

# The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

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Editor.

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## Demand the Recognition of the Soviet Union



N. Bucharin S. Elisarova



J. Stalin.



WE celebrate the Ninth Year of the Russian Revolution. Nine years of titanic effort by millions of workers and peasants to withstand capitalist aggression. Nine years of creative mass activity to build a new order of society. Nine years of world history of which every inch of space and second of time breathes hope and inspiration to the oppressed and exploited the world over.

Socialism as a step to Communism is taking concrete shape and form in the Soviet Union. The ideal of ages is becoming a reality before our very eyes. We are immeasurably proud of the gigantic achievements of our brothers in the great workers' republic. We are with them. We are for them. And we will continue unceasingly to work for the great day when the workers and poor farmers of the United States will realize their historic task and power and will start out on the great march of struggle which leads to victory, freedom and happiness.



ALEXIS IVANOVITCH RYKOFF

### The Ninth Year

There was darkness: now there are Comsomols.

There was silence: now there is song.

There were priests: now there is Science.

There were Cossacks: now there are teachers.

LENINI LENINI LENINI!

Men beat their wives: now all are comrades.

Men drank vodka: now they read books.

Men died in famine: now there are tractors.

Men feared the Czar: now there are unions.

LENINI LENINI LENINI!

Now there is Nep: but wait, there'll be Communism.

Now still is struggle; wait, there'll be plenty.

Now is hard work; rejoice, there'll be holiday.

Now there's Soviet Russia: there grows the Soviet World!

LENINI LENINI LENINI!  
LENINI!

—Michael Gold.

WHAT is the power that stands like a rock behind the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics?

It is the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Lenin's party. The party of several million adult and young workers and peasants. J. Stalin is its general secretary. N. Bucharin is the chief editor of its central organ, the "Pravda." These together with M. Tomsky, head of the Russian trade unions, A. Rykoff, chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, N. Kalinin, president of the Soviet Union, and Voroshilov, head of the Red Army, constitute the leading committee of Lenin's party.



M. TOMSKY.



# Karl Marx

## Personal Recollections

By PAUL LAFARGUE,  
V.



Engels

MRS. MARX had had many children. Three of them died at a tender age, in the period of privation thru which the family had to go after the Revolution of 1848, when, having fled to London, they lived in two very small rooms in Dean Street, Soho Square. I only knew the three daughters of the family. When, in 1865, I had been introduced at Marx's, the youngest, the present Mrs. Aveling, was a charming child with the character of a boy. Marx asserted that his wife had been mistaken in the sex when she brought her into the world as a girl. The two other daughters formed a most charming and harmonious contrast at which one could marvel. The oldest, Mme. Longuet, had, like her father, a deep brunette complexion, black eyes and raven-black hair; the younger one, Mme. Lafargue, was blond and rosy; her curly, luxuriant hair glistened gold-like as if the setting sun had embedded itself in it; she resembled her mother.

In addition to those named, the Marx family consisted of still another important member: Miss Helene Demut. Born in a peasant family, when quite young, almost a child, she had come to Mrs. Marx as a servant girl long before the latter's marriage. After she was married, Helene did not leave her; in fact, she dedicated herself to the Marx family with such devotion that she completely forgot herself. She accompanied Mrs. Marx and her husband on all their trips thru Europe and shared their exiles. She

was the practical house-spirit that knows how to get along in the most difficult situations of life. To her sense of order, her economy, her ability is due the fact that the family never had to do without at least the extreme necessities. She understood everything; she cooked and took care of the running of the house; she dressed the children and cut their garments which she sewed, together with Mrs. Marx. She was at once house-keeper and major domo of the house which she conducted. The children loved her like a mother, and she possessed a maternal authority over them because she felt a motherly affection for them. Mrs. Marx considered Helene an intimate friend and Marx felt a special friendship for her; he played chess with her and it often happened that he lost the game. Helene's love for the Marx family was blind; everything that the Marx's did was good and could be nothing else but good; he who criticized Marx had to deal with her. She took everyone who had been drawn into the intimate circle of the family under her maternal protection. She had, so to speak, adopted the entire family. Miss Helene has survived Marx and his wife; she has now transferred her attention to the house of Engels whom she came to know in her youth and to whom she extended the affection which she felt for the Marx family.

Moreover, Engels was, in a way, a member of the family. Marx's daughters called him their second father; he was the alter ego of Marx. In Germany, for a long time their names were never separated; and history will always record them together in its pages. Marx and Engels have made a reality in our century of the ideal of friendship which the ancient poets painted. From youth on they had developed together parallelly, lived in an innermost community of ideas and emotions, participated in the same revolutionary agitation, and, as long as they were able to remain united, they also worked together. They probably would have worked together their whole life long, had not events compelled them to live apart for about twenty years. After the breakdown of the Revolution of 1848, Engels had to go to Manchester while Marx was compelled to remain in London. Nevertheless, they continued to carry on their spiritual life in common, communicating almost daily thru letters to one another their opinions on the political and scientific events of the day as well as their own spiritual labors. As soon as Engels could free himself from his work, he hastened to leave Manchester and set up his home in London, where he settled only ten minutes away from his dear Marx. From 1870 on, up to the death of his friend, not a day went by that the two men did not see each other, now at the place of one, now at the place of the other.

It was a festival for the Marx family when Engels said that he was coming over from Manchester. For a long time before, they spoke of his approaching visit. And on the day of his arrival, Marx was so impatient that he could not work. The two friends then sat smoking and drinking all night long in order to talk over all the events that had taken place since they were last together.

Marx placed Engels' opinion higher than anyone else's, for Engels was the man he considered capable of being his co-worker. Engels was an entire public for him; no labor was too great for Marx to convince and win him for one of his ideas. For example, I have seen him re-read whole volumes in order to find the facts which he needed again to change Engels' opinion on some minor point—which I cannot recall—of the political and religious war of the Albigenses. To win Engels' opinion was for him a triumph. Marx was proud of Engels. He enumerated for me at great length all of the moral and intellectual qualities of his friend. He himself travelled to Manchester with me in order to show him to me. He admired the extraordinary versatility



## A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



### SUBWAY SADIE

THIS is a clever thing. A tight, wise-cracking picture of little account—but clever. You'll find it will well repay a visit to your neighborhood theater if you have no meeting or good book to read. It is extremely well directed; the photography is excellent; the sub-titles snappy and it is spoiled only by the usually stupid (and in this case unnecessary) ending.

The story concerns itself with the love affair of a New York clothing sales girl and a guard on the subway. Dorothy Mackaill plays Subway Sadie and gives an able characterization. Jack Mulhall has risen well in our humble opinion by his work as a subway guard.

The picture has humor. The director has sensibly concerned himself with giving as honest a characterization as the story allows. In fact he did so well he did the author a favor. Subway scenes are splendidly pictured and fit the story like a glove. The sub-title writer added a number of laughs to help the picture along.

As a whole the picture is mighty thin stuff. Light, in fact, as the foam on the beer you get now. It also has greivous faults. But then nobody looks for a meal in a cream puff. In a world of worse pictures Subway Sadie easily gets by.



Douglas Fairbanks in a friendly caricature made by a Russian artist on his recent visit to the first workers' government. Both he and Mary Pickford were enthusiastic about the progress made by Russian movies and pronounced the Russian picture, "The Armored Cruiser Potemkin" the greatest film ever made. Fairbank's latest picture, "The Black Pirate," done in natural colors, is now showing at the Roosevelt Theater and will be reviewed in the next issue.

### THE PASSAIC STRIKE IN TWENTY CITIES

SO great is the demand for showings of the recently produced motion picture of the Passaic strike that labor circles in over twenty cities have already made arrangements for a showing before December 3. The following, among others, are listed for an early showing:

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 7; Canton, O., Nov. 14; Cincinnati, O., Nov. 16; Collinsville, Conn., Nov. 6; Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 16, 17; Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 13, 14; Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 3, 4; Youngstown, O., Nov. 19.

Labor units wishing to arrange for showings in their city can secure terms and information from The General Relief Committee Textile Strikers, 743 Main Ave., Passaic, N. J.

### A DOZEN IN BRIEF

**DON JUAN**—John Barrymore as the great lover cooled down for American audiences. (McVickers)

**THE BETTER 'OLE**—Syd Chaplin in an unusually funny comedy.

**MEN OF STEEL**—Men of mush. (Tivoli)

**THE STRONG MAN**—A fairly good comedy with excellent comedian.

**VARIETY**—A movie classic.

**MARE NOSTRUM**—A movie catastrophe.

**THE PASSAIC STRIKE**—See battling labor in action. It will do your heart good and quicken your brain.

**LA BOHEME**—A good picture.

**ACROSS THE PACIFIC**—Another thing the working class has to suffer.

**ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Gilda Gray tries to act.

**TIN GODS**—Renee Adoree.

**THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN**—A mixture of good and bad.

Note: Only Chicago theaters showing a program for one week are listed. Pictures of current week changed Monday.



Corinne Griffith in "Syncopating Sue"

Corinne Griffith essays the role of a sophisticated, slang-slissing, gum-chewing music store piano player in her latest comedy hit, "Syncopating Sue," which will open Monday at the Chicago Theater.

### EMIL JANNINGS AND DOROTHY GISH IN NEW YORK

LIVING character portraits by Emil Jannings, star of the widely praised "VARIETY," is the leading feature of last week's performance at the Rivoli Theater. Some of the most forceful moments of his previous pictures, such as "The Last Laugh," "Variety," "Passion," etc. were shown, and a first sketch of his forthcoming picture "Faust." This short piece from "Faust" was like throwing a bone to a hungry man. He wants more. Now we cannot await the day of the complete showing of "Faust." (It might come with the opening of the new Paramount Theater, one of the Public Theaters, and advertised as being "at the crossroads of the world").

Aside from the above Dorothy Gish

of his scientific knowledge. He grew uneasy over the slightest thing that might happen to him. "I always tremble," he said to me, "lest some misfortune overtake him on one of the hunts in which he so passionately participates, galloping thru the woods, bridle loose, and taking all obstacles."

Marx was as good a friend as he was a tender husband and father. Nevertheless, in his wife, his daughters, in Helene and Engels, he also found beings who deserved to be loved by a man like himself.

was shown in the British picture "London," (a Paramount Picture). This picture is a story of two social extremes: the poor and their life in the "Limehouse," and the rich and their loose life at the "Mayfair," the extreme sections of two classes in society. Were it not for the conscious desire to keep the truth of class-antagonism from the working people, who visit the movie theaters, this picture came close to portraying the life of the idle capitalist and poor workingclass. He shows the two extremes: First a saloon; then, an expensive restaurant. Hunger on one side; and the waste of food, on the other. Opportunities for true-to-life pictures are avoided by those who make the pictures for the present public.

Nevertheless, it was a valuable treat—to see Emil Jannings.

By Smariko—N. Y.



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# Building a Socialist Economy

By T. LEON.

THAT the Soviet Union has made marked progress toward its economic reconstruction is a fact which is no more questioned. That much is conceded not only by so-called "impartial" bourgeois observers, but the worst enemies of the Soviet government are now forced to admit that all their predictions and black prophecies regarding the economic future of the Soviet Union—prophecies which only too frequently have been supported by active interference—have failed to materialize.

The Soviet Union enters the tenth year of its existence with the productive output of material values of the country practically brought up to the pre-war level. In the year just passed, agricultural production stood at about 90 per cent of the pre-war, and industrial production was brought up to about 95 per cent of the pre-war. During this year industrial output was increased by 42 per cent over the preceding year. According to conservative estimates based on the producing capacity and actual financial and technical means of industrial plants both now operating and in the process of construction, the output during the ensuing year will increase 18 per cent and the pre-war level will thus be surpassed.

This achievement of the Soviet Union in the economic field has not been rivaled by any other of the European countries which had been engaged in the world war, notwithstanding the fact that they had eight years of peace-time development while the Soviet Union, for three years after the termination of the world war, has been engaged in a fierce and devastating civil war followed by the famine, and not before 1922 was the country in a position to start on economic reconstruction. In only four years the Soviet Union has completed the work of reconstruction, a task which it took other European countries eight years to perform only in part, since most of these countries are still considerably behind their pre-war economic status.

A further comparison of the roads traveled toward economic reconstruction by the bourgeois nations of Europe and by the Soviet Union would bring out some more striking facts.

The former, like the nice little bourgeois darlings that they were, have been aided along continually by American capital which has been anxious to stave off "the tide of Bolshevism" and to reap some substantial economic advantages in the process. Bourgeois Europe was enabled to attain some degree of "stabilization" only with the assistance of heavy loans and investments "generously" showered upon it by American capital—and at the expense of its economic independence, at the expense of the laboring masses, at the cost of materially lowering the living standard of the workers of Europe.

The Soviet Union accomplished its economic reconstruction not only without any outside assistance but against the combined hostile efforts of the bourgeois world. It retained its economic independence. The working day has been reduced. The aver-

age wage of workers in terms of money already almost equals the pre-war wage. And, considering the material and cultural advantages placed at the disposal of the workers in the Soviet Union, actual wages and the standard of living are considerably higher than ever before the war.

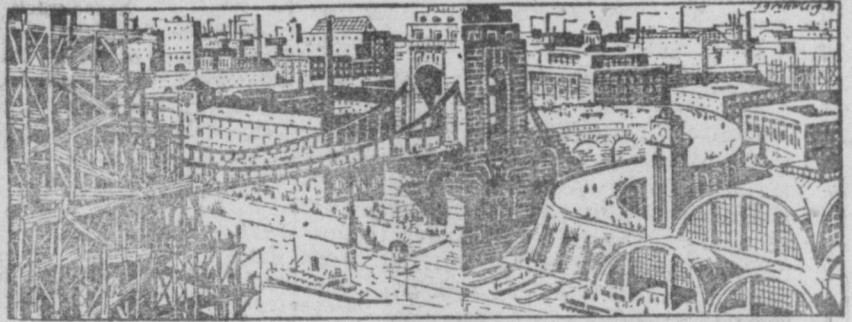
FAILING in their predictions as to the "imminent collapse" of the Soviet economic system, the protagonists of capitalism are now eager to ascribe the economic growth of the Soviet Union to the adoption of "capitalist methods." There is much talk about the Soviet government "surrendering its Communist principles" and "returning to the policy of bourgeois common sense."

However, the facts attending the economic development of the Soviet Union belie the present venomous "praise" of bourgeois economists, just as the economic progress of the country belied their earlier jibes and predictions.

The economic system of the Soviet Union at present represents both the elements of socialism and certain forms of capitalist relations. The basis of the socialist economy are the state industries and enterprises, while the capitalist forms of economy prevail in agriculture which is based on individual production. Since both these basically contradictory elements are parts of one economic organism, they necessarily tend to influence and shape each other. Accordingly, the economic policy of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has been determined by the task of attaining the co-operation of the two opposing economic factors for the sake of the economic development of the country while, at the same time, insuring the growing influence of the socialist elements in the economic system. To what extent the Soviet government has succeeded in this task may be seen from a few fundamental facts and figures illustrating the interrelation of the two forces in the economic development of the country during the past years.

1. Agricultural production amounted, in pre-war prices, to 8,858,000,000 rubles in the economic year 1923-1924, and to 11,306,000,000 rubles in 1925-1926, showing an increase of 27.7 per cent. The output of the industries was valued at 3,414,000,000 rubles in 1923-1924, and 6,923,000,000 rubles in 1925-1926, showing an increase of nearly 103 per cent. Which means that industry, the basis of the socialist economic elements, has grown at a rate almost four times as fast as agriculture.

2. The total production of private enterprises, both agricultural and industrial, was 8,657,000,000 rubles in 1924, and 11,349,000,000 rubles in 1925-1926. A growth of 31 per cent. The production of state enterprises was respectively 3,384,000,000 and 6,455,000,000 rubles, showing an increase of 91 per cent. The output of the socialist state enterprises has thus grown at a rate almost three times as fast as that of private enterprises. At the same time the output of co-operative enterprises has also grown from 231,000,000 rubles in 1923-1924 to 425,000,000 rubles in 1925-1926.



3. The relative positions of the state and private enterprises in the marketable part of the total agricultural and industrial production has changed as follows: In 1923-1924 the share of the state enterprises in the marketable part of the production was 39.4 per cent, and that of private enterprises was 57.2 per cent. In 1925-1926 the share of the state increased to 49.3 per cent, while the share of private producers fell off to 46.9 per cent. The share of the co-operatives was 3.4 per cent in 1923-1924, and 3.8 per cent in 1925-1926.

4. In 1923-1924, state organizations controlled 31 per cent of the internal trade, the co-operatives—23.2 per cent, and private traders—40.8 per cent. In 1925-1926 the share of private traders in the total internal trade turnover was only 24 per cent, while that of the state increased to 35 per cent and that of the co-operatives to 42 per cent.

5. Outside of agriculture, industry, and internal trade, there are a number of economic functions which are entirely in the hands of the state. Such are the transportation system, the postal, telegraph and telephone system, electric power plants, foreign trade, the banking and credit system, etc.

6. The socialist elements of economy are making inroads into the field of agriculture thru the growth of the agricultural co-operative system. The

number of agricultural co-operative societies in the Soviet Union, outside of the Ukraine, has grown from 25,840 with 2,056,000 members on October 1, 1924, to 33,500 with 5,948,460 members at the end of the fiscal year 1925-1926. An increasingly important factor in the collectivization of agricultural production has been the growing use of motor power in agriculture (tractors and other modern agricultural machinery).

7. The number of members of consumers' co-operatives has increased from 7,129,300 in 1924, to 11,532,900 in 1926. The number of peasants organized in consumers' co-operatives in the Soviet Union, outside of the Ukraine, in 1926 was 6,434,000.

8. Out of the total capital assets of the country, the Soviet state controls 55 per cent, while only 44 per cent of the assets are in private hands. The co-operatives hold 1 per cent of the capital wealth of the country.

Thus, in addition to the growing relative importance of the socialist elements of the national economy, the proletarian state wields a tremendous economic power which is consciously directed toward the building up of a socialist economic system. The economic development of the Soviet Union is clearly determined by the tendency manifested in the past years of reconstruction—it is toward socialism.

## The Red Poet

By ADOLF WOLFF.

I'd rather fashion jingles  
To help the workers' cause  
Than ooze poetic opium  
For the bourgeoisie's applause.

My source of inspiration  
Is not a woman's eyes  
But crimson Revolution,  
That all tyranny defies.

No languid lispings verses  
For elevated brows!  
Like hammer blows of rebels,  
Like deeply cutting plows.

My lines shall be a challenge  
Without restraint or fear,  
To all, that's dead and rotten  
In the social system here.

My words are rough and simple,  
The burden of my songs  
Is of the proletariat,  
Of their struggles, hopes  
and wrongs.

My voice is of a prophet,  
My eyes are of a seer;  
I blow a herald's trumpet,  
To announce that Dawn is near!

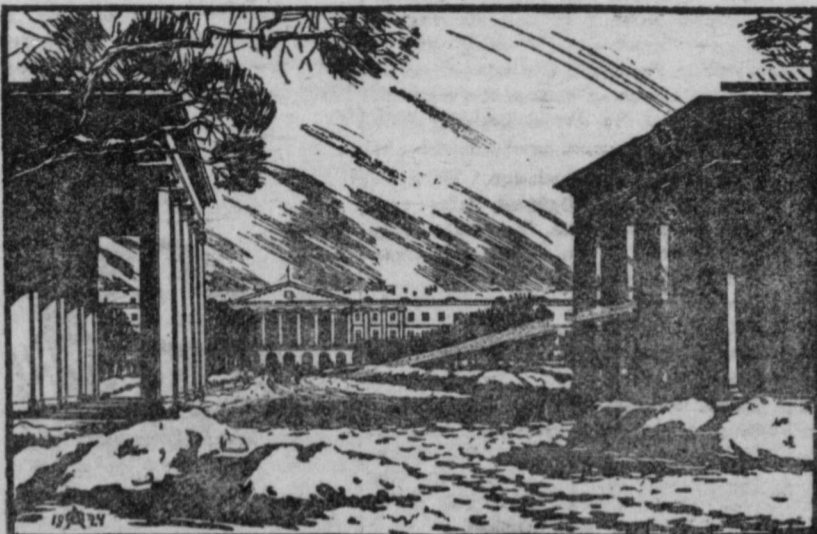
## To Eugene Victor Debs

The beat of his heart no longer drums  
The drum of his mortal cloak;  
The words of his mouth are now still crumbs  
That only grim death can choke.

The flame of his life is now died out  
But in its red-roaring life  
To all who are men it hurled a shout:  
Prepare for a coming strife.

Now that the grave has taken its toll  
Of flesh that has fought our wrongs,  
Let's kindle in us the flame of his soul  
With fighting and with red songs.

—David Gordon.



Leningrad, Smolny Institute, Directing Center of Revolution in Nov. 1917.



# Alexander Blok, the Poet of Destruction and Creation

By SCHACHNO EPSTEIN.

THE creative activity of Alexander Blok enters a new phase in the poems "The Twelve" and "Scythians." This sudden bouleversement meets a response ranging from surprise to mystification. "How did it happen," asks the "populist," Ivanov Rasumnik, "that Blok, the decadent, the high priest of individualism, the prophet of art for art's sake, for whom poetry is a matter of form and not of content, how did Blok come to descend from his heavenly Darnassus to this simply, bloody earth of ours?" For Ivanov Rasumnik this is a riddle. He sees in it the great miracle of the November revolution, when the ideas of the "populists" spread like wildfire and even took possession of so extreme an individualist as Alexander Blok who had always mistrusted the collective will of the people and exalted the personal will of the individual. Ivanov Rasumnik claims Blok as an adherent of the Left Social Revolutionists, who saw in the October revolution the fulfillment of that special mission of the Russian people, which Herzen and the revolutionary "Slavophiles" had predicted.

Other Russian critics offer a similar interpretation of the new manner of Blok, tho their explanation of his point of view is somewhat different. For most of them, "The Twelve" and "Scythians" mark a turning point not only in the creative work of Blok, but in the whole of Russian literature. A correct view is taken by the Marxian, Lvov-Rogatshevsky, who pointed out the new horizons which the November revolution opened to Russian poetry, which now tends to become the expressions of the people, the collective creation of the masses, and not of the individual intellectual, the offspring of the well-educated aristocracy. But the change in Blok's own creative activity, Lvov-Rogatshevsky, offers no more satisfactory explanation than Ivanov Rasumnik. Neither of them has penetrated to the source of Blok's earlier work. They have failed to find the routes thru which Blok's impulsive spirit was nourished during the entire period of his creative activity. There is in the development of Alexander Blok a great similarity to that of the Belgian, Emile Verhaeren, who had also passed thru the evolution from individualism to collectivism, from the expression of personal experience to that of the masses. The two poets differ, in fact, only in their atmosphere, their national surroundings. Verhaeren was a typical son of Flanders, where the remnants of feudalism intermingled with the rising capitalism. It was to the comingling of these two cultures that Basalget, the best biographer of Verhaeren attributed the "poetical chaos" of the first period of Verhaeren's creative activity, a chaos which gradually disappeared as the feudal culture was absorbed by capitalism. Verhaeren, the Fleming, became a true son of Brussels. He departed from nature, which he had sung so beautifully, and which had expressed so well his individual mood, and he came to the great city with its tall factory chimneys and its eternal roar. There he mingled with the crowds in the noise of machinery and the pulsation of locomotives, he heard the music of the future. And this music was interwoven with the tones of the decaying villages of Flanders, their sorrow and despair. Thus Verhaeren's creative work became the expression of two conflicting cultures. The deeper the despair of the vanishing culture, the more gay and jubilant the notes of the strong young civilization which was replacing it. The city had conquered the village and out of the victorious city rose the "Dawn" of Verhaeren. This natural evolution of Verhaeren as the true son of Belgium and time, explains the divergence between the creative activity of Verhaeren's first period, and his last, between his individualism and collectivism. The latter evolves naturally from the former, because such was the evolution of the whole Belgium culture.

ALEXANDER BLOK is the son of St. Petersburg, where "East" meets "West" and Asia becomes Europe. These two cultures Blok imbibed with his mother's milk, and he became the greatest follower of Dostolevsky, for whom St. Petersburg was the symbol of Russia. The first period of Blok's creative work was the expression of the spirit of St. Petersburg, with its over-refined and base intelligentsia, the last word of European culture. At this period he was the real Russian individualist, looking down upon the people, longing for the advent of the Nietzschean super-man, while he drowned his inner pain in no less real Russian orgies, which revealed the Asiatic aspects of the soul of the Russian people. Blok's "Beautiful Lady," his earlier symbol of Russia Europeanized, slowly merges into

the "Oriental Mary," the sinful, wanton, Mary, who becomes the mother of a new God. This Mary he finds not in the aristocratic salon, the gathering places of Russian society, but rather in the lowest depths, among the coarse and ignorant, as yet untouched by European culture. There in the musty cellars where "Vodka" and the "Hormoshka," (accordion) kindled the soul, Blok provides some new force, incomprehensible, wild, brutal, but at the same time holy, as Miriam, who sells her body and gives the world a Christ.

Blok thus belongs at this period to two worlds—to Europe and to Asia. He tries to unite them to give the first the barbarity and vigor of the second, and to the second refinement and elegance of the first. The result is poetic chaos, as in the case of Verhaeren. He is not quite conscious of his own impulses, but he feels that somehow St. Petersburg must become the metropolis of the world, the barrier between Europe and Asia must be effaced, a new world culture created under the name of Petrograd.

The first Russian revolution broke out. For a moment Blok thinks that his dream had come true. He forgets his "Beautiful Lady" of yore. Mary is now the idol of his heart. To her he kneels, and he calls upon others to follow his example. "Do you not hear the new music which



—Emil Verhaeren

fills the universe?" he says. "It is not the music of your piano, nor the gentle notes of the violin. No, it is the music of the trumpets of a wild army, full of hate, which destroys everything it encounters. This music is the echo of a terrible storm which shatters heaven and earth, and woe betide you, if you close your ears. You will sing again into the shameful prostitution of house pianos and violins, and you will not notice that beneath the stormy clouds the soul of a whole people is purged to purity and holiness, to divinity itself!"

BLOK'S call was as of one crying in the wilderness. Stolypin strangled the first Russian revolution with his famous "necktie," and Blok's comrades worship at the shrine of Artzibashev's Sanin, Zologub's "Petty Demon." Blok pauses as if in confusion. He does not return to his "Beautiful Lady," and Mary has not yet appeared. He pours out his heart in poems of disappointment and despair. He feels that there is no way back to the old, but the new is still covered with a heavy veil. He tries to lift the veil, to penetrate into the future. He speaks the bitter truth to the Russian "intelligentsia." He reveals the deep abyss which lies between the intellectuals and the people, in words that ring like the scourgings of a prophet. And when the world war comes and reveals the decay of European culture, he still has a curse for the old world. "Not from the West," he exclaims, "will the sun appear!" The poet was not mistaken. As the November revolution appears with its savagery and brutality, its tremendous force of destruction, it does not frighten Blok as it does so many of his colleagues who lament the destruction of the world and the passing of all human culture. On the contrary, what the others look upon as the greatest crime, Blok sees as the highest virtue. What to others sounds like the most terrible discord is to him a wonderful symphony. Such a symphony is the November revolution, as

he explains in one of his admirable articles. But in order to understand the whole significance of this expression, it is necessary to grasp fully the poetry of Blok.

Baudelaire, the French poet, once said that the words which are most frequently repeated by a poet are the truest reflection of his creative impulse. In Verhaeren's work we encounter most frequently the word "red," and redness is indeed the special quality of Verhaeren's poetry. Blok repeats most often the word "music," and the idea of music is the dominant characteristic of his poetical perception of the world. Every phenomenon reveals itself to Blok in musical terms. Thus he develops the theme of the intellectuals and the revolution, because for him music is the sublime harmony between man and nature, the supreme expression of the human spirit.

It is in musical terms that Blok develops the theme of the November revolution. Moreover history, he declares, has been so full of music. Love, he says, works wonders. Music charms beasts. This love and this music have been created by the revolution. Thus Blok pleads with intellectuals who believe that Russia is being crushed under the heavy boot of the Twelve.

"Music is spirit, and the spirit is music. The devil himself once commanded Socrates to follow the spirit of music. With all your body, with all your heart, with all your consciousness, hearken to the revolution!"

What is it then, that expresses the music of the revolution? It is the heavy tread of the Twelve, the new apostles who crush everything in their power, who destroy and are themselves destroyed. They roam in the dark of night over deserted streets, haunted by the ghosts of death and bloodshed which echo with the shots of their own guns. One of them, intoxicated by his own power, shoots his sweetheart. But he does not pause. Weighed down by sorrow, he goes on his way, for

"There's no time to nurse you now,  
Your poor trouble's out of season.  
Harder loads won't make us bow."

And when the tragedy of this wild apostle reaches its climax, he cries out, choked with grief:

"Fly like a bird of the air,  
Bourgeois!  
I shall drink to my dead little dove,  
To my black-browed love  
In your blood."

It is the expression of his own hatred, and of the hatred of all those who have been prey to exploitation and injustice.

This poem reveals the whole chaos of the revolution, which, striving to bring happiness to the world and make an end to crime, itself commits crime. But how else is it possible to get rid of that "leprous hound" which is Blok's symbol for the old world? Everywhere is emptiness and barrenness, the result of civilization.

"A bourgeois, lovely mourner,  
His nose tucked in his ragged fur,  
Stands lost and idle on the corner,  
Tagged by a cringing, mangy cur.  
The bourgeois, like a hungry dog,  
A silent question, stands and begs;  
The old world, like a kinless mongrel  
Stands there, it's tall between its legs."

And in this emptiness and barrenness, amid the ruins and the graves,

"Our boys went out to serve,  
Out to serve in the Red Guard,  
Out to serve in the Red Guard,  
To lie in a narrow bed, and hard."  
And the wild shout of the boys rings true:  
"A bit of fun is not a sin,  
There's looting on, so keep within,  
We'll paint the town a ripping red,  
Burst the cellars and be fed."

Here is the powerful eruption of the popular wrath, the bloody work of the revolution, which recognizes no barriers. It is the thunder-music of the wild world-storm, that rises in the East and sends its shout reverberating to all the ends of the earth, announcing the advent of

"Freedom, oh, Freedom,  
Unhallowed, unblest."

And strangely enough, at the head of the Twelve, drunk with blood and profanation,

"In mist-white roses, garlanded—  
"Christ marches on. And the Twelve follow."

It cannot be otherwise. The sinful, wanton Mary has become holy, she has given birth to a God. The wild Russian people have purged its soul in the suffering of centuries. It has avenged itself for its wrongs, and become the standard bearer of the greatest human idea. To Blok this

(Continued on page 7)



# Russian and American Trade Unions

By WM. Z. FOSTER.

FROM time to time the overlords of the American trade union movement, in their employer-inspired propaganda against the Russian Soviet system in general, take sneering flings at the Russian trade unions. They never tire of scattering slanders against these organizations. Typically, a resolution adopted at the recent convention of the A. F. of L. referred to the "so-called trade union movement of Soviet Russia." Yet even the most cursory glance at the Russian unions shows that they are miles ahead of the reactionary A. F. of L. unions in every essential respect. Let us make a brief comparison of the Russian and American unions. And in this comparison the odium rests chiefly upon the trade union bureaucrats. They are ultra-reactionary and color the whole movement with their reactionary spirit. They maintain their positions of control mostly by force against a rank and file which wants to bring the unions to a higher state of development.

## Social Point of View.

In the matter of their analysis of society and their estimation of the goal of the workers, the Russian unions completely outdistance the American. They have long since broken entirely with capitalism and capitalist conceptions. Their goal is the building of a new society controlled by the workers. They aim at the destruction of imperialism and the establishment of world rulership of the world proletariat. They are revolutionary thru and thru.

On the other hand, the American trade unions are still wedded to the capitalist system. They are permeated with the capitalist ideology. They are nationalistic, imperialistic, and the most reactionary unions in the world. Their foreign policy is almost identical with that of the capitalist class. They do not aim to abolish the capitalist system, but to subordinate themselves to it. Their official programs hardly rise even to what might be called reformism. Their aim is collaboration with the employers and the sacrifice of the workers' interests. The new forms of class collaboration developing in the American labor movement, such as the B. & O. plan, trade union capitalism, etc., are a menace not only to the workers of this country, but to those of the whole world.

## Leadership.

A comparison of the Russian and American trade union leaders is very much to the latter's detriment. In no country is there such a low grade of trade union leadership as in the United States. The upper strata of leaders are capitalistic, not only in ideology but often in the fact of their owning substantial fortunes. Many of them are grafters, and the overwhelming mass of them are totally unacquainted with the first rudiments of a working class understanding. There is a steady procession of them into the ranks of the employers, the case of Farrington being typical. Berry, the strike-breaker leader of the pressmen, is a hero among the bureaucrats. Their fabulous salaries are a disgrace and menace to the movement.

Compare this body of materialistic self-seekers to the Russian trade union leadership. All of the latter are Marxian revolutionists and veterans of innumerable struggles. Most of them have long jail records won thru their fights against the exploiters. Tomsky is a real proletarian leader; Green is a petty bourgeois follower of capitalism. And the comparison of the whole body of the Russian leadership with that of the American unions amounts to about the same.

## Union Structure and Size.

The American trade unions, notwithstanding the fact that they have to fight the best organized, richest, and most militant system of capitalism in the world, are, from the standpoint of their structure, as well as in many other respects, the most backward of any to be found in any great industrial country. They still cling tenaciously to the antiquated craft union system, altho this has been repudiated in every other country. They consider



The Palace of Labor which is the headquarters of the Central Committees of all Russian Unions

amalgamation as synonymous with Bolshevism. In this country we have the unparalleled spectacle of 20 unions in the railroad industry, 25 in the metal industry, 20 in the building trades, etc. It is a brand of unionism of the vintage of 1890.

The Russian unions, on the contrary, are structurally the most perfect of any in the world. They consist of 23 industrial unions, based not upon the obsolete local union of the American pattern, but upon the shop committee.

In the matter of size, the Russian unions dwarf the trade unions of this country. They contain over 8,000,000 members, comprising 95 per cent of the Russian working class. They have grown 3,000,000 in the past three years. Whereas the American unions contain only 3,500,000 out of an organizable total of workers of 26,000,000. They comprise chiefly only the skilled trades and do not touch the masses in the basic and key industries. In spite of unparalleled industrial activity, they are decreasing in membership and influence. They are on the retreat before the attacks of the employers and are yielding to company unionism, both from within and without their ranks.

## Control of Industry.

The Russian unions have a real voice in industry. Their members get the full product of their labor, minus the funds necessary for the upkeep of the government and the development of industry. They have to deal with a working class improving its wages, hours, working and living conditions at an unprecedented rate. Go to a Russian trade union congress and you will hear the leading governmental industrial leaders making their reports to the organized workers. All the boards and committees operating and directing the industries contain representatives of the unions. Their role

in production is far-reaching and recognized.

Compare this decisive role of the Russian unions in industry with that of the American unions. First of all, our trade unions can influence the standards of only a small percentage of the workers, the great mass being almost entirely at the mercy of their rapacious employers. And the unions' influence for good over even this small percentage is a diminishing quantity. The time was when they made a bit of a fight to wring real concessions from the employers. But now their whole tendency is away from this. With the B. & O. plan, the Monroe Doctrine of labor, the "new wage policy" of the A. F. of L., and other similar projects, they are repudiating all idea of struggle and are degenerating the trade unions into mere appendages of the capitalist production mechanism. The ultimate result of their policy is to assist the capitalists to still further exploit the workers. The greatest bunkum of the international labor movement is the claim of the A. F. of L. that it is responsible for the high wages paid to American workers. This is the result of the bonanza development of American industry and to the growth of American imperialism.

## Control of Government.

The weakness of the American trade unions in the governmental machinery is notorious the world over. There is no real workers' representation in the national congress, and very little in the respective legislatures. Even the city councils in the big industrial centers are almost entirely in the hands of the employers. In no industrial country is the working class so devoid of representation in governmental bodies as in the United States. This is because of the criminally stupid political policy of the trade union bureaucrats. They have not yet broken their

## The Tractor

By KARL REEVE.

THE sun hung low over the far-reaching steppes. The black soil of the Northern Caucasus is rich in promise of bountiful grain. But for centuries the Russian peasant has merely scratched the surface of the ground, planting with a wooden point for a plow, sowing his shrivelled grain broadcast, by hand. He had been a prey to vicissitudes of drought and impoverished by the czar's taxes.

In the middle of a slightly rolling field a broad-shouldered peasant stands over an American tractor. He cannot make it go. For a week it has been thus. The peasant, tall, thick featured, big limbed, is playing a new game. While the precious hours of seeding time slip by, he has taken the tractor apart, put it together again, cranked and cranked, but the engine remains dead. A look of perplexity is stamped upon the peasant's face. "Do so and so to the clutch before starting," the directions read, "the carburetor must be placed so and so." But the peasant cannot read the English directions. His big square fingers slip heavily over the spark plugs, cleaning and re-cleaning. He takes out the battery, looks at it, and replaces it again. Still the tractor will not go.

The peasant belongs to a collective with six others. All are poor peasants. They had nothing but their little homes, their strength and their separated patches of land before the revolution. But the Soviet government is the friend of the poor peasant. The Collective has been granted ample land in one piece, and credit on easy terms with which to buy this tractor.

A kulack (rich peasant) rides by in a four-seated carriage behind his team of horses. "If you used a pair of bicks (oxen) you could just beat them and cry, 'saup,' and they would go," the kulack calls sarcastically. "You'd better rent my bicks again and get in your wheat." The poor peasant does not answer. He bends his head low over the tractor engine, beads of perspiration standing out on his face. "My three months at the tractor school were not enough to get me through this situation," he thinks.

But finally the repair man arrives from the service station at the Okrug (district) headquarters. The repairman is overworked and spare parts are scarce, but the trouble is found at last, a part is replaced and the tractor again rolls over the plain, leaving in its wake a deep double

(Concluded on Page 8.)

allegiance to the two capitalist parties, and taken the fundamentally necessary step of building a mass political party of the workers. They are lined up neck by neck with all the crooked politicians in the country. The disastrous results speak for themselves.

Compare the Russian situation with this political debacle. The government is in the hands of the workers. They dominate the whole political and industrial situation. The workers have their own party, the Russian Communist Party, and it is the master of the situation. In the United States the capitalists are in complete control, and in the Soviet Union the workers are in control. Yet the American trade union bureaucrats venture to sneer at the Russian workers.

## Workers' Education.

Within the past few years the A. F. of L. unions have made a faint gesture in the direction of workers' education. But this, as expressed thru the Workers' Education Bureau and various other organizations, only emphasizes the weakness and capitalistic character of this education. American trade union journalism is a calamity to our labor movement. Many of the papers are indistinguishable almost from those of the company unions. This is to say nothing of the dozens of grafting sheets in various industrial centers, which brazenly take bribes from the employers to fight everything progressive in the labor movement. One can read miles of printed matter in American trade union journals and never run across an idea of importance in the solution of the workers' problems. By and large, no important labor movement has such a pitifully weak educational system as the trade unions of this country.

On the other hand, the Russian unions are absolutely supreme in this respect of education. It is safe to say they are carrying on more education (not to speak of its incomparably better quality) than all the rest of the world's labor movement put together. Their splendid workers' clubs and various other educational systems are carrying on an enormous work of enlightening the workers everywhere. Their system of trade union journals are beyond compare. A splendid example is the daily paper of the railroad workers, The Gudok. This paper has about 300,000 circulation, and is of an enormous influence in the life of the railroad workers. Compared to the Russians, the American trade union leaders have not learned the first A, B, C's of workers' education.

## Ugaroff's Question.

When in Leningrad recently our party met with Ugaroff, the secretary of the local Central Labor Council. As we were about to leave he said: "Well, we have shown you our unions and how they are carrying on their work in the factories. You come from a great industrial country where the unions are much older than ours. Now you tell us what your unions have to teach us in the way of labor organization. What have they that is better than ours? We will be only too glad to learn from them if we can."

We were stumped. It was such an unexpected question. We cudgelled our brains, trying to conjure up a single feature of the American unions that the Russian unions could profitably pattern after. But in vain. We could think of nothing, and we said so. In their structure, leadership, manner of conducting business—in every respect, the Russian unions are a thousand miles ahead of the American unions, cursed as the latter are with reactionary and faker leaders, antiquated craft structure, B. & O. plan class collaboration conceptions, etc. All the way back to Moscow, in fact all the way back to the United States, we pondered over Ugaroff's leading question. And our final conclusion is that our answer to him was absolutely correct. The American trade unions have nothing whatever to teach the Russian workers, except how not to build a labor movement; whereas the Russian workers have innumerable lessons to teach the American workers on the way to construct a real labor organization.





## THE MAROONED FARMERS

By JOEL SHOMAKER.

THE harvest moon shines on many western farmers who do not see the stars of prosperity. They are marooned on the land. They are objects of pity. They are like unto slaves on islands of loneliness. They cannot sail away for they are surrounded by the sea of capitalism. They dare not attempt to fly thru the air for it is owned by monopolists. They do not possess suitable vehicles for highway traffic.

Old ideas of riches on the farm are giving way to the more popular thoughts of existence in the city. The long ago boast that more than one-half of the people of this nation lived on the farms is not in modern favor. The trekking from the farm to the city goes on wherever the farmers are able to let loose on the land and become wanderers in quest of jobs. There are reasons for the poverty that falls like a cloud on the farmers.

Politics has opened new rays of light on modern farming. The western farmers are finding out that they have been turning wheels of theory. The various bills introduced in congress, for the relief of the farmers, have set the people to thinking. The rejecting of those remedial measures, by anti-farming politicians, has brought about a new era that means continuous abandonment of the farms. That means a complete change of agricultural conditions.

The new school politicians demand a system of taxation that will lower the cost of government. One wing of the party in power in the state of Washington is fighting for a change. Among the assertions made by campaign orators are some facts that would not be accepted from any authorities but the old partisans. They tell why the farmers are marooned on the land. The tax collectors demand more than the land produces.

Here are some of the things the politicians are telling. In the White River Valley, one of the richest and best farming districts of western Washington, the annual tax bills range from sixteen dollars to eighteen dollars per acre. That is more than the value of some crops, when the cost of production and marketing is deducted. The result is very apparent. The old settlers have leased their lands to Italian dairymen and Japanese truckfarmers because the farms ceased to pay profits.

The Yakima Valley of central Washington is one of the famous fruit growing sections of the irrigated west. Political speakers, of the old party in power, state that the tax calls on the farmers of that district range about twenty-five dollars per acre. These claims come one a year and are subject to twelve per cent annual interest if not paid promptly. So the Yakima Valley farmers, who tire of paying out more than the yearly income, have joined the forces of home run-aways, or expect to enlist just as soon as they see some way out of the difficulty.

"We have not had butter in our house for three years," is the confession of a woman who manages a dairy farm in Eastern Washington. "We live on bread and milk. Our meat consists of chickens we cannot find a market for. Why, Mister Writer, I will tell you that I have eaten so much chicken, in the last three years, that I can fairly crow. As for getting away from the farm, that is entirely out of the question, at least for the present."

Why is this woman held as a prisoner on the farm? Why are children brought up under such unfavorable conditions? Let her tell the story. It is just like many others in the same locality. It applies, in many details, to several western states. It reveals the real condition. It does not hide under the smoke screen of theory. Short as it is the story is full of human interest and reveals an appalling situation.

"The folks insisted on my holding a farm sale, as others were doing, get enough money together and



Kalinin, president of the Soviet Union, addressing a Group of Young Peasants.

# Reflections on Opposite Cultures

IN America Sherwood Anderson laments the passing of the artisan, and groans under the realization that "Coal and the industrial power that has come from coal and the coal mines is king."

The machinery of modern civilization repels and terrifies him. The very idea of a factory drives him to despair.

In Russia the new poet, unafraid by machinery and undismayed by the collectivization of labor that it incurs, writes of work with joy and of its meaning with inspiration. The factory whistle becomes a symbol of necessity made beautiful by changing culture and freshened life. His words:

"The sirens sound the morning hymn of unity," echo the spirit of a new age.

While Sherwood Anderson, in an intuitive way, appreciates the importance of economics in our life, in all life, he protests and despairs, but does not see the destiny of it all. In other words, like the artist, he feels the situation but cannot socialize it; he senses the change but cannot analyze it.

In passages like these, called from his notebook, his interest in the workman, in proletarian labor, is immediately manifest:

"What a day it will be—the day I mean when all workmen come to a certain decision—that they no longer put their hands to cheap material or do cheap, hurried work—for their manhood's sake.

"The dominant note in American life today is the factory hand."

Equally striking are these confessions:

"I got on a train and went to another town, where I slept in a workingmen's hotel. The furniture was ugly, and I did not like that, but I had got back among people to whom I belonged.

"I belong to men who work with their hands, to Negroes, to poor women—the wives of workers, heavy with child, with work-weary faces. Often I think them more lovely than any aristocrat, any man or woman of leisure, I have ever seen. That they do not understand what I feel and do not know their own beauty when it flashes forth does not matter. I belong to them whether they will have me or not."

THE culture that Sherwood Anderson expresses is a culture that is antagonistic to his soul. The culture that the revolutionary Russian expresses is one that is part of his soul.

In America the cynicism and mysticism that have crept into our philosophy, are elements detested by the Russian realists and revolutionists. There is a task demanding of energy and deserving of sacrifice. Mental fireworks are non-essential to their existence. As Bertrand Russell said in a recent review of Bukharin's *Historical Materialism*, there is something intensely practical and realistic in the fact that here is a philosophy worked out in the very bone and tissue of social life, a philosophy that breathes not of the cabinet retreat but of the great heart of cities and the immense vitality of the plains. Altho intellectual difference and strife exist, they are motivated by deep issues. It is the social problem that determines differences, sharpens conflict, intensifies struggle. Attitudes are not anaemic and tepid, but dynamic, hortatory, aggressive.

In America protest is muddled and mystical. Our literary radicals are obsessed with the bizaars, fascinated by the tinsel of the grotesque. The smell of rebellion has not become familiar to their nostrils. The challenge of social revolution to them is but a dead echo, disenchanting and dull.

The candor of Blok's Twelve, or of this fragment from the poem:

The city's roar is far away,  
Black silence broods on Neva's brink.  
No more police! We can be gay,  
Comrades, without a drop to drink.

leave the farm," the woman continued. "I attended many sales. My neighbors were in the same fix as myself and family. They wanted to get away so far that they would never see the country again. Well, the sales did not raise money. Horses sold for one dollar each. Cows were knocked down for about fifteen dollars. Farm machinery simply had no value.

"We cannot cash in on anything at this time of the year. Our hay cost ten dollars per ton to mature, harvest and put in the barn. We have been offered four dollars for it. My cows are as good as any in the country. The best offer the butcher would make was fourteen dollars apiece. My plan is to live here this winter, feed the hay to the cows and try to sell in the spring." Is it necessary for any reader to ask more about why farmers are marooned and unable to flee to the imaginary cities of refuge where they are not wanted, not needed and will become burdens?

A boorzhooy, a lonely mourner,  
His nose tucked in his ragged fur,  
Stands lost and idle on the corner,  
Tagged by a cringing, mangy cur.

The boorzhooy like a hungry mongrel,  
A-silent question stands and begs;  
The old world like a kinless mongrel  
Stands there, its tail between its legs.

is almost alien to American ears. The spirited cry of Marienhof's poem *October*, in celebration of the revolution when the Soviets seized power, is also expressive of the quickened pulse-beat in the new Russia:



Drawing by SUVANTO.

We trample filial obedience,  
We have gone and sat down saucily,  
Keeping our hats on,  
Our feet on the table.

You don't like us, since we guffaw with blood,  
Since we don't wash rags washed millions of times,  
Since we suddenly dared,  
Ear-splittingly, to bark: Wow!

Yes, sir, the spine  
Is as straight as a telephone pole,  
Not my spine only, but the spines of all Russians,  
For centuries hunched.

You ask—And then?  
And then dancing centuries,  
We shall knock at all doors  
And no one will say: Goddamyou, get out!

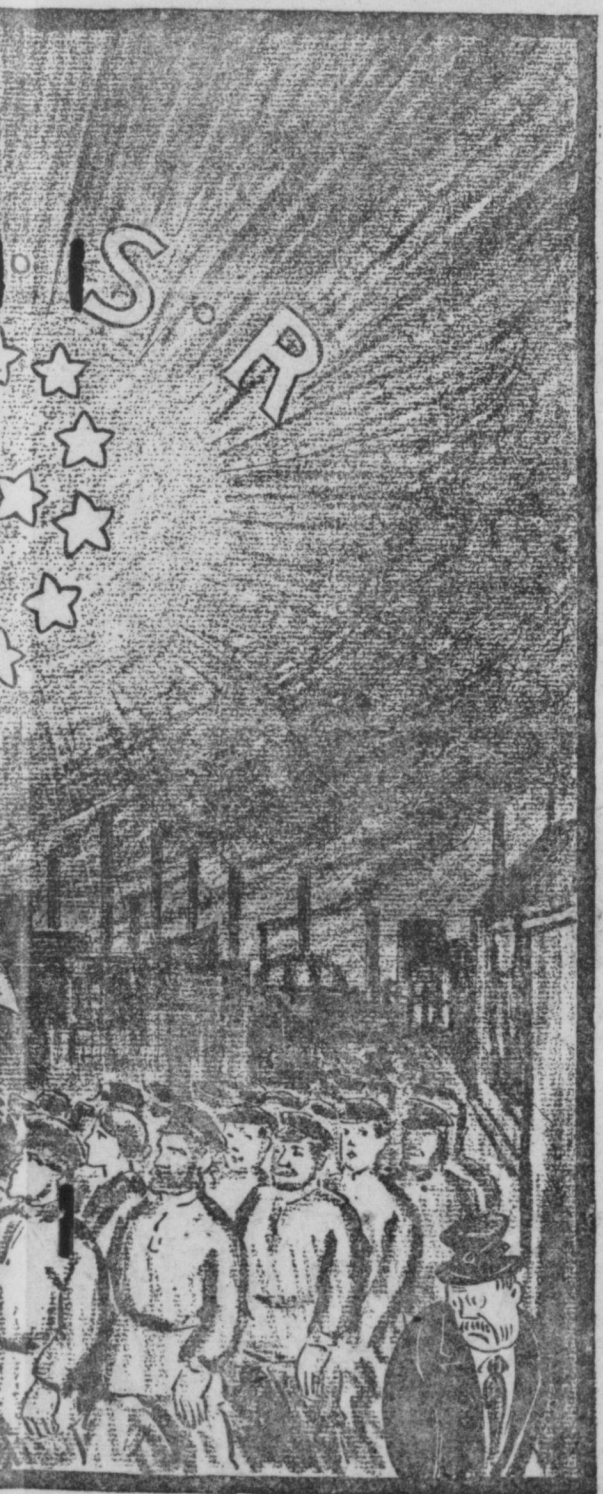
We! We! We are everywhere:  
Before the footlights, in the center of the stage,  
Not soft lyricists,  
But flaming buffoons.

Pile rubbish, all the rubbish in a heap,  
And like Savonarola, to the sound of hymns,  
Into the fire with it . . . Whom should we fear?  
When the mundiculi of puny souls have become worlds.



Every day of ours is a new chapter in the Bible,  
 Every page will be great to thousands of generations.  
 We are those about whom they will say:  
 The lucky ones lived in 1917.  
 And you are still shouting: They perish!  
 You are still whimpering lavishly.  
 Dunderheads!  
 Isn't yesterday crushed, like a dove  
 By a motor?  
 Emerging madly from the garage?

THE culture of Russia is fresh with a new spirit that  
 is significantly contagious. Even a mystical poet  
 such as Andrey Bely is affected. Theosophy and sym-  
 bolism become secondary for the moment in the great



change that has marked the new Russia. Russia be-  
 comes for Bely the new Nazareth. He composes a  
 cycle of poems, *Christ is Arisen*, dedicated to the pro-  
 letarian revolution. Christ and revolution become sub-  
 tly synonymous. Bely's reaction is instructive as well  
 as curious. It reveals the sweep of the new motif, the  
 conquest of the old by the new. Even the religious  
 are beginning to be converted—while Bely's Christian  
 symbolism may be ancient and encumbering, sentimen-  
 tal and mawkish, the mood awakened in him by the revo-  
 lution is indicative of the penetrativeness and power  
 of the new culture.

In the stories of Pilniak, Ivanov, Seifulina, Semenov  
 and many others the tempo of the revolution has trans-  
 lated itself into the spirit of fiction. The stories of  
 these new writers, many of whom are not members of  
 the Communist Party, are all infused with new resolve,  
 characterized by new dynamics. The morbid, mystical  
 motif of Dostoevsky, so vivid an expression of pre-  
 revolutionary Russia, has been discarded. Literature  
 has become extrovert. The introspective is unempha-  
 sized. As in the literature that preceded the Renais-  
 sance, individual eccentricity is uncultivated. Great  
 motifs, social motifs, revolutionary motifs have become  
 the fashion. Mayakovsky does not sing of a lock of  
 hair but of social revolution. An active era, poet and  
 novelist write of active things, moving things, chang-  
 ing things, dynamic things.

## By V. F. Calverton

Meanwhile in America, Waldo Frank, with the pan-  
 derous pomp of a heirophant, prepares us "to enter  
 the domain of the noumenal," to "receive mystery"  
 which "is the beginning of participation in a truth  
 merely beyond the scope of our accepted words," and  
 to perceive in "metaphysics and a true understanding  
 of the religious experience," the solution of our dilem-  
 ma.

In the antagonisms of the two reactions is reflected  
 a contrast in cultures. The one exhales the vivid vi-  
 tality of a rising culture, the other the partizan re-  
 treat of a decadent one.

# SPORTS



PEEPING over the edge of this column we see that  
 Comrade Calverton goes to bat on Russian culture.  
 That's a good tip. We'll put one over on Russian phys-  
 ical culture to keep him company. In Russia they believe  
 these two go together.

Two years ago when the British Trade Union Dele-  
 gation gave Russia the once over they found 2,400 fac-  
 tory clubs with over a million members promoting  
 sports. The trade unions backed these clubs. They  
 have their teams in soccer, wrestling and gym work.  
 Swedish drill is the big feature. Moscow had 39,000  
 physical culture circles and it was estimated the Work-  
 ers Clubs had a total of 100,000 circles. They have  
 grown fast since then.

Sports magazines from Russia come occasionally to  
 the Bug. (We'll send a copy to any American sports  
 Bug that's interested.) Boxing, the noble art of nulli-  
 fying noses, is unknown there. Soccer is the big game.  
 Russian soccer teams played in Germany last year  
 and ran some of the best European teams bow-legged.  
 The other day, a recent visitor to Russia told us that  
 baseball teams were springing up in many towns.  
 Here's hoping they learn the game well enuf to send  
 over a team with a pitcher good enuf to make Babe  
 Ruth think he's got holes in his bat.

In this country the boss backs up sports in the shop.  
 In Russia sports are run by workers and organized  
 Labor backs them. A little of that here will do the  
 Labor Movement a lot of good.

HERE'S something the British Trade Union Dele-  
 gation learned that most Sport Bugs don't know. In  
 Russia: "A worker who is suffering from fatigue, or is  
 run down in general health, by application to his  
 Trade Union is sent to one of these establishments  
 (rest homes) free of charge. The rest houses have a  
 considerable acreage of ground attached to them where  
 games are organized."

When you get weak in the knees from turning out  
 production on your machine for a number of years;  
 or when you feel you got lead in your feet at the end  
 of a hard day's work—think this over! In Russia the  
 men who work—get rest and sports. In this country  
 the men who work—get more work. And the more  
 they work the more the boss rests . . . and the more  
 he plays golf.

A COUPLE of weeks ago we spoke of the way Negro  
 athletes were Jim-Crowed at college. Now Ray  
 Vaughn of the Colgate team reports he was kept out  
 of the game against Pittsburgh because of a protest  
 made by that team against his presence in the game.  
 He reports also that the manager received a letter from  
 the Navy officials prohibiting his playing against  
 them. He had played every game on the Colgate  
 schedule previous to these games.

Further evidence of race-prejudice in American col-  
 leges bobbed up in the Chicago-Penn game. Coach  
 Stagg of Chicago sent in Fouche, a colored line-man.  
 Here's the result as a newspaper viciously reports it:  
 "Few persons in the stands knew that Chicago sent in  
 a colored substitute lineman near the end of the game.  
 As it happened, Ed Fonde, of Mobile, was paired against  
 him. Thayer tried to tell the Southerner his opponent  
 was a Jap. To prevent trouble the Penn coaches called  
 on Miller to relieve Fonde."

The Negro athlete sure gets a dirty deal at college.  
 These huge "foot-ball stadiums with class rooms around  
 them" where race-prejudice is rife, are misleadingly  
 called "centers of education."

There are many Workers Sports Clubs throuth the  
 country. We will be glad to give notice of their ac-  
 tivities if you will send the information to the Maga-  
 zine Section for the Sports.

*The Bug*

## When the Czar Listened

(To the Ninth Anniversary of the Russian  
 Revolution)

By JIM WATERS

Listen!  
 Listen listen!  
 I hear something;  
 Do you hear it?  
 Something walking;  
 Do you feel it?  
 How it vibrates  
 When its heel and toe  
 Make contact with the earth.  
 It is something, something walking,  
 And its strides are long and heavy.  
 I hear something,  
 Something walking.

Listen!  
 Listen, Listen!  
 I hear voices;  
 Do you hear them?  
 Voices chanting;  
 Do you feel them?  
 There are husky voices chanting  
 In a solemn monotone;  
 And the rumble of their voices  
 Sounds like distant thunder,  
 Distant thunder and a storm.  
 I hear voices,  
 Voices chanting.

Listen!  
 Listen, listen!  
 It is coming:  
 Do you hear it?  
 Coming towards us;  
 Do you feel it?  
 For its heavy boot bites deeper in the earth;  
 And the thunder of the voices,  
 Interspersed with bitter laughter,  
 Knifes the silence with the lightning  
 Of impending storm.  
 It is coming,  
 Coming towards us.

Listen!  
 Listen, listen!  
 They are reading; reading;  
 Do you hear them?  
 Proclamations;  
 Understand them?  
 They are reading proclamations  
 That banish us from earth.  
 It's the revolutionary workers  
 Seizing power of the nation  
 For their red flags flood the city  
 In a scarlet flame.  
 They are reading proclamations  
 That banish us from earth.

## Alexander Blok

(Concluded from page 4.)  
 is no miracle, but a natural phenomenon. The  
 revolution is the mission of the "Scythians," the  
 Asiatics, who "Have held the armour shield be-  
 tween two hostile races, that of the Mongols and  
 of Europe." For generations, these Scythians  
 have been mocked and oppressed. Then came the  
 hour of reckoning and the Russian sphynx look-  
 ed around with "hatred and love," a glance which  
 stirred the old world to its foundations. It be-  
 came terror-stricken at the sound of the barbaric  
 lyre," which sends forth a summons to the frat-  
 ernal banquet of work and peace. A struggle be-

gan, a struggle for life and death, and all nature  
 echoes with its music, the music of hatred and  
 love, of destruction and creation.

Many have heard this music, but Alexander  
 Blok was the first to introduce its notes into  
 literature, the literature of Russia and of the  
 world.

"The Twelve" and "Scythians" are not a turn-  
 ing point in Blok's creative activity, but merely  
 a further phase in his development. They are  
 the most forceful expression of Blok's vision of  
 Russia as the heart of a new world culture, and  
 in the expression of this vision he became the  
 poet of destruction and creation.



# Conditions of Youth in Soviet Russia

By JOHN WILLIAMSON.

BECAUSE of the giant strides forward in all political and economic life of the Soviet Union many of the so-called lesser accomplishments are left in the background and only those dominant and determining factors presented to the workers of the capitalist world. One of these problems is the conditions of youth labor and the attitude adopted towards this problem.

The Soviet authorities, in tackling this problem, recognize the youth not as a means of increased exploitation, but as a reserve force of the skilled workers for reconstruction. The problem is that of socialist reorganization of youth labor. Thus we cannot just examine the working conditions, but must also consider the cultural and physical wellbeing of the young workers.

In the Soviet Union there is no child labor. All children attend school until 14 years. From 14 to 16 years a vocational system of training is in use—four hours in the workshop and four hours in the work-school, with pay for eight hours.

The Soviets and the trade unions consider and enforce the necessary measures for the protection of the youth. For instance, we find in 1922 that the ratio of apprentices in various industries are set; for instance, metal 8 per cent, textile 7 per cent, poly-graphic 13 per cent, etc.

Every union agreement stipulates the wages, conditions and number of schools that must be provided for the young workers. The total number of apprentices is ever on the upgrade. In October, 1922, there were 168,900 apprentices, while one year later this had increased to 179,600. In the railroad industry we find an increase from 16,311 young workers in 1922 to 23,002 in 1925.

## Hours of Labor.

Here, the American young worker will receive the greatest surprise. In Soviet Russia—that "terrible land" of the Bolsheviks—the great majority of Russian youth works six hours or less per day. Examine the following table:

Working Day	Capitalist	
	U.S.S.R.	Russia
4 hours and under....	29.9	0.0
5 " " " " " " " "	1.4	0.0
5 " " " " " " " "	57.0	0.0
7 " " " " " " " "	1.8	3.4
8 " " " " " " " "	9.6	14.3
9 " " " " " " " "	0.3	26.0
10 " " " " " " " "	0.0	30.4
11 " " " " " " " "	0.0	14.0
12 hours and more.....	0.0	11.3

The general average number of hours of labor in 1913 was 10 hours, as compared to 5½ hours in 1922. Here we find a striking comparison between Communist Russia and capitalist America.

Because of the collapse of the industrial life of Russia in 1919 and 1920 as a result of the civil war, blockade, famine and the general offensive of all capitalist countries, the struggle to increase the rate of wages has been a difficult one and only today can we see that the average wage is equal to 1913. In the individual industries are far above that. This condition naturally found its reflection in the wages of youth labor also. However, we must always keep in mind the many special privileges accorded the workers. The following figures show an unbroken increase, something America cannot show:

Industry	Oct. 1922	Dec. 1923	Jan. 1924	Nov. 1924
Average all.....	7.76	13.30	14.70	19.02
Metal .....	8.95	12.60	15.27	16.97
Textile .....	7.60	15.33	16.45	18.92
Mining .....	11.52	10.51	12.00	14.12
Provision .....	13.55	21.15	22.18	23.30

(The above figures in rubles.)

These figures only apply to the pupils in the workshop school, which means up to 18 years of age. They, as a rule, are in the second or third category, while young workers older are in the fourth category and up, which means higher wages.

There is no discrimination because of sex. Wages are based on the set rates.

Annually all young workers get a month's vacation on pay and those working on furnaces (railroad), etc., get six weeks' vacation with pay. All medical treatment and health resorts, as sanitariums, are enjoyed free, and while sick full wages are received.

Special labor inspectors with assistants (these latter solely from ranks of young workers) exercise the strictest control to see that the working conditions of the youth are in accordance with Soviet law.

## Schools.

In 1924 there were 73,000 apprentices in the technical schools, or 50 per cent of all the apprentices in the Soviet Union. Schools are being established in every industry as rapidly as the national economy will allow.

For instance, in 1924 in the metal industry, 52 per cent of all apprentices (which comprised 14,000) are distributed in 168 schools. There were only 55 schools with 3,450 attendants in 1922. Today the percentage is near 100.

Look at the following table regarding new workshop schools established:

Prior to	1921	1921	1922	1924
	22	40	106	10



These schools are training the youth for useful work in society, as well as giving them a thorough political education.

## Cultural.

The leisure time of the young worker is occupied in the varied cultural activities. Predominant among these are the youth clubs of the Y. C. L. and the general clubs of the trade unions.

Special political, reading, radio, dramatic and physical culture circles are organized. The youth comprises 50 per cent of the membership of all the clubs.

## Activity in Union.

Because of the correct approach by the Soviets and trade unions and their recognition and encouragement to the young worker, we find this same union very active in the local unions as well as in the Communist Youth League. Representatives of the youth are on all leading committees, both of the trade union executive and the school governing bodies and the higher educational authorities.

## Young Communist League.

While it is true that the Soviets look upon the youth from a different angle than is done in capitalist society, there is nevertheless a driving force which watches closely the activities of the young workers and is ever alert to defend and advance their interests. That force is the Young Communist League, which today numbers 1,800,000. Enrolled in its ranks is the majority of the industrial youth.

The Y. C. L. is thus the real representative of the working and peasant youth. These interests are closely guarded, as one can see by the following facts: On the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, the executive of the Y. C. L. has five members. On the central committee of the trade

# The Russian Revolution and the Communist International

By MAX BEDACHT.

THE poison of reformism had permeated for years the body of the Second International. But few had realized the extent of the damage. Outwardly it was still the colossus of the internationally organized forces of the proletarian revolution. Even the outwardly splendid demonstrations of the Stuttgart Congress of 1907, the Copenhagen Congress of 1911 and the Basle anti-Balkan War Congress of 1912, lacked an inner unity of determination and action, yet the outward splendor of the occasion lulled even the pessimist into great revolutionary hope.

Only a small group of Marxists realized the extent of the danger. The Russian Bolsheviks, under the leadership of Lenin, sounded the alarm. In the name of that group spoke Comrade Luxemburg in the anti-war committee in Stuttgart and pointed out that all resolutions without preparation for action are empty and hollow manifestos. The international, so these Bolsheviks argued, cannot expect to do anything along the line of turning an imperialist war into a proletarian revolution

turns the friend over to the enemy. His very friendship is a manifestation of his treachery. But the more successful the guise of friendship the more effective will be the surprise of the treachery. And the treachery of the Second International surely surprised the masses. This surprise paralyzed whatever power of resistance there still was against the imperialist capitalist enemy.

Here the indispensability of revolutionary leadership became apparent. Lack of revolutionary leadership negated all the latent revolutionary spirit of the masses. Without the initiative and direction of a revolutionary leadership the revolutionary spirit of the masses exhausts itself in impotent rage.

The individual leaders in the different countries who remained true to their colors were left without national and international organizational connection between themselves and with the masses. To gather up these forces, to build a new revolutionary army, to organize a new revolutionary general staff, became the need of the hour.

Here the Russian revolution acted as the motive force to hasten this process of revolutionary reorganization. In the turmoil of the treachery and collapse of the Second International one unit remained compact: the Bolshevik Party of Russia. That party, under Lenin's guidance, had long fought and unmasked the social patriots. For the Bolsheviks the treachery of the Second International on the cause of the proletariat was only the final consequence of the theoretical treachery of that gentry on the teachings of Marx.

With the collapse of the Second International Lenin raised the slogan of the Third, the Communist International. Consistently he fought against the revival of the corpse of the old international. The petty bourgeois centrists who, in Zimmerwald and Kienthal, wanted to pass off their feeble pacifist repugnance to war as a genuine desire for a revolutionary war against capitalism, Lenin nailed to the pillory of his clear revolutionary logic.

Lenin triumphed. His party became the initiator and leader of the first successful fight against capitalism. Lenin and his Bolshevik Party became the father of the victory of the Russian proletariat. And that victory, the November revolution, became the father of the Communist International.

The victory in Russia at once raised the hopes of the revolutionary groups in all countries of the world, and showed the value of a revolutionary general staff. It became an experience to be cherished. It became an example to be copied.

Thus the victory of the Russian proletariat in its revolution of November, 1917, bore the immediate fruit of the foundation of the Communist International in March, 1919. The victory of the Russian proletariat in its revolution of November, 1917, gave birth to the Communist International which will be the leader of the workers of the world in its struggle with and final victory over capitalism of the world.

## THE TRACTOR

(Concluded from Page 5.)

furrow. Working the tractor day and night the peasants of the collective get in all their grain.

This is a true story of the Russian steppes. The Russian peasant is facing a difficult task, making a jump from primitive wooden implements to the modern gigantic, efficient tractors, replacing an entire system of agriculture, entering a sphere he has never touched before. With the help of the Soviet government, by means of untiring effort, the poor peasants, through their collectives are winning success. Today where the poor peasant struggled with his tractor is a rolling sea of green. The wheat is greener, stronger, more plentiful, and the harvest will be bigger than if the grain had been ploughed by "bicks."



# A True Story of the A. F. of L. Convention

THE resolution on the automobile industry as introduced by O'Connell resolved, "that the officers of the American Federation of Labor are hereby authorized and instructed to inaugurate a general organizing campaign in the automobile industry at the earliest possible date and that the president of the A. F. of L. call a conference of the officers of all national or international organizations for the purpose of working out the details so that questions of jurisdiction may for the time being be eliminated to the end that all employed in the automobile industry may be brought into membership in the A. F. of L."

The committee permitted the last part of the resolve to stand. But it changed the first part so as to leave the organization of the automobile workers to the discretion of Green.

"Resolved," it said in its altered form, "that the president of the American Federation of Labor call a conference of all national and international organizations interested in the automobile industry for the purpose of working out details to inaugurate a general organizing campaign among the workers of that industry . . ."

No one rose to protest against this clear-cut avoidance of the most conspicuous of all the tasks of the federation. Surrounded by the automobile plants of the Ford Motor Co., the General Motors Corp., the Hudson Motor Car Co., the Packard, the Cadillac, the Fisher Body Corp. and the others, the "official" representatives of the American labor movement passed a blind resolution. The propaganda of the American Plan autocrats whom Maj. Berry so eloquently called "hypocritical" was incomparably less hypocritical than this resolve. O'Connell spoke on the resolution and his first sentence was almost slight-of-hand, in view of what the committee had done to his proposal.

"I rise to support the recommendation of the committee," he said, "and to occupy your time for a few minutes in calling your attention to the importance of the proposition."

Note how the second clause follows fast on the first, as if to color it and disguise it. Is it the recommendation and the resolve that are important or does he mean the problem of organizing the automobile industry?

"The automobile industry is the third largest industry in the United States," he continued.

He described the industry and its lack of organization. And he concluded by saying, "No task confronting us in this country in organization is equal to the task I ask you to face in the organization of the automobile industry, and if we get the hearty support and the united co-operation of the international officers of the trades interested in this work, by the next convention we may be able to report to you that this problem has been at least penetrated to the extent of plans being made and work being done that will bring hope, happiness and prosperity to the millions of people employed in the industry."

What has become of the first militant suggestion which caused the board of directors of the Board of Commerce to sound the alarm of "another Herrin?"

Now you see it and now you don't. Maj. Berry himself in the printed proceedings is listed as absent from the afternoon session of Thursday, Oct. 7, when the committee on resolutions reported. T. W. McCullough, delegate of the International Typographical Union, rose to say among other vague things that he agreed with Andrew Furuseth, of the International Seamen's Union of America, that, "this system they employ here in Detroit is destroying whatever there is of God in man by destroying the creative faculty."

The resolution as re-written by the committee was passed unanimously. The proposed organization of the automobile workers died thus on first base. It died, in fact, in a visit which about 200 of the delegates paid to the Highland Park plant of the Ford Motor Co. on the following Saturday afternoon. This was one of the regula-



Moscow, Kremlin, Headquarters of the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

tion visits in which institutionalized, Fordized guides conduct squads of visitors at regular periods through the least depressing departments of the huge flivver mill. Green and Frank Morrison, bureaucratic secretary of the A. F. of L., were among those who went through. But neither Ford nor any of his executive welcomed the distinguished visitors. This was another one of those Detroit snubs, to which references were made by the humiliated delegates at almost every session of the 10-day convention. This visit to the closed shop of the Ford Motor Co. was the last mark of attention paid to the automobile industry by the American Federation of Labor in its 1926 convention.

THE appeal for financial and moral aid for the textile strikers in the Passaic district gave the convention temporarily a decisive working class character. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, was imported by Thomas F. McMahon, president of the United Textile Workers, to rouse the jaded delegates to a sense of their responsibility. In his speech for the strikers Dr. Wise told the convention it was its duty to organize "from top to bottom" the entire textile industry, employing 750,000 men, women and children, of whom the ranks of the Passaic strikers, he said, were a symbol. The following day the convention voted immediate aid and took up a collection on the floor. McMahon was not present at the convention on either day, though he was in charge of the U. T. W. delegation. He left the floor work of Sara A. Conboy. When Delegates Max S. Hayes, of the Typographical Union, Christian M. Madsen of the painters, James C. Shanessy of the barbers and Joseph N. Weber of the musicians spoke in favor of speeding up the relief as an emergency measure, Woll, secretary of the resolutions committee, tried to sidetrack the rush of sympathy and put the convention back to sleep by insisting the relief question was routine business.

"Your committee was acting upon the resolutions and information that came to the committee," Woll said impatiently. "The committee was not advised of the statements and of the personal note sent through Delegate Max Hayes. We are acting upon an appeal presented by a duly accredited international union representing these striking textile workers and by no other agency. What the committee recommends is what the international union desires."

The personal note to which Woll referred was given to Hayes by Alfred Wagenknecht, general secretary of the Passaic Relief Committee. Sitting at the same table with Mrs. Conboy and the other U. T. W. delegates near the rear of the hall that forenoon was Ellen Dawson, secretary of the relief committee of Passaic, herself one of the strikers. Mrs. Conboy decided to speak once more, inasmuch as Passaic had become a U. T. W. strike, through acquisition after eight months of struggle.

"At the time the resolution was presented to the committee we had no knowledge of the extreme need that exists in Passaic," she rose to say:

"The financial secretary of that organization is seated at this table, sent here by the Passaic strikers in order to try to secure immediate relief. I have been informed by her that the store keepers have refused further credit and that the money in the treasury is exhausted. While I agree with and will support the committee, it is the purpose of the officers of the United Textile Workers to get together some money immediately to relieve the distress existing there."

She did not attempt to obtain the privilege of the floor for Miss Dawson.

Green called a conference of international officers for that day to lay plans for immediate relief and it was said afterwards that within three weeks a total of about \$25,000 would be in the hands of the relief committee, in the form of donations or loans of varying amounts. By agreement it was decided that the same conference would raise an equal amount for the striking International Ladies' Garment Workers in New York.

In spite of the pledges of relief, a general reluctance was conspicuous except for the responses of a handful of delegates. This was the high point of the convention.

ON the same unhappy day on which the convention scuttled the resolution on organizing the auto workers, Sherwood Eddy, of the national directorate of the Y. M. C. A., found his Christian way to the convention platform. Green apparently believed that by giving this national "Y" officer the platform he would shame the hard-hearted Hannahs of the local "Y." by seeming to set an example of free speech. Eddy discussed the findings of a commission of professional and business men and statisticians with whom he recently toured Europe and Russia. Dealing almost entirely with Russia, the body and conclusion of his speech was an impassioned appeal to the convention to go and do likewise. The old guard in the convention apparently demanded of Green after the recess that he explain why he surrendered the platform for such a sacrilegious purpose as the advocacy of an A. F. of L. mission to the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. For Green knew that at that very time the committee on resolutions was organizing its annual tirade against the U. S. S. R., the Workers' (Communist) Party, the Trade Union Educational League, the Communist International and the Red International of Labor Unions, which was to be screamed forth by the American eagles of the convention when the cloth hat and capmakers' resolution for the recognition of Russia was reported out. This eagles' chorus was to be the climax of the convention, with John L. Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, Matthew Woll and James Wilson, vice-president, and President Green taking the leading solo parts. The report of the committee, moreover, was to include an incisive recommendation that an A. F.

of L. mission to the U. S. S. R. was unnecessary, unthinkable and un-American. Green extricated himself by making public a statement that Eddy betrayed him in mentioning Russia in his speech. Eddy by that time had left Detroit for New York. His only defense came from an accidental witness, a member of Green's own union, the United Mine Workers of America, who overheard the verbal agreement between Green and Eddy just prior to the address. The witness said Eddy was asked merely to avoid discussing the recognition of the Soviet government by the United States government, a controversial subject which must be avoided because it was to come formally before the convention in the form of a resolution later.

Stronger and stronger attacks against Eddy were subsequently made by Green and other delegates. He was charged by one delegate with "prostituting the privileges of the floor." And ultimately even the Eddy episode came to be thought of as one more example of the boorish manners of open shop Detroit.

And on the eight day, as the phrase goes in Genesis, Green delivered himself of the following charge of moral turpitude and backwoods discourtesy:

"Mr. Eddy came here the other day. Why came he here? Someone inadvertently said he was invited here. Who invited him here? Why came he here asking for this platform (the oratorical inversions of structure indicate the emotional pitch to which Green had roused himself)? And why, when he came, did he abuse the privileges granted him, the privileges of this floor? There seems to be something in the atmosphere of Detroit that causes some people to forget the rules of common decency and common courtesy."

If this account of an important event appears in places to be somewhat satirical, it is nevertheless not more satirical than the facts are bitterly ironic. But beyond the irony and the ogromy and the bombast of those ten days that did not shake the world is the further fact that such tactics can not prevail much longer. It was an American Plan convention. Before long the rank and file workers with a new class conscious leadership are going to organize the trade union business itself.

As for the impolite American Plan employers of the rudely open shop city of Detroit, they were glad to see the delegates depart. And the delegates were just as glad to go, Green's declaration notwithstanding. Their feelings were hurt and they did not know what to do.

## A Scab's Tragedy.

(By Art Shields, Federated Press)

"Biddie" Flanagan used to be one of the most popular fellows in Sagamore—before the strike against the Buffalo & Susquehanna Coal Co. that began a year ago. He was a motorman in the mines; a member of many fraternal societies—a jolly "cut up" and the life of a party. He had a fund of good stories and humorous ways that won the hearts of everyone.

But "Biddie" Flanagan left down during the strike and something happened to him while he was away that no one can understand. He came back to Sagamore as a scab in the B. & S. mines.

His popularity turned to a chunk of ice. His old lodge mates and fellow workers turned their backs on him as he passed the picket line. In the fraternal societies folks shut up as he approached. His jokes fell flat on a silent audience.

"Biddie's" sun was set. He took to drink. And then, the other day swallowed a dose of poison and passed out.

There were no union pallbearers at his funeral.







# Women in Soviet Russia

By L. S. Sosnowski.

It was Nekrasov, in his excellent poem — "Russian Women" — who sang about two princesses whose entire virtue consisted in the fact that they followed their husbands in exile to Siberia. And how many generations of youth grew enthusiastic out of pure emotion and perhaps with tears for this story of the deeds of the two Russian women. But no one directed at Nekrasov the reproachful question: And were all women of that time and of that circle like these?

I want to tell about Russian women of another time and of another sphere. My heroines do not even know that they are heroines.

Let us begin with the name of my heroine. She is not a princess, no Wolkonskaja. A peasant woman of the government of Rjasan—Anna Agapkina. You understand: no Agapova, but simply an Agapkina. The surname itself reveals her low origin. For the serfs of the prince (even if it was the enlightened and humane prince and Decembrist, Wolkonski) were not called Agap, but simply Agapka. And the children were just Agapka's children.

What then is the achievement of Anna Agapkina and what has given her the right to public attention? She is the editor of a magazine, "The Resurrected Wanderer."

Dear reader, have you never seen a copy of this magazine? Perhaps you have not even heard of it? That would be unfortunate. . . . This magazine pursues a far-reaching program and is profusely illustrated.

Where is it published? And by whom?

It is published in the village of Sseitovo, government Rjasan (post office of the village Bolushevyy Potchinski) "by a village literary circle"—so an article by the editor tells us. The actual editor, however, is Anna Agapkina, peasant woman of the village of Sseitovo.

She writes: ". . . I often think it is the cry of the longing soul, the blade of straw of the remote and gloomy village sinking into the darkness. The people are yearning to come out of the darkness. . . ."

In Sseitovo there are no printshops and no typewriters. Semi-illiterate peasants, men and women (Village Literary Circle), hand in their creations to the editor and the latter writes them into the notebook during sleepless nights. And when the magazine is ready, it is sent out, then it wanders from village to village. Hence it is also called "The Resurrected Wanderer." On the cover one sees a more than naive, child-like drawing: a girl accompanies a lad. Then follows a poem:

"Dear friend, escort of sleepless nights. . . . Grey wolves you will meet more often on the road. We shall not hear your cry for help. But do not grieve over your gruesome fate; In the summer, when the work is done, Then you arise to new life again. Then a new "wanderer" will travel the old roads."

How the journal arose, we learn from the article "The Resurrection" (also by the same Agapkina).

"Like stammering children. At the beginning we had much that was quite disconnected and without content. In

spite of that however, we felt ourselves happy when we gathered together and read our writings to one another. They appeared marvelous to us, better than anything in the world. "On this evening we experienced a resurrection; some thing inconceivable, new, bright arose in us. Only few among us could find their way in the sphere of literature. Interest burned in all faces and the hearts beneath the thick husks strived to grasp this hitherto foreign activity. Our conversations and criticisms often extend far into the night."

The editors of the journal treat contributors in their own manner:

"We lack the heart to tell anyone that his work is no good. One must be a hard, blind being not to see the shyness and excitement with which the author reads his work. And if one says to him: 'That's fine, keep on writing, we will copy it all and include it in the magazine,' then many rejoice and are over-happy that they too are writers. They often bring us oddly looking shreds of paper: on one little piece of paper one recognizes with difficulty a little house or something like it. Embarrassed, with secret procedure, they show me these drawings. We have decided that in such cases it is not necessary to reflect very long—everything is pasted together, bound and given as a premium with our journal. We did not know how to act otherwise, and we therefore beg you comrades, to judge our work with benevolence. It is not easy to be active in the village in this manner. One has to be satisfied with little. It is so dark in the village

We shall talk later of the magazine. Anna Agapkina is not satisfied with merely editing the "Resurrected Wanderer."

Besides that she also conducts a reading room and indeed according to her own plan: "One day in the week the reading room is given over to the younger school children; another—to the older and half-grown children; a third—to the youth. The other days—to the adults. Then the issuing of books and collective reading also takes place."

Since all state publishing houses are very far away and cannot be reached, Anna Agapkina wrote her own revolutionary fairy tales for the small children. Since 1920 she has ventured to publish a children's journal together with the children.

But we must not forget that in addition, also her farm work, her family cares weigh upon her. And the difficulties of village life! Around her it is dark. Half of the village consists of former metropolitan waiters whom the revolution had driven to the village. The other half consists of former porters and similar people. Embittered, long unaccustomed to the heavy farm work, longing for tea tray and napkin, miserable, degraded, but nevertheless wishing for the lost restaurant paradise—these people have little sense for literary endeavors.

In this heavy atmosphere, Comrade Agapkina performs her cultural deed. She has been a member of the party since 1917. For some years she breathed the Petersburg air. In the beginning in a leather factory, then as a street-car conductor, the famine of 1918 drives her back to the village. Purely political work does not interest her. Only the cultural moment is

able to grip her.

Just read the journal three-fourths of which is filled by her. Here an essay on the great significance of literature, poetry and art. There she speaks of searching into the sphere of her native home and its cultural history. Anna Agapkina convinces everybody of the necessity of collecting monuments of antiquity, literary as well as non-literary.

"Let us take for example the very old marriage custom. The bride weeps and wails: 'You, my free life, my youth, whither are you going? How shall I live among strange people, how shall I serve them . . . ?' These words contain a deep meaning: In them lies hidden the weak revolt against the fearful slavery of the Russian woman. And when we martyrs of the former slavery, will have died, then will such a museum tell posterity how we lived and suffered. Future generations will know how the mother-in-law tortured us, how the drunken husband gruesomely beat us. . . . In a word, a lot can be written down concerning the old life."

The fate of woman occupies her very much. Here are her thoughts expressed in a poem:

"You slave, most unhappy of all slaves,  
For the first time you have heard the call! . . .  
You have become free, sister!  
Who could feel your hopeless fate,  
late sufferings,  
You could feel your hopeless fate,  
Your hard woman's fate?"

Also in her prose, Anna Agapkina speaks with the peasant woman in an especially tender and cordial manner. With warm participation, she gives her advice as to what is to be done when the family life is broken up—she calls her to public service. All this comes rather from the heart

than from the understanding.

She writes the following concerning the reading rooms and says very well: "The mill, the reception room of the doctor, the waiting room of the landing place—all these places must be transformed into reading rooms. Life itself creates natural reading halls here. Everything else only calls forth restlessness and boredom."

People's health—who knows anything about it in a Russian village? Our editor devotes a special article in her journal to the question of hygiene, to the necessity of learning the life of one's body.

Former waiters and porters are bad farmers. Anna Agapkina writes an article on farming. She had taken farming courses. And she must show that "the cultivation of vegetables is very lucrative and the vegetables very nutritious. But only few of us possess these easily accessible things in sufficient quantity."

Painfully she cries out: Inability to live and to understand the meaning of life is manifested everywhere.

"We must not be shocked by the darkness that dominates us; we must exert ourselves in order to illuminate it."

Anna Agapkina preaches the protection of forests, the necessity of forest economy, the laying out of gardens, the erecting of brick-kilns:

"We need not suffer want any more, and go begging, tears in our eyes, for bricks for the oven, or a crumbling chimney."

That is the resolution of the community meeting in a village which had decided to build a brick kiln after a lecture by Comrade Agapkina.

Thus in a dark gloomy village, in a struggle against century old ignorance and the idiosyncrasy of village life, there works a sensitive soul, a lyrical poetess, a young Communist peasant.

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No. 24

HEY CHICAGO!

In Chicago, tonight, the Vanguard Group of the Young Pioneers are celebrating. Holy Cats—what a swell affair! It's called the Red Revel and everything is prepared by the Pioneers: the fun, the food, the dancing 'n' everything. The fun starts at 8 p. m. and the place is 2733 Hirsch Blvd.

Didya ever see the new dance called the "Red Ramble?" All the big and little Reds will be doing it! Be sure to come over tonight.

EXTRA

The next issue of the TINY WORKER is a special GRAND RAPIDS issue. The Pioneers of this town sent Johnny Red a bunch of news, poems, stories, and everything. Oh, Boy—wait till you see it!

HEY WHAT CITY WILL BE NEXT?



A POSTER FROM RUSSIA.

Isn't it a dandy? The line on top reads: "Woman Become Literate!" The lines at the bottom read: "Oh, Mama! If you were literate you'd be able to help me!" This is the way the Tiny Reds in Russia learn how to read and write and they help their mothers to learn. A workers' government wants everybody educated. Isn't this poster a beauty? Clip it out and paste it in one of your school books!

Tiny Worker Will Go to Russia!

On the ninth birthday of the Russian Revolution the TINY WORKER and all American Tiny Workers and Pioneers send happy greetings to all Russian Tiny Reds. The children of Russia are learning, and growing healthy bodies to become better fighters for the working class all over the world.

The Young Pioneers of America and all Tiny Workers will help to fight for a workers' government here.

GREETINGS TINY WORKERS OF RUSSIA!

On your ninth birthday we make the Young Pioneers of Russia honorary editors of this issue.

We will send copies of this issue of the TINY WORKER to all groups of Russian Children.



# TWO LETTERS—A Story - By Moissaye J. Olgin

THE following two letters were simultaneously received at an address in Moscow, one from Smolensk, the other from Novgorod. They read as follows:

## Letter No. 1.

Dear Alexander:

I am writing this letter to you to avoid a personal and painful explanation. It may be cowardly on my part, but this will be the last act of cowardliness you shall have a chance to blame me for. I have decided to part ways with you. I will not return to what we euphemistically termed our home. Please do not think that my affection for you has decreased. I am fonder of you than ever; in fact, after two years of sharing our lives I appreciate your qualities with a clear and frank understanding. If it is any comfort to you, I will say that I like you very much, Alexander. And please don't think that I am going away from you with a light heart. It simply could not go on any longer. I think we were mismatched from the very start.

Was it practical considerations that drew me to you originally, as you seemed to have intimated more than once? In honesty, I cannot say that. It is true that I was destitute, despairing, unable to earn a living. I was not alone in this plight. There were hundreds of thousands of us starving, physically and spiritually, in those ominous years. Collective suffering was easier to bear, no matter what you may say about the absence of collectivist feelings on my part. No, it was not the case of an "offspring of the bourgeoisie" clinging to a "powerful commissar." It was not as simple as that, believe me. I wish I were as simple as the inanity of your comrades-in-thought presumes us to be. No, it was something strong and beautiful, something that made me dizzy. It was your strength, that masterful assurance with which you and your like bestrode the conquered and half-devastated but by no means pacified territory. That was your irresistible attraction in my eyes. You have been blaming me for having romantic ideas. Yes, I was brought up to seek romance in life. Romance, in my imagination, was never dissociated from a hero, a man. Here you came, fearless, heedless, seemingly impervious to pain or pleasure, a god of revenge, a furious spirit of the revolution, an elemental force that wrecks havoc on peoples and lands, rushing to its destination which may not be known to any living man. I, a daughter of the class that was crushed under your feet, saw a fierce beauty in your onward march. I was captivated by you the very first day you appeared in our town, the our meeting took place much later. Do you remember that day when you rode into the main street of the town at the head of your Red cavalry division? You seemed to be towering above the rest of your comrades, you made a sweeping gesture embracing the whole town, and I was thrilled by the metallic sound of your voice when you warned the crowds of inhabitants that acts of resistance would be suppressed with all the austerity of revolutionary law. It seemed to me that one of the legendary bogatyri had resurrected an Ilya Murometz in a mail coat on a fiery horse, trampling over our land. Did not your starred helmet resemble that of our legendary heroes?

The very manner in which you took my love was a source of delight for me. Where the well-bred men of our class would have spent weeks in conversing, alluding, approaching, flirting, wooing, proposing, you smashed right thru, bear-like: "Do you like me? Do you want to marry me? All right." I saw in this a manifestation of superhuman strength. I was sentimental enough to say to myself that a class whose representatives were able to go after a thing they desired in such a direct and supremely frank manner was destined to rule the earth. You see, Sasha, I was not always "hedged in within the walls of bourgeois psychology," as you often said. Why, I was worshipping at the shrine of the class that produced a man like you.

Have I become disappointed in you? I cannot say that. Here I am ap-

proaching the most difficult part of my task because there are things you will never be able to understand. "Subtleties" you called them disdainfully. Yes, dear, your freedom from subtleties made my life with you intolerable. What is there in clean hands? I know you recognize the dicta of hygiene; after long maneuvering I succeeded in making you wash your hands before a meal. That was hygiene; but I never could persuade you to wash your hands before going to bed. "Why, I just washed them before supper," you used to say in frank amazement, refusing to be caught in the meshes of what you called "bourgeois squeamishness." You were right from your standpoint. But this trifle was only a symbol. You didn't understand the finer things in life. Whatever was beyond your he-

to a higher level of intelligence, to the realization of a common spiritual goal.

I see a sardonic smile playing on your lips as you read these last sentences. In my opinion, it is a smile of ignorance. Dear friend, you are ignorant and conceited, tho you have read many books on sociology and economics, and tho you never take a step without the decision of the higher bodies. You are ignorant of the higher things in life, and you have not humbly enough to acknowledge this very obvious truth.

The absence of humility . . . This is perhaps the key to the understanding of our discord. You were trampling over a field it took generations to cultivate. You destroyed in gay spirits, you tried to build with sheer recklessness. I could not stand the way you were unconcerned. "Nothing like

the waters of pure sensuous enjoyment which at the same time is of the highest spiritual quality, you sat like a censor called to judge the social content of the plot. Whenever the play ill-fitted your sociological conceptions you cursed under your breath. It was not "proletarian" enough for you. May I divulge a secret now? Theater-going with you was a source of continuous irritation. I have never spent one evening at your side without pain.

What was more trying. I could not complain. You would not allow what you called "scenes." You overwhelmed me with good humor, with words of endearment, as if I were a child. You made up your mind once and for all that my objections were emanating from an inferior order of intelligence. You hardly noticed my pain. I don't blame you; public life absorbed all your faculties and attention.

There was something else. You never craved for beauty in your immediate environment. You could afford to have beautiful, artistic things in your rooms. We must surround ourselves with objects of beauty; we must let them influence us consciously and subconsciously, if we want to retain the freshness of our souls. You, in your position, could have had beautiful fabrics, inspiring paintings, a hundred and one lovely objects which it is a joy to behold or touch. You insisted on making our home as dull and commonplace as that of any day laborer. You called this simplicity. It was hideous, Sasha, hideous!

It would not have been so humiliating had I not known that for the public, for the "proletariat," you do cherish the ideas of beauty. It took my breath away to hear you discuss with Solovyov all the details of decorating the club. Confound it, you had inventiveness, you exhibited extraordinary sensitiveness to color schemes and artistic effects. You gave yourself to your club; you refused to give one-hundredth of your attention to the building up of our own home, our little private world.

I am humiliated, Sasha, humiliated beyond words. I am fond of you. I like to hear your gay laughter. I love to watch your white teeth glistening under lips parted in a smile. But I feel a peculiar estrangement which grows with time. I will confess, I have met some of my own standing. In contact with them, I realize more than ever what strangers we are, you and I. It took me a long time to decide on this step. It hurt me to know that you did not even notice my sufferings and despair. You lived serenely in a world away from my own. I do not believe you will miss me much. After all, I am only an "offspring of the bourgeoisie."

Be happy, Alexander, and if you can, retain a thankful memory of the things I have tried to give to you. So shall I.

Good-bye.

Yours,  
Maria.

(Letter No. 2 will appear next week.)

## TO A PIONEER

See, child . . . ?  
sweet, brave little one,  
—that valley there  
where the men and the women,  
the lads and girls,  
move hand in hand, looking forward  
and above?

And every while another falls  
as they march up the slopes of the  
mountain;  
and see, child of mine,  
how the flag is thrown  
from thin eager hands to hands  
more powerful and young?  
—how the flag is slowly relayed  
to the summit?

Go then, my little comrade,  
into the struggle,  
for you are one of us;  
you are young blood  
to stir and hearten the falling ones.

We have need of you, Pioneer,  
My brave Pioneer kid!

—OSCAR RYAN.



roism, you rejected point-blank. How often and how persistently did I try to persuade you that your inability to appreciate the symbolist poets does not make them imbeciles or madmen. You scoffed at those highly refined, almost ethereal emotions which, in my judgment, are the highest achievements of human spiritual culture. It would not have hurt me so much if you understood what you rejected; that would have meant meeting me on the same level. What was exasperating was your repudiation of just those things which were beyond your conception. Talking to you in this field was like talking to a deaf-mute.

As time passed your very fearlessness began to be a drag upon me. I realized that you were carefree because you did not know many things. Let me be frank: I hated your self-confidence. Life was too straight in your conception. I never could reconcile myself to the fact that one drew his wisdom, his absolute and final guidance from one or two books. Why, those books became catechisms to you. You mocked at my "religious fantasies," but was it not religious fanaticism to take a couple of books written by mortal men as the final gospel?

You see, I could never talk freely to you. You magnificently waved away everything that did not fit into your scheme of thought or life. I therefore had little chance to make myself clear. You see, I find truth dispersed everywhere. History, to me, begins not from a certain revolutionary date, but from times immemorial. Humanity, in my judgment, is not the working class come to power, but all men and women groping thru generations

trying," was your beloved expression. "We learn by our mistakes." You almost made a fetish of mistakes. You expended colossal quantities of energy without equivalent returns. Even this waste was sublimated to the state of a virtue. You referred to the "inexhaustible energy of the working class." To me it was puerile, supercilious arrogance.

It would not have mattered had you kept your social affairs beyond the confines of the home. I would have made it my business to inquire as little as possible about your activities in your party, in your office, in your department, had you been willing to create something like the privacy of a home. There must be a line of demarcation drawn between social and private affairs. I wanted a home, a beautiful atmosphere, a nest full of loveliness, untouched by the hideous apparitions of the bigger events outside. You refused. You smashed thru the privacy of our home as a horse would scud thru the rarest flower beds. You were so filled with overflowing with your social activities that you spilt them everywhere, you flooded with them my house, our house, you spouted them at our meals, you took them with you into our bed. There was no escaping them. There was no other Sasha outside of his work.

I know you will not understand this. To you and yours absorption in public affairs may even be a virtue. But here is one little illustration: our evenings at the theater. Instead of enjoying the beauty of the acting, instead of allowing the aesthetic experience to enrapture the soul, instead of allowing yourself to be steeped in



*Among the new books*

Intellectual Vagabondage, By Floyd Dell. Doran, New York. \$1.00

FLOYD DELL is in a state of incipient arterio-sclerosis of the spirit. His book, "Intellectual Vagabondage," subtitled An Apology for the Intelligencia, contains no hint that its author was not so long ago the world's gayest and sauciest Bolshevik. In the old Masses-Liberator days Floyd Dell used to show us how to be happy the revolutionary. He was the liveliest, most sensitive, the most readable critic of his day. His criticisms used to move and exhilarate as tho they were so many poems. And come to think of it, they practically were poems. The best criticism is always essentially poetry. But the author of "Intellectual Vagabondage" is scarcely apt to write very poetic criticism. He is too old in spirit.

But if his revolutionary nerve is gone, the literary scholarship, the esthetic insight, the social sense are there as of yore. These qualities have made "Intellectual Vagabondage" worth reading despite the weariness of tone and tepidness of that that characterize the latter part of the book. The first part, entitled "Literature and the Machine Age" is swell. It is literary history of the sort you don't find in the textbooks. It aims not merely to recount what the famous figures of modern literature have written, but to explain why they have written as they have. And that means considering such matters as the literary influence of the reading public; why writers are important when they express what that reading public consciously or subconsciously feels and desires; and how economic conditions and great socio-economic cataclysms like revolutions and wars determine what the reading public and its chosen writers do feel and desire. "Literature and the Machine Age" is incisive, lucid and stimulating. It is well worth reading.

Part Two of "Intellectual Vagabondage" has something of these qualities of Part One. It purports to be "A Spiritual Autobiography of My Own Generation in its Literary and Social Aspects." And its comments on certain literary trends of our time are illuminating. It is particularly effective when Dell strips the futuristic esthetes, the Ivory-Towerites, the James Joycias of their pretentious and fine-spun intellectual mantles revealing them in all their fragile and pathetic nakedness.

But all too often one catches the gloomy overtones in the voice of the new and "mature" Floyd Dell. And while he throws his bright light on present literary currents, a stray beam flashing back now and then in reflection reveals him ensconced high and dry on the safe and comfortable rock of bourgeois conformity.

And yet, if the tale he tells of its intellectual experiences is sound, it is not so hard to understand why as a whole his generation has admittedly been a failure, and why Floyd Dell himself stands where he does. His "vagabonds" were a weak and self-centered tribe of romanticists, incredibly bookish. Life for them seems to have been a mere succession of literary fetishes. They worshipped at the feet of many idols tho they did not stop for long before any single one of them. Or, to vary the metaphor, the long and sinuous trail they took seems to have been strewn with volumes, so many stepping stones along which without soiling their toes the Vags flitted and hopped to wisdom and best-sellerites: Verne, Ingersoll, Omar Khayyam, Ibsen, Belamy, Karl Marx, Carpenter, Max Stirner, Kipling, Walt Whitman, George Moore, Henry James and, inevitably, Wells and Shaw.

Naturally, like true vagabonds, they paused along the way now and then for an hour or two of dalliance—some of them even evangelically took the trouble to expound for the benefit of the ladies the true feminist gospel. A few "rallied around the soap-box" eager to tally up the ballots that would vote dear, swollen old capitalism out of existence.

But what impresses this reviewer most is this fact that books seem to have been so decidedly the most important factor in the intellectual growth of Dell's literary generation. Books are important, of course. But profound understanding belongs only to them who can assimilate the lessons of life as well as the wisdom of the printed page.

To us of that still younger generation which was in its adolescence during the war and Russian revolution books did not mean so much. Life was our Great Mentor. Shaw, Wells, Omar Khayyam, and the rest—like Floyd Dell we discovered them too. But they provided the dessert not the meat of our intellectual nourishment. Mr. Britling wasn't a tithe as interesting to us as say Lloyd George or Karl Liebknecht. "Fannie's First Play" could scarcely hold our attention as well as the little mass play staged in and around Smolny Institute, Petrograd, by the Russian Communist Players headed by the great impresarios, Lenin and Trotsky. And a jug of wine and she beside me in the wilderness seemed very mild stuff with the boom almost in our very ears of Big Bertha dropping shells into Paris from placements seventy-five miles away. The eternal drama on the world-stage had mounted to stupendous climax showing humanity doubled up in vital, tragic agony—the birth-pangs, we hoped of a new age. In the circumstances "Bookes for to read" could not much "delight" us.

It never occurred to us to become vagabonds, intellectual or otherwise. We couldn't run away from the echoes of Europe's guns. And we certainly did not want to flee the inspiring strains that came floating out of Red

Russia—Young Russia Hall Victorious! The first great conquest of the world's dispossessed, the first government in history to fall from the hands of the insanely selfish, Mighty Ones into those of hard-fisted, keen-eyed idealists, Russia was then, as it still is, a source of inspiration to us who saw in the working class the great instrument of destiny to break down the old economic order and build the world anew.

But to the Intellectual Vagabonds the Russian revolution was a disappointment apparently because it failed to convert by some Red Magic the wreck of old Russia into a house for Men Like Gods. The revolution has, in fact, made a fetish of the Vagabonds' bugaboo, Duty. As Floyd Dell sees it, they failed as artists because they were derelict to their duty "to explain life in terms of the arts so as to make living more comprehensible and more enjoyable in its widest sense." Failing in this artistic duty, it is no wonder that they sundered at the prospect of infinitely more arduous revolutionary duties.

The world war gave the Intellectual Vagabonds intellectual shell-shock. Their liberal-radical movement, Dell further points out, is bankrupt. His literary generation—himself included, I take it—has left a record of "mere pain chagrin, disgust, cynicism, defeat and failure." This from the same Floyd Dell who used to cavort so gracefully, so brightly, so world-hopefully, in the columns of the old Masses and Liberator. Isn't it positively pathetic?

Yet he is not entirely without hope now. There is still the younger generation to be heard from. It may make over "the shattered social, political and economic ideals" inherited

from the Vagabonds. These up and coming youngsters may remake the world by beginning "to formulate and erect into socially accepted conventions and where possible into laws some healthy modern ideals of marriage, divorce and the relations of the sexes." My gosh! Won't that be grand? Wot a vision!

"It may not be difficult for them," he goes on, referring to the rising generation of artists, "to find the political terms upon which they can accept, serve, and use a machine civilization." Join the Republican Party and the Author's Club, I suppose. If not, then what?

Once Floyd Dell himself made the discovery that only in and thru the revolutionary labor movement is it possible to "accept, serve, and use a machine civilization." That discovery seems to mean little to him now. It does not occur to him that some, at least, of the rising generation of intellectuals and artists, as well as workers, will make that same discovery, as he himself made it; as the youthful Shaw made it fifty years ago, as old Bishop Brown made it only yesterday; as John Reed made it; as Lenin made it; as Mike Gold, Albert Weisbord and unnumbered millions the world over have made it.

That discovery means courage, power and insight for the artist. Out of touch with the vital social and economic currents, the artist's work is apt to be tenuous, timid, ephemeral. Floyd Dell's own writing exemplify the point. His criticisms, conceived in catalytic contact with the revolutionary movement, will live. Who will read his novels twenty years from now?

S. S. Adamson.

## Cartoons in the Soviet Union Press

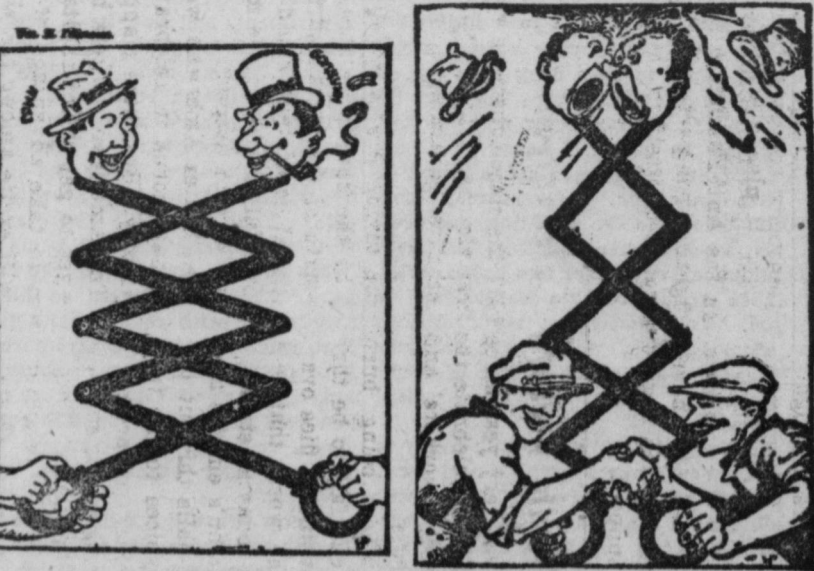
### Оркестр в Женеве

Fig. 2. POSE



The Famous Geneva Orchestra Playing the Popular Tune, "Disarmament"

### ON THE BRITISH STRIKE.



On the first (from left) picture William Green of the American Federation of Labor and Stanley Baldwin, British prime minister, are certain that American labor will not support the British strikers. On the second picture they know different and feel accordingly.

### The Modern Statue of Liberty



### The English Church Wants Peace.



### Mussolini Decees Style for Women.

