

LIBERATOR

April 1923

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Frank
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It is written from the inside, by a man who is absolutely fearless, who has nothing to gain, but who wants America to be in fact what she is in name and tradition, a real democracy.—Duluth Herald.

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ARE YOU A WORKER? THEN LET THE WORKERS' BANKS WORK FOR YOU



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The Sidney Webbs



Ramsay MacDonald



Boardman



Arthur Henderson

London Sketches

By
Boardman Robinson

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 6, No. 4 [Serial No. 60]

April, 1923

EDITORIALS

Labor Party Referendum

ONE of the most important moves ever attempted in the American trade union movement is the nation-wide referendum which has just been launched by the Trade Union Educational League to get every local trade union in the United States to say whether or not it wants a Labor Party to be founded. This is a daring and brilliant stroke. It is clear that William Z. Foster and his associates do not consider the term "Organized Labor" to be a synonym for "Samuel Gompers" or even for "William H. Johnston."

By this referendum the militants slip over the heads of the bureaucrats who decided at the Cleveland Conference that the labor movement is not ready for independent political action. It is now up to the locals of the American Federation of Labor to decide for themselves whether their political power shall continue to be sold out to the Democratic and Republican tools of Capital, or whether they shall crystalize their own political life. It is practically a question of whether the working class shall be enfranchised.

The question of a Labor Party, under the present circumstances, is not a mere matter of tactics; it reaches to the most fundamental problem of the labor movement. If the workers form a labor party, no matter how timid its first utterances may be, the first recognition of the class-struggle will have occurred in this country. The existence of classes has been strenuously denied by the Gompers machine, even while cynically admitted by the capitalists amongst themselves. The traditional Gompers policy of "reward your friends (in your boss' political party) and punish your enemies" is false and treacherous precisely because it ignores the difference of class interest and denies the class struggle. The referendum is thus a test as to how much the workers have learned from the Government's support of the open shop drive, from the Daugherty injunction and from a thousand other manifestations of the war between capital and labor; it will be a test as to how conscious the workers have become of their position as an exploited class in bourgeois society. And if, as the Trade Union Educational League expects, the workers will decide to enter the political battle-field as a class through the medium of a labor party, we shall see the beginnings of one of the most important stages in revolutionary progress.

Harry Daugherty says the "red menace" will be the big issue of the 1924 election. From his railroad injunction we know what the "red menace" means to Daugherty—the entire existence of the labor movement. Will labor fight or lie down?

Whoop for Hooper!

THE leaders of Organized Capital are much alarmed by the rumors of independent political action on the part of the workers. On this head there exists any amount of testimony, but just now we shall confine ourselves to the confessions of Mr. Ben. W. Hooper, chairman of the Railroad Labor Board, which crippled the strike of railroad workers last fall, tried to bludgeon the strikers into accepting twenty-three cents an hour, and which had the frankness to declare that a living wage is impossible; that it "would lead to communistic ruin." In the March issue of the *North American Review* Hooper writes with great alarm:

"Until recently organized labor has largely confined its operations to conducting along economic lines the struggle with capital for a larger share in the product of its hands and for improved working conditions. Only occasionally and locally has labor attempted to make itself felt in politics in an organized way, and then, as a rule, without any definite distinctive policy."

But now, Mr. Hooper laments, "there is genuine cause for uneasiness in the fact that a large and influential element of people in this country are headed toward socialistic Radicalism without being aware of it. A *very positive movement is on foot to throw the forces of organized labor into politics as allies of socialism.*"

This, according to the official valet of the railway barons, is "ample cause for serious thought and prompt action." However the plutocracy may construe his warning, the only deduction which workers can logically draw from it, is to devote all their serious thought and prompt action to the formation of an independent political labor party.

"News of Tomorrow"

AMONG other things which alarm the chairman of the Railroad Labor Board is the radical press of America. He sees great danger to "our institutions" in those newspapers and magazines which preach "class hatred." Let us hope Mr. Hooper is kept sore. Any radical publication worth the paper it is printed on discusses the class war as its major theme. For the benefit of Mr. Hooper and others it must be said that the class war is not a mere doctrine; it is a fact, an essential, inevitable fact in all the civilizations which have existed hitherto; and this class war has developed to such a high pitch in capitalist civilization that it necessitates highly specialized mercenaries like Ben Hooper

to carry on the struggle of the capitalists under the cloak of governmental "impartiality." Revolutionary periodicals point this fact out to the workers and urge them to their full duty on their own side of the struggle.

"It would be well," Mr. Hooper writes, "for the business and professional man and the steady, conservative working man occasionally to take home with him a copy of one of these radical periodicals. They will find its contents of more startling significance than the news of the day, for it is not simply the news of today, *it may be the news of tomorrow.*"

Quite right, Mr. Hooper. "Steady, conservative working-man," begin with the April number of THE LIBERATOR.

Standard Oil Government

SENATOR LaFollette has discovered that the earth is round, that two and two make four and that the Standard Oil Company dominates a large part of American industrial life. This last is the most wonderful discovery of all. Senator LaFollette should now become a "trust-busting" candidate for President, supported by the liberal middle-class magazines. The Senator has requested the Government to make Standard Oil be good. (But Senator! the tail cannot make the dog wag.)

Mr. LaFollette tells how this Government, in violation of its own ruling, allowed the Sinclair Oil Company, acting as a Rockefeller ally, to steal a rich area in Wyoming known as the Teapot Dome; but nowhere in his revelations does he say that Standard Oil not only dominates the oil industry but is the Harding administration itself. In fact the Capitol has become as much a substation for 26 Broadway as though it had a "SOCONY" gasolene pump in front of it. One need only remember the strenuous notes of Secretary Hughes (formerly of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundation) to Downing Street demanding that American companies be given a share of the oil-swig in the Near East, and Ambassador Child's demands at Lausanne to the same effect.

Senator LaFollette represents the "class without a destiny"—the small business class which can keep its peace of mind only by imagining the trusts as evil monsters on a rampage for the day but finally to be laid low by a triumph of righteous government.

The days of petty competition in gasolene peddling are over. What does LaFollette want, with enough certainty to ask it? All basic resources are being handled by larger and larger combines; and no trust has ever been dissolved, as Mr. LaFollette illustrated in showing that the Oil Trust is more real and potent now than it was before being "dissolved". The chief function of government is more and more clearly that of a clerical staff for handling political and military business for oil companies. Albert B. Fall, who by resigning from the Secretaryship of the Interior in the Harding cabinet has just quit the political department of the oil business to go into the private phase of the oil business, has put it well. He says:

"It has been—this oil question, which I hold to be the most important in the world—my chief concern while in public office."

Howat and Hope

ALEXANDER Howat, the clear-headed and courageous leader of the Kansas miners, is now carrying the war for honest unionism into the coal fields of Pennsylvania. He is telling the miners there many things which they have been waiting to hear and by which they will undoubtedly profit.

For one thing he is telling them about the Industrial Court law of Kansas; for another, about the amazing corruption and treachery of John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, and of the machine which supports Lewis.

It will be remembered that Howat called a strike of his district against the Industrial Court law of Kansas. The strike was called to fight out more than a mere legal technicality. What was really at stake was the fundamental right of labor unions to strike. It was a crucial and heroic struggle for the most important power which workers have. Instead of throwing all the forces of the United Mine Workers behind the Kansas miners in their struggle, Lewis treacherously declared the strike illegal, and ordered Howat, as district president, to call it off. Howat realized that to abandon the strike would have meant to submit to the brutal assault which Henry J. Allen, then governor of Kansas, had launched on organized labor; it would have meant a betrayal of the striking miners; it would have vindicated the Industrial Court law; it would have helped to pave the way for the outlawing of the entire American labor movement. Howat refused to abandon the strike. For this defiance to Governor Allen and the Lewis machine he was thrown into jail. The Governor declared that Howat would remain in jail until he recanted his opposition to the Industrial Court Law; and since everybody knew that Howat would never recant, John L. Lewis considered his opponent safely stowed away indefinitely in a Kansas dungeon.

The recent political changes in Kansas have resulted in the ousting of Governor Allen, and the new administration has released Howat. He is now using his freedom to tell the miners of Pennsylvania of the crimes which the Lewis machine committed not only against him and against the miners of Kansas, but in effect, against the whole labor movement of this country.

While he is telling them about the corruption of the old leadership, he is also telling them something just as important. Alec Howat is one of the leaders of the new tendency in the American labor movement. Like William Z. Foster, who is now being tried in Michigan for telling the workers how best to better the world they live in, Howat is against dual unionism, against the habit of monastic retreat into simon-pure, selfrighteous, ineffective groups, away from the main body of organized labor. He is in favor of staying with the great masses who are organized in the United Mine Workers. Such turmoil as we see now in the Pennsylvania coal fields in rebellion against machine corruption, would have resulted a few months ago in a disastrous split—a wholesale desertion of the union through disgust at the Lewis betrayal. *But not so now.* Men like Howat and Foster have carried the day among the militant unionists: the program now is to stay in and drive the betrayers out.

Revolutionary Socialism

LET'S not be too much disgusted with the "resolution for the establishment of Socialism in England," introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Philip Snowden for the Labor Party. On the whole, things would be much better if we had a Labor Party to introduce such banal propositions in the American House and Senate. Banal, cowardly, obsequiously dishonest the remarks of Snowden must have been, as indicated in press reports. Judging from these dispatches, he disavowed revolution, repudiated the idea of the state confiscating industrial capital and went through the usual ritual of yellow piety in denouncing Bolshevism. But what of it? The time will come to make good on this Pickwickian Socialism and then the pitiable Snowden and MacDonald will have burnt out their fuses as lights of the Labor Party.

These first few timid words had to be spoken, and the counterfeit quality of them will soon enough be exposed by time and concrete situations. The pressure of history will drive the Labor Party on to where the Snowdens and MacDonalds will be fugitives from its wrath. In speaking now of Socialism without revolution, Snowden's party is like a man who jumps off a forty-story building with an engagement to stop at the thirty-third floor.

The Quitting is Good

THE "Socialist-Revolutionary" party of Russia has at last performed a truly great act. It has disbanded itself—both its legal and its illegal organizations—at a last party convention in Moscow. The semi-final act of the "S-R" party was its announcement that its members will submit to the Communist rule of Russia and will help in the reconstruction of the country.

The editor of a J. P. Morgan newspaper in New York was so distressed by this event that he "inspired" a statement to the entire press to the effect that the "S-R" emigrés would continue their organization outside of Russia.

Those who know the flavor of European politics will recognize this incident as a landmark, of a small kind. It is good. Let them have peace if they want it. If the "S-Rs" carry out their last resolve, the Soviet Government will doubtless be glad to release the members of that organization who are now in prison for their attempts to overthrow the revolutionary government and to assassinate its leaders. But where would the Revolution be now if the Bolsheviks had not made it fool-proof against those who for five and a half years plotted with foreign armies and waged a terroristic war of Paris-made bombs against it?

Capitalist Pinochle

HUGO STINNES has taken the "socialist-capitalist" government of Ebert and Cuno by the neck to make it act more exclusively in the interests of the German coal trust of which he is the boss. The official version is that the German government is preparing a note to France protesting against the occupation of the Ruhr. What is actually happening is that Stinnes once more makes a bid to the French industrial king Loucheur. There will be another attempt to concoct a scheme whereby the two giant trusts of iron and coal in their respective countries can with mutual advantage exploit the French and German mine and metal workers.

Stinnes' chief organ, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says: "Doubtless it is true that one day the Franco-German conflict must end by negotiations leading to a general political understanding, and furthermore to closer relations of the German and French economic systems."

Cuno and Ebert—each has his function in this. Cuno's job as premier is to sign the German government's name to Stinnes' proposals, threats or agreements. Ebert's job as "socialist" president is to have German workers' organizations in the Ruhr mines accompany Stinnes' offer with their offer to guarantee coal deliveries to France on condition that the French army be withdrawn. A press dispatch says that this offer has been made by "workers" councils.

Rubber Backbones

LOUCHEUR wants the Ruhr situation turned over to the League of Nations, a political puppet of Allied capital. And right away Ramsay Macdonald, Jean Longuet, M. Vandervelde & Co. meet in Poincaré's Chamber of Deputies to "deplore" the state of the world by resolution, and—to ask that the Ruhr situation be turned over to the League of Nations! Thus a joint conference of the British, French, Belgian, and Italian "socialist" parties has no solution for the imperialist crime except to leave the matter in the hands of the imperialists. From the same Chamber of Deputies in which the conference of "socialists" met, Loucheur's government dragged the French communist Marcel Cachin to jail for urging joint revolutionary action by the workers of France and Germany. In the House of Commons the British communist Newbold also urged the workers of France and Germany to solve the Ruhr situation by revolutionary action. Ebert obeys Stinnes; MacDonal, Longuet, and Vandervelde support Loucheur; only the Third International has had the sanity and the courage to appeal to the workers to take their destiny into their own hands.

Outlaws

By Witter Bynner

THE young, the new, rebelled. A torch of earth
Shook at the stars and caught their potency.
Washington's ragged outlaws held their own
Against a world, till half of it was free.

Now Lenin's outlaws toward the stars uplift
The kindling torch of earth. It flames again.
For so the new grows old and the old grows new
And men must always free themselves from men.

The Trial of William Z. Foster

By Robert Minor

“DO you realize,” asks the County Prosecutor, “that the Declaration of Independence is not a part of the law of this land?”

“Why, er—yes, sir,” replied the prospective juror.

“And,” continued Mr. Prosecutor, “you realize further, do you not, that the fundamental right of the American people to revolution, referred to by Mr. Walsh, which is expressed in the Declaration of Independence, is not a part of the law?”

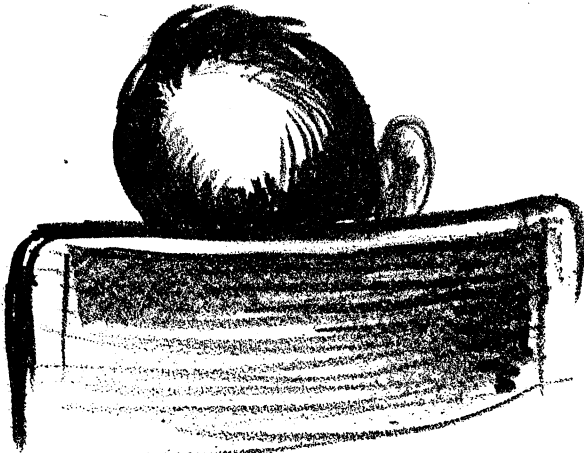
“Yes, sir.”

“Do you believe that the criminal syndicalist law is a good law and should be enforced?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the man in the jury box; and he was thereupon passed as a fair and impartial juror to try William Z. Foster on the charge of “unlawful assemblage” under the criminal syndicalist law which carries a maximum penalty of ten years of penal servitude.



The Judge, Charles G. White



William Z. Foster

Nine farmers, one railroad flagman who has failed to join the union, one grocery-store clerk and the wife of a factory superintendent have answered these questions in this way, and these constitute the jury.

“Do you believe that the Government should protect accumulated surpluses of private property?” asks Mr. Gore of the grocer’s clerk in a tone of voice that conjures up visions of hordes of bolsheviks busting in windows and running off with hams and pianos.

“Do you believe,” asks Walsh, “that the Declaration of Independence should be suppressed because it advocates the fundamental right of revolution, if necessary, by force?”

The state objects. The state also objects to quotations from political letters of Thomas Jefferson, which the prosecutor calls “Jefferson’s love letters.” The strange hieroglyphics of Thomas Jefferson are less legible now than the writings of Tut-ankh-Amen.

Officially, in this court, the Declaration of Independence is no part of American law. Courts elsewhere have decided that it is, but they don’t know it here in St. Joseph, Michigan.

And after the jurors are sworn in, the Assistant State Attorney General, O. L. Smith tells them:

“We will show that the Government (United States Government and the state governments) are described by the defendants as the ‘capitalist state.’ We will show that their object was to turn that capitalist society into a communist state. The dictatorship of the proletariat is to be the transitional period. We will show that the workers, and only the workers are to take charge of the state—and that means the state of Michigan—and abolish it. They would hold to the dictatorship until the people all are educated up to communism, and that then the dictatorship will be abolished and there will be no more need of a state.

“We will show that the Communist Party of America teaches every worker to hate his employer. It teaches the worker to be against his employer, against the capitalist class and against the man who owns his own home...”

You see here a sketch of Foster’s lean, bald head; but it’s a big and hairy lion of a man, figuratively speaking, that’s being presented to the jury. A leader of two hundred and eighty thousand steel workers in a desperate struggle for a gain in daily bread, is the Foster against whom the jurors are asked if they are prejudiced. Foster, the spokesman for the packinghouse workers, Foster, the writer of marvelous books for workingmen, is the man presented for condemnation or acquittal.

In the same courthouse is going on another trial. It is one in which the leader of a religious sect, the “House of David,” is accused of peculiarly earthy spiritual relations with young girls in his colony of bearded followers. And this draws. The crowds lingered there in the first days, while the Foster proceedings went on in an almost deserted room. But in the past few days the gravity center is changed; the crowds push in to hear Walsh and Humphrey S. Gray, the local defence attorney, question jurors on their attitude toward the radical views of Thomas Jefferson and William Z. Foster, respectively. They have caught the flavor and portentousness of the issues involved. Excitement is there. A young woman fainted in the corridor from excitement after being excused from the Foster jury.



The County Prosecutor,
Charles W. Gore



Frank P. Walsh, Chief Counsel
for the Defense

TEN of us who had been indicted with Foster, but who had not been arrested, came to Michigan last Saturday to offer ourselves for trial.

We walked into the silent courthouse in the fresh of morning, with Springtime smiling prematurely outside the windows. We sat down and waited. Then the news spread, and the staff of William J. Burns International Detective Agency began to hold a convention at the courtroom door, to stare and glower and to look—oh so *desperately* disappointed at our arrival. I don't know what it was. I suppose a great many of them were making a living "looking" for us and would have to do something else now that we insisted on being "found."

Anyway, it was a sad looking crew of "stools" that crowded in to ask "What the hell?" I think at least most of the crew that supplied Daugherty with "seventeen thousand affidavits of crime by the railroad unions" for the plea for the famous injunction must have been in that unwelcoming committee.

Later, we found the hotel corridors crowded with them. They have strange missions on country roads about the county. They stand by twos and threes in the cigar stores in order to tell each other in loud voices in the presence of citizens, "Them fellows is GUILTY—every one of them is guilty!" I went into a store to buy a paper. Two "dicks" were standing there on publicity duty. "Them fellows is guilty," said one to the other, in a voice that shook the cigar stand, while looking obviously to see whether he was heard. I paid no attention. He shifted himself nearer to me—apparently he thought I was a local citizen—and repeated himself in a louder voice. His companion made *exactly the same reply* that he had made in the first instance, in ridiculous proof that the two were rehearsing a part.

There is a partnership between the United States Government officials and the William J. Burns International Detective Agency.

The Burns Detective agency's business is getting money by any method that will work. During the World War the Burns Detective Agency organized a spy service within the United States for the German Imperial Government.

The Burns Detective Agency attempted a "frame up" against the United States Government for the benefit of the German Imperial Government. The frame-up was for the purpose of involving the United States Government in a violation of its then neutrality against Germany. Gaston B. Means was the Burns agent who directed the frame-up from an "underground" headquarters in the Great Eastern Hotel in New York. The Hamburg American Steamship Co. was the agency through which the German Imperial Government paid Burns.

One of the features of Burns' business is the scaring of rich businessmen to such a point of fear that they hire Burns to save them.

Warren Gamaliel Harding fell for this. When Harding contemplated appointing this notorious crook as chief of the "Department of Justice" investigating corps, he was fully informed that Burns' profession is "framing-up" dishonest cases, fixing juries by dishonest means, instigating crimes and then collecting pay for detecting them. But Mr. Harding appointed Burns anyhow, for the game had worked: Mr. Harding was scared. He appointed Mr. Burns as a specialist in strike-breaking and "Bolshevik-catching."



Defense Attorney H. S. Gray
of Benton Harbor, Mich.

to stamp out the movement for the amalgamation of the trade unions into industrial unions is one of the objects of the prosecution of Foster. Daugherty who pledged the "whole power of the United States Government" to impose the Open Shop upon all of American labor with the railroad injunction last Fall, is making his second move here in the effort to nip in the bud the movement toward amalgamation.

Daugherty's little man, Max Berger, his face drawn into pasty, yellow wrinkles under a flame of red hair, sits tight at the elbow of the local prosecutor, whispering earnestly at every turn of the case. This is the expert coaching the prosecutor not to allow any distinction between a direct incitement to violence and the expression of a belief that civil war will develop in the course of history.

The Congress of the United States has not left on the statute books any law under which such a prosecution could be carried on. In fact, Congress has deliberately repealed the only national law of such kind that did exist. But Attorney General Daugherty is, in effect, *applying a United States law that has been repealed*. United States government funds and a large part of the staff of Harry Daugherty's "Department of Justice" are being used to put Foster into the penitentiary. Ask Daugherty about it and he will blandly tell you, as he has told various protesting liberals, that the United States Government is taking no part in the Michigan prosecution. Then he will proceed, as now, to use the whole strength of the federal government in the case.



Jacob Spolansky, one of Burns'
Labor Spies

THE prosecution of Foster is a bald attempt of the Harding Administration to mould the American labor movement in its own image. Before the jury was completed the prosecution had definitely outlined its purpose to eliminate the Trade Union Educational League from the American Federation of Labor, the imprisonment of Foster being one of the intended means. Trade Union spectators at the trial are astonished to hear what is virtually the frank admission that

Two charges against Foster have been dismissed: the charge of advocating crime, sabotage, violence or other unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing industrial or political reform, is quashed. Also the charge of publishing, editing, issuing or circulating any book, paper, document or written matter which teaches such doctrine, is dismissed. It is done in order better to snag Foster. The mere charge of "assembling" is enough to carry the full penalty of ten years of penal servitude.

The local press writers are doing their bit to bring about a conviction. Burns and the Open Shop movement have mobilized successfully. Editorial comments are brazenly written into the news. "The fame—if fame it can be called—of Bill Foster and his attorney, Frank Walsh, appears not to be as great as possibly they imagined," writes the *News-Herald*, the only paper in St. Joseph. And, three of the women have had "their lips to become rather firmly set, and their eyes to show some signs of fire" against Foster for "Walsh's talk about bloodshed and violence," says this paper in the most dastardly bit of journalistic jury-baiting that I ever saw. And Rose Stokes has a "two thousand-dollar fur coat," while Mrs. Bloor "has long been seeking to get 'Mother Jones' limelight, and has not been very successful in the attempt," writes this purveyor of news. The gutter-like editorializing is done with callous distortion of the very court proceedings: after the prosecution has dictated that Foster shall be tried first, this paper declares that "Foster's trial was evidently urged first by the defense, because it is generally held that the evidence against him is the weakest."

The prosecutor's brother-in-law, Stanley Banyon, editor of the *News-Palladium* of the twin town, Benton Harbor, went so far as to have the Republican county convention pass a resolution, introduced by himself, favoring the conviction of Foster. The *Boston Transcript* sponsors here an "anti-bolshevik specialist," one F. H. Marvin, who fills columns



Assistant Attorney General
O. L. Smith



Geo. H. Bookwalter, Assistant
County Prosecutor

of the "Detroit Saturday Night" (a weekly Open Shop organ circulated here) as well as the *Herald-Press* with the familiar Burns "secret" revelations, rehashed and intensified for the specified reason that the Foster trial is now taking place.

Allen O. Meyers, manager of Burns' New York office, is the higher class propagandist, visiting here frequently ever since the arrests. A meeting was gotten up for him in October by the combined Rotary Club of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, in which he addressed the business men, in effect, upon the necessity of convicting Foster.

But, while thus soaking the community with the poison of prejudice against Foster, the lords of printers' ink loudly bellow that the people are being unduly influenced in Foster's favor. Some unknown person's sending the "Bulletin of the Methodist Federation for Social Service" to citizens of the county, is the chief reason for complaint, as this bulletin, edited by Reverend Harry F. Ward, states that in the prosecution of Foster et al:

"There is no issue except those of free speech and freedom of assembly; no overt criminal act is charged; no evidence offered except doctrines advocated by the communists."

Another complaint is that Dean Lathrop of the Episcopal Church spoke in Benton Harbor recently in favor of freedom of speech for communists.

Needless to say, the dice are loaded against Foster. The jury, soaked in the prejudices of an age-old opposing philosophy and ignorant of the newer philosophy of the defendant, is even then presented with evidence outrageously distorted as to its meaning. As an instance of gross unfairness the prosecutor is trying to introduce in evidence a cartoon published in Foster's *Labor Herald* which pictures a large number of railroad trains plunging into a chasm. This is presented as proving that Foster advocated the wrecking of trains: criminal sabotage. The truth is that this cartoon, drawn by myself, shows the different railroad systems



Charles G. Scully, Special Agent
of Department of Justice, New York

plunging into the Open Shop. The bottom of the abyss into which the trains plunge is inscribed with big letters "Open Shop." The whole thing is intended to show the impending disaster to railroad workers if the railroads crush the labor unions and go into the non-union open shop system. The prosecutor knows this, unless he is an ignoramus; but he presents it anyhow as proof that Foster advocated wrecking trains. The jury will not know the difference between an "open shop" and an open switch.

Another example. Under the guidance of the Burns staff, the prosecutors are trying to obliterate the difference between an expression of historical opinion that there will be a future civil war, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, a direct solicitation of specified persons to commit acts of violence. Walsh makes plain that if this view should generally prevail, the United States will cease to be a Republic in any sense of the word. He tells the jury that the communists believe that there will ultimately be a civil war in this country and that the problems that are now tearing the fabric of civilization will not be solved except accompanied by civil war. He shows they believe that in such civil warfare it will be necessary and desirable for the workers and farmers to take part on the side of human welfare against the forces of organized capital. Is this historical prediction so strange to the mind of the average American? Is it possible to get, in the exploited, harassed and "radicalized" Northwest, a jury with minds so dark as never to have had a thought of this? If in such inevitable conflict the communists seek to organize the working class and farmers to participate in the interest of the vast, exploited majority of the population, will this cause a Michigan jury of nine farmers, a grocer's clerk, a non-union railroad worker and the wife of a factory superintendent to shut the mouths of such prophets in a dungeon?

Well, anyway, a revolution has never yet stopped at the word of a county prosecutor.



Max Berger
Burns' "Anti-Communist"
Expert
Burns' Anti-Communist "Expert,"
Max Berger

Truck Drivers

(For Carl Sandburg)

By Alfred Kreyborg

WHAT the hell?
 There's no what the hell about it—
 nor a what the heaven either—
 but a sort of a what the earth,
 what the street, what the gutter!
 Shut up?—shut up yourself!
 There are plenty of things in this town
 to get a fellow's goat
 without you and me jawing each other—
 you up there, me down here:
 such corns as you have, you have on your seat,
 not on your feet, like me!
 This gutter's wide enough for two,
 what with you, fatter than a whale,
 and your horse and your truck
 only half the gutter wide—
 that's if you three
 keep the curbs parallel—
 but you're a whole gutter wide
 when you three try to turn,
 twist and make angles, like kids on a slate—
 that's what started our trouble—not me!
 Me, trying to get across—
 me, kind of blind and awfully skimpy—
 what's called a rhymester—
 skimpy from lack of food
 and cold from being skimpy—
 so I've got to go along
 with my chin down my collar—
 you can't expect me to see you?
 You're no truck driver—
 you've got a seat like a king—
 you can view the whole world—
 you get a much bigger wage than I—
 I get nothing!
 You're not only higher up
 as a thing on a street,
 you're much higher up on a job—
 it's not me that's talking down—
 it's you and your what the hell!
 Leave your words up there—
 I'll chuck mine down a sewer—
 and come down yourself—
 to the level of four feet on one sidewalk—
 though there aren't any drinks these days—
 come down and shake hands—
 let that be our drink!
 Eh?—I'm a scab?—
 a lot you know about that!—
 I've got a truck of my own
 you can't see—nor anybody else—
 nor me for that matter!
 Cracked?—don't fool yourself!—
 my truck's a damned sight
 bigger and heavier and slower than yours—
 you can see yours, but I can't see mine—

and you're only the driver of yours—
 I'm not only the driver of mine,
 but the driven—
 horse and truck—
 tired head, tail, bones—
 tired reins, harness, wheels, shafts, axles,
 spokes, splinters, nails, screws, grease and all!
 And you get paid
 for the sweat of your chum—
 me and mine hate each other—
 soak each other—
 flicks and cuts and lashes and blows—
 and I get no dollars and he no oats!
 You've got a chum—
 though he's only a tongue-tied horse,
 spavined, thin-legged, woe-begone, weary—
 little more than a nag with long jaws
 that can't even wag, what the hell—
 but even a bag of bones,
 if you live with it and it with you,
 is that much better than hoofing alone!
 I've got no chum—
 it's myself my nag drags along—
 me soaking him where the brute is nearest
 and he soaking me in the spot called dearest—
 and me soaking back and him soaking back
 till rhyme and reason and the daylight crack!
 You don't get me?—
 and I don't get you—
 so for Christ' sake,
 come down and let's try!—
 son of a what?—of a bee's wax?—
 that'll do—so are you!
 Eh?—you're coming?—
 to bust me in the nose?—
 little blood you'd spill out of me!—
 not to bust it?—thanks!—what then?—
 to shake?—with me?—hallelujah!
 Don't hurry—step easy—you're big—
 that wheel crooked and wobbly—
 we've got lots of time to shake—
 the rest of eternity!—
 and climbing's no cinch—
 down worse than up!—
 you so fat
 from sitting all day, every day,
 all week, every week, all year, every year—
 lack of locomotion—sedentary avoirdupois—
 don't look round—don't mind me—you'll fall—
 long words—they're my trade—that's all!
 Are you down?—great!—
 the king's abdicated!—
 hey!—where are you going?—
 I'll take back that word?—
 eh?—the nag?—oh!—
 but what do you want with him?—
 say!—don't tie the nag to that pump—
 no, nor the lamppost—nor the ashcan!
 Do you think he'll run away?—
 him with a load like that?—
 if it weren't for the shafts,
 wouldn't that head-to-tail carcass
 sit down, lie down, rather than run?



Adolph Dehn.

If he did—suppose he could,
 would he get very far?—
 wouldn't somebody stop him?—
 there's always someone to grab one's freedom—
 especially a nag's!
 You get that?—what's that?
 Hello? Hello yourself!
 Shake? Shake yourself!
 How the hell am I?
 How the hell are you!
 Damn it—let go—
 where'd you get that grip?
 Holding reins?
 Wish I'd get a grip like that—
 holding pencils!
 Eh? You don't get that?
 Well—what the hell!

Prayer for Strength to Hate Fools

LET me hate fools as I could once
 Before I grew mawkishly wise,
 And so became a flabbier dunce
 Than those I then could so despise.

Though poised a moment on Hell's ledge
 They shudder, giggle, sob, and pass,
 Let not weak pity dull my edge
 When my brain's sickle mows such grass.

This modern frail solicitude!
 This fear one's own whim is not best!
 O stalwart ancient gods, your mood
 Of hatred pour into my breast!

Robert Louis Burgess.

The Socialist Theatre in Soviet Russia

By Alexander Chramoff

THE Great Soviet Revolution stirred Russia to its very depths. It conceived new forms in economics, ethics and culture. And it is clear that as outworn forms of human existence fell under the knife of the revolutionary masses, Russian art and the Russian theater could not escape being immersed in the waves of its "October Days" (significant days in the history of Russian freedom). In other words, the social change in Russia gave the conquering class full control not only in politics, economics and education but also in art.

Those opposed to "class art" on general principles will naturally ask:—Is it possible to subject art to the same problems which the struggling proletariat subjects itself to? Can class control in art be realized in actual practice? The experience of the first five years of the Russian Revolution gives explicit answer to this. Yes, it is possible and can be realized fully in the following ways: the nationalization of theatres, the socialization of the repertoire and the training and fashioning of the actors of the new times in the shops of Proletcult.

The nationalization of theatres was brought about in Russia in the first period of the Revolution. In Moscow and Central Russia the largest and most important art centers were nationalized, while in the Ukraine more than 500 theatres were taken over under the nationalization law.

At this time the political and economic trend of the period favored the realization of these measures. The Russian theatre spiritually and materially lived through a deep crisis and a downfall. The wave of patriotism which spread over the land in 1914, was replaced in 1917—1918 by a great revolutionary protest. The broad masses of workers and peasants under the leadership of the communists declared war on war. On the decomposed corpse of Russian Imperialism the Proletariat began to initiate the Soviet order. The Russian theatre did not feel at once the stress of the times. The European war threw it from the field of real art into that of serving and popularizing the war. Until 1914 the Russian stage, was chiefly given to artistic repertoire. After 1914 this repertoire began to change to please the new audience which was composed of speculators and war-profiteers, the newly rich. The dying bourgeois culture strangled the dramatists and actors, and made it impossible for them to create anything new. The search for the new stopped. Interesting events on the Russian stage became more and more rare. Plays like the American Potash and Pearlmuter became the favorite spiritual food of the war audiences.

The more prominent directors and more intelligent actors began to reflect. They created theories about an intimate, individualistic, aristocratic art. Some of them, like the famous critic Aikhenvald, began to doubt the significance of the theatre. It became evident that if this state of affairs were to continue a little longer, Russian art would go to pieces.

It is necessary then to show that drastic measures had to be taken to change this situation. The workers and peasants

in their recently acquired power lent a helping hand to the Russian theatre which was in a state of agony. Having nationalized the industries, having nationalized export and import trade, having nationalized state education, Soviet Russia also nationalized Russian art and the theatres.

What did the nationalization of theatres consist of? In what actual forms did it express itself?

The government put at the head of the theatres active and trustworthy communists along with the theatrical specialists who were connected with the old regime. Their duties were to keep the theatre in touch with the current culture and education of the day, cleaning it of the refuse of bourgeois culture and using it to the fullest extent for the education of the masses in communism.

The latter was especially important. Experience showed that an artistically written and artistically presented play reflecting the contemporary situation was worth, from a practical angle, ten speeches of first class party speakers.

In Moscow, as well as in the centres of the separate soviet republics affiliated with the R. S. F. S. R., there were organized groups which gradually became the dictators of the state theatres. In the management there were many committees which consisted of specialists and party workers. The most important among them were committees to handle repertoire, history of the theatre, management, professionals, the social well being of those engaged in the theatre, and to keep in touch with the provinces.

Emerging out of the nationalization situation, the committee established sole rights on repertoires. This meant that in each instance the theatre had to obtain a special permit to stage plays or it could choose them from the catalogues which were given out periodically by the Repertoire Committee.

For the Russian theatre such measures had added significance. It was absolutely necessary to correct, in the provinces which could not free themselves from the remaining influences of the war, the tendencies towards light opera and vaudeville.

Then the Central Committees took the right to send companies of the best actors to provinces and workers' colonies. With the help of easily movable scenery, systematic staging, as well as special theatre trains, automobiles and other means of transportation, these companies visited factories, shops and small villages—places that never had dared to dream of seeing a decent play.

In this way, the Art Theatre with its extraordinary studios, the Kamerni Theatre and the former Imperial Theatre, and many other first class operatic and dramatic theatres, became accessible to the workers and peasants.

Although the nationalization of the theatre brought a great deficit to the state, tickets were sold at minimum or given away gratis. In order to fill the halls with workers, peasants and soldiers, the tickets were sent every evening to the presidium of each trade union and to the military commanders for an equal distribution among the working masses.

ROMAIN Rolland maintains that happiness, strength and knowledge are the three basic requisites of the people's theatre. In the first place the theatre should serve as a place for physical and mental recreation for the worker after a strenuous day of toil. Secondly, it serves as a place for imbibing energy. The theatre should avoid everything which tends to pacify and humble the audience. The theatre should give strength and courage to the spirit. Third and last, the theatre should serve as a medium for the development of the human mind.

The management of the state theatres in arranging the repertoire for the theatres in their control, unquestionably took into consideration the foregoing conditions. In contrast to the workshops of Proletcult they did not attempt to create a new revolutionary play or a new actor for it.

"To create new art" says Lunacharsky, "is extremely difficult in the very embryo of the revolution, when the active bearers of the new world are struggling and fighting. For creativeness not only fighting is necessary but also meditation and peace. Epochs of great upheaval are recognized philosophically and artistically after the close of the revolutionary stress, or in neighboring countries which are not caught in the maelstrom of revolution".

From a different angle, the revolutionary stream through which the land was going as well as her arisen people, demanded not only the optimistic repertoire as proposed by Romain Rolland, but also a dynamic agitational repertoire.

Of course, the demand for dynamic repertoire did not at all mean that they wanted political speeches, instead of theatrical performances. "God save him who would attempt to give a five act play on the merits of the Short Work Day or even on the freedom of the press", remarked Lunacharsky, not without wit.

And for this reason it was necessary to dust off those plays which according to their contents were the by-products of the times. How then did the comrades of the repertoire committee criticize these plays? First and foremost, plays had to be artistic and answer to the laws of beauty. Then the thought and content of the play was considered.

Plays were chosen which dealt with the class struggle; devoted to pictures of exploitation of man by man—portrayals of the life and existence of the workers and peasants and illustrations of how man conquers the gigantic forces of nature. Such plays should call to life, to fighting for a better future, to faith in the victory of the struggling workers over the exploiters and capitalists.

For the staging of plays in the state theatres productions were recommended which gave pictures of the future of the socialist state, illustrations of the regeneration of man's thoughts in the field of knowledge and technique, and finally historic pictures showing the parallel between the past and present state of things.

Here is a short list of plays recommended and played. Many of them received tremendous applause and appreciation from the audiences of workers and peasants.

Verhaern's *The Dawn*; *The Weavers* by Hauptman; *Last Hope* by Hermans; *Catastrophe* by del Gracio. *The Wolves*, *The Capture of the Bastille*, *Danton*, by Romain Rolland. *The Green Cockatoo* by Schnitzler. *The Robbers* and *Wilhelm Tell* by Schiller. *Fuente Ovejuno* and the *Gardener's Dog* by Lopez da Vega. *Mysteries* by Buf Mayakowsky, *Paul the*



Don Brown

A Child

Little by little, practice pointed out three conditions which could make possible the success of the nationalization of the theatres.

1. Centralization in selection of the repertoire.
2. Centralization in the management of the theatre and direct supervision of those engaged in the theatre.
3. Centralization in the assignment of places in the theatres and symphony concerts.

I know that many reading these lines will exclaim—"Indeed, this is real slavery! You may cover it, in alluring garb and call it beautiful names, but it remains slavery and no free soul will reconcile itself with it." Perhaps so; but experience proved differently. Russian actors and directors took the idea of the nationalization of the theatre very enthusiastically. And for the seeming outer enslavement, the Russian actor was compensated by an inner freedom and the possibility of expressing his talent.

Under bourgeois conditions of life, in the capitalist countries of Europe and America, the actor is thrice a slave. He is forced to carry out the dictatorship of the producer, the cruel rule of the directing manager and, most important of all, his catering to a low-bred, overfed, and smug audience.

Which of these two conditions the intelligent actor will choose, I leave to the reader to judge.

APRIL, 1923



Don Brown

A Child

First by Merezkowsky; *The Lower Depths*, *The Enemies* by Gorki. *The Epidemic* by Bumaznek. *Satires* by Octave Mirbeau. *The Devil's Disciple*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Arms and the Man* by Bernard Shaw. *The Brave Prince*, by Calderon. *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, by Moliere.

Beside the plays mentioned above, the following novels served as material for production:—The novels of Uelsa, *The Gadfly*, by Voinich; *Pelle the Conqueror*, by Nexö, *Germinal*, by Emile Zola. The novels from the life of the French Revolution by Pierre, *The Field of War*, *White Terror* and *Terror*. Frank Norris', *The Octopus* and *The Pit*. Short stories and sketches by Jack London and Upton Sinclair.

As a protest to religious superstition they produced *Sava* by Leonid Andreiev and finally they produced plays on the history of Revolution in Europe as well as in Russia. For instance, in Petrograd they gave a play called *The First Days of the Revolution*, in which many thousands participated not only as onlookers but as actual participants.

I mention the last in order to show the tendency of the Russian theatre towards mass action in which not only the actors take part but also the public.

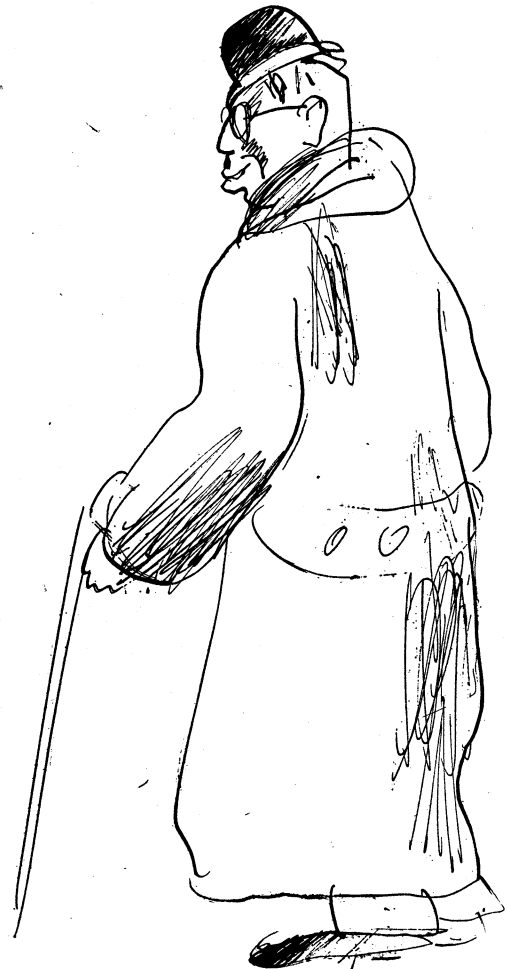
In working out the inner forms of the socialist theatre the communist directors like to produce plays which give possibilities of removing the barriers between the audience and the stage. The soul of the theatre goer should move in unison with the soul of the actor. That is the formula which is the most popular in contemporary theatrical Russia. I am reminded of a performance in the Kiev-Solovchovsky Theatre. The theatre was crowded with workers and red guards. Director Mardzanov was producing the Spanish Lopez de Vega's *Fuente Ovejuno*.

In the course of producing the play he was confronted with the difficult problem of how to stimulate the audience to an immediate interest and understanding of what the actors live through. Although the play was written more than two hundred years ago, it represents wonderfully the present spirit and one looks on with breathless interest.

In a village called Fuente Ovejuno the owner, a typical mediaeval tyrant, annoys one of the popular girls of the village with his attentions. The cup of patience of the freedom-loving Spaniards is filled to overflowing. A revolution breaks out and the tyrant is killed. The population of Fuente Ovejuno takes a unanimous oath not to give away those who killed him to the Punitive Expedition.

The fourth act is a scene of torment. Children, aged men and pregnant women are tortured and asked who killed the commander. Almost in an unconscious state they firmly and bravely exclaim: "Fuente Ovejuno! the whole village is guilty of the murder but no individual".

I carefully watched the audience. Real indignation was written on the faces of the excited onlookers. Their eyes flashed fire. They were electrified and every minute it seemed as if they would throw themselves on the stage to save the unfortunates. With every new torture, with every new act of the gendarmes, there was a deep, sullen murmur through the hall. And when the maddened and enraged head of the gendarmes turned to the audience and asked, "Tell us then, who in the village killed the commander?", the audience spontaneously like one man jumped up



Don Brown

The "Nepman"

from its seats and cried: "Fuente Ovejuno! Fuente Ovejuno!" A young soldier sitting alongside of me, added in a self satisfied voice: "And you will never find out". In the end the gendarmes rode off and the triumphant villagers and onlookers joined in a mighty inspiring hymn—The International.

THE LIBERATOR

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The Bishop and the Senator

By J. Louis Engdahl

THERE are two old men in these United States that every young American worker ought to know a very great deal more about. Both of them have taken advance positions and written books embodying their hopes in the December years of their lives. They greet the advance of time smiling. They watch the onswEEP of progress, hoping for the social revolution in their day.

"Things can't move too fast for me," says Bishop William Montgomery Brown to travelers who come to visit him at Galion, Ohio. That is what he told me. Scott Nearing, in a recent lecture, said he had been told the same. He would say the same to President Harding, Detective Burns, Attorney General Daugherty, or any other Washington "agent of justice," because he would hide his feelings from them no more than from his own comrades.

It is this spirit of "Let's go!" that stirred up all kinds of trouble for the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is the spirit that went out over this country and the world, with 100,000 copies of Bishop Brown's book, "*Communism and Christianity*," published in many languages.

The skirmish between Bishop William T. Manning and the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant in New York City is a mild affair compared to the furore that still shakes the House of Episcopal Bishops as they see the challenging words of the Galion heretic burning upon the walls of their temples—"Banish Gods from the Skies and the Capitalists from the Earth."

"That's great stuff!" said a French farmer comrade out in the corn belt of Illinois as he gave me a copy of the book to read of a Sunday morning while I waited for him to hitch up and start for our meeting.

But the Episcopal fathers have not expelled Bishop Brown from the church, even as a borer from within, for they fear that such expulsion would hurt the Communist Bishop less than it would damage their orthodoxy. So we have the singular situation in these plutocratic United States of an Episcopal Bishop, well along toward eighty years, smiling and happy in spite of them, strenuously voicing his sympathy and solidarity with the Communist International, and daring the orthodox church to do its worst. And at his side, in perfect agreement, is Mrs. Brown, just as eager for the fray.

If you ever pass through Ohio, bend your journey to the south of Cleveland so that it will take in Galion and a visit to Bishop and Mrs. Brown. That is what I did once, and I am going to do it again. A daily average of ten to twelve wanderers on the road—hoboes, down-and-outs, or out-of-works—drop off the freight trains or stop in their long treading of railroad ties for a short respite, knowing that there will be a welcome for them at the Brownella Cottage. That is more, I believe, than can be said about any church, great or small, in all America. But that is another story.

ONE is not compelled to go visiting R. F. Pettigrew, formerly United States Senator from South Dakota. He just drops in wherever he thinks someone is fighting

for the new day. And wherever he goes he spreads some kind of inspiration. Thus he lightened some of my editorial labors a dozen years ago by dropping into the offices of what was then the *Daily Socialist*, in Chicago. Before he departed he had whetted the entire staff to renewed activity. Incidentally he brightened the business office by the purchase of several more shares of stocks, at that time, as now, the favorite method of financing labor enterprises.

Pettigrew has also written a book. It is called *Imperial Washington*. It tells all about American public life for the half century from 1870 to 1920 from the inside, as Pettigrew saw it. A copy of it even found its way to the Kremlin, in Moscow, where Cesare, artist of the *New York Times*, found Lenin reading it when he went to sketch the Communist statesman. And Lenin liked it.

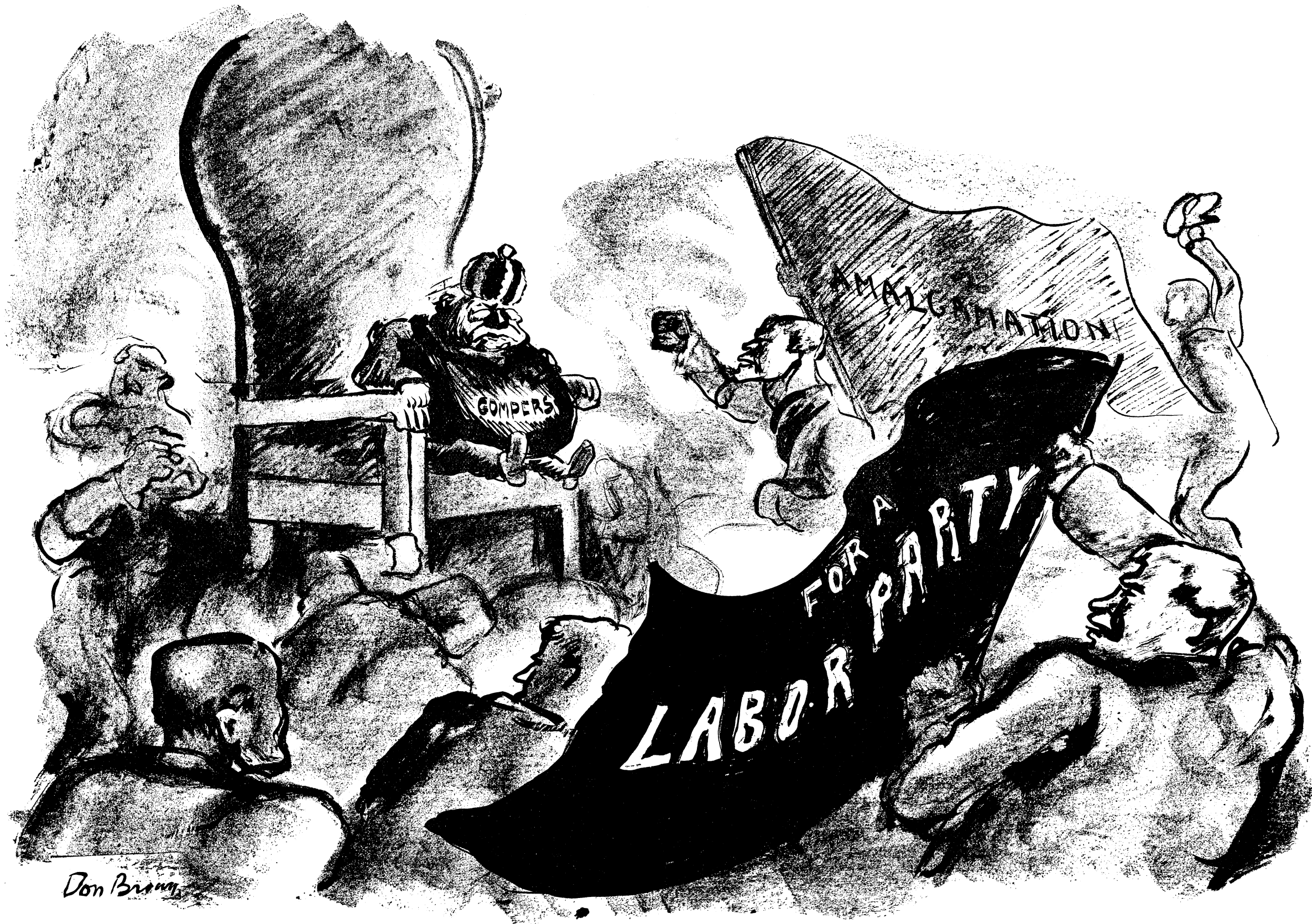
Pettigrew just dropped in the other day for a visit at the editorial offices of *The Liberator* and *The Worker*. He says he is up around his 75th milestone and he doesn't like the cold weather in "The States." So he is going off to the Bermudas for a few weeks, and then a trip to the Mediterranean. Pettigrew says he is writing another book about the Sioux Indians of his home state, a group of humans who knew no paupers, prostitutes or prisons, among whom poverty, social disease and social crime were unknown. And he knows the Sioux Indians just as well as he knew the last ten presidents and most of the politicians at Washington and the "big business" men who owned them.

When I talked to Pettigrew this last time there was still something rankling within him. It was the recent Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action that he had attended as a delegate.

"William H. Johnston, of the Machinists' Union, came up to me, all excited," said Pettigrew, "and said there wouldn't be any third party. Well, I just told him that he couldn't hang around with the harlots of Wall Street, the Democratic and Republican parties, without becoming infected; that those who associate with prostitutes catch their diseases. And, of course, that made him very mad."

Pettigrew doesn't use the choicest language. I once heard that Eugene V. Debs used some very uncomplimentary remarks a long time ago about Morris Hillquit. I didn't hear them. As the lawyers say, it was mere hearsay evidence. So I shall not repeat them here. But what Pettigrew said about Hillquit and the other "Socialist" delegates at the Cleveland Conference eclipsed the alleged utterances of Debs.

I loaded Pettigrew up with present and past copies of *The Liberator* and *The Worker* and with Worker's Party literature. And the next day I received an autographed copy of *Imperial Washington*, and read again the closing sentence of Chapter XXIX, stating, "The Russian Revolution is the greatest event of our times. It marks the beginning of the epoch when the working people will assume the task of directing and controlling industry. It blazes a path into this unknown country, where the workers of the world are destined to take from their exploiters the right to control and direct the economic affairs of the community."



Lese Majesté

The Outline of Marriage

By Floyd Dell

II.

WITH the aid of my old-fashioned stereopticon, ladies and gentlemen, I show you a picture... You see a crowd of people of all ages and both sexes. What do you think they are? A picnic group? No, you are wrong. They are a family. That man and woman, in the middle of the picture, are the parents of all these children. Count them! Ten. Not including five more who couldn't be in the picture because they died in infancy. Fifteen children from one mother, two thirds of them alive—well, yes, alive; how much alive is another matter, of no present concern to us. We are interested now in the statistics of reproduction. So, in his day, was President Roosevelt; and when he was informed of this particular statistic by the proud parents, he sent them a letter of congratulation. The proud father had the letter framed up and hung in the parlor; later it went to the pawnshop. But never mind those details. The point is that this man and woman produced fifteen children, and were proud of it. Note that—they were proud of it.

Now I do not wish to hurt anybody's feelings, so I am going to ask anyone here present who has had fifteen children and is proud of that feat, to leave the room—because if he or she stays, the mere matter of fifteen children is going to be, as it were, paled into insignificance by the rest of my statistics... No one going? Very well. I continue. Here is another picture. And now I will ask my friend, who runs a cannery in Alaska, to take the stand and tell us what that is a picture of.

THE MAN FROM ALASKA. Anybody can tell that. It's a fish.

Q. Thank you. And what kind of fish is it?

A. A salmon.

Q. The kind that comes in cans?

A. Exactly.

Q. Can you tell its sex?

A. Female—and just about to lay eggs, too.

Q. And will you tell us how many eggs this female salmon would lay?

No Race-Suicide Here!

A. Well, that there salmon looks as if she'd weigh about twenty pounds. And for each pound of her weight, a salmon lays during the breeding season about a thousand eggs. Figure it out. It comes to about twenty thousand eggs, for her.

Q. Do they all hatch out?

A. No—not by a jugful. If all the salmon eggs laid every year hatched out, the sea would soon be so full of salmon that the ocean liners couldn't navigate.

Q. Thank you. That is all. Will my friend the Bee-keeper please take the stand? I am putting on a new picture. I will not insult you by asking what it is. It is a bee.

THE BEE-KEEPER. Yes—a queen-bee.

Q. How does the queen-bee compare with the salmon as a reproducer of its species?

How Doth the Busy Little Bee?

A. Why, the salmon is a piker compared to the queen-bee. A good, able-bodied queen-bee lays about two or three thousand eggs a day during the laying-season, and something like a hundred thousand eggs a season. She lasts two or three seasons, and sometimes five—not keeping up to her maximum, however, in her old age. Still, three or four hundred thousand eggs in five years beats the salmon's record all hollow. Especially as almost all of her eggs hatch. A hundred thousand living offspring in one season—that's not bad, you'll admit!

Q. And will you tell us what she does it for?

A. So that there will be plenty of new bees, of course.

Q. What are these new bees for?

A. The workers are for to make honey. They make more honey than they need, of course—that's where *we* come in. The honey is supposed to be used to feed the drones and the young queens.

Q. And what are *they* for?

A. For to keep the hive going. Of course, there are more drones than are needed for that—it only takes one to impregnate the queen. And there are more young queens than are needed—but the one that first comes out of her larval cell stabs the others to death.

Q. So that all this gathering of pollen from the summer flowers is, ultimately, so far as the bees are concerned, just to create a drone to impregnate a queen, and a queen to lay eggs?

Why?

A. Yes, that's what it comes down to, after all. The poor devils of worker-bees—they're sterile, you know—work themselves to death in six or seven weeks. And that's what it's all for. More bees!

Q. More workers, to feed more drones, to impregnate a queen, to lay more eggs, to hatch out into more workers and drones and queens to produce more workers and drones and queens, to produce more — —

A. That's the way it goes! It seems queer, when you come to think about it. But all life's like that—isn't it, now?

Q. But *why* is all life like that?

A. You've got me there!

Q. Thank you.

But, my friends, let us go to the bottom of this question. The reproductive impulse—the passion of all life to create more life of its own sort—is one of the many impulses which have gone to create the complex institution of the family. It should not satisfy us to accept the mere fact, and cease to question it. Let us discover, if we can, *why* life reproduces itself. I will call the Bio-chemist to the stand. First of all, sir, we would like to ask you—what is life?

THE BIO-CHEMIST.—We haven't found that out yet.

Q. You haven't?

A. All we know is that life is the totality of the functions of protoplasm.

Q. And what are these functions?

A. Sensation, assimilation, movement, and reproduction.

Q. That's what we are getting at—*why* is reproduction a function of protoplasm? What *is* protoplasm, anyway?

A. We don't even know that, exactly. It is a peculiar and chemically restless mixture of colloids.

Life—An Explosive Contradiction

Q. What is a colloid?

A. It is a kind of unstable union of hostile chemical forces, acid and alkaline, held together in the molecule in such a way that they don't fight. The result is a very contradictory affair, neither a solid nor a liquid, but something of both.

Q. What are the chemical elements involved in this colloid?

A. Well, there are probably different kinds of protoplasm. But protein, the food which ordinary plant and animal protoplasm needs, to feed itself on, contains chiefly four elements, carbon, hydrogen oxygen, nitrogen. And there's a curious contradiction there, too! Carbon—you have read about coal-tar products and the million things the chemists are making out of them, haven't you?—well, carbon is a remarkable element. It will unite very readily with almost any other element. Nitrogen, on the other hand, is a very unsociable element; it is hard to get it to unite with any other element, and hard to keep it there. Nitrogen, you know, is the essential part of every explosive from gunpowder to T. N. T. When nitrogen is jarred a little, it breaks loose, tears the molecule apart, explodes it. (See Note A.) Something faintly like that happens in the wear and tear of the body cells, giving us energy at the expense of the destruction of tissue. (See Note B.) But these tissues are originally built up in a very complex manner—and it is the carbon that gives them their stability. As you know, we feed chiefly on carbo-hydrates (sugar and starch), fats and protein. That is to say, sugar, starch and fats all yield us carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, while proteins give us nitrogen in addition to these other three elements. Nitrogen is absolutely necessary to life, and so is carbon. So are all four elements, but we get oxygen from air and hydrogen from water; in order to get carbon and nitrogen, we have to eat plant-tissue, or the tissue of animals which have fed on plant-tissue—because plants have a way, which animals haven't, of getting carbon out of the air and nitrogen out of water. When you eat a beefsteak, you are laying up a store of carbon and nitrogen; and when you work all day, or dance all night, you are exploding the cells of your tissue. You might say that the carbon provides you with a body, while the nitrogen enables you to use it up in movement. And life as a whole may be said to be the result of a chemical combination in which this very cohesive element is harnessed up in a peculiar working arrangement with this very explosive one.

Q. You have told us about assimilation and movement;



Lydia Gibson

Floyd Dell

Author of *Outline of Marriage*, *Moon Calf*,
The Briary Bush, etc.

but what about reproduction? What have carbon and nitrogen to do with that?

A. If you follow me attentively, I think I can explain. This peculiar and unstable carbon-nitrogen combination must always be adding to its substance by assimilation, and using up its substance in action. Only there isn't a perfect balance between these two functions. If there is more action than assimilation, the substance is used up and dies. If there is more assimilation than action, the substance grows. Reproduction is simply a special and explosive means of growth.

Q. Would you please explain that a little more?

"Where Do We Go From Here?"

A. Think of primeval life starting as a single cell. The outside is all mouth. The inside is all belly. The cell grows—but the belly grows faster than the mouth, you see. (Note



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C.) So if the cell is to keep on growing, it must split in two. Its inside would starve if it didn't. Its inside is suffering a kind of protoplasmic pain. The delicate working balance between assimilation and action has been upset. So part of the inside rebels, gathers its energies, and makes a dash for freedom. There is a sort of explosion—and a new and independent bit of life exists. That is reproduction. The rest of the history of reproduction is a mere matter of detail. The chief difference between the reproduction of the simpler forms of life and that of the higher organisms is that in the simpler forms, *all* the protoplasm of a given individual is potentially reproductive—while in the higher forms the chemical formula, so to speak, of the protoplasm is changed in various organs so as to adapt these organs to special tasks; and thus the reproductive function is lost by these specialized organs, that function being retained only by a particular part of the organism which keeps intact the original chemical formula of the protoplasm of that species, and is hence solely concerned directly with reproduction. There is, of course, another recent development—the use of sexual means for reproduction.

Q. You call that recent?

The Latest Style in Reproduction

A. Biologically speaking, yes. It has been in use, for reproductive purposes, for only a few million years. And it has not yet been universally adopted. In most of the living species it is still a secondary or occasional means—and in a very large number of species it has been avoided altogether. These species may be said to be averse from new-fangled modern innovations. They prefer to reproduce themselves in the old-fashioned way, without sex.

Q. If our biological ancestors all the way back to the primeval slime had taken that stand, then the Pennsylvania board of moving-picture censors would not, I suppose, have any objection to representing a human individual as making baby-clothes!

A. Doubtless not—for there would be no sexual implication in such an event. All births would be virgin births. And everyone would be an "it," instead of a "he" or "she." I've no doubt some people would like it better that way. It must seem to them very sad to realize that when reproduction is possible *without* sex, so many species, and in particular the primeval progenitors of our human race, should have been so shameless as to entangle the two processes—so irrevocably that henceforth in our species, as among all the metazoa, reproduction has become actually impossible without the use of sexual means! However, sad or not, that is the fact.

Protoplasmic Pain

Q. You spoke of a protoplasmic pain in connection with reproduction. Was that a figure of speech, or a fact?

A. All life is capable of sensation, and therefore capable of sensations which may be roughly discriminated as pleasure and pain; though in fact these two sensations are mixed up, one with the other, in all of life's experiences. But hunger may be called a pain, in a bit of protoplasmic jelly as truly as in a jobless workingman. And it is precisely under the stimulus of the pain of hunger that individuals of the most biologically primitive species are com-

pelled to reproduce themselves. It is, moreover, under a specially acute degree of this same stimulus that species which have *both* modes of reproduction turn from the asexual to the sexual method of reproduction as the more efficient means. And finally, it is when the food supply gives out, at the approach of winter or the dry season, that the reproductive urge is fiercest among these primitive species, and forces them to employ the most elaborate means of reproducing themselves in forms which can survive the bad season. In the spring a young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love—but it is in the fall that the more primitive species turn with desperate seriousness to means of reproduction. Pain—the pain of protoplasmic hunger—may therefore be said to be an essential part of the mechanism of reproduction.

Q. Then it is because the salmon has a protoplasmic pain that she lays twenty thousand eggs?

A. Exactly. And it is because the male salmon shares the same pain that he fertilizes these eggs after they are laid. Not for mere pleasure, as you might mistakenly suppose.

Q. And the queen-bee, with her hundred thousand eggs?

A. Just the same.

Q. But how about the drone? We are told by J. H. Fabre that he is torn to pieces, and dies at the climax of the nuptial flight!

A. Men have been known to go to almost certain death on the operating-table rather than continue to suffer unbearable pain. Men have also, when suffering too much pain, been known to kill themselves.

Q. But this is rather terrible—this idea that reproduction is caused by an unendurable protoplasmic pain!

A. Think it over.

Q. Thank you. We shall. But there is another matter we want to ask you about. The salmon can lay twenty thousand eggs—and does, and dies. The queen-bee can lay several hundred thousand in a few years; and she does, and dies. Things are arranged somewhat differently in our human species, of course. A woman can't possibly have more than thirty-five or forty babies in a working lifetime; but a man can have—how many children? I mean, if all the germs of life produced in his body within a lifetime were to produce offspring, how many offspring would that one man have? You see, I want to compare him with the queen-bee.

A. His offspring would be more than the total human population of the earth; more than its total population from earliest times to the present day. His children would have to colonize the other planets; and even so, they would overcrowd the solar system!

Q. So we, in our species, do not measure up to our reproductive potentialities?

A. Far from it!

Q. The bees are said to be very intelligent. But I do not believe they have any literature or any art—?

A. They are too busy measuring up to their reproductive capacities. And even so, they have to stop short of their potential maximum. Those hundred thousand offspring a season are the result of the reproductive efforts of *one queen and one drone*. The rest of the queens and drones are killed, and all the workers are made sterile, so they never get a chance to show what they could do.



Prosperity—Now Nearly Everybody Can Eat

Otto Soglow

Q. Does any species really use fully its reproductive capacities?

A. Some of the lowest. (Note D.) They fill the seas and the air with hungry hordes that are eaten by other hungry hordes.

Q. Is there any sense in it?

A. Any intelligence? No.

Q. Isn't it a kind of insanity?

A. Where there is no sanity, there can be no insanity, properly speaking. The lower species are ruled by this blind passion for reproduction. They are helpless in the grip of it. If any reasoning being behaved that way, we should call it insanity, of course. That is, *I should*—President Roosevelt might have admired such behavior.

Q. Thank you. And now we will let the Anthropologist take the stand. Has mankind always exercised a conscious restraint over the instinctive passion for reproduction?

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST:—So far as we know, yes. Through all recorded history—and apparently for long millenniums before.

Q. How has this restraint been exercised?

A. By social control over individuals, deciding which ones, and under what conditions, shall be permitted to have offspring.

Q. What is this social control called?

A. It is called the institution of marriage.

(To be continued next month.)

NOTE A—THE BEHAVIOR OF NITROGEN

"It is customary to call nitrogen 'an inert element' because it was so hard to get it into combination with other elements. It might, on the other hand, be looked upon as an active element because it acts so energetically in getting out of its compounds. We can dodge the question by saying that nitrogen is a most unreliable and unsociable element. Like Kipling's cat it walks by its wild lone.

"It is not so bad as Argon the Lazy and the other celibate gases of that family, where every individual atom goes off by itself and absolutely refuses to unite even temporarily with any other atom. The nitrogen atoms will pair off with each other and stick together, but they are reluctant to associate with other elements and when they do the combination is likely to break up any moment. You all know people like that, good enough when by themselves but sure to break up any club, church or society they get into. Now the value of nitrogen in warfare is due to the fact that all the atoms desert in a body on the field of battle. Millions of them may be lying packed in a gun cartridge, as quiet as you please, but let a little disturbance start in the neighborhood—say a grain of mercury fulminate flares up—and all the nitrogen atoms get to trembling so violently that they cannot be restrained. The shock spreads rapidly through the whole mass. The hydrogen and carbon atoms catch up the oxygen and in an instant they are off on a stampede, crowding in every direction to find an exit, and getting more heated up all the time. The only movable side is the cannon ball in front, so they all pound against that and give it such a shove that it goes ten miles before it stops."—Edwin E. Slosson in "Creative Chemistry," The Century Books of Useful Science.

NOTE B—THE CHEMISTRY OF CATABOLISM

"It is supposed that the biogen (protoplasmic) molecules already present in living substance take out of the proteids of food certain groups of atoms, and dispose them so as to form cyanogen-like (nitrogen-carbon) compounds. The addition of oxygen atoms then brings the biogen molecule to the maximum of its power of decomposition, so that—partly spontaneously, but more especially when impelled by a stimulus—it breaks



Prosperity—Now Nearly Everybody Can Eat

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William Gropper

"Say, you look choost like Chesus"

down somewhat explosively, causing the formation of carbonic acid."—Max Verworn, article "Physiology." Encyclopedia Britannica.

NOTE C—THE MECHANICS OF PRIMITIVE REPRODUCTION

"As a . . . result of its partially fluid nature, protoplasm is subject to the laws of **surface-tension**, and a mass of it will therefore tend to become spherical. But in a sphere, as in any other solid body of fixed shape, surface increases with the **square**, bulk with the **cube** of the diameter. . . . When we say that one ball is three times as big as another. . . . in surface it is nine times, in cubic contents twenty-seven times as big. With our balls of living substance, this disproportion between increase of bulk and increase of surface brings difficulties.

"Every molecule in the inner parts of the sphere must have oxygen and food if the whole is to go on living. As the organism grows, that is to say as its molecule-population increases, the demand of each molecule is no less, but owing to the disproportion between surface and volume, the supply available for each is dwindling. The actual materials of supply still exist in unlimited quantity, but the organism cannot get at them. If the English Nation, with population advancing by leaps and bounds, were not able to build harbors and provide dock-laborers as quick as she bred men, all the wheat in Canada. . . . would not keep her from starvation, for the simple reason that it could not get in.

"So the primeval drop of protoplasm, earliest ancestor of all living organisms, . . . found, as it grew, its ports and landing facilities not keeping pace with the demands upon them.

Each particle of food and oxygen has to be handled by the surface molecules. . . . before the central populace can feed or work; and for each four-fold increase of transport-workers there is a sixteen-fold increase within of the mouths to be fed. This cannot go on indefinitely; but what is to be done?

There are two alternatives. One is for the mass of protoplasm to continue its growth, but obviate the difficulty by spreading itself out in one plane. In such a film of uniform thickness, whatever its extent, surface and volume will increase in almost equal proportion. This method, though it has been used here and there, is not easy of adoption, nor wholly satisfactory when adopted. . . . The other method is probably easier of adoption, certainly more beneficial in immediate result. It consists in this, that the disproportioned mass of protoplasm divides into two halves. By this means, though the total volume of living substance is left unaltered, the total surface it exposes is increased by over 50 per cent, and the two halves can thus go on gaily growing until the time comes to repeat the process. The actual division seems to be effected by a mere temporary lessening of the surface tension in certain regions. . . ."—Julian S. Huxley, in "The Individual in the Animal Kingdom," Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature.

NOTE D—SPEAKING OF EGGS!

"There is a well-known British starfish, *Luidia ellipsis*, which produces at least two hundred millions of eggs. . . ."—Article, "The Characteristics of Living Creatures." "The Outline of Science."



Gropper

William Gropper

"Say, you look choost like Chesus"

Philosophy for Super-Babbits

By Michael Gold

DANIEL J. DARIUS, walking up Broadway on a fine spring afternoon, was nevertheless melancholy. There was a frown of perplexity on his plump face; his jaunty body, in its expensive business suit, sagged a trifle, as though fate were riding hard on his shoulders; his head hung; he was in distress.

The sun was shining brightly; Broadway was sparkling and vivid with life, there was warmth in the air. This solid middle-aged citizen should have radiated satisfaction, but he was brooding, nevertheless.

At Forty-fourth street he met a friend, as plump, well-tailored and respectable as himself. This was Peter J. Poplar, and he took the hand of Darius in his own, and shook it affectionately.

"I am awfully sorry to hear of your little trouble, old man," Poplar said, in tones of genuine sympathy. "Don't let it get on your nerves; it is just one of the accidents that come in every life. Everything will turn out in the best of styles; don't worry, old dear."

Darius shook his head. The frown did not leave his ruddy, well-fed face.

"The trifling danger involved doesn't bother me a bit," he said mournfully, "it's the criticism, Poplar! I suppose I'm thin-skinned, but all this fiendish hue and cry makes me sick. I just can't bear to think that there are people in the world who hold such opinions of me. I have a bit of conscience, you see."

"There, there," said Poplar heartily, "so that's what's bothering you. How foolish of you! We all have our consciences, old man, and we must all make our peace with them before we can live. You mustn't let the outcry of all these petty newspapers, ministers and idle clubwomen move your serenity by a hair. Your conscience is something you must make account for to yourself, and the world can go to the devil. Come and have a baked apple with me in this Childs' restaurant, and I will try to reason the matter out with you. You should not let your moods conquer you in this way. I have heard that you have been quite in the dumps recently."

So they went into a nearby Childs', and ordered their baked apples and glasses of milk.

The waitress served them with real respect. They were two fine-looking, prosperous men, with stately, genial manners and an air of influence. They looked like men of importance in the community, and they were. Daniel J. Darius was one of the most wealthy and successful dope-peddlers in the city of New York, and Peter F. Poplar was an equally successful and admired white slaver on a large scale. Both of these men had come into a chaotic business and organized it with what was almost genius. They had repeated the same labors that Rockefeller had performed in the oil industry, and James J. Hill in the field of railroads.

Their perfect intelligence was revealed in the fact that the most skilled observer of American life could not have guessed what their profession was. They had lifted them-

selves completely above what the conventional public thinks men of their occupations look like.

Darius, the dope-peddler, had achieved the appearance and manner of the editor of a huge metropolitan daily, or the proprietor of a large film syndicate. Poplar, the white-slaver, could have passed anywhere as a dignified Justice of one of the higher courts, or as one of the best-loved and most well-to-do of veteran Broadway playwrights.

They maintained fine offices, both of them, with the title of Promoter inscribed in gold letters under their names on the door. And both of them loved Art, and encouraged its practitioners, and both of them read the liberal weeklies, and were informed on books, music, philosophy and politics. They were men of brains, with wide interests; that was how they had succeeded in their more narrow fields. Intelligence, even though it leads to new thoughts occasionally, really pays in the main.

Darius had suffered a stroke of bad fortune recently. Some weaking subordinate had betrayed his trust, and had confessed many things to the police. A campaign against dope was raging that year, replacing the furore against the Ku Klux Klan of the previous newspaper year, and Darius had been arrested. The shock was as great to him as if he had been a bank president. His solid regular daily life at the office had cut him off from the realities of the world. Flanked by his accountants, advertising and sales departments, stenographers and assistants, he had almost forgotten there were policemen in America. His assistants had always taken care of that branch of the business.

"My dear Daniel Darius," Poplar began gravely, "you have not attained a philosophy, a working compromise with the world. The man who has not philosophically understood the universe, his place in it, and all the actions of his life, is not prepared for life. He goes along smoothly when all is well, but when something unusual happens, he finds himself as naked as a young unfledged owl on a winter's night. That is how you find yourself at present.

"Many business men are in this situation, too. That is why they become so infuriated when radicals attack the morality of their activities. They find they have no answer ready. Isn't that true?"

"I suppose so," said Darius doubtfully.

"It is true," said the white-slaver energetically. He finished his frugal and healthful snack, settled back in his chair, and with his hands touching across his rather full stomach, soberly and earnestly outlined his philosophy.

"It is true. Now, Darius, listen to me. I am going to tell you the foundations of the philosophy I hold, the philosophy that has enabled me to pursue my path in the world, without these fears, doubts, and melancholies that afflict those who have not adapted themselves to their environment."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"To begin with, I have a supreme faith in democracy. What does one mean when one says, America is a democracy? It means this, briefly: that all of us who live here believe that one man is as good as another. We believe in

freedom, in leaving to each man the working out of his own destiny.

"In medieval monarchies, there was no freedom, as you must remember. The State and the Church, united in one powerful tyranny, dictated what the common man must work at, what pay he must receive, what he must think and believe, what forms of respect he must pay to God and master.

"But today, the masses are left free to experiment for themselves, and to learn what it is they want of life. We permit each man to gather his own experiences and pleasures—this is what democracy means.

"Now suppose the crude millions make mistakes in the course of these experimentations? Must we grow impatient and sneer at democracy, therefore? Suppose many of the people are still in a low stage of development, and demand cheap fiction, sloppy and melodramatic plays, puerile movies, stupid congressmen, adulterated food, clap-trap yellow newspapers, poisonous bootleg whiskey, half-witted Presidents, slaughterous and thieving Generals, inferior tobacco, paper shoes, bargain sale shoddy clothing, dirty, ramshackle tenements, long working days at low wages in tread-mill factories—and so on and so on—all the familiar desires of the American masses?

"Who are we to judge them? Ought we not permit them to taste, experience, judge and learn? Is it not almost incumbent on us to furnish them the means for experimentation? How can one proceed toward the higher except through the lower?

"This is the essence of democracy: and this explains why intelligent men who appreciate Heinrich Heine and Romain Rolland, nevertheless edit yellow newspapers and publish divorce scandals and murder horror stories as ably as more ignorant men. They do it for democracy.

"This is why men who read Tolstoy and Shelley serve as army officers and diplomats and propaganda officials when the nation has decided on war. They accept the commands of democracy.

"This is why writers who know the supreme art of Dostoevsky, Tchekov, Anatole France and other masters write Snappy, Live, True, Saucy and Detective Stories in America. They give the people what they want.

"It is what all our great statesmen do. It is what our business men do. It is what ministers do. It is what every good American does, including myself, my dear Darius, and yourself.

"For we have not created the desires for dope or illicit sex. These seem to be real and constant needs of a great number of free-born American citizens. We gratify these democratic needs at as low a cost and on as efficient a basis as we can. We are the servants of the people. The other more respectable servants still frown slightly on our activities, but when this wave of Puritanism has passed, they will receive us into the fold of those who give the public what they want: the true democrats, who smother their private feelings, tastes and desires to serve the people."

He paused. The effect on Darius of this eloquent logic had been wonderful. He looked almost cheerful.

"Go on, Poplar, old man", the super-dope-peddler said to the super-white-slaver. "You reason like an Aristotle, or a Brisbane or a Walter Lippman. You make me see things in a new light."

"Faith in democracy is one of the chief pillars of a good business man's philosophy," Poplar continued. "The other should be psycho-analysis. I will be brief on this head, for you must read it up for yourself, apply it to your own make-up, perhaps even be analyzed, as I have been. It is a wonderful aid to living.

"Many business and professional men, army men, say, or mine-owners, steel mill owners and the like, occasionally feel twinges of pain at what they are doing, during a strike say, when the army man must shoot down ordinary people, or during peace, when the capitalist must see thousands of his exploited workers starve and live in filth.

"Freudianism teaches us, however, not to suffer from bad conscience over what we cannot help. We have not created the world; it is there outside us. Our psychic troubles come solely from not adapting ourselves to this world, this reality.

"Here is this democratic capitalistic system, for instance. And here are also, for instance, we two who must live in it. We are sober, hard-working family men, who never use drugs ourselves or stain the sanctity of our homes. But it happens that we live by catering to these needs of the world. We live by professions a little out of the ordinary. Have we created this world, or these professions? If we gave up our work, would it and the world not go on just about as usual? Would not someone, perhaps less intelligent and decent than ourselves, step in and take over our tasks? We at least have some ethics; our successors would be savages.

"We must accept the universe and our place in it. We must not worry over what some people think of us, but do our work. We must not repudiate reality, but reconcile ourselves to it. Why feel inferior, criminal or immoral? These are but neurotic manifestations of our incomplete adaptation to a world that wants dope and women. Do you follow me?"

Darius, of course, was following him gladly. In fact, this was one of the most helpful days of his busy and successful life. The philosophic Poplar taught his friend a new way of thinking and living that day. So deeply did the lesson sink in, that Darius the dope-peddler was cheerful ever afterward. He read books on Freud, magazine articles in the Saturday Evening Post on democracy, he was successful in beating his trial, and he flung himself with renewed vigor into his work, managing to add no less than \$8,500 to his income for the ensuing year.

Ascetics

OLD Simon Stylite from his verminous tower,
Must yield in saintship to this pregnant hour,
My friend the sculptor, born to natural dirt
Walk through this city in a stainless shirt.

And Magdalene, she whose holy oil
Proved her most motherly, must praise the toil
Of this man's wife, who has forgone her art
To fry her leaden pancakes, with her heart.

For all the fertile labors of the soul
Are not in abstinence but in Control.
Let that man wilt who smells a flippancy;
In him's the death of natural dignity.

Anna Wickham.

REVIEWS

Kicking the Seats of Learning

The Goose-Step, by Upton Sinclair. Published by Upton Sinclair at Pasadena, California.

ON that fine April morning when J. P. Morgan declared war on the Kaiser, the students of Columbia University—I among them—were corralled into the gymnasium to hear the solemn utterances of President Nicholas Murray Butler. At that time Butler was celebrated not only as an aspirant for the White House, but also as a crony of Wilhelm II. and—as a great pacifist. However, he had his eyes opened by the war, thank God! And so, on that fine April morning he poured out gallons of patriotic rhetoric and a few crocodile tears. His voice cracked with appropriate emotions as he urged us to offer our lives that this government of the people, by the etc., etc. shall not perish. When his peroration subsided, Prof. X, a super-scholar of Santayana's *Life of Reason* and Butler's crown-prince, delivered a lofty sermon on academic freedom: whereas a university was detached from the sordid sewers of practical life, and whereas it was a sanctuary for the disinterested pursuit of truth and beauty, it was to be hoped that here, if nowhere else, scholars would be permitted to think and speak freely about this universal cataclysm.

Before the year was over the radical editor of one of the college papers was expelled for lese majesté toward Butler's war hysteria; Professors Dana and Cattel were expelled for belonging to a mild pacifist organization called the People's Council, whose chief crime was to issue a rough draft of the Fourteen Points before Woodrow Wilson thought of them; Leon Fraser was dropped as instructor in politics for continuing the pacifist propaganda which Nicholas Murray Butler had hired him to carry on; and two students in the School of Journalism—Francis Philips and Eleanor Wilson Parker—were fired for opposing conscription before the conscription law was passed.

The majority of students, fresh from Main Street and excited by visions of themselves as gallant officers, took these examples of academic freedom as a matter of course. Those who knew something of Marx and the class character of the war, also took these expulsions as a matter of course—though for other reasons. But those naive students who really believed that universities are sacred places of learning, where great minds are engaged in a disinterested pursuit of knowledge, were as shocked by these expulsions as if a mountain had fallen on their heads.

Having just passed examinations on the poetry of Shelley, Rousseau's *Social Contract*, the Bill of Rights, and the French Revolution, these Cándides imagined they were living in the best and most emancipated of all possible worlds—an American college. The tyranny of Czar Nicholas seemed to them immoral and paradoxical; and I am convinced that to this day most of them have not solved the paradox. They and their families and their friends still believe that American universities are laboratories for the impartial analysis of life. For this dogma—like the belief in ectoplasm, Lydia Pinkham's vegetable compound, democracy, the Epworth League, Coué, Congress, and the trustworthiness of the

press—is one of the fundamental superstitions of American life.

Upton Sinclair has done a tremendous piece of work in smashing this superstition. The expulsion of radical professors and students ceases to be a mystery when it becomes clear that the universities of America are owned, controlled, and exploited by the same little group of plutocrats who own, control, and exploit the natural resources, industries, and officials of America. And Upton Sinclair has made that clear in a book which is as fascinating as a good novel and at the same time bubbles over with facts.

And here is the essence of these facts: The interlocking directorate which owns Standard Oil, the National City Bank, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, U. S. Steel, and the U. S. Government, also owns Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the other universities of America. J. P. Morgan and his partners are trustees in some of these universities; John D. Rockefeller and his partners are trustees in the others.

Now the paradox of academic freedom is solved; "Academic Freedom" is the full-blooded brother of Free Speech. Nicholas Murray Butler squeezed out of Columbia scholars of profound intellect and rich character like Professors Woodberry, Spingarn, Beard, Harvey Robinson, Dana, Catell, Fraser, and Goodnow; he hands out honorary degrees to bankers, bishops, ambassadors, military men, and lawyers. Can you expect anything else from a university whose board of trustees consists of Morgan bankers, bishops, and lawyers? Harvard students were sent to break the strike of the Lawrence mill workers and the strike of the Boston policemen. Any wonder—in a university among whose trustees are J. P. Morgan himself, his Boston partner Lee Higginson, and Coleman du Pont?

The University of Pennsylvania is controlled by the United Gas Improvement Company. This Company is owned by Morgan's Philadelphia partner, Drexel. Last year the company was indicted by the Federal Government for criminal activities. For showing up some of these activities the university dropped several of its professors. There is no mystery here; nor is it strange that a university partly controlled by the State Manufacturers' Association of Pennsylvania should fire Scott Nearing when he opposed child labor.

These are a handful of the facts which Upton Sinclair has gathered by travelling from coast to coast and investigating every university from Yale to Stanford. He exposes the sham of "higher" education in this country. He shows up the colleges as clubs for rich men's sons, and as "intellectual sweatshops" where, as Prof. Beard put it, "the status of a professor is lower than that of a manual laborer."

And the status of professors is degraded not only economically and socially. After all no man who wants money or position goes in for teaching. The class-room is either a refuge for incompetents unable to meet the world on its own terms, or a workshop for genuine scholars, passionately in love with knowledge, anxious to communicate it, and willing to suffer privation for its sake. But there is little room for genuine scholars in institutions controlled by money-lenders and stock-manipulators whose contempt for learning is equalled only by their fear of truth. The University of Pennsylvania, which expelled Nearing, opened its halls to Billy Sunday, and later elected that celebrated philosopher, General Leonard Wood, as its provost. It is no accident that, with the exception of John Dewey, Morris Cohen, Carlton Hayes,

Rosco Pound and a few others, the cream of American scholarship is now to be found outside of the colleges.

Universities are a mask for the ruling classes. The church of the middle ages lent a spiritual approval to the bringandage and tyranny of the First Estate; the timid economists and historians of the universities lend an intellectual apology for the plutocracy which pays them. The fate of honest intellects in universities is that which the mediaeval church meted out to heretics. From such class institutions the masses of the world need expect no knowledge, or guidance; truth must flee from or perish in these intellectual brothels devoted to political intrigue, social climbing, and heresy-hunting. Economics and history are usually nothing more than a systematic defense of private property and the status quo; and now there is a movement afoot to turn these "sciences" into more naked propaganda. I have even heard a professor in Biblical literature use Isaiah to glorify—Theodore Roosevelt and preparedness! To this false and putrid culture of the ruling caste the workers must oppose a culture of their own, based upon a courageous and intelligent examination of the world we live in. And it is to Upton Sinclair's credit that he concludes with a plea for independent worker's education.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

Purity Persecuted

SO THIS is the play the "Miss Nancys" want to suppress! What has happened to the hitherto sharp noses of the smut-hounds that they do not see that Sholom Asch's *The God of Vengeance* is the very fine flower of Puritan morality, the most sanctimonious dollar-a-pound pure play that ever hit New York? And for this Harry Weinberger, the producer, and the whole company have been indicted.

It is the story of a Polish brothel-keeper, all of whose idealism is concentrated on keeping his little daughter "pure." For her safety he has had written a Holy Scroll, which he regards as a charm to keep her safe. But the brothel is in the basement of his own house; and little Rifkele has become intimate with Manke, one of the girls from "down there," who carries her off to another brothel. Collapse of all poor Yekel's dreams!

During a whole evening devoted to Vice, we are not allowed for one minute to forget what a Terrible Thing it is; no laughing here, my children! No such unholy levity as distinguishes the leg-shows and bedroom farces undisturbed by the Guardians of Public Immorality! No flippancy, now; this is a serious business, determining the Exact Percentage of Physical Purity of a frightened and ignorant little girl. And in the end, in spite of Pa's pessimistic certainty, there remains considerable doubt as to the answer! As the play is written we are supposed, I think, to sympathise most with the old father and his Holy Scroll; but the audience, myself included, seemed much more inclined to sympathize with the frequently insulted mother and the population below-stairs and the quite understandable curiosity of the well-guarded child. I confess ignorance to these things, but the behavior of the girls certainly suggested hair-brushing hour in an upper class boarding-school rather than a dull interval in business, and the voice of Manke could only have been trained in the best imitation English society comedies. Schloyme, and Hindel with



A. J. Frueh

Rudolph Schildkraut
in the *God of Vengeance*

her full-lunged roaring were real: the heartrending quarrel between them was the emotional climax of the play for me; to this then has been degraded the friendship and love of human beings! Esther Stockton as the mother handles a very difficult task beautifully. There is a matchmaker who suggests a nervous down-east fisherman, deported by mistake of the Department of Justice to Poland; but on the whole the cast is excellent.

I shall not speak of the beauty of Mr. Schildkraut's acting; that has already been praised by wiser critics in better words than I know how to choose. It is a sin and a shame that this play, that has already run in New York at the Yiddish Art Theatre should be persecuted now, apparently for being translated into English. If the Moscow Art Theatre had translated their plays, would this have happened to them too? I hear a rumor that certain wealthy and super-respectable Jews are scandalized that one of their race should be presented as a brothel-keeper; but my friends, what more do you want? Here is a brothel-keeper more moral than a rabbi, more idealistic than an adolescent poet, more puritanical and unforgiving than a Pilgrim Father! If this is a brothel-keeper, what must the Pillars of Society be?

LYDIA GIBSON.



A. J. Frueh

Rudolph Schildkraut
in the God of Vengeance

A Blind Rebel in a Trap

EVERY year there come straggling into New York City young men and women who have fled from the towns and villages of the middle-west as from pest-ridden prisons. Some of them are, like Carrol Kennicot, disgusted with provincialism; they come in search of larger and more creative activities than those afforded by a civilization of petty store-keepers. Others, like Felix Fay, are spurred on by a hatred for the injustices of capitalist society and by a love for the intelligence of science and the beauty of poetry. These young men and women are more or less aware of the kind of things they like. In this cauldron of granite they make experiments and mistakes; throw their whole strength into the struggle; verify or discard prejudices. Finally some of them conquer a foothold; some accept a compromise; many are crushed.

But whether they triumph or fail, it is possible for us to love them for the intensity of their desires and their courage. It is not necessary to conquer in order to win the affection, or even the admiration of the world. A man may smash his head to bits against the iron opposition of his environment; his defeat may be due to his own folly or the inherent weakness of his moral equipment, he may suffer for the sake of an irrational ideal or an unpopular cause; but if the issue between him and his enemies is clearly defined in his own mind, and—above all—if he puts up a real fight, he cannot fail to move our sympathies.

About such young men and women there has sprung up a whole literature of revolt. Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, Floyd Dell, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and Ben Hecht have told the stories of these people; and these stories have stirred America because they supplied the two elements which I have mentioned, conflict and a cause for conflict. If the heroes and heroines of these novels protest, it is at least made clear to us what they are protesting against. They do not struggle in a vacuum. They struggle against a mechanical civilization which drives people into factories; they struggle against poverty, ugliness, ignorance and misunderstanding; against the hypocrisies of middle-class morality and against the middle-class family with its destructive authority and even more destructive affection; they struggle for a chance to develop themselves into something better than slaves, something higher than the ideals set for them by the hog-butchers, money-lenders, and munition-makers who endow American universities. The conflict need not be against an external environment. It may be against one's own ignorance, fear, weakness, despair, cynicism—as in the case of Ben Hecht's heroes; but in either case the *casus belli* is stated and a vigorous war is carried on.

It is the lack of these two elements which take the vitality out of the hero in John Howard Lawson's expressionist play *Roger Bloomer*, now running at the Greenwich Village Theatre. The play is in many ways remarkable. Its technique is cinematographic. There are over thirty scenes following each other in swift succession, as in *Johannes Kreisler*. This theatrical device was invented by European dramatists, but outside of the *Hairy Ape*, Lawson's play is so far the only American experiment in that direction. More than that, the play stands out for its intense lyrical quali-

ties; Roger Bloomer's career, though fragmentary and without resistance, is a kaleidoscope of memorable scenes.

Roger is the son of an Iowa merchant. He is eighteen, shy, lonely, and acutely distressed about himself and his world, but with no clear notion of what ails him. At any rate, he knows that he is sick of Iowa, of his father's store, and of the monotonous routine of his home. Everything else is vague. A terrible fire seems to consume his body and his mind. Like all adolescents, he feels he is seeking the secret of life. He attempts to find it in the pages of Shelley and—the *Police Gazette*, a sort of unstable oscillation between poetry and pornography.

Old man Bloomer is worried about his son. He wants him to be a "man", not a dreamer. A friend of Roger's, a young snob and climber, home on his vacation from college, suggests the remedy. Yale: that's where they make a man of you, kick the dreams out of your system, force you to make friends, get skirts, be a regular guy. But Roger is a young idealist. He doesn't want "skirts"; he wants (poor fellow!) love; and he doesn't want to be a regular guy; he wants—he hardly knows what, but certainly not the stupidity and drabness of regular guys. His father however is convinced that the cure for Roger's moroseness is Yale.

Roger plugs away at his studies, but when he is half through with his examinations, he quits. This premature Faust finds nothing in books of learning. They are lies contradicting other lies. He comes to his father's store to tell him of his disgraceful expulsion from the examination room; and is present when one of the sales-girls resigns. She, too, is sick of Iowa; tired of the humdrum mechanical existence of the small middle-western town. When she leaves, Roger rushes out after her. There is one who understands... Under a tree bright with apple-blossoms he tries to explain: poetry comes rushing out of him: places of which he had read in books offer an illusory refuge—Bagdad and Samarkand... But Louise, being a woman and therefore essentially a practical person, laughs. She is going to New York, knowing well enough in her heart that it will be not very different from the hole in Iowa which she hates so much.

The two meet in New York. Roger has already tasted the miseries of a reality for which he was totally unprepared. An ugly landlady has tried to seduce him, and she didn't one bit resemble the fair damosels of Keats and Coleridge. He is without work and without money, and from first-hand experience he has learned that one cannot eat free verse. But Louise, with her firmer grip on life, has gotten a good job; and she takes her lost friend to the office, where she hopes to find an opening for him.

The office is a series of five pigeon-holes strung across the top of the stage—perhaps the most effective of all the scenes. Four automatons, acting in unison, answer telephones like a squad of soldiers. The boss sits in the holy of holies reading figures that run into the millions. Before this precision Roger stands like a child pulled out of its cradle. There is no place for a dreamer here. His one recommendation is that he is starving, a rather commonplace talent.

In desperation he takes to wandering around the slums of New York; but even hoboes find him too far away from reality; he walks among garbage-cans as if they were the sentences of a sociological novel. A whore accosts him,

stirring in him the seeds planted by the Police Gazette, but when she discovers that he has no money, she turns him down with scorn.

Roger is now thoroughly helpless and defeated. He seems to fit in nowhere. He is impotent before even the lowest forces of the great city; and being impotent he seeks escape through suicide. He buys a bottle of rat-poison. But rat-poison doesn't taste like nectar and he can't drink it down. Poor child! Too weak even to commit suicide.

A bum finds him unconscious and takes him to Louise's house, the address of which he finds in the boy's pocket, and Louise, liberally endowed with the motherly instincts which Roger needs most, tells him she loves him. At last Roger has achieved something. They will now face life together, and conquer—something or other. As usual Roger doesn't know what he will do nor how he will do it. It is the girl who realizes at once that in order to do anything they must have money. Only money will bring them near to the vague beauty which they both long for. She steals three thousand dollars' worth of bonds from her office. Roger is morally shocked at anything so real. He orders her to return the money at once. She goes back to the office. Before she has time to replace the bonds, she runs into her employer, who has been interested in her for a long time. Mr. Rumsey, in his precise way, offers her marriage and millions; but Louise, despite her passionate desire for luxury, turns the offer down. She now sees her dilemma clearly. It is either Roger and beauty and poverty; or Mr. Rumsey and millions and the drabness of middle-class existence. She will not make a choice between beauty and comfort. She will have both or neither; and since she is a working-girl, she sees no way out for herself ever. She is trapped between her desires and her social position. And so she takes poison; takes it in her usual deliberate and practical way. It works, giving her the freedom of death and Roger the freedom of working out his destiny alone.

Her dying advice to Roger is Ibsenesque: stand alone! passion and beauty count; fight for them with your own strength!

Roger's last stronghold is smashed. He has no apron to cling to. On top of that, he is jailed as a material witness in the girl's death. His father visits him in jail. The old man is contrite. He doesn't quite understand what has happened, but he begins to feel intuitively that something is wrong in the mechanical rigidity under which his son has cracked, and he promises to get Roger out, even though the boy refuses to return to Iowa, and insists on fighting it out himself.

In his cell that night Roger dreams a dream very accurately modeled on the latest psychoanalytic pattern. All his friends and enemies appear to enact their roles symbolically. Most striking of all is Roger's repudiation of his mother. When he wakes, the doors of the jail are thrown open, and Roger walks out into a New York flooded with sunlight. The final curtain falls on the future. Roger is now free—free for what?

Through all these adventures Roger shows a disastrous blindness. He not only does not understand the world; he hasn't the faintest conception of his own needs or his own desires. But after all that would be too much to expect of an eighteen year old boy from the Middle West. Most adol-



Wanda Gag

The Poetess

escents, like kittens, are deposited with half-closed eyes on the door-step of reality; but their eyes are brutally pried open very soon, or else they perish.

With his vagueness and vacillation, Roger is no imaginary type. One of the most clear-headed and efficient revolutionists of my acquaintance tells me that when he came to New York at eighteen he felt just like Roger. But there is this difference: this revolutionist resisted his environment. As a positive weapon he had the ambition to become a big newspaperman. He butted his head into a vast, mechanical monster, and when he looked up he saw that it was a machine which was sucking in human beings at one end and pouring out profits for capitalists at the other. Other young men crystallize their protest in painting, or music, or literature. But Roger has no resistance. He is a child needing care and assistance at every point; he doesn't make love to Louise; she makes love to him. He cannot even, like many young men with no other talent, become a rake.

However, Roger Bloomer's weakness does not detract from the force and vividness of the play. John Howard Lawson has drawn a real type, with all the confusions and blind gropings of that type. If Roger Bloomer cannot see what is going on about him, that is not his creators' fault. It is Roger Bloomer's misfortune.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

THE LIBERATOR



Wanda Gag

The Poetess

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Why Does the World Know About This Famine?

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During the Czar's regime Cossacks were always sent to the afflicted area with instructions to force the peasants not to leave their villages.

In this manner thousands died but the world knew nothing about it.

TO-DAY

the Soviet Government has thrown open the best buildings to the sufferers. It has attempted in every possible manner to save the unfortunates.

It has appealed to the workers of the world in this gigantic undertaking. That is why the whole world knows about THIS famine. That is why we know that

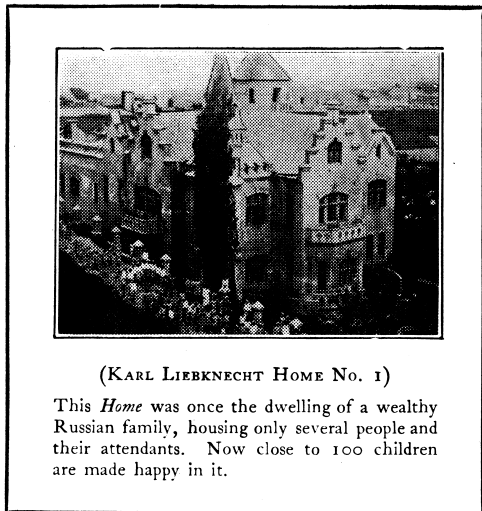
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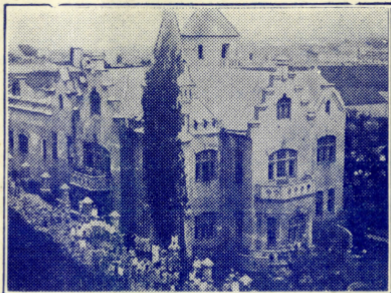
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