

# LIBERATOR\*



JANUARY  
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### THE FRIENDS OF SOVIET RUSSIA are also FRIENDS OF WORKERS' GERMANY

# READ "BUNK" AND BE DE-BUNKED

Like Voltaire, W. E. Woodward, the author of "Bunk," places his hero, Michael Webb, in society and thru him proceeds to expose its frailties.

This book is sparkling with satire on every phase of capitalist society. When I read it I got the feeling that thru some wonderful modern invention it was possible for me to look into the homes of numerous persons of whom I have read in the newspapers and with whom I was familiar in a vague way. I felt myself in the midst of their most intimate life seeing them with all the outward veneer removed. In summing up this book one can say it is a series of pictures taken from life with a philosopher in the background—his analytical satire giving zest to the panorama. The book is full of humor. You laugh your way thru it from cover to cover.

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Mr. Gompers' Russian Program—The Pogrom

Fred Elli,

# THE LIBERATOR

Vol. No. 1 [Serial No. 69]

January, 1924

## EDITORIALS

### 1924—Resolutions and Revolutions

FORTUNATE are the men and women in whose lifetime falls the year 1924. This year will not be dull, nor lacking in opportunity for heroic living.

For the whole world stands, at the beginning of this year, poised for a plunge into actions unprecedented and probably unequalled even in the first World War and the founding of the first Soviet Republic.

May the year bring at least one more Soviet Republic—that of Germany!

### Preparedness

BATTLESHIPS of the United States Navy have completed preparations for the coming war in China with a naval demonstration on Pearl River and hostile acts at Canton which have sufficiently excited the Chinese population. Now nothing remains but to choose the time and manner, arrange alliances and stage an "outrage" to avenge.

It will be a big war.

Russia will be the only friend of China.

### Charley the Penman

TRUE, it is entirely possible that the producing masses of this country, when they become the ruling power, may consider it worth while to hoist a red flag over a White House Museum.

Still, it is a rather low comedy for Secretary of State Hughes to say that Zinoviev, President of the Communist International, sent instructions to the Workers Party of America to organize "sappers" and shooting squads and to drape that White House with the crimson banner. If the concocted document had been a little less silly and childish a great many ill-informed persons might have preferred the word of Hughes to the word Zinoviev. Zinoviev declares he did not send such a communication as that "quoted" by Hughes. The document is doubly proven a forgery.

Then Hughes comes forth with a supposed translation of an article from the Moscow *Isvestia* to prove his case—and this, again, is shown to be a mistranslation.

Cannot the ex-flunky of the Rockefeller family understand that the role of an international forger requires a little more cleverness?

### The White House Speaks

PRESIDENT Coolidge's recent message to Congress reads as though written by the private secretary of a Boston stockbroker. A tight, narrow, cruel and sordid little mind Coolidge must have, as shown by the snarling meanness of his boast of "enormous charity" toward Russia. The stockbroker's clerk in the White House refuses to recognize Russia unless Russia will permit him to reshape the institutions of that country.

Mr. Coolidge's message is a prayer to all who are rich, and a sneer at all who labor. The farmers, says the President, if they are bankrupt and losing their farms, may—raise less grain!

Coolidge intends that before this year is out the bulk of the workers in all basic industries shall be compelled to register with the police their names, addresses, political opinions and attitude toward their employers, and shall be compelled thereafter to report to police officials annually to be questioned as to good behaviour.

It is not expressed this way. The bill supported by the administration is called one for "registration of aliens." The joker lies in the fact that the enormous majority of the workers in the key industries in this country are foreign-born. The bill has the sole purpose of destroying labor unionism and every other form of freedom of action and opinion in the portion of the working class most strategically placed in industry.

The industries which Mr. Coolidge intends to put under the "paroled-convict" system are:

<i>Name of Industry</i>	<i>Percentage of Foreign-Born Workers</i>
Iron and steel manufacturing .....	58%
Slaughtering and meat packing .....	61%
Bituminous coal mining .....	62%
Woolen and worsted manufacturing.....	62%
Cotton goods manufacturing .....	62%
Clothing manufacturing .....	69%
Leather manufacturing .....	67%
Furniture manufacturing .....	59%
Oil refining .....	67%

The bill purports to enforce the registration only upon those who have not become naturalized citizens; but this weakness will be taken care of later by giving the Department of Labor the power to revoke the citizenship of all



Maurice Becker

### The President's Message

foreign-born workers who show a rebellious spirit toward their employers.

Therefore the measure ultimately affects all workers of foreign birth.

This is meant to be the heaviest blow yet struck at the labor movement in this country. Its purpose is to keep the bulk of labor unorganized and unorganizable. Yet it has plenty of camouflage to enable labor leaders to pass it over with little or no protest. It reduces the average worker, under fear of deportation to Europe, to the perpetual state of a convict on parole.

### High Class Juries For Low-Class Trials

THE MERCHANTS and manufacturers of Illinois are resolved to abolish the jury system in the United States, or at least so to amend it that no more acquittals can be obtained in labor cases. The legal rats of the chambers of commerce are suggesting arrangements whereby only "high-class" juries can sit in labor trials—that is, members of the capitalist class; and that prosecutors be given the right to transfer such cases out of working-class districts into localities of more genteel population. Whenever a "democratic institution" begins to hamper the suppression of the working class—!

### A Chip Off The Old Wood

WHEN Leonard Wood went to the Philippine Islands as Governor General, it wasn't because of bad health. But just how the bovine general would next move to his own benefit, there was no way to know. A comparison of the list of corporation magnates who tried to buy a presidential nomination for the general in 1920, with a list of those who received the right to loot the Philippines, is only circumstantial evidence.

But somehow and suddenly the family fortune is made. The General took his son, Second Lieutenant Osborne Wood, with him to the Philippines... The newspapers swear that it wasn't \$2,700,000 but only about \$800,000. And every cent of it was made by the young man in

speculating on Wall Street by cable, while he was helping papa govern the Bolos. Anyone who knows Wall Street knows that it is simple enough to cable to Wall Street and have \$800,000 or \$2,700,000 won for you. It was only because Secretary of War Weeks is such a sensitive man, that he squelched the whole business. It didn't have a thing to do with the Philippines.

Well, anyway, there's only one business, whether it be with Bolos or with brokers, and that is, getting money.

### Henry Has Engine Trouble

HENRY Ford's retirement from the presidential race in favor of Coolidge shows—that Ford is interchangeable with Coolidge. It shows how much capitalist party lines mean, and how much difference there is, or rather, is not, between the "progressive" heroes and the frank reactionaries. Ford, who was "too radical" for any but the extreme left wing of the Democratic party, gives up the fight and endorses the most reactionary member of the extreme reactionary wing of the Republican party.

Ford retired at the right time. The death-knell of his boom was sounded in a convention of farmers and Labor in South Dakota. The curious thing is that the convention in which Ford was soundly beaten endorsed the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. And the enemies of the Federated Farmer-Labor party say that it is communist! A sign of the times.

### The Reds As They Are

AS a matter of fact, the Workers Party (communist) did play an active part in beating Ford in South Dakota. Strange as it may seem, this party of communists who two years ago were outlawed and driven into an underground existence, today not only thrives in the open, but plays the dominant role in the farmer-labor party movement, counts its own gains of dues-paying members by the hundreds per day and is founding this month in the city of Chicago a great daily newspaper.



Maurice Becker

State Prison Warden: "Gee! We state officials handle all the political prisoners for a while."

# Here We Are Again!

**S**EVEN agencies in New York have united to purify the stage.

"If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

**O**NE GATHERS from late speeches of the Fundamentalists that Hell is paved with scientists and Unitarians. Well, every dogmatist has his day.

**I**T IS feared that the conviction of Frederick A. Cook will hurt the oil stock industry. Too many Cooks spoil the superstition.

**I**N NEW York and New Jersey villages they are discharging school-ma'ams for smoking cigarettes. "Where there is smoke," says the rural board of education, "there must be somebody fired."

"**W**HEN we are organized to discriminate between citizens," says Oscar Underwood, "and are trying to raise a hand against the happiness of any citizen of the United States because of his belief, we are tearing down the structure of the American Government, the Constitution of the United States, and the bulwark of our happiness."

"His belief" and—as the Alabama senator so eloquently failed to mention in his entire speech—his color.

**T**HESE are the days when the mine owners reap the profits of their recent defeat. For the coal consumer there are only two seasons—the silly and the chilly.

**U**NEMPLOYMENT may be on the decrease but gunemployment is holding its own.

**B**RIGADIER General Fries of the Chemical Warfare Service says the after effects of poison gases are practically nothing; in fact some of these chemicals have been found to have beneficial effects. Let's stop wasting our money on this sentimental philanthropy. What's the use of paying taxes to do our next enemy a favor?

**T**HE London Evening News says it is possible that Miss Megan Lloyd George may write a book on her impressions of America. This ought to be good.

**N**OW that Colonel Harvey is back in America and long pants he seems to be without risible means of support.

**C**OOLEDGE starts for the Cleveland convention with a big handicap. Maybe no southern delegate will trade his vote for a fat job, but he'll be sorely Slempted.

**N**EXT Autumn will probably see a bitter struggle for the Presidency between Coolidge and McAdoo while the people stand by and give the contestants three, rousing, ear-splitting yawns.

**S**OME of those officers in the Veterans Bureau must have learned their trade in a looting gallery.

"**G**OMPERS Arraigns Hearst for Urging Soviet Relations." In other words, the head of a great workers' organization denounces a millionaire and his banker friends for being open-minded toward a workers' government. Henceforth anyone denying that this is a crazy world will do so at his own risk.

**E**VERY once in a while some virtuous stock exchange reformer takes a shot at those depraved gamblers who bet that stocks will go down instead of up. That raises a question that has always bothered this innocent bystander. Why is a bear a barefaced robber, while a bull is a bulwark of society? Why is a short a parasite while a long is a paragon?

**T**HE Ford political machine may not have gone very fast but we paragraphers were all strong for it. It got so many smiles to the galley.

Howard Brubaker.



The Funny-Page Candidate for President—Theodore Roosevelt II.





"Gee, that guy is fresh!"

*Cornelia Barns*

## Winds

GREY winds moan to the brown leaves  
of yesterday.  
The leaves and the wind and yesterday  
are gone.  
But a rose wind kisses the reaching,  
ardent buds,  
And the green twigs are set atremble  
at dawn.

Stranger winds come and sadden me,  
white dust and black death  
on their wing;  
Winds of powdered poison chill me,  
choking my eager veins  
with icy sting;  
Cold hands, terrible hands of the wind,  
tearing and twisting,  
murdering.

Grey winds moan to the brown leaves  
of yesterday.  
The leaves and the wind and yesterday  
are gone...

Harrison George.

## Evening Song

A THRUSH high as a star,  
High as a tinkling temple gong,  
Pours on my heart, like longing, once more  
His evening song.

The stars beyond the bird  
Burn like faint memories of noon.  
Rise in the sky and burn in the mind  
O smouldering moon!

The candle on the chair  
Makes brave and beautiful this place.  
Softly the sorrows tremble, moth-white,  
Across your face.

Up from the cabin door  
The hill path rises toward the town;  
Over the cool brow of earth the dark hood  
Of night folds down.

Somewhere are ships at sea.  
Somewhere are factories and toil.  
Here, though, are we, and time is a flower  
In the dark soil.

Sterling Bowen

# The Second Wave of International Revolution

By G. Zinoviev

**W**HEN, in October of this year, the full scope of the impending revolution in Germany was revealed, the Russian Party rose as one man. The manner in which the Russian Communist Party reacted to the prospect of revolution in Germany is of the very greatest importance. After two years of the New Economic Policy, the Party was called upon to decide what its attitude should be to the approaching revolutionary struggle in Europe. This was a severe political test. Would a regeneration of the tissue of the Party organism take place? Would some of the fatty deposit of "nepism" be discarded?

The Russian Communist Party stood the test. Its answer was unanimous.\* It reacted to the approaching revolutionary storm as a proletarian revolutionary party and one of the chief divisions of the Communist International should.

The pace of events has now slackened (November, 1923). The proletarian revolution in Germany is again undergoing tremendous difficulties, and, as a result, depression is being felt among certain sections of our Party, especially among the youth. Rosy optimism is giving place to the blackest pessimism.

It is now obvious that in October we all somewhat overestimated the speed of events and under-estimated the difficulties which stood in the way of a victorious proletarian revolution in Germany. Time intervals will be longer than we at first expected, although they are now calculated in months instead of years. The most prominent representatives of revolutionary Marxism, beginning with Marx himself, have been liable to mistakes as to time intervals. Let us recall the mistakes which were made at the beginning of the revolutionary events of 1918-19 in Germany by the greatest of revolutionary realists, Lenin. In a letter addressed to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee in October 1918, Comrade Lenin wrote:

"The crisis in Germany has only just begun. It will inevitably end with the passage of political power into the hands of the German proletariat. The Russian proletariat is following events with the greatest attention and enthusiasm. The most backward workmen of all countries can now see how right the Bolsheviks were in basing their tactics upon the prospect of the support of a world-wide workers' revolution, and in not fearing to make many heavy sacrifices. . . . But the Russian proletariat is not only following events; it is also exerting every effort to assist the German workers. . . . During the last few days world history has unusually increased its pace toward a world-wide workers' revolution."

\* "Well informed" gossips have spread the legend that serious differences existed within the controlling organs of the Russian Communist Party regarding the German Revolution. Penetrating Socialist-Revolutionary and Menshevik readers, analysing various articles in our press, arrived at similar conclusions. As a matter of fact, after mature examination, every decision, without exception, connected with the events in Germany, was adopted completely and unanimously. The same complete unanimity prevailed within the Executive Committee of the Communist International, which came to its decisions on the German events after careful examination in conjunction not with the German Party alone, but also with representatives of many other closely concerned sections of the Communist International.



*William S. Fanning*

**Marcel Cachin at a Communist meeting at St. Ouen**

Very much in the same way our Party, and in fact, all of us, estimated the situation in Germany during last October. We also believed that world history had unusually increased its pace towards the world-wide workers' revolution.

Somewhat later, towards the end of 1918, Comrade Lenin wrote as follows:

"We therefore say that never before has a world revolution been so imminent; never before has it been so evident that the Russian proletariat has set up its power, and that we shall be followed by millions and tens of millions of the world proletariat. . . . Three months ago, when we said that there might be a revolution in Germany, we were laughed at and told that only half-crazy Bolsheviks could believe in the possibility of a German revolution. Not only the bourgeoisie, but the mensheviks and left-socialist-revolutionaries called the Bolsheviks traitors to patriotism and declared that a revolution in Germany was impossible."

Comrade Lenin, in concluding his pamphlet "The Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky" (November 10th, 1918), wrote:



F. W. Seiwert

### Work and Bread!

"The foregoing lines were written on November 9, 1918. On the night of November 9-10, news was received from Germany that a successful revolution had begun, first in Kiel and other northern coastal towns, where power passed into the hands of the Soviets of Workers' and Soldiers' Delegates, and then in Berlin where also power passed to the Soviets. The conclusion to the pamphlet on Kautsky and the proletarian revolution which still remained for me to write has now become superfluous."

The above quotation shows how at that time Comrade Lenin and we all were convinced that this final victory, the proletarian revolution in Germany, had been won.

On November 6, 1918, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the November revolution, Comrade Lenin in a speech said:

"We are celebrating the anniversary of our revolution at a moment when very important events are taking place in the international workers' movement, and when it has become clear to even the most sceptical and doubting members of the working class that the world war will not be ended by agreement or by the force of the old governments and the old ruling bourgeois class, but that it is leading Russia and the whole world to a world-wide proletarian revolution and to the triumph of the workers over capitalism."

"When we seized power in October," Lenin wrote, "we were but a few isolated sparks in Europe. It is true that the sparks were increasing and proceeded from us. This

was a great achievement, but still the sparks were few and isolated. But now we see a conflagration which has seized the majority of the countries—America, Germany and England. We saw how the revolution passed from Bulgaria to Serbia. We saw how the revolution of workers and peasants passed through Austria into Germany. Many countries have been involved in the conflagration of the workers' revolution."

In connection with the Hungarian revolution, Comrade Lenin on January 9, 1919, said:

"Old people say, 'Our children have grown up and become adults. We may now die.' We are not preparing to die, we are going forward to victory; but when we see such children as Soviet Hungary, we can say that **we have done our duty not only in Russia, but on an international scale** (italics ours, G. Z.) and that we are prepared to undergo the greatest difficulties in order to achieve complete victory."

Having studied Marx and Engels, we can understand why such a type of error (over-estimation of the pace of events and of time intervals) were for them unavoidable. These errors proceeded from those powerful qualities which made Marx and Engels not only great scientists and theoreticians of socialism, but also great revolutionaries.

We, at the end of 1923, are of course not indifferent to the question of time intervals. Whether decisive events will take place a year or two earlier or later is important. Yet, from the historical point of view this question is a secondary one. Fundamentally, the estimates made by our Party and by the Communist International in October 1923 were and are correct. Important, and in fact, decisive factors are continuing to operate in favour of revolution in Germany. The path which the German proletariat and its Communist Party is now pursuing is a difficult and thorny one. But ultimate victory is assured.

LOOKING back on the events which took place during September, October and November 1923 in Bulgaria, Poland and Germany, we are led to conclude that they mark the beginning of the **second** wave of international proletarian revolution. The **first** wave began in 1917 (with the great Russian Revolution) and ended somewhere about 1920, having spread to a number of European countries. The first wave began as a direct result of the world imperialist war. Its elemental sweep was tremendous. There was a time when we were perfectly justified in believing that the wave was so powerful that it would sweep away the bourgeois power over the whole of Europe. But at the time of the first wave, the influence of the communists was insignificant. The very word "Communism" was, practically speaking, heard in Europe for the first time in 1919. During the period 1917—1920, the Communist International was in its stage of formation, and the heroic uprising of the Spartacists in January 1919 was the uprising of a small minority. The wave of 1917—1920 was unable to shake capitalism to its foundations. It was but the first reminder of death.

Then came the ebb. The years 1921 and 1922, and the first half of 1923, were a period of extreme and world-wide reaction, the capitalist offensive, the disintegration of social-democracy, the suppression of the old trade unions and the enfeeblement of the working class. At the last meeting of the Enlarged Executive Committee of the Com-



*F. W. Seiwert*

**Work and Bread!**

munist International, it was felt, if not actually foreseen, that a new revolutionary wave was approaching. The slogan of the Workers' and Peasants' Government and the resolutions on the agricultural and national questions proceeded from this presentiment of fresh revolutionary struggles. That this second wave of the international proletarian revolution has already begun is now perfectly clear. The events in Bulgaria, Poland and Germany, whatever their immediate outcome may be, have proved that the bourgeoisie has not subdued Europe, and that new revolutionary struggles are not far distant. The second revolutionary wave (the end of 1923—?), is distinguished from the first revolutionary wave (1918—20) by the fact that international communism is now asserting a far more powerful and organized influence upon the march of events. The sweep of the movement which began in the second half of 1923 has so far been more restricted than that of 1917—20, which was directly connected with the imperialist war. But the element of organization and communist consciousness among the proletarian vanguard is to-day undoubtedly stronger. The experience accumulated during these years by the advanced section of the proletariat of the world will reveal its influence in the near future. We shall see events which the wisecracks would have declared utterly impossible. We shall certainly see the great social-democratic parties, who are now playing a counter-revolutionary role, collapse like houses of cards, and workers who now place their trust in the social-democrats, pass *en masse* into our camp.

It is true that the movement in Bulgaria and Poland has been crushed. It is true that General Seeckt triumphs in Germany. Nevertheless, the events that took place in Bulgaria, Poland and Germany during September and October 1923 mark the beginning of the second wave of the international proletarian revolution. The pace of events is still not swift enough; our revolutionary impatience is

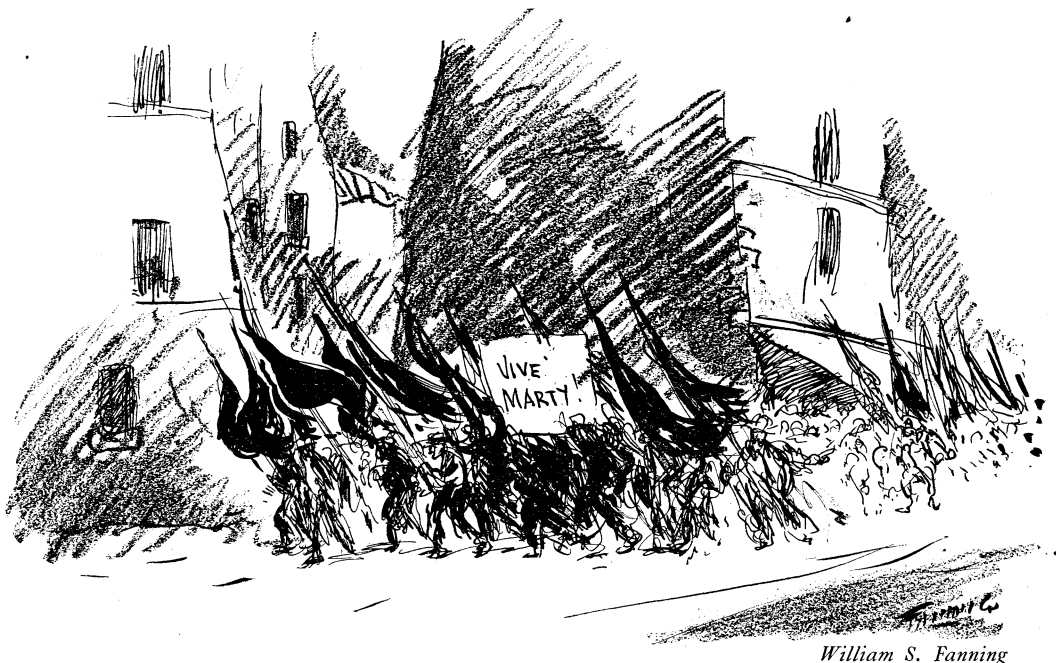
only natural. But speaking objectively, events are moving with unusual swiftness. Less than two months elapsed after the Bulgarian uprising was suppressed in blood before the Bulgarian communists were again on their feet, and at the elections, conducted under the violent control of the Tsankov Government, the bloc of communists and peasant gained important victories. That which the Russian workers and peasants, after their defeat in 1905, required several years to perform, is being performed in Bulgaria in a few weeks. The same, in all likelihood, will take place in Germany. The workers will recover from the blows of reaction much quicker than many think. One need not be a prophet to foretell that in the winter and spring a new mass outbreak of the revolutionary movement in Germany is inevitable.

The second wave of the international proletarian revolution has begun. It rose higher in Germany than anywhere else. It did not however reach the height necessary for the victory of the proletariat and has now begun to subside. But it will inevitably rise again.

The second wave is still not the "World November," but it is a gigantic step towards the "World November." The second wave of the international proletarian revolution is already beating heavily against the edifice of European capitalism. The edifice will surely crumble.

We shall err many times more in questions involving time intervals, since there are not scientific instruments for determining such questions with exactitude. The Marxian method is a powerful weapon in our hands, but it cannot save us from over-estimating the pace of events and from inaccuracy in matters of time. But **fundamentally** we have not erred, do not err, and shall not err.

Whatever the immediate outcome may have been, the events of September and October 1923 mark an important stage in the preparation for the final victory of the international proletarian revolution.



William S. Fanning

Communists marching in Paris in commemoration of the Paris Commune of 1871.

# The Counter-Revolution in Mexico

By J. Ramirez

AS I WRITE this, the fate of the Mexican Republic is again in the balance. Barefoot Indian soldiers are facing each other in grim battle on the shores of the indolent Lake Chapala. Tattered regiments are advancing and retreating through the little "key" town of Maltrata, high up on the very crest of the eastern Sierras. The State of Guerrero and a large part of Morelos, are in the hands of the rebel general, Figueroa. Veracruz is a rebel fortress. Puebla has been taken and retaken.

Senor De la Huerta, smooth, urbane, conceited associate of American bankers, returned from a visit to New York and began it.

It is not a revolt against President Obregon. Wall street was fairly well satisfied with Obregon. **But Calles was about to be elected President.** This is a counter-revolution against the reformist "radicalism" of Calles.

Obregon's government has been a conspiracy against the broad masses of the Mexican people, in the interests of international capitalism. I made this clear in my article in the November Liberator—and those who read that article will perhaps be inclined to assume that the present revolutionary movement is an indignant rising of the people against Obregon; but it isn't. The possibility is ruled out by the significant fact that the masses are not taking part in the movement on either side. It has been almost entirely a military affair.

And yet it is more than the insubordination of disgruntled generals. Political figures stand back of the generals—and there are persistent economic interests back of the politicals.

It is the economic interests that give meaning to the whole movement. They are the driving force behind it, and they are what interconnect the various separate uprisings in a single movement under a single banner.

The real issues never appear on the surface—for one thing, because of the swiftness with which things move in Mexico: a public character does not often represent today the same issues that he represented yesterday. But yesterday's traditions tend to cling to a man despite the changed conditions of today. The resulting confusion is exemplified in the present program of Adolfo De la Huerta, the outstanding personality in the revolt. It is a radical program, almost a socialist program, but it is made up of the things De la Huerta once stood for, rather than what he stands for now.

The people from whom the whole De la Huerta movement draws its support represent interests diametrically opposed to everything the program promises.

Not so long ago, the rich landowners and capitalists of Mexico looked upon De la Huerta as a dangerous radical. Today he is **their man**, recognized as such from one end of Mexico to the other.

It was De la Huerta who, as Obregon's Minister of Finance, officiated in the selling out of Mexico to Wall Street which resulted in the recognition of the Mexican Re-

public. De la Huerta negotiated the infamous agreements with the American oil magnates turning the Mexican oil lands over to them for exploitation in defiance of the Mexican Constitution. He also concluded the deal with the Morgan and the Kuhn, Loeb interests, whereby the National Bank of Mexico was made a tool of American finance. Subservient as Obregon was to American capital, De la Huerta was more so. During the conferences with Commissioners Warren and Payne in Mexico City, De la Huerta conducted himself as though he were not Mexico's Minister of Finance but a simple agent of the American banking interests. He even fought with his chief when Obregon proposed that in return for its concessions Mexico should receive an international loan on favorable terms. De la Huerta virtually took the position that Mexico should demand nothing at all.

The agreements which De la Huerta signed with the bankers and oil men in New York are now well known, and the substance of them was given in the November Liberator. But there are other agreements not so well known. Senor Pani, De la Huerta's successor as Minister of Finance, announces that the text of the De la Huerta-Lamont protocol has disappeared mysteriously from the archives, and De la Huerta is publicly accused of stealing it as well as some recent correspondence with the American Committee of Bankers, "and other interesting documents."

What was in these papers that De la Huerta was so anxious to get hold of? Would they perhaps reveal some secret agreement with Wall Street which might indicate a connection with De la Huerta's present movements in Mexico?

From the beginning, De la Huerta was warmly supported by the most reactionary elements in Mexico. The Catholic and anti-labor newspapers, which had been attacking Calles bitterly, published De la Huerta's campaign material from day to day and backed him unequivocally in their editorial columns.

The De la Huerta rebellion is clearly in the interests of international capital. It is not a Fascist movement as some have supposed, although it resembles Fascism in some of its aspects. Fascism is passionately nationalistic and this is not. This counter-revolution of De la Huerta represents the highest strata of capital, the large landowners and the bondholding classes whose interests are identical with those of Wall Street.

At the same time, some of the figures who have been prominent in Mexican fascist circles are identified with the De la Huerta revolt. One of these is General Guadalupe Sanchez, who commands De la Huerta's eastern forces. Sanchez is widely known as a fascist, and also as an avowed friend of the big land owners. At the head of De la Huerta's forces on the west is General Enrique Estrada, an outspoken enemy of the agrarians.

The present revolt seems to have been directly inspired by the ultra-reactionary forces in Mexico itself, rather than those of the United States. De la Huerta's action in becom-

ing a candidate for the presidency was taken at the behest of Wall Street—but open rebellion is a more serious matter, and Wall Street, which had just concluded its very profitable little bargain for the recognition of the Obregon Government, would no doubt have preferred a harvest period of peace under Obregon. The New York agreements have not been punctually carried out on the part of the Mexican Government but, in part at least, this has been due to sheer inability. True, Obregon is not the uncompromising advocate of the international bankers that De la Huerta is, and the two have had sharp differences over the carrying out of these very New York agreements. Yet, there is no question but that Obregon would be quite satisfactory to Wall Street. He has his fits of stubbornness and he still finds his actions hindered by a number of embarrassing friends, but essentially he is “all right” for Wall Street.

What must not be lost sight of, however, is that Obregon's term of office is nearing its end. Correctly understood, the De la Huerta revolt is basically not a movement against Obregon, but against Calles.

Calles is overwhelmingly the leading candidate for the presidency to succeed Obregon. No intelligent man in Mexico doubts that if elections are held, and they are fair elections, Calles will be returned at the head of the poll. And Calles is backed by labor. The great masses of workers and Indian peons are solidly behind him, as well as important sections of the lower middle class. His candidacy is endorsed by the Labor Party, the Agrarian Party, and even by the Communist Party, which is taking part in the campaign because it recognizes it as essentially a class conflict in which Calles represents the united front of the exploited. General Calles is not a “red” at heart. He once called himself a socialist, but so did his friend De la Huerta. His program is radical, but it is not so radical as that of De la Huerta. He is overcautious in his promises, and plays for every shadow of support that might be his in all classes. What he says is this:

“I must declare with absolute frankness that I am of the labor party and that I will sustain without hesitancy the rights of the workers, which are specified in article 123 of the constitution.

“I consider it just that the worker shall obtain sufficiency in order to educate his children, and in order to give a certain amount of well being to his family.

“I consider also that the capitalist should take the workers into consideration, for labor is a most principal factor in production, but I must also say that if I am a friend of the workers it is within the law and with the law, and for this reason I desire that all the rights of the capitalists shall be respected as they are found specified in our laws.”

One of Calles' campaign managers even declares that his election would benefit the reactionaries as well as the workers, because “being a friend of the poor and a man of energy, he would be able to control the radical elements.”

Yet his capitalist class enemies continue to call him “bolshevik” and “anti-clerical”, and the alignment of opposing forces in the campaign has made the issue clear.—Once in power, Calles would no doubt drift from social reformism to petty bourgeois nationalism, somewhat on the Carranza model—in which case the reactionaries and our American imperialists would still be his bitter enemies, just

as they were enemies of Carranza. There is a popular belief that Calles could be depended upon to stand his ground against Wall Street in the interest of a native Mexican capitalism. It will be seen that the American kings of finance are not disinterested in the outcome of the elections in Mexico—if they are held; nor are they disinterested in the outcome of the present counter-revolution.

Whether or not the revolt will succeed is still an open question, but the chances are that Obregon will be able to crush it. Not being a popular movement, it must depend on military forces solely. There are accumulating evidences that workers and peons are now beginning to take the field actively against the rebels, fighting side by side with the federal troops. Armed peons came to the assistance of the handful of besieged federals at Jalapa, and peon guards are said to be policing the state of Guanajuato from end to end. Moreover, even the regular army units which rebelled with De la Huerta are decidedly undependable. The composition of the army has always been a determining factor in Mexican movements of this kind—and the army is no longer what it was in the time of Porfirio Diaz or Victoriano Huerta. It is made up of predominantly proletarian elements—that is workers and peons—most of whom have volunteered very recently and only for a short period of service. Sometimes they are allowed to live with their families, so that they are in fresh contact with the non-military proletarian masses. It is not surprising that defections from the ranks of the rebels already appear.

Three possible outcomes present themselves: (1) the De la Huerta revolt may attract new supporters and thus be victorious; (2) Obregon may take advantage of the situation to postpone elections indefinitely “because of the disordered state of the country”, as permitted by the constitution; (3) the revolt may be put down and Calles duly elected president.

For the reasons referred to above, the first eventually does not seem very probable. The second, however, would be almost equally acceptable to the reactionaries back of De la Huerta, and would be a great relief to the nervous bankers of Wall Street, who have been seeing their bonds drop in value before the menace of Calles. It is not without precedent in Mexican history. Obregon has been suspected of intentions along this line for several months—even before the De la Huerta movement flamed into open revolt. At that time he was discharging pro-Calles officials from important government posts and refusing to recognize pro-De la Huerta governors—weakening both sides, presumably for purposes of his own.

In the event that all else should fail, there is still another means by which the international bankers might attempt to keep the affairs of Mexico in friendly hands. That is direct action—armed intervention on the part of the United States Government. Preparations for this as a possible contingency are already finding echo in the big American capitalist newspapers. Editorials are appearing day after day pointing to the present upheaval in Mexico as justification for a final break with the “Wilson policy” (curiously so called) of hands off. The Chicago Tribune has coined a new word and is out unequivocally for the “Plattizing of Mexico,” which means to reduce Mexico to the status of Cuba as a helpless vassal of the American financial oligarchy.

# Liberty in Russia

By William F. Kruse

*Recently Returned from a Voyage to Russia*

UNDER the heading "A Cry for Help" appears Gompers' latest attack on the Workers' and Peasants' government of Soviet Russia. After the steady stream of favorable reports on conditions in Russia, from radical and conservative alike, it is easy to understand that he should need help to keep his slander campaign even limping along.

So in this hour of need he joins with Abe Cahan, his understudy in the Jewish labor world, and the Social Democratic Party of Russia, in charging the present Soviet Government with "murder and massacre" of its political enemies. This is pie for Sammy and Abe. Especially for Sammy! He is strong for amnesty. Not, however, for his political opponents in this country—he sneers at them as "so-called" political prisoners at the very time when a strike-breaking President releases them. His heart bleeds for "60,000 working people, largely Socialists," whom he pictures as "dying a slow death in frightful soviet prisons." The world does move. Here is Gompers appealing to "every man and woman who has faith in democracy"—on behalf of socialists. These "socialists" are in Russia, however, not in the American Federation of Labor.

Every revolutionary government in the world's history has done so and in 1918 "democratic America" did the same with infinitely less provocation.

The Socialist-Democratic manifesto charges that "a wave of brutality has swamped us, not for plotting any revolt, but merely because of our PEACEFUL WORK OF POLITICAL ENLIGHTENMENT, BECAUSE OF OUR ENDEAVORS TO RALLY TOGETHER THE PROLETARIAN, LABORING MASSES!" Gompers is glad to use these capital letters. He is strong for "peaceful work of political enlightenment, . . . endeavors to rally together the proletariat, laboring masses." Especially when Foster organized the Trade Union Educational league, and central labor bodies call for a labor party.

As a matter of course the Soviet government stamped out "work of political enlightenment" when the means of this "peaceful" activity consisted of secreted machine guns, attempts on the lives of the peoples' commissars, traffic with and acceptance of gold from foreign enemies then invading Russian soil—"peaceful" means such as were revealed in the Socialist-Revolutionist trial. And as a matter of course the Soviet Government will smash "endeavors to rally the masses" when the purpose of the rallying is the overthrow of the present proletarian state and substitute either a Tsarist order or the "democratic" mummery which from March to November, 1917, tied the Russian people to the cannon-wheels of Allied imperialism.

At the present time there is no political oppression in Russia. None is needed. No nation on earth could wage a successful war of invasion against her—thanks to the Red

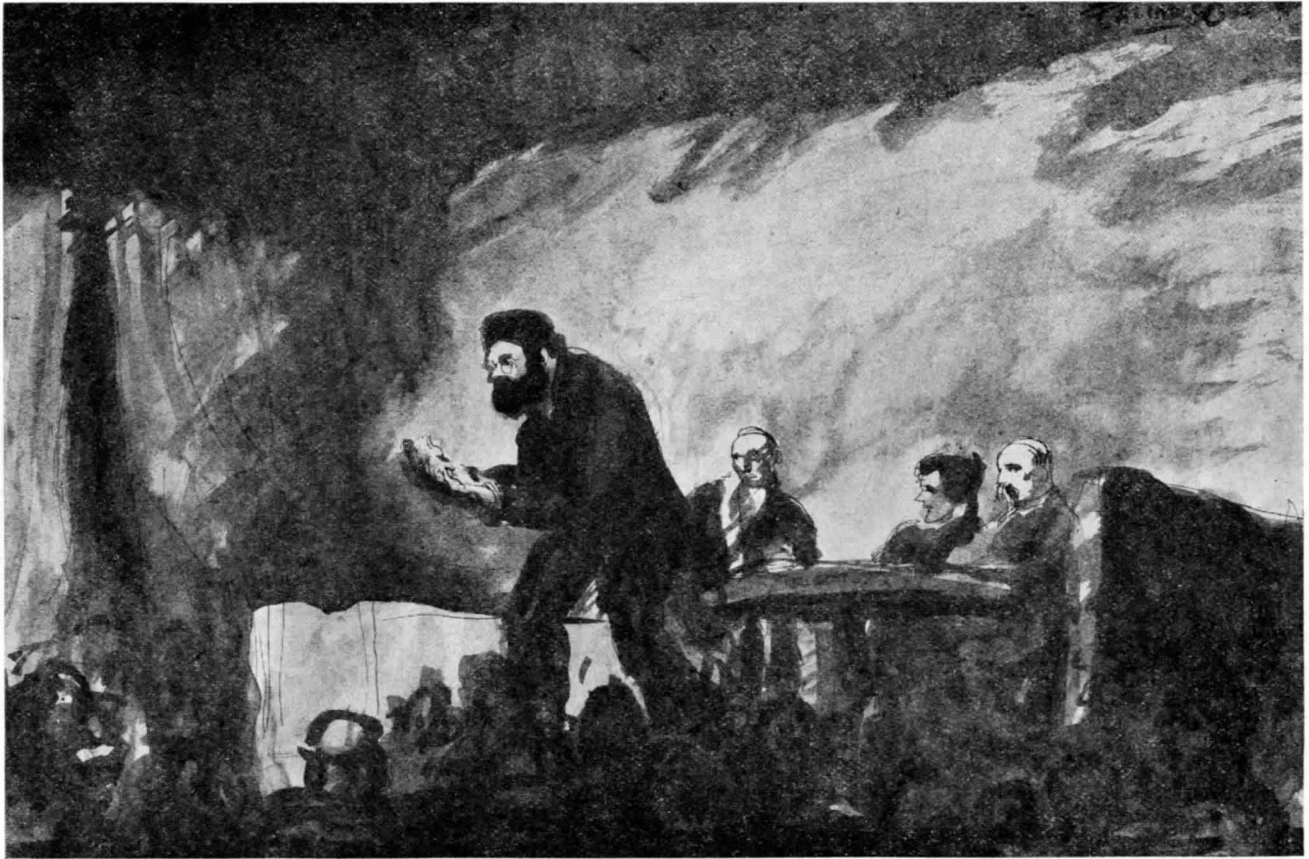
Army within and the revolutionary labor elements without. And on force conceivable among the discredited, disintegrating Tsarist and "democratic" elements either in Russia or in foreign capitals can hope to dislodge the present government from within—thanks to the whole-hearted support won by Bolshevik policies in practice among both city workers and peasantry. Russia today has a supremely efficient and powerful proletarian state apparatus backed by the almost unanimous consent of the nation's working masses. This consent is built and maintained upon the solid foundation of service to the masses.

The Communists' tactics in maintaining mass support is positive—not negative. That is the real reason for their holding power to this day. The Social-Democrats complain that "all kinds of expositions and fairs are humming noisily"—that is their characterization of the great Agricultural Exposition to which two hundred thousand peasants and workers, elected in village and factory, were taken to Moscow at the expense of the government, there shown the real accomplishments of the present government and thoroughly impregnated with the idea of the unity of interest between worker and peasant and soldier, between the capital city and the provinces, between all the sixty-five peoples that together make up the Russian nation. A State with such propaganda means at its disposal and such breadth of vision in their use need not and does not "murder and massacre" its futile opponents as charged in this hysterical and unsupported manifesto.

This "smitschky", this Communist-inspired fraternization between peasant, worker, soldier and Soviet official, is half the explanation of Communist power, the other is the well-knit, widely ramified power of the Communist Party of Russia, Spartan in its purity of principle and sternness of discipline. A former noble and member of the Duma, now working as a "spetz" engineer, though in principle decidedly anti-Bolshevik, characterizes the Russian Communist Party as "the only force in Russia capable of governing today." The Russian Communist Party has the tap roots of its strength deep in the working masses, thousands of workers are being admitted into its ranks upon the serving of an apprenticeship only one-sixth as long as the required from "intellectuals." This proletarian character of the ruling party in a proletarian state dooms to everlasting impotence the handful of bourgeois Social-Democratic would-be Messiahs. And that is the real basis of their counter-revolutionary, hysterical and baseless charges.

An air of mystery is sought to be cast around the Social-Democratic manifesto. "How this protest . . . could have been formulated in Moscow and got from there to the world outside, it is difficult to understand," etc. Closer investigation might show its Moscow origin to be only "con-





*William S. Fanning*

**A Communist meeting in Paris—Charles Rappoport speaking.**

structive", that actually it came from a constantly diminishing group of counter-revolutionary emigres in Paris or Riga. (Up to the time that proletarian revolution became imminent in Germany we might have added, Berlin.) In view of the fact that the original as published in the Gompers-Cahan Jewish "Socialist" organ, "Forward" contained also a roll-call of American Socialist Party membership, one might suspect the collaboration of someone living even closer to the office on East Broadway. How it must gratify Cahan, Hillquit, Lee, London, Panken, etc., to have their names written by friendly Russian pens—no matter what other villainies against working class rule these pens may have committed!

To one who has just returned from Russia this reported whine of the Social-Democrats seems as much unadulterated bunk as Gompers' cant about strengthening the bond of sympathy between free and liberty-loving Americans and those "unhappy masses" of Russia. It is true that the working-class government of Soviet Russia made full and adequate use of the Terror against all who would weaken or destroy it at a time when it had to fight for its life against the enemy without and the traitor within.

The manifesto closes with an appeal for protest against the "extermination" of the "Socialists" of Russia. The Communists are unconcerned with this matter—the particular variety of "Socialists" who strengthen the world's counter-revolutionary forces with such manifestoes are, in Russia, fast exterminating themselves. On the one hand such false charges rob them of their last shreds of mass support; on the other, whatever decent elements are left in their organizations come to see, through such tactics, the error of their ways and go over to the support of the workers' regime.

Meanwhile Gompers and Cahan take comfort in this manifesto. It should give them small joy to be told that their own is not the only kind of "labor" dictatorship that exists in the world. In Russia we have the first example of a dictatorship **for** Labor and **by** Labor—among Sam's newspaper boys we see a vest-pocket edition of the dictatorship **against** Labor that drowned out in blood the efforts of the German, Hungarian, Finnish and Italian workers for self-government. The American workers will have something to say about the form they prefer, and once the facts are before them we need have no fear that they will react any differently from the Russian workers—for the Soviet government and against its reactionary traducers.

# The Can-Opener

By Harrison George

WHEN I was in Cell 45 of the "old jail" in 1917, the concessionaire who went the rounds of the galleries shouting nasally—"Coffee, sandwiches, pie and doughnuts," was the herald who brought us tidings of how things were going with the Red Guards along the Neva. He was the authorized distributor of news, hawking the Chicago Tribune and the Daily News from cell to cell at a nickel a shot.

These papers were the best we could get that winter in the old "Cook County Can," and many of us Wobblies had to read them second-hand, passed along by the fellows who could afford the luxury of buying. The New York Call, then prospering mightily under persecution for its militant pacifism of early war days, was as impossible to us as were a decent meal and a clean bed.

John Reed's dispatches to the Daily News under a Petrograd date-line were meat and drink to those of us who comprehended the Bolshevik uprising in its historical significance. The evening "zoup"—as the runner called the official fare, stunk of "Bubbly Creek," and the "duffers" of "war-bread" made from mouldy grain were beyond good and evil and human digestion. The cook and the concessionaire were in conspiracy but, being broke, I scorned the aroma of sandwiches and coffee and supped on Russian Revolution in my dark little cell not twenty feet from the one in which Louis Ling blew off his head in the year 1887. The daily papers had to suffice.

The I. W. W. papers were either suppressed or devoted mainly to matters of defense of members undergoing prosecution. The socialist press at that time was, as usual and as yet, colorless where not traitorous. The "Chicago Socialist," a party organ, said in its issue of December 8th, 1917:

"Editorially the 'Eye Opener' (the national party organ) has withheld expressing its opinions concerning the stand taken by the Bolsheviks. We feel that their rule is but a transitory stage in the progress of the Russian nation toward a stable and permanent government. The problem, we hope, will finally be solved by a coalition Socialist government representing all factions of the Socialist movement in Russia."

To those jailed Wobblies who swore by the new workers' republic then upheld shakily but fearlessly on the points of Red Guard bayonets, the official socialist papers of this country were pretty poor stuff. For the diversion, we Wobblies in the "old jail" got up, laboriously, a hand-made paper of our own, called "The Can-Opener."

Not all of the Wobblies, of course, who milled around the bull-pen of the Cook County Jail that winter, understood—or were even interested—in what the very existence of the Russian Red Guard meant to world history. Some scowled, although sympathetically, feeling a little hurt that the I. W. W.'s recipe for revolution—the general strike, lost its monopoly of prominence amid the thunder of the guns. A few were non-committal. Others dismissed the subject as "a mere adventure." But, over in a corner, the

Russians, Vladimir Lossieff, Joe Graber and Leo Laukki, debated with me the advent of a new epoch if—terrible if!—the Bolsheviks could hold on to power longer than did the Paris Commune, seventy days...

Seventy days came and went. Months came and went, and we Wobblies went to Leavenworth after one of Judge Landis' "fair and impartial trials". Bourgeois dictatorship remained in America and the proletarian dictatorship remained in Russia, though Russia's workers fought continuous civil war at home and foreign invaders on Russian soil. We in Leavenworth watched the battle anxiously through the field-glass of the newspapers published by the bourgeois dictatorship of America. Their complaint that the Bolsheviks had suppressed the capitalist newspapers of Russia tickled us Wobblies, who had seen our own papers suppressed while the bourgeois newspapers shrieked to high heaven for our blood.

We read, also, the stirring news from Germany, and how the proletariat fought for possession of newspaper offices and printing plants. From behind bars we beheld the heroic Spartacus group fight and fall. Never did the walls of Leavenworth seem so maddeningly in the way as when I read in the Kansas City Star of the murder of Liebknecht and Luxembourg... Against Ebert and Noske—against all the Eberts and Noskes of the world I flamed with anger, and I still wonder at the temerity of those "revolutionaries" who protested to Soviet Russia at even the imprisonment of counter-revolutionary S. R. and anarchist conspirators, but who were silent at the butcheries of Noske and Ebert! Will they again wait for clemency when these murderers are being tried for their crimes before a proletarian court in Germany...?

We lived on newspapers at Leavenworth, and labor papers, always scarce, were literally read to pieces. The Union Record of Seattle held the stage for a time, especially during the Centralia affair—when the Wobblies shot it out with the Legionaires and lumber trust hirelings who tried once too often to raid Wobbly Hall. But the Record turned yellow later, while the Butte Bulletin, edited by Bill Dunne, was the prize of all papers that came to our hands. Wobbly papers were forbidden entry by the warden, but some way or another—just how I must not reveal—one or two copies got into the cell-houses, where they were read secretly and hidden under our shirts. But the Wobbly papers were falling sick with the phobia that still persists. They were beginning to talk against Russia, advocated "industrial" communism (as though there could be communism with adjectives!), and basely attacked the Communists on trial in Chicago as the Socialist Labor Party papers had attacked us during our trial before Landis. Wobbly papers were sickening under control of Sandgren—who is now writing a big book to refute Marx! and of Harold Lord Varney, spy and renegade, who is now lecturing "against the reds" for the Constitutional League of Detroit! The present I. W. W. officialdom still slavishly follows the precedent set by Sandgren and Varney. I. W. W. papers are still all against dictatorships and all for "industrial" com-

munism. Unfortunately dictatorships are a part of social evolution...!

While the Butte Bulletin and the Liberator were the most popular publications at Leavenworth, the left-wing papers began to excite an interest. I recall with what joy I read in The Toiler, then in Cleveland, the first manifesto of the Communist International calling internationalism to arise from the betrayal and ruin of the Second International. When the left wing, in August 1919, gathered at Chicago to be thrown out of the Socialist Party, I wrote from Leavenworth my endorsement of any party formed on the basis of the Moscow Manifesto and the Communist Manifesto of 1848. The press which brought Bolshevism to America began to grow.

How class war prisoners watch the news! Every strike, every demonstration is picked out from among advertising and sports where a capitalist editor may stick it, and made the subject of conversation and comment. How closely we watched the firing line of the Red Army may be illustrated by the remark one Wobbler made to the effect that some of us in Leavenworth knew more than did Trotsky about what the Red Army was doing! How cheerful was the news of the hope of all interventionists, Admiral Kolchak, being impaled on the bayonets of his own soldiers...! And the birth of the Federated Press in November 1919 presaged a time when we might get labor news from other and less prejudiced sources than the capitalist press.

In prison every event is magnified in importance. Class war prisoners do not feel imprisonment so much if they see outside the lines of labor advancing in battle array.

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Now that a great Communist daily—The Daily Worker—is due soon to begin mobilizing the scattered battalions of labor for a united front for—not only the release of class war prisoners—but also to sound the trumpet for battle on all fronts, political and industrial, against capitalist exploitation, surely the message of unity, audacity, victory will reach many a listening ear behind prison walls from Mooney and the Wobblies at San Quentin, the Centralia victims at Walla Walla, and the boys at Leavenworth to the cells at Dedham and Charlestown, Massachusetts, where lie Sacco and Vanzetti under sentence of death.

## Nothing Left For Me

THE world chugged past, and the dust of the road settled on the blossoms of the cherry tree; I watched it go, and I knew that there was nothing left for me, nothing at all.

"Get a move on, Bill," the Time-keeper said, "hear 'em holler, look at 'em run—hadn't you better shake a leg?"

The World chugged over the hill; I saw the people running, and I heard a gabble of voices over the hill.

Somebody must be makin' a bunch of money over the hill, I thought;

And then I guessed as how the world had had a accident—what sort of a accident do you suppose the world could have?

Gee, I says to myself, maybe they done it again and the world's a bein' saved!

"Get a move on, Bill," the Time-keeper said, "Hear 'em holler, look at 'em run—hadn't you better shake a leg?"

But there was I, sittin' under a tree by the side of the road, shakin' dice with a worm and a gray beetle, and the Time-keeper's donkey that went "hee-haw", and I couldn't go then because I hadda date.

I hadda date with a bird to look at a plum tree that was going to bloom that morning, and I couldn't miss it.

I hadda date with the moon and two cats on a back fence that night and I remembered it;

There was a girl wanted me for no reason at all, and I had three songs and a cry in my heart for her; I hadda date with her too, and I hadda be there.

"Get a move on, Bill," the Time-keeper said.

But I couldn't go then, because I hadda date.

So the world chugged over the hill, and there was nothing left for me, nothing at all.

James Rorty.



*Robert Minor*

*Robert Minor*

# Evolution of the American Peasant

# From Sing Sing to Dublin

By Jack Carney

THE workers of America were led to believe, some few months ago, that Ireland was upon the eve of establishing a republic. The impression in the United States has been that the Free State Government was backed up into the corner and its surrender was purely a matter of formality; that daily the Irish Republicans were scoring victory after victory with consequent routing of the Free State army. There are a few who still believe that such is the case but they are few, indeed. Their numbers are steadily decreasing as the murder machine of the Free State government goes on riding roughshod over the masses.

The stranger who arrived in Dublin last May with the feelings born of attendance at numerous meetings held in this country under the auspices of Irish Republicans was destined to undergo a certain disillusionment. Contrary to his expectations Dublin preserved its normal aspect, commonplace except that, where one formerly met British soldiers he now met Irish soldiers. The Grafton Street shops with show cases making their usual costly display were open and doing good business. The crowds were circulating peacefully along O'Connell Street and along the banks of the Liffey. On Sunday afternoons one met dense crowds journeying to Phoenix Park to listen to the band of the Free State army. It is only around midnight that the stranger would meet with any interference. He had to submit to an occasional searching from a Free State patrol. This searching was now practically abolished.

Social life was normal. Movies, theatres and vaudeville houses were being well attended, likewise open-air boxing matches. Dublin did not appear to be the revolutionary furnace that we had been led to believe it.

Into this Dublin came Jim Larkin. Speculation was rife as to the manner of reception that would be accorded him upon his return. There were some who thought that he would be met by a few of the Old Guard. The officials of the Irish labor movement and labor party were worried. They did not know how Jim would be received, so they kept in the background. Previous to his landing in Ireland, Larkin had remained a week-end in London where he addressed the Executive Committee of the Communist Party of Great Britain. The greetings of Zinoviev were conveyed to him, together with a membership card in the Moscow Soviet. On the eve of May 1 Jim entered Dublin. After eight and a half years, during which time others had been privileged to lead the masses in tremendous struggles, the regard of the masses for Larkin was just as high as it ever had been. Dublin roared its welcome. The station was packed and thousands lined the surrounding thoroughfares. It was estimated by the capitalist press of Dublin that over twenty thousand had turned out to greet him.

Let there be no mistake about it. The masses of Dublin are with Larkin. He can call meetings at eight o'clock and find the masses still waiting for him along after midnight. On the anniversary of the execution of James Connolly

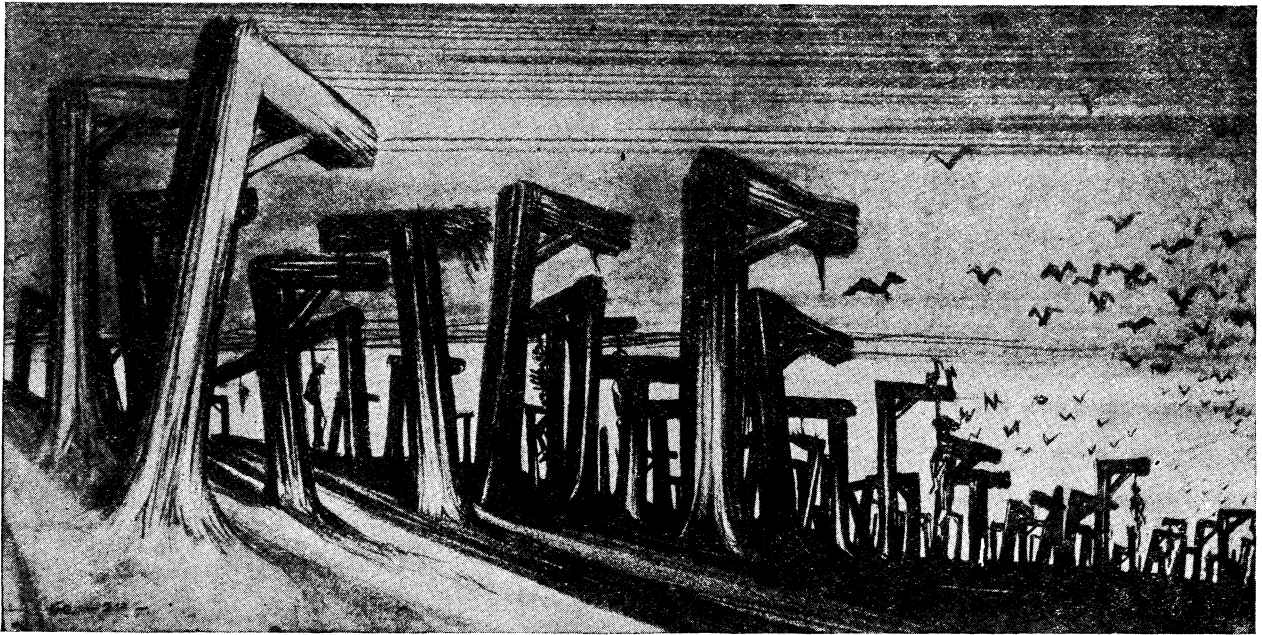
over fifty thousand men and women stood in the pouring rain to hear him speak. He can command greater crowds than the Republicans or Free Staters. When the Republicans desire to raise funds they generally appeal to Larkin to be the main speaker, knowing that the crowd goes where Larkin goes.

Larkin went on a tour of the South of Ireland in an endeavor to bring about a cessation of hostilities between the Republicans and the Free Staters. He saw that continued war would end in the annihilation of the Republican forces and leave Ireland bereft of the flower of its race. Time alone will justify the soundness of his policy in this direction.

Many were surprised that the "stormy petrel" of Ireland should demand a cessation of hostilities between the Republicans and the Free State. They little knew the man. He saw how strong the Free Staters were. They had armored cars, plentiful supply of guns and ammunition, and the entire resources of the British Government behind them. The Republicans measured their man-power in hundreds, while the Free State had thousands. The Republicans have very few guns and very little chance of securing any more. More than fourteen thousand of their best fighters were in prison. A Republican victory was impossible. The Republicans had failed to understand that the readiness to wait, the negative element in morale, is as important as the readiness to act, and oftentimes it is the harder virtue. They further failed to realize that the hearts of men cannot always be kept up by the flattering stimulus of always going forward, a state of mind that has caused many a commanding officer a serious embarrassment, notably in the case of the Dardanelles, even to making decisive strokes of strategy impossible. The Free State wanted to continue the fighting so that they could have a pretext for their autocratic legislation and at the same time continue their brutal policy of shooting down every Republican soldier they met. Certain ascetic tendencies among Republican leaders assisted the Free State in the partial carrying out of their murderous resolve. Acceptance of the advice put forth by Larkin would have found the Republicans in a much stronger position.

Prior to his tour through the South of Ireland, Larkin appeared before the Executive Committee of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union, the most important union in Ireland, to tell them that he had decided to resign his position as general secretary, a position he had held continuously since the organization was first formed. For one whole afternoon the executive had pleaded with him to reconsider his decision. He finally consented to remain as general secretary, with the understanding that there be loyalty of each to the other.

Upon his return to Dublin he found that during his absence the executive committee of the union had drawn up and, with the assistance of the government, had hurriedly registered, a set of new rules under which Larkin and



*William Gropper*

### Gallows.

the rank and file will find themselves in a perpetual minority. The rules are so framed that the executive can count on about eighty delegates out of one hundred and twenty or so at every national convention. Members of the largest branch, No. 1 in Dublin, some eleven thousand strong, protested and suspended those members of the executive who belonged to this particular branch. The suspended members of the executive knew where to go for assistance. They rushed to court and there the union issue lies, awaiting the verdict of the court. Some peculiar things have happened in Ireland during the past years, which Larkin was anxious to investigate. The new rules were drawn up to prevent such an investigation. The executive thought that, with the strike of the farm laborers and the coming offensive of the Dublin employers, Larkin would be afraid to act. They little knew the man. Larkin at no time will lend himself to any action that will injure the membership of the union, but he realized that a corrupt leadership is the worst asset in any struggle, that unless this leadership was exposed the masses would be betrayed.

Larkin is anxious to solidify the forces of organized labor. He realizes that without a solidified labor movement other movements are of little consequence. The Irish Transport Union is no more a solidified body than is the American Federation of Labor. Small unions in Ireland have received similar treatment to that accorded small unions by the big international unions in America. Irish labor leaders no more than American labor leaders want an organized labor movement. They want an organized officialdom, but not an organized rank and file. The employing class is continually pointing out in its press that all the labor leaders are "sane and sensible but this man Larkin."

It is Larkin's program to organize the rank and file in such a manner that they will develop the movement and produce a leadership that will lead the masses into action.

Many in America have felt that Larkin should not have attacked the Irish Labor Party, especially on the approach of the elections. It is interesting to note that it is reported that Thomas Johnson, leader of the Irish Labor Party, is to be made Minister of Commerce in the Free State cabinet. "It is generally conceded that he (Mr. Johnson) will continue as leader of his party and of the Opposition," writes the organ of the Irish employers, the "Irish Independent". When the Minister of Defense, Richard Mulcahy, was at a loss to explain the reason for the many executions, he could generally rely upon the leader of the Labor Party to come to his rescue. For instance, "Did not these executions arise out of military necessity?" asked the leader of the Labor Party. "As has been suggested by the leader of the Opposition, these executions were due to military necessity", the Minister of Defense would reply. Catha O'Shannon, another prominent member of the Labor Party, had the gall to state in the Dail that he could see justification for a flogging law being passed in Ireland. Another member, Sean Lyons declared that Cosgrave was the greatest man born in Ireland during the last seven hundred years. The Irish Labor Party draws its inspiration from the British Labor Party. The only difference between the two being that occasionally, due to the presence of militant scotchmen, the British Labor Party does make a fight. If the Irish Labor Party had refused to sit in the Dail they would have stripped the Free State of its mask of so-called constitutionalism and exposed it for what it is, a brutal military junta.

The Free State supporters declare that the Free State is the next step towards a Republic. They remind one of an incident that took place at a Lloyd George meeting. "We shall not rest content until we have secured the fruits of victory," declared Lloyd George. "Yes, we have no bananas," interjected a member of the unemployed. The

Republicans center their objections around the oath to King George. If the oath were withdrawn, they state, they would sit in the Dail. The Free State accepts the position of being within the British Empire. The Republicans prefer to be part of an association of nations. To overcome the oath, the Republicans are prepared to pay a monetary tribute to King George. There is no fundamental difference between the official positions of the Free State and Republican parties. Yet brave men and women have died heroic deaths and just as brave men and women risk their lives in hunger strikes. If heroism and courage are the only essentials to success, then the Republicans succeed. Unfortunately these are not the only essentials.

Both sides, Free State and Republican, have deliberately ignored the claims of Labor. Both of them are content to play to Labor for support but refuse to accord to Labor any consideration as an independent force. During the Black and Tan regime, under a Republican cabinet, with the "revolutionary" Countess Markievicz as Minister of Labor, pickets were ordered off the streets of Dublin. When negotiations were opened up with Lloyd George, labor was ignored. When the Free State government was formed the Free Staters did not even make any attempt to corrupt Labor with a seat in its cabinet. When peace overtures were made, the Republicans, also, felt that it was better to have an avowed reactionary such as Senator Douglas to act as mediator.

The Free Staters draw their power from the employing class, the latter lending them their undivided support. It is true that the employers elected their own candidates at the last election. But in a contest between Free Staters and Republicans they are Free Staters. The middle-class is Free State. They are not a large factor in the political situation. In addition to these, the wealthy farmers are supporters of the Free State. They have their own party, the Farmers' Party, but they are supporters of the government in cases of emergency. Supporting the Republicans are the small farmers. They want land but they do not want a workers' republic. It is here with the main support of the Republicans lie. Then we have the Irish Labor Party. It, also, is Free State. It occasionally makes a "fight" in the Dail, but it more the exception than the rule.

Outside of all these political forces stands Larkin. He is out to weld the farm and industrial workers into one united workingclass. Opposing him are all those forces which support the Free State, because Larkin has made it quite clear that he is Republican, not republican in the sense that many understand it. Larkin desires a workers' republic. He realizes that he has a greater task than any he has ever attempted. His work cannot be judged at this moment. He is now engaged in clearing away the obstacles within the labor movement that seek to prevent the unification of the forces of Irish labor. In 1913, by means of the Dublin strike, he succeeded in focusing the attention of Ireland upon the terrible poverty that degraded its workingclass. Men like "AE", Patrick Pearse, James Stephen, Thomas McDonagh, Joseph Plunkett and W. B. Yeats found themselves brought to a point where they shared each oth-



Art Young

Clothe a goose in authority—and, presto! a wise man.

er's views in the necessity of supporting the Dublin strike. There are some who, today, believe that under the leadership of Larkin the masses of Ireland will again be welded into a fighting force that will make the next struggle in Ireland so decisive in character that there will be no question as to what it is all about. Larkin, today, finds himself faced with a situation that many would shrink from. He realizes that not alone must one engage in the task of organizing the masses. Ways and means must also be devised for reconstructing the nation. He is not content to dabble in minor schemes. He is out to bring an understanding between Soviet Russia and Ireland. When Krassin and Lord Curzon were engaged in a dispute that might have meant a rupture of trade relations it was Larkin who had the foresight to inform Krassin "if London rejects you come to Dublin". This is another story. The Communists of America need have no worry as to where Larkin stands. The Communist International realizes that Larkin stands for Communism. Some Communists may not understand his methods, but men like Zinoviev, Radek and Buhkarin have pledged him their support. Backing the Free State stands the British Labor Party and Amsterdam. Backing Larkin's movement stand the Communist Party of Great Britain and the Communist International. Those interested in the success of Larkin should know that he may be found at 17 Gardiners Place, Dublin, Ireland.

# A Bolshevick Library

By Louis Fischer

ONCE during his British exile Karl Marx was cross-examined by his two daughters. Their questions and his replies he wrote in English on an ordinary piece of copy book paper, and subscribed his signature. The document is now preserved in the Moscow Institute of Marx and Engels. "Confessions" it is entitled.

"Your most favorite virtue," the girls demanded. "Simplicity," answered the founder of scientific Socialism.

"Your most favorite virtue in man: Strength.

Your most favorite virtue in woman: Weakness.

Your chief characteristic. (Marx spelt it c-h-a-r-a-c-t-e-r-i-s-t-i-c-k). Singleness of purpose.

Your idea of happiness: To fight.

Your idea of misery: Submission.

The vice you excuse most: Gullibility.

The vice you most detest: Servility.

Your aversion: Martin Tupper.

Favorite occupation: Bookworming.

Poet: Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Goethe.

Prosewriter: Diderot.

Hero: Spartacus, Koepple.

Heroine: Gretchen.

Flower: Daphne.

Color: Red.

Name: Laura, Jenny.

Dish: Fish.

Favorite maxim: Nihil humani a me alienum puto.

Motto: "De omnibus dubitandum." Play as well as work reveal the man.

Now Martin Tupper whom Marx mentions as his "aversion" was a German poet. And because Marx hated him all his works can be found on the shelves of the Institute of Marx and Engels. This gives the key to the nature of the Institute. Whatever concerns Marxism and Engelsism, whatever concerns Marx and Engels and helps the student understand the men and their works is to be found in the institute. Already it contains 150,000 volumes and the work of collecting began little more than a year ago.

On special occasions specimen material presenting the institution in miniature is exhibited in the reading room. The development and history of the movement towards fundamental social reform is traced from its modern beginnings to its culmination in Marxian Socialism. Thomas More's Utopia, James Harrington's "Commonwealth" (1656), and William Godwin's "Enquiry Concerning Political Justice and its Influence on General Virtue and Happiness" (1793), are only a few of the many volumes of Utopian literature—in almost every case the precious first edition has been procured—which serves as an introduction to such forerunners of the socialist movement as St. Simon, Fourier and Victor Considerant in France, and Robert Owen in England. The Owenite period of Chartism and Christian Socialism is particularly well represented; many pamphlets by Robert Owen and his co-workers are on view together with numerous propaganda leaflets and proclamations issued by the Char-

tists, and bound volumes of such of their daily newspaper organs as the "Moral World" (London) and the "Northern Star" (Leeds).

Proceeding down the length of the table, the works of Louis Blanc and Proudhon are found in the midst of a veritable treasure house of material leading up to, describing and defining, and outlining the effects of the Great French Revolution. "The Yellow Books" of the revolution are pointed out, and with them originals of documents, notes and memoranda on the conspiracies of Babuef and Buonarroti. One glass case contains at least a hundred pamphlets by, for and against Marat—giving one a tiny inkling of the vast store of first-hand information on the French Revolution piled high in the specialized cabinets devoted to individual countries or subjects.

The second great European revolution, that of 1848, it again richly illustrated. There are the newspapers of the time, the weeklies for and against the movement, revolutionary placards, comic cartoons of the opposing bourgeoisie, government manifestoes and revolutionary counter-manifestoes with, of course, particular emphasis on developments in Germany and France where the upheaval assumed its sharpest forms.

We arrive now at Marx and Engels themselves. The librarian who arranged the exhibition, one is convinced, merely stuck in his thumb at random and picked out a few plums, while the rich, creamy pie remained locked in the fire-proof vaults below. Rodzyanoff, the director of the Institute and the head of the Marx-Engels cabinet is endlessly zealous of the numerous manuscripts, personal letters, photographs, autobiographies which he has collected in many lands and with much effort. The sight of them is reserved for the occasional scholar or compiler and for the student in posterity. The exhibition for the public, however, has some interesting specimens. Marx, be it known, studied Russian in order better to acquaint himself with conditions in Russia. There is on view Marx' self-made Russian grammar written for self-use in the small, sharp script of the Moses of Socialism. Russians read it and laugh, for Marx deduced the principal parts of verbs, and constructed his conjugations and declensions as his logical brain imagined they ought to be and as they are not. Therefore the mistakes.

We see here several bound volumes of the "Rheinische Zeitung" of which for some years Marx was editor. Original portraits of both Marx and Engels are displayed and likewise some of their early works. Friedrich Engels was of noble birth. An ancient "Who's Who" is opened to show the family tree and the family coat of arms. The printed records of the Berlin Secret Service are produced and the visitor observes both leaders as they were to the Teutonic Rogue's Gallery. In 1864 Engels was tried for high treason. The minutes of the trial are here to afford amusement to the curious who would stop to page through the volume.

In 1848 Marx and Engels conjointly produced the



Decalogue of Socialism—the “Communist Manifesto”; in 1867 Marx himself completed its Bible—“Das Kapital.” Both are here in original editions autographed by the authors. In the third year of the present century the ex-Austro-Hungarian government prohibited the printing and sale of the “Communist Manifesto.” A Socialist deputy protested to Parliament and in the process of doing so read the whole manifesto into the Parliamentary Record. That particular number of the record he caused to be widely distributed as was his right, and several copies are preserved in the Institute.

Marx and Engels were the inspiration that led to the short-lived First International to which both the Second and Third of today claim to be the rightful heirs. Be that as it may, part of its property has come into the possession of the Moscow aspirant. The Institute of Marx and Engels owns some of the original English minutes of the First International’s meetings or their photographic facsimiles.

No event is more profusely documented and illustrated than the life of the Paris Commune of 1871. The librarian boasted that the collection here excels the one in the French capital. For the Russian Communist the first modern attempt at practical communism as it was made in Paris is of especial interest and importance, and the Commune Library in Moscow shows by its fullness and riches the time, effort and expense devoted to it.

Isolated features stored in glass cases or framed and suspended on the walls arrest the visitor’s eye:—Russian socialist newspapers printed in London in 1895 in Russian; a correspondence between Bakunin the anarchist and Marx the socialist; a letter from Russian Socialists to Marx asking for advice on tactics; letters by Kropotkin the prince-anarchist; “Le Libertaire” the first anarchist periodical ever published, printed in French at 17 White st., New York City and dated June 9, 1858; etc., etc.

The exhibition in the Institute’s reading room is but as a drop of water placed under a magnifying glass in comparison with the sea of material treasured in the individual cabinets. Each of these is supervised by a capable scholar who collects, arranges, and catalogues. Many of the collections which go to form the library of the Institute were purchased in Germany and Austria from bibliophiles and scholars who parted with the results of a life’s labor of love when declining valuta and impossible economic conditions made it imperative. But the greater part of the Institute’s treasures come from Russia proper. The land-nationalization decree transferred to the hands of the state considerable cultural as well as agricultural wealth, for many the landowner-hobbyist and liberal-minded noble whose requisitioned palace contained veritable treasure-troves of printed matter on every conceivable subject, not excluding anarchism, single tax, peasant revolutions, etc.

“Capital”—Marx’ *magnus opus*—consists of three thick volumes. German and scientist that he was, the work is replete with reference to sources. And every book thus mentioned can be had in the Institute. The research worker is thereby enabled to see and examine the threads before they were woven into the cloth; to judge their strength

and texture, and to approve or condemn the manner in which the master united them to form the finished product. This is the method throughout. Hundreds of volumes in one cabinet constitute the background for a critical study of Engels’ “Origin of the Family.” The works of the anthropologists, among them Morgan, John Lubbock and Westermarck, rest by the side of an array of writings on the life of the ancient Romans, Greeks, Australian bushmen, American Indians, etc., with the aid of which Engels had sought to prove that the modern family is new as a social unit. On the other hand, shelves are stocked with books endeavoring to undermine such a contention.

His study of capitalism brought Engels to a study of war as well as of the family. He became an authority on military affairs and contributed to the *New American Encyclopedia* (1859) on that subject. All correlated material—the histories of the armies and navies of all the countries of Europe, the writings of war lords, generals and admirals from Caesar to Napoleon, to Trotsky, records of battles and biographies of soldiers—can be found on the shelves.

“Religion is opium for the people,” declared Marx, and argued that it was dispensed by capitalists with a purpose. Engels agreed. The communists made opposition to religion a plank in their platform. Hence the library of several thousand source books in the original language in which they were issued and in translations. The references which Marx used for his pamphlet “Zur Judenfrage” are here. So also the data for his exhaustive study of the religious situation in the Rhineland with which he was particularly well acquainted.

In this manner all the fundamental theses of socialist doctrine are treated. Thus an entire cabinet numbering at least 5,000 volumes is devoted to the *Philosophy of Right*, than which, when all is said, there is no question more vital to socialist theory. There are treatises, ancient, mediaeval and modern on the rights of governments (the State and its prerogatives), national rights, personal rights; on law—civil, criminal, martial, international; on the ideology and practice of punishment; on experiences in prison.

A correct knowledge of socialism necessitates a knowledge of Hegel’s philosophy and of that of the anti-Hegelian school. So one naturally becomes involved in a survey of all philosophy, from Aristotle and Plato to William James and Santayana. Not one important philosopher in this long line of descent but that his complete writings can be seen in the Red Room of Count Dolgorukov. It is in the home of this personal friend of the last Romanoff that the Institute of Marx and Engels has been domiciled.

The philosophic basis of Marxism, however, is not complete without Engels’ famous “*Anti-Duehring*” in which he enunciated the materialistic philosophy which forms the strongest pillar of Socialism. Engels, it will be remembered, took issue with the method of teaching the natural sciences and advanced his own theories regarding true pedagogic principles. The Institute therefore deems it necessary to collect a library covering the exact sciences. We begin with ethics and proceed through aesthetics, chemistry, physics, methodology, algebra, calculus and mathematics in general, architecture, zoology, biology and miner-



A Family

*Edgar Miller*

ology to electricity and engineering. Nor are the latest works of Einstein too modern. He too is related to Marx and Engels.

The largest individual cabinets are those for France, Germany and England. In the last named America forms a small appendage. In each case there are hundreds of books on the history, culture, economic structure, and social problems of the country. The English cabinet contains the literary productions of the English novelists, poets and playwrights; the works of English economists from Adam Smith, David Ricardo and Malthus to the Webbs, G. D. H. Cole and Keynes; at least fifty thick volumes of British parliamentary records; the biographies of practically every Britisher prominent in the political life of his country during the nineteenth century (Marx wrote a "Life of Lord Palmerston"); bound volumes of numerous daily newspapers and of periodicals during decades upon decades; etc., etc.

But the most interesting department and the one that will eventually be the richest in original research material is the Plekhanov cabinet for books and data on the history of Russian socialism. Comrade Martinov, an ex-Menshevik now hailed and honored as a convert to Bolshevism, is for the present preoccupied with gathering the records of the more distant past, but when he will have arrived at what is present today, the original data, documents, memoirs, etc., that he can find, and that will be placed at his disposal by the

government and the Communist Party, will really be unlimited. His cabinet will become a workshop for those who would know the Russian revolution and the history of Communism in Russia. It is a new department—only several months old. In this short period the foundation has been laid for a study of revolts in Russia from those of Stenka Razin, Minyan and Pozharsky to those of 1905, of Kerensky and of the Bolsheviks. The works of all Russian authors have been collected because through them the advance of social dissatisfaction is to be gauged. From the writings of Herzen and Belinsky, to mention only two of the literary critics, one sees the struggle of the Westerners against the Slavophiles, a struggle which agitated Russian intellectual life for many years. Perhaps the issue still remains undecided. The "emigrant" literature of the Bolsheviks when they were still exiles abroad; the "emigrant" literature of today by the monarchist, Social-Revolutionist and Menshevik anti-revolutionists who are in exile at present; Bertrand Russel, Wells, John Reed, Brailsford, Albert Rhys Williams and others of that innumerable caravan who came and saw and wrote books—their volumes are on the shelves forming but the nucleus of what is to be; the apologia literature of Lenin, Trotsky, Bucharin, Radek;—much of this is already in the cabinet and surface of the field is but scratched.

The work of the Institute increases in momentum as it proceeds. Next year the number of its books and documents may be doubled.

# Die Ganze Welt ist Eine Stadt

(The Whole World is One Town)

By Bertha Fenberg

SHEFELIN walked to the big white railroad station in fear. She had never been there before. The gendarms in their uniforms were haughty and formidable; the officials carrying papers and ordering the workmen were terrifying. Shefelin had been taught to hide from them. The barren walls of the tall building did not soothe the little wizened bustling wife of Sechyeff, the butcher. They were as frightful as the gendarms but Shefelin had reserve strength back of her quivering face and so plodded on. Who else could go to Grossetz to get the money, Schnaff, the horse dealer owed them? Her man had no push. She wore the trousers in that family.

To see her in the butcher shop dealing out bones and juicy meat to the screaming, nagging women was to see a different Shefelin. There she ruled. There she pecked at her silent dogged man; cut the meat; took in the money, stuck it in a handkerchief into her deep pocket; and irritated at dirty-faced Mendel who was always begging schlame or smoked meat, slapped him and sent him out to play. All this she did as she willed. Her temper was the thermometer of the butcher shop.

The train station was a new world. Before she came here, she thought her street the whole world. Timidly she walked across the big boarded floor to a long vacant bench. This must be the place which took people to Grossetz. She had no one to go for her. She must brave it alone.

Cigarette smoke floated in thick waves until it was thinned out by sharp whiffs of air sailing in from the door. The room continually filled and emptied. Both people and smoke jammed and crowded. No one regarded the little woman. She however, felt those white walls scanning her from head to foot. They were asking her what she wanted in that busy place.

"I will sit here in quiet," she thought for she heard that the way to travel to Grossetz was to go to the station, sit in the train and before long, one was at the desired place.

Travelers came in and left. Choking volcanic noises approached the building but it was not blown to pieces nor did anyone look as though Death were near. Shefelin put her wrinkled hands to her ears, then held tightly to the bench; but seeing the men walk back and forth unconcernedly she loosened her grasp and began to pretend she knew just how it was to journey.

Quiet came. The room grew warm. Shefelin dozed. Her head bobbed as an anemone is swayed by the wind. She slept peacefully, even rhythmically. No one disturbed her though many passed by and looked at her curiously. A voice roaring out names drew near. She awoke, startled, bewildered.

At first she could not remember why she was there. She was puzzled and then suddenly she smiled for she knew she reached Grossetz. The building looked similar to the one she had entered before; the same sonorous voice roared at the complexity of life as she roused herself.

"The whole world is indeed one town. There is no difference between Grivey, Grossetz or Jerusalem."

Her luggage was again lifted; her small black bonnet with its purple flowers dangling from the front was straightened; the black knit shawl was wrapped around the wrinkled throat and pinned securely with a safety pin. It was time to go.

Strange that the street from the station should be so familiar; strange that Grossetz should look so much like Grivey; strange that the men dressed the same and looked the same as those at home.

"All the world is the same," muttered the little woman to herself.

Down the street past the old wooden jail she trudged, looking eagerly to all sides as though she were in a new village.

"What do I see but a house like my very own! Children like my grandchildren playing in front of it! The whole world is one town. It is true. Now I see it for myself."

She walked to the butcher shop. "Like my very own!" she cried in great surprise.

"And that man—why that is my husband—or maybe one just like him. I shall ask him."

She walked to the aproned butcher screeching in her high voice, "Is your name Sechyeff? Tell me, is your name Sechyeff?"

"Yes, yes," he answered looking at her in amazement as though she were mad.

"Well," and Shefelin dropped her bundle. "I have a husband like you at home. The whole world is one town."



Growing Things.

Wanda Gag

# Literature and the Machine Age

By Floyd Dell

## IV.

THE REIGN of verbal extravagance, the Early Victorian Boom in words, seems to have collapsed gradually as a result of the impact upon the public mind of the Darwinian theory. This was an idea which, for reasons presently to be explained, was of importance to everybody, and had to be discussed soberly. It could not simply be set to music. The publication of the Darwinian views served to change the mood of the period from one of emotionalism to one of skepticism. And when we turn from Carlyle, whose mind was untouched by the influences of this critical period, the tumult and the shouting dies.

### A Victorian Critic.

Spencer, Huxley, and in the field of fiction, George Eliot, represent this critical spirit. But the most significant figure is perhaps that of Matthew Arnold. His quiet and somewhat cynical precision of utterance is in striking contrast to Carlyle's uncritical enthusiasm; and yet he too, no less, than Carlyle, wanted to believe.

"For mankind has such need of joy—  
But joy whose grounds are true!  
And joy that should all hearts employ,  
As when the world was new."

He, too, loved the middle ages; but he could not quite believe that the world's sorrows were to be cured by moving backward several hundred years. He could not quite believe in any panacea; no, not even in German philosophy!

Arnold was more a man of the world—less provincial, less insular, less English—than any of his older contemporaries among men of letters. He was a "good European." He was the most urbane and, in spite of a certain priggishness, the most broadly sympathetic critic that England ever produced. He was, indeed, too European, too superior to the Puritan tradition, to be quite a typical Englishman. It is noteworthy that in his case the classical influences which are dispersed formally upon all educated Englishmen only to be shed off again as naturally as water from a duck's back, and which appear in English literature only with a medieval tinge or admixture—these pagan influences really left their mark upon his mind.

For, though he too turned to the medieval world, it was for solace; he sought in the past some type of philosophical and religious calm upon which to model his life; and in that seeking he was more pagan than Christian. He looked at the world with the eyes of a late Latin, of the period which has despaired of reason and which only good taste held still aloof from the vulgarities of superstition. His contribution to the Biblical controversy of his time, for example, was the same tolerant compromise as that of the good Roman emperors, such as Marcus Aurelius, who felt that the old myths contained spiritual nourishment, though he himself did not believe in them. There is in him the same pagan weariness as in the days that slanted on toward the final downfall of Rome—the weariness which

comes from lack of hope and the restless urging of a wish to believe. Arnold might have turned back to the enlightened paganism of Marcus Aurelius, whom he understood so well, save that he knew in what disgust of spirit that paganism had died. He envied the bright faith of the early Christians, and the tub-thumping enthusiasm of Carlyle—vainly, for he was not of them. It was in the medieval world that he most nearly found his spiritual counterpart, in those queerer sorts of Christian mystics who retired from the world and loved beauty amid the practice of austerities. But his fancy ranged, and now it was with Empedocles, about to throw himself in despair into the crater of Mt. Aetna, and now with Obermann, a later refugee from this mad world, to whose tomb in the Alps he made two pious pilgrimages, that he imaginatively identified himself... It was the quiet, unrheterical, unflamboyant, undramatic despair of a gentleman. He had asked himself what was the use of living in nineteenth century capitalism, and after critical deliberation he could return no adequate answer.

He did not commit suicide, like the Greek philosopher, nor retire from the world, like Obermann; he was too much of a gentleman, and of a pagan stoic, to do either. He continued to live a busy and useful life, and to write acute and sympathetic criticism of men and books. Nevertheless, he represents the beginnings of a spiritual breakdown, in an age that could not face its own reality. He foreshadows the hysterias, the new religions, the mad mysticisms, which became more and more the relief in which sensitive men and women found solace against the meaninglessness of existence.

### The Darwinian Controversy.

In 1859, Darwin published his book, "The Origin of Species," and thereby precipitated a crisis in human thought which is reflected, but hardly explained, in the literature of controversy to which it gave rise; for the noise and fury of that controversy have served effectively to obscure the question really at issue.

It is important for us to realize that it was not, as it was most luridly advertised, a conflict between Religion and Science.

There has been, it is true, an ancient feud between Institutionalized Religion and Institutionalized Science, which has flared up at intervals into a kind of Tong-war, in which the more fanatical adherents of each cause have sworn to exterminate the other from the earth. But when the storm has blown over, each has been found doing business at the old stand; and the war has proved to be in the end nothing more than a lively advertising campaign between rivals to whom competition is indeed the life of trade. The Darwinian controversy was taken advantage of in this manner by the partisans of Religion and Science, but their mutual recriminations would lead us far astray from the real question at issue.

Still less did the controversy center around the question of the acceptance or rejection of the theory of Evolution.

The theory of Evolution was not new. In its vaguer philosophic form, it had been current for a century, as the notion of a universal change from cruder to finer and lower to higher modes of life. In its strict biological significance it had been set forth with considerable exactness by Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles Darwin. But institutions, including the inherited formulations of scientific thought, are slow to change; and in default of patiently accumulated proof of the alteration of one species into another, biology rested upon the remarkably accurate but non-evolutionary classification of species handed down by the great Cuvier. It remained only for someone to come forward with proof of the development of one species into another, and after the usual flurry of doubt and denunciation and enthusiasm, and the usual efforts of the more partisan clergy to make capital out of these latest heresies of the scientific tribe, the matter would have been settled—without everybody in the world hearing all about it, and feeling it as an acute personal problem.

Nor was it the scientific merits of Darwin's formulation of the theory, that determined the character of the crisis which followed the publication of his views. What biological science owes to Darwin is chiefly the immense amount of advertising he secured for it; including the perhaps doubtful benefit of the spreading throughout the world of the not very accurate notion that "man is descended from the monkey." Darwin did succeed in calling general attention to the fact of evolution; but that was only part of what he originally set out to do. His contribution to biologic thought was a theory of how evolution had occurred.

His theory explained the transmission of acquired traits by a supposition about the constitution of the germ-plasm. This supposition was called "pangeneses." Darwin supposed that the germ-plasm in each individual was made up of infinitely tiny particles from all parts of the body; and that these particles represented—somewhat as the British parliament represented—the changes that had occurred in their various constituencies.

This notion, so eminently parliamentary and British, gave no offense to the public, and was soon quietly forgotten by the biologists. It was the other part of his explanation that caused the storm.

The other part was the doctrine of "natural selection." The new traits, whose transmission he had explained by "pangeneses," and of whose origin he gave no explanation, save that they had arisen in response to environmental conditions—these changes were supposed by him to be so infinitely small that the difference between one generation and the next was of the slightest sort. Nevertheless, slight as these changes were, their existence served to make their possessors fitter to survive. And it was these slightly changed individuals who did survive, and pass on these traits to their successors—who, in the course of many, many generations, would accumulate enough changes to be finally a new and different species.

In lieu of any explanation as to the origin of these variations, he put the emphasis of his explanation upon the process by which they were preserved. The competition

between the fortunate possessors of these slight but advantageous variations, and their less fortunate contemporaries—the so-called "struggle for existence"—was thus elevated to the position of the prime cause of evolutionary change: and, by implication in the popular mind, it was understood to be the cause of progress in general.

We are now in a position to see why "Darwinism" became the moot question of the day. It did, in effect, discover at the very basis of the scheme of life the hated conditions of the new capitalistic order—the life-and-death struggle between more and less fortunately equipped individuals.

To a century which was seeking escape from the realization of the horrors among which it lived, it showed a universe in which those horrors were reflected upon a grand scale—a "Nature red in tooth and claw." And, correspondingly, a popular version of this theory was eagerly seized upon and exploited by those who consciously or unconsciously wished to justify the competitive order. It was, in their view, a scientific sanction of the doctrine of "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

It was inevitable, under these circumstances, that the battle against so malevolent a theory of the universe should be taken up by representatives of the Church. But, as to the benevolence of the universe, the Church was itself in a poor position to speak; for the hell which occupied so large a portion of its cosmology was too much like the "struggle for existence" in popular Darwinism and in capitalist Manchester, to afford any solace to shocked emotions. While as for the more Calvinistic branches of Christianity, they had already committed themselves to the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" in the form of "predestination," and their fatalism could offer no very cheering contrasts to Darwin's mechanistic scheme. It was left for the poets to speak up for the goodness of God; which they could do without constraint, having already freed themselves from theological limitations, and being in a position to utter such heretical but comforting conclusions as

"God's in his heaven, and all's right with the world!"

But the most desperate pressure upon the human imagination was made by that part of the Darwinian theory which required eons of time for the processes of evolution to be fulfilled. And here notably the doctrines of religion were capable of being made use of as a means of resistance against such pressure. We can scarcely understand, without reference to that utopian idealism which had been submerged by the events of the French Revolution, but which still lived on in the darkness of men's unconscious minds, the terrific objection to the idea of thousands of years being required to produce a significant change in species. But men were not thinking about species. They were thinking about themselves. And they were not worried about how many milleniums it had taken to get them where they were; they were worried about how many milleniums it was going to take to get them somewhere else. They were not, in fact, bothered about the past; they were concerned about the future.

Popular Darwinism made it impossible for them to look forward with any hope. If change was a matter of ages, and if the creation of a new form of society was to be effected by such ages upon ages of "struggle for existence," then it was a desperate outlook. Men did not want

to think about the struggle for existence at all; they could not bear to think of a millenium of it. They could not bring themselves to believe in this terrible idea of slow and gradual change. And, if they did not quite dare to look forward to any sudden and catastrophic alteration in social and economic organization, they could at least deny the gradual-change theory as it pertained to the past. And so they armed themselves with the Bible, and flung Genesis at the head of the Darwinians. What God had done once, some miracle might perhaps bring to pass again: and God had created the world in six days, only fifty or so short centuries ago...

### Darwinism in Fiction and Poetry.

It was some time before the Darwinian point of view found sympathetic expression in any literature other than that of controversy. But we may assign to the prose and poetry of George Meredith and of Thomas Hardy this influence.

In Meredith's poetry the Darwinian philosophy has become admixed with a kind of serenified Dionysian nature-worship, and expresses itself in the confident assertion that the purposes of Earth, terrible though they may be, are ultimately good:

"Seeing she lives, and of her joy of life  
Creatively has given us blood and breath  
For endless war and never wound unhealed,  
The gloomy Wherefore of our battlefield  
Solves in the Spirit, wrought of her through strife  
To know her own and trust her down to death."

In his novels—and in the sonnets of "Modern Love"—he exhibits his Darwinian influence in a critical attitude toward his characters, seeking to discover in them those essential flaws in their composition by which they are doomed to failure.

"We are betrayed by what is false within." We have here the unmistakable signs of an adjustment to determinism, in the form of an alert and interested reading of human history by its light. Meredith is able to bear up, and even to laugh—though his humor is elaborate and far from infectious—under the burden of that fatality. It is a hopeful sign.

In the novels and poems of Thomas Hardy, on the contrary, the acceptance of the Darwinian implications is couched in no cheerful mood. The gloom of the earliest hopelessness which that theory evoked still hangs over his work. His characters are veritably doomed; by the processes of the universe, or by the whim of that malevolent deity which seems in Mr. Hardy's imagination to preside over human affairs, or sometimes, indeed, by the deliberate interposition of Mr. Hardy himself. His characters have unrelieved and, it would sometimes seem, inexplicable streaks of bad luck. His novels are in no sense **explanations** of such careers; they are sad and fearless **statements** that such careers are to be found all about us.

In lieu of any effort to explain, and much less to justify "the gloomy Wherefore of our battlefield," Mr. Hardy's magnificent literary courage has had to expend itself in a defiant compassion; and by force of his example he has inevitably become the founder of the Cult of Pity in modern English fiction.

(Continued in February Liberator)

# REVIEWS

## A Red Army Novel

"A Week," by Iury Libedinsky. With an Introduction by Arthur Ransom. B. W. Heubsch, New York.

"A WEEK" is a great novel, and it belongs to us; not only because it is about Russia, in which our revolutionary hopes are centered, but because it deals with that revolutionary movement of which we ourselves, however humbly, are a part. It tells the story of a revolutionary movement far from Petrograd and Moscow, out in the rural districts, which were but yesterday the latest battle-fronts of the revolution; of a few days in the life of that government, involving a counter-revolutionary plot and its suppression, at the expense of the lives of the best members of the little government. In the story, swiftly and poignantly told, we see vividly into the minds and hearts of a score of people, men and women, who represent the Russia of today, and in their lives and deaths we see—what have perforce waited until now to see—the inmost human emotions of the revolutionary cause in its newest phase of heroic rulership.

This novel is an event in our literature, and in our lives. It is not by any means the first splendid imaginative work in which the revolutionary cause is interpreted with truth and power; but it is the first which deals not merely with the dreams, the struggles, the martyrdoms of revolutionists, but with revolutionists at last successfully at work—a success which is not in the least smug, for it is a success attended by all the beauty of the old dreams, involved in the same endless struggle, and crowned with the same martyrdoms as of old. It is a book which marks not so much a new development of our literature as a new stage of the revolutionary process, with which literature has only kept pace. Yet how good it is to be able to read a revolutionary novel in which the familiar **arguments** in behalf of a new order have given place to **actions!** For in truth fiction at its best deals with actions, and with ideas only as illustrated in action. Many of the best revolutionary novels of the past have smacked too much of the pamphlet and the soap-box. In so doing they were true to their purpose, that of interpreting the revolutionary struggle, and we need not take seriously the reproaches of bourgeois critics that such novels violate the canons of "art". There will be a need of such novels still, in countries like America, where the revolution is yet in the pamphlet and soap-box stage. But in Russia, argument has changed its function, it no longer represents the furthest effort of the revolution, it is concerned with policies of economic reconstruction; the ardors of the revolutionary cause now find a new and further expression in the task of maintaining in government and battle the revolutionary order that has been established. A novel that interprets truly the situation in Russia will find here its best materials, in the lives of men and women who in their new role illustrate the old hopes and dreams of the revolutionary cause.

And it is interesting to note that it has required a new writer to interpret this new revolutionary development. Of the old writers, some of course were frankly reactionary, and many who supposed themselves impartial were too committed by temperament and habits to the old order to

be otherwise than bewildered and discouraged by what was happening. Even such a writer as Gorky, who only a few years ago understood the revolutionary movement in its current phase, has lost touch with it in its swift changes, and now stands outside it, himself bewildered and even unsympathetic. How, indeed, could Gorky understand the Russian revolutionary movement of to-day? Gorky was a tramp, a vagabond, and an interpreter of vagabondage. And in a time when the old order was crumbling, when the old loyalties were being shattered, when mere discontent and disbelief and withdrawal of sympathy from the Czaristic régime were the typical things, then his art was significant, for the free vagabondage of which he wrote stood as a symbol for the spiritual vagabondage of the Russian intelligentsia—those intellectually homeless individuals who fell back upon their free individualism as a gospel. It was an important phase of the destruction of Czarism; but that time is past. The tramp Gorky becomes the tourist Gorky, living in comfortable vagabondage in his Italian villa—while unknown to him the factory workers of Petrograd and Moscow are uniting not merely for the overthrow of Czarism but for the establishment of a proletarian regime. He returns to Russia, gives advice that is not heeded, pleads for tolerance, speaks of peace when there is no peace, criticizes the Bolsheviki, comes to their aid, leaves them, changes sides because he belongs on no side, is respected, applauded and practically ignored as a gentleman adventurer of amiable intentions and no importance. The new revolutionary phase in Russia has but little scope for tramps, rich or poor, pious pilgrims or famous prophets. Gorky, the super-tramp, cannot give us a novel about the Russia of to-day.

Such a novel can only be written by a youth, one who has grown up amidst the struggle, who has no old ideas to take years to dissolve, who can see what is going on with fresh young eyes. He will see the drama of revolution not through the spectacles of Turgeniev or Chekhov, he will not search for those "typical" Russians of classic fiction, who doubtless exist, but who no longer are of prime significance. He will not be chiefly concerned either with decaying and romantic gentry, or with futile and wordy theorists of change, nor will he view the peasant with the superstitious veneration of a bygone day. He will see the speculator, the bureaucrat, the counter-revolutionary conspirator, the expropriated shop-keeper dreaming of vengeance; he will see the gentle idealistic young aristocrat led by his dreams of perfection into this hard proletarian movement whose exigencies are too crude and practical for him to measure up to, a rather despised and misunderstood but devoted and serene visionary; he will see the Red soldiers, learning patiently while they fight just what it is they are so loyally fighting for; he will see the Chekists, their natures not quite subdued to the bloody necessities in which they are immersed; and above all he will see those over-worked rulers of the new regime, who go from the office to the battlefield and back again without time to rest, sleepless and weary, with but a moment for friendship and love, men and women without illusions, but undiscouraged—such men and women as alone can bear the brunt of such

a struggle, who give themselves utterly to it and die in its midst without even knowing whether they are dying in a moment of victory or defeat.

It is this last matter that Libedinsky's book does blaze a new path in literature. The great stories of the past have been stories of individuals; and because all individual effort meets with final defeat, even if it is only the defeat of old age and death, these stories have been tragedies, seen as such by the story-teller. The greatest art of the past has been tragic art, for this reason, since from the individualist point of view life is a tragedy. But the time has come when life can be viewed otherwise; and in the revolutionary art of the present, which presages the art of the future, it must be seen otherwise. The deaths of these men and women, in this story of Libedinsky's, do not constitute a tragedy. No, though we have in this brief space of time come to love them, and though we see them ruthlessly cut down in the flower of life, though we see two lovers snatched from each other's arms in the midst of a kiss to die hastily in battle, though we see some of them painfully tortured by their enemies before death, it is still not tragedy, this ending. For they are part of a cause that goes on, that goes on to triumph and would go on no less even if this moment were one of temporary defeat; they belong to that cause, their deaths no less than their lives, and its triumph is their triumph. Their effort, their hope, their heroism, lives on in that cause. There is much that is sad, but nothing that is tragic, about such deaths. Libedinsky's book foretells in this matter new conceptions of art, as of life. It is great fiction, as being the first to bring this feeling home to us so powerfully. It is a feeling that we need, if we are to be of service to the cause of life at any time.

Finally I would like to say that this book will have a peculiar interest for anyone who has ever belonged to, let us say, an old time Socialist local; for such a reader will see familiar friends—the familiar nuisances have been pretty well eliminated by the time this story starts—old friends in a new guise, magnified by responsibilities, chastened by trials, hardened by experience, glorified perhaps by impending martyrdom, but still recognizable with a little imaginative effort as one's old comrades, now shaping the destinies of a people and of the world. These revolutionists in the book are not by any means strangers to us. We know them all. And to us their true names may not be Stalmakhov and Martuinov, Repin and Klimin, and Comrades Lisa and Aniuta, but others names that have been often on our tongues. No, these revolutionists are of no alien and mysterious kind. In more peaceful days we have talked with them all, shaken their hands, and, in the cases of Comrades Lisa or Comrade Aniuta, perhaps been in love with them. We meet them again with a strange feeling of pride, of love, of happiness.

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## Once Over

"*Jealousy, Enemies, The Law of the Savage.*" Three plays by Mikhail Artzybasheff, Boni and Liveright, New York.

ARTZYBASHEFF is an obscurantist who believes that if you know how a clock works, it no longer tells time. If you know that human beings work by endocrine stimulation, life and love mean less! The communists in Russia called his work "pornography". But pornography implies a wicked and perverted enjoyment, while this is a timid fear-compensation, a whimper of "sour grapes." And there aren't any children, or workers, or busy people in the book; they are all lazy, spoiled little doll-people, without a job to share between them, without an ambition to keep them warm, pinching each other from sheer ennui. Come out of the boudoir, Artzybasheff! there are plenty of real men and women outside who enjoy their endocrine reactions much better than you your tantrums!

"*After Disillusion,*" by Robert Wolf. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

THIS versatile young man, economist, statistician, and magician of no mean attainments, surprises us now by showing that those poems which have appeared from time to time in *The Liberator* and other magazines are not mere sparks incidental to the whirring of his agile mind. They are in themselves a beautiful achievement. "Eve", "Narcissa", "To a Harnessed Thoroughbred" are exquisite. The "Song of Solomon Jones" is bit of very fine mischief. But we still like best the "Song Heard by Saint Anthony", printed first in *The Liberator*. We quote a sterner poem, "Little Lessons in Historic Determinism":

A Jew, with nostrils curved like those we know,  
And curious smooth wax-like sallow skin,  
Collided, nineteen centuries ago,  
With everything the world found merit in.  
The Jew was killed at thirty-odd. The world  
Bragged of this fact with some complacency—  
Resisted... questioned—feared—surrendered—curled  
In abject awe beneath his gallows tree.

The leaven stales. Another lump of yeast  
Is hence to be injected in this dough. . . .  
Just when you covet comfort most, the east  
Showers these stars again like gusts of snow—  
And level once again, and trampled, must  
A Jew lay waste your Temple in the dust.

"*Outline of Economic Geography,*" By J. F. Horrabin and Committee. Plebs Text Books, No. 4. The Plebs League, London.

HERE is a remarkable little book which should be studied by everyone interested in the world we live in. It does not attempt to cover "pure geography", the facts of which, accessible in numberless text books, are "the same for capitalist and proletarian." But it treats of Capitalist Imperialism; the sources of raw materials, the sea and land routes, the spheres of control, the "zones of friction". The appendix with tables of the five great economic groups of the world is in itself a miniature reference book of great value. The chapters are divided for use as a series of lectures, and the book is well illustrated with maps to supplement the use of an atlas.

"*The High Place,*" by James Branch Cabell. Robert McBride, New York.

ONE wonders how many, after all, in this daylight world retain enough superstitious belief in the diabolism of the unconscious really to enjoy this fantastic novel. "Horrid mysteries" require such very earnest effort on the part of the reader to yield up any kick now-a-days!

"*A History of the French People,*" by Guy de la Batut and Georges Friedmann. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

HISTORY is beginning to be written for the workers instead of exclusively for the lawyers and diplomats. Beside the history of wars and dynasties, that of the peasants and workers of the same periods is set forth in this excellent book, although not yet as completely as we'd like.

"*Recent Changes in American Constitutional Theory,*" By John W. Burgess, Ph. D., J. U. D., L. L. D. Columbia University Press, New York.

"THE social ostracism, the business boycott, the arbitrary arrest and internment and the lawless confiscation have imposed upon . . . all in this once free land a reign of black and sinister terror, too overbearing and too overwhelming for any but supermen to face and defy," says Doctor Burgess, emeritus professor of political science and constitutional law at Columbia University. According to this ferocious conciliator, we face the loss of the all-important distinction between Sovereignty and Government, and hence the loss of our individual liberty as a constitutional immunity against governmental power. But the learned Doctor's suggestions as to cure seem like trying to save the lambs by asking the lions to give their teeth as a gift to the shepherds! A very little observation teaches proletarians, if not professors, that lions don't act that way.

"*Cross Currents in Europe Today.*" by Charles A. Beard. Marshall Jones Company, New York.

EXCELLENT material; excellent comment; excellent reading. But, after posing as the "crucial question" of our times: "Shall the government follow trade and investments?" it is misleading to say that "at this fateful juncture in American history there are three courses open to those who fain would mould the world to their hearts' desires." "Those who fain" have no choice. Faining, even when backed up by the noblest ideals and ethics, is not given much consideration now-a-days. The government has already and always followed trade and investments. Was it not Professor Beard himself who pointed out to us how the Federal government was made for the purpose of following trade and investments into the boundless West after the American revolution? And now that trade and investments have swollen beyond the boundaries of the boundless, clear over the Pacific and into China, it isn't going to stop. Not by an ethic or two! Beneath their competitive aspect, the clashes between the nations are clashes between Capitalism and the modern necessities of scientific production and distribution, with which, in the interests of profit-getting, Capitalism is continually interfering. The codes of ethics formulated in past centuries have no bearing upon this new contest; they are mediaeval armor against chemical warfare. Put them in your museum, Professor Beard, and help us formulate the new code.

Lydia Gibson.



*Some Booklets of the Young Communist International*

WHEN an impoverished Bolshevik moved out of his tenement flat on the East Side of New York in 1917, it seems that America not only lost a political prodigy who might have served her well, but also lost an artist of rare ability. Who before this would have thought that Leon Trotzky, magician of world politics and genius of military organization, could write as entrancing a tale of adventure as though he had spent his days in competition of Joseph Conrad! And yet here it is—a tale of his dramatic escape from the far north of Siberia to which he had been exiled after the 1905 revolution—the long race over hundreds of miles of Siberian snow, driven behind reindeer by his wild-drunk but loyal peasant friend, Nikivor. The character study of Nikivor with his vodka-made vagaries is worthy of immortality. This little sketch is brought to life by the Young Communist International, that strange new crystallization of the boys and girls who are organizing to take the world over in the next decade.

Another pamphlet they published is composed of the letters of that little-known revolutionary character, Rosa Luxemburg, who, with Karl Liebknecht, was murdered in Berlin in 1918. It is worth while getting acquainted with the woman's mind which was a great power in shaping the present revolutionary movement, and which for all that is so human, so tender and so simple in emotion. The letters are written to the wife of Karl Liebknecht during the world war, while she and Karl were in the Kaiser's prisons.

In a set with these two are the following very valuable studies for those who want to know history while it is being made, from the point of view of those who are making it:

- "Torchbearers" by George Chicherin.
- "The Work School" (2 vols.) by P. P. Blonsky.
- "Pioneers of Communism" (historical sketches).
- "The Red Star" by A. Bogdanov.
- "From Isolation to the Masses" by Richard Gyptner.
- "Manual for Leaders of Children's Groups," Hoernle.
- "Child of the Worker."
- "Fundamental Problems of the Young Communist International."

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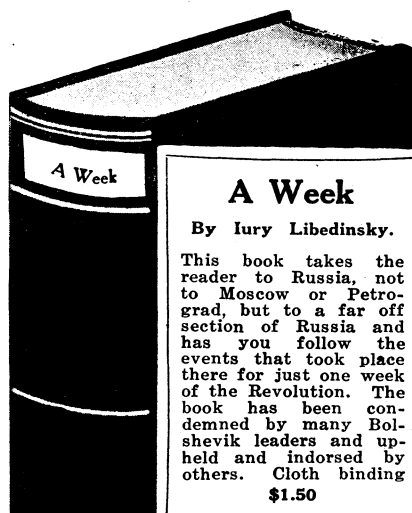
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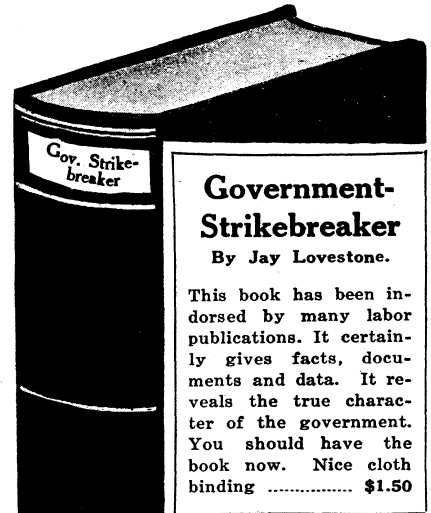


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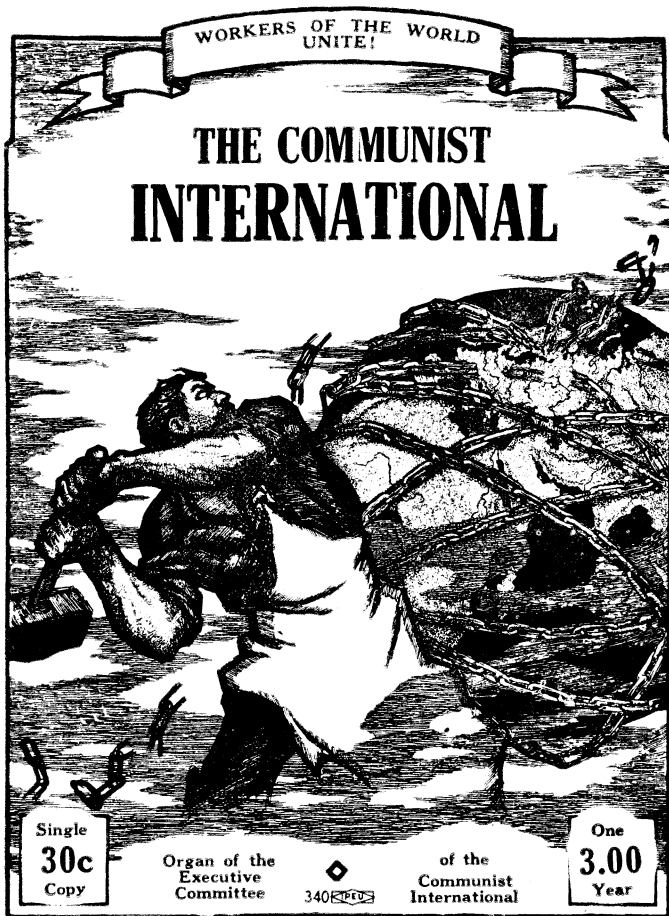
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