

LIBERATOR



Lydia Gibson

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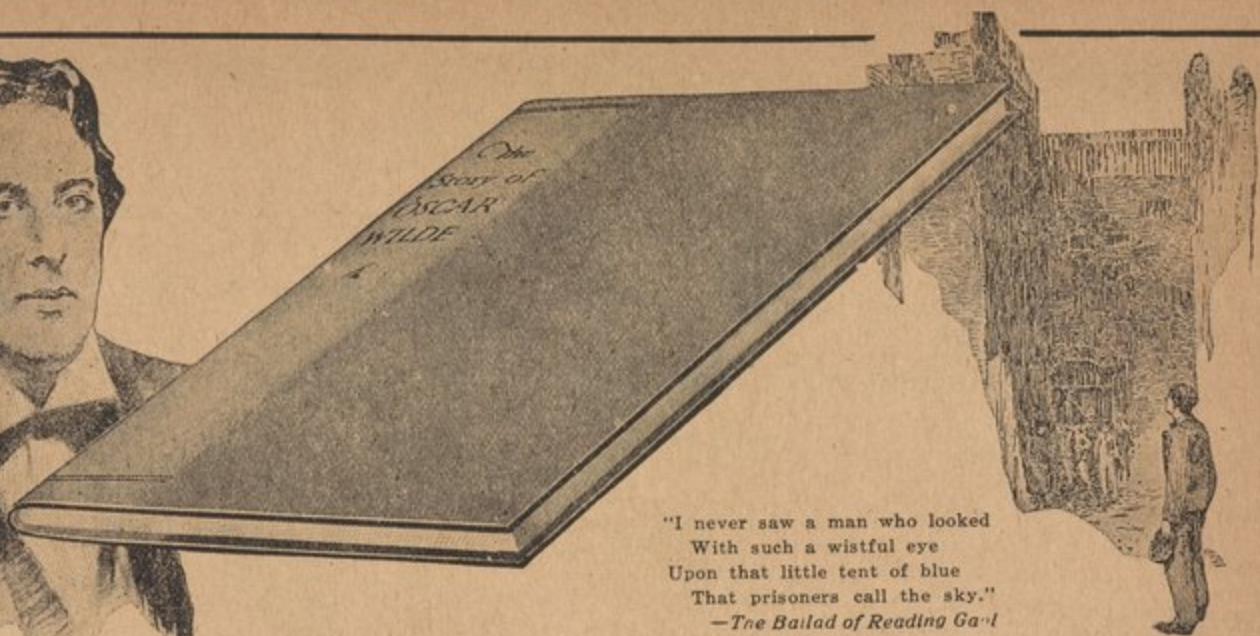
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With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
That prisoners call the sky."
—*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

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This fascinating brochure gives some idea of Wilde's sensational career; it contains "the most pathetic confession in all literature." You assume no obligation in sending for it. Read below why, for a short period, it is being distributed free.

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Products of Civilization, or the Survival of the Fittest

(No. 4) J. P. Morgan

THE head of the House of Morgan is the son of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and was born in Irvington, N. Y., September 7, 1867. Cradled in the world of High Finance he naturally never knew how the people of Low Finances live—and apparently didn't give a hang. When asked on the witness stand if he thought fifteen dollars a week enough wages for a longshoreman, he replied: "It's enough if he takes it." When President Wilson was holding out against entering the European War, Mr. Morgan sailed up the Potomac in his yacht, anchored at Alexandria, then taxied up to Washington where he had a private conversation with the President. It was not long after that that Mr. Wilson advised war against Germany and Congress did the rest. The House of Junior Morgan should be praised for one thing: previous to the War, Big Finance in Government had been mostly invisible and many people never knew that it was the Whole Thing. Thanks to the House of Morgan the War brought it right out in the Open. Now most everybody knows that Big Business is the Government. Mr. Morgan gave his house in London to the United States as a home for Ambassadors to the Court of St. James, and we think it was real nice of him. On the other hand, it is no more than right that he should hand out Charity to the country that certainly has been his Obedient Servant.

Art Young.

THE LIBERATOR

EDITORIALS

The Twilight of the Samurai.

TOKIO and Yokohama in ashes with the dead piled in the streets, stir genuine sorrow and sympathy in the mass of plain men and women. But the plain men and women would do well to look into the reactions of the more guileful portion of the world's population, the class that can think two ways at once, knows how to get ahead in all eventualities and never forgets business under stress of emotion.

Is it by any means certain that the captains of big business whose names are most prominent in Japanese relief are going temporarily to suspend competition with Japanese capitalists while the latter have time to recover? The Japanese earthquake will have international results both in trading and in politics.

With the beginning of the War, Japanese capitalism attained an impetus that transformed Japan into one of the most modern industrial countries. The wiping out of the two greatest cities will very likely be a second stimulus, eliminating the remnants of the old civilization that were merely cluttering the path of the new industrial lords.

Japanese capitalism has already learned the fear of a newly born wage-working class, the thorn that goes always with the rose of capitalist profits. At the moment of the earthquake, the problem of the working class had become real and troubling to the ruling classes.

The Japanese capitalists' recognition of the danger lurking in the newly created wage-working class, is curiously illuminated by their hasty and frightened refusal of Russia's offer of relief to earthquake victims. Of all the ships of the world that rushed with relief supplies to Yokohama, only the ship of Soviet Russia—a Red Cross relief ship consistently named the "Lenin,"—was not welcomed. The Japanese authorities were afraid that the sixty-nine doctors of the ship's staff would administer to workers only, thus helping the workers to develop a class consciousness.

Ultimately the destruction of its cities will tend to strengthen Japanese Capitalism, strange as this may seem. The Tokio and Yokohama that will grow on the ashes of the old cities, will resemble a monster industrial plant rather than the ancient cities of the Sho-Guns. How could it be otherwise? The feudal paraphernalia is swept away, leaving an open field for the new-hatched Japanese prototypes of Ford. Will they build again the quaint paper houses of the past? No. It will be a wholesale job a la *americain*. The quaint paper house and pagoda Tokio will be rebuilt a dozen times over for profitable movies in Hollywood, California, but will never again be seen in Japan. The Tokio that will be rebuilt in Japan will look

like the latest factory addition of Chicago. It is possible that a few of the generous American financiers may study the real-estate map of Tokio and Yokohama as soon as the poignancy of their first mourning is over?

The catastrophe will, in its logical course, only serve in the end to modernize—if not to revolutionize, Japanese capitalism.

Stool-Pigeon Unionism.

JOHN L. Lewis and Samuel Gompers have given an exhibition of weakness which ought to surprise those who are accustomed to look upon these little old men of the sea as irremovably clamped upon the neck of organized labor. In digging up and publishing again William J. Burns' and Harry Daugherty's files of "anti-red stuff" Gompers and Lewis show themselves to be in a panic that unseats their caution. A capitalist newspaper summed the whole thing up in saying that Lewis appealed to the employers of America to support the officials of the unions against the "reds," meaning of course to support a treacherous gang in control against the discontented rank and file of the unions.

Lewis' statement says, in effect, that it is to the employers' interest to take care of Lewis and Gompers, to help them retain their power over the unions. Shortly before writing his thesis Lewis revoked the charter of the Nova Scotia miners at the request of the British Empire Steel Company.

Lewis probably realizes better than does the average radical the extent to which the revolt against his misrule has spread in the miners' union. From Kansas to Pennsylvania, from Nova Scotia to Vancouver, the reports of clashes between Lewis and the rank and file come almost daily. Lewis' remedy is invariably to smash or to threaten to smash the union in the locality of trouble. The power arbitrarily to slash off with a stroke of a pen any district of the union is a terrible weapon. Lewis' present strength lies in the fact that the radical must hold the union together at almost any cost, knowing that the masses will be plunged into misery if the organization is destroyed, whereas Lewis will smash the union or any part of it at any time to guard his own power. Thus he has no hesitation in calling upon police power to help him retain control of the union machinery.

The statement of Lewis is based entirely upon material which was accumulated last Summer by the strike-breaker William J. Burns for the purpose of breaking the railroad and coal strikes.

The "secret" material consists exclusively of picturesque lies except those portions which have been published over and over again in the Workers Party press and discussed and debated in public meetings. If the facts were not mixed



"Gentlemen, Meet My Friends; They Are Both Members of Our Club"

with poisonous lies, the Communists would be only too glad to have the New York Times spread them through its wide circulation.

But why is the press of the big capitalists, which always opposes every wish of labor, now so willing to give space to Mr. Lewis' attacks upon his opponents in the unions. These papers do nothing which they are not shrewdly sure will redound to the benefit of the employers. The radical labor elements have issued hundreds of statements in denunciation of Lewis. Why does the big employers' press never publish these, while it jumps at the chance to publish Lewis' statement against the radicals?

There is a certain "stool-pigeon" type of action which labor unionism in its worst days has never fully condoned. So panicky have Lewis and Gompers become, that they widely overstep this border. They reach the depths of degradation in the eyes of any plain union man when they drag out the Herrin prosecutor's lies against the mine workers of Illinois. Frank Carrington, President of the Illinois coal miners' district is no saint, but when Lewis reached this depth Farrington had to call the Lewis' statement a "damned lie" as far as it concerned the Herrin affair.

And what sort of crime is it that the Communists want to commit and that Lewis wants to save the employers from? The Communists' aim is, broadly, to have the masses of the country own the machinery of production; and this is

what Lewis strives to defeat. He asks the employers to help him prevent the laboring masses attaining power. What kind of a labor leader is that?

It is tantalizing as well as amusing to have Lewis tell us that the Communist Party has today a membership, direct and auxiliary, of one million. If this were true, America would be in much better shape than it is, and Mr. Lewis would not now be president of the United Mine Workers. The Communists—the Workers Party—ought to adopt Lewis' figures as a goal to be reached in the quickest possible time.

Another Morganatic Alliance.

HAVING recognized Mexico, nothing remains for Mr. J. P. Morgan to do but to take aim and shoot. J. P. Morgan & Co. decided when to recognize Mexico and gave orders to Coolidge to sign the papers. The newspapers have not even tried to cover up the fact that Thomas W. Lamont of the Morgan firm went to Mexico with the power of the United States Government in his hand, to squeeze out of the Mexican people certain financial gains to American capitalists in consideration of recognition "Claims" against Mexico which might as well be called blackmail, amounting to staggering sums and dating back to the time when the Emperor Maximilian was driven from Mexico—claims which are well known to have been limit-

ed only by the blue sky, fasten the indenture upon the unfortunate millions of the southern republic.

In granting American recognition to Mexico, the Morgan bank acted apparently for the whole tribe of Wall Street, including some formerly very bitter antagonists. There was plenty of swag to go around. The Hearst newspapers, which have wanted to make patriotic war against Mexico ever since Hearst acquired huge properties in that country, have enthusiastically accepted the deal made by their former Wall Street enemy and predict a "great rush of capital" to Mexico.

It should not be forgotten that a Mexican deal was one of the factors behind the scenes in the Republican national convention of 1912.

In a campaign speech at Oklahoma City, Harding gave an intimation that he was going to stand by some sort of a deal and that the deal had something to do with oil in Mexico. A few days after he was elected, and before being seated as President, Harding rushed to an out-of-the-way Texas village on the border of Mexico for a "vacation" where he received certain Mexican visitors. The broth that was mixed then has been simmering ever since. Now it is done and ready to be eaten by the Hearsts, the Guggenheims, the Morgans and the Rockefellers and, perhaps, Harry Sinclair.

Any who doubt the simple sordidness of the affair should observe that within a few hours after recognition was agreed upon the American newspapers carried dispatches from Mexico City which declared that "Bolshevism is doomed in Mexico." The "end of radicalism in Mexico" is announced with delight. It is telegraphed from Mexico

that Roberto Haberman, "Bolshevik chief," has been outlawed by the Obregon government at the moment of its being recognized. This is amusing to those who know Haberman to be a fawning professional anti-bolshevik job hunter in the labor movement who served until recently as a press-agent of Obregon. But the dispatch is the best that an addle-brained correspondent could do toward expressing the apparent fact that Obregon has agreed to smother the militant labor movement in Mexico as a part of the deal with Washington via Wall Street.

The circumstantial evidence is too strong for disbelief; Mexico, through Obregon, has surrendered. Wall Street has acquired an "India" to exploit. Progressive and rapid encroachment upon the independence and sovereignty of Mexico will go forward under licence, until American police rule of Mexico becomes a reality.

The American Government, which has not as yet succeeded in exterminating the labor movement from America, has probably written into Obregon's treaty of vassalage the provision that there shall be no organization of Wall Street's new, cheap slaves in Mexico

Immediate and serious efforts should be made by the militants of American labor to establish closer contact with Mexican labor. Both will need it in the stormy times to come.

Clarissa S. Ware

DEATH has taken from the ranks of the revolutionary movement in this country Clarissa S. Ware, one of the editors of *The Liberator*, and a loyal, courageous member of the Workers Party.

Clarissa Ware was typical of the woman of the Communist society of tomorrow—frank, unafraid, intellectually capable, yet glorious in her womanhood.

Descending from Puritan forefathers with a family record running back to both Miles Standish and John Alden, she found in the revolutionary movement the escape from a life limited to the narrow struggle for wealth and place. To her the movement for a social order with other ideals was an opportunity to devote her special training gained through unusual educational opportunities to work which was inspiring and which brought happiness.

During the past three years she had been engaged in research work for the Communist movement. She was the author of a number of reports on American conditions which gained international significance. For the past year she had occupied the position of head of the Research Department of the Workers Party.

The results of her investigations in that capacity appear in the literature recently published by the party and in many articles in "*The Liberator*," "*The Labor Herald*," "*The Worker*" and the labor press generally. She was author of a pamphlet on "*The American Foreign Born Workers*"—a defense of the foreign born workers against the exception laws directed against them. Her bulletin "*A Review of the Week*" was reprinted by scores of labor papers throughout the country.

Death came to her suddenly after an operation for pancreatitis.

Her last words expressed her spirit—"I have made a good fight, haven't I?"

Making Coal Heroes.

NOWADAYS the question of political power lies in everything. This is particularly true of the labor struggles of today. If any hardboiled, moss-backed trade union bureaucrat has ever had any doubts about it, then let him look at the way the Government handled the last coal strike from Genesis to Revelation.

From the top of Washington Monument one could get the following panoramic view of the situation. There was coal-strike talk in the air. Coolidge, with more than one watchful eye on his nomination in 1924, carefully lays plans to capitalize the crisis for his own political fortunes. The President sounds one menacing keynote after another, playing to become a coal strike hero, for a strike hero like the war hero of the past, will without question be given the highest political reward.

Then the miners strike. The immediate issues of the strike presently take a back seat in the political arena of the Capital. Pennsylvania Avenue is buzzing with rumors. Republican Presidential timber galore is being rushed to the scene. Dark horses are trotted out from every political nook and cranny. All talk of the poor freezing public and the empty coal bins is lost in a sea of ambitions and manoeuvres on the part of the politicians in the G. H. Q. of American capitalism.

First, the Presidential long-distance telephone rings for Senator George Wharton Pepper, the heroic peace-

maker of the coal strike of 1922. Coolidge makes every effort to play this coal expert of the Harding Administration to his own sweet tune of 1924. But in the game of politics Senator Pepper is a thoroughgoing practical idealist. The wide-awake, cultured Senator from Philadelphia tells the President on the other end of the line, in the polite words of the Washington diplomats whose wives play bridge together, that the Quaker Center is not the right exchange just now. Pepper just can't see for the life of him where his own political fortunes are taken care of by his pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for Coolidge.

Failing to line up Senator Pepper and pursuing his policy of giving everybody a "chance" to do his best, the President decides upon a Conference of the Governors of the anthracite-consuming States. Coolidge, the adroit politician, is now going to bare his generous political heart to his erstwhile gubernatorial colleagues. Besides, the bituminous operators had been promised a chance to sell their coal-substitute distribution plans.

But once again the President trips on a political stumbling block. In the mad scramble of the Republican Presidential aspirants to reach home in 1924, Governor Pinchot couldn't see just where he himself got off at such a conference. So Governor Pinchot threw a wet blanket on the President's conference of governors. In a talk with Harrisburg newspaper men he spoke in this strain: "This is no governors' conference at all. The President is just calling them together to have someone read to them an announcement which the newspapers have already made public." Of course, without Pinchot, the governor of the sole anthracite-producing State, this conference of the governors of fourteen other anthracite-consuming States would be at best a conference for Sir Oliver Lodge's spirits and ghosts to sit in on.

Even before the governors were in session the President right-about-faced in his plans. Coolidge decided to throw a "progressive" into the combat. He took a chance on pulling Pinchot into the controversy by turning the strike settlement over to the Pennsylvania Governor himself. "Cautious" Cal figured somewhat along these lines when he called in Pinchot: Should Pinchot fail, then it's never too late for the President, the Commander in Chief of the American military and naval forces, to swing the big stick against the workers. Public sentiment will also, by this time, have been prepared for a frontal attack on the striking miners. But should Pinchot succeed then no

one will be able to accuse the President of hogging it all politically. Besides, Pinchot might make a good running mate in 1924. The Western farmers have not been what one might call exactly friendly to the Republican Administration in the last two years. A "progressive" like Pinchot, of Conservation movement fame, running for Vice-President after becoming a national coal hero might be good bait for the farmers, bolster up the somewhat shattered Republican outfit and serve to cover many a sin.

Governor Pinchot delivered the goods. The strike was settled. There is a truce in the coal industry. But Pinchot is no slouch in politics himself. It doesn't look as if he will accept hands down the role of playing second fiddle to Coolidge. Pinchot is now talking of calling a gubernatorial coal conference of his own. He is planning to call together thirty governors to lay before them his own plans for saving the poor public from higher coal costs. The President's practical political advisers resent this move by the Pennsylvania governor. They are already pooh-poohing the value of such a conference and are saying that the Coal Commission has long ago considered and proposed many of Pinchot's price-cutting devices.

This whole process of digging up coal heroes while the miners stop digging coal is brought out of the political pits of Washington into broad daylight by the exchange of congratulatory telegrams between Coolidge and Pinchot after the strike settlement. "Having received word today from Mr. Slemp that the President expected me to make public the telegram of congratulations, I do so with pleasure," said Pinchot after holding back Coolidge's telegram for a while. Coolidge goes Pinchot even one better in showing how the employing class politicians of all stripes are playing political football with the interests of the workers when he says meekly to Pinchot: "It was a very difficult situation in which I invited your co-operation."

All of which is simply proof that our class conflicts are political conflicts. The truce in the coal mine war may have made some coal heroes, but not a one of these "heroes" measures his heroism by his service rendered to the workers in the struggle against their employers. On the contrary, all of these heroes measure their "heroism" only by the extent to which they succeed in either thwarting the workers' struggle for the maximum improvement of their working and living conditions or by crushing the workers once they are in a fight against the coal barons or steel and railway kings.

Paradox

"THE best that can come to a poet,"
My wonderful mother said—
(However she came to know it
I forgot to ask—and she's dead)—

"The best is to love, and forever,
What he cannot have at all.
There's a joy that'll fail him never,
Whatever of pain befall."

"But that isn't joy," I told her,
In the ignorance of youth.
Oh! now, by the Quiets that hold her,
I know that she said the truth!

George Sterling.

The Shingle-Machine

"ZING, zim! Zing, zim!"
Sings the machine,

The shingle-machine.
And the thin saws croon,
"Soon, soon, sawyer-man,
We'll sing you to sleep
And leap
At your blind, dumb hand.

"Sawyer-man, as you stand
Serving us long,
Mind our song
When we croon, 'Soon, soon.'"

Charles Olsen.

Shall We Assume Leadership?

By John Pepper

NO correct policy is possible on the Labor Party question, if one sees only the working class and not the other classes of capitalist society as well. The destiny of Communists is to be the most conscious part of the working class; but they cannot fulfill this destiny if they limit themselves to analyzing only the working class, disregarding the other classes, or the relations of the working class to those other classes. Capitalist society is an entity, all of whose parts are interconnected. If one sees only the single parts and not the whole, one must inevitably arrive at false conclusions. It is sectarianism for a Communist to see only "pure Communism," and not the masses of the labor movement. But from the Marxian standpoint it is also sectarianism to see nothing but the organized labor movement; to forget the millions of unorganized workers, the millions of bankrupt and discontented farmers, and the other classes of capitalist society. A leftist sectarianism is no worse than the guild sectarianism of certain labor leaders.

In the September issue of the *Liberator* I came to the conclusion that we are facing a deep-going revolution, not a proletarian revolution, but a La Follette revolution. I stated that in this revolution the working class will free itself from the rule of the Gompers bureaucracy, will acquire a class consciousness on a national scale. I can add that this period will produce the Communist mass party. We should not forget for a moment this general revolutionary situation. We must not allow ourselves to be influenced one-sidedly by the united attack of the bureaucracy of the American Federation of Labor, from Gompers to Fitzpatrick. We must not forget that the bitter counter-attacks of the Gompers bureaucracy are the result of the rapid advance of the revolutionary elements in the labor movement. These attacks are only the symptoms of the increasing alliance of the labor leaders with the capitalists against the more and more imminent revolutionary crisis looming up.

The great political crisis, the first period of which we see now beginning, brings with it very complicated tasks for the revolutionists in the United States. We have a two-fold task: First, to support the real people's movement—the La Follette revolution, against big capital and against the big capitalist parties. Second, to criticize pitilessly the half-measures and hesitancy of the La Follette movement and employ every means to organize the workers and exploited farmers, separate from and independent of the well-to-do farmers and small businessmen.

The Third Party movement is to be supported and at the same time criticized mercilessly. Though striving to make the Labor Party movement as inclusive as possible, we simultaneously organize the left wing elements into the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. We must support the La Follette revolution in spite of its petty bourgeois character, for it is of paramount interest to revolutionists to transform the United States government from a virtual mon-

archy into a democracy. However, we should make it clear to the workers and exploited farmers that though we support the well-to-do farmers and small businessmen in the struggle against this capitalist monarchy which calls itself the Republic of the United States of America, we are to carry the fight still further, until we shall have secured the rule of the workers and exploited farmers. The question of the Labor Party and of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party is to be considered from this broad viewpoint of general revolutionary crisis, and not exclusively from the narrower viewpoint of the trade union movement. It is indeed possible that through the founding of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party we have lost the friendship of some progressive labor leaders. But through the organization of this Party, we have won the best propaganda instrument for the creation of a broad labor party, a basis for the immediate organization of the hundreds of thousands of militant workers; we now have the best means for reaching the most advanced elements of the exploited farmers. It is always better to isolate oneself from a few dubious progressive labor leaders, than from the general process of the revolution.

The Labor Party—A Political Question

In the present political situation in the United States, the most important political task of the Workers Party is to propagate the Labor Party idea and to help in organizing a Labor Party. This policy does not mean, however, that we are bound by principle to the specific Labor Party form of party organization.

On principle, we are advocates of a class party of the proletariat. This class party may assume various forms of organization: It may have individual members or it might be a bloc of trade unions (Labor Party). Historical experience has shown that the form of organization consisting of individual membership is the more advanced and elastic one. In those countries where the old Social Democratic Parties were based on individual membership the Communists, through splitting or capturing the majority, were able to sweep along great masses of workers and form them into mass Communist parties more easily than in those countries in which there were Labor Parties. Of course, the form of Party organization has not been the only deciding factor. In Great Britain, in Belgium and Australia, where Labor Parties exist, we still have no Communist mass party. But in Germany, France, and Czecho-Slovakia, where the Social Democratic Parties had an individual membership, mighty mass Communist Parties have been built up through splitting the party or capturing a majority. In Hungary, where the Social Democratic Party had no separate organization, but has been based upon trade unions, it was not possible to form a real Communist Party even during the rule of the Soviet dictatorship. Up to now, Norway has been the only country where the Communists have secured the majority in a working class party which is not based on individual membership, but on trade unions. Direct connection with the trade unions has its advantages,

but on the whole, it is an obstacle in the way of a Communist development of our Norwegian party. The Communist International has therefore for years been conducting a fight for changing our Norwegian Party from a Party built on trade unions to one having an individual membership.

These past lessons of the international labor movement suffice to support our statement that we cannot be bound by principle to the specific Labor Party form of party organization. At present we are for the Labor Party idea for three reasons: First, the objective conditions driving the proletariat to political independence and class consciousness. These objective conditions are centralization of state power, interference of the government in the daily life of the workers and farmers, disintegration of the old capitalist parties, an increasing homogeneity of the working class. Second, there is no immediate hope for building up a mass party of the working class based on individual membership. Third, there is a growing movement among the rank and file demanding a Labor Party built upon trade unions.

Do We Fear to Assume Leadership?

The Labor Party movement in America today is a rank and file movement. The masses of workers demand more and more insistently the formation of a Labor Party. Despite the pressure of the American Federation of Labor, despite the betrayal by so many labor leaders, many city and state Labor Parties have been organized in recent months. The development of the Labor Party in America is taking a different direction from that in Great Britain. The British Labor Party was formed after the governmental and judicial power endangered the existence of the trade union movement. It was organized from above by the officials of the trade union movement. The lessons of the great mass strikes in the United States in the summer of 1922 have on the one hand shown the absolute necessity of the Labor Party as a defensive weapon for trade unions; on the other hand, they have shown, just as clearly, that the reactionary labor leaders are so closely bound up with the old capitalist parties that they would rather let the whole labor movement be ruined than form an independent Labor Party. Those to whom the Cleveland Conference did not show clearly that the Labor Party cannot be formed with Johnston and his kind, but against them, must grasp at last the main lessons of the Albany Conference; namely, that the Socialist Party tactic of hesitation, of continually putting off the formation of the Labor Party in favor of an alliance with the reactionary labor leaders, must lead to political bankruptcy. In Albany, the labor leaders threw out the Socialist Party leaders, although the Socialist Party surrendered completely to the labor leaders. The rank and file did not back the Socialist Party just because it did not fight for the Labor Party. The Fitzpatrick group of the Farmer-Labor Party did fight, for a while, for the Labor Party. This group was defeated at the Cleveland Conference. Thereupon it split away from the Conference for Progressive Political Action. It then sent out a call for the July 3rd Convention, which amounted to a break with the tactic that still awaited something from the Labor leaders. It proclaimed the issue of the Labor Party openly as an issue of the rank and file.

The Workers Party protested against this split, not because it based any hopes upon Johnston, Stone or Keating, but because it hoped that with continued propaganda within the Conference for Progressive Political Action, greater masses would be swept along with a later split. Upon the July 3rd Convention being convoked, the Workers Party immediately accepted the fact and put forth the greatest efforts for making the July 3rd Convention a real expression of the laboring masses. Success was achieved. The July 3rd Convention became a great and enthusiastic expression of the masses. But in the Convention, the Fitzpatrick group deserted the Labor Party idea. Why? The July 3rd Convention revealed the fact that the big international unions did not come, that only local unions and city central bodies were represented, that in fact, the labor party movement to-day is a rank and file proposition. It also showed another fact; namely, that the rank and file is permeated with Communist influence. The Fitzpatrick group had to choose between its "respectability" and friendship with Gompers on the one hand, and this rank and file permeated with Communist ideology on the other. Fitzpatrick chose the former, made a vicious attack against the Communist International, and later wrote an open letter against amalgamation, against the Trade Union Educational League, and expressed his solidarity with Gompers.

Not a single organized political group outside of the Workers Party exists to-day which wishes to take up the fight for the Labor Party on a national scale; even against the reactionary leaders. Our Party cannot and must not be frightened back from assuming leadership in the Labor Party movement. To be cautious is a Communist virtue; but to be over-cautious is the greatest Communist sin.

Labor Party Idea and the Federated.

Certain critics of our Party say that the creation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party was a mistake and a crime against the Labor Party idea. The three main sources of this criticism are: First; some comrades being very skeptical towards the Labor Party idea on principle, fear that the Workers Party will lose its identity within the Labor Party. Second; other comrades who have not enough confidence in our Communist Party fear the responsibilities which this assumption of leadership in the labor movement entails for us. Third; among the comrades who chiefly concern themselves with trade union problems there are those who fear that we might lose the support of some progressive union leaders who until now have supported the amalgamation campaign.

It would be a mistake on the part of the Workers Party to disregard these forebodings. Of course we should secure every guarantee that our Party will not lose its identity within the Labor Party. We must reckon with all the difficulties and burdens which leadership in the Labor Party movement means for our Party. We are bound to proceed very cautiously in order to sacrifice as little as possible in the trade union movement. Yet despite these forebodings we must go forward. We cannot run away from the duty of assuming leadership in the labor movement whenever and wherever possible.

The significance of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party should not be measured according to the abstract, ideal Labor Party idea, but according to the practical advantages

which it gives to the revolutionary movement. Unlike the British Labor Party, the Federated Farmer-Labor Party does not comprise the whole labor movement, but only the left wing. But it is of great significance that the left wing has for the first time organized politically. Besides, the Federated Farmer-Labor Party is a real mass party. In America the organization of several hundred thousand workers into a party means the organization of a mass party. This militant left wing has a powerful influence on the half-awakened and indifferent masses of workers. It is ridiculous naivete to imagine that the whole American working class can be organized at one stroke. The British Labor Party, in spite of having been organized from above, did not, at the outset, have four million, but less than a million members. The Workers Party has always held that the Federated Farmer-Labor Party is not the end, but the beginning of the formation of the Labor Party.

It is a long, long way from the expression of a sentiment to the Tipperary of an actual organization. Some consider it a defeat for the Workers Party that only part of the 600,000 workers and farmers whose representatives declared themselves for a Labor party on July 3rd are today in the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. From this erroneous point of view, the winning over of the Independent Social Democratic Party in Germany, one of the most brilliant victories of the Communist International, would also have to be counted as a defeat. In Germany, the Spartacus League had about 80,000 members, while the Independent Socialist Party was then a great mass party of about 860,000 members. Zinoviev's brilliant speech at the Convention in Halle won over a majority of the delegates of the Independent Socialist Party. The right wing then withdrew, and continued as the Independent Socialist Party. It was estimated that a left wing of between four and five hundred thousand workers united with the Communist Party. In reality there were not so many, as the Communist Party of Germany even today has only 300,000 dues paying members. In America, the Workers Party has fewer members than the Spartacus League had at that time; it has no brilliant revolutionary traditions, and it must therefore measure its victories by a lower standard.

Three Arguments—Three Errors

What are the main arguments against the policies of the Workers Party? The first argument is that we lose, through the fight for the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, connections and friendship with many progressive labor leaders who were for amalgamation. The Workers Party has always been careful not to put too much faith in these progressive labor leaders, while warning the comrades not to make unwarranted attacks on them. The swing to the right of some of these progressives did not take place as a consequence of the July 3rd Convention, but was in evidence even before. Gompers had exerted pressure against them in Seattle, Minneapolis, Detroit and Chicago, which in its turn was provoked by the growing influence of the Communists. The history of the International Labor movement shows that at decisive turning points certain of these progressive hesitating labor leaders go the left, as recently in America Howat, Kennedy and Macdonald did. Or they go the right and unite with the reactionaries, for example, Fitzpatrick. Crispian and Dittman in Germany were

nearer to the Communist International than Fitzpatrick. They accepted not only the idea of amalgamation but the dictatorship of the proletariat and the Soviet form of government. In Moscow they negotiated for affiliation with the Communist International. Yet they are today bitter opponents of the Communists, and support the Socialist-bourgeois coalition government in Germany. Frossard and Paul Levi though once members of the Communist International have become dangerous enemies. We also have examples of leaders being lost to us and returning, like Serrati. We must employ every means to bind these progressive leaders to the Communists, but in this tactic we have two limits; we cannot sacrifice our policies for their sake nor can we forfeit the support of the rank and file. The break with the Fitzpatrick group could have been avoided, not through more or less skillful negotiations, but only by surrendering the leadership of the Workers Party in the fight for the idea of the Labor Party, or by delivering to the old Farmer-Labor Party all the trade unions where we have an influence. This would mean delivering them to non-Communist leadership. Or we might voluntarily have foregone the affiliation of the Workers Party to the Labor Party. Finally we might also have betrayed the confidence of the rank and file which came to Chicago on July 3rd with the express desire to organize the Labor Party immediately.

The second main argument against the tactics of the Workers Party is that the creation of the Federated Party is the result of a dual unionist policy. This is an absolutely false argument. It is a schematic, mechanical transference of trade union policies into a political field. We Communists are opponents of dual unionism on the economic field, because it means the alienation and isolation of the militant minority from those organizations where great masses of indifferent workers are found. But on the political field it is an absolute necessity to organize the militant, revolutionary, Communist minority as a separate unit, for only in this way can the conservative laboring masses be successfully permeated with a revolutionary ideology. Dual unionism on the trade union field makes it impossible for the militants to capture the majority of the working class. Dual organization on the political field, however, creates the first basic condition for capturing the minds of the working masses; in other words, creates the Communist Party. Of course, it would be better if in every country, there were only one party of the working class—the Communist Party. But historical conditions have created the older Social Democratic parties and labor parties, and such conditions as the prestige of old, well-known leaders, the counter-revolutionary interests of the labor aristocracy, the existence of old Party machines, and the direct support of the bourgeoisie, still keep these parties alive and strong. As long as these conditions exist, the conservative parties of labor will continue to exist and the organization of a Communist Party will necessarily mean a dual organization on the political field. Arguing against dual unionism on the political field in the last analysis is nothing more or less than arguing against an independent Communist Party.

The third argument is that we can indeed afford to have competition between the Communist Party and the Socialist Party, because these differ fundamentally on prin-

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Literature and the Machine Age

By Floyd Dell

Part I; A Preface on Life and Literature

LITERATURE is in one of its aspects an argument—about the world, and the gods, and life and death, and the relation of man to all these things: an argument endlessly conducted in prose and poetry, fiction and drama and essay, and tending toward one conclusion or another as vast masses of men wish to be persuaded to this or that opinion.

These vast masses of men participate in the argument by their applause. It is their applause which gives significance to the writers who are their spokesmen. From this point of view, a book is not significant because it is written by the revered, the illustrious Jones; no, rather is Jones illustrious and revered because he has written something that is approved by anonymous thousands of other people.

"Voltaire," said an enemy, "is the very first man in the world at writing down what other people have thought." And John Morley comments: "What was meant for a spiteful censure was in fact a truly honorable distinction."

A book reveals to us how the masses of people who read and like it feel about the world. Not, indeed, that they are all willing to acknowledge that they feel that way. They may not even be consciously aware that that is the way they feel. And not that they could express their feelings intelligibly even if they were willing to do so. They may be lacking in the candor or the courage or the ability to express themselves.

A great writer is simply a person whose sensitive sympathy with the poignant unexpressed feelings of others is so great, and whose candor and courage and sheer writing ability is so great, that he becomes their spokesman. He may actually be unaware that he is speaking for these others; but if it should chance that he is speaking only for himself, he may have all the candor and courage and sheer writing ability in the world, and he will remain unrecognized until a public comes into existence that needs him for a spokesman. Depend upon it, if the illustrious Rousseau had chanced to express what nobody but Rousseau felt, we should simply never have heard of Rousseau. It is only because he spoke for the mute inglorious many that we know of him.

Criticism has generally concerned itself with only one factor of literary achievement—sheer writing ability. It must be said that the attempt to understand literature in the light of pure aesthetics has been a failure. There is, to be sure, a difference between beauty and banality—between

"Magic casements opening on the foam"

and

"A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman."

But just what this difference is, aside from the fact that we are interested in magic casements opening on the foam and are not interested in Mr. Wilkinson, the clergyman,

the aestheticians have never been able to explain. Their assertions amount to this, which no one will dispute, that the one line is beautiful and the other banal. And with that we may take leave, in this essay, of the science of aesthetics. We are concerned with the sufficiently important question of why, in our time, such things as magic casements are considered interesting and other things such as clergymen are considered banal.

Literature is, for the purpose of our inquiry, a record of the significant stages in the history of what men have thought and felt about the world in which they lived. It is a symptom of their attitude toward life. It is a testimony to the beauty and meaning—or the ugliness and meaninglessness—of existence. It is a series of interpretations of their endless struggle with their environment.

The struggle endures; but the environment changes, and literature reflects that change—directly, in some instances, and again in strange symbols and fantasies and fictions. But whether in prose or poetry, in direct statement or in the esoteric language of fantasy, it mirrors the spiritual attitude toward historical and economic circumstances, of vast questioning bewildered multitudes.

What This Essay Is About

We are the children of the nineteenth-century; our thoughts have been nineteenth-century thoughts, essentially determined by the historical circumstances of that century. Now the chief historical circumstances of the nineteenth century are two that stand just outside its borders. These two events are two revolutions—the French revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, and the Russian revolution early in the twentieth century. The nineteenth century is thus a period lying between two revolutions; and its thoughts and emotions, which are reflected in its literature, take their deepest color and character from this fact.

But in order to explain this fact in its intellectual and emotional significance, it will be necessary to go back briefly to a remoter past. It will be shown that in the eighteenth century men were looking forward to a glorious new age; and that when the French revolution came, and ushered in the regime of modern capitalism, they were disappointed and disillusioned, and that their literature is a century-long record of that disappointment and disillusionment.

What we have to show, as a prelude to that nineteenth-century disappointment, is the nature of the eighteenth-century hopes which were so grievously dashed by the French revolution. We can find the origin of these hopes in the decay of feudal institutions which had been in process for some centuries. (The word *feudal* is used here in a broadly suggestive rather than a restricted and technical sense: it is meant to indicate the medieval social and economic scheme in which men belonged to definite classes and had class-duties and class-privileges rather than equal individual rights and opportunities, even of a nominal sort.)

And as the prime historical circumstance making inevitable the collapse of feudal institutions, and at the same time giving new strength to an anti-feudal ideal of individualism, we can point to the failure of Columbus to discover a new route to the Golden East. That failure spelled the doom of feudal empire and the rise of a new social order.

The Failure of Columbus

Across the Bosphorus, between Christian Europe and the Golden East, lay the bulwark of a militant Mohammedan empire, which two centuries of crusades had failed to dislodge; a bulwark effectively protecting, as it chanced, from the ravages of Christian noblemen, the riches of China and India beyond, so gorgeously reported by Marco Polo and other veracious travelers. What a splendid idea—to enter this Land of Gold by its unprotected back door!

But, alas, the land to which the gentlemen of Spain trooped so eagerly when Columbus had shown the way was no Eldorado—it was merely America, a land of savages, and of mountains and deserts in which Spanish gentlemen died like dogs. To be sure, there was gold in Mexico and Peru. The Spanish gentlemen took that, and for a time Spain flourished. But the gold being spent, Spain decayed. And the Christian noblemen of Europe faced this barren continent with anger and disgust. They had no use for America!

But there were people in Europe who did have use for America. These were people who were at odds with feudal institutions and traditions. They were interested in commerce and manufacture, and they resented the restrictions of the feudal scheme upon their activities. They had already, in more than one country, broken the bonds of that medieval Christianity which hampered the natural development of trade. Chief of the nations in which this trading class had gained a measure of freedom from medieval restrictions was Protestant England; and it was the Protestant English who now became foremost in settling the new continent.

To the bourgeoisie the existence of America opened new horizons. It enabled them to envisage in imagination a different kind of world, free from feudal restrictions, in which they could do things to suit themselves.

It was at first a merely imaginative release that America afforded them. Grants of land in the new continent were made by the king to his favorite noblemen; governors with authority from the king ruled these new provinces—all the paraphernalia of the dying feudal world was transplanted to the American wilderness. With the exception of a few colonies founded on sectarian lines by the more fanatical of the new Protestant sects, there was no sign of the coming into existence of a new social order. And yet, behind this superficial adherence to medieval form, there was growing up a vast belief in America as a New World different from the Old in kind and purpose—a Utopia upon which men's secret hopes were fixed.

The conditions of pioneer life involved almost inevitably a repudiation of the feudal scheme. When Captain John Smith, in a colony hard pressed by hunger, gave orders that he who did not work should not eat, he abrogated the whole sacred medieval tradition of class-duties and class-privileges. A man, in conflict with elemental nature, was not a noble or a commoner, he was simply a man. That



Maurice Becker

Mexican Women

idea, coming to people weary of class restrictions, fascinated the imagination.

It was a revolutionary idea. It implied that a man could do his own fighting, his own ploughing, his own praying, his own governing—instead of dividing these functions among noble and peasant and priest and king.

It was early in the eighteenth century when this idea was first expressed in a prose fantasy by a capable man of letters. The book became the most famous book of its time, and has been read with enthusiasm ever since. We have all read it. The book is "Robinson Crusoe."

Robinson Crusoe

It is true that it was as children that we ourselves read and enjoyed this book. But it is possible that our own childish enjoyment can furnish us a clue to the adult enthusiasm with which it was read by our great-great-great-grandfathers.

As children, we found in "Robinson Crusoe" a world of our own. We were growing up in the midst of a complex adult civilization which we resented, obeying rules that we could not understand, suffering pain and humiliation in conflicts not of our own choosing; and it was with relief that we escaped to Crusoe's island, where we were monarch of all we surveyed. We lived in imagination Crusoe's life, and our cramped egotism found free scope in the creation of a world after our own fancy. We did not feel lost and helpless; we felt happy. We built a house, tamed the wild animals, made ourselves clothing from their skins, and

found food to eat. We learned in such play to believe that we were self-sufficient and all-conquering. We learned that the individual is by right the master of his environment, and not its helpless victim. We found, in short, reassurance as to our individual significance, in a fantasy of mastership over the realm of nature.

What did the eighteenth century find in "Robinson Crusoe?" Something of the very same sort. So we may gather from the testimony of Jean Jacques Rousseau—whose own impassioned arguments on behalf of individual freedom so deeply impressed the thought of his time, and whose philosophy was confessedly inspired in some sense by this very book.

Rousseau, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, was foremost among those who predicted a dissolution of the medieval scheme of society. "We are approaching a state of crisis and a century of revolution," he wrote. His chosen task was the work of teaching the nature of the coming society, and of preparing men to live in it. He expected a society in which the old class-distinctions would be abrogated, and the individual freed from his ancient bondage. In his "Emile," an essay on education, he proposed that the educational process should be precisely a preparation of youth for lives of individual rather than class significance. And in this essay he paid his respects to a book which is, he said, "the happiest treatise on natural education." This treatise, he goes on to say, "shall be the first book which my Emile will read; and for a long time it will of itself constitute his whole library, and will always hold a distinguished place in it. It shall be the text upon which all our conversations on the natural sciences will merely serve as a commentary. During our progress it will serve as a test for the state of our judgment; and as long as our taste is not corrupted, the reading of it will always please us. "What, then," he asks, "is this wonderful book? Is it Aristotle? Is it Pliny? Is it Buffon? No; it is 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Robinson Crusoe," he continues, "on his island, alone, deprived of the assistance of his fellows and of the instruments of all the arts, yet providing for his own subsistence and preservation, and procuring for himself a state of comparative comfort—here is a theme interesting to every age, and one which may be made agreeable to children in a thousand ways." And he adds: "The surest way of rising above prejudices, and of ordering our judgments in accordance with the true relations of things, is to **put ourselves in the place of an isolated man, and to judge of everything as such a man must judge, according to its real utility.**"

That is to say, one has only to look at things from the point of view of the pioneer, and the absurdity of the feudal scheme of civilization is at once apparent! "Robinson Crusoe" taught our forefathers to look at things from the pioneer point of view.

The Noble Savage

In the enthusiasm of our great-great-great-grandfathers for the Utopia of Robinson Crusoe there was already implicit the Declaration of Independence of the American trading-class from feudal European empire.

We in America are accustomed to regard the American revolution as an American affair. But that was not the way the younger generation in Europe regarded it. Charles



F. W. Seiwert

The Sacrifice

James Fox spoke for the intelligentsia of the whole western world when he cried: "I rejoice that America has resisted!"

As a matter of fact, the Declaration was a reiteration of truths held to be self-evident not only in America but among the trading-class and their sympathizers everywhere. It was a characteristic intellectual expression of the Utopian mood of the eighteenth century intelligentsia. Its most memorable phrase had been on men's lips for some fourteen years, ever since Rousseau set it down at the top of the first page of "The Social Contract."

"Man is born free," Rousseau wrote, "and yet today he is everywhere in chains."

The Declaration paraphrased half of Rousseau's sentence. But the other half is equally worthy of our attention: "and yet today he is everywhere in chains." These words, however, do not mean exactly what they may appear to our modern minds to mean. They do not quite mean: "he has against his will been enslaved." Rousseau meant: "only the individual is free; once he enters into complicated social arrangements, he is a slave."

He meant it as an indictment of those social tendencies by which man's life is so largely guided—of what we have recently begun to call "the herd-instinct." "All our wisdom," he wrote, "consists in servile prejudices; all our customs are but anxiety and restraint. Civilized man lives and dies in a state of slavery." And this, according to Rousseau, is due to the operation of that "herd-instinct"—except that he did not recognize it as an instinct, but as something acquired and artificial. "Everything," he said, "is good as it comes from the hands of the Author of Things; but everything degenerates in the hands of man."

If that doctrine were enunciated today, it would be

considered almost a gospel of despair; for it would leave mankind no hope, except in a return to a state of primordial pre-social savagery, if such a state may be conceived ever to have existed. When Rousseau sent his first book, an attack on civilization, to Voltaire, the latter wrote to him: "I have received your new book against the human race, and I thank you for it. No one could paint in stronger colors the horrors of society... When one reads your book he is seized at once with a desire to go down on all fours."

We would be at a loss to understand why this apparently depressing doctrine was so well received in the eighteenth century, if we did not know that there were reasons of an economic sort which made a large number of people want to escape from feudal civilization. Knowing this, we can realize that there was nothing at all depressing about such a doctrine; there was, on the contrary, something very invigorating in it.

Rousseau's books were burned by the hangman—an honor which is accorded only to popular books. Rousseau's ideas were "dangerous" simply because people were so eager to believe them. All the intelligent young people in Europe wanted to "go down on all fours"—to return to a state of individualistic savagery.

Their notion of savagery, of course, was not quite the same as ours. It was a noble savagery. The American Indian, who had already begun to be idealized, furnished some of the lines of the picture. But his shrewdness, independence, self-sufficiency, pride, equalitarianism, were the traits not merely of the Indian but of the young American pioneer culture, and the natural traits of the rising bourgeoisie everywhere. The noble savage of eighteenth century literature was less like an American Indian than like some gifted American tradesman. When Benjamin Franklin, in whom these pioneer virtues were summed up, went to Europe as the ambassador of the New World, he was universally admired: he was the Noble Savage they had been talking about!

So it is not as strange as it might at first appear, that the intelligent young people of Europe in the eighteenth century should have wanted to "return to savagery," nor that they should have believed that they could. When Rousseau pointed out that civilization was an evil, they assented eagerly, and proposed to abolish it.

The Age of Reason

The eighteenth century mind was a reasonable mind. As the age of faith waned, the age of reason had set in, and men believed in the power of reason instead of in other miracles. They believed that they could by thinking discover truth. They did not know to what an extent all human thought is colored and shaped by human passions—and theirs by the passion of hope.

The institutions of feudalism, the last vestiges of which had endured so long, were visibly crumbling into final ruin before men's eyes. The world was on the verge of some vast social change. It seemed reasonable to believe that this change would be guided by the dictates of reason, rather than of passion. Kings and emperors themselves, in some instances, realized the duty of assisting the peaceful and orderly development of the new world order, and sought—even if they did not conspicuously follow—the

counsel of scholars and philosophers as to what might be done.

Man was now for the first time in possession of the knowledge by which Nature could be tamed and made to serve her masters; the foundations of what we now call nineteenth-century science were being securely laid, and it was necessary only to turn this science to practical uses. It seemed reasonable enough that men should be able to work out some plan by which this mastership of nature could be harmoniously enjoyed.

From their own point of view, this expectation was merely the last term of a logical syllogism. We, looking back at the age to which they looked forward, can admire even while we smile sadly at their hopes—their vast and shining hopes for the future of mankind.

Eighteenth-Century Utopianism

They were right enough in believing that there was going to be a new social order. That it was going to be a happier social order was a more precarious hope.

The plan which some of these philosophers were engaged in elaborating would strike us as a strange basis for such glorious hopes, for it was in its essence simply modern capitalism.

(To be continued)

The Pulse of the Pleasure Ship

CLING, clang, clickety bang— — — —,
Great iron arms working to and fro,
Coal black demons in the red iron glow
Stoking up the furnace far down below.
Clickety bang cling bang— — —

Like tortured souls in a fevered heat,
Breaking their hearts in rhythmic beat,
Dripping with sweat from head to feet,
In an iron hell—far down below.
Cling clang clickety bang— — —

Cake-eaters on the top deck tottering while they trip,
Clutching careless flappers with a strangle grip,
Rocking and rolling with the quiver of the ship,
To the rhythmic beat of the drum—
Clickety, clickety, clickety—bang— — —

Oozing through the bulwarks, hear the water drip.
Week end workers, spending their time,
In turgid heat and tinselled grime,
Squandering their dollars, nickel and dime,
To the rhythmic roll of the pulsing ship—
Cling clang, clickety bang— — —

Up on the top-side where the lights are low
Many casual cuddlers in rhythmic grip,
Pressing frantic kisses from lip to lip,
Rocking with the roll of the pleasure ship,
While hot iron hell beats far down below—
Cling clang, clickety bang—
Clickety—bang, cling clang clash!

Dorothy Burt Trout.

Romance In Journalism

By J. Louis Engdahl

IT WAS late. Night life was beginning to droop in Chicago's Loop district. But energy developed at an increasing tempo in the composing room of The Daily World, on Washington Street, down towards the river. A half dozen rheumatic linotypes, complaining in every joint, after helping to get out the several editions of the The Evening World during the previous day, were now being coaxed by nervous operators to duplicate the feat for the morning issue. For the Chicago Daily World and The Evening World were labor's twin battery during the historic newspaper strike of 1912.

I was closing up the first page which, under the signature of Charles Edward Russell, emblazoned the latest developments at the National Convention of the Republican Party where Theodore Roosevelt and his forces were frantically fighting for power.

These were tense moments, and hot, on this summer's night. Even little things were irritating. A turmoil in the front business office, and then a slight human form, with some ragged clothing upon it, came speeding through this scene of activity among the type cases, make-up tables, proof reader's desks, machines and what not. In the same moment the strange little figure was gone, out through a window and over the roofs beyond. Bellowing police, in plain clothes, followed hotly. But the diminutive newsie would make good his getaway, said the older one. Raids were being made that night wherever newsies gathered, to enforce the truancy law against the younger ones. It was a strike-breaking weapon. This was the first time Chicago's city administration had ever troubled itself about the newsboys who sold papers on the streets during their waking hours and slept in the alleys at night.

The newsboys were holding their own in this strike of the printers, stereotypers, pressmen, mailers and newsies against Chicago's Newspaper Trust. The big dailies were helpless with no one to sell them except a few traitors and hired scabs. Even on the Fourth of July, of this memorable year, when the newsies could have made rich pickings selling extras of the Trust press giving results of the all-absorbing fight between the lightweights, "Battling" Nelson and Ad Wolgast, they stood loyal. They jammed the street and waited patiently outside the building that housed the daily paper that was the heart of the fight against The Tribune, self-styled "The World's Greatest Newspaper," the Hearst sheets, and all the rest. They were real soldiers of the labor war.

These young workers constituted the strongest link in the chain that was strangling the Trust press into submission. The weakest link was the Socialist Party, the local organization of which owned and controlled the Chicago Daily Socialist, that had been expanded in a night from a crippled, four-page, one-edition sheet with hardly a dozen thousand circulation, into both morning and afternoon publications, each with several editions, totalling a circulation that climbed up towards the half million mark.

The Chicago Daily Socialist was the first English-language labor daily in the United States. It came to life in 1906 and lived six years. As The Daily World and The

Evening World, it died at the moment of its greatest opportunity. The Daily Socialist was established to meet the needs of the Socialist Party. It was choked to death in a local factional struggle.

When Eugene V. Debs, in the presidential elections of 1904, polled nearly half a million votes, the Socialists saw the co-operative commonwealth reddening the horizon. The Chicago Socialists were ready for big things in the 1906 congressional elections. The Daily Socialist was then started as a ten-day pre-election effort. Algernon M. Simons, a settlement worker, had come into the Socialist movement, helped organize the Industrial Workers of the World in 1905, and had written some books, among them "Social Forces in American History." He became editor. Later, this man was destined to turn traitor, becoming an informer for the Wilson-Palmer department of justice during the World War. His chief associate, in the beginning, was Joseph Medill Patterson, who had suddenly turned revolutionist, deserted the Chicago Tribune in which he had an interest, resigned a high-salaried job in the municipal administration of Chicago's radical mayor, Edward F. Dunne, and was ready to help overthrow capitalism. The revolution didn't come; Patterson reverted to his capitalist friends, was 100 per cent patriot during the World War, and is now one of The Tribune editors. The last time I saw him, in Hancock, Mich., in 1913, he was happy with the wine of the copper barons, who were ruthlessly fighting the copper strike of that year.

The 1906 elections passed but The Chicago Daily Socialist continued in existence. It was always facing death through financial starvation. It would brighten up a little during election campaigns. But the 1908 presidential returns fell short of those in 1904, and there was gloom. I came to the Chicago Daily Socialist as labor editor in 1909. Two events I remember clearly. The great excitement in our office and throughout the Socialist Party caused by the election of a Socialist, a real estate gambler, as mayor of Grand Junction, Colorado, was one; and the other event was the protest of Editor Simons that I was getting too much space for my stories covering the activities of the Chicago labor movement. Even to this day those two events typify in my mind the attitude of the Socialist press toward the whole working class. It was only brutal financial necessity that forced the Socialists to allow their daily in Chicago, even as The Call in New York City, to drift into support of the economic struggle of labor.

The Chicago Daily Socialist was endorsed by the Chicago Federation of Labor. Returning from the Copenhagen, Denmark, Congress of the Second Socialist International, in 1910, I became the editor. With no party direction, local or national, the paper inaugurated and carried through its own policy in the 1911 garment strike, out of which grew the present Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. It was with the same lack of party direction that the paper drifted into the 1912 printers' strike and thus won its momentary place in the sun. A great opportunity was inevitably turned into a tragedy. Morris Hillquit, the party leader, looked at the lone press that was working a

24-hour shift, and the Socialist Party national executive committee voted a thousand dollars toward a second press. Then Hillquit went back to his law practice in New York City. Victor L. Berger could see nothing but his own daily paper in Milwaukee and his seat in congress. The Chicago Socialists were left alone to fight it out. And they fought—among themselves. The forces led by the two lawyers Seymour Stedman and William E. Rodriguez got the upper hand, at first, only to be deposed by other elements headed by John C. Kennedy. Kennedy started operations by stealing most of the staff of Berger's Milwaukee Leader, including Chester M. Wright, now anti-Communist propaganda chief for Sam Gompers; Carl Sandburg, the poet; Gordon Nye, the cartoonist, and half a dozen more. In the final combat the sectarians, who were afraid the workers might run away with the paper, won out. Support fell away. The rule of the Street Carmen's Union, that any member caught reading a capitalistic sheet would be fined \$5.00, was forgotten. First the morning issue, The Daily World, was suspended. Then members of the Socialist Party, themselves, went into the bankruptcy courts. A sheriff's notice was put on the building and the linotypes and presses were stilled. There was interred in that tomb, for a long time, all hope of re-establishing a workers' daily press in Chicago.

Other dailies have been brought into existence in other cities since the Chicago Socialist died in December, 1912. There are the Minneapolis Star and the Seattle Union Record, but they have developed into mere efforts to exploit for the advantage of individuals the demand of the workers for a press of their own. The same may be said of Berger's Milwaukee Leader. Certain trade union officials have joined the old yellow Socialist leaders to re-finance the New York Call. The Oklahoma Leader, born Socialist, died recently when its idol, the democratic Governor Walton turned traitor to the workers and farmers who elected him. The dailies started by the Nonpartisan League in the northwest have also died, because the leaders of the farmers, like Townley, began turning their faces backward.

All this shows conclusively that the rank and file workers and farmers have never had a daily of their own to fight their battles. They have no English-language daily even now, anywhere, to voice their cause. No wonder therefore that labor, everywhere, cheers the coming of The Daily Worker—toilers on the farms of the West, in the factories of the East, and in the mines and mills between.

The hope for a workers' daily press in Chicago, that was interred in the tomb of The Chicago Daily Socialist, is now being resurrected in the ambitious plans for The Chicago Daily Worker. Where the Socialists failed in Chicago the Communists will succeed. The English-language Communist daily is being called into existence by growing and vital needs of the whole working class. It will be born to struggle. It will live through its consistent and tireless support of all labor against the combined power of all bosses.

The Daily Worker is not intended to be a sectarian preacher of dry formula. It will be the mouthpiece of the broadest efforts of the whole working class. The Call may be Hillquit's, the Leader belongs to Berger, the Star to Van

Lear, the Union Record to Ault. The Daily Worker will belong to the working class. An organ of Communism, The Daily Worker will be the champion, on the political field, of an independent labor party in the United States, of the united political front for the winning of a workers' and farmers' government.

The Socialists in the trade unions, J. Mahlon Barnes, in the Cigarmakers' Union; Dan White, in the Moulders' Union; Adolph Germer, in the miners' union, built up groups by correspondence to capture jobs for Socialists. When Socialists were elected they usually deserted the party, like William H. Johnston, of the Machinists' Union. The Daily Worker, the spokesman for the whole left wing of labor, fighting for amalgamation, for the organization of the unorganized, will fight for principle and not for office. William Z. Foster, Joseph Manley, Jack Johnstone, Earl Browder, Otto Wangerin, William F. Dunne, to mention a few of the great hosts of militants in all industries, will speak through its columns. The Daily Worker will not wait for labor to beg it for help in the economic struggle. It will be in the combat always. Samuel Gompers, John L. Lewis, James M. Lynch use the capitalist press, the New York Times, The Chicago Tribune, and the lesser kept organs to betray labor. The voice of the rank and file will be heard through the Daily Worker.

No fight will be too small to win attention. No struggle will be too great for intelligent handling. The local strike will not be neglected. But every battle will be interpreted in the light of its broader national and international significance.

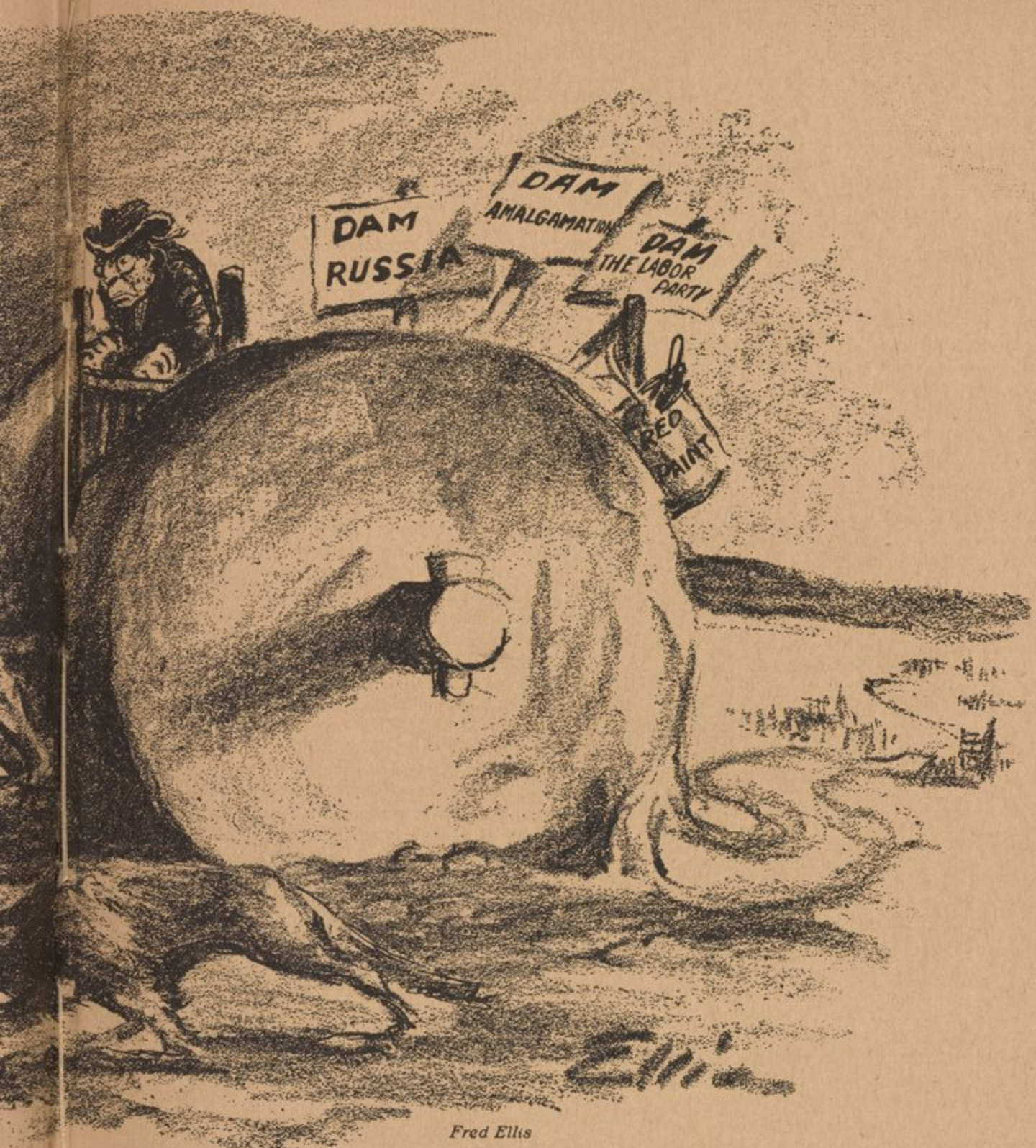
Berger's Leader championed cheaper gasoline for a few days and allowed owners of flivvers to delude themselves into the belief that they were winning a lasting victory over the international Standard Oil Company. No one hears of the Star and the Union Record outside of Minneapolis and Seattle. Its infamy alone made the New York Call known beyond its own local environment. Local struggles must be co-ordinated with the national and international efforts of labor. This The Daily Worker will do.

At the time when The Chicago Daily Socialist died, internationalism was, to Socialists, typified in the Second Socialist International which met every three years, in London, Paris, Stuttgart or Amsterdam. The war hasn't changed that. The new Socialist International, formed at Hamburg, is still a post office affair. The Daily Worker will breathe the internationalism of the Communist International and the Red International of Labor Unions. Through the contributions of Lenin, Trotzky, Radek, Zinoviev, Zetkin, Newbold, Cachin, and all the rest, it will make the world labor struggle live before the eyes of America's workers who will thus profit by the victories and defeats of labor in all the nations of the earth.

Who can doubt that the establishment of The Daily Worker marks the opening of a new era in American working class journalism? A half million copies will again be pouring daily from a workers' press in the city of Chicago, and this will be the most powerful force connecting the far-flung battle lines of the working class of the United States.



The Uncover



Fred Ellis

owred Wagon

The Death of a Negro

By Michael Gold

HE was in the ward only for three days, but even at the end of the first day Miss Johnson had conceived a vast disgust for the Negro groaning in Bed Eight. The Negro was tall and powerful, over six feet of muscle and strength, and he had a handsome yellow manly face, and a voice deep and rich as a gong. He had been a longshoreman, and when carried in was dressed in blue overalls; he was still dirty and smelled of sweat and hard work. Even the longshoreman's pick was still in his belt, for he had been taken with acute appendicitis right at his job on the docks.

"Seems funny for a big husk lak me to get this, ain't it?" he mumbled cheerfully, as behind a screen Miss Johnson undressed him, sponged him, and got him into a fresh hospital night-gown. "Fust time Ah've evuh been sick in mah life, Lady, and dat's de Lawd's truth. Don't know what it's lak; but it cain't be so bad; now kin it?"

He was trying to be friendly, though in his pale face his teeth were chattering, and he was quite obviously suffering and frightened. Miss Johnson only muttered some answer, and went on with her work.

"How offen dey let visitors come for yoh here?" he continued, with his forced, cheerful smile. "Ah got a little wife Ah'd give anything to see jes' now; seems lak a man is a big baby and wants his mammy or wife when he is took sick; now ain't dat so?"

"Yes," said Miss Johnson. "Now sit up for a moment; I want to put this nightgown over your head."

He lifted himself painfully, with her help, and his eyes, brown and pathetic, did not leave her face. He went on chatting, with his poor, weak, affected gaiety.

"This ain't so bad a sickness, this one of mine, is it? Ain't many dies of it, is they? They's good doctors here, too, ain't there? Dat's what the boys tole me; said the city pays foh you here, and treats you jes' right."

"You musn't ask so many questions," Miss Johnson said.

"Oh, 'scuse me, 'scuse me!" the man said, smiling with all his strong, white teeth. "Jes a big baby, me; but ye looked so nice an' kind, honey, Ah jes' thought Ah could ask yoh something."

Miss Johnson's face was as cold as ever she could make it, and without another word she removed the screen and went back to her little desk at the end of the room.

He had offended her. Miss Johnson was a big, kind American girl of about nineteen, immensely fat and overgrown, so that she seemed to burst through her uniform, and she wore out shoes faster than the hospital supplied them. It was her second year of training; she had come from high school and home in a little Maine town, and though naive and youthful, she had the rough charity and cheeriness of a strong country girl. No moods ever crossed her rosy, full-mooned face; in the midst of the daily horrors of the free ward the young girl was as calm and capable as an experienced mother. She even found innumerable occasions here for laughter, which she loved. Some favorite patient would make a witty remark, or have some mishap with the hospital paraphernalia, and great sounds of deep, healthy, contented laughter would roll from her; her sides would shake, the full, luscious flesh of her

face would quiver; and two incongruously infantile dimples would form in her cheeks, making her resemble a swollen cherub. She was a happy girl. She did all the dirty work of a training nurse without a murmur of protest; death, filth and disease had become normal to her. There was a scrubby, baggy-eyed Greek barber with syphilis in the ward; and there was a tall Russian factory worker dying of necrosis of the jaw, and there were other sordid cases, but she treated them all with a smile. Physiology no longer offended her; but this familiarity of a Negro man had offended her, somehow. This was serious. He had called her Honey.

After she went from his bedside, the smile left the Negro's face, and he looked about the ward with anxious eyes. He lay there studying it, as if it were a prison he must ultimately have to break from. There were ten beds on each side of the long, carpeted aisle, and in each of the dazzling white beds lay a pale man. Two patients at the end of his row were eating oranges and chatting soberly. A young Italian with a bandaged head was sitting up in bed and reading the comic pages of a Sunday newspaper. An old man with haggard, saffron face and silver hair had fallen asleep, and his gentle snoring filled the room. The Nurse had gone back to reading her book; she sat at her desk. The sunlight fell in sheets through the many windows and lit the white walls and counterpanes with cheerful radiance. All was peaceful; but it did not soothe the Negro. He was suspicious and he was in pain.

Suddenly he started, for the Russian with the rotting jaw had shrieked with delirium, and was trying to leap from his bed. The other patients stirred but slightly at the familiar sound. Miss Johnson rose leisurely, and pushed the great gaunt Russian back into bed. He cursed and spat like a foul, maddened cat, but she pressed him back calmly. The Russian's deep eyes were burning with madness; and he had a coarse, heavy, unshaven face, but Miss Johnson was not afraid of him. She soothed him. The Negro shuddered at those frightful howls, and felt the poisons in his own body leaping like fire. This was the house of death; he was trapped in it; he smelled the sickly odor of iodoform, and trembled at the faces of death around him. He was going to die. He wanted to scream like the Russian, but instead he called faintly:

"Kin I have a glass of water, Ma'am?"

The plump young nurse rose wearily, with a little grunt, and brought him a glass of cold water. She set it on the table beside him, and started to return to her desk. Suddenly the Negro caught at her hand. She snatched away, at this impertinence.

"What's the matter?" she said sharply.

He was reaching again for her hand, naively, simply, with the confidence of a child.

"Ah ain't so bad, am I, Ma'am? You see Ah've nevah been sick befoh! Dis is all new to me, yessuh, jes lak Ah jes been born," and he tried to chuckle. Standing away from the bed, with a nervous frown on her fat, rosy maternal face, Miss Johnson regarded him severely.

"You must keep your hands to yourself," she said. "If you want me to wait on you, you must remember that."

"Yas ma'am," he said. "When dey gwine op'rate on me?"

"To-morrow."

"You gwine be there when they op'rate on me?" he asked, still trying to chuckle.

"No, that's another nurse's work," she forced from reluctant lips.

"Dey gwine to cut me up and take out my 'pendiseetus, hay?" he chuckled. "Pears lak dey sho want it; but dey kin have——"

Miss Johnson turned on her heel. She would not stand there and listen to these thinly disguised attempts at familiarity. The Negro looked after her wistfully. For half an hour he twisted and tossed, and then his body burned so dreadfully, and he felt such fear, that he almost screamed again.

"Miss Nuss," he moaned, "won't you come here, please?"

She came to him. "What is it now?" she said.

"Mah feet are cold. Seems lak they're freezin'."

"You have enough blankets here." But she brought him a hot water bottle.

And twenty minutes had not passed when he was shaken by another spasm, and he called her again, this time for a glass of water. As she gave it to him, he again made that amazing attempt to take her hand. Miss Johnson was almost frightened by such persistent familiarity.

He called on her almost every twenty minutes after that, and each time the same feeble attempt to take her hand. She became so exasperated and nervous that she complained to the head nurse, when that erect, formal woman made her rounds.

"My gracious, Miss Adams, I can stand anything, I guess, but not that. I never knew Negroes were so crazy about white women, though I'd heard about it. He's been trying to get my hand all day; every time I've gone near him."

The head nurse went up to reprimand the Negro, but he was in another spasm; his eyes rolling wildly, his head twisting from side to side like a drunken man's. He was babbling incoherently: "Lissy, Lissy! Where's mah Lissy to come by me now? Ah want Lissy."

"Just don't mind him," the head nurse said kindly. "We get such men occasionally; be dignified and aloof, and he will be impressed, and will not bother you." She went away, leaving Miss Johnson's problem unsettled.

For the next morning the Negro was even worse, and did not seem to notice Miss Johnson's attempts at dignity. He had been operated on at eleven o'clock, and after he came out of the ether he made even more demands than the day before, and as many attempts to seize her hand. It got on her nerves; she spoke sharply to him once or twice. The doctor had ordered her to watch him closely, as a bad case of peritonitis had been disclosed, and the Negro was in bad shape. But her usual calm was ruffled; she showed her irritation so much that the other patients noticed the situation.

"That Nigger sure is in love with you," the young Italian joked, winking a bright mischievous eye at her. "Better look out, Miss Johnson; he sure's after you."

"It's he had better look out!" the fat nurse said grimly, as she walked down the aisle with a bed-pan. "I don't

stand for such stuff from anybody!" The old rheumatic dish-washer in the bed next the Italian's lifted a friendly, roguish forefinger, and wagged it at her. She did not smile, as she would have ordinarily. She felt humiliated that the other patients were noticing the Negro's familiarities.

She talked it over with the night nurse, and with some of her friends in the dormitory, and all of them sympathized with her. The next morning she came into the ward indignant and determined. She would give the Negro the silent treatment nurses sometimes use on patients they despise. She would ignore him completely, except in the case of extreme necessity. Let him ask for water all he wanted; he would get it when she was ready. If he touched her hand again, she would do nothing at all for him. The big black bold alien, insolent and amorous, she would put him in his place!

But something greater than Miss Johnson was putting the Negro into his place. It was Death. When Miss Johnson entered the ward, she saw in the sallow light of dawn a screen about the Negro's bed. The night-nurse said he was dying. The poisons were eating his strong body like an acid; he was suffering a swift and terrible corruption in life. His groans sounded through all the ward that morning. The ward was still; there was not much talking or joking. Miss Johnson, in the midst of other duties, went behind the screen occasionally to watch the dying man. He seemed unconscious of her presence. Once, however, he called for her weakly in his once deep and musical voice: "Nuss. Nuss."

She came behind the screen, and found he was near the end. He was as grey as death, and she heard the rattle in his throat. He reached out for her hand, and she let him have it. His touch was ice; she felt goose-flesh creeping over her from the contact.

"O Lawdie, help me!" he gasped, and there were two big tears in his eyes as he died.

Miss Johnson did not change her opinion of him, however. That night she said to the nurse who came to relieve her: "That nigger in Bed Eight died this morning. Funny about niggers, isn't it, how they all want to make love to white girls? Gee, I can stand anything, I guess, but not that!"

John Reed's Body

John Reed, died in Moscow
October 17, 1920.

JOHN Reed, our captain, his body fills a grave.

The lion-heart is patient, the warrior is bones,
The grass is his brother, and his pulse once so brave,
Now beats but as faintly as atoms beat in stones.

Death is for dreaming, but now the world's in flame,
And we are living men, and hope is everywhere.
The strong unhappy poor, in Communism's name,
Are writing cannon-poems, that batter down despair.

So dream not, but chant the scarlet songs of Life,
Fight, sing and hope, for we are living men,
Raise John Reed's banner in the thickest of the strife
Ere we lie down to dream with him again.

Michael Gold.

A Small Prison Within A Large Prison

By Harrison George

IT was a November dawn. Matuta, goddess of the morning, had painted with tones of rose and gold and pearl, the sky that showed above the high, straight horizon of Leavenworth's eastern wall.

I had come on prison "sick call" that morning, from the great mess hall where we ate in silence the felon's ration of corn grist and bitter coffee. I carried the requisite "pass," signed by my foreman, authorizing me to leave my place of work, go across the prison street to the hospital, receive medical treatment and return.

In the broad, cold belt of the wall's shadow "sick call" was lining up before the hospital door. Scores of men stood in single file awaiting turn at entrance. Moody faces resigned to pain, faces blotched with disease, faces brutal, faces weak and cowardly, varied the line. Motley, gaunt, and hunched like beasts in the stinging winter wind, they stood shivering beneath their formless cotton garments of prison grey.

A dour-faced guard paced up and down our line, swinging his club. He wore an overcoat. He was authority. Down the street other guards were mustering their gangs four abreast, calling and checking numbers. The air was full of numbers..... Commands, and the gangs slouched off, with clatter of heavy shoes on the brick street.

Glancing toward the guard, I stopped for a moment as I passed down the line, beside the figure of a little, old man. Hatless, stooped, and with hands drawn up the sleeves of his jumper, he shook visibly from the cold. His hair was almost white, and in his tense, kind, swarthy face his brown eyes swelled from weeping: It was Librado Rivera.

"Have you heard? *Ricardo se murio anoche...*" (Ricardo died last night). He gazed unspoken sorrow.

"Yes. I had heard." I passed on to the end of the line. Before mess was over I had heard it. Although we ate in strict silence under the eyes of many guards stalking the aisles, from man to man and from line to line the whispered rumor had run that there had died in his cell that night, the great Mexican humanist and revolutionist, Ricardo Flores y Magon.

"A small prison within a large prison... that is Leavenworth within the United States," writes J. De Borran, Mexican, in the preface of "New Life"—a book of Magon's writings published in Mexico. This is the view of the Mexican workers since we sent Magon's body from a gringo prison to the welcoming arms of the Mexican workers, and since his wife, broken with grief and privation, has been laid beside him; while—north of El Rio Bravo—the workers of the United States are beginning to add up the wrongs they endure to an amazing total.

They look around them—upon a country of espionage, political and industrial; of imperialist wars fought by conscript heroes; of great corporations with private armies of mercenaries; of hangings like those of Frank Little, Wesley Everrest, and Gregor of Arkansas; of strikes broken by federal troops and injunctions; of mass arrests of communists; of jails bulging with prisoners of opinion; of reaction

continuing the oppression of the repealed Espionage Act by persecution of workers for "criminal syndicalism;" of outlawed political parties, outlawed labor unions, and outlawed strikes—all compelled to forego activity or live furtively and underground.

As I waited in the sick call line that November morning, the Warden, W. I. Biddle, and the doctor, A. F. Yohe, came up and called Librado Rivera—the faithful friend and comrade of Magon through years of privation and prison. The three entered the hospital together. A few minutes later, Rivera, with the sorrow deepened on his face, passed me on his way to work.

"I wrote a telegram to Ricardo's wife," he told me in Spanish. "I said that 'Ricardo died last night of heart disease according to the doctor,' and the Warden, he made me cut out the words 'according to the doctor.'" His eyes flashed, and I knew that he and every other of the hundreds of Mexicans in Leavenworth—any of whom would have died gladly for Ricardo Magon, firmly believed that Magon had been deliberately poisoned. "Asesinos!" was the word on every Mexican lip.

These Mexicans at Leavenworth, a large percentage totally innocent of crime, yet helpless victims of ambitious border officials, come by carload from El Paso to taste of gringo justice and gringo law at the "small prison within a large prison." The pathos of the stories they tell! It is enough to cause any American to weep for and curse at his nation, and his race.....

WHAT happened to Magon may happen to any fighter for freedom turned over to the mercy of prison doctors and their more ignorant prisoner assistants. Magon was not the first to be mistreated by Doctor Yohe of Leavenworth, who, under an exterior of urbane consideration, coolly allows those radicals that become ill to live or die as best they may. The common dosage for all ills is a few pills, some calomel and a drenching of salts.

Caesar Tabib is in the "TB Ward" today, because in 1919, Doctor Yohe diagnosed him as a malingerer, and Tabib's tuberculosis became active after months spent on a cement floor in the "hole." Other cases could be specified, and every political in Leavenworth knows that because I had written up these abuses while out on bond in 1920, I was sent to punishment work on the rock pile when I returned on April 25, 1921, and allowed to suffer for months from a remediable throat infection. This is not my own imagining; I was told the reason of my mistreatment by more than one high official, Pickens, Renoe, Leonard.

Magon, a diabetic and a sufferer from heart disease, whose vision was failing and whose asthmatic cough was constant, could not stand for long the rigors of mistreatment. He died even while the doctor was insisting that he suffered "mildly" or not at all.

EXACTLY what happened to Magon in his dark cell that winter night may never be known. But some things I know from my own experience: Doctor Yohe spends only



Maurice Becker

about three hours a day at the prison. Convict "internes" direct the treatment of the sick at all other hours. Dr. Yohe's order is that if prisoner falls sick during the night the sufferer is not to be brought from the cell to the hospital unless he has one hundred degrees of fever. The convict "interne" who visits the cell of the sick man, if the man complains of pain yet shows less than the one hundred degrees, gives the sufferer aspirin and, often, sends some bromide from the dispensary to induce sleep. Magon was afflicted with heart disease and should not have taken aspirin.

From authentic sources I learned that Magon called for the "interne" about nine o'clock at night, but received no attention. Again, about the time the cell-house guards change at midnight he put in another call. The "interne" answered this call, and said that he left Magon, who complained of pain (but evidently had no high fever), to send some medicine from the dispensary. The "runner" who took the medicine from the dispensary to the cell-house, says it was a bromide—a heart depressant. When the bromide reached Magon he was already dead. There is no way of eliciting from the poor wretch of an "interne" if he did or did not give Magon, suffering from a cardiac attack and needing a stimulant, the depressant aspirin before he sent the milder depressant bromide.

Upon the reports of Doctor A. F. Yohe, that Magon was in no danger of dying, the Department of Justice acted in refusing the appeals for his release, even by the Mexican government. But neither the blame nor the danger ends there. Those who approve of the Espionage Act must approve of this, its consequence. Those who do not do their utmost to wipe out the dishonor of keeping war time prisoners in Leavenworth, must prepare to learn of other deaths behind its walls.

WHAT of the "large prison" that is the United States?

The large prison of my country into which I emerged after serving out my five year sentence upon a charge so nebulous that it is legally referred to as "a state of mind!"

San Quentin holds eighty-seven I. W. W.'s, whose only crime is membership in that organization. More are going in all the time. A sympathetic lady who went from Chicago to aid in their defense has an injunction brought against her by the State of California ordering her to desist in her sympathies. All are charged with "criminal syndicalism," which is a term that has come to mean anything with which prosecutors can frighten jurors. Thirty communists face trial in Michigan on the remarkable charge of "assembling" contrary to that state's "criminal syndicalist" law. C. E. Ruthenberg has already been convicted of "assembling!" Are these things, and others, to continue without popular protest?

What of the "rights" of free speech, press and assembly? Go ask those who lie at Leavenworth and the other prisons! Go ask those who murdered Frank Little for the Anaconda Mining Company! Consult the gunmen of the "Copper Queen" who deported twelve hundred miners into the burning desert of New Mexico from Bisbee, Arizona! Ask Fickert and Landis! Ask Daugherty and Burns!

MAGON'S body and that of his life's mate sleep together in the soil of his beloved Mexico. Now, from Mexico comes the little book of his writings, and in its preface I read "Un presidio pequeno dentro de un presidio grande; eso es Leavenworth y Los Estados Unidos."

It is a rebuke to the United States from the Mexican people: "A small prison within a large prison; that is Leavenworth and the United States."

New Life

By Moissaye J. Olgin

“AND if I live a thousand years, that day when the peasants looted my estate will remain engraved in my heart.”

Thus my fellow passenger began his story, a man of middle age, with a shagged grayish beard and uncommonly vivid eyes in a lean face. It had taken us a whole day of journey in the same railway coach to get sufficiently acquainted for confidences. We sat in a corner under the narrow window, and the last glow of a vanishing November day cast a melancholy light on the man's features. Outside, the Russian plains were an almost unbroken desert of snow. Inside, gloom was gathering in the corners of the coach which had been made over from a freight car. There was a disquieting incongruity between my neighbor's refined speech and his typical peasant's costume.

The man continued:

“They came in what seemed a savage horde, men, women and boys. They overran my rooms. There were shouts and screams and tramping of feet and heavy malodorous breaths. They laughed, too. It seemed ghastly that they could be drunk with joy over the consciousness of my weakness. A group of five or six assailed me with what purported to be the community's decree as to the confiscation of my estate, including the mansion, ‘for the benefit of the people.’ They demanded that I sign my name under the decree. I refused. They attempted to force me. I vehemently protested. It was then that the pandemonium began. The devils declared they did not care. It was theirs, anyway. They took possession of all. Young men clambered up the sofa backs to take hold of my pictures. Old women tore down the portieres, ‘for home use,’ as they said. Somebody banged on the piano. Uproars of laughter followed each mad rumble of tone. My footman Sashka amused the mob gloriously by sitting in my big arm-chair in exactly the same posture as I used to do it and imitating to perfection my command: ‘Sashka, the pipe!’ Young peasant girls had actual convulsions of laughter at this performance. My chambermaid, Grousha, led the way to my dressing room, and all my linen and clothing was ‘divided’ among the mob in a hideous scramble. I was a lonely widower and sincerely fond of Grousha. What seemed to me her betrayal irritated me deeply. I ran to the bedroom with an outcry, ‘How dare you, Grousha!’ A hailstorm of blows and a deluge of abuse drowned my protest. It appeared that the village thought Grousha my mistress, and jealousy was added to hatred. My nephew, an army captain, then on a visit to my estate, heard my cries and first a shot in another end of the house. This was a signal for a general smashup. Windows were broken. Glassware and china were thrown on the floor. Furniture was demolished. The house was set on fire. My nephew was beaten to death, his body mutilated almost beyond recognition.

“I escaped through the back yard. I ran around the stables, crept between the hot-houses, waded through the creek and found refuge in the woods that begin just a few yards on the other side. As I ran, it seemed to me I heard the howl of the mob, and I imagined everybody was drunk and insane. Utter disgust added itself to my physical plight

and to the danger of my situation. I knew I should be killed on sight. However, my own safety was a thing I attended to almost subconsciously, while my conscious mind was working feverishly in an attempt to comprehend what had happened. Life at that time seemed a hopeless jumble with no horizon. The world dissolved itself into huge uncouth mobs, drunk and insane.

“I mechanically directed my steps towards a spot well known to me in the woods. It was my hunting lodge five *versts* from my house. When I arrived there, I found no lodge. The beautiful *chalet*, Swiss style, had disappeared. The peasants, as I learned later, had taken it apart, log by log, and carried both the material and the appointments away on wagons. It was a clean job. Only a piece of bear-skin called to mind the former inside furnishings.

“I was alone in the woods, with no shelter. It was the first time in my life that I had no shelter. The world, of a sudden, became strangely vast in my eyes, while my own significance diminished in proportion. This, too, was a new sensation. Others followed in abundance. I spent five days and five nights in the woods, making no fire and feeding on what berries could be found in the thickets. The month was September, and the nights were chilly. In the early mornings, the ground was covered with hoar-frost.

“I was hungry. For the first time in my life I experienced actual starvation. It would be long to describe the succession of psychological revelations that presented themselves to me in those days. Suffice it to say that the hunger made me humble. This elemental and universal feeling sharpened my perceptions to unwonted acuteness, at the same time levelling my soul to equality with all living creatures. I had heard and spoken many times on the subject of peasant starvation (I belonged to the liberal wing), yet only then could I understand what those words meant. I suffered pangs of hunger. I suffered from lack of food for the first time in my life. A loaf of bread assumed in my mind the value of what it really is, a life-giving substance. I thought of the hundreds of loaves I had recklessly thrown away under dictates of a fastidious taste.

“On the sixth day, I decided to approach the highway. Anything was better than hunger. At that time even a friend would have hardly recognized me. Mud-covered clothes, an incipient beard on my formerly clean-shaven face, a pale and haggard countenance, a forlorn look. No, I was no more the owner of Nikolskoye Manor. I was a beggar by the road. When a peasant boy came along whistling, I did not feel superior to him. He asked few questions, that nineteen year old chap. He possessed the wisdom of life. ‘Want some grub, uncle?’ he asked. I only nodded. He produced a goodly chunk of rye-bread from between his greatcoat and shirt. He also took an onion out of his pocket. It gave him pleasure to watch me eat. He was friendly, that youngster. He was not my enemy at all. For all I knew he might have plundered with the mob that had wrecked my house. Yet he was neither drunk nor insane. He looked me over critically and added with grave assurance ‘You are one of those escaped from jail, aren't you?’ And while I hesitated whether or not to assume the new status, he added: ‘There are plenty of ex-convicts

now roaming the woods. You need not fear, though. Freedom has come. The people are free nowadays.' What a strange conception this fellow had about freedom! Yet he believed in it.

"We became friendly, and swapped clothes. He was proud and happy to look like a 'city man'; for me the peasant garb opened a way to safety.

"The following night I slept in a peasant hut, in a corner on the floor by the stove. I had knocked at the door as a 'wanderer' and had been given food and shelter without much ado. It was the first time in my little life I slept under a peasant's roof as a fellow peasant."

My neighbor paused. The night had crept into each coach. The figures of the travelers became blurred. The train moved slowly through a white plain dotted with clusters of trees. Hardly a village could be discerned in the murky gloom. Fragments of wood cinders issued from the engine and flew along the cars, forming a net of fiery butterflies, spreading a web of firebugs on the snow along the roadbed, dying as they touched the cold surface. There was a mystic yearning in the silent play of golden fragments in the vastness of the winter landscape. In the passing light of the sparks I could see at moments the eyes of my neighbor,—strangely alive, glimmering in the dark.

"I had fallen asleep almost instantaneously," he continued, "but I soon woke up under the attack of the cockroaches that filled the house. I did not stir, however, as I wished to attract the least possible attention. I soon became aware that there were many peasants in the house, apparently neighbors, and that a discussion was in progress. It was the first time I could hear the peasants talking among themselves. I believe the village had something like an executive committee, and these were some of its members.

"'No use wrecking mansions', a thick voice gravely said. 'It's all ours now. We mustn't act like fools.'

"'And I tell you,' interrupted a young hot voice, 'we ought to have strung all those rascals on their orchard trees. They have sucked our blood long enough.'

"A murmur of approval followed.

"Then the first voice fell in deliberately and heavily:

"'You are a young calf, and you scamper without sense. They have sucked our blood, true enough, and nobody will say I wasted love on them. But consider this, that they do not know any better. They were raised that way. They believed everything was theirs by right. Would you have been any different in their place?'

"There was a moment's silence, and then, as if by mutual consent, a number of voices breathed simultaneously:

"'Thank God, it's all over now. The people have come into their own. No masters any longer.'

"There was a religious fervor, a feeling of enormous relief, too strenuous to be called happiness, in those voices. As I half-opened my eyes, I saw earnest faces, almost tinged with sadness, all wrought up with profound human emotion, grave with the forebodings of new responsibilities and new lurking dangers.

"'Yes, Mother Russia is now free,' somebody said, and it seemed to me I heard the voice of the great country speaking in even tones about its new freedom. I heard a

voice coming from Mother Earth. There was neither malice nor madness in those present. Only an overwhelming consciousness of great changes, greater than themselves. There was, perhaps, a touch of holiday spirit in the air, akin to the melancholy gladness of Easter Night when bells chime in the darkness after the Spring storm has swept the world clean.

"I lay the whole night afterward without sleep. It was the first time I had looked at myself with the eyes of the people, and what had happened to me personally became less significant in the light of the whole. Again I felt humble. There were my sorrows and the grievances of my class, but there were those untold millions who stood in mystic awe at the threshold of what to them was a new era. One could feel the wings of history in the air. I do not know whether I can make myself clear.

"Strange times followed. I had to work to earn my bread. I was strong enough to help at harvesting potatoes and threshing. The peasants exhibited a remarkable lack of curiosity toward one that wore their garb and minded his own business. But this was the first time I actually worked for a living. I realized the strain of physical work. I began to understand an entire life which had remained a sealed book to me while I was an employer of labor. I soon learned by experience why an employer is hated. The movement of the farm hands and poorest peasants against the more prosperous villagers, then in its initial stages, found my unqualified, though silent, approval. I learned what it meant to be so broken up toward nightfall as to swallow one's supper in a sort of haze before sinking into a leaden stupor, too heavy to be called sleep. I learned what it meant to wear *lapti* made of bark, after I had worn out my boots. Gradually my social instinct asserted itself. I began to visit the meetings of the Soviet (the village was about fifty versts from my former home, and the danger of detection was slight). I saw a new order arising out of nothing, a new logic springing into existence where there had been confusion and irrational groping. I saw creative effort, not always articulate, not always successful, but always genuine, borne out of a craving for a new and better order.

"There were moments, perhaps small in themselves, but marking epochs in what had become of my life. There was, for instance, the clock. The process of 'distribution' which allotted to each villager a part of the former landlord's chattels, a process whose system I could never fathom, brought to the house I lived in a clock. It was one of those cheap affairs originating from Germany where they are called *kuechenuhr*, a big round-faced porcelain-framed time-piece with letters in relief. The entire family and several neighbors gathered to gaze at the wonder. 'Look, look, it moves without weights! Hear, it ticks! Look at the key!' Such exclamations were drowned in a wave of ecstatic joy. Some of the peasants had seen ordinary clocks, but this was a departure; it seemed beautiful almost beyond endurance, and the knowledge that it was their own enhanced its value and stirred their imagination. Such little incidents were an object lesson for me.

"Everywhere the members of my class were running away, full of hate, choked by a thirst for revenge, trying to come together and launch a counter-attack, and losing

ground with every attempt. And here was I, relinquishing my cultured habits, feeling my hands grow hard and my mind peaceful, longing at times with a sudden passion for the things that were no more, and just as suddenly relapsing into my new mode of living. In two months my voice had become hoarse, my face covered with a thick beard, my thoughts riveted to crude and unsavory work. Yet there was peace in this work, there was truth in it, and a feeling of adhering to a great collective body slowly grew upon me. I was no more lonesome and no more alone.

"Still, when the first opportunity offered itself, I ran away. I joined the members of my class. I visited the headquarters of the White forces. I spent nights at the noble clubs in those border cities which had withstood the new order. I loathe to repeat details. Something had snapped in me. I saw my people with new eyes. It seemed I had never seen them before. They had become decidedly worse, too. They spoke of flogging, killing, ravaging. They saw in the workers and peasants low beasts to be put down by cruel force. They boasted of what they intended doing while fear lurked back of their plans and rubbed off the varnish of culture that made them attractive in the years of their power. There is something petty and humiliating in the anger of men over lost worldly possessions. There was no holiday here, no mystic exhilaration, indeed.

"I walked among them. I watched their preparations. The prospect of regaining my estate was connected with the general plan. I tried to imagine myself back home, in my library, with Sashka filling my pipe. A leisurely cultural existence with peasants working on my land for a third sheaf*, while I read the latest book of Anatole France. If I only could wake up and find nothing changed! To think all this was a nightmare, a passing dream. But here was Colonel Tarasov sitting opposite me at the restaurant table at Rostov and declaring in a stentorian voice after the fifth glass of rye: 'My conviction, Sir, hang each tenth of the crew, Sir; a wagon-load of rods for the rest, and the village is yours, Sir; they will eat out of your hand, Sir!'

"I could not breathe in that atmosphere. The world, there, was narrowed down to a ring of naked greed and brutal hate. It was suffocating. I had to go. I went,— forever."

My neighbor fell into a brooding silence. I asked no questions. Night reigned in the coach and outside. The sparks had stopped falling. The passengers slept in huddled clusters of monstrous shape. The snow outside became whiter as the night advanced. The engine groaned and puffed.

When in the morning we reached Kazan, my neighbor accompanied me to military headquarters where my credentials were to be examined. It would not take him out of his way, he said, and he might be of use to a guest. The sentry at the gate demanded identification papers. My neighbor produced a card which in Russia opens all gates. It was a membership card of the Communist party.

I looked into the face of my man, and I almost believed I saw a twinkle of pride in a corner of his eye. This former landlord was a member of the Communist party. There was nothing more to be said. We shook hands and bade each other goodbye.

*This is the customary peasant's wage, the other two thirds going to the landlord.



The Noon Hour

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The Machine Shop of The Revolution

By Earl R Browder

WHEN it was announced recently that the American Federation of Labor was launching a campaign to organize the steel workers, it was stated that "reds" would not be tolerated unless they kept their mouths shut. This communication was read in the meeting of a machinist's Local Union in Chicago, whereupon a militant rank and file member arose and said: "That is an impossible condition. A revolutionist cannot keep silent."

A profoundly true statement! But any hasty generalization from such a fact, to the effect that revolutionists do nothing but talk, would have been wiped from the mind of anyone present at the Second General Conference of the Trade Union Educational League. That gathering opened its session in the Labor Lyceum, Chicago, early on the morning of September 1 and closed the next night at 8:30. During the thirty-six hours the delegates (103 of them were present, out of 143 credentialed, from cities scattered all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coasts, and from Canada to Mexico) gave an exhibition of work, with a minimum of oratory, that would have gladdened the heart of Henry Ford himself, if it had been turning out motor cars instead of revolutionary tactics and programs.

It was a council of war—of the class war. Like all such councils today, it faced the double problem of organizing the masses against capitalism and uniting the militant spirits against the labor fakers. The Conference laid plans for achieving industrial unity of the workers, through amalgamation of the now divided craft unions into powerful industrial organizations, and politically through federating all workers' organizations, economic and political, into a general Party of farmers and workers. On the other hand it worked out the tactics needed to prevent the reactionary Gompers' machine from splitting the labor movement further, and from driving the militants, as is being attempted, out of the unions. In both respects the League conference clarified the issues and united the left-wingers upon definite programs. The League had summoned the militants from all over the continent, to combine their wisdom and experience gained in a year of work since the fundamental program was laid down in the First Conference. Here in one room were most of the men and women who, during the past year, had led the movement which in that short time had become the most respected by the conscious rank and file of Labor and the most feared by the capitalists and labor fakers.

It is too bad that this short article cannot tell everything that the Conference accomplished. Not that there is any secret about the proceedings, for they are published in full in THE LABOR HERALD for October, with all the documents. Some tens of thousands of militant trade unionists will carefully study every word that came from the Conference. They know that these words are dynamic, that the decisions, the course of action outlined, will profoundly affect the labor movement, the nation, and the whole world situation.

The meetings were open to the public, and the do-

cuments are published for the world to read. In spite of the "yellow dreadful" detective stories going the rounds of the capitalist press about the secret "reds," any old broken-down Sherlock could have sat through every meeting that made plans for the revolutionary movement of America. No doubt within a year the proceedings now published will be solemnly unearthed by Burns, published in the Chicago Tribune as a great exposure, and made the basis for another appropriation from Congress to save the Constitution. We hereby offer Mr. Burns a free copy so that he can make the exposure now, if that is not too ungracious.

The Trade Union Educational League came into existence as a protest against the complete lack of policy and leadership in the trade unions. Militant rank and file members all over the country were in revolt against the pitiful craft unionism of the Gompers clique, and against the even more pitiful "non-partisan" political policy which delivered Labor to the Capitalist parties. They found their protests futile; they were smothered by the wet blanket of organized officialdom. Expression they must have, and when the Trade Union Educational League came along with its ringing message of industrial unionism through amalgamation, the Labor Party and the other vital measures of its program, the left-wing of the trade union movement rallied to its leadership.

And now these militants have made of the Trade Union Educational League the greatest institution of its kind in the world. It is a training school, and a machine shop; it takes these raw militants and turns them into "engineers of the revolution" with a shop to work in. When these practical engineers gather in conference, practical results are sure to come out of it. And the meetings were really much like a gathering of technicians. No oratory, but lots of realistic, practical discussion of real practical problems—and always, at the end, detailed methods of solving the problem under discussion. The personnel of the delegation corresponded to this general atmosphere; plain men and women—a large majority native Americans—and all fighters.

A dramatic and romantic story about the gathering would be nice to read, and still nicer to write. But such a story would hardly be in keeping with the Conference itself. It was about as romantic as a machine shop. Of course Bob Minor says that a machine shop is a most romantic thing. It may be, to those whose imagination is vivid enough to personify the forces behind the machine, and to picture the world-changing results that flow, for example, from the shops that produce the gasoline engines of modern civilization. In this way did the Conference fire the imagination and enthusiasm of all the revolutionary technicians who took part in its work. They saw the Conference as a great factory, efficiently and smoothly producing the engines of the revolution that will change the whole structure of society—the militant trade unionists with organization and program fitted to lead the working class to victory over capitalism.

In striking contrast to traditional "conventions" in this

country, was the absence of anything like a dominating machine in mechanical control of the meetings. Practically every one present had something vital to contribute to the work, and all the others eagerly accepted what was offered. Differences of opinion, because they related to real problems and not to abstract theory, were quickly ground down to adjustment on the emery-wheel of the Conference discussion. There was no struggle for positions of leadership, yet at one time or another every one was something of a leader. Worthy of note was the action of the Conference in sending telegrams of greeting to all political and class-war prisoners. Typifying the broad policy of solidarity was the one sent to the I. W. W. men in prison, which read:

To General Defense Committee, I. W. W.

The Second General Conference of the T. U. E. L. conveys a fraternal revolutionary greeting to those members of the I. W. W. imprisoned by our common enemy, capitalism, at Leavenworth, Walla Walla, San Quentin, and elsewhere, and pledges the energy of League militants to defeat injunctions, syndicalist laws, and to release their victims.

This message was acknowledged in a splendid spirit by Ed Anderson, Secretary of the General Defense Committee of the I. W. W. The incident shows that the spirit of solidarity is contagious; sectarianism and intolerance, even in the I. W. W., cannot triumph forever. The Trade Union Educational League differs fundamentally from that organization in tactics, affiliations, and ideas, but it always stands for a united front of working-class organizations in the practical struggle against Capitalism. May the influence of the Andersons grow in the ranks of the "wobblies." Two messages came to the Conference from men widely separated geographically and still to a considerable degree separated by political affiliation. They were from Eugene V. Debs, and A. Losovsky, and read as follows:

Terre Haute, Ind., Aug. 31, 1923.

Wm. Z. Foster,
106 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

It is with regret that I have to decline the invitation to your Conference on account of other engagements. Please accept my thanks and with greetings to yourself and delegates assembled and hoping your deliberations may be fruitful of all good results to the workers, I am yours fraternally,
Eugene V. Debs.

Moscow, Aug. 31, 1923.

Trade Union Educational League, Chicago, Ill.

League is entering trying times. Now more than ever activity and fighting endurance should prevail. Wish your Conference great success. Communist greetings.
A. Losovsky.

In these two messages we have a symbol of the Conference, and of the work being done by the Trade Union Educational League. It is setting up contact, community of ideas, programs and comradesly feeling. Against the choking influence of the Gompers officialdom, the Trade Union Educational League calls for the united front of all militant workers; and the call is being answered.

Shall We Assume Leadership?

(Continued from Page 11.)

principle; but we cannot have several competing labor parties in one country because they have all the same principles of organization. This argument also is basically false. It has as a basis the abstract, ideal labor party which immediately upon its formation embraces the entire working class. This is a Utopian, erroneous, one-sided interpretation of the British experience. This view maintains that because there has been only one Labor Party in England, therefore only one labor party can exist in all other countries. Such a conception brings to mind the virgin birth theory, in that it altogether forgets the natural birth of the Labor Party. Experience shows that labor parties have been built by a political group uniting and organizing under its leadership all or a part of the trade union movement. Thus in England the Independent Labor group of pink socialists organized the Labor Party. In England the Labor Party remained without competition on the political field because among other reasons no other political groups attempted to organize the trade unions under their political influence. The so-called Marxist Social-Democrats were just as sectarian and just as much opponents on principle of the Labor Party, as was our Workers Party a year ago, or like the early Communist Party in Great Britain. It is interesting to note that in 1906, in its year of organization, the British Labor Party had 975,182 members, and the Independent Labor Party only 20,884 members. The proportion, therefore, between the membership of the British Party and its leading political group was even more unfavorable than the proportion between the Federated Farmer-Labor Party and the Workers Party. In America, we have a number of political groups which fight for influence within the trade union movement. This attempt to influence the workers is seen in the organization of various labor parties. The Socialist Party tries to form a labor party. The old Farmer-Labor Party tries to form another another labor party. The Workers Party has helped in the formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. It is simply dogmatic to decree that it is against the rules of the game for several labor parties to attempt to exist in one country.

LETTERS from WORKERS TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR:

There has been a discussion among a few of us comrades in regards to the "Daily Worker." What we would like to know is this, and since you were in Russia at the time, I think you could best answer it: Were there any daily papers of the Bolsheviki in Russia previous to the October revolution? If so, in what cities and what was the strength of the party in those districts at the time. Will be much obliged for an answer.

O. Y. East Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANSWER:

Despite persecution and arrests, the leaders of the Russian Social-Democratic Party (Menshevik) and the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party (Bolshevik) jointly started a legal weekly paper called the Zvezda (The Star) in December, 1910. The Zvezda was suppressed by the

Tzar's censor in the summer of 1911 and its editorial board was arrested and dispersed. In the fall of 1921 the Zvezda was controlled completely by the Bolsheviki and they decided to open a campaign for a daily paper to be published in Petrograd.

Subscriptions came in slowly at first, but received a great impetus through the massacre of the workers in the Lena goldfields, which aroused the whole Russian proletariat; and on April 22, 1912, there appeared the first Russian daily ever published by the Russian workers—the Pravda (Truth). The Pravda was received with such eagerness by the Russian workers that although it sold for two kopeks (one cent) it soon became self-sustaining. Its resident editorial committee included Poletayev, Pokrovsky and Molotov, but Lenin and Zinoviev, living in Switzerland, contributed to its columns and guided its policy through all the dark days that followed.

Pravda was confiscated daily, its editors arrested and exiled, its mailing lists destroyed—yet in August 1913 it circulated among the Petrograd workers in 21,000 copies, and many of its editions that were not confiscated ran as high as 50,000. Each time the paper was suppressed and almost destroyed, the workers poured money into Pravda office; there were times when more than 300 roubles were received each hour during whole days.

So closely connected with the daily life of the workers was the Pravda that it forced the Kopeika, a yellow journal of the Hearst type, to suspend for lack of readers; it conquered the Menshevik (N. Y. Call type) Luch; and maintained its existence continuously from the time of its foundation up to the present time.

As to the membership of the Russian Communist Party in the industrial centers where the Pravda circulated, it is impossible to give more than approximate figures. At the convention of the Russian Party in London 1903 which resulted in the split between the Lenin group and the Plekhanov group the Bolsheviki had about 900 members. During the period of the 1905 revolution the Bolsheviki had about 14,000 members, and at the time of the March (1917) revolution the Party had 40,000 members. These were mostly distributed in the industrial areas where the chief circulation of the Pravda was found.

It was the practise of the comrades in Petrograd during the 1910-1917 period to place a hat on a factory bench or engine house, or at the mine shaft and as the workers would pass by on their way from work on pay-day they would drop a "contribution" into the hat. Thus the Party members paid their dues together with the sympathizers.

This membership was greatest in the larger industrial centers, and the bulk of the Pravda's circulation was in Petrograd and Moscow. Thousands of copies were circulated in all the Russian cities and towns, and in Latvia, Poland and Siberia through the underground groups of the Bolshevik party.

The inspiring example of the Pravda, produced and distributed under infinitely more difficulties than the American militants ever dreamed of, should spur our comrades on to ever greater efforts to establish in this country a great and powerful daily workers' paper to unite the American proletariat in their struggle toward emancipation.

Editor.

River and I To Ourselves Again

LEAVES rustle, rustle. They quiver.

I had half forgotten they did.

There is a moon-washed river,

Open and free

And where I can see it.

I had thought it was always hidden

In furred green warehouse drains

Under freight cars, trucks, and wagon trains,

Belt conveyors, hoisting cranes,

Chanced ropes and anchor chains,

And the scum and smut of a rotting dock.

I had thought it was always

Tortured with brawling,

High-rearing, smoke-pouring

Tug-boats hauling

Barges of garbage,

And ferries crawling;

That the prisoning city contained it, comprised it, and had fastened it off with a lock.

Tranquil, rapid,

Silver river,

Wrinkled where sprinkles of starlight glimmer,

Roll.

Carrying your shimmering majesty on as you flow.

Sweep down to your pen of a dock

By the regulating town of men

Where each block is a block,

Where each hour is an hour and each day is a day,

And where birth, life, death, and sorrow and play

Move to the moves of the clock,

Where the night,

Alight and alive

Is taut

With confusions eternally

Driving away the oblivion yearningly sought.

Can I still remember rigid days in that town to resent and regret them?

Can I still remember miles of airlessness, five-story wall and eternal right angles?

The multitudes living in layers on top of each other? the clangorous jangles?

One healing night out here and I feel I shall safely forget them.

There is release.

There is a world

of creatures of night and dream that whimper and stir,

And there is a life, a sentient death, where seconds and centuries blur.

A year in that pile of populace nearly made me forget there were.

There is peace.

There is a cricket.

It is ticking.

There is harmony blent of the myriad thoughts in the night that confer and concur.

There is deep sleep.

Keene Wallis.

As the Anarchists Begin to See It

AN APPEAL has been issued by ten representative Anarchists in Russia, who call upon their comrades throughout the word to cease maintaining a separate partisan existence and to close ranks with the advanced revolutionary workers in the Communist parties.

"There are moments," reads the appeal, "when a revision of program and tactics, and a revaluation of various values, are such an imperative necessity for every revolutionist, that only pusillanimity or sectarian narrowness can prevent Anarchist comrades from making these changes.

"We call upon our comrades to estimate the full extent of the danger involved in the capitalist attack now everywhere beginning, to take into consideration the experience gained during the Russian Revolution, and, in view of all this, to subject the methods of attacking capitalist society to a revision, so that an end may be made to the division of revolutionary forces. We are firmly convinced that there is no other road to this goal than close affiliation to the Communist International and the Red International of Labor Unions."

In closing its appeal the group appends a thesis embodying their ideas:

Thesis

I.

Estimation of Anarchist Theory and Practice.

"We maintain that Anarchist thought has invariably striven to combine ideas which exclude one another. The all-human morality of Godwin and Tolstoy, the aristocratic individualism of Stirner, and the class struggle of Bakunin and Kropotkin, cannot be brought together in one scientific discipline. It is thanks to this characteristic of theoretical anarchism that the anarchists have not attained success of world importance during their half century of activity.

"The lack of unity in the anarchist thought process paralyzes the utility of the collective will, prevents any collective action, and destroys the organizational principle of anarchism. This is the reason why anarchism has not been able to bring about any revolutionary action of world significance. During our epoch, in which the preliminary blows of the social revolution are being struck, and which forms the moment of transition from capitalism to socialism, the incapacity of anarchism to solve the most important tasks of revolution has become particularly apparent.

"For these reasons (namely, incapacity to solve the most important tasks of revolution, and lack of unity in thought and action) the Anarchist movement has fallen into decay all over the world. It has let the initiative in the social revolution slip from its hand; the initiative has passed into the hands of those parties standing for direct mass action and for immediate seizure of power by the proletariat.

II.

Estimation of the Role of the Anarchists in the Revolution.

"In the period of social revolutions the organized minority of the proletariat (that is, the revolutionary socialist parties) constantly strives to assume the leadership, and it fights for the hegemony of the proletariat in the revolution.

Such a role owes its origin to the entire dynamics of proletarian revolutionary practice. The Anarchists, having rejected the dictatorship of the proletariat and the struggle for state power, have thereby cut themselves off from the historical development of the revolution, and their whole practice comes to naught at the decisive moment of struggle between labor and capital.

"The suppositions and aims of the workers' revolution command the proletariat, that is, its organized minority, to assume the leadership of the whole of the functions of the social life of the people, especially the control of the functions of production and distribution, and of national defence. The Anarchists, having declined power, or even a provisional dictatorship, find themselves in opposition to the tasks of revolution.

"At times of popular insurrection, the Anarchists have endeavored to broaden and deepen the revolutionary element, substantiating this endeavor by their abstract formula that 'the spirit of destruction is the spirit of creation.' For half a century the Anarchist groups have been engaged in preparatory agitational and propaganda work, without forming for themselves any clear idea about the day after the revolution.

"The experience gained in the Russian revolution has, however, shown conclusively that no victory can be won by destruction alone. Victory can only be won by that organized power which knows how to possess itself of the revolutionary element and to convert it into an organized force. If the revolution itself is not built upon a firm foundation, it inevitably falls a victim of the counter-revolution.

"At the moment when the popular element breaks out, and the masses fall upon all the state and social institutions of the old order, at this moment the organized revolutionary minority must direct its forces in the opposite direction, and must transform the elementary destructive forces into forces for the construction and organization of the new order.

"The Anarchists, in pursuance of their destructive activity, proceed, like the masses, from the standpoint of the causality of the revolution. The masses, like the Anarchists, are elementary forces of revolution endeavoring to remove the causes of the revolution, and limit their efforts to the annihilation of the old order. But revolution has other aims besides removing its causes. The organized minority has of course to look backwards at the causes, but it must direct equal attention forwards, to the ultimate goal. The diagnosis of the period must be correctly made. But a narrow rationalism must not be imparted to the revolution. The first necessity is a powerful organization, one which can dominate the revolutionary element by its determined will, find its way through the chaos, and lead the revolutionary protest; it must be able to defend itself against the blows dealt by the right, and not succumb to the sentimental extortion policy of the left.

III.

Estimation of Our Epoch.

"Our epoch is based on the competition of two great forces: private capital and collective labor. Large capital

is in the hands of a limited group of persons, and is in a position to employ labor power to any greater or lesser extent it considers desirable in any branch of production, or to reduce production or enlarge it on a grand scale. Private capital finds a deadly competitor in the form of social collective labor, which is able to control production and develop it on a hitherto unheard of scale.

"This economic basis also gives rise to the political peculiarity of the epoch, characterized by an extreme aggravation of the struggle between private capital and collective labor. The states of the present period are no longer able to strike a balance between capital and labor. The whole of the forces of the state apparatus are forced to take one side or the other under their protection. In the near future the monarchist and democratic systems of the world will have to abandon their position to a one-sided class dictatorship: either the dictatorship of labor or the dictatorship of capital—this is the inevitable course of events. We have to choose between the Fascist and the Communist International. There is no third course today. The adversaries of the communists, whatever phraseology they may adopt, will be logically obliged to take their places in the ranks of the Fascists sooner or later. The Russian counter-revolutionists of every tendency are very well aware of this, and await the intervention of the hired armies of capital, although all of them do not express their hopes openly.

"The characteristic of our epoch is that the organized class armies are standing on the threshold of the last decisive battle. All intermediate forces must take either one side or the other; otherwise they will be swept from the battle-field as useless social lumber.

IV.

The Communist International.

"We maintain that the socialist currents affiliated to the III International are striving towards the highest forms of free socialism and the highest form of social life. We see that the ideas pursued by the Communist International are in agreement with the best traditions of the socialist idea and of socialist creative work.

"At the same time we observe that the Anarchists have let the initiative of social revolution slip through their fingers. The inner incompetence of their principle of organization, the lack of the elementary basis for the organization, of revolutionary action on a mass scale, and, on the other hand, the Utopian attempt to combine contradictory social thought processes in one system, all this has brought the Anarchist movement to a dead end. In consequence, the initiative of the social revolution of our times has actually passed into the hands of the Communist International.

"We have been witnesses of the radical socialist creative work accomplished by the Russian communists, especially when their hands and actions were set free when for one reason or another, the pressure of European reaction was obliged to grant the Russian revolution a pause for breath. Despite the enforced compromises of the Communist Party, we have not the slightest reason to doubt its revolutionary socialist radicalism. We have no doubt whatever that bourgeois democracy and socialist reformism are completely foreign to the Communist Party.

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"Apart from many errors and apparent contradictions, apart from the really unexpected events encountered by the Russian Revolution, we cannot feel the slightest doubt as to its decisive significance for the emancipation of the world proletariat. The proletariat must become acquainted with the Russian Revolution as a fresh argument, as a new world power for the realization of the socialist ideal.

"Thus the Communist Party of Russia came into power in virtue of the new revolutionary order of things. In this unparalleled social revolution the role of organizer fell to the Russian Communist Party—a role to which the communists, as the vanguard of the working class, could not and should not renounce their claim. We hold the totality of their scientific experience and the totality of their practice to be an organically necessary stage and synthesis in the history of the proletarian struggle.

"Moscow, June 14, 1923.

Signatures:

I. M. Heizmann, D. Hoppner (Aserkovitch, Shak), N. N. Michailovsky, A. E. Wingogradova, L. Simonovitch, A. P. Lepin, I. I. Vasilchag (Shidlovsky), E. Tinocitskaja, N. Belkovsky (Maruga), Rotenberg (Jelich)."

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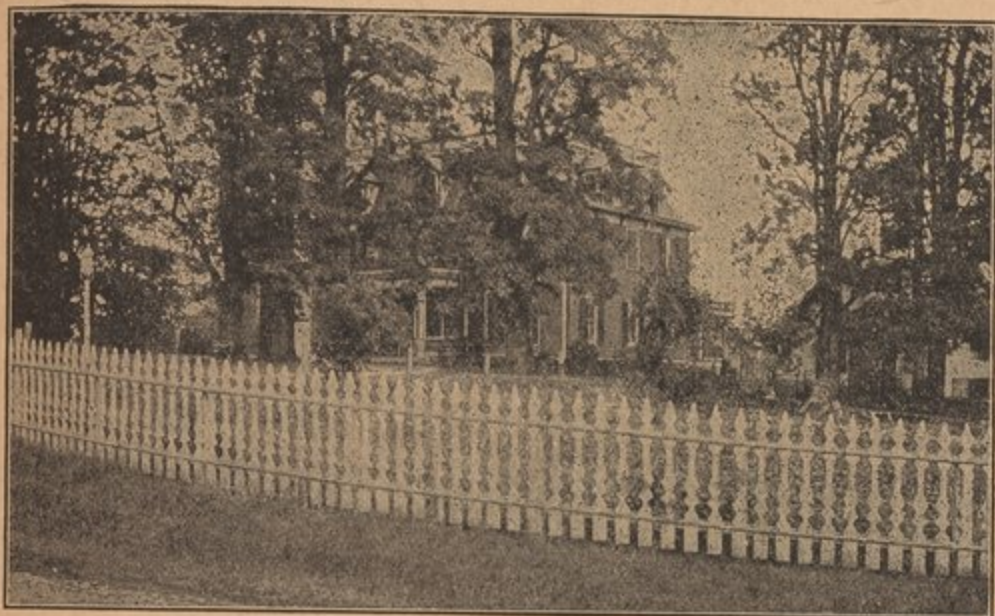
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