a flier on the money market.

But the new law on money transactions, passed by the socialists . . .

Socialists! That's it. They're the ones who squeeze us travellers until our buttons squeak. These Reds . . .

Yes, sir. Quite right, sir. It's the socialists who run Vienna. They're the folk who raise the taxes and boost prices. Now, we hotel proprietors welcome foreigners. But when the socialists enforce fresh taxes, up go prices. The profits—

Damn the socialists.

Yes, sir, damn the socialists.

(They smile and shake hands, cordially.)

I'll take that room and bath, anyway, old man.

II

Vienna News-
paper Editor:

His Secretary:

Editor:

Secretary:

Editor:
Secretary:

Editor:

Secretary:
Editor:

Secretary:

Editor:

Yes, I was delayed at Lichtmann's, the tailor. Had to accompany my wife to a fitting. A neat bargain in sealskin coats. She'll need one for the season at the Opera.

I 'phoned you because we're having trouble with the printers again.

What now?

They say that if you don't pay them their supplements twice a month, instead of on the fifteenth, they won't print the paper. They've sent a deputation to Trade Union headquarters, suggesting a strike order in the printing trades.

The bloodsuckers! What can we do? Meet their demands. Pay the supplements on the first and fifteenth. After all, the difference is small.

I know. But you can't let them have it all their own way. Soon they'll be rewriting my editorials for me!

What shall I tell the men?

Say that we refuse to grant their demand. Next time we'll fire the lot.

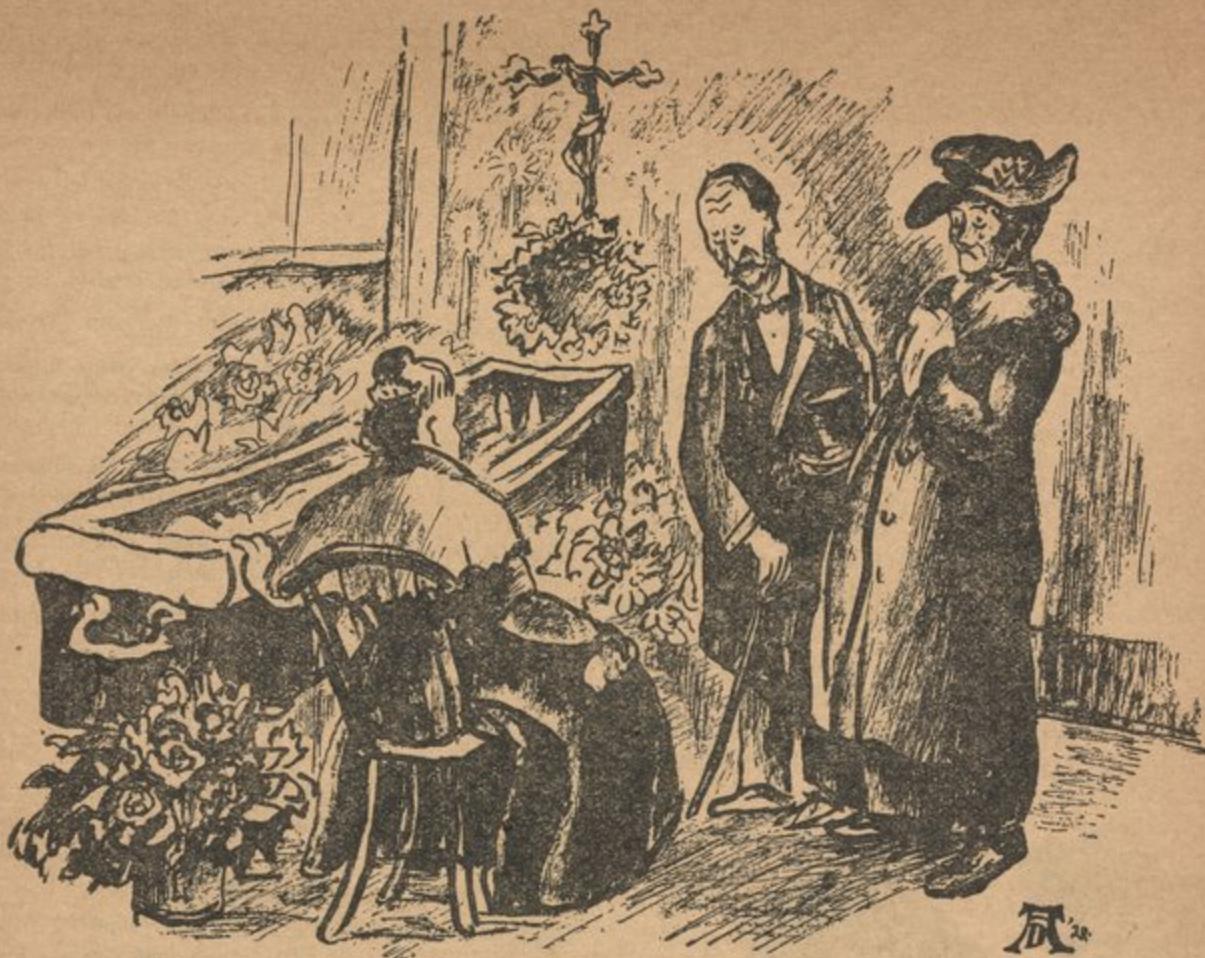
Very well. And shall I hold two columns open for your editorial?

Yes, I'm writing on the government crisis. Bread shortage, no coal, dilapidated houses. It can't go on like this any longer.



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

Cider Mill



Adolph Dehn

"Yes, Henry is gone—and impractical to the last. Coffins will be 20 per cent cheaper next month."

- Secretary: That's just what the printers said.
- Editor: What's that?
- Secretary: They insist that the supplement on the fifteenth of the month is worth nothing. The cost of living is rising too swiftly. Two hundred percent last month. They have no fuel and winter's here. They say they can't buy a loaf a week, now that a kilo of bread costs over 5,000 Kronen.
- Editor: Rot. The rest of us manage, somehow. I'll change the topic of the editorial. It'll be an appeal for a lower income-tax. The government is removing initiative in the business world.
- Secretary: Right. And your statement to the printers is final?
- Editor: Absolutely.
- Secretary: The men are in an ugly mood. They might damage the presses.
- Editor: 'Phone the Praesidium and tell the Chief we need a dozen gendarmes tonight.
- Secretary: The police might be unreliable. They're demanding wage increases, too.
- Editor: I'll return before midnight. I'm having dinner after the theatre.
- Secretary: When will you finish the editorial?
- Editor: Oh, you might write it yourself. Perhaps it would be better to discuss Austria's privations. That always takes well. Make it an appeal for the famished Viennese.
- Secretary: Workers?
- Editor: Say, "geistige Arbeiter": spiritual workers.
- Secretary: That needn't include printers, you mean?
- Editor: Exactly. You follow me nicely.
- Secretary: You'll return by midnight, then?
- Editor: Unless I drop in at the Moulin Bleu. There's a little blonde dancer from Berlin . . .
- Secretary: And you won't read the editorial on Vienna's misery, then, before it goes to press?
- Editor: Thanks, no. It would spoil a pleasant

evening. Tomorrow I shall write on the excesses of Viennese night life.

Signed by "An Observer"?

Secretary: Editor: Man alive, no! By "Exploited Citizen!"

III

Austrian Cabinet Minister: Austria's position is hopeless. We are on the verge of the abyss.

Allied Ambassador: Your predecessor made the same remark to me over two years ago. My Government no longer takes such statements seriously.

Cabinet Minister: But, I assure you, things can't continue in this fashion. Only a substantial credit can save us from the catastrophe.

Ambassador: Which catastrophe? Once your Government predicted the catastrophe on the following day. That was in 1919. They have been predicting ever since.

Minister: When I passed a shop five minutes ago, I saw a sign in the window, announcing

that no merchandise is sold for Austrian Kronen. Only foreign money accepted. I don't believe in signs.

Our state deficit has increased by almost 300 milliards within a month.

Stop printing paper money. The mint is your only flourishing industry. In order to cease issuing banknotes, we require foreign credits.

(sommolent): But you have no securities.

The state offers you a concession on its tobacco monopoly, its railways, customs revenues . . .

Come, come, Your Excellency. Those all belong to our Reparations Commission.

We must have credits, Exellenz! You promised them six months ago.

Yes, when you were promising the familiar catastrophe and the same old abyss.

Our population may insist upon our joining Germany.

Allied troops would occupy Vienna in forty-eight hours. That would be more costly than your well press-agented catastrophe.

We might be prepared to reduce labor control in industry—

(sits bolt upright): Ah!

And dissolve the Workers' Councils . . .

(Offering the cabinet minister a cigar): Smoke? Please, do proceed, dear Herr Minister.

Our government is ready to advocate an elastic interpretation of the eight-hour day, to favor a readjustment of wages, to pass legislation prohibiting the interference of trade unions in—

You interest me enormously, Your Excellency. Shall we have a cognac? (He rings. A valet places drinks upon the desk)

Austria's plight, sir, is really desperate.

I shall report to my Government, recommending an immediate credit of thr . . .

(good-naturedly): No labor control, sir . . .

Of six millions sterling.

To your country's prosperity, sir!

(his eyes twinkling): To the catastrophe! (They clink glasses)

(The curtain and the Austrian krone fall; prices rise.)



A. Rose

Second Avenue Promenade

Words From A Calaboose

By Pierre Loving

THE federal prison of San Quentin lies on the shore of San Pablo Bay, a curving languorous arm of the sea that crawls northward from San Francisco. From the city the prison is approached circuitously by ferry to Sausalito, with the later stages of the journey on train and bus through a mellow stretch of lowlands which unfolds glimpses of the bay ahead and the steep thrust of old Tamalpais and the rolling Marin County hills flung behind.

Suddenly a sharp turn in the road tosses into sight the well-kept, regular prison garden, and in a moment we are clapped through the gates, past the red-brick barrack-like machine shop. We find ourselves in front of the salt-grey rampart walls of the main prison building. The grizzled mediaeval walls, rising sheer and invincible from an unbelievably blue-green sea, do not seem to belong to the golden state of California in the year 1922. It was a distinct shock when I recalled that this was not a castle out of an old tale, but a modern penal institution in which were jugged about twenty-four hundred men, and that I had come to see one of them. That one was Matthew Schmidt, convicted to a life term six years ago for an alleged attempt to blow up the Los Angeles Times Building. Out on the Pacific Coast there has grown up a quaint endearing myth around the personality of Matt Schmidt. This life-terminer is a legendary hero to almost all western radical and liberal men and women. There are few of them who do not repeat his salty witticisms, or tell endless stories of his generosity and shrewdness of judgment; virtually none who do not respect and admire the labor-prisoner whose influence has reached such diverse corners of the outside world.

I was eager to see this man who has been fairly canonized in the calendar of the proletariat. In the prison office I was told he was in charge of the shop-work and had built up a training course for prisoners without a trade which would enable them to become immediately self-supporting when they were released. It is generally thought that his intense interest in vocational training was largely responsible for the state's appropriation of a considerable sum to be used for this purpose. His influence is by no means confined to the prison alone where his fellow "cons" look to him as a counselor, spokesman and friend. For instance, a year or two ago, during a state political campaign, his support was warmly sought by a certain sheriff, a candidate for re-election. A politician seeking favors from a

lifer! Whether the support was ultimately given and whether the sheriff was elected is another story, but the fact remains that Matt Schmidt is much in demand by journalists, poets and workers for advice and comradeship.

Fremont Older's letter of introduction to the warden had a magical effect. The bray-voiced captain of the guard, khaki-clad, his feet crossed on top of the desk at which he sat, quickly grew attentively polite. Could an interview be arranged with Matthew Schmidt? He thought it could. Whereupon he ordered a clerk who was present in the room to make out a pass, and I was ushered into what looked like a school room filled with cream-colored sunlight. The narrow tables were topped with sloping leaves like those of an old-fashioned writing desk. Here I awaited, a little nervously, I must confess, the distinguished "dynamiter." He came soon, clad in a neat blue uniform, curly-headed smiling and rubicund, a square-built vigorous handsome man with a clear eye and firm hand-grasp.

"There are a lot of good men in here," he remarked after I had inquired after Mooney, MacNamara and Dave Caplan." Taken man for man I'd just as soon place my confidence in convicts as on free men. It's pretty rotten in general for anybody to be cooped up like this with no world to meet and touch but the one you make up in your own heart. I sometimes console myself with the thought that many good men have been shut up in coops like this,—Socrates, Bunyan, Bakunin, Cervantes, Dostoevsky and Debs.

"Yes, here's richness of human contact even in prison. Being a sort o' boss I've gotten to know many of the men pretty well. They come to me for advice about all sorts of things, their domestic affairs, their sexual life, about books and religion. I don't tub-thump to them. I tell them what I think about things in general and this particular scheme of society in particular. I lend them books from which, in the loneliness of their cells, they can get a better slant on life than they ever got when they were free men."

"What do you think of civilization in California?" I asked.

"Think of what?" he mocked. "If there is any such animal it's caged up in this prison. This is no joke, and more of the truly civilized are coming over right along—a new batch of I.W.W.'s this month, and Anita Whitney is due over here almost any time now. She just couldn't keep out. Prison life is not so deadly: monotonous, yes, but not necessarily blighting to the human spirit. It may surprise you to hear me say so, but San Quentin is as good as can be expected—as a prison it's a good prison. But what most people lose sight of, is that the very existence of prisons is a blot on our civilization; and a still darker blot is that good honest men, men who are fired with an exultant vision to lift up those who are powerless to help themselves, are unjustly double-locked up in them."

Schmidt's fervor was inspiring. "Here's Mooney and Billings, for example, victims of the worst sores of American plutocracy, gotten out of the way by capitalist thuggery. I don't altogether blame the politicians and the money-bags,

Apologies!

We ask the readers' patient forbearance for the lateness of this issue, and for various eccentricities of appearance which mark it. This issue came to birth in the midst of a financial crisis which nearly kept it from being born at all. Better next time!

They're simply playing their game the shrewdest way they know now. But I do blame the American people for putting up with it. That scrapes the raw—the knowledge that the American people will tolerate injustice without a scrap of protest. Maybe if they were not so damned well-fed, if they saw their children bloated with hunger right in front of their eyes, if their idea of paradise was not a tin-Lizzie and a Sears Roebuck moving-picture house, maybe they'd sit up and see what's happening around them. Maybe they'd wrest the government, at least the power to do evil which appears to be about equivalent to modern government, from the wind-bags in the saddle. But there's hope, friend; wait till their ox is gored. I'm not a calamity howler, but I'm afraid nothing'll happen in this country till things are a lot worse off—and that time's not far away.

"Right here in jail," he resumed, "we had an illustration of this doctrine. Things used to be pretty bad here years ago, the older "cons" tell me. Then one day a well-known politi-

cian was convicted on graft charges and sent to cool his heels here. His wealthy sleek political backers came to visit him, and he complained of the rickety accommodations, the grub, the lousy beds, the worm-eaten oatmeal and sour milk he'd had for breakfast. And what happened? Why, those politicians waddled back to San Francisco and began chattering about the rotten conditions in the jails. In a little while came "prison reform." You see, their ox was gored. One of their own was being stung."

Matthew Schmidt is that fine combination of the man of action with the untrammeled thinker. The stark rigidity and solitude of prison days have given a sharper bias to his reflective bent, and his comments on life are whetstoned by wit and straight unwavering keenness of vision. San Quentin, I said, as I was trundled away by the bus, hasn't quite tamed him or robbed him of his firm will to energize into action, vicariously, if no other way will do, his robust implacable passion for justice.



Reginald Marsh

A Middling Good Haul

The "Jesus-Thinkers"

By Upton Sinclair

I HAVE just read the article by Michael Gold, "The Jesus-Thinkers." I have many impulses to be a "Jesus-Thinker" myself, so naturally I am inclined to suspect that Comrade Gold has over-simplified the problem, and that you cannot dispose of men as widely different as Jesus and Anatole France, Gene Debs and Tolstoi, Walt Whitman and Rolland, by the simple formula that they are sentimentalists, who want to perfect their own souls and avoid the painful realities of this mortal life. I have been moved to reflect upon the role of the Jesus-Thinker in the Social Process.

All living creatures are part of a process of evolution, and they have at all times a double task, to secure their survival in their environment as it exists, and to keep ready to adjust themselves to changes in the environment which may occur. If the changes are rapid, this makes life very hard for the creatures; imagine, for example, the difficulties of a mouse which is struggling to pick up food and dodge its enemies, and at the same time is growing wings and becoming a bat.

In the case of us human creatures the task is harder yet, because we ourselves are to some extent the makers of our environment, and we have to secure our survival as we are, and at the same time to make ourselves something better. We find ourselves in a world of brutal force, and if we refuse to use our share of this force, we are exterminated like Jesus. On the other hand, we have in us a craving for a higher and unselfish kind of life, the impulse to make a better environment and adjust ourselves to that. We call that our "ideal," and it is the most important thing in us. No lover of social justice can afford to lose sight of this ideal, even for a moment; and yet it is a fact that as we take part in the brute struggle for existence, we do lose sight of our ideal, we find ourselves drifting farther and farther from it, and we have to call ourselves back to it, or some prophet has to call us back. And that is why we have heroes of the class struggle like Gene Debs, appealing to the Soviet government not to execute some political prisoners, however guilty. It seems to me that we shall always have this kind of strife in our movement, for we all agree that government is a dirty business, and yet the working class has got to govern the world, and we shall always find it fighting its enemies with fire, and at the same time wishing it didn't have to do so—and also, perhaps, wishing that the few prophets and idealists and Jesus-Thinkers would not be so obstreperous, but would consent to lose sight of their vision of human brotherhood and justice for just a short while, until we get these blankety-blank social traitors exterminated or subdued.

For my own part, I am in the unfortunate position where I can understand both points of view, and always have an unhappy time trying to make up my mind what is right in any given emergency; and from what I know of Michael Gold, I suspect that if he had the job of shooting a score or two of Socialists who didn't agree with him about his dictatorship, he also might find himself feeling very much upset about it. For all I know, he might turn into a "Jesus-Thinker" and get himself shot for talking too much about human love.

To The Liberty Bell

Toll, toll,
O cracked and venerable!
Start swinging suddenly
And speak
Upon this jigging air.

Tell us of a day when men stood up in meeting
And spoke of God,
And nobody laughed.

Toll, toll.

They say we have no leader now. It may be.
I know
We have no cause.

America!—Beautiful Nowhere in the hearts of a few
Periwigged men
Sitting about a table.

Toll, toll.

Yet toll not.
Lest to our shame we learn how few to-day
Would stand in the street and listen.
Only some lean, half-hearted anarchist
Who happened to be out;
And the children,
That shout at air-planes.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.



Hugo Gellert

On Her Thirty-fifth Birthday

Modern History in Michigan

By Stanley Boone

ST. JOSEPH, Michigan, on the banks of the St. Joseph River, is a quiet town when left to itself, as it usually is. But it has gasped and staggered with the explosive pressure of a great event. Sixteen members of the Workers' Party, who were arrested at Bridgman, a near-by town, were taken to St. Joseph for examination and were lodged for several days in the Berrien County Jail at St. Joseph.

The St. Joseph River is as muddy and as sleepy as the Wabash, whose banks, in an adjoining state, are famous in song. The town of St. Joseph has taken its tempo from the meandering stream. But the worst boy in town, the pillar of the church, the oldest inhabitant and the most dangerous girl, at least temporarily, are now awake to world events.

The sixteen prisoners, hand-cuffed two by two, were marched through the streets of the town in parade formation, with the chief of police, wearing a freshly pressed uniform and a dazzling badge, leading the column. As a

Caesarean triumph it lacked only elephants, chariots and beautiful maidens in chains.

It required about a day for all of the inhabitants of St. Joseph to learn that the sixteen prisoners were lodged in their broken-down county jail. Finally the word traveled the length of the shaded streets that the prisoners were as good as on exhibition, like the fat lady in the circus. And then the line began forming on the right. They came from miles around.

Flappers from the near-by resort beaches along Lake Michigan formed parties and went to St. Joseph. There was no danger, the girls told their parents or chaperones. Farmers drove in from the fields. And inside the jail-house the deputies and sometimes the sheriff himself offered specially conducted tours, while small boys hung around the jail door in pursuit of adventure.

The second day opened with a tableau. The prisoners were lined up for their photographs outside the jail. In front of them lay the confiscated "evidence," such as typewriters. A deputy sheriff posed also, proudly leveling a double-barrelled shot gun at the men who were supposed nevertheless to look pleasant, in the presence of an admiring throng.

The cells of the sixteen members of the Workers' Party were on the second floor of the jail and were arranged around an open bull pen, so to speak, to which the cells gave access. In an exposed corner of this open space, which served as drill ground, lecture hall, study room and promenade, stood a white bath tub, full sized, with running hot and cold water day and night. Things came to such a pass after the second day that bathing had to be confined to the early morning or to evening, owing to the capacity crowds.

There was probably a good deal of disappointment experienced by the sight-seeing parties. The prisoners did not offer to bite. And the only evidence of violence were minor bruises borne by some of them who had faced a third degree following their arrest.

After breakfast the prisoners, who had the cell block virtually to themselves, could be seen engaged in setting-up exercises. William F. Dunne was the commissar of health. At other times, in accordance with a definite schedule, there were lectures or speeches by C. E. Ruthenburg and others, speeches ranging from law to liberty. Almost always there was reading. The prisoners had been permitted to keep their books and magazines. One had a volume of Swinburne's poems. Another had Whitman. There were contemporary poetry and prose and Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class."

But by the fourth day of imprisonment the popular attitude had undergone a change. Pretty girls, fresh and smiling from Lake Michigan beaches, now wanted to arrange a dance for the imprisoned delegates of the Workers' Party.

"We think a dance would be great fun," said the spokesman of the prisoners to the girls, "but, you see, we are in jail."

"Why?" they were asked.

And so Berrien County begins to learn about the class-war.



Drawing by Maurice Becker

Tariffied

THE manufacturer expects every man to pay his duty.

IT is again the open season for Asia Minor prophets.

IT looks as though the favorite diversion of the coming months will be anthracite-seeing tours.

"GETS Year for Burning Girl" proclaims a headline. The punishment seems mild, but perhaps allowance was made for the fuel shortage.

AUCTIONEERS in the vicinity of New York are giving up the use of the red flag because of "unsavory comparisons." Moscowed!

THINGS are coming to a pretty sad state of normalcy. "The greatest single hero of the world war" has reached such desperate straits that he has had to go to work.

WHILE the principal occupation of the veterans this fall will be rattling the bonus.

FEDERAL agents found a home brew college in New Jersey and confiscated all the class work. No doubt the college yell was, "Whiskey! Whiskey! Raw, raw, raw!"

A STOCK Exchange employee with a long and honorable record has suddenly decamped with \$150,000. As the coffee advertisement says, "Good to the last drop."

ANYWAY the Kaiser's pen was more profitable than his sword. He lost his royalty but he saved the royalties.

THE terms of the federal injunction put upon us a solemn obligation, and we hasten to comply with the law. We like our engines stuck together with glue and tied with string. The service is fine!

FOR President, Harry Daugherty.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

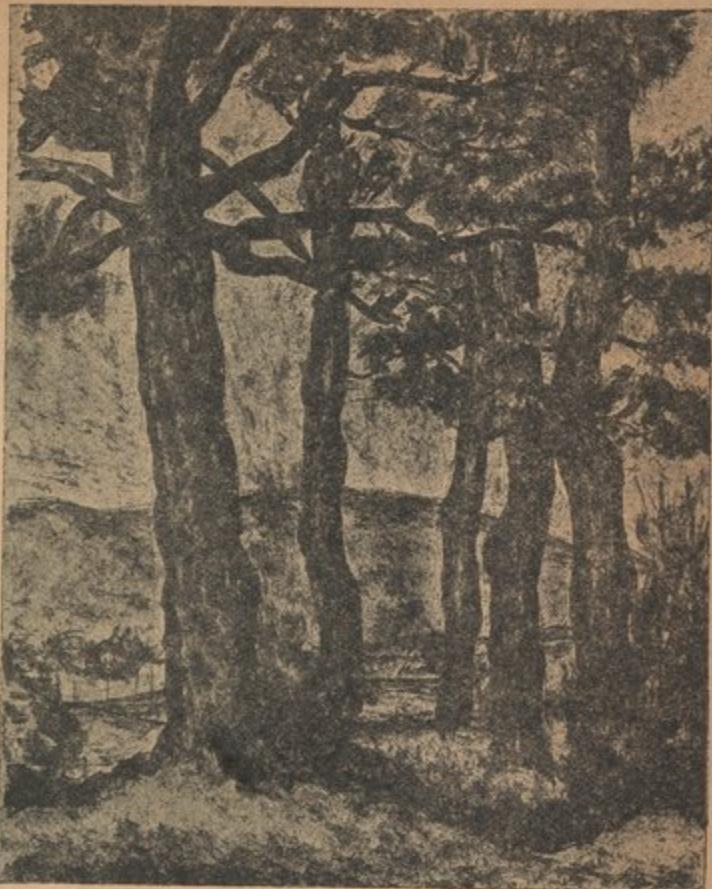
Silences

SOME silences are rich,
Velvet soft
Sweet like frankincense
And fragonard,—
Their silences were hard.

Some silences are cool,
Fragile—sweet,
Old haunting tunes
On chimes of gold,—
Their silences were cold.

Some silences are rhythmic
Swinging seas,
Tides running strongly
Salt-winds keen,—
Their silences were mean.

David P. Berenberg.



Wanda Gog

Autumn

AUTUMN again has turned the fruit stores red,
Autumn of ten-cent apples in a crate
Autumn of white moons, Autumn when dawns are late.
Autumn is up for sale here. It is fed
To children, it is purple jam on bread.
And later, from a ghostly field up-state,
Will Jack O' Lantern hop a midnight freight
For town, come grinning with his yellow head?

Where trains bring Autumn to the warehouse door
A red plum burns the dusk, a fallen spark
From distant glowing orchards. Tramps off shore
Lie deep with splendor, though their hulls loom dark.
Come wind and sun! Though trains and motors roar,
Bring red, bring yellow for the little park!

Stirling Bowen.

Running Water

THE night wind is not more lovely
Than water that runs to the sea.
A river that sings through my sleep
Is more beautiful than a tree.
I will choose for my heaven running water,
To hear it eternally.

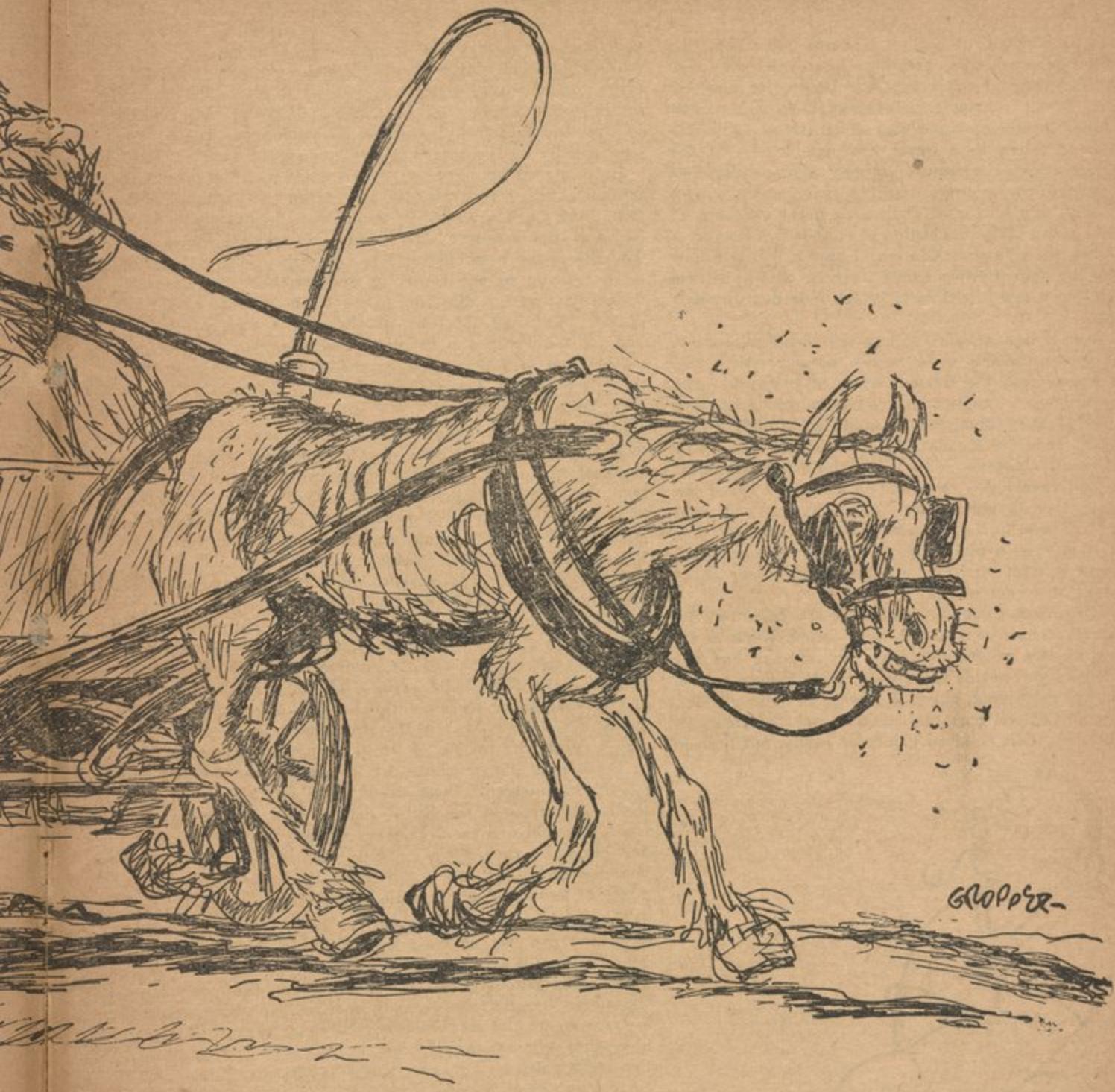
Miriam Allen deFord.



By William Gropper

Just One M

"Don't get so hilarius, old 'un; yo
yet; and, anyhow, where in hell



The More Fling

"Uns you ain't paid for your last trip
In hell d'you think I'm takin' you?"

Art In Starving Germany

By William Schack

THOSE of us who are at bottom idealists and whom this disturbing generation has solidified into cynics may well look to the Germany of today for consolation, for nowhere in the world is the economic disintegration so richly compensated for with spiritual produce. True, there are countries that have fallen to a lower economic level, but for practical calculations Germany is rapidly approaching that level. Even now the average working man cannot supply his family with any butter or fruit or a decent amount of vegetables or meat. The purchasing of clothes is a holiday—a holiday such as a funeral affords. I saw a young fellow accompanied by four friends spend an hour and a half in a shop selecting a low-priced suit; it was indeed an earnest conference.

For the poor it is a sacrifice to buy the cheapest seats at the opera or the theatre, even in the smaller cities; and everybody knows that the German scale of prices is much lower than our own. The rich can of course afford the better places—and they bring their sandwiches with them! Foreigners of moderate means ride in taxis and cabs while the average native thinks twice before he takes a trolley. One rainy day when I was tired and in a hurry I asked the janitor where I could get a 'bus. "Oh, what do you want to ride for?" he said in the gravest of voices. "It isn't very far, and it'll cost you a pile of money." The "Menge Geld" he referred to was four marks, or in American money about three-quarters of a cent at that time.

The foreign invasion not only consumes the best that the country has to offer in a material way. Much worse is its undermining of the general morale. The process has not gone very far as yet, not as far, surely, as in France, whose temperament is more fluid, but it is setting in determinedly. The natives of Coblenz may feel grateful to the American soldiers who give their children plenty of candy, but how do

they feel when they see tremendous barracks being built and not a single civilian dwelling, which are so badly needed? Or in normal times would that landlady in Mainz have asked me in so foul a tone, "Ist die Dame Ihre Frau?" Compared to this, the fact that luxurious Wiesbaden has been taken over chiefly by foreigners is of minor significance.

Half-starved and gnawed by an envy which it would be intolerant not to forgive, have they given up the fight? The first thing you see when you get out of the station at Wiesbaden is, not a garish sign telling you and the world that YEABO is the best cigarette in the world, or even posters to divert you to one resort or another, but a modest announcement with a directing arrow to the current exhibition of art. Yes, and this city of rheumatics and rotters has just built a costly and beautiful museum. At the Dresden station you also find announcements of art and porcelain exhibitions, while Dusseldorf has more pictures in it than New York.

If you approach Dusseldorf from the Rhine, you will come first to the Kunst Palast, situated in what must be the simplest and most beautiful green in the world. It is a magnificent building and holds at present a vast collection of contemporary German painting and drawing, varying in mood from still life to factory realism and in technique from the classic to the most wildly futuristic. To add to your bewilderment and interest, you will find a whole roomful of modern work on the subject of Christ—portraits, descents from the Cross, and so on. If you have any energy left after that, you can visit the Academy of Art, where there is a considerable collection of old masters. A few minutes away you have the Kunsthalle, with a standing exhibit upstairs and contemporary work on the lower floor. A day's rest, and you will be ready for the first international exhibition, which (until the middle of July) occupied the upper floor of the largest department store—Tietz. Here you will find mostly intransigents, who would have nothing to do with the reactionaries of the Kunst Palast, with their mere realism. You will find the November Gruppe, the Secessionists, and others of the Left wing; and you can learn what the younger artists are doing all over the world. All this in a city of less than half a million population.

The theatre does not lag behind. Even in these late July days one can see at least two plays of value in Berlin. New Yorkers will soon have a chance to judge for themselves *Die Wunderlichen Geschichten des Kappelmeisters Kreislers*. Familiar as the method of retrospective narrative is, and though the story is essentially sentimental, this play is nevertheless remarkable for the restraint and concentration with which it is presented and for its marvellously efficient staging. I believe New York has never seen a play given in forty-two scenes. Only once is the full stage utilized; the other scenes, simplified to the semi-obscure of Rembrandt paintings, occupy a small part of the stage—speaking cubically, for there are sets representing a box in a theatre and rooms on an upper floor.

The story moves swiftly from scene to scene, with the narrator and his listener coming in now and again, practically without intermission. Here is an efficiency that does



Hugo Gellert

Emancipated

not render economy ugly; a fine symbol, at the same time, of what our industrial era could accomplish if its extravagant means could be utilized for life-enhancing ends. If there is nothing essentially new in the play, it is at least a union of the ages, for after all the multiplicity of scenes is Shakespearian and its concentration is that of the modern novel, its swift movement that of Eugene O'Neill. The New York producer must have courage, for I doubt that the average theatre-goer will enjoy the fine realistic strain that runs through the play despite its sentimentality, and he may even be disconcerted by a musical accompaniment that is far beyond the banalities that such music usually consists of.

Another play of far greater significance for the theatre, and one which America will probably not see for a long time, is Ernst Toller's *Die Maschinensturmer*, which is a story of the Lud uprising in England at the beginning of the present industrial era. Before and during the war, Toller's plays were barred from the stage, and now that one of his best works is achieving a well-merited success, he himself is serving the third year of a five year prison sentence for having led a Communist uprising in Bavaria.

In *The Machine Wreckers*, individuals do not emerge; they all play the parts laid down for them by economic forces. One must not infer, however, that it is therefore an exercise in Marxism, as Bernard Shaw's plays are algebra exercises appended to his prefaces. It does not attempt to portray people in the fullness of their lives, but only as they react at a certain crisis, in this case at the introduction of a contraption which threatens to starve out the great majority and to destroy those who for the moment earn their living by it. When *The Mob* was produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse, we felt that the mob scenes were admirably handled. What should one say here, where the mob contains three times as many people and where there is no concerted growling and action, but a sensitively distributed response among the individuals of the crowd which finally fire and break into flame by spontaneous combustion?

Certain elements of the play terrify one by their starkness. "Would you like to play?" a group of ragged children are asked. "Play? What does that mean?" "Shall I tell you a fairy tale?" "Fairy tale? What is that?" They listen a few moments without pleasure, without understanding, and suddenly break away from the narrator and start a rough and tumble fight. Also *Arbeiterslied*, sung at intervals like a dead march, chills the blood with its prelude of desolation, and even its final note of revolt has a dank tone of hopelessness.

If we could gather the human material to produce such a play, we should still be without a stage, for *Die Maschinensturmer* is playing at the former Circus, with the usual though lower stage and a long arena leading up to it which serves for the coming and going of the mobs. One gets a forceful idea of the significance of this play for the future when one sits close to the arena, for one feels what an earnest mob can do and one feels that the future holds such mobs in store for us. It is not such a play as Upton Sinclair might write, for it does not flatter the common man. It merely shows that he is human and that he is all too prone to crucify those who would save him, for in the end the mob kills the man who gave up his mother and brother and wealth to lead the strikers. Toller handles his intellectual elements with a sure balance, without which no good work can result from such a subject.

It is certain that the former dynasties which governed Germany were evil in that they handed down law, even

though good law, from above. Whether we paid too high a price for their removal nobody can yet tell. One other thing is certain, and that is that in this country, suffering heaviest for the sins of its rulers as it is, civilization is making its most concentrated effort to endure.

Cologne, July, 1922.

Revery

T O be a seed lying in the dark;
To grow, touching warmth, hearing the rush of secret
rivers;
To wonder, when the eyes see waveringly in the dark;
To startle in the shadowed lightbeams of life—to tremble in
the dawn—to cry in a bursting radiance . . .
And the earth is green with grass, or the air is gold with
the sun, or the wind's tinged fire to the leaves, or the
waters have gone to sleep;
And the rainbow of the year sets sail its colored masts across
the sky;
And the lusty voices that awaken life lull, then rise and fall
in a mighty chant before they die into silence.
To rise like smoke in the stillness;
To dissolve in the upper air and be born at the roots again;
To grow old as the fall blows into winter;
To die as the winter melts into the spring.

William Schack.

Loss

F ALL of the year bites cold
Leaf upon bone
Fall of year smites old
Flesh upon soul
A quiver
Screech owl peals over
River—
In tree
Blood red—
Atop my head
Atop my bed
Hoooooot—hee—hee—hee—
She is mad—
I am lost—
Utter.

Else Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven.

THE LIBERATOR

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In the World of Books

Eloquent Death

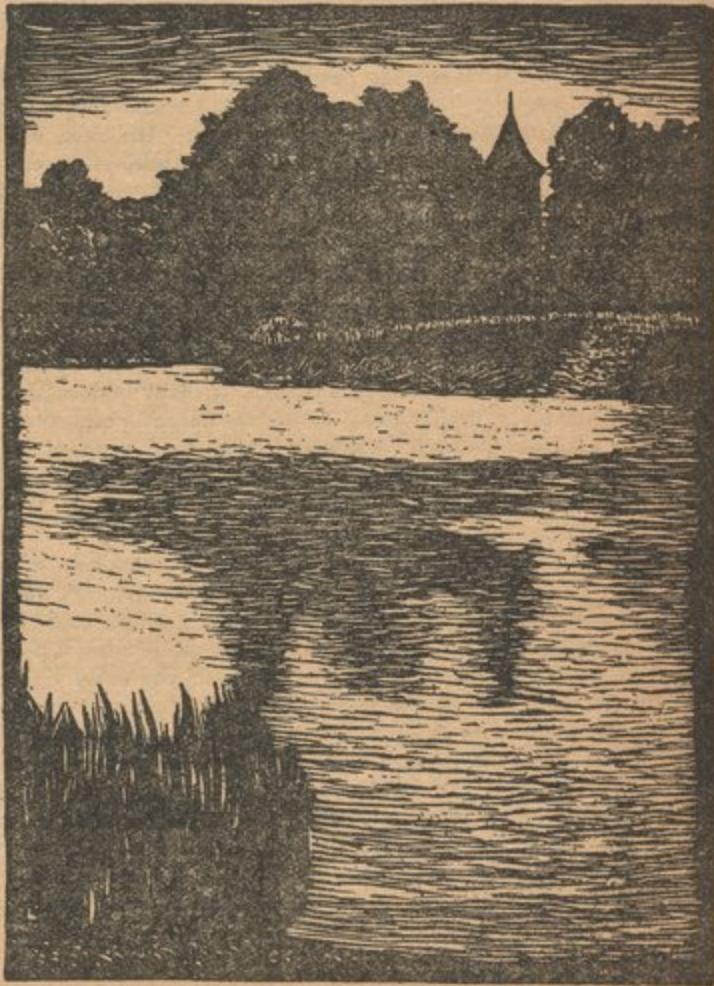
By John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, Jr. Decorations by Boris Artzybashoff (Alfred A. Knopf).

DEATH is a subject which interests me, and I am glad that these young writers have chosen it as the theme of a book. "The Undertaker's Garland" is a collection of stories and poems, ranging from the realistic to the fantastic. One of the stories, "The Death of a Soldier," was first published in the Liberator. As I remember, its publication was delayed for something like a year after acceptance because under the Espionage Act it might have caused the suppression of the magazine. It is a simple piece of realism, of the kind that is too seldom done. That, and one other story by Mr. Wilson, and John Dos Passos' "Three Soldiers," and a little book of hospital sketches, "The Backwash of War," by Ellen La Motte, and a few poems by Carl Sandburg, seem to be the sole fruits of the war for American literature. At least I can at this moment think of nothing else worth mentioning. It is too bad, since the war was so expensive, that we couldn't have got a little more out of it! Are our writers incapable, in general, of digesting such an experience as the recent war? So it would seem. The current mood is one of deliberate forgetting; it was an "unpleasant" affair, and now that it is over let's not think anything more about it! I am glad that Mr. Wilson has the excellent bad taste to remind us.

The other contents of this volume are the result, not so much of the war, as of the "peace." This is explained in an interestingly unpatriotic preface. Returning from France after the war, these young men seem to have seen America for the first time. To be sure, they cannot be accused of having been 100-per centers even before the war; there are evidences in this book of their distaste for the quality of American life, a distaste of a sort that does not usually spring up over night. But, from these same evidences, they were headed straight for the Ivory Tower—their distaste for current actuality was, it would seem, of that mild sort which easily contents itself with beautiful nouns and adjectives, Greek legends, and exotic bric-a-brac generally. But now their distaste for American life has become more acute, and demands expression. It finds its best expression in satire, such as "The Death of an Efficiency Expert," which contains one of the best brief sketches of our machine civilization that has yet appeared in our literature; and in "Emily in Hades," a phantasy whose very imperfections are due to the hard attempt to think out a criticism of life in intellectual terms. As for the more flowery things in the book, such as the "Death of a Centaur," they are not to my taste; they represent what is left of the old Ivory Tower tendency in these writers, and they are not sufficiently good poetry to make the question of their manner irrelevant. "The Death of a Harlot" is damnable sentimental. The whole book is patchy, and does not express any very consistent mood. But the tone of the volume is, if I may use in its true sense a much misused word, healthy. It confronts life with candor.

Death has a variety of fascinations. Some people are afraid of it. Others yearn for it as tired men yearn for sleep. Others are incapable of believing in it. But all these attitudes have been adequately expressed, and some of them so often expressed that they have become a literary bore. The refreshing thing about Edgar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology" was that it used death as a point-of-view from which to look back at life and see it clearly and truly. It is the same point-of-view, used in the same way, that makes this book interesting.

Consider, you who read this, what epitaph you would write for yourself after you had finished with life; what funeral sermon you would deliver to the mourners, if you could come back and usurp the place of the preacher! You would not think it worth while to copy the preacher's consolatory platitudes; consolation is for the living; but, you, being dead, would have no need of consolation any more. You would be beyond grief and beyond hope. You would also be beyond good and evil. The perspective of things would be wholly altered. Perhaps you wouldn't have any-



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

Waters at Evening

thing to say, if you could; perhaps you would realize that the living are too stupid to profit by the wisdom of the dead. But if enough of mortal illusion still clung to your ghostly mind, so that it seemed worth while to tell the living how life seemed now that it was all over, what would you say?

For one thing, you would realize how you had wasted your time, now that you had no more time to waste. And very likely you would feel that it was in doing the things accounted most important by the living world that you would feel you had most wasted your time. I am not going to try to preach your funeral sermon for you; but I think you would want to reach out to the living, and say, "Don't be the same kind of fool I was!" You might add: "There is so brief a time in which to do anything that if you spend that time doing everything other people tell you that you ought to do, no time will be left to do the things you want to do. As for the things you want to do, they may be impossible; but don't be too easily persuaded of that! They may be quite possible; they may require only courage. And if they are impossible, you can make certain of it by trying."

Death is sometimes accounted a tragedy in itself; I don't find that attitude in these pages. I find rather the implicit text: "The tragedy is not that we die; the tragedy is that we die without having lived." There is an imperfection in the nature of the universe itself; but at least we can, if we dare, make some of our dreams come true.

Who said that death was an unpleasant subject? I find it a most agreeable one! The thought of death revives me, makes me feel that if I really am alive now is my chance to prove it. Perhaps we would all live more intensely if we dared to think a little more about death. At least, these young authors have given us the opportunity for that experiment, and you can try it and see how it works.

FLOYD DELL.

The Dung-Heap of Civilization

The Enormous Room. By E. E. Cummings. Boni and Liveright.

A WORD which occurs quite frequently in the pages of *The Enormous Room*, like the imperious itch of a dirt-bred sore, is the savoursome French word "merde", meaning dung. Back of the staccato impulsive style, running freely at moments, but more often compelled and wrung for new meanings, new shadings, and subtler voicings of flaming emotion, there looms, like a smelly blemish against the sunlight, the cumulative dung-heap of what we are pleased to call our civilization.

What is wrong with the social structure in which we happen to find ourselves is remorselessly summed up—more remorselessly than we have been accustomed to for a long time within the covers of this vivid and moving record of a fourth months' imprisonment in a French spy-camp. There is enough dormant nitro-glycerine to blow up the inert souls of whole nations, to sting into yearning pity and even vengeful action most honest and decent men and woman. The book loses none of its sharp mounting force because of the toying irony which glimmers out here and there in its pages or because its tone is one of sardonic restraint and sad pitying beauty.

Of rich naturalistic unrestraint, however, there is quite a goodly share. But let us, first, outline the mere narrative. Cummings and his friend B were members of the Norton

Harjes Section of the American Ambulance during the early part of the war. Through some slight indiscretion in a letter on the part of B, both young men were suspected of being German spies. Without so much as a decent hearing they were marched off to the prison barracks of *La Ferté Macé* at Orne, France and there quartered in a single long room with about sixty other men comprising almost all known creeds and races.

This room in which they were brusquely confined was a filthy dark evil-smelling lousy room utterly bare of the most primitive sanitary equipment. Here they languished for about four months under the benign surveillance of the great French Government. The book is fashioned after the manner of Pilgrim's Progress, but this minor affectation can be easily overlooked and forgiven. There is enough pith in Cumming's sensitive responses to his harrowing experience to make us forget models. What is more, his expressionist prose becomes not a vain wilful gesture, but an integral and vital part of the medium by which he tries to convey a blindingly intense emotion. The most astonishing thing to mind is that all the inmates of *La Ferté Macé*, of the enormous sombre room or barracks, are made so stabbingly real. We seem to touch their smutty flesh, to smell their sour nondescript clothes, to gag at the bare stained fetid mattresses upon which they lie as well as, to be sure, the urinal pails, conveniently placed next to pillars.

Now what about these men (and women, too, in the Women's Quarters) who abruptly found themselves the unwilling guests of the benevolent French Government? The war, of course, had not a little to do with the imprisonment of these world-bitten outcasts; but not everything. It was, more properly, the whole grindingly cruel mechanism of our world-order that choked and burnt and warped and fettered them. They groped in their childlike way for the remote grails of beauty, comradeship, love—and here all this wild unslaked hunger is given relief for us by the very fact of their incarceration, by the very background of the sombre room in which they huddle together like so many stumbling beasts.

There is a flesh-and-blood solidity about these original souls. Long after the last page, the last paragraph (a bit oratorical perhaps) is read, they linger on tuggingly in the memory, in the heart, in the conscience. For it is the corporate conscience of men which is acidly rasped by this book.

Out of the sixty or more living characters, given such fantastic but enlivening and well-chosen names as Rockefeller, The Magnifying Glass, The Trick Raincoat, the White-Bearded Raper, the Fighting Sheeney, three fine incomparable figures of men emerge in addition to one or two women. This trio Cummings hails as the Delectable Mountains.

The Delectable Mountains are superb; they soar up sheer above the general level of the stark ailing human flesh brutishly imprisoned in *La Ferté*. There is, for one thing, the pathetic Wanderer, a gypsy, with his majestic head and tender family devotion. While his wife and two of their children live in the Women's Quarters, he and his little ragged urchin of a son, of whom he is so inordinately proud, sleep side by side in the Enormous Room. The little imp would shinny, to the inexpressible delight of the inmates, up the decayed apple trees in the courtyard with the easy agility of a monkey utterly deaf to the bullying threat of the ever-watchful Plantons or orderlies.

Then come the inimitable Zulu and Surplice (a Pole). Let

me quote Cumming's effort, in a vivid passage, to limn the latter, who remained forever unknown, although, such was the squalid magic of the place, he could be felt, heard, scented and even tasted. But not known! The Delectable Mountains persevered to the end as mere scrutable souls of men.

"Take him", says Cummings, "in the dawn's squareness, gently stooping to pick up chewed cigarette ends from the spitty floor—hear him all night: retchings which light into the dark—see him all day and all days, collecting his soaked ends and stuffing them into his round pipe—when he can find none, he smokes little splinters of wood—watch him scratching his back (exactly like a bear) on the wall—or in the cour, speaking to no one, sunning his soul—"

The most arresting portrait of all, however, in a book that fairly thrusts up to us a gallery of trenchantly human figures, is Jean Le Négre. This negro, naive and spontaneously kind and gentle, made pretense in his childlike way to a deft knowledge of both French and English, but, in point of fact, he could handle neither—no civilized tongue at all. His speech was pure, like nature's; he voiced his gentle and wholly generous impulses by way of subtle action and gesture and a beautiful self-constraint towards his own huge muscular animalism in despite of his gigantic frame. His native sweetness and gentility, his dog-like attachment to his prisoner-friends, the clean-sculptured salience and beauty of his character, coupled with a priceless gift for composing a fairy-tale web of fascinating lies, in each of which he was the chief protagonist—a web, by the way, which never hung together on any two occasions—all these matters are unerringly, movingly set down by Cummings in his book.

Nobody who does not live in an emotional vacuum can fail to sense the passionate impact of *The Enormous Room*. Books like this serve unawares to widen the limits of language, chiefly because they are penetrated with the purest translucent feeling. You can not hope to sharpen speech, enrich it, make it throb and murmur and glow unless there is genuine emotion behind the symbols used, behind the bare words. But here we have pity and agony and essential humanity.

PIERRE LOVING.

Maeterlinck in a Fog

The Great Secret. By Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Bernard Miall. The Century Company.

DISCIPLES and devotees of Maeterlinck who make a ritual of reading all of his releases, may find their burden, with respect to his latest book, considerably lightened if they begin at the end and read backwards.

The "Great Secret" is revealed in the last paragraph and lest the suspense prove unbearable, it is herewith whisperingly divulged:

The "Great Secret", the only secret, is that all things are secret.

But not without an impressive splash of erudition does the arch-comforter of antiquarians arrive at this conclusion. Resumés of the early cults of India, Egypt, Persia, Chaidea, Greece and modern religio-psychic beliefs are included. It is a good handbook for alchemists, oculists, and metaphysicians, and should be on the five-foot shelf of every writer of psycho-detective stories.

The important work on the book consisted in compiling and boiling down existing information on the nature and genesis of religions and beliefs. Maeterlinck's own contribution is contained in his "Conclusions." And the crux of these is summed up thus:

"Let us at least learn, in the school of our mysterious ancestors, to make allowance, as they did, for the unknowable, and to search only for what is there; that is, the certainty that all things are God, that all things exist in Him and should end in happiness, and that the only divinity which we can hope to understand is to be found in the depths of our own souls."

One cannot easily divorce the suspicion that Tytul wrote the book after a correspondence course with Rabindranath Tagore.

A. KANDEL

The Dictatorship of Happiness

La Dictature du Bonheur. By Henri Bru; Paris, Editions Clarté.

IN France there exists a group Clarté, composed of literateurs with socialist and communist leanings. These writers have given up the notion of art for art's sake and have decided to spice their writings with propaganda. Whatever be the wisdom of the general policy—let esthetes debate this over their teacups—the little volume which has been awarded the 1922 prize by the organization is certainly a triumph of literary art used to embroider a propagandist theme. It is a work rich in philosophic humor and delicate irony, and these seem to gain rather than lose in effectiveness by virtue of the bias of the author.

M. Bru begins by saying he is a writer. He wants to write a marvelous book. But it's quite a job to write these days. So much has been written already. After due reflection M. Bru decides to write a book which will "flatter the tastes of the reader who pays best." And so he dedicates his essay in sociological satire to the "Grands Bourgeois"—the tired business men of France.

Says M. Bru to the Grands Bourgeois:

"The various peoples who have come one after another on the Earth have always included in their midst a few rare individuals with a kink in their minds.

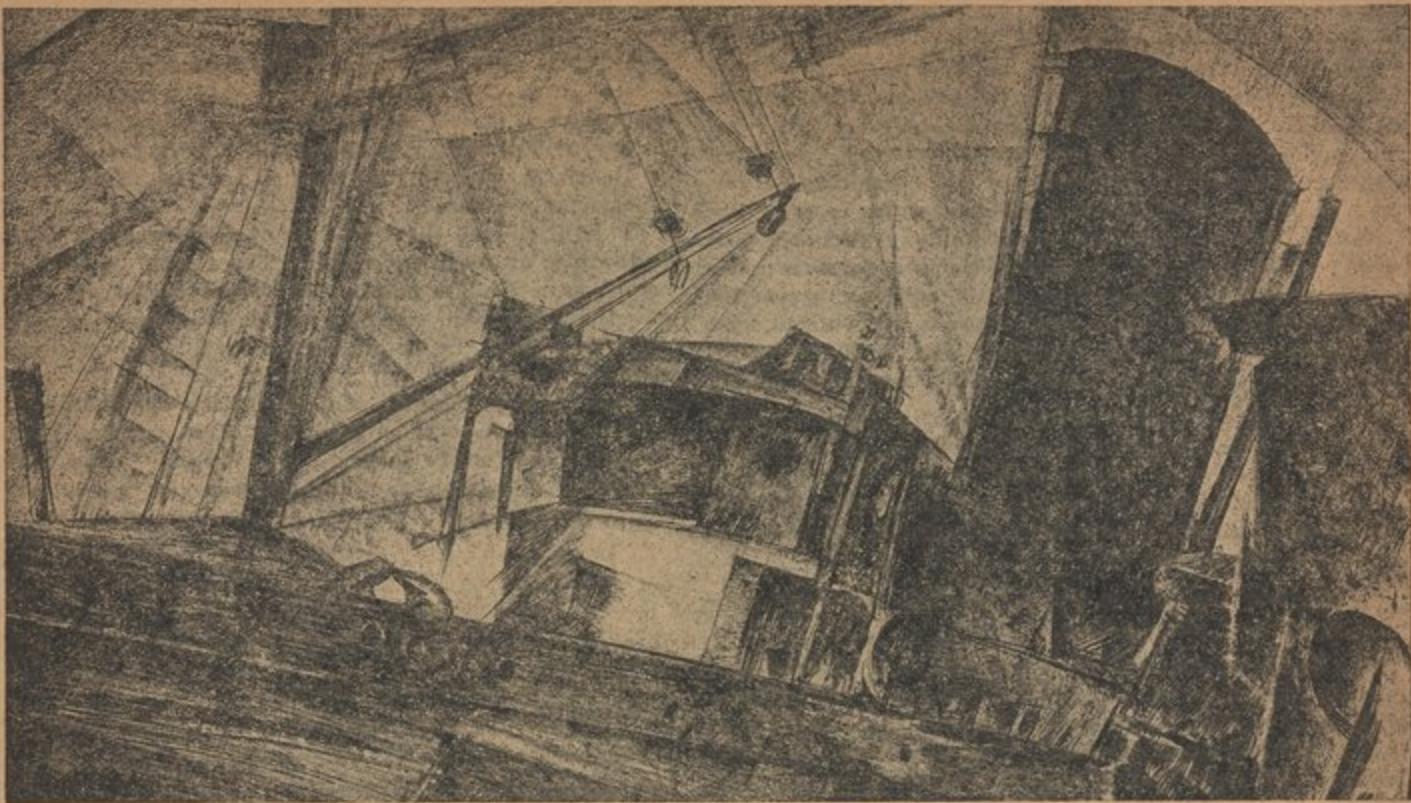
"These abnormal creatures distinguish themselves from their fellows by their peculiar mania in discovering that the society in which they live is bad.

"They shout at the top of their voice that this society has been organized for the benefit of a few and that these few derive an odious profit from the dependence to which they have reduced all the others. And, denouncing this so-called injustice, they pretend to establish the fact that the majority of men and women are not happy.

"They affirm, moreover, that every individual has a right to happiness, and they bring to the support of this surprising thesis a mass of childish and ridiculous doctrines.

"These doctrines would be a joke if they did not present a certain danger. That is because they all contain an appeal to the vilest popular instincts, by preaching the suppression of the rights and privileges of the directing classes—the only means, it seems, of freeing the lower classes from their yoke."

M. Bru thus addresses the Grands Bourgeois. He persuades them after a few chapters that perhaps the best way out of the mess is to try to make all men happy. Happ-



Drawing by L. Kravis

piness? That's simple. Let's look up the word in the dictionary of the French Academy.

Here is what M. Bru discovers in the dictionary of the French Academy:

"Happiness: substantive, masculine—felicity.

"Felicity: substantive, feminine—beatitude.

"Beatitude: substantive, feminine—felicity, happiness."

Simple, isn't it? Happiness—why happiness is just happiness.

Somewhat dazed by this first discovery, the author continues to inquire into the causes of human misery and into the paradox of the capitalistic system. He comes to the conclusion that men will some day be happy, or if you will, free from suffering, and that once the vicious economic system is overthrown, the great force of love will come into its own.

The book is replete with satirical aphorisms of a high order. I select at random some remarks on the philosophy of the ideal:

"Man is capable of inventing what he calls an 'ideal', that is to say a line of conduct which seems to him more worthy of a creature of his rank than the mechanical performance of acts stimulated by purely material wants.

"And so, philosophers have concluded from this fact that the human race is superior to the other animal races.

"This superiority is revealed, generally, in acts of cruelty which are not even justified by the great biologic law of the struggle for existence.

"For example, the ideal of Religion engenders intolerance, incites massacres en masse as well as the more refined individual tortures, such as crucifixion and burning at the stake.

"The ideal of Patriotism develops nationalist sentiments,

and the rivalry of nations, and brings on wars with all their train of horrors.

"The ideal of the Family divides each people into castes, separates the rich from the poor, and provokes the class struggle, tyranny, insurrection and revolution."

The one criticism that might be made of the book is that it is rather too sentimental. The chapters are interlarded with oriental exhortations to love and charity. But then nobody can focus his imagination upon society without weeping for the fate of man.

BENJAMIN GINSBURG.

How To Make A Million Dollars

The First Million the Hardest. By A. B. Farquhar. Doubleday Page.

THE citizens of our mighty Republic are indebted to Mr. A. B. Farquhar. To begin with, Mr. Farquhar is a millionaire, and, as everyone knows, all the benefits which we enjoy, all the peace, prosperity and happiness is due entirely to the intelligence and hard work of our millionaires. For that we can never be sufficiently grateful. We owe them our civilization, and if this particular kind of civilization costs a war now and then, why, what are a few million lives compared with the fact that at one and the same time the United States has the greatest gold reserve in the world and the Golf Championship?

But it is not for his financial status alone that we owe Mr. Farquhar a vote of thanks. He has rendered us, my fellow citizens, an inestimable service. He has, to begin with, drawn a clear portrait of a 100 per cent American; and, what is much more important, he has given us a simple recipe by which we can become millionaires—which is, of course, the most universal and most deep-rooted of ambitions. In fact, about the only people who do not wish to become mil-

lionaires are those whose minds have become tainted with the crass materialism of socialist philosophy.

The formula for becoming a millionaire is, as I have hinted, very simple. After you have made your first million, the rest is easy. Now the chief condition for making your first million is that you must live in America. In other countries it may be a little hard to make a million dollars, but here it is a cinch, because America is the Land of Opportunity. All our great Captains of Industry were once poor boys, and most of our presidents chopped wood in their boyhood. But we need not go out of our way to see the golden advantages which America offers to all of its citizens. Take the case which Mr. Farquhar uses to illustrate his thesis. It is the case, of course, of Mr. Farquhar himself.

Here we have the story of a raw country bumpkin, starting out life with a grammar school education, and eventually becoming a power in the financial world. It is a simple story of a simple man, of an average American. His rise, Mr. Farquhar admits, was nothing remarkable. Anyone can do it if he follows this rule:

"Work, fear God, do not try to mend His ways, pay your debts, keep your bowels clean."

Mr. Farquhar followed that rule and look at him now. Why, he remembers the day he landed in New York, at twenty, without a cent in the world. But his mind was armed with a "simple, direct question: How can I make a million dollars?" In New York he met William B. Astor and fired that simple, direct question at him. Unfortunately, Mr. Astor never made a million dollars. He got all his money from his father. So he could not answer Farquhar's question; he could only hand him some platitudes about the unhappiness which wealth brings.

Now, if I had been in Farquhar's boots, I would have offered to solve Mr. Astor's problem along with my own by relieving him of his oppressive wealth; but then, that is why I shall probably never make a million. For what Farquhar did was to get a list of financial leaders and to call on them, saying Mr. Astor had send him. He attended, without trepidation, an important directors' meeting of the American Exchange Bank, where advice was showered on him.

"In a word, they confirmed the lines that had been given to me in childhood, founded on the text, 'God is not mocked—that is, that you cannot trifle with Nature's laws.' And, after all, that is the best recipie for succes in business that exists."

After this quest of the commercial Grail in New York, young Farquhar returned to Maryland and set up in business, thus beginning a career marked by few failures and crowned with many successes. He partook in the Civil War—that is he made money out of it; and, of course, he knew Lincoln, who laid his hand on Farquhar's shoulder and called him "sonny." In fact, long before anyone saw Lincoln's true greatness Farquhar had recognized it. Since that time, he has known every president and been the trusted adviser of all sorts of leading men.

As a study of a Perfect American, the book is full of gems. Here is a piece of hypocritical hokum by a man who, though he was a contemporary of Walt Whitman's, and lived to the day when the poet became a figure in the literature of the world, does not even so much as mention Whitman's name once in all the 315 pages of his book. "A man", Mr. Farquhar clucks solemnly, "cannot be properly called a man

who lets his love for a dollar interfere with his love for a book."

But it is unfair to criticise Mr. Farquhar as a literary critic. He is now eighty years old, and I am sure that in the leisure of his old age he has read a book. At any rate, he has written one, with the aid of a hack journalist; and the inspiring note of that book is that all of us can still become millionaires.

"It is often said that the door of opportunity is shutting in the face of the wage earner. There could be no greater error", says Mr. Farquhar. "His opportunities are greater now than they were when I commenced business; they were never so good in the history of the world as now and in this country."

I am now circulating Mr. Farquhar's book among my friends, and I hope when they have their millions they will remember me for the favor. I myself cannot hope to make a million. I have most of the qualifications, but my digestion is not so good.

GEORGE GRANICH.

Mezzotints

GRAY crag, dun colored leaves,
And wind stripped spray of branches, Niads hair
Spread soft and fanwise, watery gleaming still,
As fading, shivering sunbeams,
Touch it with frosty fingers.

Three birches starkly gaunt against
The hurtling mists; white Autumn birches
After rain, wet knuckles grimy.
Trellis of leaflet branches spread
Their cobwebs whorls, last perch of butterflies—
Flaked gold, wind errant,—
Drifting, sliding, swooping.

Sylvia Stragnell.

O Proletariat!

O PROLETARIAT!
Capitalism is a chrysalis,
Break the crust that holds you,
And the green and gold
of your gauzy new wings
Will so astonish you,
You will cling for awhile
To a twig of the world-tree,
And rub your eyes long, oh long!
Before breaking into winged rapture.

O, Bourgeoisie!
Communism is the platform
Under your gallows' tree.
The harder you kick it,
The more swiftly will you swing.

Rose Pastor Stokes.

A Knife In the Back

By Karl Radek

THE Soviet Government has succeeded in confiscating the secret archives of the S.R. organization in Paris, the so-called Administrative Center, consisting of Kerensky, Avksentiev, Zensinov, Brushvit, Tchernov, Machin and other well-known S.R.'s. These archives weigh five puds, and until now only a small part of it could be assorted. The material already assorted deals with the activity of the S.R. Party during the year 1921. The last of the assorted documents are dated December 21st, 1921. They have been published in Moscow in pamphlet form entitled "The Work of the Foreign S.R.'s," with photographic reproductions of the records and minutes of the Administrative Center, letters of Zensinov, Kerensky and others. For the time being we will communicate the chief discoveries in the sifting of that material. This material will be the last nail in the coffin of that infamous Party.

In 1921 the S.R. Party lived on the money furnished it by the Czecho-Slovakian and French Governments as well as by the Russian White Guards.

These facts are proven by the following documents. Zensinov, a member of the Foreign Delegation of the S.R. Party, reports to Rogovski, member of the Administrative Center, on the 3rd of December: Yesterday I had a conversation with Benesch, which lasted fifteen minutes. He was as usual very amiable and obliging. I think he is upright. In our conversation I described to him our possibilities and actual position. I showed him our situation as a whole. "We believe your work useful and necessary for Russia as well as for us. We will not allow that your work be stopped; from January on you will receive from us weekly 50,000 crowns; I (Benesch) will see to it personally that this amount is raised to 60 or 65,000 crowns." (Benesch is the Prime Minister of Czecho-Slovakia). On the 21st of December, Zensinov reports to Rogovski: "Four days ago I received 80,000 crowns. This money was paid us without any demand on our part."

In their meeting of April 27th, 1921, the Administrative Center decided to curtail its activi-

ties in case the French should stop their subsidies, which proves that up to that time, the Administrative Center had been supported by the French Government.

As a third source of support appears the former Russian Ambassador Bachmetiev, in whose hands even today considerable sums from the Russian Government Treasury may be found. On the 12th of April, 1921, Kerensky sent the following coded telegram to Bachmetiev through the Czechoslovakian Embassy in Paris: "I have received an urgent call for aid from Russia. The money you sent has reached its destination and was a great help. It is necessary to continue this help without delay. Our penury requires my immediate departure for America." In his letter of March 13th, Zensinov writes Kerensky: "Yesterday we received your 50,000 francs, and 25,000 dollars from Bachmetiev by telegraph."

The fourth source of help is the White Guard General Bitcherachov. The S.R.'s received from him (according to his letter to Minor) during the year 1918-19, 20,000 francs and in 1920 several hundred pounds. Where did that money come from? The S.R. "Terpogosian" writes to Minor on the 21st of March, 1921: "The money in the possession of

Bitcherachov comes from two sources. After the evacuation of the Persian front, Bitcherachov organized a corps of volunteers. The English paid him a definite sum each month for the support of these troops. The payments were based on a personal contract. The English subsidies were greater than the expenses, so that a large sum always remained in Bitcherachov's hands. He also had at his disposal the money which had been appropriated by the Baku White Guard dictatorship after the overthrow of the Communist Governments in Baku and Petrovsk. These consisted mainly of the railway funds, i.e., State-funds. In consideration of these facts we thought ourselves justified to consider these sums not as Bitcherachov's personal property, but as given him for social and political purposes."

The fifth source were the Russian capitalists.

The Foreign Delegation of the Social Revolutionary Party has issued a statement from Berlin on the recent trial in Moscow at which twelve of their leaders were found guilty of treachery to the Russian revolution. According to this statement their party opposes "all conspiratorial and rebel adventures, all individual and mass terroristic enterprises." The party not only denies ever having employed terror against representatives of the Soviet Government; it even denies any connection with capitalist forces. It feels it can "afford to hurl aside the miserable Bolshevik slander regarding our alleged espionage on behalf of the Entente." It would be better for the S.R.'s if, instead of melodramatically hurling aside the serious charges of treason brought against them by Moscow, they could answer these charges with concrete facts, facts as concrete as those which Karl Radek presents here in support of those charges. It is interesting to observe that toward the end of their declaration of noble intentions, the S.R. pose of peace and good will collapses without much ceremony. Their "final word" is, that they will hold communist leaders "personally responsible" for the lives of every one of the twelve hostages of their party. This is a direct threat of assassination and completely cancels their declaration that they have abandoned violence against the workers' revolution. Radek's article should be read with special care by anarchists like Alexander Berkman, who have pointed to the Kronstadt uprising as an example of Bolshevik tyranny. The documents here presented prove that the Kronstadt affair was not a revolt of Russian workers and peasants against a centralized state, but was an unsuccessful attempt on the part of Allied capitalists to destroy the fruits of the Russian revolution.

During the Kronstadt insurrection, Zenzinov wrote to the Administrative Center: "To realize all this (the purchase of food for the Kronstadt rebels) a guarantee of 6 million Czechish crowns is necessary. In Paris you will be better able to judge who can furnish this guarantee. Perhaps through the Russian banks and industrials, through Denikov; Poslednia Novosti and Obshtche Dyelo write a great deal about their readiness to furnish help to Kronstadt."

This proves that the S.R.'s were supported by French, Czecho-Slovakian as well as Russian White Guard capitalists. Further documents prove that the apparatus of this counter-revolution was placed at the disposal of the S.R.'s.

II.

The S.R.'s are in very close contact with the French Government. The correspondence between Kerensky and Berthelot, the director of the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs proves this definitely. On the 19th of February, 1921, Berthelot writes to Kerensky: "In spite of all our efforts, I and the Premier (Briand) will not be able to find any time this week to confer with you. However, I have been able to speak with Benesch on the question which interests you, and we hope that our resolutions will satisfy you." We see thereby, how French Imperialism uses its influence upon the bourgeois government of Czecho-Slovakia to help the S.R.'s.

The S.R.'s sent Colonel Machin to Reval to conduct their work in the North and West. A report of Machin to Kerensky dated June 25th, shows what the work consisted in: "Our work for the coming months will consist in the sending of a reliable and capable person to Moscow to obtain information about the situation, to carry on military espionage and to sound the Staff personnel of the Red Army." On the 24th of September, he reports: "These two points (Narva and Petchery) should also conduct their spying to determine the forces of the Red Army." In August, the Administrative Center is notified that the S.R.'s are being supported by the French Military Authorities in all this work. "During my last visit to the French General Staff, I have settled all the questions relating to you in your favor. I was asked to link up connection for you in Reval and Riga so that you may be helped in the organization of our correspondence and that an automobile may be placed at your disposal. All necessary orders have been given, and in case of need you should apply to the head of the French Military Mission in Riga, General Archard, and in Reval to his subordinates. You may send all your reports through them." The French military representative, Archard, takes the S.R. Colonel Machin in his automobile to the Western front. When Kerensky sends Colonel Boronovitch to Constantinople for espionage purposes, he gives him a letter to General Pellet, the military representative of France in Constantinople, dated August 11th, 1921. "General, I have resumed in Paris the negotiations which I had begun before my departure to Constantinople, and whose result I hope you already know. I therefore take the liberty to reckon on your help for our cause and ask you at the same time to regard the bearer of this letter, colonel Nikolaus Boronovitch as my sole representative in Constantinople and to give him your full confidence." The Administrative Center in Paris corresponds in the code of the French Military Mission with Tchernov and Brushvit in Reval; with the member of the Foreign Delegation of the S.R.'s Zenzinov, through the Czecho-Slovakian Mission in Paris and through the Czecho-

Slovakian Foreign Office in Prague and with the ex-Ambassador Bachmetiev in Washington in the code of the Czecho-Slovakian Mission in Paris. Among the documents we find the autographic letter of Wratislav Trcka, the first secretary of the Czecho-Slovakian Mission in Paris, informing Avksentiev that Bachmetiev's answer has arrived.

Just as the great capitalistic powers, with France at the head, so the vassals of the Entente also helped the R.S.'s. The S.R. delegate in the Baltic States, Brunshvit negotiates with Meyerovitch, the Lettish Minister for Foreign Affairs, and with the Minister for Defense, Goldmann. He reports at the meeting of the council of March 13th, 1921, that both Ministers of Lettland acted towards him with exaggerated frankness, and that he had the impression after his conversation with them, that they did not believe in the independent existence of Lettland. He reported as follows: "I spoke with him (Meyerovitch) about our cause briefly and in general; we came to a full agreement in principle on all questions. The technical details will be arranged on my return. I spoke at length with Goldmann, the Minister for National Defense. He showed the fullest sympathy and agreement."

Brunshvit complains at first about his cool reception in Reval and surmises the cause to be the bribing of the Estonian Government by Litvinov. Brunshvit demands therefore: "an exhortation from the English side would be in place here, pointing out this superfluous sympathy for Litvinov and the much too apathetic attitude towards us." On March 17th, 1921, Kerensky answered Zensinov by telegraph: "Confer with Benesch about removing the obstacles we meet in the border states. It is necessary that pressure be exercised from London." London must have obeyed; Colonel Machin writes to Kerensky on July 25th: "Diplomatic relations have been resumed. The War Ministry and the General Staff are on our side." In the report of the 24th of September on the activity of the S.R. Council in Reval, he says: "The resumption of our work requires certain diplomatic steps which will secure us considerable freedom of movement and the sympathy of responsible circles."

These sympathies existed in Finland from the very beginning. On the 12th of March, Brunshvit reports to the Administrative Center: "After the first cool impression, the attitude of the Finnish authorities towards us suddenly became very friendly. This will serve as an example: When my sudden departure for Reval became necessary, all facilities of transportation were put at my disposal, from the government ice-breakers to aeroplanes.

And finally,—Poland. Colonel Boronovitch, the leader of Kerensky's counter-espionage forces in Constantinople reports, September 16th, 1921, that the Polish Ambassador, Yadko has introduced him to Nelidov, the delegate of the White Guard insurgent organization in the North Caucasus. The report reads: "I have met His Excellence, Ambassador Yadko, who is the prey of the blackest despair; Nelidov, he says, has ruined his whole career; Nelidov is a thief and an adventurer; I answered him that he himself had made the success of this adventurer possible and sent him to Paris."

These documents suffice to convince every reading man that it was no exaggeration on our part when we claimed that S.R.'s were working not only with the financial support of the foreign powers, but in closest contact with the latter's whole diplomatic and spying forces. We will show further what the S.R.'s had to pay for the support of capitalistic governments.

III.

In 1921, the S.R.'s stirred rebellions in the Northwest and in the Caucasus. This does not relate to the support of Kronstadt alone nor to the attempt to bring grain to Kronstadt, as Zenzinov reports to Kerensky. At the session of August 13th, 1921, the Council of the Administrative Center, discussed the statutes of the Special Division whose task it was to prepare armed rebellions and the way in which experts could be secured for that work. Machin demands the financial and economic preparation for the overthrow of the Bolsheviks, Brunshvit speaks of the necessity to create a strong military organization. Kerensky declares: "Our experts and leaders are now in the various organizations in Russia, and we demand their signed pledge as guarantee for their political and military actions. They pledge themselves to an exemplary conduct in those matters." At the session of the Council of the Administrative Center, on March 31st Colonel Machin drew the attention of the Council to the existence in Finland of 15,000 Ingemanlanders, 3,000 of whom could be mobilized. Brunshvit reached an agreement with them on the matter of the material support of this White Guard organization through the S.R.'s; Tchernov gave them 14,000 Finnish marks.

The Committee of the S.R. group in the Northwest provinces reports to the Administrative Center, November 6th, 1921: "To realize the plans of the Committee, the organization of armed attacks against the Bolsheviks, a special division of the truest and most devoted persons will be formed into a terroristic fighting group. This group shall be composed of a hundred men, disposing of the monthly sum of 559,000 Estonian marks."

In the Caucasus, the S.R.'s ally themselves with the group called The National Federation for the Liberation of the Southeast, which was to prepare a general uprising in the Caucasus. In the archives of the Administrative Center we found a draft of a coded letter from one of the S.R. military experts, addressed to Machin, in which the following communication is made: "Two weeks ago a certain Colonel Nelidov addressed himself to us for help; he came to us from the North Caucasus as the delegate of the Union of Insurgent Troops of North Caucasus and of the Cossack, Peasant and Urban Delegates' Council with the latest news about conditions in that region. The situation in the main, is as follows: The preparation of an uprising in the North Caucasus, including Dagestan, the Tver and Kuban Provinces, the Province of Stavropol and the Isal District of the Don provinces had been conducted along the same lines as in the Black Sea provinces, by Boronovitch; that is, central, provincial, district and company staffs were created. Of the 126 company staffs to be created 73 were already functioning. Local conditions make it necessary that the uprising take place no later than October, and Nelidov reports that the uprising would take place irrespective of foreign aid. It was decided to furnish that aid. For that purpose we again resumed negotiations with the French, and they have formally promised us all possible help, naturally on condition that the greatest secrecy be maintained. Boronovitch and Nelidov are leaving on the 20th of August for Constantinople, where they will enter into contact with the central organs, and should the foregoing be found true, they will fix the date of the uprising and with means of transportation previously prepared, they will bring the weapons and ammunition and the necessary personnel to points on the shore known to them."

The correspondence with Boronovitch in Constantinople was conducted through the Czechoslovakian Mission. In his letter of the 21st of September, Boronovitch gives a report of his negotiations with the representatives of the Central Committee of the Mensheviks in Georgia, referring to their common action. He organized in the Caucasus a military espionage system and sent through the Czechoslovakian Mission the most detailed information on the position of Soviet troops in the Caucasus. He writes, October 12th: "From Suchov and other places I have received through . . . a letter from one of my couriers, whom I had sent on the 12th of September to the Black Sea region. I have in that way entered into direct connection with the North Caucasus, and besides the importance of the news which the letter brought me, it has great significance from another standpoint. After the French and English counter spies learned of that, they showed great interest in my actions and bade me communicate my information to them." So we see that were the uprisings, financed with French capital, to fail, the incurred debts would at least be repaid by a transmission of news to French counter-espionage, news which they would have received in any case, for it had been transmitted by the Czechoslovakian Mission in code to Paris.

Until now, only a small part of the material in the hands of the Soviet Government has been examined; but this material is sufficient to convict the S.R.'s of co-operation with foreign powers for the overthrow of the Soviet Government, helped in that work with the money and the military espionage systems of the Allies. The documents justify, nay, oblige the Soviet Government to treat the S.R.'s as an organization of military spies, of inciters to insurrection for the benefit of the Allies, of intervention instigators.

The Soviet Government will treat the S.R.'s as they deserve; and we do not doubt that all the honest elements still to be found in that Party, all those who have not dishonored themselves as spies of the Entente, will turn their backs upon this criminal band who have driven the S.R. Party into the hands of the Allied spy service.

Chill

PINK—blue—green—amethyst gray—

Buff

Lightdom above

Protruding from

Depleted draperies of leafrobbed

Park

Point stark

Uptilted fingers of stern

Agony

Anon

Accusing thee—

Traitor—liar—

Dazzling sun—

Flamboyant lover of

White shriveled heart.

Else Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven.

BECKY

By Jean Toomer

Becky was the white woman who had two Negro sons. She's dead; they've gone away. The pines whisper to Jesus. The Bible flaps its leaves with an aimless rustle on her mound.

BECKY had one Negro son. Who gave it to her? Damn buck nigger said the white folk's mouths. She wouldn't tell. Common, God-forsaken, insane, white shameless wench said the white folk's mouths. Her eyes were sunken, her neck stringy, her breasts fallen up till then. Taking their words, they filled her, like a bubble rising,—then she broke. Mouth setting in a twist that held her eyes, harsh, vacant, staring. Who gave it to her? Low-down nigger with no self-respect said the black folk's mouths. She wouldn't tell. Poor Catholic, poor-white crazy woman, said the black folk's mouths. White folks and black folks built her cabin, fed her and her growing baby, prayed secretly to God who'd put his cross upon her and cast her out.

When the first was born, the white folks said they'd have no more to do with her. And black folks, they too joined hands to cast her out. . . . The pines whispered to Jesus. The railroad boss said not to say he said it, but she could live, if she wanted to, on the narrow strip of land between the railroad and the road. John Towne, who owned the lumber and bricks, would have shot the man who told he gave the stuff to Lonnie Deacon, who stole out there at night and built the cabin. A single room held down to earth. . . . O fly away to Jesus. . . . by a leaning chimney. . . .

Six trains each day rumbled past and shook the ground under her cabin. Fords, and horse- and mule-drawn buggies went back and forth along the road. No one ever saw her. Trainmen, and passengers who'd heard about her, threw out papers and food. Threw out little crumpled slips of paper scribbled with prayers, as they passed her eye-shaped piece of sandy ground. Ground islandized between the road and railroad track, pushed up where a blue-sheen God with listless eyes could look at it. Folks from the town took turns, unknown, of course, to each other, in bringing corn and meat and sweet-potatoes. Even sometimes snuff. . . . O thank y' Jesus. . . . Old David Georgia, grinding cane and boiling syrup, never went her way without some sugar sap. No one ever saw her. The boy grew up and ran around. When he was five years old as folks reckoned it, Hugh Jourdon saw him carrying a baby. "Becky has another son," was what the whole town knew. But nothing was said, for the part of man that says things to the likes of that had told itself that if there was a Becky, that Becky now was dead.

The two boys grew. Sullen and cunning. . . . O pines whisper to Jesus, tell him to come and press sweet Jesus—lips against their lips and eyes. . . . It seemed as though with those two big fellows there there could be no room for Becky. The part that prayed wondered if perhaps she'd really died, and they had buried her. No one dared ask. They'd beat and cut a man who meant nothing at all in mentioning that they lived along the road. White or colored? No one knew, and least of all themselves. They drifted around from job to job. We, who had cast out their mother because of them, could we take them in? They answered black and white folks by shooting up two men and leaving town. "God damn the white folks, God damn the niggers,"

they shouted as they left town. Becky? Smoke curled up from her chimney; she must be there. Trains passing shook the ground. The ground shook the leaning chimney. Nobody noticed it. A creepy feeling came over all who saw that thin wraith of smoke and felt the trembling of the ground. Folks began to take her food again. They quit it soon because they had a fear. Becky if dead might be a haunt, and if alive—it took some nerve to even mention it. . . . O pines whisper to Jesus. . . .

It was Sunday. Our congregation had been visiting at Pulverton, and were coming home. There was no wind. The autumn sun, the bell from Ebenezer Church, listless and heavy. Even the pines were stale, sticky, like the smell of food that makes you sick. Before we turned the bend of the road that would show us the Becky cabin, the horses stopped stock still, pushed back their ears, and nervously whinnied. We urged, then whipped them on. Quarter of a mile away thin smoke curled up from the leaning chimney. . . . O pines whisper to Jesus. . . . Goose-flesh came on my skin, though there still was neither chill nor wind. Eyes left their sockets for the cabin. Ears throbbed and burned. Uncanny eclipse! fear closed my mind. We were just about to pass. . . . Pines shout to Jesus! . . . the ground trembled as a ghost train rumbled by. The chimney fell into the cabin. Its thud was like a hollow report, ages having passed since it went off. Barlo and I were pulled out of our seats. Dragged to the door that had swung open. Through the dust we saw the bricks in a mound upon the floor. Becky, if she was there, lay under them. I thought I heard a groan. Barlo, moaning something, threw his Bible on the pile. (No one has ever touched it). Somehow we got away. My buggy was still on the road. The last thing that I remember was whipping old Dan like fury; I remember nothing after that, that is, until I reached town and the folks crowded round to get the true word of it.

Becky was the white woman who had two Negro sons. She's dead; they've gone away. The pines whisper to Jesus. The Bible flaps its leaves with an aimless rustle on her mound.

Some Changes

We are glad to be able to announce that Floyd Dell, author of "Moon-Calf" and "Briary Bush," and recognized as one of America's leading literary critics, has resumed active editorship of the Liberator.

He will be executive editor instead of Michael Gold, who has left for California, but who will continue to contribute his colorful articles and stories.

Joseph Freeman will continue as associate editor.

FICTION WRITING

Mastery of short story plot-making will be taught in group study, beginning October first, by Mr. Thomas H. Uzzell, formerly Fiction Editor of Collier's Weekly and now associate of Professor Walter B. Pitkin. Professor Pitkin's psychological methods will be used. Students will write for the market. Inquiries gladly answered.

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On Virtue

Psychoanalysis and Love, by André Tridon.
Brentano.

If best André Tridon is a popularizer of other men's ideas. But I am glad he has written this book. Despite its cheapness in some places and its inaccuracy in others, it makes good propaganda for the Cause—the Cause being the war which psychology has begun to wage against the stale and desperate morality which we have inherited from the muddled ages preceding ours.

Our forefathers considered man's chief distinction to be Thought; but what really differentiates us from other creatures is our capacity for taking the joy out of life. In the entire animal kingdom no species has been able to contrive as elaborate and effective a technique for making itself miserable as has the genus homo sapiens.

The beasts of the field and the birds of the air suffer from external agencies that deprive them of food or hold death suspended over their heads. But to the eternal glory of the human imagination, we have supplemented the elemental terrors with tragedies of our own invention. Morality and suicide will go down in the history of this planet as peculiarly human institutions.

From these institutions psychoanalysis has come to deliver us. Despite its blunders and misconceptions, it is laying the ground for liberation. At this stage it is hardly a science. Like the Utopian socialism of Owen, Saint Simon, and Fourier, it is a vehement protest against conditions which it does not yet know how to remedy more than occasionally. Some day psychoanalysis will find its Marx. Or better still, Freud may be a Lamarck waiting for his Darwin.

Meantime, psychoanalysis has collected an enormous amount of data whose importance is no whit diminished by some of the fantastic conclusions to which they have given rise.

And meantime also the various schools of analysis have agreed on at least one thing, which, my friends, is the chief point of this sermon. Namely, that virtue is its own punishment.

Perhaps I should not have been so impressed by this moral of Tridon's book, if I had not read it almost immediately after talking to an editor of a poetry magazine whose office is flooded with verse from various parts of our glorious empire. The authors of these poems fall into the two classic divisions of the married and the unmarried. But both classes seem to have one ailment in common: an unrest, plaintive or passionate as the case may be, but in either case profoundly unhappy.

The unmarried lyricists come in about equal numbers from both sexes. In their poems, my editor friend remarked with a slight irony which he intended as a mask for his sympathy, they sway trees with an alarming intensity, kiss the earth, and hurl the seas to the high heavens. The married are



Maurice Becker

chiefly women, suffering under the restrictions which bourgeois society forces upon them. When these do not compare themselves to birds beating their wings helplessly against the bars of their cage, they never fail to pound upon doors which refuse to open.

The contents of these poems are significant. If my friend made merry over them he was really making merry over himself. For what editor has not at some period of his life written poetry? and who has written poetry without at some period having swayed trees, kissed the earth, beaten helpless wings, and pounded upon doors which refuse to open? In a fit of generosity and conceit my friend regretted that the limitations of time and space prevented him from rendering personal aid to his unhappy contributors. But I say to them: cheer up, mes enfants; we are beginning to invent a new code of morals, designed this time to put some life into living.

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