

# The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

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Editor

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## Holding the Fort



Maurice Becker's

Maurice Becker, Celebrated Cartoonist of The DAILY WORKER, Pictures the Picket Line of Passaic as Standing Solid Against the Clubs and Tear Gas Bombs of the Bosses' Police.

## Passaic Breaks a New Trail

By Joseph Zack,

Secretary Needle Trades National Committee T. U. E. L.

**H**ARDWORKING, emaciated people, earning \$12 to \$18 a week on the average, working 48 to 54 hours per week, mostly women and children—youngsters of foreign-born workers, working for modern feudal barons, under the most miserable conditions—health wrecking and unsanitary—if such misery and brutal exploitation—if such modern hell on earth in the United States can be put into a few words—this is it.

Plenty of pep, full of fight, husky youngsters, peasant women, not yet deteriorated under misery and exploitation, raw energy and courage demanding outlet, restrained from spending itself foolishly, by organized intelligence and direction.

Powerful, industrial barons, organized nationally and internationally, powerfully entrenched in government, coming in conflict with the petty bourgeoisie of the textile mill towns, who are in favor of the workers getting more wages in order to do more business.

Hesitating city governments, influenced by the petty bourgeoisie, trying to unload the trouble on the state government (militia), bidding for a big price (graft), from the mill owners as a price for sacrificing their cowardly political careers.

Of a million workers in the industry only 50,000 are organized with about half in unions outside of the A. F. of L. The United Textile Workers, the A. F. of L. textile union, is dominated by a treacherous bureaucracy, pitting the skilled against the unskilled. Many strikes here and there, mere flashes in the pan, show desperate rebellions of driven slaves.

The same story repeats itself again and again. The O. B.

U., the I. W. W. or just a group of fakers lead the rebellion, and then it peters out until the next outbreak.

First hesitating city governments, then pressure by the big bourgeoisie, then provocation of the strikers thru brutalities, then state militia and federal government—this is the history of most of the strikes. Big mills—500 to 6,000 workers per mill, producing cotton, silk, woolens, and allied lines, mostly employing unskilled—real modern capitalist industry, in the process of trustification, not yet fully trustified.

### Lessons of the Struggle.

**T**HESSE many fruitless struggles did not pass by without the workers gaining their lessons and experiences, as a result of which we have a semi-radical militant mass, which falls in line and keeps discipline almost like an organized army, marches from mill to mill, forming a mass picket line—tramp, tramp, tramp, like regiments, marshalled by sergeants and captains—one word would be enough to lead them into most any duty.

Americanized foreign-born and their American-born youngsters, immigrants, almost all understanding English—no more language barriers—become all one mass. The old game of the boss of pitting nationality against nationality has very little chance in this crowd. Many of Polish, Hungarian, and Italian origin, Catholic, but the influence of the priests upon them as far as interfering in the struggle, counts for very little; they all have had their lessons from former struggles. Many soldiers

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**PASSAIC BREAKS A NEW TRAIL.**  
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that learned their lesson of organization, value of discipline, acting as captains, guards and organizers of their own struggle.

**T**HE old days of haphazard, helter-skelter, anybody-that-happened-to-be around leadership is gone, the mass of workers have an idea thru their experience of what they want.

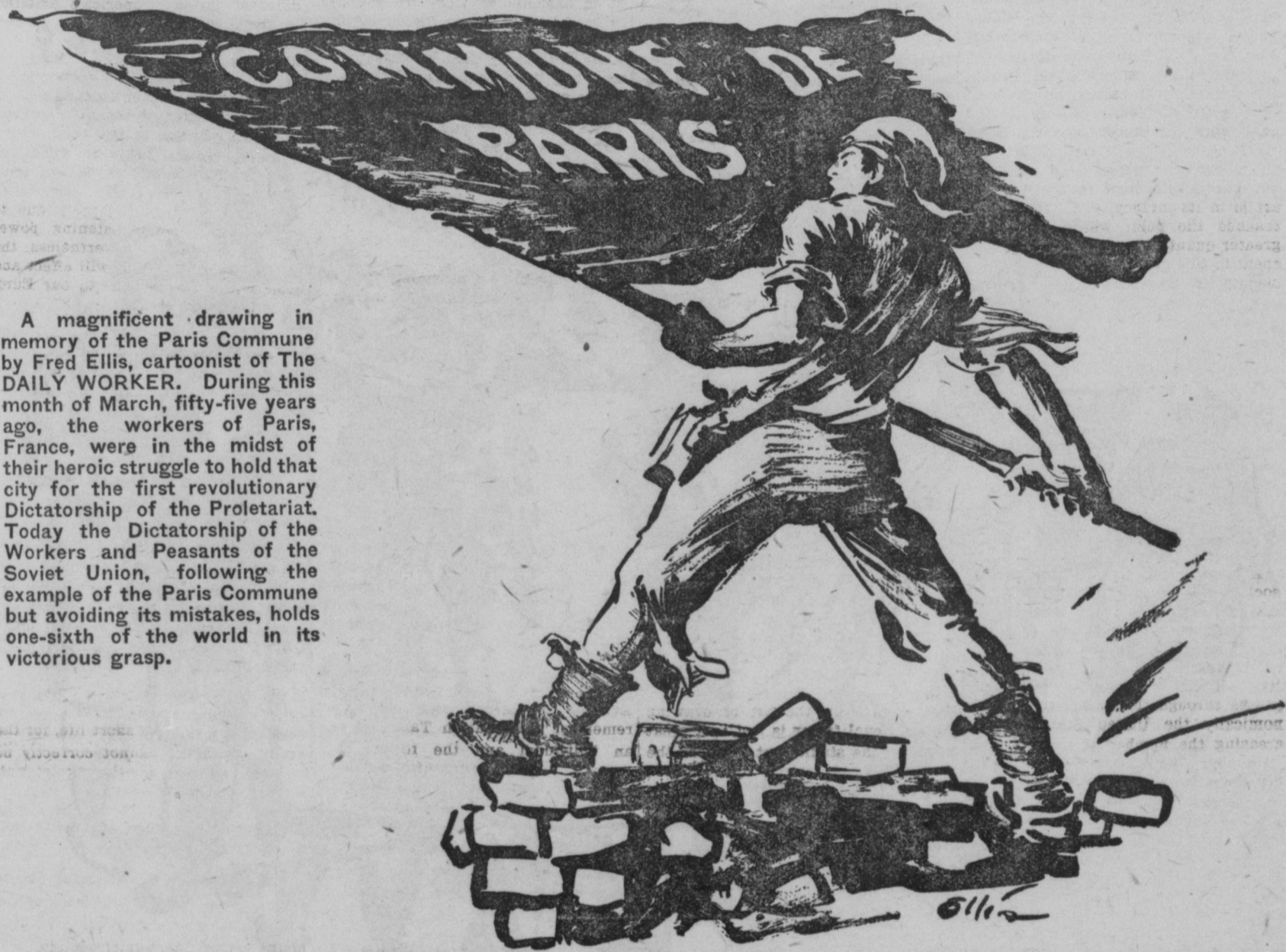
The Russian revolution had its effect, and contributed in a crude way to their education, Communist inspired leadership which knows where to go and how to get there, hooked up with the left wing in the American labor movement injects itself as a new powerful factor into the situation.

There is system and method to the struggle, action, relief, and politics based upon the proper estimation of class relationships, and utilization of all vantage points. True, the new lead-

ership has also plenty to learn, but it knows a lot more than any other, and what it lacks in experience is more than made up for by the effect of correct policy.

The left wing in the needle trades unions, is as yet on the eve of real power; it has not yet established itself. As soon as it does, it will play a big role in organizing this sister industry. The next step in the textile industry is national strike movements, cleverly led and supported.

We can say, however, with all confidence and certainty that the period of futile struggles and despair is on the wane, and that the next step is effective struggle, victory and unification of the workers in the textile industry. There in the textile industry are all the elements that combine to make our movement win its first spurs in the organization of the unorganized, and it is not utopian to say that soon there is the prospect of having one powerful union of all textile workers.



A magnificent drawing in memory of the Paris Commune by Fred Ellis, cartoonist of The DAILY WORKER. During this month of March, fifty-five years ago, the workers of Paris, France, were in the midst of their heroic struggle to hold that city for the first revolutionary Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Today the Dictatorship of the Workers and Peasants of the Soviet Union, following the example of the Paris Commune but avoiding its mistakes, holds one-sixth of the world in its victorious grasp.

## The Intimate Papers of Colonel Mouse

"The John D. Sockefeller (Indiana) Whom I Knew"

By Col. A. Little Mouse.  
Annotated by JOHN BERNARD.

"YES," said Col. Mouse, "I am very close to the great Sockefeller (Indiana). His church activities? Here is a letter to his preacher. This will give you some idea of his perfect control:

"Rev. Percy Whiteliver,  
"Imperial Baptist Church,  
"New York City, N. Y.  
"Dear Whiteliver:

"I am inclosing herewith sermons and prayers for next Sunday's services. Hope they reach you in time for proper rehearsal.

"Last week we inadvertently inclosed wrong prayers in your envelope; the ones we sent you were intended for one of our Methodist preachers. I was gratified to note that you revised them to conform with proper Baptist standards.

"I do not wish to be too critical, but I noticed that last Sunday's services lacked the usual pep and vim that we are accustomed to. Of course, we cannot permit the enthusiasm to wane. I suggest that you put some extra wallop in the sacramental wine and also employ three or four additional 'ameners.'

"I also noticed that Bro. Placid had his hat in his hand as he went into the ante-room to count the morning offering. Kindly caution him not to let this happen again. We must not put too much strain on the already

overwrought nerves of the good deacons.

"Well, I'll see you Sunday.  
"Cordially,  
"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana).  
"P. S.—For the love of Mike don't wear that weasel look when you preach Sunday. J. D. S. (Indiana)."

"Politics? Read what he says to his friend the senator:  
"Hon. Andrew Sharp,  
"U. S. Senate,  
"Washington, D. C.  
"Dear Andy:  
"Got your letter today. It seems mighty good to hear from you again.  
"Yes, we are immensely pleased with the profit-sharing plan. It is not so many years ago since you first suggested the plan to us. You remember you said you got the idea by watching a jackass following a carrot. The carrot was suspended from the end of a pole. The pole was fastened to the pack on the donkey's back and extended about a foot past his head. This held the carrot always temptingly in front of the nose of the jackass. You will probably recollect that I said at the time, 'If the plan fails it will not be because of a shortage of jackasses.' Well, it put you in the senate didn't it?  
"It is truly wonderful how it works. We can reduce wages and actually make the saps like it. They believe it is for their good. Andy, you once said to me: 'Keep the boobs busy with the puzzle of making two ends meet that were never intended to

meet. Talk future reward and your labor problem is solved.' Surely no truer words were ever spoken.

"I note with pleasure that you are to be in New York next Sunday. I insist that you go to church with me on that day.  
"God bless you, Andy; I would trust you to the limit.  
"Affectionately,  
"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana)."  
"Cautious? Read his epistle to Judkins:  
"Sam Judkins, Custodian,  
"Imperial Baptist Church,  
"New York City, N. Y.  
"Dear Judkins:  
"Carefully examine all the solid gold name plates and see that they are all securely riveted to the pews before next Sunday's services. Also see that none of the chains which hold the delux bibles to the back of the seats are defective.  
"Perhaps you better station an extra guard in the vestibule to watch that our imported rugs are not disturbed. This is for next Sunday only.  
"Respectfully,  
"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana)."  
"Friendly with labor? Glance over his letter to the great labor leader, William Attyaboy:  
"William Attyaboy,  
"Labor Headquarters,  
"Washington, D. C.  
"Dear William:  
"Your letter came in today's mail. Was sorry to learn you are having those frightful dreams and night-

mares again. You say you took my advice and tried to read the bible and it opened up at the story of Judas. That was rather a strange coincident, but one thing is sure, it does not apply to you as far as tossing away coins is concerned. Of course, if you hang yourself you will likely pop open in about the same place that Judas did.  
"Now don't worry about my not destroying all cancelled checks. You know efficiency is our watchword.  
"Now, William, snap out of it. If we stave off the revolution you won't want to kill yourself, and if we don't YOU may not get a chance.  
"I am having Whiteliver pray for you.  
"Very truly,  
"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana)."  
"The last letter I have here is an order for his spring flower seeds. This probably will not interest you; read it if you want," concluded Col. Mouse:  
"World Seed House,  
"Europe.  
"Gentlemen:  
"In sending the flower seeds for my gardens this spring you may repeat my last order for white ones, double my last year's order for pinks and yellow. Send no reds.  
"Truly,  
"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana).  
"P. S.—The pinks you sent last year nearly all turned yellow before the season ended; however, this really made them more beautiful.  
"J. D. S. (Indiana)."

# Art and Marian Talley, a Product of Capitalism

By E. Hugo Qehler.

MARION TALLEY'S operatic debut has been heralded by the bourgeois press of the country in the 100 per cent style. The bourgeois press of Kansas City, Missouri, her home town, has outdone the rest in presenting Marion Talley to the people from an emotional standpoint, praising and presenting her as press supporters can.

This incident is well worth consideration in getting a focus on art in its relation to the economic factors. However, in considering this Marion Talley incident we will not allow effects to dominate causes. The United States having emerged successfully from a long struggle for a dominating position in world economic affairs, desires the same success in the field of fine arts. Master classes of the past were confronted with the same task and the same desires. This country's economic system is of maturity, but her development in the field of art is in its infancy. The nation has reached the point where energy in greater quantities can be released and spent in this field. All parasitic ruling classes in their advanced stage of power can encourage and finance the arts.

Like nations of the past, ruling groups in economic supremacy idle away their time in luxury and debauchery, with art of a distant national character. The imperial United States is floundering into this period when the parasite class' ego cannot be satisfied unless the arts can be called their own. Marion Talley's career lines up with this awakening national ego of the master class.

A young ruling class within such a social order as the United States first uses its wealth to purchase the masterpieces, the art treasures of other countries, and to import those works of greatest talent. The United States, like all other groups of the past, passes through this stage first. Economically the United States is increasing the number of nations that fall under its imperialist policy, making them subject nations. Following these economic subjections, we find the art treasures of the weaker countries being imported in ever increasing numbers by the United States. This, of course, does not take place in the colonial territory, but in the "civilized" countries of Europe that have long been the dominating authorities of art in Occidental civilization. The

talent of Europe has for years been imported by this country, but now the valuable art possessions of European nations are being purchased by our master class in ever-increasing numbers.

This grasping, acquiring success of the Americans has been met with alarm by the Europeans, for they find that their art galleries are being stripped of their valuables. The Americans can afford to pay any price for the desired art objects and collections. Nations of the continent facing financial post-war difficulties succumb to the wealth of America in art as well as in the political field.

The ego of the United States capitalist soon tires of this. Tires of buying the art of the conquered and the subjected. New powers demand new art or at least that which they can call their own. They must have their own art and we have launched a campaign to fulfill these desires. This does not mean the discard of what has been acquired. The capitalists of the United States do, however, desire to stamp their personality upon the future art of the world.

Opera is an excellent field for such purposes, as it enables the imbeciles of the "better class" to mask their ignorance and at the same time it indulges this class' thirst for fine arts.

Of all the branches of art none so much as opera can rouse the art consciousness of the national bourgeoisie, and at the same time draw upon the working class for its support. For example, take the graphic arts (art of drawing, painting, etc.). The results that can be accomplished nationally with Marion Talley as a singer in grand opera could not be accomplished with the art of drawing. In it the public does not come in contact with the personality, with the emotional, that is needed to rouse a world ruling class to consciousness in the field of art. In the art of drawing the emotional factor is lost to a great extent in the studio, but in opera the contact with the people by the individual artist is a concrete factor. This Marion Talley incident is not the first nor will it be the last in this world drama.

If a distinct American basis of art can be found in one branch, the field as a whole gains rapidly. As long as America must "borrow" her art from Europe we will be subject to the art

criticism of the European continent, which is a powerful weapon against the desires of the capitalists of America.

To have prima donnas we should have "capable" art critics who can convince the world that they are right. But in order to have this grade of critics we should have an art basis that can be used as a leaning post for the capitalist art puppets.

Research work by archeologists in the Maya ruins of Central America are followed by our farsighted artist as crows follow a new turned field of an exploited farmer. They expect to find a basis in the Indian civilization of the past. One way or the other the ruling class of this nation must find the way to take its place in art as it has in economics.

The necessity of such is felt at this early stage. The attitude of Europe toward "our" Marion is a manifestation. They do not speak in the same tone that the city which gave her to the world speaks in. A group of "benevolent" Kansas City business men made the career of this talented singer possible by providing the economic end that is lacking in the planning of the millions of wage slaves' children.

London papers and the continent do not view this debut of Marion Talley with what could be termed support. Instinctively they realize the effect that this will have. They seem to see it as a move toward art domination that follows economic conquest.

The London Evening Standard says, regarding Marion Talley's operatic debut that, "some super-organization has been at work with only one hitch in the proceedings—that comparatively cool tone of musical criticism. In this case the shouting seems to have been done too soon."

However, we can say the hitch is not in the "super-organization," as the Evening Standard thinks. We must remember that Marion Talley is but an individual and the forces that moves this "super-organization" are those that brush aside opposition, not even caring for such persons as Marion Talley if the unexpected happens and others must be pushed forward.

Such criticism as London gives us is detrimental to the aspirations of the American capitalists who intend to spread their influence in the field of art. A parasitic class with the gold

that America has can, with time, do what reason should. No doubt they will to a great extent pacify the present and see that "fanatic" critics do not stand in their way of the period of art and luxury that every master class must look forward to.

Marion Talley is but a flash across the space in this drama of art development in this stage of imperialism. It is a rehearsal for the fast-changing art conditions that is taking place between bourgeois nations in the shift of economic power.

Ambitions and fulfillments are two different things. America's ambition in art is increasing with the success that imperialism is having in economic and political fields. They still have much to overcome economically, but they have greater obstacles in art. For the transfer of economic control, the redistribution of the earth within a social system has less difficulties than the fulfillment of the art ambitions. And although the desired may not be accomplished, largely due to the growing and threatening power of the proletariat, nevertheless the activity along this line will effect and alter much that is dear to our European bourgeois cousins.

Relatively speaking, the economic change resulting in a shift in the art field is doomed to a short life. The proaching change that the capitalists fear is the change from this order to another which will readjust the arts to the new social system.

The bourgeois art in America has been roused from its infant slumber by the Marion Talley debut.

In art, as in economics, the bourgeois struggle for the dominating position. On the other hand, an art struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, who at present manifest their expression in semi-proletariat form, is going on.

The art of the proletariat, like that of the bourgeois in this stage, is doomed to a relative short life, for the art of the future cannot correctly be termed the art of the proletariat. With the disappearance of classes, when the state withers away, the bourgeoisie and the proletariat will be no more.

And the art that is budding in the Soviet Union will at that period flower into its own and will be the beginning of the art of Communist society.

# The Right of (Other) Women to be Slaves

By Rachel Haltman.

AN industrial conference that took place recently at Washington showed clearly two forces fighting each other. One was supposed to represent organized labor and the other force was of the class of bourgeois women who fill the National Women's Party. On Sunday, January 17, the fight had already begun at the protest meeting held in the Belasco Theater in Washington.

About three o'clock the women gathered for a protest meeting and sent a delegation with banners on which was written:

"We demand equal working hours with men!"

"We are as strong as men to work!"

This delegation went to the president, not as a delegation of working women, but nevertheless as a delegation asking to solve problems for the working women. They were the bourgeois suffragettes, and they could not see that there are any other problems for working women than what they conceive to be the problems of women in general.

In the time of war you could very clearly notice that there are different problems of working women from those of the rest of them. Even the government saw this and decided to urge congress to organize a women's bureau in the United States department of labor. Their aim was to study and to report about everything that has to do with women in indus-

try. This bureau had also to formulate ways and means of improving the condition of the working women and to give her better conditions and higher wages.

Altho the bureau in Washington thinks that it does a lot for working women, nevertheless, in the national conference there were very few working women represented. There were also at the conference all kinds of representatives of industries, doctors, industrial engineers, etc., but working women, whose fate was to be decided at the conferences, were missing.

It is true that a great deal of weight cannot be given to this conference. The most that it can achieve is to exchange information, express opinions and make recommendations. The solution of this problem cannot be expected in such conferences, in spite of all the strenuous work that the government puts in to solve the problem between labor and capital.

For centuries woman has had to suffer at her work more than man. The first time after the industrial revolution, about 200 years ago, when the woman started to take a place in the industry without any knowledge of machinery and any possibility of learning a trade, her life was still more miserable than at present. For generations she labored twelve and fourteen hours a day. But her work was taken very little into consideration by the boss and even by her husband himself. She was always considered an apprentice but not as

one who could do a whole job. She was always a slave to her husband with whom she worked in the factory and at home. Her meager earnings even did not belong to her. They belonged to the man whose private property she was.

Fifty years ago when the rapid development of industry began to acquire more working hands, the women became competitors of men. Nobody, not even the immigrants, nor the Negro, were willing to work for the starvation wages for which the women at that time were willing to work. Her situation was indeed a very bad one.

From one side the man considered her as a competitor and treated her as such. From the other side the capitalist tried to press out as much profit from her as the unskilled worker, keeping her at long hours of work and giving her starvation wages and inhuman working conditions. The state had to see into it to make laws that would give her shorter hours, sanitary conditions, and a living wage.

It is true that the working conditions at the beginning were not such good ones, but at least forty-five states passed laws concerning women's work where hours, and wages were regulated. Ten and nine hours a day and in some states even eight hours a day became a law.

Now the bourgeois women are coming to the front—those women who never took part in social production and who can only boast of having helped spend all the profits that

their husbands got out of the working women. These are the parasites who ask for equal rights for men and women. They say that as soon as women are electors and are political equal with men they must not have any special rights and they are against working laws for women that are not acceptable for men. This means, according to their views, "industrial equality." It is understood that it is an entirely different equality that the working women want.

For instance, there is a law in New York that women work nine hours a day. In order that the law should be equal, the "ladies" ask that the other forty-seven states adopt the same law.

Once women worked ten hours a day, now they are only working nine. Men being better fighters gained thru strikes in some industries an eight-hour day but for the sake of "equality" they called back these laws and the men and women must go back to a ten-hour day.

The important thing is that such a situation is very favorable for the capitalist who is looking for women's work and who was always against any kind of preventive laws for women workers. Now he does not need to fight, he can leave this work to the ladies of the Women's Party. They will directly or indirectly, while contending for equal rights for women, fight for the capitalists enabling them to exploit the working women.

Working women ask no favors of the "Women's Party." They can stop "fighting."

# "HANDS!"

By Milford Flood

## A Story in Two Parts.

### PART ONE.

"GET down there and clip those wires, you damned cowards."

"Go to hell! Get a rod and a pinch bar if you want dem wires cut."

"Rusten, what do you mean by this? Are you foreman of this gang, or am I? Damn you, if we wasn't out here a hundred miles from nowhere, I'd fire you this minute. Get down that hole, there, and cut those wires!"

Two or three men edged a few inches toward the cave-in beside the concrete forms. Then, observing no movement on the part of their companions, they turned instinctively to Rusten. German and Jewish, Irish, Russian, and what-not, the group of workmen awaited the word of a Swede.

But, you ask, what kind of a Swede?

Not one of that gigantic breed which offered the windjammers before the era of turbines and oil; nor one of that Norse physique which scatters monstrous logs among the forests of the west and playfully pushes them down the rivers to the screech of the saws.

No. Quite the contrary was Rusten—the underdog.

He was thin in form and feature. His shoulders sloped like a girl's; and he walked as if his head were pulling up his legs—a sliding, shuffling gait—bending his body at a sharp angle at the waist because of an extreme injury to his back. Pale blue eyes looked unblinkingly thru thick shell-rimmed glasses, and a peculiar smile—half derisive, half plaintive—seemed stamped upon his countenance.

The underdog business was not a late phase of the life of Ted Rusten. He had never been a very different sort of canine. As the unwashed, ragged brother of nineteen peasant children, he had been underpup. The tale of why Ted Rusten developed into an underdog and remained such should not be compressed within the limits of a short story. It should be told as are the photo-dramas, with frequent close-ups and many throw-backs. To condense twenty-four years of a man's existence—not life—into some five or six thousand words requires a verbal economy almost amounting to muteness.

At eleven Ted had decided that home was crowded, and ran away to sea. He enjoyed the salt breeze, and the absence of his father and mother. But if you had looked close you would have seen occasionally a double wrinkle between Ted's eyes—a wrinkle that had no business there in adolescence. After an extraordinary round of abuse from some older seaman, a heavy feeling would smother him, a nameless ache would clutch at his breast until his eyes had been washed clear by a night of weeping. People in heathendom may have no word corresponding to "love"; Ted had no way of experiencing the emotion represented by it.

At twenty he had sailed all over the world. Fed upon scrofulous food, bunked in smelly, vermin-infested hammocks, abused by his equals, flogged by his superiors, he had hid his sensibilities in a fog of reckless cynicism. "Well, what the hell now?" was his attitude. Only at infrequent intervals, in the quiet darkness of the night, would a ray of light pierce that mental mist and trace on his weathered face the rudiments of a plaintive smile. Then, as full consciousness returned, he would reflect that in nine years no message had ever come from his people; and the damp fog again would envelop him.

The age at which most men assume the duties of citizenship found Ted in New York with an unshaved neck and with his toes out of his shoes. And at an hour when almost all other young men turned over on comfortable mattresses for another hour of repose and dreams of last night's companion, Ted was hauled by the collar from his park bench and directed to that haven of so many—"Move On." His breakfast paper, so famous in domesticity, he rescued from the gutter; and, slighting the quotations of stocks and bonds, he turned to the joke column—the want ads. There appeared the invitation of the Red Star Company to take a winter cruise to the Philippines, China, and beyond—as a stoker. Now,

to feed coal to a steamer furnace a man must eat; and so, two days later we find Ted dining (in his customary style) on board the "Fire Fly," New York to Australia.

Have you ever taken a long winter cruise? Wasn't it delightful? How unusual, then, that for this young man there was only one interesting sight among the many presented, and that was—the furnace. The traits of Magellan he had seen a dozen times; Honolulu, the same. At Manila he took an extra shift for a sick man; at Shanghai, he fainted with the heat. Singapore, Bombay, Alexandria followed ad nauseam. Not until he was fifty-four hours out of Alexandria on the way to Australia was Ted's interest removed from his torrid inferno.

Sometimes, in the long, long, long ago, a steamship company would insist on sailing a vessel which had been condemned. Ted, with his experience, had observed passively that the "Fire Fly" was another of the traps upon which he occasionally found himself. It was nothing unusual, and soon he had felt as much at home as an Italian beside Vesuvius. But, this morning, the engines went wrong, with a high sea running and the ship carrying water.

"Hm-m-m. What's next on the program?" thought Ted.

Stripped to his waist and bearing on his hip the short revolver which most stokers affected, he squatted on his heels and watched the engineers at their labors. Ship routine had taught him what was now happening in all quarters of the vessel. Sailors were putting up canvas; portly gentlemen and hysterical women were imploring the officers, for the ship was undoubtedly drifting; and men deeper within the vessel were vaguely wondering how they would act if—

Need we picture the events of the next few seconds? They were not especially unusual to Ted Rusten—danger was an old acquaintance. The crash pitched him through the door, lightning feet took him to the tilted deck, and a ninety-foot wave swept him into the sea.

At this juncture in our story you might regard it necessary to delineate the phantasmagoria which fitted thru Ted's mind—the scenes of his childhood, faces of the past, dreams unrealized and goals postponed. But there is small value in anything but the truth, so why depict the untrue? We could imagine that he clutched a broken spar or a floating trunk. He did neither. Neither did he swim, altho he had learned at the age of four when his brothers threw him into a fiord. We who are not seamen can only say that Ted allowed his native element—the ocean—to handle him as it wished; and such are the vagaries of fate that this young man who did not especially care whether or not he existed soon found himself riding the top of the wave, with his lungs full of water and his arms full of limp, flaxen-haired mermaid.

You are surprised? Well, so was Ted Rusten. Since our tale has long been devoid of quotation marks, that criterion of the short-story, we should like to translate into words some of Ted's initial sensations—sensations, because, you understand, he was too full of water to express himself in words and too busy with water to concern himself with thought. We are told that a sensation is something which we have never before experienced. Certainly Ted had never before had such experiences, so his impressions may safely be called sensations.

Let us enumerate some of them in chronological order. Sensation number one: holding a young woman in his arms. Sensation number two: being completely responsible for her life. Sensation number three: noticing at close range the entrancing beauty which that young woman possessed.

Now, most sensations result in emotions. That is why a wave of tenderness swept over Ted Rusten, followed by an overwhelming urge to live. Live! Live!!

"God," was his unuttered exclamation.

Fate and the waves aided him. Noon found the stoker and his exhausted charge in a smooth bay a mile or so from a fringe of trees. Three o'clock found Ted on his hands and knees beside some tinder, while the girl lay on the sand watching his experiment with interest.

"Do you think it will work?" she asked, in the Swedish tongue.

"I know it will work," he replied with a strange dignity, "I always carry these with me, and have used them before."

A faint curl of smoke rose from the tinder. A moment later a fire was crackling, while Ted drew apart the two watch-crystals, spilling the water between them into the sand.

Week followed week; new moons came and went. For the only time in his life Ted's skill at little things seemed to be of use. He built a nest in a tree-top for Hilda. He gathered bananas and plantain fruit—for Hilda. Skins torn from animals by his bare hands, were transformed into sack and skirts for her comfort and protection. And, late one afternoon, his last two shells went unerringly into the brain of a lion to save her life, and his jaws munched snake-root to soothe her painful scratches.

That night Ted reached his zenith of happiness. When he was bathing a jagged wound on her palm, blue eyes looked up at him, and an arm crept across his narrow, powerful shoulders.

"Oh, my dear, my dear. I—I love you—so much."

So, an hour later, Ted lifted his hands toward the friendly stars, breathed deep of the fresh sea breeze, and smiled. Remember—he smiled.

Every evening since they were marooned, he had built a large signal fire on the rocky headland which formed one side of the bay. And as he heaped branches upon the crackling flames, and scanned the darkness for a light upon the ocean a double wrinkle would appear between his eyes, growing more pronounced on each succeeding night. Only after the final armload of fagots was placed on the fire, and the darkness surveyed for the last time, with no ship's light seen—only then would Ted's brows relax; and over his face would steal a pleased expression, like that which he always wore in Hilda's presence.

On this night, the wrinkle became a furrow. Even his muscles seemed to rebel. "Stop! Oh, please!" whispered his right hand as he broke a dry limb from a tree. "Don't! Oh, don't!" moaned both his arms as he rolled a large log into the flames. "Wait! For God's sake! Don't look! Go on back!" implored a voice behind his eyes, as he strained them over the water. "Civilization—it gave you nothing; it will take what you have, your life, which is Hilda. Turn away!" And, altho the darkness was not rifted by any sign of a ship, an irresistible lassitude swept over him, so that his knees trembled, and his body shivered in the fragrant night air. And as he made his way among the rack and trees back to Hilda, his brows remained knit.

So Ted was not surprised, the next morning, when, with his sack of newly-gathered muscles in his hand, he confronted three men on the low, sandy beach at the head of the bay.

"Qu'est-ce que vous etes?" queried the tallest.

Ted shook his head.

"Quien es usted?"

Again Ted signified that he did not understand.

"Who are you?" asked the man on the right, before the first speaker could shift to another language.

There was a pronounced difference between the appearance of the young yachtsmen, on the one hand, and of Ted Rusten, on the other. Tall, square-shouldered, almost military in posture and dress, the new arrivals seemed to embody the best in modern physical and mental culture; while Ted in his beard and loin-cloth, bronzed and lithesome, harked back to that dim past when human beings thought less and lived longer.

Ten hours later Hilda was fingering some filmy dresses in the stateroom of the yacht-owner's sister.

"Ah, Hilda, how beautiful you are!" sighed her companion. "One would never believe that you are older than I. If living outside that way would give me your appearance, I would almost rejoice at being ship-wrecked, especially, if there was a man along to take care of me. Who was your good angel, Hilda?"

"Ted Rusten, of New York." Hilda's eyes were eagerly taking in the lace window curtains and brocaded hangings.

"And you were together five months. What class is he from dear? You surely know everything about him."

"He said something about having been employed on our vessel. He seemed to be widely travelled." Hilda's blue eyes were fastened on a beautiful copy of "The Dance of the Nymphs."

"You know, Hilda, Stockholm will go wild when we get word thru that you are alive. Why, dear, your father will be congratulated by a score of diplomats; and the streets around your house will be lined with the carriages of all our set. And when we get back—oh, won't we celebrate!"

In the owner's room Ted was trying to adjust his feet so as to secure the least discomfort possible. His trousers, shirt, and coat tormented him with their heat; so that he was only prevented from plucking at the most annoying places of his costume by keeping his hands deep in his pockets. That is, until his companion handed him a cigar (which had cost two hours' stokers' wages) and settled back in an easy chair with the attitude of one about to hear the remainder of an interesting story.

"Well! Some adventure, I'll say. Five months, I believe you said. Nice companion, you had, very. Did you know Miss Nordquist before?"

Ted's double wrinkle deepened. "No," slowly. "Is that her name?" "Why, didn't she tell you her name?" "I guess, maybe, she did. I had forgotten it." "If you had known who her father is, you would not have forgotten."

"Perhaps." Here was the news Ted had feared so long; so long, in fact, that it did not surprise him, only made him more tired and the mist nearer. Slingerland regarded closely this guest who did not seem anxious to know about the greatness of Hilda's father.

"What part of Sweden do you come from, Mr. Rusten?"

"Sweden? Oh, yes. Why, I—I have not made my home in Sweden since I was a child."

"Oh, Well, that accounts, perhaps, for your not knowing who Mr. Nordquist is. He is reputed to be the wealthiest and most influential man in the country."

"Yes?" On deck, two cigars glowed where Slingerland's companions of the morning stood engaged in conversation.

"A most unusual coincidence. It is not often that the favorite beau rescues the object of his affections from an uninhabited jungle. The old man had a keen liking for Slingerland before Hilda was lost; now, there is no question as to who will win. You and I, Ecklun, might as well retire in good grace."

The other flicked some cigar ashes into the night.

"I agree that this rescue of Hilda has been most unusual. May not something equally unusual grow out of it? For instance, this Rusten to eliminate Slingerland from the lead. By love, Falk, if I were a young lady in distress, and a man of my age were to help me as Rusten must surely have aided her, I would think a long time before deciding to disregard his attentions. Of course, if Rusten has not offered any attentions, then, as you say, Slingerland has the inside track."

"I had thought somewhat the same. But, on the other hand, Rusten, compared with Slingerland, or even with us, hasn't the physique to command the admiration of Hilda. But, did you notice his dignity?"

"Yes. I wonder what he is." "So do I. Well, we can hardly discover that until we talk more with him. I say this, though. His dignity is the result of one of two conditions; either he is deficient and wants to hide his short-comings; or he is the genuine article. In either case, Slingerland will have an opponent, if that line between Rusten's eyes means anything."

"We are to send the news from Aden?" "Yes. Man, that depresses me. When Nordquist gets that message, signed, 'Slingerland,' Hilda will become unattainable to you and me. Perhaps it is jealousy which tempts me to wish Rusten good luck."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Let the best man win. Hilda's well-being and happiness come first. By the way, Falk, did you know that some of the hands are sick?"

"They are! Which ones?"

"Some of those down below, I understand. First thing we know we'll be down there firing the boilers."

Morning came. Ted dressed; hesitated a moment before opening his stateroom door, in order to still the wild beating of his heart; and strolled into the salon.

"Good morning, Mr. Rusten!" This from Slingerland. "Your hardships have not made you a late sleeper, have they?"

"Good morning, Ted," nodded Hilda, with a smile, as she playfully tried to release her arms from the clasp of Miss Slingerland and another companion.

Ted immediately felt more at ease.

They entered the dining room and seated themselves, Hilda facing her father's favorite, Ted facing Miss Slingerland. His nervousness returned. Unaccustomed as he was to the labyrinthian gauntlet of table etiquette, his heart sank when he realized that he was not to be under Hilda's understanding eyes, but under those of a woman alien to his experiences.

"Well, Mr. Rusten," said Falk, on Ted's left, as he unfolded his napkin, (Ted, following his example, began unfolding his own) "I imagine you find it very agreeable in civilized quarters, after your long privation."

"Yes. It is a change." "I don't suppose you had much silverware; and, so far as I remember, you had other uses for any cloth which might answer the purpose of a napkin." Falk smiled, as he handed Ted the sugar bowl.

"But, Mr. Rusten," beamed Miss Slingerland, "what did you do for china-ware? I can't imagine how you managed to eat without it."

Ted imitated Falk in the art of securing the proper spoon, and daintily placed it in his porridge dish. Then he looked up.

"We used leaves."

"Leaves!" At the sound of Miss Slingerland's exclamation, Ted thought that Hilda's blue eyes were turned upon him; but when he looked at her, he found her gazing over his head, possibly at some painting hanging on the wall. He returned to his eating, placed a spoonful of porridge in his mouth, and swallowed it. It was tasteless; his appetite was gone.

"Mis Nordquist will find herself a national celebrity, when she returns to Stockholm. Eh, folks?" demanded Slingerland.

"She most assuredly will," agreed Falk. "And the man who saved her also will be in the public eye." He glanced at Ted, who was fingering the handle of his useless spoon.

"Well, for that matter," returned Slingerland modestly, "we all three met Mr. Rusten at one and the same time. By the way, Mr. Rusten, you said you had not lived in Sweden since childhood; and so probably you have in mind some other place to which you wish to return. If you will let me know where you desire to go, I can fit my plans accordingly. You will also wish to send a message or two from Aden."

Ted felt the eyes of the company upon him, —some questioning, some suspicious, some haughty. To be gazed at intently by men was not a new experience to him; he had always

been able to face them with that cynical scowl which warned. But Ted had never encountered minute critical inspection by feminine eyes; his ability as a dissembler did not extend to that division of humanity which strikes, not at the intellectual, but at the emotional nature of man. The primitive male (and Ted, uncultured and unlearned, was essentially that) finds his customary defenses of no avail before refined and beautiful women. So, when Ted found four such beings scanning his features, all with queries in their gaze, and one with a touch of sympathy, his own glance fell to his plate and a slow flush spread upward over his neck and face.

Miss Slingerland was the first to recover the power of speech.

"My, won't your people be delighted to hear from you! Where do they live, Mr. Rusten?"

"I have no people."

"What! No one at all?"

"No one so close to me that I should wish to notify him I was alive."

"But, surely," broke in Slingerland, "your business friends are worried about your disappearance. You should notify them, I believe, merely as a matter of courtesy."

The man's overbearing tone touched Ted's memory of all the years of his life—years when he had cringed before his superiors; repressed his native Viking spirit of equality and independence; suffered indignity upon abuse without an opportunity of reacting as a normal man should. The months spent in the wilderness, when he had been under no man's will and had acquired a respect for his own individuality, had prepared him for a different role than that of the underdog. Something within him snapped under the strain of years of repression, and the smouldering coals of rebellion burst into an angry blaze.

"Business friends!" he demanded, his hard hands gripping the edge of the table. "Business friends!" he repeated, louder, in a steady, metallic, tone. His lean, muscular face had turned so that it faced Slingerland squarely, much to that gentleman's consternation.

"My dear sir!" Ted's voice crackled like powder in the silence of the room. "MY BUSINESS FRIENDS are at the BOTTOM OF THE SEA, ALONG WITH THE COAL THEY HANDLED."

His chair scraped back, and he stood up, his scowling face commanding the room.

"These," he said tensely, holding out both his wiry arms, "These arms are my capital—and I invest them in the STOKER INDUSTRY. Now what have you to say, Mr. Slingerland?"

The yacht-owner sat in silence, looking straight across the room to the wall.

Ted's steel-blue eyes swept across the blank faces and the half-opened mouths of the other men, across the equally dumbfounded countenances of the women, and finally to Hilda—Hilda, his life and existence.

"Hilda! Hilda! My darling,—my beautiful one—my life!" was his unuttered exclamation. But she sat looking away into the corner, in her consternation holding her right hand over her mouth.

The hand was still bandaged.

(To be concluded in next Saturday's edition of the New Magazine Supplement of the Daily Worker.)

## "The Derelict"

By E. Hyman.

ANSWERING a knock at the back door, I found standing on the porch an elderly and ragged old man. "Can you kindly give a man something to eat, lady?" he begged. I invited him inside, had him wash up, and hastily prepared a meal. While he was eating I struck up a conversation.

"How long is it since you have been without food?" I asked.

"This morning, lady. I had a cup of coffee."

"Can't you find work?"

"No, ma'm. I ain't strong enough. And besides it's the way I'm dressed."

(He had on a very shabby coat and hat and torn shoes.)

"How long have you been out of work?"

"It's a mighty long time, ma'm. I ain't been able to hold down a steady job for a long time—since about the war, I guess."

"What kind of work did you used to do, when you worked steady? What was your trade?"

"Building work. Used to be a lather. Yes'm, I nailed lathes for close to forty years. I worked on hundreds of the old buildings right here in this city."

"How do you happen to be floating around like this. Where's your family?"

"The kids are all over—I had seven of 'em. Some of 'ems pretty well off, too."

"Well, don't they want to—" I started to ask him, but he forestalled my question with the answer:

"No, ma'm; they make it too hot for me to stay with 'em. They don't even want to know me." (The beauty of family relations under capitalism, I thought.)

I didn't question him any further,

but let him finish the meal alone. However, as he was about to leave, I stopped him with the question: "Have you got a place to sleep?"

A gleam of hope lighted up his face. "No, ma'm; I wish I did," he replied.

I gave him some change, which he accepted with grateful astonishment and profuse thanks. As he left I noticed that he did not go out to the front sidewalk, but instead made his way across the yard and into the alley. A true human derelict, it was his wont to traverse alleys in order to avoid people and the molestation of the police. For forty years the capitalist system had sucked the labor power out of his body. Then it had cast him aside—an unusable by-product, an outcast from the society to which he had contributed two-score years of constructive labor.

# Lozowick: Revolutionary Artist

By Joseph Freeman.

THE prophetic eyes of Marx foresaw that art could not long escape the effects of machinery and the factory system. He posed the problem, and answered it, fifty years before the painters and poets of Europe became aware that the revolution in production demanded a revolution both in the content and form of their arts. In the "Critique of Political Economy" Marx asked:

"Is the view of nature and of social relations which shaped Greek imagination and Greek art possible in the age of automatic machinery, and railways, and locomotives, and electric telegraphs? . . . All mythology masters and dominates and shapes the forces of nature in and through the imagination; hence it disappears as soon as man gains mastery over the forces of nature. What becomes of the Goddess Fame side by side with Printing House Square (or Times Square)? . . . Looking at it from another side: is Achilles possible side by side with powder and lead? Or is the Iliad at all comparable with the printing press and steam press?"

Long after Marx's general viewpoint became a dynamic factor in the political and economic life of the world, painters continued to evade the mechanical world about them. Their revolt against the ugliness of factory towns manifested itself in landscape paintings; it is a noteworthy fact that not until the rise of the dirty factory town did western European painters discover the profuse beauties of the country. They sought relief from smokestacks in trees, from trains in birds, from slums in fields. Consciously or unconsciously the "mythology" (i. e., weltanschauung) of 19th century painters was derived from Rousseau and the classical political economists. Its keystone is laissez faire; its aesthetic maintains that the artist is a divine, unique creature, above social classes and unconcerned with the contemporary world. His chief subjects are nature and the individual man.

By the first decade of the 20th century machinery had so transformed the western world that the synagogic temperaments among bourgeois artists could no longer fail to register the earthquake that had been shaking the world for over a century. Futurism, cubism and other movements attempted to break away from the traditions of representation and agriculture in painting, and to achieve abstraction in form and modernity in content.

These early revolutions in art were one-sided; they were general strikes whose force was concentrated on this or that isolated factor of the old aesthetic. They succeeded in weakening the old traditions. They were also rich experiments, containing the germs of principles which had yet to be grasped and synthesized. They were, so to say, the "1905" of modern painting, a preparation for the more significant "1917."

THE first American synthesis of modern tendencies in painting has been made by Louis Lozowick, whose canvasses and drawings have just been exhibited in New York. Without attributing any mystical significance to "innate racial tendencies," it is nevertheless interesting to observe that Lozowick is a Jew of Russian birth and American education. The importance of this personal organization of backgrounds is reflected—among other qualities—in the powerful and original work of the artist. His subject matter is American; his weltanschauung is permeated with the revolutionary ideas which historically have been most vital in Russia.

To understand the importance of Lozowick in American art it is necessary to realize that here we have a painter who is conscious, and deliberate in his work. He combines intellect with craftsmanship; he thinks not with his hands alone, but is capable of advancing the theories of his art, and to grasp the true relation of

art in general to society in general.

There is a tendency among American art critics to consider that "love for the remote" is the essential characteristic of the American artist. Both in theory and in his remarkable paintings, Lozowick stands not for the remote, but for the immediate: for the visible world of machinery, skyscrapers, cities. His mind is steeled by Marxism. This in itself, of course, is not sufficient to make a man a great painter; but it has its effect on his thought, subject matter, form, and attitude toward his work. As opposed to the bourgeois notion of the artist as a priest (a notion maintained partly as a compensation for the miserable pay doled out to genuine artists in capitalist civilization) Lozowick is one of those who looks on the artist as a worker.

In this, and in his respect for craftsmanship, Lozowick has qualities in art equivalent to the qualities exhibited by the advanced proletariat in society. He is thus poles apart from other painters who have tried to adapt modern forms to modern subjects; for whereas these see in the metropolis, factory and street nothing but confusion, chaos and contradiction, Lozowick sees underneath these superficial aspects the essential order and organization inherent in machine civilization as such.

Lozowick is permeated by the significant forces of the 20th century. He has not tried to evade them; instead he has understood them, accepted them, and found an aesthetic equivalent for them in painting. Against the old art of sentimentalism, adoration of the individual, introspection and nostalgic longing for

the past, he represents an art that is impersonal, collective, precise, and objective; in this he is as truly representative of the scientific spirit of this age as the medieval painters of the metaphysical spirit of their age.

Having realized the basic fact that a living art must seek its content and form in the living world, Lozowick has gone for the content of his paintings to the American city which represents the highest advance so far of machine civilization. His themes are the skyscrapers of New York, the steel mills of Pittsburgh, the grain elevators of Minneapolis, the copper mines of Butte, the lumber yards of Seattle. These canvasses of cities—no two of them alike—are thoroughly saturated by the terrific energy of modern America, its gigantic engineering feats and colossal mechanical constructions. In his critical writings Lozowick has stated his position clearly enough. He declares:

"Every epoch conditions the artist's attitude and the manner of his expression very subtly and in devious ways. He observes and absorbs environmental facts, social currents, philosophic speculation and then chooses the elements for his work in such fashion and focuses attention on such aspects of the environment as will reveal his own aesthetic vision, as well as the essential character of the environment which conditioned it.

"The dominant trend in America today, beneath all the apparent chaos and confusion, is towards order and organization which find their outward sign and symbol in the rigid geometry of the American city, in the verticals

of its smokestacks, the parallels of its car tracks, the squares of its streets, the cubes of its factories, the arcs of its bridges, the cylinders of its gas tanks."

The clarity of Lozowick's critical perceptions is matched by the superb craftsmanship which he brings to his painting. With a mathematical pattern as a basis, he builds up paintings that at once contain the appearance of American cities and capture their titanic rhythm. The paintings are architectural, giving the effect of plans for vast building projects. They are also representative, having associative elements which make it easy to recognize New York or Pittsburgh or Cleveland. At the same time they have purely formal, plastic qualities; the arrangement of masses, lines, planes and colors make them self-contained works of art.

Many artists who are bourgeois in their ideology are breaking under the strain of the contradictions between the old art and the new machine civilization. Lozowick stands in the first rank of those who have solved this conflict by evolving an art based on machinery. He has thus been able to solve the subsidiary conflict between "pure" art and "commercial" (i. e., practical) art. Far from despising practical art, he has carried his theories to one of their logical conclusions by creating designs for posters, theatres, advertising, magazines, etc., which are based on various elements of the machine. In the field of applied design of a purely modern character he has been a pioneer; in his whole outlook, his themes, his form, he is a revolutionary in the truest sense.

## A Revolutionary Scrubbing



Hoping Pneumonia and Flu will follow the bath, with fatal results.

# Lenin: Impressions of a First Meeting

By S. Hopner (Natasha).

IN September, 1910, after a considerable number of "failures" in Odessa and in Ekaterinoslav, and after innumerable and fruitless attempts to remain despite these failures in an illegal position and to continue party work, I managed to obtain a foreign passport by diddling the police—and I found myself in Paris.

Those were hard times in Russia, and hard times also in exile. In Paris every day arrived new groups of emigres who had escaped from penal servitude or had completed their imprisonment, or who had escaped the threat of penal sentences hanging over them.

Brilliant, rich and interesting Paris was a torture for those who did not know the French language, for those who knew no trade or who in general could not adapt themselves.

The feeling of elation of the first hours, when still full of joy at escaping the police clutches in the "dear fatherland," is succeeded by a feeling of perplexity and painful terror at this gigantic town, full of temptations, living day and night without a break, and at the noisy streets along which everyone and everything are hurrying and whirling somewhere or other.

Who wants emigrants here? Who asked them to come? Who will give them any work, even of the most difficult kind, if only to keep them from dying of hunger?

I HAD a number of comrades in Paris with whom I had corresponded.

Having rested after the journey, I went out for the first time to wander along unknown streets, and very soon I ran into Comrade Valerian (Y. Brandenburgsky). Valerian took me along with him to show me the main parts of the Quartier Latin. Lively and impressive, he showered upon me questions about Russia, interlarding between the questions news about Paris.

"Of course you will go to see Ilyitch tomorrow," I suddenly heard him say. "Why of course," I asked. "I did not intend doing so."

Indeed I had not so intended. In Russia I had heard a great deal about emigre life and about its negative features. What was particularly ingrained in my mind was the consciousness that the bad side of emigre life was the frequent visiting of one another (thru having nothing to do), the endless, fruitless discussion and conversations and the impossibility for even the most "organized" natures to avoid dislocation thru the idle visits and talk of comrades who did not know how to pass away the day. And I, who had come among the emigres for the first time, wanted somehow or other to avoid this as much as possible; I did not want to go to anyone except for a definite purpose.

Particularly not to Lenin.

I had not met Lenin personally; only once in 1907 I had heard a report on the London congress by Vladimir Ilyitch (in a small Finnish town) and there also seen Nadezhda Constantinovna (Krupskaya, Lenin's wife) in the street.

It already seemed to me to be quite improper to go to Lenin and to present myself, etc., without some definite aim, as I had heard it said that he was always very busy. It did not enter my head that it would be interesting for him to talk to a newcomer from Russia, a rank-and-file worker, and what is more, with one not from the capital, but from Ekaterinoslav and Odessa.

Valerian, however, viewed the matter in a different light. He was absolutely indignant at my replying that I did not wish to go to Lenin, and refused to understand it. "Why can you not understand, Natasha (my illegal pseudonym) that Ilyitch and Nadezhda Constantinovna pounce on any new arrival from Russia just like hungry animals!" he said to me.

Nevertheless, I did not go, as I did not know how far Valerian was correct.

The same evening I learned from Valerian that in a week's time on a certain day our Bolshevik "Paris section" would meet, and I also learned

where I could register as a member of same.

AT the appointed day and hour I arrived at the meeting of the "Paris section" of the Bolsheviks. The meeting took place in a room on the second floor of a cafe-restaurant in Rue Orleans No. 11. I immediately recognized Lenin among those who had gathered; he was bending over a game of chess.

I do not remember the agenda of the meeting, but at any rate I believe there were no particularly notable questions. Lenin spoke on one of these questions for about ten minutes. I think. But why was it that after his rather commonplace speech my feelings were so radically changed? It is very difficult to describe them. I changed from the condition of grave depression in which I had been for over a year as the result of an illegal existence under the difficult conditions of the terrible political reaction of 1909-10—I changed from this feeling of simultaneous physical and moral brokenness, a condition which had become chronic and almost habitual—not even the fresh Paris impressions could disperse it—I changed to quite a new and opposite state, one of courage and freshness. It was exactly as if I had recuperated after a grave illness. . . . This wave of life, this current of vigor and belief poured forth from the words, voice, gestures and glance of this man who appeared to be so squat and ordinary, and who had said quite platitudinous things in unpretentious and simple language.

MANY years have passed since then, much water and much blood have flowed and my impression of this first meeting with Lenin, which caused such a sharp change in the whole of my feelings, can never be effaced. Afterwards I had occasion to hear that many comrades had experienced the same thing in the same or similar circumstances.

At the end of the meeting Valerian came up to me with Nadezhda Constantinovna, who said: "So it is you, Natasha, who refused to come to us? Well, Ilyitch has commissioned me to drag you along without fail. Come to us tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock." She said all this so firmly and at the same time in such a friendly way that I at once ceased to resist.

At the appointed time I came to him at Rue Marie-Rose No. 4, second floor. Afterwards I began to come frequently to this apartment and I remember it perfectly well. There were two rooms, one of which was larger with alcoves for bed and kitchen. In the middle of the big room there was a plain wooden table (after they went away I got the use of it and it surely still stands there in the apartment which I left in Paris); along one of the walls was a long row of wooden shelves filled with books, and there were also a few chairs. This was the room Ilyitch worked in. In the small room Nadezhda Constantinovna worked.

The kitchen, as customary among all our emigres, also served as a dining room. It was there that we sat soon after I arrived, all having supper around the table and drinking tea. They made me relate all the news.

At first I did not know what to start with, still thinking that the sombre picture which I had left behind me in Russia was already known to everyone, and was of no particular interest. But this did not last for more than a minute, and afterwards I saw everything in a new light, I myself felt an interest in what I was relating and I soon became quite encouraged. The reason for this change lay in my listeners, and above all in Lenin. He was full of eagerness and attention. My account of the position of the work in Odessa and Ekaterinoslav, the attempt to publish the "Odessa Trade Union Herald" which had met with failure after the publication of the first number, my account about the newspaper in Ekaterinoslav, of the mood of the workers, the shop assistants and so-called social circles were of interest to Lenin in every detail. No sooner had he noticed an attempt on my part to shorten my account than he immediately inter-

## Fresh Inspiration



William Gropper, our cartoonist, shows that the Workers' Revolution of today draws inspiration from the history of the Paris Commune.

rupted me, all the time encouraging me to relate things in greater detail, or else to reply to a number of additional questions which he literally showered upon me like from the horn of plenty. We talked in this manner for about two hours. Finally the conversation in general came to an end and Lenin suddenly, as if he had just remembered something, quickly excused himself and ran into the other room, taking a glass of tea with him.

This meeting left irradicable traces on me. In this eager attention of Lenin's to my account, which was far from consistent, which had not been thought out, and in which the important things were interwoven with the trifles, one felt that in Lenin there was something more than a demand to be au courant with affairs, one felt the terrible longing to take part in life's affairs there in Russia, where everything it is true was gloomy, but where, in spite of all difficulties, the illegal workers are living, doing something, and struggling.

My impression was soon confirmed. I was deputed to speak to a well-known French surgeon (Duboucher) with whom I had been well acquainted in Russia, and to ask his assistance in transferring a well-known comrade of ours, Kurnatovsky, from one hospital to another. All comrades were very worried as to his fate, and it was decided somewhere and by someone that it was I who should go to Duboucher, as I was acquainted with him, and that comrade Lenin should also go "to add more weight."

AT the appointed hour, Com. Lenin arrived at my place on the sixth floor, not coming in, but flying in as was his wont. During the very first minutes he cast a rapid glance round my room and noticed a postcard on the wall—a reproduction of a picture by a Russian artist Polenov, if I remember rightly. It was a picture of Russian life, called "Comrades." It depicted a meeting of two elderly people in a teashop, after many years separation, who evidently were now on different steps of the social ladder; one was quite ragged and dishevelled, whilst the other was very well dressed.

"How truly that is pictured! How I love that artist!"—said Lenin with a voice full of feeling. And once again I was astonished at the force of his

emotions and at the same time at the simplicity and naturalness of these feelings. I was so surprised because Lenin, this iron man, "as hard as stone," "severe," "fantastic," as he was described, stood there overjoyed like a youth on seeing a very small reproduction of a very small corner of the varied and complicated life of Russia—so near and comprehensible and at the same time so distant and inaccessible. . . . During the whole time of our journey on the underground electric railway, which whirled us along to Duboucher, our conversation on Russia continued.

FOR about two years I had often to see Nadezhda Constantinovna in their apartment, where I met Comrade Lenin in private surroundings. Besides this, I saw him twice a month at various meetings, right up to the time they left for Austria.

In the gloomy, suffocating atmosphere of emigre life, the Lenin family was a wonderful oasis for all, a magic source from which a refreshing and healing current poured out to everybody.

Their simple, warm and comradely attitude, their vigor not damped by any doubts, the belief in the close advent of a new wave of revolution, in the victory of the proletariat, the personal example of industriousness, assiduity and organized mode of life, and a complete absence of grievances in face of any political depression or the material needs and the thousand and one disagreeable things—it is hard to describe to what a degree all these characteristics of Lenin and his wife saved no small number of us from despair, from disappointment in the terrible conditions of emigre life of those days.

THERE were many among our Bolsheviks who were devoted revolutionaries, ready without thinking twice to give their lives for the smallest glitter of the revolution, for the tiniest piece of success for our cause. But were there many who during their own life hoped still to see the revolution and its victory? There were very few. . . . And among these very few the first was Com. Lenin, who lived and worked in such a way that by looking at him one might think that he knew for certain that the revolution will come, if not today, then tomorrow.

# A Labor Turncoat

(About Havelock Wilson's Autobiography)

IN the portrait gallery of prominent men in the contemporary trade union movement in England by no means the last place belongs to Mr. Havelock Wilson. It certainly takes a man of personality to create a mighty union in one of the most important branches of the economic life of Great Britain, in the sea transport, to overcome all the tremendous obstacles, and to retain a firm hand in the affairs of this union in the course of nearly forty years.

Havelock Wilson has managed to do it. And even today, almost a septuagenarian, he has shown superb strategical ability by joining the International Transport Workers' Federation at the time of a strike of British seamen which is essentially directed not so much against the shipowners as against himself as the head of the union.

There has recently been an increase of attention and interest in regard to Wilson's personality in connection with the September strike of British seamen, on the one hand, and the appearance of his autobiography upon the literary market on the other hand. The question of the strike is already familiar to the readers of "The Revolutionary Transport Worker," and here we propose to deal with Havelock Wilson's autobiography. The book, ("My Stormy Voyage Through Life") has many interesting features and to the student of the history of the trade union movement it is particularly interesting as the living personification of the history of the struggle and organization of the seamen of Great Britain.

Perhaps nothing like this biography reveals more clearly the process which leads to the degeneration of the foremost leaders of the organized masses of the European workers, turning them from the champions of the workers' interests, hated and persecuted by the capitalists, into the tools of capitalism, pampered and honored by people in high places and despised by the very masses whom they had served during the earlier, better part of their life.

On reading Havelock Wilson's story about his own life and activity, one cannot help drawing the odious comparison between his past and his present.

## Havelock Wilson of the Past.

AT 6 years of age Mr. Wilson began to lead an industrious life, selling newspapers in the streets of a certain seaport town. Being a smart lad, he quickly disposed of his rivals among the newsboys. A little later he secured a job in an iron-monger's shop

at the regular wage of 2s 6d per week. At the age of 10 he became a "printer's devil" on a weekly newspaper. At the age of 12 he responded to the "call of the sea," which has given to Great Britain many a famous seaman, whose literary type we find in the unforgettable figure of Robinson Crusoe. In the company of a playmate he ran away from home to go to sea, but they were captured by a detective and the little "printer's devil" was brought back to his family and to the printing shop. Nevertheless, he ran away again and became a seaman. For 20 years he sailed before the mast, putting up with all the hardships and dangers of the seaman's calling, and experiencing on his own back the entire horror of the life of the unorganized seamen, of the unfairness of the courts which always interpret the law to the advantage of the shipowners. He saw the unscrupulous way in which the seaman was robbed of his earnings, and the unrelieved misery of the unorganized masses of the seamen.

On reaching the age of discretion, Havelock Wilson arrived at the conviction that the only way to help the seamen was to organize a strong union which would enable the seamen to fight their battles collectively and to present a solid front to the employers. He resolved on creating such a union and to this purpose he dedicated the whole of his life.

How did Mr. Wilson's life proceed after that momentous decision? He gave to his autobiography the title: "My Stormy Voyage Through Life."

It was indeed a stormy voyage, full of daring and stupendous perseverance. It can hardly be imagined what it meant to organize the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland, which has now become the greatest organization of seamen in the capitalist world. On a great day in July, 1887, he made the first step to form a national union. After canvassing and distributing thousands of handbills he got one seaman to come to the meeting. Nevertheless he did not despair, and he went on canvassing and distributing handbills. With his audience of one he held a meeting at which he was unanimously elected president, and his audience secretary. Jointly with his secretary he drew up the agenda of the meeting and discussed the statutes of the organization, which were carried unanimously. Such was the beginning of the union which, according to the statement of the president, the same Mr. Wilson, has now a membership of about 100,000 and about £600,000 in funds. Soon after the unique founding of the organization

there began the "stormy voyage:" local and general strikes, meetings and conferences, a campaign in the press, legal prosecution, and so on. Mr. Wilson's reputation in those days among the capitalists, and particularly among the shipowners, was certainly an evil one. This much we learn from the reminiscences of a shipowner's paper in reviewing his autobiography, recalling the time when Wilson was a "stormy petrel" and an organizer of strikes. By his untiring efforts for the recognition of the seamen's union Mr. Wilson gained great popularity among the masses of the seamen in Great Britain. After a meeting and demonstration in the London docks he was tried and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, but crowds of his friends and followers gathered daily in front of the prison walls, acclaiming him as their leader.

As to the ideas which actuated him in those days, we may quote the following paragraph from his book:

"The owners at this time had an ordinary way of dealing with seamen's wages. If trade was not good they would convene a meeting of their association and decide to reduce the seamen's wages by 10s or £1 a month. They would never consult the men at all, but simply announce that from a given date the wages would be so and so. This did not please me at all, and I advocated what I called a conciliation board, where the masters and the men would come together and discuss such questions, hours of labor, and other conditions.

"The owners would have none of this; they did not think it was necessary. Year in year out since 1880 I continued to preach the same doctrine."

## Havelock Wilson Today.

THIS untiring "stormy petrel" of limited outlook but of unbounded enthusiasm had to be trapped into a cage. This was necessary because the thunder was already heard of the approaching world war. The British capitalists saw the need of harnessing the great masses of the seamen which had been organized by Havelock Wilson. And the British capitalists have managed to tame Wilson. How the job was done is well told by Sir Walter Runciman, the shipowner, who writes in the foreword to Mr. Wilson's book:

"Two years before the world war the Newcastle shipowners wisely took the definite step of recommending the federation council to recognize the seamen's union, and Mr. Wilson as its

leader. The council, with commendable wisdom, decided to close the long years of tragedy and begin a new era. It was not only wise, but providential, for looming in the distance there was a great human upheaval sweeping along, and when it burst upon us the nation had a contented, patriotic mercantile marine led by a great leader, without which we could not have survived."

Thus it happened that Havelock Wilson was recognized and confirmed as the leader of the British seamen by the very same shipping federation which had been created for the specific purpose of fighting his union, and which has done so in the course of 20 years.

Ever since his "recognition" we find Wilson a changed man. First and foremost he advances the interests of national shipping, which he stoutly defends in times of war and peace. He solidly identifies himself and his organization with the shipowners, by whom he is treated as a sincere friend. Together with the shipowners, he orders the arbitrary reduction of the seamen's wages without consulting the latter, entirely forgetful of his vigorous resistance to such things in the past, and oblivious to the fact that such things will not be liked by the masses of the seamen today. Resting on the laurels tendered to him by the capitalist shipowners, Havelock Wilson grows wise and confesses that in his past activity he had been frequently unfair towards the shipowners, committing numerous mistakes, which he now sees in a different light. To his old comrade in arms, Tom Mann, now a Communist, who has fought side by side with him in the famous dockers' strike of 1899, he now reads lectures on sweet reasonableness, which he does also to other leaders of the trade union movement who have fallen into the sin of leftism.

He is now completing his career as an out-and-out traitor to the interests of the masses of the seamen, who employ blackleg methods in combatting the strike of his own British seamen, thus completing the process of his own conversion from a labor leader into a tool of the oppressors of the seamen of Great Britain.

Wilson's autobiography, an extremely valuable and interesting contribution to the "history of the sea and the seaman," clearly and eloquently reveals the process of the transformation of a leader from a fighter into a traitor, which is so characteristic for a number of past trade union leaders who are now disappearing from the stage.



## The Labor Skate's Lament

A Doleful Cartoon by the Famous Artist, Leff Wing.