

Despite of All!

A general attack on the "Spartac"! "Down with the Spartacans!"—such are the exclamations ringing down the streets. "Catch them, whip them, stab them, shoot them down, string them up the lamp-post, grab them, trample them down with your feet!" Brutalities are committed before which the crimes perpetrated by the German armies in Belgium pale into insignificance.

"The Spartacans are smashed!"—is triumphantly announced in all the newspaper offices, beginning with the "Post" and ending with the "Vorwärts".

"The Spartacans are smashed!" And their defeat will be consummated with the saber, the revolver and the rifle of the restored old Prussian police and with the disarming of the revolutionary workers.

"The Spartacans are smashed!" Under guard of the bayonets of Col. Reinhard; under the cover of the machine guns and cannons of General Lutvitz will be carried out the election for the Constituent Assembly,—the plebiscite for the Napoleon-Ebert.

"The Spartacans are smashed!"

Oh yes, undoubtedly! The revolutionary workers of Berlin sustained a defeat. Undoubtedly! Hundreds of the best of them were killed! Undoubtedly! Hundreds of the most loyal of them have been thrown into prison!

Undoubtedly! They have sustained a defeat,—because they were abandoned by the sailors, the soldiers, the Guard, the people's militia,—by those on whose support they counted. And because their power was paralyzed by the indecision and feebleness of their leaders. And because of the unprecedented outflow of the counter-revolutionary swamp of the inert populace which swallowed them up.

Yes, undoubtedly,—they are smashed. History foreordained their defeat, for the time of their rising was not yet ripe. But nevertheless,—the struggle was inevitable and it would have resulted in a shameful defeat for the enemy, if Eugene Ernst and Hirsch had not surrendered without a battle the police headquarters—this revolutionary palladium. This struggle was forced upon the proletariat by the Ebert gang, and with sheer elemental power the Berlin masses rose, throwing aside all doubts and calculations.

Yes, undoubtedly! The revolutionary workers of Berlin sustained a defeat.

And Ebert-Scheidemann-Noske triumphed. They triumphed, because the generals, the bureaucracy, the Junkers of the highest and lowest rank, the church and the money-bags and all those who were frightened and reactionary, who were threatened with hardships and restrictions, were on their side. And they triumphed by using shells, bombs with poisoned gas, and hand-grenades.

Yet there are defeats equivalent to victory and victories more fatal than defeats.

Besieged during the period of the January Bloody Week, they valiantly carried on the struggle; they aspired to realize the grand and noble aim of suffering humanity—the spiritual and material emancipation of the exploited masses; they shed their precious blood in the name of a sacred ideal. And from every drop of this blood,—of this dragon's seed for the victory of to-day,—in the place of the fallen will rise new avengers; from every mutilated body will emerge new fighters in the name of the great cause which is as eternal and unfading as the horizon.

The vanquished to day will be the victors

Karl Liebknecht's Last Writing.

to-morrow, for their defeat will teach them a lesson. The German proletariat does not possess a revolutionary tradition and experience. And this practical experience which will make possible his future successes he will be able to acquire not otherwise than by actual attempts, through mistakes, through youthful and painful defeats and failures. For the vital and moving forces of the Social Revolution, the irresistible growth of which is the natural law of social development, every defeat gives rise to a new source of new impulsive power. And through defeats and after the defeats the Social revolution marches forward to victory.

But what is to be said of to-day's victors?

In the name of their base aims they commit their base and bloody deeds. For the retention of the power of the outlived generation, in the interests of the mortal enemies of the proletariat.

And at this very moment they are already themselves vanquished, because they are already to-day held in prison by those whom they wanted to utilize as a tool for their purposes, but whose tool they have themselves become long ago.

The firm still exhibits their name. But the term of their further existence is cut short.

They are already nailed to the Pillar of Shame in history. Never before did the world witness such wonder-traitors like these who betrayed their own sacred cause, but who also crucified themselves on the cross. Just like in August 1914 the German Social-Democracy fell lower than any other,—so now at the dawn of the Social-Revolution it presents a hideous sight.

The French bourgeoisie was compelled to furnish from its own ranks hangmen in June 1848 and in March 1871. The German bourgeoisie does not have to burden itself with such a task,—the "Social-Democrats" are performing for it the dirty, bloody and cowardly work; the name of its Cavegniac and its Galife is Noske, "the German workman".

The peal of bells announced this slaughter; music, the waving of handkerchiefs and the triumphal celebrations of the capitalists "saved from the Bolshevik menace," greeted the victors. The smoke of the powder has not yet vanished; the flame of the slaughter of workers has not yet been extinguished; the corpses of the killed have not yet been removed; the wounded proletarians are still moaning;—but Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske, anxious to show off their victory, are already arranging parades for the troops which participated in the slaughter.

The dragon sowing!

Already they are cast aside by the workers towards whose International they dare extend their hands red with the blood of the German workers. With hatred and contempt they are avoided even by those who sacrificed their Socialism on the altar of the world-war. Discredited, excluded from the ranks of honest humanity, expelled from the International, persecuted by the hatred and curses of the entire revolutionary proletariat,—they stand before the eyes of the world.

And thanks to them, Germany is covered with shame. Fratricides, traitors govern the German people. "A parchment paper for me,—I must write that down."

Oh, their domination cannot last long and they will be tried.

By their action anger is aroused in millions of hearts,—anger and resentment.

The Proletarian Revolution which they plotted to drown in blood, despite of them, will rise in gigantic stature. Its first word will be: Down with the murderers of the workers, Ebert-Scheidemann-Noske!

The vanquished to-day learned their lesson. They cured themselves from the false hope of finding salvation in the support of the soldier masses which were previously led astray. They cured themselves from the illusions that they can rely upon the leaders who now proved themselves impotent and without ability. They cured themselves from their trust in the Independent Social-Democracy that disgracefully left them to their fate. In the future they will themselves direct the battles and win victories, relying solely upon themselves. The slogan proclaiming that "The emancipation of the workers must be accomplished by the workers themselves" has now acquired, due to the bitter lesson of this week, a more profound meaning.

And soon experiencing the whip of militarism restored anew, even the irregular soldiers will with sufficient clearness understand what a dastardly role was assigned to them; and they, too, will awaken from the intoxication which seized upon them at the present time.

"The Spartacan Group is smashed!"

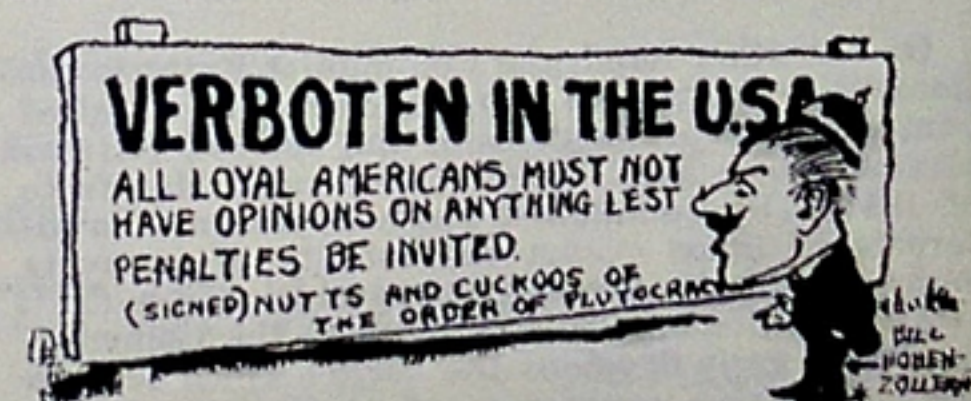
Oh, wait! We have not run and we are not smashed. And though you may rivet chains on us, we shall still be and remain here! And the victory will be ours!

Under the crack of the growing economic break-down, as under the blasts of the trumpet declaring the Judgment Day, the proletarian masses which are still asleep will awaken; the corpses of the fallen fighters will rise and demand an answer from their contemptible murderers. To-day we only hear the subterranean rumbling of the volcano, but to-morrow it will burst and bury them in its fiery ashes and burning torrents of lava.

And then will come Spartacus who signifies the soul and heart, the will and action of the Proletarian Revolution. Spartacus who signifies the destitution and aspiration to happiness and the true militant steadfastness of the class-conscious proletariat. Spartacus—the spirit of Socialism and of the World Revolution.

The Golgatha Road is not ended for the German proletariat, but the day of its emancipation is nearer. The Judgment Day for Ebert-Scheidemann-Noske and for the capitalist rulers who are to-day hiding behind their backs. High into the skies are bursting the waves of the world ocean,—it is for us a usual occurrence to be dashed from the heights down into the depths. But our ship firmly maintains its straight course and proudly proceeds yonder to its final aim.

And whether we shall be alive or not when it reaches its destination,—dominating the minds of emancipated humanity, will live our program. It will live, despite of all!



Prussian Kultur Wins Out