

LIBERATOR



20¢

OCTOBER
1924:
LYDIA GIBSON

"THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL"

The monthly organ of the Executive Committee of the Comintern.

Six hundred and two (602) readers of "THE LIBERATOR" subscribed to "THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL" during September. We knew that the readers of "The Liberator" will enjoy reading this world renowned publication. Here is what one of them says:

K. C., Mo., Sept. 16, 1924.

"It is very seldom that I pay any attention to newspaper and magazine advertisements. It may be because I am from Missouri. I did, however, follow your advice as per the September Liberator and consequently received the first copy of THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL three days ago. I have been reading it with concern and I can say without hesitation that it is one of the most interesting and instructive magazines I have come across for a long time. The subscription price is a profitable investment for my own education and enlightenment. I am not a Communist but I want to know what Communism offers to society. Thanks for bringing it to my attention."

Sincerely yours,

JAMES McMILLAN.

We have many other letters of praise from the growing list of readers of "THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL." It gives us pleasure to offer you a publication of international significance, read with concern by those who fear, those who want to know and those who love the revolutionary movement led by the Communist International.

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Edited by Earl R. Browder

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William Gropper

“Come On, Boys! Let’s Go to China!”

Man Without Legs: “We got to go fight them Chinks, boys.”

Man Without a Head: “We got to make the world safe for Democracy.”

Man With Wooden Leg: “Yeh—this will be the war to end war.”

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. VII. No. 10 [Serial No. 78]

October, 1924

Announcing

The Workers Monthly

Into which are combined The Labor Herald, The Liberator
and the Soviet Russia Pictorial

Will Appear November 1st

An Amalgamation of Three Great Magazines into One.

EACH of these magazines performed a necessary service; each one specialized for one particular field. All the essential features of each, however, it was found could be performed even better by one big, combined magazine, than by three narrower ones, which, because of their organizational separateness, could not help one another. And just as we have the task of breaking down the artificial barriers between craft unions, so must we also unite our own organizations and institutions, whenever we can strengthen them by so doing, and better serve the interests of the revolutionary movement. This is what is done in the amalgamation of the Labor Herald, the Liberator, and the Soviet Russia Pictorial, into the new WORKERS MONTHLY.

THE POLITICAL STRUGGLE of the working class against the capitalist dictatorship, in the United States and throughout the world, will be summarized and interpreted in the light of the teachings of the two supreme leaders of the working class—Marx and Lenin—by the best writers in the Communist International and its fraternal American section, the Workers Party.

THE INDUSTRIAL STRUGGLE of the working class against capitalist exploitation, in this country and abroad, will be recorded in picture and story; the problems of the struggle will be analyzed by the foremost fighters and thinkers in the Red International of Labor Unions and its American section, the Trade Union Educational League.

SOVIET RUSSIA continues, through the magnificent organization of the Russian working class, its inspiring victories, its overcoming of terrible difficulties, its solving of tremendous problems, to arouse and enthuse the working class of the entire world. The progress of the Russian working class in building the foundations for Communism, the first country of the proletarian dictatorship, will be recorded in picture and story in THE WORKERS MONTHLY.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST REFORMISM, ideological and organizational—inherited by the labor movement from the past, will be a first order of business of the new magazine. The building and strengthening of the Workers Party, its transformation into a Bolshevik party through the reorganization upon the basis of shop nuclei, and through its education in theory and action under the guidance of the Communist International, will be a prime aim.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE REACTIONARY OFFICIALDOM OF THE TRADE UNIONS, the building up of a clear-sighted and fighting left wing, will continue to be a principal task. The clarification of the new problems produced continually by the movement, such as that of shop and factory committees, will be undertaken. The forms and methods of leadership of the masses for revolution will be sought in the experience of the workers of the entire world.

ALL subscribers to the Labor Herald, the Liberator, and the Soviet Russia Pictorial, will be placed on the list of the new magazine for the term of their unexpired subscription; if they are upon one or both of the other lists, they may either extend their subscription or transfer it to a friend. The new magazine will sell at 25c per copy, and the subscription rate will be \$2.00 per year.

Editorial direction of THE WORKERS MONTHLY will be in charge of Earl R. Browder, with an editorial board from the Workers Party and the Trade Union Educational League.

Official Organ of the Workers Party of America
and of the Trade Union Educational League.

Published by the Daily Worker Publishing Company,
1113 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Growth

THE LIBERATOR is about to realize an old and high ambition. As will be seen on the opening page of this number, we will start the winter season of 1924-25 (beginning with the November issue) with an enlarged magazine covering a wider field than it has been possible to cover with our past limitations of space and resources. Combining with the two other magazines of the same Communist color—The Labor Herald and the Soviet Russia Pictorial—we will appear under the new name of **The Workers Monthly** as the official spokesman of the organized Communist movement of the United States, the Workers Party and the Trade Union Educational League.

The Liberator has been too small in the past, and too limited in sphere. This its editors fully realized, and throughout the long struggle against seemingly endless poverty we have hoped and planned to broaden out and to give our readers the bigger, finer and more comprehensive magazine of Communist thought which we now see our way clear to give.

The Workers Monthly will enlarge to forty-eight pages. It will retain all of the value of The Liberator, and to this will be added other qualities, the lack of which has been our weakest point in the past. The very existence of the militant trade union journal, The Labor Herald, has tended to draw away from the columns of The Liberator that vital material of the struggle of the revolutionary workers in the labor union field, and of the struggle on the strike field, without which a Communist magazine is impoverished; while the co-existence of The Liberator tended to draw away from The Labor Herald much of the political material without which even the most militant trade unionism becomes a room without a window.

Likewise the Soviet Russia Pictorial. That magazine, which for more than five years (first under the name of "Soviet Russia") kept the sharp-eyed proletariat as well as the not-too-blind portion of the intelligentsia informed of the current of events in that crucible of history, revolutionary Russia, has specialized in material which a Communist magazine must either duplicate or lack to its detriment. For the great revolutionary republic of our comrades across the sea is our very own, its flag is our flag, its fate the turning point of our hopes.

It cannot be doubted that all of the qualities of these three magazines are qualities that must be included in a truly great Communist journal. And with the loyal support of our readers and contributors we shall retain them all, and add to them, in The Workers Monthly.

The men and women who have made The Liberator in the past, so far as we have heard from them, assure us of their redoubled enthusiasm and support. In The Workers Monthly will be found the finest thought of the leaders of the world Communist movement. The leaders of the Workers Party of America will make it the clearing-house for their analysis of the political life which is so rapidly catapulting toward events the like of which no man has ever seen. The magazine will belong, first and last, to those future rulers of the earth, the working class. To them alone. But neither can the intellectuals—those once favored sons who are now fit for life only in so far as they take humble lessons from the proletarian revolution—neither can they close their ears to this voice. There are those who dispute the correctness of

Communist analysis; but none but the sheerest fools will gainsay that the Communist word is all there is to one side of the coming world cataclysm. You cannot know what passes on the Earth, without knowing what the Communists say. And The Workers Monthly will contain the choice of what they say.

In addition to the old writers and artists, including the entire list of associate editors of the present Liberator and the leaders of the Communist International such as Zinoviev, Bukharin, Trotsky, etc., we will have the help of those specialized writers on trade union affairs and Russian affairs who have heretofore well-nigh confined their work to the two other magazines.

The editor of the combined magazine will be Earl R. Browder. The editorial board, in addition to the editor, will consist of William Z. Foster, C. E. Ruthenberg, James P. Cannon, Jay Lovestone, William F. Dunne, Max Bedacht and Alexander Bittelman.

The keen edge of the old artists of pen and pencil—neither will they be lacking.

Max Eastman writes from Europe that he is about to send a new series of writings on the stirring events over there.

Floyd Dell will continue his brilliant work which has

THE LIBERATOR

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1113 WEST WASHINGTON BLVD., CHICAGO, ILL.



Maurice Becker

"To Hell with the Reds! Let Maria take care of law and order!"

become so vital a part of the life-blood of The Liberator.

Others will do the same, without exception so far as we know.

But an especial feature, outdistancing anything we have ever done before, will be the beginning in the November issue of the **History of the Russian Communist Party**, by **Gregory Zinoviev**. This unexampled account of the greatest movement the world has ever known, written by its chosen chief, the President of the Communist International, who lived through its early struggles as the intimate associate of Lenin, has been put into English for the first time for serial publication by monthly installments which will cover a period of several months. For those who wish to understand in intimate detail the tremendous force that is remaking the world—to know the meaning of history while it is in the making—and above all for those who wish to throw smug timidity to the winds and to become an active part in the glorious struggle—the reading of this great work is indispensable.

Especially for those courageous men and women (and boys and girls!) who have already become members of the American Communist party, the Workers Party, this series is

their opportunity. One of the essential qualities of a Communist is that of never flattering himself. The Workers Party has recently openly, frankly and officially stated that it is not yet sufficiently imbued with the spirit and the understanding that are necessary to a party that will follow the giant stride of Lenin. And before that the Communist International in its Fifth Congress this summer declared that all of its component parties must immediately take steps to eradicate the clammy leavings of mental stagnation and reformist ways of the old weak-tea "Socialism." In America as everywhere has been raised the slogan, "Bolshevize the Communist Party! Make it a party of Lenin!" And only through understanding of the historical roots of Bolshevism can this be done. None can expose these roots as well as those who planted them. The writings of Gregory Zinoviev, then, are the best means.

The staff of The Liberator urges all of its old readers to lend a hand, now, to the ambitious enterprise; and we feel that we can truly congratulate you all upon the advent of a bigger and brighter star of hope in The Workers Monthly.

Robert Minor.



Maurice Becker

"To Hell with the Reds! Let Mari a take care of law and order!"



Maurice Becker

"To Hell with the Reds! Let Maria take care of law and order!"

The Dismantling of Democracy

By Max Bedacht

THE class struggle is essentially a political struggle. Not less are all manifestations of political struggles part of the class struggle. Election campaigns are not decisive political struggles; yet, they are barometers indicating the force and pressure of political class currents. Thus election campaigns can serve a two-fold purpose: They have an educational value; their barrenness of any substantial results must eventually drive home to the masses their absolute valuelessness. They tend to negate themselves. But they also present to the analyst the component elements of the class struggle in a sufficiently clear form so that he can see the relative strength of these and their relation to each other. In that light the coming elections present an interesting picture to the diagnostician.

The late war shook the very foundations of the social structure of our world. The quake shook down gods and hopes from their pedestals and shattered them. It blew up the old system in Russia and left all Europe in bankruptcy. The old ruling class was left almost helpless and impotent in face of the tremendous problems created by itself and its system. The coming ruling class is not everywhere ready and self-confident enough to take the power out of the hands of a tottering and senile capitalist class. But the last and decisive struggle between the power of yesterday and that of tomorrow is on. And though the final settlement of this problem is not yet accomplished, the proletarian revolution persists in being the order of the day.

The convulsions of the world war and its aftermath threw American capitalism upon the top of the capitalist world. American capitalism won the war. Not technically, perhaps, but as far as results are concerned. It entered the war as a debtor nation; it emerged as a creditor nation. Its military assistance to the Allied cause was supposed to secure the imperium for the capitalists of the Allied countries. But American capitalism performed its task like the arbiter in the fable. It handed to both of the contestants parts of the empty shell of the contested nut and retained the valuable kernel of world domination as payment for services rendered. American capitalism conquered the world. Paradox it may seem, but the waning strength of capitalism as the dominating force of human society forms the basis for the present super-power of American capitalism.

True, the domination of the world by American capitalism is not a military one. It is economic and financial, but none the less effective. The absence of absolute military domination does not mitigate against the economic one. It merely increases the chances of armed conflicts and transforms the specter of a new world war into a horrible certainty. Because until such time as any national group of capitalism has established world domination so unshakably that no other group can challenge it any more by force of arms, such challenges and resulting imperialist wars are unavoidable. But before the imperium can be established by any capitalist group in that unassailable strength, civilization will have been drowned in rivers of blood and choked in the chaos of destruction wrought by the imperialist wars.

American capitalism is conscious of its power. It uses it to the limit. However, it is not so conscious of the fact

that every use of this power, intended to harvest the juicy fruits of domination, undermines its own very existence and is destined to bring it nearer to the graveyard of international capitalism in which it will eventually find an inglorious resting place. American capitalism does not understand that its vigor is nourished on the decay of its mother-body of world capitalism. It rather believes that its present vitality is the final proof of the stability and indestructibility of the capitalist system. Therefore, it hopefully undertakes the task of proving the eternal qualities of capitalism and incidentally the job of making the world safe again for capitalism. This task put the United States, the "democratic republic," the "cradle of liberty and freedom," at the head of international reaction. The scope of its activities expands, and even such a seemingly pure home problem as the national elections reflects the imperialist reactionary position of world domination.

In the leading strata of the ruling bourgeoisie in the United States the finance oligarchy is the most powerful group. The policies of "our" government are fixed, not in the official capital of Washington, D. C., but in the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., Wall Street, New York City. To secure stability and continuity of these policies our ruler in Wall Street secured outright two presidential candidates. The Republican ticket is headed by Silent Cal, the strike-breaker. Wall Street is sure of him. He will dance to its tune if for no other reason than because he lacks the intelligence to make his own music to the prescribed song of capitalist policies. His silence is the best part of his wisdom. Subtract that silence from the rest of his wisdom and little is left. The Democratic ticket is led by that southern gentleman, Davis, who was and is an outright employe of Morgan.

Under ordinary conditions this stage-setting would complete all contributions of Wall Street to the solution of the problems of election. But the conditions are not ordinary. This is 1924. This is ten years after the beginning of the world war; it is five years after the signing of the Versailles treaty; it is seven years after the November revolution in Russia; it is the year of the Dawes plan, and last but not least, it is the year before European revolution. It is the year of the *n*th futile conference to disentangle capitalist chaos created by the war in Europe. It is the year which will be followed by another unknown number of futile conferences for the same purpose. Whether all these things are clear in the minds of the rulers of the United States is of little consequence. These rulers react to every least pressure of the needs of their position. And this position is a world-dominating one. But aside from our rulers there are the ruled. And in our system of "democracy" these ruled are a problem. Not that there is any danger that the will of the ruled will influence the rulers. Oh, no. The problem is how to manoeuvre the expressions of the will of the ruled so that the rulers can keep up the pretense of carrying out the will of the people. This, as a general thing, is not such a great problem. Schools, newspapers, pulpits, that is, every mould in which public intelligence, public opinion and public will are formed, are under direct control of the rulers. But, taking the public to be the great masses, it is evident that this public

intelligence, this public opinion and this public will are so flagrantly in opposition to the public interests that it cannot endure forever as pro-capitalist. Its foundation is not solid enough to withstand the pressure of a storm created through serious crises in the economic and political affairs of the system. When the affairs of the system come into open conflict with the fundamental interests of the masses, then these masses are swept off their feet of loyal capitalistic education and driven into more or less serious revolts.

Such a condition exists today. The antagonism of interests between the rulers and the masses becomes so great that the sledge hammer blows of experience begin to obliterate the "good" education of the masses. In such times democracy, up to now such an excellent camouflage for the dictatorship of capital, reveals its shortcomings. To meet these shortcomings the ruling class has two ways open. One of them is to be doubly careful in its manoeuvres so that public sentiments and desires can be led into channels opposed to themselves and in sympathy with the aims of the rulers. The other is to fortify their position as dictators even though it may lead to an unmasking of their batteries and a partial throwing off of the cloak of democracy.

Our rulers are following both of these ways very carefully, but none the less consistently. The first way is being followed in the election campaign. The second way is carried out as a general policy in the solution of interior and foreign problems of the government.

The aggressive interference of the machinery of government in all labor disputes on the side of capital is an example of the second way. There are many others. The formation of white-guard organizations of the kind of the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan belongs to that class. These bodies are destined to apply extra-constitutional and terrorist means against the working class, whenever the Morgan agency in Washington can no longer deal with the situation on the basis of its own laws and is not yet ready to throw all pretenses overboard. Very significant in that respect is the foreign policy of the Morgan government in the Central and South American republics. The army and navy of the United States are used to make or unmake presidents. They are used to organize fascist movements in all of these countries. They are directing these fascist bodies in all cases against the workers and against political movements and tendencies opposed to the imperialist aggressions of United States capital. The rattling of the sword becomes a method of diplomatic persuasion for our Washington statesmen, applied with as little refinement as it was ever applied by William the Runaway of Germany. That is American capitalism: stronger and richer than any other capitalist group in the world, ready to defend its dominant position against any other capitalist contender for those honors; actively engaged in defending the capitalist world against the rising tide of proletarian unrest and revolution.

The problem of manoeuvring against the tide of unrest in the election campaign is a more difficult one. It is twofold. First, it necessitates the consolidation of the forces of Wall Street. And second, it makes imperative the prevention of the consolidation of the forces of the enemy, of the exploited.

The consolidation of the forces of Wall Street is in process. Having put up two candidates, Wall Street hesitated not a moment to center its support behind one and practically to desert the other. All evidence points towards a desertion of the ranks of the Democratic party by the big

capitalists and their retinue. The economic and political effects of the impending collapse of European capitalism and the taking over by American capital of the imperium has uprooted old political affinities. A social storm has disturbed the equilibrium of election politics and a regrouping takes place. The foremost and all important phenomenon in this regrouping was a tendency of the exploited for a consolidation of their forces on a class basis and the united application of their class power in election campaigns. At the same time there was apparent a harmless revolt of the petty bourgeoisie against the political leadership of Wall Street. These combined movements weaken the two old parties considerably. Especially is that true with the Democratic party. The Republican party was always the outspoken tool of big capital, contained the most class-conscious elements of capitalism and was, therefore, less vulnerable to such disintegration, though the proletarian element in the mass of its voters was numerous enough for the defection to weaken it very much. The Democratic party, on the other hand, is threatened in its very existence by this defection. It has the "Solid South," to be sure. That was and is important from the standpoint of the machine of the party. But in the eyes of the power behind the throne, the class whose interests the party represents, this means nothing. From the standpoint of direct class interests, the Democratic party in the South had, for some time in the past, little if any importance. The big capitalist interests in the South have as loyal representatives in the Republicans as they had in the Democrats. The differences would have been obliterated and the "Solid South" would have become a thing of the past if the interests of the party machines had not kept the differences alive. The existing arrangement guaranteed to the Republican machine a nucleus through which its control by the administration forces was secured. The Republican machine of the South was one built upon federal patronage. It was whatever was left of the rule of the "carpetbaggers." In order to make sure that this ideal arrangement would not be disturbed the Republican party could well afford to let go unchallenged the local rule of the Democrats, built upon the almost absolute disfranchisement of the Negroes. But back of these differences there is no substantial antagonism of economic interests. There is no real basis which could set up the "Solid South" as a proof of the necessity of the existence of the Democratic party or as a proof of its immortality. On the contrary. All the real facts are irrefutable testimony for the theory that the capitalist rulers of the United States can liquidate the Democratic party without any substantial opposition of groups of their own class. So nothing stands in the way of the consolidation of the forces of big capital.

The second problem is the prevention of the consolidation of the forces of the exploited. Here the petty bourgeois revolt comes in handy for big capital. If it succeeds in consolidating the political revolt of the exploited under the leadership of this petty bourgeoisie there is little to fear from these revolts. The petty bourgeoisie will parry the force of the political revolt of the exploited masses. Even if victorious it cannot harm the program of big capital. The petty bourgeoisie is barren of any constructive political ideas. It revels in memories of the past. If put in power it finds out soon enough that its ideals of past centuries cannot be re-enacted in the twentieth century. But it also finds that the ideals of the future, as its proletarian followers develop them, are even less fruitful for the immediate interests

of the petty bourgeoisie than the rule of big capital. Therefore, in all instances, the rule of the petty bourgeoisie is undisputed rule for big capital. This petty bourgeoisie is pacifist in tendency. But, when in power, it shakes the mailed fist with a vigor not excelled by the rule of big capital itself. The rule of the English Labor Party may prove the point in question. Barren of any constructive political program and at the same time antagonistic to the constructive program of the class-conscious workers, there is nothing for the petty bourgeois to do when in power but to carry out the political program of the big bourgeoisie. Thus the big bourgeoisie has nothing to fear from a political grouping under the leadership of this petty bourgeoisie even though the masses of this grouping may be made up of proletarian elements and may be essentially anti-capitalist. At the same time there is the chance of discouraging the course of independent political action of the exploited masses by the miserable failure that an experience under the leadership of the petty bourgeoisie is bound to turn out. So the consolidation of the political forces of the big bourgeoisie of Wall Street, through gradual elimination and absorption of the Democratic party by the Republican party, is accompanied by an attempt of the big bourgeoisie to hold the potentially rebellious masses of the exploited in an organization of the rear-guard of capitalism, a petty bourgeois party.

These are the outstanding features of the manoeuvres of big capital in the present campaign. First, a gradual disappearance of the Democratic party. Second, a conscious effort of the LaFollette movement to utilize this campaign for the systematic murder of all the children of the tendency for independent political action of the exploited. In every state where there existed the beginning of a class party of the exploited, the first action of the LaFollette committees was to kill that. This policy was followed even where there were fully developed and strong labor party movements as in Minnesota and in Montana. There is little chance for contradiction when I say that the whole LaFollette campaign was directed first and foremost against a labor party in the United States.

The representatives of the pettiest of the petty bourgeoisie, the Socialist party, of course, still play with the idea of a labor party. But they cannot deceive anyone. Press notices sent out from national headquarters of this so-called party tell of tremendous preparations of that party for the realization of the labor-party goal through the LaFollette movement. If the Socialist party were to lead the LaFollette movement organizationally, or even ideologically, some meaning could be attached to this announcement. But the S. P. is only a tolerated vermiform appendix in the LaFollette movement. And since the tail cannot wag the dog, the announcement can be dismissed as at best a cruel self-deception.

Thus the present election campaign presents to the observer signs of the decay of American capitalism. Yes, the height of its power is the warning of its impending doom. It drives home to that system the fact that the basis on which it operated its political coup de mains for so long is no longer sufficient; that the celebrated democracy is diseased with a slow but sure disillusionment of the masses; that to meet this disillusionment capitalism is proceeding to dismantle democracy; that this process of dismantling increases the rapidity of the disillusionment of the masses; and finally that the dismantling of democracy establishes more and more openly the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.

What cannot so readily be seen by an analysis of the campaign, but what is the unavoidable consequence as it is the cause of the open functioning of the capitalist dictatorship, is the sharpening of the class struggle—the beginning of the end of American capitalism.

In the midst of this process of grouping and regrouping of the political forces of the capitalist class, the Workers Party supplies the rallying point for the revolutionary workers. Its strength on election day will indicate in some degree the extent of class-consciousness among the exploited masses of America. Actual disfranchisement of millions of workers, foreign born workers, migratory workers, Negroes, etc., limits the value of elections as a barometer of the strength of the Communists. But this strength, no matter how big or how little it may be, is nothing stationary. The nearer the development of the class struggle approaches to the climax, the more rapid will be the process of the disillusionment of the masses, and the quicker will be the revolutionization of the minds and the action of the masses.

Lenin Lies Asleep

LENIN lies asleep in Moscow;
Lenin lies asleep

In a deep, a dreamless sleep,
While the pillars of his planning
Slowly rise,

To the clamor of the hammer,
To the whistle of the workers,
To the wonder of the world,
Towards the skies.

But the architect who planned:
(His the head, his the hand)
Lenin lies asleep, lies asleep.

Lenin lies asleep in Moscow;
Lenin lies asleep

In a deep, a dreamless sleep,
While the harvest-heavy rains
Whip to wheat the Volga plains. . . .
He who sowed, but saw small fruit,
Missed the sky to reach the root,
He who broke the great blockade,
Faced the famine unafraid,
(Rock, against a world arrayed)
Lies asleep. . . . lies asleep.

Call him, Krupskaya!
Gregor, go wake him!
Who never failed us,
Will not gainsay us.

In the laughter of little ones,
In the new world of women,
In the whistling of workers,
Lenin never left us:
Death never bereft us.

J. S. Wallace.

The Death of the Socialist Party

By J. Louis Engdahl

THIS year, 1924, will be notable in American political history. It will record the rise and the fall of political parties. There is no doubt that there will be a realignment of forces under the banners of the two old parties, Republican and Democratic. The Democratic party is being ground into dust in this year's presidential struggle. Wall Street, more than ever, supports the Republican party as its own. Middle class elements, with their bourgeois following in the labor movement, again fondly aspire to a third party, a so-called liberal or progressive party, under the leadership of Senator LaFollette. This is all in the capitalist camp.

For the first time, this year, the Communists are in the national political arena, with a presidential ticket, that is being put on the ballot in many states by the Workers Party. The Communists furnish the sole opposition to the capitalist candidates.

There remains the Socialist party. As an organization it has already ceased to exist except in name. It remains but as a bugaboo with which the Wall Street Journal seeks to frighten some of its readers. It lives as a memory, although Victor L. Berger is still running for congress, on the socialist ticket, in Wisconsin. With the picture of LaFollette beside his own, on posters that stare at you from the billboards in the Wisconsin metropolis, Berger proclaims, "We are the true progressives."

History Repeats Itself

It was in 1912. Theodore Roosevelt was a flaming comet shooting across the political skies. Everyone was trying to adjust himself to this phenomenon in the presidential campaign of that year. This was especially true of the Socialists.

It was at that time that I had a talk with Berger, enjoying his first term as the lone Socialist congressman. He pushed the Roosevelt wave gently aside, as if it were unworthy of attention.

"In order to live, a political party must have an economic basis," he said. "The Roosevelt Progressive party has no economic basis. It cannot live." That settled Roosevelt in Berger's usual brusque style.

It is the same Berger, who this year follows unhesitatingly the LaFollette candidacy, the "Roosevelt wave" of 1924. To be sure, the officialdom of organized labor is a little more solid in support of LaFollette, in 1924, than it was in crawling aboard the Bull Moose bandwagon in 1912. But this is more than offset by the fact that Roosevelt had a real party; LaFollette has none, wants none. The LaFollette campaign has no stable economic basis. The labor backing of the Wisconsin senator does not profess to fight for the workers' class interests. They do not recognize the class struggle. LaFollette's little bourgeois following has interests but it won't fight for them. This is the same middle class that brought the Populist party into existence, soon allowing it to fuse with the Democratic party. It followed William Jennings Bryan for a time. In 1912 it acclaimed Roosevelt, "the trust buster," and this year it rallies to LaFollette, weak in purpose, aimless in its wanderings. The chief asset of the LaFollette campaign is the Wisconsin

senator's personality. In 1912 it was a Bull Moose. This year it is a Bob Cat.

The year of 1912 was one of discontent with the two old parties. Roosevelt polled heavily. Debs got nearly a million votes. This was all negative—against something.

Most of the strength that is going to LaFollette this year results from the fact that the workers are demanding something. They are for something—power for themselves, for their class. Labor has been temporarily frightened out of the demand for Soviet Rule, as in Russia. Instead it has developed an appetite for a Labor party government, as in England. Thus LaFollette, decking himself out like a MacDonald, although he is opposed to a Labor party of any kind, lures the illusioned workers into his fold. And Wheeler, the vice-presidential candidate, with the usual political chicanery, proclaims himself in favor of a "Labor Party," baptized "liberal," or "progressive." And the workers have swallowed the bait.

That there is a powerful undercurrent, seething through the ranks of labor, seeking something positive, is uncovered in straw ballots taken at factories, mines or mills, anywhere. The LaFollette politicians are trying to capitalize it. This was seen very clearly in the statement of Wheeler, the vice-presidential candidate, that he favored a MacDonald Labor party. But his own words betrayed the fact that he knew very little about the British Labor party.

It is on this political quicksand that LaFollette, with his middle class followers; and Berger, with his few squads of Socialists, are trying to pass over into the promised land, where they hope peacefully to achieve political power. But the quicksands do not give up their victims. LaFollette and Berger will not make good on these expectations from them. Little bankers, landlords and corner store business men, with their professional political allies, cannot spawn a "Labor Party."

Socialists Feared Roosevelt.

In 1912, I was touring through Kansas and ran into George E. Brewer, then prominently connected with Fred D. Warren's weekly, "The Appeal to Reason," but now associated with the Minnesota Star and running for congress in that state on the Magnus Johnson ticket, which is backing LaFollette. In 1912 Brewer was terror stricken, believing that Roosevelt had swallowed the whole socialist platform. Which of course, wasn't true. But Brewer later left the socialist party and joined the Non-partisan League. This year the socialists did not wait to be swallowed by the LaFollette movement. They plunged right into it of their own accord. Noah was not more successfully absorbed by the Biblical whale. But the difference is that political parties, once swallowed, are not cast up again. They go down forever. They go down to stay.

The Socialist party, therefore, treads today the double path to extinction. It is dissolving into the LaFollette movement, which, in its turn, faces dissolution after the excitement of the election campaign is over, because, in Berger's own words, "It has no economic foundation."

To show that the first process is going on at an acceler-

ated pace, it is merely necessary to quote from a recent hysterical appeal emanating from the national office of the Socialist party, in Chicago. It says:

"Comrades, you will be a sick and sorry lot, following the election, if you neglect your own sacred organization, the Socialist party. Just here is the impending danger.

"A Connecticut comrade writes us thus: 'Our party members are joining the LaFollette clubs and neglecting the Socialist party meetings.'"

That development is inevitable. When the Socialist party deserted the "Labor Party" fight, turned its back on class action, and joined the LaFollette straddle of the two old parties of Wall Street, its members had two choices. They could either join the Communist forces in the Workers Party, or go over into the LaFollette camp. Many did join the Communist ranks, singly and in groups. The rest are going over to the temporary LaFollette organizations that will collapse after the election day has passed.

There is the end of the Socialist party that has led a varied existence during almost a quarter of a century. Morris Hillquit, Victor L. Berger and Eugene V. Debs, in 1900 and 1901, organized the present Socialist party out of their factions in the Social-Democratic party and the Socialist-Labor party. The same leaders are now in attendance at the burial of the organization they created.

During the days of its pioneering, the Socialist party grew. Although it possessed vigorous, revolutionary elements from the beginning, the Socialist party, as an organization, never escaped the Hillquit-Berger grip, and it always remained thoroughly saturated with bourgeois respectability. Yet it gathered strength from discontented elements so that the membership of 1903, numbering 15,975, the first on record, had increased to 118,045 in 1912.

The first taste of success, in 1910, had gone to the heads of the opportunist Socialist party leadership. Emil Seidel had been elected the socialist mayor of Milwaukee, in the spring of 1910. In the fall of the same year, Berger went to congress for the first time. During the next few months hundreds of socialists were elected to city, county and state offices. The appetite for political careers, for "a place in the sun," was plainly visible at the most representative gathering of American Socialists ever held, the 1912 National Presidential convention, at Indianapolis. This gathering witnessed the savage struggle over the now famous anti-sabotage clause, Section 6. Berger threatened to split the party. But he didn't. Instead, he had his way and the party constitution was changed. That was the last socialist convention to witness the presence of William D. Haywood.

There followed a period of growing desertions of the party's ranks. Revolutionaries left by the thousands. Most of these drifted into the Industrial Workers of the World, infusing that organization with a new vitality. The story of the decline of the Socialist party in these years is shown by the membership figures: 1912, 118,045; 1913, 95,057; 1914, 93,579; 1915, 79,374; 1916, 83,284; 1917, 80,379.

The Socialist party was born thoroughly saturated with the opportunist ideology of the Second (socialist) International. The greatest victory scored by this opportunism was that won over the revolutionaries in the party in 1912. Without the large parliamentary bloc of the European parties, with a diminishing number of elected officials in office, the opening of the war found the party in a state best expressed by J. Stitt Wilson, former socialist mayor of Berkeley, California, then a member of the party's national executive committee, but now also in the LaFollette camp.

"We must do something to galvanize the party into life," confessed Wilson, in the early days of the war. "We must do something."

This hoped-for "something" did not materialize until the United States got into the war and the revolutionaries won at least the spiritual control of the party at the Special Anti-war National convention held in St. Louis, in April, 1917. It was there that the St. Louis Anti-War Proclamation was adopted that gave the party, with the added impetus of the developing Russian Revolution, a new lease of life. See the membership figures climb: 1917, 80,379; 1918, 82,344; 1919, (first three months) 104,822.

But the revolutionaries won only a spiritual victory at St. Louis. Hillquit and Berger still controlled the organization. They held power in the national executive committee. They steered the party through the war as they saw fit, against the spirit of the St. Louis Proclamation.

Hillquit, Berger and Stedman presented to the forces of capitalism "a law abiding party" at the Albany trial of the socialist assemblymen. They winked at the social-patriotism of the New York socialist aldermen, notably the socialist vote in favor of capitalism's "Arch of Victory," inscribing "Murmansk," an alleged triumph of American arms in Soviet Russia, on its columns. Through its spokesmen, this Hillquit-Berger-controlled Socialist party repeatedly attacked the soviet rule of the Russian workers and peasants.

This was the poison gas atmosphere that combated the attempt of the party membership to win organizational power in the referendum elections of 1919. The overwhelming victory of the rank and file was forestalled by the Hillquits and Berbers through the expulsion of more than half the party.

Then followed the split, resulting in the Communist elements withdrawing from the party, only on a much larger scale than the exodus in 1912. From his prison cell, at Atlanta, even Debs joined with Hillquit and Berger, in their attacks on the Communists, who were fighting for the creation of a centralized, disciplined, revolutionary, working class organization in this country, in harmony with the aims of the Russian revolution and under the guidance of the Communist International. The small numbers among the party membership who really stood with Berger and Hillquit are again shown by the membership figures: 1919, (first three months) 104,822, (before the split); 34,926, (after the split); 1920, 26,766; 1921, (first seven months) 14,934; May, 1921, 9,919; July, 1921, 5,781. No membership figures have been issued by the Socialist party lately.

In 1921, at the Detroit National Convention of the Socialist party, Hillquit assured his few remaining followers that "the Communist wave is receding." That was taken up as the cry of salvation by the whole socialist press, especially by Abe Cahan's Jewish Daily Forward, in New York City. But others thought that this prophecy was not sufficient. Daniel W. Hoan, the socialist mayor of Milwaukee, came forward at Detroit with the fusion plan that was again to put the Socialist party on its feet.

In discussing the action of the Detroit Convention, in adopting Hoan's proposition, I wrote, in September, 1921, "Complete fusion is inevitable, and this means the end of the Socialist party."

Note the steps taken under the Hoan plan. First, an effort was made to call delegates of labor unions together under socialist auspices. That the socialists had no foothold in the unions was shown by the fact that so few responded that this proposed conference was never held. Then the socialists, under Hillquit's leadership, adopted their servile,



Adolph Dehn

Bourgeois in the Park

Communist-baiting role in the Conference for Progressive Political action. They fought against the "labor party" idea. They urged that Communist delegates be not admitted at the Cleveland conference. When Hillquit's delegates were thrown out of the Albany Conference for Progressive Action in 1922, by the Tammany Hall politicians, the socialists trimmed their sails a little more so they would be again acceptable.

Berger refused to run a candidate against LaFollette in 1922 in Wisconsin. In this year's state convention every delegate with the exception of Berger fought this policy, even Mayor Hoan.

"When we don't run a candidate against LaFollette, the workers ask, 'What is the difference then, between the socialists and LaFollette?' declared the delegates."

But the Wisconsin socialist delegation went to the National Socialist convention, at Cleveland, in July, and voted for fusion with the LaFollette campaign. Today LaFollette owns what there is of the Socialist party. In California LaFollette is now running on the socialist ticket.

If there is anything the socialists have not done to turn over the last atom of strength they possess to the candidates of the millionaires, Vanderlip, Spreckels and Rawleigh, they should be notified, since they desire to leave nothing undone in this direction.

There was a note of pathos in the voice of Walter Thomas Mills, the once magnetic author of "The Struggle for

Existence," as he sold LaFollette campaign buttons to a socialist picnic at Riverview Park, in Chicago, in September. His plea for dollars for LaFollette buttons fell on almost deaf ears. His voice sounded like the benediction over something dead. Dollars for the Republican politician, LaFollette, while a press service was sending out pictures in anticipation of the death of Eugene V. Debs, again in the Lindlahr Sanitarium.

The election isn't over. But it can already be said that no votes will be cast for a socialist candidate for president. Because there is no socialist presidential ticket for the first time since the Socialist party was organized. When the Socialist party deserted the class struggle, on the side of the working class, and joined the class enemy of labor, it lost all basis for its existence—its economic basis, as Berger puts it. It has done more than quit labor's class fight. It has joined capitalism's fight against labor. It has become a counter-revolutionary force.

LaFollette will not make much headway with his middle class, third party fight. The American middle class hasn't the will to fight to protect its interests. In Great Britain there is the Liberal party. Other countries have their parties in which there is a place for the small bourgeoisie. But in the United States the little capitalists, as has already been shown, have never been able to put up a struggle of any proportions. This year they are rallying in pursuit of another will-o-the-wisp—this time the temporary popularity of Senator LaFollette.



*Adolph Dehn 1924
In Victoria Park, Vienna. In English version*

Adolph Dehn

Bourgeois in the Park

When the Bolshevik Revolution swept Russia in November, 1917, resulting in the rearing of the Russian Soviet Republic on an unshakable foundation, the American socialist leadership—under the thumb of the Hillquit-Berger machine—were at first bewildered. Then they began to fight it.

"Anarchists!" exclaimed Adolph Germer, then secretary of the Socialist party, as he urged me to "go slow" in greeting the Russian triumph. I was editing the official party publication.

"It can't last a week!" exclaimed Morris Hillquit.

"Lenin is a good man," admitted Victor Berger. "I met him once. But he is wrong. Lenin doesn't agree with me."

These frightened Socialists carried their anti-Communist fight first to the party's membership and then to the workers generally.

First, it was in the Conference for Progressive Political Action, at its meetings held both in Chicago and at Cleveland, that the Socialists raised the cry, with much fury, that the Communists were apostles of destruction, preachers of "force and violence." Not only were anathemas hurled at the Russian Communists, but American Communists were sought out as immediate victims.

"Rid the party of the Communists and the party will grow," said Berger. "Don't admit their representatives to the Conference for Progressive Political Action."

"Insist that every party member must be an American citizen," declared Abe Cahan, editor of the New York Jewish Daily Forward, published in the heart of New York's East Side. Of course, Cahan had forgotten that he was ever an immigrant himself.

And after the Communists, every last one of them, had quit the Socialist party, Hillquit declares, "Now we will get members, not by the thousands, but by the hundreds of thousands."

These Socialists rushed around to John Fitzpatrick, Edward N. Nockels, Robert Buck, and other officials of Chicago labor, in 1923, and at the July 4th Conference of that year, tried to instill their anti-Communist fear into them.

Then these Socialists raised the cry against the Com-

munists, incidental to the June 17th National Farmer-Labor Party conference, in St. Paul, this year. One of their ablest spokesmen was on the ground, Walter Thomas Mills.

And in the labor unions the Socialists linked up with the most reactionary labor officials in the Gompers camp, to make war on the Communists. And this year they are all at the footstool of Senator LaFollette, one of the ablest capitalist politicians this nation has ever seen, pretty much on a par with Lloyd George in Great Britain.

The Socialist movement has been swallowed up in the LaFollette wave. It has been completely obliterated.

It did some little damage to the American revolutionary struggle. But not much. Palmer's "red raids" against the Communists, in January, 1920, could not have been successfully carried out except with the aid of Socialist slanders and malicious lies. An instance of this was the attack of Seymour Stedman, Socialist lawyer, on the Communists in the courts in Detroit, Michigan, where Palmer hit hardest. It no doubt discouraged many workers temporarily. But these will take courage again, as many are doing, and join hands with the organized Communists.

In Europe the powerful, counter-revolutionary Social-Democratic parties have been the best servants of capitalism. In Hungary the yellow Socialists helped overthrow the Soviet Republic. In Germany and elsewhere they have prevented the ascendancy of Soviet Rule to power. Tens of thousands of Communists have been slain, and other hundreds of thousands sent to prison in the attack of the forces of the capitalist white terror, with its Socialist allies, throughout Western Europe.

In the United States it was not given to the social-democracy of Berger, Hillquit and Debs to develop this strength to do harm. Every attack on the Communists from the Socialist camp has resulted in new desertions. First, the party membership left en masse. Now the workers who can be fooled, vote LaFollette instead of Socialist. Nothing is left of the Socialist movement but the memories of yesterday. To the growing Communist movement belongs the future.

Black Gold

MEN underground chipping out the blackness of the earth,
Toiling, cursing, oozing sweat.

Men from the north,
Men from the south,
Men from the east,
Men from the west,
Digging, digging, digging.

Chunks of coal are little pieces of dreams men have dreamed
underground.

A thousand men and a thousand dreams in a puff of smoke.

Men underground chipping out the blackness of the earth;
Overhead a field of Spanish needles blowing in the wind
And tall slender stalks of golden-rod saying:
What a beautiful world is this!

Stanley Kimmel.

Yom Kippur Humoresque

THIS earth is a business plan
And God is a businessman
Who reads "System."

For ten dollars I may
Throw my sins away
On Park avenue,
For five on Lexington,
For two on Hester street,
With cut rates
At the movie temples.

I do not pray to-day,
He is no god of mine—
I am no businessman.

E. P. Gottlieb.

The Cradle of the Giants

By Max Shachtman

AN army of old, white-bearded men marching to battle against troops composed of young, enthusiastic lads, would make a preposterous state of affairs.

A revolutionary movement which has not as its strongest regiment the exploited youth would soon find itself in the predicament of the old soldiers confronted by the virile young troops. It was for this reason that the old lion, Karl Liebknecht, turned to the young socialists for support when he found himself almost alone in the party of Scheidemann and Kautsky. It was for this reason that Lenin used to go on long jaunts with the young comrades during his exile in Switzerland, and talk to them of the revolution that was coming, for which it was necessary to steel one's self with Communist theory and Communist struggle. It is for this reason that Zinoviev was able to report at the last congress of the Communist International that it had "on the whole . . . depended a great deal on the support of the Young Communist International in its national activities."

In the United States, where the cake-eater and flapper are supposed to reign supreme, the American section of the Young Communist International has already established beyond peradventure its important place in the Communist movement of the country.

Some two years ago a group of young revolutionaries gathered in New York to constitute the first national convention of the Young Workers League. Since then, especially after its second convention, the organization has gone through many struggles in its efforts to rally to its standard the youth.

Its task has been and will continue to be a tremendous one. In America the minds of the youth are filled with a greater proportion of capitalist poison per square brain cell than in any other country. From the very day that the child of the worker is old enough to understand the language it is obliged to run the years-long gauntlet of all the prostituted intellects of the capitalist class. It gets a generous portion of safely and sanely perverted history and economics in the public schools; it is treated to a plentiful dose of the antics of Mr. Benjamin Turpin, or the suspiring glances of Miss Gloria Swanson in the moving pictures; and if it manages to retain any regard for the class it is a member of, this regard is usually suppressed by a steady diet of the thrilling adventures of Andy Gump or the latest baseball scores.

It is this deliberate and spontaneous capitalist propaganda, reaching especially the youthful worker, that the Young Workers League is attempting to counteract. It is these young workers whom the League is trying to bring into a class organization, for the struggle against the boss and his rule of misery, unemployment and war. And the Young Workers League is succeeding.

The Young Workers League is not a rival to or a duplicate machinery of the Workers Party. Organizationally independent, it is politically a powerful arm of the Workers Party. The young Communist organization not only participates in all the political and economic campaigns of the Workers Party but carries on campaigns on issues that are of specific interest to the youth.

I recall with what anxiety we awaited the effect of the first drive for the betterment of the conditions of the young workers in the big factory of the Bunte Chocolate company in Chicago. With bundles of their official organ, the Young Worker, under their arms, a dozen young comrades stood in front of the gates waiting for the streams of tired young slaves to pour out. In the paper was the "inside" story of the conditions of the workers of that plant, together with the appeal of the Young Workers League to their fellow-workers to unite on the league program, the six-hour day, five-day week for the young workers; equal pay for equal work for young and old; the abolition of the murderous speed-up and piece work system. I also recall that some older comrades had warned us in a final tone that our campaign was useless, that we were wasting our time in the attempt to interest the flappers and cake-eaters in such a proposition. But how eagerly they bought the papers! How furtively they looked around to see if they were being watched while listening to us talk about the Young Workers League.

And when the same type of campaign, with the same demands for the youth, was begun in the plant of the National Biscuit company in Chicago, and the young workers bought over a thousand copies of our paper while the newsboy who was selling the local Hearst rag was obliged to go home with about the same number of papers he had come with, the place of the young Communist movement was assured.

Petty work, you say? Go to! When you know that the bosses of the National Biscuit Company felt it necessary to surround our open air meeting in front of the plant with a half dozen burly "dicks;" when they used "dicks" on the young comrades who were carrying on the campaign in the Pittsburgh plant; when they got their uniformed tools to arrest four young Communists in Minneapolis for attempting to hold a meeting in front of the plant in that city, nabbing them three times in succession—then you realize that revolutionary phrases alone do not hurt the capitalist class, but that the daily work of organizing the workers, young and old, of intensifying class hatred, the struggle for better conditions of work and life, gives flesh and blood to the thing.

When the strike wave broke recently in the Calumet region, the Young Workers League was there on the spot, its members, together with those of the Workers Party and the Trade Union Educational League, addressing strike meetings, filling the men with the enthusiasm that youth alone can impart, aiding in the picketing, and organizing the young strikers. In Hegewisch, a group of a score of young heater boys, the cream of the exploited youth of America, have now found their place in the ranks of the young Communist movement. In Hammond, Indiana, an even larger number have been brought into the league, organized, not on the old social-democratic basis of territory, but into a shop nucleus, agitating for Communism on the job, "fanning the flames of discontent" and directing these flames into an organizational fire.

In southern Illinois, the best organized mining field in America, there is hardly a town of importance where there is not a group of young miners in the Young Workers League, fighting the coal magnates and the agents of the coal mag-

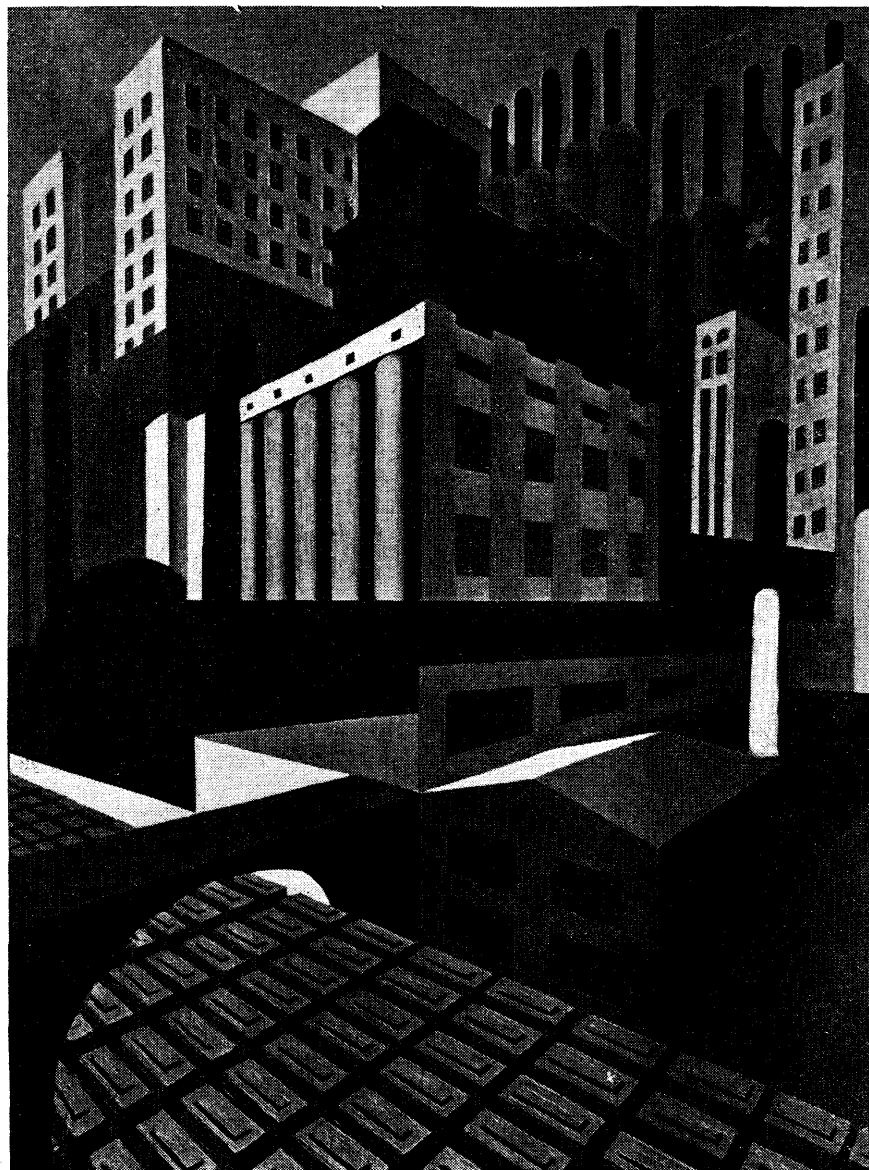
nates, the misleaders of the United Mine Workers of America, John L. Lewis and Frank A. Farrington, in their local unions, in the mines, on the convention floor. And one of the leaders of the Trade Union Educational League remarked, after seeing the Young Workers League members in action on a convention floor: "If we could only get a dozen of these young fellows and give them a few months of intensive training in Chicago, Farrington would soon be looking for another job!"

In the Citizens' Military Training Camps, instruments for the manufacture of efficient cannon fodder for the next imperialist war, members of the Young Workers League could be found, investigating the possibilities for Communist activity within the armed forces of capitalism, carrying out for the first time in this country a part of Communist activity which assumes an ever-growing importance as the struggle

for power among the capitalists becomes sharper and draws the workers into another world holocaust.

* * * *

The young workers of this country are a factor of tremendous importance to the revolutionary movement. In a relatively short time they will be the full-grown proletariat of America. Upon whether they are drawn into the camp of reaction or revolution now depends to a large extent on the strength of the Communist party in the coming years. The Young Workers League is exerting all its efforts to assure this strength. Into its ranks are brought the experiences of the struggle to be forged into the mighty weapon for the emancipation of the bitterly oppressed of America. It bears the seed of a powerful Communist party. It is the cradle of the giants.



Cleveland

Louis Lozowick

Not for Bishops

FATHER who art in heaven, pray
Price thy daily bread today,

For thy will is done as well,
There in heaven—here in hell.

Hallowed is thy name—yet all
Mark that more than sparrows fall. . .

So, until thy kingdom come
Let that hallowed name be dumb.

We forgave our trespassers,
And they made their trespass worse:

Tempt us not to bear again
Evil undelivered, then.

Being not like lilies made
Nor like Solomon arrayed

Suffer us if we despoil
These that neither spin nor toil.

Here, upon the twice-struck cheek,
Read the blessing of the meek—

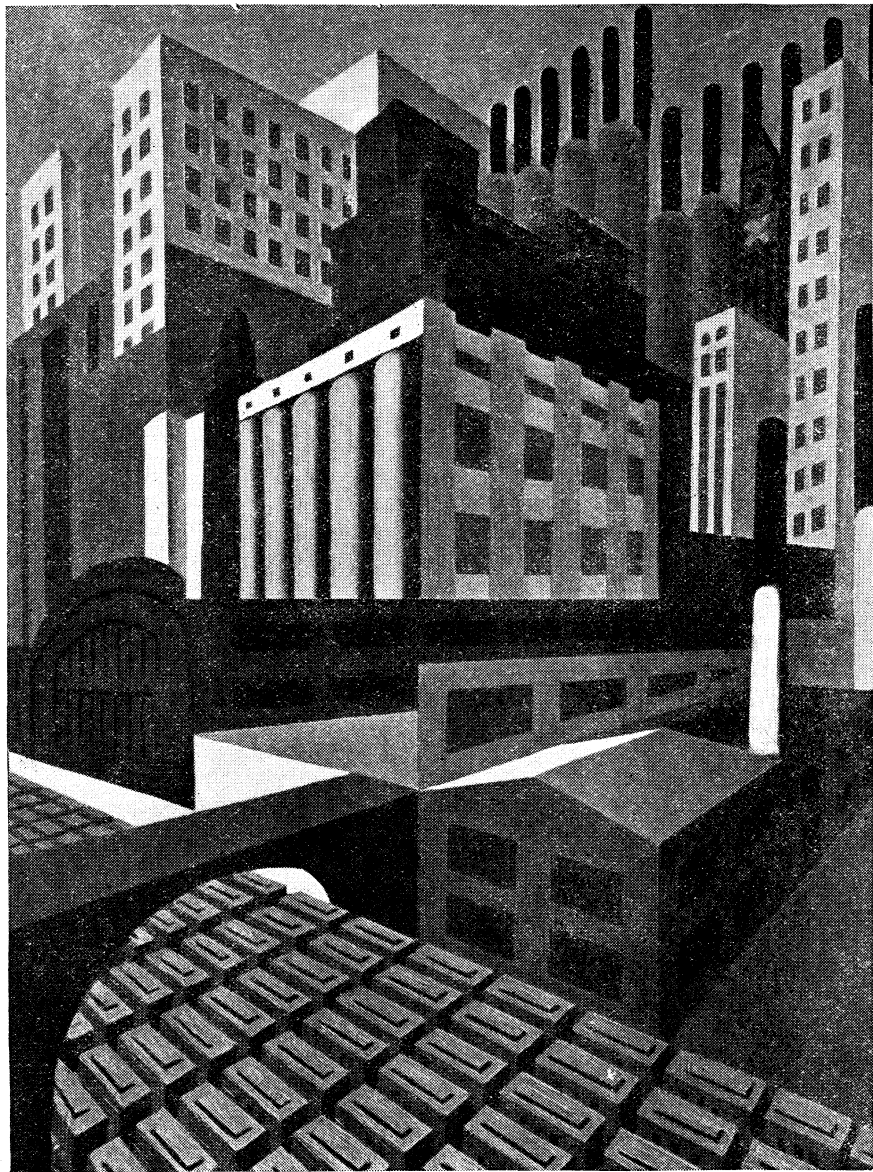
If we still refuse to see,
Dare we lay the blame to thee?

If we now in judgment stand,
Guide thy somewhat tardy hand,

They that help themselves shall find
Thee benignantly inclined.

Thine the glory be—amen:
Ours the power, now and then.

Robert L. Wolf.



Cleveland

Louis Lozowick

The Handkerchief on Garvey's Head

By Robert Minor

THE "Great House" of the white master arose in cruel majesty over the plantation—the seat of a petty feudal principality. "Master" sat on the "po'ch" with his feet comfortably poised on the railing, whisky bottle and mint close at hand, dreamily gazing over the broad acres of cotton, tobacco or corn. Master wasn't lazy—he was a gen'lman. Only "niggers" are lazy.

Out on the broad acres, scores and hundreds—maybe thousands—of human beings toiled in the scorching sun, deftly doing the labor that transformed the one-time jungle into a garden of the world. They were black human beings, clad in rags; their heads covered with crude straw hats and bowed toward feet that had seldom, if ever, known shoes, eyes staring endlessly at "master's" cotton rows, toiling, toiling, perpetually, without hope, without purpose. Without purpose? Only the negative purpose to avoid the attention of a hare-faced white overseer who is riding there up and down the long line of bowed backs where black skin glistens through the ragged attire. The man on horseback, the white overseer, has a long, blue-stained leather whip in his hand—the "cow-skin." On his hip he carries a brace of pistols. Suddenly the white overseer's curse rings out—"Work, there, you God-damned lazy black bitch!"—and the whip sings through the air to cut the back of a woman laborer, tired and lagging under the endless strain. A near-by slave man's eyes shift their black orbs in the white, to look his death-like hate at the beast on horseback.

Across the broad acres, the white master crushes the mint in his whisky glass, and calls gruffly for attendance. Then it is that you see there are other black men and black women in and around this feudal castle. A black man comes running to master's call. A black woman hastens to prepare master's supper; other women, other men scurry about the place, sweeping, cleaning, attending the little "white master's" and "misses'" wants, saddling horses, running errands, fanning the white lady while she sleeps through the hot afternoon—attending to all the petty bodily comforts of the master's family. These are not the "corn-field niggers." Their feet wear the cast-off shoes of master's family; their eyes don't look hate at the master, or at the overseer whose lash has nothing to do with them. They work at the "Great House," and their bowing and scraping attention to "master's" wants wins the leavings of real food from "master's" table.

"Handkerchief-Heads."

And very often their heads, that never feel the blazing sun of the cotton and corn fields, are decked with gay and fancy-colored cotton handkerchiefs, while they do their chores about the "Great House."

In the language-crucible of long and ghastly centuries of slavery, the term "handkerchief-head" came to have a meaning. It meant a habit of mind; it meant a walk of life in the shade of the "Great House," and a consequent point of view in which the "Great House" that cast the cool shade, was the center of all things and "white master," the source of victuals and cast-off shoes.

A "handkerchief-head" is no "corn-field" Negro.

One hundred and two years ago, when the slave laborers about Charleston, South Carolina, organized an insurrection

against slavery, it was a "handkerchief-head" who went to his white master with a whispered story. And Denmark Vesey, the black lion of freedom, and thirty-five of his "corn-field" lieutenants were hanged.

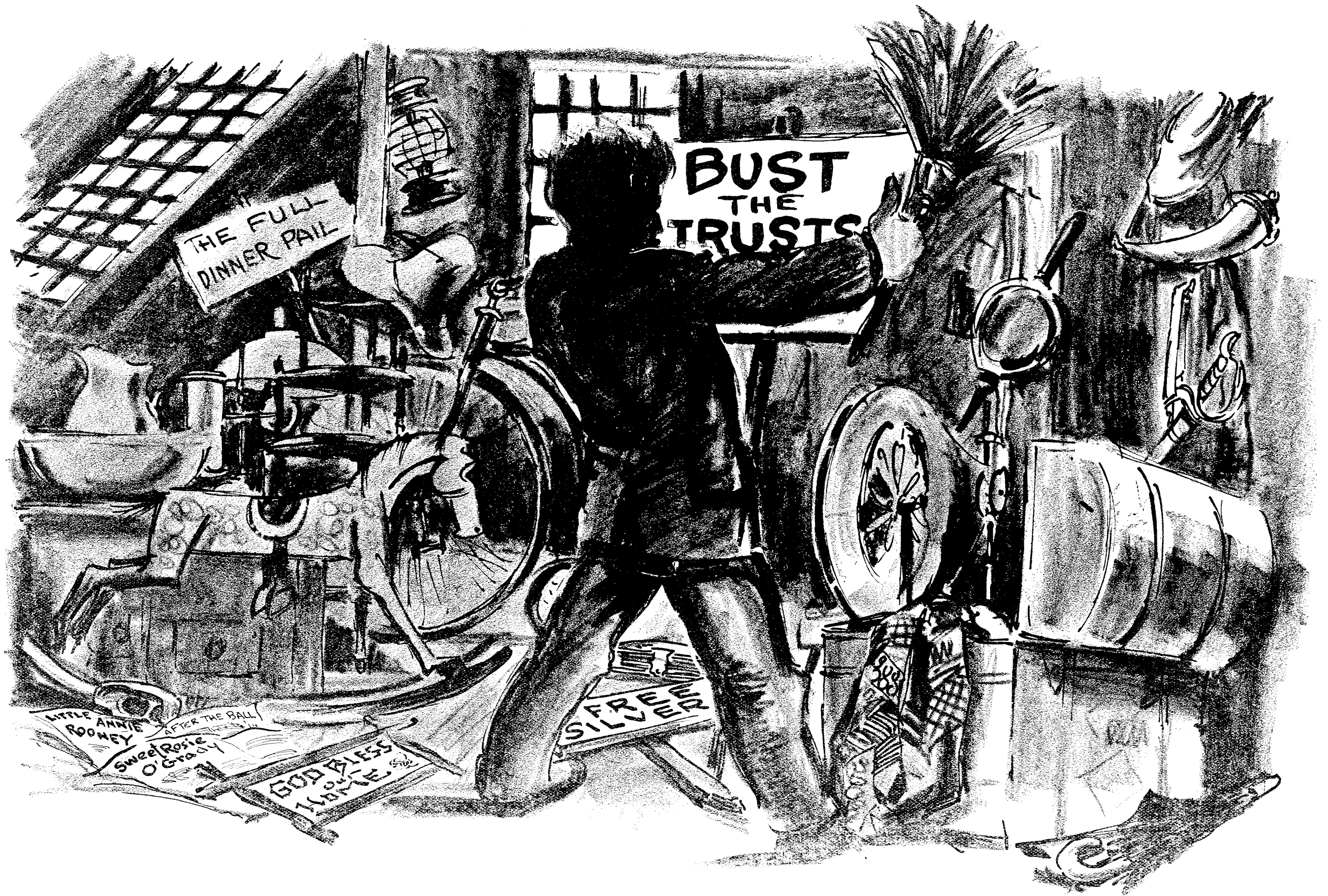
Plain working class Negroes commonly judge a Negro leader by asking, "Is he a handkerchief-head?" or "Is he a white man's Negro?"

Frederick Douglass, the escaped Negro slave laborer, who was the greatest leader, black or white, of the abolition movement, had the keen vision to see that the abolition of slavery could come only with drawing a clean line of sharp division between the Negro and the southern master class, with no dealings with the slave-owning masters except through the mouths of cannon. Though the white man's history can see none but the white Lincoln, it was this "Black Lincoln," Douglass, who later urged the more timorous white president in effect that the Civil War of '61 was a revolution, and that it could be won only by bringing the black slave masses themselves into military combat against the feudal oligarchy.

The Negro masses have had many leaders since then. After "reconstruction," and after the desertion of the Negro by the Republican party (which was through with him after making him a propertyless wage-laborer and peon-farmer), the Negro was cursed for half a century with "handkerchief-head" leadership. The Negro preacher, ignorant, superstitious, often cowardly, often depending on the charity of the white propertied class, led the Negro for the white propertied class; he was soaked in the ideology which teaches that only from the "Great House" could benefits come, only from the white master's kitchen door could victuals be had—only with the white master's sanction and help could a plan for the Negro's redemption be put through. And with every "help" extended by the white master class, with every plan approved or supported by the white master class (which lived upon exploiting the Negro), the Negro sank lower and lower into stagnation and despair.

There have been some Negro leaders whom it might be unfair to call "handkerchief-heads," but who through mere ignorance, have had tendencies to look to the white master class as the source of all things, even if only of political victuals and philosophical cast-off shoes. There has always been an inclination among many Negro leaders that have come forth since the Civil War, to disparage or to be blind to the inherent and independent capacities of the toiling millions of black labor, and fancying all the Negro race to be naturally dependent on "master" for victuals and "master's help" for any plans for freedom, to shape the Negro movement accordingly.

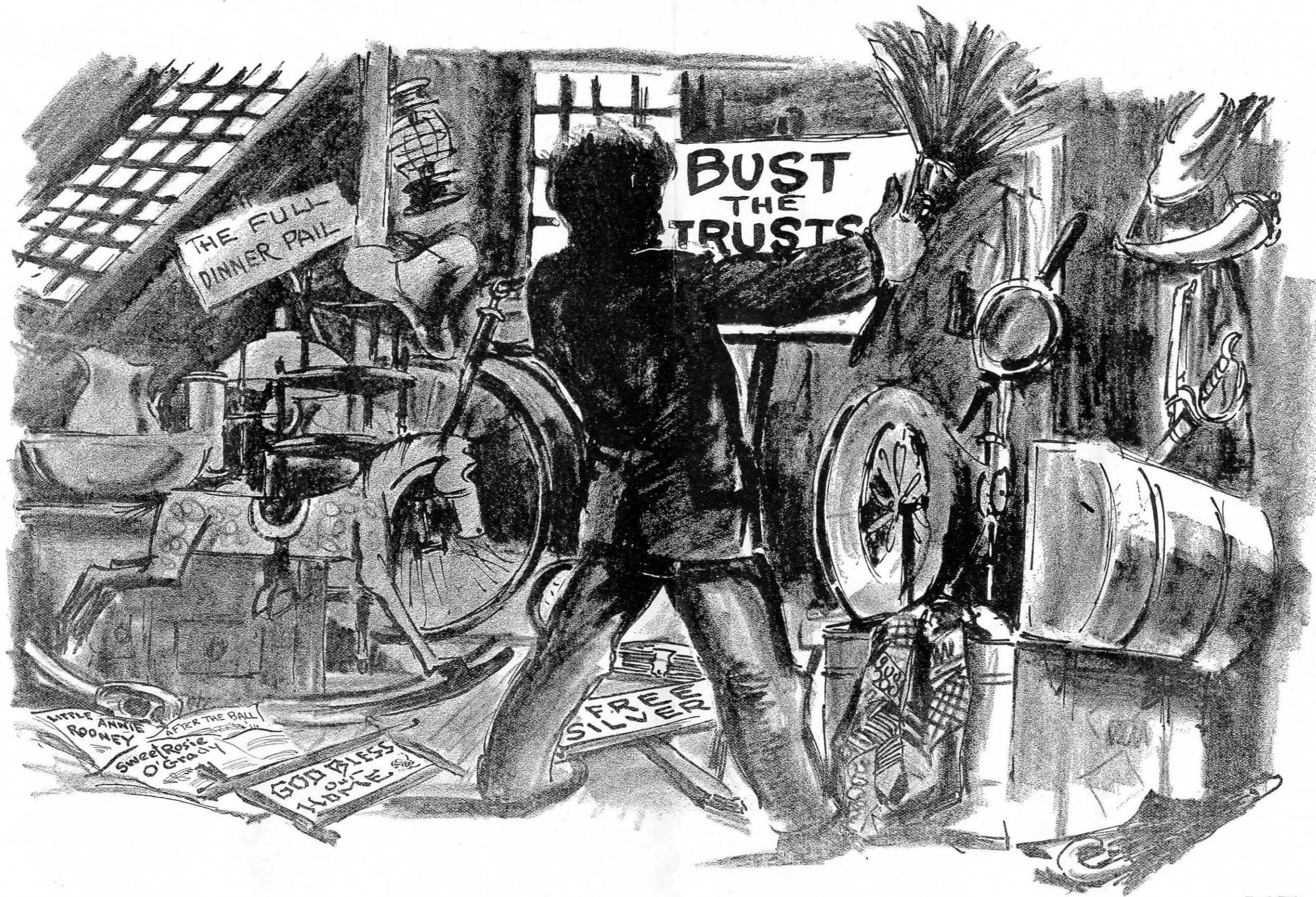
There came Booker T. Washington. Booker Washington was a great man, after a certain fashion. But he believed in the "Great House." He sought, and received, for the Negro, the leavings of the white master's table. Never a plan had he for the redemption of the Negro, but first it must be fingered on the mahogany table in the drawing room of the "Great House" of the white master class, to be corrected, o. k'd and financed by the leaders of the capitalist master class, whose sole interest in the Negro was to find a more efficient way of keeping him perpetually in subjection



Fred Ellis

La Follette's Heirlooms

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view!"



Fred Ellis

La Follette's Heirlooms

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view!"

as a lowest caste within an exploited labor class. And when the plans emerged with the "o. k." and the bank check of the white master attached, they invariably read: "No social equality, but always a specially marked labor-caste; no political equality, but always 'White Supremacy;' no real citizenship, but always the American-born Negro must be an alien African, tolerated only because he is a good servant." It was always "give and take," with the Negro giving up first his political franchise, then his civil status of equal manhood, and then his right to form his own intellectual leadership through the higher education of Negro youth. In exchange the Negro took a few filthy dollars for "industrial training" to fit him better to be an industrial or agricultural servant-caste for the master class.

If we look over the field of Negro leadership in the past twenty years, we still find a bit of that old handkerchief fluttering from the head of nearly every one. Today there are some exceptions—by intention, at least. Some able and courageous men and women of the Negro race are on the scene, brilliant individuals who boldly demand for the Negro much of what he must have—full and free equality in every respect, with no distinction of race or color in political or industrial life or in social or civic custom. . . . But the trouble is that nearly all of these leaders are stricken with a certain disease. The very up-hill struggle which they were forced to endure while individually battling their way through the caste system in the intellectual field, has made most of them involuntarily to merge themselves with the middle-class intellectual stratum which we have learned to call the "intelligentsia." Struggling to establish the place of their people in the social structure, they have found their own place too well—in a social system which we now know is ready for destruction and without the destruction of which there can be no progress, no light, no advancement for the masses of men, black or white.

The Negro intellectual leaders, generally speaking, have become what is called "liberals," identified with middle-class thinking, and separated by a vast chasm from the teeming millions of their people who toil in the corn fields and the cotton fields—or in the big northern industries as a most suppressed stratum of the modern proletariat.

What the Negro needs today is not intellectual aristocrats—but organizers of the toiling black masses. The Negro has shown that he can be a bank-teller or bank president, that he can paint and draw and sing and write as well as any man on earth—and that he can be a real estate speculator in jim-crow apartments altogether too well. The pens of the Negroes, Pushkin, Dumas and Phillis Wheatly and Paul Laurence Dunbar, and of Jean Toomer, and of DuBois, and of Jessie Fauset, have scratched out the preposterous slave-tale of Negro "inferiority," while the beautiful voice of Roland Hayes sings mockery upon it.

But what the Negro needs today is what the ruling class would call "demagogues"—that is, agitators, hard-fisted men and women to go among the masses and rally the thousands—leaders who seek no recognition in capitalist society, who don't submit their plans to the white master class or take charity at the white master's kitchen door, but who call for the overthrow of both the white master class and its Negro hangers-on.

Negro leaders, not with the poet's lyre, but with the battle-axe of class struggle, not with lyric voice to sing before white kings, but with the agitator's voice to call through the



Here is an old cartoon under the title "Dis Nigger will soon have to work de same as de white folks do," published in the "Salt River Gazette," a New York organ of the defeated Southern oligarchy, in 1867. Mr. Garvey might well reproduce this picture in his propaganda appealing to the Southern ruling class against the "equality Negroes."

swamps and woods of Louisiana, the fields of Alabama and Georgia and the steel mills of Gary and Pittsburgh.

Introducing Marcus Garvey.

Eight years ago, in the spring of 1916, a short, heavy-set, clear-eyed and prepossessing Negro landed in the United States from the British-ruled island of Jamaica. He had been a printer in Jamaica, and it is said that he had organized there a Negro printers' union.

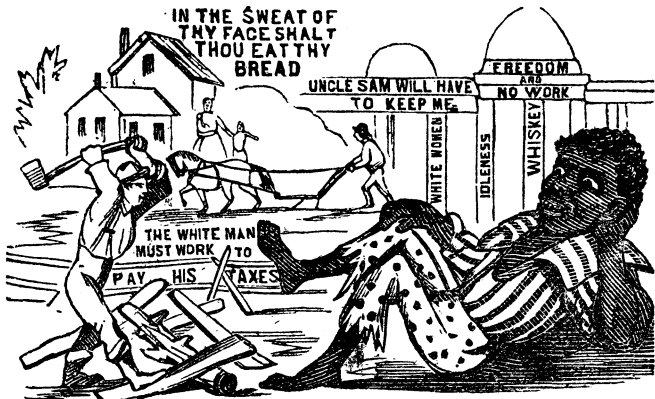
Within a short time the Negro inhabitants of Harlem became accustomed to seeing this man, Marcus Garvey, on the street corners, where he stood on a soap box and called upon his people to organize. In his voice there was the English accent of Jamaica. It was a custom for American Negroes to despise the Jamaicans, as "monkey-chasers," who derided the "possum-hunters" in return. But the facile speech of Garvey soon conquered the prejudice.

It soon became apparent that no leader in America could accumulate crowds of Negro working people as large as those that hung upon the words of Garvey. And this was at a time when the Negro masses were stirring with a turmoil that had not been equaled since the news of the Emancipation Proclamation had leaked through General Lee's battle line to the slaves of the South. The war trade was in full swing, the European labor supply was shut off, and the big Negro migration from the South to the North was just beginning. It was a period in which a vast change in the outlook and the activities of the Negro population of America was inevitable. Virtually there had never been any form of Negro organization (or mixed organization), except the primitive and reactionary colored churches and innocuous lodges in imitation of the white middle class. Negro leaders, though dimly conscious that a change was impending, were generally blind to its deep, class significance, and with a few notable but ineffective exceptions, had nothing to offer except the old, stale organizational forms. The masses of Negroes in their new restlessness were bound to find some new form of expression. And this man offered something that sounded different. To Marcus Garvey, tens of thousands of Negro working people listened as never Negroes listened before.

Was this to be the new leader?

Probably never in history did a man have a better chance to serve his people. With a gift of tongue seldom equalled by any man, with a magnetism of personality that draws

THE LIBERATOR



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irresistibly, with a quick sense of mass psychology and a genius for organizing—what would Garvey do with his power?

Garvey came to the test with a head full of the "nationalist" lore of 1848, patched up with scraps of plausible ideas gathered from Allied war-propaganda about "liberation of weaker nations." These he applied to the Negro movement with a pinch of opium borrowed from the Zionist movement of the Jews. Yet this eclectic mess was sure to find eager attention in New York's restless Negro section in the spring of 1916, striking as it did at the weakest point of the Negro whom the caste system forces to think eternally of race, race, race. In the midst of the war-illusions it was easy to transpose the terms of race into the terms of nation; soon Garvey had constructed a picture of the twelve million black and mulatto workers and farmers in America as a "weaker nation" (or a portion of it), whose grievance was the denial of its national rights.

Under this interesting theory, Mr. Garvey might have been expected to demand that South Carolina and Mississippi, having a majority of Negro population, be immediately turned over to the black "nation," and that a plebiscite be held in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, to determine whether they or any portions of them should go to the black "nation" or to the white "nation." But it soon became clear that Garvey's omelette was to be made without breaking any eggs. His phantasies were not being built to bring the Negro into collision with his ruling class enemies, but to avoid the real struggle for real emancipation of the Negro.

And so Marcus Garvey resurrected an old program—just two hundred and three years old—for the Negroes to win their freedom in Africa (and to pay dues meantime), and to surrender all rights in the United States. This was supposed to please both the Negroes and their oppressors.

The idea of colonization of the Negroes in Africa was more than hoary with age. First heard of in 1713 as a Utopian scheme of the Quakers for the gradual and painless abolition of slavery, the scheme of course came to nothing,

but remained an abstract idea for a hundred years. When revived in the era of the cotton gin, however, it was no longer a plan for the abolition of slavery, but a crafty scheme for making slavery permanent. The Eli Whitney cotton gin had brought the period of unmitigated hell for the Negro and big profits in slavery for the owner. In his book "The Negro in Our History," C. G. Woodson says:

"Many slaveholders believed that the then ever-increasing important institution of slavery could be maintained only by removing from this country the most striking argument for its abolition, the free Negro; and the foreigners then crowding the free blacks out of the industries of the North hoped to remove them from the field of competition. Colonization, therefore, received a new impetus. . . . The movement was no longer a means of uplift for the Negro, but rather a method of getting rid of an undesirable class that slavery might be thoroughly engrafted upon our country."

In an old book of 1833* Mrs. Child tells how the project "at first excited some jealousy in the Southern States," but how the southern slaveholders who were backing the scheme soon persuaded their colleagues that it was only a measure to help them to keep in slavery the great mass of Negroes by getting rid of those who were freed. Speaking for the American Colonization Society, Henry Clay said:

"It is far from the intention of this society to affect in any manner, the tenure by which a certain species of property is held. I am myself a slave holder, and I consider that kind of property as inviolable as any other in the country. I would resist encroachment upon it as soon, and with as much firmness as I would upon any other property that I hold."

John Randolph, wealthy leader of the slave oligarchy of Virginia, according to the records of the Colonization Society, "thought it necessary, being himself a slave holder, to show that so far from being in the smallest degree connected with the abolition of slavery, the proposed Society would prove one of the greatest securities to enable the master to keep in possession his own property."

With these and many other assurances, the colonization scheme became a pet measure of leading slave holders. On the other hand, the freed Negroes of Baltimore, Boston, Hartford, New York and Philadelphia in a series of mass meetings raised a furor of protest against the swindle.

Mrs. Child wrote in 1833:

"The society has been in operation more than fifteen years, during which it has transported between two and three thousand free people of color. There are in the United States two million of slaves, and three hundred thousand free blacks; and their numbers are increasing at the rate of seventy thousand annually. While the society has removed less than three thousand—five hundred thousand have been born. While one hundred and fifty free blacks have been sent to Africa in a year, two hundred slaves have been born in a day. . . . It is Dame Partington with her pail mopping up the rushing waters of the Atlantic!"

Luckily for the Negro, the colonization scheme—as far as it was a scheme to affect the Negro in America—was a flat failure; and the issue of chattel slavery was brought to its real solution—Civil War and the overthrow of the slave oligarchy.

The "colonization" plan to evade the slavery issue died with few but handkerchief-heads to mourn.



Here is another cartoon from the "Salt River Gazette." It is called "A scene at the Union League House." It shows a Negro appearing before an official with a white woman and saying, "Massa, you must marry us. De law says so." Garvey ought surely not to have failed to reproduce this cartoon in his effort to arouse the Southern aristocracy against the Negro's "right to intermarry and fraternize in every social way" with white people.

*) "An Appeal in Favor of that Class of Americans Called Africans, by Mrs. Child, Boston, 1833.



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And here comes Marcus Garvey, in a new time that teems with struggle, bringing with him a revival of the old movement for colonization.

In its inception, a whole lot of the passion (if not the science) of rebellion crept into the program of the Universal Negro Improvement Association. Rebellion against oppression was the food it fed upon. Garvey could not, if he would, have stemmed the tide. There is in the first program adopted by the association in 1920, something of the glorious if antiquated cry of the rebel slave Nat Turner, who in the year 1831, defined in biblical language the slogan of revolution: "And the last shall be first; and the first shall be last."

But soon events began to show what stuff Garvey was made of. On October 26, 1921, President Harding, anxious to extend the two-party system of big capitalism among the ruling class of the South, made his famous speech at Birmingham, Alabama, promising the Southern white rulers that the Republican party would uphold the caste system, with the words:

"Men of both races may well stand uncompromisingly against every suggestion of social equality. Instead, it would be helpful to have that word, 'equality,' eliminated from this consideration; to have it accepted on both sides that this is not a question of social equality, but a question of recognizing a fundamental, eternal and inescapable difference."

Amid the applause of all the keener-witted organs of Southern capitalism, we see Marcus Garvey running like a good old "Uncle Tom" to do as much bowing and scraping in the plantation style as can be done over the cold wires of the Western Union Telegraph company. Garvey telegraphed Harding:

"The Negroes of the world . . . greet you as a wise and great statesman and feel that with principles such as you stand for, humanity will lose its prejudice and the brotherhood of man will be established. All true Negroes are against social equality . . ."

Policy of Submission.

It might be wondered whether Garvey didn't take this incident as laying the basis for his whole future policy of kow-towing to the Southern ruling class. For, since then, he has constantly appealed to the Southern white wealthy class with fervid denunciations of those Negroes who, as he puts it, seek the equality of "Negroes and whites in the same hotels, homes, residence districts, public and private places, etc."

Slavishness can hardly go further than this.

But treason to his toiling race did go further. In October, 1922, Garvey carried his course to its logical climax in a friendly visit to the Imperial Giant of the Ku Klux Klan, Edward Young Clarke, at Atlanta, Georgia. In the headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan in Atlanta he seems to have found the formula:

The attitude of the Ku Klux Klan to the Negro is fairly representative of the feelings of the majority of the white race toward the Negro; therefore, the only solution of the situation is for the Negroes to secure for themselves a government of their own on African soil. (The substance of this has been adopted as a definition of its policy toward the Ku Klux Klan by the U. N. I. A.)

The charge is made by other Negro leaders that Garvey made such a formula the basis of an agreement that the Negro organization would fight all Negro "equality" organizations, would not fight the Klan, and would organize the

Negroes to migrate "back to Africa," thus supposedly ridding the Klan of the presence of the race that it hates. (The complete idiocy of the idea that the Southern ruling class would permit the ten millions of its black labor-supply to leave the country, even if that were possible, does not bar it from the minds of a Garvey and a Klan chief.)

In short, Garvey did everything that was humanly possible and left no boots unlicked in the effort to make himself a "white man's nigger" in the eyes of the white ruling class, and at the same time, a "Negro Moses" in the eyes of the suffering black masses.

And so Garvey's shield reads on one side: "Deport the damned niggers to Africa," and on the other side: "Let us go to our glorious Homeland in Africa!"

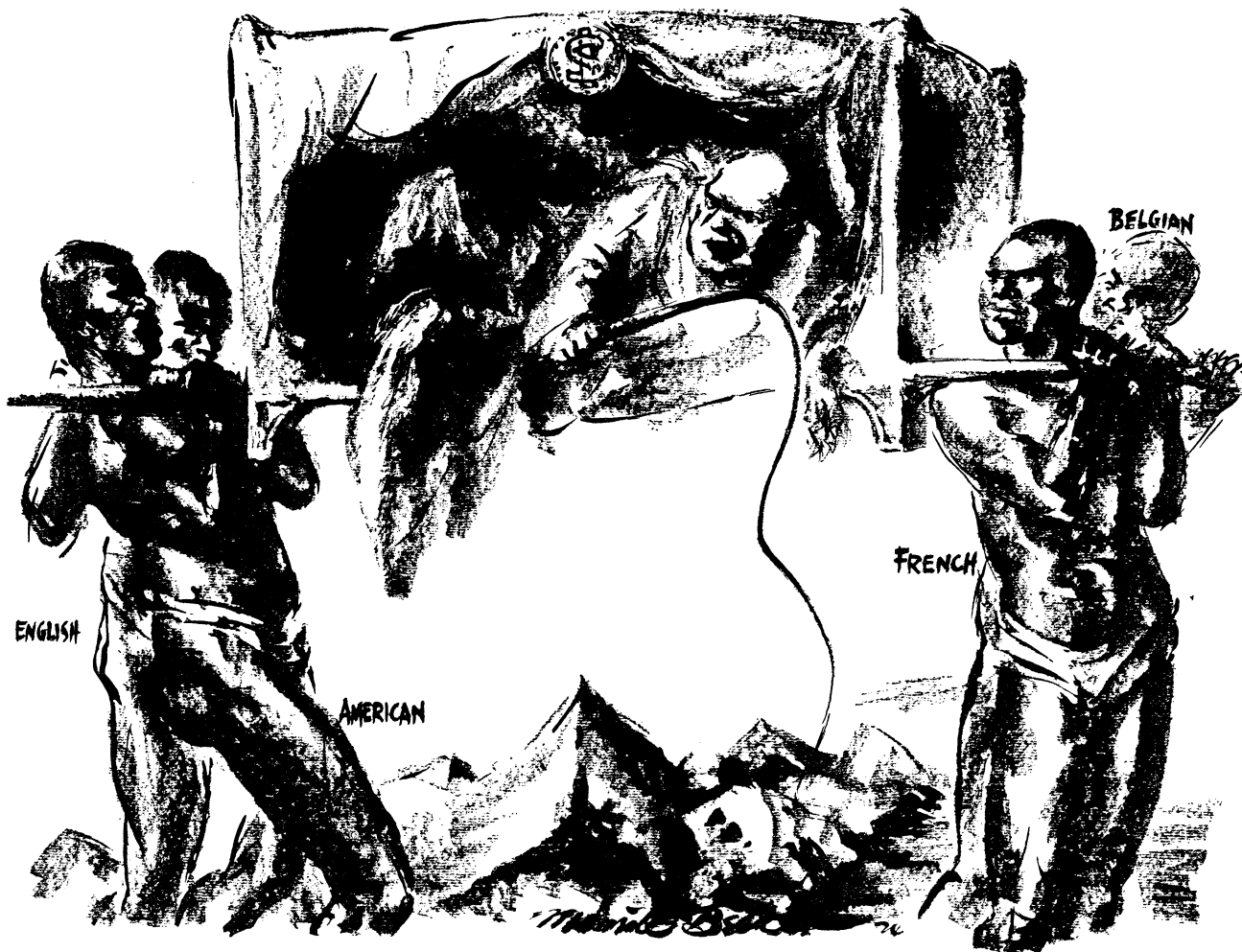
But all was not smooth even for such a handkerchief-head program. The very material with which Garvey had to work—the new, rebellious Negro—was human dynamite. Under present circumstances, any organization of the masses of wage-working Negroes is dangerous to a social order based on their submission to exploitation. For no matter what purpose may be declared by an organization of the restless Negro toiler, under the circumstances, the mere process of organizing the discontented resulted in the mobilization of militant human material. Soon, smile and apologize as Garvey might, the fear arose in high quarters that the new Negro organization was dangerous. Tradition was soon established that stool-pigeons and informers on the organization met quick and violent ends. A story is told of an ex-member of the organization who called on a New Orleans prosecutor, and was shot down a few minutes later.

Without comment on particular incidents, we note that the American capitalist ruling class soon began to regard the organization work of the Universal Negro Improvement Association as a dangerous stirring of the masses. Negro preachers accustomed all their lives to taking all the spare pennies of their flocks, wailed long and loudly that the Negroes were deserting the church and that the imposter Garvey was getting all the dimes. Garvey met the opposition by out-praying the preachers. And, gosh! how he can pray! Sloppy, peurile drool—with a straight face he out-drools the most shameless. Facing the Negroes' century-old habit of church-going and his new desire to stay away from church, Garvey opens every meeting with hymns, fills in the middle with vitriolic denunciations of preachers, and closes with prayer. And Garvey held his own against the preachers.

The Government Strikes at Negroes.

But the attack was taken up by the government. Seizing on the wild financial methods of the Black Star Line, a shipping company in which Garvey got the Negroes to invest their savings in the belief that its ships would carry them "back to Africa," the federal government easily convicted Garvey and sentenced him to five years of imprisonment. He was kept in jail during the summer of 1923, by which means the association was prevented from holding its annual convention.

Then came the "intellectuals" on the scene, after the usual fashion of "intellectuals," to take sides with the government in the prosecution of Garvey. Not all, but most of the Negro intelligentsia took the position that our good and just government (Harry Daugherty of the Little Green House on K street was in control of the federal prosecutors) was prosecuting Garvey, the "scoundrel," in the interest of "honesty." They declared that Garvey had a "fair trial"



Drop him!

Maurice Becker

and was "justly convicted," and jeered at him while he lay in jail, demanding his deportation as an alien.

Negro Workers Come to Rescue.

Naturally, the wholesome instincts of the Negro masses were aroused in exactly the opposite direction. The best evidence of the fundamental healthiness of the Negro masses is that tens of thousands of them flocked to the defense of Garvey. Ignoring Garvey's pandering to their enemies, they made him their hero. It is probably true that never before was a Negro leader so completely worshiped as was Marcus Garvey in prison.

But the hero meantime, on closer inspection, is seen employing every device of servility toward the ruling class and officialdom to get out of prison. He wrote cajoling and begging letters to the big White Masters, protesting that he did not seek any rights for the Negro in these United States, but only in far-away Africa. Soon Garvey was out on bond and proceeding with his old way.

The "handkerchief-head" who diverts hatred from the master of the Great House—must logically claim his reward in victuals and cast-off clothing, at the Great House kitchen door. This Garvey did.

There is a large number of white capitalists—and, in the South, of the wealthy white land-owning class—who realize that the caste-system has historically become one of the strongest bulwarks of the class system. These people have money to spend—and Garvey has, let us say, financial genius. About the beginning of this year, he got out a series of circular letters which were addressed to a select list of this class, appealing for assistance "morally or otherwise" and adroitly suggesting that it would be advantageous to "leaders of the white race" to give help to the U. N. I. A. because this organization diverts the Negro's attention from seeking political and social equality in the United States. I have before me a pamphlet which was enclosed with the letter, printed by Garvey, as it says, expressly for that class of white readers. The pamphlet is entitled "Aims and Objects of Movement for Solution of Negro Problem Outlined." In it Mr. Garvey addresses his white capitalist friends:

"The white man of America has become the natural leader of the world. He, because of his exalted position, is called upon to help in all human efforts. From nations to individuals the appeal is made to him for aid in all things affecting humanity, so naturally, there can be no great mass

movement or change without first acquainting the leader on whose sympathy and advice the world moves."

To quote further:

"To us, the white race has a right to peaceful possession and occupation of countries of its own and in like manner the yellow and black races have their rights." (It is later made evident that this means the Negro has no rights in America, which is a white man's country).

" . . . Hitherto the other Negro movements in America, with the exception of the Tuskegee effort of Booker T. Washington, sought to teach the Negro to aspire to social equality with the whites, meaning thereby the right to intermarry and fraternize in every social way. This has been the source of much trouble and still some Negro organizations continue to preach this dangerous 'race destroying doctrine' added to a program of political agitation and aggression. The Universal Negro Improvement Association on the other hand, believes in, and teaches the pride and purity of race." (After developing this theme in a way, exactly after the fashion of the Ku Klux Klan, calculated to make the picture of the Negro as a lower race threatening to inoculate the pure and holy white race with "mongrel" blood—such as that of Frederick Douglass, or Dumas, or Pushkin—if once the Negro is granted his constitutional equality, Garvey continues to discuss the Negro's rights in this way):

" . . . The great white majority will never grant them, and thus we march on to danger if we do not stop and adjust the matter." (At the white master's kitchen door Garvey grovels and admits that the Negro should not be granted equal rights in white master's country, and pleads):

" . . . Help him to return to his original home—Africa, and there give him the opportunity to climb from the lowest to the highest positions in a state of his own. If not, then the nation will have to hearken to the demand of the aggressive, 'social equality' organization, known as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, of which Dr. W. E. B. DuBois is leader, which declares vehemently for social and political equality, viz: Negroes and whites in the same hotels, homes, residential districts, public and private places, a Negro as president, members of the cabinet, governors of states, mayors of cities, and leaders of society in the United States. . . ." (He continues, that while in effect the white master class will treat the Negro "kindly,"):

"Yet it is realized that all human beings have a limit to their humanity. The humanity of white America, we realize, will seek self-protection and self-preservation, and that is why the thoughtful and reasonable Negro sees no hope in America for satisfying the aggressive program of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, but advances the reasonable plan of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, that of creating in Africa a nation and government for the Negro race." (After continuing in this vein to appeal to white prejudice against mulattoes and against Negro "political leaders, who hanker after social equality and fight for the impossible in politics and governments" and those Negroes who "fight for those things that the white man has created," Mr. Garvey completes his bow at the white master's kitchen door with his palm suggestively extended, saying):

"Teach the Negro to do for himself, help him the best way possible in that direction; but to encourage him into the belief that he is going to possess himself of the things that others have fought and died for, is to build up in his mind false hopes never to be realized."

The conclusion is inescapable that Garvey is deliberately picking out the most brutish enemies of his exploited race, and, catering to their hatred of the Negro, appeals on that basis for actual money support. Yet he was destined for more trouble.

Obliged to make some showing of reality for his make-believe of freedom by migration, Garvey sent emissaries of the association to Africa, about the beginning of this year, and right away the cables to Paris and London began to hum of "dangerous Negro agitators" having designs against the sovereignty of British and French territory.

The Africa of today is not the Africa of a hundred years ago. The No-Man's wasteland into which colonization societies in 1830 could pour discontented Negroes, is today the coveted garden of ambition of all the Great Powers. The diamond and gold fields and rubber and mineral lands are guarded by the most powerful armies and navies in the world. In fact, Africa has become one of the pivotal points in world imperialism. The breaking of imperialist rule in Africa is one of the tasks of the impending world-revolution. The continent is already in a state of restlessness, as witness the present Moroccan insurrections and the disturbances in the Sudan. Under the circumstances, the landing of the American Negro emissaries with talk of "a government of their own in Africa" was not a pleasant event for the British, French and Belgian foreign offices.

The weight of the wrath of six Great Powers came down upon the handkerchief-covered head of our hero. Garvey's agents were barred from Africa. The United States government, probably at the request of foreign ambassadors, tried to stop the 1924 convention of the Negro association which had turned out to be an international clearing house of colonial discontent. The United States government disinterred a two-year-old income tax return on which it indicted Garvey again with the charge of falsification—an obvious frame-up. The indictment was held back until the convention opened, and then Garvey was arrested.

At the same time, pressure was brought to bear upon the Negro republic of Liberia, which had apparently granted concessions to the American Negro organization. Suddenly the news came that rubber and mineral concessions that were claimed as granted by Liberia to the American Negro organization, were given instead to Harvey Firestone, the American millionaire friend of Calvin Coolidge.

And so the Negro movement is thrown, willy-nilly, into combat on two sides—against the American capitalist government which wants no lay organization among the toiling Negro masses for no matter what avowed purpose, and against world imperialism.

Let there be no mistake about it—the Universal Negro Improvement Association is not to be discarded as a useless organization merely because of the direction that Mr. Garvey has given to its declared purposes. On the contrary, this writer regards it as the most important mass phenomenon to be found in the sphere of Negro activities since the reconstruction days. In a thousand sleepy Southern villages today, tens of thousands of suffering and oppressed Negro wage laborers are meeting together and talking about their wrongs. For the first time in a century Negro masses are meeting **without the preacher!** For the first time in forty-eight years they are talking about freedom in some other place than "heaven." It is true that Africa is almost as far away as "heaven"—but not quite.

There seems to be no limit to the servility of which Marcus Garvey is capable. In the last convention of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, held in August, 1924, the indication that he had actually made an "arrangement" with the Ku Klux Klan was too plain for doubt—it was practically admitted. A strong appeal to the convention by the Workers Party, requesting the convention to reconsider its stand on the Klan, created a sensation but was turned down. Garvey openly spoke against "antagonizing" the Klan which exists largely and primarily for the purpose of terrorizing and murdering Negroes so as to keep them in subjection.

There are curious coincidences. Hearst's International for March, 1924, published an extract from a letter written by the Imperial Kleagle of the Klan, as follows:

"We have also in mind, for sometime in the future, for consideration the possibility of picking out the good Negroes (for there are some) and organizing them, or at least financing an organization for them, and thus split the force of the Negro itself. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has insulted and ignored the memory of Booker T. Washington, and while I do not approve of Booker T. Washington in some ways, he was better than some of the rest of his gang. If we were to foster under cover, an organization of the Negroes to honor the memory of Booker T. Washington, we would have spring up a strong organization to fight the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and you know sometimes the best policy is to divide your enemy by getting your enemy to fight among themselves."

Is it only a coincidence that, since Mr. Garvey's visit to the Klan headquarters, he refuses to let the Negro organization take a stand against the Klan—and is it only an accident that about the time the above letter was written, Garvey in his propaganda among white capitalists, holds Booker Washington up as the model of the "good" and "reasonable" Negro?—and that he names the new steamship of the re-incarnated "Black Cross Line" the "Booker T. Washington?"

Marcus Garvey turns out to be but one more of the long line of "handkerchief-head" leaders who seem endlessly to curse the Negro in America.

But his efforts to emasculate the Negro movement will be futile. The American Negro's attention to Africa will be transformed into the healthy, revolutionary internationalism even as the British, French and American imperialists fear; and the liberation of the African colonial peoples will be served, not because of, but in spite of, Mr. Garvey. The American Negro's interest in Africa is not a mistake except where it is made an excuse for evasion of the struggle for equality in America. The working class members of the U. N. I. A. will learn that the idea of colonization to escape



"White Supremacy" a hundred and forty years ago. An old picture, published in 1796, showing how rebellious slaves were punished in South America.

oppression in America is a fantastic swindle, and will ultimately turn all "handkerchief-head" leaders out and will win their freedom through boldly entering the class struggle, full equals among the militant proletariat.

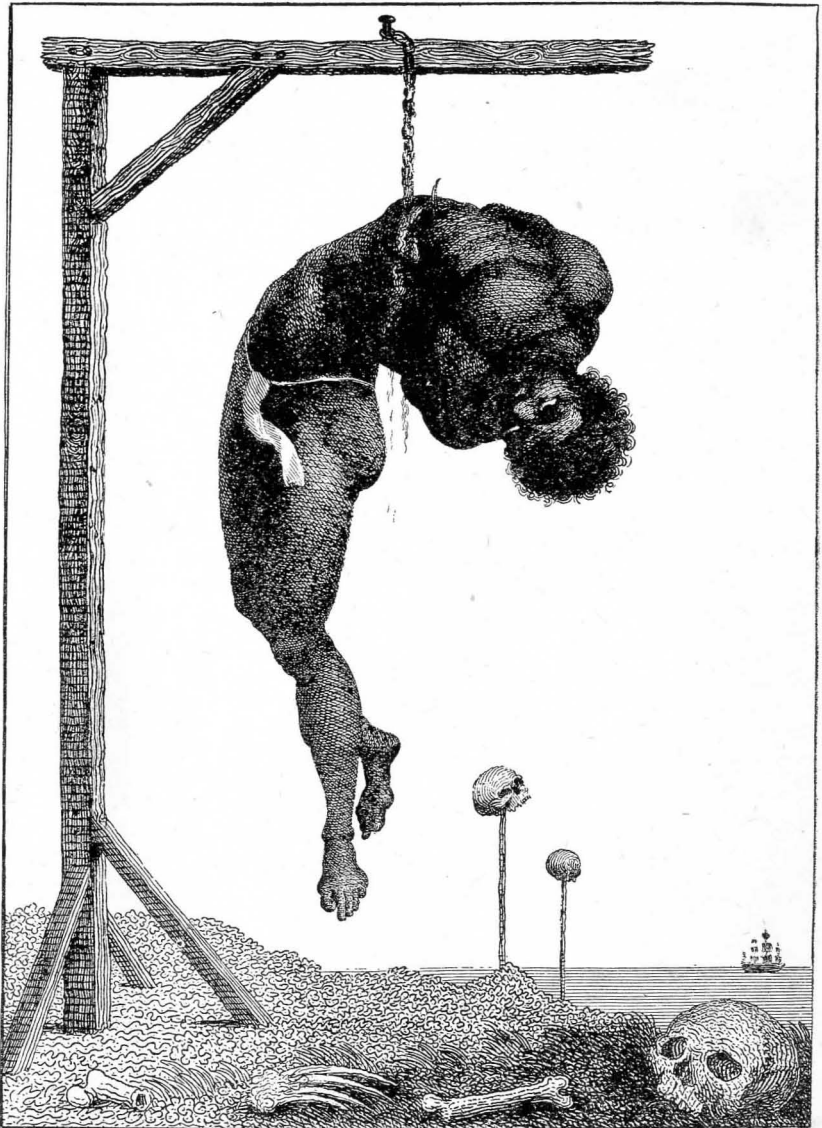
Paradise Hill

(The Miners' Cemetery.)

THE road is long and white,
The road is a path for the living to the dead,
The road leads from the town to Paradise Hill.

On the bosom of the hill men are sleeping,
Men who knew how to fill a glass and say "Luck to you!"
Men who were underground and suddenly forgot something,
Sleepers who knew they would never be trapped.

Stanley Kimmel.



Blake Sculp.

"White Supremacy" a hundred and forty years ago. An old picture, published in 1796, showing how rebellious slaves were punished in South America.

Reorganization of the Workers Party

THE resolution of the Fifth Congress of the Communist International on the reorganization of the Communist Parties on the basis of Shop Nuclei represents a definite step toward the Bolshevization of these parties. Once such a reorganization is accomplished the parties will have their basis in the shops, among the masses of the workers, who must be influenced and moved into action in the Communist struggle against capitalism.

For the Workers Party this transformation in the organization basis of the party presents a particularly intricate problem. Our party must not only transform an organization based upon territorial units into one based upon shop nuclei, but it must also deal with the fact that the party is now organized into seventeen language sections, and must safeguard the indispensable organization for propaganda in the many languages represented among the American workers in carrying out the transformation of the party into a Bolshevized shop nuclei party.

In spite of the difficulties of the problem, the party must attack it energetically and find the ways of making the transformation without weakening the party. This is being done. The first experimental steps are being taken. Through these experimental efforts the forms are being worked out which will preserve what is needed of the present language sections while at the same time creating the shop nuclei. No quick transformation can be achieved, but as the right forms are worked out, the party will gradually be rebuilt on the shop nuclei basis. The complete transformation may take a year or more, but the time is coming when the Workers Party will be able proudly to declare that its organizational form is that of a truly Bolshevik Party. C. E. Ruthenberg.

Resolution of the Communist International

1. The fundamental difference between the role and activity of the Communist party and the Social-Democratic party also finds expression in the difference in the organization of the two parties. The Social-Democratic party, which bases itself wholly upon reformist activity within bourgeois democracy, and especially upon activity in the parliamentary elections, is accordingly constructed on the basis of electoral districts and residential organization and has made the local groups the ground work of the organization of the party. The Communist party, however, which leads the broad masses of the working class into the revolutionary struggle for the overthrow of capital and the seizure of power, must have a different organizational structure. The basis of organization of the Communist party lies among the working class masses themselves, in the factory, at the place of work. The construction of the party on the basis of Factory Nuclei permits it to establish a close and lasting contact with the masses. It permits the party to keep itself at all times in touch with the needs and moods of the working masses and to react to them. It permits the organization of the revolutionary fight against the employers, fascism, the capitalist state; it permits the struggle for power. This organizational structure enables the party to secure a correct social compo-

sition and to guarantee its proletarian character. It makes possible, and this is of especial importance to the Communist party, a real fight for the control of production and, after seizure of power, the management of production in the factory. The slogan of Lenin was: "Every factory should be a stronghold of the Communist party."

2. The Third and Fourth Congresses of the Communist International distinctly indicated the necessity for the reorganization of the party on the basis of Factory Nuclei; the Fourth Congress laid down that "no Communist party can be regarded as a serious and solidly organized Communist mass party if it does not possess strong Communist nuclei in the factories, workshops, mines, railways, etc." Experience in the struggle of the Communist party since the Fourth Congress has completely corroborated this attitude and has proved that the resolution of the Fourth Congress is a vital necessity for the Communist party. One of the lessons of the German events is that the construction of the party on the basis of the factory nuclei is an indispensable condition of the victorious struggle for power.

It is, therefore, necessary, by profound, energetic and systematic work to carry out the decisions adopted by the Executive of the Communist International in January, 1924, in furtherance with the decision of the Fourth Congress on this subject, and which the Fifth Congress hereby confirms. The congress regards it as one of the important tasks of the Communist party in the near future to effect a reorganization on the basis of the Factory Nuclei.

3. The Congress desires to refer especially to certain points which have arisen in the practice of the parties since January, with regard to which some emphasis or indication of policy is required.

There must be no misunderstanding; the decisions of the Third and Fourth Congresses and the January resolution demand, not certain superficial changes in party structure, but an actual fundamental reorganization on the basis of the Bolshevik party. Reorganization should be carried out systematically and carefully, so that the party may not lose any of its strength. It must, however, be carried out energetically, and the old party structure (local groups, method of collecting contributions, selection of leading organs, registration, etc.) should be altered so as to make the factory nuclei the future organization.

It has to be admitted that in practice this idea has hitherto not been pushed with sufficient energy. In many cases the party nuclei were not regarded as the foundation of the party organization, in the direction of which the party structure had to be changed, but as a side branch of organization, appended to the old organization. Accordingly, in many cases, Factory Fractions with limited duties were created instead of factory nuclei; this is to be discounted. A tendency has often been displayed to give the factory nuclei exclusively trade union functions.

In opposition to this, the role and standing of the factory nuclei as the foundation of party organization must be clearly

and decisively emphasized and carried into practice. The factory nucleus has all the rights of a party organization. It discusses and takes an attitude on all party questions. This must also be applied in the **organization activity of the Factory Nuclei**. The factory nuclei must recruit and accept members, collect the contributions of its members, retain percentage of the contributions, register its members, and so on. The factory nucleus gives each member some definite work and makes it his duty to carry out the work entrusted to him. It is obvious that the activities of the factory nuclei must extend to all the sections of the activity of the party.

4. It is part of the meaning of the resolution on the reorganization of the party on the basis of factory nuclei, and one of its most important features, that the present **social composition of the party membership must be changed and improved**, that the absolute majority consist of industrial proletarians, so that the overwhelming majority of the party members may be included in the factory, workshop and farm nuclei. When this aim has been achieved, and the party nuclei become sufficiently numerous and strong, the street nuclei will become superfluous. Thereupon the members who are not embraced by the factory councils, must be attached to the factory nuclei. As a temporary measure, before the organization of the party has reached this stage (which may vary from country to country, and from district to district) street nuclei may be considered as one of the various possibilities of organizing and apportioning work to the party members who cannot be embraced by the factory nuclei. In view of the incorrect idea which has arisen as to the importance of the street groups, the Fifth Congress lays down that wherever the street groups are set up, they must not be allowed to injure the factory nuclei and must not be placed upon a footing of equality with the factory nuclei. It must in no case be said that the factory nuclei and the street groups (street nuclei) are the two principles of party organization. The **Factory Nucleus** alone is the principle of party organization; the street groups are a side branch. Emphasis is to be placed upon the factories and the factory nuclei.

5. At the beginning, reorganization must be concentrated mainly on the industrial districts, and here again on the most important localities and the strongest organizations. In each place the leading organs should begin reorganizing at once in the most important sections. This does not mean, of course, that the other party organizations are, in the meantime, to be neglected in the practical work of organization. Reorganization should be carried on steadily from the lowest sections of the party organization upwards.

6. On the question of the young Communist factory nuclei the congress lays down that the party should strive to secure that as many members of the young Communist factory nuclei as possible must also be members of the Communist Party nuclei, and that close co-operation and mutual representation should exist between the two nuclei, but that apart from the party nucleus, a special young Communist factory nucleus is essential, for this is the principle of the organization of the whole Young Communist League, which has a special organization apart from that of the party.



Mounting.

Literature and the Machine Age

By Floyd Dell

XV.

TO the older generation, no doubt, the appearance of H. G. Wells upon the literary horizon was no very startling phenomenon. He was to them a curious and ingenious inventor of "scientific fantasies," a kind of successor to Jules Verne. He wrote interestingly of airplanes, and Martians, and exploring the Moon. . . . But to us, in our decaying and autumnal world, his voice was the wild west wind, from whose presence the dead leaves of old aesthetic creeds and pessimistic philosophies scattered "like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing;" a wind bearing winged seeds. . . . a Shelleyan wind, prophetic of the Spring.

We had been living in a fixed world, a world which seemed in all essential respects to have existed for ever, and which would last to eternity. At least—the changes in it were so slight and circumstantial as to be meaningless; and with these changes, which were the product of ulterior forces, we had nothing to do. We were the creatures of the past, and the victims of the present. We neither hoped nor feared for the future, because we assumed that it would be of a piece with the present and the past.

The End of The World.

And suddenly there came into our minds the magnificent and well-nigh incredible conception of Change—not petty little pseudo-Darwinian changes, trivial and orderly—but gigantic, miraculous change, an overwhelming of the old in ruin and an emergence of the new. Into our eternal and changeless world came H. G. Wells prophesying its ending, and the Kingdom of Heaven come upon earth: the heavens shall be rolled up like a scroll, and all the familiar things of earth pass away utterly—so he seemed to cry out to our astounded ears.

And with that idea of Change, we looked at the world and at ourselves with new eyes. It had become suddenly real to us, because suddenly it meant something. It was going somewhere! The present was significant because it was the link of time between the future and the past. Now, we realized, was the crux of all eternity. Upon this moment hung something of the destiny of all mankind. And upon us, inhabiting this present, depended something. The future was not going to be the same as the present. It was going to be better—or worse. And whether better or worse was a matter upon which we could have our say. We could no longer regard ourselves as the creatures of the past, the victims of the present—we were the creators of the future. And the burden of this tremendous responsibility exalted and refreshed us.

Mankind might perhaps degenerate into some baser form, and perish from the earth; or it might stand upon the earth as upon a footstool and stretch out its hands among the stars. And something of that choice lay with us. Hoping and fearing, we lived again.

It was true; the old world was dying. Year by year it was drawing nearer to the agony of its catastrophe. We who were early readers of H. G. Wells were not among those

who were surprised by the world-war; we had read about it too often, and in too intimate detail, in his pages. We had faced in imagination not only its horror, but the famine, the economic ruin, and the political debacle which followed in its train. . . . It was true, too, that something new was coming to birth; and we could at least dimly glimpse that something through the smoke of ruin. . . .

The hugeness of that catastrophe against the imagined flames of which we acted out our individual lives, did not make us small. Those flames lit our lives with their own beautiful and terrible light.

It was our future. We, accepting it, made it our own. Its secret was locked in our hearts, and our hands were dedicated to its service. We lived for it, and were thereby ennobled.

Servants of the Future.

It may seem a little ridiculous, this dedication of our lives to the Future. It was a little ridiculous. But it gave us self-respect. We understood ourselves in relation to something besides our individual ambitions and our individual miseries. We, of all the young people of the nineteenth century, were the happiest, in being able, under the H. G. Wells influence, to face with dignity, and with neither fear nor cynicism, the world in which we lived. We were able to expand the narrow boundaries of pessimistic aestheticism, and to find nothing that is human alien to us. We developed that divinest because least selfish of man's passions, the passion of curiosity, to a pitch that gave promise of a new intellectual renaissance. . . . But we were a little silly for all that.

We need not blame H. G. Wells for the fact, but it so happened that his heroes reproduced and held up to our esteem a quality which we all possessed, a quality which was an inheritance of our nineteenth century training, and which peculiarly unfitted them, as it unfitted us, for service on behalf of the future. They were of the breed of Ibsen's tragic characters and Bernard Shaw's comic characters—the true nineteenth century type which includes both captains of industry and artists. They were individualists par excellence—queer, lonely, self-opinionated, impulsive, erratic and ego-worshipping creatures, utterly undisciplined and incapable of getting along with other people except upon their own egregious terms. Regarded closely, every one of Mr. Wells' heroes is seen to be a crank, a curious and pathetic mixture of egotist and fool. If we were unable to perceive this, it was doubtless because we were so much of both ourselves. We did what we wanted to do, and thought about it afterward. And, as it happened, nothing in the world was so calculated to throw the glamour of righteousness over our impulsive follies as the notion that we were the servitors of the Future.

There is something admirable about such folly; it has a dignity of its own, and no one need ever be ashamed to have fooled himself to the top of his Futuristic bent by the brave theories in which his infantile behavior was cloaked. There is something admirable even in its cruelty—and the H. G.

Wells young man of reality was often cruel precisely in his effort to be generous. He was the true Utopian, and as such he insisted on being better than this world—and those he loved must needs be better, too. Mr. Wells in more than one novel has worked out a case against jealousy, showing how much nobler we would be without that primordial passion interfering to mess up our lives. The H. G. Wells young man in real life was virtuously abjuring that passion, and inflicting upon his sweetheart an ideal of generous love which was usually what she least of all desired. As if in unconscious recognition of the erratic and unstable material with which he had to deal, Mr. Wells worked out on paper a form of self-discipline for the self-elect rulers of the future (the "Samurai"), which in reality, among Mr. Wells' young disciples, became a means of inflicting the oddest kind of neurotic propensities upon their confiding friends and intimates. Nobody in any of Mr. Wells' novels ever achieves anything with the help of any organized body, scientific, political or economic—he does it all by himself. And we were thereby confirmed in our own nineteenth century disposition to rebuild the world by means of that sacred bundle of egotisms and impulses which constituted our individual personalities.

The fact was, nobody in Mr. Wells' novels could ever have actually built or rebuilt anything; and no more could we. But we, like Mr. Wells' heroes, were admirably constituted to assist rapidly in the disintegration of existing society. Querulous and ignorant, in spite of our gospel of "love and fine thinking," we represented a generation which had endured a mis-built civilization so long that we were destructive in all our instincts. We talked of order, but it was only as a justification for throwing more monkey-wrenches into the machinery of the existing system. Our monkey-wrenches were merely verbal, it is true, but they were not without their effect. For the intelligentsia of a given age both follows and leads the rest of society. We summed up and expressed the blind rage of the worker and the artist against a hideous civilization; and we gave a new power and definition to that rage by the words in which we uttered it. We had been dispossessed, we had nothing at stake; and suddenly we realized our power, and used it. . . . When a decaying order is about to collapse, it can still be held together for a time by the magic of words; but when the users of words are seeking to destroy rather than to conserve that order, its doom is dated. . . .

Yet if the ruin which we foretold had come suddenly, and out of its ruins there had commenced to emerge, crudely enough, a new kind of order, how would we who held these ideas have viewed that desperate attempt? With suspicion, for it would have been initiated by others than ourselves, and we would have been incapable of believing that salvation for the world could have come from other hands than our own. We would have continued to talk of "order," amidst that chaos, and from the point of view of our own ideal of perfection have sneered at the grimy labors of the real re-builders of the world. We would have held aloof, and said, "This is not what we want."

It is a magnificent thing to be able to face the Future; but nothing in the influences which we were able to receive from the invigorating gospel of H. G. Wells was of a nature to enable us to face the Present.

The King's Jester.

It was Bernard Shaw who first made us aware of our spiritual predicament. He showed us what the Future, which we sought to serve, would think of us. He made us realize that the Future, instead of putting up statues to us, would laugh at us. He made us laugh at ourselves.

Curiously enough, the older generation did not discover—has never discovered—what Shaw was making fun of. It supposed that Shaw was attacking the conventions. But Shaw was doing nothing of the sort—he was laughing at us for attacking the conventions so feebly and foolishly. He did not make fun of marriage. He made fun of those who thought they could easily invent something better than marriage. He did not heap his scorn upon capitalism, but rather upon those who thought they could destroy capitalism merely with fine words or fine emotions. He said: Jericho's walls are stronger than you think, and you will have to do more than march around it blowing your horn if you expect ever to take possession.

Because he spoke in our own dialect, he has been regarded as a rebel; but he is rather our privileged satirist, permitted to tell us how foolish we are. In our own language he delivers to us the advice of a Methodist vestryman: High ideals are all very well, but it is necessary to learn to pay your debts; and when the real revolution comes, you will find your real leader telling you the same thing. You will have to work, and keep your account books straight, in the Future just as in the present; and if you don't do it in the Future the difference will be that instead of being admired as a genius, you will be put in jail as a counter-revolutionary!

He seems to say to us: Are you quite sure you want the Future, after all? You may not like it. And very possibly it may not like you! You will probably be surprised to find how sober and industrious and respectable the Future will be. Revolutions have a way of being highly moral, and real revolutionists are frequently people of impeccably virtuous life. They haven't time to be anything else. You may find the Future dull, you know!

To us, at this stage in our intellectual development, common-sense has the value of an epigram. And Bernard Shaw's common-sense brings us face to face with the question:

Can you create a new civilization upon the ruins of the old? Can you even get along in such a new civilization if someone else creates it for you?

Are we, looking forward to a new world, indulging in the same kind of illusions as our eighteenth-century great grandfathers? Is this new Revolution, like the last, going to bring realities different from our dreams? And are we, by reason of our disillusionment and chagrin, condemned to be unable to take part in the life of the new age, but destined rather to turn back and seek refuge in romantic dreams of the past? And, finally, how much blame for that discrepancy may we lay upon that new world-order, and how much upon ourselves?

The literature of the nineteenth century was, broadly speaking, incapable even of asking such questions. Is the literature of the young twentieth century able to answer them?

THE END

England, 1650—Russia, 1924

To the Editor of The Liberator:—

In a recent issue, Comrade Bedacht dismissed the Great Rebellion in England, under the leadership of the Cromwell group, as a middle-class, bourgeois uprising.

In "Dictatorship versus Democracy," page 49, Trotsky says: "In the Great Rebellion the active force was the people. . . . The great event in modern bourgeois history is the Great Rebellion."

Will Comrade Bedacht discuss this question further?

George McLaughlin.

Answer

To the Editor of The Liberator.

In a review of the debate between Scott Nearing and Bertrand Russell about the applicability of Sovietism to "Western" countries, printed in the September issue of The Liberator, I criticized the superficial attitude of Bertrand Russell in comparing the English Revolution of the seventeenth century with the Russian Revolution of the twentieth century, and in coming to the conclusion that the Bolshevik revolution is in all respects only a Russian edition of the English. This criticism of mine did not find favor in the eyes of one of the readers of The Liberator, and he wishes to discuss the question with me. But I think a discussion is unnecessary because there is no point of dispute.

In my review I wrote: ". . . the Russian Revolution of the twentieth century was fought for the toiling and propertyless masses, while Cromwell's Ironsides were marshalled for the defense of England's substantial citizens." Against this sentence my critic calls as a witness no less a personage than Trotsky—a formidable witness, indeed. In his book, "Terrorism and Communism," published in America by the Workers Party under the title "Dictatorship versus Democracy," Trotsky wrote (page 49): "In the English revolution, in the 'Great Rebellion,' the active force was the people. . . . The great event in modern 'bourgeois' history is . . . the 'Great Rebellion.'"

Right here I might whisper to my critic the secret that I did read Trotsky's book more than once before I wrote the foreword to the Workers Party edition, from which he quotes. Far be it from me to have any intentions of not admitting Comrade Trotsky as a competent witness. But what is the issue? I say: "The 'Great Rebellion' differed from the Russian revolution mainly because the first was a bourgeois revolution while the latter is a proletarian one." Trotsky says: "All attempt to discredit the 'Great Rebellion,' which cut off the head of Charles Stuart, in favor of the 'glorious revolution' which brought William of Orange to the English throne were fruitless. After all, the 'Great Rebellion' was the great event in modern 'bourgeois' history."

Although there is a difference in what we say, because each of us is speaking about a different feature of the event, yet there is no contradiction between the two quotations. Trotsky's testimony rather proves my contention that the English revolution was fought for the bourgeoisie, while the Russian revolution is being fought for and by the toiling masses. That is the fundamental difference between the two

events. The one was fought in the seventeenth, the other in the twentieth century. Both set the masses into motion; both established the rule of a hitherto ruled class: in the seventeenth century in England that class was the bourgeoisie, while in Russia of the twentieth century it was the proletariat.

The dominating force of the "Great Rebellion" in England could not have been proletariat for the obvious reason that the proletariat did not yet exist as a class. The modern proletariat existed then only in its embryonic form of journeymen and apprentices, hired out to the shopkeepers in London and the few other larger cities. This social group was oppressed politically and economically. It was not only without political rights, but also without property. It was the most oppressed group in the kingdom. Even the paying of decent wages was a punishable crime if these wages were higher than the fixed maximum. This maximum was in all cases below the minimum needed for decent sustenance. This group, therefore, was restless and always ready for rebellion.

When the conflict between Parliament and King reached its climax in December, 1641, and in the following years in civil war, it was the propertyless element in the city of London that fought the first battles for the Parliament.

But Cromwell, Hampden and other leaders of the Parliamentary forces saw from the very start the deep abyss that divided them and their aim from this "rabble" and its aim. Cromwell spoke with contempt of "the journeymen and apprentices with whom one cannot win battles against men of 'honor' (the royalist army of aristocrats)." He raised his army of Ironsides from among the substantial gentry who had "religion," and incidentally landed property.

During the critical periods of the civil war Cromwell and his aids were negotiating again and again with the "proletarian" elements of the army under the leadership of the Levelers, foremost of whom was "freeborn" John Lilburn. Compromises were repeatedly patched up, to be broken by Cromwell at opportune moments. In the same degree as Cromwell's position and the rule by the bourgeoisie became more secure, he developed more outspoken opposition to this proletarian element and its aims. Although the revolt of the Parliament against the King began with these elements fighting in the front ranks of the parliamentary army it ended with their betrayal by Cromwell. This "proletarian" element rebelled and was put down ruthlessly by Cromwell. Many of its leaders were executed. At the end of the revolution John Lilburn was thrown into the same Tower from which the first convulsions of the revolution had rescued him.

This proves what needed to be proved: That the English revolution was a struggle for the rule of the bourgeoisie and that, therefore, any other similarity notwithstanding, there is nothing in common between the "Great Rebellion" in England of the seventeenth century and the Great Russian Revolution of the twentieth century. Both were social revolutions—yes; both were mass movements—yes, or they would not have been social revolutions. But the English revolution helped into power the ruling class of the future of the seventeenth century, the bourgeoisie. The Russian revolution helps into power the class of the future of the twentieth century, the Proletariat.

Fraternally yours,

Max Bedacht.

REVIEWS

A Voice in the Wilderness

"The Fire in the Flint." By Walter F. White. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

THESE is a superstition to the effect that "propaganda" and "art" are forever divorced. I don't believe it. Art has to build out of whatever involves us most deeply in life, whatever moves us most; and in avoiding these issues it must avoid greatness. As we hear the roar of the old order crumbling about us, as we are bruised by the flying debris, and choked by the poisonous dust of its collapse, it becomes more and more impossible to feel with passion and to speak with beauty "above the conflict." Beauty itself becomes a terrible thing, stark to our sight, inaccessible to cowards. The lost souls, the emigree princesses, the tender minded sentimentalists barricade themselves in "the ivory tower."

A book has been written that makes this superstition laughable. It has all the mistakes so scorned by the exquisites "above the conflict." The flaws are only surface deep, they do not alter the massive shape, the powerful thrust, of this book. It was not written in leisure, but by a man at the service meanwhile of crueler duties. He uses the chopped sentences of journalism, he falls sometimes into stereotyped phrases. But he builds with these chipped and twice-used stones a strong and noble house for the great emotion that inhabits it. And that is art. This book is "The Fire in the Flint," by Walter F. White.

Because Walter F. White is light enough in color to pass for a white man, he might have lived easily and pleasantly. Because he has a sensitive and creative mind, he might have found a place in the "ivory tower." Instead he took terrible risks, and repeatedly submitted his senses and and heart and mind to the hideous assaults of a shocking reality. He has poured into his first novel passion and understanding and honesty.

The story is simple. A young Negro surgeon returns to Central City, Georgia, after studying in the North and serving in the World War. He believes that if he "minds his own business" the race question need not bother him. But the net closes relentlessly around him, and he begins to understand that his people's business is his own business. Here are no accidents; every step of the story's progress is the credible development of what has gone before. And like the smell of death from a distant battlefield we feel the inevitable doom closing down upon something brave and young and beautiful.

The struggle of the new Negro is a theme that has the advantage of having been used seldom, and yet of being kin to the great eternal theme of man's endless creative need to build out of agony and confusion something ordered and symmetrical. Kenneth's simple desire is at first to "live and let live." His subsequent involvement in the race struggle is the inevitable corollary to his awakened ability and responsibility.

The conversations of Kenneth with his younger brother Bob, the meeting of the enslaved share-croppers, the visits to old Judge Stevenson, the death of Bob, are all vivid pictures. Brother Tucker, the old share-cropper, hopelessly in debt to his thieving landlord, voices the long patience, the hard-learned desperate resentment of the exploited. In the short eight pages of his appearance he is one of the most living characters. Encouraged by his fiancée,

Jane, Kenneth starts to organize the share-croppers, innocently supposing that since this is legal it is also possible. He does not realize that he has landed himself, in one leap, right into the burning center of the whole question of caste; the unchallenged peonage of a class, which conveniently to its exploiters, is in this part of the country of another race. This activity marks him as a "dangerous nigger." The Klan appears as a contemptible alliance of petty cowards, fooled by their leaders, despised by the Negroes whom they try to impress, and terrified by their own childish mysteries. When the only doctor in the little town with sufficient skill to save the life of a white woman is the hated Negro, this fact seems so shameful to the girl's parents that they make of the Negro physician's visits a secret that speeds on the terrible climax. Kenneth Harper dies as thousands of Negroes have died, reviled and branded as a criminal by the jealousy of white barbarians.

This book should open the eyes and the hearts of people as did a much humbler book long ago; a book that is still remembered when the "literary" books of the period are forgotten—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." I believe that "The Fire in the Flint" is only one of the first of a great literature expressing the dreams, the resentments, and the affirmations of a rising people.

Lydia Gibson.

Two Yellows and a Red

"Contemporary Portraits, Fourth Series." By Frank Harris. Brentano, New York.
 "My Disillusionment in Russia." By Emma Goldman. Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City.
 "Our Revolution." By Leon Trotzky. Henry Holt and Co., New York.

FRANK HARRIS' latest work has little value except as self portraiture. He drools about compassion, forgiveness and charity. He wastes pages on Wilson, Roosevelt, and a German bureaucrat of similar calibre. His own pranks are delightful—for example, his visit to Marion to beg Harding as a "Christian" to forgive Europe's war debts. One sketch sets forth fairly the damage done Russia by the Allied armies and blockade. He is at his best in his eulogy of Emma Goldman. She spent thirty years preaching revolution in America and was arrested only six times. A modern rebel may well sigh for those halcyon days. Even so humble a servant of Bolshevism as the writer, drew four arrests, one indictment and one conviction in his first six months in the party.

In Harris' eyes Emma's recent attack on Soviet Russia is "sublime," "the noblest act of her heroic life." He applauds her political inability to agree with anyone else. These impressionable liberals!

Emma's book on Russia is as valuable as Anna Louise Strong's. Both spent two years traveling to and fro. Anna hails the Communists as servants of the revolution. Emma denounces them as traitors. Emma tells of corruption in High Places. She saw it herself and describes it in detail in Chapter I. Here it is: In 1920, Zinoviev bought some vinegar for table use! Every chapter of Emma Goldman's book is a hodge-podge of accusations of inefficiency, graft, theft, suppression, execution, torture, but when the student jots down specific instances—the result is meager. There are pages of "proof" that Brest Litovsk was a betrayal. It is set forth in detail that the Russian bourgeoisie were never a menace. (Let the veterans who mopped up Kolchak, Denikin, Petlura, Wrangel and Yudenitch, rise and speak!) From page 207 we learn of a prolonged Bolshevik "pogrom."

Is this indefinite squawk the best Emma can do after two years' investigation? Then Russia is far better off than I dared hope. Bill Foster told us worse than that three years ago. Emma found this stuff too vague for bourgeois taste and invented some specific data on the Kronstadt mutiny of 1921, and the Communist reorganization of the co-operatives. Harris trustfully vouches for these in his book, though Emma lacked the brass to publish them in hers. . . . Her Russian record shows shrewd foresight. No, she couldn't bear to work with Bolsheviks, so she could not help education—nor could she build rest homes for workers—nor could she train nurses for war service. She waited for a job that would let her roam far and wide—then snapped it up. Happily she lacks the wit to lie tellingly. We can do no more than ignore her brand of "revolution," her Tolstoian twaddle backed by the individualists' bomb and pistol. She chose the time for her attack well—the hungry days of 1922. History is justifying the Communists—their "corrupt and incapable" government is fast rebuilding industry, as proved by the trade balance—and the growing file of recognitions on the Red Soldier's bayonet!

It is stimulating to turn from these two petty bourgeois hacks to the realist, Trotsky. In "Our Revolution" written in prison in 1906, he analyzed at length the ideology and strength of each class in Russia. He ridiculed the rigidity of those "Marxists" who said: "Russia is backward. No workers' revolution is possible." He claimed that the few industrial workers of Russia could and should get the leadership of the peasants and make a "permanent revolution"—try to build a Communist society. He saw the future more clearly from his cell than liberals can see the present! Nine years later he wrote "Bolsheviki and World Peace"—the war-aims of a rebel. This book is worth noting, as he foretells the position of the Communist International—that a bourgeois government can wreck a rebel party in time of war-hysteria, that no party can promise to "prevent" a war by strikes or a revolution. His two more recent works, "Dictatorship vs. Democracy" (1920) and "Between Red and White" (1921) are brilliant polemics against all yellows—English, German, French and Austrian.

Geo. McLaughlin.

"Golden Fruits"

Three Plays of A. V. Lunacharski. Translated by L. A. Magnus and K. Walter. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

VERY humbly I approached this volume, written by the man who is now minister of education of the Russian proletarian state, and leave it still more humbly.

The three plays are written in what can best be described as the classic style, though it is not strictly that. The form ranges from ecstatic prose to pure poetry, and is beautiful throughout.

"Faust and the City" tells how Faust, the genius, conceived a great city and built it with the aid of the workers. Corruption creeps in and the workers decide that no one man can rule any longer, but that all the workers, through their representatives, must rule together with Faust. He declines this condition because of his lack of faith in the people. So in his old age he loses his son (who himself wishes to be the despot), his daughter (who marries one of the leaders of the workers, Gabriel), and also he loses his beloved brain-child, his city. But just before his death he learns to believe in the people and comes back to them, willing to help them rule. He says to them: "Children, brothers, I believe—I be-

lieve in you! Gather your harvest, grow, enlighten the world, build, fill it with thought, with understanding, and ye shall be as gods. For the gods are a vision of what the might of men shall be."

Faust dies, after giving his invention, a machine, to the city, and Gabriel says, "Faust is alive in all things! He lives in us! He lives forever!"

The second play, "The Magi," a dramatic fantasy, represents the struggle between good and evil and concludes with "All the world is One; is Unity."

The third play, "Vasilisa the Wise," a dramatic fairy tale, is perhaps the most beautiful of the three. The Princess Vasilisa chooses for her husband, Ivan Tsarevich, youngest and most despised of Tsar Funduk's three sons. Their love is perfect, they have a son, but Ivan leaves because he is weary—perhaps of perfection. On his travels he meets a strange company, which takes him to the moon princess, who is dumb, though very beautiful, and she bears him a daughter. She is killed by the servant of Vasilisa and he returns to the earth with his little daughter.

Vasilisa, having learned through her magic mirror that Ivan is married to the moon princess, marries the great man Merodakh, who is the father of her second son, Mitra.

Finally, Ivanich and Vasilisa find each other and Merodakh departs, knowing that Vasilisa cannot love him as she does Ivan.

I cannot resist quoting the end of this lovely fairy tale.

"Vasilisa—Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Heaven for the gods, but the earth for children.

"Ivan—This is the language of mankind's autumn.

"Vasilisa—A season wise and ripe, the season of golden fruits.

"Ivan—And Yalya did not die; she had children and prevails over death.

"Vasilisa—Everyone who serves children is immortal.

"Ivan—Look, Vasilisa, how the sunbeams light up Mitra! How beautiful he is. He raises to the sun his hands!

"Vasilisa—And man's divinity on earth shall be the child!"

Ida Dales.

Once Over

"Gold." By Jacob Wasserman. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York.

THE works of Jacob Wasserman are not so much literally read as they are emotionally felt. It is a part of the intellectual development of every thinking young person to read "The World's Illusion" and dwell long on the poignant types which Wasserman has created in his book. The mention of such names as Little Ruth, Christian, Eva Sorel, Cameron, Amaedus Voss, and Karein, immediately recalls to anyone who has once read the book a host of the most singular characters ever gathered between the covers of any novel. His types, be they protagonists of good or evil, by the genius of their creator, make a deeply lasting emotional impression on the reader.

"Gold," his most recently translated book, will be no disappointment to any believer in Wasserman. In this volume the sinister influence of gold and gain on the minds and souls of humanity is depicted with all the consummate skill and feeling that the author is capable of. We have characters and situations which only Wasserman or a Dostoevsky could create. In particular Herr Mylius and Ulrica are two

types drawn in a manner entirely novel in literature. The former has but one passion in life; to accumulate secret wealth, merely for the sake of possession. Although many times a millionaire, he keeps his family in ignorance of his money, and allows them less than the bare necessities of existence. But he meets his match in Ulrica, a lady of keen scent, who smells his gold, breaks the news to the family, and forces him to disgorge. The reactions of the diversified members of Herr Mylius' large family and the lives which they lead when they discover that their father, in place of being a near pauper, is a veritable Croesus, are, to say the least, extremely interesting. There is also a portrayal of a precocious, unwanted child that is singularly done.

The genius of Wasserman seems to be sufficient in scope to create literary reputations for six men in place of one.

Abraham Resika.

"Weeds." By Edith Summers Kelley. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York.

INTO the life of a rural settlement in Kentucky, empty of either physical or mental vitamins, flashes the child Judith, unaccountably vivid and alive. This book is the story of the struggle of that proud and healthy spirit to build itself a good life out of the feeble and sickly environment, without itself surrendering to feebleness and sickness. It is a sensitive account of the repeatedly frustrated sprouting of a sturdy spirit. Not easily does Judith give in to her starveling life; not until her body is weakened by too frequent childbearing, and her spirit broken by a sordid love-affair that even her rich nature is unable to nourish to beauty. An unusually sympathetic story of a tragedy that must be all too common in that harsh and hungry land.

L. G.

"The New Vision in the German Arts." By Herman George Scheffauer. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

BECAUSE the recent developments in the German arts are so little known to me, I welcomed this book. The author discusses the new schools of painting, poetry, architecture, literature, and drama that are springing up as hopeful, despairing expressions of a world in upheaval—heroic attempts to build some sort of order in a chaotic and terrifying world. The decay of one and the coming to birth of another social order is the most tremendous fact of our time, and these arts which are the direct emotional response to this death and resurrection are very important to all who are aware of their meaning. Scheffauer is most sympathetic to the new forms, but he appears cheerfully and enthusiastically to ignore their significance. All these artists, so ferociously struggling to express a great period of change, are for him individual spirits, hampered by their flesh, and their paint and their clay, in their attempts to scale starry space. It is strange to read an interpretation of these symptoms of history, expressed in the mushily ecstatic language of the romantic age! The word "soul" appears at least a hundred times, and "cosmic" almost as often! Whenever precise thought becomes difficult (and it often does!) the author takes refuge in a rosy cloud of metaphysical abstractions. So this book, which might have been an inspiration to those of us who eagerly welcome every genuine expression of this whirling, changing world, is useful only as a sort of pocket guide-book, for the many names it contains.

L. G.

"The Tattooed Countess." By Carl Van Vechten. A. A. Knopf, New York.

ONCE again Main Street comes in for a drubbing, this time by contrast with a sophisticated woman of the world, the tattooed countess. However, one cannot help wondering whether the countess would not be quite as dull as Main Street as if one knew her as thoroughly.

This more than middle-aged lady comes back to the small Iowa town where she was born, seeking peace after a heart-breaking love affair with an opera tenor of twenty-two. She has been away for twenty-five years, years spent in European capitals, where she acquired culture and a mania for youthful lovers.

Main Street has built a new school and new waterworks, and the poor countess is bored to death over it. At last comes relief in the form of a seventeen-year-old lad, handsome, clever, hungry for life as it is not lived on Main Street. And the countess grabs him and takes him off to her villa in Europe. Goddammit! These countesses have all the luck!

The tale is an amusing one and easy to read. But two things are hard to forgive the author—his use of some of the most unheard of and inappropriate words in the English language and his habit of naming foreign hotels, resorts, personages, and of airing his knowledge of the arts at the slightest provocation.

I. D.

"Wine of Fury." By Leigh Rogers. A. A. Knopf, New York.

THIS novel records a young American's concept of the 1917 revolutions in Leningrad. The characters he chose to portray in it are Rand, an American banker, Naritya, a dancer who, being shrewder, managed to sell herself in wedlock to a worn out rake of a Russian count. To the young author there is here so much difference that he pours scorn on the head of one woman and adulation at the feet of the other. He gives us for Tribune of the People, Radkin, a veteran revolutionist, who drivels pages of sentiment about saving the People's Soul—by barring out machinery!

The story drools on, telling us alternately that the bank business is booming and that there is chaos and street fighting outside. At last the unbelievably corrupt and incompetent Soviet seizes the bank; the banker-hero is so stunned that he elopes with the lovely heroine without troubling himself to marry her. Such revolutionary contempt for established institutions is startling.

G. McL.

"Plumes." By Laurence Stallings. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

THREE Soldiers' was the army; "Backwash of War" told the sordid tale of a war hospital; in "Plumes" the author tells of his attempts as a crippled veteran to live in this "fit-for-heroes" world. He does an excellent job.

Richard Plume was mustered out with a smashed knee and got a job in crowded Washington. He studied bourgeois economics to find out why, having sacrificed so much for "democracy," the critter should prove so repulsive. His leg hurt him day and night and a grateful government introduced him to poverty—he thought it revolting that his wife should have to use the toilet for a kitchen. Finally they cut his leg off and he retired to Arcadia to live on his folks. Anyone who wishes to know what it is like to have a leg smashed, should read this book—that part of it is wonderfully done.

G. McL.

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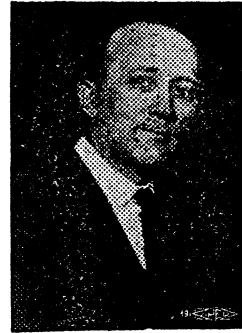
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