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March, 1920

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The Drawing of a Pueblo Indian by Maurice Sterne



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THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 3, No. 3 [Serial No. 24]

March, 1920

Communism On Trial

By Arturo Giovannitti

FOR the third time in three short years America has committed the unforgivable sin against the holy ghost of her principles and her customs, her traditions and her lore. Whatever the editor of the *Liberator* may think of Americanism, I for one, still a stranger in my chosen land, have believed till a few days ago in the liberty, the fair play and the idealism of America. Even to-day, when most of my dreams have been blasted away by the blind and idiotic reaction of a handful of pirates and buccaneers who have fastened their clutches at the throat of the Republic, I am hurt and shocked and wounded, but I am not yet disillusioned. There is nothing the matter with the American people—it is the bourgeoisie of America that has grown too fat and swinish to care for anything except the protection of its trough, its sty and its litter. A pilgrim can see that better than an indigene—that is why, in spite of my long sojourn, being still a foreigner who no longer expects to be treated as a guest, I dissent from Max Eastman's indictment of Americanism. He simply repeats to-day what the great Abolitionists thundered seventy years ago. America was then the last nation of the world that still tolerated slavery, and the only nation that sent to jail and hanged and lynched the upholders of the principle of the political equality of all men. But a few years later America abolished slavery, and she did it more wondrously than any other nation, not by a mere edict, not by the passing of a law, not by the ransoming of the captives with gold and silver, but by the power of the sword, and at the price of blood, even as Camillus had taught the young Roman that liberty should be bought.

Of course it is very hard and trying to keep my faith alive in these days, but still I insist that the time is not far off when the stranglehold of the small gang of cut-throats will be pried loose, and sanity and serenity and tolerance will be re-established again. In the meantime we are treated to a wholesale slaughter of ideas that has no parallel in the history of mankind, not even in that

16th century that is so red and dripping with the blood of the philosophers. To kill ideas—that is to kill them by violent assaults and actual physical force—seems to be the main, or rather the only object of our present administration, for I cannot find that it has accomplished anything else since the war was ended. After the auto-da-fe of the I. W. W. and the pogroms of the Socialist Party, it is now the turn of Communism to be lynched upon the open places before the gathered rabble that has never known the wherefore of any public execution, but has always enjoyed the bestial spectacle.

Just the mere appearance of this idea in a small corner of our political ocean where it has hardly raised a bubble, is deemed sufficient reason for rounding up every man and woman who favors it, and throwing him in jail for ten years. This is indeed weird and bewildering, but it is not hard to explain. It is, as Bovio said some thirty years ago while defending the same Communists in Italy (they are most of them in parliament now, and redder than ever) it is that this idea is so disturbing, so frightening, so palpably true that the mere enunciation of it takes the actual semblance of a revolutionary act. If it scares certain people, if it disturbs their siesta, if it keeps them awake at night, then it is an unlawful thing, it is a crime, and it must be suppressed, even tho' it has gone no farther than a speech and a printed sheet.

There is unquestionably a goodly and ever growing number of thinking and earnest men in America who firmly believe that Capitalism must go at once, to-day.



Judge Weeks

There is still a larger group who are more or less sure that this fat, ataxic, goutish old gentleman is going jolli-ly by himself, and that there is no necessity to hurry him along, just for the sake of neighborliness and Christian charity. And there is also a third group, very small, mostly made up of lawyers, politicians and college men, who while being as sure as the second group, make believe that they are not, tho' they very seldom have the cheek to say that the old gentleman is going to live forever and ever. It is this last body of gentlemen, not the whole of the American people, that are 'crying out for the blood of the first group. I have no objection to that—they are paid by their boss just for that purpose—but are they really doing the job well and honestly?

It seems to me that the method they have selected couldn't be worse. You cannot convince a man in dead earnest that he is wrong by ordering him to shut up—you have got to argue with him. You have got to show him that his theory is not sound, that his method is un-scientific, that his proposed changes cannot be brought about that way. There is only one other way that I know. Get again out of your cellars the rack and the screw, the branding irons, the bilboes, Lord Exeter's daughter, and the rest of the sacred arsenal, secure full confessions and then dig a hole in the middle of the Brooklyn bridge and set up there a steam guillotine that will shorten off people at the rate of fifty thousand an hour. Can this be really done? Well, I am fairly inclined to believe that with the help of God and the good will of President Wilson, Mr. Palmer would give it a fair and decent tryout—but even so I wouldn't guarantee its absolute success.

Now this difficulty of exterminating ideas is particularly vexing and grievous in the case of Communism. There is no telling how many people have been infected with the contagion. Every newspaper in the country has done its best to advertise it, even in preference to the Spanish flu. During the last two years I have read more about it in the New York Times than in all the Communist weeklies put together. In every church it has been excommunicated with the same amount of theological fervor as Protestantism was fulminated against—which makes me surmise that it has spread considerably among the faithful, and it will do more so after the interdict. Some people claim that it has even entered stealthily into the colleges, and however unbelievable this may be (and I give it out with much reservation), there are even a few people who maintain that the A. F. of L. itself is not entirely immune from the virus. In Germany this idea wrecked an empire and stopped the world war. In Italy it has sent 156 men to parliament, including one under sentence of death who because of that was elected in two places. It is raising Cain in Czechoslovakia, and it has stopped piano playing as a political asset in Poland.

In Finland and in Hungary this idea ruled supreme and unopposed for months; then it went down murdered by foreign cannon—but the Finns and the Hungarians still believe in it and in the story of Lazarus and Jesus. And in Russia, in the largest abode of the white man in the world, this idea has passed triumphantly through several plebiscites, it has broken through fourteen armed fronts of reaction and it owns now one hundred per cent of all the stocks, bonds, securities and currency of the country as well as five million bayonets with five million men behind them.

How can all this be stopped, and who's going to stop it? I don't know. Nobody knows. That is nobody except Mr. Palmer and Mr. Rorke. Eureka! Mr. Rorke the District Attorney who prosecuted Gitlow found the true solution when he told the jury: "You twelve men stand between civilization and anarchy as the sentinels of society."

I looked at the twelve men again, and really I could hardly believe it.



The Prosecuting Attorney

The trial? Oh yes, but that really does not matter. There was nothing to the trial save two human elements involved in it—the personality of the accused and that of his attorney. No new departure from the ancient grooves of platitudinous legal piffle was made by the prosecution, which only introduced the manifesto of the Communist Party and said that it was against the law. Whether Communism is a good or a bad thing, whether it is practical or utopian was not threshed out at all. Nor did the defence depart from the usual rules. It offered no evidence whatever tending to justify Communism; it did not put the defendant on the stand to ask him questions, to define, to describe, to elucidate, to explain. It was so unlike what one expected from Darrow, but it was correct. Why waste time? Were the twelve men qualified to enter into the theoretical aspects of Communism? They were not. On the contrary they had been chosen chiefly because they knew nothing about the subject they were going to absolve or to condemn. Their impartiality was gauged by their lack of information—it seems that it is a major point of law that the more ignorant a man is, the better juror he will make. And these men were supposed to be the “peers” of Ben Gitlow! Well, I hope that when Communism comes, the first thing it will do will be to abolish juries, or at least see to it that they are not the peers of anybody.

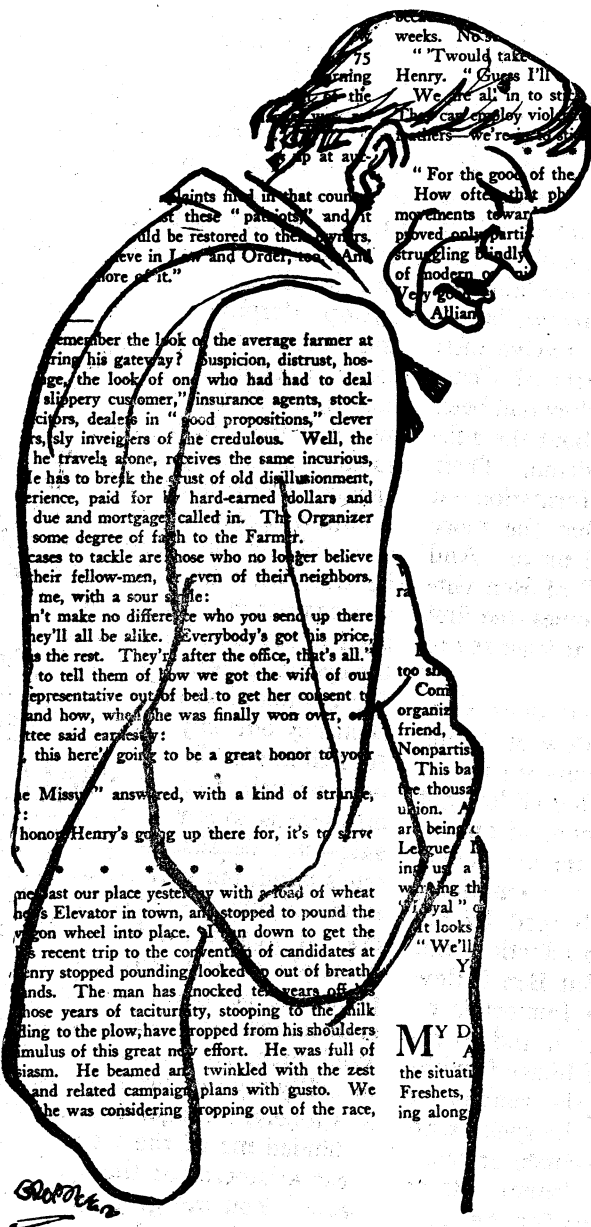
I said there was nothing to the trial, but there was. There were two great moments, when Gitlow made his statement to the jury and when Darrow summed up. I have seldom been thrilled as I was when Ben Gitlow got up. I know the atmosphere of the courtroom—I am indeed quite at home there, tho’ not as an *amicus curiae*. I know how difficult it is to restrain one’s emotions, especially when one is talking and is charged by his conscience to say all he believes and by his affections not to be foolhardy, nor to risk overmuch. But Ben Gitlow is the right kind of man, for which the Immortals be thanked. He made it easy for me to listen and to remain there. Impassive, clear-eyed, sure of himself, without the arrogance of weakness, without the suavity of unpleasant cunning, deliberate, forthright, he spoke with a clear, even, resonant voice. A finer specimen of manhood could not have been selected by the Communists as their first ambassador to begin negotiations for the capitulation of capitalism in its inmost citadel. Big, dark, wholesomely fleshy, he seemed to have been carved out of a huge granite rock by the sledge hammer of a master, with simple and mighty blows, without any whittlings of the chisel nor any pandering to the anaemic tastes of the fashions. There is something elemental in this young man that reminded me of two great statues—the Captive Breaking His Bands bursting out into a Moses without beard and the tables of the law. Darrow also gave me the same impression; of him also I thought sculpturally—

two great rough statues, two powerful cariatids supporting a noble architrave, two opposite symbols of the ends of the same force; one young, massive, explosive with life, the other a bit bent, a bit scarred, a bit mutilated, not ruined but made nobler by the years.

As they slouched and lumbered before the bench hiding the judge with their great bulk, I could not think of a more perfect combination of lawyer and client. Darrow has always been lucky with his historical clients, or perhaps he has selected them with the meticulous care of the fine artist that he is. Perhaps that is why he refuses so many cases. Think of them: Bill Haywood, Jim MacNamara, Ben Gitlow—a triad of giants, the Cyclop, Porphyron and Anteus, blasters of mountains and hurlers of rocks, superb, intangible, Michelangellesque. I could not conceive of any penitentiary that could hold them till they die. The capitalist Uranus might bind and lock them in his hell, but the proletarian Jupiter is sooner or later going to release them and hurl them against the drunken and somnolent heavens.

Gitlow spoke for some fifteen minutes, continually interrupted by the judge who would not let him say what he was, what he believed, what he wanted, because it was against the rules of the procedure. But Gitlow managed to say that he considered himself a revolutionist in the eyes of present society, that he would keep on fighting for Communism in or out of jail, that he asked for no clemency but only for a fair comprehension of his ideas. And that was all. It was enough. The trial should have been brought to a close right then and there, for that is all there is to any such trials. But that much had to be said—not because of the irrepressible desire to speak one’s mind, but because of the cowardly silence of thousands of others—the dumb mass of the American workers. It wasn’t a defence—it was the reaffirmation of a principle in the only place in America to-day where principles become dynamic by the sheer power of their enunciation. He had to speak and he did it wonderfully. Well done, my friend, my comrade. I embraced in you mentally my lost brother who died in the war, and I felt less lonely, stronger because of your being there. You reminded me of the words of Saint Augustine, another great aristocrat of the spirit. *Dixi, et salvavi animam meam*. You can go to jail now. Nobody will feel bad about you, for you have saved your soul from the meanest of all torments—you have kept it whole and unpolluted by the regrets of the well-thinking, the pity of the rabble and the mercy of the Beast.

For two hours Clarence Darrow battled and stormed and raged against the ramparts of the prosecution, striking down brick after brick and raising strident red sparks with the tempered steel of his oratory. It is not possible to describe the eloquence of this man, save by



Clarence Darrow*

a translation of his very name. It should be spelled with an apostrophed D, like French or Italian. Think of it! The Sheen of the Dart! A javelin of light. A futurist poet couldn't have selected a better pseudonym. His great frame shook and trembled, as if under the blasts of an internal upheaval, his fists rose and fell as if brandishing unseen swords, his sun-baked, sun-cracked, magnificently ungainly face reverberated as if before the bursting furnace of his own thought. His voice now

* These drawings were made by Gropper on a newspaper because the court objected to his using a sketch-book.

rose in huge tidal waves of passion, now fell suddenly down to a whisper! now it stopped for long unbearable pauses, hemmed in by the tyranny of silent words. A voice that could at once order a battle charge and croon a lullaby, hurl a heaven-wrecking challenge and murmur a quivering benediction. What would have happened to America if this man had been made Attorney General during the war and had decided to prosecute his own cases! What would have happened to Russia if in the scorching days of the Red Terror this man, a Commissar of Public Defence, had addressed millions of ragged and starved ghosts and dashed them headlong against the "frontier of civilization"?

Poor, pathetic twelve men good and true, posted as sentinels between civilization and anarchy! They had no chance. How could they acquit Communism when Communism was represented by such a man as Gitlow and defended by this unleashed old Lucifer, dark, uncouth, still sooty with the dust of the abyss, but still fulgurant with the untarnishable glow of the archangel. What could the twelve meek apostles of a resurrected messiah of fear and stupidity, a law exhumed in another dark hour of dread and brutish passion—what could they do before an idea that asked for no clemency and defended itself in such a way? Such an idea was surely too redoubtable to let it run at large. Its defence was more blood-chilling than its indictment. Such logic, tolerance, learning, such glowing love for humanity were indeed too much for any sentinels of civilization. They looked scared. They looked at the judge, the court attendants, the lawyers—they looked around instinctively for protection. They must have felt relieved at once. Thank God, there were still policemen, still manacles, jails, turnkeys, straight-jackets, cats o' nine tails in the world. They must have felt glad that it was still daylight when Gitlow and Darrow finished and, and that they wouldn't have to go home in the dark. They must have felt thankful and reassured when Mr. Rorke got up to tell them about the law, and the law only, which, whether good or bad, must be obeyed. It must be a fine and easy thing to obey the law when this law watches over your sleep and your pocketbook and smoothes the wrinkles of your ruffled soul, and helps you to get out of the stress and wrack of hard thinking, and soothes your conscience with the assurance that if you convict you cannot possibly go wrong, while if you acquit you might possibly replunge the world into the dark and roaring chaos. They had to convict. There was no other way out. It was the easiest way. And they did it.

And so, thanks to that, America also takes at last her long-vacant place among the sisterhood of modern forward-moving nations, for thanks to that, America now also has a Communist movement and has entered definitely the jousts on the side of the militant proletariat.



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POEMS--By Genevieve Taggard

THE FUTILE

THE stone falls, the bird flies, the arrow goes home,
But we have no motion, we scatter like foam.

O, give me a song to sing for your sorrow,
A song that will lift, like a wave from the reef,
You and myself, that will fling like an arrow
My poor scattered words to the target of grief:
I want to forget, to remember no morrow,
To go with the petrel, to go with the leaf. . . .

We would fly with all things to the goal of their flying,
We would turn with all things to the magnetic star,
But we never can live because of our dying,
And we never can be, for the things that we are.

We alone of all creatures, the stones more than we,
Have no end, no motion, no destiny.

GLADNESS

THERE was a time when Mother Nature made
My soul's sun and my soul's shade.

A cloud in the sky could take away
The song in my heart for all day,

And a little lark in a willow-tree
Would mean happiness to me.

My moods would mirror all her whims,
Trees were my strength: their limbs, my limbs.

But, oh, my mother tortured me,
Blowing with wind, and sighing with sea.

I flamed, I withered, I blossomed, I sang:
With her I suffered, pang for pang,

Until I said: "I will grow my own tree,
Where no natural wind will bother me."

And I grew me a willow of my own heart's strength,
With my will for its width, and my wish for its length:

And I made me a bird from my own heart's fire,
To sing my own sun, and my own desire.

And a vast white circle came in the air,
And the winds around said, "Don't blow there."

I said, "Blow on, blow, blow, blow, blow,
Fill all the sky, above, below,
With tempest, and sleet and silence, and snow!

Wherever I go, no matter where,
My bird and my willow-tree are there.

However you frown, no matter how,
I will sing as I am singing now."

TO A HAWAIIAN GIRL

WE two have known an Island and a Sea
That keep us ever foreign to this shore:
For you, the sun; in my dull ears the roar
Of that surrounding ocean, haunting me.
We dream, and still are dumb, unwillingly
To that far kingdom subject. Long before
I knew your name, your very presence bore
A portion of its warm serenity.

Once, when we sat at tea, among the rest,
Come from the foggy hills, I saw your eyes
Stare at the fire, and with a quick surprise
Knew on your lonely face, my own heart's quest.
To that far land the wind forever flies,
And all the waves of earth move to the west.

FOR THE LEAGUE OF DEAD NATIONS

WHAT husks of last year's winter close you in,
To-morrow's world—what dead, what wrinkled skin
Of ancient parchments, laws, beliefs! what dried
Worn tattered layers keep the life inside,
Where slender as a sword, and tender green,
It trembles, pushes, patient and unseen:
Vibrating atom, froned silken thread,
Some day to shake, to sunder back the dead
Two halves of hemispheres, to pierce the crust
Of the ages' rubbish, crowns and cults and dust!

See, iron arms, that clutter all the wide
Plateau of liberty—see, fortified
Dull spikey towns—you cannot hold your own
Against one seed a fecund earth has grown!
Alarmed you stand, alert to meet your foe,
Ready to battle blow for thundering blow;
Nor do you see this sprout of common wheat,
The blade between your firm implanted feet.

Hickey and Mother Goose

By S. N. Behrman

IN a magazine supplied in the Y. M. C. A. hut Hickey had read a story about a young fellow from a little mid-Western town, like himself. Except that the young fellow in the story had been a bully and a loafer, while he, Hickey, though only a clerk in a store, and considered dull, was at least good to his mother. The story told how the bully, a "tough guy," had been taught, by war, gentleness and devotion.

Hickey derived comfort from that story. He used to find his mind constantly reverting to it, in the lulls of seasickness on the transport on the way over, during convalescent hours in a French hospital. For the young fellow in the magazine life had been transformed with the coming of war. At Thanksgiving-time he had been introduced into an aristocratic home and been treated as an equal. Abroad he had done something heroic in the trenches which caused the loss of an arm. The loss of this arm was the greatest of his achievements. For he had had the foresight to dispense with it in a good cause, to save the life of the son of a former employer. Earlier in the story he had knocked down the son of his employer and been fired by the father, but on his return home he was forgiven this aberration. He was even richly rewarded by the grateful Croesus, sent to college, and had other amiable things done to him. . . .

Hickey believed there was a wonderful girl, too, somewhere in the offing; he wasn't sure. Anyway, the remainder of the erstwhile bully's life was spent in an aroma of beatitude. . . .

From this casually-read story in a magazine Hickey had derived his notion of war. . . . Also, from the beautifully colored cover: a nurse, violet-eyed, bending over a daintily bandaged soldier and registering sexual yearning. . . . Venus and Priapus rampant in six colors. . . .

The miraculous thing about this story was that it was true. . . . reality bade fair to outdo the promise. Being a soldier was fun. Furloughs in the city were crammed with excitements. Hickey suddenly knew the joys of being hero-worshipped even before he had achieved heroism. He drew advance drafts, as it were, upon potential reserves of sacrifice and courage. Girls were willing to bow before the Mars in uniform. It was a time of easy conquests without the annoyance of tournament. . . . That part lay beyond, and Hickey didn't worry about it.

Even the Thanksgiving part of it came true. With four other "doughboys" he was invited to the home of

a millionaire Jew, inhabiting a much-gabled villa on Long Island. It was sumptuous, baronial. Hickey ate, motored, was satisfied. During dinner and the motor-ride that followed, Hickey reflected that the only fly in the ointment lay in the fact that the daughter of the house, who accompanied them, was not exactly the violet-eyed beauty of the magazine. She was quite dark and tall, slender and languorous enough to be called Burne-Jonesian.

But Hickey, who wasn't familiar with this euphemism, dismissed her as stringy and excluded her from his thoughts, not without a certain contempt. The violet-eyed, buxom one of his dreams was not yet. . . .

For four months Hickey knew the joy of lionism; to countless girls he was Wellington and Napoleon too, the avatar of the military male, ruthless, without fear. He affected a careless bravado concerning the danger that awaited him "over there."

Then came the crossing. The transport was crowded and Hickey, who had never been to sea before, was fearfully sick. They landed at Brest, already known to the newly-arrived troops by a Rabelaisian nickname. A brief interval there, during which the men complained of the rain and the "chow." But not Hickey. He was swathed in contentment. What were these mild inconveniences compared to the delights to come? He was free forever from monotony, inconspicuousness, care. At home he had never been much sought after. He worked in a store, at a poor job, and he knew that he was considered slow, plodding, unattractive. The most that was ever said of him was that he was a "good son" to his mother. He was her sole support, his father was a drunkard. But with the coming of war everything was changed: from a gangling, pimply youth he became transmuted into a demi-God. Girls had adored him.

So Hickey didn't mind the inconveniences, not even the inconveniences of the trenches. It had been borne in upon him, by newspapers and placards, by a thousand screaming suggestions, till his consciousness was soaked in assurance, that for the man who made the supreme sacrifice for his country all roads would henceforth be open. The noisily uttered promises of a hundred million people, the greatest nation on earth, gave weight to the beautiful story he had read in the magazine. . . . From his former life at home, the plodding clerkship, the dull monotony unrelieved by adulation, he seemed infinitely removed. That he might one day have to go back to it never entered his mind. . . .

Hickey was gassed. When the armistice was signed he was in a hospital, convalescent. He emerged with a greenish pallor and lungs sensitized to tuberculosis. Because of his weakened condition he was sent back on an early boat to America. When he landed he was assigned to a camp hospital for observation, kept there for two weeks, and pronounced cured. He received his discharge, sixty dollars and back pay. He went to New York with nearly two hundred dollars in his pocket. He felt quite rich.

His mother had written him a letter asking him when he would be home, and he wrote her that he was going to spend a day or two in New York. He eased his slightly troubled conscience by enclosing a money-order for twenty dollars. In reply he received a letter of blessing and a prayer to come home as soon as he could.

Hickey did intend to go home. Not to stay, of course; that was out of the question, but to pay his mother a flying visit. New York, though, was pleasant, money plentiful, adventure more rife than ever. He was still in uniform and wore a wound stripe and a jaunty trench-cap. The city was full of allurements, free theatres, cheap meals, adulation, camaraderie. Hickey lingered. His money dribbled away. . . .

And then, as though to confirm the ever-memorable story in the magazine, there came to him halcyon days. Fortune rained gold upon him as though by way of reward for his sacrifice. It was true all right, about there being nothing too good for you if you fought for your country. . . .

Hickey went into business. With a crony he had the happy thought to buy one day fifteen dollars' worth of tiny German helmets. These he started selling on the streets and in the cars. Money began to shower in on him, like roses on a triumphal parade.

Men and women would look at Hickey's wound stripe and trench-cap and disease-ridden face:

"Gassed ma'am," he would say.

These two words proved a magic shibboleth. Sometimes Hickey would get a hundred dollars in one day for trinkets worth ten.

Going home now was of course out of the question. It would be too unbusinesslike. Hickey began to live on a new plane. He stopped at a hotel, ate in expensive restaurants, rode about in taxies. . . .

But when the clangor of the last parade had died away, the ebb set in. From Paris, where men were settling the terms of peace, there came already rumors of discord. The large, rousing phrases of war-time fell into disuse. Men slipped back into their accustomed ways. Appeals which several months back would have stirred them, sounded in their ears now with the hollow ring of sentimentalism. Hickey found that a phrase which had invariably brought a coin several weeks ago, now brought a look of annoyance. This was a

marvel he could not comprehend: here he was in his trench-cap, uniform and all, and people didn't seem to care. First would come a look of indifference, then annoyance, finally contempt. It was unmistakable. It began to be borne in on Hickey that his uniform was no longer a passport to respect. It even began to seem as though people looked upon the wearing of it as a badge of idleness. The magic words, "Gassed ma'am" began to lose their potency. It was incredible, but it was true. The selling business began to fail. . . .

From fellow-soldiers who were doing similar work there came like reports. There were loud complaints from surlier companions: people were ungrateful, slackers. Now that the war was over and the world was nice and safe, the citizens who had stayed at home and were reaping the benefits of other men's valor, had no further use for the soldiers who had risked their lives for them.

The selling business dwindled to nothingness, and still Hickey did not go home. The large freedom of New York life was irresistible. Besides, it was a patriotic duty to remain. There was still loyal work to be done for the flag right in New York City. There was, for example, an insidious attempt on the part of the Kaiser to revive an opera in his own dialect. Hickey and his friends were on hand to see that this attack on the flag was nipped in the bud. And then there were meetings of Anarchists, Socialists and Bolsheviks to be suppressed. They were all alike to Hickey: the finer distinctions in economics and philosophy did not interest him. All he cared for was the fact that these groups were as dangerous to the country as the Huns. Had he gone to Europe and permitted himself to be gassed so that the country could be run by a lot of Bolsheviks? Not he. Not Hickey.

Besides it was great fun to parade, to rip red neck-wear from people, to defend your country without the inconvenience of leaving town. It had all the exhilaration of trench fighting without the danger. . . .

So, in spite of pleading letters from his mother and in spite of dwindling business with the Kaiser's helmets, Hickey lingered on. After several months he gave up business altogether: to sell to an unpatriotic and absorbed populace required too strenuous an effort. He quit with an embittered sense that the average American was ungrateful and a slacker. . . .

Hickey would have gone home then except that he had several affairs of the heart running synchronously which he had to see through to their conclusion. To leave them suspended in mid-air would be ungallant. One had developed a code. . . .

And then it became necessary for Hickey to see a doctor, who told him that he was ill. Rather badly ill in a way his mother would not fail to discover. Hickey decided not to go home till he was cured. Mothers

were old-fashioned, especially in small towns. He decided to stay in New York and get a regular job.

At this point, though, Hickey made another discovery. There were no jobs to be had. Other discharged soldiers were looking for jobs, thousands of them. In some places he was not even admitted to ask, but he was met by signs: "No Jobs Here."

There came a time of tramping around the streets, loitering on street-corners, begging passers-by for nickels and dimes for a "cup of coffee." Only it was never coffee that Hickey wanted. It was not even whisky. By this time he had learned other means for attaining ease from the pain that constantly racked him. The kind nepenthe was opium.

A friend of his, a soldier, had introduced him to the dope. It was expensive, but it was not so hard to get if you had the money and knew the ropes.

Hickey still wore his uniform, now too large for his wasted body. He would stand on street-corners, peering into people's faces out of hollow eyes, his skin greenish-yellow, his restless hands moving constantly to his lips and nostrils, his body shaken by spasms. . . . The people on the streets, the thundering of L trains, the far, slow-sailing clouds, the fall of rain or the lift of a breeze made themselves felt to his numbed senses as through a thick, surrounding quilt. Only the thought of the drug would stab him with desire keen enough to stir him into action. At such times he would beg, with a pitiful querulousness, or do odd jobs on the streets, carrying suit-cases for people, or steal. Anything to purchase for a moment the lulling ecstasy of the drug, that wrapped him in cool flames,

set his mind floating through ambergine lucidities. . . .

One day, when he could not get enough money together to satisfy his craving, he had an idea. He wired his mother that he wanted money to come home with. The same day she sent him forty dollars. A few days later he was picked up in a stupor and taken to a clinic for observation. He was a chronic. They kept him in bed for days. When he was able to talk they asked him where he was in the habit of buying the stuff and he told them. There were lots of places. There was public scandal, newspaper agitation, a trial. . . .

One afternoon Hickey was lying in bed wondering dimly when they were going to let him out. An attendant saw his eyelids winking restlessly, came over to him, and tossed an old magazine on the bed.

Hickey stared at the bright cover. It rasped a dull edge of memory in his brain—a nurse, full-fleshed and violet-eyed, bending amorously over a neatly-bandaged soldier. . . .

At the Sewing Circle

WALTER is back from France," said one,
 "And Norman Price, and Louis Clem;
 But as to what they've seen or done
 You don't get one word out of them."
 And then another raised her eyes
 That beamed with kindness and surprise:
 "My Harry's just like that," she said.
 "They're all alike—not say a word."
 And, touching on some other lad
 Too inconsiderate to tell
 The entertainment he had had
 With murder in the bowl of hell,
 The conversation turned to bread.

I saw above their placid mirth
 The sword suspended that destroys,
 The most appalling thing on earth—
 The silence of the soldier boys.

Viola C. White.

Spring

TO feel dreams press up, breaking their sheath,
 O this makes a sweet moisture in the throat;
 Colors that have burned secretly in the blood,
 Climb to figure the brain with images,—
 As dark bud life's torches now in the trembling woods.

Florence Ripley Mastin.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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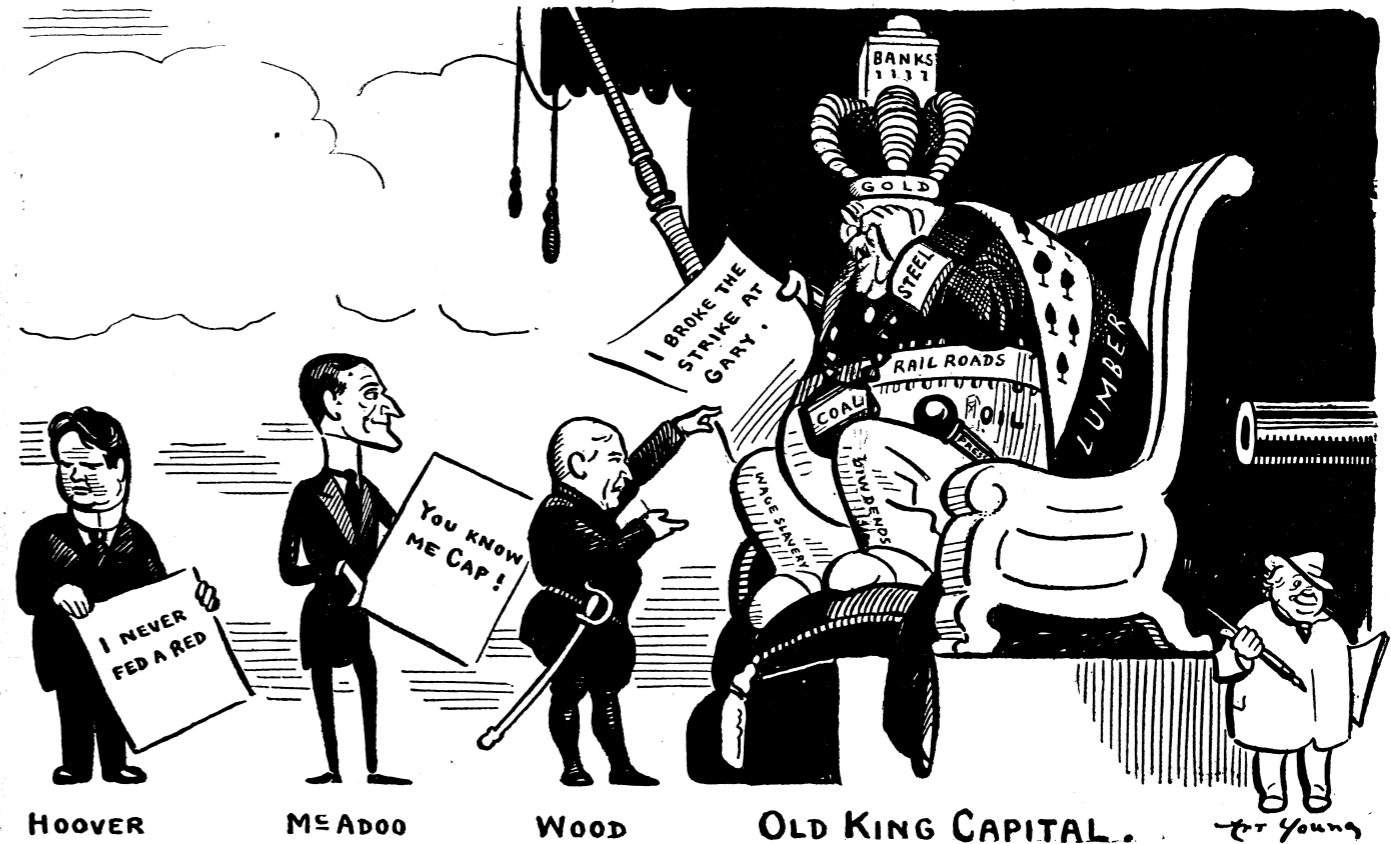
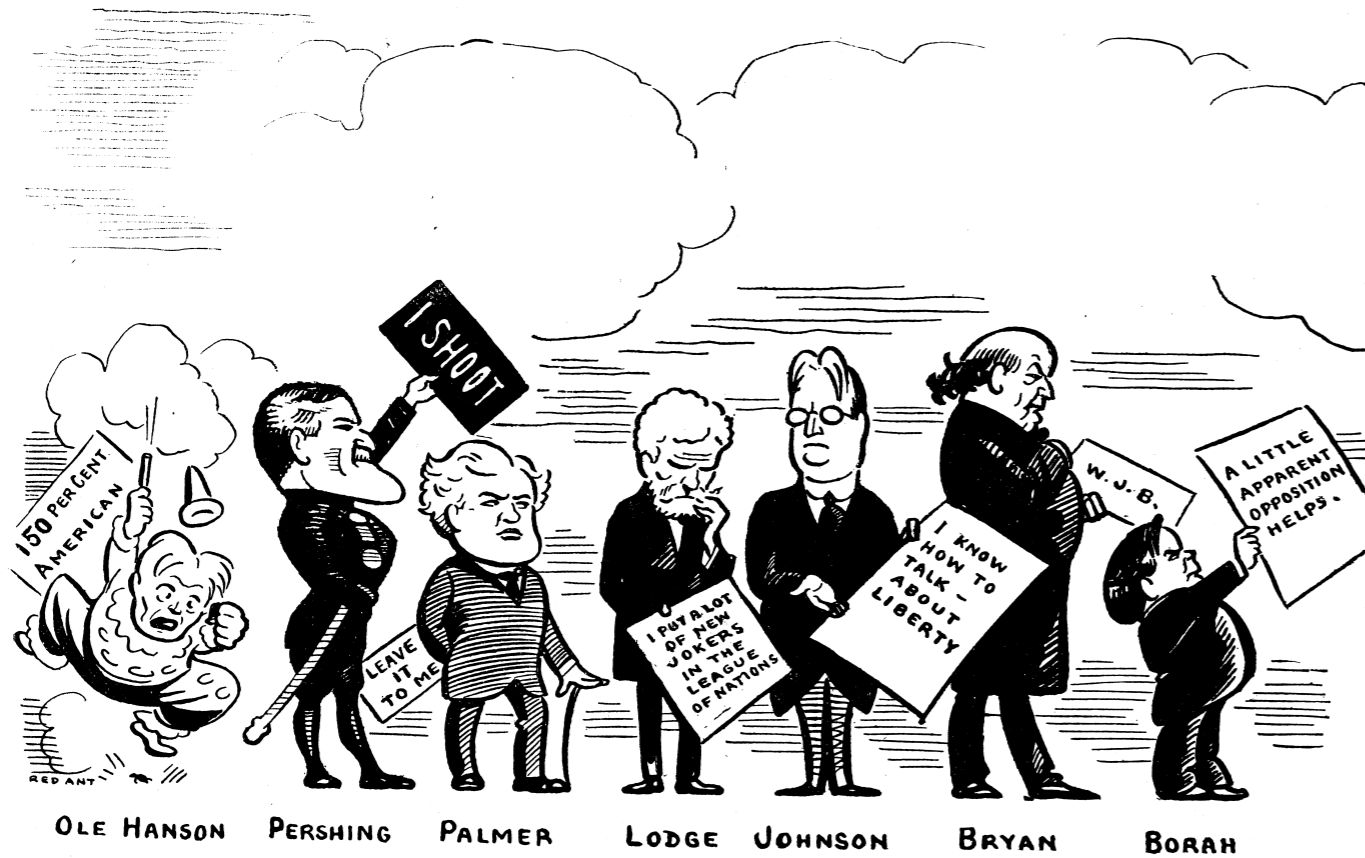
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Inspecting Their Qualifications

Forward March!

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“GOSCH,” he said (for he still speaks the German language), “maybe I could have got away with that.”

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NOT that it is such a misfortune to be deported from Albany.

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“RED Russia Needs Soap.” Must another tradition be laid away with the “nationalization of women”? We always understood that Bolshevists never washed and Menshevists hardly ever.

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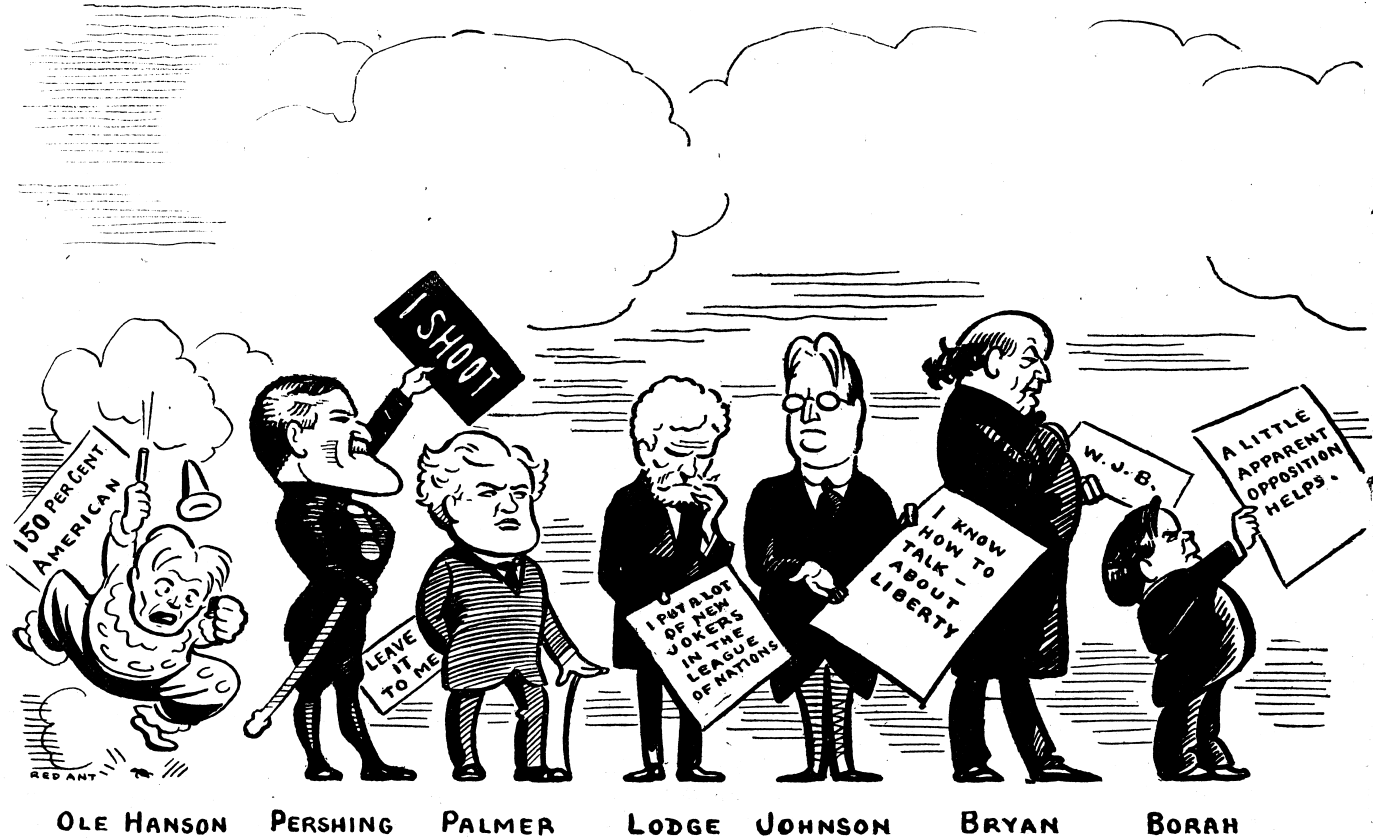
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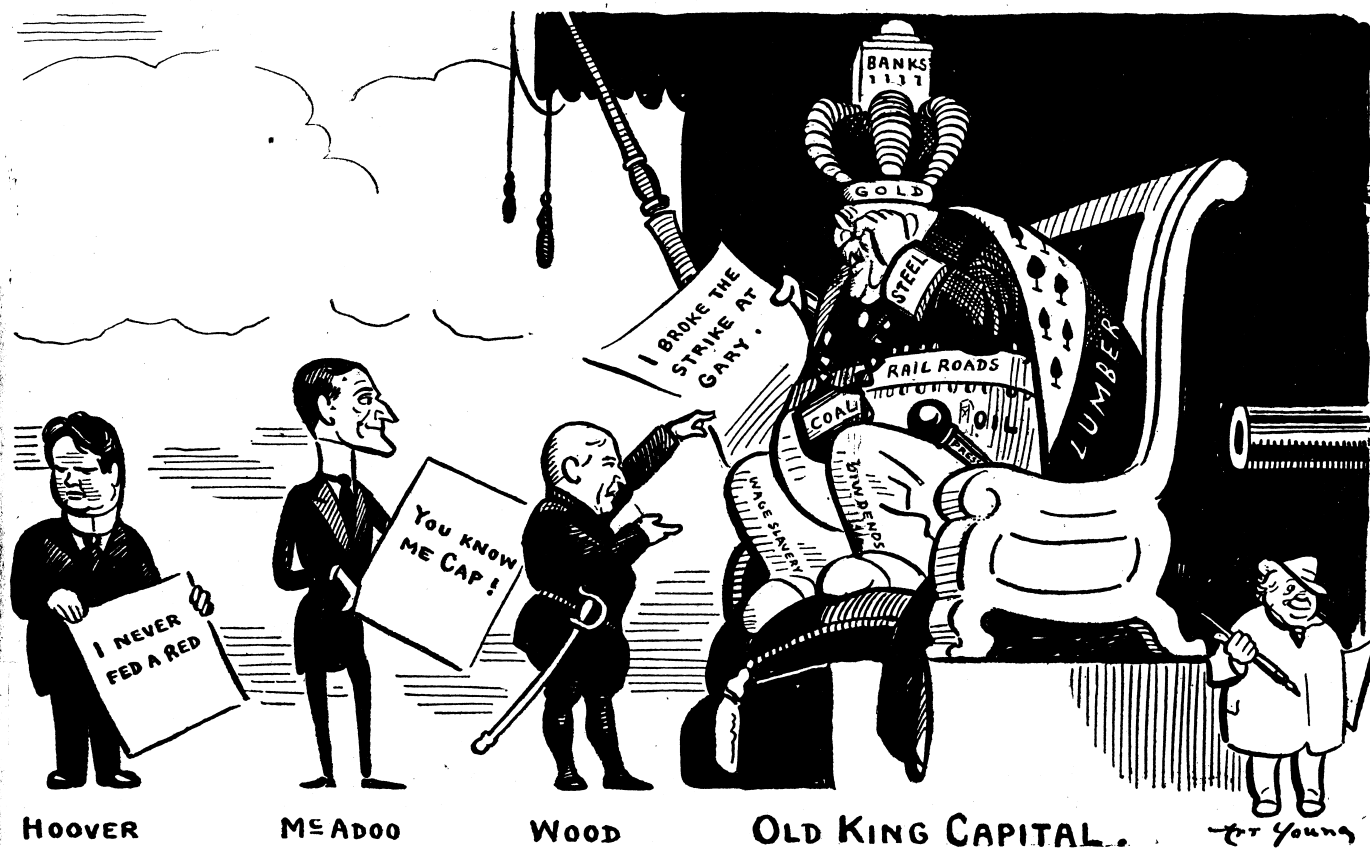
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An Interview with Bela Kun

By Frederick Kuh

SINCE the fall of the Hungarian Soviet Republic, Bela Kun together with thirty-six of his comrades, has been interned in the Austrian village of Karlstein. Austria, while refusing thus far to turn over Bela Kun and his comrades to the White assassins in Budapest, guards them as if it were possible to isolate in their persons the virus of communism. They are not allowed to receive foreign or revolutionary newspapers, or any communication from their friends. And up to the time of my interview, no message has come from Bela Kun to the outside world. Only correspondents from capitalist papers have been permitted to visit Karlstein, and Bela Kun has refused to see them.

It was on December 21 that I reached Karlstein. It is only 84 miles from Vienna, but I spent five hours huddled in the corner of a freight-car, and four hours more traveling by droschke. It was evening when I arrived. The old castle in which the communists are imprisoned is one which had recently fallen to pieces and has been rebuilt on the original medieval plans. Around it is a moat, in which pace, day and night, fifteen Austrian gendarmes, armed to the teeth. Above them, the lights of barred windows show where the imprisoned communists wait, quietly talking, and planning for the day of world-wide revolution which they have done so much to bring nearer.

A spiral path through the pines brought me to the castle gates. I entered, and was halted by four bayonets, and a menacing command from an officer. I showed my authorization from the Austrian Minister of the Interior, and the officer's threatening voice changed into effusive apologies, and the bayonets flashed and vanished. I listened to reiterated instructions directing that I carry on all conversation with Bela Kun in German, and only in the presence of the chef de la gendarmerie. I must also transmit no message, verbal or written, to the communists. . . .

Three minutes later I was in Bela Kun's room, and as it happened at his bedside. He was suffering from asthma, and had been ill for a fortnight. But he sat up, asking for news—news of revolutionary progress throughout the world. There was pathos in his hunger for news of the battlefield from which he was exiled. But what I told him seemed to give him new strength. The other communists in the room, six of them, crowded around me, asking questions, about England, Jugoslavia, the plans of the Austrian monarchists, until I had to protest that I had come to interview and not to be interviewed.

While I answered their questions, speaking to one of them in French and another in German, it occurred to me that I was unintentionally violating one of the conditions of my visit by using a foreign language. I cast a glance at the chief gendarme, who had been hustled out of the way into a corner by the eager communists. He had slouched into a sofa, and showed only a courteous and somewhat bored indifference to our conversation. We continued our talk, and a few minutes later when I turned toward his corner, I found that he had gone out and left us to ourselves.

Yes, Bela Kun would be happy to grant an interview to a representative of *THE LIBERATOR*. His friendliness of manner increased to enthusiasm. He sent his comradely greetings to its editors and readers—and a special hail to Bob Minor "if he is within shouting distance."

When I came back the following day to spend the morning with Bela Kun, he was up and dressed, his illness apparently forgotten. He was at the moment engaged in arguing some knotty problem in economics with one of his comrades. Just then his little four-year-old daughter entered, and ran to his side. Instantly the intent economist vanished, and he was the happy and indulgent father, forgetting everything else in playing with his child.

My first question concerned the communist revolution which Bela Kun had initiated in Hungary; it had been frequently asserted, sometimes by socialists of the left, that it was "premature."

Bela Kun considered the question very seriously. "It was not premature," he said, "in an economic sense, Hungary was as ripe for communism as any other country on earth. It was not premature with respect to the balance of power between the classes; after the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, the proletariat was the sole organized force in Hungary—the rule of the bourgeoisie was not able to survive an instant against the will of the workers. It was not premature in its international aspects; the weakness of the Allies had just become apparent, and the forces of counter-revolution had not as yet collected their scattered energies.

"The moment was propitious for the dictatorship of the proletariat in every respect except one—the stage of development of revolutionary thought among the workers. It is a fact that only a small part of the Hungarian workers were Bolshevik. The revolution was premature in this sense only.

"But the most effective means of revolutionizing the masses is—revolution. And in spite of the fall of the communist republic and the temporary helplessness of our forces, that revolutionizing work has to-day been accomplished with the Hungarian masses. They stand in the front ranks of the communist international. Together with the Russian workers, they possess an invaluable background of revolutionary tradition and experience."

"And it was worth while to secure that experience, even at the cost of failure?"

"Yes! I tell you that even if we had known for an absolute certainty that we would be overthrown, we would have established the dictatorship of the proletariat when we did. Only by revolution does the working-class become revolutionary."

The Yellow Socialists

"But why," I asked, "did you fuse with the non-revolutionary Social Democrats when you began the revolution?"

"Our party was too small and undeveloped to wield power alone."

"If you had fought the Social Democrats—?"

"It would have meant the collapse of the proletarian dictatorship within a week. By joining with them, moreover, we facilitated the split in their ranks between the more and the less conservative. But there was no compromise in principle with them. They had to accept the Bolshevik platform."

"Which they did?"

"Nominally, at least."

"And when the Soviet regime was established," I asked, "were they converted to it?"

"Some of them were, and ceased to be Social Democrats. The others, while continually asserting their loyalty to communist ideals, were forever dealing behind our backs with our enemies. Every move of theirs was supported by the counter-revolutionists, who themselves could not come out into the open. The resistance to communism and the final overthrow of the proletarian dictatorship was carried on by those who proclaimed themselves to be its friends."

"By the Social-Democratic party you mean precisely what?"

"The trade unions. The Social Democratic Party and the trade unions were one. The trade union and Social Democratic party bureaucracy was, with few exceptions, secretly reactionary throughout the whole period. At the moment of the collapse of the dictatorship they simply discarded their masks, and disclosed themselves as shameless counter-revolutionaries. Some of their leaders are now participating in the militarist government at Budapest; and these, together with those who fled to

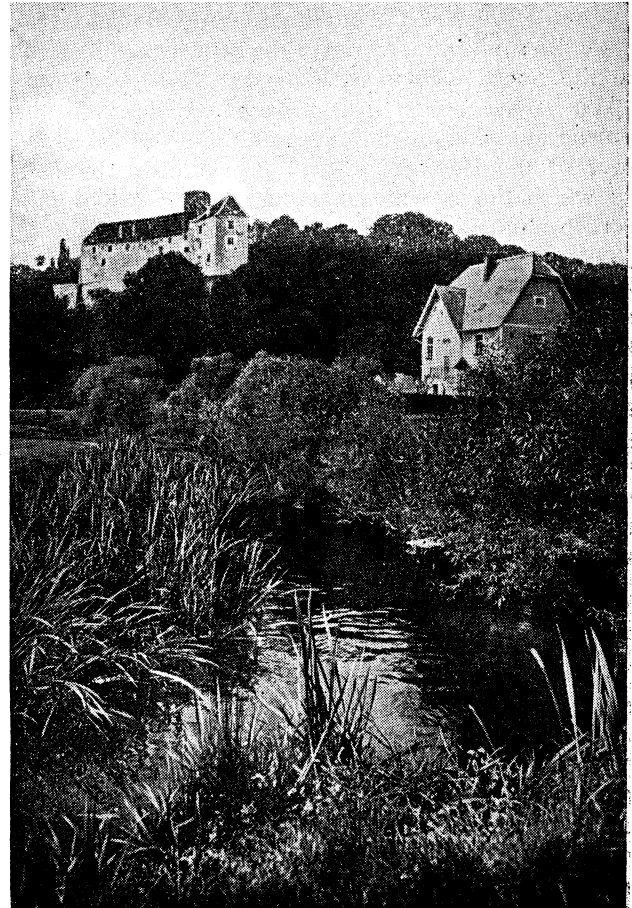
Vienna to escape the White Terror, are the very ones who negotiated behind our backs not only with the Allied Missions, but also with Hungarian counter-revolutionaries. We discovered, for example, on the last day of the dictatorship, that Jacob Weltner, editor of the official organ of the Social Democrats, *Nepszava*, was in communication with the Szeged counter-revolutionary government."

"They were really, then, acting on behalf of capitalism?"

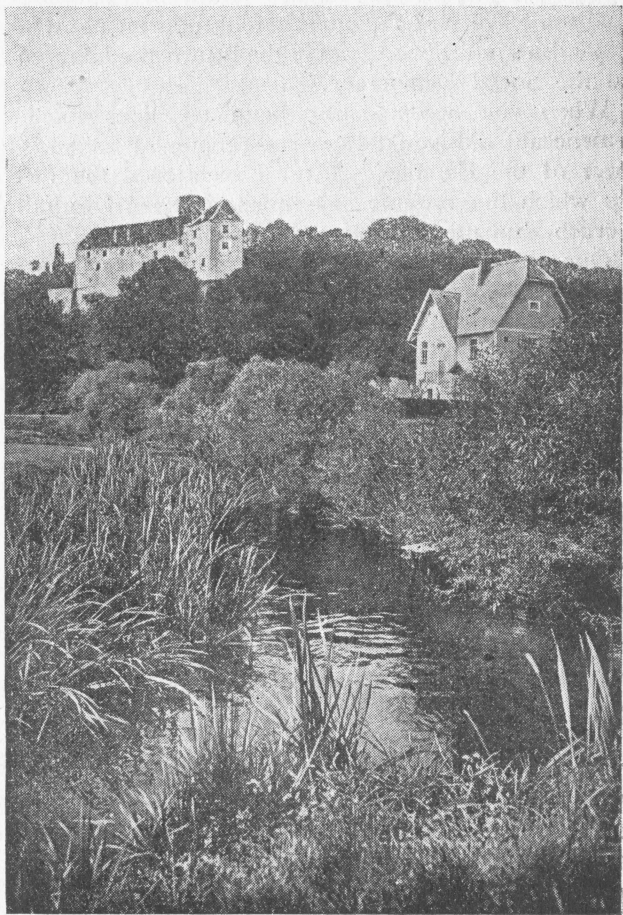
"Yes, within three days after our fall, the Social Democrats had restored capitalism in its entirety, disarmed the workers, and delivered them into the hands of the White Terror.

And they took pains not only to destroy the socialist arrangements in regard to economic matters, but they repealed those laws which provided for the education of the workers and protected freedom of conscience."

I asked him what had been the motive of the Social



KARLSTEIN CASTLE
Where Bela Kun is Interned



KARLSTEIN CASTLE
Where Bela Kun is Interned

Democratic leaders in joining in the establishment of the proletarian dictatorship.

"They expected our assistance in the fulfilment of their territorial and nationalist aims. Naturally, they were mistaken. The Social Democrats and the bourgeoisie had at first tried to curry favor with the Entente; Karolyi's minister of war, for instance, had delivered arms to the Polish and Ukrainian armies fighting against Russia. But when the hollowness of the Wilsonian pretences had been revealed, and the dismemberment of Hungary was threatened, these classes acquiesced for the moment, in their desperation, in the Bolshevik program, believing that it would save the territorial integrity of Hungary."

Foreign Policy

"And you refused to fight for the old Hungarian boundary-lines?"

"Yes. Just as we were in earnest in abolishing private property, so were we in earnest in our internationalism. We had no intention of oppressing weaker nationalities in order to gratify the lust of the bourgeoisie and the Social Democracy."

"When you accepted the boundary lines fixed by Clemenceau, did you not over-estimate," I asked, "the power of the Entente?" And I mentioned the feebleness which the Entente subsequently showed in failing to crush Rumania's insolent defiance.

"Our acceptance of Clemenceau's boundary lines was not caused by fear of the Entente," said Kun, "nor by our over-rating of the power of the Entente. It was caused partly by the actual weakness of our disorganized, and not yet reorganized, military forces. But it was also caused by our desire to deprive the Czech Social Democrats of an excuse for supporting their own bourgeoisie—an excuse which we would have provided by occupying Slovakia. We acted, not on behalf of Hungary, but in the interest of international proletarian revolution."

Allied Diplomats

"What about the Entente Missions in Budapest during the Soviet regime?" I asked. "Did they co-operate with the counter-revolutionists?"

"They busied themselves mostly with smuggling, and with speculating in foreign currency exchange values. Such time as they had left from these activities they employed in organizing and supporting counter-revolution. But, for good money, they were not averse to serving even us; and occasionally they aided us by smuggling in goods indispensable for our needs. The counter-revolution operating from Szeged and from Vienna, was supported in Budapest chiefly by the Italian Lieutenant-

Colonel, Romanelli, and the English Captain, Freeman. These two were the nucleus of counter-revolution; the counter-revolutionists gathered at their quarters, and it was they who acted as go-betweens for the Szeged and Viennese counter-revolutionary groups. They linked the bourgeois and the Social Democratic counter-revolutionists, and shielded apprehended conspirators. The Entente authorities amassed fabulous sums by taking Whites under their protection and smuggling them and their fortunes across the frontiers. Freeman was in close association with the Archduke Joseph of Hapsburg. Romanelli, and the Hungarian Jew, Weiss, at present a captain in the American army, performed notable services for the reactionaries by bringing Social Democrat deserters into the White camp. At the same time, they acted as spies for the Czechs and Rumanians. The British Admiral, Trowbridge, was the intimate of Horthy in Szeged—his guide, philosopher and friend."

Hoover

Before I turned from this familiar tale of Allied and American intrigue with the bloody-handed reactionaries who have made Hungary a shambles since the fall of the Soviet Republic, I had one more question to ask concerning Allied and American interference. "What were the consequences of the Allied blockade—did General Smuts and Herbert Hoover influence the fate of Soviet Hungary?"

"The blockade against us did not reap the frightful harvest that it has in Russia. It prevented us from increasing production, it prevented us from exchanging our grain for the industrial products of our neighbors, and above all it made it impossible for us to furnish relief to famished Austria and the starving Czech areas.

"I cannot say specifically now, to what extent the fate of Soviet Hungary was influenced by General Smuts and Herbert Hoover. Smuts and a certain American professor named Brown, who represented Hoover, were the most decent and agreeable Entente representatives with whom we ever had to do. It is true that Hoover brutally strove to perpetuate the blockade against us in the hope of starving us into submission to capitalism. It was, however, not the blockade that undid us, but the military intervention of the Allies."

Socialization

I asked him to what extent they had put socialization actually in effect in Soviet Hungary.

"The proletarian state at one stroke expropriated all industries employing more than twenty workers. We retained the grain monopoly that had been introduced during the war. We monopolized coal, wood, iron, and other staple resources, as well as all foreign trade."

"The greatest obstacle to socialization was presented by the difficulty of liquidating the industrial holdings of foreign capitalists—although this did not affect the actual transfer of the factories and mills to working-class possession. It was just a question of time until the workers assumed complete control.

"Did production diminish in Soviet Hungary?"

"There was no greater diminution of production during the dictatorship of the proletariat than in any capitalist nation at that time. Production decreased at the beginning in all branches except agriculture; but later

the workers enforced their own working-discipline, and production was increased 100 percent; in the leather and shoe factories throughout Hungary, the rise was 20 to 30 percent."

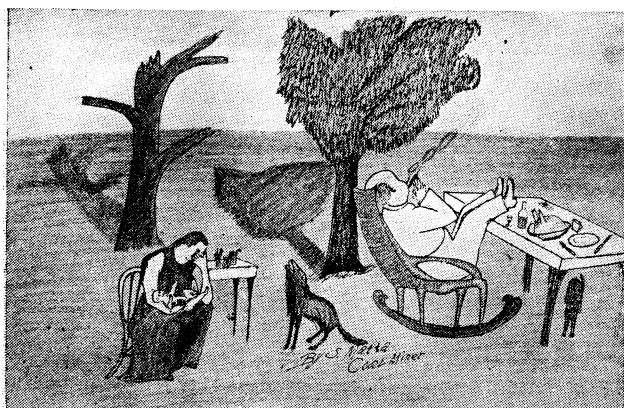
"How was food controlled and rationed?"

"We assumed power at the instant of a crisis in our food supply. Nevertheless, we maintained rations on the previous scale, in spite of the necessity of providing our army with abundant foodstuffs. We standardized the rate of living by handing over the non-rationed foodstuffs to the Factory Co-operatives, instead of letting this food be exploited by profiteers."

I mentioned the sensational stories of the lavish mode of living among the Commissars, as related by their enemies.

Bela Kun laughed. "Even if we were the gourmands we are alleged to be," he said, "we should not have been so stupid as to eat luxuriously, since this would have been used against us at once by bourgeois propagandists. As a matter of fact, we only had square meals when we visited the Red Army front."

DRAWINGS BY A COAL-MINER



"Capitalism"



S. Matta

"The Breadmaker and the Politician"

The Peasants

"What was the attitude of the peasantry toward the communist government?"

"The landless peasantry and very small landholders were enthusiastic adherents to the communist regime. Seventy-five percent of our Red Army consisted of agricultural laborers and small landholders. The majority of the small landed proprietors passively accepted the dictatorship. It was only the rich land-gentry and estate-owners who were dogged counter-revolutionaries."

"Did the peasants approve of the communists' program of land-reform?"

"Yes. I must remark that in our country—as contrasted with Russia—there was no division of land. About 50 percent of the fertile land of Hungary was held in the form of vast estates by the aristocracy, clergy, and middle-class. All these lands were socialized at once, and kept undivided. One of the most significant results of our four and a half months of proletarian dictatorship in Hungary was that we proved the possibility of conserving large-scale agricultural production, along with expropriation. The conception of the 'anti-collectivist mind of the peasant' was thus relegated to the realm of Kautskyian fiction."

Fiscal Policy

"What was the financial policy of Soviet Hungary?"

"It was in this field that we were least of all able to make any noteworthy contributions to communist history. Still, the fundamental principles of the fiscal policy of the proletarian state were established upon a firm

basis. Expenditure was covered by the revenue from socialized industries, and from the general taxes levied against the remnants of private property. We employed the device of 'class price-fixing'—meaning simply that the workers could buy commodities at a lower rate than the spender of an unearned income; and this increased revenues from the socialized industries, while at the same time it diverted more of the unearned increment of surviving private capital into the pockets of the community. The proletarian state took possession of the banks and laid the foundations of a vast system of moneyless trade. The greatest difficulties in this field arose because we had no currency of our own, but were constrained to use the same banknotes as the states of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy."

Terror, Red and White

Bela Kun's eyes blazed when I spoke of the accusations of wanton cruelty in connection with the terror.

"With us," he said, "as with Russia, the terror was but the answer to armed counter-revolutionary uprisings.

"Dictatorship does not necessarily mean the existence of a Terror. Proletarian dictatorship is in the first place proletarian democracy. Within the working class democracy rules for the first time—true democracy, and not the familiar sham. Outside of the working class, proletarian dictatorship means the rule of the armed workers over the disarmed non-workers or anti-workers. The suppression of the bourgeoisie must exist as a transitional stage, as long as the peril of a capitalistic restoration is imminent.

"But I can say to you that we, as well as our Russian comrades, have something to learn from the White Terrorists. *Schauen Sie*, I have before me the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the organ of Social Democracy. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* announces, without comment, that the White Hungarian Counter-Revolutionary Tribunals, after the execution of the first fourteen death sentences, have passed nine more. This Social Democratic newspaper whined at us, and libelled us. I will not say that the civil war, which originated in the armed rebellion of the bourgeoisie during our regime, had no victims to record. But it is undeniably true that the horrors of the Red Terror have not cost one-fiftieth part of the victims sacrificed to the White Terror that is supported by the Social Democrats.

"For instance, in Kecskemet eighty small proprietors and bourgeoisie were brought before the Red Tribunal, and none was condemned to death. In this very month, more than one hundred communists and liberals were executed without trial in this same Kecskemet.

"The Entente representatives used to wake us up in the night to protest on behalf of sentenced counter-revolutionaries. Today the nineteen death sentences im-

posed upon Budapest socialists (not to speak of the wholesale slaughters by the Whites without pretense of law) fail to evoke a word from these same humanitarian Entente emissaries.

"I am convinced that the number of bourgeois victims of the social revolution will never be one-hundredth of the number of those fallen in *bourgeois* revolutions. England and France of today each cost a crowned head; but that is forgotten; the ex-king of Hungary leads a merry life in Switzerland, and Archduke Joseph vaunts the friendship of English generals and admirals."

"What do you think of Hungary today?"

"We told the Social Democrats again and again that they were confronted with a plain alternative—either the Dictatorship of the Proletariat or the Dictatorship of the Bourgeoisie. We can now observe the tragic justification of our assertion. The Hungarian bureaucracy, united with the military clique, maintains a blood-drenched dictatorship in the name of the bourgeoisie. Military violence, brazen and ruthless, rules over Hungary, with the permission and assistance of the Social Democratic party.

"The form of the bourgeois dictatorship will change. But the situation of the working class will remain the same. It is starving now, and it will continue to starve. It is sunk in misery, and it will remain so. But it is learning. It is realizing that it is better to starve in its own interests, for its own future, for socialism, than for the restoration of capitalism.

"As for the Social Democrats, the political bankruptcy of their party is now complete. From these traitors, sitting in government chairs, and from those other Social Democratic grave-diggers of the Soviet Republic, who now loll in Vienna, the workers are turning away in disgust."

The International Revolution

Speaking of the general status of the international revolutionary movement, Bela Kun said:

"I have faith in the historic mission of the proletariat. And I know that, though the counter-revolutionary wave is now at its height, international proletarian revolution is pressing hard at the gates of Western Europe. Nor will British and American capitalism escape their fate.

"Proletarian revolution is a long, stubborn struggle. But I believe that we shall soon see fresh revolutionary triumphs in more than one country of Western Europe."

"What would be the effect of peace with Russia?"

Suddenly, as I pronounced the word "Russia," Bela Kun's grave philosophical mood gave way before a flash of feeling. He rose to his feet abruptly, and commenced to pace the floor of his guarded room.

"I, who have participated in the Russian revolution, and who know Russia, can only speak with emotion of the

heroic struggle of the Russian working class. The greatest crime in the criminal history of the Entente nations is the shutting off of the starving peoples of Central and Western Europe from the enormous quantities of foodstuffs and raw materials in Russia. In the moment when economic traffic with Russia is restored the question of unemployment in Europe will be solved. For Russia needs, above all, skilled laborers, technicians, and machinery. The socialist organization of economic life in Russia is so thoroughly developed that it needs but the incentive of peace to create an immense economic prosperity. This peace would mean to Russia the end of its civil war. For only with the Entente's help is the Russian bourgeoisie enabled to hold itself aloof from the obligatory work and creative usefulness required by the Soviet regime. The longer the Entente continues its war against Russia, the longer maintains chaos in Europe—the longer it delays the transition from capitalism to orderly socialism—the longer, that is to say, it will make it necessary for the dictatorship of the proletariat to be maintained.

"If the Entente wishes a normal state in Russia it must conclude an immediate peace with the Soviet Government. And whatever our situation here may be, we hold

it to be our duty to call upon the workingmen of America and England to use all their resources to force their governments and their bourgeoisie to effect peace with Russia. Every American and English workingman is his own enemy when he maintains an indifferent or passive attitude toward this all-important question."

As I parted with him Bela Kun spoke again of the fall of the Hungarian Soviet Republic. "It was not," he said, "as has been asserted, because we were too Bolshevik. It was because the Hungarian workers were not Bolshevik enough! The fall of the Hungarian Soviet Republic was a blow to the workers of all lands. But the Russian Soviet Republic lives, and will triumph in her heroic war against the imperialisms of the world!"

* * *

It was again twilight as I left Karlstein, and as I looked back, from miles away, I saw the castle high above the wind-shaken pine trees, the lights still flickering in the barred windows. Behind those barred windows Bela Kun and his comrades, undismayed and indifferent to their fate, are talking and planning and waiting for the next news of the working-class revolution.

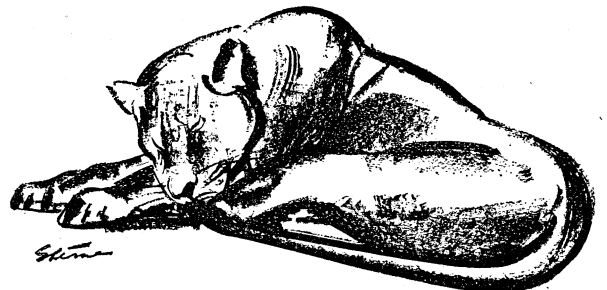
The Artist And Life

By Maurice Sterne *

OUR attitude toward art is rooted in love or in interest. There are two kinds of artists, the popular and the unpopular. The work of the first is loved, the work of the second is ignored or attacked, or arouses an interest. The work of the first is easily sold, because love awakes the desire to possess; for the second there is little demand, because we can be interested at a distance. The one is popular, because there is an affinity between himself and his public. We love what we understand without effort. This does not imply that the popular artist is the spiritual peer of his admirers. We hear of men who have achieved great distinction as scholars or musicians, who, nevertheless, have poor taste in pictures and sculpture. The artist is appreciated because he expresses the casual vision of a world preoccupied with other affairs; the unpopular artist is neglected because he depicts a world strange, unfamiliar, and seemingly unnatural. He is accused of insincerity because he expresses life as he sees it through a more evolved or sensitive vision. That there exists at

least a genuine interest in his work is encouraging. In time this interest may lead to love.

Meanwhile he must manage somehow to live and to produce. It is this intermediary stage in the career of the unpopular artist who has not gained the love, but has succeeded only in awakening the interest of the public, that should be our deep concern. Unfortunately, instead of serious concern for the artist, there exists only a certain curiosity about him, with a smack of gossip and a seasoning of the scandalous. There is no



* The drawings are also by Maurice Sterne.

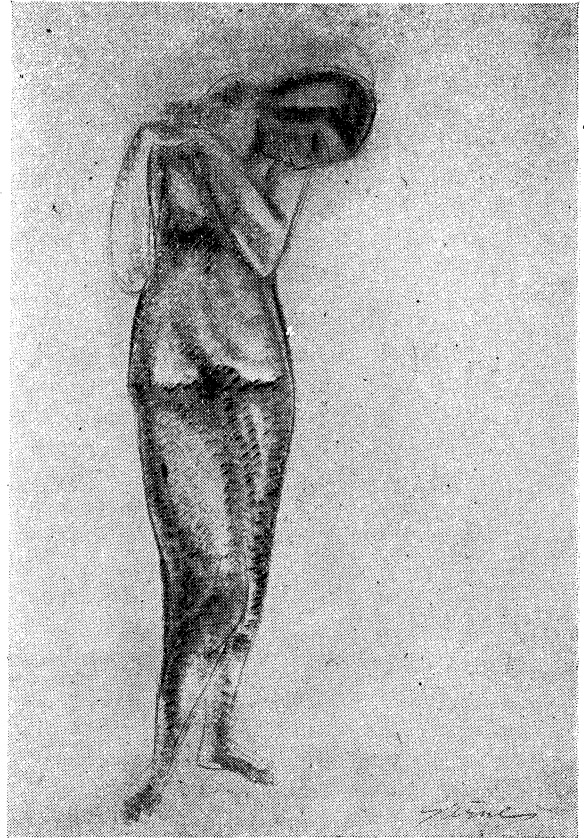
attempt to define his place in society, and no effort to better it.

What causes the unrelatedness of the artists to life? First the critics; they are the priests, judges, and interpreters. As long as priests are more necessary than religion, as long as in art matters we do not trust our own judgment, as long as we do not realize that art itself is an interpretation, so long shall we have art critics. There has ever been endless speculation about the meaning, value, and function of art, and there is no harm in that. But there is harm in being taught by dogmatic critics which artists should "hang" in our homes and museums, and which should hang themselves in their garrets. Eliminating the critic would improve our taste and judgment, but only gradually, for "the evil that men do lives after them."

There is another and perhaps even greater curse,—the dealer in old masters. He is more harmful because he "has great possessions." His doctrine is that only the good that men do lives after them, and that it is enshrined in the holy of holies in just his palatial shop. If you are reverent, you may worship there; if you are rich, you may carry home shrine and all.

Judging by the magnificence of these art temples, it must be more profitable to deal in old masters than to handle contemporary art, and much safer, too, for the critic is at least chivalrous to the dead. He seldom attacks a dead artist. The live ones usually drive him wild.

It is puzzling that the precedent established by Whistler in his suit for libel against Ruskin has, to my knowledge, never been taken advantage of. The artist, unlike any other professional, swallows a public insult. If anyone should be imprudent enough to attack in print a physician for his treatment of a patient, we know what steps he would take. What right then has a critic to at-



tack a painter for his treatment of a bowl of fruit? He should and could get legal satisfaction for moral and material damages. The latter would be especially welcome, and would enable some men with fine talents to devote themselves exclusively to their art for a few years, instead of working in shops and offices.

When one considers these great obstacles and the fact that, as a rule, the worthiest gain fame when old, and a market when dead, one wonders that the artist manages to exist at all. He does, but how? Often crippled in body and spirit. He survives because he must, because his art demands it. For the privilege of doing what God meant him to do, he will serve the Devil himself; he will become a professional beggar, a pauper, or secret diplomatist, or all together. This, I believe, is mainly responsible for the decadence of art as a moral factor, for art always has been and always will be a perfect mirror of the artist's soul.

In order to live decently, to support himself and often a family, the artist confuses issues; he strives for success as an end in itself, though he knows that such strife is against the nature of



art and the artist's high endeavors. I have seen real artists embark on this career of prostitution, convinced that their sojourn in purgatory will in time open to them the portals of heaven. But the truth is they either stick in purgatory or land in hell.

There must be a relation between art and life, or artists would not be born. If there is none, or seems to be none, it is not because of the critic or dealer alone, it is also the fault of the artists. They have no constructive policy, are ignorant of life and modern conditions, vie with the critics in belittling the achievements of one another. Theirs is neither a trade nor a profession, for these derive their strength and dignity from a conscious human need. The perception of this strength is a source of prestige and power, which through organization has become a potent factor in our social system. The laborers supply an obvious demand, but there is no apparent demand for what the artist has to give; there never has been. At best his function was decorative; he made life, and particularly religion, more palatable and more beautiful.

The artist at first merely served the church by making it more attractive, while the really indispensable services were performed by the priests. But the artist had at least the opportunity to serve, even if his contribution was unessential. He created images of abstractions. In Egypt he solemnified the Gods and the Kings. In Greece he exalted man and his deities. During the Middle Age and the early Renaissance, he glorified God. The church thus became a center which stimulated and awakened the aesthetic sense; whence architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and oratory found a medium for expression, and the means to exist.

Then, inevitably, art, the servant, usurped more and more power, and during the ripest period of the Renaissance, was worshipped for its own sake. Religion had ceased to be a growing, vital force, and had become a static, repetitive mechanism, while art was dynamic. It changed, developed, revealed to humanity how it suffers and rejoices—the beauty of the blessed and the horror of the damned. It sanctified the loveliness of what it had been told to loathe, the flesh. It

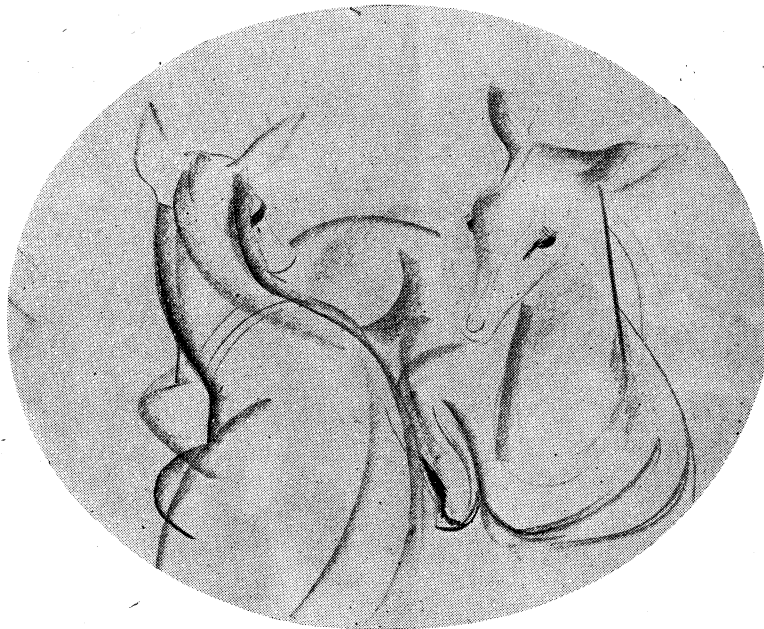
proved that God, in creating man out of earth, had made him also in his own image, and that the earth and all on it was the reflection of God and was good to look upon. It was indeed, a golden era for art, for during those few years, a demand for art as a conscious need was being created.

Then came the powerful reaction against the established church, and against everything connected with it. Monks, priests, artists were alike affected; for the Reformation, with its Judaic condemnation of a visual conception of Divinity and its insistence upon the individual's power of abstract comprehension of it, made art obsolete. During those years, the church passed through a crisis, struggled for its very existence, and took little interest in art. Later it revived in the Catholic countries as servant to kings and princes, while in Protestant Holland the first modern master arose. Rembrandt did not have to look far for a model to pose for the Savior; he saw God in everyone and everything around him. Consequently he died in poverty.

When depending upon its own conception, humanity responds feebly to still undiscovered natural phenomena. In the old days the artist or the divine intensified our emotional capabilities and enriched our understanding. Then came modern science and revolutionized every phase of Life. Its astounding discoveries displaced both art and religion as a creative evolutionary force. The scientist became the high priest who held the key which revealed the universe with its undreamed of mysteries; he made a more universal appeal, did away with all racial boundaries, and spoke a language understood by all. And all were thrilled by his message. If causes are apparent to only the few, the effects of modern scientific

discoveries are readily understood and utilized by everyone.

Thus science has not only intensified our imagination — it has not, like religion, simply helped us to live by promising something better in a life to come, but actually improved life in material ways and made it more comfortable. Science has become a pragmatic religion, and will continue to minister to our material welfare. But that it can add much spiritually is questionable, for our great imaginative reactions

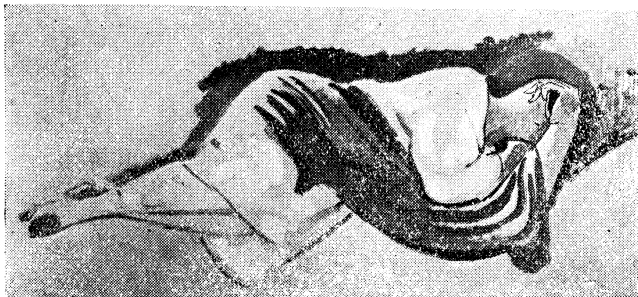


were evoked by its first discoveries, and we are learning now to accept its disclosures as a matter of course. The element of the incredible, the miraculous, is lacking. We have begun to feel that nothing is impossible;—the greatest future discoveries are not likely to stir us profoundly.

But life is dynamic; it must grow, develop, change. The question arises, which human faculty, known or unknown, will be called upon to give life its new impetus? It is possible that a new medium may appear which will pluck from nature her secrets. We are coming to an ever clearer realization that the body and spirit are one; and art may have to reveal this. For ages, it expressed life, not as it is, but as it ought to be, an ideal. Now we are growing impatient with ideals; we endeavor to fuse the two. The artist's mission will not be merely to make life appear more beautiful and attractive, but to show that life is beautiful, attractive, and significant.

There are numerous phases of life still unrelated to our deeper consciousness. The affiliation between the soil and the peasant is organic, but the only thing which the coal miner has in common with the mine is a dirty patina. He is part of the machinery which releases from the earth potential energy; his physical strength is exploited whilst his spiritual energy lies dormant. As long as the great masses are discordant with their destiny, as long as the toilers of the world must dig and plough while the harvest is reaped by others, modern life will be ugly; for our sense of beauty is not stimulated by shapes and color values, but by moral values,—by justice, sympathy, mercy, love.

Where these attributes are, there is harmony. What is harmonious is lovable, and what we love appears beautiful. But modern life is devoid of these sacred virtues. We may love it in our ignorance; an understanding of it breeds either pity or disgust. This prevents the artist from rendering a pattern of the marvelous, pulsating modern world. Instead he keeps up the worn-out tune about sunsets and flowers, beautiful women and beauty's very fountain, love, or he seeks refuge in himself, creates an impossible world filled with impossible beings, a narcotic art based on a negation, without reality, and of no creative value.



But the crying need is not what the artist should express. It is rather to devise a working plan which would encourage him to become an artist and not a caterer to the rich, to shape him to express the unconscious needs of humanity, not to supply the conscious demand of the sophisticated few. Demoralized as he is now by the struggle for existence, in which he is assigned to a stratum lower than that of the day laborer, how can he become what he should be, a sensitive instrument vibrating to and reflecting nature's mysteries?

Our scholars and scientists are given the opportunity to experiment; they carry on their researches in laboratories and universities liberally endowed. Astronomers are encouraged to gaze at the stars, and we ask of them only to tell us what they see. Why not extend this privilege to artists? For they, too, minister to our potential needs. If the artist could be assured a decent living, we should have an art vital and living, a rich spiritual adventure in the realm of the unknown—not just a bad habit of repeating successful failures.

My Mother

REG wished me to go with him to the field;
 I paused because I did not want to go,
 But in her quiet way she made me yield
 Reluctantly,—for she was breathing low.
 Her hand she slowly lifted from her lap
 And, smiling sadly in the old sweet way,
 She pointed to the nail where hung my cap;
 Her eyes said: I shall last another day.
 But scarcely had we reached the distant place
 When o'er the hills we heard a faint bell ringing,
 A boy came running up with frightened face,
 We knew the fatal news that he was bringing:
 I heard him listlessly and made no moan,
 Although the only one I loved was gone.

The dawn departs, the morning is begun,
 The trades come whispering from off the seas,
 The fields of corn are golden in the sun,
 The dark-brown tassels fluttering in the breeze.
 The bell is sounding and the children pass,
 Frog-leaping, skipping, shouting, laughing shrill,
 Down the red road, over the pasture-grass,
 Up to the school-house crumbling on the hill.
 The older folk are at their peaceful toil,
 Some pulling up the weeds, some plucking corn,
 And others breaking up the sun-baked soil.
 Float, faintly-scented breeze, at early morn
 Over the earth, where mortals sow and reap.
 Beneath its breast my mother lies asleep.

Claude McKay.

From Romain Rolland

Dear Max Eastman:

I thank you for your letter of November 3rd. The disagreement between us is certainly complete. So complete that I will not attempt to discuss it here. I prefer to expose the two theses in a more objective manner in a work I am engaged in.

I am not an adherent of a faith, whether religious or Marxist. I am of Montaigne's country,—one who eternally doubts, but is eternally seeking. I *seek* the truth. I will never attain it. But however far behind it I may be, I will always follow it.

I do not know what truth is. Should it be moral or immoral, democratic or aristocratic, my role is to seek it and tell it as I see it. Truth is not in the service of my passions, my desires, or my hopes. Even should truth be mortal to me, I would not love it the less, nor would I refrain from speaking it.

I love humanity. I wish her to become free and happy. But if it should be at the price of a lie or a compromise, I would not make that lie, I would refuse the compromise. Happiness, social freedom, humanity, are not worth buying at the price of the abdication of the intelligence, even in the name of a so-called "*Salus Publica*." The "common good" is but a word, where the integrity of the individual conscience is not safe. A social community which could only be saved by the renunciation of free intelligence would not be saved in reality, but lost. For it would rest upon rotten bases.

I was about to close when there came to my mind some words of Gaston Paris, spoken at the beginning of his first lesson at the College de France in 1870, while Paris was being besieged. They express what I have just said but with more grandeur:

"I profess without reserve or limit that science should recognize as her only aim the truth, the truth for itself, taking no account of the consequences good or bad, dangerous or happy, that this truth might have in practice. He who for patriotic, religious, [social] or even moral reasons, permits himself, in the facts which are the object of his research, or in the consequences which he draws from them, the smallest reticence, the slightest alteration, is not worthy to have his place in the great laboratory where loyalty is a title more indispensable than cleverness. If we thus conceive our task, we will form, far beyond the frontiers of the enemy nations [or classes] a great country which no war makes bloody, which no invader threatens and where minds find that refuge and that union which was offered them in other times by the *Civitas Dei*."

Believe me, my dear Eastman
Most cordially yours,

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

SHANTUNG

ALMOND-EYES are flaming where the Dragon breathes
the air,
The Crescent's laugh's hilarious; are white men not to care?
There are half a hundred million of those nimble yellow men
Who've been rescued from the lion to be thrown as meat
again.

For a pen-and-ink professor (O, I thought him strong and
true)

Has played his game like Judas, and has cheated me and you.
Ho! the west wind's bringing tidings as it sweeps from
Kiao-chau,

"All the pig-tailed men are dead ones, it's a full-haired China
now.

"Oh, it's China thinking, fighting,
That you'll deal with for this trick,
If this wrong goes without righting,
And you'd better right it quick."

Harry A. Potamkin.

RETROSPECTION

STRANGE, how that day
You placed me on the high sea wall,
Your arm about me lest I fall,
And turned my face in from the sea
With: "Now, then, you must look at me,"
I turned away.

You are not here,
Yet I so frequently recall
The sunshine and the old stone wall,
The little lappings of the sea
And your blue eyes that looked at me
So sure, so clear.

Elizabeth Colwell.

SOMETIME

SOMEWHERE the tree is growing
That will be my bed,
Cold white wood against cold white flesh—
And the last prayer said.

Sometime we'll creep together,
And our dust, as one,
Will talk deep things with the gossiping rain
And the curious sun.

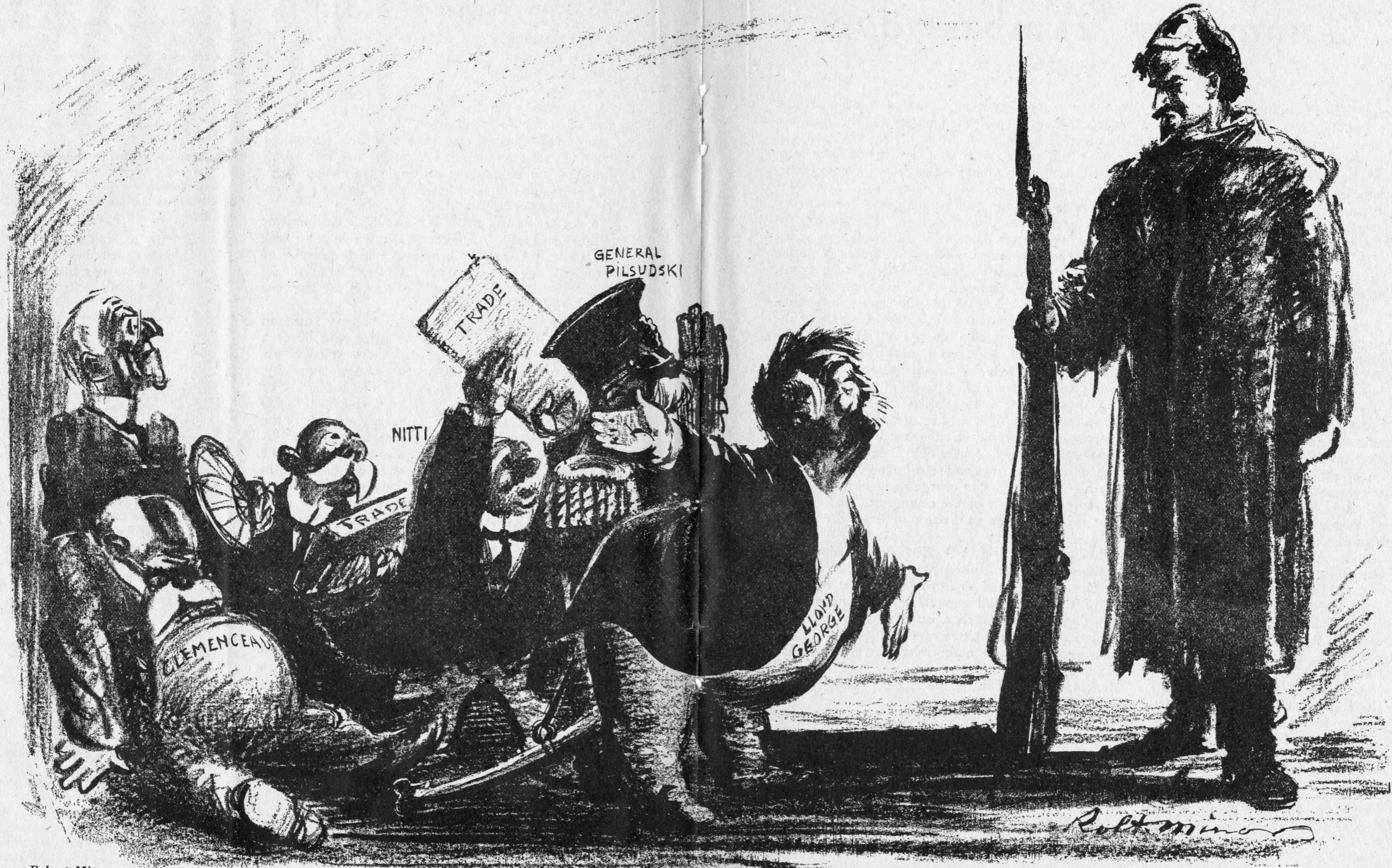
But to-day the tree is singing,
Pregnant with bursting flower,
And glad in the dawn and starlight
I live my hour.

Beulah Chamberlain.



Robert Minor

The East-Side Jew That Conquered Europe



Robert Minor

The East-Side Jew That Conquered Europe

The Communist Ambassador

By Robert L. Wolf

ROOM 422 in the Senate Office Building, with its high ceiling, its great mahogany table and rows of black leather armchairs, is too dignified for talking except in uncomfortably hushed tones, so I sat back to wait for eleven o'clock, buried in idle reflections. What would Martens do when he came in, I wondered? Suddenly there flashed to my mind the scene pictured in the newspaper accounts of the meeting at Brest-Litovsk: The formidable-looking old Germans—at their head General Hoffman, in full dress with all his stars and iron crosses—were sitting around the table; Trotsky came breezing in, as the Germans rose to their feet; Trotsky nodded cheerfully, "Oh, hello, Hoffman," and then turned to shake hands with the amazed German private of the guard, stiff and erect behind his rifle, while the generals stood in furious and apoplectic astonishment. Will Martens toss a "How d' ye do, Moses?" to the Senator from New Hampshire, and stop to talk with the colored doorkeeper? No, I fear he won't. "How far the Revolution has gone since Brest-Litovsk!" I caught myself sighing.

Yes, you fool, how far it *has* gone. Trotsky at Brest, two years ago, with counter-revolution rampant at home, and only a heroic rabble of armed factory workers to guard his terribly precarious position! Trotsky, utterly defeated abroad, hoping simply to postpone the fall of the Bolsheviks until the Communist spark could be scattered to the four winds of the proletarian world, gambling everything upon a desperate attempt to strip the mask from his imperialist enemies and win the support of the German masses. And losing!

And here today, Martens, before the Senate, and no doubt soon to be recognized ambassador to the United States from the Russian Communist Republic! *From the Russian Communist Republic*, one of the most powerful nations on earth, with victorious legions of more millions than are now under arms in all the rest of Europe, thundering to the frightened world a battle-cry whose merest echo makes our bourgeois rulers tremble.

No, Martens will never shake hands with the colored doorkeeper. Never—unless some day that doorkeeper becomes Commissar for Negro Affairs in the Socialist Federal Soviet Republic of North America!

By the time my meditations had reached this pleasing point the room had filled. Washington's white-collar socialists were there in force, and about half the persons in the audience seemed to know each other. I borrowed a Call from the bob-haired damsel who sat beside me and read for a while of Lloyd George's decision to raise the Russian blockade.

And then at last they came. First Martens, quiet and alert, seeming, with his blonde moustache, very like some neat Italian by Leonardo. Next Nuorteva, round and heavy and bald and good-natured, and then a long, lean, dark, restless-looking young American in a soft collar, Kenneth Durant—"one of Philadelphia's best blue bloods," whispered my short-haired neighbor—adviser and press agent to the Soviet Bureau. Bringing up the rear came ex-Senator Hardwick of Georgia, a quiet, smooth-shaven, soft-voiced Southerner, Martens' counsel.

Then came the Senators, only the three Republicans, Moses, Borah and Brandegee. The two Democrats had decided, for a time at least, to snub the investigation. With the Republicans in control of the Senate and the committee, this investigation offers a chance not only to do ill to Russia, but to blacken, or (joyful thought!) perhaps even to redden the administration. So for the past week the Democratic Department of Justice had been seeking Martens with a deportation warrant, to prevent him from testifying. Martens managed to elude the warrant server until he could be subpoenaed by the Republican Senate Committee! And all Mr. Palmer's agents can do is to sit at the hearings and scowl upon Martens so as to be ready to take him in charge as soon as he is released from the custody of the committee.

Senator Moses began to drone out Senate Resolution 263:

"Whereas one Ludwig C. A. K. Martens claims to be an ambassador to the United States from the Russian Soviet Government" and so forth, "believes in the overthrow of capitalism and capitalistic governments, and regards this Government as a capitalistic government," resolved that a sub-committee of the Foreign Relations Committee should have authority to investigate these awful things.

"Mr. Martens will take the stand," said Senator Moses.

Ex-Senator Hardwick rose. Perhaps I was prejudiced in favor of ex-Senator Hardwick from the start. He was one of the "wilful eleven" that opposed the war, and who was defeated in his last election by the entire pressure of administration patronage and the personal denunciations of President Wilson. At any rate, throughout the hearing he seemed to me to have a fairly complete monopoly of the Senatorial and ex-Senatorial ability in that room.

He requested that his client be allowed to make a statement uninterrupted and answer questions afterward.

This request the committee neither granted nor re-

fused, and the hearing was a mixture of both methods. Senator Moses, a typical dry lawyer-like American business man, started off in his best inquisitorial style.

"What is your name?"

"Ludwig Christian Alexander Karlovitch Martens."

"Where were you born?"

"Bachmut, province of Ekaterinoslav, Russia."

"When were you born?"

"December 20, 1874."

And so on. Gradually, bit by bit in this fashion, punctuated by tremendous dramatic pauses on the part of Senator Moses, and impressive judicial "Ums" and "Ahs," we discovered what we might have learned in a paragraph or two, as it turned out later, of Martens' statement.

Martens, it seemed, was born in Russia, of German parents permanently residing in that country. He spent his first twenty-five years in Russia, graduating as a mechanical engineer from the Petrograd Technological Institute. When the great general strike took place in 1896, at the time of the coronation of Czar Nicholas II, Martens' connection with the revolutionary movement was discovered, and he was thrown into prison for three years. At the expiration of this sentence, the Russian authorities, who chose to regard him as a German citizen, delivered him to the German military authorities, who compelled him to serve two years as a private in the German army.

Senator Moses interrupted here, "Do you mean you were delivered by the Russian deportation authorities into the hands of the German military authorities?"

"Yes, sir. I was escorted by two Russian gendarmes to the frontier and given over to two German gendarmes."

"When you were released from that service what did you do?"

"I practiced my profession in Hamburg until 1905."

"And then—?"

"And then I went to Switzerland for several months to meet my old friends in the Russian Social Democratic Party."

"What did you do there?"

"All literature relating to revolutionary movements was printed mostly in Switzerland. We organized the transportation to Russia of literature of this kind."

From Switzerland Martens went to England, and lived for ten years in London. The British Government did not intern him during the war as an alien enemy in spite of his technical German citizenship, but allowed him perfect freedom, and in 1916 gave him a permit to come to the United States. Since the British permit stated his technical German citizenship Martens was compelled by our port authorities to register as a German. At that time he was representing the Demidoff Count San Donato Steel Company of Perm.

"Were you a contributor to any paper or periodical while you were in New York?" asked Senator Moses.

"To the Russian paper, *Novy Mir*."

"Is that paper still published?"

"I understand that during the last raids in New York it was smashed."

"What was the nature of this publication?"

"It was a socialist publication."

Senator Moses drew himself together.

"Who was the editor-in-chief?"

"At one time Mr. Gregory Weinstein; and during his stay in New York, Mr. Trotsky."

I almost fancied that Senator Moses said "Aha!" But he didn't, he merely looked it. What he did say was:

"Mr. Lenin Trotsky?"

"Mr. Leon Trotsky."

"Who is now—er—connected with the—er—existing Russian—um—regime?"

"Yes, sir."

So the murder was out, and everybody felt better.

When after the first Russian revolution, Martens went on to explain, Prince Lvoff's government invited all political refugees to return to Russia, his sister in Petrograd, in order to establish his status, applied to the Prince's government for citizenship papers for Martens. These were promptly granted, since Martens was very well known in Russia, and were forwarded by registered letter, but they never arrived. Presumably the British censor knows why.

Then came the dramatic moment.

"I now submit to the Senate Committee," said Martens, quietly, "and ask to have inserted in the record, a copy of my credentials as Representative in the United States of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic," and he handed the document to Senator Moses, who passed it to Senator Borah, who put up his glasses and studied the Russian script with intense concentration.

"Translated into English," Martens went on, "it reads as follows:

RUSSIAN SOCIALIST FEDERAL SOVIET
REPUBLIC.

PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIAT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
Moscow, Corner of Spiridonovka and Patriarch's
Lane, House Number 30-1. Telephone No. 4-22-96.
Office of the People's Commissar.

January 2, 1919.

No. 9-K

It is hereby announced that Russian Citizen Ludwig Christian Alexander Karlovitch Martens, who resides in the United States of America, is appointed the Representative of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs in the United States of America.

(Signed)

People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs:
G. CHICHERIN.

Acting Secretary of the Office:
(Official Seal) F. SHENKIN.

So ended the first session.

The girl who had lent me her Call said as she rose to

go that she was looking forward to the time when January 19 would be made a legal holiday, and when they would hang in the Capitol a great picture of the memorable event. She hoped (and as a person of æsthetic tastes I hoped so, too) that she'd show in the photographs from which they would paint the historic scene of "The first Soviet Envoy presenting his credentials to the United States Senate."

The second meeting came a week later, and for some reason or other its atmosphere was much more genial. Senator Borah was frank and almost cordial; Senator Moses, instead of worrying Martens like a discontented terrier, was business-like and not unfriendly; and even Senator Brandegee, interjecting his high, dry, nasal wit, honored the proceedings with a tolerant and good-humored sort of aristocratic contempt.

There might have been several causes for this. Perhaps the committee was impressed by this quiet, alert, intelligent young Russian engineer, with his obvious honesty and simplicity and earnestness. And then, too, perhaps (for you never can tell about these things)—perhaps the improvement in the committee's manners was somehow connected with the following item in the newspapers of the previous day:

"An American-Russian Trade Board to protest against State Department refusal to issue licenses for commerce with Soviet Russia was organized at a meeting in Washington of a number of representatives of American business concerns.

"E. P. Jennings, president of the Lehigh Machine Company, who presided, said that the representatives included some of the largest firms in the country, such as Morris & Co., the Chicago packers; Borden's Condensed Milk Co.; Rahn-Larmon & Co., machine tool makers, of Cincinnati; Fischman & Co., and the Columbia Freight Forwarding Co., of New York."

Or was it the reports that Denikin's headquarters had been transferred to a British battleship in the Sea of Azof, and that Kolchak had been intercepted at Irkutsk in the course of his hasty retreat toward Kansas City?

Senator Moses began with a remark which I could construe only as a suggestion that the failure of the State Department to recognize Martens was an oversight:

"Mr. Martens, the letter of credence which you filed with the State Department, and which you showed us last week, is essentially different in form from the ordinary letter of credence. Had that been called to your attention?"

"No, Mr. Chairman. I was not familiar with the procedure in applying for recognition to foreign governments, but I thought if I sent my credentials, that would be sufficient. Mr. Chicherin, the Foreign Minister of Russia, wirelessly to the State Department about my appointment, at the same time that he sent word to me."

"You never undertook to file with the State Department any other form of letter of credence?"

"No."

"Did you ever call the Department's attention to the fact that perhaps it was the divergence of your letter from the usual technical form which accounted for their failure to give it more consideration?"

"Why, no, Mr. Chairman, I didn't," said Martens, mildly surprised.

"The government which you represent," continued Senator Moses, "felt itself to be the legitimate successor of the Imperial Government of Russia, I assume?"

"Yes, sir."

"And in any case, having at least a de facto existence in Russia?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was our diplomatic representative in Russia transacting business with that de facto government?"

"Yes, sir. Through Col. Raymond Robins. He was opposed to the Soviet Government, and did not like to negotiate directly."

"You mean that this was because our ambassador had a personal attitude of hostility to the Soviet Government?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did your government possess that gave it jurisdiction as a de facto government?"

"All the governmental institutions were in the hands of my government, and about eighty per cent of the population of Russia was recognizing its jurisdiction."



The Allies: "I want to buy a lot of goods, but I can't recognize you."

Russia: "So long as I can keep my eyes on you, it will be all right."

"How did these people manifest their recognition?" asked Senator Borah.

"By establishing soviets all over Russia which connected up with the central authorities."

"But what per cent of the people in the controlled territory actually participated in this so-called Soviet Government?" asked Borah, again.

"Col. Robins estimated ninety-three per cent. Of course it is very difficult to say, but at any rate a great majority supported the Soviets."

"Were all classes of people permitted to participate in your government?"

"Yes, sir; all classes except some part of the old bureaucracy—with the exception of people who were not living on the product of their own labor."

"Were property owners or property holders permitted to participate?"

"Yes, sir; as long as they did any socially useful work. Any kind of work at all, mental as well as physical."

"It did not include only manual labor?"

"No."

Senator Brandegee, who had apparently been speculating uneasily about his own future under the soviet regime, interposed here.

"Suppose," he asked, in his high Connecticut whining drawl, "suppose a man were a property owner and wrote his views on questions, not for profit, but to educate the country, or for his own amusement? Was he forbidden to participate?"

"Oh, scientists and artists of all kinds were all welcomed into the system," said Martens. "Anyone who did work which was regarded as useful from a social standpoint."

"But a man who simply owned a farm, and leased it to somebody, had no right to vote?"

"No."

"He had to actually work?"

"Yes, to actually work."

"Hm! Well, I understand." And Senator Brandegee relapsed into silence.

The questioning continued. Martens' staff of thirty-five assistants and employees evoked some astonishment from the committee. The surprise increased when he explained that the funds for the support of his office had been regularly transmitted to him in currency, American and Swedish and Danish and Dutch, by couriers from Soviet Russia, in spite of the Allied blockade.

Senator Moses asked the functions of the Soviet Bureau's organization. Martens replied that they had been mainly commercial, but since no import and export business could at present be conducted, the activities so far had been chiefly preparatory. The Bureau had succeeded in negotiating a large number of tentative trade contracts in behalf of the Soviet Government.

"Do you mean that all contracts which you might make would be government contracts?"

"Government contracts; yes, sir."

"There is no individual trade with Russia?"

"No. All foreign trade is monopolized by the state."

"Can you estimate the amount of tentative contracts which you negotiated?"

"Yes; I think about \$30,000,000."

"For what kind of material?"

"Shoes, machine tools, knit goods, medicines, and some foods—canned meats and canned milk."

"And that was to be paid for in cash?"

"In cash—in gold at Petrograd."

"How much gold is there in Petrograd for that purpose?"

"Oh, about \$450,000,000 to \$500,000,000."

"Mr. Martens," said Senator Borah, suddenly (whether or not inspired by this last statement I do not know), "who is Mr. Bahkmeteff purporting to represent in this country, anyway?"

"He was sent by the Milukoff government, but while he was on his way here his government was overthrown and succeeded by the Kerensky government, which also appointed him to represent their interests."

"How long was this Kerensky government in existence?"

"About three months. It fell the 7th of November, 1917."

"Has Mr. Bahkmeteff had any government at all to represent since that time?"

"No government at all. My own government came into power at that date. It has been continuously in existence ever since, in spite of tremendous external pressure and internal difficulties, with foreign wars and the civil war."

"Civil war, you say?" said Senator Moses.

"Yes, sir."

"Hm. Was this civil war well organized?"

"Well, it was partly organized by the Allies."

"How long did this period of civil war last?"

"Up to the present time. It has just finished by a complete victory of the Soviet Army in the field, against the Kolchak forces and the Yudenitch forces and the Denikin forces."

"Is it one of the tenets of your people," asked Senator Borah, "that all countries must now adopt your form of government?"

"No. We do not care what government other people wish. All we care about is our own government in Russia."

But Senator Borah was not easily satisfied on this point. It is hard to look at Borah with his large, round countenance and his shaggy hair hanging over one eye, and not think of Tad's cartoons of the dog-eared

"judge." He was very much in earnest, as he went after Martens again on this point.

"I will say to you frankly, Mr. Martens, that what I am interested in personally—and I assume I speak for the committee in this—is to know whether you people who have soviet government in Russia feel an obligation to spread it among the other nations of the earth. We have been led to believe in this country that that was the cardinal tenet of your faith. That you feel you must extend the soviet system to the entire world in order to make it safe in Russia. What can you say about that?"

"I was just going to explain, Senator. There was a time when the Russian Socialists believed that revolution in all other countries was necessary to protect the Russian Soviet Government."

"Do you mean to tell me that idea has disappeared?"

"Yes. Russia has shown the whole world that she can go it absolutely alone. The soviet system is strong enough to stand alone in Russia. It can live without a revolution in any other country. Only a few weeks ago, Lenin wrote a letter to the Italian Socialists, urging them not to make a revolution at present."

"He did?"

"Yes. The situation changed, and so his views upon the subject changed, too. In his opinion, this is a period of economic reconstruction everywhere, and that is what is most important."

"But I have seen so many statements from the leaders of your government saying that they were engaged in a world-wide propaganda to establish the soviet system."

"That propaganda was conducted at a time when the whole existence of Soviet Russia was in danger. It was propaganda of a defensive kind—defensive against governments who were interfering with the internal affairs of Russia. You probably mean, Senator, such propaganda as the letter to American workmen?"

"Yes!" said Senator Borah, with feeling.

"That letter was written at a time when the Soviet was in the greatest danger, and was of a purely defensive character."

"Defensive against whom?"

"Defensive against the governments attacking Russia."

"You mean the governments having troops in Russia?" asked Senator Moses. "Including the United States?"

"Yes."

"But," persisted Senator Borah, "there are meetings held all over this country advocating the soviet system for our own people. Public meetings and semi-public meetings—and I have seen accounts of the doctrine they have been preaching. Have you had any connection whatever with that movement?"

"None whatever, Senator."

"Do you know from what source springs this activity of which I am speaking? Do you know anything about the matter? Can you tell us about it? Have you familiarized yourself with it?"

"Certainly, I know what parties and organizations are interested in this kind of propaganda."

"Has anyone in this country coming from Russia,—any Russian—engineered this movement in any way?"

"Well, Senator, it is natural that Russians in this country should be profoundly interested in Russian institutions, particularly the soviet system of government. And so they do join such propagandist organizations. But the movement itself is purely an American affair. It is an American matter, altogether and entirely. Seal Russia hermetically from the rest of the world, and these ideas will continue to arise and spread. Their source here is American. It is conditions in the United States from which they spring."

And on the snowy street a few minutes later, when I heard the newsboys calling, "Martens Says Lenin Abandons World Revolt," it was this last sentence that I remembered.



A Drawing by George Bellows



A Drawing by George Bellows



Clive Weed

“Handle me gentle, dearie, I bruise freely!”

Dissolving the Duma at Albany

By Robert Minor

I WILL say it's not a fair fight between John B. Stanchfield and Martin W. Littleton on one side and Morris Hillquit on the other. Stanchfield and Littleton are big legal lights of Yesterday—of the period preceding 1914. To the Hillquit type of lawyer belongs the immediate present. Stanchfield and Littleton are soldiers proficient in the use of small arms. Hillquit is a tank.

It all came about by the election of assemblymen on the Socialist Party ticket to sit in the State law-making body at Albany. Decades of self-sacrifice, it cost, and countless pennies from half-starved dreamers in the tenements. At last, five men were elected. Thereupon the Speaker of the Assembly, a typical organization politician and Iron Heel cobbler called the five representatives to his desk and said: "Git to hell out o' here."

Speaker Sweet, living in the atmosphere of village politics, had the best of intentions. While all the world was Lusing, he had thought to get himself into respectable leadership and become Governor. Archie Stevenson was behind him, as was young Theodore Roosevelt, who understood it to be the proper thing. According to the ordinary legal mind, that should have been all there was to it. But the ordinary legal mind was destined to a shock.

The deeper legal brains came into play. Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, one-time Republican candidate for the presidency, came swiftly to the front to ask that the Socialist assemblymen be admitted. The Bar Associations did the same. The big newspapers of the alert class came thundering out with demands that the beans be put back into the pan, that the Socialist Assemblymen be seated. There seemed to be some question, after

all, as to whether the **expulsion was the proper thing.** In fact, in the line-up, the side in favor of seating the Socialists was by far the more respectable. Not only Hughes, but Taft and all the best families were on this side. Finesse oblige. Young Mr. Roosevelt had been distressingly misled. He quickly came over to the proper side.

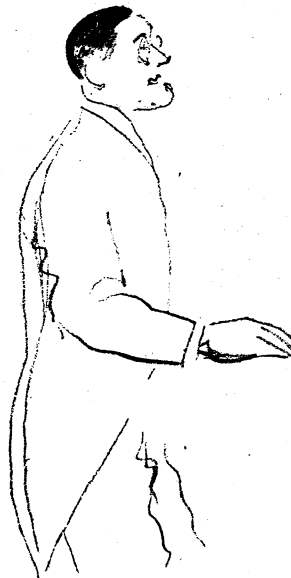


Speaker Sweet

I went to Albany to make sketches. It was a great show. It was very exciting to walk right into a collection of all the great men we have been reading about. There was Archibald Stevenson, the first thing, standing up in his cutaway coat, with his hair brushed back slick and his chin stuck out strong, giving one the impression of being in the presence of the living model from which were drawn some of the Arrow Collar advertisements in the subway. I am sorry Hughes wasn't there. I wanted very much to sketch him. He has a marvelous beard, parted in the middle. When I got there they said he'd gone away, but I was so disappointed that I wouldn't believe it and kept looking around for him.

Right ahead of me was the shiny pyramid head of Assemblyman Cuvillier, recently become immortal to the villages by declaring that the Socialist Assemblymen should be shot. He sat by the side of Chairman Martin of the investigating committee, who is of the same school of sociology and of biological evolution. Who does not know the type? Across the middle distance, the counsel for the prosecution glowered. And back of them, beside Archibald Stevenson, stood Speaker Sweet with his arms folded and looking for all the world like my friend Anatoli Zheleznaoff, Anarchist commander of Red Guards, when he dispersed the Constituent Assembly in Petrograd.

The iron-gray, bushy head of Abe Cahan loomed in the foreground. Further away sat Hillquit, Gilbert Roe, Seymour Stedman and S. John Block, counsel for the ousted Assemblymen. And the ousted Assemblymen were also there. They were supposed to be excluded from the hearing, but being East Side Jews, how could they possibly be kept out by any device? Waldman, DeWitt and Solomon were in plain sight, their faces making sharp contrast to Up-State politicians. Mr. Hughes should really have been there. But my eye could not catch his beard anywhere, nor my ear his wisdom. Hughes was absent. *Lumpenkapitalismus* was having its hour.



"Archie"

Mr. Martin W. Littleton spoke. It was easy to see that he was a great man. They rolled him into place in the firing line, like a cannon. Stevenson and the others fussed around as his range-finders. A terribly heavy shot was expected to come out of this little Big Bertha, Littleton. As he limbered up it was easy to see that he was going to send a shell calculated to spatter Socialist lawyer goo all over the house. That shell would contain all the poison gas collected by the Fourth of July orators since the Civil War.

"Bloo-ey!!!!!!" came the first shot, "Z-z-z-z-z!! The Star Spangled Banner! Our Country and Immortal Institutions!" Out of the tail of his eye, Littleton watched the gallery. All seemed to be well. The range-finders made no correction. Mr. Littleton expanded his lungs for the second shot. He launched a magnificent paragraph; you doubtless remember it well, as you heard it so often when you went bare-footed to the Fourth of July picnic. The last time I heard it was at the unveiling of the statue in Travis Park, in San Antonio, in 1897, I think. It's about George Washington and such things.

Mr. Littleton rolled it out inspiringly; in the middle of it comes that beautiful flight:

"Ou-u-u-r-r-r R-r-revolutionary Fa-a-athers—!"

The crowd laughed. Mr. Littleton stopped with his hand poised in the air and his mouth open. He eased down his hand, finished his sentence, closed his mouth and uneasily searched the faces of those around him. There was a pause during which Mr. Littleton reconstructed his speech. He left out all further reference to revolutionary fathers and finished up with the roughly efficient technique of Robert W. Chambers. Just here Mr. Littleton seemed to realize that this case held some features a little different from the Thaw case, and that it would be well to look them up. As Hillquit answered him, Littleton searched again and again the faces of the audience that had laughed when he spoke.

Hillquit's work was very sharp and decisive. But it was of no use, for Stanchfield controlled the chairman and signalled for whatever decision he wanted. The prosecutors were free to interrupt, to yell and to change the subject whenever they cared. At first, both sides played to the galleries. Hillquit shouldn't be blamed; why shouldn't he appeal to the bleachers when the umpire is playing short-stop for



Littleton

the opposition team? But, seeing the gallery psychology a little beyond him, Mr. Littleton switched his efforts to win the headlines of the evening papers.

One time it looked as though he surely would win the headlines. Hillquit had said, "what is treason to-day may be the law to-morrow," and the crafty prosecutors tried to "go to press" with the response, "Yes, what is treason to-day may become the law to-morrow if you let traitors write the law!" It was a tense moment, the reporters all gleefully pouncing upon it for their "lead." But Hillquit came back with Horace Greeley and Wendell Phillips, and spoiled the "lead" for all but the cruder ones. Hillquit won in all the repartee hands down, as he did on all points of legal technique, though he had to put his laurel wreaths into a basket without a bottom, as the chairman always ruled against him.

Underneath the technicalities lay the real question of whether the existing order of Society is threatened by the activities of the Socialist Party. Stanchfield and Littleton were trying to prove that the election of Socialist representatives would tend toward the overthrow of the Capitalist system of government and industry. But Hillquit got the best of them. He showed that on the contrary "the contemplated act of this Assembly, if consummated will be the first tragic act of violence instead of law, violence perpetrated by the very men claiming to uphold law. It will loosen the violent revolution which we Socialists have always endeavored and are endeavoring to stem." Hillquit drove it home in one clear, convincing speech, and then, when the brains of the Republican and Democratic committeemen got it all mixed up again with consummate skill in



Cuvillier



Hillquit

another brief speech, he straightened it out for them. I thought it would have been great to see Hughes do team work on this, if he had been there.

Littleton's denunciation of the Internationale as "the Invisible Empire," delighted me, as it did all the Socialists present. For hours the prosecutors built a melodrama around the "Invisible Empire that knows no geographical bounds," unconscious of the pleasure they were giving their audience. Judge Sutherland punctuated the epic with remarks about the "Sov-eets."

But the psychopathic condition of the Luskers began to show best when the "evidence" was put in. I wish I knew how to express it in medical terms. The mental condition of Archie Stevenson appears to me to be like that of a colored house girl I once knew, who used to sweep the trash behind the doors and under the beds, utterly unable to realize that someone was sure to look there and find it. Well, Archie Stevenson conceived the idea of translating from a Jewish pamphlet a stray paragraph which described the theory of the overthrow of government by direct mass action. This translated paragraph was introduced in evidence. It seemed not to have occurred to him that the Socialists would look into the rest of the pamphlet and see what was in it. Probably he thought Mr. Solomon and Mr. Waldman couldn't get anybody to translate Jewish.

The great lawyer Stanchfield's case was badly upset by this oversight. A ponderous Brownsville policeman's testimony to the effect that he had bought the pamphlet on the street from "a man who said his name was Miller and that he was a Socialist" was the only evidence that the Jewish pamphlet was connected with the ousted Assemblymen. That there are various schools of thought called "Socialist," seems to have been kept from the eminent legal minds by our educational institutions'



Another View of Archie Stevenson



Stanchfield

aversion to letting Socialism be mentioned. Hughes knows.

But the great mystery of the trial is: Why did Stanchfield read into the evidence a stenographic report of a campaign speech of Socialist Assemblyman Claessens? Stanchfield read it long and carefully and loudly. It gave details of the habitual Republican and Democratic ballot-box steals and election-day riots. It was the best thing in the way of a speech that the trial brought out. When Stanchfield got through reading it, the gallery applauded. Stanchfield and Chairman Martin looked around and wondered why the gallery applauded. Martin didn't know whether the gallery applauded Stanchfield or Claessens, but it appeared to dawn on Stanchfield that he had "pulled a bone."

And the committee seemed to be paralyzed by a sudden and very forcefully presented demand of S. John Block that a written and definite statement be made of the charges against the Socialists. I could see several simple faces transparently concluding that, after all, Socialists are not merely people who can't get a good job.

The rumor went around that some of the big newspapers were thinking of trying to get reporters that know something about Socialism.

The utter emptiness of the charge that the Socialist representatives would vote against all military appropriations, was made clear. One utility at least, the investigation had: it settled any doubt there might have been as to whether the Socialist Party constitutional clause requiring elected party members to vote invariably against military credits is a mere formality. It is. This point was ably won by the Socialists' attorneys. All parties have to have "keep us out of war" planks.

The Republican and Democratic committeemen conceive of the jobs as for the job-holders' sake, instead of the job for the greater good of business; they belong to the day of Mark Hanna and not to the time of Hooveristic non-partisanship and efficiency. For illustration, in the middle of the Albany trial, Mr. Littleton had to run off to Michigan to defend Senator Newberry against the charge of fraud, corruption and bribery in getting into the United States Senate. If one could presume that Senator Newberry is guilty, one would come to the conclusion that Littleton's activities were all wrong from the point-of-view of the efficiency of the Capitalist system.

On the other hand, the Socialist lawyers' work is never toward corruption or decadence in the governmental machinery. It is always toward rigid adherence to the law, the conservation of our institution of representative government. During the Albany trial Mr. Seymour Stedman, too, had a pre-occupation in the State of Michigan. Mr. Stedman is chief attorney for some of the Socialist Party membership of Detroit in a suit against the Communists. On January 3rd, the Department of Justice raided the "House of the Masses," broke into offices and desks and arrested seven hundred members of the Communist Party for deportation and for prosecution under the Criminal Syndicalist law. Thereupon, Stedman as attorney for the Socialist Party membership went into court with an action against the Communists to have the "House of the Masses" taken from them, and turned over to the Socialist Party.

I thought that Mr. Stedman's petition in the Detroit case might help to seat the Socialist Assemblymen in Albany, if it could be introduced. It says of the Communists:

"That on or about to-wit, the 27th day of May A. D. 1919, the defendants and their associates and agents, who are now in possession and control of the property of the plaintiff, were expelled from the Socialist Party of the United States because among other things, they advocated the use of direct or mass action, as the primary and principal means of securing a change or destroying the 'Capitalist System' and the present form of the Government of the United States; that the said defendants and their associates and agents still advocate the use of said direct or mass action, and that they are known and style themselves as 'Communists,' and 'Members of the Com-



Gilbert Roe



S. John Block

munist Party.' That the Communist Party has committed itself to the program as set forth in its manifesto and program, on page 9, in the following language, 'Communism does not propose to capture the bourgeois parliamentary state, but to conquer and destroy it. As long as the bourgeois state prevails, the capitalist class can baffle the will of the proletariat.' (Section VI).—That the Socialist Party is a political party, and that its principal program commits its members to the use of the ballot and political action as the primary means and method of changing or modifying our present political and industrial conditions. (Section IX).—... that the use of the hall on the premises of the said plaintiff for advocating direct or mass action for overthrowing the present form of government constitutes a continuous nuisance and irreparable injury to the plaintiff herein."

But this wasn't even mentioned in the trial at Albany. I couldn't help thinking Mr. Hughes would have thought of it.

While I was thinking about it I went to sleep and missed a lot that was going on. I dreamed that I was at the Constituent Assembly in Weimar, Germany, which I attended last Winter while the "new German Republic" was being formed. I dreamed that I heard Herr Ebert again make his maiden speech as the first President of Germany. It seemed that Herr David spoke up and said that the Majority Social-Democratic Party would save the country's institutions by working in parliament with the bourgeoisie. Herr Scheidemann said, "The Social-Democratic Party is a political party, and its principal program commits its members to the use of the ballot and political action as the primary means and method of changing or modifying our present political and indus-

trial conditions." Herr Noske said, "Law and order come first."

But then I waked up, realized that I was in Albany and that Mr. Stanchfield was asking that the trial be postponed until the following Tuesday. It was evident that something had mis-happened. The powers that be had demanded a lay-off. And so the proceedings were postponed for five days for repairs.

I hurried to the station and bought a ticket on the Empire State Express for New York City. The waiting room was full of people getting out of Albany. There was Archie Stevenson again. I made a sketch of him in full length. Then I turned around, and gasped with surprise and delight—for there was a tall stately figure in a long black coat, solemn derby hat and full set of whiskers parted in the middle! "Hughes!" I gasped, and, sliding behind a post in full view of him, I sketched. He moved, with the stately disdain of a great man indifferent to the public prints, and I followed him around, climbed over a pile of baggage and got behind a crowd, whence I got a good side view of him. I worked on him half an hour, and then somebody came along and said: "What you doing?" "Don't interrupt," I said, "I'm sketching Hughes." "Aw, that ain't Hughes." said my friend, "that's just a guy from a country town up State." So I didn't get Hughes, after all, though here is one of the sketches and you can see that it is almost as good.

When I came back to New York the papers were boosting for a great mass meeting in Madison Square Garden, where famous Republicans and Democrats would speak on the same platform with Socialists. The newspapers worked hard to get a public. When I got to the hall it was about one-fourth filled. It stuck out plain that representative government quaking on the edge of being forever lost, doesn't get much of a public. This was a thing I had noticed abroad lately, too.

Senator Hardwick of Georgia was the star speaker. He declared with feeling: "Ah'm here because Ah b'lieve from the bottom of ma haht in represent'ive gov'ment. . . . How long it be befo' Democrats will be th'own out?—how long befo' Republi-

cans will be th'own out because of they opinions?" Then he said, "Ah b'lieve the haht of ev'y man in Dixie still beats with the love of Libe'ty and Equality," and a negro in the audience joined me in a sad smile. Mr. Hardwick also said: "Without knowledge Man cannot know the Truth."

Socialist Assemblyman Waldman spoke. I was wondering how many of the audience joined me in the thought that Republican and Democratic technique in speech-making could not

stand much of this juxtaposition with Socialist technique; but then came Meyer London. "They say we Socialists are not patriotic!" he cried with scorn, and he made the ridiculousness of that charge perfectly clear.

The fellow that seemed to me to make the best speech was not an expelled Socialist nor a Senator nor a statesman, but just an open-faced brother of a Senator—the brother of Senator France of Maryland. He said: "Although I am not of the same politics as Eugene V.—(Applause)—I say that Eugene—(Applause)—I say it is a disgrace to America when an old man like Eu—(Applause)—I say, when a sixty year old man of ideals—(Applause)—" Mr. France, being nothing but a Senator's brother, said that everybody who is in jail for his conscience's sake ought to be out, and for that he got the roaringest reception of the evening.

People seemed to warm up more about getting folks out of jail than about representative government. They believe in representative government, but they keep their shirts on. Just think what a sized meeting it would have been in Madison Square Garden that night if it had been a free "Soviet Russia" meeting with the lid off and the same publicity in the papers! Gee!



Julius Gerber

N. Y. Socialist Secretary



Not Mr. Hughes



Dewitt

Why, two nights afterwards I went to the same hall to see the world's wrestling championship match between Earl Caddock and Joe Stecher and the house was packed to the rafters. Great whooping, yelling, laughing crowds of men and women were strung around Madison Square Gar-



Solomon

den to get in. Inside we saw two giants struggle for two hours clean and fair, matching beautiful strengths that you wish you had, and not hurting anyone. Stecher didn't have to worry when Caddock caught him by the legs, because his legs are so powerful. Muscle-to-muscle, he broke all of the holds of Caddock, who has more of the fighting appearance.

Stecher won. I think the girl next to me wanted to marry Stecher.

But, as I was saying, representative government hasn't any public. All the most powerful machinery of Society is busy trying to work up a public for it. Perhaps Sweet isn't ignorant, but he lacks information. Why, the working class of the entire world has of recent years been saying to itself: "Shall we send representatives into legislatures, or shall we stay outside and take the banks and the factories and the arsenals and ships and railroads by direct mass action?" And there is that boob Sweet, telling the working class to get out of parliament!

We have to go to press before the matter in Albany is finished. I must describe the way the thing comes out, before the event. At the present moment the boob side is closing up its case with a grand flourish of "he-spat-on-the-Flag" testimony and with Peter Collins, the Knights of Columbus orator, giving evidence as an expert on Socialism. Common opinion says that all is lost for representative government. But in the use of my prophetic judgment, I say without hesitation that sooner or later, come what may—

A big wagon will come up to the Ten Eyck Hotel and unload some big rolls. These will prove to be red carpet, which will be stretched from the hotel to the front door of the Capitol building. An awning will be put over it. The Socialist Assemblymen will so march into the Assembly. The band will play the Star Spangled Banner. I don't know whether there will be flower girls.



Senator Hardwick

Paris

IN all the world there is not anything
 Like Paris in the sunlight, in the spring!
 The little girls, communion-veiled in white,
 Flutter like butterflies in the sweet sunlight;
 The old blue-skirted woman with the car
 Of flowers, wakes the springtime in my heart;
 The white cloths, underneath the awnings' shade
 With strawberries and creme d'Isigny laid,
 The people laughing with a new delight—
 For spring has come to Paris overnight!
 I like to think that even now they smile
 With the delight of springtime, for awhile,
 And that the spring has filled their hearts again
 With respite from the winter and the pain.

Lydia Gibson.

Faculty Meeting

BEYOND the window is a windy hill
 Whose swaying tree-tops never will have done
 Flinging their bright, green beauty to the sun,
 And cool slopes gather what the branches spill;
 And every thought of mine, against my will,
 They lure and lift and toss from earth to sky,
 In battledore and shuttlecock,—and I
 Sit here most solemn and discreetly still.

Around me, talk of classes, grades and books,
 Curricula and all such dusty things,
 From men whose speech has somehow taken wings,
 Who cannot know how curious it looks
 To see some word of theirs caught up and hurled,
 A crazy bauble, high above the world.

David Morton.

A Request

ONE of the most faithful, energetic and intelligent distributors of radical literature in this country, Jothar Nishida, has been arrested in Los Angeles and is in jail on two different indictments. The indictments allege no crime whatever but that of conducting a wonderful "Red International Book-Store" in which he kept for sale the books and pamphlets and magazines that you who are reading this love and believe in.

The people who know how to distribute the truth with energy and discrimination are just as rare as the people who know how to write it. That is why Comrade Nishida is being persecuted. He has not committed any crime. He is held under \$10,000 bail and has no money to pay a lawyer for his defense.

Whether you are a writer, or a publisher, or only a reader of radical and true literature, he has served you. He has risked his liberty to serve you. Send some token of your appreciation to his lawyer, S. G. Pandit, 917 Bankitaly International Building, Los Angeles, California.

M. E.

Mexico Again

THE article by Irwin Granich in the *Liberator* attacking the Mexican Government is full of remarkable inaccuracies. Granich refers to the battle of Celaya as if it were the decisive battle against Huerta. The battle of Celaya occurred nearly a year after Huerta fled to Europe, and the "Huerta general" defeated at Celaya was none other than Francisco Villa. Granich's theories both of the origin of the revolution and the Carranza motive in the "nationalization" program are fantastic. If there ever was a paradise on earth for wealthy landholders it was Mexico in the days of Diaz. Of course, were there no foreign holdings in Mexico the cause of intervention would be, to some extent, removed; but the holdings being there, it is the "nationalization" program itself that is the chief source of the menace. Were Carranza and his wicked generals purely capitalistic, and selfish grafters, the way to avert intervention and to line their own pockets would be clear. They would do exactly as Diaz and the Cientificos did; they would protect the foreign concessionaire and take their share of the swag. It is precisely because the Carranza Government is the *opposite* to the thing painted by Granich that for six years it has been incessantly villified by the Wall Street press and hounded by the Wilson Administration.

Only a sheer recklessness of the truth could permit a writer to name one individual as "the only honest man in Mexican political life," or to refer to Zapata's death as "his treacherous murder by Carranza." Carranza personally had as much to do with the "murder" of Zapata as, say, the Kaiser had to do with the murder of Kermit Roosevelt.

The trouble in Yucatan, I have just been informed by a friend recently from there, was the work of a Colonel who had been left temporarily in command of military forces, and who was bribed by reactionary plotters. Carranza removed the Colonel. The Socialists remain in control of Yucatan.

If Carranza has gone to breaking strikes it is a recent and complete reversal of policy. If Mexican soldiers have been shooting strikers it seems incredible that our interventionists should have overlooked the opportunity; the story would surely have been paraded and re-paraded in our press, with huge exaggerations. Mexican newspapers are free to attack the Government. The Communist party of Mexico is not hunted down as a conspiracy. I notice that the national organ of that party speaks sympathetically of Carranza and his difficulties.

"All is as it was," says Granich. He overlooks many things, among them the fact that slavery and labor for debt have disappeared from Mexico, and that the Mexi-

cans have adopted a constitution that is causing the Dohenys and the Falls to shout "Bolshevism" until they are blue in the face. A complete Social Revolution in Mexico, of course, will be unattainable until American labor is strong enough to prevent American Imperialism from destroying it by force. Meanwhile, I am unable to see how any American radical can lend himself to an attack upon any neighboring government, so long as the latter is threatened with imperialistic aggression by the United States.

JOHN KENNETH TURNER.

HAVE read Turner's letter, and I can only say that he evidently does not read the Mexico City newspapers. A file of *El Herald* or *El Universal* for the past six months or a year would back every statement of fact I have made. Turner forgets that there has been a lot of history made in Mexico since 1912—when he performed the honorable and necessary task of exposing Diaz to the American people.

It is almost impossible to answer Turner, because of his apparent ignorance of all that has happened in Mexico recently. He argues about it dialectically, when it is a question of fact. For instance, he says that the American capitalist press would have made much capital of any big strikes in Mexico, or any anti-labor demonstrations on the part of Carranza. He doesn't know that the Associated Press man in Mexico City is censored—directly and indirectly.

Furthermore, it doesn't matter what the American capitalist press says or does in connection with this matter. I have *seen* these strikes—and I have been in the Mexican labor movement. These things are taking place—and they are easy to verify, if one is really interested. Turner evidently is, and yet he hasn't read these newspapers. It is peculiar; and it makes me a little angry to have him hint that I am a liar, when all that I have said has been on the first pages of the Mexican press for the past year.

On the matter of Yucatan, I can only repeat to Turner—read the Mexican press.

I have talked for days to leaders of the movement there, and recently I received a letter from a high official in the Mexican government who is a Socialist in private life—(like our liberals). This man has been so shocked by the massacres and suppressions in Yucatan that he has asked me to appeal to the liberal and labor press of America to intervene. He wants us to send cables and take other action to influence Carranza. He is afraid to use his name in connection with the letter, which speaks little for freedom of speech in Mexico. If Turner denies all the events in Yucatan—the stealing of the last election by Carranza's bloody soldiers, the killing of a hundred and more Socialists, and the total extinction of the

few liberties the peons under Felipe Carrillo had won from their local bourgeoisie—why, all I can say to Turner is, either he is misinformed, or he is more interested in saving the Mexican government than he is in saving the life and liberties of the Mexican folk.

The Communist Party is not molested in Mexico, and speaks highly of Carranza, Turner says. True; very shamefully true, in my opinion. On this point I want to state the following facts which can be verified. The organ of the "Communist Party"—Gale's Magazine—is printed in the government printing office. Gale himself acknowledged before a group including myself that it is partially subsidized by the Mexican Government. About eight months ago the city of Mexico was convulsed and paralysed by a General Strike; the machine guns were in the streets; Gale's magazine failed to make any mention of this strike whatever. His magazine reports no Mexican labor troubles. I do not think these facts prove that the Carranza government is friendly towards Communism. I think they prove that the so-called "Communist Party" of Mexico is not a communist party, and that is why I do not belong to it.

The real labor movement of Mexico is against Carranza, and against intervention, which is the attitude American labor should assume. Turner says I am giving aid and comfort to the interventionists by my attack on Carranza, but I say Turner is helping directly the bloody and sinister gang under the bourgeois Carranza, who are wrecking the labor movement of Mexico—the one fragile and pitiful good that the Revolution brought the peon. I do not know whether Turner is, or professes to be, a socialist, but my impression is that his information is derived from the Carranza government employee who attends to publicity. IRWIN GRANICH.

Afterthoughts

A UNITED States Navy recruiting sign in Salt Lake City bears the following motto:

"Neither France, China, Germany, Siberia are dry. Enlist and take a drink."

We would suggest for the army:

"In Russia everybody can get a job. Enlist and have a square meal."

AFTER five months of government activity returns to farmers have gone down from three to eight per cent, while prices to consumers have risen steadily. This system of reducing the cost of living is known as the Palmer method.

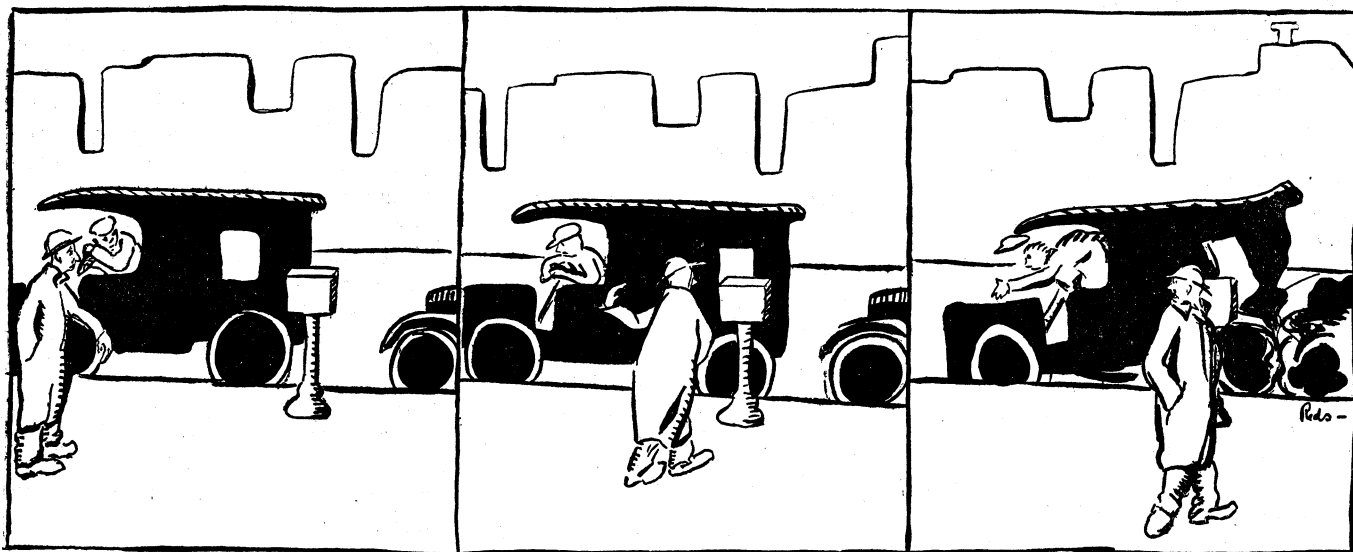
MIDDLEMEN will be seen moving toward the Palmer headquarters in large solid blocks bearing gold and frankincense and myrrh.

OUR prediction that Kolchak would retreat as far as Seattle has been ruined and we are going to give up predicting. The Supreme All-Russian Government can't retreat any more because he is in jail.

YUDENITCH, too, is reported to have been pinched as he was about to leave with the funds. Denikin is said to be safe for democracy on a British ship in the Black Sea. This makes it approximately unanimous.

WILSON out: Clemenceau too; Lloyd George at bat with the prospects none too brilliant.

EARTH control is not doing so well this season.



"Come on back, come on back!"

"Further, further, further!"

"Too far!"

BOOKS

Robert Lansing Explains Bolshevism

By Max Eastman

A BOOK which issued from the press all too quickly, considering its importance, is that of Robert Lansing on Bolshevism. It is, to be sure, a compilation, and Comrade Lansing's personal contributions are neither the most conspicuous nor the most brilliant in style, but he is to be congratulated upon having assembled some of the most able comments on current history that have ever been placed before the American public. We especially recommend the chapters contributed by Nicolai Lenin, who is without doubt the author's most gifted collaborator.

There is unfortunately some doubt as to whether this book has been placed before the American public. It was printed by the Government Printing Office and therefore belongs, I suppose, to the American people, but it came to me in a private envelope under the seal of the State Department at Washington. The full title of the volume is "Memorandum on Certain Aspects of the Bolshevik Movement in Russia," and it was submitted to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs late in October.

Compared to the ludicrous volume produced by the British Government upon the same subject, this book is a masterpiece of temperate scientific inquiry. It is divided into three sections—one of which, unfortunately for the author, has been reduced to mere foolishness by the systematic and tremendous victories of the Red Army. This section was devoted to proving that a general state of "Chaos" and "Incompetence" were ensuring the rapid demise of the Bolshevik regime.

The second section is devoted to proving that the "theoretical dictatorship of the proletariat, *acknowledged to be the rule of a minority*, with a *definite policy of preliminary destruction*, is found in fact to have degenerated into a *close monopoly of power by a very small group*, who use the most *opportunistic* and *tyrannical* methods, including *mass-terror*." Unfortunately for the first of these six statements—namely, that the proletarian dictatorship is "*acknowledged to be the rule of a minority*"—Mr. Lansing let slip into his appendix a verbatim report of some remarks of Lenin, in which, so far from making such an acknowledgment, he demonstrates the contrary beyond a doubt. I quote a few sentences from the "Theses of Comrade Lenin on Bourgeois and Proletarian Democracies."

"That which definitely distinguishes a dictatorship of the proletariat from a dictatorship of other classes, from a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie in all the civilized capitalist countries, is that the dictatorship of the landlords and of the bour-

geoisie was the forcible suppression of the resistance of the *overwhelming majority of the population*, namely, the toilers. On the other hand, the dictatorship of the proletariat is the forcible suppression of the resistance of the exploiters, that is, of an *insignificant minority of the population*—of landlords and capitalists.

"It therefore follows that a dictatorship of the proletariat must necessarily carry with it not only changes in the form and institutions of democracy, speaking in general terms, but specifically such a change as would secure an extension such as has never been seen in the history of the world of the *actual use of democratism* by the toiling classes.

"And in actual fact the form of dictatorship of the proletariat which has already been worked out in practice, that is, the Soviet authority in Russia, the Rate system in Germany, the Shop Stewards' Committees, and other similar Soviet institutions in other countries, all represent and realize for the toiling classes, that is, for the *overwhelming majority of the population*, this actual possibility to use democratic rights and freedom, which possibility never existed, even approximately, in the very best and most democratic bourgeois republics."

We have to thank Secretary Lansing for giving us this most explicit and convincing refutation of the assertion that Bolshevism is anti-democratic.

The second point that he makes in this section is that the Bolsheviks have "*a definite policy of preliminary destruction*." And that point, it must be confessed, he clearly and conclusively proves. We can satisfy ourselves by quoting one sentence to indicate just what that policy of destruction is.

"The present is the period of destruction and crushing of the capitalist system of the whole world."

Monopoly of Power

His third assertion in this section—that the Dictatorship of the Proletarian Majority has "*degenerated into a close monopoly of power by a very small group*"—is not borne out by the quotations Mr. Lansing adduces. He himself acknowledges that "How elections in Soviet Russia actually take place cannot be fully established." So it is not the political system that he would accuse of encouraging this monopoly of power. And strangely enough, it is not the Bolshevik leaders either. Indeed, his one and only proof that such a monopoly of power exists is that the holders of that monopoly are themselves trying to put an end to it!

"The Bolshevik leaders themselves," he says, "realize what has developed in actual practice and try vainly to check the current they started."

It is the first time in history that a gang of people who had established a "close monopoly of power" ever tried to get rid of it.

Here is an example of what Mr. Lansing adduces under the title "Peasant Protests" to show that "The peasants particularly have felt the tyranny of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat." It is a letter to Ivestia from one of the outlying provinces:

"Help! we are perishing! At the time when we are starving, do you know what is going on in the villages? Take, for instance, our village, Olki. Speculation is rife

there, especially with salt, which sells at 40 rubles a pound. What does the militia do? What do the Soviets do? When it is reported to them, they wave their hands and say, "This is a normal phenomenon." Not only this, but the militiamen, beginning with the chief and including some communists, are all engaged in brewing their own alcohol, which sells for 70 rubles a bottle. Nobody who is in close touch with the militia is afraid to engage in this work. Hunger is ahead of us, but neither the citizens nor the 'authorities' recognize it. The people's judge also drinks, and if one wishes to win a case one only needs to treat him to a drink. We live in a terrible filth. There is no soap. People and horses all suffer from skin diseases. Epidemics are inevitable in the summer. If Moscow will pay no attention to us, then we shall perish. We had elections for the village and county Soviets, but the voting occurred in violation of the constitution of the Soviet Government."

I have tried to read this document respectfully, because it is really composed with a kind of provincial honesty, but at this point I could not help laughing at the originality of Mr. Lansing's argument. A peasant protest against the tyranny of "a very small group" takes the form of a cry to that group for help! The provinces show their opposition to Bolshevism by appealing for the enforcement of the Bolshevik constitution! Every one of Mr. Lansing's quotations under this caption "Peasant Protests" takes the same form. "If Moscow will not help us, we will die—of tyranny!"

It is sad indeed that these local disorders have to occur, but of course they are inevitable. Of course it is "a normal phenomenon." In the old days, when he didn't know what socialism is, Mr. Lansing and his kind used to tell us, "You can't change human nature." I don't see how he can blame us now if we are compelled to establish socialism without changing it.

Mr. Lansing fails laughably to prove that there is a "close monopoly of power in the hands of a few" in Russia. And yet it is the easiest thing in the world to prove. It is entirely true. And it is not only true of Russia, but it is and has been true of every other country that was ever surrounded by enemies and waging active war. As Trotsky says in one of these documents:

"Let no one dare to forget that all Russia is an armed camp!"

For people who know anything about human nature and history, the fact that there is such a close monopoly of power in Russia under such circumstances is not even interesting. What is interesting, is the question whether it is the will of the leaders to perpetuate that monopoly, and whether the institutions they have established are such as to perpetuate it. Mr. Lansing's testimony that *even in the midst of the war* the Bolshevik leaders are striving to dissipate that monopoly of power, and that they have established a constitution which opposes it, is the highest and most significant tribute that any writer has yet paid to those leaders. Our war is long past and the victory won, but we do not observe any similar haste to get rid of their extraordinary powers on the part of our leaders.

The fourth charge that Mr. Lansing makes against the Bolsheviks is that they are "opportunistic." He indicts them for their principles first, and then he further indicts them for "abandonment of principles."

This is amusing in its superficial aspect, but it is based upon a profoundly prudent instinct. Mr. Lansing knows enough about "opportunism" to know that when it is employed with absolute candor and clarity of mind, and with no ulterior personal motive whatever, it is the very thing that makes "principles" dangerous.

Here is an example of Lenin's "opportunism," which might be of value to some of the pure and perfect communists in this country who do not yet know the difference between being practical and being dishonest:

"We have never been utopists and have never imagined that we could build up the communistic society with the pure hands of pure communists who would be born and educated in a pure communistic society. Such would be children's fables. We must build communism on the ruins of capitalism, and only that class which has been tempered in the struggle against capitalism can do this. You know very well that the proletariat is not without the faults and weaknesses of the capitalistic society. It struggles for socialism, and at the same time against its own defects. . . ."

Tyrannical Methods?

The fifth charge that Mr. Lansing brings against the Bolsheviks in this section is that they are "tyrannical" in their *methods*. I have already acknowledged that there is a close monopoly of power in Russia, as there is, has been, and always will be, in nations at war. The charge that the "methods" of those in power are tyrannical is, however, a somewhat different one. It is one which Mr. Lansing's own quotations happen to refute beyond the shadow of a doubt. He has made no concealment of the fact that Lenin is at the head of this party—oligarchy—conspiracy—whatever he wishes to call it. So far as it is represented in a person, it is represented in Lenin. And here is an example of the "tyrannical methods" which Lenin inculcates, quoted in Appendix III:

"All conscious workmen, of Petrograd, Ivanova-Voznesensk and Moscow, who have been in the villages, tell us of instances of many misunderstandings, of misunderstandings that could not be solved, it seemed, and of conflicts of the most serious nature, all of which were, however, solved by sensible workmen who did not speak according to the book, but in language which the people could understand, and *not like an officer allowing himself to issue orders though unacquainted with village life, but like a comrade explaining the situation and appealing to their feelings as toilers*. And by such explanation one attained what could not be attained by thousands who conducted themselves like commanders or superiors. . . ."

"The resolution which we now present for your attention is drawn up in this spirit. I have tried in this report to emphasize the main principles behind this resolution, and its general political significance. I have tried to show, and I trust I have succeeded, that from the point of view of the interests of the revolution as a whole, we have not made any changes. We have not altered our lines of action. The White-Guardists and their assistants shout and will continue to shout that we have changed. Let them shout. That does not disturb us.

We are devoting our attention to the task of building up the life of the middle peasantry. We must live with the middle peasantry in peace. The middle peasantry in a communistic society will be on our side only if we lighten and improve its economic conditions. If we to-morrow could furnish a hundred thousand first-class tractors supplied with gasoline and machinists (you know of course that for the moment this is dreaming) then the middle peasant would say: 'I am for the Commune.' But in order to do this we must first defeat the international bourgeoisie, we must force them to give us these tractors, or we must increase our own production so that we can ourselves produce them. Only thus is the question stated correctly.

"The peasant needs the industries of the cities and cannot live without them, and the industries are in our hands. If we approach the situation correctly then the peasant will thank us because we will bring him the products from the cities, implements and culture. It will not be exploiters who will bring him these things, not landlords, but his own comrades, workers whom he values very deeply. The middle peasant is very practical and values only actual assistance, quite carelessly thrusting aside all commands and instructions from above.

"First help him, and then you will secure his confidence. If this matter is handled correctly, if each step taken by our group in the village, in the canton, in the food supply detachment, or in any organization, is carefully made, is carefully verified from this point of view, then we shall win the confidence of the peasant, and only then shall we be able to move forward. Now we must give assistance. We must give him advice, and this must not be the order of a commanding officer, but the advice of a comrade."

If these be "tyrannical methods," let us have tyranny in the United States! In particular let's have a tyrant in the place of A. Mitchell Palmer.

The Terror

Speaking of Palmer brings us to the sixth point in Lansing's indictment of the Bolsheviks, their employment of "mass terror." Since we now have the official report of the Bullitt Commission, supported by other important authorities, that the number of people put to death for plotting against the Soviet Government is, at a large estimate, five thousand, we do not need Lansing's very convincing proofs that there was a terror. There certainly was; and there certainly always will be, whenever a class government, whether bourgeois or proletarian, finds itself threatened with plots and uprisings, and yet is not actually overthrown. The red terror is but a revolutionary name for martial law. And "mass terror," although it is chosen by Secretary Lansing for its more terrible sound in the ears of his class, is a name which really indicates the moral superiority of this form of institutional self-defence to that "martial law" which we derive from the Roman Empire. It depicts the masses of the people defending their government by capital punishment from the treasonable attempts of a small minority. Whereas martial law, in its original and in its most common application today—as in Gary, in Ireland, in India, in Berlin—is a defense of those institutions which belong to a few against a possible uprising of the masses.

Class governments will always defend themselves against acts of treason, and in time of crisis they will

defend themselves with the death-penalty. This is an obvious truth. And it little behoves the United States Government, which in the absence of the least trace of any act of treason, or any plot or uprising whatever, is filling its jails with honest and upright citizens condemned to die there for their abstract opinions—it little behoves this government to complain of another government, which, facing a combination of universal insurrection, assassination, sabotage and civil war, with a starvation blockade and a war of defense on five fronts against all the great powers of the world, only put five thousand traitors to death over a period of two years. Anyone who uses his reason soberly about such things must inevitably infer from the conduct of our government in these present times of peace and orderly economic agitation, that in such times as Russia has passed through, the toll of American rebels murdered by this government would reach the hundreds of thousands.

There is something not only offensive to sober reason in all this righteous outcry against the Red Terror, but there is something offensive to one's sense of honor and courage, and what it means to be a "good sport." The American Government, with Robert Lansing in the very center of the connivance, undertook to overthrow Lenin's government. They failed to do it. They "got it in the neck," to put it plainly. And now they come back here snivelling and dripping at the eyes, because, thanks to their nefarious and criminal interference, their aiding and abetting of traitors to Lenin's government, those traitors got shot. The real counter-revolutionist—the type that wears so noble a glamour in the stories of the French revolution—knows that he will die if he fails, and he is ready. He has a sporting sense of the terms of conflict. But these American Bourgeois business politicians think that they have not only a right to remain thousands of miles away and encourage other people to do treason in behalf of their exports and imports, but also a right to wail and cry out to God when these other people meet the doom that every historian and every brave man knows was inevitable for them if they failed.

Mr. Lansing's documents, as proofs that the Soviet government did what every serious government would do in the like circumstances, are no longer valuable, for the fact has been established. But they are valuable as evidence of the spirit in which it was done.

I quote one or two of these documents, merely for the purpose of proving to any whose hearts are still doubtful, that it was not a cruel madness but a practical and fundamentally humane wisdom which dictated them:

"The All-Russian Extraordinary Commission, established by the will of the Soviet authority to protect the revolution, warns all enemies of the workman class that in order to save hundreds and thousands of innocent victims from the explosions and excesses, in order to save the conquests of the October revolutions, it will suppress with a pitiless hand all

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“In order to perform our international duty,” says Trotsky in one of his quotations, “we have to overthrow the forces of Kolchak. . . .”

But here my blood freezes in my veins with the thought that if I quote any more of these documents I may have to spend twenty years in a dungeon cell. How do I know that Palmer did not get Lansing to send me this handsome book with the government sealing-wax just in order to trap me into quoting these exciting pages? We live in mediaeval times.

Besides the Russian ambassador has just informed the United States Senate what are the present policies of the Soviet Government in the matter of world revolution. It is not my business to comment upon that testimony.

Attention of Sir Oliver Lodge

DEAR ROBERT MINOR: I read your “I Got Arrested a Little.” Now I've read about Bill Sanger. I don't know him, but I like you and the way you write. You sound as if you wouldn't mind talking to a fellow, and I want to know something: Why do you want to be extinct when you die? Don't you really like life? Do you gain no hints from the present trend of experimental surgery and animal chemistry?

Personally I think it's about an even bet that we may go on living if we use our brains straight. I've sought every physical and material argument I could to satisfy myself that I need not die unless I choose, and I guess I'm about the only man on earth who accepts the immortality of the individual as a *fact*—to be proved.

Yours,

BATTELL LOOMIS.

Dear Loomis: If I want to be extinct when I die, maybe it is because such extinction seems to me natural, and I love Nature. It seems fine, after being a mobile bit of animal life a while, to become a lot of chemicals en-

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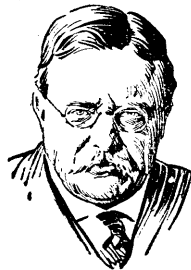
"I see a man—a dark man. He is talking earnestly to a young girl. She is trying to avoid him. He seizes her by both arms. They struggle. He has his hand at her throat. She falls. He strikes her. He goes—I cannot see where he goes. It is dark—dark."

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gaged in feeding grass roots. The nearest I can come to conceiving myself in action after being shot or hanged or "measled" out of human life is that I lie, a great, lazy, relaxing, decomposing, undelineated gas-and-chemical giant—lying, I say, under earth and amusingly sticking my great green fingers up through the soil as tender blades of grass for cows to bite. Now, wouldn't that be fun?

It seems to me the most beautiful thing to do that I know of. Of course I don't want to get at it too soon, because it's a thing one can do at any time, and there is a very interesting show going on that I like to see with my man eyes before I change them into grass juice.

But when I do go I want to go lie down happily underground where my wife can't get me, and stick my grass-fingers up through the soft, sweet-smelling earth, and with gas-eyes to see funny worms wiggling around in me which won't hurt at all.

Don't you see, that is so sweet and restful? As long as I can be thus spiritual, why be interested in the hasheesh dreams of metaphysics? And as for experimental surgery and chemistry, the former teaches me that a bullet through a torso causes a body to quit functioning; and chemistry says that a fellow, or a log of wood, or a dead rabbit or a chicken, left lying on or in the ground, just rots and rots and rots—so interestingly. Haven't you ever gone out into the woods and seen a big log lying in cool shadow, and touched its crumbling sides, watching the white bugs scamper? Or haven't you ever found the torn little body of a killed rabbit lying under a bush near the river, its hide and meat rotting into soil, comfortably, not having to run from dogs any more, and if smelling bad, then smelling interestingly—and the grass growing greener there? Didn't you ever want to do like the dead log or the dead rabbit when you're tired?

I'm not restraining human emotions here in the world of men and so I have no denied human emotions crushed into a prison of body, aching—when once the walls of a body-prison be knocked in—to soar out in spookey form to do the human things that one dared not do in mortal shape. I dare do those things now—to respond to the urges in me, to satiate my wills—and so I have no residue of denied emotions, to hope for "another chance" to express. I have no wish by which to father the thought of immortality.

I want but to grow into grass in the woods, and if, while grass-growing, one has no mind with which to know it, I do not think that matters much, for from what I've seen of human minds, I think they are rather foolish, superstitious and toy-playing things, after all. Yours truly,

ROBERT MINOR.

A new weekly

The Freeman

Mr. B. W. Huebsch will publish early in March the first number of a new weekly to be edited by Mr. Francis Neilson and Mr. Albert Jay Nock.

THE FREEMAN is planned to meet the new sense of responsibility and the new spirit of inquiry which recent events have liberated, especially in economics and politics. It will follow developments in international life, and its point of view, in the discussion of industry and commerce, will be that of fundamental economics. It will concern itself more with the principles of politics than with political events, personalities or superficial issues. THE FREEMAN will not compete with the newspaper or with any resume of news. Nor will it pretend to compete with such organs of special opinion as are now serving a large public and serving it exceedingly well.

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Fiume and the Red Flag

THE workers of Jugo-Slavia have not shared their government's indignation at the rape of Fiume. There is something more important to be done than to save a port for the trading class of their land. The workers are busy building a revolutionary movement to match the glorious one in Italy, to be ready to join the Italian comrades when the hour has struck for the "final conflict."

"When the Red Flag waves over Fiume," they say, "the workers of Italy and Jugo-Slavia will not quarrel as to who shall have the use of this entry to the sea. We will try something the capitalists have never thought of doing with the things of this world; we will share Fiume as comrades should."

The workers of Jugo-Slavia are convinced that Italy and their own land will rise in common. D'Annunzio they regard, therefore, as the mere representative of expiring Italian imperialism, and his feverish activities seem to them the effort of the reaction to save itself by a last great romantic lie, that must inevitably expose itself for what it is.

Labor is not perturbed nor even interested in this and the myriad other imperialist squabbles that trouble the slumbers of the Balkan diplomats. It is building, building on; and a magnificent structure has already risen out of the misery and ashes of the war.

The Communist Party of Jugo-Slavia, with its 120,000 members and its unchallenged control over the trades-unions, is the most formidable factor in the nation's political life. It is allied in fact, and in revolutionary ardor with the Third International. Its strength must not be gauged by the party membership, though in tiny Belgrad it is stronger numerically than the French Socialist party is in all Paris.

For the trades-unions have affiliated closely and wholeheartedly with it; and on November 16 last, the organization of soldier-invalids, numbering 270,000 members, joined in congress with the Communist Party to demand that provision be made for these victims of the war, and that peace with Russia be consummated immediately.

All conditions make for inevitable social war in Jugo-Slavia. In Belgrad, for instance, the workers' pay has increased four times over the pre-war scale, while the cost of living has gone up ten times. Women factory workers receive 3 to 8 dinars a day (about 15 to 40 cents), while the most highly skilled worker, such as the printer, is paid no more than 30 dinars (\$1.50) a day. Contrast with this the fact that a loaf of bread costs 2 dinars; a pound of sugar, 13 dinars; a pair of shoes, 250-280 dinars; a suit of clothing 600-800 dinars, and one sees that something must crack soon.

The army is mutinous and the despair of the government. In preparation for the inevitable, the Belgrad ministry is retaining about 100,000 troops under arms and has organized a gendarmerie of 25,000 during the past four months as an additional means of intimidating the workers. But all has not gone well with these best-laid plans, for many of the gendarmes have openly affiliated with the Communist Party. Recently, too, the military leaders refused to send their troops to fight Soviet Russia, on the grounds that such a move would be equivalent to sending reinforcements to the Red Army. There is but one regiment that can be counted on by the government to smash strikes and guard ministry meetings, and it is made up mainly of Albanians and Montenegrians.

Of the 31 members of the Communist Party's Central Executive committee, eight are professors of sciences in State colleges. I was one of their group at the Narodni Dom one morning when Philip Philipovitch, one of their most important leaders, entered the hall. There were little knots of laborers about, and they interrupted their conversation to greet him with cries of "Good morning, Comrade!" It was a cordial welcome, but commonplace enough when I discovered that this was the return of Philipovitch from four months spent in prison. "What do such episodes amount to, in the heat of the revolutionary conflict?" Philipovitch smiled when I commented on his arrest and return. The Jugo-Slav workers know that there will be greater sacrifices demanded

of more than a few months in jail. They are ready to make these sacrifices.

Radnitchke Novine, the communist organ in Belgrad, has the second largest circulation of all the Jugo-Slavian dailies. The communist press, with influential publications in Agram, Sarajevo, Split and Osiek, has everywhere doubled its circulation since the war. The reactionary journals out-number the Bolshevik, but have not a shred of real influence. For instance, after an ardent campaign conducted in the conservative press in October, calling the people out to demonstrate against Italy, only a scant thousand responded in Belgrad. On the other hand, a short notice in Radnitchke Novine can always bring at least 15,000 workers into the streets in solidarity with an imprisoned comrade, or to cheer the Soviet Republic, or to rejoice in the victories of the Socialists of Italy.

The unions enter unanimously into every movement initiated by the Communists; there is wonderful class-conscious solidarity, united and intelligent. If the Communist party errs, it is in underestimating its own power; as when in the July 21 strike for Soviet Russia, it sent its order for a general walkout only to the large industrial centres. The toilers in the small villages and towns received no such instructions, and yet thousands of them joined in the strike spontaneously.

The peasants of Jugo-Slavia, comprising 85% of the population of 14,000,000, are permeated with the revolutionary ideas. With the exception of small blocks of small landowners in Servia, the agrarian toilers of Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Macedonia and Banat, most of them still oppressed by the weight of Turkish feudalism, are looking to communism for relief. Even the small proprietors of Servia, hitherto aloof, claimed representation at the revolutionary Congress in August, when the following program was adopted by the peasants:

- 1—Expropriation of landowners, and redistribution of the land among the peasants;
- 2—Complete emancipation of the industrial and agricultural proletariat;
- 3—Establishment of schools throughout the nation;
- 4—Decrease in the cost of living by socialization of all land and capital.

More than 82% of all the peasants own less than 10 hectares, or 25 acres, each. This explains their discontent and readiness to support a communist revolution. About 55% of them own under 12 acres each, and this coupled with the terrifically high cost of everything bought from the cities, has reduced the peasant to almost penury.

The educational demands of both the land and industrial proletariat finds an explanation in the fact that 75% of the population of Jugo-Slavia is illiterate, and that the schools of the nation have been closed for the past five years. The workers realize that if the next generation is to be saved from total illiteracy it will only be through proletarian initiative.

Despite pressure from the entente and their own desire to strangle the Russian revolution, the rulers of Jugo-Slavia have not dared to support the White reactionaries in their military designs. In the camps of Valievo and Cmedrevo, Russian prisoners from Austria are flooded with propaganda

of the reaction. The government still sagely keeps from sending reinforcements to the junctured judenitch-Denikins front, however. It knows that the workers of Jugo-Slavia will tolerate no counter-revolutionary steps, and that the army is more likely to capture Belgrad for the revolution than Petrograd for the capitalists.

That recruiting for the White military forces has been attempted in Serbia is true, but communist agitation has made the effort a vain one. In America thousands of Jugo-Slavs have been lured into joining the White army, however, and on November 25 the Communist party of Jugo-Slavia issued an appeal to their American comrades, warning them against the counter-revolutionaries in their midst, and calling on them to stand by Soviet Russia. One-half of the Slavic-American legions recruited in the United States, when transferred to the Russian front, have deserted to the Soviet forces, it is known here.

The Jugo-Slav government at the present time is but the tool of French bankers, who now own the most productive lead, copper, gold, graphite and aluminum mines in Jugo-Slavia. The currency of the Royal Serbian treasury is guaranteed by this French financial group, and 30,000 French troops have been concentrated in this country to guard the sacred interests of the Parisian capitalists.

The French troops have proved almost as unsatisfactory as the native forces, however. In November, for instance, the French owners of a copper mine at Bor discharged a union man who was making Bolshevik speeches among the workers there. A few minutes after his dismissal every miner had thrown down his tools, and a strike was called. The French summoned their troops, but these proved quite apathetic, and the strike was won. In the general strike of July 21st, when all Jugo-Slavia was boiling with revolt, the French troops stationed in Agram refused to move against the workers, and instead sent a message of solidarity to the Communist party.

The revolutionary tide in Jugo-Slavia is rushing headlong to its fulfillment, and neither French capitalism, Belgrad suppression, nor D'Annunzio medievalism can swerve the mighty river from its historic course. When Italy rises, Jugo-Slavia will be ready to join her, and as comrades, the two nations will ignore such tiny problems as Fiume in solving the greater problems of poverty, illiteracy, competition and war.

FREDERICK KUH.

Requiem

AND if in my last anguish I beseech
An alien god for rest, be not estranged,
Beloved, at this unmeaning way of speech
Out of a mind deranged.

I shall need solace then, and years have
taught
The mouth such phrases for a time of need;
Press thou my hand, and to a mind dis-
traught
There shall come rest indeed.

Leonard Lanson Cline.

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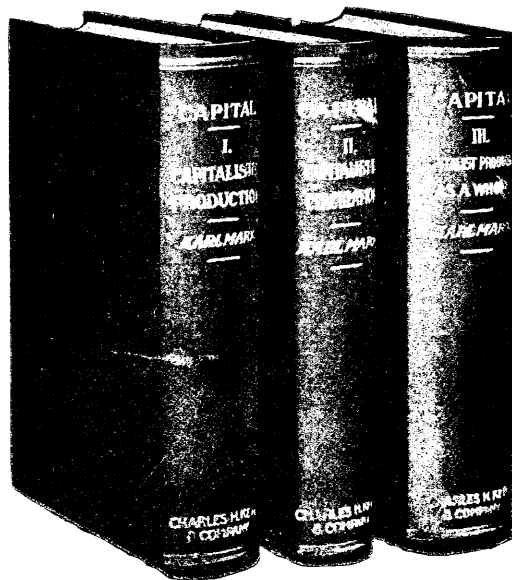
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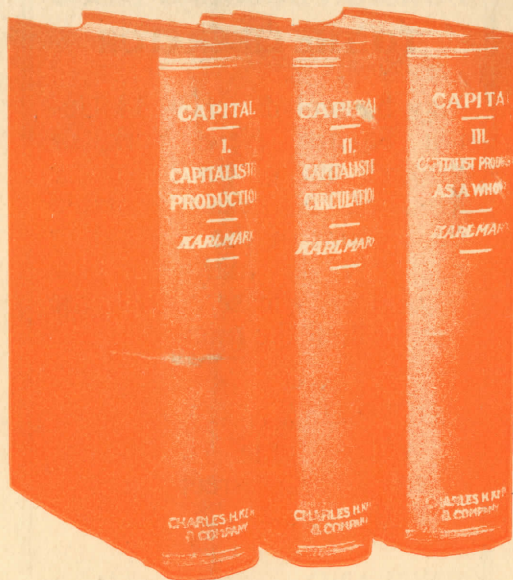
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