

The New Magazine

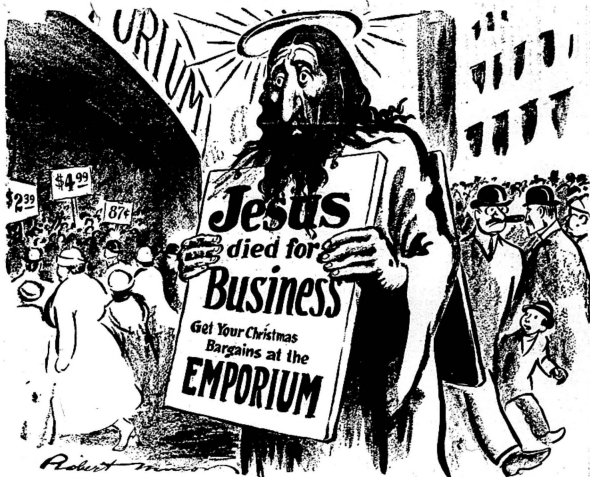
Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER.**

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Editor

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The Sandwich Man



THE CHRISTMAS SEASON IS FINE BUSINESS.

The Psychology of Defeat—Is It Passing?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

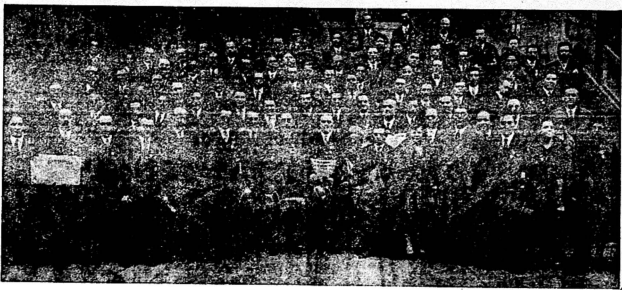
Such advances as have been made in the several unions were foreseen and planned by the Workers (Communist) Party. The bureaucrats understand this. In every sharp fight the Communists were the center of attack by the reaction, and such victories as were gained by the left wing are inseparable from the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

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

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

(Continued on page 3).

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



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

BEN GITLOW OUTSIDE.

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

A famous liberal remarked that "Ben Gitlow is more dangerous in jail than out of jail." Such talk is alright for liberals, but workers have to think more sharply than that. It is true that a certain damage results to the ruling class when representative figures or numbers of the labor movement are kept in prison. But it is also true that many a leader of the working class is destroyed in prison, and that it is indispensable for the workers to have their leaders out of prison. Workers cannot afford to be confused with the futile spirit of Christian martyrdom which says, "Oh, well, the enemy has taken our leader, but he will do the enemy more harm than good." This is the self-delusion of slaves. The fact is that men, and sometimes whole essential cadres of men of a movement are destroyed by the repressive force of the state. A Tom Mooney in the death cell in 1917 was a severe blow to the labor movement and at the same time a weapon of agitation for the working class all over the world; but Tom Mooney neglected in jail in 1926 is a trophy of victory for the capitalist class and a symbol of defeat and servility of the working class.

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

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

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

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

THE DAWES PLAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Dawes plan is working.

R. M.

Negro Workers!

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

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

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

—HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

Dollar Diplomacy.

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

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

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

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

—JOSEPH FREEMAN.

The vital Problems of Our Movement

By LENIN.

(Translated by B. Borisoff.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Organize!" repeats the newspaper "Robochaya Misl"; to this workers in many various ways. "Organize" repeat all the partisans of the "economic" tendency. And we, of course, join wholeheartedly in this appeal, but we will not only add to it: "Organize" not only into mutual aid societies, strike-benefit associations and workers' circles, but also organize into political party, organize for decisive struggle against the autocratic government and against the entire capitalist society. Without such an organization the proletariat is not able to raise itself to a conscious struggle; without such an organization the labor movement is condemned to impotence; and with its funds, circles and mutual aid societies alone it will fulfill the great historic task which rests upon it: to liberate itself and the whole Russian people from political and economical slavery. Not a single class in history ever attained domination without having put forward its political leaders, its advanced representatives, capable of organizing the movement and of guiding it. And the Russian working class has shown already that it is capable of putting forward such men; the widespread struggle of the Russian workers for the last five or six years has proven that volume of revolutionary forces "hidden within the working class," how the most desperate governmental persecutions do not diminish but increase the number of workers' striving for socialism, for political consciousness and political struggle. The congress of our comrades in 1898 correctly formulated the problem, and did not merely repeat the words of others; it did not express merely the preoccupations of the "intellectuals." And we must decisively begin to fulfill these tasks, putting on the order of the day the question of the program, organization and tactics of the party. How we view the basic theses of our program, we have already stated, and to develop these theses in details, of course, not in place here. To the organizational question we in-



Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin. By Abe Stolar, Age 14.

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

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



Mr. Bryan in the Embrace of the Angels

In the Flames of Revolt twenty Years Ago

By M. A. SKROMNY.

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

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

V.

The October Days of 1905.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

And then came the Shah:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

About noon-time a few comrades

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The Russian czar gave us freedom To beat the Jews and suitors." They were after the "suitors" first of all, that explains the great number of Jews and Christians killed at that time.

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

In our city the pogrom lasted for three full days. All during that time the army and the police were in full charge of the situation. Their business was to protect and defend the hoodlums, and occasionally to join in the murders and robberies. All individuals who were suspected of being in sympathy with the revolution were to be protected. As we advanced out against a wall the bullets began to chatter on the cublestones. Many a child was killed during this period by stray bullets of the police and soldiers.

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

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

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

*Hoodlums wore uniforms in czarist Russia.

Political Christianity Faces East

By HARRY GANNES.

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

THE organization selected for this work by international capitalism in general, and by its American representative in particular, is the Young Men's Christian Association. Focused with its excellent work in the United States, the American ruling class, regardless of race or religion, has united in its support of the Y. M. C. A. Julius Rosenberg, the few, contribute millions; John D. Rockefeller, the Protestant, doubles the amount; and a long list of Catholics add their names.

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

THE Y. M. C. A. has a foreign division whose activities are directed most particularly of imperialism in capitalism. During the past few years, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the entire Rockefeller family have contributed more than \$200 million to the Y. M. C. A. for this foreign work. Nettie McCormick, whose family interests, likewise, extend to undeveloped territories, contributed the same time over \$1,000,000. And other capitalists join in the work to such an extent that the foreign department has published very expensive propaganda literature and more thereon. "The expense of this book is met by a special gift." A very rare thing for the Y. M. C. A., considering its own experience when it made the American soldiers pay for the souvenirs sent "free" to them.

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

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

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

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

There have been established in China 2,500 schools of so-called high learning with a student body of 260,000, who "name themselves the name of Jesus Christ." The Y. M. C. A. has headquarters in forty-two of the largest cities of China. Of course, they are to be found mainly in industrial and shipping districts, such as Shanghai, Nanking, Canton, Hongkong, Tientsin, and others.

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

IN India, the Y. M. C. A. has established itself in 63 villages, carrying on its propaganda in disguised forms, thru "banquet slide lectures, thru educational campaigns and thru amusements and entertainments. Its main purpose, however, is to defeat the freeing of India from the yoke of Great Britain, and to keep the natives content with foreign domination, thru the preaching of brotherly love to the white brethren who own the mines and the land. He recently announced that it desires to reconcile the downtrodden Hindu to his present position and to prevent any national aspirations.

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

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

THE entire orient is covered by the Y. M. C. A. as by a net. No country is too small or out-of-the-way for the work of the Y. M. C. A. capitalist. For instance, the Y. M. C. A. tells of the inauguration of its work in Jerusalem as follows: "There was put into the hands of the Y. M. C. A. a draft for the expense of a modern building to be erected on a site just outside the Jaffa Gate, on the highest point in Jerusalem. (The name of the donor is discreetly omitted.) From its doors will stream an influence which will sweep Arabia, Syria, Persia, and Transjordan."

Should the Communist International establish such a "modern building" in the United States and other countries, the capitalist world would be aflame with protest.

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

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

There is a new spirit of nationalism arising that seems well nigh sufficient to defeat the efforts of these Christian crusaders. Yet they are not to submit so readily, especially when the home front has been bogged in supply of shekels. A new plan has been adopted and that is to incite Egyptians into the art of misleading and deceiving their own people. Instructions to the Y. M. C. A. men, "it is plain that the leadership of the association must be Egyptian. Propaganda under the guise of a national development is essential!"

Among the other Asiatic countries which are intensively peopled with political Christians, the Y. M. C. A. are Korea, Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, the Philippine Islands and Turkey.

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

The Y. M. C. A. must admit that it could do very little in Russia. It says that its chief task has been one of "political education." It claims it disregards all Communist propaganda and its activities before and during the Russian revolution. The allied army of intervention in Siberia in 1918 consisted of its branches, one love fanned up, one had 200 secretaries working among the Cossaks, white guard Russians and American troops. The cost of this work was \$200,000. The Y. M. C. A. directed against the workers' government. When the revolution was successful, the Y. M. C. A. disclaimed any of its secretaries who talked in favor of the Russian revolution.

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

THIRTEEN

(Continued from page 5)

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

All this is perfectly clear to Vanka, but what if Mirny should suddenly accept? How the boys will make fun of Vanka! What will Volodina, the lather-hand, say? ... No, this cannot be; didn't they make a compact? And besides, Mirnyoch will say that it won't do—Mirny's a year short, according to the instructions. The chairman, a gay, reckless fellow, rings two bells at the one time: one of copper, and the other—his throat; he knows his business.

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

Voices respond like a humming bee:

"Right you are... We know... seconded... we that of 'em ourselves..."

Vanka looks at his brother and sees that his eyes burn as usual with fire. But what about Mirnyoch? Mirnyoch—nothing; he raises no objection: "So they are considered accepted."

And Vanka hears nothing more of what is being said; he only feels that his head is swimming, the young comrades around him begin to rattle on their tables and chairs whirr... his head swims; the comrades whirl around; tables and chairs whirr... "Ah... what's that?... Vanka's fainting!"

"Well, if it is so..."

"Voices clamored and shrieked, rumbled, shouted, yelled..."

"What's wrong with him?"

"It must be from joy; his brother Mirny is transferred to the party."

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

"So that's it... Ah! he's a Comsomoleet yet!"

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

The night was warm, almost like spring. In the overturned caldron of the sky there were washes of every shade of blue. White, button-like glow-worms swam in the washes, just like in the bottom department. The young folk are gathered at the gates to part, a few hours together, and in the house Vanka lies on the bed like a small, ungrainy lump. Shavings of that soft fish like lightning thru his brain. Questions flare up like black puffs of smoke. And the oil in the brain-machines keep on burning and burning. "How's it like this now... how is this... is Mirny right or wrong?"

The shavings of that aquam and coil, clutch boldly at each other, surround his head with a ring of fire, and—ill! The lights reduce themselves to this:

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

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

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

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

The notes contained greetings to Lenin, wishes for his rapid recovery, and from all these notes, whether scribbled hastily, or lovingly, in sincerity, they seemed to rise the odor of new-formed callus, unspent sweat, untilled grains.

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

A whirlwind of stormy joy swept thru the audience. The best of the night was in its frenzied impact. And there was no Vanka in the audience, just as there were no other Vankas, Kolkas, Petkas, Danks, Mankas. There was no man-eyed many-headed monster; one had to play to its brazen, one love fanned up, one devotion and readiness for sacrifice!

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

"Mirny, remember, don't disgrace the Comsomol... Be a true helper to Ilyich..."

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

"Mirny..."

"Sure..."

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

By V. N. of the lace-factory.

And the long little note fluted like a reed toward the chairman, nearer, nearer, nearer. He reached out for it, took it, opened it, and smiled:

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

The Story Nosovitsky Didn't Tell

By C. E. Rathenberg

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

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

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

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

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

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

And so Nosovitsky left.

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

Nosovitsky the Bluffer.

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

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

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

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

Nosovitsky Expelled as Provocateur.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nosovitsky offered a batch of documents, giving his history and work, in order to exonerate himself. The existing conditions of the class struggle might have been mistaken in its action, and that his assistance could be accepted in facilitating Fraina's trip.

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

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

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

The Untold Story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In Washington Park.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few hours later I had a friend call the number which he had given me and asked what place it was. "Hotel Commodore" came back the answer of the telephone operator; "Mr. Nosovitsky isn't in his room."

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

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

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

THE Grey Ghost whistles from the rigging,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—J. S. WALLACE.