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Maurice Becker

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE "PRINCIPAL."

Mr. Coolidge, elected by the charity of Harry Sinclair, among others who contributed to the Harding-Coolidge campaign fund, must protect Harry Sinclair, of course.

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. No. 4 [Serial No. 72]

April, 1924

Government in the Gutter

By Robert Minor

FOR four months it has been a fine show—a play of money-carriers, greatest detectives, vengeful ladies, a hundred thousand dollars in a black leather bag, bootlegging, a "suicide" shot that left no powder-mark, the selling of military secrets to a foreign power, a bullet clipping the head of the wrong senator, gun-running, subsidized insurrections, and the United States navy steaming into war-like action in foreign ports.

For Jess Smith and Jake Hamon let us truly give thanks, and for the black leather bag and all the other melodramatic punches that give a chance of getting the show over to the galleries. Government has been shown up before, but never before have we had so many picturesque guttersnipes plainly and unmistakably performing the functions of the august government of the United States. Thank the gods for Roxie Stinson and Jap Muma and the good old hard-boiled Albert B. Fall, the "monk Rasputin" who stinks up the court of the American Romanoffs.

For these are the teachers of the American masses. From these we learn the character of democratic government. The American toilers would never understand what the American government is until they found it drunk in the gutter. They have found it there—the United States government, sired by the immortal Washington—lying in the gutter with a bellyful of bootleg and a pocketful of bribe-money, the wages of treason.

If the communists succeed in making use of this lesson, if we muster enough skill and daring, we will make Teapot Dome a towering landmark in the history of America—and in the history of the development of the working-class revolution in America.

At first glance it would seem that fifteen or twenty petty bribe-takers are running the United States government under the orders and pay of three big oil corporations and a bootlegging ring. The Jess Smith gang composed the most intimate associates of President Harding, undoubtedly. The accompanying photograph of Harry Daugherty, Jake Hamon, Warren G. Harding and Jess Smith ought to be reproduced in a painting to be hung in the national historical museum.

But the truth is deeper. Jake Hamon and Jess Smith and Harry Daugherty were not the General Staff but the camp-followers of the real army of loot.

The story told by General Wood's son about Hamon's offer of the presidential nomination to his father, and his father's refusal, can be accepted only with modifications, for it would involve believing that General Wood passed up something of value that he could get his hands on. True, Jake Hamon had something to sell and he sold it to Harding for a place in the cabinet.. If his mistress had not replied to her dismissal with a revolver shot, Jake Hamon doubtless would have graced White House society along with Ed. McLean.

But the gang of Daugherty, Hamon and Smith were only the camp-followers of the real rulers, I say. Their little million or so in bootlegging graft and the sales of army aeroplane secrets—yes, and even the few hundred millions of stealings of naval oil reserves—were small change compared to the main thieving for which Washington exists. They were the camp-followers.

But the trail of the camp-followers is the trail of the army. Roxie Stinson with twenty-five shares of White Motors and twenty-two shares of Pure Oil stock "to put on the market quickly and quietly" made a path with which to trail the course of empire.

And why do we find Oil throughout it all? Not petroleum companies alone rule the United States. But oil companies appear as the most prominent and direct commanders of the United States department of state, commanders of the army and navy. This is explained by the fact that capitalism's most acute point of friction today is at the point of oil supply. The supply is scarce, and, since the mechanical inventions perfected during the immediate past, world-power depends upon command of the sources of petroleum. The prominence in government control and the spectacular recklessness of Sinclair and Doheny in getting what they want is due to the feverish struggle now going on all over the world for the control of the sea, the land and the air, which only oil monopoly can give.

There had to be an oil president in 1920..

The Genesis of Harding

President Harding was a direct successor in a long line of politicians debauched by oil corporations. The line extends as far back as 1883, in written history, when the Standard Oil Co. placed H. B. Payne, the father of its company treasurer, in the United States Senate. Nor was Denby the first oil company's Secretary of the Navy—for W. C. Whitney held that position in the Cleveland cabinet in 1885 for the Standard Oil Co.

The apostolic succession runs through Senator Mat Quay, who took his by the ten thousand from the Standard Oil treasury, and, to play the stock market at the oil trust's expense, cheerily telegraphed to its treasurer: "If

you buy and carry a thousand Met. for me I will shake the plum tree." Fall's broad acres at Three Rivers, New Mexico, are not the first statesman's ranch paid for in oil boodle. For Joe Bailey twenty-odd years ago, in addition to receiving from Standard Oil a senatorship and much ready cash, got a splendid ranch and blooded race-horses. For a long course of years Standard Oil paid out a steady stream of money to Senator Quay, Senator Bailey, Senator Penrose, Senator Mark Hanna and Senator Joseph B. Foraker. Their direct successors were Warren G. Harding and Albert B. Fall. These furnish the link with modern times. Mark Hanna, who took the cash of Standard Oil and constantly wrote to its treasury for more,—was the political father of William McKinley. Closely associated with him was Foraker—Foraker to whom John D. Archbold, treasurer of Standard Oil wrote on January 27, 1902, the most famous of many regular letters transmitting money:

"My dear Senator: Responding to your favor of the 25th, it gives me pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit for $50,000, in accordance with our understanding. Your letter states the conditions correctly and I trust the transaction will be successfully consummated. Very truly yours, Jno. D. Archbold."

It was Joseph B. Foraker, the bribe-taking agent of Standard Oil who presented the name of William McKinley for nomination in the Republican convention of 1896; and it was Marcus A. Hanna, receiver of money from Standard Oil, who raised the slush fund of $16,500,000 to elect McKinley in 1896. Again it was Joseph B. Foraker who presented the name of McKinley for renomination in 1900; and it was Marcus A. Hanna who raised the fund of $9,500,000 to corrupt the election for McKinley and Roosevelt in 1900.

But Foraker struck hard times. The year 1912 was a period of unrest, like the present one, and as is always the case in periods of unrest, there was a great scandal of corrupt government. William R. Hearst published letters showing that Penrose, Quay, Hanna and Foraker were taking money from the Standard Oil Co. It became necessary for Foraker to retire from the senate, and for a successor to be chosen who would carry on Foraker's work. Therefore it was that Foraker's political understudy and most devoted friend, Harding, was put into the U. S. Senate in 1914. Although Foraker, goaded with the exposures of bribery, at the last minute rebelled against giving up his seat to his understudy Harding, the backers of Foraker insisted on throwing the republican nomination to Harding, and elected him to the United States senate.

Therefore there is nothing unnatural in finding Harding closely associated with the group of oil senators which once consisted of Penrose, Hanna, Quay, Bailey of Texas, and Foraker, etc., afterward refreshed by the arrival of Albert B. Fall, and now composed, it appears—of Lenroot Smoot, Lodge and others known or unknown.

Understanding this background, it doesn't seem credible that a three-years-rich millionaire from the Oklahoma oil camps and a third-rate pardon attorney from Ohio had the deciding power over the presidency of the United States. It is more probable that the giants of Wall street, who were also there, attended to their business. Perhaps more important than Harry Daugherty's bursting into the secret conference room, was the long distance telephone call from Senator Boise Penrose, bribe-taker of Standard Oil, who gave the last word to John P. King, the Wood campaign manager, to drop all other candidates and nominate the "dark horse" candidate Harding.

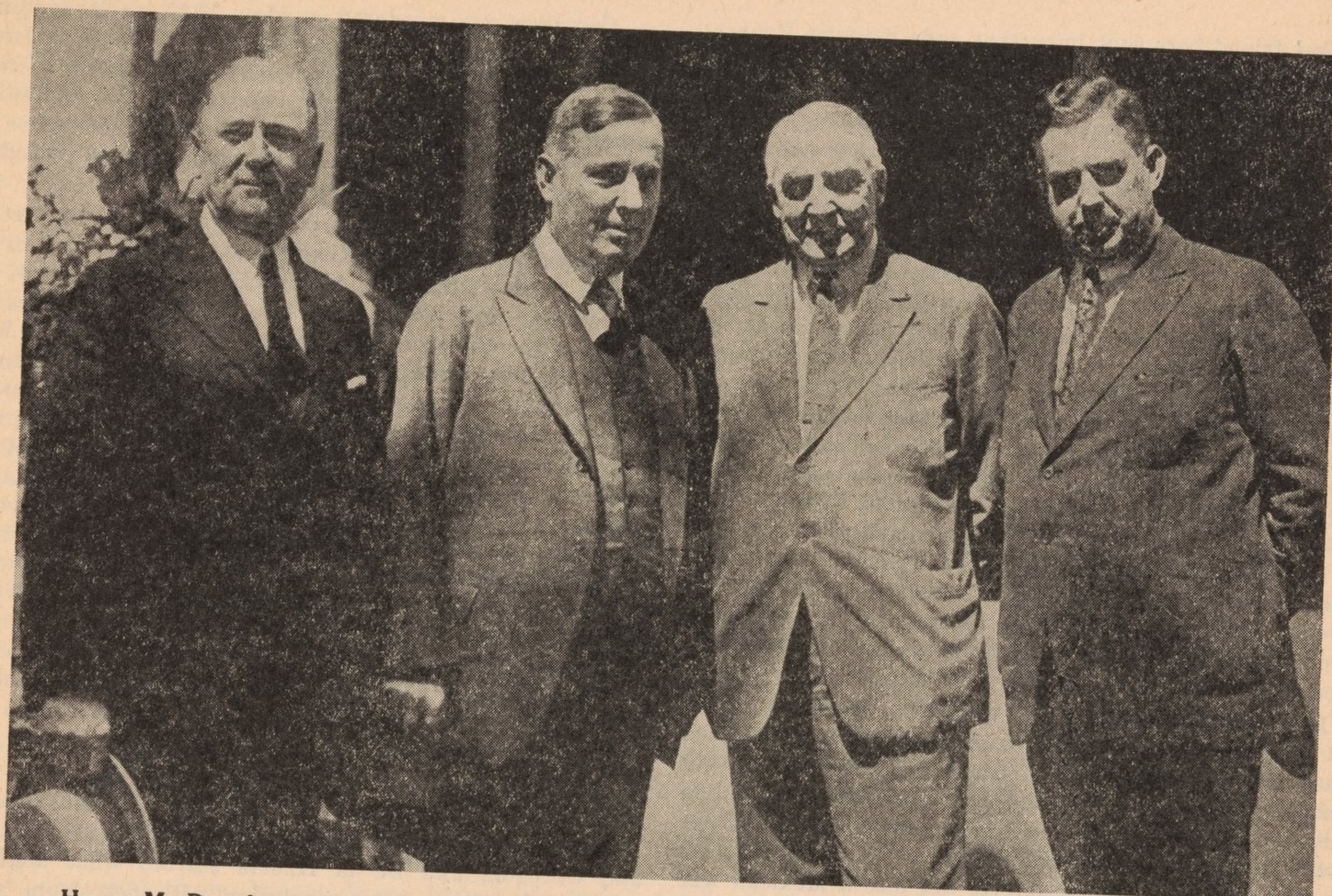
The Republican convention of 1920 was as Doheny intimated an oil convention. So was the Democratic convention—(Doheny was also there, and he wrote the platform plank on oil and was mentioned for the Democratic nomination for vice-president).

But an oil convention meant **not only** Teapot Dome and the California oil lands. The stealing of the naval oil reserves is petty larceny compared to the grand larceny which was arranged at both conventions of 1920. The marines have been first to fight in driving Colonel Darden's oil company off of the dome for Harry Sinclair. What the marines, and the navy and the army—a conscript army of millions— will yet have to do for Sinclair, Doheny and the bigger powers of Andrew W. Mellon, J. P. Morgan & Co., the Guggenheims, the du Ponts, in Mexico, Persia, South America, Europe, Africa—! The Republican convention, known by all to be the winning group, built a Roman road to the steals for which the Harding nomination was calculated. For instance, on May 31, 1920, a week before the Republican June convention, a subcommittee of the committee on foreign affairs of the U. S. Senate, under the chairmanship of **Senator Fall** reported to the Senate a recommendation that:

"... we send a police force consisting of the naval and military forces of our government into the republic of Mexico to open and maintain open every line of communication between the City of Mexico and every seaport and border port in Mexico," unless the Mexican government would abandon Article 27 of the Mexican constitution as far as it applies to concessions of American citizens of oil lands, mining properties, etc., and unless the Mexican government pays to American capitalists $505,002,434 as damages for interference with oil properties, mining, railroad, factory, bank and other properties. Fall's committee recommends further that, if Mexico does this, the army and navy shall not be sent, but a treaty and "generous loans" be made to Mexico for the payment of the Mexican public debt (to American bankers, largely) and to rehabilitate the railroads.

That the oil companies (and the great block of American capitalism behind the oil interests) intend not only to make Mexico their colony but also to keep other nations' capitalists out of Mexico, is indicated by the complaint of the same report of the Fall committee that it has received information of Japanese colonies on land where "traces of oil are apparent," and that "Mexico has granted a concession to a Japanese concern known as the Matsumato Trading Co. of Japan for the exploitation of all oil land on either side of the Tamesi river."

On the next day, June 1, evidently getting ready for the Republican and Democratic conventions, the Federal Trade Commission made a report recommending "the part of prudence to encourage those engaged in the oil industry in this country to develope production in such foreign countries, which have oil resources, as are most available for furnishing supplies of oil and that such enterprises



Harry M. Daugherty Jake Hamon Warren G. Harding Jess Smith

At the Harding Residence in Marion, Ohio.

should be given all proper diplomatic support in obtaining and operating oil producing property." On the following day, June 2, 1920, the tentative draft of the Republican platform was completed by the addition of a plank on Mexico written by **Senator Fall**, revised in minor respects by Senators Watson, Lodge and several others. All this was mere preparation for the Republican convention.

Senator Lodge opened the Republican convention with the keynote speech in which he demanded "a firm hand for Mexico." He declared "we must watch and wait no longer." "Mexico lies at our doors. It is a primary duty for us to deal with it under the Monroe doctrine, but nothing has been done and yet we are asked to take a mandate for Armenia." (Wilson had asked Congress for authority to take a League of Nations mandate under which an American army was to be used to protect "Christian Armenians" along the British oil pipe-line from Batum to Baku, which was threatened by the Russian red army and which Great Britain was not in a position to defend. The American oil men were unwilling to let the American army be used for their British rivals.)

The one and only candidate for this convention was the holder of the apostolic succession. Politically born and bred in Standard Oil, with Hanna and Penrose and Foraker for his wet nurses, the ownership of Harding by the Standard Oil company was limited only by the fact that he became equally the servant of such other great corporation heads as could reconcile their interests with those of Standard Oil—that is, such as Andrew W. Mellon and the "independent" oil companies of Sinclair, Doheny and Hamon.

During the campaign, differences between the interests developed. Borah and Hiram Johnson threatened to quit Harding because of a speech he made indicating a compromise with the League of Nations. Harding went to Oklahoma City and made a speech repudiating all thought of the League and declaring for protection of American oil interests in Mexico, and thus won Borah and Johnson to resume their speaking tours. Mexico was obviously a big factor in the plans.

Within four days after the ballots in the 1920 election were counted, Harding went straight to the Mexican border, taking with him a party which included Jake Hamon, Harry M. Daugherty and Edward B. McLean.

At Point Isabel, Texas, a village within five miles of Mexico, the Harding-McLean-Hamon-Daugherty party met Colonel Elias Torres, a representative of the Mexican department of state.

Back on the Bloody Trail of Albert B. Fall

But Albert B. Fall is the best fox to follow if you want to know of Mexico. He left a picturesque and a very broad trail. A telegram that was sent to Fall in the midst of the oil exposure's first days, signed with the name "Hanson," is very significant. The telegram is sent from San Antonio, Texas, and reads:

"Our friend here sent important code message Department today. See it if possible. (Signed) Hanson."

Immediately after the Harding administration took office with Fall as secretary of the interior, William Hanson, a friend of Fall's, went to Washington and made some arrangements with high government officials, after which it is charged that he returned to the Mexican border and began fomenting insurrectionary activities in Mexico while holding the office of chief of the United States immigration inspection service.

We must begin to trail Fall from the revolutionary disturbances in Mexico in 1910, which led up to the overthrow of Diaz. Fall, Edward L. Doheny and W. C. Greene had acquired big oil claims in Mexico under the dictatorship of Diaz. The revolutionary disturbances made it difficult for them to clean up the profits on these claims, and as a direct remedy Fall was elected to the United States Senate in 1911, taking office in 1912. He immediately plunged into international intrigue for the subjection of Mexico. Within a few weeks after Fall was elected to the senate, President Madero of Mexico was murdered in a struggle for control of that country in which American oil companies played a leading part.

It is an open secret that American oil companies in 1916 hired small armies of "Mexican bandits" to raid the Texas, New Mexican and Arizona borders and to kill American citizens as a means of provoking war upon Mexico. Only because it had become more urgent to get into the war in Europe did the plan fail, President Wilson's advisers believing it inadvisable to get into a Mexican war at the same time. Wilson issued a public warning which contained a veiled threat to name the American capitalists guilty of inciting the killing of Americans. Because of the world-war the oil gang's conquest of Mexico was postponed. (If Wilson did not start to conquer Mexico as soon as the Fall gang demanded, it proves only that Wilson was more under the influence of J. P. Morgan & Co. than the Fall gang was, and therefore was more interested in Europe than in Mexico.)

The Mexican Declaration of Independence

In February, 1917, the Carranza government of Mexico put into operation the new Mexican constitution which amounted to a declaration of independence of Mexico as against American oil and mining companies. Its declaration that the natural wealth in the subsoil is the property of the Mexican people, is a declaration that Mexico is a sovereign nation and not a colony of the United States. Then and there the war between the United States and Mexico became only a question of fixing the date. Also the assassination of Carranza became only a question of fixing the date. The Carranza government began to levy substantial taxes upon the foreign oil companies taking petroleum out of Mexican soil; and heated diplomatic quarrels with the American government ensued. Here began the necessity for the oil companies to obtain a more intimate and personal control of the departments of government at Washington. The Petroleum Revolution in mechanical inventions had been completed by the world war, establishing the fact that control of the sea, the air and traffic on land was a question of petroleum fuel. Oil companies became the point of the flying wedge of the whole capitalist imperialism of each modern nation.

Carranza was murdered in May, 1920, as Madero had been murdered in 1912. The assassins of Carranza were followers of Adolfo de la Huerta, who later came to New York and arranged with J. P. Morgan & Co. and other bankers for a settlement of the Mexican debt for an amount totaling $700,000,000. Obregon became president of Mexico, pledged to the deal.

Only after and because Obregon declared that Article 27 of the Mexican constitution would not be applied to the oil and mining claims of Sinclair, Doheny, Standard Oil, Guggenheim and others, did the Harding administration recognize the Obregon government. He did so, as has been stated in The Liberator and admitted on the financial pages of all newspapers, on the basis of arrangements made by Obregon with Thomas W. Lamont of the bank of J. P. Morgan & Co., Harry Sinclair, E. L. Doheny, W. O. Teagle of the Standard Oil Co., J. W. Van Dyke and Amos L. Beatty. Upon a different word from these men he would have refused recognition. And upon the word of these same men, representing as they do practically the whole gamut of American capitalism, Harding, Coolidge, Wilson or any president of the United States would not only send troops (as Wilson did) or warships (as Coolidge does) against Mexico into Mexican territories, but would declare war upon Mexico and ravish that country from end to end.

And the time now approaches when this will be done. A peculiar development of oil company quarrels—it is charged that De la Huerta was won over and subsidized by British oil companies—brought a split between De la Huerta and Obregon, and De la Huerta started what might be called a Fascist counter-revolution with petroleum sauce.

Admiral Doheny and Commodore Sinclair

In the middle of January a report reached Washington that the De la Huerta insurrectionary forces were in control of the Doheny oil wells at Cuerro Azul. Doheny, on his way to Washington to testify in the oil scandal, stopped off at New Orleans and stated in a public interview that the United States Department of State and the United States navy would be at his disposal to send to Mexico in behalf of his oil refineries.

The president's cabinet, between sessions devoted to the question of concealing the Teapot oil bribery, held an emergency session to decide war-like action of the United States navy in behalf of Sinclair's, Doheny's and the Standard Oil Co.'s properties in Mexico. On January 16th the American cruiser Tacoma, sailing under full steam for the oil district, was wrecked. Immediately Secretary Denby ordered the United States cruiser Richmond at full speed to Tampico where the rebel army was approaching the oil region where are located Doheny's, Sinclair's and Rockefeller's refineries. Two days after the cruiser Richmond went into Doheny's service, and while the senate discussed the McLean gang's "easy and quick access to the White House," members of the McLean gang conferred in the White House about the need of more warships. Secretary Hughes made a request that there be no publicity about his conference with the oil men. The next day Guy Stevens and others representing the Association of Petroleum Producers in Mexico, conferred with Secretary of State Hughes and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt.

And on that day, January 19th, seven United States

warships—the flagship Omaha in command of Admiral Kittelle, and the destroyers Corry, Hull, MacDonough, Farenholt, Sumner and Shirk, were ordered to Tampico.

With this illustration the American public ought to be ready to believe Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who, after ostensibly leaving the employ of the Sinclair oil company and becoming Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said, "Our policies, in truth, are based on the Navy. Indeed, the Navy is the cornerstone on which rest the Monroe Doctrine and the policy of the 'open door.' "

Indeed, the navy has a proud record in the oil scandals. First, Admiral Robison paid a social call at the home of the son of the oil millionaire Doheny, and within a few days Admiral Robison was appointed chief of the bureau of engineering, in which position he would have charge of the naval oil land reserves that Mr. Doheny wanted. Then the navy lost the oil reserve lands to the value of several hundred million dollars. After that the marines under Major-General Lejeune went into action to drive Colonel Jim Darden off of Teapot Dome for the benefit of Harry Sinclair, who had stolen the Dome. Officers of the navy, high and low, were shipped to the ends of the earth by Secretary of the Navy Denby to close their mouths when they protested against the steals. And the thieves were able to order warships into action for them during the very time their stealing was being investigated.

More Grand Larceny

There is no doubt whatever that the United States will in the near future make an assault upon Mexico. Colonel Darden ran away from Teapot Dome before our brave Marines. The Mexicans won't. Hundreds of thousands of Mexicans will fight as heroes, and many will die at the hands of an American army; thousands of Americans will fight and die in Mexico because Harry Sinclair has oil claims in Mexico, obtained about as he obtained Teapot Dome in America; and Doheny has oil claims obtained from the Mexican counterparts of Albert B. Fall; and the Standard Oil Co. and the Guggenheim copper interests have claims, and William R. Hearst has claims—and the U. S. Government isn't Bolshevik, but respects property—so we will go to war with Mexico, and we will do it for the same men who stole the American oil reserves.

And after (or before) we go to war with Mexico, what will we do in Persia, and China, and Mesopotamia, and Africa? Even while the scandal of Teapot Dome echoed and American warships sailed, Harry Sinclair closed a deal for ninety million acres of "Teapot Domes" in Persia, and the United States was pledged to back it up. It will take an American conscript army of millions to defend Sinclair's oligarchy over Persia.

Mr. Daniel G. Guggenheim of the Copper Trust also is a partner in the government. Recently he took occasion to mention in a letter to Secretary Mellon, that his firm has an investment of $200,000,000 in Mexico; and $150,000,000 in Chile, to say nothing of $10,000,000 in Bolivia; and Mr. Guggenheim remarked further that he has been offered many other "tempting concessions in foreign countries." "The navy is the cornerstone" of these investments, said Roosevelt.

The scandal-hunting eye, looking for oil and black leather bags of bribe-money, will pass over without understanding the news that J. P. Morgan & Co. have placed another $400,000,000 in the purchase of France. Is there any doubt that this banking house which habitually makes and unmakes presidents, which put the United States into the World War and whose bank-employees acted for "America" in the writing of the Treaty of Versailles, will put the United States into war again to maintain the hegemony of France in Europe? Or perhaps we have overlooked the recent airing in the senate of the fact that one of the purposes of entering the World War was to enable the payment out of the United States treasury of the other little item of $400,000,000 that the Allies owed to the Morgan group of bankers.

And Germany. The American committee of bankers which is now arranging to buy Germany is not acting without the knowledge that it has the department of state, the White House and the army and navy at its disposal.

How Are We Going to Shake Them Off?

When the oil gang was attacked for grafting on the public, it turned out that ninety-nine per cent of the government was ready to function for the grafters. The president of the United States immediately came to the rescue in secret, maintaining through go-betweens an underground telegraphic correspondence with the grafters, giving them information and assistance. When McLean was caught lying for the purpose of protecting bribery and the looting of the nation, Calvin Coolidge, president of the United States, sent his private secretary to Florida to help McLean escape detection, and to confer with the bribe-taker Fall. When the United States Senate started to investigate the corruption, it happened that the chairman of the investigating committee was a secret servant of the thieves being investigated, and maintained underground relations with them during the investigation, betraying the secrets of the prosecution to them.

Suppose we "clean out the grafters" and put a Democratic administration in? Doheny's million-dollar lawyer McAdoo is the Democratic candidate on the platform of "Back to Honesty." The Democratic administration was, if possible, even deeper in the crime, and its graft was saturated with more blood, than the Harding-Coolidge administration. Not even Harding, Coolidge and Daugherty and Mellon plunged the country into a bloody world war in a purely sordid deal with a Wall Street and London banking clique, as the Wilson administration did. The shipping board graft was probably a great deal bigger than the Teapot Dome graft. Doheny wrote the plank of the 1920 Democratic platform which governed the question of the naval oil reserves; Doheny hired the chief of the Democratic party on a salary; Doheny hired practically the whole of the Wilson cabinet, each member as soon as he went out of office if not before. Does anybody doubt that Doheny and Sinclair and Standard Oil and Mitsui and Co. and the bootleggers and Tex Rickard would have gotten theirs just the same if Doheny's lawyer McAdoo or Sinclair's lawyer Palmer had been President?

No. The intricate mixture of practically every Democratic leader of national importance and practically every Republican administration leader in the same affair completes the picture of the Republican and Democratic parties as one and the same political party. In the minds of those

millions whose economic distress and political unrest made this a "scandal year," the question of a change is being boiled down to the question of a **new** political party, neither the Democratic nor the Republican. Millions of workers and farmers and small "honest business" men are now asking themselves: "How can a new president and congress, antagonistic to the Teapot Dome gang, be elected?"

Well, how were Presidents elected in the past? At first glance we find that as far as the records go **no candidate was ever elected to the presidency of the United States except the candidate who had the biggest campaign fund.** There is one exception to this, if we accept the records without question—that of 1916 when Wilson was re-elected although Harry Sinclair and others had given Hughes a few more hundred thousand dollars as a campaign fund than Doheny and others had given Wilson.

Roughly speaking, and with circumstances as they are, no man can be elected president of the United States except by the charity of the great industrial and financial kings who contribute campaign funds. No man can even become a serious candidate unless some part of the organized economic structure is behind him for financing and carrying on the work of his campaign. This machinery can be only one of two kinds. Either it must be the machinery and resources of established **business and financial institutions** such as oil companies, banks and manufacturing companies; or else it must be the **economic organizations** of the masses —that is the trade unions and the exploited farmers' organizations. In practical application, then, it is a question of a farmer-labor party or a "third party" financed and controlled by a disgruntled group of capitalists, and completely at their mercy.

Take as an example the candidacy of the prototype of middle-class reformers, Robert M. LaFollette. Certainly LaFollette is not the choice of big business for the presidency. He has a program directed against the big business interests—not one that would really do them any material damage, it is true, but one which makes a gesture **against** them and which they hate. Yet LaFollette himself cannot be a serious candidate, under the present circumstances, except with the permission and financial support of one group or another of millionaires. LaFollette himself proves it in telling of his candidacy in 1912. Before he could take the step of becoming a candidate, he explains, he was obliged to call together a conference of such politically liberal millionaires as Charles R. Crane and the Pinchot brothers. In his autobiography LaFollette says (p. 526):

"It was some time before contributions were assured which warranted the formal opening of a campaign. Finally such assurances of financial support were given by Charles R. Crane, William Kent, Gifford and Amos Pinchot, and Alfred L. Baker as warranted the opening of headquarters and the inauguration of the campaign for my nomination as the Progressive candidate. Before taking this final step I took the precaution, however, to say to those who became contributors to my campaign, and particularly to Gifford Pinchot, because of his close friendship for Roosevelt, that it must be understood, if I became a candidate, I should remain a candidate until I was nominated or defeated in the convention."

But it seems that the Pinchot brothers and others were really using LaFollette as a stalking-horse for Theodore Roosevelt, who had a half-million-dollar backing by George W. Perkins of the Morgan bank; and LaFollette found himself about to be obliged to drop out of the race just in time to let Mr. Perkins buy up the third party movement. His backers were about to compel him to drop out by the simple device of ceasing to contribute to his campaign fund. LaFollette explains (page 596) that he was enabled to continue his campaign because:

"The two Pinchots and Kent had each furnished a contribution of $10,000, all of which had been contributed months before, and which had been substantially expended by this time. Crane was contributing $5,000 a month, and had agreed to continue his payments monthly until the time of the meeting of the National Convention in Chicago."

Of course Colonel James G. Darden, who was driven off of Teapot Dome, might be willing to start a reform movement against Harry Sinclair. Or Mr. Vanderlip, ex-president of Rockefeller's bank, might be sufficiently angry with Doheny and Coolidge to finance a "third party" campaign of Down With the Oil Companies.

But if the masses are to gain anything by a serious political movement not led by disgruntled capitalists, there must be a great nation-wide class political party—composed of, run for, and controlled by the organized workers and farmers of this country.

It is clear that if we are to have a serious political campaign against the Teapot Dome grafters in the 1924 election, it becomes a question of the formation of a nation-wide political party based upon the economic organizations of labor and the farmers. A farmer-labor party of nation-wide scope is the logical answer.

Such a party is about to be made—in the national convention of organized labor and farmers on June 17, 1924, in the Twin Cities of Minnesota. And the ghosts of Jess Smith and Jake Hamon and Warren G. Harding will help to make it a success.

Meanwhile those of us who like to dwell upon the livelier phases of history are inclined to remember how Abraham Lincoln broke the backbone of the slave-owners' oligarchy in America—by confiscating the total of their property in slaves. Or that the Soviet government of Russia broke the backbone of its capitalist class by nationalization of that class's properties even faster than the Soviets were prepared to keep them in operation.

The Teapot Dome grafters, and the Standard Oil and the Guggenheim imperialists, and the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., reeking with American blood from the World War—are stronger than the United States government. It is their creature. They will control it until the day when their power is broken as the slave-owners' power over this government was broken and as the power of the Russian Harry Sinclairs went down before the Soviets.

EPITAPH

BLOW, winds, blow,
Blow my dust to and fro,
So that in death I travel some
Who in life did never roam!

Henry George Weiss.

A Test of Beauty

By Bertha Fenberg

"WHY is it?" asked Lebel of his wife Rosie. "No matter how much you fix up you cannot look stylish like the American ladies. Other women come from Grivey too and learn to go along the streets so that men stand and look at them. But at you, no one looks." Lebel's voice rose to a sing song chant and he gestured with his right hand as he drew his lips up to his long thin nose.

"I watch the ladies come along. I see their fur coats. Hundred dollar coats. Two hundred dollar coats. Three hundred dollar coats. Your coat is worth a thousand, not a hundred." Lebel's head bowed heavily on the last word. "I look at their feet. Satin slippers they wear. Silk hose they wear. All such nasherei. Then I look at the men in front of the cigar stores, but they don't look after me. They are so busy watching the ladies. Every one of them, Rosie, is watching the ladies. Fat ladies. Thin ladies. Short ladies." Lebel counted them off on his fingers. "It would be nice to have a wife the men look at. Who looks at my wife? Why do I have a wife?"

A bright patch of red flared into Rosie's round face. Her little eyes flashed and she jerked towards Lebel as though to strike him. Before his very nose she wagged a menacing finger.

"So that's what you do when you go on Fifth Avenue, on Broadway. So that's what you learnt from America. At the fine ladies you look. Ashamed of your wife. In Grivey, Lebel Mitchitsky, you didn't see silk stockings on ladies' legs. In Grivey you never heard of satin slippers. But here in America like the biggest goy you go down the street, you look at the ladies, you watch for their feet." Rosie's plump shoulders bounced up and down to her angry words. She was little more than five feet, but as broad as she was wide. Her passion now gave her height, colossal height, for the only pride she had ever owned was wrested from her. In Grivey she had been a sort of a bar maid in a little liquor shop. In America she was a fine lady who sat in front of her apartment house on East 163rd street and talked the whole summer away to the other ladies in the house. Lebel made good wages in a hat factory. So far there were no babies. What would come later—Rosie shrugged her shoulders.

"I make a joke," Lebel motioned, "right away you throw yourself around like keporus."

"A joke, a fine joke!" Rosie spat out the words. "What do you want to bet that when I go down the street everybody looks at me? I can go through Broadway, through Fifth Avenue. I will show you." Rosie pointed her finger at him, and rushed to get her coat.

"I as as schoen as Mrs. Berlin. My figure is as good as Sadye Rabinowitz. You'll see. You'll see." She put her hat on and buttoned up her seal skin coat. "All the men will look at me. Only you follow."

What could Lebel do but go after his Rosie? He followed her without an overcoat; but from the time he entered his house to this very moment he had not taken off his hat, and that was now a comfort to him.

It was broad daylight. One of those clear sunny mild winter days before the snow has blurred the skies. Down 163rd street went Rosie, turning into Prospect, which she followed for blocks and blocks.

Rosie had a gozlin in her today. Lebel followed along breathlessly. To deal with women was a bad proposition. Then he looked up from his meditation and to his utmost astonishment he saw people looking, looking. Like crazy, "mishoogena" people they were looking. Was it Rosie they watched? Men stopped to stare at her. One yelled, "Hello there!" Another called out, "Where you going, Susie, all dolled up?" "My Rosie goes along like a movie star," thought Lebel, winding his way through the crowd in order to keep closer to her. Lebel saw her with new eyes.

He followed her until his legs ached. "Rosie, Rosie," he called. "It is enough. The whole New York is looking at you."

She faced him triumphantly. "I can make people in America look at me, eh?" she boasted. "You saw the men look at me, eh?"

Lebel shook his head quickly back and forth, convinced. "Rosie, I shall write the news to Grivey at once. So will I put it: 'My wife is so schoen that when she walks in the Bronx all the people stop to look at her."

. . . .

But you and I know the old story. Who would not stop to look at a short, fat energetic woman rushing madly through the Bronx with her tongue thrust out?

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The Life and Work of Lenin

By Karl Radek

FOR the first time in the history of humanity the news of the death of a political leader will not only spread throughout the entire world, but will even cause the hearts of millions of people of different lands and nations to tremble. There are lands where millions will mourn him, in some, hundreds of thousands, and in others perhaps only a scattered few; but there will not be a single nation where some persons will not say on January 22: "My leader is dead!"

All of the bourgeois revolutions had an international significance, not only because each one of them shook the foundations of complex international relations, not only because each one of them aroused the conscience by means of the progressive step it involved, but also because in all bourgeois revolutions the more advanced elements wished to go beyond the bounds of their nation, beyond the bounds of aspirations circumscribed by the borders of their territories. At the time of the English revolution a small group of communists, dreaming of the new millenium of human happiness, went to the extent of advocating war against capitalist Holland, and were preparing to carry their communist faith far into the domain of the English Channel. During the French revolution the struggle against the monarchy aroused in the hearts of many champions, with Anacharzis Kloats at their head, a feeling of internationalism, a feeling of absolute need of international overthrow of monarchy and feudalism. Likewise the revolutionary movement of the bourgeoisie of one country aroused the sympathy of the advanced elements of the bourgeoisie of another country. But this meant more than sympathy.

The bourgeois revolutions took place at a period when the economic balance of different countries varied so greatly that every **bourgeois** revolution became a **national** one. Each was unable to proceed beyond the bounds of its own territory. Moreover, because the revolutions were bourgeois in character each strove to gain certain advantages for its particular nation and therefore could not arouse a feeling of solidarity in others. The English revolution threatened the sovereignty of the bourgeoisie of Holland. The French revolution, bringing on its bayonets freedom from the yoke of feudalism, simultaneously threatened the German people with national disintegration and forced even those who remained loyal to the cause of the revolution and understood its greatness, to rise in rebellion against it in the struggle for the independence of their country. The worshippers of French revolution in Germany, Greisenau and Scharnhorst, became at the same time the organizers of a war of liberation from the Napoleonic yoke.

The Russian revolution, the first victorious proletarian revolution, became proletarian only because the development of capitalism reached not only to the Ural mountains and the summits of the Caucasus, but even to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The capitalism which prepared the ground for a proletarian revolution in backward Russia, made the Russian revolution the champion of international revolution. And when the torch of the Russian revolution had been kindled it illumined the whole world, and it continues to do so, inflaming the hearts of millions of people throughout the universe. The German worker, informed by means of books and newspapers about the days that shook the world, and the Chinese coolie who learned of the Russian revolution in the saloons of San Francisco while conversing with English sailors, the Mexican laborer struggling against his own feudal lords and the American plutocracy, the Hindu peasant to whom the news of the Russian revolution came through the hostile telegrams of Reuter—each of these considered the great Russian revolution to be his own, the beginning of his own liberation.

The standard bearer of the Russian Revolution—Lenin—became the standard bearer of the world revolution. He became the symbol of a new era in human history, the era of the liberation of the toiler, the era of the struggle of the working class for the re-creation of the world on a new basis. The death of Bebel aroused grief in the hearts of millions of workers in Europe but it was unable to shake the proletariat and the peasantry of the whole world, for the German Social Democracy had not outgrown the limits of the capitalist world. The death of Lenin will shake these millions, will force them to think of the past and of the difficult road which still lies before us and which must be cleared by the axe with very great difficulty. Lenin raised the standard of the revolt against world capitalism. It is because of this that the death of Lenin unites in grief all those who struggle against the yoke of the bourgeoisie.

The death of Lenin will give an impetus to proletarian thought throughout the world. In all countries the proletariat learned to fight from the mere fragments of Lenin's thought which had reached them in the form of our leaflets and resolutions. Verifying these thoughts in their own experiments and seeing in them the truth concerning their own lives, they were assured; they knew that at the helm of the ship of **International Revolution** stood this genius of the international proletariat. And they entrusted themselves to his leadership. But he is no more! The minds of all who think in the rank and file of the labor movement, are busied with the thought of how to absorb the life and work of Lenin; how to find in his writings the weapons for the struggle, and how to learn to control this weapon independently. There is nothing more convincing than the words which a German Communist uttered upon receiving the news of Lenin's death: "Don't give us the select works of Lenin, give us, in the chief European languages, **all the works of Lenin, in order that we may assimilate his thoughts and methods through his own works.**"

Many years will pass before it will be possible to erect this monument to Lenin—at least in the chief countries where the labor movement is prominent; until we shall by diligent study of the life and work of Lenin be

able to help the European worker to absorb his entire inheritance.

In the meantime, the problem of the communists is how to present at least in very general outlines the historic role of Lenin and to give a skeleton of his thought.

Lenin as the Founder of the First Proletarian Government

The teachings of Marx are written in the books created by him. His correspondence is a sufficient commentary on his compositions. Lenin left dozens of volumes. When his correspondence is collected it will add additional dozens of volumes. But **the chief commentary on Lenin's teachings is the work of Lenin,** his labor, the creation of the Communist Party of Russia and the struggle of the party for power. These are the methods by means of which the proletariat held the power under unheard of conditions—the method which Lenin bequeathed to the Russian proletariat, not only as a means of retaining power, but also as a means of solving problems; the methods in whose name the working class of Russia took the power into its own hands.

Marx took part in the revolution of 1848 in Germany. But because of the weakness of the proletarian elements, he could not play a decisive role. The revolution of 1848 in Germany was an historical abortion. It arrived too late to be successful as a bourgeois revolution and too early to be headed by the proletariat. The revolution of 1848 was followed by decades of reaction, where Marx could be no more than an observer, studying the mechanism of the bourgeois world. To relieve this reaction came the epoch of nationalistic wars, in which again the proletariat could not become the leading force. Because of this it was impossible for Marx to take the leading part. Soon the meteor of the Paris Commune illumined the horizon. Only the genius of Marx could understand the meaning of the ephemeral phenomenon. And even here it would be needless to speak of the role Marx played as a leader.

After the Paris Commune and until the death of Marx, reaction reigned in Europe. The revolutionary problems of the bourgeoisie were solved in the West. The proletariat, however, began to line up its forces carefully and slowly. They assembled in small groups in various countries. Their timorous movements could not be conducted from one center. The entire genius of Marx was exhausted in the effort to learn the fundamental laws governing the development of the bourgeois world and the proletariat's relation to it. Marx's genius could not be tested in the fire of civil war and make him the ingenious leader of the revolution.

Lenin stood firmly on the principles of Marx's teachings, which he understood more profoundly and more thoughly than any other of Marx's disciples. But Lenin had from the first days of his career prepared himself for the role of a political leader of communist revolutions. His whole life was devoted to the analysis of a problem which was not solved until 1917, viz., to the preparation for the great breach in the ranks of the international bourgeoisie which took place in October, 1917. Thirty years ago this spring the young Lenin in his work "What is this—the Friends of the People" wrote: "The social democrats direct all their attention and activities to the working class. When its advanced representatives shall have assimilated the ideas of scientific socialism and the idea of the historic role of the Russian worker, when all these ideas shall have received wide publicity and there will be formed among the workers permanent organizations that will help in their present desperate economic strife and will advance the conscious class struggles—then the Russian worker, rising **at the head of all democratic elements,** will crush absolutism and lead the Russian proletariat, **together with the proletariat of the entire world,** along the path of the open political struggle to the **victorious communist revolution.**"

The study of Lenin's teachings regarding the communist revolution involves above all the knowledge of **the method employed by Lenin, as the leader of the struggle of the Russian proletariat for power.**

All were struck by the unheard-of faith with which Lenin appeared as a statesman, as a leader of the proletarian party. Some ascribed this faith to his tremendous will power, which made him a born leader. Others found the source of Lenin's faith in his firm belief in socialism. Strength of will, however, does not always unite people; sometimes it repels them, especially when the test of time shows that will to be leading itself and others into the wrong path. Lenin's power as a leader consisted in his ability to impress his party comrades with the conviction that his would always lead them to the true historical course.

This correct path he was unable to find in socialism. Kier Hardie, the leader of the English reformers, who led the English proletariat into the wrong path, had unshaken belief in socialism; likewise Jean Jaures, the leader of French reformism, had profound faith in socialism, as did also Victor Adler, the sanest man of the Second International, who had brought the Austrian proletariat to the brink of social patriotism. But not one of the above mentioned stood the historical test, despite their sincerity. Socialism does not become a religion; it becomes a science of the conditions of the proletarian victory. The source of the **iron faith** of Lenin was the fact that he, as no other **of Marx's disciples, thoroughly absorbed Marx's social teachings,** and that he applied them as had none of the other disciples of the father of socialism. Occupied by the practical work of forming a proletarian party in Russia, and by its leadership, Lenin left very few works devoted to the general basis of Marx's teachings. It is sufficient to note how Lenin in his youthful work raised problems in historical materialism; it is enough to compare his question with the same problem presented in the works of Plekhanov and Kautsky of the same period, to see how Lenin solves the problems of Marxian theory. Two or three of his pages taken at random in the pamphlet he issued at the time of his discussion regarding the trade unions and devoted primarily to a series of dialectics and eclectics, show how modest Lenin was when he called himself the pupil of Plekhanov. Lenin was a great independent Marxian thinker. This quality was the prerequisite which permitted this powerful man to become the chief political leader of the international proletariat. Lenin the thinker, Lenin the political leader of the Russian revolution, grew up in an environment which placed **the problem of revolution as a problem of political struggle.** This immediately permitted him to outgrow the other disciples of Marx. **Lafargue** was brought up in a petty bourgeois land which had passed through the storm of three revolutions and in which capital-

ism had not yet paved the way for a new proletarian uprising. The great talent of Lafargue could not evolve itself into genius.

Kautsky, the first after Engels and Marx to attempt to accept Marxism independently, could utilize it only in the study of the history of society. Actually, however, in the problems of the German movement, Marxism served him as a means of impressing the proletariat that it was impossible either to outflank the class enemy or to step over him; that it is necessary to gather slowly the forces for the decisive battle. This decisive battle was so distant that when Kautsky in his works on the social revolution timidly arrived at the problem of seizing power, the outlines of his problem were so unintelligible even to himself that he overlooked one of the chief factors of the proletarian revolution, the question of where the victorious proletariat was to obtain its bread the day after its victory.

Plekhanov, the brilliant exponent of Marx's teachings, the able defender "Against any Kind of Critics," lived far away from the sources of the storm, far from Russia. And his entire deep interest in the revolutionary struggle in Russia seemed insufficient to necessitate the application of all the power of his mind to the study of the practical problems associated with the revolutionary struggle of the Russian proletariat. There is nothing more characteristic than the fact that after "Our Disagreement" Plekhanov did not make a single effort at any detailed study of one of the chief problems of the Russian revolution—the agrarian problem.

Lenin as a theorist, Lenin as a political scientist, devoted himself at the very outset of his study, to the chief field of action of the Russian proletariat and the main forces which must needs participate in the Russian revolution. A comparison of the agrarian problems as presented by Kautsky, Kshivitsky and Comper Morel on the one hand, and as presented by Lenin on the other, shows clearly not only the difference of the economic conditions of Western Europe from Russia, not only the peculiarities of the agrarian problem in Russia as compared with Western Europe, but also the difference between Lenin as a revolutionary leader, and the most prominent representatives of European scientific socialism. Lenin studied the agrarian problem not only from the standpoint of interpretation of the development of capitalist fortunes, and the correctness or incorrectness of Marxian economic teaching in the field of agriculture, **but above all from the standpoint of the struggle of the proletariat for power, from the standpoint of selecting for the proletariat an ally in its struggle.**

Kautsky could find this ally only in the agricultural worker. But how far this refusal to attempt the conquest of the poverty-stricken peasant on the basis of mere opportunism was the result of either good or bad application of Marxism, or even the result of the passiveness of the German Social Demcrats, their absolute refusal to struggle for power, and the tendency of the German proletariat toward the co-operative interests—is best illustrated by the fact that the German social democrats were unable even to begin the struggle for the winning of the agricultural laborers, the element in the village which Kautsky had considered the ally of the proletariat. In Russian economy Lenin found in the peasantry the ally of the proletariat in its struggle for power, and for decades taught and advocated the formation of an alliance between the struggling proletariat and the peasantry.

Plekhanov denied the illusions of the Populists regarding the peculiar revolutionary role of the peasantry, since he was unable to concentrate the attention of the Russian working class upon the problem of alliance with the peasantry as the class without which the proletariat would be unable to conquer power and against whose will socialism could not be introduced. This Lenin was able to accomplish, and here Lenin, the great independent proletarian thinker, was transformed into a political leader. To direct the struggle of a class presupposes a thorough knowledge of the conditions of its victory, and ability never to forget these conditions either in moments of great triumph or in times of violent defeat. Lenin's relation to the peasantry marked a **new era** in the history of the labor movement throughout the world. The agrarian problem will not play the same concrete part everywhere that it did in the Russian revolution. In all the advanced capitalist countries, the workmen **will take** a more outstanding role than in Russia, but everywhere the problem of conquering the means of producing bread will play the most decisive role in the proletarian revolution. And this role of conquering the means whereby bread is produced, Lenin was the first to point out to the international proletariat both in theory and in practice.

But there is another angle to Lenin's interpretation of the agrarian problem which appears to be his fundamental contribution to the future struggle of the international proletariat. In their struggle against opportunism, the representatives of revolutionary Marxism of Western Europe "threw out the baby with the bath-water." Even when they refused to accept Lasalle's view of the bourgeoisie as "one reactionary mass," they in reality feared the alliance of the proletariat with non-proletarian elements. Lenin, struggling in the most decisive manner against the Menshevik policy of alliance with the liberal bourgeoisie, as with a class incapable of marching with the proletariat to the overthrow of absolutism, had with unfailing energy raised the problem of union with the peasantry, with the petty-bourgeois class whose interests demanded the overthrow of czarism. He thus taught even the proletariat of other countries to look upon the problem of union with other non-proletarian elements, not from the standpoint of an abstract denial of alliance in general, but from a concrete point of view, from the standpoint of the analysis of the interests of a given class, on the basis of the problem at what interval of the historic course can a non-proletarian class or a part of such class march together with the proletariat against an enemy which must be removed. In his pamphlet "Leftism—an Infantile Malady of Communism," Lenin advocated as one of the fundamental conditions in the proletarian struggle for the possession of power and for retaining power, the conquest of the mass-ally no matter how weak it might be.

The chief contribution of Lenin, as the statesman who paved the way for the possession of power by the proletariat, was his teaching of the significance of a proletarian party. To understand Lenin's controversy with the Mensheviks in 1903 regarding the role of the party and the personnel entering into its make-up, is to understand one of the cardinal points of Lenin's policy. Lenin taught the

proletariat the art of manoeuvering in the class struggle. This problem he presented to the proletariat at the beginning of his historic work; but simultaneously he taught that there can be no organized struggle of the proletariat unless it unites into one **manoeuvering unit.** If his teachings regarding the relation of the proletariat to the peasantry and the liberal bourgeoisie are the teaching of the manoeuvers of the proletarian party, then his views of organization are his teachings of how to preserve the proletariat from becoming a passive object of the enemy's manoeuvers.

In his controversies regarding the first paragraph of the statute of the Social-Democratic party, Lenin presented a problem not less important than in all his political controversies with the Mensheviks. Moreover, this problem regarding the first paragraph of the statute presupposes the realization of Lenin's entire political plan. The working class of Russia had lived under the weight of czarism which did not permit it to create a powerful mass organization. The working class proceeded into the struggle against autocracy through economic and political strikes in the most elementary manner. The Mensheviks dreamed of founding a broad mass proletarian party, which would have found no place under the state of Russian czarism. All talk of an all-inclusive democratic organization under such conditions was vain; in reality it opened the ranks and the doors of the labor party to all those who expressed their sympathy with the labor movement and who supported it materially. This meant the subjection of the revolutionary labor movement, not yet consolidated, to the petty-bourgeoisie. Under the state of czarism, which antagonized wide circles of petty-bourgeois intellegentsia of humble European liberalism, every lawyer hid himself under the banner of socialism. Those who admitted him into the labor party merely on the condition of acknowledging its program and supporting it materially, surrendered the growing labor movement into the hands of the petty-bourgeoisie. Lenin, in demanding that only those who work in some illegal proletarian organization should be considered members of the party, was striving to decrease the danger of subjecting the labor movement to the petty-bourgeois intellegentsia. Even he who broke away from bourgeois society and, venturing to belong to the illegal proletarian organization, became a professional revolutionist did not as yet fully manifest that he would remain faithful to the cause of the proletariat, but he at least offered a certain guarantee.

By marking the way for the proletariat on the basis of Marxian analysis, and by creating an illegal organization of professional revolutionists, Lenin paved the way for the centralization of the revolutionary leadership in the proletarian struggle. The better socialists of Europe, even Rosa Luxemberg, who vigilantly followed the struggle of the Russian proletariat, saw in Lenin's views of organization an expression of conspiratory tactics, and feared the breaking away of the Bolshevik organization from the mass struggle of the proletariat. This fear however was later shown to be unfounded. The Mensheviks created a very broad organization in moments of uprising, but this organization was directed by the feebly opportunistic inteligentsia. Lenin, on the other hand, created an organization which was able to direct the proletarian struggle in its most difficult moments, which could maintain its revolutionary principles in the years of peace and which appeared as a wide mass organization in a period of great historical upheaval, drawing the proletariat into the class struggle. Lenin never adhered to any special doctrine of form of organization; from the illegal organization before 1905 consisting only of thousands, and through the mass organization consisting during the first and second revolutions of tens of thousands of men, he brought the communist party to hundreds of thousands which, after the October revolution, influenced millions of people. The forms changed from time to time, but throughout all these changes of form Lenin carried one idea: for the proletariat to win the victory a **revolutionary organization** is absolutely essential. This organization must be **solidly united and concentrated,** for its enemy is ten times as powerful.

Having formed a mass party capable of manoeuvering in battle against the enemy, Lenin places first on the program the problem of preparing **an armed uprising for the possession of power.** He was able in the moments of our weakness, or when we were thrown back after defeat, to teach his party to struggle for every foot of ground, for every position, to go through the greatest daily hardships, and thus to accumulate power for the proletariat. Not once in his life however did he forget that all this effort had one goal; it was **preparation for armed uprising, for seizing of power by the proletariat.**

There is nothing more instructive for a contemporary communist than a comparison of Lenin's work during the time of the victorious counter-revolution with his work during the greatest upheaval of the labor movement. When the first revolution was crushed, he struggled in the most decisive manner against all those who refused to acknowledge the victory of the counter-revolution and who, hoping for a new spontaneous rise of revolutionary forces, refused to undertake the hardship of gathering new forces and to utilize for this purpose all their resources; however, with the same energy he fought against those who lost their revolutionary perspective and were willing to exchange the revolutionary struggle of the proletariat for a struggle for an insignificant reward. At this time of reaction Lenin studied the lessons of 1905 most diligently, in order that he might be able to utilize them in the next uprising.

How valuable in this direction, is his article of 1908, published in the journal of the Polish Social-Democrats, in which he even then, on the basis of the lessons of the Moscow uprising, raised the problem of technical preparedness for the next armed rebellion.

During the imperialistic war, when the labor movement of the entire world was broken up not only by the military apparatus of the bourgeoisie, but also by the treachery of the Social-Democrats, Lenin, while aiding every practical move of his adherents and occupying himself with every definite means of creating an illegal organization by utilizing all legal possibilities, simultaneously developed, during his exile in Switzerland, Marx's teachings concerning government and the dictatorship of the proletariat; and thus he prepared for the uprising of October, 1917. Even people like Mehring and Rosa Luxemberg, who never for a moment laid down their arms before the victorious German

Maurice Becker

SAMMY GOMPERS

Sees no evil Speaks no evil Nor hears any evil about his friends in the Teapot Graft.

imperialism and the triumphant social-patriotism of the International, nevertheless considered the fact that Lenin advocated civil war in his first manifesto to the Bolshevik central committee issued two months after the opening of the world war, nothing but romantic sentiment. They did not even at this moment dare to advocate the split of the German social-democracy.

Lenin had at this dark hour already begun to prepare for the October proletarian uprising. But the same man, having returned to Russia during the first weeks of the February revolution, presented to his astonished comrades the idea of the soviet power, simultaneously with unheard-of patience taught the party to interpret the situation to the masses still living in the social-patriotic maelstrom and to move step by step in accordance with the growth of the revolutionary crisis among the masses. Lenin, who came to Russia with the idea of the soviet republic in mind, advocated the idea of a constitutional assembly as a stage preceding the soviet republic. The idea of a soviet republic was then his guiding star, but he understood that the masses would follow this star only after being disappointed with and dissuaded from the idea of democracy and the constitutional assembly. He did not demand that they skip the democratic stage; he himself wanted to live through this stage with them; he abandoned this idea only after the conquest of power, when the constitutional assembly had demonstrated to the public that it was an obstacle in the way of peace, for which they had struggled in the first place.

Marxism as a whole taught the proletariat how to fight for power. But this idea was concealed from the international proletariat, not only because of the opportunism of the social-democrats, who exchanged the dictatorship of the proletariat for bourgeois democracy, but because after 1871 the European labor movement developed on the basis of bourgeois democracy in all its details. Lenin opened anew the teachings of Marx regarding the dictatorship of the proletariat, not only because he was the revolutionary disciple of Marx, but also because the Russian proletariat was entering the struggle for power.

Lenin, as the leader of the October uprising, and Lenin, as the director of the soviet power, appears as the highest expression of all his teachings during the period of preparedness. "A revolutionary statesman must consider millions of people," Lenin would say. And he, as the leader of the soviet power taught the world proletariat in the millions what a small group of Bolsheviks had taught them during the preceeding decades. By the symbol of the **scythe and hammer** he reminded the entire European proletariat: "**Seek your ally among the peasants,** for this alliance will give you bread for the revolution; the **Red Star of the Red Army** signifies that the **power of the enemy must be broken by the power of the proletariat,** who leads behind him those classes of society whose interests demand a struggle against the landlord and capitalist reaction." Standing at the head of a tremendous government machine, he proved to the proletariat of the entire world that power can be retained only by the support of the consolidated **advance guard of the proletariat, the communist party.** Thus Lenin tested his theoretic teachings in practice, and by means of this test became the teacher of the international proletariat and the founder of the Communist International.

(Continued in the May Liberator)

The Labor Government

By R. W. Postgate

MR. MACDONALD'S Labor government—the first ever in Great Britain—is now in office, but not in power. It is not even in possession of a parliamentary majority. It has no chance of carrying through even its more moderate proposals—such as a capital levy—much less of tackling the financial and imperialist interests which really control the government of England. All that it can do is to make attempts to pass some at least of a state socialist program, and it could make radical changes in the **administration** of certain services—in pensions, and relief to the unemployed, for example. It must then seize the opportunity to quit office upon the rejection of some measure of importance—nationalization of the mines has been suggested—and trust to its record to return it in due course later as a fully responsible government with a parliamentary majority.

Consequently, nearly everything depends upon the character of the ministers. Here it is important to notice that the cabinet is overwhelmingly right wing in character. MacDonald is a very able politician and he has saved the Labor Party from that dead level of utter mediocrity that would have resulted if a trade union leader like Clynes or Henderson had been premier. Nevertheless, although he has appointed the first woman minister in all English history, he has played for safety—which means capitalist safety; and in two cases his hands have been forced. The Lord Advocateship for Scotland he has been forced to hand to a Tory, by a threat of action by the Scottish bar, and the important cabinet post of First Lord of the Admiralty has been given to Lord Chelmsford, not a member of the party, by the threat of an admirals' strike, headed by Beatty. He has also, of his own volition, offered to the two most important left wing leaders, Robert Smillie and George Lansbury, posts of so mean a quality that they had to be refused. There is only one left wing leader in the cabinet, Wheatley from Glasgow (Health Minister) and the press is already howling after him.

An analysis of the cabinet shows the lack of striking personalities, with the exception of certain right wing heads. Let us take the list.

Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary: J. R. MacDonald. MacDonald himself is better known abroad than at home. In 1914, conscientiousness—his main characteristic, next to parliamentary acuteness—forced him to give a certain wavering opposition to the war. His essential timidity has been masked in England by the stand he made then. For many reactionaries he is a fierce revolutionary; to many Labor men he is the unfearing left wing leader. Indeed, in certain London circles he is the object of fulsome flattery and absurd hero worship. He is, all the same, though, the enemy of all radicalism, one of the big forces in the cabinet. One may class with him his follower Colonel Wedgwood, in the sinecure Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster.

The **Chancellor of the Exchequer,** who controls the treasury, is Philip Snowden, who for many years worked together with MacDonald and faithfully reflects his political views. Stronger in his pacifism than MacDonald, he is still a man to whom the "class struggle" is not true even as a description of an economic fact, much less a basis for policy. His influence is less than it was, maybe partly because of his physical disabilities (he is a cripple). Add to this group E. W. Jowett (**First Commissioner of Works**). We come next to a surprising group of importations from the older parties—transferred Liberals who carry on the traditions of the governing classes. Lord Chelmsford (**First Lord of the Admiralty**) is an old gentleman who has been governor of black natives in various parts of the world, including India, and had slept for years in the House of Lords without disturbance. The reason for his sudden revival has already been given. Lord Haldane (**Lord Chancellor**), the chief law officer, served in Asquith's government in 1914. General (now Lord) C. B. Thomson (**Air Minister**) is another recent convert, but perhaps the most interesting is Mr. C. P. Trevelyan (**Education**). Mr. Trevelyan is a genuine pacifist: a man unquestionably honest, honorable and firm. He belongs to an old Whig family, and is the grandson of Lord Macaulay. He left the Liberal party because it did not hold to its professed principles. He hopes to find in the Labor party people who will revive these principles. Speak to him of the class struggle or of any question involving opposition on principle to the employers and you will meet, not opposition, but a blank—a complete lack of comprehension. It is impossible to view him without great respect and great disquiet. Something similar is true also of Baxton (**Agriculture**). Lord Parmoor (**Lord President of the Council,** an unimportant office) another old Liberal, owes his inclusion in the Cabinet to the need to have a certain number of members of the House of Lords there. Mr. MacDonald has had to create three "Labor peers" for this reason, and it is important to notice that no leader of working class origin would accept these "'honors". All three are of bourgeois origin.

Next comes the inevitable rush of mostly mediocre trade union officials. The **Home Secretary,** Arthur Henderson, who controls the police and prisons and other means of repression, has more administrative experience than most. He served in Lloyd George's War Cabinet as a Labor representative and was forced out for his support of the Russian plan for a Stockholm conference in 1917. He is of course a right wing man—no class-conscious socialist. The **Minister of Labor** (Tom Shaw) used to be secretary of the Second International: he is even more reactionary. All the others—Stephen Walsh (**War Office**), William Adamson, (**Scottish Office**), Vernon Hartshorn (**Post Office**)—are miners' representatives of no particular interest or personality. So far as they are politically conscious they are right wing. They cannot adorn the cabinet; it may reasonably be hoped that they will not disgrace it.

ON THE RIVER STYX—"We Ja

Robert Minor

...e Jake, we left some Hell behind us."

Maurice Becker

The German Worker and His New Masters, the American Bankers.

Two more are members of the old Fabian society—Sir Sidney (now Lord) Olivier (**India**) and Sidney Webb (**Board of Trade**). Webb is unquestionably the man with the best brain in the Cabinet. Personally, he is not very popular. But he has a far clearer head than most of his colleagues, and is unquestionably competent. He is nearly as fierce an anti-Communist as Ramsay MacDonald himself.

And that leaves two Cabinet Ministers, of very different characters: John Wheatley (**Health**, which includes housing) and J. H. Thomas (**Colonies**). Wheatley is the only "red" in the Cabinet. (Of course there are no Communists). He belongs to the Clyde group which in last session marked its contempt for Parliament and its revolutionary aims, both in its speeches and actions. At the time that this is written he has not had time to do anything, but the press is already singling him out for special abuse. As for J. H. Thomas, of him it would be difficult to write mildly. He is the extreme and rotten right winger, the hero of Black Friday. His first action on assuming office was to abuse the official and legal strike by the railway enginemen, and to act as strikebreaker and attempt to wreck the strike by describing it (falsely) as a "fiasco." He has made incredibly imperialist speeches since his taking office—speeches reeking of servility to the royal family. And so on.

Here is Labor's first ministry. What will it do? No one knows, not even Ramsay MacDonald.

Gas City

SPRAWLED on the sunny prairie, gorgeous in golden bloom,
The city of great beginnings stolidly waits its doom:
Faded its one-time glory, forgotten its vaunting dreams,
Pleased with a placid present, like a shiftless man it seems.
'Twas that strange fuel that flows unseen from out the heart of earth
That fed the flames of industry, and gave the city birth,
And many mills and smelters, with chimneys wide and high,
Sent up into the noisy night their glare against the sky;
The sound of hasty hammers was heard on every side,
And the city of the prairies took a swinging, mighty stride.
. . . Time passed. The magic fuel ran low. The mills were moved away,
And many a quiet year has ebbed since that eventful day,
Yet . . . sometimes . . . when the sunset winds swing through the waving grass
They bare the old foundation-stones . . . a moment . . . as they pass . . .

Nora B. Cunningham.

"Take The Road To The Left"

By Bertram D. Wolfe

May Day

MAY 1, 1923. May Day in Mexico! One hundred per-cent general strike. Not a car running. Not a paper printed. Not a phone bell rung. A huge demonstration of the Mexican Federation of Labor—a long parade that winds in and out of the principal avenues, bearing innumerable placards and signs. The legends they bear seek to recall everything calculated to interest or inspire a revolutionary proletariat.

Everything—and yet... not one placard, not one sign, that so much as mentions the fact that in a country that covers one-sixth of the earth's surface, the workers have assaulted an outpost of world capitalism, have taken it and are holding it for the rest of us.

"Great, isn't it?" says Roberto Haberman, one of the prominent leaders of the Federation, to me, and I cannot resist the reply:

"So many flags and signs, and not one that mentions Russia!"

His smile changes to a scowl and his face flushes with anger. "We're through with Russia," he snorts. "We'll fight that—country and those—Communists. We're through with Russia." International Workers' day—and the leaders of the official labor movement are boycotting the world's only workers' republic.

The Convention

September 25, 1923. Guadalajara. A heavy, puffy man with fat smooth face is on a platform, addressing the Mexican Federation of Labor. He looks like F. Opper's cartoons of "The Beef Trust" in the New York Evening Journal. Or like the popular conception of a political boss. His puffy hand flashes a diamond so big that one is impelled to think it is glass. Yet, for all his heavy fatness, there is a sense of lean, muscular mental power about him that makes the masses of flesh seem like ill-fitting clothes on an athletic body.

It is Luis N. Morones, founder, first general secretary, leader, brains and recognized boss of the Mexican Federation of Labor. He is giving an educational lecture to the thousand-odd delegates attending the convention. He is reporting on his trip to Europe, discussing conditions there, analyzing Fascism, the British Labor Party, nationalism and internationalism.

"The power of the British Labor Party is growing," he tells the delegates. "It is the most hopeful thing I saw in Europe."

But of Russia he has nothing to say. The policy of boycott made manifest in May, continues. So he ignores the fact that Europe has polarized around Moscow and Rome and chooses to draw an antithesis between Rome and London.

He turns his attention to Fascism and describes the havoc it has wrought. With a "Freudian" interest worthy of Greenwich village, he psychoanalyzes the mechanism of the turncoat performance of Mussolini. Blessed Benito had been expelled by the radical Italian leaders from a Congress, he tells the delegates, and those leaders had attacked him. Mussolini, being talented, vengeful and energetic, had then converted himself into the censor of his former comrades, indicating all their errors from the taking of the factories till the day the black shirts darkened Rome.

In this speech, many of the enemies of Morones see a defense of Fascism and of Mussolini, but it is not, for he paints Fascism as a menace and "an instrument of the Vatican and the Italian monarchy." He proposes to fight Fascism and his whole speech leads up to a resolution "for making Fascism impossible in Mexico."

The disastrous situation of the Italian proletariat, he attributes to the mistakes of its leaders, to their abandonment of nationalism to the Fascisti. He is not going to make that mistake. That is no reason why the Fascisti of Mexico should have a monopoly of nationalism and patriotism and use that monopoly as a weapon against the revolutionary proletariat. To fight Fascism and deny it this monopoly, he proposes that the Mexican labor movement should recognize nationalism, should become nationalist and patriotic. The convention carries a motion to display the national tricolor in all meetings and processions along with the red and black flag of the Federation.

The Confederation Regional Obrera Mexicana, which called itself the Labor Federation of the Mexican **Region** because it did not recognize countries and regarded its action in Mexico as a regional accident, has voted to give up its struggle to keep the proletarian mind free from nationalism, has voted to disavow the essentially international nature of the proletariat. It has declared war on the viper, Fascism, but in place of protecting the labor movement from the venom of nationalism, it has stolen a march on Fascism and injected the venom into its own body. The Mexican labor movement, begun in the Casa del Obrero Mundial (House of the World Worker) born revolutionary at least in its phraseology, has reached the depths of proletarian shame and degradation.

The Fascist Revolution

December 6, 1923. The Fascist storm has broken in Mexico. A military **coup d'etat** has been declared in Veracruz, not in the name of nationalism or patriotism, but in the name of "democratic institutions," of free suffrage, of the abolition of capital punishment—to the slogan of "Down with the tyrant and the presidential imposition." Phrases are cheap in Mexico.

The Fascist storm has broken. Ursulo Galvan, peasant leader, Communist, President of the League of Agrarian Communities of the State of Veracruz, is returning from the International Peasant Congress in Moscow. He receives a wireless saying: "Do not disembark at Veracruz. Fascism controls port." But he disembarks and escapes into the hills.

Man of powerful voice, revolutionary fervor, tremendous physique and commanding personality, he raises a

peasant army in the mountains behind, above and around the rebel lines.

In the port they are shooting communist leaders and the party local has organized an illegal group that is smuggling ammunition, guns, dynamite and provisions to Galvan's army up in the hills. The secretary of the Communist Youth, Guillermo Lira, is hung and the hanging body pierced with bullets. Carlos Cruz, Chano Ceballos and Juan Rodriguez Clara are lined up before a firing squad. Caracas dies in battle between the irregulars of Galvan and the rebels. Angel Lopez and J. Campo are killed in Cordoba. Five leaders of the anracho-syndicalists (Confederation General de Trabajadores) are summarily executed. The list grows too long for further enumeration. But the underground organization of the Communists continues, and food and munitions and dynamite continue to reach the peasant forces of Galvan.

The Fascist army of Guadelupe Sanchez advances on Mexico City. It is met at Esperanza by the federal troops and defeated there. It tries to retreat into the hills and meets the irregulars of the League of Agrarian Communities. Its retreat is cut off. It is demoralized. The rebellion collapses in Veracruz.

The Lenin Memorial

February 9, 1924. Felipe Carrillo, the biggest figure in the Mexican labor movement is dead, pierced by a hundred bullets of a fascist firing squad. Nicolai Lenin, the biggest figure in the world labor movement is dead! And the workers and peasants of the Federal District of Mexico have gathered in the School of Engineering to mourn their beloved comrades. Diego Rivera speaks on behalf of the Communist Party. Ramón P. De Negri, Minister of Agriculture, speaks on behalf of the Agrarista Party. He advocates a proletarian dictatorship in Mexico.

On the platform is a dark, puffy figure, too stout for its clothes. There is a glint of a big, glass-like diamond on his hand. It is Luis N. Morones. He says never a word, but in utter silence, presides over the meeting. The boycott is broken. The leaders of the Mexican labor movement have recognized Russia . . .

"I used to think," Roberto Haberman is saying to me, "that in Mexico we could do it differently. I always believed that we might show the world that a proletarian revolution could be made peacefully. I was even preparing a book on the subject.

"But this counter-revolution," he continues, "has convinced me that we'll have to borrow a leaf from the book of Russian history and use some dictatorship on these fellows." Yes, there's no doubt of it—the Mexican labor leaders are beginning to recognize Russia.

"My condolences on the death of the greatest leader of the world proletariat," cabled President Obregon to Moscow—the only head of a nation who voluntarily sent his condolences to Russia. The Chilean government was forced to do so by a threat of the two Communist deputies, supported by Socialists, radicals and liberals, to block all legislation until sympathy was expressed if not felt. And no other government, not even that of Laborite England, took official notice of Lenin's death.

"Lenin understood that it was necessary to confront the old classic dictatorships, the power and all the organized economy of the exploiting classes, with the dictatorship of the producers," declared the Agrarian leader and Minister of Agriculture, De Negri, on the public platform. Counter-revolution, it seems, is a great educator. What Korniloff did for Russia, what Kapp, Ludendorff and Hitler are doing for Germany, Le la Huerta, Sanchez and Estrada have done for Mexico.

The United Front

Where the iron heel trod hardest, there it ground out the petty squabbles for leadership, the sectarianism and schism,—in short, all that divides the fighting force of the proletariat. On February, workers of the port of Veracruz, officially representing every labor organization in the city, gathered together in the **Biblioteca del Pueblo** to elect a United Front Committee and to draw up a plan for a permanent united action of all workers' organizations against the common enemy. What the Communists teach in theory, history has taught in practice.

Where The Road Leads

"We'll take the cross-road leading to the right," said the Guadalajara convention in September. "You'll take the cross-road leading to the left," was the verdict of History in December. Yet the rate of movement must not be exaggerated. The official labor bodies have taken the road indicated, but they walk with feet of lead, and may retrace their steps with seven-league boots if they really discover which way they are going.

The army split in two on the first days of December—62 generals joining the rebellion and carrying generally their entire force with them. Viewed from a purely military standpoint, the Federals might have had the edge on the rebels, yet there were days when the fate of Mexico see-sawed in the balance, when labor-leaders and government officials in the Capital packed their grips, and the treasury department boxed its cash, preparatory to a getaway. A confidential report of the American secret service declared the chances as about fifty-fifty.

Then the workers and the peasants, the latter even more than the former, threw their weight into the vacillating balance on the side of the government, and the thing was decided. But Obregon, moderate liberal, had been disarming the more advanced sections of the workers and peasants. It is the government's fault that Guadelupe Sanchez was entrusted with the mission of disarming the advanced peasantry of Vera Cruz. It was owing to its policy of "pacification" that when the military Fascists took Felipe Carrillo prisoner, his people that loved him had not a rifle among them. When they gathered to rescue him from certain death, they came armed with naked machetes against machine guns and Mausers and cannon. Then brave Felipe was permitted to address the gathered Maya peasantry; and he said to them: "Go home, my brothers. Machetes are no match for machine guns. This will pass, as the summer clouds pass, and then you will go on with the work . . ." That night he died by the firing squad . . .

No, they don't know which way the road leads, these labor leaders. The Agraristas may. I think De Negri does. But the Laborites do not—I feel convinced of it. The

arming of the workers and the peasantry, the disarming of sixty-two generals and two entire divisions of the army is knocking the worm-eaten props out from under the bourgeois dictatorship in Mexico. In the last analysis the army is the state, and an army of workers and peasants, subjected to "Leninalysis," reveals itself as a dictatorship of the proletariat and the peasantry—as a farmers' and workers' government.

Yet, even now the labor leaders have no higher comprehension of the role of their organization than to conceive of it as the steadying tail to the governmental kite. They are electing a "laborite" to the presidency, but they are fools if they think he is "subject to party discipline," under control of the workers.

He is even more friendly to labor than Obregon and owes more to it. And he will pay more, more subsidies, more government jobs, more reforms, more labor men in key positions. They will be more important than ever to the steadying of the governmental kite, but they will still be the tail. Calles is no proponent of the dictatorship of the workers and peasants . . .

The Task Ahead

The Communist Party of Mexico threw all its force on the side of the government while the rebellion lasted. Now that it is ending, the Party issues a manifesto calling the attention of the workers to the errors of the government that made counter-revolution possible: the disarming of the peasantry of Vera Cruz, the disarming of the peasantry of Yucatan; the permittting of men like Guadalupe Sanchez and Enrique Estrada to remain in command of army divisions; the failure to shatter the bourgeois army and set up an army of the proletariat and peasantry; the failure of the partial revolution to destroy the bourgeois tribunals, thus rendering it possible by legal trickery to block the agrarian program of the revolution.

"When the workers and peasants of Russia conquered in the revolution of 1917," reads their manifesto," they created courts, not of lawyers and judges, but of workers and peasants . . . And the courts of workers' and peasants' Russia have never obstructed the Agrarian claims of the peasantry. Today there is not a single feudal estate in all Russia. That is what is called an Agrarian revolution.

"When the workers of Russia took power, they disarmed every sympathizer with the bourgeoisie and the landowners, fired all the reactionary generals, armed all the revolutionary peasants and workers, put a Communist, Trotzky, at the head of the army, made generals of the workers themselves, and formed their famous red guard. This red army has been capable, during six years, not only of blocking counter-revolution, but also of defeating intervention on the part of sixteen countries . . .

"And why," asks the manifesto, after pointing out the blundering contrasts of the Mexican revolution, "why so many errors in matters so simple? Bad faith? We don't think so. It's only that the government of Mexico still is not a **government of workers and peasants.** A government benevolent to the workers and peasants—yes. But a government **of the workers and peasants,** that not yet. That's the next task of the revolution. That's the whole program of the Communist Party . . .

"Only a government without a single reactionary judge can put an end to the legal and illegal trickery that is blocking the distribution of the land to him who works it. Only a government without a single reactionary governor, municipal president, police chief or other executive, can put an end to the intervention of the authorities against the workers and peasants. **Only an army without a single element that is not proletarian or peasant, can prevent further rebellions and assure the past and future conquests of the revolution.**

"The Communist Party invites the peasants and workers who wish to make in Mexico a government exclusively of the workers and peasants, to enter into its ranks. The Communist Party invites the Agrarian and Labor Parties to form with it a united front to achieve the government of the workers and peasants.

"Peasants and workers of the world, unite! Forward to the government of the workers and peasants in Mexico. Forward to the government of the workers and peasants in the entire world."

SONNET

HOW did we come, with our own hands, to chain
Body and soul to the chariot wheels of crazy
Conquerors and priests? now that the vain
Empires fade out and the mad creeds grow hazy,
There is good silence to question our belief;
All things: what we have held right and what wrong,
What folly gave us joy, what beauty grief,
And what idols overpowered us so long.

We shall go over thoughts from the beginning,
Follow the surest axioms to the edges
Of worlds greater than the one we see spinning;
And better to repudiate all pledges,
That we might give, if we must give, our blood
For gods whose faces shine with verihood.

Joseph Freeman.

STAR CLUTCHERS

STARS are far and stars are cold
Stars are prickly things to hold.
But how we reach and agonize
To snatch and tear the fragile skies;
And hold the stars! Our hands may bleed
But yet our fill of stars we need.
The little stars are silver sands
That still slip through our eager hands.
The stars are worlds that smile to see
Our feverish futility.
That hold themselves beyond our clutch
A star's a thing no man may touch
And live. But yet none live but those
Who clutch at stars until life's close.

Mary Carolyn Davies

Reparations

By John Noble

THE Spring wanderlust had brought Ludwig Richter back to Berlin. He strode along Friedrickstrasse swinging his hat. The balmy evening had drawn many people to the street. Some of them thought Ludwig was a foreigner and regarded him askance; but some remembered the day when Germany bred such men, and they followed his abrupt, vigorous steps with eyes more resentful than sad, and with smiles too bitter to be friendly. Only the women who were on the street for a purpose looked at him amicably; but he turned from the speculative recognition in their glance almost angrily, abashed by their number.

There had been a shower late in the afternoon and the pavements were still wet, reflecting the pale light of evening. The street was no longer a dull extent of asphalt, but an eerie highway of sad, suspended light, where dark vehicles glided along on their own distorted images.

Ludwig hurried on, going nowhere but too disturbed to pause. He came upon a side street where there were many beer-gardens, housed in any buildings that would provide shelter, from deserted stores to a stable. They were gathered here, evidently, like cheap concessions at a circus, to glean the overflow of people from a large place that bore the name "Das Schoenfleckchen." This appeared to be a huge, unpainted rooming-house on stilts; for all of one side and half of the front of the building was supported only by pillars behind which lay the brilliantly lighted expanse of a dance-floor, surrounded by hundreds of round tables and folding chairs. Farther back was the enclosed winter beer-garden. The remaining part of the ground floor was taken up by numerous private booths, and, facing the street, a shooting gallery, a bar and no less than a dozen stairways to the rooms above. It seemed impossible that such a place should be named "The Beauty Spot" without ironic intent. Yet Ludwig knew that such a supposition was absurd.

Over each of the stairways hung a sign advising all who cared to read that the "Schoenfleckchen" had for rent dancing parlors with adjoining rooms at a reasonable sum; or that it was forbidden to write on the hallway walls of the "Schoenfleckchen;" or that the price of a room was one mark (pre-war value) per hour, or two marks for a whole night. One weather-beaten sign proclaimed with crude wit "Today for cash—credit tomorrow." Near each entrance were one or two girls, talking or pretending to be occupied with some trinket as they watched the passers-by. The women seated in the beer-garden were ostentatiously doing nothing. Some of them, with their elbows upon the table and fingers interlaced beneath their chins, gazed out at the street with the boredom of long years of this sort of thing, some fingered vanity cases or cigarettes with professional nonchalance. But there were some who watched the entrance with evident uneasiness. Ludwig was puzzled by their presence, for he saw in their bearing and expression worn remnants of culture. They were not so aggressively female as their sisters near at hand. The men who arrived early passed them by.

Near the stairway next to the shooting gallery Ludwig came upon a girl who was surely less than sixteen years old, and a policeman. The girl was coaxing the man in uniform. Several times he moved away from her, but she followed him, persistently tugging at his coat. At last the officer seized by the collar a drunken youth who was vainly trying to prove his markmanship, and thrust him at the girl, with:

"Here is an escort for you!"

The girl flushed indignantly, and pushed the boy away so violently that he fell sprawling upon the sidewalk.

Ludwig turned and walked quickly away from the "Schoenfleckchen." Disorganized thoughts fled through his mind. He had expected to encounter hardship, but—no! the people were past hardship. Were they in a state of—not abandonment—what was the word to describe this reckless,

Georg Grosz

In the "Schoenfleckchen"

squirming, feverish passivity? Passivity! Yes! They seemed to accept something while they fought it.

Monsieur Fourier had said that the Germans had always been good debtors until now. Perhaps that was it! They believed in the obligation that they hated.

Hardship, and punitive hardship! Why had he not thought of that distinction when he was talking to Monsieur Fourier aboard ship?

Monsieur Fourier! That placid, keen Frenchman! How serenely he had spoken of what the Germans must expect until they had paid for their "debauchery;" how securely he rested in the "moral right" of France. His tenderness for his wife and child was undisturbed. He had shown Ludwig some of the gifts he has taking home to them. No doubt he was with them now, telling them of his journey; while Ludwig wandered in the city of his youth, among strangers. Ludwig's mood darkened.

He was again on Friedrichstrasse. The etherial greenish light had faded; over the sky was a veil of pale moonlight pierced here and there with the faint ray of a star. Beneath the brooding trees the street lamps gleamed with trembling reality, unaware of the timid, passionate breath of Spring. Ludwig forgot the Frenchman, and listened to the night. Everything seemed held in a sweet, unbalanced poise; breathless—upon the verge. Voices and laughter came from a distance—the sound of motor cars—a child crying. People hurried along, aroused and unappeased.

Nature, it seemed, was never weary of hope; every year this pendency, intent and expectant; and every year the pregnant air brought forth nothing. Ludwig remembered the phrase of a medical student: "A spectral conception." He laughed harshly and was shocked by the sound. He looked about, but there was no one near. A little distance away, however, he saw a crowd of people, their voices coming to him faintly, blurred by some mechanical music. He found that he had come upon the Zoological Gardens, and that the crowd had been drawn by nothing more than a merry-go-round. They stood there, gazing and laughing and passing remarks. He came toward them, and was gathered into their midst. They stood all about him, hectic, talking. They were not amused; but there was music here and a sort of excitement.

A girl of about twelve stood near Ludwig, absorbed in the merry-go-round. Every time it stopped she danced with impatience, and when it started again she stood looking mournfully and hungrily at the pleasure of those who rode. From her shabby, outgrown dress Ludwig knew she could not afford a ride. The pretty face was pallid from undernourishment, and dark circles showed beneath her brilliant, large eyes. He looked around for her parents, but she was evidently alone. It was easy to see she longed for a ride, and taking from his pocket the equivalent of an American quarter, he touched her on the shoulder, smiling. She looked up, startled, and, before he could ask her if she would like to ride, she drew back and disappeared in the throng, disdaining the money.

But a little while later, when he had been pressed nearer to the merry-go-round, he felt a pull at his coat, and there she was again, shrinking but resolved.

"Gnaediger Herr, I would like to ride, too."

"I was going to ask you if you wanted to ride," Ludwig said, "when you pushed away from me."

Georg Grosz

"Today for Cash—Credit Tomorrow"

She hung her head and started to draw back once more. But he quickly gave her the money, and told her to ride as much as she liked. She looked with amazement at the sum he had given her, and then ran to the merry-go-round. There she spent all of the money.

Many times the horses and lions and camels stopped, and she changed her mount and rode again, with: "My horses won last time, but it's the rider that counts!"

Every one was amused: "Ach! To be young again!"

Ludwig stood waiting to see how much pleasure his small quarter could buy. At last it was spent. He turned from the crowd, and as he gained the outer edge, he felt a small hand on his arm.

"All right, Gnaediger Herr, I am ready. But the rooms at the 'Schoenfleckchen' are not nice at all. Could you not take me some place else?"

Scarcely comprehending, Ludwig looked down and beheld the child in her threadbare dress. One of her hands worked nervelessly at a button strained by the barely rounded breasts. Her eyes, wide and expressionless, were fixed upon the ground; and the flush of Spring's fulfilment was just fading from her cheeks.

Literature and the Machine Age

By Floyd Dell

VII.

THERE was perhaps one book out of all the literature of the past which had a universal currency among us, one poem which had a real meaning to us all—a meaning so thoroughly conned at the time, so turned over and over in our young minds, so deeply and thrillingly and exhaustingly felt, that it is difficult for us to remember it without weariness or amusement. It is like our boyhood's favorite tune, or our first experience in calf-love: it meant too much to us then to mean anything at all to us now.

Nevertheless, the poignant philosophy of that book, that poem, was woven inextricably into the fabric of our youth. That book, that poem, was Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

A Gospel of Youth

It would have seemed ironic enough to any of the Victorian Great if they could have known in the year 1858, that none of their works were destined to rival in the interest of the next generation that little book lying unsold on the twopence stalls—that not any of their profundities or braveries or consolations were to be such a gospel to eager and troubled youth as its pages could furnish. And that fact is a phenomenon well worth looking into.

The secret of the spell which this book cast upon the imagination of the late nineteenth century can be found in the fact betrayed by its title—the fact that the West had exhausted its spiritual energy in the vain effort to answer the riddle of life, and it had turned to hear what the East had to utter out of its vaster disillusionment.

The East had replied in effect: The answer is that there is no answer. Life is a meaningless illusion. In the end, as in the beginning, is Nothing.

If we translate this statement into terms of Western theology, it means simply that there is no Heaven and no Hell; that the present moment is all. And if we translate it again into the idiom of social idealism, it means that the idea of a social Hereafter which had tormented the nineteenth century imagination was illusion: Utopia but a vision of fulfilled desire, and men's worst fears for the future but the reflection of their own bad consciences....

It is no accident that men should have given up the idea of a future life at the same time that they gave up their hopes and fears for anything better or worse to come than capitalism. It was but "striking from the calendar unborn To-Morrow." Nor was it an accident that they should have renounced, under quasi-scientific sanction, the burden of personal responsibility for their actions, at a time when their economic conduct seemed to have lost the last shreds of ancient theological justification—when it seemed to be for neither the greater good of man nor the greater glory of God.

In a variety of forms which have left no adeqate record in literature—in theosophies and bastard creeds with strange and silly technical terminologies—and in the high seats of philosophy, the Oriental quietism gained adherents. But in this quietism there were different moods for different minds.—If life is a painful illusion, and Nirvana the goal to be desired, it might seem that the believers in this doctrine would take advantage of their freedom from responsibility for their actions, and attain their goal by suicide. But something in human nature, even in the East, balks at so stringent a working out of the mathematics of this creed. Even Schopenhauer, who accepted the Eastern doctrine in so faithful a form, was content to endure existence with stoic fortitude. But there were other ways than stoic endurance of pain which are opened up by the theory of personal irresponsibility; having realized that nothing matters, one might as well endure Pleasure!

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
Your winter-garment of Repentence fling."

For the first time in the history of Western idealism, it was possible to live a life of worldly pleasure with complete philosophical dignity. Horace had only set the stern old Epicurean stoicism to a gay tune. Mediaeval students had sung:

"Some think this world is made for fun and folly
And so do I!"

—or words to that effect in Latin doggerel. But they were only indulging in the privilege of youth to jest about serious matters. Byron had mocked at our human falling from the old ideals of duty, rather than at the ideals themselves; fundamentally, he was a strict, old-fashioned moralist. And Shelley wanted to abolish the old code of morality only in order to establish new and more rigorous ones. But duty had been abolished by despair, and despair itself was free to put off its tragic robes and join the "guests star-scattered on the grass."

In this mood, out of the wisdom of the East, Fitzgerald set before the Western world the vain pageant of its life.

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go . . ."

Life, Death and Love—all vanity: but why be sad about it? Myself when young did eagerly discuss the implications of Darwinism. But what do these implications matter to us? We are what Natural Selection has made us. We are the Clay which Evolution shapes to its own purposes. And if we seem shaped ill—

"What! Did the Hand, then, of the Potter, shake?"

It was the tender and melancholy music of Fitzgerald's phrases which gave beauty to these ideas; but it was the utter philosophical sincerity, the completeness and candor with which they set forth a view of life, that gave power to the phrases. It was a call to youth, troubled with questionings about life, to trouble no more. With such eloquence and tenderness did Fitzgerald's Omar describe the weary circle of adolescent thought, so gently did he mock at the uselessness of thinking, so seductively did

he weave every hue of warm earthly loveliness into his garland of flowers to crown the head of careless revelry, that youth must needs enter into his enchanted garden of forgetfulness....

"And Thou Beside Me in the Wilderness."

It need not be imagined that Omar, or Fitzgerald, seduced young men into overmuch dalliance with either wine or women, not to speak of song. For all these things belong to the world of reality, the painful world of reality, which it is the mission of Oriental philosophy even in Omarian vein to teach us to renounce. It was the unphilosophic tribe, the robustly illusioned ones who were able to enjoy unthinkingly the commonplace gifts of life—it was these who really carried out Omar's injunctions, usually without having heard of Omar. But as for imaginative youth—no: it was usually to a realm of purely fanciful revelry that Omar introduced his young readers: to a world in which women and wine are a symbol of forgetfulness—a world of dreams.

The spell of Omar was at last broken for us; perhaps by hearing his vinous rhymes quoted at some sad cafe gathering of middle-aged persons (or so they seemed to us then) who had quite realistically applied "drink and wimmen" as a salve to egoisms bruised in the actual struggle of life, and who used the Omarian philosophy as an adventitious aid to the process—seeking to induce by the charm of its tinkling music the rosy glow which real alcohol was too often by itself unable to cast over their essentially monotonous diversions....

The world-weariness of youth is just a little disgusted by the weariness of the worldly; and though we felt infinitely aged and infinitely wise, we were nevertheless a thousand years too young to listen with any patience to the sophistication of the disappointed forties. We left Omar in the cafe among these stragglers from life's battlefield, and passed on.

But we had already found the Omarian philosophy inadequate as a guide to the enjoyment of the pleasures which most of all appealed to us, the pleasures of Love. We were prepared to forget in its Intoxication the whole Wrangle of the Sects. But Love, contrary to the Omarian formula, was less an Intoxication than a new and a worse Wrangle. It was the subject matter of a debate more endless than the old debates about Life and Death. If these were difficult to understand, Woman was no less so.

"And Thou beside me, singing, in the Wilderness"—yes, but upon which terms did She, whose presence was so necessary to the lovely scene, consent to come? Scarcely upon the terms suggested by the Omarian philosophy of not taking things too seriously!

The actual women of the time, at least those with whose conversation a philosopher would not become bored after a very few minutes, were demanding that they be taken very seriously indeed. The world, it seemed, was full of Modern Women. Perhaps that was because we particularly sought them out, and encouraged their bewildering existence by our bewildered attentions. Indeed, different as they were from the docile kind of feminine loveliness envisaged by Omar, and though their companionship was less in the nature of a Cup of Wine than of an obscure mathematical puzzle, when once we had discovered them we lost our taste for mere easy and unadventuruous thirst-quenching feminity. "Ah, call it Whisky and be done with it!" we might have said, in the words of an Omarian parodist. We had sought escape from intellectual and spiritual struggle in the companionship of the other sex, only to find ourselves involved in a more poignant intellectual and spiritual struggle—the struggle to understand the humanness of women; and we seemed to like it! If women were not troublesomely modern, we sought to make them so. We came to lose our fingers in the tresses of some cypress-slender Minister of Wine, and remained to perplex her against her will with the tangled problems of Tomorrow. When she was not discontented with the limitations of law and tradition upon her human personality, we endeavored to convince her that she should be—a rash proceeding which was destined to increase the complexity and the pain of our own problems later on!

VIII.

It needed, it seemed, but a word or two, out of a book or newspaper,—and not least preferably from the lips of some young male idealist—to turn what had been perfect pictures of Victorian domestic femininity into (as it must have seemed to their fathers and mothers) raging and irresponsible monsters of modernism, who must forthwith go off to college, out to work, into a profession, on to the stage, over to a settlement house, with doubtless worse in prospect.

Modern Young Women.

We flattered ourselves with the thought that, if we were not exactly the Frankensteins who had created these new beings, yet it was the impulse of the ideas which we expressed that motivated their insurgent activities. We realized that there must have been, smouldering behind that placid Victorian parlor-picture which they had first presented to our gaze, a fund of resentment, of irritation, of suppressed hostile criticism, against the petty tyrannies and injustices of their home-life and of their traditional lot. But we supposed that it was the larger vision which our generalizations had furnished them, that resolved their secret discontent into overt rebellion.

And it was indeed, perhaps, the technical phraseology which we provided, that gave them the courage to denounce their wrongs. For discontents which can only be stated in the domestic vernacular, are, so far as a woman knows, evidences of a peculiar disposition in herself which had best be concealed. But wrongs which have attained the dignity of a technical vocabulary of their own, constitute a Cause. Our feministic terminology was a reputable medium for the utterance of old grudges and new ambitions; and the eagerness with which these young rebels took up our phrases left us no reason to suppose that their conception of the goal of feminist aspirations was not the same as ours.

Nora Slams the Door.

Nevertheless, their feminism and ours were unconsciously different, and that difference is of some importance in the social developments of the time. It can be shown in many things upon which we supposed we agreed with each other; but it can perhaps be shown most simply in what we thought—or rather felt—about Ibsen's Nora.

In that strange Norwegian poet who used our contemporary joys and sorrows and misadventures as symbols of his own far-seeing hopes and somber fears, there was a strain of happy and of tragic prophecy. He believed, and yet disbelieved, in the individualism which was the dominant quality of his age. Sometimes he pictured the individual as freeing himself, heroically and triumphantly, from the restraining influence of the social mass; sometimes as wrecking the common happiness of that social mass in insane efforts to achieve such freedom. Even so, he admired the spirit of individualism—but as one admires Fire. He put into concrete domestic drama, as Goethe had done at the beginning of the century into cloudy fable in his "Faust," the proud, reckless, tragic, splendid career of the triumphant bourgeoisie. But to us at least, his darker symbols of foreboding were, as yet, mysterious, if not quite meaningless. We could not quite understand his Heddas, his Brands, his Master Builders. But we could understand his Nora, and she became for us the symbol of Woman in Revolt.

When Nora went out, slamming the door behind her, we all applauded. But we who were young male idealists applauded a different thing than did those of us who were young feminine insurgents.

"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes"

—a thing which even the moralist upon the road who preaches rebellion to the toad, doesn't know.

These young women who saw themselves in Nora knew—and it has taken us male idealists all this time to find out—that Nora had put up with all the masculine authoritarianism she could stand. She had been willing to be a Doll in a Doll's House as long as it worked; she was willing to charm the idle moments of a superior and infinitely wise being as long as he could function effectively as such. But he had lost his place of superiority, demonstrated himself a fool, and what is worse, a coward; and she was prepared to step in and help run things. The one thing she couldn't stand was his still pretending to be the boss. So she walked out of the door, intending first of all to fit herself, by a human instead of a "doll" training, to share in a responsibility which he was clearly unfit to bear alone. Maybe she would come back. That **maybe** meant: if he puts off those ridiculous and offensive masculine airs of superiority.

That was what Nora meant to the young women whom we took to see "A Doll's House." They had learned the secret of masculine inefficiency long before, and they were fed up with the male's preposterous airs of superiority. They had stood from fathers and brothers and male acquaintances and wooers all of that sort of thing they thought they could stand. Their egotism was in revolt against the too easy method of getting their way by flattering the egotism of the male. They wanted to get out of a man-dominated realm. And so they applauded when Nora left home.

It was only later, when this feminist idealism began to solidify into the great political movement of "votes for women," and to manifest itself in the economic field as a demand for "equal pay for equal work," that we began to suspect the truth. We were annoyed by what seemed to us (though we gallantly denied the possibility of such a thing) an anti-masculine flavor in this later feminist spirit. And we were amused by what appeared to be the disproportionate anger with which women who did not like to smoke in private met the fact that they could not smoke in public. It was not man that they were hostile to, but that masculine authoritarianism which is nearly coextensive with our sex. It was not the masculine cigarette they wanted, so much as the abrogation of the masculine right to boss women around and tell them what they should and should not do.

They were come to the second stage of their revolt, in which they realized by experience what had been in the books for them to see, but what they had never really thought to be the case, that not the home alone is dominated by masculine arrogance, but that this is as a whole, most tremendously and offensively, a "man-made world."

The Girl and the Machine

But of all this we never dreamed. Our feelings about Nora were quite different. We knew pretty much what kind of a world it was Nora was going out into. We were there in that world ourselves. We didn't like it. We didn't think it glorious that we earned our own living. We knew that earning a living was likely to be a rather commonplace and a rather nasty affair. We knew that the thing which was sending girls by the hundreds of thousands out of the home into the shops and factories was not idealism, but necessity. We knew that capitalism was breaking up the old-fashioned home, and using its feminine inmates for purposes of its own, which had the future of the race least of all at heart. We knew that women in industry were hideously exploited, and that they would have to fight inch by inch, as men had fought, for breathing-space in it. . . And yet we idealized this process; we praised it. We believed in it as a means of the regeneration of the social scheme.

That was because (a) it was actually going on; and (b, c, d . . . x, y, z) for various other reasons; but chiefly because it was going on. We were the children of Darwinism; we believed that the present is better than the past, and the future the justification of the present. Woman-in-industry was an economic fact, and sacred as such. It was only as a process made up of such facts that we could envisage Progress. This was the "struggle for existence," this was "natural selection," and out of it should come, inevitably, a new breed of womankind, splendidly fit . . . for what?

Doubtless, if we had had these ideas consciously instead of unconsciously in mind, we would have said—fit to survive in such a struggle. The Darwinian theory, in its rashest social analogue, promised us no more than that. At the best, it said: the sheltered female may not be able to stand the racket, but cheer up—woman will adapt herself, and survive!

But just as our Darwinism was unconscious, so was it sentimental. In the dark background of our minds it had become inextricably confused with the vestiges of Utopian hope of which nothing could quite rob us. And so—what our fathers and grandfathers would have been quite unable to comprehend—we liked, we approved, we desired, we idealized the result of this process of adaptation. We were

likely to conceive of Her of the Future in Whitmanesque terms:

"They are not one jot less than I am,
They are tanned in the face by shining suns and blowing winds,
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength,
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend themselves,
They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm, clear, well-possessed of themselves."

These qualities, the gifts of a pioneer or of an aristocratic stage of culture so far as the world had offered them to our view, we did not doubt to be the ultimate and universal reward to womankind of the machine-process to which they had begun to surrender themselves. . . .

But the mills of the gods grind slowly, and our utopian desires looked for some immediate results from this process which would commend the new womankind to our fancy. And we found what we wanted in the most obvious and indubitable and first result of that process. It threw woman freely into our company.

We had chafed against the shelter to which the vestigial feudalism of the Home subjected her, and the artificial narrowing of her personality and activities by such an institution. We wanted her as a Companion. We wanted her, no doubt, more as the companion of our play than of our work; but it was truly in learning to work with us that she learned for the first time to play with us. She now played with us, that is to say, upon our own accustomed masculine terms. She became like us, like what the world we worked in had made us, for good or ill—more interested in ideas, more honest, and less finiking. Our Victorian ancestresses would have said that she had become, like us, coarsened. But we liked her.

The Glorious Playfellow.

The difference between the masculine and the feminine idealists of this period is now apparent. We were content with what was happening to woman because what we wanted was something for ourselves—a Glorious Playfellow . . . . But they wanted something different—something for **themselves.** They wanted freedom only as a means to the increased satisfaction of a self-respect—or an egotism, if you will—too long cramped and chafed by masculine rule. They wanted Happiness—the happiness that comes from being a freely expressive and largely active personality. And they did not find it in the outside world into which they had so confidently burst—nor at the college, nor in the professions, nor on the stage, nor in settlement work. We had not expected that they would. We thought they would be content with the joy of struggle. But they needed the joy of achievement.

We might never had discovered the discouragement which underlay their courage, if it had not been that they failed to find what they wanted, not only in all those other places, but also in their association with us! It was bad enough to find themselves still inferiors battling for their right to exist in the world of work; but when they found themselves still at a disadvantage in the world of play—that was too much.

In this age of woman-champions in everything from tennis to flying, that may seem absurd: but think back to the beginnings of this feminine doughtiness, and you will find in that early chagrin the origin of this enterprise. . . . It was no comfort to be able to dance unwearied until morning; they had always been able to do that, and there was no relish in such a medieval triumph. What counted was what men could do—argue till morning, for instance, or even play poker till morning. Oh, the secret humiliation of having dozed off at 2 p. m. in the midst of a very enlightening discussion of Whistler or the Single-Tax!

But out of this shame, tutored by the new honesty which they had learned, came a deep questioning of the validity of our masculine ideas. It was simply the old situation over again—we were running things, as usual. And perhaps at the heart of this ancient masculine authoritarianism there was the ancient masculine bluff! Perhaps the things we men thought important were not so important. Perhaps—a profound "perhaps"—their emotions about their situation were truer than our ideas, their disappointment more significant than our approval.

Perhaps there was not so very much fun in being a modern woman after all. And perhaps it was **our** fault.

When they succeeded at last in making these thoughts articulate, when they battered down our glorious long-term generalizations with immediate prosaic facts—when they pointed out that, no matter what you said, women had the hardest row to hoe, and that we weren't doing a damn thing to make it easier—when this happened, our masculine feminism began, sadly, to part company with theirs.

For although we sat up and listened, and in reply talked gorgeously about what might be done to relieve the double burden upon womankind—though we even sketched for them the co-operative apartment houses of the Future (with day and night nurseries, and skilled nurses to take care of the children, since that was what was bothering them!)—and projected timidly, having as yet but the slightest faith in anything but economic processes, a state-pension for mothers: though we brought out our best Words, yet they were not satisfied. . . . . They went off by themselves, in Women's Clubs from which we felt hurt to find ourselves excluded, to plot votes for women, factory legislation, and equal pay for equal work.

Some of us insisted on tagging after them and assisting with their plots; but the specifically masculine kind of feminism had a new and independent development, which we will consider a little later.

(Continued in May Liberator)

Drivers

PULL back at your reins, O driver!
To the curve in the steel of your muscles,
To the twist in the wire of your wrists,
Tighten your reins with an oath, O driver!

Let your horses hear familiar speech, O driver!
In the swish and the snap of your whip,
In the twang of your whip in the air,
Let them know a master's strength, O driver!

It is not wise for beasts to hear, O driver,
The crack of the phantom whips you hear,
It is not wise for beasts to know, O driver,
That you are driven by a greater fear!

Herschell Bek.

REVIEWS

Drudgery and Dreams

"The First Time in History." *By Anna Louise Strong.* *Boni and Liveright, New York*

LEON Trotzky has written the preface to Anna Louise Strong's book; I cannot do better than quote what seems to me an extraordinarily important paragraph:

"More than once we have observed that the very persons and groups among the intellectuals who accepted the Revolution but sighed on account of her cruelties and destructive influence on culture, yet felt themselves not only injured but somewhat insulted when the Revolution went over to the insistent drugery of daily effort—from the heights of tragic poetry they, don't you see, were thrown down to the prosaic depths of the NEP.

"The trouble is that the ethical-aesthetic standard by which is guided a considerable, and not the worst, part of the intellectuals, is entirely unfit for the grasping of great historical events. History is not at all guided in its movements by the rules of morals and beauty; it follows the logic of its inherent forces, the classes and material factors underlying the bases of all society. . . . . . .The new class, in the severe struggle towards a new epoch of history, by that very struggle lays down paths to new ethics and aesthetics."

"By that very struggle lays down paths to new ethics and aesthetics—" what a morning of the world that sentence calls up! All that was stale and feeble in the old world is suddenly seen in the light of the early sun. And if that light is still chill, and if the house of life is still dirty with the debris of yesterday's orgy, it is none the less morning; there is a whole sunlit day ahead for the children of men! The life of the emotions and spirit, which had become for most people a bundle of murdered dreams, of thwarted starveling souvenirs, of meaningless forms and rules, suddenly blossoms out again like Jesse's rod. Life is to be lived again, not merely endured, though in the struggle many ugly things happen, many cruel things. This book of Anna Louise Strong's is about this struggle to build up the new life, and "she tries to understand and explain how these facts grew out of the past in its conflict with the future."

Miss Strong's book is neither theory nor propaganda. She endured typhus and famine; she travelled the length and breadth of Russia. She went to the oil-fields of Baku and the villages of Siberia. And she tells, not about the days of military overthrow of which we have read so much, but of what is being done in running the giant life-machine that is Russia.

The New Economic Policy is acclaimed by many as the downfall of Communism. Miss Strong shows how it is considered in Russia the new road to Communism. For there never has been communism in Russia, and there never can be until the industries and agriculture of Russia are modernized. Russia was behind most of the great nations of the world in her industrialization before the war; by encouragement of "private interests," that will develop and organize her production capacity, Russia hopes to make possible real communism. And meantime, the Workers Republic holds the basic resources, the schools and the press. "So far, and no further" says Russia. "For although the State trusts of Russia are exactly like capitalist trusts as we know them, in matters of profit-making and organization, there is this final difference. When the reports come in at the end of the year, the stockholders to whom report is made are the State; the disposal of those profits and next years policy is a public affair, publicly discussed and decided. The unions in every industry are as much interested in increasing production as the manager is, for it will return to them partly in increased wages and partly in the glory of having it known to all that their industry has advanced and is helping Russia." In a technically unskilled and unorganized country this is as near to communism as they can go at present.

The chapter, "How Moscow Keeps House" will be illuminating to many who have wondered how such things as housing, sanitation and public utilities are being run in Russia today. "The Church Revolution" is a strange and romantic chapter of history, one of the developments of the Revolution that could not have been foreseen. "The Story of Russian Oil" is perhaps the most significant chapter.

In the chapter entitled "The Bread Basket of Europe" is a little sentence that tells why the masses of Russia have supported their government while all the other governments of the world were crumbling; why they could endure famine and hardship and misery, and not overthrow the Soviet Government. "The Russian peasant may be ignorant and poor and starved at present but he has a darned better prospect ahead of him than any farmer in the world, when once he gets going. . ." This was said to Miss Strong by a group of American farmer boys working in the famine area of Russia. Include in this the worker of the cities, and you have the new hope that fills the people of Russia. They can afford to compromise through the Nep in exchange for knowledge, they can afford to be patient under their great difficulties, knowing that when a young generation, trained to ask "Why?" and to demand an accounting, grows to manhood, no power on earth can enchain it again.

L. G.

The University of Hard Knocks"

"My University Days." *By Maxim Gorky.* *Boni and Liveright, New York*

MAXIM Gorky was one of the many step-sons of Mother Russia, and when he was old enough she sent him to the only school that she provided for her step-children. Equipped with keen insight, a love of beauty and a deep tenderness toward his fellow men, he graduated with honors. In "My University Days" he outlines the courses which transformed him from a naive youth who believed himself destined to become a scientist, to a maturing man established in the world of literature. It is not difficult to trace Gorky, the idealistic dreamer of the revolution which would right all wrongs in a few months to Gorky, disillusioned and left far behind by the hard necessities of revolutionary realism.

We wander through Russia with him, and through his searching, kindly eyes we see various strata of the turbulent Russian life of his day. Groups of students meet in secret to talk vaguely and brilliantly of the unhappy existence of the "martyr-peasant." Gorky realizes the futility of this idealistic talk, for only in these groups and in books are found this Christ-like compassion for man; life itself is harsh and full of strife. And the peasant, actually? A strange mixture of god and beast, vividly described in the account of a night of "monastic pleasures" arranged by the cruel, thieving station-master, Afrikan Petrovsky. They dance, and in their dancing "there is no merriment, no light-winged joy that lifts a man over the earth—it is very nearly a stage of religious enthusiasm. . . In this whirlwind of bodies—there is a crashing strength and its everlasting restlessness seems to me very nearly despair . . . they intoxicate each other by a common ecstatic love for the song, the dance, the female body, for the triumphant beauty of movement and sound." The god stirs in the beast, but soon, " 'Undress the women,' shouts Petrovsky. . . They ate and drank—and after that began an indescribable nightmare. . . In their sensuality, I felt a mixture of refined vengeance born of the incapacity to empty themselves, to relieve themselves of something that disfigured and oppressed them." Many such passages bring home to the reader the sensuality inherent in Russians, even in the intelligentsia where it is hidden deep under their culture and idealism.

We meet many fine, virile characters—peasants, students and intellectuals—figures familiar to one acquainted with the Russian revolutionary and artistic world. Every one talks about life, every one is curious to know the hidden meaning of it; even the brazen, provocative prostitute, Lioska, seeks to explain herself. "It's from being bored that I lost my shame. I'm bored, man. . ."

This third of Gorky's autobiographies is an engrossing narrative that carries the reader swiftly over several years of his life, through an interesting love affair, to his first literary achievements, leaving the reader with the satisfied feeling of having spent his time well.

Ida Dailes.

The Golden-Egg Industry.

"The Goslings." By Upton Sinclair. Upton Sinclair Publisher, Los Angeles.

WHEN a new Upton Sinclair book appears, I settle down to it with a delightful uncertainty as to whether it is going to be by Don Quixote or by Sherlock Holmes. For Upton is a medium, though you may not know it. "The Metropolis," "Sylvia," "Simon the Seeker," and "They Call Me Carpenter," surely were dictated by the windmill-hunting Spaniard's spook. On the other hand, "The Brass Check," "The Profits of Religion," and "The Goose-Step" (that "Who's Who" of interlocking doctorates), were doubtless inspired by the Master Sleuth, from beyond the Great Divide, so ingeniously do they track down the villains in these perrenial mystery cases, the press, the church, and the colleges.

The latest is "The Goslings," a showing up of the public schools. No, it isn't about education. Here is a secret clue to aid you; public schools haven't anything to do with education. The school-system is really a market—no, guileless reader, not for knowledge, but for real-estate, or text-books, or cement, or plumbing, or bricks, or desks, or jobs, or anything else that any up-and-coming politician wants to sell. So naturally the school-boards aren't made up of pedagogues and psychologists and such, who, everybody knows, are quite ignorant of politics and trading, but of "realtors" and politicians and job-hunters of all sorts. And "The Goslings" tells how, and often when and where, to the great interest and amusement of the reader. There are many delectable anecdotes; I recall Chapter Twenty, "Melodrama in Chicago," and Twenty-Four, on the schools of the Golden Gate. Read it, and when you are through chuckling (out of the wrong side of your mouth) at the slickness of our smart Rotarians, congratulate yourself that you are able to read at all, after an American public school education. You must have been indeed a bright child.

Art Young's frontispiece is exquisite caricature. These asthmatic little geese, learning how to hiss in the proper goosly fashion, their little knee-pants so stubbornly stuck out behind, are so much like the poor conscientious stupid little products of a few grades of public schooling. Well, if the schools teach nothing of the race's stored-up knowledge, nothing of the great rich treasures of thought, nothing at all of the new liberating marvels of science, the knowledge of which is so necessary to the realization of a socialized life—they do very well what they are really meant to do. They teach generation after generation of little goslings to lay golden eggs for their owners, to hiss at all strange birds, to decoy their wild brothers to the farmyard, and never, never, under any circumstances, to ask "WHY?"

Lydia Gibson.

Once Over.

"Folio." By Thirty-Two Artists. Published by Themselves. New York.

THIS is the first annual publication of an interesting experiment undertaken by a group of artists in New York, who were tired of the censorship of Editors. Each artist has a page in this loose-leaf folio, upon which he, or she, is free to print anything. Some have used their pages for pictures, some for poems, or stories, or even music. The page that fills me with most joy is Wanda Gag's completely beautiful drawing. A chair, a table, a shadow; out of the simplest elements, the commonest associative values, she has made a perfect picture. Francis Faragoh's story, "Motherhood," is excellent, and drawings by Art Young, Louis Ribak, Maurice Sterne, Gropper, and several others, are very good. Of the poetry, only Horace Kallen's and Keene Wallis's interest me particularly; the others all have a reminiscent ring. The most surprising feature is the lack of any startling originality in most of the work. "Folio" should appear again; it is worth while. But next year we hope that these artists will be more reckless in editing their own work.

L. G.

"Told by an Idiot." *Bp Rose Macauley. Boni and Liveright, New York.*

ROSE Macauley makes all the people in this tale of three generations astonishingly real. She tries to take the kick out of our youthful illusions of rebellion by showing each generation going through the same revolt, to the alarm of their forgetful elders, yet not getting any further after all. It is a vivid review of events as they affected the general run of English people from mid-Victorian days to our own, told with much irony and humor. The sort of book to counteract any lurking belief we may have in the absolute uniqueness of our own experience. Read it, if only for the pleasure of cluttering up the margins with those fearlessly pencilled controversial comments on the author's ideas, which we all love to make, safe in solitude and with no danger of the author answering back.

L. G.

"Children of the Dead End," by Pat McGill. Dutton, New York.
"Moleskin Joe," by Pat McGill. Harper Bros., New York.

ANOTHER dead Irishman. A dozen years ago Pat McGill wrote vividly of his life as an English casual laborer—the exhausting toil, the horrible, barren existence —a splendid book, "Children of the Dead End." Then he married and became respectable. "Moleskin Joe" is the fruit of his Babbithood. The navvy berserk has become a piece of suet. A child wanders into his life and touches his rough heart, he makes four hundred quit booze and cards and oaths and loud talk, and toils and saves for the bairn. At the end he gallantly goes to the pen for another's crimes, on the kid's mother's promise to wait and wed him, when he comes back a cockroach capitalist. An inspiring book; a splendid moral!

G. McL.

"Outstanding features of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case," by Elizabeth Glendower Evans. Published by New England Civil Liberties Committees, Boston.

WERE it not for the urgent reality of the facts involved, this new pamphlet on the Sacco-Vanzetti case would read very much like a carefully-planned detective story. Out of the tangled mass of evidence presented in the trial, Elizabeth Glendower Evans has sorted the chief events which led to the imprisonment of these two young Italian-American strike leaders, and has woven them into a running narrative, interspersed with comments which are now mere explanations of confusing testimony, now spirited answers to the many false conclusions which have been drawn by juries and by a poisonous press. The inclusion of personal letters from the defendants to Mrs. Evans and to other sympathizers, written while the prisoners were struggling to learn as much English as they could, adds to the story a touch of intense humanness. These letters, together with familiar descriptions of the personalities of the men, prevent such a misconception of Mrs. Evans' purpose as would consider this pamphlet a document for research or a piece of literature. Never for a moment are we allowed to forget that Sacco and Vanzetti are products of our own time, struggling in a trap set by labor-baiting authorities, and that their long and unjustified term of imprisonment is not a theme for a plot, but a brutal actuality.

Elsa Bloch.

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

Of The Liberator, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1924.

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:

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

Publisher, The Liberator Publishing Company, 1009 North State Street, Chicago; Editor, Robert Minor, 1009 North State Street, Chicago; Managing Editor, Robert Minor, 1009 North State Street, Chicago; Business Manager, Nancy Markoff, 1009 North State Street, Chicago.

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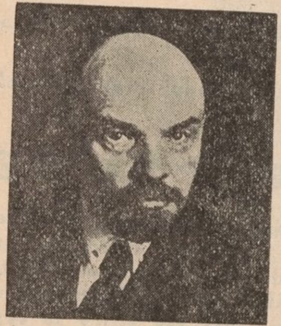
FRAME  **IT!**

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