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AUGUST, 1919

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More Secret Diplomacy

WE congratulate the *Nation* on its sensational exposure of one of the most startling examples of Allied and American diplomatic treachery to Soviet Russia. The proof is now at hand that the United States and England sent William Bullitt to Russia with a proposal to make peace upon certain conditions. *The Soviet Government accepted the proposal.* The American and Allied Governments then refused to carry it out. Lloyd George, who was a party to the plan, has with unblushing falsehood denied in the House of Commons that he knew anything about it. The authentic news of the whole affair comes by wireless from Russia, via Budapest. We quote the wireless account:

"It is now evident that the Allied Governments—although professing to have abandoned the idea of military intervention in Russia—have, in reality, never changed their policy, and are secretly preparing, underhand, a new attack on the Russian Soviet Government. Under the pressure of working-class opinion, the Allied Powers have in the past made several peace proposals to Russia, but they have always formulated impossible terms. When the Soviet Power, to defeat these manoeuvres, did finally accept these terms, the Allied Powers then announced to the world that their proposals had been rejected. This was the policy followed both with regard to the invitation to the island of Prinkipo and to the proposal of Nansen.

"Concerning the *third* peace offer, the Allied Powers thought it best not to give any public information, because, in this case, the acceptance of their proposals by the Soviet Government could be proved by documents.

"This proposal was brought to Russia by the American, Bullitt, Captain Pettit and the journalist Steffens. The Soviet Government,

at the Bullitt express request, reluctantly restrained its desire for an immediate publication of such terms.

"Now, after the resignation of Bullitt from the Peace Delegation at Versailles, and the continued attempts made by the Allied Governments to overthrow the Soviet Power, and in the face of a further shedding of blood, the Soviet Government publishes to the world those peace conditions. They were drawn up by Wilson, Colonel House, and Lloyd George, and were sent to us through Bullitt.

"The Allied Governments invited all the governments really existing in Russia to a new Peace Conference upon a basis agreed upon by all the Allied Powers, leaving only details to be further arranged. The Soviet Government made some modifications, and these were accepted by Bullitt. The open invitation should have been sent out on the 10th of last April.

* * *

"Although the Red Army was then on the eve of taking possession of Odessa, the Crimea, and the Don region, the Soviet Government was ready to accept those terms; to accept the status quo; in the certain hope that the inhabitants of those parts of Russia not under the Soviet régime would, sooner or later, withdraw their support from their reactionary and monarchic governments.

"The publication of these proposals shows once more the hypocrisy of the Allied Governments, and exposes the lie that it was the Soviet Government which refused to cease hostilities. The double dealing of the Allied Governments has but one result, that of closing still further our ranks, to fight to the last, against the unholy alliance of small and big Imperialist Governments in this attempt to enslave the workers and peasants of Russia."

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Boardman Robinson

They've Signed It!

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 2, No. 8 (Serial No. 18)

August, 1919

In Communist Hungary

By Crystal Eastman

BEFORE the war, they told me, Bela Kun was an obscure Socialist secretary in a small city of Hungary, employed by a Workingmen's Insurance Association. During the war he was one of those fortunate military prisoners in Russia who saw the Revolution. He organized thousands of Hungarian soldiers for the Russian Red Army, was prominent in the Revolution, served close to Lenin, and became an intimate and trusted lieutenant. Lenin had planned to send him to Germany, but at the last moment changed his mind and sent him to Hungary. He arrived last November, and at once began a revolutionary agitation. At the time, there was no Communist movement in Hungary. The present Commissars were for the most part inactive members of the Socialist party. Bela Kun had hardly arrived, however, before the strong men came out of their obscurity in the discontented ranks of the party, and joined him. By February they were all in jail—the whole Communist executive. Another executive was formed at once and the agitation went on, but this time completely underground. The proletariat was turning more and more toward the Communists.

During all this period Karolyi, the pacifist liberal who had dismissed the Hungarian army, was premier. There was no force to defend the bourgeoisie; the Communists felt that a single demonstration of power would deliver the city into their hands. They planned a coup. Two cannon were secretly placed on the mountain across the river, from which the city could be bombarded, and a great street demonstration was arranged for Sunday, March 23d. At the climax of the demonstration it was planned to demand the immediate release of Kun and the other leaders; and if they were not free within two hours, to bombard the city. But the demonstration never occurred. Hungary did not even come this near to a violent revolution. By Friday, March 21st, the Big Four's ultimatum had been received, making such inroads on Hungarian territory that even Karolyi was unwilling to accept it. He prepared to evade responsi-

bility by handing the government over to the Social Democrats. But the Social Democrats were wise; they did not venture to accept it alone. They realized that they could not succeed without the co-operation of a certain group of strong men in the city jail. So they went to the jail, then and there accepted the Communist platform, and formed a government with Bela Kun, each group being equally recognized in the division of offices.

On that same night, Friday, March 21st, Bela Kun walked out of jail, ruler of a completely blockaded nation of nine millions, pledged to abolish private capital and establish a Communist society, and at the same time to lead his country in a desperate war of defense on four fronts—Rumanian, Serbian, Czecho-Slovak and Italian.

Bela Kun is a young man (they are all young)—probably 29 or 30. He is stocky and powerful in physical build, not very tall, with a big bulging bullet-head shaved close. His wide face with small eyes, heavy jaws and thick lips is startling when you first see it close—I am told it is a well-known Magyar type—but his smile is sunny and winning, and he looks resolute and powerful. He has a superhuman capacity for hard work. His title is Commissar of Foreign Affairs, but there is not the slightest doubt in anyone's mind that he is in every sense the head of the government. He is described by his comrades as a "great agitator," a man of real revolutionary talent, a "genuine Socialist statesman," the "first statesman Hungary has had in seventy years." Their eyes glow with pride in him. "The rest of us are nothing," said Lukacs, Commissar of Education. "We do our part, but there are hundreds like us in every country." It is nothing to the European movement whether we are hanged to-morrow or not. If Kun were killed it would be a serious loss to the revolution."

Bela Kun gave me a written message to the workers of America, which I cabled for publication in the July number of *The Liberator*. He also gave me written answers to some of the questions that were in our minds in America. He said that they had learned much from

the experience of Russia—both what to do and what to avoid. Perhaps it was a reflection of his own personal growth in Russia that made him say, "We certainly learned, from the Russian example, self-sacrifice."

He also said, "We learned the proper form of dictatorship there."

I asked him whether the Hungarian dictatorship was more or less strict than the Russian, and he said it was more strict. "The Russians made many experiments," he said, "before they found the proper form of dictatorship. We have been saved those experiments."

I asked him whether he found necessary a complete suppression of free speech and press, and this is his reply:

"We do not practice general suppression of free speech and free press at all. Workmen's papers are published without the intervention of any censorship. Among workingmen there is perfect freedom of speech and of holding meetings; this freedom is enjoyed not only by the workmen who share our views but also by those whose views are different. The anarchists, for instance, publish a paper and other printed matter. There are also citizens' papers, for instance, the 'XX Szazad' (Twentieth Century), a periodical published by the society for sociology, without any control or restriction being exercised upon it. We only suppress bourgeois papers having decided counter-revolutionary intentions.

"We are doing this not because we are afraid of them, but because we want in this way to obviate the necessity of suppressing counter-revolution by force of arms."

He did not say how long he thought the dictatorship of the proletariat would last, but he was very emphatic in describing it as a condition which belongs only to the period of transition from capitalism to communism. I quote his words again: "We consider the dictatorship as a transitional form of government only, justified by the state of revolution and war alone. As soon as the danger of counter-revolution is over and peace returns it will be possible to establish in all respects real and complete freedom of speech and press, which up to now has never existed. For up to now the so-called freedom of press was really a privilege of capitalist interests only."

In answer to my question about bloodshed—whether it will be possible for the Hungarian government to establish communism without violence except against invading armies, he said: "Not completely. It has happened several times that persons have attacked us with the force of arms and killed some of our political delegates. In such cases we have, of course, to make reprisals against the murderers. *We are doing, however, everything in our power to persuade our former oppressors, by the demonstration of our strength, to refrain from every attempt to impose their yoke on us again.* Our effort has been so far successful; only

very slight bloodshed has occurred. What some foreign papers have published to the contrary is absolute falsehood."

In regard to the attitude which communists should adopt toward the centrists, the pacifists—men like Longuet in France and Robert Smillie in England—he said: "We do not consider them adversaries and we profit by every occasion to distinguish them clearly from people like Renaudel and Scheidemann. We hope that within a short time they will come to see their place on our side."

Of course, we would all like to ask Bela Kun a thousand questions, seeing that we cannot reach Lenin, but these are the principal ones to which I secured his answer in his own words for quotation.

Another interesting figure is Lukacs, the Commissar of Education. He is thirty-four—"One of the oldest," as he quaintly says—a slender, fair-haired, studious Jew with blue eyes, and spectacles. His father was a very rich banker—the head of the biggest bank in Hungary. Lukacs was wholly a student. He asked nothing of life but leisure and a chance to study philosophy. He was a Socialist, but inactive because he was disgusted with the compromise parliamentary policy of the party. A month after Bela Kun's return he had become an active leader of the Communists. Now he is the Commissar of Education over Sundays, but acts as "political commissar" for one of the Red Guard companies at the front on week-days. He goes about in a leather uniform, an earnest little professor, very learned and intelligent, very kindly and humorous, and awfully amused at his sudden transformation—pleased, too, I think, especially at the army end of it.

Each company has a soldier in command, and a "political commissar," who acts as his colleague, to keep up the "revolutionary morale" of the Red Guard. I suppose he is the revolutionary counterpart of the chaplain and the Y. M. C. A. But he fights, he goes into battle with the soldiers.

Lukacs is interested in his educational reforms. Teachers' salaries under him have been raised to the highest rank—650 kronen a week. It is just what the commissars get.* But Lukacs is more interested now in the army. He is as proud of the fighting spirit of his company of Red Guards as Napoleon ever was of his chosen troops.

"When the Rumanians first attacked, our Red Guards quite simply ran away!" he says, "but now they are strong and eager. The army is five times as strong as it was on May 1st. It numbers between 80,000 and 100,000 men."

I found Lukacs and the others supremely confident of military success. They smile at the suggestion that the small governments now surrounding them might defeat the Red Army. The power of the Entente to crush

* 650 kronen to-day is about \$35.

them they acknowledge, but they have a sure and smiling faith that the workers of the Entente countries will prevent this. All these young leaders live in confident hope of new revolutions. The only question debatable is *where* the next one will break out. Capitalism they speak of always in the past tense: "Capitalism was . . ."

Confidence, amazing confidence, not only in their power to establish Communism, but in the complete success of Communism when established, the power of this idea to save the world and make everybody happy, is the irresistible quality in these men. For instance, Julius Hevesi, Commissar for Social Production, who explained the whole process of socializing production to me, insisted that it had all been very easy. And when I asked about distribution—were there no difficult problems in distributing the product under Communism?—he could think of no problems. Distribution will be easy enough, once Hungary has possession of her coal mines and the other sources of raw materials upon which her productive industries have always depended.

Hevesi is an engineer, a university graduate, who was for years an ardent Communist—as it seems most of the Hungarian engineers were. He is a slight, dark man, very well dressed—a delicate oval face, black eyes and mustache. He might be a neat little French or Italian officer.

I will describe, if I can, the exact process by which private capital was abolished, as Hevesi explained it to me.

The morning after Bela Kun came out of prison placards throughout the city announced the establishment of the Communist Republic, and commanded all commercial and industrial establishments to close for three days, during which time they must make an accurate and exhaustive inventory and deliver it to the government, *under penalty of death*. The threat was believed, and all business men, both great and small, hastened to obey. After this was done, factories employing under thirty people were allowed to continue on condition of accepting the new scale of wages. All factories employing more than thirty people were as rapidly as possible "socialized"—that is, *the government took the place of the shareholders*. All who really did any work were left at their places. The owner was offered the post of manager at 2,000 kronen a month; if he declined, things went on without him. According to Hevesi, their plan differs very much from syndicalism. "Under syndicalism," he said, "industries could be continued that we do not consider important." Every factory is the common property of the whole people, and is under centralized control. The workmen elect a controlling council, which has general direction, but the final power rests with a special commissar appointed by the Central Government. I suggested that this sounded a little like

State Socialism, but Hevesi reminded me that they had abolished private capital!

Wages everywhere were raised, wages of the unskilled the most, on the whole. Sometimes they were raised as much as 100 per cent. Three classes of workmen were established:

Skilled to receive 5-8½ kronen per hour (25-42 cents).
Semi-skilled to receive 4-5½ kronen per hour (20-33 cents).
Unskilled to receive 3-5 kronen per hour (15-25 cents).

The workmen's controlling council in each factory determines which workmen belong in each class. Otherwise it has no control over wages.

The syndicalist tendency, however, is to express itself in an industrial parliament, or congress of production, to be made up of the commissars and delegates from the trades unions. But, according to Hevesi and Lukacs, the Communist State is not to be established on a basis of industrial representation as we have understood the Soviet State in Russia to be, but on a basis of geographical representation. All the workers in a certain district will elect a representative. It is on this basis that the present Buda-Pesth Soviet is constituted. And the first All-Hungarian Congress of Soviets—to be held on June 16th—is to be elected in the same way. The industrial parliament is to be a sort of co-ordinate advisory body. In the progressive adjustment of these two bodies, of course, lies a vital development for the future.

Unemployed relief is paid, if necessary, but nearly all the unemployed are absorbed by the Red Army.

Communist distribution is hardly as yet to be described, because, owing to the blockade, the lack of materials, the alarming shortage of coal, very little is being produced. Distribution of necessities is managed through the co-operatives with the aid of some small commercial shops, which are being incorporated as branches of the central distributing system. The plan is to have a distributing center for every five hundred families. Goods are also being distributed through a central bureau on requests by the unions. The distribution of luxuries in a starving country under blockade is not, of course, a pressing problem.

The stores are still closed. Gray iron shutters throughout the shopping districts deny you even that idle pastime of looking in the store windows at what you can't afford to buy. You know what a city is like on Sunday. Well, in Buda-Pesth, Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday are just like Sunday—and Sunday in a bone-dry town. Complete prohibition was almost the first decree of the Communists.

Houses

I shall never go into a big, comfortable house again, whether it is the house of a Socialist professor or a railroad president, without quietly figuring up the number

of rooms and the number of people, to determine whether the family will be allowed to continue in possession of the whole house when communism comes. So real was my experience in Hungary. Vago, Commissar of Housing, who looks like a college hero—big, brown, handsome, and built like an athlete—smilingly assured me that the new Communist rule of one room per person, until all are housed, is actually in force in Buda-Pesth. Of course, each family is allowed a kitchen, and people who work at home—writers, artists, professors, etc.—may each have a workroom in addition. Many of the rich people have moved out of their big houses into hotels, or have left the country. Some, however, are living in the three or four rooms allowed them in their own houses. The housing room thus gained is being used as rapidly as possible to relieve the overcrowding of the poor. Of course, it is not simple. Kitchens have to be put in. But it is being done.

The summer villas on the mountain are turned into homes for convalescent children. I saw one, a great white palace of twenty-eight rooms, which had been occupied by one man with his son during only two or three months in summer. It is transformed into a gay and spacious getting-well place for thirty children, light tuberculosis cases, with doctor and nurses employed by the State. I did not see many people that looked happy in Buda-Pesth, but those children did. They were lying out on a big stone balcony in sea-chairs, wrapped each one in a red blanket, talking and laughing together. They thought one of our party was Bela Kun, and roared a joyful greeting to him.

There are five hundred children on this mountain. There would be five thousand, I was told, if they could get beds. I thought for the thousandth time how bitterly tragic it is that these great experiments in government must commence at a time when material conditions are so desperate. But, as Lukacs said to me, "It is not an accident that revolution and starvation come hand in hand."

There is one commodity of which there is no shortage—water. Buda-Pesth is famous for its baths—big, well-equipped baths for the middle class and luxurious baths for the rich. For two days a week now all these baths are given over to the children of the city; 70,000 boys and girls from the public schools, between nine and fourteen, "go through" the baths every week. I saw five hundred boys in the midst of it. First they come along in line, naked to the waist, carrying their little coats and blouses, for a five-second medical examination, long enough for the doctor to discover heart weakness or skin trouble. Their heads are looked at, too, and shaved if not perfectly clean. Then they take off the rest of their clothes in little dressing rooms and run along down to the big steaming dark baths, first for a cursory scrub from one of the bathers, then into the hot tank, and at

last, with a whoop of joy, into the big swimming tank, hundreds of them together.

The baths are dark, just as the hotels are dark, because there is such a shortage of coal that only absolutely essential bulbs can be lighted. When I was in Buda-Pesth the Hungarians had just one coal mine left in uninvaded territory. I could understand how, earlier in June, when in a victory over the Czechs they won back two coal mines, a great public rejoicing was held, with dancing in the streets. Lack of light would kill the revolutionary spirit in me almost sooner than lack of food. I shall never forget the dim and dreary gloom of the Hotel Hungaria, where I stayed and where the young Commissars lived. Yet their eager spirits seemed untouched by it.

Banks

How about banks? How about farms? How about money? Food? I can hear your questions, but my time was very short.

The Soviet State has taken possession of banks exactly as it has taken factories. The Soviet steps into the place of the shareholders, and hires the employees. Sometimes the rich banker becomes the manager, employed by the State at 2,000 kr. a month. That is what Lukacs' father is doing. I asked Lukacs how his father liked it, whether he was reconciled to the new order. He said: "Well, not quite. He doesn't say anything to me, of course, but I think he has some secret plans. I think perhaps he is plotting to overthrow us. And the funny thing about it is that the day he gets back his fortune is the day I get hanged!"

Bank deposits have not been disturbed, but each depositor can draw only 2,000 kr. a month, and that only if he proves that he has no other source of income. Jewels and other valuable private possessions in excess of a certain generous allowance were taken from the bourgeoisie at the beginning. The immediate purpose of these measures was to prevent anyone in Buda-Pesth from getting more than his share of food. In Vienna—another blockaded city—the poor are absolutely starving, and the former middle class, still living in comfortable houses and big apartments, look pinched and are obviously undernourished, while the rich are living well. In Buda-Pesth, as a result of these measures, everybody is hungry. There is that satisfaction. As Lenin is reported to have said about Russian Communism, "We have demonstrated that we can distribute *nothing*. It remains for us to prove whether we can distribute *something!*"

Hungary, it seems, was the one well-fed country of Central Europe during the war, and twenty miles from Buda-Pesth there are eggs and milk and good things to be had for real money to-day. But the small farmers, whose private ownership has not been disturbed, distrust

the new government, will not take Soviet money, and, it is said, are hiding their food.

"All right, if they're hiding their food we'll go out with machine guns and get it," said Bolgar, the Soviet Ambassador at Vienna to me. (He, by the way, is an old American I. W. W., for ten years editor of a Hungarian paper in Boston.) But I have more faith in the distribution to the towns of surplus produce from the big estates, which are being communized and operated by soviets formed of the former landlords' employees. With the blockade cutting off raw materials, and the foreign invasion preventing access to all but one of Hungary's own coal mines, it will be, of course, next to impossible for the city workers to make anything to exchange for the farm produce which they need. It is a pretty tight situation. The leaders know it, despite all their bold courage. There is almost a desperate note in the Hungarian appeal to the workers of the Entente countries:

"Comrades, the Russian and Hungarian workers *alone* cannot achieve victory for the revolution, not even if the German working class ranges itself beside them. To-day there is only *one* power which can save the Russian and Hungarian revolutions and lead the international revolution to victory. And that one power is *you*, workers of the Entente countries. *On your shoulders, comrades, rests to-day the tremendous responsibility for the future of the working class revolution, which is the future of humanity.*"

There is no use having any illusions about the revolution. It was born in starvation, and its first business is war. There is no freedom, no plenty, no joy, except the joys of struggle and faith. Cherished dreams of scientists, educators, artists, engineers, who were waiting for a free society, must be set aside, while the whole proletariat organizes in desperate haste to check the invading hosts of the enemy. And war means recruiting propaganda, conscription, military discipline, the death penalty, the whole damnable business of organized dying and killing. Max Eastman said in Madison Square Garden two years ago, "When our own war comes you'll know it, because it won't be necessary to conscript the workers to fight in it." I thought he spoke a profound truth. I do not think so now. When we heard about those democratic regiments formed in Russia after the first revolution, I thought, "This is a real workers' army." Now I know there can be no such thing as a democratic army. People don't want to die, and except for a few glorious fanatics they are not going to vote themselves into the front line trenches.

"We are in the war," said Lukacs, when I cried out against the shooting of six men from that first regiment which "quite simply ran away at the first fire." "In war, fugitives and traitors must be shot. If not, all right, then, let the Czechs in and the revolution will be lost."

I hope there is some pacifist revolutionary with an answer to that. I have none.

The Red Army was recruited at first by spontaneous volunteering on the part of thousands. It was encouraged later by unemployment. The closing of the cafes in Buda-Pesth, for instance, must have driven hundreds of workers into the Red Guard. It was stimulated by a brilliant and overwhelming propaganda. Finally they resorted to conscription—not as we know it, but through the trades unions. Decrees were posted calling upon each trades union to draft a certain number of its members for the Red Army by a certain date.*

Recruiting

The Red Army recruiting propaganda interested me perhaps more than anything else I saw in Hungary. I remember when I first caught sight of big photographs of Lenin decorating a newsstand. It was the same friendly, quizzical, half-smiling picture we had on our January cover, and it suddenly peered out at me through the murky dimness of a country railway station, where our train stopped for an hour on the all-night trip from Buchs to Buda-Pesth. I must have been a little lonesome, because I felt like crying when I saw Lenin's face, and I said to myself, "Lenin is my father, and I am coming home!"

Next morning in Buda-Pesth I found the newsstands, the pillars, the walls, every blank space, shouting with revolutionary posters. It seemed to me that Por and the other Commissars of Propaganda, in the two short months of their work, had put the National Security League, the American Defense Society and all the other patriotic poster designers of America wholly in the shade. The revolutionary placards are all red, almost wholly one color. They are everywhere, on every wall of every street—enormous sheets many of them, some good drawings, some bad; very daring and simple; all emphatically modern. One is a great bold red figure running with a flag—"To Arms!" There is a soldier charging with a bayonet—"He who is not with us is against us!" "Save the Proletariat," "Defend the Revolution," "Join the Red Guard!"—these are the phrases repeated again and again—but never a word about Hungary, never a note of nationalist appeal.

At the moving pictures it is the same.** All these recruiting posters are thrown on the screen. Then come Red Army scenes—soldiers marching to the front, warships on the Danube, battle scenes, wounded Red Guards. Everywhere the desperate appeal to arms, but never a suggestion of nationalism. This seems to me immensely significant. It is a tribute to the sincerity and purity of purpose, the intellectual integrity of these revolutionary

*It must be understood that those decrees are inescapable. Nobody takes any chances with the dictatorship.

**Theatres, of course, are already communized, actors, singers and managers employed by the State, and tickets sold through the Unions.

leaders, that never, even in the darkest hour of despair, did they appeal to the people to defend Hungary against invasion from its ancient enemies, Italy, Bohemia, Roumania. It would have been so easy, but it would have been false. It would have made impossible the tributes and pledges of faith and friendship which I heard given to the Buda-Pesth Soviet by Roumanian, Italian, Czech and Serbian workers' representatives. They brought greetings from workers of these nations to the Soviet government of Hungary, and proclaimed their devotion to that government almost within sound of the guns of their invading armies, marching to destroy it.

In all the theaters of Buda-Pesth now the International is played. In the movies the words are put upon the screen and the people sing it. You "have to stand up"—the same sort of social compulsion, perhaps, that our patriots exercised upon us in New York during the war. One day I met an American newspaper correspondent, who was cursing life under the Soviet regime. He could see no hope short of the day when "all these Jews will be hung up there along the castle wall where they belong."

"Why," he said, "I used to love the Hungarian opera.

PETROGRAD

AND there was stormy silence in that city,
 A silence of the unborn where it moved
 In darkness, piteous, but without pity,
 Tearing the body that held it, the heart that loved.
 Her sides were shaken with the weight she bore,
 Dwarfing, with the huge shadow that it threw,
 Hunger and empty death and puny war:
 The red hour loomed. The lunging city knew.
 Her cry smote on the dawn and she was mute;
 Tossing in the bewildered agony
 Of that impatient and impeded birth:
 She was alone as any groaning brute.
 Savage in solitary victory,
 She challenges the leagued imperial earth.

Babette Deutsch.

HEALING

PITY will purge us of our hate,
 Pity—like healing rain,
 Will touch these hearts, grown strange of late,
 And turn them sweet again.

And Sorrow, dwelling in our days,
 And Grief, with stricken eyes,
 Will win us back to gentle ways,
 And tender ways and wise.

And by the unvengeful Dead,
 All piteous now, and still,
 Our stormy hearts shall yet be led,
 Persuaded of their will.

David Morton.

Now I can't even go to that, because they play the International and you have to stand up. I wouldn't mind standing up for the Hungarian national hymn, but I'll be damned if I'll stand up for the International!"

It is a small incident, but I think it shows how rapidly all our passionate national hysterias—amazingly vital as they often are—will pale and disappear beside the deeper realities of this new struggle.

The great war is over. The Revolution has begun. And we've got to choose new sides. The other day in the British Parliament Winston Churchill, Secretary for War, in the course of his reply to Colonel Wedgewood's able arraignment of British intervention in Russia, turned suddenly to Wedgewood—a Liberal who recently joined the Independent Labor Party—and asked ironically:

"If my honorable and gallant friend is so enthusiastic about these Bolsheviki, why doesn't he go and join them?"

Without a moment's hesitation Wedgewood replied seriously:

"If this is going to be a class war, that's my side."
 And so it goes.

VICTORY

TAKE me by the hand again,
 Now the war is over.
 Love and life have need of men,
 Come and be my lover!

Pity many women's breasts,
 Bleeding hearts forlorn;
 My breasts are ripe for living guests
 And yearn for the unborn.

Many dead are dear to me,
 My heart, too, has bled.
 But we'll not plant our living tree
 In gardens of the dead.

Take me by the hand again,
 Now the war is over.
 Love and life have need of men,
 Come and be my lover!

John Macy.

THE OCTAROON

ONE drop of midnight in the dawn of life's pulsating stream
 Marks her an alien from her kind, a shade amid its gleam
 Forevermore her step she bends, insular, strange, apart—
 And none can read the riddle of her strangely warring heart.

The stormy current of her blood, beats like a mighty sea
 Against the man-wrought iron bars of her captivity.
 For refuge, succor, peace and rest, she seeks that humble fold
 Whose every breath is kindness, whose hearts are purest
 gold!

Georgia Douglas Johnson.



Maurice Becker

Planning the Next War

The Convention of the Dead

By John Reed

"We also hear the word 'reconstruction,' but there is nothing to be reconstructed in our country."—President Arthur Quinn of the New Jersey Federation of Labor, at Atlantic City.

FORTUNATE the labor leaders of a city in which an A. F. of L. convention is held! A little committee of "prominent" union officials making the rounds of the hotels, the saloons, the banks.

"The A. F. of L. is going to meet here. Six hundred delegates, with their wives and families—lots of money—free spenders—advertise the city. Besides, you know we're opposed to Bolshevism. . . . A little contribution to 'entertain' the delegates? No publicity, you know. . . ."

Atlantic City was more ambitious. The Central Labor Union sent out circulars to manufacturers and business men all over the country appealing for funds. The letter ran:

"The convention will mark the most momentous period in the history of the relationship between capital and labor, which have been drawn infinitely closer together through the forceful action of Samuel Gompers and the executive council of the American Federation of Labor in stamping out Bolshevik and other radical movements in America and the leading countries of Europe, demonstrating clearly, that the organized labor movement of America will not countenance the disruption of business and financial enterprises created through individual initiative. . . ."

Thousands upon thousands of dollars came pouring in—showing how interested was Big Business in 'entertaining' the A. F. of L. Convention. But it was a little too raw; so the Executive Council revoked the charter of the Central Labor Union and returned the money. . . .

There were other similar schemes exposed. For example, at the Labor Press Conference preceding the convention mention was made of the National Labor Press Association, an ingenious plan by an individual named Taite to extort advertisements and cash contributions from banks and manufacturers on the guarantee that the labor papers would combat Bolshevism. . . .

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common," says the I. W. W. preamble. This is wrong. They have the A. F. of L. in common. Business men from all over the country, agents of chambers of commerce and manufacturers' associa-

tions, Mr. Easley, of the Civic Federation—all these were in attendance at the thirty-ninth Convention of the American Federation of Labor at Atlantic City. The Mayor, a local real estate shark, welcomed the gathering, saying, "We want here no convention that doesn't contain men and women one hundred per cent American citizens." After the great democratic experience of the war, he opined that "the questions between capital and labor will be more easily settled without strike and without turmoil." President Wilson sent a "May-I-not"; Governor Runyon, of the labor-hating State of New Jersey, called Sammy Gompers "one of the great men of God's world to-day;" Secretary of Labor Wilson, red-handed from expelling "alien agitators" from the land of the free, denounced the proposed Mooney strike, which he said would undermine the noblest heritage of democracy, the jury system, and attacked Bolshevism, which, according to him, meant only 'obligatory labor.' Dealing with the I. W. W., he said their central doctrine was "that every man is entitled to the full social value of what his labor produces.

"This is sound," he went on. "The great difficulty has been that human intelligence has not yet devised a method by which we can compute what the social value of anyone's labor is. . . ."

No place could be more appropriate for an A. F. of L. convention than Atlantic City—a pleasure resort, without industry; a place where the delegates would not be embarrassed by the presence of the toiling masses—where no strike could occur to mar the harmony of the proceedings. The convention would be safe in the Coney Island of the Rich!

Along the sea-front the lofty fantastic facades of the great play-hotels, the peanut and popcorn stands, candy counters, shooting galleries (bearing the legend, "Two patriotic duties—Buy Liberty Bonds and Learn to Shoot"), the bathing-houses and amusement piers, blatant with merry-go-round music and the shrieks of pleasure-seekers bumping the bumps—interspersed with extravagant jewelry shops, fur stores, branches of New York and Paris milliners, modistes, stock-brokers, banks; the wide, surf-pounded beaches crowded with bathers in the bright sun, and overhead the airplanes and "blimps" whirring up and down from the Air Port to the Inlet (at twenty-five dollars a passenger).

On the wide Boardwalk the strutting peacock pro-

cession, and the interminable lines of wheel-chairs pushed by negroes, in which recline hard-faced women splendidly arrayed and Tired Business Men.

At night the cabarets on side streets going full blast till morning, jazz bands and the wriggling shimmy, nasal songs of syncopated lamentation over the coming aridity ("You Can't Do the Shimmy on a Ginger Ale!"); for lonely strangers the institution of the "hostess"—a title borrowed from the army camps during the war—girls hired by the management to wear gay clothing and dance and drink with melan-

choly strangers who have failed to pick up butterflies on the Boardwalk. . . .

Into all these local diversions the representatives of the American industrial proletariat, each with five or six hundred dollars "expense money"—besides his private fortune—entered with zest. The towering and gorgeous hotels housed many; they rode, white flannel trousered, in the wheel-chairs, smoking heavy cigars; at night they crowded the bars, or shimmied in cabarets where highballs cost a dollar apiece, and called all the "hostesses" by name. . . .

One delegate—a workman—remarked feelingly, "I wish to God I could bring my membership down here and show 'em what becomes of the surplus value!"

A delegate from a Middle Western city button-holed Treasurer Tobin, delegate of the Teamsters' Union.

"I've got twenty-five teamsters in my town who want to organize. If you'll send us an organizer we can get a strong Teamsters' Local inside of a couple of weeks."

"How many can you get?"

"About two hundred."

Tobin made a rapid calculation. "An organizer costs fifteen dollar a day. Two hundred teamsters would bring in a per capita of only a few dollars a month. There's nothing in it. . . ."

Out at the end of the Steel pier rose the white cupolas of the Convention Hall, a great room walled with glass, standing above the rolling Atlantic surges. In the entrance, two objects: one a huge symbolic bronze panel, "The Triumph of Labor," presented by the British Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee; the other, a cabinet full of samples of paper manufactured by a private corporation, which has water-marked its product with the union label. This advertising scheme is in charge of a member of the Paper Makers Union, whose international president himself hands around circulars advising all union men to buy this paper because it bears the union label!

Within, at long tables, some six hundred delegates, and on the platform, flanked by clusters of Allied flags, a row of wooden tables and a speakers' stand. To the left sit the secretaries and stenographers; to the right, the fraternal delegates from England, Canada Japan; in the rear, the Mexican fraternal delegate; and in the center, in a tall, carved, grand-ducal chair, Samuel Gompers himself, the most grotesque figure that ever presided at any human gathering. Squat, with the face of a conceited bullfrog, the sparse gray hair hanging from his bald head in wisps, as if it were glued on; speaking with a mincing, "refined" accent. He was considerably older than when I last saw him, and at times his mind appeared to slip a little; but his control of the convention was as autocratic as ever,



Wm. Gropper

Gompers

and he ordered delegates to their seats, shut off debate, squelched rebellion with his customary ease—and perhaps even more easily, for there was less rebellion than ever.

One delegate, whose union had suspended for refusing to abide by the ruling of the A. F. of L. in a jurisdictional dispute, hurled at him: "My union is destroyed. But I want to ask the chair, isn't it the rule that no charter can be revoked without a two-thirds vote of this body?"

Gompers summoned to his side old Jim Duncan, the first vice-president, with whom he held a low-voiced conversation, looking at his watch, while the delegate stood waiting for an answer.

After a few minutes the Old Man arose and pounded the stand with his gavel. "The hour of adjournment having arrived," he said with a smile, "I declare the convention adjourned!"

By Gompers' side sat a slight little woman in black, who occasionally fed him a glass of wine. This was the only visible evidence of his recent accident; there was very little talk of that, however—for it appeared that Mr. Gompers had been riding in a "scab" taxicab when he was injured.

About him stood his chief lieutenants, the floor leaders of the Machine: old Jim Duncan of the Granite Cutters, member of the Root Mission, to Russia said to be the world's long-distance whiskey-swiller—a white-mustached, lean old Scotchman, dour and un-

loved; John P. Frey, of the Molders, a plausible, well-dressed, youngish man who looked like a stock-broker, and Matt Woll, of the Photo Engravers, a smooth young man who was being groomed for vice-president.

Most of the old-time radicals, cynical from long experience, were not active. The fight against the Machine was led chiefly by James Duncan, of Seattle, a little red-headed man; "Curly" Grow, of Los Angeles, also red-headed, a machinist with a bull voice and no fear; Deutelbaum, of Detroit, a stocky, intelligent Socialist, whom Gompers persisted in calling "Nudelmänn"; J. J. Sullivan, of Salt Lake, a "red" Irishman; C. W. Strickland, of Portland, Oregon, an old-fashioned liberal with a drooping gray mustache, who introduced scores of radical resolutions and defended the radical side of every question in a mild, calm voice, utterly disregarding the attempt of the Machine to make him the butt of the convention. And among others, Brown and Schoenberg, of the machinists; Bollenbacher, of Pennsylvania; Sweeney, of Philadelphia; J. Mahlon Barnes, of the cigarmakers, and the foreign-born delegates of the needle trades.

Externally there was little to differentiate the assembly from the annual convention of the National Association of Car Manufacturers, which was meeting at the same time in another hall. Almost all the delegates wore emblems of fraternal orders—Elks, Masons, Knights of Pythias—which, as everyone knows,



Around the Throne

William Gropper

are merely commercial clubs for business men. More than a third of the delegates were themselves employers of labor; all but a few were well-to-do. Even the newspapers commented upon the display of diamonds. Sixty-five delegates dominated the Convention, representing about twenty-eight thousand votes. These were all officials of the great national and international unions. They were expensively dressed, and their figures portly. Long absence from their trade had filled out the hollows of their cheeks, leaving heavy jowls, and the strong lines made by hard work coarsened and overlaid with self-indulgent fat.

Sinister suggestions of graft, of murderous violence bought and paid for, of political trading, of strikes betrayed, union treasuries looted, hovered about them. Here was an official of the Building Trades, who could be hired at a regular price by embarrassed contractors to call a strike. And there, an official of a Middle Western coal miners' union, who was at the same time on the pay-roll of the coal company. Another official, president of an international union with an income of \$400,000 a year, had failed to account for \$100,000 of the Union's money; some of the locals joined to investigate, and the president suspended them, and hurried to Atlantic City to get the support of the "machine." But the rebel leader of the insurgent locals served him with a court summons to answer an injunction, on the boardwalk in front of the Alamac Hotel, to the screaming profanity and threats of the official. Hundreds of these obscure, murderous little dramas of internal union politics were being played, with their connotation of gun-men, of the turning out of lights in union meetings, and shooting.

It was symbolic that this Convention should meet in a hall at the end of a pier stretching out to sea. It held itself aloof, not only from the new currents of thought and action flowing through the outside world, but from the labor movement of America. And every effort seemed to be made by the A. F. of L. officials to keep it so. With this in view the fraternal delegates consisted of a little Japanese politician named Suzuki, who denied the Japanese atrocities in Korea; J. M. Walsh, a Gompers lieutenant from Canada, and Luis Morones, General Secretary of the Mexican Federation of Labor, also a creature of Gompers in the formation of the Pan-American Federation of Labor. To listen to these men, one would think that the American Federation of Labor was the leading organization of the workers of mankind—and that Trade-Unionism was the perfect weapon for emancipating labor. But the delegates of the British Trades Union Congress, especially Miss Margaret Bondfield of the Independent Labor Party, spoke a different language, which would have been disconcerting had the delegates understood it. Gompers had been boasting that the A.

F. of L. represented the most numerous organization of workers in the world; but here was a little woman who represented four and a half million workers—a million more. Gompers had advised against the formation of a separate Labor Party, and condemned Socialism; but Miss Bondfield spoke for a labor movement which had its own Labor Party, the greatest political force in England, and in the near future certainly heir to the British Government; and this party was planning to resume relations with the Socialist Internationale, and advocated the end of capitalism, and "production for use instead of for profit." Gompers denounced the strike for political purposes, and disapproved of the general strike; but this girl spoke of the mighty Triple Alliance, and its threat to paralyze England to halt intervention in Russia. Gompers attacked Bolshevism and praised the Peace Treaty; but British Labor had attacked the Peace Treaty—and as for Bolshevism, Miss Bondfield told a story about two dockers she overheard. One said: "I saw in the papers to-day where they call Bob Smillie a Bolshevist and a follower of Lenine." Said another: "Well, if Lenine is anything like Bob Smillie, he is a damned good sort!" And Miss Bondfield ended: "Oh, the stupidity of trying to fight us by calling us Bolsheviki!" But in the official report of her speech this was stricken out, with all other remarks unpleasing to the Machine.

This was the only opportunity Miss Bondfield got to inform the delegates what was going on in England. During the debate on the Labor Charter to the League of Nations, one delegate, wishing to get before the delegates the information that British Labor was against it, asked that she be allowed to tell the attitude of the Trades Union Congress; but Gompers quickly ruled it out of order.

It was impossible to keep out all information, however. The One Big Union movement in Canada and the West, industrial unionism in its various manifestations, the Seattle strike, the Winnipeg strike, the spread of "Bolshevist" doctrines everywhere—all these beat upon the Convention and surged up within it. They had to be, and were, brought out, denounced and scotched, without debate. Soviet Russia had to be met and destroyed, and the Committee on Resolutions did the job.

The appeal of Wilfrid Humphries to address the Convention about Russia had been met by Frank Morrison's quiet refusal. "We know all about Russia," he said. "Jim Duncan was there." At the same time every opportunity was given to the Kolchak forces to distribute their lying literature in the Convention Hall.

There were a number of resolutions concerning Russia introduced. One had to do with the lifting of



Duncan
of
Seattle

endorsement of the Convention to the Soviet Government or any other Government in Russia, until the Russian people, through a Constituent Assembly, should establish a "democratic" form of government.

In explaining the resolution, Secretary John P. Frey said: "The official claim of the Soviet Government is that it represents the workers, and only the workers, and for that reason such a form of Government should not receive the endorsement of the Convention of the American Federation of Labor. . . . We cannot endorse any Government but one based upon universal suffrage of all the people."

Old Andrew Furuseth uncoiled from his seat. "Should we apply this standard to Belgium?" he asked, and sat down. The Secretary's embarrassment was covered by President Gompers' gavel.

Gorenstein, of the Ladies' Garment Workers, asked if this resolution meant that the Convention approved of sending ammunition to Kolchak with which to murder Russian workers? Gompers replied that he considered the question an insult to the Convention. And so, without a word said concerning the lifting of the blockade, debate being ruthlessly shut off, the recommendation was passed—less sympathetic than the declarations of the Allied Peace Council—less liberal than the statements of the United States Government.

In return for the betrayal of Russia the Machine was obliged to permit the

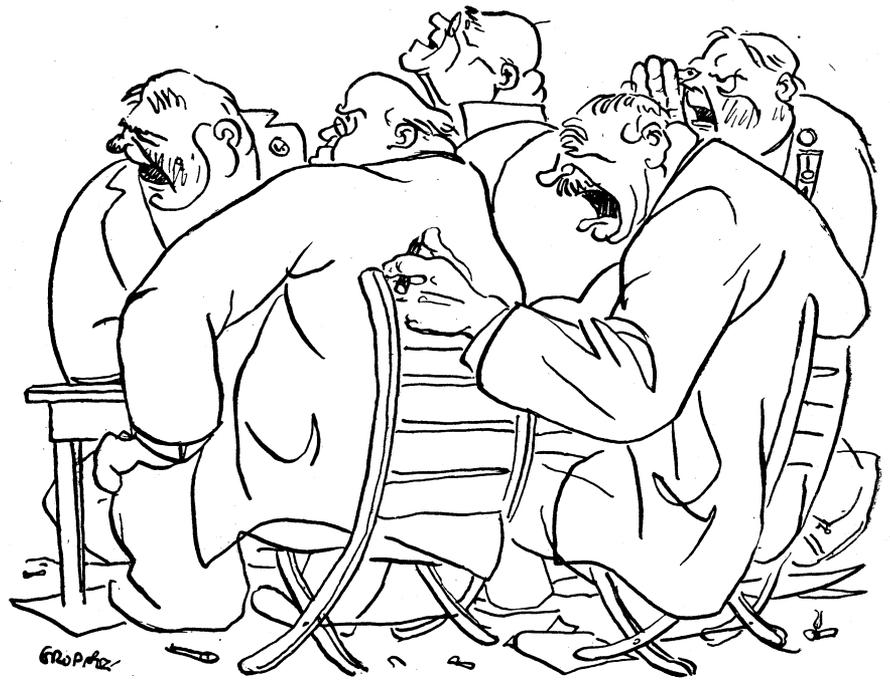
the blockade; another, with the withdrawal of American troops from Russia; and the third, offered by Duncan of Seattle, requested the A. F. of L. to take a referendum of organized labor throughout the country on the question of recognizing the Soviet Government. The committee's recommendation "expressed its conviction that the troops should be withdrawn at the earliest possible moment;" and secondly, refused the

passage of a resolution calling upon the Government to recognize the Irish Republic. This concession to the Sinn Fein politicians secured their consent to all further foreign policies, however reactionary, that Gompers might wish the Convention to adopt. In its subservience to the Wilson administration the Machine tried to prevent the recommendation for absolute recognition; but after all, the Senate had done practically the same thing, and a resolution more or less could do no harm. So Gompers left the chair, and it was passed, at the expense of the European Revolutions—just as the Tchekho-Slovaks sold out Soviet Russia for their own independence.

The Seattle strike was only mentioned once—in the debate upon the anti-Prohibition resolution. Supporting Prohibition, Duncan of Seattle pointed out that since the workers of the Northwest could no longer fuddle themselves with drink, they had begun to use their minds, and to act.

"Well," replied Gompers, "if what has been going on in Seattle is the result of Prohibition, then we don't want it!"

The first business before the Convention was consideration of the reports of the A. F. of L. Missions to Europe. From the first cablegrams of Oudegeest and Henderson, sent through the American Ambassador and the State Department in November and December, 1918, proposing the calling of a new International Socialist and Labor Conference, we see Gompers balking and intriguing. He evaded a direct



Howling down the radicals

answer; refused to be bound by the Interallied Conference at Leeds; refused to meet with the Socialists, saying: "We regard meetings with representatives of political parties conducive to no good results." When Henderson, Vandervelde and Thomas called the Trade Union Conference to meet coincidentally with the Socialist Conference at Berne, Gompers and the other A. F. of L. delegates refused to attend, but remained in Paris "in close touch with the Peace Commissioners," and tried to stage their own private Labor Congress. "Our position in the matter (the Berne Conference) was approved by the President and the American Commissioners," says Gompers, naively.

In London he tried to detach the reactionary British unions from the Labor Party; in Paris he sought to create a back-fire against the Berne Conference, and persuaded the Belgian delegation not to attend. Finally Gompers, the only bona fide representative of labor in the world who could be trusted by the Imperialist Governments, allowed himself to be appointed a member of the Commission on International Labor Legislation, where his vanity was gratified by being elected president—and where, as he himself testified, he was in "absolute harmony" with the other American delegate, who represented capitalism in the United States, Harry J. Robinson. Thus Gompers served as sponsor for the ridiculous and meaningless Labor Charter attached to the covenant of the League of Nations.

The Labor Mission to Italy, ignored by the official Socialist and Labor movements, consorted with such organizations as the Humanitarian Society—a semi-governmental charity; the Co-operative Unions; and the Catholic Workmen's Society—a reactionary anti-Socialist organization.

In these Labor Missions the A. F. of L. was used by the Allied imperialists to try to break the solid front of the revolutionary working class of Europe, to play the stool-pigeon and the provocator. Diplomatic representatives of the various governments accompanied them everywhere; they were received by kings and field marshals, banquetted, junketed, taken on trips to the front, where they associated with officers. Everywhere they pretended to represent the entire American working class, carefully concealing the fact that the American Government had refused passports to the Socialists, while it permitted, if it did not finance, foreign tours of the Wallings, the Spargos, the Russells.

The convention displayed every mark of satisfaction at the honors received by the A. F. of L. abroad.

The most important point, however, was the debate on the labor charter and the League of Nations. Andrew Furuseth had given notice that he intended to attack the labor charter several days beforehand, and Gompers was worried. It was chiefly for this that he allowed the "recognition of the Irish Republic" resolution to go through. Before the debate he carefully polled the most important delegations and wired to Wilson in Paris.

In private conversation Furuseth characterized the League of Nations thus:

"It's like the proposal of an old roue to a girl of seventeen; not a young man proposing to a young woman—not a mature man to a mature woman, but an old, debauched man-about-town to an innocent young girl. She thinks his intentions are honorable."

By far the most interesting figure of the convention was Andy Furuseth, delegate and organizer of the Seamen's Union; a tall, thin, stooping old man, wearing the flapping trousers of the old-time sailor, his thin face, with its hawk-like nose and piercing eyes, twisted and wrinkled as if from lifelong torture; always unsmiling, speaking in parables full of a sort of deep, calm cynicism. Once, when they threatened to arrest him in San Francisco, he said: "Well, they can't make me any lonelier than I have always been; they can't give me worse food than I've always eaten nor worse clothes than I've always worn, and they can't make me suffer more than I've always suffered. So let them arrest me." Always lonely—this is the impression I have of Andy Furuseth, with his philosophic detachment from the people about him, and his deep and quiet despair.

We met him one night on the Boardwalk, and someone spoke of revolution. "The kind of revolution you're looking for, young man," said Furuseth, suddenly, "will come after you are long in your grave." Someone else commented upon the reactionary character of the convention.

"But," said a young delegate, eagerly, "they're sitting on a volcano!"

"Volcano, hell!" interrupted Furuseth. "They're sitting on a mud-bath!"

On Friday morning, June 20, under a special order of business, Furuseth shambled out on the floor and began to speak against the labor charter. There was a sudden silence; everyone, even Gompers, respected the mind of this lonely man.



Andy Furuseth

He began by pointing out that Gompers had striven for forty years to have it written into law that "labor is not a commodity or article of commerce," and that in the labor charter it said "Labor is not *merely a commodity.*"

"It's like," he said, "someone should want to say, 'Andy Furuseth is not a scab,' and, instead, he had said, 'Andy Furuseth is not *merely a scab.*'"

The American delegates had tried to have written in the labor charter a provision against human slavery, and another providing that sailors who left their ships in a safe port could not be arrested and brought back; but the other commissioners, under the leadership of England, had rejected both. England was setting up at this moment a slave state, Hedjaz, on the Gulf of Persia. But even after the charter had been approved and the American delegates had gone home the diplomats who remained had altered and considerably weakened the charter. Moreover, the charter set up a superlegislature, composed of three delegates from each country—one from labor, the second from the employers and the third appointed by the Government—which had the power to interfere in the internal labor affairs of each country and to alter the private life of every workingman.

Gompers, in reply, quoted a cablegram from President Wilson, which admitted that the labor provisions had been "somewhat weakened"—although he did not say how. Gompers then launched into a bitter personal attack on Furuseth, whom he accused of protesting to President Wilson about the provisions behind the backs of the American delegates. He ended with a patriotic outburst and a eulogy of the President, which was received with a tremendous ovation—surely this convention is the only assembly of human beings on the American continent who would still cheer Woodrow Wilson! And with an amendment to the effect that nothing in the League of Nations should be construed as affecting the sovereignty of Ireland, the league and the labor charter were passed, without further discussion, by a vote of 29,000 to 420.

Said Gompers, in the course of the discussion: "It is not a perfect document and we do not pretend it is perfect. I'll admit even that the labor charter does not even guarantee the rights which labor in the United States has won for itself. But it is not for ourselves, the most advanced labor movement in the world, that we need this charter; no, it is for the workers of the backward countries of Europe, into whose lives it will bring light and enable them to catch up with us."

It was in this tone that the chiefs of the Machine always spoke of the A. F. of L.; that it had given American workers shorter hours, better wages, better living conditions than any other labor organization in

the world. And the delegates believed these things. But if the Labor Mission had gone to the Berne Trade Union Congress it would have discovered that all over Europe the labor movement had advanced far beyond the A. F. of L.—even in the matter of hours, wages and conditions. In the Central Empires, for example, and in Scandinavia the forty-four-hour week was in full sway; the right to strike and picket was universal, as was the closed shop, the right of election of foremen, etc. In fact, the delegates of the British trades unions found themselves a "backward" country; but the countries whose labor conditions were the worst of all, conditions which embarrassed the elaboration of a progressive labor program, were Japan, India, Egypt and *the Southern States of the United States!*

At the opening of the convention on Thursday morning, June 19, Luis N. Morones was received as fraternal delegate from Mexico. Two hours later the convention went on record as favoring the exclusion of foreign immigrants—including Mexicans—for at least two years.

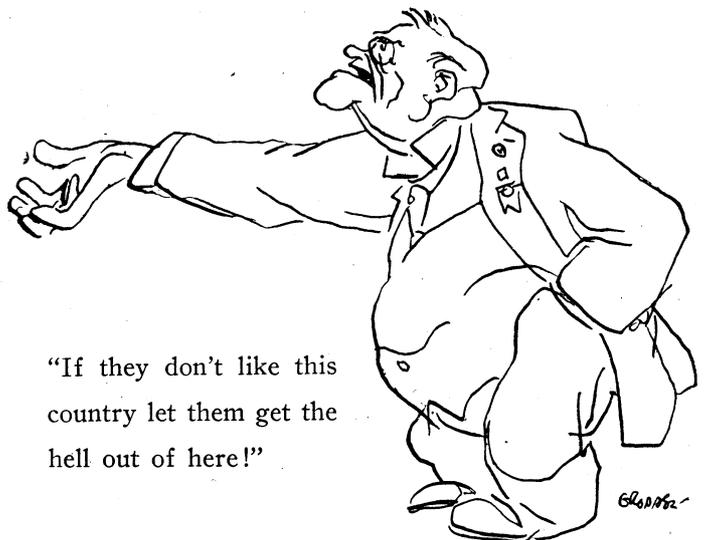
I saw Morones outside the Convention Hall. His face was grave with anxiety, and his hands shook.

"Senor Morones," I said, "the first convention of the Pan-American Federation of Labor will be held in New York City next month. What will be the effect of this exclusion act?"

"*Desastrosa!*" he burst out—which means, in Spanish, much more than "disastrous."

"What will be the effect upon the Mexican workers?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then said, in a tragic voice: "Our people know that the imperialists of your country want to annex Mexico. But we thought that American labor would refuse to support these evil designs, and it was for that reason that we welcomed



"If they don't like this country let them get the hell out of here!"

an alliance between the workers of all the American countries. But I fear that this act of the convention will destroy the confidence of our people—will make them believe that American labor will regard with indifference the invasion of my country.’”

Upon this resolution the radical delegates made a strong and bitter fight. Duncan of Seattle, Grow of Los Angeles, Strickland of Portland, Ore.; Sweeney of Philadelphia, and the foreign-born workers protested that the resolution denied the right of political asylum to the persecuted of the earth. Sweeney said, “If the American Republic falls, it will be through the concentration of wealth and not through immigration.” He accused the A. F. of L. of being poisoned with capitalistic ideas. Delegate Sumner shouted, “If we had any brains or strength we would get back our heritage in natural resources from those who have taken them away from us, and not be wasting our time discussing immigration!” Duncan of Seattle registered his protest, at the same time admitting “that the Federation Machine is too powerful to combat here.” He said he was afraid that the convention would be able to defeat “our aims for the international brotherhood of the working class.”

That this was the object of the Machine was proven by the convention’s action upon another matter. Several resolutions had been introduced urging that all contracts with employers should terminate on May 1st, and that Labor Day should be changed from September 1st to May Day, so as to demonstrate the strength of labor on the same day that the great labor movements of the rest of the world celebrated. The committee recommended non-concurrence with the resolution, on the ground that each union must decide for itself the best time to terminate its contracts.

The radicals pointed out that this condition of affairs, in which one union which had not terminated its contract was forced to scab on another which was on strike for a new contract—as had happened in Colorado in 1913—was a direct aid to the capitalists, and that the A. F. of L. had always recommended that unions terminate their contracts on the same day.

John P. Frey, for the committee, let the cat out of the bag. “It is coupled with a date which, regardless how trade unionists may look up it, would be accepted by a great many employers, as well as workers, as being connected with the first of May as observed in Europe. . . . The adoption of the measure would be unwise.”

Then Gompers himself took the floor. “It is not generally known,” he said, “that May 1st as Labor Day was suggested to the workers of Europe by the American trade unionists in 1886. Since then we in the United States have firmly established our Labor Day on September 1st. It has quite a different char-

acter to May Day in Europe and should not be confused with it. May Day in Europe is linked up with the annual celebration of a political party (the Socialists), with which we wish nothing to do. Besides, here in America we have made Labor Day a holiday—even a legal holiday—while in Europe the workers do not dare celebrate May 1st as a holiday, but must go to work as usual on that day and only hold their celebration in the evening or on Sunday. . . .”

Secretary Frey ended with the sage remark: “It would be very dangerous and unwise to celebrate Labor Day at the time our contracts with our employers terminate. At such periods heads are hot and everybody is excited. For that reason it is better to have Labor Day in September, at a time when very few contracts terminate, and labor is not excited, but cool and collected. The calmness of labor makes its demonstration more impressive. . . .” And with this the proposition was voted down.

On the question of the labor party, the Executive Council had advised strongly against any separate workers’ political organization. In view of the strong sentiment in the ranks of the great unions in favor of such a party, however, Matt Woll announced for the Committee on Executive Council’s Report that the A. F. of L., while still opposed, did not think it proper to interfere in the internal affairs of the affiliated unions.

At the beginning of the convention Mrs. Rena Mooney had been granted the floor to address the delegates. Later on, the Mooney affair came before the body in a series of resolutions, many of them urging a general strike.

The Committee on Resolutions reported an emasculated motion requesting the Executive Council to “take steps” to secure Mooney a new trial. Then it proceeded to condemn the idea of a general strike; and in order to cover up the inactivity of the A. F. of L. concerning Mooney during the last three years, and the treachery of those labor leaders who have sabotaged his case, the committee delivered a furious attack upon the International Workers’ Defence League, which it accused of having misused funds contributed by union men and having conspired to break down the American Federation of Labor.

The passionate speech of Patterson, for the league, who cried out that without the league union labor would never have heard of Mooney—which is true; the hot-headed remark of Duncan of Seattle, apropos of the accusation of misusing funds, “We’ve seen a good many drunken organizers of the A. F. of L. out our way!” followed by Gompers’ challenge to name them, which Duncan declined to do; the speeches of many delegates, and the attempts of others who sympathized to get the floor—all these availed nothing.

As usual, debate was rudely shut off and the committee's recommendation adopted, virtually condemning Tom Mooney to life imprisonment.

Followed the resolution *not* to demand freedom for political prisoners, accompanied by the committee's gratuitous remark that "many of the sentences were fully warranted," and jammed home by a spread-eagle speech from Weaver, of the musicians, who spoke of "traitors at home," and "the dead in Flanders fields"—and all that remained to do, in order to complete the reactionary record, was to refuse to ask for the repeal of the Espionage Act. This was done—or, rather, the repeal of the Espionage Act was demanded "after the signature of peace," when it will be automatically repealed, anyway.

Thus while the labor movements of the whole world are demanding at least a fuller measure of democracy in industry; while they declare themselves at least against intervention in Russia—as I write, the labor movements of France, Italy and England are preparing for a general strike on July 20th against intervention; while they strike to free their own leaders, and among them Tom Mooney and the convicted I. W. W.'s, and in no uncertain terms insist upon an amnesty for political prisoners; while they develop shop steward committees, shop committees, labor parties; while with gathering momentum they move toward the brink of the Social Revolution—the American Federation of Labor goes backward, hopelessly entangled in the mazes of its narrow craft unionism, corrupt and ignorant.

The usual attempts were made by delegates to democratize the machinery of the A. F. of F.—notably the customary resolution in favor of the initiative and referendum within the Federation.

This was opposed by John P. Frey and the committee on the ground that it would permit some outside organizations to "get hold" of the membership and wreck the Federation. "There is such a thing," he said, "as democracy run wild!"

I spoke to him afterwards:

"You said on the platform a little while ago that you were afraid that some outside organization would get hold of your membership. In other words, the masses of the people cannot be trusted to govern themselves without some higher agency to direct them. . . ." "That is true," said he. . . .

It will be objected to this account that I have left out two "progressive" steps taken by the convention: one, the resolution violently denouncing judicial interpretation of the law, and calling upon the workers to defy injunctions in labor disputes; the other, the decision to organize the steel workers, and to defy the authorities of the Pittsburgh district who have forbidden the workers to hold meetings.

There is a reason for these two "revolutionary" measures. The A. F. of L. is a trust—the job-trust—aiming to monopolize a commodity—labor. Its fight is not against capitalism as such, but against the free competition of labor. The great employers, in fighting the right of labor to organize (in the A. F. of L., mind you—for Gompers is as bitterly opposed to any organization of the workers outside the A. F. of L. as he is to the open shop), are attempting to break down the A. F. of L. labor monopoly. It is an attack upon property—just as the I. W. W. is an attack upon property from the other direction. And the A. F. of L. fights back, as capitalism fights revolution, without scruple and without mercy.

Do the courts issue injunctions against picketing—against strikes, boycotts? Then, says the A. F. of L. Convention, to hell with the courts. Does the great United States Steel Corporation forbid the organization of its hundreds of thousands of workers? The A. F. of L. will mass its power against the United States Steel Corporation. The mayors and police of the steel towns have forbidden meetings, jailed speakers, run organizers out of town. This is a challenge to Organized Labor, and they will take it up.

In the Alamac Hotel one night I attended a meeting of the Committee to Organize the Steel Industry. At the head of that committee was appointed John Fitzpatrick of Chicago, who will recognize the Revolution when he sees it coming down the street, and William Foster, old-time wobbly and syndicalist at heart. When there is desperate business of this kind afoot it is the radicals who are picked to do it; afterward—

Old Andy Furuseth made a motion that the presidents of the great international unions pledge themselves to go into the Pittsburgh district one by one and lead the fight for free speech and the right to organize, risking arrest and violence of the Steel Trust gunmen. There was a certain hesitation among the officials present.

"It doesn't do any harm to your reputation to get arrested," said Curly Grow. "Why, I've been arrested five times out on the Coast and my prestige hasn't suffered. . . ."

Under the urge of the general enthusiasm twenty-four international presidents who were there pledged themselves to go.

As we came away from the meeting one of the boys spoke to Andy Furuseth. "Well, the boys didn't seem very much exalted over their coming martyrdom," he said.

Furuseth turned to him with solemnity. "Young man," he said, "do you know why the Catholic cardinals wear red?"

"No."

"In token that they shall be the first to shed their blood in defense of the Church."

Our Own Lusking Bee

THE committee was called to order by Chairman Lusk. The prayer for divine guidance was omitted out of respect to Archibald Stevenson, who might regard it as a personal reflection.

A MEMBER read from the New York Times, "Urge Move to Halt Red Rule. Ten Prominent Clergymen Issue Plea to Down Bolshevism." He suggested that the ten clergymen be invited to testify. Somebody read the article, however, and discovered that the ten were in favor of free discussion. It was therefore ordered that their mailboxes be picked for a period of ten days.

THE sub-committee on education reported an alarming tendency in the public schools to discuss current events. It recommended that henceforth no subject be mentioned in the schoolroom until it had been dead ten years.

SERIOUS charges were preferred against the janitor of a local science club who had resisted the committee's efforts to crack the safe. When apprehended he gave the flimsy excuse that he thought his visitors were burglars.

PROFESSOR GALUMPH of Freshwater University was reported as saying to an intimate personal friend, who relayed it to the committee: "The

words and actions of Archibald E. Stevenson arouse in me a reaction tending to approximate physical pain." The professor's case was referred to the Snoop-in Committee.

THE committee informally expressed its strong disapprobation of General Smuts, who protested against the peace treaty as undemocratic. Formally he was invited to come to America, express his opinions freely and have his baggage searched.

THE charge against Giuseppe Galoni, a laborer, was dismissed, as the object of suspicion had proved to be only a red undershirt. He was, however, declared ineligible to the Union League Club.

MICHAEL J. GALLAGHER, a politician, recently declared himself as warmly favoring the President's principle of self-determination. Owing to his nationality the committee feared that he meant Ireland. Referred to the British secret service with power to act.

A RESOLUTION was adopted offering Mr. Stevenson's list of citizens whom he disliked and *vice versa* to the United States Government as an excellent beginning for the 1920 census.

THE committee adjourned after patriotically singing "The Union League Forever."

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



The Sparticide Insurrection

By Robert Minor

Robert Minor was in Berlin during the Sparticide insurrection, and we believe his is the first sympathetic story of that event to reach America. Unfortunately he sent the story to us in two halves, and only one of them has arrived. It is the second half. It arrived about the time Minor was arrested by the British secret service on a charge which we understand was made by a provocateur who pretended to be distributing revolutionary literature in the American army. Many prominent people demanded justice for Robert Minor, and he has now been released. We shall probably get the other half of his story soon—with some interesting additions.—THE EDITORS.

THE "Socialist government" had by this time largely succeeded in getting Berlin garrisoned by reactionary troops, with a heavy proportion of officers in enlisted men's uniforms. The original conscript army of the Kaiser, the kind of an army that is dangerous, spent the time of the crisis in faltering, trying unsuccessfully to make up its mind. The Volksmarine Division couldn't make up its mind. At the moment when the weight of one thousand well equipped troops would have turned the balance, captured Berlin and perhaps all Germany for the Revolution—the soldiers, the private soldiers, the soldiers that wanted a revolution, moped in the barracks, unable to decide what to do. The officers knew what they wanted, and acted quickly. I saw many a "private" doing sentry duty those days whose face had a singularly aristocratic appearance.

Thousands of officer-troops swarmed about the last remaining proletarian fort, the Vorwaerts building. Small artillery was brought up and began to pick away the front wall of the sacred printing house.

At last, a charge upon the shattered building, past the paper-roll barricades, over the dust-covered dead meat of the men that yesterday had told me about their "Temple." And into the house, where the last dozen were captured. At the very end, a little black-haired Jewess arose with a sigh from her machine-gun and stood back against the wall to be shot. She was nineteen years old. All the prisoners (except the girl, they claim) were taken down into the courtyard and killed.

Frau Five-foot came to my door this evening. "Herr Minor, the rich people have white bread." "Well?" I asked. "Nothing, only they've got white bread. That's all," and she walked out.

Coal strikes in Westphalia. Grumbling in Berlin factories. Those who couldn't make up their minds before began to make up their minds now, from the bottom up—from the belly up. After they had been mostly disarmed and the cities taken into the iron hand of their enemies, after their own friends of the vanguard had been killed.

After hope was gone, the Volksmarine Division made up its mind and began making a fort for itself in the working class district. Other soldiers joined them, and that strange hero, the empty-handed man in overalls, came out by many hundreds to patiently give up lives.

Again war flamed through Berlin. With all the machinery of modern armies, the working-class district back of Alexander Platz was reduced to broken brick and stone.

* * *

For four and a half years, patiently or impatiently, we had looked for the soul of Germany to express itself. Some of us—many of us—knew that there existed in the German man a spirit that would sooner or later somehow smash loose and free itself from the Hohenzollern-headed monster. Woodrow Wilson knew it and carefully couched his words to rouse in the German laborer a spirit of rebellion which he thought he could use for his own purposes. So obviously was the soul there that even the man called Northcliffe got a vague inkling of it and fumbled crudely with the kind of propaganda that he had heard would appeal to souls.

Perhaps we in America forgot that we, too, had something to express, while we fascinated ourselves in urging the German proletarian to express his soul before the firing squad.

We had all been looking for barricades in German streets.

I climbed over a barricade on Schloss Bruecke, near the Kaiser's palace. Socialist barricade? Noske's barricade. I was allowed to pass because I showed a card signed by "comrade" Noske proving that I was a bourgeois journalist.

On the proletarian side of the barricade all was shot to pieces by artillery. Blown up houses. Tangled trolley wires around a dead horse. A wrecked auto truck. A smashed subway station reeking with shell-fumes. A turned-over field gun. Two wounded men sitting on it. Two nurses. A man fixing a cafe window.

I went on past Alexander Platz, on deeper into the shabby rows of houses. I squeezed through several barricades. A crowd was in line showing passes to go through to their homes or business in the suspected and surrounded part of the city. Most of those who had passes were well dressed, and the women held their skirts to keep them from snagging on a strand of barbed wire that stuck out into the passageway like an unruly strand of hair that won't stay brushed.

On the other side was a man here and there, or a woman without a hat, looking hopelessly at the opening in the barricade. Some of the men's clothes were freshly torn and streaked with white plaster-dust from cannonaded walls. Those mostly kept back around the corner. Their faces were strong, but pale. Their hands were conspicuous because they were empty. Some of them were boys, and these came out openly and looked at the guarded gap in the barricade. Barricade? Perhaps it was rather a pen. The barricades had come, in Berlin, and they were pens. The soldiers occasionally eyed the penned-in people and then turned to more immediate business.

On Frankfurter Allee, a sort of "Second Avenue," the crowds were hurrying along, keeping clear. A man broke past a soldier and walked quickly on. The soldier shouted and cocked his rifle. The people scattered. The man was brought back and arrested. A little red-faced soldier, whose lower lip hung down and was too wet, shouted at the crowd and rushed toward it firing his rifle and then quickly reloading. The street was being cleared for a search of the houses. This was the heart of the workingmen's district. I showed my papers to the red-faced boy-soldier. "Ach, so! Amerikanische Journalist. Bitteschoen." I brushed quickly by; I thought he wanted to shake hands with me. Here the avenue was vacant on one side, except for a few soldiers, all nervously active. All of their mouths twitched and their lower lips were too wet.

There was a courtyard. An officer before it, pistol in hand. He turned around twice and walked in and out. Three or four soldiers, with rifles, stuck their heads out of the courtyard and then drew back. The officer frowned at me; with peculiar certainty I knew that he was wondering how he looked to me. He shut his eyes an instant and then stared at me again. I was startled; the man's eyes were begging for something. It was all over in a second. He shouted, the crowd left. "Pang! Pang! Pang! Pang! Pang!" Five shots. The officer had been tensely looking into the courtyard; now his face relaxed. Six soldiers came out, their rifles emitting the slight smoke that smokeless powder gives. "There were five members in that family," said a badly dressed fat woman at my side, and she quickly walked away.

Slow, regular shots were muffled inside the rooms of two apartments upstairs. I counted the members of the families.

"CRASH!" A bomb landed in the street. The soldiers scattered. Above the coping showed the touseled head and the shoulders of a man, who ran across the roof. "Crack, crack, crack, crack!" the soldiers fired. "They missed him, Goddam it!" I shouted; or else I only thought it, I don't know which. But at least I laughed aloud, for a soldier turned his gun toward me—

"CRASH! BANG! BOOM!" Three bombs fell in quick succession from a window. Nearly all the soldiers vanished from the street and began to appear on the roofs. An officer with a pistol ran across the housetop. He was soft-faced and high-collared like the "Prussian officer" we used to see in caricatures. There were no more shots.

* * *

The desert-dreary look of a town that's been shot up! I am always reminded of a dry waste of Arizona when I see a city where guns have been at work to make a millennium come (though, by God! I believe in guns) or to make us safe for democracy. It's all there—the heartless dust, the tedium and thirstiness—everything except the cactus. But wait—there is the cactus, too, in the shape of the tangled, nasty barbed wire, dusty and heartless, just like the weed with its sticky barbs.

Past a broken-down armored truck came four soldiers leading one man and two women. The two women wore plainest calico and no hats, their forearms red and bare as though they had just washed dishes—regular working-class house-fraus. The man was broad-cheeked and big-jointed; he wore a cap and no collar.

The penned-in people lined the street, their faces vacant of hope and their hands empty. The soldiers eyed them suspiciously.

The three pairs of prisoners' eyes also searched the crowd. These eyes were seeking for somebody to say good-by to. The man's deep eyes looked into me. A woman near me began to cry. Some one else did, too. They disappeared behind the barricade.

* * *

The cafes of Unter den Linden were crowded with bourgeois, comfortably sipping coffee. I met a young fellow-countryman who was in the service of the American government in Berlin. He joined me after bidding good-by to a Reinhardt Regiment officer. "That's Captain W—. I happened to overhear a conversation and so was able to give him information on which he arrested fifty Spartakist plotters. He's a fine fellow."

The special correspondents were sitting about the Adlon Hotel lobby, telling each other that "the government has the situation well in hand." Correspondents are like clothespins on a line; straddled high in false prominence, mock importance, all performing the same function, all their little heads turned in the same direction, so that if there's a mistake in one, there's the same mistake in all. What's the use of remembering the different names of all the little clothespins that are just alike?

* * *

"LIEBKNECHT KILLED! ROSA LUXEMBERG DEAD!" shrieked the newspapers. How? "Liebknecht shot by guards while running away; Luxemburg woman torn to pieces by a mob infuriated by her crimes. Officers do their best to protect the woman instigator of violence, but are overpowered by enraged citizens." The newspapers made it all clear; Liebknecht had, it is true, given an appearance of courage in the past, but at the last, facing the prospect of justice for his part in the criminal uprising against the Socialist government, he had developed a hysterical cowardice and had run away in fright, and the guards had been forced to the regrettable duty of shooting him, as the rules provide. The soldiers had done no more than their duty. The Luxemburg affair was a more distressing one, of course, but the officers had not realized how incensed the populace had become over the bloodshed caused by her. It was altogether a deplorable thing, such as should not be permitted to happen again.

The Majority Socialist and bourgeois papers handled the affair as the American bourgeois press handled the affair of Frank Little and that of Tom Mooney.

* * *

The worst thing to me was not that Liebknecht and Luxemburg were dead, but that I had to quit believing in the German people. The mob—just a crowd of average Germans found by chance on the street—had dragged a sick old woman out of a cab, torn her body to pieces with their hands and thrown her flesh into a canal. Not soldiers—not brutality organized by authority—but plain Germans on the street, the German papers said. In a vivid flash was recalled to me the distorted face of an orator whom I had heard, three years ago, shout that the Germans were not human beings, but beasts to be killed, man, woman and child. It was impossible that that hate-mad orator was right, but my head swam with agony, in moral chaos; all faiths and loves went out of me.

In passing the hotel of K—a morbid fascination drew me in to visit him. He had often said "they ought to kill Liebknecht." K— was huddled in a chair, his face pallid and drawn. He said he couldn't

write anything, this had shattered his nerve. . . . After sitting half an hour, he arose and wrote a cablegram to his paper, "There is a peculiar irony of justice in the killing of this woman by the mob that she had sought to inflame."

* * *

Knots of gentlemen and ladies stood on the street corners, talking in relaxed, cheerful voices. A small boy caught the spirit of it and ran, shouting, "Old Liebknecht is killed now, and they threw the Luxemburg hussy into the canal!"

I hurried home and dropped, face down, on the couch. . . . A knock on the door. Little wrinkled Frau Five-foot came in. Her bent figure straightened, her eyes glistened. "Herr Minor, have you heard it?—LIEBKNECHT IS DEAD!" The tiny sister appeared in the gloom behind, her face and white hair glowing as with a halo. "He is dead," repeated the former; "they have killed him, dead. He can't cut any women's and children's throats any more. . . . We are safe. . . . What do you think, Herr Minor?"

"Go away," I said. "I'm sick."

* * *

A half hour later they came back and peeped in the door. "Do you think we will be safe now, Herr Minor?"

Triumphantly the German bourgeoisie commenced its preparations for the Constituent Assembly, anxious to turn social attention into the sluice of politics.

A flaring red poster—of the "Socialist government"—announced ten thousand marks reward for the capture of Karl Radek. Someone earned the reward; there are men who do such things.

It hurts to think of Radek in prison. He is like what I imagine Debs was when he was young.

Slowly the truth was drawn out of the government's lies. Liebknecht and Luxemburg had not been killed by the mob—not by the mob that I had been thinking on Unter den Linden. No, it was a deliberate murder by a government machine. I could get my bearings again.

* * *

"Before the war we used to make Pfankuchen," said little Frau Five-foot to me one day. "Pfankuchen cooked with fat. Potatoes are good with fat," she mused, tinkering with the carpet. "We could have Bratkartoffeln with the fat of pork. . . . They cut off all the fat from the beef we get from the city. The rich people have bacon in their houses." I thought of the dinner I had eaten that day in the Bristol Hotel, the great, luxurious "Home of the Counter-Revolution," it is called—a dinner of huge, fat mutton chops, the incidental trimmings of which consisted of long strips of bacon.

A week later the sister came in from her workshop,

late in the evening. "Herr Minor, the rich people have sugar in their houses, we have learned. Maybe they have other things to eat that we don't ever have. They are big in the stomach, like there were lots of gentlemen before the war. Who can tell what they have in their houses? I guess it's the Jews. . . . But the rich gentiles look fat."

Another week passed and she asked me what the Spartakists cut throats for. "Do the Spartakists want to go into houses to find out what's in there?" Her voice became low and hesitant, bits of color flitting over her face. Half of a shamed smile. She left hurriedly, as though she had been dallying with a lewd fancy.

A month later the two old women came into my room in such a way as to make me lose my sense of Herrschaft. They forgot to bow. "Herr Minor," began the bigger one, "there's going to be something happening. We, eh—the working people" (she had never called herself "working people" before). The smaller sister pushed ahead and said: "The rich people have things in their houses, bacon, and white flour and butter, even. They make cakes, and eat them." "We don't get things like they do, and we work and work and work and don't eat like they do." "Yes, and they have bacon," said the other.

"What is it all about?" I asked.

"There's going to be a general strike," said one, "and the working people are going to tear things up terribly, yes, schrecklich, and won't go back to work until everything is pulled out of the rich houses—the Jews' houses—and all the rich houses—and then they can't have anything unless they work like we do, and we work too hard, and we won't work too hard and we are going to have a revolution."

The smaller sister looked frightened and pulled the other's dress. The two quietly shuffled out of the room.

A New Kind of Strike

(From a Correspondent.)

IT may throw some light on the present revolutionary disturbances in Italy if I tell you of a strike which happened in Bergamo last March. The employees of the automobile works of Franki and Gregorini, 2,000 strong, organized a soviet and presented their demands. These demands included a forty-four-hour week and a committee of workers to share in the management. Some of their minor demands were granted, but these major demands were refused, and so they went on strike.

But it was a new kind of strike—so far as I am aware, the first strike of the kind in the history of any

capitalist country. They simply remained at work and put their demands into effect—working harder than ever!

I was able to secure a copy of the resolutions passed by the soviet, which I have translated as follows:

"We, the employees of the Franki & Gregorini Company, after hearing the report of our committee, hereby resolve to begin work for ourselves in order to show our real intentions, and also because we wish to act not only for our own interests, but for the greater interests of Italian industry and the masses of the Italian people.

"We ask the authorities to give thoughtful consideration to this decision, which is justifiable in view of the alternative offered by the employers—the closing of the works without just cause.

"We, the workmen, promise to remain at work, and to protect the machinery and whatever else may be taken into our charge, so as to prove our readiness to work and live honestly; but we disclaim any responsibility for what may happen if we are denied the exercise of our most sacred right—the right to work.

"We will accept the supervision of any public authority, or of the owners, and we set one week as the term of this demonstration, unless in the meantime something should occur to modify our plans."

The strike lasted two days, and then troops were sent to dislodge the workers from the factory. They offered no resistance and evacuated the place without disorder. I understand that the workers' demands were then granted in full by the employers.

I mention this only as a dramatic instance of the readiness and preparedness of Italian workingmen to take up the management of industry themselves in the event of a breakdown of the economic system—which is due, if it has not already arrived.

J. Q. A.

THE TOURIST

HE saw the hula flower in her hair
Drop to her bosom, where it rose and fell:
Forgotten was her lover, slow her stare
Felt for his eyes; her warm body's smell,
The yellow-stamen perfume on her breath,
The poison-heavy sleepiness of death,
Made all her figure's slender golden grace
Seem like a censer in an altared place. . . .

Swinging, she danced the hula: and the moon
Hung on the mountain honeying the night.
Her dress of flowers whirled about her; strewn
Along the grass the fire petals died. . . .
Then like a bat against that disc of light
Leaped up her lover, and the lonely, wide
Hollow and shadow echoed as he cried.

Genevieve Taggard.



THE LIBERATOR, August, 1919.

Soviet Russia

Boardman Robinson

Editorials

IF the United States had a system of government as responsive to majority opinion as that of England, Woodrow Wilson's administration would before this time have come to an end. We elected him three years ago because he kept us out of war. We would not re-elect him for keeping us in. We are extremely gullible, the most provincial and innocent people that ever attained a terrestrial importance, particularly eager to be gulled and bamboozled with hypocritical moralizing. We cannot be expected to perceive, underneath his lofty vaporings, the absolute servility of Wilson to the power of plutocratic imperialism. But our very naivete in matters political and economic enables us to put the case plainly when a man has perjured his honor and gone back on every solemn and elevated engagement he made with a confiding world. On that ground a popular American election would vote Wilson into oblivion two hours after the booths were open.

In Lieu of an Election

IN the absence of any other method of voicing their opinion at critical times, it is a pity that the American people have not even the custom of heckling political speakers as they do in England. It would be regarded as a frightful breach of decorum, I suppose, to make things a little lively for the President when he "takes his swing" round the country for the League of Nations. And probably in a member of the working class it would be regarded as a crime. But it is not a crime, and it would be a fine opportunity for those bourgeois believers who are always asking us what they can do to help the cause of freedom. Suppose that a small group of respectable citizens in each town where the President appears were to go to his meeting and put up to his face the treachery, the anti-democracy, and the unconstitutionality of his policy toward Russia. Imagine the scene:

"My fellow countrymen," he would be saying, "in order to achieve the great purposes to which our hearts are sublimely dedicated, the purposes of democracy and the liberation of all mankind from oppression and the domination——"

A voice from the gallery: "Why are you murdering Russian peasants?"

(Uproar, applause, hisses, cries of "Put him out!" "He's a Bolshevik!" "Hooray for Lenin!" "Shame! Shame!" "He kept us out o' war!" "Boo! Boo!" "Comrades, it's the President!")

After a body of ushers, supported by a corps of two thousand uniformed policemen, had ejected the man—or more likely the woman—who so ventured to

voice an important inquiry on an important occasion, the President would resume the thread of his discourse:

"——the great purposes of democracy and the liberation of mankind from oppression and the domination of irresponsible——"

Voice from the pit: "Who declared war on Russia?" (Another uproar. Three thousand more policemen sent for. The second disturber ejected. The President resumes):

"——the liberation of mankind from the domination of irresponsible groups of men——"

Voice from behind him on the platform: "Who is responsible for my son's death at Archangel?"

The President turns round, crumpling the paper he holds. His face is white. "I will answer these questions," he says. "The people of European Russia are being tyrannized over by a small group of outlaws or fanatics who do not recognize the will of the people——"

Voices in the gallery: "How about Kolchak?" "Why don't you recognize it?"

(General uproar.)

The President: "My friends, may I not have your attention? I am ready to answer all your questions, but in order to do so I must invite you to consider the fundamental principles of representative government——"

Voice from a box: "Where did you get the money to make war on Russia?"

The President: "Mr. Chairman, I call upon you to restore order."

The Chairman: "Will the policemen please eject all disturbers from the hall?"

Such a scene, unheard of here but not at all impossible in England, where there is an actual tradition of social as well as military courage, would do more, I believe, for the peace and liberty of the world than anything else that is possible in America at this moment.

The Soviet Envoy

BY way of an editorial on this subject I quote these words of a speech I delivered in Madison Square Garden at a mass-meeting called to protest against the raiding of the Soviet Bureau by agents of the New York State Legislative Committee to investigate "Bolshevism." (These raids are conducted under the personal supervision of one Archibald Stevenson, an official of the Union League Club. Of his further qualifications to represent the people little is known as yet, but we should be glad to be informed by anybody who knows them.)

There is no chapter in our diplomatic history more disgraceful to our republic than the chapter of our

dealings with Soviet Russia. There is no more flagrant violation of the American Constitution in memory than Woodrow Wilson's waging of his own private war against the Soviet government without a declaration of war and without *an appropriation of funds for that purpose* by the representatives of the people. It may have seemed strange to those of you who really believe in constitutional law that the President of a republic should be able to do that, even if he wanted to, and I think I am in a position to throw a little light on the matter. I hold in my hands what purports to be, and I believe is, the translation of a code telegram from Polk in Washington to Lansing in Paris on January 24th. It is marked "strictly confidential," but inasmuch as it contains no information that could possibly be of interest to an enemy, and inasmuch as all the facts which are of great importance to the American people are regarded as strictly confidential by Woodrow Wilson's government, I regard it as a duty rather than an indiscretion to make it public.

Green & Cipher,
Washington,
Dated January 24th, 1919.

Ammission,
Paris.

391, January 24th, 3 P. M. Very confidential.

For the Secretary of State. Referring to my answer to 376, January 21st, regarding Siberian railway plans, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the political situation here. Critical spirit to-day is being clearly manifested in regard to Russia:

1. By attacks on War Trade Russian Bureau.
2. By attacks on personal conduct of Ambassador

Francis. LaGuardia apparently got his information from Consul Winship, now at Welland, and Lieutenant Commander Crolley, formerly at St. Petersburg, now naval attache at Madrid.

3. By Senator Johnson's continually attacking Administration for keeping troops in Russia and Siberia.

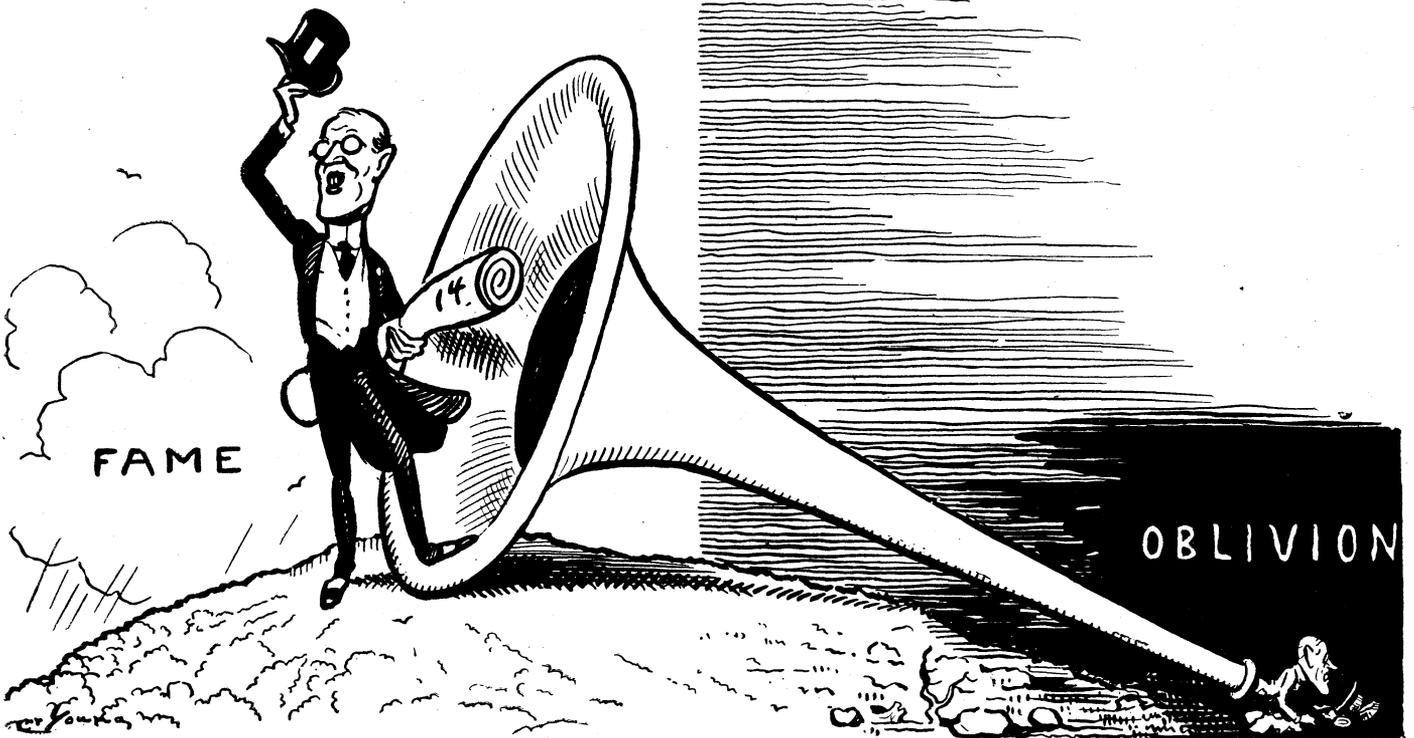
There is no question but that the Republicans are trying to force an extra session, and leading Democrats seem to feel that the extra session should be considered inevitable if successful Republicans resenting control of various committee will make attacks on every phase of policy of Administration in Russia. We are committed now to a plan of operation of railways in Siberia, and the need is as urgent as ever, but I wish to lay stress on the fact that money must be supplied in large sums in order to carry through the plan. In view of the attitude of Congress on the food bill, I should give up the possibility of securing money for this purpose by an appropriation. The Russian Ambassador has no funds for any real railway reorganization, and has already exhausted sums set aside for maintaining railway service corps.

I am taking the liberty of stating the case baldly so the President and yourself may have all the facts before you before he commits himself to supply the money for the purpose from his private fund. I have asked Wooley to express himself on the situation and as soon as I hear from him will cable you again.

I have not communicated with the Japanese Government our formal acceptance and for this reason would like to have your views as soon as possible.

POLK,
Acting.

So Wilson is conducting his own private military adventure on Russian territory, in formal agreement with the Japanese Empire, but without the sanction of the American people or their representatives. And that is the reason for the outrageous and absolutely unprecedented position in which the emissaries of the



In Six Months

Russian government are placed when they taken up their residence in this city.

A hundred and forty years ago Benjamin Franklin went to Paris to represent and defend the American Revolution, just as Martens has come here to represent and defend the Russian Revolution. He was cut off from communication with George Washington just as Martens is cut off from communication with Nicolai Lenin. He was confronted with the lies of the British government and all the monarchical governments of the world, just as Martens is confronted with the lies of the British government and all the capitalist governments of the world. He published pamphlets and translated documents into French telling the truth about the American Revolution, just as Martens has told the truth about Russia. And these pamphlets were suspected of being seditious propaganda and suppressed by the French government, just as the truth about Russia has been suppressed here. And Benjamin Franklin was not daunted or scared out by these acts, although he stood single-handed against all the monarchies of Europe, and Ludwig Martens will not be daunted or scared out either, although all the capitalists and snobs and Union League Club pirates in the United States combine against him.

There is just one point in which the parallel between Franklin's position and that of Martens breaks down, and it is this: that although the French government suppressed his pamphlets and believed most of the lies that were circulated about Franklin, they treated him with uniform courtesy and in full accord with the laws of hospitality and the inviolability of envoys, and that is more than we can say for the

treatment accorded by the United States government to the representatives of Soviet Russia.

In the name and memory of Benjamin Franklin, I demand that the American government and the government of New York State, pending the time when they will be compelled by the power of the international proletariat to recognize the sovereignty of the Russian Republic, shall conduct themselves toward the envoys of that republic courteously and in accord with the most ancient principles of international honor.*

The Bomb Conspiracy

AS time flows on we become more and more convinced that the "bomb outrages" were a part of an expert conspiracy to scare the American public into a fit of reactionary hysteria. Some frantic anti-Bolsheviks apparently believe that by exploding dynamite in front of people's houses, and leaving on the scene of the explosion printed leaflets which imitate the language of communist propaganda, they can destroy the credit of that propaganda and get the public into a state of mind where it will let them do anything to us that they want to.

These explosions are so violent that they blow into shreds the body of the man who is planting them, scattering his clothes into so many pieces that one is hardly able to decide what kind of cloth they were made of, but they never do any damage to the leaflets that he has in his possession. It seems to be quite easy to pick those up and read them through.

We are not sure, and no one can be sure, but we believe that there are not enough terroristic anarchists in the United States, with enough wealth and organization, to accomplish such a concerted series of explosions as those of last April. We believe that the reason the perpetrators of these extensive and elaborate dynamitings have not been discovered is that some important person does not want to discover them.

We believe that if the Attorney General would allow us to appoint six investigators and give them all the power that the present six thousand or more possess, we could find these extremely expert and wealthy and well organized criminals within thirty days.



J. J. Lankes

*The substantial authenticity of the cablegram quoted was subsequently acknowledged by the State Department.

Conversations with Lenin

By Arthur Ransome

(Moscow, March, 1919)

WHATEVER else they may think of him, not even his enemies deny that Vladimir Ilyitch Oulianov (Lenin) is one of the greatest personalities of his time. I therefore make no apology for writing down such scraps of his conversation as seem to me to illustrate his manner of mind.

He was talking of the lack of thinkers in the English labor movement and said he remembered hearing Shaw speak at some meeting. Shaw, he said, was "a good man fallen among Fabians" and a great deal further Left than his company. He had not heard of "The Perfect Wagnerite," but was interested when I told him the general idea of the book, and turned fiercely on an interpreter who said that Shaw was a clown. "He may be a clown for the bourgeoisie in a bourgeois state, but they would not think him a clown in a revolution."

He asked whether Sydney Webb was consciously working in the interests of the capitalists, and when I said I was quite sure that he was not, he said: "Then he has more industry than brains. He certainly has great knowledge."

He was entirely convinced that England was on the eve of revolution and pooh-poohed my objections. "Three months ago I thought it would end in all the world having to fight the center of reaction in England. I do not think so now. Things have gone further there than in France, if the news as to the extent of the strikes is true."

I pointed out some of the circumstances, geographical and economical, which would make the success of a violent revolution in England problematical in the extreme, and put to him the same suggestion that I put to Bucharin, namely, that a suppressed movement in England would be worse for Russia than our traditional method of compromise. He agreed at once, but said: "That is quite true, but you cannot stop a revolution . . . although Ramsay Macdonald will try to at the last minute. Strikes and Soviets. If these two habits once get hold, nothing will keep the workmen from them. And Soviets, once started, must sooner or later come to supreme power." Then: "But certainly it would be much more difficult in England. Your big clerk and shopkeeping class would oppose it, until the workmen broke them. Russia was indeed the only country in which the revolution could start. And we are not yet through our troubles with the peasantry."

I suggested that one reason why it had been possible in Russia was that they had room to retreat.

"Yes," he said. "The distances saved us. The Germans were frightened of them, at the time when they could have eaten us up, and won peace, which the Allies would have given them in gratitude for our destruction. A revolution in England would have nowhere whither to retire."

Of the Soviets he said: "In the beginning I thought they were and would remain a purely Russian form; but it is now quite clear that under various names they must be the instruments of revolution everywhere."

He expressed the opinion that in England they would not allow me to tell the truth about Russia, and gave as an example the way in which Colonel Robins had been kept silent in America. He asked about Robins, "Had he really been as friendly to the Soviet government as he made out?" I said, "Yes, if only as a sportsman admiring its pluck and courage in difficulties." I quoted Robins' saying: "I can't go against a baby I have sat up with for six months. But if there were a Bolshevik movement in America I'd be out with my rifle to fight it every time." "Now, that," said Lenin, "is an honest man and more far-seeing than most. I always liked that man." He shook with laughter at the image of the baby, and said, "That baby had several million other folk sitting up with it, too."

He said he had read in an English Socialist paper a comparison of his own theories with those of an American, Daniel De Leon. He had then borrowed some of De Leon's pamphlets from Reinstein (who belongs to the party which De Leon founded in America), read them for the first time, and was amazed to see how far and how early De Leon had pursued the same train of thought as the Russians. His theory that representation should be by industries, not by areas, was already the germ of the Soviet system. He remembered seeing De Leon at an International Conference. De Leon made no impression at all, a grey old man, quite unable to speak to such an audience, but evidently a much bigger man than he looked, since his pamphlets were written before the experience of the Russian Revolution of 1905. Some days afterwards I noticed that Lenin had introduced a few phrases of De Leon, as if to do honor to his memory, into the draft of the new programme of the Communist Party.

Talking of the lies that are told about Russia, he said it was interesting to notice that they were mostly perversions of truth and not pure inventions, and gave as an example the recent story that he had recanted. "Do you know the origin of that?" he said. "I was wishing a happy New Year to a friend over the telephone, and

said, 'And may we commit fewer stupidities this year than last!' Someone overheard it and told someone else. A newspaper announced 'Lenin says we are committing stupidities,' and so the story started."

More than ever, Lenin struck me as a happy man. walking home from the Kremlin, I tried to think of any other man of his caliber who had a similar joyous temperament. I could think of none. This little, bald-headed, wrinkled man, who tilts his chair this way and that, laughing over one thing or another, ready any minute to give serious advice to anyone who interrupts him to ask for it, advice so well reasoned that it is to his followers far more compelling than any command—every one of his wrinkles is a wrinkle of laughter, not of worry. I think the reason must be that he is the first great leader who utterly discounts the value of his own personality. He is quite without personal ambition. More than that, he believes, as a Marxist, in the movement of the masses which, with or without him, would still move. His whole faith is in the elemental forces that move people; his faith in himself is merely his belief that he justly estimates the direction of these forces. He does not believe that any man could make or stop the revolution which he thinks inevitable. If the Russian revolution fails, according to him, it fails only temporarily, and because of forces beyond any man's control. He is consequently free with a freedom no other great man has ever had. It is not so much what he says that inspires confidence in him. It is this sensible freedom, this obvious detachment. With his philosophy he cannot for a moment believe that one man's mistake might ruin all. He is, for himself at any rate, the exponent, not the cause, of the events that will be forever linked with this name.

Economic Policy

In the afternoon of February 26th I got to the Executive Committee in time to hear the end of a report by Rykov on the economic position. He said there was hope for a satisfactory conclusion to the negotiations for the building of the Obi-Kotlas railway, and hoped that this would soon be followed by similar negotiations and by other concessions. He explained that they did not want capitalism in Russia, but that they did want the things that capital could give them in exchange for what they could give capital. This was, of course, referring to the opposition criticism that the Soviet was prepared to sell Russia into the hands of the "Anglo-American imperialistic bandits." Rykov said that the main condition of all concessions would be that they should not affect the international structure of the Soviet Republic and should not lead to the exploitation of the workmen. They wanted railways, locomotives and machines, and their country was rich enough to pay for these things out of its natural resources without sensible loss to the state or the yielding of an inch in their programme of internal reconstruction.

He was followed by Krestinsky, who pointed out that whereas the commissariats were, in a sense, altered forms of the old ministries, links with the past, the Council of Public Economy, organizing the whole production and distribution of the country, building the new Socialist state, was an entirely new organ, and a link, not with the past, but with the future.

The two next speeches illustrated one of the main difficulties of the revolution. Krasin criticised the council for insufficient confidence in the security of the revolution. He said they were still hampered by fears lest here or there capitalism should creep in again. They were unnecessarily afraid to make the fullest possible use of specialists of all kinds who had taken a leading part in industry under the old regime and who, now that the old regime, the old system, had been definitely broken, could be made to serve the new. He believed that unless the utmost use was made of the resources of the country in technical knowledge, etc., they could not hope to organize the maximum productivity which alone could save them from catastrophe.

The speaker who followed him, Glebov, defended precisely the opposite point of view and represented the same attitude with regard to the reorganization of industry as is held by many who object to Trotzky's use of officers of the old army in the reorganization of the new, believing that all who worked in high places under the old regime must be and remain enemies of the revolution, so their employment is a definite source of danger. Glebov is a trade union representative, and his speech was a clear indication of the non-political undercurrent towards the left which may shake the Bolshevik position and will most certainly come into violent conflict with any definitely bourgeois government that may be brought in by counter-revolution.

The Third International.*

The meeting March 3d was in a smallish room in the Kremlin, with a dias at one end, in the old Courts of Justice built in the time of Catherine the Second, who would certainly have turned in her grave if she had known the use to which it was being put. Two very smart soldiers of the Red Army were guarding the doors. The whole room, including the floor, was decorated in red. There were banners with "Long Live the Third International" inscribed upon them in many languages. The Praesidium was on the raised dais at the end of the room, Lenin sitting in the middle behind a long red-covered table, with Albrecht, a young German Spartacist, on the right, and Platten, the Swiss, on the left. The auditorium sloped down to the foot of the dais. Chairs were arranged on each side of an alleyway down the middle, and the four or five front rows had little tables for convenience in writing. Everybody of importance

*An account of the organization of "The New International," and a discussion of its manifesto, was given in the July issue of this magazine.—Editor's Note.

was there—Trotzky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Chicherin, Bucherin, Karakhan, Litvinov, Vorovsky, Steklov, Rakovsky, representing here the Balkan Socialist Party; Skripnyp, representing the Ukraine. Then there were Stang (Norwegian Left Socialists), Grimlund (Swedish Left), Sadoul (France), Finberg (British Socialist Party), Reinstein (American Socialist Labor Party), a Turk, a German-Austrian, a Chinese, and so on. Business was conducted and speeches were made in all languages, though where possible German was used, because more of the foreigners knew German than knew French. This was unlucky for me.

Trotzky, in a leather coat, military breeches and gaiters, with a fur hat with the sign of the Red Army in front, was looking very well, but a strange figure for those who had known him as one of the greatest antimilitarists in Europe. Lenin sat quietly listening, speaking when necessary in almost every European language with astonishing ease. Balabanova talked about Italy and seemed happy at last, even in Soviet Russia, to be once more in a "secret meeting." It was really an extraordinary affair, and, in spite of some childishness, I could not help realizing that I was present at something that will go down in the histories of socialism, much like that other strange meeting convened in London in 1848.

* * *

March 6th.—The conference in the Kremlin ended with the usual singing and a photograph. Some time before the end, when Trotzky had just finished speaking and had left the tribune, there was a squeal of protest from the photographer who had just trained his apparatus. Someone remarked, "The dictatorship of the photographer," and, amid general laughter, Trotzky had to return to the tribune and stand silent while the unabashed photographer took two pictures. The founding of the Third International had been proclaimed in the morning papers, and an extraordinary meeting in the Great Theater announced for the evening. I got to the theater at about five, and had difficulty in getting in, though I had a special ticket as a correspondent. There were queues outside all the doors. The Moscow Soviet was there, the Executive Committee, representatives of the trade unions and the factory committees, etc. The huge theater and the platform were crammed, people standing in the aisles, and even packed close together in the wings of the stage. Kamenev opened the meeting by a solemn announcement of the founding of the Third International in the Kremlin. There was a roar of applause from the audience, which rose and sang the "International" in a way that I have never heard it sung since the All-Russian Assembly when the news came of the strikes in Germany during the Brest negotiations. Kamenev then spoke of those who had died on the way, mentioning Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, and the whole theater stood again while the or-

chestra played "You Fell as Victims." Then Lenin spoke. If I had ever thought that Lenin was losing his personal popularity, I got my answer now. It was a long time before he could speak at all, everybody standing and drowning his attempts to speak with roar after roar of applause. It was an extraordinary, overwhelming scene, tier after tier crammed with workmen, the parterre filled, the whole platform and the wings. A knot of workwomen were close to me, and they almost fought to see him, and shouted as if each one were determined that he should hear her in particular. He spoke as usual, in the simplest way, emphasizing the fact that the revolutionary struggle everywhere was forced to use the Soviet forms. "We declare our solidarity with the aims of the Soviets," he read from an Italian paper, and added, "and that was when they did not know what our aims were, and before we had an established programme ourselves." Albrecht made a very long reasoned speech for the Spartacans, which was translated by Trotzky. Guilbeau, seemingly a mere child, spoke of the Socialist movement in France. Steklov was translating him when I left. You must remember that I had nearly two years of such meetings and am not a Russian. When I got outside the theater I found at each door a disappointed crowd that had been unable to get in.

The proceedings finished up next day with a review in the Red Square and a general holiday.

If the Berne delegates had come, as they were expected, they would have been told by the Communists that they were welcome visitors, but that they were not regarded as representing the International. There would then have issued a lively battle over each one of the Lefter delegates, the Mensheviks urging him to stick to Berne and the Communists urging him to express allegiance to the Kremlin. There would have been demonstrations, and altogether I am very sorry that it did not happen, and that I was not there to see.

Last Talk With Lenin.

I went to see Lenin the day after the Review in the Red Square and the general holiday in honor of the Third International. The first thing he said was: "I am afraid that the jingoes in England and France will make use of yesterday's doings as an excuse for further action against us. They will say, 'How can we leave them in peace when they set about setting the world on fire?' To that I would answer: 'We are at war, messieurs! And just as during your war you tried to make revolution in Germany, and Germany did her best to make trouble in Ireland and India, so we, while we are at war with you, adopt the measures that are open to us. We have told you we are willing to make peace.'"

He spoke of Chicherin's last note, and said they based all their hopes on it. Balfour had said somewhere, "Let the fire burn itself out." That would not do. But the

quickest way of restoring good conditions in Russia was, of course, peace and agreement with the Allies. "I am sure we could come to terms, if they want to come to terms at all. England and America would be willing, perhaps, if their hands were not tied by France. But intervention in the large sense can now hardly be. They must have learned that Russia could never be governed as India is governed, and that sending troops here is the same thing as sending them to a Communist university."

I said something about the general hostility to their propaganda noticeable in foreign countries.

LENIN.—"Let them build a Chinese wall round each of their countries. They have their customs officers, their frontiers, their coast guards. They can expel any Bolsheviks they wish. Revolution does not depend on propaganda. If the conditions of revolution are not there no sort of propaganda will either hasten or impede it. The war has brought about those conditions in all countries, and I am convinced that if Russia were to be swallowed up by the sea, were to cease to exist altogether, the revolution in the rest of Europe would go on. Put Russia under water for twenty years, and you would not affect by a shilling or an hour a week the demands of the shop-stewards in England."

I told him, what I have told most of them many times, that I did not believe there would be a revolution in England.

LENIN.—"We have a saying that a man may have typhoid while still on his legs. Twenty, maybe thirty, years ago I had abortive typhoid, and was going about with it, had had it some days before it knocked me over. Well, England and France and Italy have caught the disease already. England may seem to you to be untouched, but the microbe is already there."

I said that just as his typhoid was abortive typhoid, so the disturbances in England to which he alluded might well be abortive revolution and come to nothing. I told him the vague, disconnected character of the strikes and the generally liberal as opposed to socialist character of the movement, so far as it was political at all, reminded me of what I had heard of 1905 in Russia and not at all of 1917, and that I was sure it would settle down.

LENIN.—"Yes, that is possible. It is, perhaps, an educative period, in which the English workmen will come to realize their political needs and turn from liberalism to socialism. Socialism is certainly weak in England. Your Socialist movements, your Socialist parties . . . when I was in England I zealously attended everything I could, and for a country with so large an industrial population they were pitiable, pitiable . . . a handful at a street corner . . . a meeting in a drawing room . . . a school class . . . pitiable. But you must remember one great difference between Russia of 1905 and England to-day. Our first Soviet in Russia was made during the revolution. Your shop-stewards'

committees have been in existence long before. They are without programme, without direction, but the opposition they will meet will force a programme upon them."

Speaking of the expected visit of the Berne delegation, he asked me if I knew Macdonald, whose name had been substituted for that of Henderson in later telegrams announcing their coming. He said: "I am very glad Macdonald is coming instead of Henderson. Of course, Macdonald is not a Marxist in any sense of the word, but he is at least interested in theory, and can therefore be trusted to do his best to understand what is happening here. More than that we do not ask."

He then talked a little on a subject that interests me very much, namely, the way in which insensibly, quite apart from war, the Communist theories are being modified in the difficult process of their translation into practice. We talked of the changes in "workers' control," which is now a very different thing from the wild committee business that at first made work almost impossible. We talked then of the antipathy of the peasants to compulsory communism, and how that idea also had been considerably whittled away. I asked him what were going to be the relations between the Communists of the towns and the property-loving peasants, and whether there was not great danger of antipathy between them, and said I regretted leaving too soon to see the elasticity of the Communist theories tested by the inevitable pressure of the peasantry.

Lenin said that in Russia there was a pretty sharp distinction between the rich peasants and the poor. "The only opposition we have here in Russia is directly or indirectly due to the rich peasants. The poor, as soon as they are liberated from the political domination of the rich, are on our side and are in an enormous majority."

I said that would not be so in the Ukraine, where property among the peasants is much more equally distributed.

LENIN.—"No. And there, in the Ukraine, you will certainly see our policy modified. Civil war, whatever happens, is likely to be more bitter in the Ukraine than elsewhere, because there the instinct of property has been further developed in the peasantry, and the minority and majority will be more equal."

He asked me if I meant to return, saying that I could go down to Kiev to watch the revolution there as I had watched it in Moscow. I said I should be very sorry to think that this was my last visit to the country which I love only second to my own. He laughed, and paid me the compliment of saying that "although English," I had more or less succeeded in understanding what they were at, and that he should be pleased to see me again.

March 15th.—There is nothing to record about the last few days of my visit, fully occupied as they were with preparations for departure. I left with the two Americans, Messrs. Bullitt and Steffens, who had come to

Moscow some days previously, and traveled up in the train with Bill Shatov, the Commandant of Petrograd, who is not a Bolshevik but a fervent admirer of Prince Kropotkin, for the distribution of whose works in Russia he has probably done as much as any man. Shatov was an emigre in New York, returned to Russia, brought law an order into the chaos of the Petrograd-Moscow railway, never lost a chance of doing a good turn to an American, and with his level-headedness and practical sense became one of the hardest worked servants of the Soviet, although, as he said, the moment people stopped attacking them he would be the first to pull down the Bolsheviks. He went into the occupied provinces during the German evacuation of them to buy arms and ammunition from the German soldiers. Prices, he said, ran low. You could buy rifles for a mark each, field guns for 150 marks, and a field wireless station for 500. He had then been made Commandant of Petrograd, although there had been some talk of setting him to reorganize the transport. Asked how long he thought the Soviet government could hold out, he replied, "We can afford to starve another year for the sake of the Revolution."

LOVERS

STUDIOUS vagrant,
Happy a-roam;
Knowing no yearning,
Needing no home.

I, all uncertain,
Wondering—you
Tirelessly serving
A grim world and new.

You with your midnight
Thoughtful and cold;
I with my sunshine
Heady and bold.

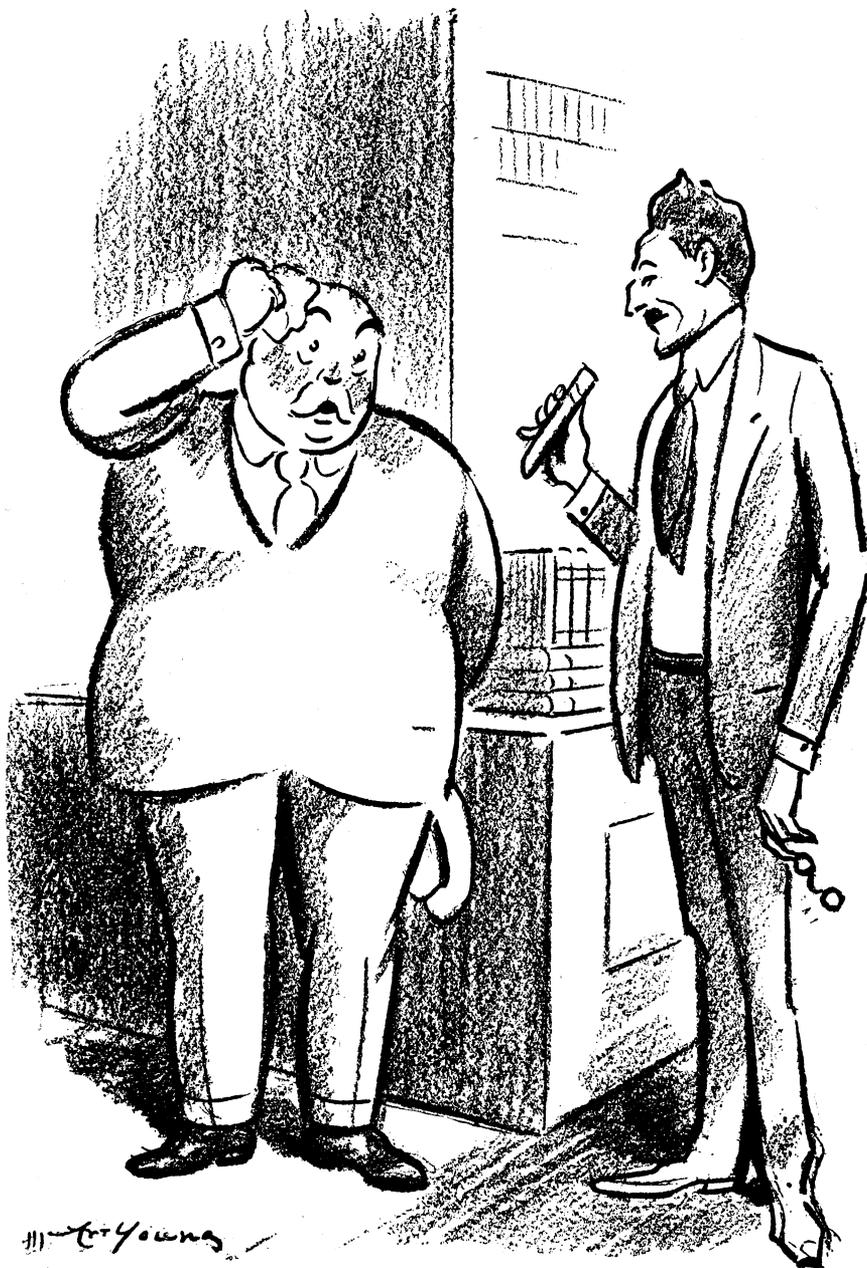
I with a thousand
Ardors to guest;
You with a single
Passionate quest.

Why are we lovers?
So different we are—
I with my fireflies,
You with your star!

Anne Herendeen.

THE illegal raids conducted by the Lusk Committee have not hindered the operation of the Rand School. The School asks us to announce that it is open and will continue its work as usual.

ARTHUR RANSOME'S account of his recent visit to Moscow, "Russia in 1919," will be published by W. B. Huebsch. The whole book is as simple, vivid and truth-telling as his article in this issue.



"Got any books on profit-sharing?"

The Clerk: "No, but here's the book in demand now—
Lenin on the Dictatorship of the proletariat."

Woodrow Wilson's



Recognition and help to the government of Finland, representing a minority, with despotism and horrors unspeakable.

Foreign Policy



Assault and attempt to kill the government of Russia, representing nine-tenths of the Russian people and the highest ideals of applied democracy.

Art Young

Glimpses Behind the Scenes

A Private Letter Made Public.

YOU remember those famous "open covenants, openly arrived at." And you know what we got. But perhaps you would like to know how the Big Five put the quietus to Wilson's first proposition? Well, that was before the Allied War Council camouflaged itself as a Peace Conference or League of Nations. The worthy commissioners spent two or three days in the middle of January on this publicity question—in secret, of course. On January 15th their private decision was there would be no annoying—or any—correspondents at the opening meeting of the Peace Conference. The Am. and Eng. raised their protest, and the commissioners of the French, Eng., U. S. and Italy (Clemenceau, Pichon, Lloyd George, Balfour, Wilson, Lansing, Sonino) debated the question again on January 16th (My God, how those men discuss things—they spent practically one afternoon about this time trying to decide what should be the official language of the conference. The French wanted French only; and Lloyd George declared French was the traditional diplomatic language, but now that the U. S. had entered into European affairs, he felt that the majority of the Allied peoples spoke English, and so English must be the language of the conference. Wilson tactfully backed him, but suggested having both. All right, says Clem., but in case of question the decision will be made from the French version. Nothing of the sort, cry George and Wilson—that brings us to the point of having French as official language. And Sonino wanted Italian used, too, so Italians would not feel slighted. They overruled him, and compromised at last on English and French. But the arguments they brought up! And the time they took—and the world still on fire.)

Well, this is the Jan. 16th press debate: Lloyd George was the man who backed secrecy, more than any one of the others. He said he wasn't afraid to face the press. He wanted secrecy, he said, so that he could be free to do one thing one day and the opposite the next day. That's what they all really wanted to do.

Wilson's idea was to tell the correspondents everything—take them into entire confidence, explain the seriousness of the situation, and trust to their discretion.

He said he preferred telling them the facts straight, for they would get them anyway. There are always leaks and they hurt more than trusting in the press. He mentioned a story in the Daily Mail the previous day, giving his views—very accurately—as

a case in point. Of course, this didn't sit well with the commissioners. Lloyd George didn't mind the leaks—they weren't "official"—and listen to this idea of his:

"Unless a news story is exactly true in all its details, we can always truthfully deny its veracity!" That was his policy. A thing to remember. Sonino hadn't yet reached this level of political morality. He wasn't very emphatic either way on the press, but thought the conference should have a bureau to deny all really false news.

Well, says George, that will end by making people believe all other stories not denied are true. The press can get at the facts then simply by publishing different guesses and letting the conference denials or non-denials do the rest. Clemenceau declared the American and British had no censor, while France still had.

Such a condition couldn't continue—though it has. Either no censor anywhere, or censor everywhere. He couldn't prevent French papers from reprinting news printed in America or England, and French press wouldn't stand long for that (unfortunately it has). If I remember right, George said there was still a censor in England, and I know he said



"Shell out!"

he had a man over here with him, Sir Someone, "to handle the press."

Clemenceau asked Wilson if he had anyone. "Yes," says W., "I've got a man to handle the press." "Who?" "Ray Stannard Baker." Clem. spoke of some bitter attacks against him or France, I forget which, in the New York Tribune, and asked Wilson to stop them. Wilson said he would, or had already, telegraphed to the editor of the Tribune about the matter. Wilson spoke of his being bitterly criticised by his opponents because the government took over cables, and said he couldn't think of trying to re-establish censor in United States. Clem. is blamed largely for the secrecy, but, though I am sure he favored it, it was Lloyd George who led the fight against publicity, and Wilson compromised, gave in, as he has since so often done—and, God! the man had all the popular support in the world here. His only salvation was full publicity, appealing to the people instead of the governments. Well, you know how much publicity the real "arranging" of the peace got—no need for me to go into that. Enough for me to tell you little facts which you didn't read in the newspapers.

Remember the proposed Russian conference at Prinkipo? Like to know how it was decided upon by the Big Five?—or rather Four, for Japan was absent. Same delegates as above named, meeting Jan. 16th. *La Humanite* a few days before had published secret documents showing English government had proposed to meet and talk with Soviets, and that French Govt. had absolutely rejected the idea. That raised a devil of a stir. So Lloyd George at this session began by explaining what he meant by the proposal. The French had misunderstood. He hadn't any idea of recognizing the Bolsheviks. He simply meant to "summon" them and the other Russian govts. before the great Powers and have them "give an account of themselves." He launched into a long speech defending his proposal; the reasons for making it were: 1. The real facts about the situation in Russia were not known. (Most of Allied information about Soviet comes second hand, I'll say.) 2. Conditions in Russia very bad. "The Allies' hopes that the Bolsheviks would collapse had not been realized. They are reported to be stronger than ever." "Not the business of Powers to intervene, lending financial aid, ammunitions, to either side."

There were only three possible policies: First—Military intervention. "Idea of crushing Soviets by military force was pure madness. Germany with million men could only hold fringe of Russia—so how many men would be necessary for occupation of Russia? . . . There would be mutiny in British, United States, Canadian and French armies if they proposed sending army to Russia to put down the Bolsheviks."

Second—Economic blockade—the cordon sanitaire of French policy. "Inhumane" and wouldn't hurt Bolsheviks, said Lloyd George, but would starve our friends. "Not health cordon, but death cordon." The Russians who some thought would overthrow Bolsheviks were Denikin and Kolchak, but they were both "weak." The Tchecho-Slovaks?—they refused to fight any longer. The Russian army? "Not to be trusted." It had been reported that a Bolshevik army had gone over to Kolchak's troops at Perm, but Lloyd George wasn't certain but that the reverse was true." Kolchak (head of the Omsk govt.) seemed to be a "monarchist." (Plenty of evidence to this effect, I might add.) Tchecho-Slovak troops in Siberia were finding this out, and no longer trusted him, as they were "democratic and sympathetic toward aspirations of Russian Revolution."

Third—The British proposal: "Summon these people to Paris to appear before those present, *as Rome used to do with outlying tributary states*, to render account of their actions." (My italics.) "Can't come to agreement on one-half of Europe and leave other half in flames." Must settle question or make fools of themselves. Had been proposed that Sazonoff be heard. Lloyd George dismissed him rather brusquely: "A partisan"—"can't speak by personal observation of Denikin or Omsk govts., for he (Saz) had never been in contact with them and was not now in direct contact with Omsk." As for fear of Bolshevik delegates converting France and England, Lloyd George poo-poo'd the idea. "The surest way to do that is



Daughters of the American Revolution
Hearing a Revolutionary Speech

by military intervention." If he should attempt to send troops to Russia, it would "mean a Soviet in London." He was not afraid of the intelligent educated democracies, "including Germany," going Bolshevik, if they knew what Bolshevism was. His idea was to have the Russians give an account of themselves to the Great Powers—not to the Peace Conference.

That is about all he said—oh, no. In talking of Denikin and Kolchak he mentioned that it was reported these two governments had "united." But when he looked at the map, saw Denikin down by the Black Sea and Kolchak up on the other side of the Ural Mountains, with the Bolsheviks between them, he wasn't much impressed by their joining hands.

The French then spoke, only to suggest that the council hear their former Ambassador to Russia, M. Noulens, whom everyone knew was bitterly opposed to the Soviets.

Then Wilson spoke. He backed the L. G. proposal. But thought it was desirable to bring it out more definitely. "If it were not for the fact of the domination of large vested interests in the political and economic world—" (I forget what his conclusion was, but it is interesting to see where he started from). Society, he said, can't continue on the present plane of distrust between capital and labor. The world was disturbed by this same question before the Bolsheviks came into power. The soil was prepared for them. He thought the reason United States and British troops did not want to fight Bolshevism was fear that the result would be to establish the old regime in power again. He mentioned as an example of the American feeling toward Russia a speech he had recently made before a "well-dressed" audience in New York. He had referred casually in it to Russia, saying that the United States would do its utmost to aid her suppressed people. The audience showed the "greatest enthusiasm"—"surprised him." He regarded this as an index of how the public felt.

The Bolsheviks argued, he said, that the Soviets stood between Russia and foreign military domination. If they were freed from the menace of attack they might lose their influence. The Conference would be against the free spirit of the world if Russia was not given a chance to find herself along lines of utter freedom. If Bolshevism would promise to withdraw from Poland and

Lithuania, and would refrain from reprisals and outrages, he was ready to receive representatives from as many groups and centers as chose to come, and he would try to help them reach a solution of their problems. (It didn't seem to occur to him that any guarantees should be given against the White Terror—my remark.) British policy might lead nowhere, but this at least could be found out.

The worthy gentlemen then agree that it was best for them to hear what M. Noulens and M. Scavenius had to say about Russia, and feeling they had done a good day's work, knocked off for the afternoon.

That was how they decided about Russia one day. There were other days, of course, and other decisions. Perhaps their frank talk about the Russian situation may surprise you—but they really know the facts.

Oh, yes, they know the facts all right.

Well, that will have to do for this time. Besides, I want to be sure that this has reached you before I squander my leisure and midnight electricity on more of this amusing tale.



Reds

The Bear: "My God, and she could store hers!"

May Day In Paris

By An American

FRANCE is being driven to Revolution. France, whose president confidently defined Bolshevism as "a disease which attacks only conquered nations." France, at whose capital the so-called "Peace" Conference has been sitting behind closed doors for five months. At the very moment that the German delegates are assembled at Versailles the revolutionary spirit is becoming stronger every day in France.

France is being driven to Revolution. Not by the leaders of the Syndicats and Socialists. Up to the first of May they regarded Revolution as a more or less distant goal. They held back their followers. They counselled moderation. They gave their full support to President Wilson. It is not the leaders of the proletariat, it is the stupidity, the brutality of the Clemenceau government and of the ruling class in general which is driving France to Revolution.

Whether the fall of the ministry of the violent Clemenceau—which is likely to come at any time now—will delay the revolutionary movement, I do not know. Much depends upon what happens during this month of May.

To understand the situation in France today—after the general strike throughout the country on May 1st and the street fighting that day in Paris where two workmen were shot and killed, more than 500 workmen, including women and children, and 429 policemen injured—it is necessary for Americans to know what has been going on in France since the armistice.

Here are some of the significant facts: The demobilizing of the army has been very slow. The classes which have been in the army for six years are not yet demobilized. The cost of living has been increasing all the time. The situation became so serious at Paris that the government recently began selling foodstuffs direct to the population at prices 40 to 60 per cent lower than those prevailing in the markets. Lodging at any price is extremely difficult to find in Paris.

Wages have risen, but nowhere in proportion to prices. There are workmen who are getting the same wages which they received before the war. The French civilians hired by the A. E. F. are paid the "going wage" in the locality in which they work. The girls in the U. S. Army salvage depot at St. Nazaire are paid six francs (\$1) for working ten hours under most unsanitary conditions. American soldiers who have to live at St. Nazaire as civilians

are allowed 12 francs a day for food alone. And they will tell you that it is impossible to get three square meals for 12 francs.

That much for the economic situation. Now as to the political situation. The censorship is still in power in France. It is as strict as ever. One liberal Paris evening paper, Bonsoir, was seized by the authorities on three different days during the week preceding May 1st. The first time was for reprinting from the London Daily Mail an interview with Marshal Foch in which he argued that the northern boundary of France should be the Rhine. The next time for an article on the censorship. The third time for reprinting a paragraph which the censor allowed the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune to publish. The story said that Clemenceau and Lloyd George had given their approval to Wilson's memorandum to Italy on Fiume before it was published.

Then, the government has issued no amnesty proclamation for the many Frenchmen in prison for political reasons. Instead the court martials are still busy increasing their number. And Paris is still under the state of siege—the military government—proclaimed at the beginning of the war. General elections are overdue but no definite date has been set for them, although the registration of voters was recently ended.

As for the Peace Conference, the working class has lost its faith in the power of Wilson, though it still regards him as a friend, for he is bitterly criticised by all the bourgeois press in France. The working class has never had confidence in the Clemenceau government. It is strongly opposed to his imperialistic policy and to intervention in Russia.

No outline of the political situation in France today would be complete without reference to the acquittal by a bourgeois jury last March of Villain, the man who assassinated Jaures at the outbreak of the war. Jaures was the acknowledged leader of the French proletariat. He was generally conceded to have been one of the really great Frenchmen. At the trial of his assassin, not only the Socialists and Syndicalists, who, as a body, almost idolize him, but men from other parties, former prime ministers, Sorbonne professors, generals, paid homage to Jaures on the witness stand. The trial consisted of but one eulogy after another—there was no question at all of the guilt of Villain. His attorneys merely pleaded that he had been actuated by the "noble motive of patriot-

ism." They told the jury that if it condemned Villain it would thus be giving its approval to the anti-war teachings of Jaures.

It is not too much to say that all France was stupefied by the verdict. The acquittal was even condemned by the bourgeois press. Everyone compared it to the Cottin verdict. Cottin who had lightly wounded Clemenceau, was tried by court-martial within a month and condemned to death.* Villain, who had killed Jaures, was tried by jury, five years after his crime, and went scot free.

All over France there were manifestations, meetings, parades, strikes, in protest against the verdict. At Paris on Sunday, April 6th, for three hours I watched Socialists and Syndicalists, 150,000 strong, march by the bust of Jaures, dipping their red flags before the statue of their martyred dead. A Poilu or French officer in the parade would step out, time and again, take off his war cross or military medal, and pin it to the velvet upon which the bust rested.

The manifestants paraded for nearly a mile, singing the Internationale and hooting Clemenceau. The broad avenue Henri Martin was lined with a crowd of nearly 150,000. The great majority of the crowd cheered the manifestants and wore the red insignia of revolt. This was the first time since the war that a red flag had appeared on a street in Paris.

There were a few policemen scattered along the route of the parade to keep the crowd back. The manifestants had promised to appoint their own comrades to assure order and they did. There was no trouble until near the end of the parade when a group of police came out of one of their stations and seized the placard which the Anarchist section was carrying. This placard bore a quotation from Clemenceau—the Clemenceau of other days. It was, "What can we say of the judges? They do their job—what they are told to do." And on the other side, another quotation from Clemenceau: "Shame on a country where one must keep silent." The seizing of this placard started a small fight, in which several workmen and policemen were beaten up. Order was restored by the delegates of the workmen. After the parade was over there were several small fights with police, in which a number on both sides received injuries. Nothing at all serious developed, and the press, for the most part, admitted that the parade had gone off with excellent order.

This Jaures manifestation served not only as a vigorous protest, but it also gave the Parisian workers a sense of their own strength. The Socialist movement has been increasing rapidly since the radical left got control of the party and its daily paper, Humanite, in October, 1918. The circulation of Humanite under Renaudel and the moderate right had dropped to

40,000. Its circulation April 20, 1918, was 137,000. On April 30 it was 187,000 and on May 2, 220,000. Since then it has remained around 208,000, and in the last two months it has raised over 300,000 francs by popular subscription to increase the size of the paper. In the last election, 1914, the Socialists elected 101 deputies to the national chamber, or one-fifth of the total number of deputies.

As to the Syndicalists, their growth since the armistice has been astounding. Before the war the C. G. T., the general federation of syndicats in France, had a paid membership of 600,000. Figures are not available on its present membership but new syndicats are now affiliating with it almost every week. The syndicat of the minor employes of the State—the postal clerks, letter carriers, telephone girls, telegraphers, customs clerks, etc.—lately aligned themselves with the C. G. T. So have the bank employes, the teachers in the high schools and grade schools, and the musicians and theatrical actors have formed labor syndicats. And some of the intellectuals are advocating that the liberal professions and technical men form a syndicat and adhere to the C. G. T.* As for the spirit of solidarity among the syndicalists, no one who was in France on May 1, 1919, will question that. Nor will he believe the old story that the C. G. T. is still hostile to the Socialist party. The C. G. T. had kept out of politics in the past, but the program for which it called the general strike May 1st consisted of two economic and six political demands. The entire program was endorsed by the Socialist party, which is working hand in hand with the Syndicalists.

A few days before May 1st, big red posters were pasted all over Paris, signed in big type by a "Confederation Nationale du Travail," urging workmen not to quit work on May 1st and participate in this "Bolshevik" demonstration. Obviously, it was a trick to confuse the thoughtless by the similarity of the name to the "Confederation Generale du Travail" and to create the impression that the forces of Labor were divided over the May 1st manifestation.

On April 30th the posters of the C. G. T. were on the walls of the city. They called upon every workman and woman not to work on May 1st:

TO DEMAND	TO PROTEST AGAINST
The 8-hour day;	Intervention in Russia;
An amnesty for all;	The form of the present
Rapid and complete demobilization;	tax on wages;
A just peace and disarmament.	The state of siege;
	The censorship.

The Paris section of the C. G. T. decided on April 29th, by a vote of 63 to 54, to parade from the Place de la Concorde over the main boulevards to the Place

*Since changed to 10 years in prison.

*This, we learn from the press, they have since done.—Editorial Note.

de la Republique on May 1st. The government announced the next morning that it would not permit any manifestations on the streets of Paris on that day, adding that troops had been brought in from the provinces and would be placed, with police reserves, "discreetly" around the city. Street parades and meetings were authorized in all the other cities of France for May 1st. The Paris Syndicats felt that they had shown their moderation by the order in which the Jaures manifestation had gone off. They decided to hold the May 1st parade despite the government's prohibition.

Comes May the first. Never was there so general a strike, so complete a general strike in the history of France. What happened in Paris was true in all the cities of the country. Bakeries, butcher shops and grocery stores were permitted by the Syndicats to remain open until noon. Some of them did so, but they had few customers, for nearly everyone had laid in supplies for several days. "At noon," says *Le Temps*, the organ of the bourgeoisie, "in this Paris empty and silent, the cessation of work would have been total, if the post and telegraph offices had not continued their services." And the personnel of these services showed their solidarity with their comrades by quitting work for a certain period during the day, according to the Syndicat plans. The same was true of the personnel of the gas and electric services and of the railway stations. As for the railwaymen, they struck for periods of time varying with their work. All the trains were stopped for one minute.

Save for these exceptions, there was no work done in Paris on May 1st. All transportation within the city was stopped—none of the subway trains, street cars or auto-busses ran. There was not a taxi to be seen on the streets—not a vehicle in fact except a few French, American and British military automobiles. At noon there were only a few pedestrians on the main boulevards and other streets usually full of people. Iron shutters covered the windows of the stores. The restaurants were all closed. So were the theatres, moving picture shows and other places of amusement. And the innumerable drinking cafes and bars—never shut in Paris except from 11:30 at night until 6 in the morning—were closed this day by the strike of the waiters. Not a newspaper appeared during the day, except a special number of the *Voix du Peuple*, the weekly official organ of the C. G. T.

Such was the situation in Paris—and throughout France—on May 1st. And it was due to the strike of the working class and not to the action of the government. It was not a "Labor Holiday," as the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* attempted to make the American soldiers believe. A. E. F. members were ordered to keep off the streets, except when on duty, and not to mingle with the crowd.

The Syndicats devoted the morning to meetings held in buildings in all parts of Paris at which commemorative cards, giving the C. G. T. demands, which I have already stated, were distributed to the workers. About 1 o'clock troops, cavalry and infantry began gathering in the city, taking up positions on the principal streets and places. They were fully armed. Reserves of police and of the "Republican Guards" were much in evidence. Their number was augmented by secret police which had been called in from provincial cities. In the face of this display of armed force and the bad weather—it rained the greater part of the day—many began to think that there would be no attempt to hold the manifestation. And everything was quiet until about 2:30, though a crowd was gathering along the route for the parade, most of them wearing red insignia.

The Rue Royale, a short street leading to the Place de la Concorde, was barred in front of the Madeleine church by a double line of infantry, rifles in hand. Police reserves were on either hand, and a block behind was a troop of cavalry. A crowd of about 4,000 manifestants filled the place in front of the Madeleine. They were singing the International and cheering the troops. I was right back of the infantry, when the crowd of men—many of whom were soldiers—and women with hands upraised, with smiles and shouts of "Vive les Poilus!" came slowly en masse toward the troops. The infantry line, which had looked formidable a minute before, gave way without resistance. The crowd, joyfully crying, "They're with us!" surged through, only to run up against the line of cavalry. But it gave way in the same manner and the manifestants gained the Place de la Concorde, from which the parade was to start.

Immediately a troop of cavalry rode through the crowd, walking their horses. The manifestants gave way, cheering the soldiers, and reassembled. Then, while they were doing nothing at all, a group of about 50 police came charging on the run at the crowd. I know, for I was in the crowd. Everyone began to scatter but that didn't prevent the police from knocking down stragglers right and left, mostly with their fists. I got hit behind the ear by a passing policeman. Naturally some resisted. From then on the street fighting began and it continued with increasing bitterness on both sides. At the very corner of the Hotel Crillon, where the American Peace delegation is housed, I saw two burly policemen beating up a small French soldier, who wore the War Cross, while a third policeman stood by. Then the police ran off, but one of them didn't get away fast enough to escape several blows on the head from canes.

The crowd had time to reform, and marched past the Hotel Crillon, hooting Clemenceau and cheering Wilson. The hotel balconies and roof were crowded

with Americans, some of whom waved at the crowd. A little later it was driven up the Rue Royale again, past the line of cavalry, by the police.

The bugle of the infantry at the Madeleine was blowing furiously and I ran up there. It was a double line of bayonets which now faced a crowd of about 8,000. And in front of the troops stood an officer with his automatic leveled at the crowd, not six feet distant. Two red flags stood out in the crowd, the banners of sections of the Socialist party. And in front of me a group of crippled soldiers held high this placard, "Workmen's Association of Soldiers Mutilated in the War." Those in the front part of the crowd were pleading with the soldiers, many of whom looked thoroughly sick of their job.

Then the crowd, arms upstretched, began to move slowly on toward the gleaming bayonets. A tense moment. The bayonets shivered nervously, irresolutely. After 51 months of war—before the poilus had made their triumphal march in Paris—was it to be? No. The bayonets gave way. They had not fought for this. The crowd poured through the breach at the side of the officer with the automatic, red banners waving triumphantly. Working girls and grizzled workmen stopped to take the poilus in their arms, hugging and kissing them, while tears of joy ran down their cheeks. Some of the soldiers, blushing with emotion, momentarily forgot their rifles, which were handed back to them by workmen.

All this time I had been standing right behind the infantry, but now I ran on with the crowd toward the cavalry. About a thousand of the crowd had already passed it. I arrived just as a cavalry officer seized one of the red flags and the police on foot behind the cavalry charged on the crowd with sabers drawn. The crowd fled up side streets, but it was hemmed in on all sides by police. The flat sides of the sabers were used at first, but later the edges, and blood began flowing. Leon Jouhaux, general secretary of the C. G. T., tried to reason with the police. Then arrived a hose wagon from the fire department and a jet of water was thrown on the crowd for a moment. The newspapers next day charged that some one in the crowd fired on the police here. I was there on the spot and heard no shooting. Jouhaux asked the crowd to leave, and others backed him up, saying they were the weaker here and calling on the manifestants to turn and march to the Place de la Republique for a monster manifestation there with their comrades who had been separated from them.

This was done. I marched with the crowd up the boulevards to the Opera. Here mounted police barred the boulevard route. The crowd, increasing in size all the time, avoided them quietly and went up a parallel street, the rue Quatre Septembre. Thus it marched for about a mile, singing the International and chant-

ing, "Hou! hou! Clemenceau!" There was not a policeman along this route, and there was no trouble. The crowd passed the Stock Exchange, which was unguarded, without making any manifestation, though the employees of the banks and exchange had voted the previous day a strike for higher wages. This street is the silk and dry-goods district. The garment workers had been on strike for a week. A few scattering small stones were thrown at three of the stores, doing no damage. That was all until the parade neared the Place de la Republique.

Here it encountered police reserves, on horse and on foot. The police charged with their sabers on the crowd, scattering it. But it always re-assembled. There was one saber charge after another. Those in the crowd who couldn't get out of the way quickly were mercilessly cut down by the police. Even women and children. I saw women, separated from the crowd, knocked down by policemen and I saw others cut in the head by police sabers. The police seemed to really enjoy their work. I've never seen such fury, such brutality. I saw one man step out of his house on the sidewalk just as the police were rushing by in pursuit of a crowd. Three of the police immediately fell on him with their sabers, and he ran for dear life. The mounted police, sabers flashing, charged on the run into the crowd in the Place de la Republique several times.

The crowd by this time would flee panic-stricken as soon as the police made a move in its direction. But some of the boys and young men had already begun to smash on the sidewalks the iron grates around the trees, using the chunks to throw at the police.

Cavalry began pouring into the place, blocking all the entrances to it. Ambulances flying a Red Cross flag were rushing by. It all looked warlike enough. And dominating the scene was the monument to the Republic, with bas-reliefs depicting the former revolutions in France.

But the trouble was not limited to these places which I have described and which I witnessed. It was going on in many parts of Paris. Near the Opera one Syndicalist, Charles Lowe, was shot and killed. By some one in the crowd, say the police. By a plain-clothes man, say witnesses who are willing to testify.

The most serious trouble took place at the Eastern railway station. By repeated saber charges of the police, on foot and on horse, the crowd was driven up the Boulevard Magenta to the railway station. Here a flag-pole was pulled up and with it and the iron gratings and guards from around the trees a barricade was erected which successfully stopped the mounted police charges. Two or three of the mounted police were knocked off their horses by the rain of chunks of iron they received from the crowd. Then the mounted police made a flank attack on the crowd from a side

street. The crowd took refuge behind the iron fence in front of the station. Then the foot-police charged with their revolvers drawn, firing point-blank into the crowd. There were no shots fired from the crowd. It fled in a panic through the only exits—the station doors. The police followed, using their sabers at close quarters. An American soldier, who was standing in front of the station awaiting his train, received in the lungs one of the bullets from the police. Thirty-six men and women from the crowd who had been badly injured were given first-aid treatment by the American Red Cross at the station. This account of the fighting here was told to me on the spot a half hour later by an American, a friend of mine, who was there at the station at the time. He was in the crowd while the police were firing on it. He saw the wounded American carried to the Red Cross. According to him, those in the crowd who were throwing things at the police were mostly boys and young men.

Here is the account given in the *Petit Journal* of this same fight:

"The storm becoming threatening, M. Morard (in charge of the police), at the end of his patience, ordered a new charge. A moment truly impressive. With their horses at a gallop the Republican Guards went to the assault of the Eastern Railway station, while the police, sabers drawn or armed with their revolvers, attacked the approach of the station. There were yells of 'Death to the cows!*' 'At the assassins!'"

The *Petit Journal* is the organ of M. Stephen Pichon, French Minister of Foreign Affairs. I cite these stories of the fighting at the railway station for the especial reason that the next day the government officially announced that none of the soldiers had cartridges and *none of the police were armed with their revolvers*. I myself saw one policeman at the Place de la Republique draw his revolver and shoot in the air. And I know further that the plain-clothes men were armed with automatics.

A friend of mine, an American civilian who is not a Socialist, passed by the corner of the Boulevards Sebastopol and St. Denis about 10 p. m. A crowd of several thousand had accumulated there, in small groups, talking over the events of the day. Just then the police charged from two directions. He, along with everyone else, started running. He saw a policeman knock a woman down with his saber and then kick her. He saw several policemen draw revolvers. One of them hit him on the head with the butt of his gun as he ran by. He fell, unconscious for a moment. When he staggered to his feet, blood streaming down his face, two policemen were beside him. "But I'm an American," he began in French. He is a small man and he was alone with them. They did not listen, but

both struck him with their sabers. One blow left a black and blue spot on his shoulder. The other cut through his overcoat and clothing and to the bone of his left arm. The police then ran on, and he made his way to an American Red Cross station, where his wounds were dressed. The revolver blow had cut open his scalp. His case is typical of many which we both witnessed during the day.

Intermittent fighting went on until 11 p. m. Troops were posted in the principal places, and around public buildings, stopping all circulation on several streets. The Places de la Republique and de la Concorde resembled cavalry encampments. The troops were withdrawn to their barracks by the government at 11:40 p. m.

The next day Paris resumed its usual appearance—outwardly. Underneath, the popular current was charged with emotion—horror, bitterness, anxiety—which no one acquainted with the city could escape noticing. The morning papers were sold out early. The circulation of Humanite, the Socialist paper, was 220,000, or 70,000 greater than ever before in its history. The misrepresentations which Americans are accustomed to reading in our press on similar occasions were thick in the accounts published by the bourgeois press. The *Journal du Peuple*, a Socialist daily, was seized that morning by the censor. The most inaccurate accounts of the day were those given by the three Paris dailies in English, *New York Herald*, *Chicago Tribune* and *London Daily Mail*.

Several Socialist deputies to Parliament and M. Leon Jouhaux, secretary of the C. G. T., were injured by the police during the day. One deputy, M. Paul Poncet, was badly beaten and his state was serious for several days. It was he who had once protested in Parliament because young and able-bodied policemen were not sent to the front when men 47 years old were being sent there.

M. Jouhaux, who had been named by the government as supplementary delegate to the Peace Conference, immediately sent in his resignation. Messrs. Compere-Morel and Buisson, moderate Socialist deputies, who were commissioners in the Clemenceau ministry, also resigned, so that now there is not a single Socialist or Syndicalist collaborating with the government.

From my personal observations the first of May at Paris, I can state that in all the fighting in all the thousands of manifestants I saw none of them who was armed with a gun or knife of any sort. Few of them had canes and, despite the rain, few had umbrellas. There were many chunks of iron and rocks thrown, but this was done mostly by street gamins and young men. I saw a number of policemen badly injured by missiles or blows from canes, but I saw three times as many in the crowd injured by the

*To call one a "cow" in France is considered a mortal insult.

sabers and billies of the police. The crowd lacked leaders and organization. It rarely showed any aggressive spirit. Most of the time the manifestants were running away from the police, though they nearly always came back when the police charged in another direction.

Aside from the completeness of the general strike, the most important feature of the day was the friendly attitude of most of the troops toward the manifestants. There was no mistaking it. And yet, these were picked companies, brought from the provinces. The Paris garrison was consigned to its barracks during the day. The bourgeois has been placing its reliance in the peasant soldiers. And here, all day long, they and the crowd fraternized. I never saw the least violence done by the troops to the manifestants. There was never trouble between the soldiers and the crowd, it began only when the police arrived. And after one police attack, I saw iron gratings broken into chunks in the street right in front of a troop of cavalry, which did not so much as raise a hand to stop the proceeding.

The Syndicalists and Socialists are extremely bitter toward M. Clemenceau, whom they hold personally responsible for the trouble May 1st. They recall former occasions when Clemenceau was in power and similar methods were used against the working class. Daniel Renoult, speaking of Clemenceau in *Humanite* May 2d, says: "The incapable, evil-doing and dirty personage, made notorious by his historical compromises with Cornelius Herz (the Panama Canal bribery affair) and the massacres of Raon-l'Etape, Nantes, Narbonne, Draveil and Villeneuve St. Georges, adds to his glories the bloody May First of 1919."

The labor leaders have decided to choose their own hour for a reply to the government which will be "more imposing" than that of May 1st. The Socialist deputies interpellated the government on the occurrences of the day when Parliament re-assembled May 6th. When M. Pams, Minister of the Interior, announced that he, and not M. Clemenceau, would answer for the government, the Socialist deputies in a body left the Chamber. They believed that Clemenceau was the man to answer them, not only because he is head of the government but because he is also Minister of War, and as such is directly responsible for the government of Paris while the state of siege continues in force.

M. Pams declared that street manifestations were authorized all over Paris after the Syndicat leaders had promised to be responsible for order. He added that they had all passed off in the best of order. The manifestation in Paris was forbidden because none of the labor leaders came to the government to ask permission for it and to promise to maintain order. As

a matter of fact, the Paris manifestation was decided late the night of April 28th. The morning papers next day announced that the government had forbidden any street manifestation on May 1st. It hardly gave the C. G. T. time to ask permission. And what is more to the point, I know that the Paris police long before this had been planning to "get even" with the Syndicalists on May 1st because of injuries some policeman had received after the Jaures demonstration. After M. Pams' speech the government received a unanimous vote of confidence—the opposition, having left the Chamber, did not vote. The vote should be attributed to international rather than domestic policy, for it was taken on the eve of the reading of the treaty of peace to the German delegates.

The immediate results of the "bloody May 1st" are that the French working class is more confident than ever of its own power, is stronger and more united and is filled with a much more revolutionary spirit.

And this is only the beginning.

Negro Poems

SPRING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Too green the springing April grass,
Too blue the silver-speckled sky,
For me to linger here, alas,
While happy winds go laughing by,
Wasting the golden hours indoors,
Washing windows and scrubbing floors.

Too wonderful the April night,
Too faintly sweet the first May flowers,
The stars too gloriously bright,
For me to spend the evening hours,
When fields are fresh and streams are leaping,
Wearied, exhausted, dully sleeping.

THE TIRED WORKER

O WHISPER, O my soul!—the afternoon
Is waning into evening—whisper soft!
Peace, O my rebel heart! for soon the moon
From out its misty veil will swing aloft!
Be patient, weary body, soon the night
Will wrap thee gently in her sable sheet,
And with a leaden sigh thou wilt invite
To rest thy tired hands and aching feet. . . .
The wretched day was theirs, the night is mine;
Come, tender sleep, and fold me to thy breast. . . .
But what steals out the gray clouds red like wine?
O dawn! O dreaded dawn! O let me rest!
Weary my veins, my brain, my life,—have pity!
No! Once again the hard, the ugly city.

Claude McKay.

BOOKS

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IT is an extraordinary book—perhaps the best American novel since “Jennie Gehhardt” and “Ethan Frome,” to which it has a certain kinship of mood, but superior to either of these by virtue of its deeper psychological understanding. That being the case, you may wonder why you have not already heard of it. Or perhaps you have? It is called “Peter Middleton” and it is written by Henry K. Marks. You haven’t? Then let me add a third fact which may serve to explain your ignorance. It is brought out by a publisher who is chiefly notable for his efforts on behalf of young poets whom we may not want to read, but who are able to borrow, beg or steal the money to pay for half the cost of publishing their first volume. It is, in short, published by Richard G. Badger. And however heroic Mr. Badger’s services to young poets, we do not expect to find the book of the year in his gallery. But there it is. And if you ask further why the other publishers have allowed the most distinguished contribution to American fiction in many a year to slip from their grasp, I can only hazard the supposition that it is not because they have not had the opportunity to publish it. On the contrary, I suspect that Mr. Badger has been possessed of a certain amount of “nerve” which they all lack. For the book includes, though not at all sensationally, an episode and its consequences which fall into the category of the extremely “unpleasant.” And on the other hand it has no sociological intention which might enable it to be advertised as a warning to the young, etc. It is from beginning to end a tragedy of the most terrible sort. And that, I think, explains its absence from the list of a publisher whose imprint carries more *eclat*.

But there are other mysteries connected with this book. It is difficult for me to believe that the name “Henry K. Marks” is genuine. That so remarkable a piece of writing should be the first novel of any writer is fairly incredible. The only thing which restrains me from believing that Henry K. Marks is the pseudonym under which one of our most experienced writers has written his masterpiece is simply that I do not know any American writer who is capable of writing so good a book in this vein. It might perhaps have been written by J. D. Beresford if he were sufficiently acquainted with the milieu in which the story takes place.

Peter Middleton, the story’s artist-hero, is lacking in part of the emotional make-up of a regular human being. He has no combativeness, no selfishness, no possessiveness, no hate, no jealousy, no suspicion; for

he is lacking in the emotional enterprise from which these necessary and healthful emotions spring. In the world of work, he has only his dreams, and an instinct for painting them on canvas. When some poor fool looks at his canvas and says, “Huh! so that is what you call a picture?” he is not filled with a desire to strike the fellow dead. For unless you want the admiration of your fellows, their scorn cannot enrage you. Unless you feel yourself to be one of them, you cannot be hurt by their shutting you out from their fellowship. Unless you want to beat them in a game in which you are both taking part, you cannot resent their implicit or explicit judgment of you as a poor player. Peter wasn’t one of them, he wasn’t playing the game of life, and when they said things like that it made him vaguely uncomfortable. It was perhaps even less annoying than a tuneless hand-organ playing outside his studio window. But it was a fact of the same sort—a fact with esthetic and not human values.

And in love Peter was just as far from human. He saw and felt only its esthetic values. He really didn’t know what love was. He had only an infantile emotion to offer a woman, if she asked for anything more than esthetic appreciation—the emotion of an infant toward the mother-goddess. But the girl to whom Peter was married didn’t want to be a mother-goddess to anybody. She wanted, in fact, a master. She married Peter in a revulsion of feeling against her desire to be mastered by another man. But she swung back to her norm very quickly and demanded of Peter precisely the qualities he lacked. She didn’t want to be his dream-ideal. And she wanted still less to be regarded as a picture. So there was trouble, and his marriage went to smash.

But that wasn’t the worst of it. Peter didn’t have the raging conflict of emotions among which mankind has attempted to arbitrate by means of a code of honor. He didn’t have the emotions, but he did have the code of honor. So without knowing why, without having the hates and the lusts and the prides which make honor human, he nevertheless followed the code, or rather the various codes, which require him as a man of the world to enter into a love affair with an actress, and again as a newly married husband not to desert his bride. It is this conception of honor, superimposed upon an emotional vacuum, which makes his career so terrible to himself and to others. Without that conception of honor he would have been a fool, an idler, a wastrel, a saint, or a bum—in any event a comparatively harmless person. But his code was continually forcing him to undertake obligations which he could not fulfill—where he could only bring wretchedness and misery to everybody.

He was trying to be a part of regular group life. The book is a tragedy by virtue of his pitiful, un-

equal struggle to do right when he can only do wrong; to help, when he can only harm; to be a regular person, when he becomes, just by trying, a criminal. It is a real struggle with the gods—and it ends in the only victory such an unfortunate could achieve over the malevolence of fate, by putting an end to himself. But the book is scientifically as well as artistically true, for it contains the hint that under different influences—influences which he seeks by instinct, but misses finding by mere accident—he might perhaps have grown up out of his infantile emotional state, severed the bond which held him to a dream-mother and become a man. If Beresford had written the story I think he would have chosen this alternative, and we should have had a less intense and poignant and more broadly appealing book.

For, after all, we read fiction primarily because it tells us stories about ourselves—what we would like to be, or have been, or might be. It might seem difficult for us to identify our fairly normal selves sufficiently with poor Peter Middleton to become interested in his career. Yet such is not the case. We like to see things writ large. We like to see our repressed wishes flung on the canvas in bold, romantic figures—as Daredevil Dick, The Three Musketeers, The Vampire Queen. But it is not only our strength and courage and charm that we like to see exaggerated, but our weakness, our inadequacy—as in Hamlet, Dostoevsky's idiot Prince, Peter Ibbetson. Indeed, perhaps the exaggeration serves to disguise from us the fact that it is ourselves we are reading about, and thus frees us from the restraint of self-consciousness. But certain it is that all of us are inadequate to some

demands which the world makes upon us; we seem to lack the motivation, the feelings, which carry our friends into the thick of some kinds of life adventure; we hang gingerly at the edge, wondering what it is all about, and then, carried forward by our conception of conduct, we go forward with an inner bewilderment and distaste and as much outward savoir faire as we can pretend. Is it not so? Sometimes we learn what it is all about—and sometimes we don't. Sometimes we find that we are exactly like everybody else—and sometimes we don't. But in most of us there is some uncomfortable and usually rather silly secret darkly concealed from the world—the secret that we don't enjoy the same things,

or have the same ambitions, or feel the same wishes as everybody else. In some such way, perhaps, can be explained the fascination of this masterpiece of abnormal psychology.

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And slippery—
Sings a song
As it pushes
Through the water
Rhythm quivers
In every nerve—
Pure joy pulses
Through me.
I swim.

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ALONE IN THE MOONLIGHT

F AINT stars are gleaming,
Silent and high,
White in the moonlight,
Moths flutter by.

Dark shadows dreaming—
(White dreams have I)—
Black are the tall trees
Touching the sky.

White body gleaming,
Swiftly I fly
On to your doorway,
Eager and shy.

Was it but seeming
I heard your cry?
Alone in the moonlight
Weeping I lie.

Sarah Hammond Kelly.

DIVISION

HE kissed her sorrow-stricken face,
And she was passive to his touch.
His lips pressed weakly on her face
But they had sorrowed over-much.
Their grief rose like a misty wall
Dividing all.

He kissed her hand and let it slide
Among the shadows of her dress.
The welcome twilight came to hide
Them both within its filminess.
His heart was far too sad to weep.
She fell asleep.

He watched her sorrow-stricken face.
Divided by eternity
Each soul within that little space
Drowned in its own identity.
Yet, in his awful tenderness,
He kissed her dress.

Doris Pascal.

DISILLUSIONMENT

I WALKED the hills of morning
A gay and sunlit god,
I strode along the meadows
Among the golden rod.

My body's beauty thrilled me,
Its length and loveliness,
Its firm and swelling muscles,
Its strength and suppleness.

I did not look upon it,
I simply felt it there,
And knew it matched the morning;
It seemed so straight and fair.

But soon I grew so weary
I spread it out to rest,
And when I looked to see it
I found that it was dressed.

Harrison Hires.

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SUPERSTITION

THE ink is dark and superstitious;
I know it holds the word I seek.

I stir the ink-pot roundly,
But it balks me and blots darkly—
"If you name the thing, remember!
Then it's gone!"

It's a sound of tiny bells,
It's a garden of sweet smells,
It's star tangle, it's blood bubble—
It's fervid as a little candle's prayer!

It syncopates my stillness
Like the ticking of a clock,
And oh, it's name! I seek it—
But the ink-pot will not yield it
It balks me and blots darkly—
"Remember! if you name the thing—
It's gone!"

Jeannette Derby.

LABOR

BBRICK walls built by Labor
Keeps the sun away;
Towers wrought by Labor
Set cold winds at play;
Fires stoked by Labor
Make the sky dark gray;
So what is the good of
Labor anyway?

Elizabeth Thomas.

EASTER

IT is Easter night.
Over the town in the churches
The preachers preach sermons.
(Radiant lilies, soft lights, quiet carpets)
The choir sings, "Christ is Arisen."

It is Easter night.
Down in a labor hall
Sitting on rattling benches,
Standing on sawdust floors,
Eyes straining against harsh lights,
The People are listening.

A young man is talking.
He is telling the truth about Russia.
The truth is good.
And the people know Christ is arisen!

Chineta W. Rice.

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