

Liberator

June 1923

20c



Frank Walts

CONCERNING OURSELVES

You who read these lines (and we who write them) are of many opinions representing many schools of political and economic thought. Our beliefs on many subjects are sharply at variance; upon some we heartily agree; upon others we approach unanimity at various points.

But upon ONE subject we ALL agree-THAT THE LIBERATOR IS WORTH WHILE. Our good friend, The Honorable H. G. Tucker, of the Wisconsin Legislature, about expresses the idea: he writes, "Although I disagree with the policy of your magazine in its strong leaning towards Communism and do not believe it to be the best policy for the political as well as the economic interests of the workers of this country, I nevertheless enjoy the arrival of your magazine. It is to the reader, what the desert is to a good meal." Many will say that Mr. Tucker mistakes the meal for the desert, but this only proves the admitted rule of disagreement.

Whatever differences of taste there may be in our political and economic palates, unanimity is reached in this: The Liberator is VITALLY NECESSARY to the American labor movement. It fills a place in the literature of this movement which progress toward the fulfillment of Labor's destiny demands be filled. The labor movement demands (and deserves) just the sort of magazine which The Liberator is. On this we are agreed.

But few are aware of the financial struggles which publishing this magazine involves. The finished product carries no trace of the efforts required in its production. The exasperations of crying indebtedness are no part of the reader's purchase at the news stand. This is well. However, we do believe that the reader who is also a sponsor of the magazine bears a moral obligation toward it which can only be expressed in financial assistance. Everyone believing in this magazine will agree that the purchase price is but an inadequate expression of his obligation. And believing in a thing means giving ourselves to it!

It is in this spirit of mutual helpfulness that we publish this open letter to our readers. Just now The Liberator needs a thousand dollars very badly to meet its most pressing publication bills. We ask but a little from each, for this little, added to the little of others will make up this deficit. To you who believe in the value of this magazine, who want it to grow in influence and power this appeal for help is addressed.

To you we offer a share of the financial responsibility involved in the continued unhampered publication of The Liberator. Send your remittance today.

Yours in co-operation

The Liberator Staff

THE LIBERATOR:

I consider THE LIBERATOR a necessity to the movement of the workers toward a better, freer life. Here is my \$_____ to help.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Detective WM. J. BURNS denies that he said that Upton Sinclair is a dangerous enemy of the United States government.

MR. I. H. RICE, president of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles, declares that Mr. Burns said it to him and others.

MR. F. J. LOOMIS, president of the University Club of Pasadena, heard someone say that Mr. Rice said that Mr. Burns said it.

Therefore, the Executive Committee of the club canceled the advertised lecture of Upton Sinclair on "THE GOOSE-STEP."

And then Upton Sinclair hired the Y. M. C. A. hall and invited the members of the club to the lecture. More than a thousand people crowded into the hall, and many others were turned away.

"THE GOOSE-STEP" was sold at the meeting: and in order to preserve our amateur standing, we promised to use the profits to put copies in the libraries of all university clubs throughout the United States.

Accordingly we hereby advertise for members of university clubs who are willing to see to it that donated copies of "THE GOOSE-STEP" are placed on the shelves and not thrown into the trash-baskets.



Hell!

This is not profanity, but literature. It is the title of a book; not a translation of Dante, illustrated by Dore, but a four-act blank verse drama and photoplay by UPTON SINCLAIR, illustrated by ART YOUNG.

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, editor of a magazine, author of a novel, and publisher of thirty million other books, writes about this play as follows:

"An amazingly brilliant four-act drama, which is without equal in all literature; an original work that will create a vast sensation; a picture of Hell, that makes Sinclair the Dante of his age; humor, satire, irony, revolutionary criticism, merciless dissection of modern social life. 'Hell' will shake the critics from their slumbers; 'Hell' will raise hell wherever literature is read."

The price of "HELL" is 25 cents, six copies for \$1.00. Also, we have taken over "THEY CALL ME CARPENTER," which tells how Jesus came to Los Angeles and was lynched by the American Legion. We have reduced the price \$1.50, and added a paper edition at 75 cents, postpaid.

The price of "THE GOOSE-STEP" is \$2.00 cloth, \$1.00 paper, post-paid. Combination of "THEY CALL ME CARPENTER" and "THE GOOSE-STEP", \$2.75 cloth, \$1.40 paper. A free copy of "HELL" with every two dollars' worth of orders.

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California



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C. E. Ruthenberg

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 6, No. 6 [Serial No. 62]

June, 1923

EDITORIALS

Assassination

FOR the third time the assassin's bullet has been successfully used to thin the line of revolutionary leaders of Russia. Vorovsky is murdered.

We will waste no time in telling of the personal charm, the intelligence, courage and devotion of Vorovsky. Such qualities are likely to be found among men who lead the Russian revolution. Vorovsky was murdered by a coward who is reported in the capitalist press to be a member of the Fascisti. He was murdered after the Fascist organization had officially stated that it would use bodily violence upon him. The Swiss police knew of the threat and failed to give protection. The Swiss bourgeoisie has started a public agitation to protect the murderer, who, it is said, will be "dealt with leniently." Meanwhile the Swiss Government has forbidden the workers to hold any meetings of protest against the murder.

The American capitalist newspapers are doing their best on behalf of the assassin. The news of the crime was not sent out until after it had been carefully distorted into an account of *Bolshevik cruelty to the man who finally sought vengeance* in killing the representative of Russia. Repeatedly the correspondents cable that there is no political significance in the assassination. Let's see. The assassin stated to the police, "This evening I have done an act of justice which I do not regret, for one must have the courage to deliver Europe from the Bolshevik plague." Yet the same dispatch that quotes this statement declares that the crime "appears to have been of personal vengeance and not a political matter."

The publicly known leaders of the Fascist murder organization are respectfully interviewed about the murder, with not the slightest suggestion of prosecuting them. In short, the murder is approved.

The point is that political assassination has become a recognized standard tactic of the Anti-Bolshevist Party. There have been more than three hundred political assassinations in Germany within the past two or three years—all committed by reactionaries against Communists and against mild liberals. Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were deliberately murdered by anti-communist political assassins in 1919, and the German Government as nearly as possible protected the assassins. New York newspapers half-openly applauded the assassination. When a comparatively mild reactionary was elected as president in Poland, he was assassinated within a few hours and a more extreme reactionary succeeded to his place by virtue of the murder. Un-

counted murders of communists and other workers have been committed and are daily being committed by the Italian Fascist organization which is openly and admittedly protected by the Italian Government.

Assassination is a classic weapon of reaction. It is not a weapon of revolutionists.

Extra-Legal Patriotism

WHAT is the basis of European and American "Fascismo"—what does it mean? Fascismo exists for the purpose of illegal violence against the working class and discontented farmers. Fascismo is organized in premonition of the time when "democratic forms" begin to cramp the activity of the capitalist class. "The people are sick of liberty!" says Mussolini in Italy. "No law was consulted!" says Pat Hamrock in Colorado. Fascismo is made for operating outside of the law at the moment when legal forms will not suffice for the strangling of the working class. Fascismo's proudest act, as yet, has been the violent overthrow of the Italian Government.

Because Fascism offers itself as a means of the violent overthrow of any government at any moment when a popular use of its "democratic" forms might supposedly threaten property privileges,—the entire capitalist class of America welcomes Fascismo to the United States. Senator Moses says, "It would be a good thing if we could have it over here." We have.

A General Wood marching on Washington at the head of 100,000 legionaries to turn out a farmer-labor government may seem as a wild fancy. But such a tactic has already been directly or impliedly endorsed by the entire range of reaction in America. Not only have American Legion spokesmen declared that their mission is to do in America what Mussolini's blackshirts did in Italy. Harding has endorsed fascism as completely as the King of Italy has. Harding recognized Mussolini's ambassador as soon as the Italian king accepted Mussolini because the violent and bloody overthrow of "democracy" in Italy was in the interest of private property. The reactionaries of this country do not disapprove of the violent and bloody overthrow of governments; they only object to inroads, peaceful or otherwise, against private wealth. By actively or passively welcoming Fascism to America, they impliedly approve of applying the tactics of Fascism to America—that is, the violent overthrow of the government of "democratic" form at such moment when it may embarrass the billionaire owners of industry.

It Sharpens

ONE is so accustomed to reading in political manifestoes the words, "sharpening of the class struggle," that, as Rube Goldberg says, "it don't mean anything" to some any more. But take a look at that dry-sounding phrase again after throwing your eyes over the map of this country. At a glance from one point of view, it looks as though this country—like the whole world, for that matter—is being engulfed in a black reaction more than ever before dreamed of. Certainly Reaction is sharpening. Reaction is centralized, organized, built into a unified machine that is driving like a shock bataillon over the "more or less decomposed body of the Goddess of Liberty," as Mussolini puts it.

In a dozen states of this country human life is being smothered in the interest of concentrated wealth. The buying and selling of men, white and black, in Georgia, with the subterfuge of conviction for "vagrancy," has become commonplace, and has been approved by the Legislature. In the California man-hunt men are being herded by hundreds into open "bull-pens" for "criminal syndicalism," with no other evidence than their membership in a labor union—the I. W. W.

In Michigan, C. E. Ruthenberg, a profoundly wise and able political idealist, is being sent to the penitentiary as a criminal upon no other evidence or claim than that he assembled with a political convention. A notorious thug, with the full use of the Federal police machinery in his hands, with the co-operation of the now combined business agencies of reaction, is trying to put into the penitentiaries as many as possible of the voices raised against him and his kind. It may be more than a coincidence that a few days after Burns was exposed as an organizer of German military spies, the author of the exposé, Robert Minor, is announced as the next intended victim to be tried for "criminal syndicalism" in Michigan.

While protecting the half-billion-dollar powder company whose wagonload of dynamite disappeared at the time and near the scene of the Wall Street explosion that killed thirty-nine persons, and after causing the Burns detective, Wolfe Lindenfeld, to disappear after he confessed to complicity, Burns continues with the assistance of a completely prostituted press, to "prove that the Third International arranged to blow up Wall Street." This time "the conspiracy" turns out to have been a meeting of Socialist Party members who gathered for the purpose of going to the polls as election watchers.

The White Snake of Reaction is omnivorous—it eats everything. Not only the red meat of Ruthenberg, Foster and Minor, but even the gentle political vegetable Upton Sinclair must perish in its gullet. Yes, Upton Sinclair, the tenderest of unbolshhevized better-milk Socialists—though a tremendously effective muckraker (ah! there's the rub!)—is being prosecuted in Los Angeles for reading the United States Constitution at a meeting on Liberty Hill on private property with permission of the owner.

The More or Less Socialist Convention

STRANGE were the sights and sounds of the convention held by the remnants of the Socialist Party in New York in May. A venerable gentleman grown wealthy in

running a "working class" newspaper delivers as the keynote speech a stream of abuse and invective against the first and the only existing working class government. "Wind-bag," "faker" and "moral failure" are the terms this convention hurls at the leaders of the revolution who dared to confiscate the private property of capitalists for the social good. Of course, the convention had to ask the recognition of Russia in order to keep up with the liberal Republicans.

The real business of the convention was the smuggling of the Socialist Party back into the Second International and the preparation for a coalition with all comers against the radical tendencies in the unions. The convention declared its adherence the respectable middle-class "Conference for Progressive Political Action" and rejected the invitation of the more advanced trades unions and farmers to form a national labor party. Perhaps, after all, the most significant feature of the convention was its revelation that the Socialist Party membership remained stationary during the past year and is now hardly more than half the membership of the other party which was founded by the revolutionary elements which the S. P. leaders expelled in order to save their leadership. Socialism is not dying in America, as some of the bourgeois newspapers think. The death of the Socialist Party and the selling of its cadaver to the reaction are of little consequence. The fact that the Workers' Party is fast enrolling the best of the 106,000 that the Socialist Party lost in the past four years, is sufficient guarantee that revolutionary Socialism is not losing ground in America.

The recent National Conference of the Trade Union Educational League, with its brilliant program of amalgamation of the trades unions and the formation of a great labor party, is another guarantee. The rapid success of this movement within the American Federation of Labor is one of the most astonishing and heartening signs of the times.

Not only the reaction sharpens. Militant labor stiffens its line of resistance. The class struggle sharpens.

The Coming Labor Party

STEADILY, surely the movement of the workers and farmers toward independent political action through a labor party is crystallizing. During the last few weeks such widely separated organizations as the Building Trades of California and the Central Labor Council of Buffalo, have gone on record in favor of forming a labor party. The United Mine Workers, the Railroad Unions and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have endorsed the idea of independent political action by labor. Probably three-fourths of the organized workers in the United States have in some form or another indicated their dissatisfaction with the Gompers policy and their desire for a labor party.

The organizational expression of this sentiment, however, has lagged behind. The first meeting of the Conference for Progressive Political Action took no action to bring into being an organization to express the demand for independent political action. The Cleveland Conference was held later by the same group and did all in its power to sabotage the organization of a labor party and to keep labor behind the discredited Gompers policy. But in the Cleveland Conference there was a minority determined to provide the means of giving the movement for a labor party the opportunity to

express itself organizationally. The Farmer-Labor Party group forced the issue to a vote in that conference and has since cut loose and boldly taken the initiative in the struggle for the organization of a labor party.

On July 3, there will be held in Chicago the national convention of the Farmer-Labor Party, whose constitution provides for the affiliation of trade unions and other workers' organizations and of other political groups. The National Committee of the Farmer-Labor Party has sent invitations to all international unions, labor political groups, local trade unions, city and state central bodies, farmer organizations, co-operatives and other labor organizations to send delegates to this convention and thus organize a labor party which will include the whole labor and farm movement in this country.

The sentiment for the organization of the labor party is not artificially stimulated. It expresses the experiences of the workers in their struggle for better wages and working conditions; and equally it expresses the farmers' struggle against the bankers, railroad corporations and other robber groups that prey upon them. Daugherty injunctions, cut-throat court decisions and legislation in the interest of the banks—these and similar acts are more powerful than any theoretical propaganda as stimulants to the demand for a labor party.

The demand for the organization of a labor party has grown so strong that it can no longer be kept from realizing itself. Reports from the national headquarters of the Farmer-Labor Party indicate that the response to its invitation will bring fifteen hundred to two thousand delegates to Chicago intent on bringing into existence a political party for the industrial worker and the farmer.

The Workers' Party of America will be among the organizations represented at Chicago. It has from the first recognized the movement for the labor party as the first great step of the workers of this country toward class action against their exploiters. Consistently it gives this movement its full support.

Harding's Coup d'Etat

A GAIN Harding declares that the United States positively will not join the League of Nations (which is the "World Court"), but will only join the World Court (which is the League of Nations). Positively, he will keep his pledge. Harding reminds us that he was elected to keep us out. (But meantime the European swag for the Standard Oil Company has been arranged for.) The National Association of Manufacturers now has agreed in convention assembled that we can go into the League, that is, the World Court. The precious autonomy of these glorious United States can go to blazes, they say. A World Government is needed, for the benefit of their schemes in far-away lands. The World Court, if the international capitalists can succeed in establishing it, will quickly become a centralized, delegated committee of world-control. And what is that but a government? A world-government. Lord Robert Cecil has already proposed that a single military organization for the whole world shall be formed under the command of the League of Nations (or shall we call it the "World Court?") This would be the international Army of the Reaction. We suggest that its uniform should be—the *black shirt*. It will be the Army of Fascismo.

Is the Supreme Court Hedging?

THE appeal of Benjamin Gitlow against conviction under the New York *criminal anarchy* law came before the Supreme Court of the United States in April. The court heard the oral arguments by attorneys for Gitlow and the attorney-general of the State of New York and printed briefs were submitted on both sides. On May 7th, the court, without comment, ordered the case restored to the regular docket, which means that it will come before the court again in a year or a year and a half for new argument.

The action of the court, unusual in itself, becomes still more curious when it is remembered that the Gitlow case was originally filed last October and was, by order of Chief Justice Taft, set for disposition a year earlier than it would have come before the court in its regular routine. For the court to restore the case to the regular docket after having heard the argument of the attorneys has the appearance of procrastination in order to avoid a hard decision.

The Gitlow case presents the issue of freedom of speech in a form that will compel the Supreme Court completely to nullify the constitutional guarantee if it upholds the New York *criminal anarchy* law and the interpretation given by the New York Courts. None of the convictions under the Espionage law, which was held to be constitutional legislation, presented the question to the Supreme Court in the form that the issue arises in the Gitlow case.

In all cases in which the Supreme Court has upheld anti-free speech legislation it has done so because it held under the circumstances that the speech was made or writing circulated there was *clear and imminent danger* of some substantial injury resulting. In order that speech or writing might be punishable there must be circumstances which lead to action by the hearers or readers. Under this rule a conviction for opposition to the conscription law was reversed by a federal Court of Appeals on the ground that the speech opposing the draft law was made before an audience in which there was not a single person of draft age.

In the Gitlow case there is no issue of clear and imminent danger. The New York courts, including the highest state court, have expressly held that the circumstance surrounding the publication of the *Left Wing Manifesto*, for publishing which Gitlow was convicted, are of no moment so far as his guilt or innocence is concerned. The criminal anarchy law prohibits the advocacy of a doctrine irrespective of whether the circumstances surrounding the advocacy of the doctrine are of such a nature as make the danger of action upon that doctrine imminent.

What the Supreme Court is asked to say in the Gitlow case is that the mere uttering or writing of words conveying a certain idea is a crime punishable by ten years imprisonment irrespective of whether injury or harm results therefrom. It is asked to take from the American people the last shreds of the rights which the early Americans had carefully preserved for themselves in the constitutional provisions guaranteeing freedom of speech, press and assembly.

The action of the Supreme Court in shying away from the Gitlow case rather indicates that it is afraid of the decision involved. Possibly it considers the political situation unfavorable for the final raping of the rights of the people of this country.

Hugo Gellert— a Happy Rebel

By Don Brown

EVERY creative artist is a rebel, a revolutionist. Whether he is in conscious alliance with a revolutionary group or not, he is still a rebel, a creator of new forms, a foe of stale conventions, an exponent of Conception as opposed to Representation. He knows that a work of art does not have to be about anything, that it is something.

But the process of conception results in birth, which is painful. Only wax dolls, "representations" of life, are made without either joy or suffering. And in a creative mind there is a continual inner battle against the established stupidities which hedge our lives about. So the rebel artist is apt to be unhappy. If still young the proportion of misery to joy in his system may be overwhelming.

Hugo Gellert, in his paintings now being shown in New York at the Kevorkian gallery, 40 West 57th Street, is one of these creative rebels, with this important exception: he seems to have won a victory over unhappiness. Perhaps the results apparent are so pleasing that one does not realize the painful struggle which may have taken place. His forms exist. They are alive. They are not "like" anything, so a sincere observer can't write smug judgments on them. To know what they mean, one must see them. They must be felt. Words don't help.

The "Miner" which is reproduced with this article, is authentically the work of Hugo Gellert at his best but it may not be called representative of his productions because there is so much variety in the other things exhibited. In contrast to the dark "miner" and other fine paintings of working people there are lovely designs which have a bland beauty that has not been seen before. And there are many drawings, one a splendid portrait of Maxim Gorky. Pure abstractions, in primary colors and in lithographic crayon prove the extent of his artistic range.

Among Hugo's friends, there are factory hands. They come, bringing their friends into this quiet gallery in the fashionable shopping district just off Fifth Avenue. They like Hugo's work. I think it lets them look into a calmer, happier world. A world which is real, sane and bright, not stupid, false and fictitiously romantic. All is clear, there is no murkiness. The appreciation of these people is assuredly more sincere and probably more intelligent than that of the Metropolitan newspaper critics who have praised the exhibit at length.

In these paintings, his colors build up forms which have a naive, child-like brightness. To me they are charming and sincere. They are rich and joyous. They are a full stride forward from his fine drawings which are familiar to readers of the old Masses and its successor, The Liberator.



Hugo Gellert

Miner

Fallow

HERE, alone, bound round with dreams too elusive for my singing

I lie in a sleep that seems death, till morning shall come,
bringing

All the eager sturdy deeds of the day, and flesh and power;
And my dreams shall sprout like seeds sown in some
mysterious hour.

And at last vanquished and rotten shall I lie, dreamless,
unstirred?

Shall my living be forgotten and my singing be unheard?
Shall my sorrows and delights and my dreaming and my
passion,

All my mornings and my nights, end in this ironic fashion,

Till no-one upon the earth remembering to call me friend
Shall mark the morning of my birth or the evening of
my end?

The quiet evening of my end when at length my death comes,
bringing

Like a dear and generous friend dreams too ultimate for
singing.

Lydia Gibson.



Miner

Hugo Gellert

Bon Voyage, Hillquit!

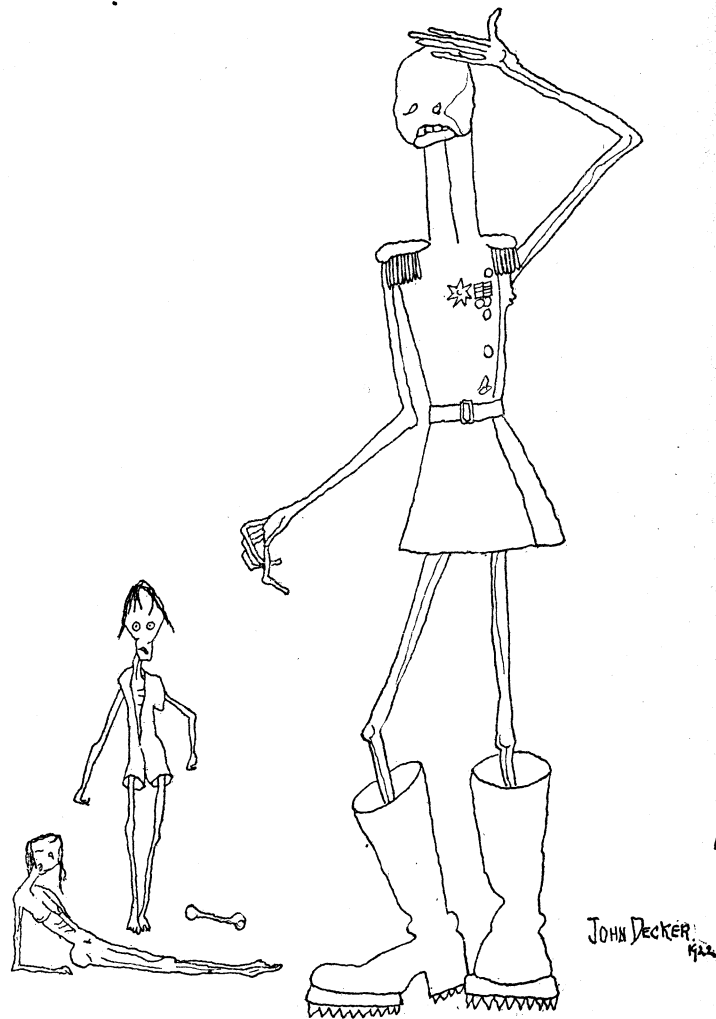
By John Pepper

THE Socialist Party has reached the limit of its political bankruptcy. The Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals are uniting in Hamburg, and the American Socialist Party takes part in this wedding. Hillquit, Victor Berger, Jacob Panken and Berman have departed for Europe, as the International delegation of the Socialist Party.

There is an old legend that when a violent storm breaks out on the open sea and a ship is in danger of sinking, it means that there is some great sinner among that ship's passengers. Since Berger, Hillquit and the others have sailed, we have been reading the weather reports three times a day, with the greatest anxiety. We tremble lest any storm befall the voyage, for it is certain that in case of a storm, the terrified passengers would throw Hillquit and Berger overboard without fail, because they would find no greater sinner in their midst than these two. It would be a pity if Hillquit or Berger should end up as food for the fish, because the great Convention at Hamburg would be incomplete without them.

The unity Convention of the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals is an event of the greatest importance. Millions of workers are organized in both Internationals. In addition, the unification will be reinforced by the Amsterdam Trade Union International, which contains the majority of the organized workers of the world. The capitalists throughout the world are everywhere on the offensive against the working class. It would indeed be an event of universal significance if millions of workers were to unite finally into a mighty centralized organization, in order to defend the working class, suffering from hunger, under Fascism. We repeat: The formation of a single gigantic International comprising the working class of the entire world, would be the storm-signal for the second great onslaught of the world revolution. The Communist International launched the slogan of the United Front already two years ago. It called upon the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals as well as the Amsterdam Trade Union International to carry on a common struggle against the economic and political offensive of capital. But all these pink and yellow Internationals rejected the idea of a common struggle, notwithstanding that the Communist International did not call upon them to fight for the dictatorship of the proletariat (for green cheese cannot turn into a moon), but simply to fight for the eight-hour day, against the reduction of wages, against the danger of new wars, for a piece of bread for the workers. And the Communist International was left in the lurch on the field of battle. The heroes of the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals deserted in face of the combat.

But now they are at last gathering in Hamburg. However, they are not gathering to fight against the capitalists, but rather to support them. They are gathering, not in order to consolidate the working class for the struggle, but rather to widen the split within the working class still further. The delegates of the Communist International will not be in Hamburg. This presents the situation clearly—the Communist International wants to struggle in the interest of the working class—and that is the very reason that the traitors

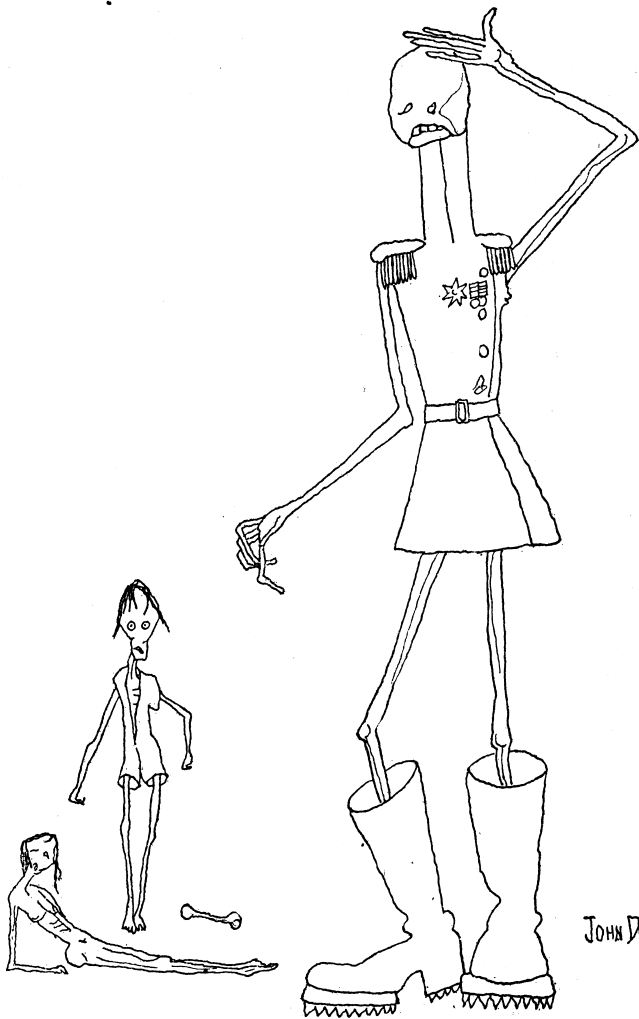


John Decker.

Burgfrieden

of the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals do not want to form the United Front with the Communist International. The Second, the Second-and-a-Half and the Amsterdam Internationals are creating a United Front in Hamburg among themselves. But for what purpose? This fake United Front means granting open permission for every Socialist Party to form a United Front with its "own" capitalist class. It is indeed remarkable—this United Front of the working class which will permit every one of the Socialist Parties participating in it, to rush to the aid of its "menaced fatherland" in any new war that may arise. In reality it is but a United Front of each Socialist Party with its respective government, against the workers, and even against the Socialist Parties of other countries.

The basic platform of this new "International" is the permission to every participant to conclude a social peace with the capitalists of the respective countries, and permis-



JOHN DECKER
1922

John Decker.

Burgfrieden

sion to defend the respective fatherlands. It is thus a true continuation of that International which collapsed in 1914, because it was not an instrument for war-time, but only for peace-time, as Karl Kautsky once characterized it with unintentional humor. The leaders of the Second, the Second-and-a-Half and the American Trade Union Internationals want a permanent split within the working class, and yet they will raise an unending clatter in a thousand variations, over the "destructive work" of the Communists. The eternal tom-tom over the disrupting Communists will be the leit-motif of this Congress, like the tom-tom which persists throughout the scenes in Eugene O'Neil's play, *Emperor Jones*.

Hillquit and Berger, Jacob Panken and Berman are going to Hamburg in order to unite. But with whom? Whom will they find in Hamburg?

They will find there the German Social Democracy—the Party of Fritz Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske. The betrayer of the German revolution. The murderer of Karl Liebknecht, and Rosa Luxemburg. They will find there Scheidemann, the Kaiser's minister, and Fritz Ebert, the president of the Republic of Hugo Stinnes. They will find there Wels who murdered the workers in Berlin. They will find there Severing who murdered the workers in Middle Germany.

They will find in Hamburg the British Labor Party and all the leaders of the English trade unions. They will find there the dining-and-supper-companions of His British Majesty—those betrayers of the great coal miners' strike. They will find there the loyal supporters of the Triple Alliance of Great Britain, France and Italy—those disloyal destroyers of the Triple Alliance of the mightiest trade unions of England.

They will find there Turati, the champion of the coalition government with the Italian bourgeoisie. And d'Ara-

gona who made the first alliance with Mussolini's Fascisti in the name of the trade unions, and against the Italian working class.

They will find there the Russian "Social Revolutionists" who through assassination and armed uprising sought to crush the rule of the Russian workers. They will find there the Russian Mensheviks whose program was summed up by Martov in a classical manner: "Away with the obstacles which prevent the development of capitalism in Russia."

They will find there the representatives of the Hungarian Social Democracy who through their betrayal crushed the Hungarian Soviet Republic, and served as ministers in that white government which hanged Communist leaders.

They will find there the Polish Socialist Party which is the chief support of the military dictatorship of Pilsudsky's gang.

They will find there Branting, the ex-prime-minister of the king of Sweden, and Vandervelde and other heroes of the Belgian Labor Party—the present ministers of the king of Belgium and the responsible leaders of the shameless Ruhr invasion.

They will find there the German Independent Social Democrats, now united body and soul with the Party of Noske and Scheidemann.

They will find there the Austrian Social Democrats who by the Geneva Agreement, sold out the Austrian workers to Entente capitalism.

But it is impossible to enumerate all these countries, all these Parties of organized betrayal of the proletarian revolution, all these prostitutes of capital, all these ministers of the various majesties. Hillquit, Berger, Panken and Berman will arrive in Hamburg in time to find company entirely suited to them.

A Knee is Bent

THEY did not need to say
That you were beautiful:
I knew it on that day
I heard your name.
There was no need to dull
That iris-flame
Nor hint your mystery,
For oh! I knew it would be pain to me!

Nor did they need to say
That you were marvellous:
I knew, long years away,
How even the piteous human can be thus.
The knowledge that you live—
That is enough to give
Of high romance.
The very crumbs that fall
From your white table—they are sustenance,
Which given, one has all.
At sacrament
The knees are bent.
O constancy and flood
Of body and blood!

GEORGE STERLING.

City Fear

LAST night,
Standing outside the door of my house
I saw the white face of the city, lying asleep in the mist
Dreaming, with blind eyes turned inward.
Last night,
Listening outside the door of my house I heard
The silence of the dreaming city
Listening and attending to its dream.
Rigidly the lamp-posts waited in stiff rows, silent.
And the street-lamps spread white blotches in the mist;
Hoo..... on the river a ferry-boat.....hoo....
While on the roof-tops the cats
Paused, paw in air.....
Sheltered in silence, the listening city
Cowered and trembled lest Terror be loosened;
Clung to its dream lest the red ghost of Fear
Leap from the darkness, clamoring,
Bound and ricochet down the empty avenues,
Scatter the cats on the roof-tops,
Flicker the lights of the sentinel lamp-posts,
Beat on the faces of sleepers until
Up through the roofs a million voices rise.
Wailing, "I am alone,"
Screaming, "I am afraid!"

J. RORTY.

Ruthenberg Convicted

By Jay Lovestone

"SINCE the Prosecution got licked in the Foster case things are dead in St. Joseph. That fellow Walsh sure is a great lawyer," said the farmer taxi-driver who drove me from Niles to the courtroom at St. Joseph, Michigan.

The Department of Justice spies and the State Attorney-General's office were hard hit by their failure to convict William Z. Foster. They changed their tactics a little. Contrasted with the country-wide publicity given the preparations for the Foster trial, the atmosphere about the Ruthenberg case was ominous. No sensational stories heralded the coming conviction. Burns' agents no longer boasted so loudly. And the people of Berrien County, the real people who work and live there, had changed their minds a little. Many of them changed their old notions about the terrible "Reds" who invaded the mighty valleys and towering sand-dunes bordering peaceful Lake Michigan.

Mrs. Minerva Olson of the Foster jury told me: "Many of us here don't see anything in all this newspaper talk about foreigners and secret activities. My uncle was a member of the Cumberland Scouts in the Civil War. But who were his ancestors? Weren't they supposed to be the cast-offs of Europe? Indeed, what organization doesn't do its business in secret, whether it be a political party or a corporation? In the last few days there has been a great change of sentiment here. A number of neighbors have telephoned me telling of their own change."

A Michigan Central Railroad switchman told me that the "Reds" stood no chance with the public before the Daugherty injunction, but now "there is many people around here for 'em."

And in a mock-trial of Foster by the Senior Class of the Benton Harbor High School the pupils' jury brought in a unanimous verdict for acquittal in less than twenty minutes.

It was in this small town of St. Joseph—thus reborn—that Charles E. Ruthenberg, Executive Secretary of the Workers Party, followed Foster in the second of a series of Communist trials.

The Reaction Better Prepared

But the State had learned much from its mistakes in the first case. The Prosecution lost its air of overconfidence, very much to its advantage. It carefully avoided the costly mistake of questioning the defense witnesses about the principles of Communism. Attorney General Smith concentrated on tearing out text from general context. To leave undisturbed the artificially fostered prejudices afflicting the jurymen, the Attorney General rested his case on his selected documents. And he rested them well with damaging effect on the defense.

The Communist Party on Trial

In the Ruthenberg trial the issue was much more clearly drawn than in Foster's. Foster was not a member of the Communist Party. He merely attended a session of the Communist convention to present the industrial problem.

Ruthenberg, however, was a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party. The prosecution of Foster was an attack on the trend of the working masses toward Communism. But trying Ruthenberg meant a direct attack on the Communist Party as an organization—the Party struggling to establish itself as a living, fighting force in the class struggle between the workers and the employers.

The capitalists had burned their fingers by the publicity given to Communism in the Foster case. Herein lies the decisive reason for the conspiracy of silence surrounding the second Communist trial. The capitalist newspapers would not dare say another word about the real meaning of Communism, though, of course, when Ruthenberg was convicted the *New York Times* found room for the story on the first page.

Choosing Ruthenberg's Peers

Everything was peaceful in St. Joseph as the trial opened. Sleepy Hollow atmosphere reigned supreme in the court room. In questioning the prospective jurors Assistant Attorney General Smith told them that the Communist meeting in Bridgeman advocated larceny. Walsh, for the defense, gave them an education in the history of the American Revolutionary War and the Civil War.

The jury chosen consisted of eight farmers, one Standard Oil Salesman, one Standard Oil gas service station man who was an American Legionnaire, a fruit buyer, and a shoe merchant who was president of the Benton Harbor Chamber of Commerce and a member of such privately owned and privately operated law-preserving bodies as the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs. The Prosecution saw to it that the jury picked would be full-fledged property owners. Ora Scherer, the only union man in the panel, who admitted he once overheard the word "amalgamation" at a meeting, was peremptorily challenged. Roy Aiken, a box-factory worker, also fell by the wayside when he could not prove clear and undisputed title to his house which appeared on the assessment roll in his sister's name. Under the laws of Michigan only those who are genuine property owners can qualify as jurors.

The jurors who admitted expressions of opinion were challenged by the defense. But the Court disallowed these challenges upon a mere promise to waive their opinions. It was the failure of the Court to grant the defense such challenges that brought on the quick exhaustion of its five peremptory challenges.

The Case in Full Swing

The Judge conducted himself with an air of simplicity and in an umpire-like fashion. Until he gave his instruction to the Jury he was more of a referee than a Judge. But with the Prosecution the case was totally different. Most of the time Assistant Attorney General Smith was plainly in an ugly mood.

County Prosecutor Gore fired the first gun with a long-winded harangue about the "nefarious band of conspirators stealthily tucked away in the woods and planning to strike terror into the hearts of the law-inspiring citizenry of the country." He charged Ruthenberg with violating the criminal syndicalist law by "assembling with the Communist Party of America."

Frank P. Walsh countered for the Defense with a history of the Communist movement in America and the activities of Ruthenberg therein.

Sheriff Bridgeman then mounted the witness stand. On cross-examination by Walsh, he confessed that the raid was engineered by the Department of Justice, that at the time of the raid he did not know that a law was being violated, that raiders were not armed with a warrant for arrest or search but only with revolvers. The Sheriff also declared that the Communists did not have a single weapon of any kind on them. Bridgeman was followed on the stand by Federal Detectives Shannahan, Loebel, and Wolfe. These spies testified as to their onslaught on the seventeen Communist workers and as to their confiscation of the papers and documents. At this point the Judge denied Walsh's motion for a return of Ruthenberg's papers illegally seized by the Burns crew.

In the midst of the detectives' testimony the State Attorney General Daugherty, fresh from his inspiring investigation of the immoral activities of the House of David, made a dramatic entry into the court room to lend moral support to the prosecution and the stool pigeons.

Then the Federal anti-labor submarine, "K-97," of the United States underground navy, Francis Morrow, took the stand. He struggled desperately to repeat the lies he told in the Foster trial. When confronted with a stenographic report of his former lies, Morrow sought safety in blaming his memory. His imagination was working overtime and running amuck until he was pulled out by Smith. The Assistant Attorney General turned to drawing blood out of the heavily loaded columns of a Bukharin pamphlet, various theses of the Communist International, and what was once the 1921 Program of the Communist Party of America. A monotonous, soporific reading of the obsolete document closed the case of the Prosecution and helped make the Jury more drowsy than ever.

The Defense

The case of the Defense was opened with a battle royal. Ruthenberg, who had testified as an expert on Communism in the Foster Case, was the first to be called to the stand by Walsh. Because of his experience with such expert testimony, Attorney General Smith, with a mouth as open as the Southern Pacific, battered away at the air for three-quarters of an hour, in protest against the admission of Ruthenberg's testimony. He called to his rescue his own Five-Foot Shelf of fossilized law books. In exactly less than one minute, Walsh deftly and suavely disposed of Mr. Smith's verbose effusion, law volumes and their dust included. When Walsh calmly called Smith's attention to the fact that Ruthenberg was not being called to act as an expert, but merely to state his intent and purposes and, as a member of the Central Executive Committee, what the Party really advocated, the Attorney General was withered by a scornful glance from the Court stenographer. The latter had been subjected to a terrific task in taking down Smith's tirade. For over an hour these exercises in legal sophistry were protracted.



William Gropper

"One must have the courage to deliver Europe from the Bolshevist plague"

—Conradi, murderer of Vorovsky.

Judge White closed the dispute by allowing Ruthenberg to continue but cautioning him to be brief. Ruthenberg then told about the Communist Movement and its theory and practice. His testimony was more brief than in the Foster case. The prosecution was bent on preventing a complete exposition of Communist principles. In his cross-examination of Ruthenberg Smith showed that he still remembered the painful drubbing he received in the Foster case. This time the Assistant Attorney General did not disturb the prejudices of the jurors and cut short his examination of the defendant.

In the midst of the direct examination of Ruthenberg, the writer was called to the witness stand by Frank P. Walsh. The Attorney General jumped to his feet at once and protested that a co-defendant had no right to testify. Walsh informed the court that I had requested to be permitted to testify. Assuring the Judge that I had made this request I was allowed to take the stand after being informed that in so doing I waive all immunity as to incriminating myself by my own testimony.

The writer testified that the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party had given up its separate program and had decided to have but one program of communism in America—the program of the Workers Party. Mr. Grey of the defense counsel then proceeded to read the report of the Executive Secretary of the Communist Party. Nowhere in the report was a word mentioned about armed



William Gropper

**“One must have the courage to deliver Europe from
the Bolshevik plague”**

—Conradi, murderer of Vorovsky.

force or violence. It dealt with the controversy in the Party as to open organization, and sketched at length the activities for the year in the trade unions, the relief field, in strikes, and amongst the farming masses. The jurors appeared interested and listened. The report definitely established that so far as its practical activities were concerned the Communist Party could and did function openly and that nothing the communists had done in the past year was in violation of the State law.

Then the Program of the Workers' Party was read to the Jury over the strenuous objections of the Prosecution. Charles Krumbain and Caleb Harrison followed me on the stand for the defense. Their calm, unconcerned manner somewhat upset the Assistant Attorney General. County Prosecutor Gore is said to have remarked that they were the best witnesses he had ever come across.

In cross-examining the defense witnesses Smith was as sore as a boiled pup. As a cross-examiner he had very little qualification and still less scruples. He was as adroit as a hippopotamus. With Ruthenberg he took no chances. He had been licked and licked soundly once before in his attempts to make Ruthenberg misrepresent Communism. Instead of subjecting him to a three-day grilling as in the Foster case, Smith fretted for only an hour.

But with me the situation was different. I was on the stand nearly two and a half days and the Attorney General exerted himself to his utmost in his attempt to badger me.

"You are a Jew, aren't you?" yelled Smith at me. He would continually shoot at me long, confused questions encumbered with heaps of implications. Quite often he lost control of his vocabulary as well as his temper. Smith made many futile attempts to picture the Communist Party as a monstrous octopus whose vicious tentacles strangled many organizations. At the eleventh hour of his barrage Smith made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to link the Communist Party with the Herrin struggle. As he went on he tired considerably. In his cross-examination of Krumbain and Harrison his surliness subsided somewhat.

A local priest sat through many of the sessions. He seemed to be especially interested in the cross-examination of the defense witnesses. Anent his interest and feelings, an executive of a St. Joseph factory told me an interesting story. He said: "My friend, we in town are with you. That priest over there is all for you. He has been blessing you and wants to see you all be well and do well. Keep up the fight. We here have got no darned use for the Attorney General's arrogance nor for his flock of detectives."

So rocked was the prosecution by the defense that it sent an emergency call for a reinforcement of stool pigeons. In response to a midnight SOS, one Spozza, who had recently been expelled from the Workers Party as a spy, turned up the next morning. However, he was turned down the very next afternoon. The State did not dare use him.

Smith opened the closing speeches for the State. A great deal of his time was consumed in calling the defense witnesses names. When he ran out of vile adjectives he turned to frantic ravings about the glories of Americanism pure and simple. These were interspersed with an hysterical recital of "bloody" paragraphs from various pamphlets and articles introduced in evidence. On the whole it must be admitted that the Attorney General this time marshalled his "force and violence" documents much more effectively than in the Foster case.

Replying for the defense Attorney Grey disproved carefully and clearly Smith's assertions, insinuations and implications. Mr. Grey showed that in his article "Soviets or Parliament" Ruthenberg merely advocated the Soviet form of government and that such advocacy was held to be legal by the Court in the Foster trial.

County Prosecutor Gore followed Smith for an hour. He did his best.

Frank P. Walsh closed for the defense with a masterly address. After giving an analysis of the development of society through the great class struggles, Walsh went on to say: "Coming down to the present day, what do Communists say? Today a new oligarchy rules. A few parasites own the great industries. The great trusts, with their control centering in the banking houses in Wall Street, control the wages which the workers in the factories receive, the prices they pay for the things they buy, and also the sale of product of the toil of the farmer upon the land..."

"Who will dare challenge that history does not show the facts as stated by the Communists? We may hope that the final working out of the problem will come otherwise than through civil war, but the facts of the past struggles and of the present cannot be denied.

"This, and this alone, is the only reference to force by the Communists. There is no evidence that the Communists have advocated the use of force or have used force in any act or crime such as is defined in this Statute."

Court's Instructions—The Verdict

Except for an additional instruction Judge White practically gave the same ones as in the Foster case. But this new instruction proved to be fatal to Ruthenberg's case. The court charged that the advocacy of Soviets and of the dictatorship of the proletariat might impliedly be taken as an advocacy of force. This instruction by itself was enough to upset the chances for a fair consideration.

For over four hours the Jury deliberated. In the first two ballots the vote was nine to three for conviction. After the third ballot the jurymen marched into the court room in single file. With shamed faces and drooping heads they turned to the Judge.

The clerk mumbled the roll and called on Foreman Thomas Smith to rise.

"What is the verdict?" asked the clerk.

Turning his head away so as not to face Ruthenberg, the foreman muttered: "Guilty."

"After a long and tedious case," in the words of the Judge, Ruthenberg's twelve peers carried out the prosecution's request to put Ruthenberg in the penitentiary for "the safety of the greatest nation on God's green earth."

Ruthenberg was unmoved by the decision. A slight shrug of the shoulders and an expression seeming to say, "Well, it is all part of the struggle," was his answer to the verdict.

Ruthenberg is a battle-scarred veteran in the class war between the workers and their exploiters. Every condemnation received at the hands of the oppressors of Labor is to him only an added inspiration to more zealous efforts in behalf of the working class.

The White Terror in Pittsburg

By Don Brown

IT came so quietly, undramatically upon me that I missed the thrill. One moment I sat at a table, intent upon a drawing. Before me were my typewriter and the scattered pages of an unfinished story of the speech delivered the night before by William Z. Foster. Alexander Bittelman of the Daily Freiheit sat in the room interviewing Margaret Cowl, who had come to Pittsburg to work for Fred Merrick's release from the prison in which he and twenty-two others were being held day after day without a hearing.

The left corner of my eye sensed that a tall shadow had appeared in the door. It entered the room. I looked up. Surmounted by a black slouch hat there was a fantastically thin face, splotted with red pimples. It had a long hooked jaw and a small harsh mouth like that of a fish. One of the eyes was bad and stared whitely at the ceiling but the other glared fiercely at me.

Then another figure appeared. This time it was a bulky one with a jolly, fattish face. A third one, big-boned, dumb and lazy-looking, crowded into the room, looking at us curiously.

They all seemed slightly embarrassed.

The girl who had opened the door to them stepped in and said:

"These men have a warrant to search the house and arrest whom they please."

The thin-faced one then spoke to me in harshly clipped accents.

"What's your name?... When did you come to town?"

"I arrived here yesterday morning."

In turn the fierce glare and the questions were turned upon Bittelman and Margaret Cowl.

"All right, men, gather up this stuff on the table and search the house," said the tall one.

He stepped over and snatched from my hands the drawing pad on which I had started a sketch of his face.

They took us to the District Attorney's office where we learned that we were under arrest because we had been found in the home of Dr. M. Raznick, chairman of the Labor Defense Council. His home was raided because, as Assistant District Attorney Meyer later pointed out to him: "Raznick, you have shown unusual activity on behalf of these people in jail. I warn you that you must stop working for them or you will be arrested also!"

In the White Terror, those who dare work for the Constitutional rights of imprisoned victims must be intimidated.

Pennsylvania has a "Sedition" Law, a product of the war hysteria, which makes criticism of the government or any of its officials punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary. Under its provisions every member of the Democratic Party could be jailed for what Democratic newspaper editorials have said about the Harding administration. They could send me up for ten years for drawing a caricature of a traffic cop. But of course they do not use this law for such ridiculous purposes. It is only brought into action as an instrument of the White Terror against progressive organized labor.



Fred Merrick, Pittsburg District Organizer of the Workers' Party

The other unions, "led" by \$25,000-a-year officials, are "all right" with the United States Steel Corporation, which governs Pittsburg. But the Workers Party is not.

A few weeks ago, six hundred unorganized mill hands, tortured and exploited beyond endurance, went out on a spontaneous strike at McKeesport. They appealed to the Workers' Party for help in organizing. The help was given and a union was formed. This feat was repeated in other sections of Western Pennsylvania, in spite of the fact that in many towns, the constitutional right of free assemblage was denied them by petty officials backed by armed corporation-paid guards.

The United States Department of Justice and the District Attorney's office got together. Between them they decided that membership in the Workers Party can be called sedition. An attack on progressive labor suited the Department of Justice's policy. It would please the steel corporation and, should wholesale conviction result, would bring fame and distinction to the country prosecutors.

So the White Terror fell upon Pittsburg.

On the evening of April 27th, a small army composed of Department of Justice agents, county detectives and city policemen, heavily armed, as though going forth to civil

ror in Pittsburg

Brown



Fred Merrick, Pittsburg District Organizer of the Workers' Party

ror in Pittsburg

Brown



Fred Merrick, Pittsburg District Organizer of the Workers' Party

war, broke simultaneously into the office of the Labor Lyceum and the homes of many citizens.

No evidence was held against any of those to be arrested. They were all to be taken "on suspicion."

At the Labor Lyceum, they broke in the door. Two detectives grabbed Fred Merrick and, twisting his arms behind his back, placed him under arrest. They also took Morris Pasternick, a clerk, and Max Jenkins, janitor of the Labor Lyceum. From the office they took everything: desks, chairs, many copies of the pamphlet "For a Labor Party" and the safe. Fred begged them to let him open the safe in the presence of several witnesses. Frame-ups have played the leading part in other White Terrors. Fred thought opening the safe there instead of allowing it to be taken unopened to the District Attorney's office, might remove temptation from the hands of authorities, over-eager for a conviction. He feared they might "find" damaging evidence in the safe just as Constable Duncan later "found" a "death threat note" in his pocket after arresting me. But they refused to let the safe be opened.

In private homes the raiders arrested twenty-two other citizens.

With Mat Budnick, they took his wife, who is not a member of the Workers' Party. Their five year old daughter was left screaming with fright, to be cared for by the different neighbors for ten days, until her mother was released without being told what charges had been held against her or why she was at last being freed.

Morris Sedar, a slim youth of 22 or 23, described to me how the raiders broke into his home and arrested him.

"What's your name?" the big detective asked me," he said.

"Morris Sedar."

"Ho! You s— of a b—, you're a Bolshevik. Where's my blackjack! Where's my gun!"

"I said, 'you don't have to use weapons on me.' But he grabbed me by the arms and jerked me out the door. They never asked me any more questions, just put me in the jail and kept me there till the other day when they turned me out, still without telling me anything."



Patterson, of the "Gazette-Times," creator of the "bomb-threat" and "death-threat" stories which served the White Terror as an excuse for wholesale arrests



John Urban, arrested for being a member of the Workers' Party

At his home they arrested a man named Costello, who is not a member of the Workers' Party, nor is he connected with the labor movement in any way. He is held for trial. The evidence against him is that he is Fred Merrick's landlord! In the White Terror, people are to be shown that even association with those identified with the Workers Party is dangerous to the peace and freedom of the individual.

From his home they took George Kowalski, a stalwart Russian lad. When they arrested him they took his trunk. In it is his honorable discharge from the 320th Infantry of the United States Army. He served eleven months in France. With his regiment he "went over the top" at Verdun as well as in Lorraine and in Flanders. Charged with being a member of the Workers' Party, he is held for trial under \$2,500 bond.

Half an hour after the raid on the Labor Lyceum, George Katsiolis, a Greek, arrived there from Chicago. He asked to see Fred Merrick and the detectives arrested him. They confiscated the manuscript of a speech which they found in his pocket. While he was in jail, the speech was translated. It proved to be an attack on Mussolini and the policy of Fascism. He is held under \$5,000 bail on suspicion that he came to Pittsburg to address Greek members of the Workers' Party!

Next morning the Pittsburg papers told in heavy black type of the great "Red" raids. A terrible "May-Day plot" to destroy civilization with dynamite had been foiled by the county officials aided by the Department of Justice, they declared. Of course no dynamite or other explosive or any



Constable William Duncan who "found" a death-threat note in his pocket just in time for the "Gazette-Times" "extra"

evidence of any intention of violence was found—but the stories left that impression without stating or denying the facts.

A few days later, another scheme was worked to give the appearance of intended violence. A letter signed "Workers' Party of America and Communist Leaders" extravagantly threatening to dynamite every public building in Allegheny County was "received" by the District Attorney's office and hurried to the local newspapers. Extras were soon being rushed to all parts of the town with the great black head-line across the front page: "RADICALS THREATEN TO DYNAMITE BUILDINGS!"

The reporter who handled this story (a former agent of the Department of Justice) proceeded smoothly from his allegation of "Radical violence" to an attempt to discredit the American Civil Liberties Union which had protested against the unlawful arrests of the raid victims.

"Simultaneously with the receipt of the threatening letter from radicals," he wrote, "a letter from Roger Baldwin, of the American Civil Liberties Union, protesting against the arrest of 'Reds' in this city, was received by the District Attorney's office."

He concluded his story by stating that "An extra guard of U. S. agents and county detectives will be thrown around public buildings here to protect them from radical outrages." This was not done, nor was it expected by those who understood the situation—for the officials of Allegheny county knew as well as I did where that letter came from and whose case it was designed to injure.

*

"YOU PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO DESTROY SENTIMENTALITY OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!" Backed up by a wall of detectives, "Special Agents" and

two reporters, Assistant District Attorney Meyer leaned across the table, looking me straight in the eye, and shook his finger under my nose.

"Trying—to—destroy—sentimentality—off the face of the earth."

I was dazed. I had stood up under several hours of cross-questioning. Spurred on by a sense of danger I had actually taken the offensive in our hard-pressed position and several times forced my questioners into a defense of the motives on which they were acting. But this accusation was more than I could answer. I was beginning to be a little weary too. They had arrested us early in the morning and now out the window the evening sun was shining faintly red through the smoke belched up by many smokestacks. I had slept only three hours the night before and had skipped breakfast. Being under arrest, we had had no lunch.

But I had answered a great many other questions such as,

"Are you a member of the Workers' Party?"

"No."

"Do you believe in God?"

"No."

"What did you do during the war?"

"Enlisted in the U. S. Army and served in France."

"You fellows are preaching violence and destruction," he charged. "I read the other day where one of your group said the great working majority would rule in this country only by force of arms and much bloodshed."

"I," I said, "have been taught violence, I have even had a hand in the wholesale destruction of human lives and property. I was trained to haul truckloads of bombs which were used to blow human beings shreds. I was taught how to jab a bayonet into a man's stomach and twist it around



Henry J. Lennon, Department of Justice "expert" on radicalism

so as to tear his guts loose and then put my foot beside the wound to draw it forth. I was taught how to grip a rifle and whirl it skilfully about so as to bat a man's brains out with the heavy butt. I have heard violence preached and taught, all right, but it was by officers of the United States Army—not by radicals."

I wasted considerable breath arguing in this fashion but the Assistant District Attorney's conduct at the hearing, held later, disappointed any hope I had nurtured that my words might have made him admit to himself that conservatives have murdered more lives and destroyed more property in their great wars than radicals ever could, even were they of a mind to.

But even they grew tired and the "quizzing" ended. At six o'clock they permitted us to go. I could see no reason for this as they had more "evidence" against us than against many of those who were still being held in jail.

But I learned that night that news of our arrest had been phoned to New York half an hour after it took place and within two hours Governor Pinchot received a protest from the American Civil Liberties Union.

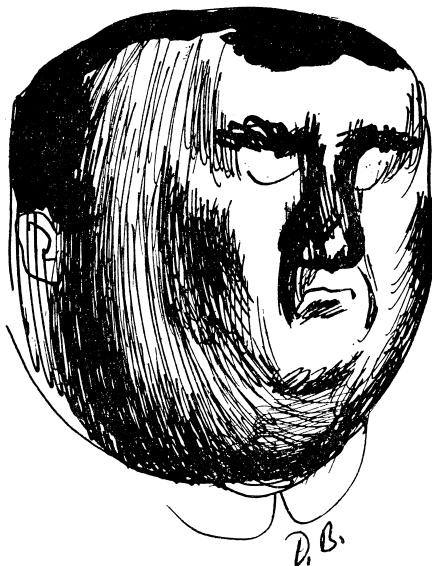
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That evening I bought a copy of the *Pittsburg Gazette-Times* to read the story of our arrest. On the front page there was a four-column, two-line head in 42-point italic type. At first I could not connect it with our case. It read: "CONSTABLE FINDS RED DEATH THREAT IN POCKET AFTER RAID ON OFFICE HERE—NOTE SLIPPED INTO HIS COAT AFTER HE ARRESTS TWO MEN AND WOMAN READS, 'YOU ARE DOOMED TO DIE.'"

Constable William Duncan, it stated, "found the death threat note in his pocket shortly after Don Brown and Alexander Bittelman, alleged correspondents for New York radical papers, were released."

Early the next morning I went back to the District Attorney's office. They seemed surprised at my return. I found Constable William Duncan and asked his permission to view the "Red Death Threat Note."

He looked at me suspiciously, fumbled awkwardly and



County Detective Philip Goldberg



John Kowalski, who fought on three fronts with the American Army in France, arrested for being a member of the Workers Party

said: "Well, you see Brown, *I just tore it up*. I get those kind of threats all the time but I ain't afraid. Anyhow maybe it was just some damn fool playing a joke."

It appeared that mention of the matter slightly embarrassed him. He seemed mildly perturbed at my lack of a certain delicate understanding that the death threat note was not intended to be used against me but was only for the matter of publicity.

I mentioned the *Gazette-Times* story.

"We never pay any attention to the papers," he said.

*

In Pittsburg, bonds for persons charged with burglary, rape, seduction, highway robbery, fornication and murder run from \$500 to \$5,000.

Before the hearing, Fred Merrick's bond was fixed at \$50,000. Bonds of \$25,000 and \$10,000 were asked for the other victims. These figures were set, not because the District Attorney feared the prisoners could be bailed out and might flee but to create an impression that he considers the defendants a terrific danger to the community. It was ten days before the preliminary hearing was granted the defendants. Bonds were then reduced to \$15,000 for Horacek and \$10,000 for Fred Merrick, down to \$5,000 and \$2,500 for the others. Liberal minded business men of the city had already raised \$125,000 for bonds and as fast as hearings were completed and new bonds set, the raid victims were bailed out to await trial.

*

At the hearing, Special Agent Henry J. Lennon, United States Department of Justice "expert" on radicalism, testified against the defendants. Accompanied always by several burly detectives, he had directed most of the raids. He also assisted in cross-examining me while I was under arrest.

It was on the "evidence" presented by this man that Israel Blankenstein was recently sentenced to two years hard labor because literature dealing with Marxian Socialism was found in a trunk belonging to him. No charge of violence or of any activity whatsoever was made against Blankenstein. He was just "railroaded" as a "Red."



The Exodus from Dixie

Robert Minor

The Same in Ohio

By H. M. Wicks

WHAT'N'HELL you trying to do—start something with them damn foreigners?" queried a burly thug who was holding one of my arms behind me, while the chief of police was leading me by the other, menacingly pointing an automatic revolver in my direction. Half an hour after arriving in Bellaire, Ohio, across the river from Wheeling, West Virginia, and in the heart of the vast Southeastern Ohio and West Virginia coal region, I was on my way to the local jail in the City Hall, escorted by Chief of Police Clarence Corbett and a handful of Pennsylvania Railroad detectives, who were assisting in the preservation of "law and order" on Mayday.

"They're a damn rotten bunch," volunteered the Chief, "but they won't get away with anything to-day if I have anything to say about it."

"Foreigners make you nervous, don't they?" I ventured, glancing at the gun in his wavering hand. "Then you should be careful not to stub your toe, as those things go off easily."

"Well, we ain't takin' chances with you birds," was the rejoinder. But he lowered the gun to his side, evidently assured that he was in no immediate danger of annihilation.

"What was you goin' to say to them dagoes, anyhow?"

"Oh, I don't know precisely the exact words."

"Well, them foreigners is bad guys. And we got to know what people talk about that comes here," said the jailer as he slammed the door, locking me securely in with three bedraggled-looking drunks.

Shortly someone shouted my name at the door and I advanced to interview my visitors, who happened to be Mayor Wyatt of Bellaire, and a special agent of the Department of Justice from Cincinnati.

"Say, you were arrested in Los Angeles, California, wasn't you?" asked the D. of J.

"No, you are barking up the wrong tree there," I replied.

"So you came here to speak for a Labor Party and a Workers' government? What do you mean by a Labor Party—the Workers' Party or the Communist Party?" said the Mayor.

"If I speak this afternoon you will probably find out," I told him.

"Are you going to advocate a Soviet Government and force and violence?"

"I will probably advocate a Soviet form of government in case you condescend to release me, but we leave the force and violence to the police and railroad detectives."

"Say, what are you—a German?"

"No, why?"

"Well, your name sounds like a German. You ain't a Englishman, are you?"

"No, I don't know what I am. My tribe has been here nearly four hundred years that I know about. Whence they came I do not know, nor do I care."

The miners held their Mayday parade and I could hear the strains of the International, the Workers' Marseillaise and the Red Flag.

At seven-thirty that evening I heard someone bellow: "Hey, where is that Bolshevik?"

Approaching the door I saw the grimy fist of the mayor clutching one of the iron bars, while in the other hand, he held a slip of paper.

"Well, Wicks, I am going to let you go. I'll fine you ten dollars and costs and suspend the sentence."

"Wait a moment," I interjected, "I have had no hearing, I have not been charged with violation of any statute and I certainly am not pleading guilty to anything."

"Oh, well, that don't make any difference, I find you guilty of disorderly conduct, but I suspend the sentence. That's a fair deal, isn't it?"

Before he finished explaining a committee of the miners had escorted me to the street, where a car was waiting to rush to a meeting elsewhere.

"Say," said one of the miners, "we can't let that gang at the city hall get away with anything like that. I say we ought to arrange another meeting this week and show them where to head in at."

"I'm ready to call their bluff" declared a short, wiry fellow, who at convention after convention of the miners has fought with the militants of the miners' union. "This city administration is part of the same gang of bootlickers for steel, coal and railroad corporations that run this whole section of the country from Pittsburg to Cincinnati and we might as well start the fight against them here as to leave it to someone else."

So the protest meeting was held on Friday, May 4, and after I had been speaking about twenty minutes, the door flew open and policemen began to swarm into the room, endeavoring to surround the audience. Corbett, the chief of police, came running toward the platform, waving a sheet of paper and shouting "You are under arrest." Immediately pandemonium broke loose. Five hundred men and women rose as one.

"Go after the s—s of b—s!" roared a big double fisted miner, making his way toward the policemen, who stood guns in hand.

Half a dozen miners, shouting their anger, moved in the direction of the police. One of the policemen mounted a table with two tear bombs in his hands. A miner levelled his revolver at him. I looked at Chief of Police Corbett. He was ghastly pale and trembling.

"Put up your gun and order your men to do likewise, so I can quiet this audience, or you'll be carried out of here."

"For God's sake, go ahead," he muttered.

Mounting a chair, I excoriated the police and their tactics until the crowd had quieted, advising them that to resort to violence would be to play into the hands of their enemies;

then I requested the audience to remain in their seats until the police could escort me from the hall, assuring them that bondsmen were ready to put up any amount to effect my immediate release.

Out of the hall, and safely in an automobile, with the Chief of Police in the front seat driving, and a number of men in the back seat,

Again landed in the jail I observed that there was a great commotion outside in the corridor in front of the entrance. Deputies and policemen were scurrying back and forth with rifles in their hands. Suddenly the back door opened and someone came in with handcuffs in his hands, followed by a motley crew of hill-billies, who wore deputy sheriff's badges. Then came the valiant Chief Corbett.

The handcuffs were placed upon my wrists, securely locked, and I was hustled out to the back alley and into a waiting car with the blinds tightly drawn. Then began a marathon over the hills, until the car came to a sudden halt. Soon another car came up and a consultation was held as to which road would be the safest over a given hill. I could hear occasional sentences, such as: "But dammit, them devils might have gone over the top of the hill and be waiting for us on the other side."

After the car started again, I asked concerning our destination and was informed that I was being taken to the County Jail at St. Clairsville, Ohio.

"But why didn't I stay in the Bellaire jail?" I inquired.

"Because those damn miners were going to tear it down. So we had to move you from there, so we could open it and let them in to see for themselves that you are not there."

Another pee-wee, riding in the machine, piped up to the Chief: "By Jesus, Toot (evidently his nickname), do you know it will soon be a question of Americans against foreigners in this part of the country. Everyone will soon have to take a stand one way or another."

"Say," said I, "what in hell would you fellows do if it wasn't for the foreign workers who produce the wealth of this part of the country? I notice your Chamber of Commerce and Kiwanis Club members that so staunchly support you in your attacks against radicals and reds are always damn glad to get the patronage of these same workers."

"Say, what do you get for talking to these guys, if it's any of our business?"

"Well, it's really none of your business, but then I don't mind telling you. I get nothing but my expenses and sometimes not that."

"The hell you say! Why, I thought you guys got about a hundred dollars a lecture when you come out here."

Finally we arrived at the County Jail where I spent the night on a braided iron cot, with a ragged blanket as bed clothing. In the morning the inmates were aroused for breakfast, which consisted of a slice of white bread of the soggy variety and a pan of oatmeal with blue milk on it. Being rather suspicious of jail food, I waited until it was light enough to examine the mess, and then I called the other occupants and informed them that they had been unconsciously eating meat with their oatmeal. They then began to speculate upon how long one could live on a diet of oatmeal and worms.

For lunch we had spaghetti and for dinner macaroni.

This was Saturday and no papers were permitted in the jail. The prisoners informed me that the "trustees" had told them I was a dangerous man and that no papers would be permitted in the jail while I remained there.

On Sunday I again received a visit from city, state and federal officials. Meanwhile the Cincinnati office of the Department of Justice had looked up my record and sent another "investigator" out to interview me.

"Say, how long have you been here and what has the government got to do with this case, anyway?" I demanded.

Ignoring the first question he said: "Well, the government is interested in all radical activities."

"Say," I remarked at this, "have you been reading *The Liberator* and *The Worker* where we took a fall out of your chief, William J. Burns, for organizing the German Spy system for the Kaiser in this country?"

"Quit your kidding!"

"I'm not kidding. I mean it. We have old 'fixer' on the run, which probably accounts for your interest in this arrest."

After a few questions concerning the Trade Union Educational League, the Burns agent left.

Next day I was brought back to Bellaire, where the Mayor was waiting at the City Hall. He informed me that I was charged with assembling with "some four hundred persons whose names are unknown with the intent of committing an unlawful act, to-wit: the overthrow of the government of the city of Beillaire and the government of the State of Ohio by force and violence."

"How do you know the intentions of people when you do not even know who they are, considering especially the fact that they have not moved toward the consummation of any of their alleged intentions?"

That was too much for Mayor Wyatt, so he ignored it and told me I could waive examination (by him) and he would hold me for the grand jury in two thousand dollars bonds.

While waiting for the bondsmen, a huge Italian miner, with dishevelled appearance, was brought in. I remembered his arrival at the jail the night I was arrested. He had been arrested for carrying a revolver and stiletto in a public meeting. That night he walked up and down the corridor raving and tearing his hair. "Those bulls got my gun, by God." There he stood, three days later, still infuriated.

He was fined five hundred dollars and costs, the limit for his combined offenses. Immediately some of his friends paid it and he stood up in the middle of the room, shook his giant fist under the nose of the Mayor and said:

"Now, God damn your dirty hides, I am going to get another gun and come back!"

Immediately he was pounced upon by policemen, while the mayor declared he would insist upon a peace bond of two thousand dollars as a guarantee that the Italian keep the peace for a year before he would be released. After a short consultation the friends of the prisoner signed his peace bond.

Again released, the Italian stopped on the threshold as he was passing out of the City Hall, and turning around thundered to the mayor and his minions:

"Hell, a year will soon pass!"

Howat the Coaldigger

By J. Louis Engdahl

PRESIDENT John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers tried to stop Alexander Howat in the district of Pittsburgh, Pa., after having failed to stop him in Pittsburgh, Kans. This is the Lewis who surrendered the miners' right to strike in 1920, by running up the white flag and proclaiming, "We cannot fight the government." This same Lewis has his own "Daugherty" and his own "William J. Burns" combined in the person of Van Bitner. It was Bitner who headed the gangsters who tried to break up Howat's meetings in Western Pennsylvania. They did break up a few. But the Lewis machine met its Waterloo in a now historic demonstration at Charleroi, Pennsylvania, attended by more thousands of coal miners than had ever gathered together in this part of the state before.

But the Lewis machine didn't quit altogether. When Howat started for Canada to speak at the Mayday celebration of the coal miners of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, Van Bitner was on the same train. And here is where the Canadian and the United States' governments entered this labor drama. Howat was taken off the train at McAdam Junction, just over the border, and held by the King's immigration authorities. Through the use of that keen understanding possessed by the official lackeys of capitalist governments, Van Bitner was allowed to proceed and did speak at Spring Hill, in the face of a volley of questions, all to the same purpose, "How did you get in when they kept Howat out?" To which Bitner replied, "That is not the issue here."

But the Canadian government and Bitner will learn that it is a big issue. No doubt the immigration authorities thought, with the passing of Mayday, Howat would be content to remain under the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes and would cease seeking entry into Canada, but in so thinking they made the same mistake that Lewis made back in Kansas. We think Howat will get into Canada.

Howat is also going to push westward through the mining districts of the United States, through Montana and Wyoming to the state of Washington, on the Pacific Coast. President Warren Gamaliel Harding may have greater throngs when he trails toward the setting sun on his way to spend the hot days in Alaska, but then again, he may not. Howat will get his grip on the bedrock of human loyalty, and that is what he will need when 2,000 delegates gather in Indianapolis, Ind., the international headquarters of the 500,000 coal miners, in January.

We said that Howat is winning out. And we may add that militancy in the miners' union is marching to triumph with him. Howat and militancy are inevitably linked up. This has always been so in the miners' union. More than ten years ago, when the spirit of Socialism was spreading in the miners' union like a prairie fire before the wind, the miners' delegates at the annual conventions of those days would gather in groups in the lobby of the English Hotel, at Indianapolis, and discuss this phenomenon so new to many.

"So you are a Socialist, too?" a delegate asked Howat as I listened.

"Oh, I've been a Socialist for fifteen years past," replied

Howat. A militant then, he is a militant more than ever now, as he works in sympathy with the Workers' Party and the Trade Union Educational League.

Fifteen months ago there was a unanimous vote, with one exception, against him on the International Executive Board, the big power in the miners' union between conventions. There are about 25 members on this board. Today many of these board members and other officials, backed by their various district organizations, are supporting Howat in his fight for justice. Among those is Illinois, the largest district organization, with 100,000 members, headed by President Frank Farrington, who is strong in his support of Howat, as is the Illinois Executive Board Member Edward Dobbins. This situation is duplicated in the big Pennsylvania District, No. 2, with 45,000 members, of which John Brophy is president. These big districts rapidly pile up a majority of the United Mine Workers' membership.

The February, 1922, International Miners' Convention was with Howat. But the Lewis Machine counted the votes. Notwithstanding this fact, on the standing vote, Howat's majority was so overwhelming that he had to be credited with a lead of 113. It was then that the Lewis gangsters cried for the roll call and held the convention up for three days. After padding the roll-call to suit themselves, they were able to count Howat out by 118 majority out of about 5,000 roll-call votes. Out of this total about 650 votes were cast by district officials and district and international organizers. At that time the militant elements among the miners were not organized. These conditions are being rapidly changed. The Miners' Progressive Conference meets in Pittsburgh, June 2 and 3, to build a powerful left wing in the miners' union. This will leave seven full months for organization work before the January convention, that will decide whether the always militant miners are to keep on bearing the Lewis-Bitner-Gompers yoke, or whether they are to break clear of all reaction and press forward with a clear program under the standards of uncompromising militancy.

For the yoke of Lewis amounts to the same thing as the strangling grip of Gompers. Not that Gompers has won over Lewis. It is the other way around. Lewis, the head of the most powerful International in the American Federation of Labor, and one which without doubt possesses the most aggressive membership of any, has won over Gompers. This is so because the puppet president of the A. F. of L. must trail the most influential presidents of the various "Internationals," or his power is gone. Thus Gompers trails Lewis in these days of uncertain events.

Today there is joint action between Gompers and Lewis, whether it is in attacking the Garland Fund, fighting "nationalization" or opposing William Z. Foster and the Trade Union Educational League. The present rapidly unfolding events indicate that many interesting developments are going to pile fast one upon the other. One of the most interesting of these will be the big incidents following upon the efforts of Alexander Howat of Kansas, to win back, as he will, his place in the organized ranks of the United Mine Workers.

The Lap of Luxury

By Scott Nearing

(Prepared for *THE LIBERATOR* from a lecture delivered at the Rand School.)

A LABOR organizer, in speaking of his Buick car, said to me recently: "The best the country affords is none too good for the workers and the organizers of the workers." Not all of the workers whom he had organized, however, had Buicks. Gompers makes a thousand dollars a month as President of an organization, some of the members of which are getting twenty-five dollars a week. How far is this going to go before you say to the president of a union: "You have had enough?" By contrast, the I. W. W. has always taken the position that the man in the office shall get the same salary as the man on the job. There are two sharply contrasted theories as to whether the worker should stay with his own class economically or should get all he can. There are rich Socialists whose economic interests pull them in one direction while their political interests pull them in another direction.

Necessity is a combination of those goods and services which maintain health and decency, so that one does not go dressed in rags in a community where people do not wear rags, or is not housed badly to the point of attracting attention. Comfort is anything above necessity which increases man's efficiency and social usefulness. Luxury is anything beyond that. You will see at once that luxury cannot be defined in so many dollars a week, for the standard will differ for each member of the community. Nevertheless, this standard constitutes a real challenge and presents a real issue.

There is the well-known formula of Bentham and his school of utilitarian philosophers who hold that happiness of the individual depends on what he possesses because each economic good carries with it a certain amount of happiness or capacity to satisfy man's wants. An apple satisfies hunger; shoes provide comfort, etcetera, and therefore man's happiness is dependent upon the sum of goods and services at his disposal. But the increase in the volume of happiness is not as rapid as the increase in the volume of things; if you eat four apples you do not get as much pleasure out of eating the fourth as you do out of the first. That is the law of diminishing utility. Yet, Bentham concludes, a man with more things would be happier on the whole than the man with fewer things. This is the foundation of modern thinking in the Western world, that the better off you are economically the happier you will be. You want to have at your disposal the things that are at the disposal of the best people. Who are the best people? The people who have the most things, live in the best houses, wear the best clothes, and eat the best food, and so you strive for these things so that you may become one of the best people. We have accepted, hook, bait, and sinker, this utilitarian philosophy of Bentham.

Socrates, on the other hand, in speaking of economic goods, said that to have no wants is divine, and that to want

as little as possible is our nearest approach to divinity. These two doctrines come into conflict in the life of every individual who is in a position either to have luxury or to think of having luxury. Which one is sound? Granted that a man needs the necessities of life, and that comforts add to his usefulness how about the additional things? Are they desirable or undesirable? The people of the United States are in a better position to answer that question than the people of any country have ever been. In no other country have Tom, Dick, and Harry been taken out of the ranks and given such great quantities of superfluous things. Tens of thousands have become rich over night and have been able to enjoy every advantage that wealth can command. Are they better or worse off? Is it true as a general principle that the best in the country is none too good for them and that the best in the country means luxury?

What effect has luxury had on the people who have secured it? From what we hear about the rich we may conclude that many of them are profoundly unhappy. The possession of many things, therefore, has not brought the promised satisfaction. The reasons are manifest. The psychology of many possessions is bad; it is as disastrous to live among many things as it would be to spend all of your time at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where your attention would be constantly diverted by the variety of things about you. If a room has too much furniture in it it is difficult to concentrate on any one thing. People of much wealth have many possessions; that is why the younger generation of the wealthy are often scatter-brained people. They disperse their energies; they are not necessarily vicious but they tend to be useless because their life has consisted in a vast number of choices. They may eat a different pie every day; they can begin with apple pie and go right on down the list; they never have to go back to apple pie; this may make them a connoisseur of pie but that has its limitations. They may become connoisseurs of cut jewels and fine china but the vitalness of life is lost to them because of the extreme diffusion of their attention.

Wealth, luxury, riches, surplus, destroy man's initiative. I do not mean that a man should go hungry, but if he has more than enough to maintain efficiency and social usefulness it tends to destroy his efficiency. What happens when a man gets money and fine things? He says to himself: "After all, I do not need to struggle any more, and my children will never have to go through the struggle I went through." I was talking to a big robust fellow the other day,—a man who had made a business success,—as to whether or not wealth should be inherited. He said that he had always got up at five o'clock and considered that a great asset. I asked him what time his children got up. He answered: "No particular time." I asked him why he did not give his children the opportunities that had made him what

he was. He didn't quite know, but he was going to see that they had a good time in life. Because he had got away from the necessity of rising at five o'clock, which he considered an asset, he allowed his children to get up at ten o'clock and so deprived them of this opportunity. Thus the second generation are incapacitated to function; they cannot tie their own shoes; they have a servant to do it for them. They are pauperized by their relation to luxury. What is a pauper? It is a person supported by somebody else until he is incapable of self support. A rich man's son tends to become a pauper.

Historically, age after age, the same series of events have followed one another,—men have secured luxuries and have passed them on to their families and their families have deteriorated because the possession of more things than men require tends to break down the stamina of the people who have them. They are forced to spend because they do not know what else to do with their lives, and this involves the atrophy of the creative instinct in man. Living on one's income means dying economically. He who ceases to produce the equivalent of his keep has suffered economic death.

Wealth, luxury, surplus are not necessarily desirable; Bentham's formula follows only for a very short distance. After a man has eaten three apples, the fourth brings no pleasure, and so with everything else,—increased amounts of the commodity do not bring increased happiness.

Let us go back to the trade union official and the worker; shall we raise the salary of the president of the union from \$7500 to \$10,000 a year? Suppose that \$2,100 will provide health and decency; allow \$2,900 for comforts,—\$5,000 should be enough on any basis. To add luxury is to diminish the value of the man and of his family. When men reach the luxury point they would be wise to stop. No matter what their service to the community, the world must find some other recompense than increased economic goods. The problem of the effect of surplus wealth on the wealth possessor is one of the most important that the community faces.

There is another phase,—the result of varying economic standards. What happens when the president of a union gets \$250 a week while many of the workers in that union get \$25 a week? Take the latest income tax returns in the United States where there are 43 million people gainfully employed. According to these returns five million people get between \$20 and \$60 a week,—one-ninth of the total; one and one-third million get between \$60 and \$100 a week; one-half million between \$100 and \$200 a week; one-quarter million over \$200 a week. Three-quarters of a million out of 43 million receive \$100 a week or more. One-onehundred and sixtieth receive at least \$200 a week. In the whole population only about two million or one-twentieth of the gainfully employed get over \$60 a week. Of course these figures are not entirely accurate, but they are substantially representative.

By contrast, take the figures for the wages in Ohio in 1921. Four per cent of the male workers received less than \$15 a week; 14 percent got from \$15 to \$20; 38 percent from \$20 to \$30; 28 percent from \$30 to \$40, and 16 percent got over \$40. In Ohio 84 percent of all the workers get less than \$40 a week. If these figures are compared with the income tax returns it is evident that in the United States at the present time a very small fraction of the people get \$100 a



Adolph Dehn

"My dear, you can't afford to call a strike; we need a Rolls-Royce this year."

week or over, that the great body of people get less than \$100, and that at least two-thirds get less than \$35 a week. We live in a world where a very small group has the necessities plus the comforts of life, where a larger group has the necessities, and where a very big group has less than the necessities. Those people who do most of the work, who dig the coal, clean the streets, handle the freight at the terminals, they and their families are living at or below the health and decency standard.

What is the effect on anybody who lives on one standard with a surplus while other people lack the necessities? What happiness is there when one man enjoys luxuries side by side with people who lack necessities? Those are the essential contrasts which are encountered in every modern society and any discussion of luxury involves a contrast between one man's luxury and another man's poverty. The first effect of such a solution is to create class bitterness and antagonism and division. From the social as well as from the individual viewpoint, advantage lies not in the possession of luxury but in the common well-being of the mass of people. If raising the standard of living for one man means lowering the standard of somebody else then those on high standards enjoy luxury on some other person's heavy labor; as Hugo says, the Heaven of the rich is built on the Hell of the poor. In present day society the luxury of the few is built on the service of the many. Social, therefore, as well as individual luxury, is a menace to the well-being of society; instead of bringing men together it creates division, and prevents any semblance of fellowship or fraternity.

There is another aspect that is comparatively little thought about,—the United States finds itself in a very unique and favorable position in the world. During the last few years it has gone through a period of extreme prosperity. In 1850 the wealth of the country was seven billion dollars; from 1860 to 1900 it grew to 88 billions and from



Adolph Dehn

“My dear, you can’t afford to call a strike; we need a Rolls-Royce this year.”

1900 to date, to 350 billions. Wealth has grown with tremendous rapidity, and the same thing is true of the income of the country. In 1890 the national income was nine billion dollars, in 1910 it was 30 billions, and in 1918 it was 73 billions. As compared with the other countries of the world the United States finds itself in an extremely favorable position. The turbulent conditions of the world make any estimates of wealth mere guesses, but the following figures give us some idea of the comparative wealth and debt of several countries:

Country	Wealth	Debt
British Empire	230 billions	45 billions
France	100 "	51 "
Russia	60 "	25 "
Japan	40 "	2 "
Italy	40 "	20 "

The total wealth of these countries is 470 billions; the wealth of the United States is 350 billions, with a debt of 23 billions.

An interesting thing is happening at the present time,—the United States is putting up a barrier against immigration. With this enormous wealth, with tremendously high standard of income, the American people are putting a fence around the whole thing. They refuse to let anybody in unless they come to buy; if they are business men, they are welcomed, but if they are people looking for a higher standard of living they cannot come in if their "quota" is exhausted. Here is the New World formula,—luxury for America, starvation for Central Europe, and bare subsistence for the rest of the world. The American people hold an advantage which they propose to keep for themselves and their children. Just as an individual in a community sets himself up with a nice house on a hill, with silver service, a maid and a cook, and does not care how the people in the valley are living, so with America. The Americans are generous; they give to starving Russia or China, but they do

not let that interfere with their three course dinner. America to-day is the lap of luxury of the world; it has more rich people, more income, more wealth, than there is in any other country in the world.

The attitude of the Hindu, the Chinaman, the German, the Russian to America is like that of Lazarus to Dives,—thanking God for the rich man who threw him crumbs of bread from his table. The same fact that is encountered when the individual enjoys luxury is encountered when the country enjoys luxury. Differing standards of living in a community breed civil war. The United States enjoys the good things of life in abundance, and sooner or later the group outside will come knocking at the door, and when that time comes, the United States, with one-sixteenth of the world's population will have to answer to the other fifteen-sixteenths outside.

It is very difficult for a man to sit down in a starving group of people and eat to satiety without offering them a share. Face to face, such a thing is impossible, but it is not necessary to see them; the camouflage of modern life removes that danger. One-sixteenth of the people of the world are living in the United States with a tremendously high standard of living, and among the other fifteen-sixteenths hundreds of millions are living in misery.

Can one group of people expect to monopolize wealth and keep hold of it? No, it is not practicable. Can one group in a community live in luxury and let others go hungry? No. Can an individual live and be happy in proportion to the amount of luxury he secures? No, the volume of wealth is a source of unhappiness rather than happiness. Can a man expect to live in luxury while other lack necessities, build happiness out of luxury, look to luxury in any form as a personal advantage? No, luxury is a source of personal deterioration and a community menace, and the individual who has his own well-being at heart will refrain from luxury as he would from any other menace.

To a Girl Sweeping

YOUR arms with a broom, your lips with a song,
Blithely you scatter the dust along.

Think you not sometimes the dust from the floor
Mustering forces, may settle the score?

Watch out lest the dust catch you asleep
And chuckling in vengeance bury you deep!

LOUIS GINSBERG.

Waterfalls of Stone

BUILDINGS are waterfalls of stone,
That, spurting up with marble crest,
Are frozen and enchained in air,
Poised in perpetual rest.

But water seeks its level out;
So when these fountains are unbound,
The cataracts of melting stone
Will sink into the ground.

LOUIS GINSBERG.

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The Outline of Marriage

By Floyd Dell

III.

JUST a moment, before we proceed! There is somebody in the back of the hall who wants to ask a question.—Speak up, so everybody can hear!

THE MAN IN THE BACK OF THE HALL. Did I understand the Professor to say that the institution of marriage has been, so to speak, a method of birth-control?

— Yes, how about it, Professor? Please explain that point to us.

Preventing Children by Marriage

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST. Certainly. Child-bearing has generally been a privilege of the married. That privilege has been denied to the unmarried. Marriage is, among other things, a social permission to have children. The granting of that privilege to some persons implies a withholding of it from other persons. It involves a social selection of parents, a social giving and withholding of the privilege of parenthood, upon some other basis than the mutual sexual attraction of the potential parents. In almost all societies, there are certain groups of people, men and women, set apart and denied this privilege for a long time or altogether. In many warlike tribes, the warriors may not marry until they have permission from their chief; and since it is the general opinion that unmarried men make the best soldiers, this permission is generally withheld until their best fighting days are over. In other tribes, the warriors are as a caste prohibited from marrying at all; though this prohibition is not of course expected to prevent them from having temporary amatory attachments. In a similar way, both man and women are, in many tribes, set apart for religious services and prohibited from marrying. Thus two great institutions, war and religion, have the priority of selection among the individuals of the tribe, as against the perpetuation of the species. Those who do marry must not only, at the behest of the community, give up a certain quota of their children to the uses of war and of religion, but they may even be required to sacrifice their first born to appease the wrath of some deity.

Q. Still, people did get married, Professor!

Same Marriage Rules

A. Yes, under queer sets of restrictive rules—of which I will try to give you an idea by imagining a similar set of rules as they might exist in modern life. Let us take a man named Smith, who is a Democrat, belongs to the Elks, is a member of the Methodist church, and a graduate of Yale. To begin with, he may not marry any girl named Smith—a fairly common name. He *must* marry a girl whose father is a Democrat. But, oddly enough, she *must not* be a Methodist—unless she is a Presbyterian the match is off! Moreover, her father *must* be an Elk; it won't do if he is a Mason or an Odd Fellow. But he *must not* be a graduate of Yale. And the girl herself must have gone to Wellesley,

not to Vassar or Bryn Mawr! If you can make any clear sense out of those rules, you will do rather better than the anthropologists have with regard to the various and complex marriage rules of primitive peoples. They seem to be fantastic compromises between two opposite tendencies—an exaggerated fear of incest, on the one hand, and a desire to help marriage within the bonds of certain definite castes. A third reason might be added—the desire of the elders to have their finger in every marital pie, the desire of the old to boss the young around, and prevent the calamities which would inevitably ensue if the young were allowed to do as they pleased. For the more preposterous and insane workings of this spirit, I refer you to the pages of Westermarck's *History of Human Marriage*. But, to illustrate the particular point at issue, I would like to call two witnesses of my own, a young man and a young woman from the head-hunting regions of Borneo. May I?

— Why, certainly, Professor. Bring them on!

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST. Here they are. Ladies and gentlemen, this handsome young man in the embroidered loin-cloth is Bobo. And this dusky young woman is Waska. Speak to the ladies and gentlemen, my dears! Thripsy pillivinx!

BOBO. Inky tinky pobblebookle abblesquabs! Flosky!

WASKA. Beeble trimble flosky!

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST. That means they are glad to see you. Now if you will ask them some questions about marriage in Borneo, I will translate their answers for you.

Love in Borneo!

Q. Very well. Bobo, are you in love with Waska?

A. He says, you bet he is!

Q. And Waska, do you love Bobo? Never mind answering, I can see it. Well, then, are you two married?

A. They say no.

Q. Why not?

A. Bobo says he had bad luck in head-hunting.

Q. What of that? He'll have better luck some time.

Why doesn't he marry the girl?

A. Perhaps I had better explain. In Borneo, the test of a young man's fitness for marriage is his success in head-hunting. Head-hunting is, as you might deduce, hunting for heads—human heads. In Borneo, when a young man wants to convince a prospective father-in-law of his eligibility as a suitor, he goes hunting, with a band of his companions. They sneak up on neighboring village, shout their war-cry, and are immediately engaged by a band of young men who are lying around with their spears handy, waiting for something like that to happen. There's a fight, and a quick get-away, with or without a few heads. Sometimes the other side gets the heads. Sometimes there aren't enough heads to go round. The lucky fellow that has a head takes it home and pickles it, and then one day swaggers up to his prospective father-in-law's door, with a bundle under his arm. He unwraps his bundle and throws it down

on the front porch. "How's that?" he says. The old man looks at it and says, "My boy, I'm proud of you! You are made of the right stuff! The country needs more like you! There's nothing sissy about you, I'll say!" or words to that effect. And then the boy says, "How about that youngest daughter of yours?" And the old man replies, "I would be happy to entrust her to your hands! Have a chew of betel-nut!" That, roughly speaking, is the way it goes. Only poor Bobo here has had, as he says, bad luck. He's never managed to get away with a head, yet. So that's why they aren't married. And what's worse, Waska is getting to be seventeen, and ought to be married to someone, so her father is planning to marry her off to the old chief, who has a dozen wives already. Are there any more questions?

Q. Yes. I'd like to ask if the relations of these young people have—er—remained perfectly—you know what I mean!

A. Borneo is much like the rest of the world. In other words, they haven't.

Q. But—but—

A. Yes?

Q. Has Waska had any babies?

A. Oh, no—that isn't permitted to an unmarried girl in Borneo! There is a certain weed which when made into a decoction serves the purpose of maintaining the social proprieties—a woman's secret, passed down from time immemorial.

Q. I do not wish to seem to pry unduly into the pitiful secrets of Waska's life; but I would like to know how many children have been prevented from being born, by the marriage system of Borneo?

A. I think it is safe to say that she would have had two children by this time.

Q. One more question. I would like to ask Bobo if he believes in marriage.

A. He says, of course!

Q. And Waska?

A. She says every girl wants to be married.

Q. Thank you. That is all. Convey to Bobo and Waska our thanks for their trouble in coming here. Tell Bobo that we hope he will have better luck in hunting next time, so that their romance can end in the approved Saturday Evening Post manner.

And now, I should like to introduce some witnesses of my own. Paul and Virginia, will you kindly step this way? Take the stand. Paul, you will observe, is a handsome young man, and there is nothing the matter with Virginia's looks, either! A darn fine-looking couple. Paul, are you in love with Virginia?

Love in Hoboken

A. Yes, sir, I am—very much.

Q. Virginia, how about you?

A. Oh, I love Paul, all right!

Q. Then why don't you get married?

VIRGINIA. You see, Paul had bad luck; he was saving money for us to get married on, and then he got sick, and lost his job, and all his savings went for the doctor's bill. And the worst of it is, my mother is trying to get me to marry another fellow who has a good job!

Q. Shall you marry the other fellow, Virginia?

A. No—I'll elope with Paul, first! But it will make my folks feel bad, my marrying a man who hasn't got a job.

Q. Paul, you are among friends here. Have your relations with Virginia been—purely platonic?

PAUL. Say, don't you make any cracks like that, or you'll get hurt! Just you say another word against this little girl, and you'll get your block knocked off! She's the purest, sweetest—

VIRGINIA. Lay off that magazine stuff, Paul. Don't you see, they just want to *know*. And what's the use of lying? I'm sick of lies. I heard what the Professor said about that moving-picture couple that was just in here, the South Seas ones. I've sometimes wished I lived in the South Seas, where the bread-fruit drops off the trees and you don't have to work for a living—but it seems like it's just as bad there as anywhere else. If they don't get at you in one way, they do in another! It's a hard life for young folks in love everywhere, I'll say! Yes, we've been lovers, and I'm not ashamed of it either—even if I do cry like a fool every time I think of the—the baby—I—couldn't have—just because—silly—old—!

Q. You'd better leave now, my dear. We thank you very much, and we appreciate your candor. Professor, I think we may consider your point established. Marriage, we concede, is a monopoly in restraint of reproduction. But *within* that institution, reproduction is surely encouraged, is it not?

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST. Within that institution, yes. In fact, exactly as we have noted that certain individuals have been withdrawn from the uses of reproduction and denied the privilege of being parents, we have here to note that other individuals are withdrawn from most other human uses and denied the privilege of being anything but parents! But in this case it is only one parent who is thus restricted exclusively to the role of parenthood—the female parent. And that restriction is not, of course, absolute—there are always a variety of domestic services required of her, in addition to her parental services. It is only the more important human uses, or those that are conceived to be such, that she is forbidden to participate in.

Q. Professor, to what do you ascribe this traditional limitation of woman's "sphere?"

Woman's Special Job

A. To the impulse of specialization—the belief that an individual can do a thing well only if he devotes all his energies to that one thing. It is a trait that begins far back in biology. The different species represent the working-out of the impulse toward specialization. Our own species was lucky enough to have taken up its chief tasks after its physical form had become already fixed, so that we could not grow a soldier-caste with horns, a messenger-caste with wings, a mother-caste with ovaries so huge as not to permit her any other activities, or a sexless worker-caste—all of which may be found among other species. Thus among certain ants, there is a caste which fills itself to the bursting point with a nourishing liquor, and then hangs like so many rows of bottles from the roof until somebody wants to drink! We cannot do that; but all our caste and class systems are attempts in that direction. Soldiers must be soldiers, nothing more; priests must be merely priests; workers should do nothing but work; and women

should be restricted to merely sexual purposes—so mankind has thought. As if with the wilful intention of circumventing the wild variety of our human nature, to keep it cribbed and confined within definite and cosy limits that can be understood without the undue labor of thinking, we have given each individual his niche; and the purpose of all our institutions has been to keep him there. It will not seem strange, then, that all human institutions should have been throughout the ages hostile to such a wild, ungovernable force as love.

Q. But, Professor, it is generally supposed that the attempt to repress sex is a modern, a Puritanical scheme—

A. I said *love*. There is nothing socially unmanageable about sex. That instinct is easily fed and put to sleep—and society has never failed to provide plenty of nourishment for it. It is love that makes the trouble!

Q. You distress me, Professor. You speak of love and sex as though they were separate things.

Sex vs. Love

A. It is not I who have made the distinction, sir. It is the human mind, afflicted with this same rage for specialization, that has made the two as separate in thought and practice as, let us say for example, the world of man's work and the world of woman's work, which I think we agree should be the same world!

Q. How do you account for the separation of sex and love?

The Rule of the Pack

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST. Love is, I should say, the natural emotional accompaniment of the sexual impulse in a species like ours, in which the affair is a rather personal one, to say the least, and normally educative of an intensity of personal feelings. In pre-human society, though this is a matter to be envisaged only through mists of conjecture, the family was, at one stage, presumably the social unit, and the field of fierce personal passions, into which the psychoanalysts are more at liberty than I to conduct their investigations. At a later stage—though again this is mere conjecture—these separate families coalesced for some reason of necessity into a larger hunting-pack, and the individuals went apart from the pack only to mate. But, as the pack gained its ascendancy over the families within itself, it began to discourage the mating-impulse, as dangerous to pack-unity. A kind of social control over matings was established. Social rewards were offered to those individuals who submitted to such control, namely to letting the old folks pick their mates; and social penalties were visited upon those who refused to submit. The family had become a part of the internal political organization of the pack, and one of the prime motives of the marriage system was the strengthening of existing families as political units. Marriage became a mode of alliance between families; and people who married did not so much found new families as strengthen old ones. The economic motive was a part of this quasi-political arrangement. The more obscure details of these marriage systems may be referred to psychological motives of such a sort as only our Freudian friends would venture to attempt to unravel—but in their more obvious

aspects these marriage systems are intended to keep tribal power in the hands of those who have it. The last possible motive which would be expected to enter seriously into these political and economic alliances would be those fierce and incalculable personal preferences which we call love. The sexual impulses themselves would be left largely out of account, on the presumption that they would easily be satisfied outside marriage if not within it.

Q. But Professor! You are leaving very little satisfaction to any natural human impulses in this institution!

A. On the contrary—it affords great satisfactions to the impulses of pride, here transformed into family pride; to the impulses which we may sum up under the general term of laziness—for it is a great convenience, I am sure, to hold a mate by social consent and not by more arduous acts of tenderness and devotion; a satisfaction, moreover to one's sense of power, since a mate thus awarded and thus held is a possession in a way in which a beloved person never could be! However, as you surmise, there is something lacking in such a mating—precisely a lack of any mate. And this lack will tend to be corrected among people too poor or reckless to be quite respectable. There will, under these marriage systems, always be a few love-marriages, frowned upon though they may be and held up as examples of what to avoid when the intensity of their personal emotions raises storms in them which could not possibly occur in the more placid regular marriages approved by the elders.

But What Becomes of Love?

Q. But what becomes of love, thus ejected from marriage for the sake of peace, quiet, convenience, comfort and social order?

A. Ah, that makes a long, though an interesting, story.

Q. Let's hear it!

A. Very well—but first you should hear of the effects upon the psychology of marriage produced by war, slavery and polygamy.

Q. Go right ahead, Professor.—But who is this?

THE INTRUDER. I'm the janitor! Don't you folks ever go home? I got to shut up the hall and get to bed!

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST. The meeting is adjourned, friends, till this time next month. I shall then explain what war, slavery and polygamy have done to the human spirit in this department of life; and I hope to show you—

THE JANITOR. Lights out!

(To be continued next month.)

Waking

I SAID to myself one morning:

“Annie, the world is fair;
You'd better be up and combing
The tangles out of your hair.”

Quickly myself made answer:

“The world is horrid and queer,
And if you don't go to sleep again
You're going to be sorry, dear.”

ANNIE HIGGINS.

REVIEWS

The Ethiopian Art Theatre

I HAVE, I must confess, a philosophic interest in the theatre. And when I go to see the Ethiopian Art Theatre, it is with a hundred questions in my mind, and, racing along beside those questions, a thousand reflections. I have already a conception of the Ethiopian temperament, and an intimation of the possible range of its contributions to art. And, by the way, I like that word "Ethiopian," because it withdraws the mind at once from our restrictedly local notions of the Negro. With "Ethiopia" in mind it ceases to be a question of piously encouraging the cultural aspirations of the descendants of black slaves once imported from tropic jungles. "Ethiopia" is a different matter. When I think of "Ethiopia," I think of African kingdoms in which Negro blood and Arab culture mingled to produce a civilization which, before it was destroyed by piracy and rapine, put the civilization of early Medieval Europe to the blush. I think, moreover, of that late Egyptian culture, after the decay of its original traditions, when those old Egyptian austerities had been modified by Oriental, Greek, and, not least of all, Negro influences; and I reflect upon how much our modern impressions of the color, the gayety, the lazy ease, the charm and the zest of, let us say, Antony's celebrated amour with Cleopatra, is a tribute to the Egypt of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, but to something more suave and gentle and gay which Ethiopia lent to Egypt. I reflect, moreover, that Gautier found that lazy gayety in Egypt, along with an Eastern hardness and cruelty, and gave both to Europe in the romantic literature which he fathered. I reflect that when the Russian ballet came to New York, they gave us, by this round-about route, something of that same color and gayety, which the Russians had taken from Gautier and Gautier from Ethiopia. A visit of the Russian ballet to America marks the beginning of our American release from the sober Puritan tradition of quiet, stodgy, grim colors in dresses. And the colors which I see on the streets today are the colors which in my childhood were regarded as "nigger" colors. So they are. We dress in Ethiopian colors, we dance to Ethiopian music, and we are learning, after our fashion, as older civilizations than ours have come at last to learn, somewhat of the happy Ethiopian attitude toward life. There is still much for us to learn, much that we are capable of assimilating, in this period of the breakdown of our austere Puritan traditions, from Ethiopia.

But as to the drama: for whatever reason, Ethiopia has never developed a dramatic art; or rather, it has kept the dramatic art in its happy infancy, as song and dance. Its influence upon drama would appear to be in the direction of resolving the drama back into these primitive elements. These were some of my thoughts as I went to see the Ethiopian players (at the Frazee Theatre in New York), in their second bill, a comedy called "The Chip Woman's Fortune," and Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" done with a jazz accompaniment. I wondered, chiefly, what a Shakespearean comedy set to jazz would be like.

Not that I cared! Shakespeare's comedies have no high place in my affections. If the Ethiopian players could make this stale old comedy *funny*, they would have accomplished more than any white actors I ever saw. And they did. That comedy is a piece of clowning or it is nothing; the clowning, in contemporary performances, is generally neglected, and so it is nothing. But the Ethiopian players gave it as a piece of clowning, and miraculously it lived! I had never thought the speeches of the two Dromios amusing; and I



Frueh

Ethiopian Players in "Comedy of Errors"



Ethiopian Players in "Comedy of Errors"

Frueh

still don't think so. But Charles Alden, who took the part of the two Dromios, is a wonderful clown; he made even those speeches amusing; but mostly he made one forget to listen to the speeches, in the pure joy of looking at him; his voice, and not what he said, mattered. And out of it all emerged beautifully a true Ethiopian conception of life, embodied graciously and triumphantly and deliciously in the figure of Dromio—the apotheosis of the gentle, and whimsical, and joyous “darkey” wisdom which we are just beginning to learn. That was the play. The troubles of Aegon and the two Antipholuses went by the board. Dromio was the show. Shakespeare gave very little leeway elsewhere for the emergence of the Ethiopian spirit, but Arthur T. Ray as the sleepy Duke, Soma Bowman as Aemilia and Evelyn Preer as Adriana gave glimpses of it whenever they could, while Marion Taylor as a Courtesan made something beautiful, a stinging fantastic Ethiopian picture of lazy, self-centered, world-forgetful gayety, out of what was in the original nothing at all. So, on the whole, in spite of Shakespeare, they achieved something.

And it was worth while doing. I am sorry not to have seen their “Salome.” I have extremely little use for that play, but I think they might give it an excuse for existence by their acting. Marion Taylor is quite my notion of Salome; and I only wish I could see her as Cleopatra in Shaw's play. With the exception of the Dromio man, the men in their company are not quite up to the women in “letting go,” either in voice or gesture; but they all have, what is so rare among actors, natural dignity; and I would like to see one of them try his hand at Shaw's Caesar. I have an idea that the real humor of that play would be made manifest for the first time, with no loss of its earnestness.

The other play presented no handicaps, and was infinitely better done; but, because of the absence of handicaps, and in spite of the beauty of the acting, it was not so interesting, to my mind. The most notable thing about it was that it escaped admirably from the temptation of a “tragic” ending, and finished up with everybody dancing to a phonograph. The play was concerned in part with that phonograph, and the question of whether money could be raised to keep the company from taking it away. Many life-and-death questions which I have seen stormed about and wept over in the theatre, were pale as dramatic issues beside that question of the phonograph. We have all seen plays which dealt with the question of whether the mortgage on the old homestead was going to be foreclosed; and I take it as a symptom of the decay of our Puritan traditions when we can begin to worry about whether we are going to lose the joy of life as embodied in a phonograph! These people, in the play, had no old homestead to worry about; like Dromio, they had nothing, except life itself. It is an ironic commentary upon our Puritan civilization, with its emphasis upon property, that it should leave us so starved for beauty and joy that we have to turn to the propertyless ones of the earth to learn how to enjoy life. For that is just what we are doing. It is not for nothing that this is called the “jazz” age. It is the age in which the Puritan wearied with the meaningless task of accumulating property, turns to the slave and the vagabond and begs, “Teach me how to be happy!”

FLOYD DELL.

Romanticism or Realism

(“*Underground Radicalism, An Open Letter to Eugene V. Debs and to All Honest Workers Within the Socialist Party,*” by John Pepper.—Published by the Workers Party of America.)

LOGICAL in its development, forceful in its presentation, conclusive in its proof, “*Underground Radicalism,*” by John Pepper, stands forth distinctive—a keen analysis of the conditions upon which the American Working Class movement of yesterday, to-day, and tomorrow, depend. Why did the Communist Party develop an underground organization? Was it romanticism or realism? With 6,000 warrants issued, with mass raids and wholesale arrests of its members taking place all over the country, was the organization of the “underground” the romantic play of imaginative children or was it the grim facing of threatened annihilation? John Pepper's presentation of the facts of the Communist persecutions which forced the formation of the underground and the facts which resulted in the recent abolition of this form of organization should clear up many misunderstandings and misrepresentations which have too long clouded the question of the “Underground” organization of the Communists. In summarizing he states:

“The conditions of the class struggle made it absolutely necessary for the Communists to exist as an underground organization during the years 1920—1922. But the change in conditions made it possible and therefore necessary, for the Communist Party to be dissolved as an underground organization. This was done April, 1923.”

Continuing he points out the economic development from 1920—1923:

“1. The Industrial crisis which began in the middle of 1920. 2. The agricultural crisis,”—resulted in aligning the two great groups of producers against their enemies—the “farmers against the capitalists and on the other hand, workers against bosses.” Daily the “Class-struggle is becoming more acute all along the line.” The author outlines the policies of the Communists under such conditions and places squarely before the militant American workers the question—to whom shall the the workers and farmers look for leadership in their daily struggles?

From its own mouthpiece “The Call,” quotation after quotation is printed to present the case for the Socialist Party and never was a working class party so effectually and eternally damned. After allowing the Socialist Party to prove its own case, John Pepper sums up the situation in a few concise, dispassionate statements. The Socialist Party is no more. There remains only a small group of leaders of the Hillquit, Berger type, who, to-day, are eking out their numbered days on the “Revolutionary sentiment represented by Eugene Debs, and a fine culture represented by Scott Nearing.” To Debs, and and all honest workers within the Socialist Party a vibrant appeal—nay, more, a stirring challenge—is issued—that they be true to themselves and the American workers—that they cease daubing rouge on the prostituted Socialist Party—and take their places in the front ranks of the revolutionary movement.

CLARISSA S. WARE.

The Second "Chi" Blooming

(A Brief Report on the Covici-Hecht-Bodenheim Combine.)

THE last decade of the nineteenth century, as all middle-aged Americans of lettered information remember, put Chicago on the map as a literary center of the United States. Like most Chicago developments, its burst into literary fame during the years right after the Exhibition was spectacularly sudden and colorful. The reputations to which it gave birth nearly thirty years ago have proved themselves pretty hardy plants—they are nearly all alive and verdant now, as witness those of Peter Dunne, George Ade, Brand Whitlock, Theodor Dreiser—to mention only a few of at least a dozen famous Chicago old-timers. The owners of these town-bred reputations have almost to a man left Chicago behind them—for which desertion no one familiar with the pavement of Porktown will blame them. Anyway, whether they are blameworthy or not, the city hasn't been heard from as a Western Florence for the last twenty years or so. It isn't exactly coming on as a Western Florence right now, but a second literary Lake Shore Push has arisen this inclement spring of 1923, whose leaders are Messrs. Covici, Ben Hecht, and Herman Rosse; New York look-out and representative *in partibus infidelium*: Maxwell Bodenheim. According to our reckoning, not a single one of them is a perdurable plant upon our native soil—they haven't the ghost of a chance to take root and expand for three decades, like the first Chicago crop of literary reputations, but they are, just now, known enough, picturesque enough and—with one exception—gifted enough to be worth a moment's examination.

The publisher of the new Lake Shore Push is one Covici—a fine fellow, it seems full of staunch, crazy loyalties to the "School" he introduces. He is a fountain of good display ideas, writes first-rate advertising copy, and knows the art of bookbinding. Ben Hecht knows Chicago—if very little else. Herman Rosse knows, in a superlative degree, the craft of startling illustrative comment to the Hecht texts. Maxwell Bodenheim knows nothing—not even himself.

Covici loves the authors on his list, to whom he looks up, in evident good faith, as a new generation of demi-gods destined to save America from illiterate perdition—and his love is not a vaporous, insubstantial sentiment either. He "features" them to the limit and blows in his prospective profits dressing them up in superfine bindings. Hecht is a true poet, if a minor one. A few "knowing" affectations apart, his is a genuine talent. Like all true poets, he loves the common things of life. He loves the Chicago pavement and the town-types that provide him with copy. Rosse loves Hecht—else he couldn't have shown such an astonishing perseverance in following his author, sympathetic pencil ready at hand, through the Chicago jungle. Bodenheim loves no one and nothing—except himself. Marvellous to relate, in his only love he has several rivals: the leading members of the new Lake Shore Push seem to be fond of him—*pro tem*, at least. Such a statement, we feel, needs strong support to be rendered half-ways credible. Here is our evidence:

Mr. Bodenheim has published an autobiography in novelistic guise, called "Blackguard." The proof: he is associate editor of the Chicago Literary Times, the *Moniteur Officiel* of the L. S. P. The third issue of the C. L. T. comes out, point blank, with the averment that "Black Guard" is a self-

portrait of Mr. Bodenheim. In this his first novel, he comes into the court of public opinion flanked, on the jacket, by two witnesses as to literary character: Ben Hecht and one Llewellyn Jones—the latter unknown to fame but presumably a minor member of the new Chi gang. Both witnesses swear themselves black in the face in testifying to M. B.'s novelistic greatness. Just listen to Llewellyn—he deposes and says:

1. His poetic style simply enables Mr. Bodenheim to say in one flashing metaphor what a more prosaic writer would take a page to say in ordinary prose.

2. The book fairly sparkles with epigram, deep-bitter word etching and interludes of lyric beauty.

3. The love episode is told honestly as well as beautifully.

4. Those people who take a malicious joy in seeing literary lights of the day, editors of poetry magazines, critics and literary studio-hounds portrayed in their fiction will find many occasions for an appreciative smile in these vivid pages.

5. No novel like this has ever been written before.

The fifth and final dictum is likely to be the only true one of the list—it would be difficult, and probably impossible, to find another narrative in the English language written with an equal degree of pretentious, feebly attitudinizing, word-mongering stupidity. As regards the other four pronouncement of Mr. Jones, cramped space bars any rejoinder beyond a few brevities. We content ourselves with observing:

1. There isn't a single happy phrase or manifestly apt metaphor in the entire volume of 215 pages, that serves as a short-cut in getting a character or a situation across. *Per contra*, the entire story is ballasted to the point of foundering with the butcher's resource of would-be *recherché* finessing—chiefly distinctions without a difference, useless adjectives, verbal cake-walks and dictionary-rouge laid on inch-thick to make the trivial and repulsive features of his hero both interesting and acceptable.

2. Carl Felman, the hero of "Blackguard," has a self-defensive habit of spouting incomprehensibilities at simple-minded people, who expect him to do what they, rightly or wrongly, conceive to be the decent thing. Also, Mr. Bodenheim, like most shyly arrogant people, is full of staircase-rejoinders; he endows his hero with all the supposedly "bitter," "smart" sayings which occurred to M. B. on his way downstairs, after hot encounters. Brother Jones is naive enough to take these pointless, would-be smart babblings of hero and author alike for "sparkling epigrams." Now, the test of a really illuminating epigram is its quotableness—and there isn't a single one in "Blackguard," that any human being in his or her right senses will ever quote to re-enforce an argumentative point, or to illuminate a human situation. An aside to Brother Jones: etchings do not sparkle. A competent blurb-writer shouldn't mix his metaphors.

3. Mr. Jones is partly right: the love-episode in "Blackguard" is told with as much honesty as his literary idol—that coil of a hundred matted and tangled affectations—is capable of mustering, and would be even beautiful, because of the common humanity peeping here and there through the layers of verbal rouge, if Mr. Bodenheim as a story-teller were not endowed with two left feet: the moment he has succeeded—for a wonder—in making a situation humanly

acceptable, he spoils its fine flavor by one of his irrepres- sible fits of babbling. He concludes a rather well-done chap- ter by wrapping his lover in the following cloud of hot air:

"The pathetic, cringing frankness of her words made a stabbing lunge at his deliberateness and a feeling of troubled tenderness mastered his heart. He wept inaudibly, as though himself had become a begging child, and the illusion of rare experience, cheated and twisted out of his life, returned to betray him. His head struck her shoulder like the death of regret." To which we rise to remark:

If an author cannot succeed any better than that in visual- izing for his readers the awe of a man at a girl's ultimate surrender, then he had better not try his hand at story- telling. And this fooling with words wrenched out of their proper meaning—this futile heaving and straining after ef- fect—that is the style over which the new Lake Shore Push gets into convulsions of delight! We assure the reader that we have taken no unfair advantage in quoting—there are, in a book of two hundred-odd pages, at least two dozen pas- sages of equal or greater length, every bit as pretentiously stupid and story-spoiling as the one quoted.

4. Mr. Jones suffers under a delusion of affectionate regard for M. B., when he says that there are any portraits of real, live editors or literary lights to be found in "Black- guard." M. B. has stuck, in his literary portraits, to the line of least resistance. He has contented himself with the insertion of a few wishful Freudian dream-concepts of fe- male editors succumbing to his charm of manner and of wealthy patrons knocked down by "bitter words"—the sort of "bitter words" that Maxwell Bodenheim, on some occasion or other, remembered as the right and proper ones—on his way downstairs. The dialogue in the lady-editor's study is a veritable marvel of stupid, stilted, unconvincing bosh—no editor, no patron ever spoke that way to an office-visitor or was ever knocked silly by that style of declamatory, grand- stand repartee.

In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, we are in- clined to credit Llewellyn Jones with perfect good faith. His Bodenheim raptures have a sincere ring. Chicagoans are warned not to send L. J. to the nearest department-store, there to buy a volume of good narrative prose. He would come back with a Gillette razor—a coffee-mill—a sewing- machine—anything but a volume of good narrative prose. He wouldn't know good prose if it were thrust right under his nose. He admires M. B. truly and unaffectedly, and though our own admiration for the inventor of emotionless poetry is easily kept within bounds, we like L. J.'s large- hearted if benighted way of standing up for his pal.

The other jacket-witness—Ben Hecht—deserves no credit whatever for being in good faith. He calls "Blackguard" a "climax to the introspective literature of the day" and Bo- denheim's style "incandescent." "His first novel is the poignant somersault of a poet's soul through the modern scene—I know of no one who writes as lucidly and brilliantly as Bodenheim." Each and every count in this testimony is delib- erate perjury. Ben Hecht knows better—he *does* know good prose when he sees it—he writes a crude but pretty effect- ive newspaper prose himself. (The reader mustn't judge him by that "poignant somersault"—that's just his little joke, pour epater le bourgeois.) "Incandescent" means: made luminous through heat—and Maxwell Bodenheim is as capable of heat as a carp. A specimen of his "brilliancy"

of invention: he rings the curtain over the oldest, most thoroughly rag-worn trick of the Bowery stage—the joining hands of the noble rascal with the super-harlot. Mr. Hecht may step down from the witness-stand—and praise his luck that he hasn't testified in a court of law. In that event, a pinch in open court would have been inevitable.

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