

LIBERATOR

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"Do you think these will wear well?"

Cornelia Barns

The Next War

WHEN men go out to fight the next world war
In pup tents, barracks, trenches, submarines,
Perplexed to know what they are fighting for,
Living on bully beef and shaggy beans;
We bucks and louies of the last big crash
Make only one request of Lords and Kings
Whose property, integrity, and cash
We pledge to keep as bright as Saturn's rings:

Whether as Jerries, Tommies, Frogs, or Yanks,
Egged on by propaganda, bands, and lies,
With uniforms to shatter virtue's ranks,
And lift admiring kiddies to the skies,—
We beg that on our coats in tinsel foil
Be pinned our masters' one true slogan—OIL.

Will Waterford.

To an Unhappy Negro

THAT'S what you get for wishing you were white.—
You see pale fiends, who strike their hideous
Sadistic savage poses, and you fight
Pathetically against that ludicrous
Attempt to reinforce a crumbling might.
The things we do are sad and ominous
Of our own doom... You put us in the right
With jealousy. Now rather,—pity us!

Pity us, pity us, and have no fear
That our decadence will be any warning
To our degenerate sons. Oh, can't you hear
A merry cheerful reassuring noise,
Musical prophecy from your black boys
Who wake up laughing early in the morning?

Rolfe Humphries.

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. No. 11 [Serial No. 67]

November, 1923

EDITORIALS

Hands Off the German Revolution!

THE GERMAN revolution is about to begin. The capitalist governments here and throughout the world will try to make a shambles of Germany in order to crush the revolution. The workers of the world are upon their honor to prevent this by any means and at any cost.

Now for a United Front

A BOMBSHELL was thrown into the "Amsterdam International" by its president, Edo Fimmen, at the British Trade Union Congress. The "Amsterdam International," to which the British labor movement is affiliated, was formed by trade union leaders and socialists so yellow that even Sam Gompers was in it at one time. It was founded for the purposes of holding the trade union movement in check and of fighting bolshevism.

When the Communist International a year ago appealed to it to join a united front of all of the working class, the Amsterdam International refused.

But Time is a Bolshevik. Edo Fimmen, after great torture of mind, has come to see the role that the counter-revolutionary international has played for capitalism.

Fimmen's speech at the British Trade Union Congress blanched the faces of his reactionary associates. Plainly pointing out the death-agony that is upon the European labor movement, increasing with every day, Fimmen declared that "Revolution must come" in Germany, and pleaded with organized labor of the world to stand by the proletarian revolt, even though, he implied, the revolution would inevitably come as a dictatorship of the working class through the Soviet form. Fimmen said:

"Do not ask whether the methods will be democratic or not, as the conditions will not permit a consideration of democracy. The exploiting class has never cared a farthing for democracy, as may be seen in Italy and Hungary. They still possess arms, rifles, machine guns, etc., and they will show the German workers the meaning of national unity by asking for help from France, Britain, Belgium, Turkey and Poland to assist them in crushing the German workers' movement. The bloodshed will be terrible then, and at that time the International must stand by the German workers, and I hope that the British workers will do their duty.

"One thing more. This may be the last Congress I shall attend in my present capacity. I want to say with all the earnestness of my heart: British workers, keep together; Right and Left wings, keep together; as this is the only possibility of fighting capitalism nationally and internationally. Take care that the fear of a Red dictatorship will not compel you to accept a White, Yellow or Black dictatorship."

Russia=Happy Land

SAFELY out of famine, pestilence, civil war and economic collapse, and established in a relative prosperity which the workers of nearly all of Western Europe must envy, is the Russian workers' republic on its seventh birthday. Russia can now with truth be called a happy land.

To those who have little or no faith in the constructive genius of the working class, what these Russians have done is inconceivable. Hoisting the hated red flag of working-class revolution they fought through about fourteen wars in seven years, repelled armies of four Great Powers, overturned and reorganized a whole economic system, survived the greatest famine ever known,—and have come out of it all as the most secure state in continental Europe, with the working class ruling a territory more than three times the size of the United States, with a fifty percent greater population.

A comparison of this quick recovery with the recovery after the American revolution is interesting. Seven years after the battle of Concord, the thirteen states were still in the grip of civil war, their population starving in economic breakdown. Eight long years after Paul Revere made the famous ride calling the colonists to arms, the little republic was able to call the war at an end, but there followed a period of such confusion and despair that serious consideration was given to the idea of inviting a German prince to come and rule as monarch.

The recovery of revolutionary Russia has been quicker. The workers' standard of living there is now far above that of the central European countries, and constantly mounting. The Soviet republic has succeeded in establishing a gold-based currency which holds its own at close to par value. While the workers of half a dozen central European countries sink into apathy of decay, or fight in insane despair to break into food stores, the Russian workers truly say, "We are living, now."

But the Russian workers, if they live comparatively well, do not live for themselves alone. As Russia rises in economic position relative to the countries around it, it becomes the center of gravity immediately for two continents—ultimately for the world. German workers, starving under a dictatorship of the capitalist class and at the same time seeing the "fatherland" methodically butchered by French imperialism, cannot long disregard the Russian center of gravity. China's four hundred millions, India's two hundred millions, cannot so much as stir in their sleep without seeing that in a friendship with Russia, the great organizer, is the way out of imperialist slavery.

All hail happy Russia, brave Russia, on her seventh birthday—hope of the world's suffering masses!

We Meet at the Barricades

THE story of the American Federation of Labor convention as told in the headlines of the New York Times and the Chicago Tribune—each in its own city the most powerful capitalist class organ:

FOSTER TO AID SEATTLE UNIONS IN A. F. OF L. FIGHT

GOMPERS ASSAILS RED PLOT IN LABOR

Radicals Also Target of Governor and Mayor as Federation Meets at Portland, Ore.

COMMITTEE HITS FOSTER

Annual Report Holds the Amalgamation of Unions to be a Communist Scheme

CHILD LABOR AND REDS TARGET IN GOMPERS TALK

He's Not Even Pink, He Tells A. F. of L.

LABOR PARTY URGED ON THE FEDERATION

Minnesota Man and Iron, Tin and Steel Workers Present Resolutions at Portland, Ore.

GOMPERS FIRM AGAINST DREAM OF LABOR PARTY

Unmoved by English Example and Delegates

GOMPERS CHECKS REDS "GNAWING" AT LABOR UNIONS

A. F. of L. Radicals Again to Lose, But Persist

LABOR CONGRESS SAFELY THROUGH RADICAL SHOALS

Enters Final Week with Conservative Ruling

THIS WAY OUT! CHICAGO LABOR TELLS FOSTER

Federation Leaders Bid Radical Go

AMERICAN LABOR BANS REDS

A. F. of L. Ousts an Enemy who "Worked Within"
27,838 to 130 Against Communist Dunne

LABOR FEDERATION OUSTS COMMUNIST

National Body Impeaches W. F. Dunne, Foster's Associate,
at Fiery Session in Portland

HE LEAVES WITH A TAUNT

"We'll Meet at the Barricades" His Parting Shot After
Crushing Defeat

ACTIVE WAR ON RADICALISM

Extremist Resolutions appear likely to Fare Ill before the
Convention

LABOR VOTES DOWN A SEPARATE PARTY

COMMITTEE REPORT AGAINST POLITICAL ACTIVITY
IS ADOPTED 25,066 TO 1,895

Convention Defeats Resolution to urge Recognition of
Present Russian Government

"LABOR STRIDES TO GOLDEN DAY, NOT RED CHAOS"

GOMPERS POINTS WAY AT FINAL SESSION



The Chicago Daily News expresses its solidarity with Gompers.

Mr. Gompers won, not a hundred percent, but a thousand percent. But what is the total result?

Hereafter no honest worker can think of a means of salvaging the labor movement without knowing that the Communists alone are the advocates of it.

By desertion of the timid, the Communists inherit the next phase of the American labor movement.

Gompers is monarch. But the Communists have become "His Majesty's Opposition."

Will Magnus Turn Turtle?

SINCE Magnus Johnson was photographed as a United States Senator in overalls milking a cow on the farm, the capitalist newspapers have quit cursing him and are trying to corrupt him. They hope to transform him into a duplicate of the reactionary Preuss whom he beat for the Senate. A remarkable campaign it is, a mixture of cajolery, nagging, terrorizing and bluffing. Before the election, these newspapers made fun of "Mr. Yonhson's Swedish accent." They ridiculed his overalls and lack of a collar, and mimicked every colloquial departure from classic grammar. Now these same newspapers assure the public that Senator Johnson speaks excellent English. They publish patronizing references to his "stylish clothing, white collar and black tie," and they say he is "not at all the wild Bolshevik" that the people had been given to expect.

The newspapers already claim some success with Magnus. They are quoting him, with truth or otherwise, as suggesting that if either the Democratic party or the Republican party puts up a "progressive" candidate for the presidency, he, Magnus, might support such a candidate, but that if the old parties put up reactionaries—beware!

If this is true it puts Magnus just where Wall Street can use him best. Wall Street could not spend Magnus' popularity to better purpose than to break up the farmer-labor party movement. If his "radical" reputation can be used to break the line of independent political action by dragging a great block of workers and farmers back into either of the old capitalist parties, Magnus' milk pail will be a priceless asset to the great Wall Street bucket shop.

But Magnus is of the first crop of farmer-labor candidates, and first crops are never quite as fruitful as later crops. The farmers and workers are driven by economic necessity to independent political action, with or without Magnus; and if Magnus deserts, so much the worse for Magnus.

The A. F. of L. Convention

By William Z. Foster

AS THE years roll by the conventions of the American Federation of Labor become deadlier and deadlier. Instead of responding to the tremendous urge of social development by mapping out the progressive programs necessary to the advance of the working class, they sink deeper yearly into a morass of inaction and conservatism. They reflect the dying intellectual powers of their chronic dictator, Samuel Gompers. To the uninitiated it looked as though the A. F. of L., at its Cincinnati convention of eighteen months ago, had struck the very bedrock level of stupidity and inefficiency. But the Portland convention, just adjourned, was still worse. The Cincinnati convention, in a faint effort to solve some of its overwhelming problems, did put forth at least the silly proposal, since shelved, that the workers, demoralized and disfranchised, should fight for the passage of four amendments to the Federal Constitution limiting the injunction power and giving them the right to strike. But the Portland convention did not rise to the heights of even that childishness. It stood entirely helpless before many problems confronting it. It did not in fact even realize that these problems existed. It did absolutely nothing of a progressive or even pseudo-progressive character. So far as the policies of the labor movement are concerned the convention might just as well not have been held. It displayed a complete bankruptcy, moral and intellectual, on the part of the A. F. of L. leadership.

Only the Left Wing Alive.

If the old reactionary bureaucracy failed utterly to propose a constructive program for the convention, the so-called progressive elements, Socialist and otherwise, were just as bad. Not a single resolution of any moment whatever did they introduce. The only signs of life and progress came from the left wing elements grouped around the Workers Party and the Trade Union Educational League. Although numerically almost ridiculously weak in the convention, they succeeded in raising the only issues of importance considered by the body. The left wing policies of Amalgamation, the labor party and the recognition of Soviet Russia completely overshadowed everything else handled by the convention. Not only that, but every resolution introduced upon these three subjects was either brought in directly by revolutionary delegates or indirectly by them, by instructions, to the A. F. of L. convention. It was a striking demonstration of the fact that the extreme left wing is the only element in the labor movement today which has a progressive program for the trade union movement. The time was when the Socialists made some pretense at opposition and at presenting a progressive program. But that era has gone completely. The Socialist opposition has evaporated. What little there is left of it has gone to Gompers boots and baggage. It stands for nothing. What is happening is that a new opposition is taking shape throughout the labor movement, an opposition based upon militantly revolutionary principles. The Portland convention was the first time that it had manifested itself on a national scale in the A. F. of L.

The Expulsion of Bill Dunne.

Although professing great contempt for the new revolutionary opposition, the old reactionary bureaucracy spared no efforts to beat it. They knew the dynamic power of the issues promulgated by this opposition, and notwithstanding their attempt to minimize the situation, they and the capitalists newspapers also, had to admit that these issues were the most important coming before the convention. The weapon of the reactionaries to beat the progressive measures advocated by the revolutionary minority was the time-honored one of dragging the red herring across the trail. They set afoot a wild campaign of "red" hysteria. The piece de resistance in this was the expulsion of Bill Dunne, delegate of the Silver Bow Trades and Labor Council (Butte, Montana).

The expulsion of Dunne will long stand out as a monument in the history of the American Labor movement. It will definitely mark the beginning of the new revolutionary minority in the national convention of Labor. For many years Gompers has boasted that the A. F. of L. conventions were the most democratic bodies on the face of the earth, and that no matter how unpopular a delegate's ideas might be he was always sure of a hearing. This pretty fable, so often repeated among trade unionists, was thoroughly exploded in the case of Dunne. He was barred purely because of his political opinions and because he dared to make a fight for them. His expulsion was in violation of a fundamental principle of Organized Labor. No definite charges were preferred. The notorious reactionary, Vice-President Murray of the United Mine Workers, simply moved "That this convention revoke the credentials of William F. Dunne and unseat him as a delegate." Then came the accusation and "proofs" that Dunne was unworthy. These consisted of the usual tirade of character assassination, stupid defense of the capitalist system and its slavish institutions, wild attacks upon everything "red" or even "progressive," and the other asinities which go to make up the reactionaries' mental arsenal against revolutionary ideas and individuals. To this storm of abuse and denunciation Dunne bore himself bravely and sent back as warm a message of revolution as has been heard on the floor of any American labor convention. Then came the cowardly, overwhelming vote against him. The expulsion of Dunne is the greatest compliment ever paid to the left wing movement by its enemies, the reactionary labor bureaucracy. It demonstrated conclusively the fear that is in their hearts at the growing revolutionary minority in the mass organizations of the workers.

Crushing Progressive Measures.

In the violent attacks against Dunne the bureaucracy had created the desired state of hysteria necessary for it to kill the progressive measure coming before the convention. So the three great measures of amalgamation, the labor party and recognition of Soviet Russia were dragged in and guillotined while the excitement lasted. Each proposition was defeated overwhelmingly.



Fred Ellis

Sam

But it would be idle to think that this action represents the opinion of the great rank and file of labor. A. F. of L. conventions are simply gatherings of the higher trade union officialdom, who have next to nothing in common with the great masses of workers. For example, the delegation from the United Mine Workers of America usually consists of about eight members, all general officers of the union or Presidents of the large districts. The representation from the other unions is similarly made up. Nowhere does the rank and file get a look-in, save in the case of a stray delegate or two from obscure central labor councils, with one vote apiece and prestige accordingly. Not content with being reactionary themselves in dealing with all progressive measures coming before them, the bureaucratic delegations do not hesitate to violate openly all instructions they may have from their unions to vote for such propositions. When the amalgamation resolution was put to a vote not a single voice was raised in the affirmative, despite the fact that there were delegations from several international unions and many state federations that had endorsed the very resolution being considered. A similar treason occurred with regard to the labor party and recognize Russia resolutions. Through long dealing with a demoralized rank and file, these mandate breakers have little fear of being called to order for their betrayals.

Particularly pitiful was the role of the so-called progressive delegates in the fights over these three big issues. With but few exceptions they collapsed completely in the face of the "red" hysteria. Well did Bill Dunne sneer at them in his speech and say that even Gompers laughed at their cowardice and the ease with which he could overawe them and twist them to his reactionary purposes. John H. Walker, erstwhile Chairman of the Farmer-Labor Party,

particularly distinguished himself in the labor party debate by coming out flat-footed against independent working class political action. In Portland he completed the job he had so well begun in Decatur.

The Seattle Labor Council.

Along with the three big propositions above noted, the question of the revocation of the charter of the Seattle Central Labor Council was one of the main issues before the convention. This case is typical of the utterly reactionary and cowardly policies and tactics being employed by the ruling clique in the A. F. of L. The Seattle Central Labor Council is one organization that in the past has dared at least partly to throw off the smothering blanket of Gompersism and to do some small thinking upon its own account, staying however within its rights as an affiliated body. For this Gompers decided to humiliate it. Hence his recent demand that it recant its radical ideas. Instead of standing squarely upon their rights and letting the old autocrat lift their charter if he would (they could win control back again shortly) the progressive elements hemmed and hawed and adopted a humble, conciliatory attitude. But this did not satisfy the old red baiter. He had to have his pound of flesh. He has now given the council thirty days in which to recede from its advanced position or lose its charter. The irony of this is that while Gompers is attacking the central body of Seattle for organizing a labor party and demanding the recognition of Soviet Russia some of the largest international unions in the A. F. of L., as well as the most conservative, are endorsing these propositions. For example, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers at its recent convention went on record almost unanimously in favor of the recognition of Soviet Russia; and the Iron Molders International Union has just endorsed not only the recognition of Soviet Russia but also the formulation of a labor party. But Gompers will be very careful about attacking them. They have too many votes in the convention. He will reserve his fire for bodies like the Seattle Central Labor Council which have practically no voting strength whatever. It is certainly to be hoped that the union men of Seattle will discover the courage and fortitude to make a real stand against tyrannical domination by Gompers and will insist upon their rights under the A. F. of L. constitution, even though this costs them their charter.

Major Berry, Convention Idol.

Typically enough, the outstanding figure of the convention, except for the other extreme, Bill Dunne, was Major George L. Berry, President of the International Printing Pressmen's Union. He was the hero of the hour. He had just returned from New York from breaking the strike of the newspaper pressmen there after having goaded them into it. The praises of the capitalists were ringing in his ears for his militant defense of their interests. Gompers also added his mite to the general paean of joy over the defeat of the aggressive pressmen. Nothing loath, Berry, who is also Vice-Commander of the American Legion, took advantage of the occasion to tell the world what the American Federation of Labor stands for. Said he:

"We of the American Federation of Labor stand for four great principles governing industry. These are the ownership of property, an adequate sum allowed industry



Diplomat: "Oof! This is awful; abolish it!"



Same Diplomat: "Ah m-m, this is fine!"

for deterioration, and that all workers, including the managers, get proper compensation for what they put into industry."

The casting of these pearls of wisdom before us swine won Berry another salvo of applause from the reactionary press. "Here," cried they, "is surely a labor man after our own heart." The Chicago Tribune was particularly joyful. It declared, "On such a platform, if followed consistently and without equivocation, we ought to be able to maintain peace and mutual good will forever. The outlook is encouraging." That such a combination of strike-breaker, Fascist, and open defender of capitalism as Berry can stand at the head of one of our international unions and win the hearty applause of an A. F. of L. convention indicates better than almost anything else the present low estate of the American labor movement.

Only The Left Wing Alive

Had the revolutionaries of the left wing not broken in upon the scene and introduced the three subjects of amalgamation, the labor party and the recognition of Soviet Russia, the convention would have been entirely empty. The rest of the business was trivial. A resolution of protest against the injunction and the re-establishment of child labor—for both of which Labor, with its antiquated political policy, is chiefly to blame; a few other aimless resolutions on the amendment of the Volstead law to permit the sale of light wines and beer, and similar inconsequential matters, a "spirited" contest for the selection of the next convention city, a lot of idle talk about organizing twentieth century industries with nineteenth century methods, a few of the personal jurisdictional quarrels, and the unanimous re-election of the whole bureaucratic family,—such was the convention. The whole thing was worse than a pure waste of rank and file money.

One relying for his information solely upon the Portland convention would surely get a dismal picture of the A. F. of L. But the situation is not so bad as that. Although the leadership is intellectually dead, deep in the rank and file of the unions a great stirring is taking place.

More and more the organized workers are becoming intelligently discontented with the old policies and leaders that have just about ruined them. They are listening to the message of the Workers' Party and the Trade Union Educational League. That is what terrifies the old guard. Undismayed by such deplorable exhibitions as the Portland convention, we must push forward with our work of education and organization. The future is ours.

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Published Monthly

Single Copies 20 Cents. Yearly subscription \$2.00
1009 NORTH STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The New Wave of World Revolution

By John Pepper

AN airplane view of our current world-history would divide the years which follow the Russian revolution into three parts: First, the attack of the revolutionary working class against the citadels of capitalism, from November 7, 1917 to September 1920 when the Italian workers occupied the factories. Second, the offensive of capital on a world scale in 1921 and 1922. Third, our present period, which marks the checking of the offensive of capital by the working class, and which brings the first new offensive attacks of the proletariat. Of course the picture is one seen only from a considerable height; it is a view which does not take in minute details, nor the small and local contradictions to great tendencies.

The world revolution is here again. Ah, how often in the last years has it been buried by capitalists, by governments and by the press, and by the Socialist and labor agents of capital, or even by the defeatists of the revolutionary movement itself. Even so-called Marxists, in pamphlets and thick tomes, have erected heavy tombstones on the grave of the world revolution. There are the Kautskys, the Otto Bauers and the Martovs in Germany, Austria and Russia. And besides the melodrama, to mention also the slapstick—there are the renegades of Communism such as Paul Levi in Germany and Harry Waton and Salutsky in America. During the last years, Mensheviks and Social Democrats, conscious and unconscious agents of capitalism, scholars and jesters, all have declared in unison that our period is analogous to that period which followed the failure of the revolution of 1848-49. The period of reaction is on, and the proletariat must put away its dreams of conquest of power and must content itself with begging for alms in a peaceful manner within the confines of capitalist society; the Communist parties must disband, and the gentlemen, the so-called Marxist leaders, will withdraw to their libraries to study political economy. But these counter-revolutionary so-called Marxists, (who obviously have never understood Marx), have so long been counselling us to study political economy instead of partaking in political actions that lo and behold, they themselves have forgotten to study the political economy of our own present period. They have actually failed to perceive that the basis for a counter-revolutionary restoration has not been restored—the economic and political balance of capitalism.

Capitalism Can No Longer Lead

The revolution is here again, for capitalism has failed utterly to restore the world market. The Chinese Wall of differences in rate of exchange continues to separate the victorious and defeated countries. The capitalists could not restore the normalcy of trade relations nor the continuity of production.

Capitalism has not managed to restore political balance.

The offensive of capital against the working class is broken. It still wins sporadic victories, but it has not succeeded in enslaving the working class on a world scale.

During the dark period of 1921-22 the capitalists did

succeed in assembling under their leadership other classes of society which have no immediate interest in capitalist exploitation—farmers, petty bourgeois and intellectuals. But in our present period we see a great change. The lower middle class in England is again entering into politics independently of the capitalists; the peasants in France are growing more and more hostile to the National Bloc of Poincare and are gathering about the Left Bloc; the farmers in the United States are drawing away more and more from the old capitalist parties; the lower middle class of Italy and Germany, even though in a Fascist form of expression, and even though against the workers, engages nevertheless in an anti-capitalist course of action.

Capitalism and the capitalist governments of the world are unable to solve a single world problem. The proudest and mightiest alliance of imperialism, calling itself *Entente*, won the most tremendous victory, and it did seem as if it would become the world government. But today the *Entente* is dead. France and England are in bitter conflict over the curse of reparations, over the Ruhr invasion, over the Turkish question. France robs England of its insularity through submarine flotillas and through a tremendous air fleet, while England is constrained to ask its Parliament for immense credits, not for protection against Huns or Bolsheviks but against beloved France.

England and France are arming against each other at a time when England is menaced by a million and a half unemployed and France by an inevitable, deep-going financial crisis.

And the rest of Europe is in chaos, economically and politically. Armed conflict between Greece and Italy. War-menace on the Italian-Yugoslav border. French invasion of the Ruhr. Civil war in Germany. Fascist dictatorship in Italy. Military dictatorship in Greece. Military dictatorship in Bulgaria. Military dictatorship in Spain. And continued military dictatorship of Admiral Horthy in Hungary. Hunger-riots in the cities of Germany and Poland. War and menace of war. Revolution and counter-revolution. Hunger, constant change, increasing instability, depreciation of money, decline of production—such is Europe.

International capitalism had three slogans in the war: To make the world safe for Democracy; the war to end all wars; the great, all-including political organization of the world.

Democracy? We repeat: Military dictatorship in Hungary. Fascist dictatorship in Italy. Military dictatorship in Greece. Military dictatorship in Bulgaria. Military dictatorship in Spain. Military dictatorship in Germany. That is the picture of European post-war Democracy. *Parliamentarism* is no longer the political form of capitalist rule. Whether they wish it or no, the capitalists must give up the good old comfortable rocking chair of parliamentarism, to sit on the points of bayonets.

The war to end all wars? Never before has the menace of war been greater than at present. The first world war was pregnant with the second. Never before were the

armies of the various countries so large as now. Preparedness is not only a slogan in the United States of America, but is the chief slogan, as well, of the Disunited States of Europe. All the capitalist countries are now bleeding to death financially, and they are thereby purchasing for themselves the pleasure of bleeding to death in the literal sense of the word in the next war of the globe. The capitalist countries possess now two gigantic armies as permanent institutions; the industrial reserve army of unemployed to insure the necessary elasticity for expanding and contracting capitalist production, and the uniformed army of soldiers to shoot down the industrial reserve army in case it either demands or shirks work. But the greatest danger is not the perceptible armies of the Disunited States of Europe, but the imperceptible army of the United States of America. It is known to the intelligence service and spies of the various countries, but not to the people of Europe or the people of America, that in the last two years the United States has made full preparation so that in twenty-four hours a single order of mobilization can turn the entire population of the Union capable of bearing arms, into the biggest and most dangerous war machine of the world. And all the attempts of the capitalist governments to eliminate the danger of war are impotent no less than were the attempts of the Persian despot Xerxes to chain the stormy sea.

The Treaty of Versailles? It was proclaimed proudly as the basic document of regulation of world affairs and world peace. What is left of this parchment? It is like "the Wild Ass's Skin" in Balzac's novel. It had shrunk a few inches with every new wish of its owners, France, England, Belgium or Italy—just as the wishes of Lucien Rubenpre, the hero of Balzac's novel, cause the miracle-working Wild Ass's skin to shrink more and more. But with the shrinking and final disappearance of the Wild Ass's skin there shrinks and disappears also the power of England, France and Belgium, like the life of Lucien Rubenpre.

The Treaty of Washington? The slang of the diplomats called it an agreement for naval disarmament. But translated in the intelligible language of real facts, it means the greatest naval budget of the United States, the construction of scores of new cruisers by Japan, and the creation of a new naval base at Singapore by Great Britain.

The League of Nations? It was heralded broadcast as the new Savior, as the political organization of the world, as the coming of the Millenium of eternal peace. But the facts have shown over and over again that the imperialist powers combined in a league cannot bring about eternal peace, but only world imperialism. The serious and dignified priests of the League of Nations, Lord Grey, Lord Robert Cecil and Lloyd George, have been extolling the League of Nations for years as the king of eternal peace, have cried aloud that it is clothed in the wonderful cloak of love and carries in its hand the mighty sword of the Last Judgment against every war of the future. But the case is rather more like that of a fairy tale in which the small, ignorant cobbler's boy comes into the palace, even as the ignorant jester Mussolini comes, to cry out the truth: The king is naked, the king has no beautiful clothes of love and no mighty sword against war. The League of Nations has turned from the Savior of the Nations into Punch, of the Punch and Judy show.

Capitalism more and more irresistibly demands that the world be organized as an entity, but capitalism cannot organize the world. All its attempts to set up a world organization have been a failure. And upon the ruins of the world plans for a world organization we more and more clearly observe four dangerous plans of imperialist Powers. The first plan is Lloyd George's for substituting a **British-American** pact and hegemony in place of the world-organization. The second is the plan of the United States to form a **Pan-American organization under the leadership of** United States capitalism. The third is Baldwin's plan to build up the **British Empire**, to surround it with a Chinese Wall of high tariff. And the fourth plan is the **continental hegemony of France**, with its vassal states, Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania. Capitalism is no longer capable of organizing the whole world as an entity; it is only capable of breaking the world up into small or large pieces.

The Will to Power Growing in Working Class

The working class, under the biting scorpions of the offensive of capital, collapsed at first, but then it began again to defend itself, and here and there it even begins to go over to the counter-attack, to the offensive. The will to power of the proletariat begins again to grow rapidly.

In Great Britain the Labor Party received four and a half million votes. Everyone who knows the leaders of the British Labor Party knows that the rule of Macdonald, Henderson and Snowden will never mean the rule of the workers. The British Labor Party is not an instrument for the rule of the working class, but an instrument for deceiving the working class. But that does not remove the basic fact that the four and a half million workers who voted against the capitalist parties and for the Labor Party want the end of the rule of capitalism and want the rule of the working class in its stead. The British Labor Party is only His Majesty's loyal Opposition, but the four and a half million workers are the not-so-loyal opposition to capitalism. The four and a half million labor votes in England represent one of the most important blows against capitalism.

The will to power becomes even stronger in the working class. We witness a political expression of that, in the fact that the Communist Parties in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia today have behind them a majority of the working class, that the Communist Party in France has become a militant party, the Workers Party of America could intrench itself in the labor movement, and what is most important, the Communist Party of Germany in the past year has become the leader of the German proletariat.

The Communist tactics of the **united front**, which amounts to a co-operation of the Communist minority with the great masses of the working class in order to awaken them and to induce them to defend themselves, has achieved great success. In the past year we have seen the three most outstanding mass successes of the united front tactics: an international united front of the transport workers; the united front of the German Communists and Social Democratic workers in Saxony; the formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party in the United States.

The Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals have united, the right wing and the "progressives" have concluded

an alliance at the Hague and Hamburg against the Communist International, and it proudly proclaims to the world that the Communists are universally isolated in the labor movement. But the spectre of isolation of the Communists has disappeared in the first real struggles of the workers. In Great Britain there is growing rapidly the left wing in the Labor Party, which wants to admit the Communists. In France the Communists in the last months have become the leaders in the revolutionary trade union movement. In the United States the idea and the organization of the Labor Party are marching forward victoriously. In Germany the Social Democratic Party is again split into two factions madly fighting against each other. And not only Edo Fimmen, secretary of the Amsterdam Trade Union International, but even the renegade Paul Levi is saying that the only salvation for the working class is the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The most frightful years of the offensive of the capitalists against the workers coincided with the frightful years of the famine in Soviet Russia. But just as blockade, civil war, intervention, and Menshevism could not destroy Soviet Russia, so the famine could not ruin the dictatorship of the proletariat. The working class of the world sees now with astonishment a new Russia emerging, a Russia of increased production, consolidation and stability. The workers see the terrible condition of the twenty million German workers under capitalist rule; and they see also that the workers' rule has overcome famine and starvation. The Russian workers see again that revolution means tremendous sacrifices, but that in the long run it is the only way to save the working class. In every other country the workers are slaves of industrial production; only in Russia are the factories, mines and railroads in the possession of the workers. In every other country the armies of Mussolini, Horthy or Coolidge advance against the striking workers but in Russia the Red Army marches to defend the workers' republic. In Europe there is a reign of chaos—war, war-menace and civil war. But even capitalist politicians and correspondents are forced to declare that peace reigns in Soviet Russia and that the Soviet government is the most stable government of the world. And the greatest, most hopeful augury for mankind, is the fact that while the League of Nations has miserably collapsed, Soviet Russia has been able to organize into an entity six various Soviet republics, one hundred and fifty million people, scores of nations and religions, no less than one-sixth of the earth. The workers see with astonishment that the League of Nations is dead, and that the new Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is lifting up its head.

The bourgeoisie is economically and politically bankrupt. It can no longer lead mankind. The might of the workers and the will to power in the workers is growing. New, decisive battles between the old ruling class and the ruling class of the future are imminent. We are living through the biggest game of history, and the stakes are no longer a piece of bread, as in those dark years of 1921-22, but power.

Germany, Field of the Decisive Battle

The greatest and most important battle of the world revolution and world counter-revolution is now being fought out to a finish in Germany. The German working class is today the Vanguard of the world proletariat, and

the German capitalist class is today the prize-fighter of world capitalism. The victory of the German revolution means a whole series of new revolutionary movements in Poland, in Czecho-Slovakia, in hopeless Austria, in suppressed Hungary—it is the best guarantee for the definite victory of Soviet Russia. The victory of the German bourgeoisie will mean the victory of military dictatorship throughout Europe, will mean a new invasion against Soviet Russia.

The German capitalists, the present ruling class, are losing more and more the leadership of the nation.

The German capitalists are not in a position to assure the continuity of production. Every week thousands of factories close down; unemployment is increasing at the average rate of 400,000 more workers per week losing employment. The inflation of paper money grows to astronomical figures. The dollar is now one, two, six, eight billion marks. Credit has ceased to exist. Prices change with the rapidity and unreasonableness of the thoughts of a madman.

The bourgeoisie is no longer in a position to provide the most elementary needs of the masses. The workers, the petty bourgeois and intellectuals literally haven't anything to eat. Shopping for bread or potatoes has assumed in Germany the form of raids, robbery and hunger-riots.

The capitalist state power is in process of decomposition. Armed might is no longer a monopoly of state power, but every class and every political party has its partly open, partly secret, armed troops.

The capitalist class is no longer capable of safeguarding the unity of the nation. East Prussia is already separated from the body of Germany by the treaty of Versailles by the Polish Corridor. Germany's capitalist state power could not prevent the French invasion in the Ruhr. The Separatist movement for a Rhenish republic is gathering strength. Bavaria has proclaimed its independence and is only nominally connected with the German empire.

The bourgeoisie is bankrupt in Germany, and it is becoming clearer and clearer to the masses that the bourgeoisie can no longer fulfill the duties and tasks of a ruling class. Thereby is provided the **first basic factor** of a revolution, while at the same time we see the increasing strength of the **second factor**—the capacity and will for power on the part of the proletariat. The working class is becoming ever more unified, more class-conscious, and it has become the only class which can offer a program and solution for the whole nation. The Communist Party of Germany today has behind it the majority of the active part of the working class. The Social Democratic Party, formerly so strong, is being torn into factions. The right wing wants to continue co-operation with the capitalists, whereas the left wing calls for co-operation with the Communists.

The German Communist Party has not only been able to make itself a powerful mass party, but it has also created organs of the united front which assure it the co-operation of the laboring masses not as yet Communist. And these organs of the united front—the factory committees, the proletarian Hundreds, the control commissions, the Socialist-Communist Cabinet in Saxony and Thuringia, are constantly growing, and are rallying greater and greater masses about themselves. And these organs of the

united front are at the same time the nuclei for taking over power and wielding power for the working class. The factory committees are the embryos of the future Soviets. The proletarian Hundreds are embryos of the future Red army. The proletarian control commissions are the embryos of the future organs of food distribution. And the left Socialist-Communist government in Saxony is the nucleus of the future Soviet government of Germany.

But the Communist Party of Germany has not only assembled the majority of the working class around itself and around the organs of the united front, but it is succeeding more and more in winning over the strata of society between the capitalists and the workers—the farmers, lower middle class and intellectuals, as allies of the working class, or at least in neutralizing them. The great lower middle class masses in Germany are losing more and more their faith in the leadership of the capitalists, and are putting their hope more and more in the working class, as the only saviour from political and economic chaos.

It is becoming constantly clearer that only the working class in Germany can safeguard the unity of the nation against separatist efforts and can save Germany from the fate of becoming a colony of France. The passive resistance conducted in the Ruhr by the German capitalists has proved a complete failure. Stinnes, the most powerful representatives of German capitalism, is negotiating in open high treason with the French general, Degoutte. The only counter-balance against the treacherous Separatists in the Rhineland is the working class. All the diplomatic tricks and cunning of the German capitalists, all the negotiations with France, Belgium and England have remained futile. Only the working class, only the victorious proletarian revolution can lift Germany out of hopeless isolation, can secure for it the alliance of Soviet Russia, the support of the Red Army and the help of the agricultural surplus of the great Russian plains for the starving populations of the German cities.

In the measure that the German Capitalists are split in more and more factions, the German working class is becoming ever more unified under Communist leadership. In the measure that the capitalist class is forced to abandon the leadership of the nation and to become an open traitor, in the same measure does the working class assume leadership of the nation and constitutes itself as the leading class of the entire nation.

The decision in Germany cannot be held in abeyance very long. More and more clearly do we see two centers of power concentrate themselves—the center of power of the counter-revolution—Bavaria, and the center of power of the revolution—Saxony. The deciding phase of the revolutionary struggle shows in Germany a new feature, different from the Russian or the Hungarian revolution. The struggle of the Russian and Hungarian workers for seizing power was openly the fight of the suppressed workers against the oppressing state power. In Germany the deciding battle of the class struggle of workers and capitalists will assume the form of a struggle and war between two state powers—between counter-revolutionary Bavaria and revolutionary Saxony.

The decisive battle of the new period of world revolution is being fought out in Germany now. The fate of the

whole working class of the world depends on this battle. But for that very reason it is not sufficient to look on with bated breath; we must give our active aid. The victorious German revolution will have against it the enmity of the entire capitalist world. The government of the United States in the White House and Stock Exchange will attempt to send money, ammunition and perhaps even troops against the German revolution. We must alarm the American working class today. We must proclaim today the solidarity of the American and German working class. We must today drill the slogan into the American working class: Not a cent, not a ship, not a gun, not a case of munitions against the German revolution!

And God Changed

By N. Bryllion Fagin

BEFORE I went to work,
When I was yet a hopping little runt,
I used to think of God sometimes.
I used to think of Him way up there
Sitting on a great big throne
Like a European muck-a-muck
Surrounded by seraphs and music and gold.
Only He would never be kicked off
Like a European muck-a-muck,
'Cause He was kind and forgiving
And He loved us all.
I could picture Him crying
Over some fool of us
Who'd made a mess of it down here,
Like I once seen my own dad cry
When he couldn't teach my big brother
Not to steal.

But that was long ago,
Before I went to work.
I've had no time to think of God
Only once in a great spell,
And then I wonder what He's like.
And because I've met that tribe
And broke words with them
And rubbed my greasy elbows against their whites
And seen them close to their property—
Because of that, I guess, I sometimes think
Of God as just the Big Boss of the works down here,
Who keeps an office and a swivel chair,
And all his seraphs are a bunch of timekeepers
And prying foremen and spies
Always flying around and round everywhere,
Poking their noses into every mortal's job
To see if anyone has laid down on it.
And one of them's got a harp
And some's got a big ledger
And everything's written down and reckoned up
And a man's share is doled out
According to the amount of work done
And to his good behavior.
And no man can ever do enough
To please the Boss...



Mother and Child

Lydia Gibson

Only One Way

LET scholars furnish their needy spirits
 With learning's vain emoluments;
 When they utter words of living fire
 I'll listen to their arguments.

What are the fruits of old men's wisdom?
 Better a lover's anguished drouth.
 Let them write till their pens grow rusty:
 There's only one way to kiss your mouth.

It's dignified to be grave and sober
 And walk with solemn banners furled;
 Yet I am drunk when I write a poem,
 And God was drunk when he made the world.

They may talk each other deaf as doorposts
 Arguing their several arts:
 If there is truth, blind love will find it
 Before the scholars draw their charts.

Say it that way or say it this way,
 It's just as shallow and just as deep.
 And at the end when the bones are weary,
 There's only one way to fall asleep.

Elsa Gidlow.

Wonder

COLLIE puppies in a dooryard,
 Wheeling along lopsided,
 So hard to manage those hind legs,
 Standing, blue eyes on nothing,
 Noses twitching,
 Stubby tails in the air,
 Trying to remember what they are thinking about:

Fat puppies that forget everything,
 Even the terrible
 White teeth their mother yops at them
 When she eats her supper:

Fat puppies full of wonder
 At round holes where spiders live,
 At the wide wings of a yellow butterfly,
 And lifting shrill voices of wonder
 At the stranger who leans over their gate
 Making uncouth noises.

Bernard Raymund.

It is Forbidden

By John Noble

MRS. ZALINSKI came hurrying after her step-daughter to the door.

"You never mind, Luba!" she said in harsh Yiddish, "I'll talk to whoever comes to the door! Go get the children over in Mrs. Wagner's barn. They've got to get cleaned up now before papa gets home."

Luba turned from the visitor and met Mrs. Zalinski's hard, suspicious stare imperturbably. "It's Mr. Krasoff, mamma," she explained, and retreated without loss of dignity. But as soon as she was out of sight she wrung her hands until the knuckles cracked; then laughed joyously, and ran with all the strength of her eighteen years to fetch the children.

Mrs. Zalinski turned her inquisitorial gaze upon her visitor.

He smiled reassuringly. "You don't remember me, Mrs. Zalinski?"

In lieu of cordiality she raised her voice: "Why, sure, Mr. Krasoff! I remember you fine!" she exclaimed, running the scales, but without the shadow of a smile. "You are that traveling man that stopped by our house two years ago. How is your wife?"

"She is well, thank you, Mrs. Zalinski. And how is your husband?"

"He will be home now, soon. You want to see him maybe?"

Morris Krasoff explained that his train had arrived too late for him to make connections and that he was thus stranded in the village. For if he took the evening train he would have to travel after sunset: and to ride on the Sabbath is forbidden. He knew of only one abode in town where he could keep, without interference, the observances of the holy morrow. Would Mrs. Zalinski, therefore, kindly put him up for the night?

Having heard his reasons, Mrs. Zalinski could not refuse him harbor. His intentions were apparently laudible; but traveling Jews from the city were too clever and too modern to be altogether trusted when there is a beautiful daughter in the house.

Luba's parents were fully aware of her charm, and had taken precaution against it and against her own impetuous daring by pledging her hand to a pious and elderly country Uncle—the step-mother's brother. The marriage was to take place in the autumn.

As she led the city guest into the large chamber that served both as dining room and living room, she resolved to let her husband walk alone to the synagogue the following day while she remained at home.

The place was in confusion. Children were everywhere; the older ones were helping the cook and gardener prepare the food and clean the house for the approaching Sabbath; the younger ones were in various stages of being scrubbed by their mother; and more Yiddish was shouted and lisped in two minutes than one could read in as many hours.

Morris was deposited without much ceremony in the guest-room, which was removed from the dining-room by a short passage in which was a large mirror. He left his

door open so that he might watch, from this place of refuge, the activities of the household reflected in the glass.

It was pleasant to him, this flurry of preparation for the Sabbath. He knew the peace that would ensue, like clean air after a thunder storm. He enjoyed watching the tell-tale mirror as a Christian child would enjoy spying upon the adornment of a Christmas tree.

From the kitchen, whence issued the odor of freshly baked khale, came a little girl, stuffing a large piece of bread and jam into her mouth, and trying not to soil her Sabbath frock; an older child could be seen placing candles in the candelabrum; the spread was laid for the Sabbath feast; two loaves of bread at the head of the table were covered with a dainty cloth; a bottle of wine and the kiddish-glass were set before them. Some of the children ran out to play. It would soon be sunset; everything was in readiness.

Morris bethought him of the letter he was accustomed to write to his wife every Friday evening. It must be short; for the Sabbath was at hand. He took pencil and paper from his bag, and began a hasty note.

While he was writing he happened to glance up, and beheld Luba's reflection. She stood near the end of the table with her eyes upon the mirror, regarding him. He had a strange impression that, like a fascinated bird, she was poised for flight, but did not wish to move. But there was nothing bird-like about Luba; more like a startled deer she was—still, and yet alive in every nerve, her large eyes soft and wary and profound.

Since his last visit she had grown from an awkward, adolescent girl into a young Semitic beauty, large eyed and full breasted, with sensitive lips that were always a little parted as if her warm breath issued too quickly and eagerly for them to close. Her glossy, black hair stole in ringlets from the thick, careless braid, which appeared to be the work of haste (as were all duties with Luba) and caressed the olive skin of her exquisite throat.

He sat gazing at the vision in the mirror; neither of them moved; then Luba smiled; something intimate and understanding joined the reflection of their eyes.

He rose hastily, and went to the door:

"You must not do that!" he said, almost crossly, as if he were admonishing a child. But there was that in his voice which was not altogether firm. Luba detected it, and was unreprieved.

"Why?" she asked, disarmingly. But he did not know exactly why; and, closing the door, he returned to his letter.

Presently, he saw through the window the children running to meet their father who greeted them with weary affection tersely but satisfactorily expressed in a piece of candy for each, and stopped to exchange a few words with the gardener.

Moses was nearly sixty, but never failed to walk ten miles on Saturday to the nearest synagogue. He had been married to his second wife for only twelve years; but, in that time, he had increased the population by as many

children. His former wife had given him but one child—Luba.

Morris saw him enter the house with the gardener, and a few minutes later heard them pacing up and down the dining room mumbling their prayers. The house was quiet; he knew that all work in the place had ceased. He could picture the mother sitting at the table, reading her prayers in silent harmony with the two men pacing the floor. The children were playing in the yard; peace, like the dusk, stole over all things. It was Sabbath.

Half an hour later the children were called to dinner and Morris joined his host and hostess in the large dining-room. Moses greeted him with a "Good Sabbath to you!" leaving all questions until after the chanting of the kiddish-prayer, the tasting of the wine and the solemn bathing of their hands. Then the meal and conversation began.

The host turned his attention to his guest; where was he going and where did he come from? He inquired about his family and his business. Most of the talk was between the men, but Mrs. Zalinski asked several questions to satisfy herself on certain matters; and, as Morris spoke of his wife and children lovingly, and without even glancing at her step-daughter, she began to feel that her original uneasiness about the stranger was unwarranted. It was useless to try to fathom Luba's expression; her eyes always held the same unspoken emotion.

When, after dinner, Morris gave the elder daughter the letter he had written to his wife and asked her to mail it, Mrs. Zalinski's faith in her visitor was sealed; and she gave the subject very little thought thenceforth.

Almost immediately after dinner the family retired. Moses was the only learned Jew in the district, and the honorable duty of reading the Tora at the synagogue rested upon him. To rehearse this difficult task he arose every Sabbath at four o'clock in the morning. Although it was not necessary for the other members of the household to rise so early, it was their custom not to remain up after the father of the family had gone to bed.

So Morris found himself alone in his room, without a light and with only the irrelevant sounds of the night to lighten the slow tread of time. A dull half-moon left the brilliance of the stars unchallenged; and the intermittent breeze was like her languid breath, too listless even to stir the leaves.

Morris sat by the window and tried to think of his business, but he could not; he thought of his wife, but the thought was, somehow, out of keeping with the night.

There was a soft step; and, before he could look around, Luba's face was close to his in the open window.

"My step-mother was not going to the synagogue tomorrow," she whispered. "But I have told her it is the last Sabbath of the month, and she is going. I took the calendar so that she would not find out. But I did not know where to hide it."

He felt a quick, gentle hand near his heart; and the Hebrew calendar lay within his pocket.

"Tell them you are not well, and cannot walk so far. Perhaps I will have to be married in a little while and then I suppose I, too, will have to walk those ten miles every month. But tomorrow we will be alone except for the children. We will go for a walk, and be quite alone.

You must not go to the synagogue; for I must talk to you."

She smiled again as she had smiled in the glass; and was gone like a fleeting dream.

What a strange fascinating child she was—a whisper out of the night—a stirring tropical breeze, that had wandered somehow into a business office. Yes, his mind was little more than that; and yet once he had been a dreamer, restless and unsuccessful, tormented by the life—the many lives—within himself. This Sabbath evening in the country brought all the old thoughts back again with the pain that he had not felt for years.

He drew down the blind against the troubling beauty of the night; and, in bed, was able to think once more in an orderly, "sensible" fashion, and to recognize again the wisdom of his comfortable, uneventful life.

But just before dawn he was awakened to feel again that tormenting doubt. Moses was chanting the Tora. Through the still air the sound came as from a great distance—from some fathomless well of forgotten things. The voice seemed as sad and ancient as the melody it chanted. In the rhythm was an indescribable ache as of endless time.

As, when the sun draws his bright cover from the sky, the earth finds herself small and unimportant in the infinite night, so Morris found his world of success trivial in the memory of dead ages.

As in the days of his youth, he dreamed—dreamed of ancient Jerusalem with its Tora and synagogues; with its people, and their dreams of love and barter, endlessly repeated and forgotten. And his waking dreams passed almost unbroken into the dream of sleep, in which he was a youth in Jerusalem and Luba was his wife. But her family and all the elders of the synagogue were angry because she had married him, and were pursuing her to take her life. Morris ran with her and ran and ran. But always they found that they had returned to the same place where their enemies lay in wait for them—a house with a large dining room off of which there was a little hallway with a mirror in it. From the shadows of this hallway Luba's step-mother always darted at her. Finally Luba was exhausted. Her family closed in upon her, and were strangling her to death when Morris awoke.

It was day; the sunlight pierced the worn places in the window-shade; a Sabbath hush was in the house, but the children could be heard playing in the yard. He perceived that he had overslept and regretted having missed the warm coffee, which is taken from the oven early in the morning and constitutes the Sabbath breakfast. He dressed himself hurriedly in the hope that the elders had left the pot on the table and that it had not altogether cooled.

He was thinking normally once more about matters of practical comfort. The other worlds of his mind had disappeared with the stars of the night; with the night sounds had gone the innumerable small voices of his heart.

Even the dream which had wakened him was forgotten. But when he found Luba waiting for him in the dining room it came back sharply; he was coming from the short passage whence her mother had darted in the dream. The poignant emotion he had experienced returned to him so forcefully that it swept aside for a moment his better judgment.

"I dreamt of you last night," he exclaimed, looking at her intently. "It was here—we kept returning to this room—"

But Luba was not interested in the details of the dream.

"Is it the first time you have ever dreamt of me?" she asked. "I have dreamt of you so often, I think whenever I dream it is of you. Even before you ever came I dreamt of you—I knew there would be somebody—not like my old Uncle, nor any of the others who come here. I have known them all my life; they never have dreams; they know nothing but their business and troubles. But you always sat in your room, just thinking and listening; the way I do for such long times—"

Morris could not withhold the sympathy that was expected of him. But she scarcely paused for response. Her sentences broke in upon each other tumultuously as if the dam of her heart had burst. In a torrent of words she told him all the aching secrets that she had so long kept locked away from the judgment of her family and their friends.

On the flood of her emotion Morris was borne toward that uncharted, troubled sea of many moods from which he had turned on the day of his marriage and whose tide had crept so perilously near to him last night when he had heard Moses chanting the Tora. No studied grace nor subtle appeal could have drawn him to its shores so nearly as he was urged by Luba's passionate honesty.

He spoke of his empty life; of the love that he had dreamed of but had never found, until he thought it was a myth. And, then, last night the dream had come to his window, and had given him a calendar to count the days that he had wasted.

But when Luba left him for a moment to bring the coffee she had put back in the oven to keep warm for him, he recalled himself and followed her to the kitchen.

"Luba," he said, "I had forgotten myself! You know that I am married, and cannot love you. It is forbidden."

As quick as a frightened child running to its mother, she came to him and put her young, strong arms about his neck. Her sweet breath bathed his face as she whispered:

"You cannot leave me here—you cannot! They will stifle me!"

Again he was stabbed by the memory of his dream. The beautiful girl whom they had strangled was clinging to him now so desperately; and he could not help her! His heart burned.

He took her arms from about his neck. "Luba! Luba!" he said, "It cannot be! It is forbidden!"

Luba stood mute; and he dared not look into her eyes to see the hurt that he had done. He turned, and fled from the house.

THEREAFTER in his journeys Morris avoided the village where Luba lived. He knew that he would not again act as he had acted. His conduct seemed to have been rewarded with fairy gold. His life palled upon him increasingly; his home was a dull mockery which was made almost unendurable by the memory of Luba; and he knew that he could not, a second time, choose the same straight and arid way.

But it happened some five years later that he was in the city to which Moses walked every Sabbath for the performance of religious duties in the synagogue, and to which he drove, on week-days, for the transaction of business.

Morris caught sight of the old man coming from a store with provisions for home. On an impulse akin to joy, he accosted him. Moses' greeting was effusive. He chided the young man for having so long kept away and urged him to accompany him home to dinner.

Morris accepted the invitation with apparent eagerness. But he was strangely silent and distracted during the ten mile drive to the village.

When they arrived, the Zalinski household was in its usual state of vociferous activity. The number of children had increased, and the noise in proportion.

As soon as he entered the dining room, he was reminded of the dream he had had the last night he had spent in the house. Like a materialization of the vision, Mrs. Zalinski issued from the passage wherein was the large mirror. But her expression carried no hint of wishing to strangle her step-daughter, or anyone else. She looked worried, as usual, but greeted Morris with far more cordiality than she had ever shown before; she was no longer worried on that score, at least!

She enquired after his family and welfare; but he broke in upon her questions:

"And Luba?" he asked, "Is she not here any more?"

"Oh, yes, she is here," replied Mrs. Zalinski, indicating the room at the end of the passage. "She's eating her dinner in her room to night. She is married now and is a mother. Would you like to see her?"

"Later," he said briefly; but as soon as Mrs. Zalinski had gone into the kitchen he strode to the door of the room that had been his, and rapped lightly.

A tired voice bade him enter. He opened the door; but did not go in.

In the bed where he had lain and listened to the ancient chant of the Tora, an infant slept. Near the window at a small table sat a woman, eating. Beside her was a little boy, watching the food with interest.

The woman's pale eyes stared at Morris. The blood crept into her sallow cheeks. Her lips parted, and, for an instant, like a breath on a cold glass, the face was that of Luba—sensitive, eager, dreaming Luba. Then quickly she looked down. Neither of them spoke.

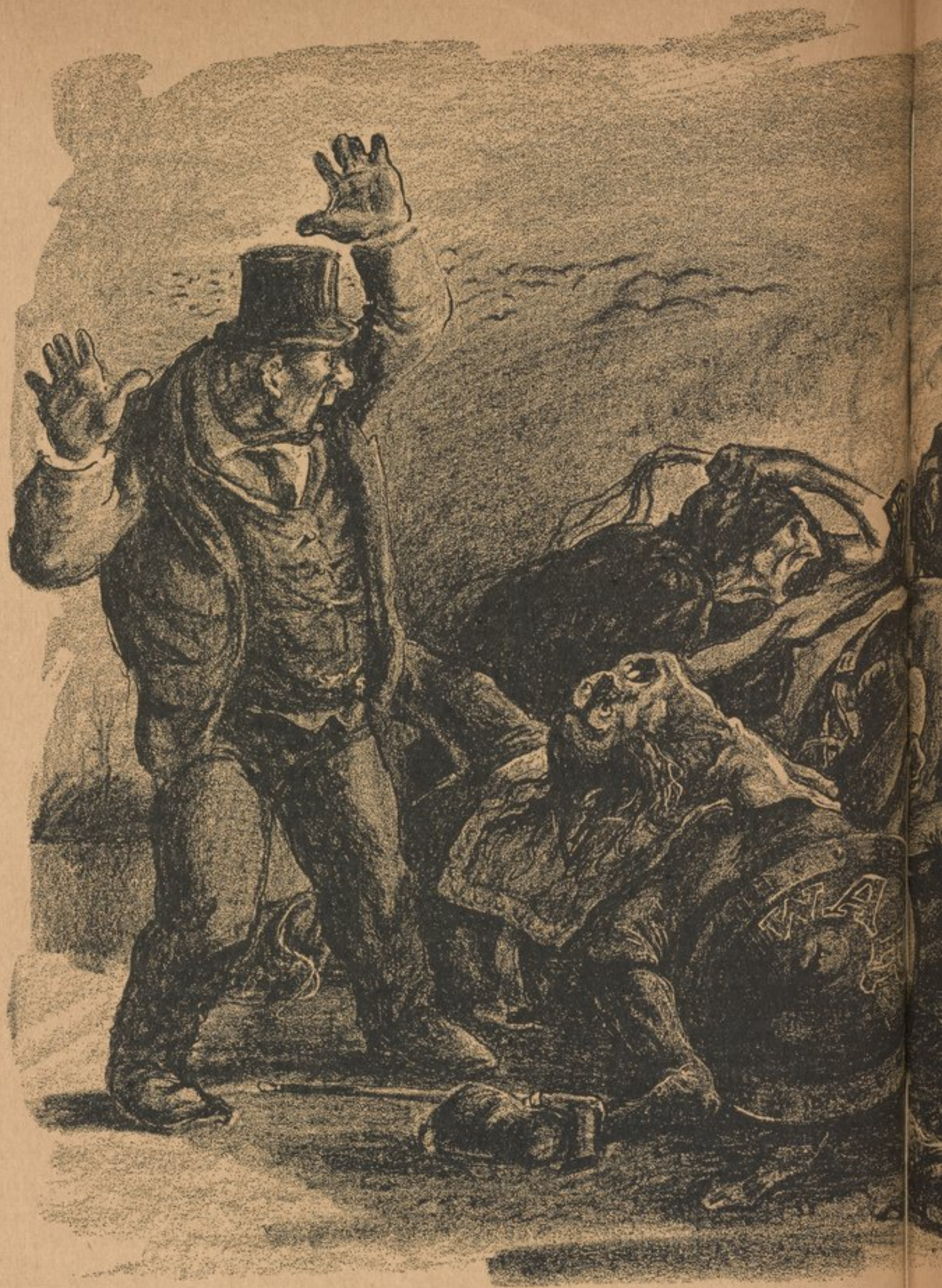
The little boy, seeing that his mother was no longer interested in her food, reached for a piece of cake.

Luba struck the little hand. "No!" she cried, "You must not! It is forbidden!"

The child burst out crying; and Luba, gathering him into her arms, mingled her tears with his.

Morris turned silently away, and, thenceforth, all that remained to him of Luba was the old Hebrew calendar, which he still carried in the pocket near his heart.

All contributions to The Liberator must have name and address of author plainly written on each manuscript and on the back of each drawing. To secure return, a self-addressed stamped envelope should accompany contributions.



The Vi
Soviet Russia Defeats the Ho



Fred Ellis

the Victor
the Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Mr. Hughes Surprises Himself

By J. Ramirez

OFFICIALLY, recognition of Mexico came directly out of the report of the Warren-Payne mission to Mexico City; but the surest principle of modern diplomacy is that an official act is only formal notice that something entirely different has been perpetrated in secret. The actual American ambassadors in this case were not Warren and Payne, but Doheny, Teagle and Lamont. Officially of course, it was the Government of the United States that recognized Mexico. Actually, it was a collection of bankers and oil magnates. The Government merely set its Great Seal on a document already drawn up for it and signed "on the dotted line."

When the news of recognition was ready for the press, Secretary of State Hughes prepared an accompanying statement reviewing the various circumstances that had barred the way to a rapprochement between the two nations. The most remarkable thing about this statement was the total absence of any reference to murderous Mexican bandits. Yet the omission caused no surprise. All pretense of danger to American lives in Mexico had long since been dropped and it was frankly realized on all sides that the only differences at issue were business differences.

What is not so generally known in this country is that even these business differences were more or less on the surface insofar as they touched the present government of Mexico.

The great obstacle to the purpose of our American imperialists was gotten out of the way as far back as the spring of 1920. That was the petty bourgeois, nationalist government of Carranza, which, in the interests of a native Mexican capitalism, had stubbornly resisted the encroachments of Wall Street. It was the Carranza regime which established the present Mexican Constitution, with its famous Article 27, nationalizing the soil and sub-soil. The American financial interests and oil kings, landlords, mining magnates and railway owners set out deliberately to overthrow Carranza. Aided and abetted by the United States Government, they harassed him at every turn. Armed intervention was repeatedly threatened; legislators were corrupted; bandit marauders were supported with money and ammunition. Finally, through the innocent aid of disgruntled workers and peasants, the aim was achieved.

Obregon came into power announcing to all the world that foreign interests in Mexico were at last to be protected. Shortly before launching upon his movement against Carranza, he had made a tour of the United States, spending considerable time in the offices of New York financiers, where something more than a tacit understanding had been worked out. Stupid and sometimes inspired newspaper articles have confused the issue for us in this country, but the plain fact is that the Obregon revolution was a deliberate step away from all that was connected with "carrancismo" and toward a reconciliation with American imperialism. To a far greater extent than can be shown within the narrow limits of this article, the Obregon revolution was "made in Wall Street." It was the first step in the series of events

which has now culminated in the recognition of General Alvaro Obregon and his government.

But although the Americans who financed Obregon's "revolutionary" undertaking were capitalists, the Mexicans who fought in it were workers and peasants. The latter were dissatisfied with the Carranza regime for reasons quite different from those actuating the former. It was an alliance of coincidence, one of those strange phenomena that sometimes arise out of the conflicting facts of a situation and are made use of by an energetic charlatan such as the man who now occupies the presidential chair in Mexico. Well aware of the dual nature of his support, Obregon was obliged to feel his way with extreme caution at first. While his agent at Washington, General Salvador Alvarado, was reassuring American capitalists, don Alvaro himself was promising the Mexican masses to uphold articles 27 and 123 of the Constitution. To establish beyond a doubt his affinity with working class elements, he took the most prominent labor fakers, such as Morones and Salcedo, into his Government. Then, as time went by, he used these very people to combat the radical tendencies in the workers. It was only after his power was thoroughly consolidated that he began to show himself a true reactionary, breaking strikes, throwing workers into jail, suppressing radical meetings, deporting all foreigners active in the Communist and Syndicalist movements.

Obregon's staunchest aids in the drive against "the reds" were the so-called labor leaders drawing government pay checks. Now, however, these gentlemen are finding that they have undermined the very foundation of their incomes! Secure in the knowledge that he no longer needs them, the President calmly betrays the men who betrayed the Mexican proletariat to him, by kicking them out bag and baggage, amid the relieved applause of all the big capitalists. The final housecleaning of labor fakers began only a few weeks ago, with the dismissal of the understrapper, Roberto Haberman, who was forced to flee the capital to escape deportation. It has extended even to the great Luis N. Morones, millionaire labor leader, grand mogul of the Mexican Federation of Labor machine, renegade socialist and honored friend of Sam Gompers! Morones resigned his post "in order to avoid mistaken interpretations of his political activities."

One difficulty menacing Obregon's plans when he came to power was the intense nationalism of the Mexican people, with which was coupled a well-founded distrust of all American capitalists and their purposes. It was manifestly impossible for the new president to come to terms with the United States at once, particularly as the American Government was acting as the unashamed agent of Wall Street, openly demanding that Mexico set aside her Constitution—a Constitution which was based on the principle of "Mexico for the Mexicans," and which Obregon had sworn to defend. The big business interests in this country, whose fingers fairly itched to feel the wealth of Mexico in their grasp, refused to allow the new regime sufficient time to manipulate itself into a favorable situation to sell out to



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The Father Complex.

them. Dominating completely the policy of the Wilson Administration, they caused Secretary of State Colby to take a step unparalleled in the history of international diplomacy—to refuse to recognize the Mexican Government unless it should first sign a treaty acknowledging the rights of American capital. This was too crude. It amounted to an abdication of Mexican sovereignty, and Obregon's instinct warned him that he dare not sign it.

The change of administrations in the United States brought no important change in the attitude toward Mexico. Charles Evans Hughes took office as Secretary of State, a conscious instrument of the sinister interests he had formerly served in the capacity of corporation lawyer. He lost no time in reiterating Colby's declaration that Mexico would not be recognized without a previous treaty of "amity and commerce."

Naturally, Obregon strongly desired to obtain the recognition of the United States Government—and, as has been indicated, he was not at all averse to co-operating with the American capitalists. He sent four successive agents to this country to assure these capitalists that he would carry out his earlier understanding with them. He promised to pay the claims for damages to property during Mexico's ten years of revolution. He openly proclaimed that Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution would be considered non-retroactive and would, therefore, not apply to the lands held by the big oil and mining interests. Article 123, which provided for workmen's compensation and other working class privileges, he allowed to become inoperative. He broke strikes and persecuted radicals. He offered special inducements to foreign capitalists. He first granted a delay, and then a reduction, in the payment of oil export taxes.

And still Hughes held fast to his formula "No recogni-

tion without the treaty." This intransigence bewildered Obregon for a time, until he realized that he had not yet given all that the American capitalists wanted. But to sign the treaty was now out of the question. He had assured the Mexican people so many times that he would not do it, that his personal pride had become definitely involved. So he resolved to deal no more with Hughes but to come to private agreements with the real bosses in America.

First a conference was arranged with the oil magnates, and the presidents of five big companies made the trip to Mexico: Walter O. Teagle of Standard Oil, Edward L. Doheny, Harry F. Sinclair, J. W. Van Dyke and Amos L. Beatty, representing between them no less than a billion and a quarter dollars wrung from the toil of American workers. The results of this conference were not made public at the time, but they turned out to be vastly agreeable to the oil kings. After this, there was a steady stream of prominent Americans to Mexico—all capitalists, seeking plunder. The list included Judge Gary, Samuel Vauclain of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, William Randolph Hearst, Harry Chandler, several representatives of the Guggenheims, former ambassador Gerard—and last but not least Thomas W. Lamont, member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., who made the trip as the envoy of the International Committee of Bankers of Mexico, an organization formed in February, 1919, for the purpose of "protecting the holders of securities of the Mexican Republic and of the various railway systems of Mexico, and of such other enterprises as have their field of action in Mexico."

Lamont arrived in Mexico City in October, 1921, and went at once to the American Embassy. George T. Summerlin, American Charge d'Affairs in Mexico, personally presented him to President Obregon.

The conferences in Mexico were only preliminary. They established a basis of negotiations and, incidentally, served to prepare the Mexican people for what was to come. In the spring of 1922 Obregon sent Finance Minister Adolfo de la Huerta to New York to arrange with the bankers and oil men the final terms for recognition of Mexico by the United States Government. De la Huerta met with the all-powerful members of the International Committee of Bankers and after a series of conferences an agreement was drawn up and signed.

The known terms of the agreement provided that Mexico would set aside annually for payment of interest on the national debt: (1) the entire proceeds of the oil export tax; (2) ten per cent of the gross revenues of the National Railways of Mexico; (3) the entire net operating revenue of these railways. It was further provided that the Mexican Government would return the National Railways to private management and to the control of a board of directors agreed upon by the committee.

Last but not least, the National Bank of Mexico was to be rejuvenated, with a big block of stock in the hands of J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and Speyer & Co. Thus the big American banking interests not only assured themselves a tidy profit but they established themselves as the dominant factor in Mexico's financial system. While it is true that, according to the plans made public, fifty-one per cent of the stock of the National Bank will be retained by the Mexican Government, every student of international finance knows that, particularly in the case

of a country like Mexico, the government's private partner is the government's private boss.

When, in addition to their holdings in the reorganized National Bank of Mexico, we take into consideration the supervisory powers granted to the bankers in connection with the resumption of interest payments on the national debt, it becomes obvious that from now on Mexico's finances are to be run directly from Wall Street.

De la Huerta next got into session with the oil men. An agreement was soon reached, "guaranteeing safety in future exploitation by American oil companies in Mexico." Shortly afterward, President Obregon issued a decree in Mexico granting extensive privileges to the Standard Oil, Doheny and other big oil companies.

In reporting the agreement, the Chicago Journal of Commerce remarked:

"On this basis it is safe to predict that recognition of Mexico is not far distant."

The Wall Street Journal bid Finance Minister de la Huerta farewell assuring him that "the ratification of the agreements reached with the bankers and oil men will bring President Obregon immediate recognition."

The New York Commercial declared that de la Huerta's visit had provided a solution which would "make it possible to eliminate the treaty of amnesty proposed by Secretary Hughes."

Thus, Obregon had contrived to give in to all the economic demands of American imperialism while politically he appeared to be standing his ground against Hughes. A real test of strength had developed between these two men. Originally there was no more than a mock conflict, with each side confidently expecting a reconciliation. But by this time Hughes had so identified himself with the proposition that Mexico must sign a treaty, and Obregon had become so definitely committed to the opposition, that each began to look on the other as a stubborn, nagging enemy. Side by side with the economic issues involved, there grew up a personal struggle between the Mexican President and the American Secretary of State,—in the final outcome of which the dignified and bewhiskered Hughes cut a sorry figure indeed.

The triumph was with Obregon. Hughes, so wrapped up in legal absurdities that he had an exaggerated idea of his own importance as Secretary of State, had actually begun to look upon himself as the maker of American foreign policy. Someone else had evolved the formula: "No recognition without a treaty," but he had made it his own. Less realistic than Obregon, he could not see that the negotiations with the bankers and oil men had altered the entire situation. He somehow identified the triumph of the American capitalists with his own triumph and was unable to imagine that they would not insist on the fulfilment of the demand which they had caused him to take up. Ludicrous as it may seem, the Secretary of State was the last man to appreciate what was taking place between the United States and Mexico. When, in May of this year, it was announced that J. P. Morgan & Co. had undertaken to finance a new Mexican loan, everybody except Charles E. Hughes knew

at once that this meant Mexico was to be recognized.

Hughes kept mouthing his formula. One day the Secretary of State was given his cue. Capitalism was satisfied. Mexico was to be recognized forthwith. Then it was that Hughes saw that a surprise was in store for him. And he himself was going to administer the surprise. Despite his months of talking, he was going to recognize Obregon in the name of the Government of the United States—and there wasn't going to be any treaty. To save his face, he sent Warren and Payne to Mexico "to work out a basis for recognition," but nothing of the sort was worked out. The agreement which they negotiated was totally lacking in importance. It contained no single proposition that had not previously been conceded.

Mexico has been recognized—but not for Mexico's good. With greater and greater quantities of American capital pouring into the country below the Rio Grande, we may be sure that Wall Street will try to rule Mexico politically as well as economically. Mexican workers will be exploited more intensely than ever before. The law will be turned against them and their Constitutional privileges will be annihilated. Mexico has been recognized and the revolution is at an end! Already a new movement is arising in its place.



A Beggar in Vienna.

Literature and the Machine Age

By Floyd Dell

II.

THE enterprising young thinkers of eighteenth-century Europe were not theorizing at random, not letting their imaginations loose in the realm of fancy. They were picturing to themselves—in ideal terms, of course—the full and complete development of something that had already begun.

The bourgeoisie, which had no place in the old feudal scheme, had grown into the most economically important class in society. A new social order had actually been created within the shell of the old. And yet, within this shell it could hardly function. At every moment its efforts were harassed, exploited and oppressed by the restrictions of feudalism.

The condition which chiefly hampered its activity was the division of society into classes with fixed duties and privileges. The bourgeoisie required a world of free, unhampered opportunity. It must needs abhor the injustices of decaying feudalism, and aspire to a world in which men would be free and equal—a world of self-dependence, laissez-faire, unrestricted individual enterprise.

When young Voltaire visited England, he found there a fuller and freer development of trading-class activities than there was in all the rest of Europe; and he returned to France, now the citadel of surviving medievalism, to preach English freedom.

"In France," he wrote, "the merchant so constantly hears his business spoken of with disdain that he is fool enough to blush for it; yet I am not sure that the merchant who enriches his country, gives orders from his counting-house at Surat or Cairo, and contributes to the happiness of the globe, is not more useful to the state than the thickly bepowdered lord who knows exactly what time the king rises and what time he goes to bed."

It seems strange to us to think of a merchant class accustomed to hearing its business spoken of with disdain, and meekly accepting that valuation of its activities. Yet the power of tradition was still strong; the "English Letters" in which Voltaire expressed these sentiments—which would nowadays be written by Old Ed Howe and published in the Saturday Evening Post, unless perhaps they were regarded even by Mr. Lorimer as too platitudinous—were publicly burned in France as offenses against good manners and the respect due to the principalities and powers!

It was the task of such men as Voltaire to inspire within this class a due sense of its own importance, to make it cease to blush for itself, by destroying its respect for existing institutions. Men had to cease to believe in the old before they could enthusiastically serve the new. So, to the aspirations of the growing bourgeoisie for a new world, were naturally assimilated the aspirations of philosopher and prophet and poet.

Natural Law and Order

One thing more was necessary before men could with all confidence proceed to tear down the tottering structure of feudalism. They had an instinctive love of order; and

they had been trained so long in habitudes of obedience to outward authority that they feared what might happen if that authority were destroyed. It must be made to seem reasonable to them that they could get along without such authority.

There was a need for the gospel of individualism—the doctrine that the individual is in himself good, orderly, self-governing. And Rousseau's doctrine served this need. What was wrong with man was wrong only with social man—that is to say, man in the feudal scheme. The individual, freed from social bondage, could be trusted to create a beautiful and happy new society, of his own impulses. The trouble was that Human Nature was now being artificially restricted by old laws and customs. Remove the restrictions, and all would be well.

So they read Rousseau. He had spoken, with the ardent simplicity of the age, on behalf of Human Nature in its most anarchic sense, as many others have spoken, with equal sincerity, before and since. Seldom is any attention paid by society to such theorizings. But, as it significantly happened, the Human Nature which was then struggling for freedom from artificial restrictions was the Human Nature of the Bourgeoisie. It was this economic situation which gave so wide a currency to what might otherwise have seemed, as it has before and since, the mere vagary of an unworldly philosopher.

To the rising bourgeoisie it was obvious enough that its natural impulses—the impulses of competition in particular and of gain in general—were being shamefully restricted. And it was sufficiently easy for them to believe that the world would be quite perfect, once these restrictions were removed.

It was the enterprising young trading class of the American colonies which first dared put the Rousseauian doctrine into action, and break loose from the tenuous hold which feudal Europe had upon its pioneer activities. But the citadel of feudalism, France, still remained intact. Nevertheless the American revolution had its part in shaping the events which were to follow in European history.

"All men are created free and equal": in that utterance rings the splendid Utopian confidence of the eighteenth-century. It was clear that nothing need be feared from a courageous freeing of Human Nature from the mouldy feudal bandages in which it was swathed. Mankind would be free and prosperous and peaceful; and men looked forward to the glorious new world which was about to be born.

The Byronic Reaction

When we were young we were given to read, as part of our education, Byron's "Childe Harold." Because it was part of "English literature" we were not told that it had any historical and social significance. It will be interesting, nevertheless, to compare its mood with that of the Declaration of Independence, written thirty-six years before. Thirty-six years from 1776 brings us down to 1812, with all the world's eyes turned upon Napoleon.

We have forgotten, probably, what Byron's poem was about. But somewhere in our memory there may remain the fragment—

"Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore..."

—for we are likely to remember the significant passage in a book, even though, as is also usual, we fail to realize consciously its significance.

That rhetorical address to the Ocean sums up the whole poem; and it states the Byronic mood.

It is certainly a mood vastly different from the glorious Utopianism of the eighteenth century. It is a kind of romantic despair. And in 1812, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it expressed for the intelligent young people of Europe their deepest feelings about the world in which they lived.

A single generation had passed since the declaration of American independence and the beginning of a new world order. And the mood of all western civilization had already changed from a soberly expressed but wild Utopian confidence in man, to a rhetorically expressed but sad disgust of man.

The age of romanticism—and of despair—had begun. We find men fleeing by choice into some imaginative refuge from their fellows—seeking with morbid fondness those far and solitary peaks, glaciers, caverns, seas, deserts, which constitute the favorite milieu of early nineteenth-century poetry. Ocean and mountain and desert are alone free from the visible taint of man's folly. In sheer relief from the disgust or the horror with which the mind is afflicted by the cities and the battlefields of civilization, it turns to the rebellious and untamed purity of Nature, to all those wild and lonely aspects of earth as yet undisfigured by the impurities of man's spirit!

And yet there is no logical difference between the views of Byron and Rousseau. Byron could repeat: "Everything is good as it comes from the hands of the Author of Things, but everything degenerates in the hands of man." But he would repeat it with a wry face. The difference is one of mood.

Mankind, in the Byronic and Rousseauian view of the world, as in that Biblical morality in which they were supposed to be unbelievers, is fallen from grace—is at odds with the natural order of the universe. But Rousseau believed that Man could return to Nature. He was full of confidence. Byron had no such hope.

Byron's whole contribution to literature is the inculcation of an amused and amusing cynicism in regard to Human Nature. But it is a broken-hearted cynicism. He mocks because he once believed. His cynicism is the souring of a youthful love of mankind. Byron's youth had been nourished upon eighteenth-century Utopianism. He, too, once believed in man; and his cynic humor is the masquerade in which he disguises his indignation and chagrin at the betrayal of his hopes.

His strictures upon Human Nature are like those of a lover upon a beloved woman who has lied to him, fooled him, humiliated him. And it might well have been of frail Human Nature itself, with all its broken promises of beauty

and happiness, instead of some mere mortal woman, that he wrote—

"Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

"They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?"

All men are created free and equal... Man marks the earth with ruin... Between these two utterances, characteristic of the times in which they were written—one full of infinite promise and the other full of shame and discouragement—some great disaster had occurred. The Utopian promises of the eighteenth century had seemed to prove false and vain; and Byronism was the immediate reaction to this spiritual shock.

To this event, then, which intervened between these two utterances, we must turn for the explanation of the initial direction of nineteenth century literature.

The Reign of Terror

The uprising of Human Nature had come—and it had shocked the world. It had been utterly different from what the idealists had expected. The Revolution had been conducted by good men—pure-minded and reasonable men, such as Robespierre and Marat, men who only desired to create a free and happy human society; and such men, it seemed, were only made more cruel and terrible by their ideals. This was the "return to savagery" with a vengeance!

This discovery—that ideals could produce a Reign of Terror—had a profound effect upon the literature of Europe, and particularly upon that of England. It made men distrust ideals.

Coleridge had been a social idealist, and had proposed the starting of a communist Utopia, a "Pantisocracy," to realize these ideals; after the French revolution, he retired into metaphysics and opium and the faery realm of Kubla Khan.

Southey, who in his youth had written a drama celebrating the workingmen's revolt led by Wat Tyler, had collaborated in planning this communistic experiment; but in view of what Revolution in deadly fact seemed to mean, he recanted his views, adopted a set of extra-respectable opinions—and was made Poet Laureate.

Wordsworth had written a series of "Lyrical Ballads"—intended, it would seem, to do for the common people of England something of the sort that Turgeniev later did for the serfs of Russia in his "Sportsman's Sketches"; he was in France in the early days of the Revolution, and he hailed it eagerly, declaring that these were days when to be alive was good, but to be young was very heaven—and incidentally, in the flush of that revolutionary enthusiasm he begot a child out of wedlock; and then he too, reluctantly, turned his back upon his rash early theories of freedom, and ended his days piously in the Laureateship.

These were among the immediate literary results of the discovery that benevolent theories may lead to bloody

deeds. But the English literary tradition, which had robustly included the pamphleteering of Defoe, the polemics of Milton, the satires of Swift, as readily as the "sugred sonnets" of Shakespeare,—this healthy literary tradition was being gradually terrorized by the events in France into a peculiar kind of inhospitableness to new and critical or Utopian thought.

The Reign of Terror in France lasted a few days. The Reign of Terror in English literature has lasted nearly ever since.

The Man on Horseback

But, even more than the Revolution itself, its consequences served to dishearten the higher imaginative life of Europe. These consequences we are now able to see more clearly and judge more truly, precisely because we feel them less keenly. We know now that the French Revolution was not destined to inaugurate a regime of universal happiness; we know that its function was to sweep away the last effective restraints upon the development of the bourgeoisie, and to inaugurate the triumphant reign of capitalism. We know that it performed its function magnificently. But we can understand that when the last effective restraints upon the bourgeoisie were swept away, the bourgeoisie would make peace with the church, and endeavor to come to terms with the institution of royalty, in order that it might settle down to the immediate enjoyment of its triumph.

And so it happened. The bourgeoisie, in a reaction of temper, chopped off the heads of its own most furious and uncompromising fanatics—as soon as their fanaticism had done its work and was no longer needed. And in the same spirit, it turned its back upon all the poets and prophets of perfection. "Enough!" it cried. And in the person of Napoleon, it took the crown of Empire from the hands of the church and crowned itself.

The phenomenon of Napoleon was not fully understood by contemporary idealists. It was merely the Second Phase of the Bourgeois Revolution. The trading class had to carve with the sword a place for itself among the broken trappings of royalty in Europe. The kings least of all understood the situation. They thought they had to deal simply with an upstart emperor; and they were satisfied

when they had put him away to die in captivity on St. Helena, and "re-established order." But in re-establishing order, they were only finishing Napoleon's job, and by Napoleon's favorite means—force, and the suppression of the press. The black "reaction" which hung over Europe so long, and against which the idealists raged so impotently, was the Third Phase of the Revolution, from which the kings emerged as the servants of capitalism. Feudal power had been overthrown by a power which could dispense with the formal insignia of authority.

But to the idealistic observers of that period, it seemed that the moral of the revolution was the coming of the Man on Horseback. The people, or so it appeared to them, could not rule themselves—they degenerated into a mob in which the lowest passions ruled; and these passions, swaying fitfully between terror and terrorism, presently merged into an enthusiasm for the Strong Man. And so—said the idealists—the cycle runs, from Empire to Empire, from the Great Louis to Napoleon the Great, with the Revolution as only a terrible or pathetic interlude.

This crude theory of history, based upon the most superficial aspect of events, and omitting what was significant in them, was a view which appealed to minds trained to look for the moral rather than the economic meanings of history. It was a discouraging view; but it had, after the first pangs of disappointment were dulled, an element of hope in it.

Though Napoleon might be a tyrant—and English idealists in particular could not permit themselves to admire him—yet he did, however incongruously, extend the ideas of Republicanism to the borders of his Empire. The boy Heine had been deeply impressed with this fact; and he, like many another European idealist, centered what was left of his Utopian faith, during the period of reaction, around memories of the great Republican Emperor.

Echoes of this naive enthusiasm come to us in Hugo and Stendhal. But English literature divorced the idea of the Man on Horseback from the memory of Napoleon, and it emerged as the belief, which was to grow into a cult, of the salvation of our decadent society by Great Men. Of this theory Carlyle was the chief Victorian prophet.

(Continued in December *Liberator*)

Song

LOVE that is hoarded, moulds at last
Until we know some day
The only thing we ever have
Is what we give away.

And kindness that is never used
But hidden all alone
Will slowly harden till it is
As hard as any stone.

It is the things we always hold
That we will lose some day;
The only things we ever keep
Are what we give away.

Louis Ginsberg.

Private Property

THE open meadow rolling soft and green,
That once billowed freely to the distant lake,
Made captive to a fence turned grey and mean
Within the sharp-tongued wire and pointed stake.
A creek crawls sluggish through the fecal mire;
Mosquitoes throng there on the nuptial wing;
A dump-heap rises high, a tin-can spire
And white-ash robe proclaim it to be king.

Here is the palace door that none may pass.
Broken, its wooden slats are bound with wire.
Battered, its lock's shut tight though burned to rust,
Three feet away the first stake's fallen to the dust,
Dragging the baffled wires down in a mass—
The king looks on unblinking, mute as grass.

William Schack.

How Goes the Labor Party?

By Joseph Manley

National Secretary of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party

SINCE the Federated Farmer-Labor Party was formed on the 3rd of last July, general discussion and organizational activity for a labor party have become intense. In New York City a branch of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party has been organized, representing 60,000 industrial workers. In Washington County, Pa., a branch with 20,000 miners, steel workers and building trades men has been set up. Local labor parties previously formed in states from California to Rhode Island are affiliating with the Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

A state Farmer-Labor Party has been organized in West Virginia, as have local parties in several cities. In addition many state organizations have existed for some time in Connecticut, Iowa, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Washington, Kentucky and Utah. All of which indicates the growing strength for a labor party. This movement is fast becoming national in character and is now taking a tremendous hold upon the rank and file of the trade unions.

Little, however, has been said about this long struggle and its effects upon previous conventions of the A. F. of L. This story of the development of the Gompers bureaucracy in successive A. F. of L. conventions, and the substitution of his particular "non-partisan" political program for that of the rank and file, is the one of immediate interest.

Strange as it may appear, it was the urge toward and the need for independent working class political action, that first brought into being, in 1881, at Pittsburgh, Pa., the organization that later became the American Federation of Labor. The call for the convention of 1881 stated and laid emphasis on the need for forming a national federation to take care of the legislative efforts of trade unionists, and secondly to propagate the principles of trade unionism. The organization was formed under the name of the Federation of Organized Trade Unions of the United States and Canada and its only governing body was a legislative committee of five, of which Gompers was a member.

In various succeeding conventions, efforts were made to commit the organization to the principle of independent working class political action. Largely because of the comparative economic prosperity and the general intellectual confusion existing in the ranks of the organized workers, little of real significance occurred until 1886.

Samuel Gompers, with old age creeping upon him and his senses fast failing him, still guides the official machine, perhaps a little more roughly, but none the less surely, because of the craft and cunning he has developed in over forty years of coping with this rank and file demand for independent working class political action, in each successive A. F. of L. convention. This movement above all others has given him the fights of his career and developed his skill to the limit.

During his long, long term of office he has met and, on every occasion but one, defeated this issue. He has witnessed many champions of this movement come and go,

some of them worthy and others on the order of George L. Berry whom Gompers so enthusiastically hailed as a hero at Portland. George L. Berry introduced a resolution into the Seattle convention ten years ago which asked that a conference be called to be participated in by the American Federation of Labor, the Railroad Brotherhoods, the Farmers organizations, the Socialist Party, etc., "for the purpose of establishing a working agreement that will provide the means of joint action upon the political field." Gompers of course defeated the resolution and saved Berry so that he has lived to become a strikebreaker with a capitalist ideology and a taste that can only be satisfied in the surroundings of the Waldorf Astoria.

Gompers knows this struggle in detail and because of the knowledge he has been enabled to build his machine expressly with the end in view of meeting this and other living issues that will not down. One of the purposes of this story is briefly to call to mind the fact that the trade union movement made two desperate efforts to give birth to a Labor Party, once in 1886 and again in 1894. Gompers finally beat back both attempts and fastened his own non-partisan policy upon the organizations.

The First Attempt to Form a Labor Party.

In the eighties great changes took place in the economic life of America. These years witnessed a great advance in the factory system of production. A tremendous growth in industry, the greatest immigration in the century, big monopolies formed, declining wages, strikes, boycotts and panic—all were factors making for great discontent.

In 1886 a wide movement began to manifest itself. Labor parties sprang up almost spontaneously all over the country. In Chicago the Central Labor Union launched a "Union Labor Party" with the Knights of Labor, Socialists, etc., participating on what would now be called a united front basis. This party polled 28,000 votes for its candidate for mayor in the elections of the following spring. The old parties combined on a fusion ticket and denounced the labor candidates as "anarchists and cutthroats." In Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Maryland, Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa, Missouri and Colorado similar parties were formed and it looked as though all the radical elements of trade unionists and farmers were to be combined into a great national labor party.

The convention held in Columbus, Ohio, in 1886 that adopted the name of the American Federation of Labor, elected Gompers as its first President. Even then in its early days it was dominated by officials many of whom held interests in common growing out of the bitter fight being waged by them and their organizations against the Knights of Labor. Gompers was the recognized leader of this group and in the struggle he was fast becoming a skilled politician.

But that convention was forced to recognize the nation-wide political discontent. It unanimously endorsed a resolution which said: "That the convention urges a most

generous support to the independent political movement of the Workingmen."

In the period that immediately followed, Gompers and the officials who elected him, instead of carrying out their instructions to support this movement, deliberately betrayed it. The conduct of labor officials became a public scandal, because of their support of old party candidates. In Cleveland for instance, the trades assembly became so much of a "Democratic side show" that a rival central labor union was organized.

As a consequence of the betrayal, the rank and file movement, not yet having developed capable leaders of its own, disintegrated and split. The United Labor Party and the Union Labor Party held separate though simultaneous conventions in Cincinnati in 1888. All efforts to unite them failed.

Gompers in the meantime having firmly established himself in the saddle, he declared before the convention of 1888 that the organization of a labor party "was extremely unwise." The following year he and his followers in the A. F. of L. convention defeated a resolution calling for the formation of a Labor Party in which the A. F. of L. and the Knights of Labor were to be united.

The Second Attempt to Form a Labor Party.

Following the failure in 1886 to crystallize the scattered forces of labor into a great national party, the A. F. of L. became, more than at any time in its previous history, a purely economic organization.

In 1892 the Homestead strike and the struggle of the miners in Idaho, followed by the panic of '93, gave Gompers and his leadership another severe jolt. At the A. F. of L. convention of 1893 in Chicago a resolution was introduced which cited the experience of the British trade unionists in creating the Independent Labor Party and quoted with approval its program. It recommended that similar action be taken in this country and proposed as the first step that this program be submitted to the affiliated unions for their "favorable consideration" and their instruction of their delegates to the following convention. Gompers did not dare openly to oppose the resolution, and its only test of strength came on the recommendation for "favorable consideration." The word "favorable" was ordered eliminated by a vote of 1,253 to 1,182, with Gompers not voting. The resolution as amended carried by a vote of 2,244 to 67 and was referred to the affiliated unions.

This resolution was endorsed by many of the affiliated unions. The state federations of labor of Maine, Rhode Island, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Montana all adopted it. Many city central bodies followed suit.

The industrial situation preceding the convention of 1894 was ripe for the production of a real class political alignment. The '93 panic, the American Railway Union strike that was smashed through the intervention of the Government, the use of the militia, the injunction, and the throwing of Eugene V. Debs and the other leaders in jail, had a marked effect in producing a class feeling among the workers.

The 1894 convention was held in Denver, Colorado. The People's Party had won a signal victory in gaining control of the state political machinery. Its candidate, Governor Davis H. Waite was in office, and he addressed to



Maurice Becker

The Boss: "Union labels, yes; but scab government I must have."

the convention that opened at Denver a letter of greeting which called upon all workers to get together and support the party that declared for the "rights of humanity as against the rights of property."

Gompers in his address to the convention once more plunged a dagger into the heart of this movement, magnifying its many local failures to elect candidates. He concentrated his opposition on plank No. 10 which favored "the collective ownership by the people of all the means of production and distribution." This plank was amended so that it became meaningless, many of the officials voting against the original wording though their unions had voted for the entire program.

Largely as a result of his treachery to the labor-party movement, Gompers was defeated for president. The Socialists got together with the miners, took advantage of the situation and elected McBride of the Miners as president of the A. F. of L.

The victory was, however, short lived. Gompers, good politician that he is, soon rallied his forces, smoothed out the internal fights and came back stronger than ever in the convention of 1895; and ever since he has been re-elected with mechanical precision.

Non-Partisan and "Progressive" Policies.

On March 24, 1906, the famous Gompers "non-partisan policy" was first formally launched, at a conference called of Gompers and his Executive Council at Washington, D. C. This conference was attended by the General Presidents and Secretary Treasurers of the affiliated Internationals. Gompers and the Executive Council presented a document called "Labor's Bill of Rights." This document was rubber-stamped by the gathering and a committee presented it to President Roosevelt.

The same operation was again performed in 1908, except that this time the document had the "threatening" title of "Labor's Protest to Congress." It is needless to comment on the progress of this policy since those memorable dates. Suffice it to point out that Gompers launched his political program not in a regular convention, though he controls them so well, but in a conference of his General Presidents.

Wm. H. Johnston, with his "Conference for Progressive Political Action," represents another "official" tendency. While the Johnston policy represents a compromise between the Gompers non-partisan policy on the one hand and the labor party on the other, its method of functioning is an exact duplicate of Gompers' methods. That is, its operations consist entirely of manipulations by a group of officials and never in any way consider the real desires of the rank and file. The ability of these officials to do anything for progress is circumscribed by their penchant for per capita tax.

The attempts to form labor parties in former years, we have seen, were beaten back by the officials and their own pet theories of non-partisan and "progressive" political action substituted. Today new economic factors have arisen that put an entirely new aspect on this subject.

The present bankrupt condition of this officialdom and its complete inability to cope with the changed conditions bears a close analogy to the situation that existed in Russia in 1917. Gompers acts very much like Czar Nicholas and the General Presidents like the Grand Dukes.

The loss in membership of the trade unions; the lack of faith and the complete disillusionment of the rank and file with their officials; the use of the injunction and participation of the government in strikes on the side of the employing class; the domination of the A. F. of L., with few exceptions, by trades that are not heavily engaged in the great basic industries; these, and many other factors are all culminating to drive the officialdom into a cul-de-sac and the rank and file toward a great party of labor.

The Federated Farmer-Labor Party in this hour of the political bankruptcy of the Gompers leadership sees as its duty two tasks:

1. To serve as a militant fighting medium for the propagation of a great Labor Party including workers and working farmers.

2. To organize branches of the Federated Farmer Labor Party on a national, state and city-wide scale.

This twofold task will be carried out consciously, carefully, and above all militantly, so that the rank and file who increasingly demand it will at last have the opportunity to participate in the work of a great Labor Party.

Negro Bodies

I LOVE the tree.

I love the soothing of its green and the fragrance of its sweetness.

I love the swaying of its branches, the rustle of its leaves.
I love the sun spots and shadows it casts upon the ground.
I love the hidden power of its roots and the grandeur of its imposing height.

And now, I turn from that tree in fear,
Lest the body of my love swing from that height
The same as other Negro bodies of his kin
The wild sport of frenzied mobs, nurtured in secret strength.

Jeannette D. Pearl.

BOOKS

Some Not So Ancient History

"Out of the Past" By R. W. Postgate, Houghton Mifflin Co.

"INJUSTICE and ideas," says H. Packwood Adams in his work upon the French Revolution, "do not make a revolution; there must above all be power. The poor asked for bread and they received the gallows. Voltaire wrote books of sarcasm and Rousseau wrote books of sentiment, and the books of both were beautifully humane; but beautifully luxurious were the ladies and gentlemen who read them and then yawned or played cards until the next work of either author came from the press. It was necessary not only that reason should be appreciated whilst wrongs existed and were known. It was necessary that power should be ranked among the signs of change."

This passage was brought sharply to mind by a reading of the last book of R. W. Postgate—"Out Of The Past," some sketches of personalities and events in revolutionary history which have been neglected or cast into the background by larger people and occasions.

With these captivating little sketches Postgate illuminates that period of time when the proletarian revolution was trying unsteadily to find its scientific footing betwixt sentimental humanitarianism and the confusing and confused philosophies of the professors. Until 1848 revolution in Europe did not begin to assume a character distinctly proletarian. And it is therefore precisely this period of development which is most interesting.

Besides Postgate's resurrection to its place in history of the Nore Mutiny of 1797, when the British Fleet raised the red flag and blockaded London, and his account of the builders of the "Grand National Consolidated Trades Union" of 1834, the chief contributions of his little book concern the Paris Commune, which was the crude forerunner of the Soviets, and one of the chief factors in that Commune—the following of Louis Auguste Blanqui.

Of Blanqui the man the book will tell adequately, but of the social theories to which he had attained and to which his followers attained after he was gone—these are much too momentous to be allowed to be hidden in general anecdote.

Blanquism, be it noted, differed both from Marxism and Proudhon's "mutualism." Marx stood for mass movements and mass parties while Blanqui scorned to organize any but the select and trusted elite, which he welded into an army—"It was more than a party," says Postgate—of never over three thousand members which were, by Blanqui's orders, kept aloof from working-class organizations such as unions, co-operatives and even from the International. Only after the Commune, when the crucible of slaughter had melted the followers of Blanqui into solidarity with the followers of Marx who fought and died beside them, did the Blanquists join the International.

Disheartened refugees when reaching London, Marx welcomed them warmly, and how much he respected their leader, then imprisoned by the French, was shown by his observation on the refusal of Thiers to exchange Blanqui for many hostages held by the Commune at the time battle was raging. "Thiers knew," said Marx, "that he (Blanqui)

would give the Commune a head." As to Proudhon—"Mutualism is an empty word," Blanqui wrote, and he held that all communist reconstruction must come after the revolutionary overthrowal.

Previous to the Blanquist uprising of May 1839, the followers of Blanqui were drilled in a sort of catechism, and here is one of the questions and answers:

Question: "Immediately after the revolution can the people govern itself?" Answer: "The social system being diseased, heroic remedies are needed to bring it to health. The people will need a revolutionary power for a time." And Postgate says that Blanqui was the first to formulate the program "To disarm the bourgeoisie and arm the proletariat" and "first to formulate and act upon the theory of proletarian dictatorship." Much evidence is given to support this claim.

But of greater interest to the modern movement should be the official declaration of the Blanquist Party which, having learned its lessons in the blood and fire of the Commune of '71 and having profited, too, from a close affiliation with the Marxists, withdrew from the dying International in 1872 leaving behind a document of explanation of that action which is truly remarkable, a document whose import should be impressed upon the minds of all who can claim a right to call themselves revolutionists and particularly on the sectarians, both political and syndicalist or anarcho-syndicalist.

The Blanquists' declaration says:

"For us, the International was neither a union of trade unions nor a federation of trade societies. It should have been the international vanguard of the revolutionary proletariat. We recognize the utility of these vast workers' associations organizing revolt upon the economic field, and time and again breaking by their unity, by the strike, the stifling circle of oppression. We recognized the indissoluble unity of proletarian revolutionary activity in its double character—economic and political—too well to fall into the error of our adversaries and to deny one side on the pretext of stressing the other. We knew that it was by economic struggles that the proletariat began to organize, by them that it began to be conscious of itself as a class and a power, by them finally that were created the conditions that permit it, formed into a proletarian party, to accept battle on all fields—a struggle without mercy or truce, which will only end when, by the conquest of political power and by its own dictatorship, the proletariat has broken the old society and created the elements of the new."

"In formulating this truth, axiomatic since the 18th March" (date of Communard uprising 1871), "that the forcible conquest of political power was for the proletariat a necessity for the realization of the Social Revolution, we did not expect anyone to misunderstand us. We do not know how much good faith there is in what we still desire to call the mistake of our opponents. We believe that Socialists cannot doubt that when the privileges and classes disappear which have produced what is called the 'State' or 'Government,' and whose modifications are shown by corresponding changes in these institutions (which are both products of these privileges and class distinctions and guarantees of their maintenance), then these institutions will of themselves disappear because their social functions will no longer exist. Governmental functions will resolve them-

selves into administrative functions in the equalitarian atmosphere of the new society. There will no more be a state than there will be classes.

"But for the realization of this emancipation of the workers, this abolition of the classes, aim of the social revolution, it is necessary that the bourgeoisie be deprived of its political privilege by which it maintains all others. It is necessary during a period of revolutionary dictatorship for the proletariat to employ for its freeing the power till then used against it, to turn against its adversary the very weapons that till then have held it down in oppression. And only then, when tabula rasa (a clean slate) has been made of these institutions and privileges which make up present society, will this dictatorship of the proletariat cease, as being without objective, the abolition of all classes carrying with it naturally the disappearance of class government. Then groups like individuals will be autonomous, then will be realized that federation, result and not means of victory, that anarchy which victory will produce, and which during the struggle is failure and disorganization where it is not embecility or treason."

To all those sincere and worthy rebels who have criticized the dictatorship of Russia for its discipline of the anarchists and "Social Revolutionaries," to all who follow the banner, as do the I. W. W., of the "Black International" of Berlin, I commend the last lines of the Blanquist declaration of 1872.

Harrison George

Our Brother Bartolomeo

"The Story of a Proletarian Life." By Bartolomeo Vanzetti
Sacco-Vanzetti Defence Committee, Boston

A "TRUSTY" moves a tin bucket in a distant corner of the Charlestown jail, and the sound is echoed through the concrete corridors like the yelping of a thousand iron coyotes. Draughts of air come from all sides carrying a smell like that of an ill-kept bathroom. It would seem as though a human being living year by year in this place could think of nothing but how to get out.

Here comes Vanzetti. I didn't recognize him from the pictures I had seen. He is a tall, soft-eyed peasant, with a big, bushy mustache, and he walks in the jail as though he were still in a wheat field.

When I started talking about the law-case in which this innocent man has been enmeshed by a frame-up that startles and infuriates workers all over the world, the tall, mild-eyed peasant seemed to be surprised. Was that all I had come to talk about? Vanzetti wanted to get to another subject. And soon it came out—the Russian revolution.

All you workers who want to know what sort of a man this is who has become an issue in the class struggle in all countries, now have the opportunity to learn from a pamphlet about his life, written by himself.

"The belief in his innocence," says Alice Stone Blackwell in the preface, "widely held among those who followed the trials, is strengthened upon personal acquaintance." And it is assured beyond question by a reading of his story of himself. But there is something more important than Vanzetti's very clearly established innocence. There are innocent people aplenty. There is a rarer product—loyal people. Vanzetti is that.

It will surprise those who know little of human nature

to read that this imprisoned anarchist-communist was in his adolescent years one of the most pious of Roman Catholics; that as a child he took a prize for proficiency in the catechism, and as a youth fought a fist-fight for Jesus with a scoffing young fellow-worker. But he has changed the temple of his faith.

From the time that the thirteen year old boy began to spend fifteen hours a day including Sunday, in windowless kitchens, with only three hours of freedom twice a month, the Proletarian was being made. Wage labor made a new temple for him, and into it he carried his old faith of the burning heart. Vanzetti took so big a part in strikes that business men became interested and put "detectives" to work to extinguish that burning heart. A crime had to be attached to Vanzetti, so as to get him into the iron prison where the electric chair is. In the course of time it was arranged, a sufficient number of witnesses were hired; and there Vanzetti is, with his comrade Sacco.

The young worker's memories are punctuated illuminatingly—with the sharp hurt of learning that the immigration officers at the gate to the Promised Land were not as the angels; and with the callous grafting that gnaws at the life of the "damn foreigner"; and with every little kindness received from earlier-come compatriots.

All through the little booklet runs a strain of rather too great soft-heartedness, and a bewildering modesty in assertion of faith: "I am and will be until the last instant (unless I should discover that I am in error) an anarchist-communist, because I believe that communism is the most humane form of social contract, because I know that only with liberty can man rise, become noble, and complete." There it is, with all its strength and all its weakness. The writer of this catechism did not shoot down two men to steal a payroll.

Robert Minor.

"Girls and Boys Come Out to Play"

"Janet March" By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf 1923.

FIVE or six years ago, I wrote book reviews for the *Masses*, and I can remember only too well how Floyd Dell, who was managing editor then, used to make me re-write them. For whether or not the book aimed to achieve some ideal of perfection, Floyd's reviews and those which he passed on for the magazine had to be as nearly perfect as was humanly possible. I'd like to be able to pass this across the desk to him now, and get it back with sentences and even entire paragraphs neatly rewritten in bright green ink, the handwriting so plain that the copy can go to the printer as it is.

As a matter of fact, I think I won't write this as a book review at all but merely as a letter to a friend, and then I can rush right into it. What's for got to do with a friendly letter? So—

Dear Floyd:

Have you noticed how Arnold Bennett feels it necessary to offset such a book, let us say as *Clayhanger*, with such another as *The Grand Babylon Hotel*; or the *Old Wives' Tale* with *Sacred and Profane Love*? Edwin Clayhanger suffers tortures in asking his father for enough money to buy a book; the hero of the *Grand Babylon*

Hotel splits his fortune with his daughter and gives her fifteen millions as a wedding present. One of the girls in the *Old Wives' Tale* ekes a painful living by running a pension in Paris and the other keeps a draper's shop; whereas Carlotta writes six novels before she is twenty-six and her publisher thrusts advance royalties on her without her asking for them.

Of course I'm not saying that you go to such extremes in your conscious or unconscious revolt from your Mooncalf. But you must admit that Janet March is the extreme opposite of Felix Fay.

In the first place, the Marches are among the "best people" in St. Pierre. Her parents are in love with each other and they have no financial worries. From the time Janet is born she is surrounded by reasonableness, beauty and health. She naturally grows up to be reasonable, beautiful and healthy herself.

Felix is a doubting idiot very often. Janet walks through things too swiftly to doubt; dreams, when she does, in a matter of fact way; and it never enters her head to stop and wonder whether she's an idiot or not. Not that she takes herself too seriously to laugh at herself. She isn't nearly as self engrossed as the Mooncalf was. Indeed, I'm inclined to believe that before you were done with the two volumes of Felix Fay, you were pretty impatient with him for always stopping and thinking things over; for wondering and doubting and having to worry about jobs and fares to Chicago or New York and whether his wife had left him for good or not. And that's why you made Janet a hard-headed, strong-bodied young woman who walks with her eyes wide open into any experience life has to offer her. She finds out that she doesn't want to finish college and teach school, and she doesn't want to enter the business world. She tries it out one summer as a file clerk in an office. But she doesn't cling to any dream of financial independence. She doesn't want to be free and untrammelled. She just is. When she wants to go to Chicago, she goes. When she decides to have an affair, she buys herself a new outfit from top to toe so that she can meet this new experience clean, physically as well as mentally; and she goes to the man she has chosen and takes him to herself. When she finds that he does not need her and that her love might hurt him as well as herself, she doesn't romanticize about it, but kisses him a cool goodbye and goes away, leaving him, I am sure, with a very sweet taste in his mouth. A godlike young woman, Janet!

Looking for new adventures, she goes to New York. She isn't lonely there and she isn't planning a career. She is just living. In the back of her mind always is the remembrance of the tall young man she had met a few years before who wanted to know whether she was his dream or a reality. Eventually she seeks him out.

I like your Janet March, and I'm sure you too must have been tremendously fond and proud of her as she walked steadily through your pages. I like her appearance—straight black hair, high cheek bones and alert dark eyes. I like the way she dresses in summer—a straight, cool linen frock, a silk chemise and no shirt under it, stockings rolled beneath the knee.

It's Janet's mother and father of course who make her what she is. If Pen and Brad, as she intimately calls her

mother and father, had not been mentally freer from the reactions of the middle class than are other parents that we meet in modern fiction and real life, Janet's youthful revolt would have been extreme and she would not have been the sane, well-balanced young woman she was. But Pen and Brad revolted too. Brad from the Andrew March tradition: "poor but honest, good mother, daily prayers, money in the bank, early to bed and early to rise—fame and fortune," as Brad's sister flippantly summed it up. And Pen from the idea that hard work and childbearing are the lot of all women. "She was afraid of having her ambitions, her hopes, her dreams, utterly destroyed by the relentless and endless process of childbearing." Her rebellion kept her from marrying Brad for five years, so that she could postpone what she thought was her destiny. Yes, she knew what it was to rebel, too.

Janet's problem was different. She sums it up in what she says to her lover on leaving him. "— I'm something. And there must be some real use for me—I mustn't just go to waste. And it isn't enough—just being wanted."

That was why she turned from Vincent Blatch. She had no idea of sin when she took him for a lover. As she thought, "sin and laughter didn't go together." As for sex—"what was it? Beauty. Strange that it should be so many different things, such a melange. Play, a frolic, as of romping kittens, silly laughing childishness, a release from all the sober constraints of everyday life, a discovery of an Arcadian realm in which the only reality was play. Strange too, that the Arcadian realm was but a single step from the world of commonplace—and another step might bring one into a world of bewildered wondering in the dark! But it hadn't been merely play, there had been something antique and noble in its very naturalness, it was a rite that took one back out of civilization into some earlier world, it was a solemn and sacred ceremonial of the worship of nature. And it was the satisfying of some deep impersonal need, like hunger, like thirst, like the wish for sleep; it was rest, healing, quietness after tumult.—It was finding hints, through one's body of something that might be one's soul; it was a taking of wings and soaring into perilous heights of ecstasy alone. —Her soul had been unmated in that strange flight." And so she left Stephen to look further.

"I'll try not to worry," said her father. "I guess you can—take care of yourself."

"You really think so?"

"Yes. I do, Janet."

"And anything that happens to me will be—because I want it to happen—won't it?"

"I should say so."

"Well—suppose, Brad—oh, suppose I wanted to be very wild!"

"Why do you want me to suppose that?"

"Because I want to ask you—would you still love me, Brad?" He smiled. "Yes, Janet—I'd still love you."

"In spite of anything I did?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't stop loving you, Janet. And I certainly shan't ever try."

And now that I've started, I'd like to go on quoting the things I like. I'd like to quote Roger's experiences with young womanhood fifteen years before Janet. I'd like to quote his conversation with Fanny, the "good" girl whose

ideal was to be married and have a white fox fur; and with Fanny the "bad" girl in the house of prostitution, whose ideals, he discovered, were no more ugly and pathetic than those of her "good" sister. And the passage about his ludicrous and somewhat sad search after the pagan life; and about Cecile, "the nymph of 1904, A. D." who cries and cries and cries. And most of all, I'd like to quote the scene between Roger and Sally when he tries to talk to her of her life, tries to force her to be what she is not, a modern girl. It covers only six pages, and is the most splendid piece of writing in the book.

These passages are so absorbingly interesting that I don't realize at the time that what you are doing is contrasting the girl of 1900 with the girl of 1923. Sally and Cecile and Fanny are interesting for themselves alone and not because they represent a type. And they are handled with a delicate sympathy which is uncanny. To understand and interpret the woman of 1923 shows insight, but to write so luminously of the women of 1900 shows imaginative genius.

Roger and Janet finish with experimenting when they find each other. Marriage with Rogers is as Janet says, "very sweet and terribly exciting. Lovely and dangerous. I'll tell you what it is—it's adventure, only not just hazardous and in the dark. Its jumping off into the arms of the right person, one who feels the same way about it. And it's curious sense that at last you know what everything's all about."

What more could one ask of marriage?

Dorothy Day

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of The Liberator, published monthly, at Chicago, Ill., for October, 1, 1923.

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nancy Markoff, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of The Liberator and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Liberator Publishing Co., Inc., 1009 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Robert Minor, Room 214, 1009 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, Joseph Freeman, Room 214, 1009 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.; Business Manager, Nancy Markoff, Room 214, 1009 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

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