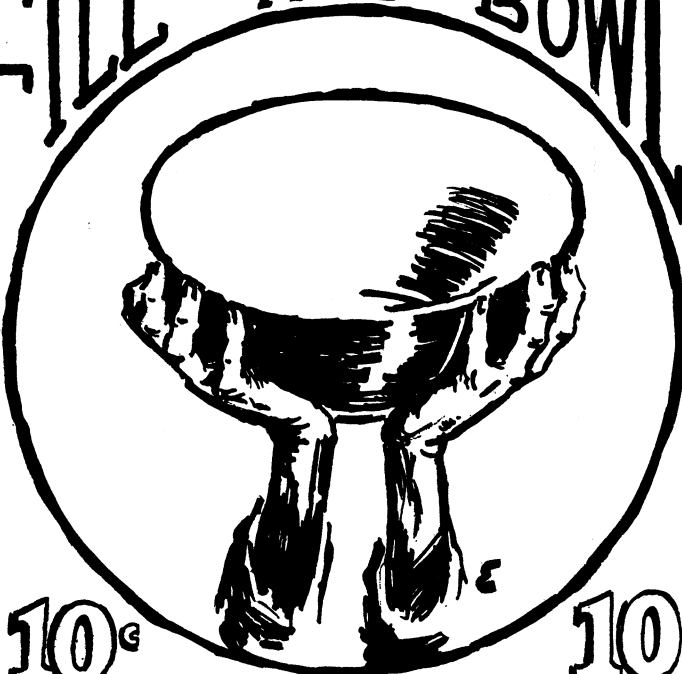


LIBERATOR



FEBRUARY 1924 20

FILL THE BOWL



10¢ **10¢**

Twenty Million German Workers
ARE STARVING

American banking and business interests are collecting large sums for German relief. At the same time they make large loans to German industrialists. These loans will have to be repaid with large interest by exploiting the German workers whom the American bankers are now feeding. This is famine relief **WITH CONDITIONS.**

Gompers is collecting for German relief with the purpose of feeding only those trade unionists who hold certain political views. This is famine relief **WITH POLITICAL DISCRIMINATION.**

HELP

**ESTABLISH AN
AMERICAN
SOUP KITCHEN**

as an expression of

INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY
With Germany's Workers
Famine Relief Without Conditions
Famine Relief Without Political Discrimination

\$500.00 initial outlay and \$2,000.00 monthly will open and support an American Soup Kitchen in Germany.

----- SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION TODAY -----

Friends of Soviet Russia and Workers' Germany
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Enclosed find \$..... to help open an American Soup Kitchen in Germany as an expression of International Solidarity with the **STARVING WORKERS, THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN.**

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 Send me a **MEAL COUPON BOOK.** (Yes or no?)

NAME

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COMMITTEE FOR INTERNATIONAL WORKERS' AID

Look to your neighbor's reading!

Next in importance to your own reading is your neighbor's reading.

It is true that what we read determines what we know and what we know determines how we live. If we are to progress in applying our knowledge, however, it is also necessary for our neighbors and our friends to interpret correctly what is happening all about us.

When you finish reading this copy of *The Liberator* hand it to your neighbor or give it to your friend. Send for three copies (50c) to pass on in this way or to place where they are certain to be seen and read.

This will not be difficult; *The Liberator* looks attractive and is attractive. Even if they are not quite ready to agree with its contents, it nevertheless wins its way to people's hearts. Introduce *The Liberator* to your friends and the magazine will do the rest.

Two months ago we carried an open letter in the magazine calling for 50,000 new subscribers to increase the magazine to 50 pages.

The appreciation of our magazine as demonstrated by the large response to this call is indeed very encouraging. New subscriptions are coming in large numbers every day. But to get the 50,000 subscriptions we must work even harder in February.

Have you sent in your subscription? Did you get a subscription from a friend?

This month we are making a systematic drive for 10,000 one dollar subscriptions.

Stop for a moment to consider how often a dollar is wasted. Yet one dollar will get a six months subscription to *The Liberator*. It should not be difficult to get a friend to give you a dollar for a six months subscription to *The Liberator*. After six months contact with this remarkable magazine he will become its staunch friend, even like yourself, and will renew his subscription for one year.

The editorial department spares no effort to put before us the best in political, scientific, economic and artistic thought of our day. Let us get as many people as we possibly can to enjoy the magazine!

For each subscription you get, pin the dollar to a sheet of paper with the name and address of the subscriber and your name under it, and mail to *The Liberator*.

We predict 10,000 one dollar subscriptions in the month February. How many will you send?

Runaway Slave

\$1,000. fine for any Northern
Labor-Agent encouraging fugitives.



When last seen was
Going North!

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. No. 7 [Serial No. 70]

February, 1924

EDITORIALS

Lenin

Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov is dead. With him expired the mind that had more than any other to do with the shaping of this century. It is doubtful if in all history any man's hand left as deep a mark upon the world. The nations for centuries to come will flow into forms first sketched by him.

Wielding through sheer mental force a power greater than that of any other living person, this man had a personal modesty almost incredible. His conversation revealed an impersonal attitude, a lack of interest in himself that was disconcerting. On the wages of a mechanic he lived in two rooms and always was seen in the cheap clothing and cap of a workingman.

But politically, no false modesty but an amazing audacity was the chief characteristic of Lenin. When kings, emperors, presidents, parliaments and world-financiers declared a war between the nations, the obscure political party of workers led by Lenin did not hesitate to amend the declaration to read:

"Conversion of the imperialistic war into a civil war of the oppressed against the oppressors and for socialism."

The amendment stands. Not national wars, but revolutions, are the deciding characteristics of the century.

When capitalism's greatest men declared the formation of an "international" of capitalist governments—the League of Nations—which would thenceforth settle the affairs of all men, Lenin amended this to read:

The formation of a revolutionary International of the working class of all nations against their governments.

And today the Communist International is stronger than the League of Nations.

It would be absurd to say that Lenin made the Russian revolution, or to say that he did not. He was its brain, formed within it, inevitable to it and indispensable to it. Lenin was a necessary phenomenon among the phenomena of the revolution. In September, 1918, when it was thought that he would die of the bullet-wound inflicted by a "socialist-revolutionist," there was a substantial fear that without his leadership the revolution would fall over the precipice on the brink of which it then balanced. This was a view held mostly by outsiders, by the camp-followers of the revolution, in whose minds all social phenomena are the personal acts of great men. Among communists at the time it was said that Lenin's death at an earlier period might have been fatal to the revolution, but that

the revolution had already outgrown the indispensability of any one, even its greatest leader. Lenin lived five years longer and guided the revolution through several dangerous crises, notably the wars of defense against invasions, and the economic impasse out of which Russia retreated with the daring measure of the "New Economic Policy," then to turn and recommence the socialist advance. Lenin led the Revolution beyond the point of dependence upon Lenin.

During the gradual decline of his health, his function has been shifted to others who were his lifetime co-workers and pupils. It is these who have been leading for a considerable time. Strong men they are. Under their leadership, since the retirement of Lenin, Soviet Russia and the world revolutionary movement have made giant strides. The Revolution has created its new leadership, even as it fashioned the magnificent instrument of the rebel school-boy from Simbirsk. But now, where one was made before, thousands are generated in the Communist International. That was Lenin's work. Lenin conceived thousands of his kind. The breed is inextinguishable.

The Revolution will go ahead without him. But those of us who have known him, spoken with him and felt the strength of that all-overpowering will, must feel for a brief instant that the world is a grave when Lenin is dead. Only for an instant, and then we are pulled together with hearing again his cry:

"Long live the Revolution! Long live the Communist International!"

The Bolshevik Daily

THE FIRST communist daily newspaper ever published in the English language began its career in Chicago on January 13. The result is surprising—a brilliant contrast to the stodgy traditions of the old-time socialist dailies. The Daily Worker is a keen reporter of events, a vivid newspaper. Its first numbers show that it is not written by the discarded hacks of capitalist journalism, as the socialist dailies too often were and are, but by highly talented leaders of thought. It is a newspaper, and at the same time a vigorous propaganda organ—a hard combination to get. Full of information, full of good, healthy anger, full of ironic laughter—it is a type of journalism that could be born only in a day when propaganda is no longer conceived as an abstraction separate from daily life.



Maurice Becker

Doctor Macdonald to British Labor: "My methods may seem slow and painful, but I want to cure you without injuring the germs."

Labor "Rules" the Greatest Empire

ANYONE who had thought, ten years ago, that the greatest imperial Power on earth would in 1924 pass under a socialist government, would have pictured this as the revolution. Great Britain, ruler of the oceans, overlord of India, Persia, of Ireland, of South Africa—under a socialist government! Visions of age-old tyrannies suddenly lifted in all quarters of a globe whose sun would thereafter never set on the socialist flag!

Now we know better. "Socialist government" in England means capitalist government with the aid of "socialists."

But let no one assume insignificance on the part of the British Labor government. It is not the revolution, nor the beginning of the revolution; but it is a necessary transition (under the circumstances) to the beginning of the revolution. The friction between the classes which brought about Macdonald's elevation will not stop for the fact that Macdonald now performs the functions that Baldwin once performed. The struggle between the classes will grow sharper—partly for the very reason that the government is now supposed to support the demands that may be made by the workers. Macdonald's government cannot long avoid taking sides on some issue that cannot be evaded or compromised. Then he will decide with capital. In the situation arising from that crisis, rather than the present, Macdonald may be called England's Kerensky.

Labor government in England will affect France, and Germany. The recognition of Soviet Russia by the British Empire will be of international importance.

The example of England's Labor Party will affect America—will profoundly affect the question of working class political action and the final crystalization of the mass farmer-labor party.

Labor government in England will have large effect throughout the world. The first effect will be to increase the hopes, and consequently the efforts of the working class everywhere. The second effect will be disillusion-

ment of Macdonald's followers, and their turning to better methods. The growth of a mass communist party in Great Britain will follow.

The British "socialist" government is a product of the same epoch that produced the Russian revolution, the destruction of the central empires, the German "socialist" government. Macdonald's premiership is a belated admission that Great Britain, also, was defeated in the war. British capitalism has passed the top of the hill and is on the down grade. Macdonald's function is to hold the brakes. The socialist party is the repair-shop of capitalism, which cannot be repaired.

Harry Sinclair's Navy

"TUT, tut," says Edward L. Doheny, president of the Mexican Petroleum Company, when asked whether he came to New Orleans to confer about the Teapot Dome bribery scandal,—

"I came to New Orleans to see that the Destrahan refinery was operated at full blast. Our Tampico refinery has been closed, but it must be opened. Our holdings in the Mexican fields are permanent, and the Mexican revolution is temporary like a fire or flood, and the damage, if any, cannot be estimated until it has passed. I consider the situation grave. If further reports from Mexico justify it, the Mexican Petroleum Company will ask the State Department to take steps for the protection of its interests."

This may seem an evasion of the question, but it is not. It is a classic reply. The answer of the Oil millionaires to the charge of stealing the United States Navy's fuel supply is to order the United States Navy into action for the further purposes of their oil business. The oil millionaires own not only the Navy's fuel, but the Navy itself.



William P. Hicks

Teacher (on Lincoln's Birthday): "Bow to him, son; it's true he emancipated the niggers, but he didn't overdo it."

The Black Ten Millions

By Robert Minor

WITHIN the great white city of New York is another city of one-quarter of a million Negroes. Five other great American cities have within each of them a Black City of more than 100,000 inhabitants.

The separateness of the Black Cities within the white is fairly complete. The Negro may freely visit the white town, and may work there the day through, but, come the end of his labor, must return, be it to sleep, to eat or to amuse himself, to his own pale.

The Black Man has a culture of his own: his musicians, his poets, novelists, actors, students, his bourgeoisie, his scientific men and—his apostles of liberty. The Black Man of the city is a restless man; he wants to break down all the humiliating restrictions that confine him as a lower race, the "white supremacy" that loads his life down with limitations and holds him to a "black belt" as a prostitute is segregated.

The city Negro is the articulate Negro. It is he who forms the many organizations which have the purpose of completing the emancipation of his race. And among the city Negroes it is the Negro "inteligentzia" which at present has the lead. Thus it is characteristic that Professor Kelley Miller, Dean of Howard University, Washington, D. C., and a noted scholar, has sent out the call which brings together in Chicago on February 11, 1924, a national conference of organizations especially concerned with Negro emancipation. It is called the "Sandhedrin Conference," in memory of the ancient Jewish racial council at Jerusalem. The conference is sponsored by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Equal Rights League and the African Blood Brotherhood.

The "Negro Sandhedrin" will be a bold attempt to gather all Negro and mixed pro-Negro organizations into a "united Negro front" on a common program for race emancipation. If it were merely a matter of a few hundred Negro intellectuals gathering decorously to discuss ways and means of smoothing their professional careers, one need pay little attention. But back of these intellectual leaders are the Black Ten Millions that stir in unhappy slavery on plantations from Florida to Texas and in ill-paid labor in factory, mine, mill and lumber-camp the country over. The unrest of these is pressing the intellectuals forward to perhaps greater lengths than they as yet dream of going. No matter what mild speaking may be heard from the black prophets of today, the Negro in the vast heart of his race wants, and cannot stop with less than, complete and unqualified equality both in law and in social custom. Leaders may promise to take less, but the black race will ultimately walk over the faces of any such leaders.

Slave Revolts

It is a mistake to assume that the Negro was a submissive slave. Even before the American revolution there were twenty-five insurrections of Negroes against

slavery in the American colonies. One of the reasons given in favor of the adoption of the American Constitution in 1787 was that it made possible the formation of a national army with which to suppress the then threatened slave rebellions of Georgia and other southern states, which it was feared that no single Southern state with its own army would be able to suppress.

And the fears were justified. A dozen slave rebellions, large and small, occurred in the United States after the American revolution and before the Civil War of 1861. The nineteenth century began with one thousand armed slaves marching against Richmond, Virginia, led by two Negro slaves, Gabriel and Jack Bowler. Two years later an area covering ten counties in North Carolina was the scene of an armed insurrection of Negroes, and this was followed three years later by another. In the year 1811 a little army of five hundred armed slaves marched against the city of New Orleans, recruiting the adult male Negro population of each plantation as it passed. The insurrection was crushed by the garrison of Fort Charles after a military engagement. Five years later a planned slave insurrection at Fredericksburg, Virginia, was prematurely disclosed and its leaders hanged. A similar disturbance occurred in Camden, South Carolina, in that year, followed two years later by another at Charleston, South Carolina. In the next year, 1819, a Negro slave insurrection was attempted in Augusta, Georgia.

In 1822 a wide-spread conspiracy for a slave insurrection was organized by that strange Negro genius, Denmark Vesey. Throughout an area of forty or fifty miles around Charleston, South Carolina, the best of the Negroes were carefully and secretly organized by a recruiting committee. One organizer, Peter Poyas, is said to have sworn in six hundred persons. The mistake was made of trusting a meek household servant, who betrayed the plot. Thirty-five leaders of the plot were hanged, including Denmark Vesey—to whom, I swear, a monument will some day be raised in Charleston, South Carolina.

Nine years later, 1831, the Negro preacher, Nat Turner, led an armed insurrection in Southampton County, Virginia, which was put down by United States troops and state militia with the loss of the lives of one hundred Negroes and sixty white persons. Twenty Negroes were afterward hanged. Before the year ended another rebellion began in three counties of North Carolina, but was betrayed by a free Negro and crushed. In Maryland there was an uprising of slaves in 1845, followed by disturbances in 1853 and in 1857. John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859 was an attempt at Negro uprising incited and led by a white man. Because it occurred at a tense political moment it has been made in our histories to overshadow the greater uprisings which were inspired, organized and led by Negroes alone. The John Brown insurrection was comparatively and actually very small.

The outstanding fact is that the American Negro has found within his own race both the genius and the daring

to fight for his freedom. That the desperate and unsuccessful insurrections of the slavery days were inadequate in method and pitifully ineffective is beside the point: The Negro possesses the initiative and the courage to make his a free race.

After "Emancipation"

For fifty years after the Civil War the Negro wandered in a fog of republican "emancipation." He was "free"—to starve or to sell himself back to the white landlord. The white ruling class considered merely that they had been deprived of certain property, but not in the least that the Negro had attained "social and political equality with white persons," as a South Carolina statute of 1865 put it. Lincoln's "Emancipation Proclamation" of 1863 had, according to its own wording, not the purpose of abolishing slavery, but the purpose of breaking the economic backbone of a rival war-power. The aim was not to free the Negro but to destroy \$1,500,000,000 worth of property in "black ivory" of a belligerent enemy. The "Preliminary Proclamation" directly offered to leave slavery intact in any part of the South that would lay down its arms. The "Emancipation Proclamation" very carefully specified that slavery should not be abolished "for the present" in sections of Louisiana and Virginia not at that time in arms against the Union.

The ex-slave was legally not a citizen, but a "freedman"—quite a different thing; he was property that had been confiscated as a means of punishment of his owners. The Negro had, in Southern eyes, been changed from a domesticated animal to an undomesticated animal.

When the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution was ratified in 1868, giving the rights of citizenship to "all persons born or naturalized in the United States,"—and when the Fifteenth Amendment was ratified in 1870, providing that "the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude,"—these Constitutional provisions merely refined the skill of Southern lawyers in writing laws to disfranchise and de-citizenize the Negro.

The emancipation of the American Negro from chattel slavery has not yet been completed. The Negro "share" farmer or tenant-farmer is still to all intents and purposes the slave of his white landlord. The white landlord continues to take the product of the labor of the Negro, and gives in return, in almost the same manner as seventy-five years ago, little more than a miserable ration of food. In Turner County, Georgia, in 1913 "the average annual cash income per Negro tenant farmer—usually a family—was only \$290." The Negro tenant is kept in debt to his white exploiter, sometimes for an entire lifetime, and his "running away" is often forcibly prevented as long as his white overlord owns a "debt"-interest in his body.

Peonage, a close imitation of chattel slavery, is still accomplished with the device of convicting men (both black and white, nowadays!) of "vagrancy" or "idling," or sometimes for real offenses, and then leasing them out to planters, mine-owners, lumber operators or contractors for periods of months or years. The recent cases of Martin Tabor (white) who was beaten to death by a "whipping boss" in Florida, and the eleven Negroes who were mur-

dered on a peonage-farm in Jasper County, Georgia, are examples of a "sacred institution" of our Country.

The Negro is still not a citizen in the South. Places of public resort are divided as are the buildings of a farm—houses for the (white) human beings and barns for the (Negro) animals. The railroads provide cattle-cars for cattle and Negro-cars for Negroes. In many parts of the South (Alabama, Florida) Negroes are kept out of public parks and playgrounds; sometimes "Jim Crow" parks and playgrounds are provided. Throughout the South it is taken for granted that Negroes are not to be permitted to live in houses near the residences of the well-to-do whites. Commonly Southern towns have their "red-light" districts and their "nigger-towns"—often jumbled together for the sake of real-estate convenience. Segregation is sometimes accomplished by law—as in Tulsa, Oklahoma, among many other localities—and sometimes by terrorism alone.

Occasionally there has come over the White South a panic due to a fear that the Negro parent's zeal for educating his black child is raising the literacy of the Negro child above that of the poor white. But the white man is doing his best to keep the Negro behind the white. In South Carolina, where the Negro population approaches that of the whites, ten million dollars is spent to educate white children, while one million is spent for a similar number of Negro children. It is claimed that in some parts of the South when the Negro progresses too far the Negro school-houses are burned.

They say that the Negro is not disfranchised in the South, and then they explain that he is permitted to vote whenever and to whatever extent that his vote won't win anything. Throughout the South wherever the Negro population outnumbers or dangerously approximates the white population in number, the Negro is frankly and openly excluded from the ballot to an extent sufficient to give the white man a guarantee of control. Then, in most cases, the real election takes place in the Democratic primaries, where the Negro is barred, and the formal election follows automatically. The disfranchisement of the Negro is considered basic in the political system. And the tendency to transform Negro disfranchisement into working-class disfranchisement is already apparent. Three years ago the editor of the Birmingham News made a serious proposal that "high-class" Negroes (of the new Negro bourgeoisie) should be carefully selected and given the "privilege" of voting.

The Rise of the Black Giant

The tremors of the World War that shook the world to its foundations, did not fail to reach the Negro. To be exempted from conscription was a privilege, and the "damn nigger" received no privilege. 367,710 young Negro men were drafted and given military training. About 200,000 had the amazing experience of a trip to Europe and a flickering glimpse of what is called "social equality"—yes, even between black men and white women—. The American Negro who went to France did not, when he returned, fit into the scheme of the plantation and the overseer.

What is more exciting, his neck no longer fitted meekly into the lyncher's noose! The young Negroes who had

had the awakening experience of the War, and associates influenced by them, began to transform the lynching into what is called a riot—that is, a two-sided fight.

But it really began before the men went to France. A young Negro friend has told me of the pride and newfound security that he felt on the day of his first leave after being mobilized, when, in his new uniform, accompanied by a half-dozen of his fellow Negro soldiers, he strolled in the streets of a Southern city where before then he had never been free of the uneasiness engendered by white terrorism.

In 1917 Corporal Baltimore of the 24th (Negro) Infantry, then waiting at Houston, Texas, to be shipped to France, interfered with two policemen who were beating a Negro woman on the street. The result was—not a lynching this time, but a race-battle in which many were killed. The military authorities stepped in on behalf of the whites and hanged nineteen of the Negro soldiers. Fifty-four members of the 24th Infantry are now confined in Leavenworth penitentiary. Thus, when the Negro defends himself the Law steps in to complete the thwarted lynching.

From March 1919, when a white man attempted to exercise his privilege of slapping a "nigger woman" on a Birmingham street car and was killed for it by a Negro man, there has been a long series of incidents called "race riots" in Charleston S. C., Chicago Ills., Elaine Arkansas, Knoxville Tenn., Longview Texas, Omaha Neb., Washington D. C., Duluth Minn., Independence Kansas, Ocoee Florida, Springfield Ohio and Tulsa Oklahoma. Nearly all of these incidents would a few years ago have taken the form of a simple, respectable lynching of a Negro "without disorder." But with what the Negroes call their "new attitude," practically all of these incidents now take the form of terrific two-sided fights in which the Negroes in resisting lynching take white life for black life. As reported in the New York Age (Negro):

"The colored people of the District of Columbia have shown what a people can do when assailed on all hands by mob fury and deserted by the police power of the District and by the Federal Government, both of which to all intents and purposes threw their organized influence against the colored people, the victims of the fury of the mob."

"Disorganized as they were, and without leadership, when the rioting was started Saturday night and continuing through Sunday and Sunday night, without any effective interference on the part of the police, colored people were prepared on Monday to defend themselves, after a fashion, and began to do so with a grim determination to exact a life for a life. They entered into the strife with more determination than the whites who started it, and they stuck to the job all week like heroes of many battles."

The Great Migration

But mobilization in the army was not the biggest means with which the World War wrought its changes in the life of the Negro. Just at the moment when the Northern manufacturers began to book huge orders for war supplies—the war shut off the customary source of American industrial labor: European immigration. Northern manufacturers began to dip into the great stagnant pool of the South for black labor-power. At first the White South was glad to see the Negro go, but soon began to change its mind and to try to stem the tide. At the end of hostilities and of war-manufacture, it is estimated a quarter of a million Southern Negroes remained in the North, charmed

by the comparative freedom and better living standards into forgetfulness of "Dixie." With the first industrial slump the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, for instance, became worried about the 20,000 new Negroes in the city, and considered ways and means to get rid of them; until business revived and made them useful. The Negro population of Detroit rose from about 5,700 in 1910 to about 53,000 in 1923.

The Black "Foreigner"

Afraid that immigrant labor would bring the revolutionary fever of Europe to our shores, Congress passed the severely restrictive immigration law. At the same time began the after-war industrial revival demanding cheap immigrant labor.

The Southern Negro became the "immigrant laborer." The rumor of "high wages and human treatment" that had once gathered the millions of Eastern and Southern Europe now swept the Black South of the United States. It is recorded that one Negro church at Lone Oak, Georgia, lost ninety-eight members between a Saturday evening and Sunday morning. 478,700 are said to have migrated in one year. The total of the great migration is roughly estimated at one million.

Georgian agriculture is said to have suffered \$25,000,000 of damage in 1923 through the loss of its black peons. Other Southern States had similar experiences. The result of the migration was called by many writers a "revolution." It is said that the South will be forced now to discard its primitive economic processes and to "machinize" itself. And Northern industry is also profoundly affected by the introduction of the new and dark-faced "immigrant labor."

But most of all the Negro is affected. James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is quoted as declaring the great migration to be the greatest single factor in the twentieth century emancipation of the race. Whatever the objective reasons, the Negro has his own subjective reasons for no longer "wishing he was in Dixie," and he states them as;

- Mob violence.
- Inferior schools.
- Low wages.
- Inequality of law enforcement.

Let no one imagine, however, that the Negro escapes discrimination when he escapes from the South. As fast as the Negro becomes a large factor in the Northern cities and industrial centers, most of the persecutions, petty and large—especially lynching and segregation—follow at his heels. American capitalism cannot accept race equality. In fact race discrimination appears to be increasing with the bourgeois development. Racial residential segregation is as rigid in the big Northern cities as in those of the South—and seems to be in process of extension to the Jews! Advertisements for apartments to let, often carry the proviso, "for Gentiles," meaning that Jews are excluded as well as Negroes, whose exclusion is taken for granted. Race discrimination is on the up-grade, not the down-grade, in these mad days of capitalist decay.

(Continued in the March Liberator.)

French Nationalism in 1923

By Charles Rappoport

THE nationalist year of 1923 began, in spite of the calendar, on the 11th of January, the day when to the great scandal of world opinion Poincaré declared "pacific" war against Germany by causing the invasion of her greatest industrial region. The pretext was to force Germany to pay reparations, but that was only a pretext. There are two profound reasons for French nationalism; one of them is the desire of the French capitalists either to ruin German industry or to compel the German capitalists to divide their wealth with the French capitalists. The other reason is of a political nature. Nationalism has become an industry and a good business for an entire category of politicians. Before the war it was revenge for the defeat of 1870 upon which the Derouledes, the Boulangers, the Barres, the Rocheforts, and all and sundry, together with the military camarilla, lived. After the war it is the exploitation of the victory of all the Allies, to the exclusive profit of nationalist and imperialist France.

French capitalism was always lazy and lacking in great initiative. It is first of all a capitalism of landlords, rentiers, idlers and usurers, living on state loans. The publication by 'l'Humanité, organ of the French Communist Party, of innumerable documents found in the archives of the Soviets, proves admirably how the great capitalist press urged the parsimonious French to deliver their savings to the Czarism threatened by the revolutionary movement, for the reward of large profit. France was the banker of all the great and little states of the world.

The great metal industry had a press of its own. The brother of the famous "Tiger," Mr. Clemenceau, was employed as an engineer in the immense factories of the munitions maker Schneider, and Mr. Clemenceau's newspaper, "l'Homme Libre," which in spite of the talent and the name of its director had very few readers, was supported by the great metal interests.

The war entirely emptied the treasury of the French state which has more than four hundred billions of debts, of which three hundred billions are foreign debts. Instead of exploiting the immense wealth contained in Alsace-Lorraine, returned to France, (potash and minerals representing three hundred billions of francs in this region alone), the France of Messrs. Millerand and Poincaré, these two inauspicious men in the service of nationalist and capitalist reaction, considers the victory of the Allies as a French title to income. The French state has squandered numberless billions in the northern region, not to repair devastated homes of the workers, but to enrich great factory proprietors and adventurers of all sorts. It has also expended immense sums in Syria and Morocco, and in all sorts of armaments, in sustaining an army the strongest in all Europe in proportion to the population, and in distributing hundreds of millions to the Rumanians, Poles and Czecho-Slovaks to arm them against Soviet Russia and Germany.

The consequences are not slow to follow. The franc has begun to fall with breathless speed. It has lost three-fourths of its pre-war value. The cost of living has become

very high and increases every day. The functionaries who in France form a large part of the population, nearly four millions with their families, complain of being poorly paid, and demonstrate against the state. Recently we have seen even the guardians of order, the police, provoke great disorders.

France, which before the war had a budget of five billion francs, even this being considered at that time a "Himalayan budget," has at present a budget of nearly fifty billions, that is ten times higher, only half of which is covered by taxation. For the rest, it is continuous borrowing. For all of these follies Germany must pay. Not being able to reconstruct France, French nationalism destroys Germany and easily consoles itself by imagining that it will thus assure eternal security against an enemy who might take revenge for the defeat suffered in the great war. Needless to say—it is a fact known to all the world—the French policy is a great danger for the peace of the world and renders European insecurity chronic, thus preparing new world-massacres.

All of the Bourgeois parties, including the Socialist party, ally of the bourgeois Liberals (radicaux), support the nationalist policy of Messrs. Poincaré and Millerand or oppose it very half-heartedly. Only the Communist Party and the revolutionary unions carry on systematic campaigns against the French nationalists' policy of war and ruin. If this party, which is from the point of view of organization and conscious solidarity of the masses the strongest of all political parties, has not yet arrived at sufficient strength to paralyze the execrable reaction of nationalist and imperialist France, this is explained by two reasons:

1. France continues to be a country of the petty bourgeoisie, of small proprietorship, with a feeble proletariat.

2. The many betrayals by the Democrats and by the Social Democrats, who in order to attain either power or votes, sacrificed their programs and their ideas.

Meanwhile, the disastrous consequences of the policy of which we have just made an all too brief resume become daily so evident that one hopes the approaching election may mark the beginning of a movement hostile to this nefarious policy. Messrs. Poincaré and Millerand are our best propagandists.



André Marty

Recently liberated leader of French sailors who mutinied on being ordered to attack Soviet Russia.



André Marty

Recently liberated leader of French sailors who mutinied on being ordered to attack Soviet Russia.

France Is Next

By Scott Nearing

THERE are three stages in the financial decay of a modern empire; in the first stage bills are paid out of tax receipts; in the second bills are paid by borrowing; in the third bills are paid by issuing paper money. Britain is in the first stage; France is well through the second; Germany has nearly completed the third. When the final stage has been passed, the empire is bankrupt.

Within the past decade Russia, Austria, Poland and some of the lesser European countries have passed through these stages of financial dissolution. Today France, following closely on the heels of Germany, is treading the same course. How long will it be before the franc follows the mark?

Last year France floated bonds and short term loans with which to meet her 20 billion francs deficit. Today her 5 per cent 1931 National Loan bonds are selling in New York at \$39, while her 8 per cent External Gold Bonds due in 1946 are quoted at \$97; francs are quoted in New York at about one-quarter of their pre-war value; France is paying 8 per cent to get money for which commercial firms pay 5 or 6. France is planning to make a 13 billion franc loan early in January, 1924. After that her 19 billion franc deficit for 1924 will be met by the printing press.

The New York Times, in a recent issue, published an article affirming that the French Budget for 1924 balanced, with a surplus of half a billion. This is true of the **general budget**. Additional **special** budgetary items convert this apparent surplus into a deficit of nearly 20 billion francs.

France is spending nearly 45 billion francs per year. Her regular revenue for 1923 yielded 23 billion francs or about half her expenditures. The deficit was paid by borrowing. Today French credit is virtually exhausted. This fact appears in the prices of French bonds and in the depreciation of the franc. Were it not for the fact that the French government has been buying francs steadily for weeks, and thus pegging up the market, the franc would have slipped below 5 cents many weeks ago.

A survey of the obligations carried by the French Government reveals its utter instability. At the moment its liabilities are about 430 billions of francs, distributed as follows:

Pre-war debt.....	25	billion francs
War loans.....	120	" "
Short term loans.....	114	" "
Owing Bank of France.....	24	" "
Foreign debt.....	124	" "
Miscellaneous	23	" "

If France were to pay 5 per cent on these obligations the interest charge alone would require 21.5 billion francs or nine-tenths of her total income. She escapes the difficulty by paying no interest on her debt to the U. S. and borrowing to meet her other obligations.

Since the war France has been operating a large Empire; maintaining an army of three-quarters of a million; building the largest air fleet in the world; lending more

than 6 billions of francs to Esthonia, Lithuania, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania, in order to maintain her pan-European control; occupying the Ruhr and cursing European public life with her domination. **This has cost France more than the war.**

The pre-war debt of France was 25 billion francs. For subsequent years the debt was:

1919	144.8	billion francs
1923	430.	billion francs

The four years of peace-time imperialism (1919-1923) have proved even more expensive than the five years of war.

France has reached the end of her rope. She has sped in ten years from a position of financial solvency and continental preeminence, to the verge of bankruptcy. When she passes over the brink, pulling Belgium and perhaps Britain after her, the keystone of European Capitalism will have fallen. After that the arch will crumble rapidly.

The Stability of Russian Finance

SURPRISE has been expressed in many quarters at the stability of the Russian Government. No student of the economic basis on which the Soviet Government is founded will feel any such surprise—quite the reverse, he will regard it as the most natural thing in the world.

Take the new Russian currency as an example. The Russian State Bank has adopted, as the currency unit, the chervonetz—a ten rouble piece—that has a par value of 21 shillings one penny in British money and \$5.146 in United States money.

According to the law under which the chervonetz is issued, the State Bank must keep a gold reserve of at least 25 per cent of the total issue of chervonetz notes. The latest available report (Dec. 1, 1923) shows a note issue of 26.9 million chervonetz, with a gold reserve of 33 per cent. The ratio of gold reserve to note circulation in Britain is 17 per cent; in France, 10 per cent; in Belgium, 4 per cent; in Italy, 7 per cent, so that the banking position of the chervonetz is as good or better than the position of the more important exchanges.

The chervonetz is quoted in London and in New York. In London, since early November, it has sold at par with the pound, in a market where the franc has stood at 30 per cent of par, the lira at 25 per cent of par, the Belgian franc at 26 per cent of par, and the mark at very much less than one per cent of par. In other words, the chervonetz sells very much higher on the London market than the currency of any of the larger continental countries.

The chervonetz was quoted in New York (Jan. 17, 1924, Journal of Commerce) at \$4.58. On the same day the pound sterling was quoted at \$4.26, which means that while the pound sterling stood at 88 per cent of par, the chervonetz stood at 89 per cent of par. In the estimate of New York bankers, on Jan. 17, 1924, the promise to pay of the Soviet Republic was sounder than the promise of the British Empire.

Scott Nearing.

The Revolutionary Party

By C. E. Ruthenberg

AFTER four years of persistent struggle, during which the Communists wandered along many by-paths, there has come into being in this country a Communist party which has learned how to reach the workers, make itself part of their struggles and to become a leader in those struggles.

At the second convention of the Workers Party at the end of 1922 it was already clear that the Party had formulated correct policies. But little had been done in the actual application of those policies. The past year has been a period of putting those policies into effect, of actual work, of achievement, of establishing the influence of the Party and building a following among the workers.

From its Third National Convention, held at the beginning of 1924, the Workers Party emerges as a growing political force in the life of this country.

I.

The task which the Communists of this country have set themselves is of Herculean proportions.

We have in the United States a social system more firmly rooted than anywhere else in the world. The industrial order upon which it rests has reached a development which is gigantic, and unrivaled elsewhere. The ruling class in this country possesses wealth and power which has not been equalled in human history.

Here are thousands upon thousands of factories, mills, mines, railways, steamship lines, stores, banks, all the enormous, monstrous, intricate machinery of production and distribution upon which one hundred and ten million people are dependent for their livelihood, owned and controlled by the exploiting, ruling class. Here exist tens of thousands of newspapers, magazines, schools, colleges, churches, moving picture theatres, all of which are cleverly exploited to shape the thoughts and ideas of the people in support of the existing social order and the industrial system upon which it rests.

The fact that this social system was created in a virgin land, that we have no past history of the uprooting of an old social system and the establishment of a new, such as that which replaced the feudal system in Europe with capitalism, is an added element of strength for the capitalist system of the United States.

The state power which expresses the rule of the capitalists had its origin in events which have given it added elements of strength. Our governmental institutions had their birth after a revolution. That a counter-revolution intervened is hidden from the masses. With the supposed revolutionary origin of our government as a basis it has been easy to foster the illusion that it is "a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

To this economic power, the tradition of the rights of property, the tradition of the capitalist system as the only possible method of production and distribution, the tradition of the government as a government of the people, add the organs for repression, laws and courts, police, the army and navy—and the picture of the strength of the existing social order is overpowering.

This powerful, colossal capitalist order the Workers Party of America is fighting to overthrow and to replace with a new social order. The twenty-five thousand men and women who are today the members of the Workers Party dare hope—nay, believe, are certain—that in spite of the power of the capitalists, they will win in this struggle and establish a Communist social order in the United States.

Truly this is the epic struggle of the ages—the great adventure. Twenty-five thousand workingmen and women stand in battle array against this mighty colossus of capitalism. Their means of struggle are the meagre funds spared from the scanty living capitalism grants them, their intellectual ability, and — a **social science**.

Let us look at the 25,000—the members of the Workers Party—on the road to the victory over capitalism.

II.

Other organizations have set as their aim the creation of a new social order in the place of capitalism. It will, by contrast, throw some light on the principles and tactics of the Workers Party, if we first examine their principles.

The Socialist Party, which once had a hundred thousand members and polled a million votes for its presidential candidate, stated as its aim the establishment of a cooperative commonwealth. Its method of achieving this was theoretical propaganda about the beauties of the cooperative commonwealth, through which it hoped to educate a majority of the workers to an understanding of the need of the new social order and thus to win their support. To this theoretical propaganda it added a long list of abstract demands, the enactment of which were slowly to transform capitalism into the cooperative commonwealth.

The Socialist Labor Party, and its latest prototype, the Proletarian Party, both believe that they can educate the voters through abstract propaganda to an understanding of the necessity of replacing capitalism with socialism. Educate a majority in the theory of surplus value, educate a majority to an understanding of the beauties of the cooperative commonwealth, and some fine day you will achieve it. To this conception the Socialist Labor Party added the idea of theoretically perfect industrial unions which were to aid in the achievement of the cooperative commonwealth.

The Workers Party, too, states its goal to the workers—the achievement of a new social order. It holds before the workers the ideal of Communism. It seeks to educate the advance guard in the basic principles of Marxian science. But these are the only points of similarity between its methods and those of the organizations referred to above. The Workers Party does not believe that a majority will be educated to an understanding of the theory of surplus value nor that they will be inspired to overthrow capitalism by the beauties of an abstractly presented cooperative commonwealth. Its methods of struggle are based upon quite a different conception.

"The history of all hitherto existing societies is the history of class struggles" wrote Marx in the Communist Manifesto of 1848. That is the key to the policies of the Workers Party, and of all communist parties.

In the capitalist United States the people are divided into economic classes with clashing economic interests. There is not only the main economic division of capitalist and proletarian, employer and employee, but there are the working farmers, the small shopkeepers, the professional groups, yes, even within the capitalist class there are economic groups with clashing economic interests.

The guiding principle of Communist policy, of the policies of the Workers Party, is to use the class struggles growing out of these conflicting economic interests to mobilize the forces which will wrest from the capitalists the state power through which they maintain their system of exploitation, and to use the power thus gained as the instrument to transform capitalism into communism.

This does not mean only a campaign on the basic economic issue which sharply divides the interests of the capitalists and the workers—privately owned industry operated for profit-making purposes, versus socialized industry operated for service. The conflict between economic groups in capitalist society manifests itself in continuous struggles over immediate questions. The workers fight for better wages and working conditions. They engage in struggles against restrictive laws, against injunctions, the use of the armed power of the government against them. The farmers fight against high railway rates, against the trustified marketing interests, against the banks which hold the mortgages on their land; they seek legislative action to improve their economic position.

These daily struggles are the starting point of the Communist struggle for the overthrow of capitalism. By entering into all of these struggles which grow out of the every day life of the exploited groups, by championing the cause of the exploited, by becoming their spokesmen, winning their confidence, the Communists establish their leadership of all those who suffer under the whip of capitalism. Thus the Communist Party combines under its direction all the forces in opposition to the capitalists in preparation for the day when the sharpening economic conflict will enable it to mobilize these forces for the blow which will make an end to the capitalist power.

III.

The reports and resolutions of the Third National Convention of the Workers Party graphically illustrate the practical application of this policy and the growing strength of the Workers Party as a revolutionary force.

The sharp conflicts between the industrial workers and capitalists over wages, working conditions and during the recent years the right to organize, conflicts in which the government has appeared regularly as the agency of the capitalists fighting the workers, the farm crisis which has bankrupted millions of farmers, have developed a widespread movement for independent political action through a farmer-labor party. The Workers Party has been in the forefront of this movement. Through its aggressive campaign, through the struggle it waged at the farmer-labor convention, the Workers Party has greatly extended its

influence among both industrial workers and farmers, and today it holds a position of leadership in the movement for a mass farmer-labor party which will fight the political battles of the industrial workers and exploited farmers.

In the trade unions the reverses of recent years have created a demand for more effective organization. The Workers Party stands before the organized workers as the exponent of amalgamation of the trade unions into industrial unions and a more militant leadership in their struggles. Representatives of hundreds of thousands of workers have voted in conventions in support of these proposals of the party, and these workers see in the Workers Party the leader in the struggle to create more effective fighting organizations upon the industrial field.

The capitalist government aims a blow at the whole working class in its proposal to register foreign-born workers and for selective immigration. These measures would create a class of coolie labor so tied down with restrictive legislation that it would be unable to offer resistance to the exploiters. The Workers Party through the action of its second convention, re-affirmed by the third convention, takes up the cudgel in defense of the foreign-born workers and of the standard of living of the whole working class in its campaign for protection of foreign-born workers.

The working farmers of this country are facing a crisis which is deeper than ever before in the history of this country. The convention resolution analyses the situation of the poorer farmers and raises the demand of a five-year moratorium for farmers and the ownership of the land by its users.

The Negro workers of this country are an especially exploited class. The Workers Party initiates a campaign against all forms of discrimination against the Negroes and will assist them in organizing their strength to make an end to these discriminations.

American "Irelands," "Egypts" and "Indias" are appearing as a result of the advance of American imperialism. The Workers Party sees in the national groups exploited by American imperialism in the West Indies, Central America, Hawaii and the Phillipines its natural allies in the struggle against the centralized, imperialist capitalist government at Washington and it raises the slogans of independence for the victims of American imperialism and endeavors to rally the masses of this country in support of these slogans.

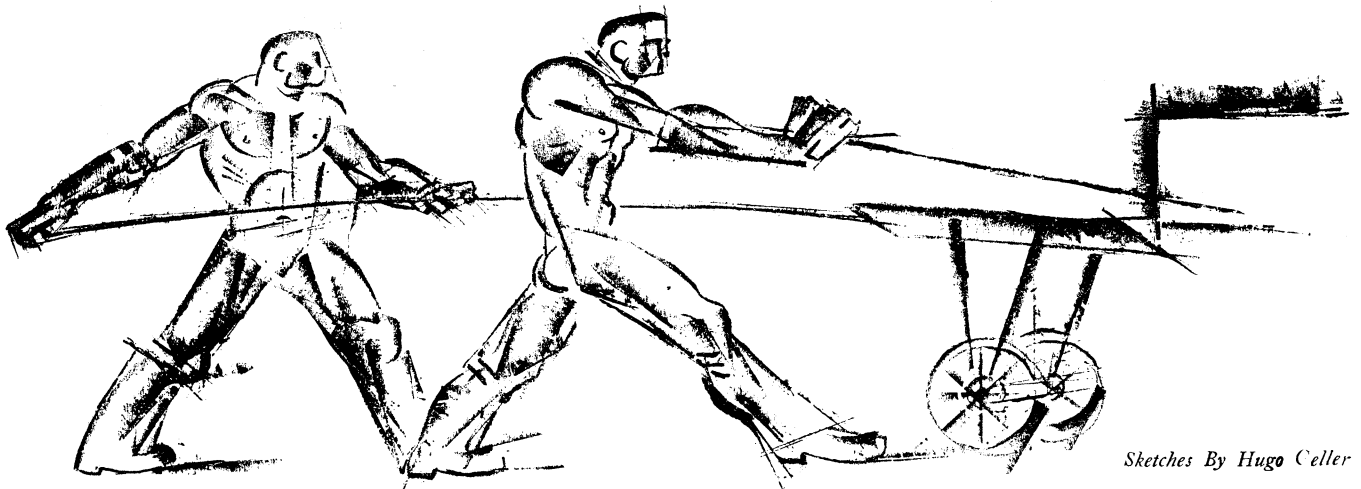
Soviet Russia is a sword thrust straight at the heart of capitalism throughout the world. Its flag is the inspiration and rallying point of the exploited everywhere in the world. The Workers Party takes up the fight in support of Soviet Russia in its struggles against imperialist attacks.

IV.

Thus there is being created a growing revolutionary force in American life. The capitalists hold in their hands a mighty power. But within the capitalist order are generated those forces which weaken and disintegrate that power through the process of the continuous class conflict which capitalism engenders. What is needed is the organization which can combine for the struggle against the capitalists all the forces of opposition which it creates. That organization is here—a Communist party, the Workers Party of America.

Inferno 1924

The Pennsylvania Iron Region. By Hugo Gellert



Sketches By Hugo Celler

RED HOT IRON

GREY, birdless skies. . . Rivers the fish cannot live in. . . Black stacks vomit black smoke. Black sheds cut each other out of sight. Telegraph poles. White steam covers everything. Endless steel rails run to the east and to the west. . .

* * *

A man knocks the mouth of the blast furnace open. A mighty roar, a blinding flash, and the molten ore breaks forth. It flows through ditches into the waiting ladle. Heavy sulphur fumes rise into the air. The men watch the course of the molten metal. They step across the narrow ditches and hustle to prevent their being clogged.—A misstep, and a foot is off; it melts away like snowflakes on a window pane. . . When the ladle is full they top it with a shovel of coal. A thousand stars shoot into the air as the fine coal touches the golden liquid.

* * *

The roaring iron is forced under the roller. A man catches it. Sends it back. The man on the other side. . . he has the iron. The man on this side. . . he has it now. Now one. . . now the other. . . again. . . "Quick! Quick!" It is piece work. The heater shoves it back into the furnace. His red body, shining with sweat. "Quick! Quick!" Under the roller. . . One, two. . . one, two. . . the iron is stretching. . . "Not too quick. . . If we spoil the plate, there'll be no pay for the work."

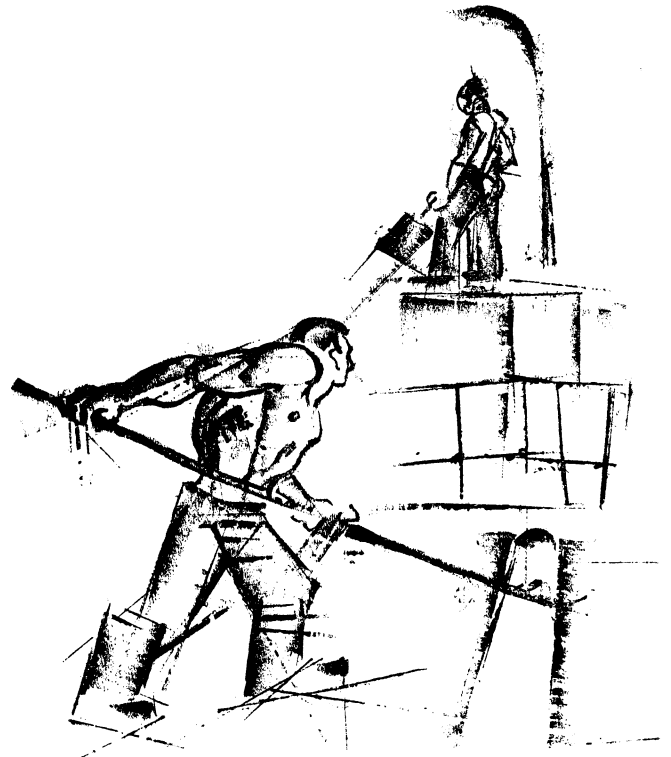
A glass case stands at the entrance of the mills with the following inscription: "Every article is made of our tin plates" . . . Ladies' powder boxes . . . boxes for sweets, painted. Pictures of pretty flowers and birdies on them.

* * *

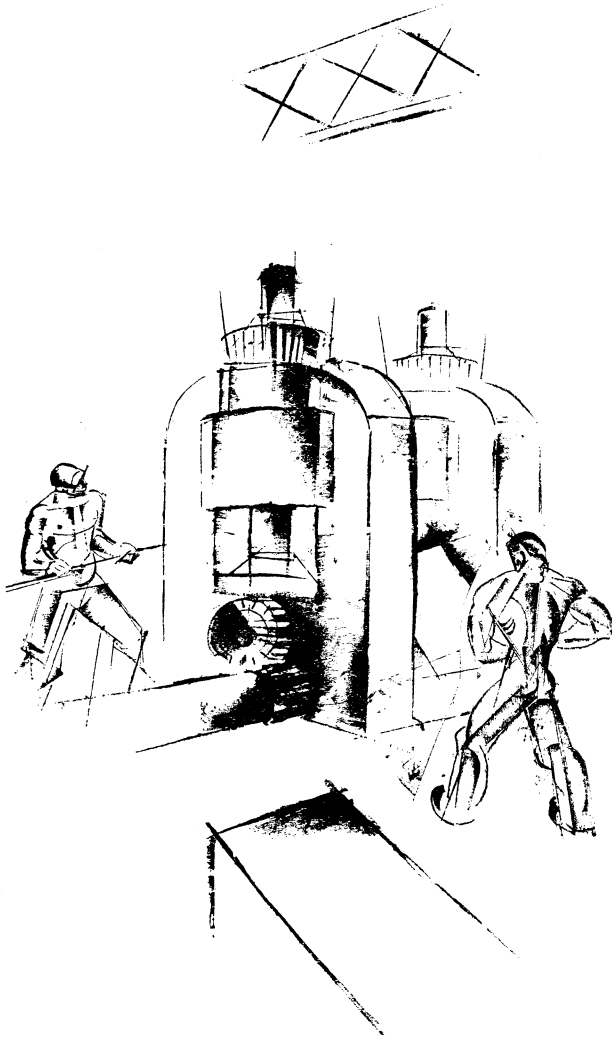
Heavily laden trucks roll across the steel bridge. I feel it rise and sink under the weight. The elastic steel stretches and contracts as the bridge swings gently from side to side.

Laces, the finest of them, seem stupid to me. It irritates me to think of the effort wasted on them. Patient, accurate work that can be put to better use.

The bridge teaches me to appreciate lace—lace of steel. Heavy threads of steel interlocking and interchain- ing. Black steel lace against the light of the sky.



Liquid Metal



Rolling Sheet Metal

* * *

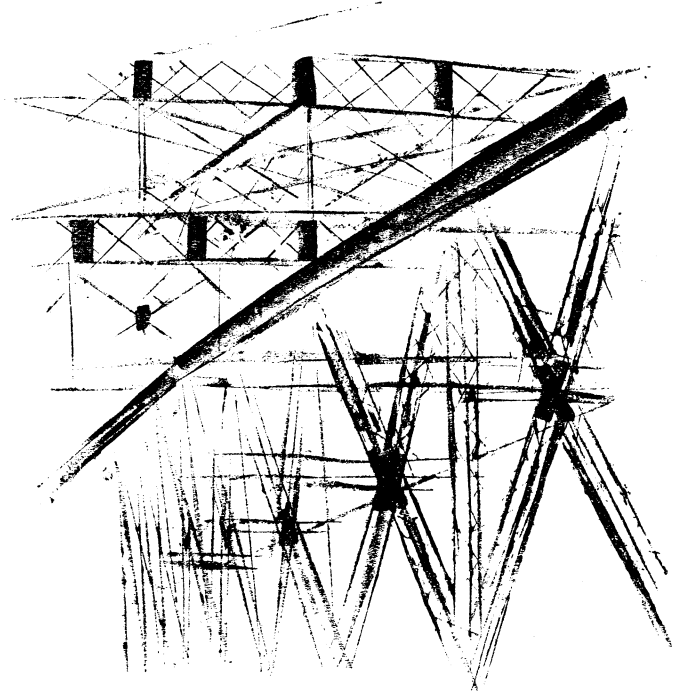
Flat bottomed barges float at the river bank. Great electric shovels suspended on cranes swoop down and bite into their cargo. Huge magnets lift a half dozen of the two-hundred-pound pigs of iron and dispose of them at will. Freight cars are hoisted into mid-air, turned over and emptied, then placed back on the rail. Steam hammers work busily up and down, shaping the iron like butter. Machines make wire and sheets of steel—and machines make machines...

Machine: living architecture. The miracle of Man. Created by him to make himself master of the earth, the waters and the skies.

* * *

Three shifts. Men rising in the grey dawn... Men rising when the Sun is high... Men rising at midnight... Men crawling home from work. A few drinks... An occasional movie show... An occasional leg show...

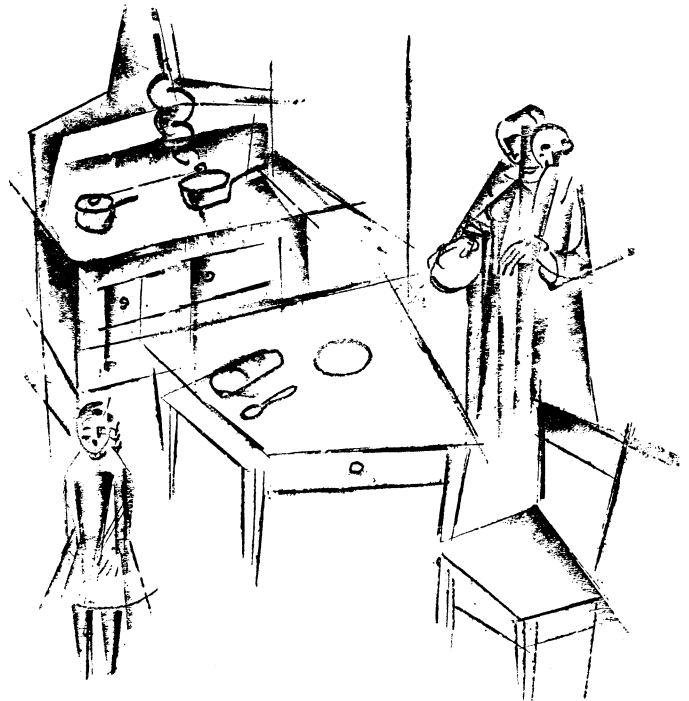
Dingy holes,—workers call them their homes. Ill smelling kitchens... Stuffy bedrooms... Unkempt women... Unhappy children...



The Bridge

* * *

Dead trees stretch their withered arms toward the birdless sky... Rivers the fish cannot live in... Man is the only animal who could live in this country.



A Kitchen

The Politico-Military Horizon

By Jay Lovestone

AMERICA is a land of phenomenal development—social, economic, political and military. It is only twenty-five years ago that the United States entered the imperialist arena as a "Weltmacht." Today we occupy a front row seat in the theatre of "big-stick" international political affairs. Twenty years ago we were still a peaceful nation, with an insignificant army and a second class navy. Today we have hundreds of thousands of men under arms. We are well on the road towards a navy second to none and supremacy in aerial and chemical warfare. In the drive for world trade and new spheres of influence we are not leaving even standing room for others.

Our Growing Colonial Empire.

After the Spanish-American war the United States became the undisputed master of the American Mediterranean—the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. A protectorate was established over Cuba. Porto Rico was annexed. Turning to the Pacific our imperialists gobbled up in quick order the Philippines, Guam and Hawaii, and thus secured control of the gateway to the prize market of the Far East where more than eight hundred million people live.

Then followed the complete domination by the United States of the Central American Isthmus through the successful engineering of the revolt of Panama against the Republic of Columbia. After securing "general supervision" of the new government and unrestricted control of the canal zone, the capitalists proceeded to establish their hegemony over Nicaragua and their mastery of the alternative canal route. Scarcely had the ink dried on Wilson's democratic notes, when American troops dissolved the Haitian parliament. Today the Navy Department with the full force of the Coolidge administration behind it, is mercilessly crushing the Republican nationalist spirit in Haiti.

Our colonial empire has grown by leaps and bounds. The United States is now the proud political master of more than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles and ten million people in Central America and in the region of the Caribbean Sea which has become the sixth American Great Lake. In the Pacific our capitalists have an island empire of an area of more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles and a population of thirteen million. This whole imperial colonial domain represents a total area equivalent to the present size of England, France, and Belgium combined—a territory greater than that occupied by Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Estonia, Holland, Ireland, Latvia, Lithuania and Portugal.

This flourishing, youthful colonial empire of today resembles in many ways the Roman Empire of yesterday. The outstanding feature of resemblance between what was once the mighty imperial Republic of Rome and what is now the capitalist imperialist republic of the United States, lies in the management of their colonies and in their common interference with the domestic affairs of their governed territories and various spheres of influence.

The American military governor-generals who rule our colonial possessions are the exact prototypes of the pro-

curators and pro-consuls that governed the provinces of the old Roman Empire. In Rome men were given the office of pro-consul or procurator in order to enable them to exploit the province they governed as a source of income with which to redeem their own personal fortunes and those of their political friends and masters. On precisely the same principle our colonial military governor-generals are chosen today. General Leonard Wood was sent into the Philippines to force upon the Filipino people an economic policy which would make it possible for him to repay in valuable concessions the powerful bankers and manufacturers who financed his presidential primary campaign in 1920, to the extent of \$2,000,000.

Likewise, Major General Enoch H. Crowder, formerly chief of the American military staff, has been sent as ambassador to Cuba to serve as the watchdog for the American sugar and railway interests that dominate the island.

The Treasury of Nicaragua is under the direct supervision of an American who receives the taxes and customs receipts on behalf of two American banks. In Samoa the government is vested in an American naval officer, customarily one with the rank of captain. The same policy is pursued even in the wildest thickets of the jungle of African investments. In the recent Tangier controversy involving more than half a dozen European countries, the United States, (that is, the Stone and Webster Electric and Power interests,) was represented by Father Denning who was supposed to be bringing the Light of Christianity and the Power of the Saviour to the backward tribesmen.

The World's Banker and Tradesman.

The World War gave tremendous impetus to the expansion of American industry and commerce. America became the leading manufacturing, trading, and banking nation of the world. Theoretically one might still contend that we are a self-sufficient nation. But practically we are today dependent, if not for keeping our industries going, at least for keeping them going at full capacity, on the world market. Our wheat farmers of North Dakota look towards Liverpool for the price they are to receive for their produce. The cotton growers of Alabama and the steel workers of Pittsburgh are becoming ever more dependent on Manchester and the continental markets of Europe.

The World War has increased the dependence of the United States on the world market for the disposal of the surplus created by the American workers. From 1914 to 1919 the number of our industrial establishments rose from 275,791 to 290,105.

America has been turned from a debtor nation into a creditor nation. In 1915, the European capitalists held close to three billion dollars worth of United States railway stocks and securities. Two years later more than half of these holdings passed into American hands. Ten years ago one-fourth of the stock of the United States Steel Corporation was held in Europe. Today less than one-tenth is in European hands.

Our foreign trade has increased three-fold. Through the investment of capital abroad America has become a partner in the fate of the capitalist order the world over.

More than 72 percent of the petroleum produced throughout the world was in the financial grip of Wall Street in 1917. Nearly three-fourths of the world's supply is in the United States. Thus America has become, in the words of a noted French economist, "an economic centre in connection with which all the world must work and trade." American democracy now truly rests upon a monarchy of gold and an aristocracy of finance.

Militarizing America.

The rule of dollar democracy by our financiers and industrialists at home has been translated into a rule of dollar diplomacy in our spheres of influence and colonial possessions. In order to maintain control of our growing imperialist empire and in order to question any possible opposition at home to the capitalist ventures, the United States government has been steadily developing and strengthening its military and naval machines. In the past ten years the cost of our national defense has more than doubled. Our army has increased in the last decade from 212,000 to 371,770. In the same period the total number of citizens under military training has increased from 243,865 to 504,010.

The National Defense Act of June 4, 1920, provides for one huge army consisting of the Regular Army, the National Guard, the Organized Reserves, including the Officers Reserve Corps. The country has been divided into nine military territorial areas. According to General William Lassiter, Assistant Chief of Staff, this plan "will provide a force of about three million men" and give the country "for the first time, a comprehensive plan for developing the force required for national defense." Last year the government spent more than three million dollars to train young men in schools and colleges in order to build up a potential officer's military caste consisting of members of the wealthy class and specializing in the propaganda of militarism. Under this Act the United States has attained a mark in militarism never before attempted in times of peace.

Our government is also prepared to mobilize for war at a moment's notice the gigantic industries of the country. In this mobilization the business and professional elements, the engineers and the chemists, will play the leading role.

American Navalism.

Admiral Mahan's dictum that "He who controls the seas controls the world," has long been adopted by "leading" Americans as the proper policy for the United States. The practical implication of this was brought to light in a speech delivered recently by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt: "Behind all the pronouncements of our State Department rests the power of our Navy. It is the Navy that turns these pronouncements from simply unsupported statements into matters that must be given the gravest consideration by all nations. Our policies, in truth, are based on the Navy. Indeed, the Navy is the cornerstone on which rest the Monroe Doctrine and the policy of the 'open door.'"

The United States has invested more than three billion dollars in her Navy. America is the only country in the world that has an electric battleship fleet. This fleet

of six battleships, electrically propelled and electrically equipped throughout, totals close to two hundred thousand tons and has forty-eight sixteen-inch and fourteen-inch guns. The total electric energy generated by these ships would be sufficient to pull forty-eight electric passenger trains out of Grand Central Terminal in New York, pump sufficient water out of Lake Michigan in Chicago to lower the level of the lake ten feet a year, or light an ordinary household Mazda lamp for 657 years.

No one has taken the Washington Conference's Five-Power Naval Limitation Treaty seriously. The naval ratio of 5-5-3 was upset before the powers that signed it had a chance to ratify it. We are now specializing along the lines of auxiliary craft—submarines and fast cruisers—not specified in the pact. The General Board of the United States Navy is demanding the expenditure of one billion dollars for new submarines and fast cruisers. The present fever of naval competition rages around submarines, chemical warfare, and aerial supremacy.

For a Huge Aerial Armada.

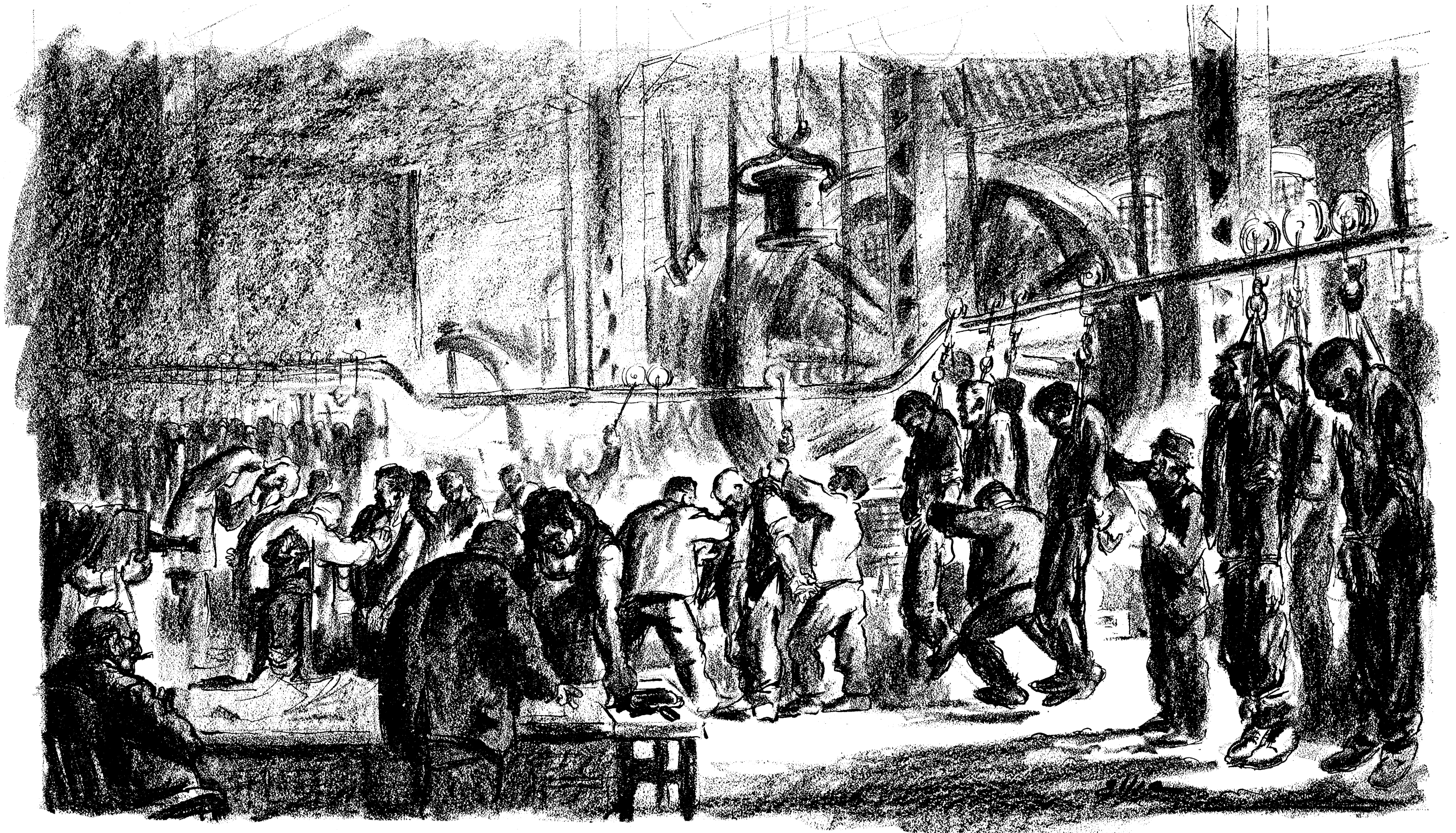
Today the United States has eight hundred service planes and a personnel of thirteen thousand aviators. Vigorous preparations are afoot to assure American aerial leadership. Coolidge sent a special message to Congress in which he emphasized the necessity "of providing for continued development of military and naval aviation if America is to keep abreast of other nations." The Supreme Council of National Defense is planning to mobilize the entire aircraft industry and give factories a definite program requiring an appropriation of forty million dollars by Congress. Plans are being formulated to establish aeronautical forces for the Naval Reserve and the National Guard.

And despite all the recent outbursts of morality against the use of poisonous gases in warfare, our chemical laboratories are working overtime experimenting with deadly fumes. It is said that our chemists have designed a uniform capable of resisting penetration of gas. All particulars regarding the advance in chemical warfare are kept in the strictest secrecy.

The Gold-Dust Twins of Capitalism.

Militarism and imperialism are the Gold Dust Twins of Capitalism. With the development of imperialism the capitalist classes of the various nations become more and more dependent on violence to maintain their positions as ruling classes at home and exploiters of the smaller and weaker nationalities abroad. The rise of monopolies and financial oligarchies on one side and increasing armies of workers massed in the highly developed, big, basic industries on the other side, tends to sharpen the class conflicts and therefore necessitates maintenance of huge military and naval forces in the imperialist stage of capitalism.

Militarism promotes in the worker a spirit of servility and causes him to submit more readily to economic, political and social exploitation and oppression. The capitalist case for militarism was stated with rare frankness by Secretary of War Weeks in his last annual report when he said: "It should be our national aim to secure to our national industries as many men as possible who have had **the military training which leads to improved cooperation.**" One of the letters of appreciation received by Mr. Weeks from a big business man puts the case rather bluntly in



Fred Ellis

Selective Immigration

All imported meat must be stamped with indelible ink: "Docile. No Labor-Union or Communist Tendencies."

saying: "The company has hired men who served the country in uniform because it has found it good business to do so."

The army has rendered inestimable aid to the employing class in strikes. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, the National Guard was mobilized and thrown into action against striking textile workers, railway workers, and coal miners in twenty-one states. Various subdivisions of the National Guard served at different points on these strike fronts a total of more than six thousand days. Infantry regiments, cavalry squadrons, artillery battalions, machine gun squads, coast and anti-aircraft artillery, signal companies, and tank and howitzer detachments played their part in crushing the recent national strikes in America.

The navy is doing more than its bit for the employing class. Our naval leaders have divided the world into seven sea areas with an admiral in charge of a squadron in each area to protect American commerce and citizens. At this writing United States squadrons are operating actively in the Caribbean, Near East, and Asiatic areas.

In 1919 the government spent four million dollars to maintain several destroyers in Constantinople in order to protect the extensive tobacco and oil interests of our capitalists in the Near East. Discussing this situation, Captain Luke McNamee, Director of Naval Intelligence, declared: "The American tobacco companies represented there (at Samsun, Turkey) depend practically entirely on the moral effect of having an American man-of-war in their port to have their tobacco released for shipment".

The United States maintains a naval patrol of gunboats on the Yangtze River at the cost of three million dollars a year to guard our capitalist interests in China. We may look forward to increased activity by our fleet in these waters in order to protect the thirteen million dollars in Chinese wireless stations, recently invested by American capitalists against the combined Japanese, British, Danish and Chinese protests.

Admiral R. E. Coontz, Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, has time and again boasted that: "Naval forces are maintained throughout the Caribbean Sea for the purpose of keeping down revolutions, protecting life and protecting our commerce." The "Special Service Squadron" maintained by the government in these waters, at the annual cost of more than three million dollars, has been dubbed by the sailors doing duty as "banana-boats". A large part of America's imported fruit comes from the countries bordering the Caribbean.

Serious Dangers Confronting Working Masses.

There are many serious dangers confronting the American working and farming masses. Army and navy officers are addressing the country with increasing frequency on political questions from a professional militarist point of view. Secretary Denby has proclaimed through the National Security League that: "We must have aircraft with our fleets in such numbers as at least to be equal to any enemy." Secretary of War Weeks is demanding an increase in our military forces.

An even more dangerous situation is likely to grow out of the recent revival of the Navy League, which has

just opened headquarters near the White House. At the behest of this militarist clique the birthday of the late Theodore Roosevelt, October 27th, has been officially declared as national Naval Day.

More than two hundred twenty-five warships and aircraft are now engaged in fleet manoeuvres in the Caribbean Sea and the Canal Zone. The General Staff of the War Department is vying with the Navy Department in these dress rehearsals for new raws. Some time after the coming elections four hundred thousand men will be mobilized at their home stations in the first important display of military force under the National Defense Act.

Further dangers of new imperialist entanglements made by our capitalists, lurk in the sending over of the three Banker-Generals; Dawes, Young, and Robinson, the latter two being agents of the Morgan interests, to participate in the Reparations settlement in Europe.

The American workers and farmers must awake to this growing menace of war. The United States is no longer the peaceful, provincial country that it was many years ago. In the concert of nations American imperialists are playing second fiddle to none. The new America is today the strongest and the most aggressive capitalist power. Unless the working masses of our country organize to rid themselves of this death-dealing scourge of militarism, we will soon be in the throes of another world slaughter—a war that will cost thrice the forty billions the last one cost us, a war that will maim and kill millions of our best workers and farmers.

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A New Page in Mexico's History

By Bertram D. Wolfe

ONCE more the way of Democracy goes by the board in solving the problem of the Presidential succession in Mexico. One more election is being decided on the field of battle. For a year now, every one interested in things Mexican, has been asking: "Will there be a democratic election? Will the tradition of bullets yield to the theory of ballots? Has the period of peaceful reconstruction really set in?"

It was hardly to be expected that the answer would be affirmative. In the whole long history of Mexico, thanks at times to personal ambition, at others to the interference of American, English or French capital, more recently as a result of overpowering popular aspirations, the presidential palace, to use the forceful phrase of president Obregon, has been "the ante-chamber to the cemetery." True that Juarez who conquered his place by force, fighting against Catholic hierarchical domination on the one hand and French intervention on the other, gave up the power peacefully to the legally elected Lerdo de Tejada. But Lerdo de Tejada perished in the revolt financed by American capital when he granted all railway and many other important concessions to English firms. His successor, Diaz, peacefully surrendered the trappings of office to his own tool, Gonzalez, for one term in order that under the latter's administration the one-term law might be amended, and then he engineered his own re-election for a period of thirty-two years. Since his violent overthrow in 1910 every election has been decided as in the days of the Roman emperors, by the armies in the field.

This time, it looked as if the election would be peaceful. With Villa dead, there was only one *caudillo* or idolized popular military leader of importance left in Mexico, and he was the president of the country, Alvaro Obregon. The only "*caudillo*" in the country who could count on army support to further his personal ambition—and frankly without personal ambition to succeed himself. His slogan of revolt had been "Effective suffrage—no reelection" and when his revolt against Carranza proved successful, he continued to take his slogan seriously. To impress it on the minds of the Mexican people, he ordered that every official government communication, even an announcement of a tax levy, should end with the words "Sufragio efectivo; no reelección." As in Russia every government document and the paper money bears the motto: "Workers of the World Unite!"

Up to a few months ago, there was only one candidate of importance in the field, Plutarco Elias Calles. Both the Cooperatista Party and the Laborista Party had offered him the nomination. The "big three" were a unit, for both De La Huerta and Obregon looked with favor upon Calles' candidacy. Only the landowners opposed him and scurried about in vain looking for a life-sized figurehead. They wavered between De La Barra, who represented fascism—not in a black shirt as in Italy, but in a white vest—;Madero, millionaire and fertile source of possible campaign funds, who would trade on the revolutionary name of his martyred

brother; Zetina, also a millionaire and generally known as the Henry Ford of Mexico because he was skillful in keeping his shoe workers from striking; and Angel Flores, general of the Sinaloa army division and avowed enemy of the Agrarian program. But none of them could be inflated to the size of a popular figure, and the reaction was disconsolate.

* * *

Then things began to happen. The ambitious young leader of the Cooperatista party, Jorge Prieto Lorenz, ran for governor of the state of San Luis Potosi. His opponent was Manrique, Agrarian candidate supported by the Labor Party. Both sides committed irregularities. Prieto Lorenz and his friends, having the support of the former governor, used the state police and private armed forces to protect the ballot boxes from Agrarista votes. Every paper in the Capital announced his election, for every paper in the capital hated the agrarian party. He himself "admitted" his election. Two sets of returns were sent in, but the case of Manrique, supported by the whole mass of the peasantry of the state though he was, seemed hopeless; for the cooperatistas controlled the courts both of the State and of the nation. Prieto Lorenz was leader of the lower house. His party controlled the national Senate. Both congress and the courts were sure to decide the contested election in his favor. And all of the powerful newspapers were announcing that he had been elected by an overwhelming majority—the other candidate had gotten scarcely a vote.

Then the president took a hand. "There has been fraud in San Luis Potosi," he told the nation. "Both sides have committed outrages. Both sides have used force. I submit that if we are to pretend to have a constitutional government, election must be by popular vote. The constitution does not give me the right to name a governor, but it does give me the right to refuse to recognize a governor not constitutionally elected. I recognize neither candidate as governor of San Luis Potosi."

Then Calles had to choose between the Cooperatista nomination and the Laborista. He chose that of the Laborites and split the Cooperatista party. Followed the sudden discovery that Calles, being friendly to Obregon, was an "imposition" candidate. Then De La Huerta resigned his post as Secretary of the Treasury. He announced that he might be prevailed upon to accept a nomination for the presidency if the popular demand was overwhelming. The big newspapers insisted that the popular demand was torrential. The new secretary of the treasury charged that his predecessor had left the treasury bankrupt, had misused funds, had been guilty of malfeasance in office. De La Huerta issued his defence. The new treasurer, Pani, published facsimile proofs and photographs. De La Huerta undertook a "propaganda trip" to Vera Cruz, and the day he arrived General Guadalupe Sanchez raised the standard of revolt. The next day, General Enrique Estrada seconded the rebellion in Jalisco, and the presidential election had left the constitutional field.



General Plutarco Elias Calles
 Sketched in Mexico by Maurice Becker

But let us go back a moment to see why the Cooperatistas abandoned the field in which they had once been so powerful. A little over a week before the revolt, Calles had broken the *cordón sanitaire* in the metropolitan press by acquiring *El Diario* and *El Democrata*. A day before the revolt he acquired an evening paper, *El Mundo*; and a cooperatista paper, *El Heraldo*, suspended publication for lack of support. The monthly elections for the *presidium* of the Senate showed the Callistas had a majority of two. The lower house proved to be deadlocked for the first time in its history with neither side able to muster a quorum, for which 131 deputies are necessary, whereas the Cooperatistas had only 129 and the once feeble Callistas had grown to 124. And the trend in the direction of Calles was continuing. The next day after that discovery was made, only 70 odd De La Huertista deputies put in an appearance, the rest of them having disappeared. The reason was obvious. They had abandoned the forum to take to the field of Mars. They had appealed to force. The next day the revolution broke out.

* * *

The class forces in the country crystalized instantly and completely. Although De La Huerta served as a rallying cry for the military leaders, his personality receded

rapidly into the background. So did that of Prieto Lorenz who went with him to Vera Cruz. Political leaders gave way to military leaders and the uncertainty and "class reconciliation" policy of De La Huerta yielded to the resoluteness and "protection of agrarian property" policy of Guadalupe Sanchez.

If the peasants had not been sure of their attitude toward De La Huerta, they were not in doubt for a moment as to their attitude toward General Sanchez. Had he not tried to disarm the peasantry? Had he not protected the land-owners of Vera Cruz? They knew him. And partially armed as they were as the result of former revolutions and of their constitutional liberty of bearing arms, they rushed to the defense of the state Capital, Jalapa, with its little loyal garrison of 200 troops. For almost a week, thanks to the resolute aid of the peasants, that little garrison held out against a besieging force variously estimated as from 4,000 to 15,000.

A day later, Enrique Estrada revolted in Jalisco. They knew him too! Was not he the man who, when offered the position of Secretary of Agriculture by Obregón, had issued a statement of his intended policy to the press, which statement was of tendency so contrary to the agrarian redistribution activities of the existing government that the president had been obliged to revoke the appointment? Yes, they had no doubt as to him.

And if there had been any doubt as to the aims and character of the new revolutionary movement, its first act, its first shedding of blood, would have convinced the most doubting. The day after the rebellion in Vera Cruz, Herón Proal, leader of the Union of Striking Tenants of the port, was executed by a rifle squad without trial. With him were executed Luis Garcia, brother of the longshoreman mayor of the port, and Jacobo Ramirez. These three symbolized all that the land-owners hated. They were the first victims and their death proclaimed the objects of the revolting forces.

If the men who planned the uprising were counting on the dulling of revolutionary fervor as the result of several years of peace; if they were counting on the neutrality and passivity of the organized workers, they were doomed to swift and keen disappointment. Less than 24 hours after the uprising, President Obregón had received the offer of armed support from the Labor Party, the Agrarian Party, the Communist Party, the Mexican Federation of Labor, the Union of Veterans of the Revolution, and even such intellectual elements as the Students Party, the Union of Painters and Sculptors, and the Authors' Union. The exhilaration and excitement of the organized workers and peasants was intense. On all sides the cry arose: "Give us arms."

The army was equally disappointing to the rebels. President Obregón, with whimsical courtesy, ordered that the national telegraph lines be left open to the messages of General Estrada in order that he might appeal to the other division generals and minor officers and learn what they thought of the revolt.

The course that the revolt will take already seems definite. Obregón has the bulk of the army, the mass of workers and peasants, the vacillating middle class that dislikes resolute action and the timid elements even among



Maurice Becker

Fugitives from the Counter-Revolutionary Army

the reaction. The benevolent neutrality of the American financial interests that have underwritten so many revolutions here, seems assured. The bankers seem content with the recognition of the debt. The Doheney American oil interests, who must have seen the clouds on the horizon, less than two weeks ago made a loan of 10,000,000 pesos to the empty government treasury on account of next year's taxes. The revolt cannot last long.

And after...? A clear field for the presidential candidacy of Plutarco Elias Calles, supported by the Laborista, Agrarista, Communista and other parties of left tendencies; opposition only on the part of some such candidate as Angel Flores, representative of the land-owning interests, who is remaining neutral in the present crisis; a further veering toward the left of the present government and the succeeding one as they lean more heavily than heretofore upon the workers and peasants; and a forward impetus to the work of land distribution and socialization which was slowing up on account of the political power of the reactionary forces.

Full name and address of contributor must be plainly written upon each separate manuscript and upon each drawing sent to The Liberator. All contributions must be accompanied by postage for return.

Odd Lots

THE Italian Papini has said some pretty poisonous things about America and our best people were in some doubt letting him land upon our pure shores. But pretty soon they discovered that he is a renegade radical and now they are going to give him a royal welcome and let him look at Nicholas Murray Butler.

IN a meeting in New York, Fred B. Smith charged that Theodore Roosevelt "is as wet as the ocean." A man was once fined six cents for saying that about the elder T. R.

THE winners of the Bok and Filene peace prizes should meet in a world's series.

WE HOPE that Nina Wilcox Putnam will soon get her matrimonial mess cleaned up so that she can resume writing about what a bad lot radicals and foreigners are.

AT LAST an effective method has been discovered for abolishing the bootlegger. It has been suggested that he be called "the brief caser."

“MEXICAN Federals Retire on Capital”—N. Y. Times. Most people would like to do that but they can't find the capital.

ONE cannot blame a crook or bootlegger for leaving Philadelphia. The language that man Butler uses is not fit for sensitive ears.

MAYBE the Wood boys are saving up a pot to buy father a nice nomination for something.

WE MAY not be sending enough food to Germany to boast about, but it is gratifying to learn that speeches of Coolidge and Hughes are now being read to German children. It least that will help them forget their other troubles.

THE SEVEN "President" ships costing thirty million dollars have been sold by the Shipping Board for \$3,850,000 to the Dollar Line which qualifies as a thirteen per cent American institution.

A PRACTICAL fireproof costume has been invented and is on exhibition in New York. It is expected that there will be a brisk demand for them among Modernist preachers who have been told where they will go.

“HURRY Home Rule, Mayors Ask State”—New York World. A hurry home rule might be called a curfew law.

“THE ONLY way you can reach the souls of some children is through the seats of their trousers,” said Judge William Lindsay of Chicago.

SOULS are being worn low this year by the knickerbocker aristocracy.

Howard Brubaker.

Is it Possible to Fix a Definite Time for a Counter-Revolution or a Revolution?

By Leon Trotsky

“**O**F COURSE it is not possible. It is only trains which start at certain times, and even they don't always...”

Exactitude of thought is necessary everywhere, and in questions of revolutionary strategy more than anywhere else. But as revolutions do not occur so very often, revolutionary conceptions and thought processes become slipshod, their outlines become vague, the questions are raised anyhow and solved anyhow.

Mussolini brought off his “revolution” (that is, his counter-revolution) at a definitely fixed time, made known publicly beforehand. He was able to do this successfully because the socialists had not accomplished the revolution at the right time. The Bulgarian Fascisti achieved their “revolution” by means of a military conspiracy, the date being fixed and the roles assigned. The same was the case with the Spanish officers' coup. Counter-revolutionary coups are almost always carried out along these lines. They are usually attempted at a moment when the disappointment of the masses in revolution or democracy has taken the form of indifference, and a favorable political milieu is thus created for an organized and technically prepared coup, the date of which is definitely fixed beforehand. One thing is clear; it is not possible to create a political situation favorable for a reactionary upheaval by any artificial means, much less to fix a certain point of time for it. But when the basic elements of this situation already exist, then the leading party seizes the most favorable moment, as we have seen, adapts its political, organizational and technical forces, and—if it has not miscalculated—deals the final and victorious blow.

The bourgeoisie has not always made counter-revolutions. In the past it also made revolutions. Did it fix any definite time for these revolutions? It would be interesting, and in many respects instructive, to investigate from this standpoint the development of the classic and of the decadent bourgeois revolutions (a subject for our young Marxist savants!), but even without such a detailed analysis it is possible to establish the following fundamentals of the question. The propertied and educated bourgeoisie, that is, that section of the “people” which gained power, did not make the revolution, but waited until it was made. When the movement among the lower strata brought the cup to overflowing, and the old social order or political regime was overthrown, then power fell almost automatically into the hands of the liberal bourgeoisie. The liberal savants designated such a revolution as a “natural,” an inevitable revolution. They gathered together a mighty collection of platitudes under the name of historical laws: revolution and counter-revolution (according to M. Karajev of blessed memory, action and reaction) are declared to be natural products of historical evolution and therefore incapable of being arranged according to the calendar, and so forth. These laws have never prevented well prepared counter-revolutionary coups from being carried out. But

the nebulosity of the bourgeois-liberal mode of thought sometimes finds its way into the heads of revolutionists, when it plays havoc and causes much material damage.

But even bourgeois revolutions have not by any means invariably developed at every stage along the lines of the “natural” laws laid down by the liberal professors; when petty bourgeois plebian democracy has overthrown liberalism, it has done so by means of conspiracy and prepared insurrections, fixed beforehand for definite dates. This was done by the Jacobins—the extreme left wing of the French Revolution. This is perfectly comprehensible. The liberal bourgeoisie (the French in the year 1789, the Russian in February, 1917) contents itself with waiting for the results of a mighty and elemental movement, in order to throw its wealth, its culture, and its connections with the state apparatus into the scale at the last moment, and thus to seize the helm. Petty bourgeois democracy, under similar circumstances, has to proceed differently: it has neither similar wealth nor social influence and connections at its disposal. It finds itself obliged to replace these by a well thought-out and carefully prepared plan of revolutionary overthrow. A plan, however, implies a definite organization in respect of time, and, therefore, also the fixing of a definite time.

This applies all the more to proletarian revolution. The Communist Party cannot adopt a waiting attitude in face of the growing revolutionary movement of the proletariat. Strictly speaking, this is the attitude taken by Menshivism: To hinder revolution so long as it is in process of development; to utilize its successes as soon as it is in any degree victorious; and to exert every effort to retard it. The Communist Party cannot seize power by utilizing the revolutionary movement and yet standing aside, but by means of a direct and immediate political, organizational and military-technical leadership of the revolutionary masses, both in the period of slow preparation and at the moment of decisive insurrection itself. For this reason the Communist Party has absolutely no use whatever for a liberal law according to which revolutions happen but are not made, and therefore cannot be fixed for a definite point of time. From the standpoint of the spectator this law is correct; from the standpoint of the leader it is, however, a platitude and a banality.

Let us imagine a country in which the political conditions necessary for proletarian revolution are either already mature, or are obviously and distinctly maturing day by day. What attitude is to be taken under such circumstances by the Communist Party to the question of insurrection and the definite date on which it is to take place?

When the country is passing through an extraordinarily acute social crisis, when the antagonisms are aggravated to the highest degree, when the working masses are constantly at boiling point, when the Party is obviously supported by a certain majority of the working people, and, consequently,

*Maurice Becker***Mexican Peasant Dance**

by all the most active, class-conscious, and devoted elements of the proletariat, then the task confronting the Party—is its only possible task under these circumstances—is to fix a definite time in the immediate future, that is, a time prior to which the favorable revolutionary situation cannot react against us, and then to concentrate every effort on the preparations for the final struggle, to place the whole current policy and organization at the service of the military object in view, that the concentration of forces may justify the striking of the final blow.

To consider not merely an abstract country, let us take the Russian October revolution as an example. The country was in the throes of a great crisis, national and international. The state apparatus was paralysed. The workers streamed in ever increasing numbers into our Party. From the moment when the Bolsheviki were in the majority in the Petrograd Soviet, and afterwards in the Moscow Soviet, the Party was faced with the question—not of the struggle for power in general, but of preparing for the seizure of power according to a definite plan, and at a definite time. The date fixed was the day upon which the All-Russian Soviet Congress was to take place. One section of the members of the Central Committee was of the opinion that the moment of the insurrection should coincide with the political moment of the Soviet Congress. Other members of the C. C. feared that the bourgeoisie would have made its preparations by then, and would be able to disperse the congress; these wanted to have the congress held at an earlier date. The decision of the Central Committee fixed the date of the armed insurrection for October 15, at latest. This decision was carried out with a certain delay of ten days, as the course of agitational and organizational preparations showed that an insurrection independent of the Soviet Congress would have sown misunderstanding among important sections of the working class, as these connected the idea of the seizure of power with the Soviets, and not with the Party and its secret organizations. On the other hand, it was perfectly clear that the bourgeoisie was already

too much demoralized to be able to organize any serious resistance for two or three weeks.

Thus, after the Party had gained the majority in the leading Soviets, and had in this way secured the basic political condition for the seizure of power, we were faced by the necessity of fixing a definite calendar date for the decision of the military question. Before we had won the majority, the organizational technical plan was bound to be more or less qualified and elastic. For us the gauge of our revolutionary influence was the Soviets which had been called into existence by the Mensheviki and the social revolutionist at the beginning of the revolution. The Soviets furnished the cloak for our conspiratorial work, they were also able to serve as governmental organs after the actual seizure of power.

Where would our strategy have been if there had been no Soviets? It is obvious that we should have had to turn to other gauges of our revolutionary influence: the trade unions, strikes, street demonstrations, every description of democratic election, etc. Although the Soviets represent the most accurate gauge of the actual activity of the masses during a revolutionary epoch, still even without the existence of the Soviets we should have been fully able to ascertain the precise moment at which the actual majority of the working class was on our side. Naturally, at this moment we should have had to issue the slogan of the formation of Soviets to the masses. But in doing this we should have already transferred the whole question to the plane of military conflicts; therefore before we issued the slogan on the formation of Soviets, we should have had to have a properly worked out plan for an armed insurrection at a certain fixed time.

If we had then had the majority of the working people on our side, or at least the majority in the decisive centres and districts, the formation of Soviets would have been secured by our appeal. The backward towns and provinces would have followed the leading centres with more or less delay. We should have then had the political task of establishing a Soviet Congress, and of securing for this congress by military measures, the possibility of assuming power. It is clear that these are only two aspects of one and the same task.

Let us now imagine that our Central Committee, in the above described situation—that is, there being no Soviets in existence—had met for a decisive session in the period when the masses had already begun to move, but had not yet ensured us a clear and overwhelming majority. How should we then have developed our further plan of action? Should we have fixed a definite point of time for the insurrection?

The reply may be adduced from the above. We should have said to ourselves: At the present moment we have no certain and unqualified majority. But the trend of feeling among the masses is such that the decisive and militant majority necessary for us is merely a matter of the next few weeks. Let us assume that it will take a month to win over the majority of the workers in Petrograd, in Moscow, in the Donetz basin; let us set ourselves this task, and concentrate the necessary forces in these centres. As soon as the majority has been gained—and we shall ascertain if this be the case after a month has elapsed—we shall sum-

mon the workers to form Soviets. This will require one to two weeks at most for Petrograd, Moscow, and the Donetz basin; it may be calculated with certainty that the remaining towns and provinces will follow the example of the chief centres within the next two or three weeks. Thus, the construction of a network of Soviets will require about a month. After Soviets exist in the important districts, in which we have of course the majority, we shall convene an All-Russian Soviet Congress. We shall require 14 days to assemble the Congress. We have, therefore, two and a half months at our disposal before the Congress. In the course of this time the seizure of power must not only be prepared, but actually accomplished.

We should accordingly have placed before our military organization a program allowing two months, at most two and a half, for the preparation of the insurrection in Petrograd, in Moscow, on the railways, etc. I am speaking in the conditional tense (we should have decided, we should have done this and that), for in reality, although our operations were by no means unskillful, still they were by no means so systematic, not because we were in any way disturbed by "historical laws," but because we were carrying out a proletarian insurrection for the first time.

But are not miscalculations likely to occur by such methods? Seizure of power signifies war, and in war there can be victories and defeats. But the systematic method here described is the best and most direct road to the goal, that is, it most enhances the prospects of victory. Thus, for instance, should it have turned out, a month after the

Central Committee session of our above adduced example, that we had not yet the majority of the workers on our side, then we should, of course, not have issued the slogan calling for the formation of Soviets, for in this case the slogan would have miscarried (in our example we assume that the social revolutionists and Mensheviks are against the Soviets). And had the reverse been the case, and we had found a decisive and militant majority behind us in the course of fourteen days, this would have abridged our plan and accelerated the decisive moment of insurrection. The same applies to the second and third stages of our plan: the formation of Soviets and the summoning of the Soviet Congress. We should not have issued the slogan of the Soviet Congress, as stated above, until we had secured the actual establishment of Soviets at the most important points. In this manner the realization of every step in our plan is prepared and secured by the realization of the preceding steps. The work of military preparation proceeds parallel with that of the most definitely dated performance. In this way the Party has its military apparatus under complete control. To be sure, a revolution always brings much that is entirely unexpected, unforeseen, elemental; we have, of course, to allow for the occurrence of all these "accidents" and adapt ourselves to them; but we can do this with the greater success and certainty if our conspirators thoroughly worked out.

Revolution possesses a mighty power of improvisation, but it never improvises anything good for fatalists, idlers, and fools. Victory demands: correct political orientation, organization, and the will to deal the decisive blow.



THIS HERO BUSINESS

It's always up to the school-children to make a "great ovation" upon the Hero's arrival.

Hard Times

By Bertha Fenberg

THERE once lived in the town of Veldnir a frugal old man, Sorgen, and his wife, Sara. Sorgen worked each day with all his might so that a time of want would never come to him. Sara saved and scrimped until her hands were chopped and blackened like rotting wood and her eyes had narrowed into mere slits.

When chidden by Rokle, her red-haired, talkative neighbor for working so hard she said, "My man says Hard Times is coming. We must work for him."

"Hard Times," screeched Rokle in her high thin nagging voice, as she threw her knit shawl over her head and began to lurch homeward.

"Hard Times. What does that man of yours call this we're having now? Ask him what he means. What a fool you are, Sara. You could be enjoying yourself."

Sorgen was the cunning member of this union, but he thought his stupid wife so guileless as to be wise. He trusted her with every cent, instructing her how to hoard it. Together they counted the coins, adding them aloud in sing song fashion. He felt a throb of joy at the thought of future comfort. He would have a well cared for old age. He would never live with ungrateful children whose bread tasted bitter. There would be no old man's home for him. Now was the time to prepare for Hard Times. But never a word of this went to his wife.

There she sat night after night listening to him. "Here, put this under the mattress. It is more for this old man, Hard Times." This was Sorgen in his best humor. What this Hard Times was she never asked. Nor did she wonder. Her little eyes were dull and tired. No thought was reflected in them.

So it happened that she knew not what to expect from Hard Times. Stolid, unimaginative, with an almost unbelievable incredulity in some things and an equally astonishing innocence and gullibility in other things, she was snared by the first cry of Hard Times that came to her.

The usual Friday supper was ready. A red checkered table cloth brightened the round kitchen table. In the center of it stood an oil lamp glistening from many vigorous polishings. A herring chopped up into a salad and sprinkled with the yolks of hard boiled eggs was the main dish. Beside it stood a twisted loaf of bread covered with poppy seeds. A thick stream of vapor puffed out of the blue granite coffee pot. Sara in a white starched apron sat beside the table, her eyes turned toward the door. She was waiting for Sorgen.

A sharp rap struck the kitchen door.

"Who's there?" called Sara.

A deep angry laugh came back, "Who's there?" mimicked a resentful voice. "Who's there? Whom did you expect? Hard Times? Well I am Hard Times if ever there was one." A deep laugh followed.

"Hard Times?" said Sara to herself, not quite comprehending. "Hard Times? It must be he of whom my man talks so much. So he has come. But so soon. So soon."

"What do you want, Hard Times?" she asked.

"What do I want? What do I want? Ha. Ha. Ha. What do I want. What a stupid question. Don't you know what I want? Money—food—drink." The voice turned into a wail, a horrible, piercing cry.

Sara shivered. "So it has come at last. This must be Hard Times." And yet a little doubtful, a bit suspicious, she asked again.

"Are you truly Hard Times?"

"Open the door and you shall see." The voice was now harsh, cruel, ugly. It demanded like one driven to desperate straits, then weakened and like that of a beggar cried: "Starved! I am starved. A piece of bread. Water. Anything. Give me food. Who has a better right than I to this name, Hard Times? Open. Open. Look at me."

"A minute," Sara called as she dragged herself to the bed where the money was stored. "It is for him I know. Sorgen has often told me it is for him. Ought I to wait for Sorgen perhaps? But no, I will do it alone. It will be over when he comes home and then we need have no more worries."

"A minute and you shall have it. You shall have it." Holding the bag of coins back of her she slowly pulled back the strap which fastened the door.

Before her stood a middle-aged man of medium height. He wore no hat and the black hair thickly snarled and snagged looked like horse hair in a mass of burdock burrs. His large brown eyes were those of a criminal and a beaten dog. His face was thin, gaunt, pale. In one hand he held a bundle of soiled clothes. The sight of him convinced Sara.

"Come in," she said shortly as though she felt no pity.

"Come in. Eat." She gave him of the herring. She pulled a twist from the fresh, golden loaf of bread. She poured coffee.

He ate ravenously. A brown glow swept over his face. When he had eaten all set before him, he stood up and without a word started toward the door. Sara clutching the bag of money quickly followed.

"Here," she said sticking the bag into his hand. "This is for Hard Times. You are Hard Times. My husband and I saved it for you. Take it."

The man felt it. Astonished and bewildered he held it a moment, then without any show of gratitude ran from the house as any thief might have done at hearing a noise.

Sara nodded her head knowingly. She cleared the table with a satisfied feeling. Something heavy had dropped from her. She laughed abruptly, childishly, as she reset the table.

"Sorgen will be surprised. It came before he thought it would. He will wonder how I got so smart as to know Hard Times. Now we can enjoy ourselves as Rokle tells us to do. No more saving. That is over."

A few minutes later Sorgen came home. He hung his coat and hat back of the door and rolled up his shirt

sleeves to wash his hands. His red underwear stuck out in rolls on his arms.

Sara, jubilant by this time, exclaimed, "Sorgen, it has come. It has come. We are through now and can enjoy ourselves. I gave him all that we saved."

"What has come?" asked the bewildered husband.

"Hard Times," laughed Sara gleefully. "Hard Times came and I fed him and I gave him all our savings. I told him never to come back again but he did not answer me. Now we are free."

"What!" shouted Sorgen, scarcely believing that anyone could be as foolish as this woman before him. "What did you do? You stupid thing. Where did he go? How long ago was it? Tell me, in what direction?" Grabbing his hat, for he could not do anything without that, Sorgen began to search the village for Hard Times. He left a puzzled wife behind him.

When he came back, he looked at her as though he would like to beat her. His thick face was red and he sat down to the supper with a heavy, sullen look.

"I couldn't find him," he muttered angrily as he filled his mouth with herring. "We must begin again."

"Begin again?" repeated Sara. "Begin again? I am so tired. I thought we were through and could now enjoy ourselves."

"We will never be through," answered Sorgen grimly. "Hard Times is always coming."

Caught By Wireless

I WAS on my way to Silence. I was walking hand in hand with Ignorance, and her lips were babbling something about a beautiful maiden who turned herself into a frog and jumped upon the face of the moon; When the Young Man told me earnestly about a Great Invention.

"It will come," said the Young Man, "Just you wait, it will come.

"They'll be talking just as you and I talk, from Liverpool to Shanghai;

"The shipping clerks in Brooklyn will be kidding the stenographers in Seattle, and the hair-dressers in Baltimore will be asking the undertakers' assistants in San Francisco "Whaddye know?"

"When the jazz orchestra strikes up in the Hippodrome, all the radio fans in Nebraska will tune up their instruments, and the farmers' boys and girls will do a rustic dance.

"The University Extension lecturer will be talking in Berkeley and all the women's clubs in all the jerk towns from Denver to Coyote will be saying 'How wonderful!'

"There'll be a magnavox in front of every newspaper office and every time a politician gets a hunch the whole country will blat with it."

I was on my way to Silence. "Ignorance, my dear," I said. "Why has the beautiful maiden jumped down off the face of the moon? What witches' jabber is this I hear, wafted down from the cool peaks of Silence?"

James Rorty.

Who Cares For It?

WORKERS slain. Who cares for it?

Workers-widows. Who cares for it?

Worker-children orphaned. Who cares for it?

Who hunger and freeze and die on the street.

Workers slain. Who cares for it?

Workers slain. Who cares for it?

Murderers are rubbing their hands.

Murderers have passports.

Murderers have mild judges.

Workers slain. Who cares for it?

Workers slain. Who cares for it?

Ministers are sinking their backsides in easy-chairs.

Ministers are fattening murderer-guards.

Ministers are cringing behind laws of the land.

Workers slain. Who cares for it?

Workers slain. Who cares for it?

Workers, living! We care for it!

By the blood of our dead brothers,

We living will give you answer.

Workers slain. WE care for it.

Oskar Kanehl.

Trans. By Paul Acél

Endurance

MEMORIES far from city ways
This unsought loveliness recalls;
This little strip of purpling sky
Apparent between walls
Just ere the hour when harlots walk
The streets where lamp-light falls.

And stranger beauty brings dreams back
Startling as moonlight at noon-day;
Fair women's faces floating here
Where love to lust was prey—
Like flower petals fluttering
Along a flowerless way.

Nor did I hope in this dark place
To find a slender, budding tree,
Nor hear a bird sing at the window
Of a factory;
But now mine is a higher hope;—
How is it, slave, with thee?

If skies hold color here, and spring
Comes back, and women still are fair,
And music falls like golden rain
Through this gray, smoke-filled air,
What of your heart, toiler for bread,—
Do dreams still linger there?

Lillian Massill.

Literature and the Machine Age

By Floyd Dell

V.

THE WHOLE Darwinian controversy had been a belated and tormented coming-into-consciousness of the fact that the great utopian hopes of the eighteenth century had unfolded themselves in the dreary and horrible realities of nineteenth century capitalism. The final result of that controversy, of that unwilling consciousness of a terrible truth, was a kind of universal spiritual exhaustion.

News From Nowhere.

But its immediate result was the revival of medievalism, with something of a new and utopian flavor. Already, in Ruskin's medievalism, there was the germ of a new movement in art and industry; for where the other Victorians had seen only romance, or the military virtues, Ruskin saw the happy union of the artistic and industrial virtues, in that medieval world. It began to seem possible to revive those virtues, not merely to talk about them. The "Pre-Raphaelites" were the first to commence the actual practice of those virtues, as they understood them.

Out of this "Pre-Raphaelite" movement came two distinct tendencies—according to the emphasis which was variously put upon the artistic and industrial aspects of this enterprise. Under the leadership of William Morris, the new movement turned more and more toward a facing of the problems of capitalism. Morris himself joined the Socialist movement, and helped to create a kind of Romantic Socialism, peculiarly English.

Socialism had two main sources—one in eighteenth century utopianism, which had expended itself in the communistic experiments of Fourier and Cabet and, in England, Owen; its other source was in the determinist theory of Marx and Engels, which had been formulated at about the same time as Darwinism, and which was philosophically akin to it. In the Marxian theory there was, however, a place for catastrophic change, as the culmination of long periods of economic development—something like the sudden "mutation" in the De Vriesian theory by which Darwinian ideas of evolution were later supplemented. But after the failure of the revolutionary hopes which had attended the inception of the Marxian theory, and perhaps more especially after the Paris Commune—which in a minor way had upon Socialist utopianism the same effects as the French Revolution upon middle-class utopianism—after such emotional disappointments, the adherents of Marxian Socialism settled down to develop the deterministic aspects of their belief. The English mind, with its temperamental romanticism (a romanticism which was the first instinctive reaction to the horrors of enterprising English capitalism) was a poor soil for the sowing of these fatalistic theories; and it was when William Morris brought into English socialism the breath of medievalism that it first seemed to begin to flourish. And this Romantic Socialism has, through various vicissitudes, continued to propagate itself in England,—its latest development, at the present day, being the theory of "Guild Socialism." It is important

now only for us to note the direction of one tendency of this late-Victorian revival of the medieval spirit.

The Aesthetes.

The other tendency branched away into a greater pre-occupation with art for its own sake, or rather for its qualities as a refuge from the hatefulness of capitalism. This is well illustrated by the poetry and the painting of Rosetti, which set a model of beautiful unreality to which the spirit of the age responded with a kind of tired gusto. But, tired or not, it was still, at first, gusto.

"What they wanted in life," says Ford Madox Hueffer, in his admirable and humorous book of "Memories and Impressions," "was room to expand and to be at ease. Thus I remember, in a sort of golden vision, Rosetti lying upon a sofa in the back studio with lighted candles at his head, while two extremely beautiful ladies dropped grapes into his mouth. But Rosetti did this not because he desired to present the beholder with a beautiful vision, but because he liked lying on sofas, he liked grapes, and he particularly liked beautiful ladies."

Swinburne, the last of the great medievalists, attacked Christianity with all the passion of a heretic priest. He tried to find solace, as Byron had done in fighting for Greece, in hailing the cause of an aspiring nationality in his "Songs Before Sunrise"—a series of beautiful and noble anachronisms, in which he succeeded for the moment in forgetting that the glorious republican ideals which he acclaimed had already been realized and stultified in the reactionary and hypocritical England of his day. And in the same volume, in such poems as "Hertha," he effected an identification between evolutionary determinism and a kind of unconsciously Buddhistic philosophy—a state of mind in which he achieved a temporary reconciliation of his baffled spirit with the universe. But in his "Poems and Ballads," his most characteristic utterance, he is at odds with all the universe except that "great sweet mother," the Sea. To it, like Byron before, he came for comfort. It was literally all he had left to love; he did not believe in man, and the rest of the universe was evil. "The thorns are left when the rose is taken"—an obvious example of the survival of the fittest. Though he defied "the Galilean" (by which he meant nothing other than nineteenth century capitalistic respectability and hypocrisy) to take from him "the laurel, the palms, and the paeon, and the breast of the nymph in the brake," yet even these his dreams were poisoned by the knowledge of the decay that overtakes all beauty. He had nothing to believe in, though he tried many things—anticipating to some extent even the poetic imperialism of Kipling. He could at best only celebrate the exquisite anguish of living, and glorify Life as "Our Lady of Pain."

Nevertheless, it is true that he, and all the rest of these early aesthetes, enjoyed themselves; enjoyed themselves quite boisterously in this evil and ugly world; and that was more than their successors could do.

The Ivory Tower.

Concerning their successors, one can do no better than look again at Ford Madox Hueffer's candid volume of reminiscences:

"I suppose they sang of Lancelot and Guinevere to take their minds off their surroundings, having been driven into their surroundings by the combined desire for cheap rents and respectable addresses. Some of them were conscious of the gloom; some no doubt were not. Mr. Joaquin Miller, coming from Nicaragua and Arizona to stay for a time in Gower street—surely the longest, the grayest, and the most cruel of all London streets—this author of the 'Songs of the Sierras' was greeted rapturously by the Pre-Raphaelite poets, and wrote of life in London as a rush, a whirl, a glow—all the motion of the world. He wrote ecstatically and at the same time with humility, pouring out his verses as one privileged to be at table with all the great ones of the earth. In the mornings he rode in the Row among the 'swells,' wearing a red shirt, cowboy boots and a sombrero; in the evening he attended in the same costume at the dinners of the great intellectuals, where brilliantly he was a feature. Had he not been with Walker, the filibuster, in Nicaragua? I can dimly remember the face of Mark Twain—or was it Bret Harte?—standing between open folding doors at a party, gazing in an odd, puzzled manner at this brilliant phenomenon. I fancy the great writer, whichever it was, was not too pleased that this original should represent the manners and customs of their good, if it were an injustice to Boston. He represented for the poets Romance.

"But if Mr. Miller saw in London life, light, and the hope of fame, and if some of the poets saw it in similar terms, there were others who saw the city in terms realistic enough. Thus poor James Thomson, writing as B. V., sang of the City of Dreadful Night, and, we are told, drank himself to death. That was the grisly side of it. If you were a poet you lived in deep atmospheric gloom and, to relieve yourself, to see color, you must sing of Lancelot and Guinevere. If the visions would not come, you must get stimulants to give you them.

"I remember as a child being present in the drawing-room of a relative just before a dinner at which Tennyson and Browning had been asked to meet a rising young poet to whom it was desired to give a friendly lift. It was the longest and worst quarter of an hour possible. The celebrities fidgeted, did not talk, looked in Olympian manner at their watches. At last they went in to dinner without the young poet. I was too little and too nervous to tell them that half an hour before I had seen the poor fellow lying hopelessly drunk across a whelk-stall in the Euston Road.

"One of the grimmest stories that I have heard even of that time and neighborhood was told me by the late Mr. William Sharp. Mr. Sharp was himself a poet of the Pre-Raphaelites, though later he wrote as Fiona Macleod, and thus joined the Celtic school of poetry that still flourishes in the person of Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mr. Sharp had gone to call on Philip Marston, the blind author of 'Songtide,' and of many other poems that in that day were considered to be a certain passport to immortality. Going up the gloomy stairs of a really horrible house near Gower street Station, he heard proceeding from the blind poet's rooms a loud

sound of growling, punctuated by muffled cries for help. He found the poor blind man in the clutches of the poet I have just omitted to name" [the one referred to in the preceding paragraph] "crushed beneath him and, I think, severely bitten. This poet had had an attack of delirium tremens and imagined himself a Bengal tiger. Leaving Marston, he sprang on all fours toward Sharp, but he burst a blood-vessel and collapsed on the floor. Sharp lifted him on to the sofa, took Marston into another room, and then rushed hatless through the streets to the hospital that was around the corner. The surgeon in charge, himself drunk and seeing Sharp covered with blood, insisted on giving him in charge as a murderer; Sharp, always a delicate man, fainted. The poet was dead of hemorrhage before assistance reached him.

"But in the gloom and horror they sang on bravely of Lancelot and Guinevere, Merlin and Vivien, ballads of Staffs and Scrips, of music and moonlight. They did not—that is to say—much look at the life that was around them; in amid the glooms they built immaterial pleasure-houses. They were not brave enough—that, I suppose, is why they are very few of them remembered, and few of them great."

Debacle.

"It is a chastening thing," writes Rebecca West in the *New Statesman*, "to turn up the Yellow Book and note that at least 75 per cent of the work of those people who believed that they were bringing style to England was styleless balderdash... They loved writing; they thought and talked of nothing else; they stretched themselves on the rack of conscientiously irregular habits because they believed it was good for their work; heroically they trod the Mystic Way to the dogs; and yet they could do nothing better than this stilted fiddling with words, this laborious manufacture of vast paper frills to decorate the minutest possible outlet of an idea. In their heart of hearts they must have known it was all wrong."

That last statement is extremely questionable. What they did know was that they did not like the world they lived in, and wanted nothing to do with it. They were right enough in disliking that world. It was a world which was treading its own Mystic Way to the dogs—preparing stupendously for the catastrophe of 1914. The old world in which an idealist might have some part and some pride was gone—this was an age of empire-building. But because they loathed the world about them, these idealists who were powerless to conceive of changing that world were thrown back upon a belief in themselves. They were, indeed, permitted for a time to do whatever they pleased so long as they let the real world alone. And they found their own personal lives devoid of significance, except as a fleeting succession of sensations which could be tasted and savored by those of "palate fine."

Life as such a succession of exquisite sensations had its philosopher in the austere recluse, Walter Pater. But there was implicit in the art-for-art's-sake movement something neither austere nor secluded—something which yearned to express its contempt for the outside world, and more than that, to find reflected in the lurid anger of the outside world a significance which mere sensation was unable by itself to furnish. This exhibitionistic impulse might ex-

press itself either in diabolism intended to outrage, or in eccentric manners intended merely to "epater" the bourgeoisie. And in any event what was sought was an evaluation of their lives which a philosophy that held life to be meaningless was powerless to give.

And so it was a lesser writer whom the public finally came to regard as the representative of aestheticism—simply because it was he who most flamboyantly thrust it upon their attention. Oscar Wilde was representative precisely of this flamboyancy, this lurid advertising of a difference between his ideals and those of the world in which he lived. He walked down Piccadilly—not, as he is palely caricatured in Gilbertian light opera, "with a poppy or a lily in his medieval hand," but carrying a sunflower. A poppy or a lily would have been just medieval enough to seem not at all strange to London—hardly more so than an equally medieval rose. The sunflower was chosen because it was what ordinary people called a weed; and the new sensations which the cult of aestheticism brought to the shocked attention of the public were apparently selected upon the same principle—their irreconcilable differentness from those upon which society had placed its approval.

The scandal and disgrace with which this particular career ended, makes it difficult, without offense, to link it with others which belong psychologically in a common category; but it may be said that the abnormality for which Wilde was imprisoned is temperamentally akin to queer-ness not at all indictable, nor in any ordinary moral sense disreputable, but which yet constitute a group of emotional states upon the extremer edge of which not merely abnormality, but insanity, may be found.

It is perilous to be cut off from community of thought with the world to which one belongs; in so far as this alienation may be forced upon sensitive and creative minds by the conditions of a culture hostile to creative dreaming, it is a misfortune. The habituation to, and finally the temperamental preference for such alienation is a more dangerous matter. In so far as its origins are social and psychic, it is the final result which may be traced in literature of the social hopelessness which we have found in our historical enquiry filling the nineteenth century.

It is the final renunciation of relations with a world felt to be intolerable; a spiritual divorce from reality. In this mood, the artist does not quarrel with the world, nor laugh at it, nor, least of all, seek to persuade it that its realities are poorer than his own dreams; in this mood, the unhappy one does not even leave the world, and seek refuge in cave or garret or "ivory tower"; he remains in but not of the world, utterly content with the realm of his own dreaming.

It is a mood so far past despair that it has in it a kind of smugness; but we can follow it in literature only so far as it flings to the world in disdain or pity or defiance some record of itself—only, in fact, so long as it remains aware of the existence of the real world outside. This is the last frontier of reality, the stepping-off place into the realm of madness—of private and incommunicable dream.

(Continued in March Liberator.)

REVIEWS

Once Over

"In Prison" By Kate Richards O'Hare. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

AN OBJECTIVE and very terrible indictment of the brutal and antiquated system of dealing with women prisoners. Men's prisons are bad enough, but in them there are printing shops and carpenter shops and schools and other activities demanding enough co-operation to allow some survival of the social instincts of the prisoners. Except for the political prisoners, the women in prison seem to represent only two trades, unskilled housework and prostitution. Sewing overalls for the illegal profit of private manufacturers, scrubbing and even less educational activities seem to be the sum total of possibilities open to the unfortunates caught in this net of revenge. As to the guardians of these criminal failures, they are apparently the failures who manage to escape detection. But they haven't escaped "punishment," for if there is any fate more degrading and destructive of any possibilities of recovery than is a prison term to the average prisoner, it is the fate of the subnormal individuals who are condemned to bully and misuse the prisoners and to suffer incredible poverty of spirit and the starvation of every decent instinct in return for a miserable pittance and a "home" in this earthly hell. To read this book is to feel anew the ghastly paradox of this society; the greater the need, the less the provision; the harder the work, the less the reward; the most handicapped are the heaviest penalised; from the least capable among us is demanded the greatest wisdom. Modern Capitalism has bought truth as it has bought fellowship and love and beauty; it has gagged science in its service; and the revenge of reality against this insane dream will be terrible—is already terrible. Mrs. O'Hare's book will bring some realization of this to all who read between its lines.

Lydia Gibson.

"Hawaiian Hilltop" By Genevieve Taggard. Wyckhoff & Gelber, San Francisco.

GENEVIEVE Taggard makes her second bow with a volume of lighter verse that deserves the adjectives "exquisite" and "charming" inaccurately applied by so many critics to her first, and with one amazing poem. "The Tourist," which appeared in an obscure corner of The Liberator years ago before Miss Taggard was even a name, and provoked curiosity in more than me toward its unfolding author, still seems to me, as it seemed to me then, one of the strangest and most magic pieces of sensuous beauty in the English language. Sixteen brief lines that leave a rich scent in the nostrils, a swift vision for the eyes, and clamor in the ears, rise quite above the level of contemporary verse, and indeed of most of Miss Taggard's other poetry, into the company of certain oxen lowing through a village street, and a Triton blowing his wreathed horn. For the rest, the book is made up of pleasant and imaginative South Sea poems, of which "Bronze Boy," and "Child Tropics" with its poignant statement of childhood's silent searching, strike this critic as the best.

Robert L. Wolf.

"*The Harp-Weaver, and Other Poems.*" by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers, New York.

THE Sonnets from an Ungrafted Tree, which are included in this volume, show a fine and brittle bitterness, quite free of the flight into flippancy which has weakened a good many of Miss Millay's loveliest poems. The Harp-Weaver itself might easily have been sentimental; only the author's complete immersion of herself in the tragic make-believe prevents this. The book is marred by the inclusion of several poems which one feels were left out of earlier editions of her work by a more severe discrimination. But there is loveliness not soon forgotten.

"*Strenuous Americans.*" by R. F. Dibble. Boni and Liveright, New York.

JESSE James, Admiral Dewey, Brigham Young, James J. Hill, and three others as varied; what a company, rubbing elbows in this hospitable book; and what a company, rubbing elbows in an hospitable country! Here is a picture of a grotesque, courageous, superstitious, invincible civilization. Perhaps the best chapter is that on Admiral Dewey, the story of the birth of American Imperialism, with Dewey as the tireless if not too surgically clean midwife. The book is well worth reading, for the contrast of types and periods, and for the fun the author pokes at these fallen idols. Yet he has sympathy for them too, and seems to recognize how much they are products of their day.

"*Jimmy Higgins.*" "*Samuel the Seeker.*" "*The Metropolis.*" "*Hell.*" "*The Journal of Arthur Stirling.*" "*Manassas.*" by Upton Sinclair Upton Sinclair, Publisher, Pasadena, California.

THE stories of a Bad Boy, some Good Boys, and the Real Devil: republications of five novels and a verse drama of great originality by Sinclair; all well known here and in translations abroad.

"The Journal" made a great sensation in its day; and reading it again, I marvel that a boy could have written that and survived, as this boy did, to do so much and such realistic fighting. It is the narcissistic cry of a spirit untrained to reach out to its fellows, eager to spend itself generously but unwilling to learn of others; arrogant as God and ignorant as God. He dreams of helping the world, while ignorant that in the same city men are organizing and fighting side by side for their dreams. It is the poignant and terrible cry of the individualist; of thousands of flaming young hearts that have burnt out to defeat while locked in an antisocial world.

"Manassas" is of a different sort—a forceful novel of the revolution against Negro slavery culminating in the Civil War. It well deserves this reprinting for a new generation who will be glad to read their history in such a stirring story.

Lydia Gibson

"*Labour, Giant with Feet of Clay.*" by Shaw Desmond. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THIS book shows such abysmal ignorance of history and of proletarian philosophies that it is hard to believe it was not written by John Spargo or William English Walling. Desmond is an "intellectual", who paddled in the labor movement from 1906 until 1914, and now rather pa-

tronizingly tells the movement what it must do to be saved. He sums up the past six years of Russian history in two paragraphs—the workers sabotaged, the Red Army shot them down and "the whole Bolshevik structure dissolved into thin air"! Wonder which downfall of Bolshevism that was—there have been so many. The exquisite climax of a book of monumental, unconscious humor, is the remedy he proposes. The international labor movement is to return to a belief in God, to "a spiritual concept of life, carrying with it some apprehension of a Will and Purpose behind the universe." The "spiritual aristocracy" is to preach fearlessly "the idea of God" and "the gospel of anti-materialism." . . . And this lackey of the Fat Boys, withal, calls himself a Marxist!

George McLaughlin.

"*Weeds.*" by Pio Baroja. Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y.

THIS excellent translation by Dr. Isaac Goldberg is the second book of a trilogy called *The Struggle for Life*, and gives the story of the boy Manuel on the lowest levels of life in Madrid. *The Quest*, which precedes *Weeds*, should be read first. In *Weeds*, Manuel is in his upper 'teens and lives through events which could not conceivably have happened anywhere but in Spain and yet are reminiscent of the life of the proletariat everywhere. The book begins nowhere and ends nowhere, but in between the two nowhere's gives a remarkable picture of the slum life of the Spanish capital.

Leland Morris.

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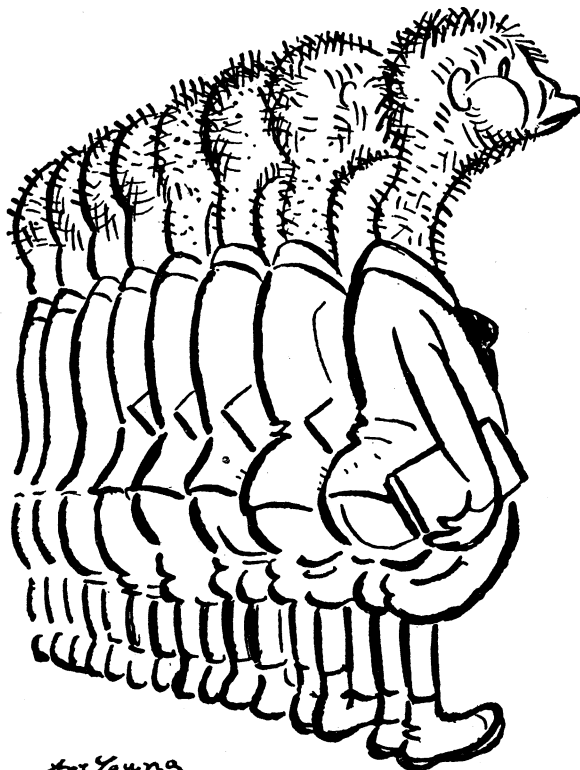
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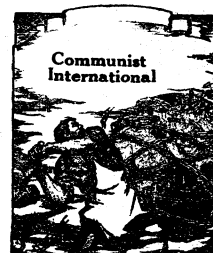
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