LIBERATOR

JULY '23

20c

Is This Your Idea of a Bolshevik?

ON the cover of the June issue of the SOVIET RUSSIA PICTORIAL is the picture of a *Bolshevik*, as conceived by the bourgeois press of the world and drawn by an appreciative artist.

There is murder in his eyes. The dagger between his teeth drips fresh blood.

There is a threat against civilization in every hair of his whiskers.

Although a blundering barbarian, he develops from time to time an uncanny shrewdness and an amazing talent for insidious trouble-making.

In fact, he adjusts his character most graciously to the trend of the news, so much so that he may be suspected of collusion with the City Editors of the world.

And he is as ubiquitous as an insurance agent. You meet him around every corner, in every cranny. His favorite resort, however, is in the columns of the daily press. There he is most like himself—the peerless, unsuppressed, magnificent Bolshevik.

Correspondents from Riga, Warsaw, Paris, Washington and other places collaborate in the delineation of this XXth Century myth. British spies working for New York newspapers and ex-Socialists hoping to do so add gore to the picture. Our artist, we think, has caught the spirit of their co-operative effort, and his drawing is really a tribute to the imagination of international capitalism.

But—

While we acknowledge the imaginative powers of those who by their united malignity have created this monster, we must decry them for the utter falsity of their creature.

The Bolshevik Government of Soviet Russia is engaged in a giant reconstructive task. With meagre materials and in the face of stubborn opposition by the forces of greed and ignorance it seeks to establish a new system of society.

The drama of that undertaking is too vast to be easily grasped. The perspective of another generation will reveal its tremendous outlines. The most we can do is to record detached episodes of that drama, to indicate sketchily the tendencies at work: how the new generation is being educated, the sorry heritage of Tsarist superstition replaced by a conception of co-operative human effort, the material foundation of agriculture and industry molded for a communist future.

And this, *SOVIET RUSSIA PICTORIAL* seeks to do. Get new readers for the *PICTORIAL*.

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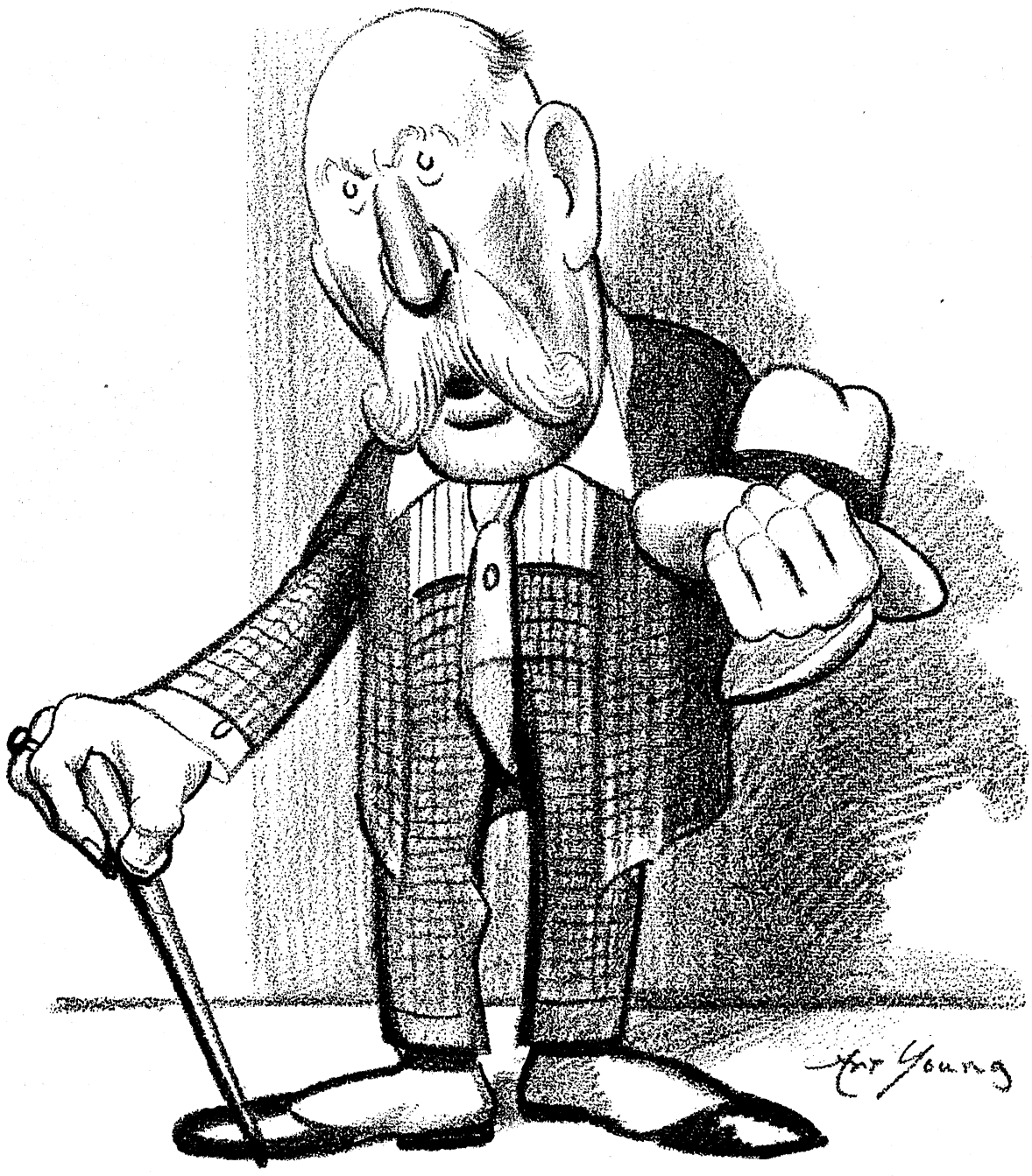


Products of Civilization, or the Survival of the Fittest

(No. 1) Frank A. Munsey

BORN on a farm in Mercer, Maine, in 1854. From this humble beginning he gradually rose to the Who-Who Class of Financier and Publicist. Is president of the Munsey Trust Co. of Washington, D. C. Is heavy stockholder in the Steel Trust. Buys newspapers to put them out of business; still owns a few, and publishes several magazines. Member of the select Union League and other clubs. Looks like the sheriff of a small town. Mr. Munsey stands solidly for Hard Boiled Business and from those who like his kind of Success is entitled to Admiration, Respect and even Awe.

Art Young.

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. No. 7 [Serial No. 63] July, 1923

EDITORIALS

The Search for Glands

IT IS but natural that at this time an aged millionaire should come forward to propose monkey glands for the rejuvenation of a senile world. Good old Colonel House, the Texas millionaire who helped Wilson brew the poisonous soup of Versailles, has started another drive for a capitalist world-dictatorship through the League of Nations. This gland would be out of the same monkey as the World Court which is the gland that Mr. Harding proposes. The vitalizing gland would be grafted to the senile body of European-American-Japanese capitalism, to unify it for a class war against the population of Europe and Asia. Its first effect would be to attach international authority to the present French Army, and its first objective would be (as admitted by its chief advocate, Judge Clarke) the conquest of Russia. Colonel House urges quick action, and warns his class with the words of General Smuts:

"The sands are running out, and unless some strong hand can even now clutch Europe and rescue her from the slope down which she is slipping the catastrophe of the peace may yet become far greater than that of the great war."

The sands that are running out are the crumbling foundation of the capitalist system. The "slope down which (capitalist) Europe is slipping" is the working class revolution—Bolshevism.

Where Is Capitalism's "Lenin"?

CAPITALISM would like to get the brain of a Lenin in its service today. (British imperialism would have liked to get a George Washington into its service during the trouble in the American colonies; Louis Bourbon would have liked to have the services of a Robespierre). But it cannot be so. The really "strong men" of each age must serve the live cause of the age, not the dead cause. In fact, "strong men" don't make history; history makes them. Men of the vision and power of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln are as plentiful today as they were in '76 and '61. But today they go by such names as Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev and—Foster. Capitalism, the dying cause, must worry along with the services of a Harding.

But the *human* world can be congratulated—the latest news is that Lenin is getting well again.

Wanted: the Moon

BUT where is the "strong hand" that can clutch Europe and rescue her from the working class? Will the chinless millionaire from Texas nominate a Napoleon? The world dictatorship would require "strong hands" to form it and to head it. Why doesn't American capitalism, which dominates the world economically, produce "strong men" who could equally dominate the world politically? Because, by its very nature, when this capitalist mountain groans it must bring forth such a thing as—Harding! Even a Borah seems too analytical-minded to find his way to the top in capitalism's present decadence. None but a political idiot can completely and consistently believe in capitalism today, and capitalism must have a complete believer as its chief.

The Tin Lizzie Doctor

THE royal family from Marion, Ohio, has about played itself out. The normalcy system isn't working. Failure after failure is shaking Wall Street. Capitalism is losing faith in itself and requires a leader who through some strange fanaticism can still put aside the evidence of his eyes and *believe*. The search for a complete political idiot for President has unavoidably led to the door of Henry Ford. Didn't Henry make automobile profits better than anybody? Doesn't Henry hate Jews, Niggers, Catholics and Bolsheviks? and doesn't that put him wholesomely inside the range of the average business man's understanding? Isn't Henry a doctor of some sort of magic that makes tin Lizzies run and that might be applied to the in'ards of the industrial system? Couldn't Henry perhaps, walk up to the national industrial machine, lift the hood and, saying the magic formula, "Turn over, Lizzie, it's Henry!" make the old wreck go? "In other words," writes a correspondent to the *Nation* "Among all the unfits who have a chance, Ford has the virtue of being different, and modern progress does not depend on doing the intelligent thing, but on doing something different."

This is, indeed, the small business man's philosophy.

Will not the Klu Klux Klan endorse Henry? Will not all the little men of the small-business class, bewildered and frightened, cling to this magical hope, the Tin Lizzie Mediocrity? Capitalism must have a political idiot at its deathbed, and Henry is a candidate.

Burns Talks Too Much

AN amusing rumor is going around Washington, of a furious "bawling out" that Samuel Gompers gave to William J. Burns for making public intimation of the new co-operation of Burns and Gompers in exterminating the radical followers of William Z. Foster in the trade unions. It appears that when Burns seemed about to put away Gompers' enemy, Foster, in the Michigan penitentiary, Gompers decided that he had something in common with the famous anti-labor thug. But Gompers is said to be amazed at Burns' stupidity in not understanding that the whole thing had to be "on the quiet."

Fear *William Gropper*

Eugenics

MY great grandfather was a pious man,
He lived carefully and well, as a Methodist;
He was trifty and laborious, he made no waste,
He closed his house at nine at night, was faithful and chaste;
He was just to all men in their degree,
He went to class-meetings and had the minister to tea,
From birth to death he rose two grades in rank;
Born a laborer, he died a farmer with savings in the bank;
But all the calculations of his life-time were undone
By my grand-father who was his only son.

My grand-father was naturally addicted to Sin;
At the age of eight he bought a violin,
Alone he learned to play that thing of evil
Though he well knew that music was the language of the Devil!
Sweet sounds and sin were wedded joy
To the perverted sense of that farm-boy.
He practised waltzes in the barn, using a mute,
When he had fiddled long in secret, bought a flute.

One day his father found the fiddle, and in ire
Broke the vile thing and threw it on the fire.
Savage and unpersuaded, the mad fellow
Begged, stole and starved until he bought a 'cello!
The rogue, my grandfather, would never stop
On any farm or patient in a shop;
He wished the spade and yardstick both to Hades,
And took the road with a tragedian, and two light ladies.

The minister never knew all his poor life
Whether one or both these women was my grandfather's wife.
I, a conservative, am descended from their communion
And I am married to the Squire, though my grandfather died in the Union!

Anna Wickham.

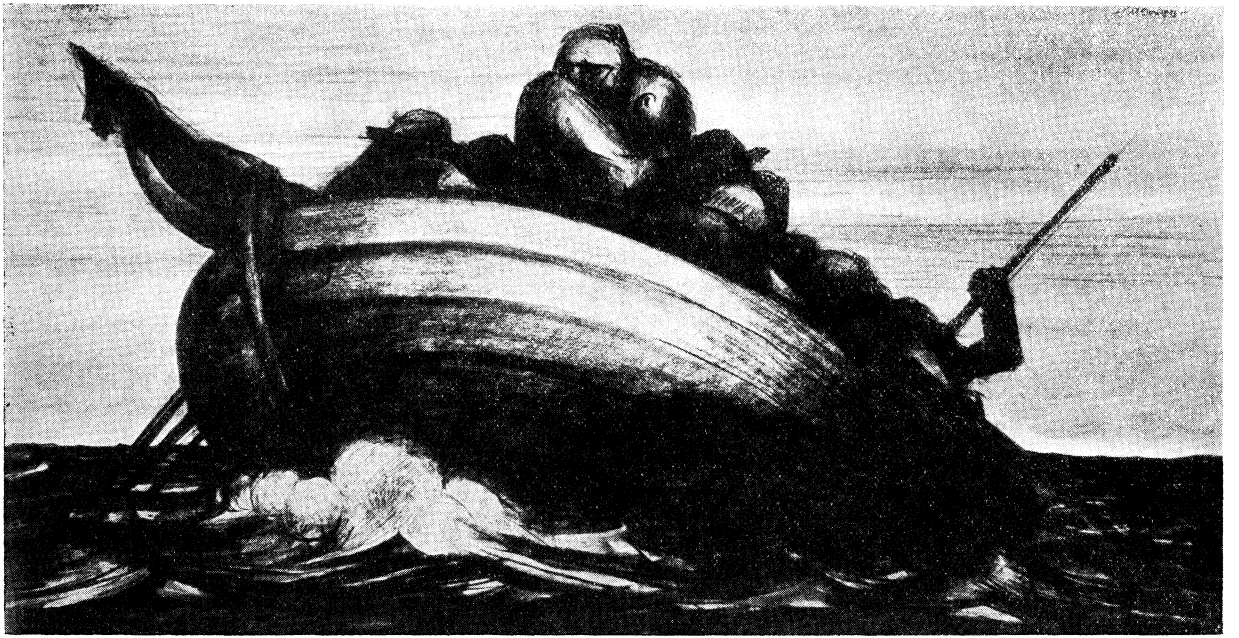
Song of Brotherhood

BE ye a-starin' at corn what mocks ye, starved with no gold?
Ye'll eat what grain ye grow when, brothers all, ye be bold.

To each man cry out, "Brother!" For all but the boss, sheathe knife.
Be ye a slave o' the boss what never toiled in his life?
Be ye achin' where chains do shackle ye down with pain?
With all yer lungs cry "Brother!" and brothers will loose yer chain.
Be ye a-wastin' back o' bars for a crime that the world learnt ye?
In the day o' the brothers' rule you'll be workin' glad and free.
Be ye an outcast woman slinkin' along in yer shame?
As Christ forgave and loved ye, we'll laugh and do ye the same.
Be ye a worm in the guts o' some vile beast of a town?
Then follow; we go afield where smiles the day with no frown.
Be ye a-teachin' the kids with scarcely the wages to live?
Ye're a comrade 'cause you teach; but you should live as you give.
Be ye a girl with headaches from suckin' the stink of a store?
Brothers'll make you a woman; haters will make you a whore.
Be yer skin black as tar? Be ye some foreign slave?
We'll grab yer fist and clasp it, the hand what the good God gave.
Be ye sick o' strugglin' ? then you are brother o' we
An' our job is as plain as daylight; we got to break an' go free.

Be ye a-starin' at corn what mocks ye, starved with no gold?
Ye'll eat what grain as ye grow when millions o' brothers are bold.

Herbert Jones.



Fear *William Gropper*

Fear *William Gropper*

A Journey in Italy

By R. W. Postgate

I HAVE just spent a very short while in Italy and know very little Italian. Perhaps it is an impertinence in me to write at all about what I saw, but sometimes a stranger sees what a native does not notice, and what obtrudes itself upon a wandering tourist may be something that an Italian would not trouble to mention.

THE first surprise—no trouble in getting through. Italy is a Fascist country: I believe I am noted down as a revolutionary writer. No trouble at the frontier—not even a careful search of your baggage. It still seems to be Baedeker's Italy, a country exclusively devoted to the service and amusement of the English and Americans. At Novara, our first stop, the Cooperative Bank is unharmed. No Fascisti have ruined it. But on the walls there are old election posters. We puzzled out one:—

> **Citizen Electors!**
>
> **The list of candidates drawn up by the Fascist Party must be voted whole and entire. All erasures and omissions are invalid...**

The rest was torn off. But it shows that Mussolini knows a thing or two about running elections. The shops, when you look closer, show certain signs of the new regime. You can buy Fascist ties with the rod and axe on them, heads of *Il Duce* in soap, pots with Mussolini's portrait on them, and so on.

NEXT to Orta Novarese. Orta is a small town on the smallest of the Italian lakes, the westernmost, less overrun by tourists. Very beautiful land unspoilt, still half a peasant centre. Tiny, narrow streets with very tall houses, and a bank which has just opened a branch in a small shop, with photographs of its safes to encourage the peasant. In the hotel there is a long notice threatening foreigners, after the American manner. It is signed by the King and the proper secretary of state, and then there is the one word *Mussolini*—no initial, or office. It is clear who is the big man now. He is too big also, to translate his decrees into proper English. The notice tells us that, under various penalties, tourists of both sexes are required "to personally go" to the authorities of Public Security "and exhibit their generalities." An American lady is reading it with the air of one confronted with an intolerable obscenity. We inquire hastily of the hotel manager who seems surprised at our worrying about it. All you have to do is to fill up a form of the usual kind. The *Inglesi* need not trouble to go and see anybody. It is all perfectly easy.

SO, too, at Como. Como is a large popular resort, like Brighton or what I suppose your Palm Beach to be. The whole Italian population seems to be devoted to making things easy for the English and Americans. Fascismo? Italian nationalism? Nonsense! It is all bluff. All Como is dependant upon the foreigner, it has a "*this way, Madam*" look about it. How could it offend its best clients?

All the same, behind the stucco fronts and large hotels, there is something hidden. A foreigner does not understand even the strong and florid town of Como easily. In the harbor there are two steamers, the *Plinius* and the *Volta*. Streets and hotels named after the same gentlemen, the two chief citizens of Como. Now Pliny the younger was Governor of Bithynia in the Roman Empire in the days of Trajan. Signor Volta fifty years ago discovered something about electricity. Fellow townsmen, a mere two thousand years between. This shoddy town of yesterday has two thousand years' continuous history and more. I doesn't do to judge Italy by the face.

WE went to two industrial towns—Lecco and Varese. We saw some Fascists—nothing peculiar about them, except the black shirts. The walls, however, are significant. They are covered with threatening notices. There is to be a *Gran Veglione* of the Black shirts. Also:

> **Whoever does not vote Fascist**
> **Has a stoppage in his mind—**
> **ERGO—**
> **A good strong purgative!**

(Fascist humor, you know, consists of making Socialists and Communists drink quarts of Castor oil.)

Everywhere also are the long strip notices with the red, green and white stripes in the corner which indicate a "fascist" society. They are "Fascist Unions" of railwaymen, metallurgical workers and so on. Any ideas we may have had of latent labor possibilities in Fascism ("the red shirt under the black," wrote a fool correspondent to England) are badly jarred.

The notices speak of the fatherland, patriotic sentiment, class unity. The immediate duty of the workers is *abnegazione* and devotion to the sacred ideals "incarnated in BENITO MUSSOLINI." Workers are incited to join these unions. Indeed, they will be asked why they fail to, if they do not.

Nowhere is there a single notice of any kind put up by Socialists or Communists or genuine trade unions. Not one announcement of any kind. Only Fascists, Fascists, Fascists, and a few small notices of the "Popular Party."

THE factories do not seem very busy. On inquiry about trains home we are faced with an enormous list of suspended passenger trains. Mussolini may be a great man but he cannot afford to buy coal. The engine sends out a fiery rain of sparks, dirt and grit. It is running on wood. The Continental Express which takes us back to Mont Cenis cannot manage the rise. Two electric engines have to help pull.

It sounds like Russia—a bit. But Russia is going up: Italy seems to be going down.

The Declaration of Independence of the American Working Class

By John Pepper

Revolutionary Development or a Vicious Circle.

THE American labor movement has a very interesting history. But now for the first time the labor movement itself is making history. The working class in America has been until now an appendage either of the capitalists or the lower middle class. Now for the first time the working class is beginning to play an independent historical role. The workers have time and again played the role of supers on the political stage while the great "heroes" Bryan, Roosevelt or Wilson took the stellar roles. There were even times when the workers were promoted to minor character parts in the tragi-comedy of lower middle class movements. But only now, with the appearance of the Labor Party movement of the post-war period, is the American working class grasping the initiative, and is the hero on the political stage. From 1918 on, we see an uninterrupted development of the Labor Party movement in America. Like the giant in the fairy tale, the idea of a Labor Party is advancing with seven-league strides. A few of these strides: In 1918, the California and Chicago Federations of Labor declared for a Labor Party. In 1919, the Illinois and Pennsylvania State Federations of Labor and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers. In 1920, the State Federations of Labor of Michigan and Indiana. In 1921, the Wisconsin State Federation of Laborn and the United Mine Workers. In February 1922 in Chicago the Conference of eighteen international unions belonging to the American Federation of Labor, and seven unions outside of the A. F. of L. In December 1922, in Cleveland, the representatives of two million workers and one million farmers.

All the resolutions have remained paper resolutions up to now. In Chicago, the betrayal by the trade union officialdom and the Socialist Party, blocked the formation of a Labor Party. In Cleveland, the sabotage of the leaders again betrayed the Labor Party. The various local labor parties have remained isolated until now, and therefore powerless. But color blind are those who only see the betrayal, and not the mighty advance of the Labor Party idea. They are incurably crippled by skepticism—those who content themselves with asserting that the American Federation of Labor leaders are traitors, failing at the same time to perceive the increasing determination, and the growing class-consciouness of the masses of the rank and file. We still have so-called revolutionists in America who believe in nothing except their own disbelief, and they believe faithfully that the movement of labor in America is no more than a vicious circle. In a period when the whole edifice of capitalism is tottering, and even the prophets of capitalism can but promise the return to normalcy, there are still labor leaders who say that nothing uncommon is taking place in America, nothing new, and that we are living in a period of normalcy. These people—and we find them at the extreme right wing of the labor movement, in the Gompers entourage, as well as in the extreme left wing, in the so-called Proletarian Party—are like the seismograph. They can record a political earthquake when it is far away from here, in Turkey, in India or in Bulgaria, but they are rendered useless when a political earthquake occurs right here in America, in their vicinity.

The Labor Party movement is a political earthquake of the first magnitude. The American capitalist class issued its Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. The day of the Declaration of Independence of the American working class will be the day of the founding of its independent political party. July 3 and 4, 1923, the date of the Convention of the Farmer-Labor Party, can be in history the date of the Declaration of Independence of the American working class; however, that Convention will not be the *end*, but rather the *beginning* of the formation of a genuine Labor Party.

The New America.

WHAT are the new factors in the economic, social and political life of America, which will render possible the creation of a revolutionary mass party of the working class?

Many Americans are not as yet aware of it, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the world war has given birth to a new America. In Europe, during the war, there was a commonly known anecdote relating to the senile Austrian emperor, Francis Joseph, that he was for a long time dead, but that the people at his court did not dare to tell it to him. We may say that a new America has been born in the war, but that the philosophers and sycophants of capitalism do not dare to tell it to her.

The unprecedented accumulation and concentration of capital has given rise to *three fundamental facts*. First, the growth and centralization of the *government*. Second, the growth and unification of the working class. Third bankruptcy and revolt of the farmers.

The *federal government* has become omnipotent, with a gigantic bureaucracy, with a tremendous army and National Guard, and with the power to interfere in the daily life of every citizen. The government is arbiter in every struggle between capital and labor.

Never as yet has the *working class* attained to such social significance as at present. The proletariat is the product of capitalism. Its social significance was bound to grow, for the very reason that the capitalist mode of production became the *general*, reigning mode of production in the United States. In the last ten years, the center of gravity of national production has shifted to *big industry*. The old America imported manufactures and exported raw material; the new America imports raw material and exports manufactures. In the last ten years the majority of the population of the United States has for the first time become *urban*. But the working class has not only grown in numbers, in social importance and in density, but it has also become more *unified* internally. The great differences between skilled and unskilled workers, between native and foreign born workers, have been considerably leveled during and after the war. Never before has the working class shown so militant a spirit and such a feeling of solidarity as to-day.

The same capitalism which increased the number and social significance of the working class, has decreased the number of *farmers* and ruined them economically.

Capitalism produced, in the big industries and big cities, its own grave-digger—the working class. And at the same time it changed the farmers—its surest mass support in the past, to a bankrupt, despairing, revolting mass. To-day the farmer is forced to sell his products cheaper than he produces them. The average income of the farmers in 1918 was $1,278, and in 1920, $465. And in the last year, the farmer has been even worse off. The Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry reports: "Measured in purchasing power, the farmer's dollar during the last twelve months has been worth less than in any preceding months in thirty years." Wherever the farmers turn, they face capitalist exploitation. The meat packers, railroads, milk trusts, grain gamblers and cotton brokers, the elevator systems, the banks, are all blood-sucking leeches on the body of the farmer. Capitalism has ruined the farmers to such an extent, that it is now forced to trample even upon its own economic laws. Between bankers and farmers there no longer exists that highest capitalist law—cash payment. The farmers are simply no longer paying the mortgages, and yet the capitalists do not take the land away from them, because they cannot do anything with it themselves. (Only two solutions of the agricultural crisis are possible. First, that the capitalists themselves take over the land, that they mass the farms into great industrial units of agricultural production, and transform the tenant and mortgage farmers into farm laborers. Second, that the farmers through revolutionary action, declare that the land belongs to those who use it, and annul all their obligations to the capitalists and big landowners.) The condition of the farmers is unbearable. The farmers are in rebellion. This rebellion is assuming various forms. First, a mass desertion of the farmer from the land. During ten years, from 1910 to 1920, the decrease of the agricultural population was no less than 1,200,000. Second, the farmers organize various cooperatives against the middlemen and trusts. Third, the farmers organize for the political struggle. The Non-Partisan League, the agricultural bloc in Congress, the La Follette Group, the Democratic insurgents, are but various helpless political expressions of the farmers' rebellion. Fourth, the poorest and most conscious elements of the farmers realize more and more that the only remedy for them is the joint fight with the workers against the common enemy—the capitalists.

The centralized, omnipotent, capitalist government, the growing and ever more unified working class and revolting farmers—these are the new factors in American political life. Capitalism has created the omnipotent government—that mightiest of all its weapons, thereby producing that very force which pushed the workers and farmers into politics, into the fight not only against individual capitalists or trusts but against the capitalist government as an institution.

Capital, the great revolutionist, has laid the foundation for a Labor Party.

The Decay of the Old Parties.

THE two big old capitalist parties of the Republicans and Democrats present a picture of chaos and disintegration. They have no differences today in their program. The Harding administration is the direct continuation of the Wilson administration. No one can discover any difference between Palmer and Daugherty. Wilson was for the League of Nations of the World Court, and Harding is for the World Court of the League of Nations. That is all the difference. Both are for government by injunction against the workers inside of the fatherland, and for capital-export for the bankers with the help of the bayonets of the fatherland. They resemble each other like twins. How could this be otherwise, since God Capitalism has created both in his own image. The Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey carry these different skins, so that the masses might think that they really differ. In Shakespeare's play "A Midsummer Night's Dream", Snug the joiner is disguised in a lion's skin, and Bottom the weaver wears a donkey's head. In our political play the skin of the Republican elephant hides Mr. Profiteer, the capitalist, and so does the Democratic donkey-head hide Mr. Money-Bag, the capitalist.

The two old capitalist parties are remnants of the old America, in which the class conflicts were not as yet so sharply developed. Great masses of farmers as well as workers have always voted for both parties. The conflict between capitalists and farmers and between bosses and workers has become so acute to-day, that they cannot remain in one and the same party. The class conflicts are breaking the old-party framework. We find today much more bitter conflicts inside of the Republican and Democratic Parties, than between them. Sharp conflicts arise from the dilemma that both parties would like to serve the capitalists and at the same time retain the votes of the farmers and workers.

Especially sharp do these internal conflicts show themselves as factional conflicts within the Republican Party. And that is precisely because it is the party in power and thus provokes greater criticism from the masses. Especially interesting do these factional conflicts show themselves in the clash, within the Republican Party, over the World Court. The bankers are for a world court. They want the participation of the United States in European affairs, because they want profit-bearing export of capital to Europe. The farmers and lower middle class are against the World Court, and against participation in European affairs because they have no interest in capital-export and on the contrary, their interest is to have cheap and plentiful money here in America. Harding and Hughes must carry out the orders of the capitalists and fight for the World Court. But the Republican party machinery under the leadership of John T. Adams, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is against the World Court, not because they are the less lackeys of capitalism than Harding, but because they fear that the farmer masses will break completely with the Republican Party. The third faction in the Republican Party is formed by the La Follette group which, in the interest of the well-to-do farmers, stands in opposition to the capitalist Harding administration all along the line.

The *New York Tribune*, one of the leading Republican organs, commented as follows upon these factional conflicts: "If cooperation with Europe was solely a doctrine of the Democratic party, or the Communist party, the official literature of the Republican National Committee could hardly be more savage against everything that seems to promote it."

The Declaration of Independence of the

Revolutionary Development or a Vicious Circle.

THE American labor movement has a very interesting history. But now for the first time the labor movement itself is making history. The working class in America has been until now an appendage either of the capitalists or the lower middle class. Now for the first time the working class is beginning to play an independent historical role. The workers have time and again played the role of supers on the political stage while the great "heroes" Bryan, Roosevelt or Wilson took the stellar roles. There were even times when the workers were promoted to minor character parts in the tragi-comedy of lower middle class movements. But only now, with the appearance of the Labor Party movement of the post-war period, is the American working class grasping the initiative, and is the hero on the political stage. From 1918 on, we see an uninterrupted development of the Labor Party movement in America. Like the giant in the fairy tale, the idea of a Labor Party is advancing with seven-league strides. A few of these strides: In 1918, the California and Chicago Federations of Labor declared for a Labor Party. In 1919, the Illinois and Pennsylvania State Federations of Labor and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers. In 1920, the State Federations of Labor of Michigan and Indiana. In 1921, the Wisconsin State Federation of Laborn and the United Mine Workers. In February 1922 in Chicago the Conference of eighteen international unions belonging to the American Federation of Labor, and seven unions outside of the A. F. of L. In December 1922, in Cleveland, the representatives of two million workers and one million farmers.

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WHAT are the new factors in the economic, social and political life of America, which will render possible the creation of a revolutionary mass party of the working class?

Many Americans are not as yet aware of it, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the world war has given birth to a new America. In Europe, during the war, there was a commonly known anecdote relating to the senile Austrian emperor, Francis Joseph, that he was for a long time dead, but that the people at his court did not dare to tell it to him. We may say that a new America has been born in the war, but that the philosophers and sycophants of capitalism do not dare to tell it to her.

The unprecedented accumulation and concentration of capital has given rise to *three fundamental facts*. First, the growth and centralization of the *government*. Second, the growth and unification of the working class. Third bankruptcy and revolt of the farmers.

The *federal government* has become omnipotent, with a gigantic bureaucracy, with a tremendous army and National Guard, and with the power to interfere in the daily life of every citizen. The government is arbiter in every struggle between capital and labor.

Never as yet has the *working class* attained to such social significance as at present. The proletariat is the product of capitalism. Its social significance was bound to grow, for the very reason that the capitalist mode of production became the *general*, reigning mode of production in the United States. In the last ten years, the center of gravity of national production has shifted to *big industry*. The old America imported manufactures and exported raw material; the new America imports raw material and exports manufactures. In the last ten years the majority of the population of the United States has for the first time become *urban*. But the working class has not only grown in numbers, in social importance and in density, but it has also become more *unified* internally. The great differences between skilled and unskilled workers, between native and foreign born workers, have been considerably leveled during and after the war. Never before has the working class shown so militant a spirit and such a feeling of solidarity as to-day.

The same capitalism which increased the number and social significance of the working class, has decreased the number of *farmers* and ruined them economically.

Capitalism produced, in the big industries and big cities, its own grave-digger—the working class. And at the same time it changed the farmers—its surest mass support in the

past, to a bankrupt, despairing, revolting mass. To-day the farmer is forced to sell his products cheaper than he produces them. The average income of the farmers in 1918 was $1,278, and in 1920, $465. And in the last year, the farmer has been even worse off. The Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry reports: "Measured in purchasing power, the farmer's dollar during the last twelve months has been worth less than in any preceding months in thirty years." Wherever the farmers turn, they face capitalist exploitation. The meat packers, railroads, milk trusts, grain gamblers and cotton brokers, the elevator systems, the banks, are all blood-sucking leeches on the body of the farmer. Capitalism has ruined the farmers to such an extent, that it is now forced to trample even upon its own economic laws. Between bankers and farmers there no longer exists that highest capitalist law—cash payment. The farmers are simply no longer paying the mortgages, and yet the capitalists do not take the land away from them, because they cannot do anything with it themselves. (Only two solutions of the agricultural crisis are possible. First, that the capitalists themselves take over the land, that they mass the farms into great industrial units of agricultural production, and transform the tenant and mortgage farmers into farm laborers. Second, that the farmers through revolutionary action, declare that the land belongs to those who use it, and annul all their obligations to the capitalists and big landowners.) The condition of the farmers is unbearable. The farmers are in rebellion. This rebellion is assuming various forms. First, a mass desertion of the farmer from the land. During ten years, from 1910 to 1920, the decrease of the agricultural population was no less than 1,200,000. Second, the farmers organize various cooperatives against the middlemen and trusts. Third, the farmers organize for the political struggle. The Non-Partisan League, the agricultural bloc in Congress, the La Follette Group, the Democratic insurgents, are but various helpless political expressions of the farmers' rebellion. Fourth, the poorest and most conscious elements of the farmers realize more and more that the only remedy for them is the joint fight with the workers against the common enemy—the capitalists.

The centralized, omnipotent, capitalist government, the growing and ever more unified working class and revolting farmers—these are the new factors in American political life. Capitalism has created the omnipotent government—that mightiest of all its weapons, thereby producing that very force which pushed the workers and farmers into politics, into the fight not only against individual capitalists or trusts but against the capitalist government as an institution.

Capital, the great revolutionist, has laid the foundation for a Labor Party.

The Decay of the Old Parties.

THE two big old capitalist parties of the Republicans and Democrats present a picture of chaos and disintegration. They have no differences today in their program. The Harding administration is the direct continuation of the Wilson administration. No one can discover any difference between Palmer and Daugherty. Wilson was for the League of Nations of the World Court, and Harding is for the World Court of the League of Nations. That is all the difference. Both are for government by injunction against the workers inside of the fatherland, and for capital-export for the bankers with the help of the bayonets of the fatherland. They resemble each other like twins. How could this be otherwise, since God Capitalism has created both in his own image. The Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey carry these different skins, so that the masses might think that they really differ. In Shakespeare's play "A Midsummer Night's Dream", Snug the joiner is disguised in a lion's skin, and Bottom the weaver wears a donkey's head. In our political play the skin of the Republican elephant hides Mr. Profiteer, the capitalist, and so does the Democratic donkey-head hide Mr. Money-Bag, the capitalist.

The two old capitalist parties are remnants of the old America, in which the class conflicts were not as yet so sharply developed. Great masses of farmers as well as workers have always voted for both parties. The conflict between capitalists and farmers and between bosses and workers has become so acute to-day, that they cannot remain in one and the same party. The class conflicts are breaking the old-party framework. We find today much more bitter conflicts inside of the Republican and Democratic Parties, than between them. Sharp conflicts arise from the dilemma that both parties would like to serve the capitalists and at the same time retain the votes of the farmers and workers.

Especially sharp do these internal conflicts show themselves as factional conflicts within the Republican Party. And that is precisely because it is the party in power and thus provokes greater criticism from the masses. Especially interesting do these factional conflicts show themselves in the clash, within the Republican Party, over the World Court. The bankers are for a world court. They want the participation of the United States in European affairs, because they want profit-bearing export of capital to Europe. The farmers and lower middle class are against the World Court, and against participation in European affairs because they have no interest in capital-export and on the contrary, their interest is to have cheap and plentiful money here in America. Harding and Hughes must carry out the orders of the capitalists and fight for the World Court. But the Republican party machinery under the leadership of John T. Adams, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is against the World Court, not because they are the less lackeys of capitalism than Harding, but because they fear that the farmer masses will break completely with the Republican Party. The third faction in the Republican Party is formed by the La Follette group which, in the interest of the well-to-do farmers, stands in opposition to the capitalist Harding administration all along the line.

The *New York Tribune*, one of the leading Republican organs, commented as follows upon these factional conflicts: "If cooperation with Europe was solely a doctrine of the Democratic party, or the Communist party, the official literature of the Republican National Committee could hardly be more savage against everything that seems to promote it."

President Harding, in a desperate speech, has begun a campaign against factionalism: "Can any student of our times in America, or the world, doubt for a moment that factionalism is developing as never before? We have our factions which seek to promote this or that interest, without regard to the relationship to others and without regard for common weal."

The Detroit *Free Press* sees with the greatest consternation that these factional fights begun by the agricultural bloc and the La Follette group will inevitably lead to the breaking up of the recent party organizations: "The logical end of the process will be a complete division of the country on lines of interest or class such as one sees in European parliaments, where agrarians, clericals and laborers clash with each other and with other parties founded upon socialism, communism, republicanism and monarchy."

Not as yet so open, but just as grave, are the class conflicts within the Democratic Party, where mainly the representatives of the big Southern landowners and the Eastern Tammany Hall are in conflict with such representatives of the lower middle class as Hearst and Hylan.

The Third Party and the Labor Party.

THE logical outcome of the factional struggles—in other words, the class struggles—is the third party movement.

The third party movement is not a movement of the working class. All the groupings which tended towards a third party show that they are led in the interest of the well-to-do farmers and lower middle class. The agricultural bloc in congress is but a union of the farmer of the Middle West with the landowner of the South. The Non-Partisan League was born of the rebellion of the exploited farmers, but its policy is simply to represent the interests of the well-to-do farmers. La Follettism, like the agricultural bloc and the Non-Partisan League, is but a political expression of the interests of the well-to-do farmers irrespective of their old political party adherence. All these groups are also supported by a part of the working class, but they have never been and are not now the representatives of the workers of industry and the farms.

The social contents of the third party movement as it appears in the Middle West, are the class interests of the well-to-do farmers and of the town middle class which is surrounded by a farmer population and is dependent upon the farmers economically. The third party movement in the eastern part of the United States presents another picture. Here its social contents are mainly the political expression of the small business men and store-keepers of the big cities. Hylan the demagogic mayor of New York, and the yellow Hearst papers, represent the Eastern type of third party movement. From the class point of view, the differences are not so great between the Western and Eastern third party movements. But there are great differences between their origins and social traditions, and so also in their phraseology and their manner of struggle. Country "puritanism" and city corruption, La Follette pathos and Hylan demagogy, the overalls of Frazier and the evening clothes of Hearst, the farmer's hatred for the big cities and the city folks' contempt for the farmers—these can with but great difficulty be united in a new party. A single name can today unite in one third party the Western farmers and Eastern lower middle class—the name of Henry Ford. Henry Ford is no Western farmer nor is he an Eastern petty bourgeois, but he can become the ideal of both. He personifies the dream of the petty bourgeois, he is the mechanic who has become the richest industrialist of the world. And he personifies the dream of the well-to-do farmer: he manufactures cheap tractors and even cheaper autos and still cheaper fertilizers. And he unites in himself the dreams of both, for he is an opponent of Wall Street. The logical presidential candidate for a third party is therefore Henry Ford.

The third party movement is an enemy of the working class no less than are the old capitalist parties. It is a betrayal of the working class when an attempt is made to induce the workers to join the third party movement. The interests of the well-to-do farmers are different from the interests of the workers and poor farmers. La Follette and Hearst want to destroy the trusts. The interest of the workers demands the submission of the trusts to the control of the workers. The lower middle class wants to destroy big industry. The program of the workers must be workers' rule over big industry. The Non-Partisan League wants cheap credits for the farmers and an alliance between the farmers and bankers. The program of the exploited farmers must be: The land should belong to the one who uses it.

Only an independent political party of the working class can represent the interests of the laboring masses of the factories and farms. It is therefore a betrayal when the American Federation of Labor openly allies itself with the capitalists and through its Nonpartisan Policy supports the old capitalist parties. But it is just as great a betrayal when the leaders of the Cleveland Conference conclude an alliance with the well-to-do farmer and lower middle class and support the La Follette third party movement. Only the July 3 convention in Chicago represents the policy of the workers and poor farmers. The duty of the Workers Party of America as the class conscious revolutionary party of the working class is to be in Chicago on July 3, with all its power and militancy, to give an impetus to the Convention, so that it shall really mean a step towards the Declaration of Independence of the American working class.

Ten Light, Fourteen Night

By Mary Heaton Vorse

A VOICE calling "Father, father," a patient voice, "Father, wake up!"

A grumbling roar of protest, curses in Slovak, English obscenity. Again a voice inevitable as Death, calling, unruffled in the face of the man's furious reluctance. A voice that wouldn't stop.

"Father, ain't you ever going to get up, Father? The boys 'll be back from the night shift before you're out of bed, Father. You'll lose your job. You know they been after you since the strike. Lucky you got a job!" A jet of obscenity from the man struggling out from the grateful oblivion that held him.

Mamie Savko in the next room kept her eyes closed. As long as she could remember she had heard her father wrestling with fatigue, fighting against waking. Her mother wrestling him relentlessly from sleep to send him back to the steel mills. Her mother's calm voice preceding the whistle's siren. Every time he was waked, Jake Savko fought like a furious giant with the necessity of getting up.

Mamie's turn next. She kept her eyes closed, dreading what she was going to meet, cuddling down between the little kids. Then with a flash of glory that was like the blast of the mills, the memory of what had happened yesterday blinded her. *If she wanted to, she could leave this sort of a life by stepping into a motor car.* She had never thought of escape before. Out of the question, of course. An idea to play with. Beautiful as fireworks. Beautiful as the blast of a furnace in the darkness. Beautiful as looking through a peep-hole out into the world.

When she got downstairs her father was leaning his great weight across the table, snarling at the kids, cursing her mother. When Mamie came into the room he turned his big blood-shot eyes on her and bellowed.

"You know what you look like, you? I'll tell you! I see you last night! Talking with Gadarian! Look at your daughter, Mother. Paint on her face, powder on her nose! Look at her eyebrows! God! Engaged to a nice fella, and I see her talking to Gadarian. Gadarian married! Chain o' stores! It's a wonder a decent fella'd want to marry you! If I was Sam Marko..." He spat on the floor.

"You ain't much time," her mother's calm voice cut in. "The boys'll be off night shift before you know it, and where'll you be, Father?" The boys were working ten hours light and fourteen night. Savko was working on the day shift. He met his sons as he went to work. Mamie sat quiet and went on eating. Breakfast was often worse than this. Breakfast was Hell sometimes when the boys and the Old Man were on the day shift together. She was used to her father bellowing at her because she fixed herself up like the other girls—as if she could hold down a job in Thompson's Store if she looked like a Hunky.

The siren blew. Savko heaved his weight out of the chair, took his dinner bucket, head down and dogged, made for the door. As he left, instead of stirring round getting the boys breakfast, Mrs. Savko let her big bulk drop in a chair and sat, huge, silhouetted against the grey window.

"What ails you, Ma?" Mamie asked sharply.

"Our father," she answered. "He don't sleep none. He so tired that man don't sleep. Talk, talk, talk, all night. He twist, he turn, Mamie."

"Well, Pa ain't so young as he was" said Mamie.

"Hush Mamie Savko! Don't let our father hear what you say. That's why he twists! That's why he turns! That's why he talk in his sleep! Mebbe when we get the eight-hour day he'll get some rest, our father."

"Mebbe when we get the eight-hour day" Mamie retorted," everybody'll get their wages cut so no one can live."

(A long way off as though at a very high altitude, the Steel Masters were talking about the eight-hour day. As though very far above the mills, the Steel Masters of America were deciding whether men should live or die.)

Mornings were always like this, Mamie thought bitterly. The old man with his fierce and glowering temper, the boys bristling back at him, the kids with their incessant demands, and through it all moving steady, her mother. Mamie was different. There was something fierce in her that wouldn't accept life as it was. Something inside of Mamie Savko that bit and clawed perpetually to get out.

Why shouldn't she want to get out? Why, there were eleven people huddled up in a kitchen and three rooms; kids everywhere; kids under foot. Always a new baby. Windows that looked out on a brick court-yard piled with rotting garbage where their kids played with other kids. Behind that the mills from which the smoke rolled up perpetually. In heavy weather it hung low, a black cloud so thick, you could have carved images from it, her mother said.

The terrible glory of the blast furnaces had lit up the skies of Mamie Savko's life. She felt in the bones of her the drive of ten hours light and fourteen night which had chewed up her father, which was sucking in her brothers one by one. It had taken the brothers and the fathers of the girls she knew; the drive of a twelve-hour day which eats a man's marrow by the time he's forty, that inhuman effort that makes men on edge, nerves bristling or that stupifies them to a brutish fatigue. The drive that hurls men on a swift debauch. Mamie Savko had always lived her days against a background of this drive.

Men working twelve hours, changing from night shift and day shift by working through twenty-four hours. Some men working twelve and twelve, some men working ten light and fourteen night, so that they might have their two poor extra hours of daylight. The women in the steel towns have this sense of everlastingness of the labor of steel, as the women who live by the sea can feel the wind change and can register the fall of the barometer in their backbones. This drive goes on all the time. There is no end to it. Steel can't stop. Its mighty glory demands perpetual service. The service is not all in the mills. Part of the service is done by the faithful work of the women.

Mend, mend, mend, all the time. Mend the holes burned in clothes from the spitting fire-works of the furnaces. That had been part of Mamie Savko's life. Wash, wash, wash, oil-soaked clothes. The coming home of men brutalized by work, nerves on edge with fatigue, throwing their oil-soaked clothes on the floor for the women to wash.

All her life Mamie Savko had seen women washing clothes soaked with oil, dragging the water from the pump in the middle of the courtyard.

All her life she had seen a warfare waged on slack and cinders. It was the sum of all this that had made that angry thing inside her which matched her father's anger. As if in both their hearts there was a reflection of the fires of the great furnaces which never can go out, night or day.

The door was pulled open violently and a squat, dark girl called, "Mamie, come and give a hand, for God's sake. Ma's sick and Kate's late. I gotta get breakfast for the night shift. You gotta half hour, ain't you?" From habit, Mamie looked at her mother. Her mother nodded. The Kalishes kept roomers, since Kalish had been killed in the mills. They were Hungarians and lived across the court. Bunks were built into the wall in their house. Bunks were never cold in Mrs. Kalish's. The night shift piled in when the day shift piled out.

Sam Marko, Mamie's fellow, roomed over there. He was coming along now. In spite of the circles under his eyes and in spite of the grime, there was about him an air of immemorial innocence. His blue eyes held memories of the Slovak country. Mamie's heart lost a beat. He was slouched with the fatigue of the long shift.

She could not bear it. Mamie loved Sam Marko. She was going to marry him.

The men gathered around the table. A light air of excitement ran through them. As Mamie helped wait on table she could hear them talking about the eight-hour day.

"Sure we'll get it."

"We got to get it."

"They say there ain't labor enough."

"Labor! Hell! They don' wanta pay." A babble of voices talking about the eight-hour day, above it all, Sam Marko's voice, calm, poised, balancing his difficult English with precision.

"We struck once. We can strike again, can't we?"

Mamie wanted to shout at him.

"Hush up, you fool. There might be a spotter and we're going to be married."

"Plenty of fellows in Youngstown's ready. If we don't get our eight-hours, if we don't get our pay." Mamie's eyes met Sam Marko's. It seemed as if all her heart was melted soft inside her. She could not hear the talk any more. She could only hear what Sam Marko's looks said to her. What other fellow was as strong as he, with his wide shoulders? What other fellow was as good looking? His blue eyes were set apart like Mamie's only hers were green like sea water. Between them there was a kinship of race though he had been born in the old country and Mamie had been born in Homestead. Breakfast was over. It was time for Mamie to get to the store. Sam Marko caught up with her.

"You ought to be to bed, Sam."

"I ain't goin' to bed now. I see you to store, Mamie. I go on twenty-four hour shift tonight."

"Oh, Sam!" Mamie felt as if she had fallen from a high place. Tomorrow was Sunday. They had planned that after he had a short sleep, they would go out into the country. Now it was all spoiled. Tears stood in Mamie's eyes.

"God!" she cried. "I hate the mills!"

Sam Marko smiled down on her, his teeth flashing white. Her disappointment warmed his heart.

"The mills ain't so bad, Mamie. Steady work. Eight hours, mebbe, pretty soon, an' you and me." Her hand and his met shyly. They walked along together, children young as the first creation. All Mamie's fierce anger with things stopped when she was with Sam. He fed her heart. He was her man. She had gone to him like a needle to the north.

When she got out of work Gadarian was waiting again. He got out of his high powered car.

"You want a ride, Mamie?" She shook her head. She could have flown at his throat now.

"I am going to be waiting on this corner, four tomorrow." His voice was soft, like the purring of his big motor. His greedy, insistent eyes would not leave her alone. She didn't answer but hurried down her street.

Sunday was an intolerable day. The kids all home. A cloud cap pressing down like a weight. Slack sifted over everything. You grated your teeth on slack. It fell out of the folds of your clothes. God, she wondered how her mother stood it. When she was married she would get out of Homestead. Her thoughts went to the tune of, "I ain't going to bring up kids where they don't see the sun. I ain't going to bring them up where they play with dead cats and garbage. I ain't going to live with a man working on a twelve-hour shift." The boys were still asleep. Her father had not come back. Her mother was at vespers. The wind and the cinders had gotten on her nerves so that she could scream. She did scream when the door blew open with Kate Kalish behind it.

"For God's sake, Kate! You don't need to come in like that!" she spat out. "What's the matter? What you staring for?" Kate was staring at her, her mouth drooping. She could have hit Kate.

"What is it? Mamie cried.

"It's Sam; It's Sam Marko!" Kate Kalish mouthed her words, her face a grotesque mask of fear.

"Dead?" said Mamie.

Kate nodded. "He don't stand the long shif' well. He got careless somehow. They're bringin him home."

Something broke inside Mamie Savko. She could not sit here any longer; not in this house. Not with that empty house looking at her across the way. Not with Sam Marko dead. Not with the mills looking at her. Mills that take the men and spit them out. The mills that don't care that men die. Sam Marko dead and the great furnace going on. The mighty pageant of steel going on. Kids growing up all around, to be sucked into the mills. Slovak, Hungarian, and Serbian women rearing strong boys like Sam Marko, to feed to the intolerable glory of the furnaces. She could not stand the sight of it. Not for a second, no matter what the price was, she couldn't stand it. For a moment the two girls stared at each other. Mamie, lovely, blonde. Her eyes like pools of sea water. Kate, swarthy and dark. Mamie busied herself with her hat and coat.

"Where you goin' Mamie?" Kate's voice rose to a scream, as Mamie brushed past her without a word.

"Up street!" Mamie threw back at her, without turning. Up street Gadarian was waiting. Up street Gadarian was sitting, patient, confident.

A long way off the steel masters were discussing if it was good for the industry to grant an eight-hour day. A long way off they were deciding the men like twelve hours better.

Question Box: On the Care and Feeding of Bosses

By Howard Brubaker

Don Brown

A. B. C. Your difficulty is not an uncommon one; in bringing up a boss the first year is the hardest. You had better adhere strictly to all the rules while he is still of tender months. After he is used to your face and no longer minds it so much, you may relax a little.

No, do not listen to your grandfather's advice. The science of boss psychology has advanced greatly since his day. By no means adopt corporal punishment. There is no quicker way to lose a boss's confidence than to attack him with a blunt instrument.

PERPLEXED—It is evident that your boss's vanity is suffering from malnutrition. It is right for you to do his work properly, but how easy it is to make him think he has done it himself! Do not try to steal from him the credit for your efficiency. It belongs to him by right of seniority, primogeniture and eminent domain.

Never ridicule his simple, bosslike attempts to do things beyond his intellectual powers. Praise him whenever your conscience will stand the strain. The phrase, "Well ,that is *one* way of doing it," has often been found helpful in a tight pinch.

Be gentle and forbearing. Remember a sensitive human soul has been placed in your keeping and a pay roll in his.

NELLY—You are probably going too much by impulse and not enough by reason. A little larynx and face exercise each night while combing your hair will soon teach you to laugh heartily at the most pathetic jests. Your employer is older than you, and his jokes, though not amusing, are durable. People long since deceased have repeated these jokes—and died from natural causes.

But be quite sure he is joking. A misguided young man once burst into loud guffaws when his employer said to a visitor, "I am working myself to death these days." A burst of apoplexy carried him off. (The boss got the apoplexy and the clerk got the gate.)

Remember the adage, "He who laughs best, laughs last."

ANXIOUS—Stop worrying about your employer's loose habits. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boss.

When he comes to the office very late, do not look meaningly at the clock. Try to look as if it was awfully decent of him to come at all.

In the well-conducted office the boss never takes three hours for lunch, never discusses motor cars with other executives, never knocks off for a ball game. All, all are "business conferences" In the lexicon of the bright youth, there is no such word as golf.

DISGUSTED—We always advise overlooking little faults and appealing to the better side of the boss's nature, if any. But when yours became violently abusive and discharged you, self-respect could not permit you to endure the situation any longer. You did quite right to take your hat and go.

X. Y. Z.—Your question is not within our province. Better call a cop.

Don Brown

Role of the Workers Party

By C. E. Ruthenberg

"A SPECTRE is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism," wrote Marx three-quarters of a century ago. If these words were true then, they are a thousand times more true today.

In the minds of the rulers of capitalist Europe the fear of communism and the Communist International is ever present. In practically every European country the Communists are persecuted, imprisoned, and even murdered. In the United States the whole power of the national government was directed against the Communists at the beginning of 1920 and since then these persecutions have been continued in an effort to destroy the Communist movement. Even Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, is obliged to enter upon a campaign in an effort to destroy the growing influence of the Communists in the United States.

What is the goal of the Communist Party? Wherein does it differ from other labor political parties? What is the role of a communist party—in this country the Workers Party—in the struggle for the emancipation of the workers?

From 1889 until 1914, two groups lived side by side in the parties of the Second International. One of these groups believed and acted upon the belief that the abolition of capitalism and the emancipation of the workers was to be achieved through a slow process of legislation. Today there would be workmen's compensation, tomorrow the eight-hour day. Another day and some industry would be nationalized, and thus, through social legislation and encroachment upon the capitalist control of industry the capitalist system would finally be legislated out of existence. The other held to the Marxian view that the climax of the class struggle between contending economic classes was a transfer of political power from one class to another class, and that the first step in the abolition of the capitalist society must be the achieving of political power by the working class. Once the workers achieved political power, that is, the governmental power, then the process of abolishing capitalism and establishing socialism would begin.

These two groups were able to remain in the same organizations until a crisis came which required that theory be put in action. When that crisis came there was an inevitable sundering and the Socialist movement the world over split into the right wing and left wing. This crisis came with the beginning of the war in 1914.

The reformist right wing leaders in the Socialist movement the world over betrayed the workers and supported the capitalist governments in the imperialist war. The left wing endeavored to rally the workers for the struggle against imperialist war and to turn this war into a struggle against the capitalist system. This division which the war precipitated was sharpened during the process of the war. When the workers of the various countries became disillusioned through their sufferings and the sacrifices asked of them in the interests of capitalism, both upon the battlefields and in the industries at home, when their wrath began to flame against the capitalist order which was sacrificing them upon the battlefields by the millions and causing them untold suffering and hunger at home, the right wing reformist socialists refused to lead them into action against their exploiters. The left wing in every country assumed the leadership of the mass struggles of the workers and in these struggles they found that they were no longer arrayed only against the capitalists governments but that shoulder to shoulder with the capitalists stood their former "comrades."

The bitter experiences of the German revolution, the murder of Liebknecht and Luxemburg by the agents of the capitalists supported by the leaders of the Second International, the betrayal by Kerensky in Russia, the surrender of the right wing Socialist to the capitalist government in various other European countries, opened between Socialists and Communists a gulf which cannot be bridged.

Since the end of the war the divergence of the two groups has continued and become even deeper. The right wing Socialists continue to act upon the theory that the social revolution is a matter of reforming the capitalist order through the legislative establishments of the capitalist state. They are acting upon the supposition that capitalism can reestablish itself and return to the day prior to 1914. Their policy therefore is that of compromise and betrayal. Everywhere in Europe the Right Wing Socialists are the chief bulwark of the existing governments, having turned their attack against the revolutionary workers who are fighting under the leadership of the Communists.

The Communists, on the other hand, accept as their guiding policy that the world imperialist war was the beginning of the decay and disintegration of the capitalist system. Although the capitalist statesmen and financiers have striven mightily since 1918 to find a solution of the financial and economic problems brought upon them by the war, the process of disintegration still goes on. At times there are slight improvements only to be followed by worse conditions. Financially and economically Europe draws nearer and nearer to the brink.

The Communists point out to the working class that the capitalist system has outlived its day, that it cannot be reformed or reconstructed, that the misery and suffering which are the lot of the workers can only be ended by the workers establishing their rule and proceeding with the work of rebuilding the economic system on a Communist basis.

The Communists are under no illusion that this can be done over night. The struggle against the capitalist system may still last for decades and even after the workers achieve power will go on for years. The communists do not attempt to deceive the working class by teaching them that the social revolution is a pink tea affair to be achieved in the legislative halls of the capitalist government. The lesson of the one country in which the workers have attained power—Soviet Russia—shows that after the workers' government is established, an iron dictatorship must rule as the instrument through which the struggle against the exploiters is carried further. The Communists recognize the historic truth that no privileged class has ever given up its special position, its power to live in luxury through the exploitation of the oppressed class, without a bitter struggle in which it has resorted to every means within its power to retain its privileged position.

Everything points to the fact that the struggle against capitalism in Europe and America will not differ from the

class struggles of the past and that the workers in the fight to emancipate themselves must be ready for such a struggle.

In the United States the Communists today are advocating as their chief immediate proposals the amalgamation of the trade unions into industrial unions and the formation of a Labor Party. While the Communists in the United States are the leaders in the struggle to bring about amalgamation and the formation of a Labor Party, this does not mean that when this goal is reached the task of the Communists is at an end.

For the communists, the amalgamation of the trade unions into industrial unions and the formation of a Labor Party to fight the political battles of the working masses of this country are but the first steps toward the ultimate goal of the workers' government and the Communist Society.

When these means of struggle are achieved there will still remain for the Communists the task of bringing to the masses of the workers of this country the realization that the struggle against capitalism must be a struggle to abolish the whole capitalist order. It must teach them that the problem which the working class faces under the capitalist system cannot be solved through ameliorative measures won in the legislative bodies of the capitalist government, or through victories won in the fight on the industrial field for better wages and working conditions. The Communists will still have the task of educating the working masses to the necessity of their establishing the rule of the workers in place of the rule of the capitalists. They will still have before them the work of bringing to the masses of workers and farmers the understanding that the existing capitalist government has been so formed and rests upon such a constitutional basis that it is an instrument for the service of the capitalists, that it cannot be the form of government through which the workers may rule, but must be supplanted by a government growing out of the experiences and struggles of the workers, that is, a Soviet government. The Communists will still have before them the task of educating the working masses of this country to the need of their establishing the Soviet government and with it the rule of the workers—the Dictatorship of the Proletariat—which will use the governmental power in the interest of the workers as openly as it is now used in the interests of the capitalists.

It is because, after the first steps toward class action in the United States in the form of the organization of a Labor Party and the amalgamation of the trade unions, there will still remain these great tasks, that there must be a Communist Party—a separate, distinct organization which will have in its ranks the best educated, disciplined and most militant workers, such as the Workers Party of America.

The role of this party is to be the battalion at the front leading the working class hosts—industrial workers and farmers—forward against the enemy in spite of all persecutions, in spite of the efforts of the capitalists to destroy it, until the victory of the workers is won.

No responsibility is assumed for drawings or manuscripts unless they are plainly marked with the sender's name and address and are accompanied by return postage.—Editor.

In publishing "The First Born" by Elmer J. Williams, the editor was unaware that the story previously had been published in the Double Dealer.—Editor.

The Freedom of Art

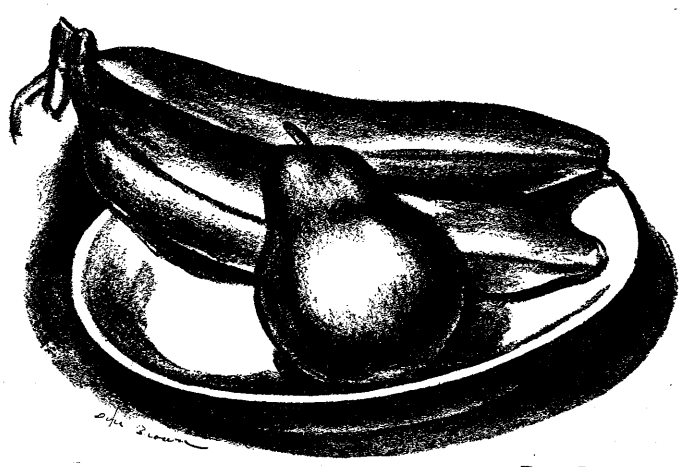
A YEAR or two ago Max Beerbohm was very severely reproached by the British Labor press for certain caricatures, exhibited at a London gallery—pictures satirizing the alleged ignorance and obtuseness of a prophetically-seen Labor ministry. The "incomparable Max" stoutly defended himself, and asserted that he meant what he said. And certain of his friends defended him, on the ground that an artist must be "free" to say what he likes, and should not be accused of taking sides. As some of these friends were aware, Max had also caricatured British royalty. And what further proof could be asked of his disinterested attitude?

Well, these same caricatures of British royalty have just been exhibited at a London gallery. And British "society" is aghast. "There are limits of taste," say the newspapers, "which even a caricaturist must observe." The exhibition was threatened with forcible closure. And what does the incomparable Max have to say? Does he stand by his guns, and insist that he meant what he said? No. He remarks apologetically that his drawings were made in a spirit of light-hearted fantasy. "But," he adds, "if the public is likely to read any shadow of seriousness into them, and accordingly regard them as unkind or disloyal, I think it would be well to avoid this misunderstanding by withdrawing them." And accordingly they have been withdrawn from public view.

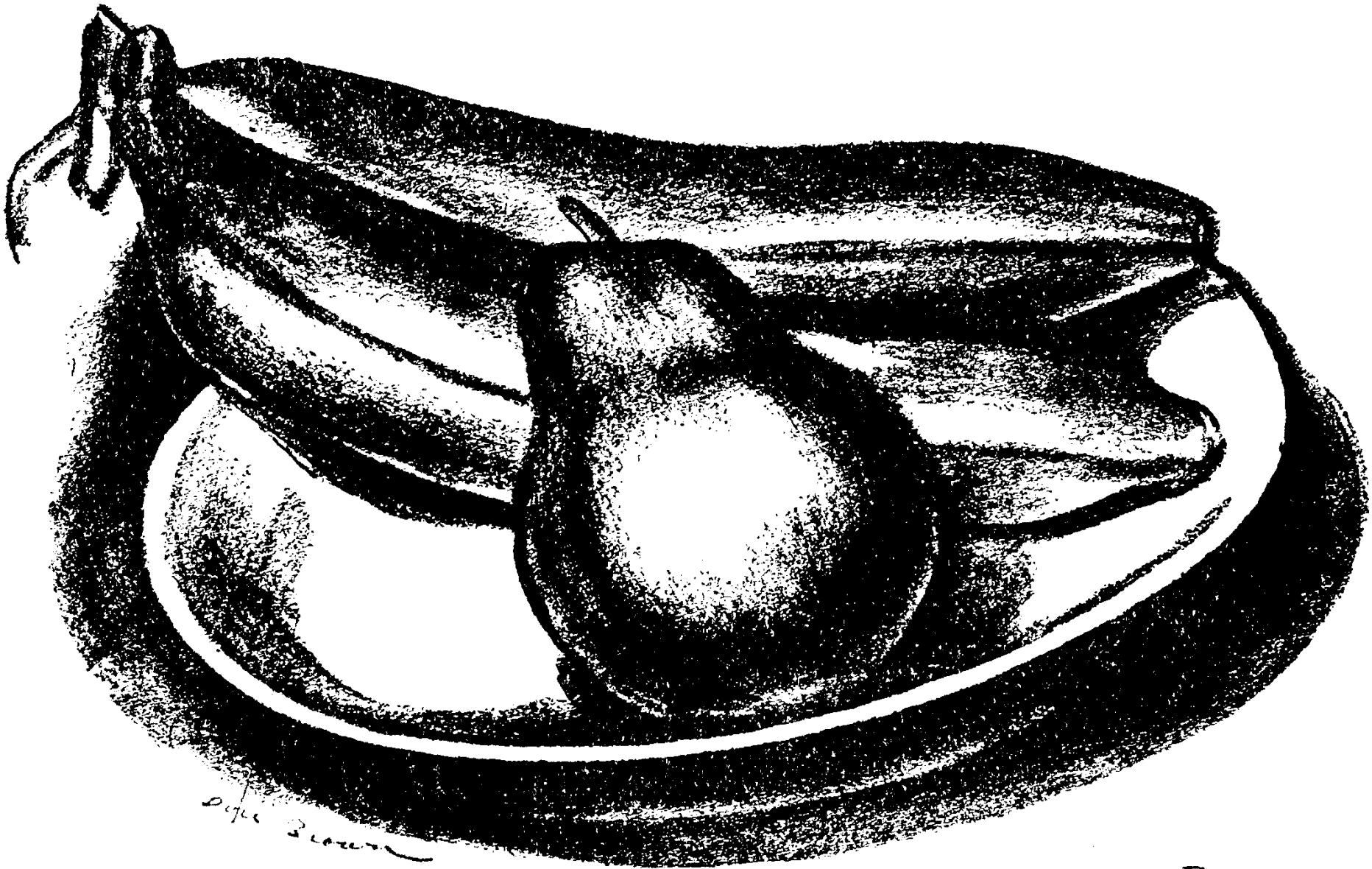
It is interesting to note that the picture which caused the greatest furore was one showing the Prince of Wales and a girl standing by a table in a registry office. Below the drawing is an imaginary extract from the London Times of a future date: "An interesting wedding was quietly celebrated yesterday at Ealing Registry Office when Mr. Edward Windsor was united to Miss Flossie Pearson. The bridegroom, as older readers will recall, was at one time well known as 'heir apparent' of the late 'King' George. He has for some years been residing at Balmoral, 85 Acacia Teracce, Lenin Avenue, Ealing, and the bride is a daughter of his landlady."

It is not "propaganda" to satirize Labor—that is "the freedom of art." But it is "propaganda" to satirize royalty—or capitalism. No real "artist" would do such a thing. Max has looked after his laurels just in time.

F. D.



Don Brown



Don Brown

We Get Arrested a Little

By Upton Sinclair

THE editor of the "Liberator" telegraphs me, asking for an article about how we got arrested. The fact that four "Pasadena millionaires," as the police called us, were held incommunicado for eighteen hours for conspiracy to read the Constitution of the United States, is a matter of comparatively slight importance in the American class struggle. But the fact that three thousand oppressed workers, who had won a strike, had their victory torn out of their hands by criminals in the uniform of policemen; the fact that six hundred of these men were thrown into jail, mostly for the crime of walking on the street, and were beaten and tortured in jail—that is a matter of real importance, and I shall take the liberty of writing on that subject, using the adventure of the four "Pasadena millionaires" merely as a spot-light revealing the situation.

This happened in Southern California, home of the "criminal syndicalism" law. It is a felony to carry a red card in this state; indeed, it is a felony to wear your hair too long, or to wear a red flower, because the police have turned the statute from "criminal syndicalism" into "suspicion of criminal syndicalism"; and "suspicion" comes easily to the minds of policemen in this home of the Better America Federation and the Merchants' & Manufacturers' Association. They have been arresting men by hundreds right along, and have got about fifty of them in the penitentiary, coughing out their lungs in the jute mill, for from fourteen to twenty-eight years. Big Business, of course, knows nothing about history, and still less about the soul of man. They think they can crush a movement by proceedings like this; and so it was with the utmost consternation that they beheld three thousand men going on strike at the harbor, singing I. W. W. songs and shouting I. W. W. slogans.

They are calling me an I. W. W. now, and so I merely mention in passing that I disapprove of I. W. W. tactics, and regard the organization as a blunder in the labor movement. I am for Foster's policy of boring from within. But I will defend to my last breath the right of the I. W. W. to argue for dual unionism, if they want to, and against political action; also for their right to argue for the strangling of capitalism by this or any other method. They succeeded in strangling the Merchants' & Manufacturers' Association and the Shipyard Owners' Association of Los Angeles for two or three weeks—and right in the midst of our building boom, with thousands of would-be bungalow-owners clamoring for lumber. Not all the three thousand strikers were I. W. W.'s, but the strike was an I. W. W. strike, and was an absolutely non-violent affair, as I shall prove to you on the best police authority in a few minutes.

The story I am going to tell you next sounds like the old-style "ten-twenty-thirty" melodrama. I have nothing to say for it except that it is true. I don't have to guess that this strike was smashed by the Merchants' & Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles; I *know* that it was smashed by this organization, because I overheard the conspiracy to smash it. It happened that when the plotters met, I was in the next room and heard what they said. Also, it happened that I had a witness, my brother-in-law, Hunter Kimbrough, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi, and is the son of a Mississippi judge and bank president. I don't believe Hunter ever told but one lie in his life—that was when he exaggerated his age in order to get into the Navy during the war.

Why we went to the office of Mr. Irving Hays Rice, president of the Merchants' & Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles, is another story. I will merely say briefly that it had been rumored that William J. Burns had called me "a dangerous enemy of the United States government." Mr. Rice was the person who had spread the report; Burns denied it, and I believed he was lying. Hunter and I went to the office of Mr. Rice, to see if we could persuade Mr. Rice to call Burns a liar; and we did. But, that, as I say, is another story.

While we were waiting to see Mr. Rice that morning, he was in conference with Mr. Hammond, president of the Hammond Lumber Company, and another man whose name we did not learn. Mr. Rice's secretary, not knowing who we were, gave us seats in the outer office; the door of the inner office was left open during the conference; and Hunter and I could not help hearing what went on. Mr. Hammond bellowed in fury, and pounded on the desk, and denounced the strikers. "Who is that?" asked the secretary. "That's Hammond," said one of the clerks; "he owns a couple of hundred thousand acres of timberland, and he has twenty ships tied up in the harbor." "Oh," said the secretary, "then he has a right to pound on the table."

He pounded, and demanded that the strike should be smashed instantly. Mr. Rice protested that he was doing his best, and finally he promised that there would be "a meeting this afternoon", and the job would be done. And so it was done.

Three or four days after that conference the police sailed in to smash the strike. First, they arrested men for meeting on the street; that was blocking traffic. "Go on private property," said the judge, in sentencing the Reverend F. R. Wedge, Presbyterian clergyman, Harvard graduate, and strike-leader. So the strikers went on private property, the so-called "Liberty Hill," with the permission of the owner. At a meeting there they raised the flags of sixteen nations, including the American flag, and the flag of Russia, which happens to be red. There were some Russians present, and they doubtless thought their country had a right to be represented. "You've lost your constitutional rights now," shouted Police Captain Plummer, and he arrested everybody he could grab. Throughout our controversy he used this red flag incident as his complete justification for all that he had done. So it seems worth while to mention the outcome of the matter, which I find in this morning newspaper, three weeks after the arrest. Twenty-nine men are discharged, and Police Judge Crawford states that everybody who displays a red flag ought to be arrested, but unfortunately the Supreme Court of the state has declared the Los Angeles red flag ordinance to be unconstitutional!

They began arresting men wholesale for the crime of walking on the street. They called it "blocking traffic"; they also called it "holding parades without a permit"; they also called it "disorderly conduct"—that is to say, singing I. W. W. songs, or maybe cheering the police victims, or maybe just laughing at the police. In our controversies with the

mayor of the city, he stated many times—and always in a loud tone of voice, so as to get the newspaper reporters—that somebody on the street had jeered at Police Captain Plummer—"There goes Plummer, that fat prostitute"; and the mayor said he thought that justified the police in arresting everybody on the street.

They sent the Reverend Wedge to jail twice, for speaking to the strikers; they arrested the Reverend George Chalmers Richmond, Episcopal clergyman from Philadelphia, for the crime of walking down the street with the intention of addressing the strikers when he got to the meeting-place. They held him in jail for twenty-eight hours, and he preached sermons to the Wobblies, who, as he later testified, treated him as if he were Jesus and they were the Apostles. "We must get that fellow out of here," said Captain Plummer, "or he 'll convert the whole jail." They dragged a restaurant proprietor out from behind his counter, and threw him into jail; his crime was that he had been feeding the strikers, and that had a tendency to "prolong the strike!"

And when they had these men in jail, they beat and tortured them. They shackled some men by the thigh, in places where they had not room to lie down. They abused and cursed the prisoners; and when one man, Begel, resented being told that the Wobblies were liars and degenerates, and said: "It is not true", Chief of Police Oaks called him out of the tank and smashed him in the face, and knocked him down several times. We have affidavits to this now on file before the Police Commission, and we are going to have some more before we get through. We have affidavits to the fact that ninety-five men were thrown into one tank so crowded that not all of them could sit down at once; and because they sang songs, all ventilation was shut off and the steam heat was turned on for two hours, and many of them swooned. One man, Paul Bourgon, was thrown into the Lincoln Heights stockade, and kept there for sixty days, sleeping on a damp concrete floor, and fed, of course, on vile food. He contracted a severe cold, but his friends could not get any help to him, so it turned into pneumonia, and they carted him off to the County Hospital a few hours before he died. He leaves an orphan sister, and we think that this sister has something of a damage suit against the police officials.

On the morning of May 15th the capitalist press of Los Angeles told about the wholesale arrests, with riotous glee. Chief Oaks announced that he was going to arrest "all idle men" at the harbor. When I read that news I went to my wife, who is not very strong and has suffered much from my political convictions, and begged her to give me back the promise I had made to her only a few days ago, that I would not go on any more "crusades", but would settle down and write a book. (You see, I had just got through a scrap with Mr. William J. Burns and the University Club of Pasadena; also with the job of getting "Russia Through the Shadows" shown in our pious town of Pasadena.) My wife asked for an hour to think it over; but by the time that hour was up I had telephoned a dozen people and made all arrangements.

We went into Los Angeles, and took a deputation to the mayor; there were four men and four women in the group, and we told the mayor we wanted to have a free speech meeting on Liberty Hill. We would get the written permission of the owner of this private property, and we would there read the Constitution of the United States and explain to those who might care to hear us just what this Constitution means. The mayor's first decision was that we should interview Police Captain Plummer, and if Plummer turned us down, the mayor would review Plummer's decision. Any little trick, you see, to delay us, while the job of smashing the strike for Messrs. Rice and Hammond was completed! But we stuck to the mayor for an hour, and when we got through we got from him the definite pledge that he would 'phone Captain Plummer that we were to be "protected in all our constitutional rights, and not molested so long as we did not incite disorder." The mayor has since denied that he made that pledge; but of course that is what any I. W. W. would expect of a politician. But not being I. W. W., we believed him, and so we went to the Harbor.

I got there earlier than the others, at seven p. m. I interviewed Mrs. Minnie Davis, and got her written permission to hold a meeting on Liberty Hill. I then went to see Captain Plummer at the police station, and found with him Chief Oaks and Inspector Jackson; I was alone, and I got a quick and sudden lesson in American police methods. Chief Oaks took the matter in hand; he is one of these "knock-'em-down-and-drag'em-out" officals, and he went at me as if he thought he could frighten me out of my wits, or at any rate out of his office. Please read the following questions in a loud tone of voice, and as quickly as you can, without waiting for the answers:

"American Civil Liberties Union? What's the American Civil Liberties Union? What's it got to do with Los Angeles? Did it tell you to come here? How did it tell you to come? Where's the letter it wrote you? What business have you got at the harbor?"

I saw at once that I had made a mistake in coming without witnesses. Or may be I was frightened—it's hard to be sure. "Chief Oaks," I said, "I will ask your permission to retire until the rest of our deputation arrives." And I started to leave his office—when the reserves came up. After that we had an hour's session, in the course of which we were told: "Constitution or no Constitution, you are not going to speak at the harbor." I persisted in telling Chief Oaks what I had found in the Constitution of the United States:

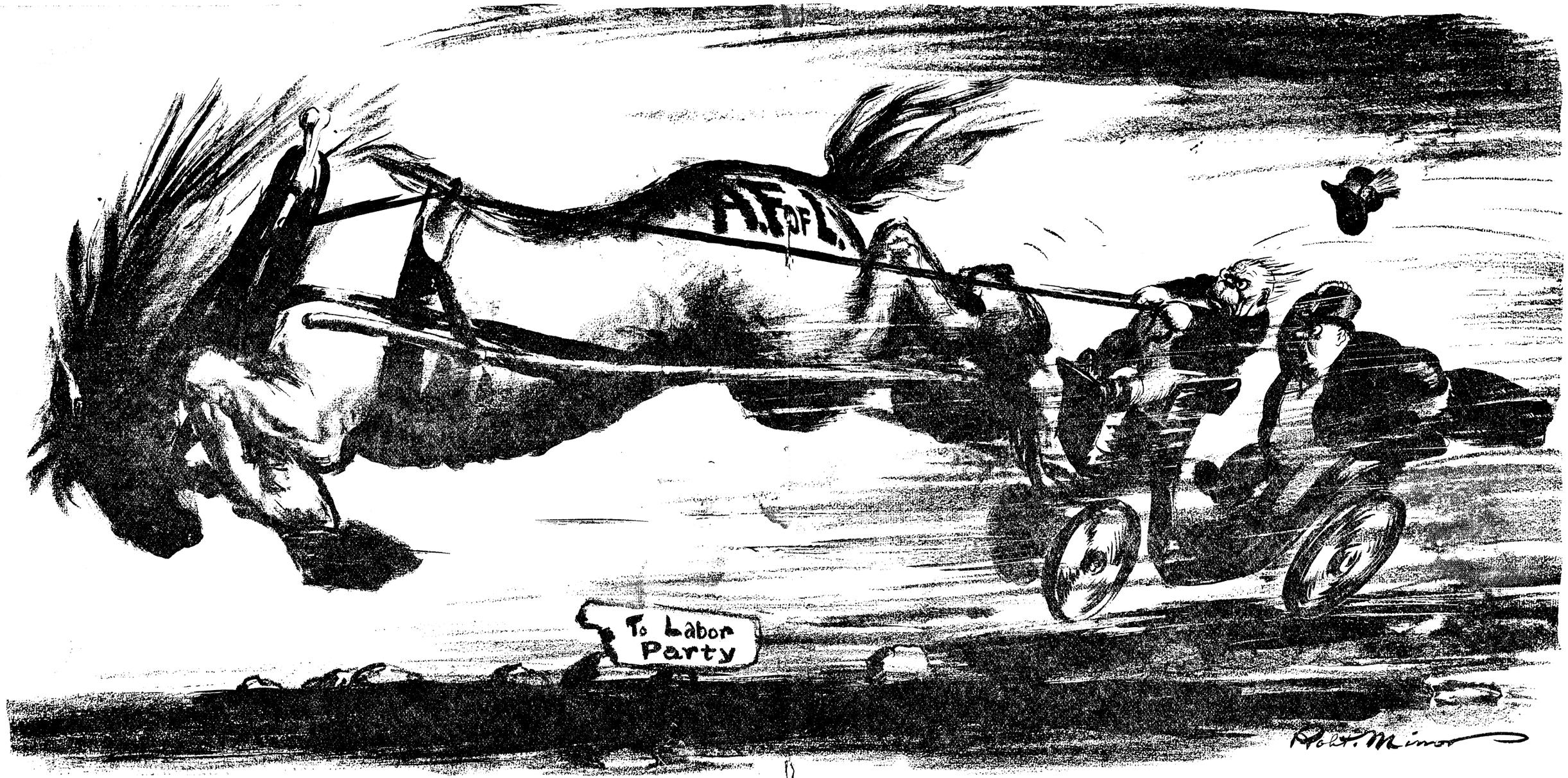
"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

Also, I persisted in reading the Constitution of the State of California:

"Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

"Constitution or no Constitution", said the chief, "if you try to speak at the harbor you will be arrested, and there will be no bail for you either."

Then I read him the provision from the State Constitution to the effect that bail shall not be denied; whereat he said, with great anger: "Cut out that Constitution stuff!" (I am not sure about the words "cut out"; it may have been "Forget that Constitution stuff", or "Don't talk that Constitution stuff"; but I am sure about the "Constitution stuff".) And when our attorneys attempted to argue, they were told they were "bum lawyers", and would be arrested also. In the course of the debate, the chief declared that Mrs. Davis had violated the law in giving us permission to



Robert Minor

"For God's Sake, Sam, Can't You Hold Him?"

speak on her property. My brother-in-law asked, "What law?" but could not get the chief to specify.

We retired for consultation. There were fifteen or twenty of us, and we sat in a café for half an hour or so, and there were interesting psychological studies to be made. The chief had really been quite terrible, and none of us could regard it as a picnic. Some had excuses that were good; anyway, six decided that they would climb the hill. Prince Hopkins, editor of the *Labor Age*, a Santa Barbara millionaire whose great-great-great grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence, reminded himself of this ancestor. It was a heavy sacrifice for Prince, because six years ago he had to pay twenty thousand dollars to the government for the crime of being a pacifist; yet, as one observer remarked, he went in "quite casually, as if into a drawing-room." Next came Hugh Hardyman, an English journalist, a quiet young fellow, tall, pale, a Rossetti angel in a little flesh; he just came along without even mentioning that he was going. Next, Mrs. Kate Crane Gartz, tireless friend of all rebels in distress; and her friend, Mrs. Von Tol, who thought that Mrs. Gartz would be lonely in jail all by herself; and finally myself, with my brother-in-law, who had been told by his sister to take care of me!

We went back and told the chief what we were going to do, and it was a rough and grim session. It was nearly ten o'clock at night when we went out and started down the street; how many plainclothes men and uniformed policemen chaperoned us—you wouldn't believe it if I were to tell you. It was like going into a trap; John Packard, our lawyer whom we had asked to watch the scene as a witness, told us afterwards of the tensity, the grimness; he could not believe he was in America. There was a place where the street was barred, and beyond that no man might go. Just as we were about to cross the deadline, Hunter remembered that there was no light on the hill; we must have a candle, or else how could we read the Constitution! He rushed off to get a candle; and meantime we paced up and down in the center of the street, with our hearts in our mouths, I must admit! The sidewalks were packed solid with people, with a line of policemen along each curb. Among the many crimes for which they have indicted us is that of "blocking the street"; I presume that charge is based upon those agonizing ten or fifteen minutes while Hunter was flying all over the town trying to get a candle and a box of matches.

At last he came, and the jaws of death opened, and we walked through. The instant we had passed, a double line of policemen swung out from the throng, and barred the way. The six of us, with one lone newspaper reporter, climbed the steep dark path to the forbidden spot on the hill.

Up on top were a dozen policemen waiting. They said not a word, except that while Hunter was lighting the candle one of them said, jeeringly: "Read by the stars". Anyhow, the candle was lighted, and I said: "My friends, I will read from Section 1 of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States: 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for redress of grievances.'"

"You are under arrest," said a police officer.

"I thank you," I said, and was rushed down the hill by two men whom I did not see in the dark.

Then Hunter got up; he had wanted to read the Declaration of Independence from the same book, but the police had seized the book for evidence. (It is a volume published by the State of California, and has the American flag as a frontispiece. I look forward with glee to presenting that "evidence" to the jury!) Hunter started off; being somewhat rattled, he said: "You have just heard the reading of a passage from the Declaration of Independence—"

"You are under arrest," said a policeman. "I thank you," said Hunter, and was glad, because he did not know what he was going to say next!

Then it was the turn of the gentle Prince Hopkins. "We have come here to read from the Constitution; we have not come to incite to any violence—" "You are under arrest," said a policeman. "I thank you", said Prince.

And then Hugh Hardyman, the Rosetti angel: "This is a beautiful evening, friends; the stars shining on the water are lovely, and this is a most wonderful climate..."

"Are you trying to make a speech?" asked a policeman. "Most certainly", said Hugh. "Then you are under arrest." "I thank you", said Hugh. We plan to bring out in court that supreme atrocity of the entire proceedings—they actually arrested a man for praising the climate of Southern California!

Mrs. Gartz then tried to make a speech, but they pushed her along—they evidently had orders not to arrest any women. And meantime they whirled us four men in automobiles to the station, where they booked us; and what do you think it was? Our old friend, "suspicion of criminal syndicalism!" And the evidence a volume of patriotic documents published by the State of California, with the American flag as a frontispiece!

Having booked us, they took us out to an automobile once more. There proved to be room for only three in the back seat. Hunter was the last one in. "You run along", said Chief Oaks.

"What?" said Hunter.

"There isn't room for you."

"But wasn't I arrested?"

"No, you weren't arrested; go on home."

I was relieved, because I thought of my wife, whom I had had on the telephone only half an hour ago, and who had cried, "Oh, I hope you will not have to go to jail!"

"Go on, and take care of your sister," I said.

But Hunter was white with indigation. "You mean you won't take me along? Well, I'm going back on that hill and talk again."

"Oh, so you want to be a martyr?" said the chief.

"Yes", said Hunter; so they let him hang on the running-board!

They took us out into the country for a spin; as we learned later, this was to throw newspaper men off the track. Then they took us up to the Wilmington police station. I asked to telephone to an attorney, but was told "incommunicado". They put us in a cell, and I lay on the floor. I have learned to keep away from cell bunks and blankets; but ours fortunately proved to be clean, so we had a comfortable evening, and a good breakfast in the morning. We have no complaint on that score, except the "incommunicado", and two agonized wives at home. We discovered later that the police were planning to kidnap us and hold us for a long time; as aid to this they were giving out reports that the I. W. W. were endeavoring to rescue us; also that the Ku Klux Klan was taking a hand in the procedure. These

reports came to my wife, and she tells me she didn't even lie down all that night. She spent the hours telephoning to jailers and police officials, and to lawyers and friends. The lawyers and friends did what they could, while the jailers and police officials ingeniously and elaborately lied. All the next day they lied and kept our whereabouts a secret.

Of course there was newspaper clamor; and about noon of next day the reporters forced the police to let us be interviewed—but only after the reporters had given pledges not to reveal our whereabouts. Late in the afternoon we were put in an automobile and driven up to Los Angeles city jail and locked in separate cells. The plot was simple; they were going to whisk us into a police court, each one separately, just a few minutes before five o'clock, the closing time. They were going to try to trap us into pleading, without seeing our lawyers—they did actually succeed in doing that with a great number of prisoners. Then they would commit us and whisk us away again, "incommunicado." All that day Chief Oaks had been in conference with the District Attorney's office, trying to force these officials to charge us with criminal syndicalism; and they had been assuring the chief that the charge couldn't be made to "stick". It is not yet criminal syndicalism for more or less gentlemen to read the Bill of Rights of the Constitution, even in Southern California!

It is interesting to note how the organization of the big business crooks in this community is cracking. It is honeycombed with treachery; there was nothing they could do without our finding it out. I do not exaggerate: the newspaper reporters have tipped us off to the newspaper crookedness, and policemen have tipped us off to the crookedness of the police authorities. Someone brought my wife a tip as to what Oaks was planning; my wife was in a lawyer's office in Los Angeles, and she learned that we were due to arrive at the city jail in ten minutes. She and Mrs. Gartz and two lawyers went rushing down the street without waiting to find their automobile. They got to the police court just in the nick of time; the lawyers demanded bail, and got it, and we were free. We were happy for a few minutes—until we thought of all the poor devils who didn't have friends or lawyers, and who hadn't got bail, and were still in hell.

Of course our arrest made a fuss in the newspapers—you know about that. It even reached Europe, and I got cablegrams about it. I gave out one from the International Arbeiterhilfe, and our highly cultured Pasadena "Star-News" came out next day with the announcement that "Arbiter Hilfe cabled in behalf of the International Workers' Aid, with headquarters in Berlin, and in his message, in addition to suggesting an appeal to President Harding, he expressed regret for Mr. Sinclair's imprisonment and extended 'brotherly sympathy' ". Incredible as it may seem, we actually displaced the "hammer murderess" from the front page of both the morning and afternoon Hearst newspapers in Los Angeles. A lot of very influential people got busy in our behalf; so the political hirelings of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association were in a panic, and proceeded to backtrack as quickly as they could move. We came out of jail on Wednesday afternoon, and we called our first mass meeting in the Walker Auditorium for three days later. One or two thousand people jammed the street outside, unable to get in; and, comrades, you should have been there to hear that crowd shout! I pointed out to them how "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." I asked them: "If they send me to prison, will you quit?" I asked them: "If they kill me, will you quit?" I asked them: "Say it again, so that the spies may take the message to the police." I asked them: "Say it louder yet, so that the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association may hear it!"

We had another meeting on the following Tuesday; and on Monday the frightened mayor came back from his "vacation", and a delegation of seventy people interviewed him, mostly ladies in the latest fashionable costumes, demanding the right to speak at Liberty Hill. Chief Oaks was present, looking exactly like a whipped school-boy; the mayor turned to him, and asked him what he thought, and he gravely answered that conditions were now quite peaceable at the harbor, and he could see no objection to our holding our free speech meeting on Liberty Hill! Chief Oaks had been good enough to say in the newspapers that I had "a wonderful education"; and I think I have been able to pass some of that education on to him.

Well, we held our meeting at the harbor. The Los Angeles "Times" called it two thousand people, and the "Record" called it eight thousand. I am not skilled in measuring crowds, but I figured the space and, allowing four square feet per person, which is very generous, it would take twenty-five thousand people to fill that much space.

They kept perfect order; they didn't even shout—bless their hearts—until we told them that it was proper for people to shout at mass meetings! Many of the women wept; and some of our party wept also. "I can never be the same again," said one rich woman, who had gone with us, half terrified. Captain Plummer and all his plain-clothes men stood by, getting their education. One of Plummer's arguments had been: "You talk about reading the Constitution of the United States to that crowd—why, ninety percent of them can't understand English." So I read the Constitution to that crowd, and then I told them what Plummer had said, and you should have heard the roars of laughter. I said: "Everybody who understands what I am saying raise his hand." I will wager that ninety-nine percent of the hands in that crowd were raised—and there was no way for them to know that they should raise their hands, except they understood what I said to them!

My wife had insisted that if there was any arresting done that night she was going to know where we were! So she spoke, and Mrs. John C. Packard, and Mrs. Georgia Pickering, and Mrs. Gartz, who for weeks had been bailing out the strikers, and received three rousing cheers, which she said were the best things she had been given in this life. And then came the other three "jail-birds", and then a couple of lawyers, and a doctor who had seen service in France; also William D. Ten Broeck, a Princeton graduate who came forward to help us—a generous and charming young artillery officer, who had served the guns in France, but declared that making a speech frightened him a whole lot more. The last speaker was a representative of the strikers, who thanked us for coming; the one real hundred percent American in the crowd—a pureblooded Indian!

Three hours that meeting lasted, and it was a most marvelous thing, the order that was kept. We told them at the end that the ladies were afraid of rowdies and troublemakers, and therefore wanted no throngs about us; we asked everybody just to disappear down the hill—and everybody just did exactly what they were asked to do. We walked down, with two policemen following us, and through an

avenue of cheering—half a mile of solid cheering—I shall hear those volleys of cheering when I climb the Golden Stairs!

Of course it doesn't really mean so much that a dozen "parlor pinks", celebrated in the newspapers, could stand upon a hill and make a speech. But next day we learned that the strikers were going to hold a meeting of their own; so we went to see the chief of police again. I won't say that he was polite, but he gave us what we wanted—the assurance that there would be no more interfering with mass meetings at the harbor. And what is more, there has not been a single striker arrested at the harbor since our meeting! They are turning loose the hundreds of strikers, and are singing very low just now. Of course, the Merchants and Manufacturers have got away with the swag, but that won't be for long; already we learn that the strike-breakers are talking strike! The class struggle is not over at the harbor, and some of us are getting ready for next time. We are going to have a branch of the American Civil Liberties Union ready, and if there is any strike-breaking done by Messrs. Rice and Hammond, they will do it under their own name and at their own expense, and not in the name of the city of Los Angeles, and the Constitution of the United States. We have got the clergy to investigating jail conditions, and the clubwomen are coming forward timidly, but promisingly.

During the last days Captain Plummer has admitted, in the presence of witnesses, that he had no fault to find with the I. W. W. who kept perfect order during the strike. Also, he has admitted that "Black Jack Jerome", the strike-breaker, brought in a gang of heavily-armed thugs. Officer Wyckoff, who swore to the complaint against us, has admitted that our conduct was that of "perfect gentlemen". All that will sound good at the trial.

The city officials were so proud of Chief Oaks that they sent him off to the Chiefs of police Convention at Buffalo, accompanied by a brass band. Hunter and TenBroeck learned that Oaks was leaving for this three weeks vacation—and we wanted him on hand for our trial! So they went and served subpoenas on him in his office; and of all the funny stories you ever heard, these two fellows chasing the Chief who ran back and forth through his private offices, yelling to his deputies for help, and refusing one subpoena poked through the door by TenBroeck, and rushing out another door, only to come face to face with Hunter and the other subpoena!

Our trial is set for June 15th, before a police court judge and jury. We look forward to it with curiosity, touched with laughter. You have heard the full recital of our actions, and we now leave you the job of trying to fit them to the charge, sworn to by Officers Wyckoff and Henry, and reading as follows:

"...discussing, arguing, orating and debating certain thoughts and theories, which thoughts and theories were contemptuous of the constitution of the State of California, calculated to cause hatred and contempt of the government of the United States of America, and which thoughts and theories were detrimental and in opposition to the orderly conduct of affairs of business, affecting the rights of private property and personal liberty, and which thoughts and theories were calculated to cause any citizen then and there present and hearing the same to quarrel and fight and use force and violence, etc., etc., etc."

A Vag in College

GOD help me, I'm in a university,
A lowbrow, a bum, and in a college.
I should be working in the mines or out on the section,
Or in the jungles with a lot of crummy stiffs
Singing wobbly songs;
But I'm not—I'm in a university.

I listen to lectures by hard-shelled old galoots who have buzzed students to sleep for years.
They have lectured so long they run like phonographs—
So long that they believe what they say.
They send me to the library, tell me to read books.
Books! Rows of 'em, stacks of 'em, cords of 'em,
Truckloads, carloads of books,
All written by pale ginks that never juggled mucksticks,
Or pulled throttles, or pitched hay.

The little woman that runs the joint trots back between the rows,
Past whole batches of books,
And pries out the one I asked her for.

What does she know about books?
She never saw a pulp-mill, or smelled the sweaty slaves,
The wage-slaves that make the spotless white paper so the pale ginks can put their thoughts in books
And have 'em stacked in the library.
She hands me the one I want, and grouches if I talk too loud,
Or if I spit tobacco juice in the waste basket.

Oh, God! I don't want to stay here!
Here in this dump with a lot of scissorbills,
A gang of rah rah boys in horn-rimmed goggles
Hollering themselves to pieces;
Yelling their lungs loose at a lot of yokels in football suits making hash out of one another;
Singing goofy songs just because our gang mopped up the yaps from some other college.

I should be back in the mines, or out on the section,
Or jungled up with a lot of crummy stiffs,
Singing wobbly songs
About long-haired preachers,
And pie in the sky
(When you die.)

Here I am again in a lecture room,
And a wise guy is explaining the law of biogenesis to a lot of lounge-lizards and dizzy flappers, all busy as hell thinking of games, and dances, and calf-love.
And as I look out the window, across the river
I see a string of empties on the side-track in the sun.
(Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny.) What's that got to do with me, anyway?
The limited just left for Seattle, and there goes a fast freight to Chicago.
Oh Jesus, what am I doing here?

Lloyd S. Thompson.

Moscow's Answer

By Max Eastman

THE effect of Lord Curzon's note in Moscow was almost a revolution! At a word from the Soviet the workers deserted the factories and went into the streets like a torrent, roaring with angry and hilarious indignation. They filled the town like a flood of lava, jammed the streets until nobody could move, and then stood there shouting and laughing and singing all afternoon—red banners tossing everywhere, and everywhere big letters challenging British imperialism, and waving in the wind glory to the world proletariat.

The cause of Lord Curzon's note was revealed in its effect. The revolution has not died out of the New Economic Policy. It has not sickened with Lenin's sickness. It is flourishing and going forward, healthy and incorruptible and intrepid. That is why Lord Curzon could not withold his hand.

Miraculous that these workers of Russia still want to fight for the revolution. They starved for three years on cabbage and water, and they are not through. They are restive. They are cocky. They were half way across the ring before Lord Curzon got through sounding the bell.

And miraculous that the force of nationalism comes in now to help instead of hinder them. When Trotsky's mighty voice announced to that crowd of rebels—extraordinary session of the Moscow Soviet in the Great Theatre—that British Imperialism does not issue commands to Red Moscow, all Russia heard and responded. It does not matter now who the power is. It is Russian power, and it is great. The population of Russia has got used to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. It knows there is truth, it knows there is justice, it knows there is *peace* in that principle. It does not know how much, but it supports this government better than the czar's government was supported. In any national crisis it will stand behind them as tight as powder behind a bullet in a rifle-barrel.

There is nothing more impressive in this world than the meeting of a revolutionary Soviet. These hard-handed, iron-minded men out of the factories, who have just laid down their tools to come here and say what they want done—how much more noble and more terrible they are than any sovereign the world has seen before! The gold-hung monarchs and the pompous-coated politicians, both are gone and forgotten. Here is reality. Here are the people who live the hard life of man. And their leaders are the best, the simplest, the strongest—that is all. It is an aristocracy, yes—the rule of the best democrats.

Chicherin speaks first—he wears the uniform of the Red Army, being the honorary "chief" of a regiment. He likes his uniform, but he bulges at the hips very much unlike a soldier, and stands awkwardly with one leg advanced like a boy learning to orate. And his speech—crystal-clear in wit and logic—can not be heard fifty feet away. Nobody has to be told, however, what he says. He says that we will be peaceable and reasonable to the last detail, but our purpose that the Imperial British Government shall treat with us as with an equal, will be as unyielding as a gun.

Bukharin speaks next. His voice is surprisingly big in the big hall, his speech witty and rich in satire at the expense of the noble Lord. It is subtle, too, recounts the loyalty with which Soviet Russia has stood by the oppressed

The poet Claude McKay of the Liberator staff, in Petrograd.

peoples—not of the Far East just now—but of Germany and Turkey. Food there for reflection in England and France! His speech is popular because it is belligerent, and the mood of this audience is the mood of the people outside. They want to make sure that their government has got fighting blood. That is their anxiety. They want to see something that looks victorious and ready for action.

And they do see it. Bukharin's speech comes to a climax in these words: "If fate calls us to a struggle not only with ultimatums, then we will go as one man with arms in our hands..."

They are on their feet in a second, shouting applause. And that shout flows for a minute, for two minutes—it is just wavering and beginning to ebb, when Trotsky shoots in from the wings in military uniform. The sight of that man at that moment is like dynamite. The explosion would rattle the bones of Lord Curzon in his grave.

Trotsky's voice is so powerful that you rest when he talks. And his thought is so powerful that you rest when he is thinking. He is a born and inevitable leader of men. There is mature restraint and wisdom in his speech, and yet there is young and overflowing boldness.

"Comrades, I know that we have ground for indignation, for showing the clenched fist and gritting our teeth. We have sufficient ground for that. But the present moment is such that we must summon our reserves of discretion, caution and tranquillity... We will not take one step, we will not say one word, which might sharpen the situation, or close the road to a peaceful settlement by means of negotiation. We know that the governments of the Entente, during these years after the war and the Peace of Versailles, have not spoken to other peoples, states and nations otherwise than in the language of dictation and command. But let

By Max Eastman

The poet Claude McKay of the Liberator staff, in Petrograd.

them know that their word of command does not go in Red Moscow!

"We desire peace more than all and above all... But if this will to peace does not prosper, if the ring of imperialism continues to broaden around us, if challenge follows challenge, and if these take material form, and with them the bayonets of imperialism are directed against our breasts—or for a blow in the back—then we say:

"The Red Army and the Red Fleet, who desire peaceful labor—the Red Army and the Red Fleet will do their duty to the end!"

Trotsky is followed by a woman from the work-shops, a poor woman with a dull black shawl over her head, with shapeless shoes and a miserable skirt that slants downward in the direction of her worn heels—a picture of the pity of life, if she appeared on any other platform in the world—here a picture of defiance and symbol of the victory of an ideal.

Every Russian can make a speech. There is never any embarrassment. This little woman walks quickly out there facing the golden galleries where Trotsky's eloquence was ringing, starts talking as naturally as an excited child.

"I represent the women of X.....factory," she says, "and I want to tell you that when I heard these strong speakers, Chicherin and Bukharin and our beloved chief of the Red Army, I just had a hard time standing still on the floor. Didn't you want to jump up and down all the time? How can we hesitate or have any doubt or fear when we have such men to speak for us? And look at our Red Army there, too," she points to a loge full of soldiers—"ruffling its wings already like a young rooster!

"We know we are not to blame. We know the bourgeoisie is to blame. And I say if they want anything, let's give it to them over the head! We don't want war—no, but if it comes, the women workers of Moscow are ready to go in with the front line!"

She was followed by a representative of the peasants of the Moscow district, and he by other delegates from the factories and shops, and each one had just two things to say:

"We want peace and a chance to work," and "We are ready to fight to the last blood-drop if they come."

That was the answer of Red Moscow to the insolence of British imperialism, and the entire eastern half of the earth will know it, and thrill with the joy of it.

A. Blanchi.

Summer Afternoon

A. Blanchi.

Summer Afternoon

Introducing John Farmer

By Hal Ware

ARE the Farmers Busted? Two months ago, after struggling unsuccessfully through the wilderness of agricultural statistics, reports and "Index Numbers," I started out to get the answer to that question from the farmers themselves. I found modifications in crops, in the types of farming and in the economic status of the *working farmers*. This is reflected in their local names. The well known "dirt" farmers of the Northwest with characteristic breeziness call each other, "sod busters." The working farmer in the South may be a "cropper," a "hand" or merely a "nigger" tenant. Along the Pacific coast he becomes a "stiff" and in the East is simply a "farmer". In plain words, working farmers are the men, women and children who actually work the land. They work it and — they want it. That is the essence of unity between all farmers. It must be the basis for unity between farm and city worker.

There are three types of farming.

Eastern Agriculture.

In spite of the fact that thousands of farmers throughout the East are going into bankruptcy there is a general continuance of the old illusion that "somehow" they will prove exceptions. This psychology is explained by its background of diversified agriculture. These farmers grow a wide variety of foods and live-stock. Their labor schedules are evenly distributed throughout the year. The exploited labor of the farm family suffices to harvest the small volumes of several succeeding crops and to milk and feed the stock. Although the farms average but ninety to a hundred acres there are no periods of unemployment, because of the variety of products. These are marketed gradually and more directly than the great crops of grain and cotton. The Eastern farmer says "We haven't all our eggs in one basket," and for that reason is less affected by drouths, market declines in one crop, or by market manipulation. In other words, because his is a more nearly self-supporting farm he is better entrenched as an individualist than the highly specialized grain farmer. Although high costs of the things they must buy and low prices of the things they sell constantly reduce their equity in the land, the process is slower and less abrupt than in the grain country. There a farmer often has the product of his labor for the entire year stolen in the few days it takes him to sell his one crop: wheat. For these reasons the revolt of the eastern farmers against their exploiters is less concrete and certainly less militant than that which comes from the "sod-busters" of the Northwest.

Grain Farming.

Once you hit the grain country you get the feeling of impending change. The rows of silent Farmers' Elevators along the transcontinental railroads seem like grim monuments to an heroic but futile struggle of the past. The prairie towns are stagnant, waiting for that prosperity "around the corner" that never came. Banks are closed. Merchants are standing idly in front of their shops, bored and worried. The "Main Street" trolleys are discontinued and the Movie Palace boarded up. Local papers are filled with tax sale and mortgage foreclosure notices. In North Dakota one farmer said: "At least 80% of the farmers are busted. Why, one of our papers had seventy-five foreclosures in its last issue and there have been 10,000 in North Dakota since last year, mostly in the last six months." I asked a banker who had just come in from the country how things were going. He said, "I just went out to get a payment on a crop mortgage I hold on some corn. When I asked Smith for it he said 'There it is,' pointing to the field, 'take the whole damn thing, it won't pay me to pick it.' He had left that corn out in the shock all winter. I know it won't pay his labor but he seems to forget that I was a friend of his and lent him the money." This small town banker, like hundreds of others, is being swept along in the general tide of bankruptcy. But the significant fact is not that a few individuals or few thousand individuals are bankrupt. It is the fact that the *one-crop system* of grain-farming is bankrupt.

From the Canadian line through the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas you have the "bread basket" of America. Whole communities are given to the production. Thus it is possible for the sod busters to operate many acres per man. The average farm is four hundred to five hundred acres, operated by one family except during harvest season. But here individualism is more at the mercy of the organized industrial exploiters. Because of his larger operations the carrying charges are larger than those of his eastern neighbors. His rates of interest are higher. He must compete at harvest time with industrial centers for harvest labor. The nature of his crop necessitates periods of unemployment after planting for himself and family. He must mortgage his crop to borrow money with which to pay his large harvest expense. Drouths or unfavorable weather conditions mean partial or complete loss of the season's work; for these farmers specialize in one crop. Finally when he sells, in spite of years of struggle and organization, the grain gamblers have kept one jump ahead and they finally get his crop for less than it cost to produce. This process constitutes a long standing grievance. Beginning with unfair weighing, grading, high freight rates, storage charges, the process ends at harvest time with market manipulation of prices, driving them always to the year's "low" price.

The grain farmer must buy almost all his farm and household supplies. He has no eggs, milk, fruit, vegetables, pork, etc., to trade the store-keepers as do the eastern farmers. In general he runs on credit until next harvest and then starts all over again. But each year he is striking a smaller and smaller balance on the right side of his ledger. If he sells his farm today he will get less than his mortgage, second mortgage, notes, back taxes, interest and store accounts amount to. Farmers who have just handled four thousand bushels of wheat find themselves literally bankrupt.

The banks know this but don't know what to do about it. Both John Farmer and Mr. Banker do know that "more credit" isn't the answer. Suppose the bank is willing to loan John enough money to plant and harvest another crop. John isn't a fool and he knows that the entire proceeds of next year's crop at present prices would all belong to Mr. Banker. Last year he had some concrete lessons in what to expect. When the threshing machines got busy last Fall

Adolph Dehn

Austrian Village Street

some of the bankers invested in auto trucks. They backed up to the bagger and took the whole crop; leaving only enough for the sod buster to pay his harvest help. Things began to crystallize in the farmer's mind. He realized that not only was he bankrupt, but that he was worse off than the farm laborer who had a legal lien on the crop which came even ahead of the mortgages. He began to see that the six years of political struggle through the Nonpartisan League to reform the system and its grain gamblers and bankers, had not gotten him anywhere. He was broke! If he was going to hold on to the land that he had homesteaded and sweated on for a generation he must quit trying to reform the rules and must proceed to make new ones. So he went to his legislature and proposed two bills — North Dakota House Bill No. 164, giving the farmer a labor lien on his own crop, and North Dakota Senate Bill No. 368, giving the farmer a moratorium for two years. He knew these would ruin the bankers but he also knew they would keep him on the land.

However John Farmer had another lesson to learn. The bills were driven into obscurity by his own Nonpartisan League representatives. One North Dakota farmer expressed to me his disgust. "The League is dead! I mean it wont go any farther. Look what some of those pious manure wallopers did to those two bills. They hate to admit that they are slaves. I wish there were more labor men in this state to put some guts into the League." These farmers do not repudiate the Nonpartisan League but they admit that it is no longer a dynamic force. Then there is the tragedy of Townley. He is typical of The Farm (mis) Leader. Three times he has failed to deliver the goods. First when he tried to compromise with Wall Street on the North Dakota bonds, and second when he returned to North Dakota with his "balance of power" plan. That would have kept Frazier out of the race and insured the election of McCumber. Third and latest, he has practically repudiated the years of struggle against "Big Business" by suggesting that the farmer get out of politics and solve his problems through Mr. Townley's National Producers' Alliance. But the hitch comes when you find that it is not an alliance with Labor that Townley proposes, but an alliance with the bankers and businessmen. All they have to do is to "hold their wheat until the price gets high enough to insure cost of production plus a fair profit." In passing judgement on the National Producers' Alliance the sod-busters say "it's *bunk*" — not merely because it doesn't solve the immediate prob-

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lems, but also because it proposes that the farmer sit down with the banker and small business man whom he has fought all these years.

Through Nebraska the Farmers' Union is also stagnant. Like the farm organizations of the East it absorbed the activities of the middlemen near the farm but the nimble middleman simply retreated a step and proceeded to "get his" just the same. Like the Nonpartisan League it will continue to function for some time, but the farmer is desperately searching for relief elsewhere.

Cotton Farming.

As you drop South into Oklahoma and Texas you come to the land of King Cotton. This is also a one-crop country. But the striking difference is the absolute lack of modern machinery, the primitive methods and the small average holdings of the tenant croppers. There are, of course, large farms in these two states but farther east in the Black Belt they average twenty to forty acres. Cotton is the main crop. In fact the whole social and financial system of the South revolves about cotton. It is natural, then, that the demands of the crops should dictate the development of the South. In the past no machinery has been invented that can profitably displace the black fingers of the Negro cropper. And so for centuries the Negro has been kept in actual and political slavery. But now a new element has forced itself on the South. It is the *boll weevil.* The ravages of this insect have spread throughout the whole cotton area. It has made necessary new practices of spraying, disinfection and rotation of crops which are far beyond the experience and powers of the Negro tenant to accomplish on his own.

A social revolution in the South is imminent. The migration of Negroes to the North is but one of the evidences. Cotton failures have restricted the credit usually advanced to plantation "tenants" who were customarily "carried," that is, fed until the cotton was sold. To the general background of fear of lynching add the empty stomach through lack of the usual credit, and then add the offer by modern manufacturers of cash wages, and you get migration of Negroes.

In the grain country, a social change is being forced by the bankruptcy of the very system of production. The new social structure there will depend on the struggle between the forces of capital and the farmers to possess the land. In the South the working farmers were always bankrupt. Even today, however, the system of farming, that is the system of exploiting the working farmers, is not bankrupt. But the change is made necessary by a BUG. The pseudo "tenantry" must give way to frankly industrially organized plantations. More and more modern machinery will be introduced. The Negroes will become in name as well as in fact an exploited farm labor class.

Farmer-Labor Political Tendencies.

From North to South there is a general and unmistakable sentiment among the working farmers to get together politically with Labor. And the Labor element in these agricultural states meet them more than half way. The city worker in both grain and cotton country either has been a farmer or knows farmers. This is an important factor; this minority of Labor in these agricultural states acts as a link between the farmer and the Industrial workers of the East.

The president of one of the Trades and Labor Assemblies said, "At least the Nonpartisan League demonstrated that farmers and city workers can and will unite politically and that the farmer will give Labor all that he can. Our best labor laws have come since the farmers got power. Reaction has set in, but the League at least taught both farmers and Labor that their enemies were the same. I feel sure we will be ready for a straight Farmer-Labor Party here soon although there is some prejudice against it in League circles."

During the last railroad strikes the farmers came forward with free food and other material help to striking Labor. Everywhere are evidences of political alliances. The situation in this field reminds one of the milk in the churn just before the butter "makes". You have the Nonpartisan League, the Conference of Progressive Political Action, the Farmers National Bloc, the Peoples' Reconstruction League, and, as you move south into Oklahoma, the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League. In Texas you have the Farm Labor Union Political Conference. The reformist leaders and misleaders are everywhere pushed by the sentiment of the farmers to unite with Labor. But these leaders everywhere put on the brakes. Instead of advocating a National Labor Party that would unite these movements they say "eventually *but not now!*" There is one striking exception among these. That is the Farm Labor Union. This young movement was organized to give the farm and city workers more of the things they produce and its program for getting these is by the political union of soil and city workers. The Farm Labor Union has grown to 40,000 in two years and its spread both among whites and blacks is due to its character as a workers' movement. I would not be surprised to see it adopt the desirable slogan, *"A National Labor Party Eventually—Why Not Now?"*

The Terrible Dead

WE pity; we should dread
The terrible dead.
These things of flesh and bones
Ascend now to their thrones!
From whence they judge, unjustly, all we do.
We have no law but what they thought and knew,
Wished and preferred, deemed evil and deemed true.
We are free or prisoned, as their word is said.
We pity; we should dread
The terrible dead...

Mary Carolyn Davies.

A Portrait

WHEN John's horse has worked
His days,
Then John will loose him out
To graze

When John is old and tired,
Well—
He'll work until he swaps
His hell.

Edward P. Gottlieb.

The Outline of Marriage

By Floyd Dell

IV.

"PERHAPS," said the Anthropologist, "it would be best to recapitulate the points so far reached in our discussion. We began with a discussion of the 'mating-impulse' as the probable origin of marriage. By mating impulse we meant simply the desire for a companion—a desire so strongly conditioned, however, by the sexual instinct that this companion would naturally be of the opposite sex. We assumed that such sexual matings represented the normal human disposition. It does not seem a rash assumption. And yet, if we look at the marriage customs of the various tribes and races of mankind, we find this mating impulse so overlaid with other considerations as to be almost entirely obscured from view. And the question we raised was—what are these other considerations which have entered in to distort the mating-impulse into the strange and preposterous customs, differing from time to time and place to place, which we call marriage?

"We found in the dawn of human life, man became a hunting animal; we found that men gathered into packs to hunt better, and that the families which had sprung from the mating-impulse and the necessity to care for children were merged in these larger packs—not quite losing their identity, but becoming political units, as it were, within the pack, which itself came to be organized somewhat on the model of the family. We found also that mankind was obsessed with an impulse toward adaptive specialization, the impulse which has created hereditary castes and occupations. One expression of this impulse led these tribes to distinguish themselves from each other by special kinds of dress, customs, tattoo-marks, etc., as though they were different species of animals. There is nothing strange in this—it can be seen at the present day in the different colors and "yells" by which colleges set themselves apart from each other, as well as by the different flags and shibboleths by which nations preserve a superstitiously venerated identity. This bears gravely upon the origin of marriage, as you will see.

Segregating the Sexes.

"The non-childbearing half of mankind happened to be the better adapted to the game of hunting; so that hunting became its trade, and its special prerogative. The separation of the sexes appears to have begun at this point in human history. Hunting became taboo to women. And as hunting became a more and more important tribal activity, men and women became more and more separate in their daily lives. They became separate castes with separate duties.

"Separate two boys who have grown up from childhood; separate them by any device you please—call one of them a Republican and the other a Democrat, or one a Yale man and the other a Harvard man, or one of them a German and the other a Frenchman—give them separate flags and habits and modes of dress—and when they come together they will do so with a mutual suspicion which may easily be turned into hostility. Never mind the hostility, but remember that it is based on suspicion—that is to say, Fear of the Strange. That is what happened to men and women. They were separated and they began to fear each other.

"Woman had been kept at home, not permitted to go hunting with the men. Soon it was believed that the reason they were not permitted to go hunting with the men was that they would bring bad luck. That is the second step: woman had become a Jonah!

The Taboo on Woman.

"But mankind is nothing if not thorough-going in its superstitions. If woman could bring bad luck to the hunting, she could bring bad luck to the weapons with which the hunting is done. Therefore no woman might touch a spear; if she did, it was thrown away. And as for those ritual games and ceremonials by which men promise themselves good luck in the hunting—if a woman should intrude into this sacred performance, she must be killed.

"Woman was dangerous; it was *as* a woman that she was dangerous; and therefore, by savage logic, it was those aspects of her which mark her as a woman that were most dangerous. Menstrual blood became the most dangerous thing in the world—to men; and to guard against their being contaminated, women were taboo during that period. They became taboo during other periods which mark them as women—during pregnancy and the nursing period. And they were generally taboo to men during the hunting season.

"It is, nowadays, the custom to deplore this or that innovation in human affairs on the ground that it will break up the family. These warnings come several hundred thousand years too late. The family was broken up a long, long time ago—and it has never quite succeeded in patching itself together since that time. Man existed in families before he existed in tribes, and he has not lost the family-impulse. But tribal conditions are against it, and the family has never been quite the same since those prehistoric days.

"You may read in the thousand pages of Frazer's 'Golden Bough' (now happily published in one volume and thus accessible to the ordinary reader), the manifold grotesque and cruel and indecent results of this separation of the sexes from each other in social life. I intend to touch only a few of its most outstanding and overwhelming consequences.

"When the sexes were separated, and a strong fear operated to crush down the mating impulse, the matings were put largely into the control of the Elders of the tribe, who arranged them for economic and political reasons. There is the origin of the Arranged Marriage, which in tribal custom we find almost universally supplanting the unions of Free Choice.

The Beautiful Snake.

"Moreover, at the same time, a kind of premium was put on temporary, casual, and irresponsible sexual unions. For the sexual instinct remained as strong as ever, though it was now poisoned with fear. Consider: if you lived in a country in which there were no women but only Snakes, malignant and poisonous (though beautiful) creatures who could (and probably would) destroy you, and if you nevertheless had the unreasonable desire to pet them, you could

Adolph Dehn

Mother-in-Law

more readily conceive yourself as doing it on a single occasion than for a lifetime! If you bound yourself to one of these creatures for a lifetime, it would only be because your father ordered you to, and assured you that this was a comparatively mild and harmless serpent, well-trained by her mother in all the domestic duties!

Red-Blooded He-Men.

"But what happens in this masculine society, cut off from all except casual, temporary and irresponsible relations with women, on the one hand, and carefully arranged and carefully guarded and dutiful domestic relations on the other? Well, what do you suppose? What always happens when men are cut off from intimacy with women? But let us here consider, not the grosser aspects of the situation, but the sublimation of this unnatural situation in legend, poetry and popular idealism. It there appears in the form of Comradeship.

"Take the Iliad: Our hunting males have learned the art of internecine war by this time. They have stopped eating their slain enemies (as they did at first, when war was a mere variety of the hunting game)—they take home the dead enemies' weapons as trophies instead—and the live enemies whom they have captured as trophies, too. Formerly, after showing off these live trophies, they tortured and killed them; later they made slaves of them—workers of the men, the children, and the old women, concubines of the pretty young girls. And now see Achilles, indulging his celebrated Wrath—fit subject for epic celebration and the admiration of us all, presumably. Achilles broods in his tent—and what about? Why—Briseis, a pretty girl, one of the latest captives, who should by rights have been given to him, has been hogged by Agamemnon. Not, mind you, that Achilles is in love with her. Far from it. His affections are otherwise engaged. It would have been the same if Agamemnon had cheated him out of the armor of a Trojan he had slain. Briseis is booty—loot is the modern term. Nevertheless, do not conclude that Achilles is incapable of love. For, look what happens. While he skulks and glooms in his tent (like a ball-player on the bench after the umpire has unjustly called a third strike on him), suddenly a youth named Patroclus is killed. Then Achilles really gets angry. His Wrath is unloosed. For Patroclus is his Friend. Call it that if you like. Or call it Comrade. Anyway, Patroclus is a youth to whom Achilles is devotedly attached. And so Achilles goes out and fights Hector, and kills him, and drags his dead body at the tail of his chariot three—or is it nine?—times around the wall of Troy. And Troy, with its best warrior killed, falls, and Helen is restored to the arms of her husband. Who is Helen, do you ask? No, you don't ask, because you think you know. You think Helen was the woman for whom the topless towers of Ilium were burnt. You were never more mistaken in your life.

Helen vs. Patroclus.

"Helen was a mere casus belli—like a boundary line, or an insult to the flag, or the killing of a missionary in a modern war. Nobody cares about the missionary—and nobody cared about Helen, except as an excuse for fighting. When you get men off by themselves, separated from their families, they are an army, and they have to fight. Helen! Was this the face that launched a thousand ships? No. But dead Patroclus, now—*this* was the face that burnt the topless towers of Ilium, all right. And this is what the Iliad is all about. There is only one touch of domestic love in the whole epic, and that is the passage in which Hector bids farewell to his wife and little son, and goes to his death. And Hector is an odd and lonely figure in this galaxy of epic heroes. Epic heroes do not generally have wives or sweethearts. If they do, they forget about them—or like the Russian epic hero, Stenka Razin, they throw her in the river lest she take their minds off the real business of life—which is, of course, fighting shoulder to shoulder with their male comrades.

"In this militaristic, manly, red-blooded, and unmistakably homosexual barbaric period, what chance has a woman? As a wife she can be good, dutiful, obedient, patient, kind, and a devoted mother to her children; and—because the mating-impulse lives, even though thwarted, in the human mind—she can achieve something resembling a real mating with her lawful lord and master. Or else, if he should fail to appreciate these qualities, she can be good, kind, obedient, etc., a Patient Griselda, and console herself with the reflection that virtue is its own reward. Or she can be objectionable in the usual ways, and suffer the customary penalties if caught at it. These are her chances as a wife, and they have created types of womanly character with which we are familiar in fiction and in real life. But the range of character created by these conditions is limited. It was as a *slave* that woman found a new opportunity, which she made the most of.

Adolph Dehn

Mother-in-Law

Adolph Dehn

Mother-in-Law

The Slave-Girl's Chance.

"Man is a conventional animal. But new conditions create new situations which there is no convention ready-made to fit. And then it is woman who creates the conventions. So it was here. A wife had her fixed duties and her fixed privileges, the duties being more numerous than the privileges. A slave had no fixed privileges—and no fixed duties, either. It was up to her to create her own status. A self-respecting wife took what of her husband's society custom allowed. But there was no convention to prevent a pretty slave from making herself far more fascinating to a man than a good wife dared to be. If she were clever and unscrupulous, she might bring the silly fool into complete subjection to her charms. And why should she not be clever and unscrupulous? A wife had her own family to go to for refuge, however poor a refuge it might be, against the miseries of marriage; she had some part of public opinion on her side, and the consolation of being known and pitied as a martyr if she were ill-treated. The slave had nothing—nothing but her beauty and her wits. There was nobody to help her—and nobody to stop her, either. If she were a king's slave, she might rule a kingdom. For when men have kept away from women too much, and have all sorts of conventional safeguards in such relationships as they do venture into, they lose the faculty of dealing with women, and become their easy prey, once they are thrown into an intimacy from which the conventional safeguards are absent. They are fooled to the top of their bent. The pretty slave becomes the tyrannical mistress—all the more ruthless because she has nothing to lose and a world to gain.

"And so there is developed the Slave-Despot type of woman. This has its effects upon conventional marriage. For men are fond of having slaves. And clever wives are willing to play at being slaves if thereby they can gain their own way. As for those wives who are not pretty or clever or unscrupulous enough to play the slave game well, they become—just slaves.

Mrs. King Solomon and Mrs. King David.

"None but the brave deserve the fair. And the brave deserve, obviously, as many of the fair as they can corral. Polygamy comes with war and slavery, but remains generally a privilege of the brave or their equivalent in power, the rich. Many, many concubines and many, many wives are the advertisement to the world of King David's and King Solomon's greatness. And this condition brings into play some new traits in woman's historic character. There is an intensification of rivalry between women for a man's favor. As between one conventional wife and one determined slave-mistress, the odds are all on the slave-mistresses. But a dozen wives are in effect a dozen slave-mistresses, a dozen hungry dogs quarreling over one bone, a dozen cats watching one mouse. The finest developments of woman's technique of sexual allurement were never required for the mere conquest of men—they were required for survival in the life and death struggle for sexual supremacy with other women. Polygamy tends to disappear, to give way to monogamy for obvious economic reasons; it is generally too expensive to afford—even in polygamous countries it is usually the exception rather than the rule. But it makes its mark on monogamic marriage, and leaves behind it a new type of woman, prepared to compete with all comers for her man and to keep him against all rivals.

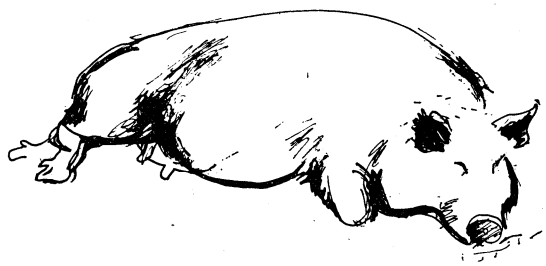
The Harem of One.

"In conventional courtship, the exercise of these pretty talents are considerably restricted by the conventional demand for chastity in women; and so they have their full sway only after the capture of a husband. If a wife of this sort were *really* engaged in defending her husband against desperate rivals, there would be more point to her activities; but since what she is doing is, usually, keeping him from thinking of anything in the world but her charms,—she tends to become somewhat of a nuisance in a world in which there are, after all, other things to think about. But these traits, exercised within the conventional and virtuous bounds of monogamy, become in the eyes of their users a merit, and any failure on the part of their husbands to respond to this devotion becomes a sentimental grievance. Male mankind has paid a severe penalty for its little historic fling in polygamy. Teach a woman to guard her husband from a dozen other women all having an equal chance at him; then take away the dozen other women, and leave her with the same fierce and frantic possessiveness—and you have a fine case of Morbid Jealousy. There is a normal sexual jealousy which bears some realistic relation to the necessities of a given situation; but the Morbid Jealousy which haunts so many marriages is a relic of the polygamic state of woman. She is behaving as though she were merely the temporary favorite among a flock of concubines. Which, considering her current economic status, is not so utterly absurd a notion as might seem! Until some change in her economic status has entirely divested her of concubine fears, she will remain subject to the obsession of concubine jealousy.

A Man's World.

"All these kinds of feminine character have been produced in response to a condition which, from the end of the primitive Free-Mating period down to the present day, may be in all its thousands of tribal manifestations described as a militaristic and sentimentally homosexual society. We still live in such a society, in which the main attention of the human race is given to 'manly' affairs from which women are excluded and which tend toward destruction and death, rather than to man-and-woman affairs which make for life and creativity. In this sentimental-militaristic-homosexual he-man's world, women are still struggling for a place—and getting a little more room all the time. But the beginnings of that struggle date far back. In that struggle, the Slave-Girl and Harem-Favorite have, as we have seen, an honorable record, a record more honorable perhaps than Patient Griselda and Penelope; and in that struggle, the Adulteress and the Courtesan have also an honorable record— as we shall see."

(To be continued.)



REVIEWS

Minority Reports

THE Socialist Federated Soviet Republic of Russia—for very good and valid reasons—isn't wide open just now to receive all travellers that may approach, but the socialist theory itself is still like the ancient city of Thebes: it has a hundred gates and may be reached over a hundred roads.

To exemplify:

That any human being should ever have shed tears of joy and delighted wonder over a pamphlet on indirect taxation, sounds like an extravagance from a fairy-tale. Yet that was literally what I did when, as a boy of sixteen, I read my first socialist pamphlet—Lassalle's Court Speech on Indirect Taxation. The first tiny peep at socialist mentality, even through such a limited and highly technical medium, was enough to set me wet-eyed with wonder at the approaching *novum organum* and the passionate eloquence of its early protagonists.

Granted, my case was a somewhat typical one. But there are ninety-nine other approaches for very young people to the mental and moral world of socialism, that might be used, concurrently with an elementary training in economics.

I have an educational pet idea regarding the reading matter to be recommended to our boys and girls of fifteen or thereabouts. There is no reading matter so excellently fit as a preliminary to an introduction of the very young to the new moral world of socialism than well-written travels—any kind of travels: to the North Pole, through the African desert, the Indian Jungle, up the Nile, down the Danube—anywhither,as long as the facts are truthfully and graphically set down. Why travels? *Because it is of the very essence of an incipient understanding of socialism on the part of half-grown children, that the truth of the German proverb should come home to their bosoms: "Behind the mountains are people as good as we."*

It so happens that I am led to this train of reflection by the eighth of a beautiful and reasonably priced edition of Melvilles's Works, now published by the St. Botolph Society, 53 Beacon Street, Boston. If in doubt regarding a gift to your children, here is one worth considering.

THE literature of the present Russian Coblenz is written, in the main, by Czarist ex-ambassadors, mad mullahs of the Greek-Orthodox Church, chambermaids at court, generals of the various invasions under the auspices of Wilson's Holy Alliance, *et id genus omne*—has-beens venting a furious resentment against the Russian workers who shook them off their backs. So offensively maladorous is this literature of pure spite, that any non-vituperative effort on the part of a Russia *ci-devant*, to explain the revolution to an American audience, becomes a nine days' wonder by force of contrast.

"Autocracy and Revolution in Russia," by Baron Sergius A. Korff (Macmillan), is a decently worded effort of the professional mind, to explain the most important event of the age by a school-psychology of the crowd—not this or that crowd, but *the* crowd—detached from the true economics of imperialism in general and of Russia in particular. The result, as may be expected, is a dead little volume—but a decently dead one—a corpse dried up and thereby made odorless through the Arizona sands of professional learning.

"I HAVE known Henry Ford for twenty years," says Dr. Samuel S. Marquis, his former pastor, in *"Henry Ford, An Interpretation."* (Little Brown & Co.) "Personally I am more interested in the operations of that mental machine which he carries under his hat than in all that other machinery of iron and steel... in Highland Park... I know of no study more absorbing than the Ford psychology.

Now the Ford psychology is comparatively simple. It consists in the soul-states of the typical American foreman, unshakably convinced, on the strength of his immense success in a limited field of technical organization, that his uninformed and narrow commonsense is as good and better a judge of public affairs as the well-informed and comprehensive commonsense of a host of first-rate scholars and publicists. In short, *Henry Ford is unschooled American commonsense running wild and losing itself in an endless string of crazy adventures.*

That is what Dr. Marquis never perceived, in twenty years of familiar closeness to his hero. But if Dr. Marquis, in his sincere and candid book, doesn't come to any illuminating conclusions himself, he freely furnishes the attentive reader with the raw material for his own conclusions. The little book is well written and well worth having.

THE entire newspaper-business in these United States stops down its collective wage-fund to starved proportions through exploiting the love of fools for the disreputable, body-and-soul-killing trade of news gathering. Now it so happens that love, no matter how unworthily bestowed, is sure to create art, sooner or later, if sufficiently perfervid. The love of an American newspaperman for his infamous calling burns brightly in the bosom of a certain damphool out Chicago way, named Henry Justin Smith. Inspired by it, he has just written a well-done, worthwhile book of news-room sketches called "Deadlines." (Publishers: Covici-McGee, Chicago). If you are interested in the human types developed in newspaper-offices all over the country, better get it. It's a readable and not over-romanticized account of lost souls.

AS long as acquisitive and competitive French society has a popular economic interest in the maintenance of the Versailles treaty, its literati must ceaselessly repeat, without scruple or shame, a parcel of lies regarding the one-sided war-guilt of German imperialism—that parcel of exploded and thoroughly refuted lies upon which the entire enormous superstructure of treaty-arrangements rests. A Russian satirist—Shtedrin, I believe—once said the no French bourgeois can lie except to the accompaniment of solemn symphonic music. Whoever likes that sort of solemnity, will find his account in *"As We See It"*—René Viviani's official apology of French imperialist virtue as held against German imperialist vice. We venture a guess, however, that Harper Brothers, the publishers, won't find their reckoning in the book and that it will find its way to the fifteen-cent stalls with surprising rapidity. After all, the world *do* move, and 1923 is rather a late date for literature of the latest 1916 fashions.

James Fuchs.

Appreciation

WE want to thank the many readers of THE LIBERATOR *who have taken time in this Summer sultriness to both read our request for financial assistance and to respond to it so cheerfully and helpfully.*

The response has been most gratifying indeed. Stock sales lead the procession by several lengths which shows that our readers wish to maintain a "family" relationship to the magazine. Contributions follow next in order and their number is the best evidence of our widening circle of friends.

To all we extend the heartiest thanks. Those who have not yet sent in their testimony of good faith in THE LIBERATOR *we shall hope to hear from while the need is such that a friendly turn will do the most good.*

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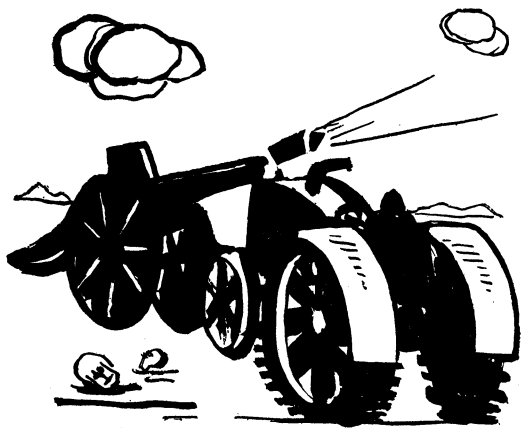

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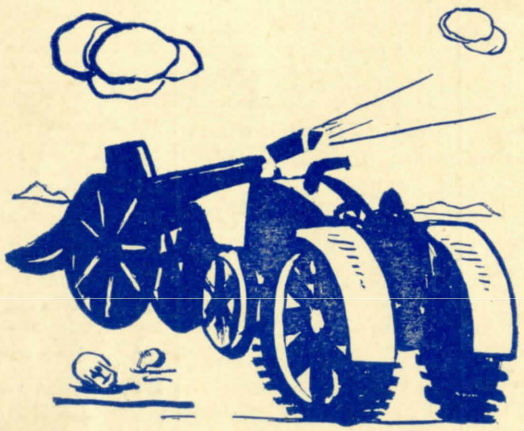

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