

# The New Magazine

Supplement of

**THE DAILY WORKER**

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Editor

Second Section: This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday In The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1925 290

## The Sandwich Man



THE CHRISTMAS SEASON IS FINE BUSINESS.

## The Psychology of Defeat—Is It Passing?

THE fighting spirit shown in the past few weeks by the left wing of several needle trades unions, especially in the New York membership of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, may be a first indication of the beginning of a new period in the struggle of the conscious union members against the control of their organizations by the agents of the employers.

In the left wing which forms the backbone of the trade unions some elements have for the past year and a half been suffering with the psychology of defeat. Rank agents of the employers, such as Green, Lewis, Johnston, Sigman, Hillman and Kaufman, have succeeded in creating an atmosphere of terrorism which had put a pall of pessimism over all but the most determined of the men and women in the unions who wanted to win their unions as weapons of the working class.

Several of the best unions, gutted by the Gompersite bureaucracy at the moment when they were under severest attack by the employers, have shown dangerous signs of disintegration. All efforts to stop the fatal course were met with expulsions or threats of expulsion of the most active members. To many it seemed impossible to meet the dread weapon of expulsion. In this situation weaker men and women were again in danger of the lure of voluntary secession and the unreal theory of "building new unions."

The terrific clashes in the conventions of the Fur Workers' and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Unions have suddenly revealed a fighting spirit and a new confidence. The dangerously near success of Sigman in trying to split the union and thus to get rid of the entire fighting element of the union at one stroke, appears to have been averted by the left wing.

The unanimous passage by both the Fur Workers' and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' conventions of the reso-

lution for the formation of a labor party was a deeply significant repudiation of the servile policies of the dead Gompers and the live Green. There can be no more vital expression of the difference between Gompersism and class consciousness in its early stages than the issue of independent political action which is historically expressed in the United States by the demand for a labor party. From now on, the question of the labor party is a live issue in the trade unions with fresh indorsements by two important A. F. of L. unions.

It is significant that the followers of the social-democrat recently expelled from the Communist Party, Ludwig Lore, launched an active campaign at the present time in the Amalgamated Food Workers' Union in New York against the formation of a labor party. The riddance of Lore has strengthened the Communist Party and made it the better fighting weapon which it has shown itself in these recent trade union battles.

Such advances as have been made in the several unions were foreseen and planned by the Workers (Communist) Party. The bureaucrats understand this. In every sharp fight the Communists were the center of attack by the reaction, and such victories as were gained by the left wing are inseparable from the victories of the Communist Party.

The psychology of the organized workers in the big metropolis is stronger and shows some signs of the beginning of crystallizing into the working class ideology which is so long overdue.

At least the psychology of defeat is being dispelled among the left wing. The psychology of VICTORY—the confidence in its own class strength must be rapidly built up. The dawn of a new period of the struggle in the unions must be consciously hastened.

(Continued on page 3).



# The "Progressive Bloc" of the I. L. G. W. Convention



Photograph taken of the Progressive Bloc of Delegates at the Philadelphia Convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers. They went through a historic battle in the struggle against President Sigman, the agent of the bosses in the union.

## BEN GITLOW OUTSIDE.

**B**ENJAMIN GITLOW out of jail is a state of things which has a significance to the working class. When political prisoners, or even when one important political prisoner, representing a revolutionary class movement are released from prison by the state power of the ruling class,—this is never an isolated incident disconnected from the play of social forces. The connection may be ever so obscure, but invariably such an incident has something to do with the never-ceasing effort of the state to restore the constantly disturbed equilibrium of social elements.

A famous liberal remarked that "Ben Gitlow is more dangerous in jail than out of jail." Such talk is alright for liberals, but workers have to think more sharply than that. It is true that a certain damage results to the ruling class when representative figures or numbers of the labor movement are kept in prison. But it is also true that many a leader of the working class is destroyed in prison, and that it is indispensable for the workers to have their leaders out of prison. Workers cannot afford to be confused with the futile spirit of Christian martyrdom which says, "Oh, well, the enemy has taken our leader, but he will do the enemy more harm than good." This is the self-delusion of slaves. The fact is that men, and sometimes whole essential cadres of men of a movement are destroyed by the repressive force of the state. A Tom Mooney in the death cell in 1917 was a severe blow to the labor movement and at the same time a weapon of agitation for the working class all over the world; but Tom Mooney neglected in jail in 1925 is a trophy of victory for the capitalist class and a symbol of defeat and servility of the working class.

Working class leaders in prison are a danger to the ruling class only if and while the working class is in process of getting them out. Any period in which representatives of the labor movement remain in prison without becoming the center of an active counter-movement, is a period of pessimism and the spirit of defeat in the working class and the labor movement. On the other hand the release of such men is often connected with a period in which the courage and hope and militancy of the working class is on the rise.

There have been other releases of labor's prisoners of war, at periods which could hardly be called such. Furthermore, Gitlow is only one, and there are many political labor prisoners

entering prison even at the moment Gitlow is coming out: for instance, the Pittsburgh victims and Anita Whitney.

Nevertheless the release of Gitlow from New York state prison, coming as a sequel to a deep-going agitation especially concentrated among the trade unions of New York City, coupled with the tremendous ovation upon his appearance at the Philadelphia convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, might very well be counted among the many incidents of a change in the psychology of the working class. A change from the psychology of defeat to the psychology of fighting confidence.

## THE DAWES PLAN.

**T**HE Dawes plan works in Germany. As many as six or seven working people per day commit suicide in the city of Berlin to escape unbearable poverty. Many hundreds of thousands are out of work, and more hundreds of thousands are added every day.

A singular phenomenon is that in Berlin countless numbers of small girls of the working class are, practically speaking, purchased by wealthy bourgeois as house-servants, virtually no compensation being given, as food alone is considered enough for working class girls under the circumstances.

The smaller manufacturing plants and business enterprises close down for lack of credit, which is the process of "deflation" under the Dawes plan which controls credit and turns it only towards the favored larger enterprises.

"The large number of bankruptcies is regarded as a healthy sign," says a bourgeois newspaper correspondent, Mr. E. A. Mowrer, in the Chicago Daily News, "because of the absolute necessity of reducing the number of middlemen to something like the prewar figure."

The sharpest uneasiness is developing among the masses of workers of Berlin and the Ruhr mining district.

These are times in which the German social-democratic traitors who sold the German working class into this slavery can be expected to lose their power over the masses. The cold steel of experience is driving the German working class to the only road, to the Communist Party and to the fight for proletarian dictatorship and the Soviet republic of Germany.

The Dawes plan is working.

R. M.

## Negro Workers!

**I**S there so base, one of your race,  
Who bids you bend the knee  
Unto the blight, in vested might,  
Of Nordic tyranny?  
Then damn the traitor to his face—  
Down with humility!

**O**R white or black, it is the back  
Of Labor bears the load;  
Not black or white in Profits' sight  
Who staggers 'neath the goad,  
But only slaves to thumb and rack  
For debts they never owed.

**H**ERE is your class, the working mass,  
With it you rise or fall,  
Black, yellow, white as one must fight,  
Must batter down the wall  
Of prejudice, stand as a class,  
And triumph over all!

—HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

## Dollar Diplomacy.

**A**MONG Domingo's hills and China's trees  
The empire's shadow marches to and fro:  
Its cruisers plow through all the seven seas,  
Its bayonets gleam in sunlight and in snow.

The silk-tongued diplomat has 'spun his lies,  
The infantile Marine has fired his shot:  
O clip the coupons! for "Old Glory" flies  
Where Haitians slave and Nicaraguans rot.

Now look beyond the figures and the charts  
In this brief chronicle of tyrants' deeds;  
And see how bankers haggle in the marts  
While the world cries in agony and bleeds;

And glimpses the looming clouds of a new war  
And workers rising with a mighty roar!

—JOSEPH FREEMAN.



# The Vital Problems of Our Movement

By **LENIN.**

(Translated by B. Borisoff.)

(From *Iskra*, December, 1900. The term "Social Democracy" was at that time used in Russia as it was used thruout the world as applying to the revolutionary Marxian workers' movement.)

THE Russian social democracy has proclaimed more than once that the immediate political task of the Russian labor party must be the overthrow of autocracy, the conquest of political freedom. This was proclaimed over fifteen years ago by the representatives of the Russian social democracy, members of the group *Osvobozhdenie Truda* (Liberation of Labor); this was also proclaimed two and a half years ago by the representatives of the Russian social-democratic organizations, who formed in the spring of 1898 the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party. But despite these repeated declarations the question of the political problems of the social democracy in Russia is once more in the forefront at the present time. Many representatives of our movement are expressing doubt as to the correctness of the above mentioned solution of the question. It is said that the economic struggle is of predominant importance; the political problems of the proletariat are pushed to the background. These problems are narrowed and restricted and it is ever proclaimed that discussion about the formation of an independent workers' party in Russia is simply a repetition of what is said by others and that the workers must carry on only economic struggle, leaving politics to the alliance of intellectuals and liberals. This latter proclamation of the new symbol of faith (the famous *Credo*) leads directly to the acknowledgment that the Russian proletariat is not yet of age and to the complete negation of the social-democratic program.

The *Robochaya Misl* (The Workers' Thought), especially in its supplement, has explained itself essentially in the same sense. The Russian social-democracy is living thru a period of doubts, bordering on self negation. On the one hand the labor movement is breaking away from socialism; the workers are being assisted in the carrying on of the economic struggle, but the socialist aims and political problems of the movement as a whole are not at all made clear to them. On the other hand, socialism is breaking away from the labor movement. The Russian socialists again begin more and more to say that the intelligentsia must carry on the struggle against czarism with its own forces, because the workers are limiting themselves to the economic struggle alone.

Conditions of a threefold kind have, in our opinion, prepared the soil for these said phenomena. First, at the beginning of their activity the Russian social-democrats limited themselves to the propagandist work in small circles (*Kruzhok*). Having passed to agitation among the masses, we have not always been able to refrain from falling into another extreme. Second, at the beginning of our activity we were very frequently compelled to defend our right to exist in the struggle against the *Narodovoltsi*, who conceived of "politics" as a form of activity detached from the labor movement, and who narrowed politics down to a conspiratorial struggle alone. Rejecting such politics, the social-democrats have fallen into the extreme position of pushing politics, generally, to the background. Third, acting in a disjointed manner in the small local workers' circles, the social-democrats did not pay sufficient attention to the necessity of organizing the revolutionary party, unifying the entire activity of the local groups and furnishing the possibility correctly to establish the revolutionary work. But the predominance of disjointed work is naturally tied up with the predominance of an economic struggle.

The circumstances which we have pointed out have produced an absorption in one side of the movement. The "economic" tendency (in as much as one can speak here of a "tendency") has created attempts to elevate this narrowness into a special theory, attempts to use for this purpose the fashionable "Bernsteinism," the fashionable "criticism of Marxism," which smuggles in under a new flag the old bourgeois ideas. These attempts alone have created the danger of weakening the contacts between the Russian labor movement and the Russian social-democracy as the foremost champion of political freedom. And the most vital problem of our movement at present consists in the strengthening of this contact.

The social-democracy is the connection of the labor movement with socialism, and its problem is not a passive service to the labor movement at its every separate stage, but the representation of the interests of the entire movement as a whole, the pointing out to this movement of its final goal, its political tasks, the guardianship of its political and ideological independence. Detached from the social-democracy, the labor movement grows shallow and falls necessarily into bourgeois-ism: carrying on the economic struggle only, the working class loses its political independence, becomes the tail of other parties, betrays the great injunction "the liberation of the workers must be the cause of the workers themselves." In all countries there was a period when the labor movement and socialism existed separately and followed a separate road—and in all countries such a separation brought about the weakness of socialism and of the labor movement; in all countries the connection of socialism with the labor movement alone created a solid foundation both for the one and for the other. But in each country this connection of socialism with the labor movement has worked itself out historically, has worked itself out in a peculiar way depending upon the conditions of place and time. In Russia the necessity of the connection of socialism and the labor movement has been proclaimed theoretically long ago,—but practically this connection is being worked out only at the present time. The process of this working out is a very difficult one and there is nothing remarkable in its being accompanied by various vacillations and doubts.

What lesson for us, then, flows from the past?

The history of the whole of Russian socialism has brought about the fact that its most vital problem became the struggle against the autocratic government, the conquest of political freedom; our socialist movement has concentrated, one may say, upon the struggle against autocracy. On the other hand, history has shown that the separation of socialist thought from the advanced representatives of the toiling classes is much greater in Russia than in other countries and that with such detachment the Russian revolutionary movement is condemned to impotence. Out of this there flows of itself the task which the Russian social democracy is called upon to fulfill, to instill socialistic ideas and political consciousness into the mass of the proletariat and to organize the revolutionary party, connected inseparably with the elemental labor movement. A great deal is already accomplished in this respect by the Russian social democracy; but a great deal more still remains to be done. With the growth of the movement the field of activity for the social democracy becomes even wider, the work ever more many-sided, an ever greater number of the active members of the movement concentrate their forces upon the accomplishment of various tasks which are pushed to the forefront by the everyday needs of propaganda and agitation. This phenomenon is entirely legitimate and inevitable, but it compels particular attention in order that the special tasks of activity and the particular methods of struggle are not

elevated into self-sufficiency, and in order that the preparatory work should not be raised to the status of the main and only work.

To help the political development and political organization of the working class is our main and basic problem. Everyone who pushes this problem to the background, everyone who does not subordinate to it all of the particular tasks and special methods of struggle, takes a false road and inflicts serious harm upon the movement. Those, however, who relegate it to the background are, first, they who call the revolutionaries to the struggle against the government with the forces of the isolated conspiratorial circles that are detached from the labor movement; second, they who restrict the content and scope of the political propaganda, agitation and organization, they who consider it possible and timely to treat the workers to "politics" only at the exceptional moments of their lives, only on solemn occasions, they who are too careful to trade off the political struggle against autocracy in exchange for demands for some partial concessions from the autocracy, and who are not careful enough to elevate these demands for partial concessions into a systematic and unflinching struggle of a revolutionary party against the autocracy.

"Organize" repeats the newspaper "*Robochaya Misl*", to the workers in many various ways. "Organize" repeat all the partisans of the "economic" tendency. And we, of course, join wholeheartedly in this appeal, but we will without fail add to it: Organize; not only into mutual aid societies, strike-benefit associations and workers' circles, but also organize into a political party, organize for decisive struggle against the autocratic government and against the entire capitalist society. Without such an organization the proletariat is not able to raise itself to a conscious struggle; without such an organization the labor movement is condemned to impotency; and with its funds, circles and mutual aid societies alone the working class will never succeed in fulfilling the great historic task which rests upon it: to liberate itself and the whole Russian people from political and economical slavery. Not a single class in history ever attained domination, without having put forward its political leaders, its advanced representatives, capable of organizing the movement and of guiding it. And the Russian working class has shown already that it is capable of putting forward such men; the wide-spread struggle of the Russian workers for the last five or six years has proven what a volume of revolutionary forces is hidden within the working class, how the most desperate governmental persecutions do not diminish but increase the number of workers striving for socialism, for political consciousness and political struggle. The congress of our comrades in 1898 correctly formulated the problem, and did not merely repeat the words of others; it did not express merely the preoccupations of the "intellectuals." And we must decisively begin to fulfill these tasks, putting on the order of the day the question of the program, organization and tactics of the party. How we view the basic theses of our program, we have already stated, and to develop these theses in detail is, of course, not in place here. To the organizational question we in-



Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin.

By Abe Stolar, Age 14.

tend to devote a series of articles in the earliest issues. This is one of our sorest questions. We have in this respect lagged considerably behind the old actives of the Russian revolutionary movement; it is necessary directly to acknowledge this shortcoming and to turn our forces toward working out of a more conspiratory arrangement of activity, toward a systematic propagation of the rules for conducting activity, and of methods of deceiving the gendarms and avoiding the nets of the police. It is necessary to prepare men who will devote to the revolution not only their free evenings but their entire lives; it is necessary to prepare an organization so large that it will permit a strict division of labor between the different kinds of our work. Finally, as to the question of tactics, we shall limit ourselves here to the following: the social democracy does not tie its hands, does not narrow its activity by a mere preconceived plan or method of political struggle; it recognizes all means of struggle, if only they correspond to the available forces of the party and afford the possibility of achieving the greatest results attainable under the given conditions. With a strongly organized party a single strike can be transformed into a political demonstration, into a political victory over the government. With a strongly organized party an uprising in a single locality can grow into a victorious revolution. We must remember that the struggle against the government for partial demands, the conquest of partial concessions—that this is only small skirmishes with the enemy, that this is small clashes at the outposts, and that the decisive struggle is yet ahead.

Before us stands in all its power an enemy fortress from which are showered upon us thousands of shells and bullets that carry away the best fighters. We must take this fortress and we shall take it if we unite all the forces of the awakening proletariat with all the forces of the Russian revolutionaries into one party, toward which will stream all that is live and honest in Russia. And only then the great prophecy of a Russian worker revolutionist, Peter Aleyev, shall be fulfilled: "The muscular hand of the millions of the working people will be raised, and the yoke of despotism guarded by the soldiers' bayonet will be shattered to dust!"



Mr. Bryan in the Embrace of the Angels



# THIRTEEN

By Mark Kolosov

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VANKA is 13, and his 13 years manifest themselves in everything. They jump like thirteen tiny imps over Vanka's joys, and they crouch silently beside his sorrows. And Vanka himself, tiny, weak, resembling a callow kitten, seems to be the victim of his 13. It is not he who scurries joyfully thru all the departments, squeals, and shakes hands with everyone he meets when a Communist from the factory is elected to the Moscow Soviet, and it is not he who whistles frenziedly and shouts "Down!" when some menshevik attempts to bamboozle his comrades.

It's the 13 that do all this.

Vanka himself is quiet and bashful, modest and timid.

And when it happens that the menacing clouds of a shut-down gather over the factory, Vanka feels with all his little inner self his 13 becoming alarmed, and then little gray wrinkles appear on his straight, childish forehead, and the little bells of his voice cease ringing thru the corridors. The blue, oily shirt wanders about like a silent shadow, and does not know which way to turn.

Vanka is afraid to go to the director, tho he knows that the director is a red—one of their own, a workman-director, a Communist.

The atmosphere of the director's office is somewhat oppressive. The place breathes great sternness, and it is as if the walls are about to come together and crush little Vanka. And on the walls: "Be brief," "Time is money," and many other posters, and among them, a portrait of old Lenin himself, Vladimir Ilyich, so dear and near, asks smilingly:

"What have you come for, Vanka? You little rascal, don't disturb the director."

This means that he must go out thru the corridor to the yard, and thru the yard into the repair shop, then to the outhouse where, upon a little door, there is a modest inscription:

The R. C. S. M. nucleus is located here.

Vanka is 13, and the constitution requires 14! Here is exactly what it says: "Any young worker, fourteen years of age or over, is eligible to membership in the league."

And in the meantime he is allowed a voice but not a vote. Oh, how he longs not to be just advisory: It makes one feel hurt and wronged; Grishka is a member with a full vote, and he is in the same grade and in the same shop . . . And so are Fedka, Senka, Vaska, Stenka, and Skinny Vanka. What have they done to deserve it?

It's all the fault of the 13.

And when a resolution is being voted upon at a meeting, and a whole forest of hands springs up above the blond moss of heads—he wants so much, so much to raise his hand together with the rest, but he is afraid: It seems to him that everyone is eyeing him with the warning, "Vanka, don't forget the constitution!"

Every evening the entire factory gathers at the big club. The grown-ups in the reading room with the newspapers, the young people each according to his inclination.

First of all—the girls go to Maslov, to the library:

"Give us a novel. . ."

"Now, what's the bright idea?"

They become dumb and hide behind Jolly Manka. And Jolly Manka says saucily and coquettishly:

"A novel, an interesting one, where they write about love. . ."

"You fool, don't you know that those books are not for us? They're written for high-school girls?"

"That's enuf, now; beat it!"

Manka swiftly puts her hand into her bosom and pulls out a book, and on the books it says: "The Keys to Happiness. A Novel by Verbitskaya."

"There, take a look at this!"

And she scampers off to the hall—the others trailing after her.

Twilight fills the hall. From the row of cards, appeals, and posters, only one stands out boldly—"The Code of Labor Laws,"—and under the "Code" a group of youngsters stand listening to Mitry, the chief of the "Bureau." Mitry is speaking about god. And it seems as if Mitry has a dynamo in his head, and that 15 thin, invisible belts extend to the 15 little heads. Brain mechanisms are awirl.

Manka cries shrilly:

"Ah! Vanka! Vanka is here! . . ."

And she begins to sing:

"Vanka, little Vankapuff;  
About as big as a pinch of snuff;  
Now we're all in the Comsomol,  
Only Vanka is too small—  
He has no party—he is barred,  
The only one without a card.  
Tell me, little shpingalet\*,—  
Why haven't you got your card as yet?—"

Vanka starts, and the little belt that bound him to Mitry snaps and breaks.

Mitry says softly:

"Why do you disturb us? Better listen to our discussion."

"Discussion indeed! All nonsense. . . And don't you stick up for your brother; he can look out for himself."

Fedka whispers:

"Vanka, give her one! . . ."

"Ah, the deuce with her. . ."

And black anger stirs within Vanka.

Then Manka and the other girls surround the youths in a close ring.

"Tell us, Mitry, about the fires of the revolution."

The anger scatters like a white cloud. The black lump in Vanka's throat breaks up, his tongue moves from behind the hot lips:

"Yes, yes, the fires of the revolution!"

At night Vanka sleeps in a dark, close room in the same bed with his brother Mitry. Mitry sleeps sweetly, deeply, breathes heavily thru his hot nose, and all about him is a stream of sweaty, bitter breath.

Vanka gazes for a long time at his brother's "full-voting" face, catches greedily the beats of his heart, breathes the close air, and ventures:

"Mitry, oh, Mitry! . . ."

"What is it?"

"'Bout the nucleus. . ."

"What, again?—again about the school? . . . Tomorrow, tomorrow. . ."

"No, not 'bout that. . ."

"Makes no difference . . . tomorrow; it's time to sleep now."

"Why does it say fourteen?"

"What fourteen?"

"In the constitution."

"In what constitution?"

"Of the Comsomol."

"It's there so as to keep shpingalets like you out of the league. Understand?"

"Yes. But Mitry, why am I worse than the others?"

Mitry's answer is curt and grouchy:

"It's there so as to keep shpingalets like you out of the league. . . He knows, darn him, that it ain't allowed, and still he wants to butt in. . ."

That's how it goes. . . Better to sleep and stop bellyaching.

"U-uh, the—!" Bold and malicious thots rise up. His head feels heavy, his chest tightly compressed.

"All right, Mitry, all right—and he calls himself an activist! . . ."

The wind howls crazily in the dead of night and dances like a reckless Comsomoletz. The stars twinkle in different shades—some agree, others disagree, and the meeting ends with the morning.

And when there are no more stars and no more wind, and a thick fog envelops the great auditorium of the sky, then black, leather-clad Petro pulls the thin nerve of the factory, and the factory yells with all the power of its mechanical throat:

"Huh. . . Huh. . . Huh! . . ."

In the house, the mother rises slowly. One can hear her moving about behind the partition, her mouth twisted in a sweet, languid yawn:

"Oh-oh-oh. . . Our heavy sins. . ."

White shadows crawl over the walls; they climb over the cornices, like white lambskins, and become entangled in Marx's beard in the picture on the wall. And Vanka knows that his father will wake up presently and say softly: "Mother, eh, mother, how about a samovar?" And then, louder: "Hey, Comsomol, d'y hear—mother is waiting for us." And it seems to Vanka that his father says that about the Comsomol on purpose . . . For he knows that Vanka has no membership card.

In the morning the samovar grumbles like a dull-edged tool-bit over iron; in the morning the windows are damp with the sap of the departed night. Father and Mitry drink tea and look into the blue haze, talking about party affairs. Mother looks after Vanka: Her hands are sin-

\* A slang term denoting one who steals into a meeting-hall, theater, etc., without a ticket.

ewy; her kind, caressing eyes watch his chin steadily:

"Drink, drink, Vaniuska, and take some bread, sonny. You're getting too thin in your Comsomol."

A sense of hurt swells in Vanka's heart. Oh, how he hates mother with her caresses and her care! How he would like to join in the conversation of his father and his brother!

## II

TIME is a huge lace-frame weaving the endless lace-work of days. It stretches in white and red streaks that wind about the pulley of the universe. And thousands of living human beings keep winding up their powers, as upon spools, and stretch out in thin threads, becoming interwoven in the moving lacework of life. And if one grows slack, and unravels—out of the machine he goes. New, fresh little spools with pink, silken twine are waiting in the raw-material department.

Fedor Ivanych—Comrade Rodin—the teacher of political rudiments, says that life is moving towards Communism. And that the lace-frame of life is tended by the best men of the working class—the Communists. Firmly welded together, they comb with a strong, steel comb millions of threads, and weave them into the most intricate designs. And the first weaver of them all is Vladimir Ilyich.

The spools find it hard work at times, so do the steel comb and the aids, but the hardest task of all is that of the chief weaver. The pulleys turn and grumble, the flywheels swish, the belts tremble rhythmically, the leather-paths wheeze. The filmy dust from the threads floats in the air, settles on faces and shirts, poisons the body. It seems that something is just on the verge of breaking down, and then the gigantic machine will stop. Only, the strong spring in the forehead will not give way; the searchlight of the eye gazes firmly, the aids stand firm.

At night Vanka sleeps in a close, dark room in one bed with his brother Mitry. Vanka sleeps. He dreams that a locomotive of tremendous power is hitched to the lace-frame department. "Uh!"—it blew a deep blast, sprang forward with a jerk, and went on and on toward Moscow River. And Moscow River is not a river at all, but a sea, the sea of the social revolution. The locomotive, without a pause—straight across the waves. The waves splash over the roof, flood inside of the engine. The flame of the furnace flares up, burns the greedy tongues of the sea, and heavy logs are spluttering and hissing.

And Vanka is the fireman beside the furnace.

His skin is all in blisters; they spring up in little white knobs; the waves lick them and break them. Ah! . . . it would be nice to get away from this damned furnace, to jump into the embrace of the waves, to refresh the body; but Vanka hears a voice:

"Tired, Comrade Nazarenko?"

He looks up and sees—Lenin!

Foam froths in the heart. Imps in the foam. Gosh! . . . How they dance, the sons of—!

"No . . . not tired, Comrade Lenin."

"And what do you think—will we make Communism?"

"We'll make it, Comrade Lenin."

"Well, then, keep going, brother; it's not far from here."

"Aye, aye, Comrade Lenin!"

The skin is all in blisters; they spring up in little white knobs; the waves lick them and break them. Suddenly—stop! . . . an island!

On the island it is summer. Streams of sunlight. The wind plays caressingly. Houses glow with colors. People appear.

"Good morning Comrade Lenin, and who is this with you?"

"This is Comsomoletz Nazarenko."

"No, Comrade Lenin, I am not a Comsomoletz. I am one year short in age, according to the constitution."

"Ah, really?"

And suddenly Lenin produces a brand-new Comsomol card and gives it to Vanka. Vanka sees his name on it, his surname. . . Ah! . . .

"Vanka, hey, Vanka!"

"What is it, Comrade Lenin?"

He opens his sleepy eyes and sees Mitry. "Why—the card—where is the card?"

"What card?"

"The card of the league."

"Whose?"

"Mine."

"Where'd you get it?"

"Comrade Lenin gave it to me. . ."

And suddenly Vanka realizes that he had seen Lenin only in a dream—and that nothing had really happened.

With bitter sadness he told Mitry about it.

Mitry was touched:

"I see, Vanka, that you'll make a good Comsomoletz. Only, you and I are now in the same boat—you want to join the Comsomol, I the party. . . I'm in a fix, just like you;—I'm too young—that's what they say. . ."

His brother's words echo with a low peal in Vanka's heart.

"That's right, that's right, Mitry, we both need just one year; let's make an agreement—we'll join together next year."

"That's a go!"

And their tongues rattled till sunrise.

Again the samovar grunts like a dull-edged tool-bit



er iron. Again the windows are damp with the sap the departed night. Father and Mitry listen in silence to Vanka's dream.

"Oh-oh-oh!" his mother crosses herself. "What dreams, what dreams, you have, sonny!" . . . Vanka gently she pushes another slice of bread toward anka.

Vanka has no eyes for his mother, and he does not see his father and brother:

"And there stands, he himself, and says: 'What do you think, Comrade Nazarenko, will we make Communism?' 'We'll make it, Comrade Lenin,' says I."

And Vanka experiences something that never happened before; his father's strong arm reaches out, the old man feels the touch of his coarse hair, his black beard like a brush. Smack-smack—the hot lips on the little forehead.

### III

THE clouds swell like a mixture of brown-rubber in the overturned caldron of the sky; they hang over the gray tub of the suburbs. They seem ready to tear themselves away and come trembling down upon the old mass of snow; viscid—they will plaster the buildings, will cover the earth with a thick spread. Muddy brooks will run from the yards into Moscow River. Little streams will stretch like wire-threads over the rough, unsteady ice. The sun will flare up like a fiery arson. The air will become close, and on the next day Moscow River will start to move, will start without any ice-cakes, clear as molten metal, and where it will flow to—who can say? And then the little yard will begin to blossom, the little yard that stretches down like a chin. Its cheeks will become overgrown with grass, and prickly warts of bushes will stick out from under the piles of rubbish. And in the garden, which is half a verst from the factory, falling petals will begin to whirl; white petals from the trees, yellow petals from the flowers; they will whirl like soft down, like fine shavings in the wood-turner's lathe in the repair shop. And then summer will come, like a young weaver in a skirt of many colors, carrying a load of oven stuffs.

The old garden will become shaggy, like Karl Marx, and will shake its locks and beard. . . Excursions will begin. . . The young folk will go to the sovkhos. Rough hands will have a rest, the brain-stuff will relax, and the boys will flip coins, bowl, play football, tag and pegs,—and then autumn will come, and—14.

Vanka crouches like a hedgehog on the porch of the abcom. Something bristles in Vanka's heart like a hedgehog but he does not know what it is. The air of March sends a chill thru the body, but warm joy flows thru the body, too, like a brook.

And the 13 already anticipate the coming of the 14th. What a joy it will be! Vanka and Mitry will walk up to their father and say:

"Congratulations, Comrade Alexei, you and sons are due this day."

That is just how they will say it. And there will be three cards in the house—no, four—Mitry will remain at the Comsomol until he is 23.

And if there comes a call to the front, Vanka will say as Mitry used to say: "In accordance with the decision of the general meeting I am going to defend the revolution."

And father will say "Go, my boy," because he is a member of the party, and because he has calloused hands. Only, mother will probably cry, wailing, "But you are so little, so little," and this will offend him; at no, she will not say it, after all, because he will be grown up by then—he will be 14 years old.

Near him, on the porch, two little girls, about eight years of age, drawl mournfully in tremulous voices as they sway from side to side:

"I loved, I suffered—ah, but he, the scoundrel, soon deserted me."

The sounds fill Vanka's ears and taunt his throat. Like a little rooster, he bursts forth:

"Forward, to meet the dawn!  
Comrades, thru struggle!  
We go to blaze the trail,  
Comrades, to meet the dawn!"

The wind was softly spreading twilight over the earth, but the twilight would not come, and the wind grew angry. Then the twilight came, driven by the wind. And the workers were returning home from the factory, and the wind kept urging the workers on onward from the factory.

And two tunes were still struggling in the cold air; one beaten, mournful, beseeching, begging for mercy; the other triumphant, lacerating, and merciless. And it seemed as if they were both calling the March day, one back to winter, the other forward toward spring.

Volodin, a lathe-hand, walks slowly toward the gate from the repair-shop. On seeing Vanka he winks and calls:

"Vanka—kou. . ."

Vanka comes skipping to the lathe-hand, takes him by the hand:

"Uncle Van, I am joining. . ."

The lathe-hand smiles slyly, his white teeth shine like little, gleaming plates.

"It's taking you awful long. . ."

"No, now we'll join together with Mitry. . ."

"How can that be, when Mitry is an active member already?"

"No; we made an agreement for next year—he'll join the party, and I the Comsomol—we both need one more year. . ."

"So you've agreed on it?"

"Yes, and it'll be on the same day, too, and the main thing is, Uncle Van, that now it's not so hard, for I'm not alone like before. . ."

"Well, kid, this makes it easier for you?"

Vanka flushes with embarrassment, then he says:

"Sure it does! . . ."

Great coarse fingers—very, very warm they are—rub Vanka behind the ear, crawl slowly up his neck, and pinch his cheeks.

"Say, Vanka. . . and why do you want so much to join the Comsomol? Is it just because everybody is in the Comsomol?"

Vanka's throats string out like thin shavings; they even gather on his forehead like a tangle of wires.

"No, Uncle Van, it ain't that—or maybe, I don't know, I can't say 'gzactly; but the main thing, the oratore said, 'Comsomol,' says he, 'is the brain of youth.' I want to be with the brain, Uncle Van. . ."

Vanka's heart beats like a drum; he cannot catch his breath, and the big warm fingers creep closer and pinch his cheeks softly and tenderly, and the evening fawns upon Vanka like a great, shaggy cat.

### IV

SUNDAY, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and again Sunday, again Monday—so it stretches out—the lacework of days.

Here comes a bit of bright and gay-colored lace, the festivity of the Comsomol Christmas. It is celebrated with a carnival: Vanka rigged himself out as a little black-devil. Fedka as a deacon, Mishka as a priest, Mitry as a witch,—whatever came into their heads.

They jumped, shrieked, giggled, sang, danced.

In the morning they went to the district headquarters. They met others. Merged together. Flowed in a stream along the streets and sidewalks. And in the evening—a party. Girls, youths, young and old, not one of them cared a straw for god or devil.

The holidays rolled away and a campaign rolled in. The campaign was called "The Red-Fleet Campaign." A comrade with a brief-case came, called a general meeting of the local, gathered the factory youth. The comrade spoke about the local. Then came a sailor with a gold tooth in the front of his mouth and spoke about the existing situation in the fleet. It was decided to render assistance with men and money.

In order to help out with men—Senka was sent. At the nucleus, at the headquarters, on the Red Square, they threw Senka up in the air and caught him again with shouts of "Hurrah!" And because of this Senka walked about as stiff as a ramrod. The girls pestered him, gazed at his sailor's clothes, and sang the navy ditty:

"Ho! little apple—where are you rolling?  
'Oh, mother, my sweetheart is calling!  
Not Lenin or Trotsky I'm going to meet,  
But a young sailor o' the Baltic Fleet!"

Old workers glanced up at him and said, "There's the salvation of the fleet."

In short, Senka was a hero.

They escorted Senka to the depot. They instructed him: "Don't be a slouch," promised him presents, asked him to write. Senka was all excited and his former swagger was gone. He pledged himself not to "compromise" the local.

"Good-by, Moscow, good-by Comsomol,  
In the Red Navy we're going to enroll. . ."

And when the intoxication of joy had passed, Vanka again wished for the coming of autumn, that would bring with it his membership card.

Old Petro stuck up a poster in a prominent place in the repair shop:

Official Announcement

. . . In view of a considerable turn for the worse, a daily bulletin will be issued from this date, about the state of health of V. I. Lenin.

From early morning people keep crowding about the poster. They read the announcement and disperse silently. Foreheads frown, shoulders stoop, eyes grow cold beneath the eyelids.

"It's pretty bad with Vladimir Ilyich. . ."

"Pretty bad. . ."

And at the nucleus of the R. C. S. M., the secretary reads to the meeting:

Circular Letter

Concerning the 25th anniversary of the R. C. P. (Bolsheviks). The best gift that the Comsomol can make to the party would unquestionably be the transfer to the party of the pick of the youth from the workers' nuclei.

Secretary, M. C.

On this day work would not go forward at the factory. Women continually broke threads in the basons, and deft hands struggled clumsily with the clutching steel-spiders. The weavers got their designs all wrong, their machines stopped suddenly, and sharp experienced eyes could not locate at once the cause of the trouble.

The same condition prevailed in the repair shop, in the button department, in the winding department, and even the old blacksmith, all shaggy and hirsute, who never spoke to anyone except to his tools, scorched his long, gray beard, after which he said to Vanka (Vanka was the old man's assistant):

"Ah, it won't go, somehow. . ."

And then, frowning, and damping the fire:

"Listen, youngster; even tho' you are a Comsomoletz and don't know beans from nothing, and less about work, still I will ask you, for it ain't proper for an old man like me to ask the grown-up Communists. I don't like them, they ain't real Communists; they just worry about their pockets, and they ain't got a proprietor's eye to things,—not they."

Little Vanka dries the beads of sweat, and wipes his nose, too, with his hand. He straightens up and his eyes dance toward the old man.

"Gladly, Antipych. . ."

"Gladly. . . I know myself about 'gladly'—. You're always glad to chatter, just to get away from work; I know you, you son of a— . But tell me. . ."

His voice trembled.

"It it true that Ilyich is . . . er . . . pretty bad?"

"It is true, Antipych. . ."

The old man quietly sat down on the anvil, crossed

himself with a wide sweep, three times, and whispered: "God forbid!" . . .

Vanka, uncertainly:

"What, grandad,—it seems you are for Ilyich?"

"For whom else?"

Joy flooded Vanka's brain. He shouted in a ringing, challenging voice:

"But he is a Communist. . ."

The old man rose, straightened out his mighty stature, and grumbled:

"Let's work. Never mind jabbering now. . ."

And choked. And when the fire was roaring again, the bellows panting, and the iron hissing, the old man mumbled slowly and grudgingly, in tune with the iron:

"Well, what of it? Suppose he is a Communist?"

There are all sorts of Communists. If they were all like him, there wouldn't be no need of this here Communism—it would be just a name. . ."

And at the bason shops and repair shops little groups gathered to discuss, and nobody bade them disperse. The young people even walked out into the yard. Jolly Manka cast down her eyes and was as quiet as a hen.

"Friends, where can we find the secretary?"

"He went away to the Raicom."

"And Mitry?"

"He too. . ."

Each of them shrinks, becoming like a heavy lump, and their hearts shrink; forebodings dart about like shuttles.

And Vanka stands at the window. Vanka burns to join his gang. Tremulously and slyly he says:

"I'll be back in a second, Antipych. . . I'll find out everything. . ."

"Well, go ahead."

The bell rang clangingly in the factory school. The youngsters ran out like rabbits. Long Petka, in front of all, shouts:

"Well, friends, why do you hang your heads?"

Manka, angrily:

"Don't you know?"

Long Petka assumes an oratorical air:

"I know, but what of it? . . . What's the good of this here desperation? Help, doctors,—that's what's needed, for there ain't no god to take pity on us, and they'll get doctors without us. But here is what we can do, comrades. A circular just came to the nucleus about the party jubilee. We must get up for the party a present that'll beat the present to the fleet—that's how we can help Ilyich, the devil take you. . . For there ain't many workers in the party, and Ilyich has overworked himself. . ."

The youngsters felt a bit bitter, as if Long Petka had blown with long bellows into their hearts and had cleared and spread apart the contracting walls. Eyes sparkled and blossomed beneath the open eyelids.

Little Vanka shouts eagerly:

"Brothers, but whom shall we send?"

"It won't be you, shpingalet."

Oh, what a sting Vanka felt in his breast! Something struck his brain, parched his throat, the whites of his eyes turned moist. He whispered in embarrassment:

"No. . . 'course I ain't talking 'bout myself. . ."

"Don't butt in, then. . ."

Vanka slunk to the background, but he felt first of all like smashing Manka's face with his little fist, and then saying to all of them aloud: "Do you know, all of you, if you want to know, that Mitry, whom you're surely going to elect, won't join the party till the very time when you'll take me into the Comsomol, for we've agreed on that. We're both a year short." But he did not say it—let Mitry himself announce that at the meeting.

Then Jolly Manka, pensively:

"Well, and whom are we really going to send?"

Senka, thoughtfully:

"I think, friends, that this is up to the booreau; we'll send whom they'll propose, because. . ."

Long Petka interrupted, mockingly:

"Because, because, you dumbell. What kind of a Comsomoletz is the fellow that's always depending on the bureau, and ain't got a penn'orth of 'initiative? . . ."

"And what d'ye think the bureau's for,—just to run errands?"

Manka, pacifyingly:

"Cut it out boys,—just nonsense. . . Of course, we must talk it over. . ."

Senka, scenting defeat, bristled up and clenched his fists:

"We'll talk it over, all right. But now, just tell me—'I'm a dumbbell. . . am I?'"

And whack! Petka got it under the ribs.

"There's a dumbbell for you! . . . Take that! . . ."

he fumed and shouted.

Long Petka became distorted with rage:

"Oh, you dog! Just wait; I'll trim your dirty mug for you. . . Take that, and that, and that, you son of a fascist!"

A fight started. Little by little all joined in. Vanka pushed eagerly at Manka; he aimed to give her a blue eye, but missed,—Vanka cannot reach the cursed eye; in his rage he began to punch her below the breasts.

The non-Communist workers from the repair shop, and the women from the bason department look on:

"There, just look what's going on; see what keeps the Comsomol busy! . . ."

The master-mechanic appeared. He sees the fray and shouts:

"Hey, you, vamoose; this is no time for tomfoolery."

And while they were dispersing, Vanka rejoiced; he felt the realization of his eager wish close at hand. That would be a nice pill for Manka to swallow!

And on the next day the Comsomol gathered at the club. The party-secretary, Pal Mironych, spoke about

(Continued on page 6)



# Political Christianity Faces East

By HARRY GANNES.

THE old missionary, reeking syphilis and booze, is out of style. Modern capitalism requires improved methods and a different type of man. The new traveling salesman Messiah must be versed in political christianity. Penetration into foreign and undeveloped territories, particularly China, Africa, Egypt and other parts of Asia is unavoidable under imperialism. Peaceful penetration as a policy and practice disappeared with the Spanish-American war. With the imperialist army, or before it, must still go, however, some institution that carries along the morale of capitalism. It has been found that even the bayonets hold conquered territory and permit the flow of capital into it, a system of simple training is necessary to transform colonials into submissive proletarians.

THE organization selected for this work by international capitalism in general, and by its American representative in particular, is the Young Men's Christian Association.

Pleased with its excellent work in the United States, the American ruling class, regardless of race or religion, has united in its support of the Y. M. C. A. Julius Rosenwald, the Jew, contributes millions; John D. Rockefeller, the protestant, doubles the amount; and a long list of Catholics add their names.

Experience has taught the American capitalists that a propaganda organization is absolutely necessary to endeavor to pacify the young Chinese, African, Egyptian and other Asiatic students and workers. Experience has further taught them that religion is the best guise for this work of infiltration and penetration of capitalist ideas so that exploitation could follow more swiftly and surely.

THE Y. M. C. A. has a foreign division whose activities are directed most particularly to the colonies of capitalism. During the past few years, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the entire Rockefeller family have contributed more than \$5,000,000 to the Y. M. C. A. for this foreign work. Nettie McCormick, whose family interests, likewise, extend to undeveloped territories, contributed during the same time over \$1,000,000. And other capitalists join in the work to such an extent that the foreign department is able to publish very expensive propaganda literature and print thereon "The expense of this book is met by a special gift." A very rare thing for the Y. M. C. A., considering its war experience when it made the American soldiers pay for the souvenirs sent "free" to them.

Two hundred and seventy-five men are in charge of the Y. M. C. A. department of capitalist morale for the colonies. The Y. M. C. A. when speaking of these men emphasizes the statement that they are "carefully chosen men working as representatives of the movement in the United States in foreign lands."

CHINA is particularly a target of the Y. M. C. A. The Rockefeller interests in China are immense. China becomes more and more an important objective of international capitalism. The Chinese, however, unlike many of the colonial nations, have proved to be a people who were not ready meekly to submit to the yoke of world finance. The Chinese have repeatedly offered resistance, with telling effect. Hence the greatest amount of Christian (capitalist) propaganda has been directed against China.

At first the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. had little success. But in the past fifteen years thanks to the millions spent in the work, the help of the

army and to the facilities offered it by the various Chinese governments, the Christian agent of imperialism has advanced rapidly.

There have been established in China 2,600 schools of so-called higher learning, with a student body of 260,000, who "name themselves the name of Jesus Christ." The Y. M. C. A. has headquarters in forty-two of the leading cities of China. Of course, they are to be found mainly in industrial and shipping districts, such as Shanghai, Nanking, Canton, Hongkong, Tsingtau, and others.

All along, however, the more enlightened Chinese students and workers have carried on a struggle against the pernicious influence of the Y. M. C. A. The Chinese youth does not swallow the "Y" without protest. Repeated demonstrations and protests against the invasion of this capitalist vanguard has been made and is meeting with response among the Chinese youth. As a reply, the Y. M. C. A. pours into China more men and money.

IN India, the Y. M. C. A. has established itself in 68 villages, carrying on its propaganda in disguised forms, thru lantern slide lectures, thru educational campaigns, and thru amusements and entertainments. Its main purpose, however, is to defeat the freeing of India from the yoke of Great Britain, and to keep the natives content with foreign domination, thru the preaching of brotherly love for the white brethren who own the mills. The "Y" very baldly announces that it desires to reconcile the downtrodden Hindu to his present position and to prevent any national aspirations.

In a prayer for the success of its work in India, the sky-pilots end with this peroration: "That they (the Y. M. C. A. men in India) may have

guidance in helping to solve the great national problem of reconciliation." Knowing the horrible conditions of the Indian workers and peasants, "reconciliation" can mean only one thing.

THE entire orient is covered by the Y. M. C. A. as by a net. No country is too small or out-of-the-way when the expenses are paid by some capitalist. For instance, the Y. M. C. A. tells of the inauguration of its work in Jerusalem as follows:

"On Christmas eve, 1924, there was put into the hands of the Y. M. C. A. a draft for the expense of a modern building to be erected on a site just outside the Jaffa Gate, on the highest point in Jerusalem. (The name of the donor is discreetly omitted.) From its doors will stream an influence which will reach Arabia, Syria, Persia, and Transjordan."

Should the Communist International establish such a "modern building" to stream its influence into these countries, the capitalist world would be aflame with protest.

But from the birthplace of Christianity will surge thruout the East, young, well-trained, go-getting Y. M. C. A. crusaders bearing the message of submission to Christ and to his favored devotees, Rockefeller, McCormick, Morgan and others high in church circles.

IN Alexandria and Cairo, Egypt, the Y. M. C. A. has a membership of over 700 men. A strong student work is carried on at Assuit and in the Christian College. The foreign department—sounds ominously political—enthusiastically announces that, "altho the population is ninety-five per cent Mohammedan, the Y. M. C. A. has established and maintained its full Christian character and program and control."

There is a new spirit of nationalism arising that seems well nigh sufficient to defeat the efforts of these Christian crusaders. Yet, they are not to submit so readily, especially when the home office has so bountifully a supply of shekles. A new plan has been adopted and that is to inculcate Egyptians into the art of misleading their own fellow sufferers. Says the instructions to the Y. M. C. A. men, "It is plain that the leadership of the association must be Egyptian. Foreigners are under suspicion. A national development is essential."

Among the other Asiatic countries which are intensively plied with political christianity, are the Y. M. C. A., are Korea, Burma, Ceylon, Japan, the Philippine Islands and Turkey.

THE foreign department eyes Russia with longing and flirtatious glances. What an opportunity for propaganda under the guise of religious and social welfare work. And prevented merely by the prejudice of an irreligious Communist government!

The Y. M. C. A. must admit that it could do very little in Russia. It says that its chief task has been one of "salvage." It claims it disregards political lines; but we cannot forget its activities before and during the Russian revolution. The allied army of intervention in Siberia in 1918 consisted of 80,000 men. The Y. M. C. A. had 200 secretaries working among the Czechs, white guard Russians and American troops. The cost of this work was \$2,000,000, and was mainly directed against the workers' government. When the revolution was successful, the Y. M. C. A. dismissed any of its secretaries who talked in favor of Russian recognition.

Now, having failed in its nefarious work of aiding to drown in blood the first workers' republic, the sanctimonious soldiers can merely hold up their hands in holy horror and exclaim, "The repression and devastation being visited upon all religion in Soviet Russia by the regime in power and its supporting party, Communist, are proceeding with terrible reality from the doctrine that religion and Communism are incompatible, both theoretically and practically. Here is a major fact in the Christian world and without parallel in the history of Christianity."

## THIRTEEN

(Continued from page 5)

the Comsomol. Helpers for Vladimir Ilyich are needed now, he says, "for he is overworked." And the Comsomol is training the aids. So now the time has come for sending the helpers.

All this is perfectly clear to Vanka, but what if Mitry should suddenly accept? . . . How the boys will make fun of Vanka! What will Volodin, the lathe-hand, say? . . . No, this cannot be; didn't they make a compact? And besides, Mironych will say that it won't do—Mitry's a year short, according to the constitution.

The chairman, a gay, reckless fellow, rings two bells at the one time: one of copper, and the other—his throat; he knows his business.

"Comrades, the bureau of the nucleus proposes Anna Solodkova, 19, and Mitry Nazarenko, 17. They are surely known to all of you, and they've given their consent."

Voices respond like a humming bee-hive: "Right you are . . . we know . . . seconded . . . we thot of 'em ourselves. . ."

Vanka looks at his brother and sees that his eyes burn in an unusual way. But what about Mironych? Mironych?—nothing; he raises no objection: "So they are considered accepted."

And Vanka hears nothing more of what is being said; he only feels that his head is swimming, the young comrades around him begin to whirl and whirl; tables and chairs whirl . . . his head swims; the comrades whirl around; tables and chairs whirl. . .

"Ah . . . what's that? . . . Vanka's fainting! . . ."

"Well, if he ain't!"  
Voices clamored and shrieked, rumbled, shouted, yelled. . .

"What's wrong with him?"  
"It must be from joy; his brother Mitry is transferred to the party."

"No, it's not joy. They had a compact, you know, to join together, one the party, the other the Comsomol, so I bet he's sore. . ."

"So that's it? . . . Ain't he a Comsomoletz yet?"

"That's just it; he's only thirteen and, the main thing, he's the only one of that age, otherwise we would organize the 'pioneers.'"

The night was warm, almost like spring. In the overturned caldron of the sky there were washes of every shade of blue. White, button-like glow-worms swam in the washes, just like in the button department.

The young folk are gathered at the gates to pass a few hours together, and in the house Vanka lies on the bed like a small, ungainly lump. Shavings of that flash like lightning thru his brain. Questions flare up like bluish puffs of smoke. And the oil in the brain-machine keeps on burning and burning. "How's it this, now . . . how is this . . . is Mitry right or wrong?"

The shavings of that squirm and coil, clutch boldly at each other, surround his head with a ring of fire, and all the thots reduce themselves to this:

"Who is more important—Vanka, or Lenin?"

At Moscow, in the Khamovniki section, on the night before the twelfth of March, the big auditorium of the Second University burst out into blossom. It blossomed with the lilacs of eyes. And because of this the faded eyes of the Nachpur, Comrade Antonov, also turned lilac, and his voice became as sweet as lilacs, for Antonov was speaking about the jubilee of the party.

And after Antonov, the "Trumpet" spoke, and recalled the days of underground work in the time of the czar, others with faded eyes spoke and brot up reminiscences. Their speeches revived the lilacs that had faded away in distant prisons. They threw it in clusters to the audience, crowning the young heads.

And from all sides of the spacious hall, little folded notes streamed like a white brook over the heads—a brook that seemed to ooze thru the tangled moss of hair.

The notes contained greetings to Lenin, wishes for his rapid recovery; and from all these notes, whether written well or badly, in smooth style or clumsily, there seemed to rise the odor of new-formed callus, unspent sweat, untilled grains.

And when the elected were being transferred from the Comsomol to the party, and as each of the transferred, swayed by a whirlwind of emotions, made his way to the table, received the candidate's card, Bukharin's booklet—"The A. B. C. of Communism"—and a jubilee badge, the audience choked in the frenzied waving of arms, uproar of shouts, ringing of congratulations, and the orchestra was drowned in the wild clamor of the youngsters' throats.

A whirlwind of stormy joy swept thru the audience. It beat against the walls in a frenzied impact. And there was no Vanka in the audience, just as there were no other Vankas, Kolkas, Petkas, Dunkas, Mankas. There was one many-eyed many-headed monster; one joy played in its breast, one love flamed up, one devotion and readiness for sacrifice.

And when Mitry approached the tribune, Vanka shouted with all his might, closing his eyes in his frenzied exertion:

"Mitry, remember, don't disgrace the Comsemol. . . Be a true helper to Ilyich. . ."

And people turned toward Vanka and saw his ungainly little figure enveloped in the flood of joy. And Vanka yanked out a notebook from his pocket, tore out a page, and began feverishly to scrawl on it in an uneven hand; then he passed it to his neighbor and whispered:

"Write. . ."  
"Sure. . ."

"Once more . . . please, please, send greetings . . . to the dear leader of the ploritariat, V. Lenin."

By V. N. of the lace-factory, named for Comrade Sverdlov.

And the lone little note floated like a frail boat toward the chairman, nearer, nearer, nearer. He reached out for it, took it, opened it, and smiled:

"Comrades, I have here another motion to send greetings to Vladimir Ilyich. Any objections?" Not a single one.



# The Story Nosovitsky Didn't Tell

By C. E. Ruthenberg

SOME time during the month of August, this year, Jacob Nosovitsky came into the National Office of the Workers (Communist) Party.

I happened to be in the outer office and he addressed me with, "Don't you remember me?"

"I remember you quite well," I answered, intending that he should get the significance of the emphasis.

He explained that he had heard that there was a printed pamphlet containing the testimony in the investigation of the charge against Louis C. Fraina and that in this pamphlet suspicion was cast upon him and he wanted a copy of this pamphlet so that he could clear himself of this suspicion.

I told him I knew nothing about this pamphlet and could not give him a copy and was not interested in the matter and left him.

A day or two later Nosovitsky came back into the headquarters of the party accompanied by another man, and demanded to see me. I sent back word that I was too busy and didn't want to talk to him. He sent a message that the man with him was a Michigan doctor whose papers he had given to me in 1919, and that the doctor needed these, and wouldn't find them for him. My answer was that I knew nothing about his papers and did not want anything to do with him.

And so Nosovitsky left.

Evidently he was gathering material for the series of stories with which he has entertained the gullible readers of a capitalist newspaper. He thought that six years after every Communist knew his true role—that of provocateur and spy—he could still pull the blind of injured innocence.

## Nosovitsky the Bluffer.

Since that time Nosovitsky has painted his own picture in the series of articles which have been appearing in the Hearst papers. He has acknowledged, not only that he was a spy working for Scotland Yard and the United States department of justice in the labor and Communist movement, but also that he tricked his capitalist employers by palming off on them forged documents purporting to give information about the Communists.

Nosovitsky's picture of himself, however, is not complete.

In his story of himself he is the clever international spy, knowing everything, foreseeing everything, ready for every emergency. He was able to dupe everybody, Soviet government officials and Communist leaders, and never once did he make a misstep and expose himself. He is the perfect hero of romance who comes out on top in every situation.

So that this legend of Nosovitsky may not become the established version of his relation to the Communist movement, I want to tell a little story which Nosovitsky carefully omitted from his narrative. It isn't much to his credit as a brainy, unconquerable, international spy. It will serve to splash a little the picture of perfection, which is Nosovitsky's version of himself.

## Nosovitsky Expelled as Provocateur.

My first contact with Nosovitsky was some time late in November, 1919. The Communist Party of America, formed a few months before, wished to establish contact with the international movement and Louis C. Fraina had been elected to go abroad for that purpose. Nosovitsky had been sent from New York by a committee there, as one able to make the necessary arrangements for Fraina's trip.

With two other members of the party I went to confer with him at the Morrison Hotel.

He met us dressed in the full regalia of an assistant surgeon of an

ocean liner, the part which he was playing at the time.

Our first talk was about his status in relation to the party.

Nosovitsky had been expelled from the Russian section of the party on suspicion that he was a provocateur, some months before. The basis of this action was his urgent offers of automatic pistols made to the members of the leading committee of the Russian section. He seemed to have an unlimited supply of these at his command and wanted every one to have one. Since the Communists were interested in printing their newspapers, books and pamphlets to educate the workers as to the nature of the class struggle, and had no particular use for automatic pistols under the existing conditions of the class struggle, his actions aroused suspicion. There was no definite evidence against him, but on general principles he was considered as an undesirable member of the party, and was expelled.

Nosovitsky offered a batch of documents, giving his history and work, in order to exonerate himself. The committee which had expelled him thought it might have been mistaken in its action, and that his assistance could be accepted in facilitating Fraina's trip.

Nosovitsky pleaded, that if he was to help Fraina he must be reinstated as a member of the party and be given a credential as a representative of the Central Executive Committee of the party.

The weasel-faced, shifty Nosovitsky did not, however, make a good impression on us, and after leaving him and discussing the matter, we decided that we could not reinstate him to membership in the party and give him credentials which would enable him to pose as a representative of the party. On the other hand we needed his aid to make the arrangements for Fraina's trip. We decided to make use of whatever services he could render, without exposing ourselves through any breach of faith on his part.

We gave him a note stating he was authorized to receive printed literature and deliver same to our party, an authority he already had from other sources, and told him he could proceed with making the technical arrangement to have Fraina travel with him on his ship.

## The Untold Story.

The next I heard of Nosovitsky was upon his return from Europe after having taken Fraina across. He sent word that he wished to report on having successfully fulfilled his duty.

Another comrade and I called upon him at his home somewhere in the one hundred and twenties of Lenox Ave. in New York. First he pulled out a suitcase filled with the latest books, pamphlets and newspapers published by the Communist movement in Europe—literature which we had been endeavoring to secure for months—and turned it over to us. Much of this literature was later translated and published in the United States. Then he handed back the note authorizing him to receive literature for us.

He was evidently paving the way to be trusted further, by apparent frankness in surrendering the only document which gave him any standing in relation to the movement.

What he was playing for soon came out. He demanded to appear before the Central Executive Committee of the party and submit a report on the Amsterdam conference of European Communists, which he declared he had attended with Fraina.

That was quite another story. The time was February, 1920, after the Palmer raids in which four thousand members of the party had been arrested, indicted and held for deportation and imprisonment. All the members of the Central Executive Com-

mittee were under indictment, and the police were looking for them in order to place the leadership of the party behind prison bars.

We gathered up our literature and departed, telling Nosovitsky we would bring his request before the Central Executive Committee and advise him later as to its decision.

Since it has a bearing on the later developments of this story, I want to remark here that Nosovitsky was lavish in his offer of entertainment. He brought forth a profusion of boxes of candy, nuts, dates, figs, fruits, etc., which he pressed upon us before we were able to effect our departure.

## In Washington Park.

During the weeks which followed I heard frequently from Nosovitsky, who pressed his demand that he appear before the Central Executive Committee. He sent word and telephoned that he had many important matters to report which he had been instructed to tell only to the committee.

After many urgent calls I finally agreed to meet him again. The appointment was made for a certain bench in Washington Park. Another comrade accompanied me.

At this meeting Nosovitsky pleaded at length for the right to appear before the committee.

"Don't you trust me after the work I have done for the movement?" he demanded.

I asked him why he could not write out his report and give it to me. He countered that he had been instructed to submit a report in person—and must carry out the instructions he had received.

After further argument, seeing that the matter was going against him, he cried out:

"I may be starving, and you have not even asked me whether I had my lunch," and burst into tears.

The tears of insulted virtue rolling down his cheeks, accompanied by all the evidence of a complete breakdown because of the lack of confidence in his revolutionary honor, shook me for a moment, and I answered,

"Give me your telephone number, and I will take the matter up again and advise you of the decision."

"Call me at Vanderbilt 6000" he said, and brightened perceptibly. We parted.

A few hours later I had a friend call the number which he had given me and asked what place it was.

"Hotel Commodore" came back the answer of the telephone operator; "Mr. Nosovitsky isn't in his room."

The great clever, cunning international spy who pretended to be starving was living at one of the most expensive hotels in New York.

That was the end of Nosovitsky so far as any relationship with the Communist Party was concerned.

## No More Deaf, No More Dumb, No More Blind.

THE Grey Ghost whistles from the rigging,  
The Green Ghost whispers from the trees,  
And the Red Ghost bellows  
Where the black coal yellows,  
But their words go wasted down the breeze.

For he hears not, speaks not, sees not,  
He is deaf, he is dumb, he is blind  
To the jingle of the keys  
With their clue to mysteries  
That have kept him a captive in his mind.

The Ocean is still for a saying,  
The Mountains are mute for a word,  
That the Factories would siren  
With escaping steam on iron  
Could the voice of their void be but heard.

But he hears not, speaks not, sees not,  
He is deaf, he is blind, he is dumb,  
And the Open Sesame,  
That would set him prison-free,  
Stumbles on his tongue and will not come.

The gates are ready to glide open,  
The curtain of the sky to rise,  
And the Earth her bosom bare,  
Flowing milk and honey rare,  
For a glimpse, for a glance, from his eyes.

But he hears not, speaks not, sees not,  
He is deaf, he is dumb, he is blind,  
Living night-shift, like a mole,  
Face deflected from the goal  
Where the paths to light and life unwind.

Thunder—on either side the Urals!  
Wonder—the rising of Red Dawn!  
And underneath the silence  
Voices in defiance—  
Mutter of the millions marching on!

Keen to the roar of Revolution,  
Quick to the clamor of his kind,  
He plunges to their aid  
By the surging barricade,  
No more deaf, no more dumb, no more blind!

—J. S. WALLACE.



# In the Flames of Revolt Twenty Years Ago

By M. A. SKROMNY.

(Reminiscences of the Revolutionary Days of 1905, by an old Rebel.)

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In connection with the 20th anniversary of the revolution of 1905 we publish this series of word pictures of the revolution as told by a comrade who participated in the events of that time. This is the fifth story.

V.

The October Days of 1905.

UNDER the rule of the czars the censorship was so strict that every printed word had to pass a censor. The chief of police usually acted as the censor. In circulars announcing a clothing sale or a grocery sale the censor would cut out the word "big" and leave only "sale" if the merchant would not come across with some graft. If they would come across, they could use the words "big," "great," "grand," etc. Every circular or other printed matter had to carry the legend: "Permitted by the censor, chief of police," and his name.

Newspaper material used to be sent to the censor in galley proofs before it was made up into pages. The censor would cut out a word, a line, a paragraph or a whole article.

After the Bloody Sunday of January 9, 1905, (Jan. 22, new style), when thousands of workers in Petersburg went to the czar under the leadership of the priest Gapon, to beg for bread and freedom and were shot down in cold blood, the censorship became more strict. Things that were printed in a newspaper in one city would not be allowed in another city. The censor mercilessly cut article after article. It became too expensive for the publishers to "kill" so much composition and the editors finally decided to run the newspapers with blank space where the articles cut by the censor were to appear. The higher the revolutionary wave had grown the bigger became the blank space in the newspapers. On the eve of the October days many a newspaper in Russia appeared absolutely blank except for the name of the paper and sometime the headlines of the articles which were cut by the censor.

But the truth gradually began to spread all over the country. The revolutionary underground press of the party told how thousands of workers with their wives and children carrying holy pictures of saints from the churches and portraits of the czar went to him as children to a father to beg for freedom and bread, and how he met them with bullets, how the children who climbed up trees in Alexandrovsky park were shot down, etc.

"You have no more a czar! He is the killer of the workers! Down with him! Long live the revolution!" cried our underground newspapers, pamphlets and circulars. Street demonstrations became more frequent, strikes more numerous. The country began to boil with revolt. Finally in the middle of October a strike began in Petersburg which by October 17, had grown into a general strike all over the country.

The railroads and telegraphs which even at that time were government owned and controlled, stopped working, all the factories shut down, business was paralyzed. Only the news of the spreading of the strike was flashed to the newspapers. In Petersburg they organized a Soviet of Workers' Deputies.

When the telegrams about the strike reached the office of the liberal newspaper in our city, the printers were among the first to go out on strike. By that time we had already a good underground printers' union organized and functioning in spite of the law prohibiting unions. Only "extras," containing strike telegrams, were published. Within two days the



MEMBERS OF THE FIRST PETERSBURG SOVIET OF 1905 ON TRIAL IN CZARIST COURT. In the bottom row of this picture are the lawyers defending the prisoners. In the next row above, from left to right, are Chrustaliev Nosar, chairman of the Soviet, Leon Trotsky and others.

strike became general in the city. The street cars kept on running, but after a few of them were turned over and barricades built of them, the rest disappeared from the streets.

The strikers swarmed into the streets. They went in big throngs from store to store pulling out the clerks, and from shop to shop calling out the workers who had not joined by that time. The police disappeared. The local administration lost its head.

Very seldom did we meet with any resistance. Only near the barracks of the dragoons where a big flour mill was located, a stubborn fight was put up. The dragoons freely used their sabers and some comrades were taken away to the hospital.

And then came the flash.

"Freedom! His imperial majesty signed manifesto granting freedom of speech, assembly, conscience, etc. Duma to be called."

And later came the manifesto on the wires. The news spread over the city in an instance. Everybody swarmed into the streets. A great crowd collected in front of the newspaper office and the manifesto was read from the balcony before it appeared in print.

Spontaneous processions formed, red flags appeared, open air meetings started all over the city. Strangers congratulated each other with the newly won liberty, friends and mere acquaintances kissed each other in the streets. People were crying and laughing at the same time. Everything red was at once absorbed. There were red flags, red ribbons, red streamers, red, red all over.

The shop keepers, the landlords, the petty bourgeois intellectuals, the middle class in general, everybody alongside with the revolutionary workers, wore red in the buttonholes and smiles on their faces as if trying to say: "I was always for the revolution, you know."

A big procession went to the jail, where after a brief conference with the jail officials, the political prisoners were released and met with enthusiastic cheers of the crowds.

Other processions went to the center of the city, Alexandrovsky Prospect, and from there to German Square, the biggest square in town. A monster mass meeting started there that lasted until dark. Speakers of the different revolutionary parties presented their programs to the huge crowds. The shop keepers and the petty bourgeoisie had no platform nor party, they had nothing to present.

Tired and happy the crowds went home to assemble again in the morning. The next day another monster meeting was held on the same square. Crowds were continuously coming and going.

About noontime a few comrades

came rushing in "drojkas" (cabs) and reported to the party leaders that the "Black Hundred" (patriotic hooligans) are assembling at the Chuffin Square. Later it was reported that the widow of police captain Ossovsky who was killed after the demonstration at Skulianskaya Rogatka, was addressing the meeting of the Black Hundred. The crowds also heard about it and became alarmed. The meeting broke up.

The members of the military organization of the party were advised to arm and assemble in the vicinity of the Chuffin square where the hooligans were holding their meeting.

Before we had time to do it, they ended their meeting and began to march to the cathedral, carrying national color flags and portraits of the czar. When they reached the main crossing on Alexandrovsky Prospect they spied a few unarmed comrades on the corner. A group of hooligans left the parade and made a rush for them. They escaped into buildings and yards shutting the doors after them, but one girl was hit over the head with a club as she was trying to run up a few stairs into a restaurant. She fell on the stairs, the blood gushing from the wound. The frenzied patriots began to hit her with clubs and kick her with their boots until her head was smashed into a pulp. When they tired and stopped there were still signs of life in her. Two shots were fired into her body as they left.

The Black Hundred marched on to the cathedral which was located in the center of a big city park. There a public prayer was held for the czar and the House of the Romanovs. By the time the prayer was over a solid group of members of the "B. O." (Boyenoy Otryad: military organization of the party) assembled in the vicinity. Most of them were armed. A few hardware stores were broken into and all the arms found distributed to party members and sympathizers.

As soon as the prayer was over the patriots began to swarm out of the park and started to smash windows in the stores; and a fire was started in the biggest book store of the city that was located opposite the park. Our group advanced and began to fire from "Brownings," as the automatics were called, and other revolvers that were on hand. The hooligans at once retreated to the park. Two policemen in uniform, hiding behind trees, began to shoot at us. A lively duel ensued, that lasted for about twenty minutes. Then some comrades noticed a group of policemen coming up from a side street. We began to retreat. Comrade A., who did not notice our retreat, remained alone at the entrance continuing to fire. The hooligans not knowing the reason of our retreat did not dare to advance against him. He alone held back a couple hundred of them. A warning was cried out to him but in the heat of the battle he did not hear. Finally

he also noticed the advance of the police and retreated. The former comrade A. is now a big business man in Chicago and would have nothing whatever to do with "Reds."

As soon as the police reached the scene the pogrom was again in full blast.

This time they did not care to rob much. Neither was it a pogrom against the Jews only. Many christians were killed by the hooligans. It was a strictly political affair. Right after the pogrom appeared a patriotic song:

"The Russian czar gave us freedom To beat the Jews and mutineers."

They were after the "mutineers" first of all, that explains the great number of Jews and christians killed at that time.

The horrors of 1903 were repeated, but on a larger scale, and not only in our city but all over Russia. Especially horrible were the pogroms in the central gubernias where no Jews were permitted to live. In one railroad district the telegraphers and students who barricaded themselves in a building, were burned up alive. The police and hooligans kept on shooting on every one who tried to escape from the burning building. The students did not dare to show upon the streets in their uniforms.\* Many of the political prisoners who were liberated during the first days of freedom, were later hunted up by the police and gendarmes and killed in cold blood.

In our city the pogrom lasted for three full days. All during that time the army and the police were in full charge of the situation. Their business was to protect and defend the hooligans, and occasionally to join in the murders and robberies. All individuals who were suspected of being students, were fired upon without much ado. Walking with a comrade, I came upon a squad of soldiers who suddenly turned a corner about a half a block away. Without a word they opened fire upon us. As we flattened out against a wall the bullets began to clatter on the cobbles. Many a child was killed during this period by stray bullets of the police and soldiers.

The most bitter enemies of ours during those dark days were the shop keepers, petty bourgeois intellectuals, the landlords, and all those who for the moment had fallen in love with the red ribbons. They cursed us with bitter hate blaming us for the pogrom.

These strange bedfellows were with us as long as we were celebrating, but when it came to a fight, we had to fight alone. It was quite a valuable lesson that we learned during those days.

That lesson came in very handy during the October days of 1917.

\*Students wore uniforms in czarist Russia.