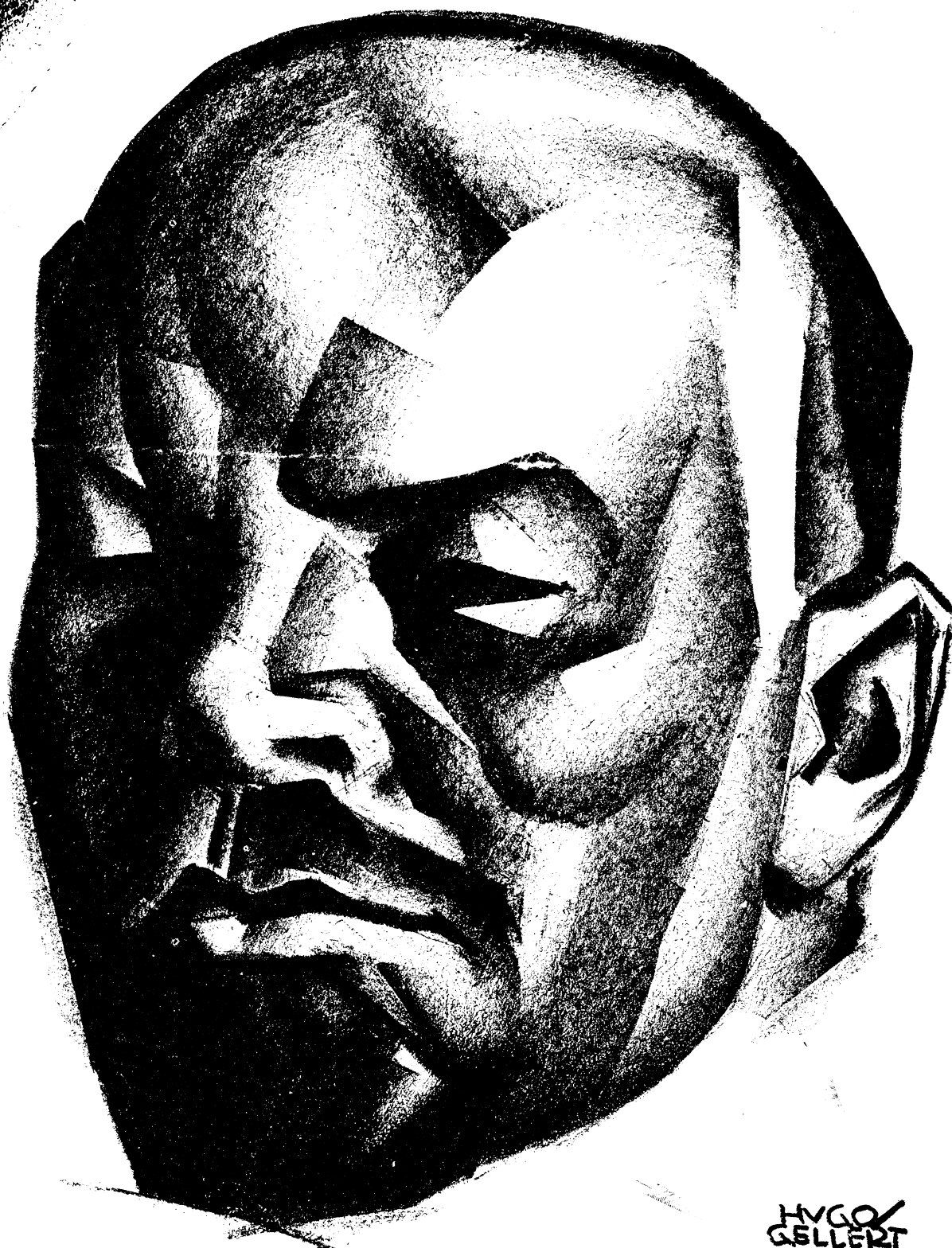


NEW MASSES

NOVEMBER

25¢



TENTH
ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER

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ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER

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GELLERT



(One of the Passaic families whose father is in prison because of his participation in the famous strike. The mother has to shift for this group. There are seven other such families at Passaic.)

\$25 to each Class War Prisoner
\$50 to each Dependent Family
\$5 to each Child
THIS CHRISTMAS

International Labor Defense unites all forces in the labor movement willing to co-operate in a fight against the frame-up system which results in arrests, persecution, deportation, imprisonment, and execution of workers because of their activities in the interests of their class. It gives financial assistance to those in prison and their dependents and defends those facing trial. It sends monthly \$5 to each labor prisoner and \$20 each to their families.

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Enclosed please find \$..... to help continue your monthly assistance to the labor prisoners and their dependents and to give special help to them for Christmas.

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(One of the Passaic families whose father is in prison because of his participation in the famous strike. The mother has to shift for this group. There are seven other such families at Passaic.)

All Power to the Soviets!

As this number of the **NEW MASSES** goes on the newsstands, the celebration of the Tenth Anniversary of the Revolution will have begun in the Russian Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The dreams of ten years ago are now splendid realities, to observe which great writers and artists and men of science from all parts of the world are now gathering in Moscow.

We shall be hearing from them later, but just now it is well to remember that only ten years ago Russia lay prostrate. She had been led into war by an arrogant, feudal nobility, and her workers and peasants, commanded by dissolute and inefficient officers, had been slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands. Immediately behind the rabble of her defeated armies came terrible visitations of famine and disease.

Upon the foundations of this death and desolation the work of building a worker's world was begun!

While millions of dollars were poured by bourgeois charity into the rehabilitation of devastated France, and millions more into other war areas, the Russian workers and their Bolshevik leaders had to do their job alone, without help; in fact, fighting for their lives against armies sent against them by their late allies; fighting off new visitations of famine and pestilence; fighting a battle of ideas with their critics—the anarchists, the mensheviks, the liberals and pacifists the world over—all that brood of idealists who were too soft to face the ordeal of uncompromising revolutionary struggle.

Now we shall be reading glowing accounts of those ten years' achievements. We shall be conning over statistics which show Russian industry and agriculture surpassing the "pre-war level". We shall hear of the great projects already under way—the great hydro-electric plants which will bring electricity at cost into every Russian home, the enormous factories for the production of tractors, automobiles. We shall learn that Russia has the most progressive educational system in the world; the greatest theatre, surpassing even that of Reinhardt in Germany; a cinema that is challenging Hollywood; a vital new literature; poetry; painting; music; already a cultural life more vigorous, more deeply fused into the bone and blood of its people than any on earth.

Those timid souls for whom the travail of revolution was too unthinkable, will now be coming out

of their shocked attitudes, and we shall hear salvos of applause for these great accomplishments on every hand. While we are listening to the pretty speeches and congratulations from talented representatives of the bourgeois world, let us not fail to do honor in our own hearts to the hard thinking, clear courage, resourcefulness, and *ruthless determination* of the revolutionary leaders. Had they wavered, had they compromised, had they been gentler with their enemies, Russia today would not stand as the hope of mankind.

Egmont Arens.



Drawing by William Siegel

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 NOVEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 7

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MARSTIN 433 PRESS

The Belt

THE New Playwrights' Theatre has scored a knockout with its first production, *The Belt* by Paul Sifton. Edward Massey's stage direction of the mob scene is the most exciting theatre I've seen in a long day. It's got the attempt of the Theatre Guild to get the same effect in *Processional* pushed right off the boards. I want to add my voice unqualifiedly to Michael Gold's boost on page 23 of this issue. Mike appeals to your loyalty, but I appeal to your love of good theatre.

In view of the fact that highly organized industry, involving high pressure production is an inevitable step in the evolution of human society, Sifton's play raises some interesting questions. *The Belt* is something that has got to be faced even by advocates of a workers' state. Right now Russia is installing modern industrial plants of her own. Are the horrible things that *The Belt* does to minds and bodies of workers inevitable? Or is there a difference between high pressure production in Socialist Russia and in Henry Ford's Detroit? The NEW MASSES would like to hear from workers in some of these capitalistic "paradises." *E. A.*

Two Big Dates

ALL NEW MASSES boosters will mark these two dates in their calendars: *Monday Evening, November 21st*—Bertrand Russell vs. Max Eastman in the best debate of the year, Cooper Union; *Friday Evening, December 2nd*—Russian Anniversary Ball, Webster Hall.

Let's Hike

Dear NEW MASSES: Can't we radicals make use of an idea which is used with great success by churches, charitable and other organizations? These organizations have young folks' leagues, which carry on propaganda and also raise considerable money. Why can't we, friends and readers of the NEW MASSES, also arrange dances, theatre parties, excursions, etc. and in that way enjoy ourselves and raise money to spread propaganda for a new world?

In accordance with the idea of combining good times with serious work, our first meeting will take place on a hike. Those interested will kindly meet Sunday, Nov. 13th, 10 A. M., at the South Ferry Boat House, Battery Place. We take the ferry to Staten Island and hike to Clove Lake. Bring lunch, friends and your best spirits. Wear a red something to identify yourself and ask for the undersigned.

H. Jaffe.

"THEM REDS"

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ENORMOUS DISTANCE BETWEEN MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE, AND MAIN STREET.



RUSSIA IS A COUNTRY POPULATED BY DIRTY, HAIRY BARBARIANS AND WILD-EYED WOMEN, SATURATED WITH A DESIRE FOR A STRONG DRINK CALLED VODKA



THE CHIEF DELIGHT OF THESE RUSSIANS IS TO MASSACRE PEOPLE AND BOMB PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS
MILLIONS OF BARBARIAN FLAMING YOUTHS ROAM THE COUNTRY BEHEADING CIVILIZED PEOPLE



THE NATIONALIZATION OF WOMEN.

O. SOGLOW

Drawing by Otto Soglow

TEN YEARS HAVE PASSED—*

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

FOREIGN invasions and domestic difficulties have failed to divert the Soviet regime from the path toward socialism on which it struck out in 1917. Ten years have passed and the workers' and peasants' government stands firmer than ever. This, of course, has not prevented the reactionary press in other countries from spreading lies and misconceptions about the new scheme of things, and workers have had to rely on their own investigations to find out just what is the nature of the force which has revolutionized not merely the life of one country but of the entire world.

Soon after the cessation of civil war, the British trade unions sent a labor delegation to study conditions in the Soviet Union. Its report, published in 1924, gave a more or less adequate, though by no means complete, picture of Bolshevik Russia. It served to dispel many illusions and stimulated labor organizations in Germany, Sweden and other European countries to send their own investigators. Since then labor delegations from abroad have been a regular feature of Soviet life.

The United States has remained among those countries whose trade union officials combine the most violent attacks on Soviet Russia with the most stubborn resistance to seeing Russia for themselves. This is little to be wondered at. The A. F. of L. bureaucracy, which supports Washington in all other respects, also supports its policy of refusing to recognize the Soviet Union.

The failure of the State Department to recognize a regime which has proved to be more stable and enduring than any government in Europe since the war, and the deliberate and unprincipled falsification of facts by the A. F. of L. officials have not been the only factors which have contributed to distorting the image of Soviet Russia in the average American mind. Six thousand miles make a lot of difference; and to this stretch of land and water must be added the lack of cultural contacts. In all probability there are more ridiculous legends and ghost-stories about Russia in the American credo than in the mythology of any other country.

A number of individual Americans—as far apart in their political views as Scott Nearing and Ivy Lee—have visited Soviet Russia.

They have published reports which ought to destroy forever the infantile notion that it is a land of monsters and nightmares in which thousands of people are shot every day, where the masses starve, where there is no liberty of speech and thought, and all the rest of it as explained periodically by the patriotic societies, the *Jewish Daily Forward*, labor skates and others who feel (not without good reason, to be sure) that the very existence of the Soviet Union is a standing challenge to their position in capitalist society.

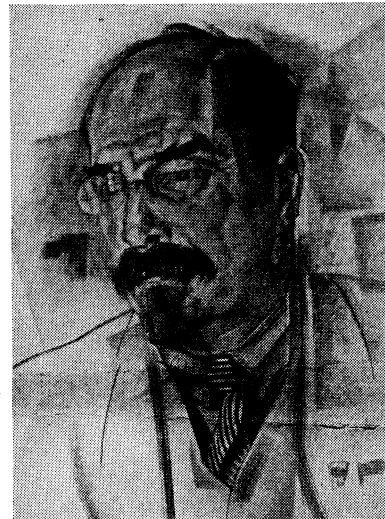
These individual reports are now supported by the report of the first American labor delegation, which visited Soviet Russia this summer. The delegates were not Communists. On the other hand their position in the labor movement evokes belief. James Maurer, president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, and John Brophy of the United Mine Workers, have been known for years in the trade union movement as honest and courageous fighters in the workers' cause. Albert Coyle was, until his trip to Russia, editor of the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*; and Frank Palmer has been active in the Denver labor movement. The delegation was accompanied by a staff of experts, chiefly college professors, who made special studies of various aspects of Soviet life to be published separately later. Their findings, however, have been incorporated in the trade unionists' report now issued by the International Publishers.

This is the first report by American workers to American workers about the only country in the world administered in the interest of workers and farmers. The report comes at an opportune time. It serves as a summary, from the point of view of American trade unionists, of ten years of work toward socialism. It answers in the limited space of a factual report some fundamental questions as to the practical achievements of the Soviet regime.

The delegation chose wise standards of measurements. As practical trade unionists who realize that a concrete world grows out of concrete conditions, they did not compare life in Soviet Russia with vague literary dreams or maliciously utopian expectations; nor did they compare Soviet technical equipment with American technical equipment. They accustomed their eyes to the realities of post-war Europe by first visiting

Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Poland and discovering for themselves that post-war Europe is characterized by low wages, extensive unemployment, a depletion of economic surplus and a lack of raw materials. They were able to compare socialist Russia with capitalist Europe and, even more strikingly, with pre-revolutionary Russia. They traced the river from its source.

In doing this, the report makes it clear, the American labor delegates enjoyed complete freedom of travel and observation. They were allowed to see anything and any-



Drawing by Annenkov
A. V. LUNATCHARSKY
People's Commissar of Education,
orator, poet, and dramatist.

body they wanted to, interview people from Stalin and Trotzky to the obscurest workers and peasants, and use their own interpreters.

History has moved so fast these last ten years and so many profound changes have taken place, that one is apt to forget the kind of life the Russian masses lived prior to 1917. Factory conditions before the revolution were appalling. Sanitation provisions were primitive. Though employers were legally obliged to furnish the workers with medical aid, the majority failed to do so. Health insurance and workmen's compensation did not exist. Wages ranged in many industries from \$1.35 to \$3.30 a week. Collective bargaining was forbidden. Strikes were criminal acts punished by imprisonment. An eleven hour working day was permitted by law, and a twelve hour day prevailed in fact. The old government—completely devoted to the interests of the ruling landlords and capitalists—provided no means by which a worker could obtain redress. Workers

were vitually slaves, subjected to contempt, insult and corporal punishment. They often lived in gloomy and filthy barracks. I have myself seen the barracks of the Baku oil workers built by the Nobel Brothers. They are not inhabited at present; they never should have been inhabited by human beings; they stand now as a monstrous monument of a cruel regime that is dead only ten years.

Of political and civil rights there was no question. Czarist Russia was the world's symbol for despotism, and the Russian people the symbol for exploitation, suffering and despair.

Conditions in the villages were even worse than in the cities. The peasant was kept in a state of illiteracy, ignorance and barbarism. He did not own his land; he had no incentives or facilities for improving it. Though he had been "freed" from serfdom, he was in reality a slave. He had no personal freedom; he had only to work and pay heavy taxes.

The Russian intellectual was hampered by a rigid censorship and by his own weaknesses. He was—as Olgin has so well described him—a lover of the common people unable to translate his high ideals into action, a bookman incapable of practical work, at once self-sacrificing and self-torturing.

On top was a decadent and sadistic bureaucracy imposing a rotten regime by the knout, the bayonet, the jail, the gallows and the pogrom.

Against this background the last ten years in Russia appear almost miraculous. In evaluating the changes that have taken place one ought also to look through the 1927 report of the A. F. of L., showing what an infinitesimal section of the American working class is at present organized in trade unions. Among the achievements of which the trade union officials of the leading capitalistic country boast are class collaboration, communist-baiting, and a "non-partisan" political policy.

In contrast we see from the American labor delegation's report that over 92 percent of the Russian workers are now organized in trade unions, which are revolutionary bodies, interested not merely in obtaining "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work," but aiming to "foster the development of the world-wide revolutionary struggle for the overthrow of capitalism and the realization of socialism." They are active in building houses for workers, in public health work,

*Russia After Ten Years. Report of the American Trade Union Delegation. International Publishers. \$1.00.



Drawing by Annenkov

A. V. LUNATCHARSKY
People's Commissar of Education,
orator, poet, and dramatist.

playgrounds, nurseries, cultural activities, schools and publishing.

Workers under the Soviet regime, the delegation reports, have the legal right to strike—and little occasion to take advantage of that right since it is their own government which owns the leading industries. There is “nothing resembling American injunctions to curb strikes and the activities of the unions.” Hiring strikebreakers is forbidden by law. Anti-labor judges, courts and government officials are unknown, since the officials are themselves workers. Above all, the delegation found, “the cultural work of the unions is one of the most impressive achievements of Russia today. There is no precedent or parallel for it anywhere in the world today.”

The report declares that though the standard of living in Russia is below the American average it is not below the Russian pre-war average. The present industrial output is slightly higher than that of 1913. This is especially remarkable, the report emphasizes, in view of the fact that from 1917 to 1921 Russia passed through civil war, foreign invasion, famine and the complete collapse of the machinery of production. The quality of goods is not as good as in 1913 but on the other hand it is better than in any year since the revolution.

One of the things which impressed the delegates most was the object of production in the Soviet Union. Contrasted with production for profit in capitalistic countries, accompanied by waste on luxuries and speculation, benefiting a handful of owners, the Soviet regime concentrates on building new industrial equipment, new houses for workers, food and necessities for workers and peasants. This fundamental change finds expression, for example, in an institution like Gosplan (government planning commission) which the delegation describes as the “most interesting technical body now functioning in the world.” Gosplan centralizes and plans production for the whole union, financing such basic industries as coal, iron and water power from more profitable industries like oil, textiles and rubber. Such planned production, impossible under capitalism, makes it possible under socialism to prevent over-expansion in certain industries, eliminate the “tragedy of waste” and use the proceeds of industry in the interests of the country as a whole.

At first sight, the delegation reports, the wages of Russian workers seem low, averaging \$32 a month for industrial workers. But compared with pre-war wages there has actually been a gain. Since 1913 wages have increased

more than the cost of living, so that the increase in real wages has been 12 percent. Add to this certain benefits which workers now receive free of charge which before the revolution they either had to pay for or did not get at all and their real wages have risen 35 percent. These benefits include social insurance, vacations with pay, rest homes, clubs, sanatoria, reduced prices for theatre tickets, and, for twenty percent of the industrial workers, free rent. Neither the old regime in Russia nor the present regime in capitalist countries offers such advantages to industrial workers free of charge.



V. E. MEYERHOLD

Drawing by Annenkov

Director of Meyerhold's Theatre—the most famous and most experimental Director in Russia and a supporter of the Soviet regime.

The Russian working day, the report states, is now fixed at eight hours by law, and for certain heavy or unpleasant industries at seven and six hours. One of the most interesting sections of the report describes the social insurance system, and the Soviet government's methods for combating unemployment which now affects about 2,000,000 people.

Housing presents another acute problem, especially in cities like Moscow and Kharkov. But the delegation points out that for five years of civil war and invasion there was no building at all. At present, many new houses are being built. On the role of private trade the delegation reports:

“All the evidence indicates that the general impression current outside of Russia that Nepmen or private merchants are gaining ground

is quite mistaken. It is the cooperatives which are coming more and more to control the retail trade of Russia.”

Agriculture, like industry, has caught up with the 1913 level. The government, according to the report, is making strenuous efforts to socialize agricultural production. Furthermore, it is trying to reduce the disparity between agricultural prices and the prices of manufactured goods by lowering the latter and increasing the former. “If it continues to succeed,” the report adds, “it will have a marked effect in raising the peasant's standard of living.” The

cussion and criticism is exercised by the masses of workers and peasants through their various economic and political organizations.

Describing in some detail the encirclement of Soviet Russia by the capitalist powers, particularly Great Britain's intrigues against the workers' and peasants' government, the American labor delegation points out that “most Communists believe that it will be impossible for the two conflicting economic systems of capitalism and communism permanently to exist side by side. They believe that the capitalist nations will try to destroy the communistic system of Russia in order to prevent the workers of these other countries from trying to imitate the Russian example. But until active military attacks are made upon them, they are willing to cooperate with the capitalistic nations of the world to the fullest extent.” Stalin personally told the American delegates that if Europe seriously disarms, Soviet Russia is ready “entirely to annihilate her standing army.”

The report urges the United States to recognize Soviet Russia, and appeals to the A. F. of L. and other major trade union organizations to send delegations to study the new system first hand.

As one reads through the report one begins to understand why the Soviet government and the All-Russian Communist Party have the solid support of the masses within their country; and why millions of workers and farmers the world over look upon the Soviet Union as the advance guard in the emancipation of the mass of mankind from the exploitation of capitalism.

SOMETHING, LADY?

THE morgue was deserted. The few city reporters had left for a hurried dinner, and the caretaker was sleeping in the back room. Only the hissing of the radiators cut the heavy silence that lay on the dead. Suddenly a gust of cold wind whisked through the stench of formaldehyde—and a woman stood at the threshold. A small woman, with a tired, cold face and dead eyes. She hesitated with closed eyes as though trying to remember a mission. She stepped into the room—and stopped before the first white slab. In the glaring light, which seemed to defy the death about it, the small serge-clad figure was like a noise. From the back room came the shuffling of feet, and the bedraggled attendant appeared, rubbing his eyes.

“Something, lady?” he asked.

The woman numbly turned her brimming eyes.

“Why,” she faltered, “why,—he's mine.”

Alexander Gottlieb



V. E. MEYERHOLD

Drawing by Annenkov

Director of Meyerhold's Theatre—the most famous and most experimental Director in Russia and a supporter of the Soviet regime.

JOHN REED AND THE REAL THING

By MICHAEL GOLD

JOHN REED was a cowboy out of the west, six feet high, steady eyes, boyish face; a brave, gay, open-handed young giant; you meet thousands of him on the road, in lumber camps, on the ranges, in fo'c'sls, in the mines.

I used to see Jack Reed swimming at Provincetown with George Cram Cook, that other Socialist and great-hearted adventurer now dead too. I went out a mile with them in a catboat, and they raced back through a choppy sea, arm over arm, shouting bawdy taunts at each other, whooping with delight. Then we all went to Jack's house and ate a big jolly supper.

He loved every kind of physical and mental life; the world flowed through him freely. He lived like an Elizabethan. Because of this, friends like Walter Lippman would say with affectionate contempt that Jack Reed was a romanticist. They said he never studied politics or economics, and rushed in where wise men feared to tread. But Walter Lippman, the Socialist, supported the war, and now supports Al Smith for President. He is wrong on everything. And Jack Reed wrote the most vivid book on the Bolshevik Revolution that has yet appeared in any language. After ten years it is as sound and fresh as at first. It was written whitehot, almost at the scene of the event. It is the greatest piece of reporting in history. It is a deathless book that sells by the million.

The Revolution is the romance of tens of millions of men and women in the world today. This is something many American intellectuals never understand about Jack Reed. If he had remained romantic about the underworld, or about meaningless adventure-wandering, or about women or poem-making, they would have continued admiring him. But Jack Reed fell in love with the Revolution, and gave it all his generous heart's blood. This the pale, rootless intellectuals could never understand. When he died they said he had wasted his life. It is they who lead wasted, futile lives in their meek offices, academic sanctums, and bootleg parlors.

Jack Reed lived the fullest and grandest life of any young man in our America. History is already saying this in Soviet Russia. It will say it a century from now in the textbooks of America.

At first he wrote short boyish sketches. He liked roughnecks, he gave himself to queer, far places,

he loafed about cities and the underworld. His eyes were keen, his blood boiled with animal joy. The exuberant words leaped in his prose, they swam like laughing athletes, he wrote with broad humor, he exaggerated the bright suns and moons of nature, he splashed the colors on his canvas like a young god. His early stories* remind me of Dickens, of Tolstoy, and of Stephen Crane—a strange mixture, but an epic one.

He burst into American writing like a young genius. Everyone followed his work eagerly, waiting for the inevitable masterpiece. At the outbreak of war Jack Reed was the best-paid and most brilliant war correspondent in America. He had written some of the best short stories. Everyone waited for the masterpiece. When it came, "they" were all voting for Al Smith, and drinking bootleg with Mencken. "They" had not the great spirit which recognizes masterpieces.

Jack Reed's life was not wasted; he did write his masterpiece, *Ten Days That Shook The World*.* But the "intellectuals" haven't yet recognized this.

The role of the intellectual in the revolutionary labor movement



L. D. TROTSKY

President of the Petrograd Soviet in October, Organizer and Commander of the Red Army during the Civil War, and now leader of the "Opposition."

has always been a debating point. In the I.W.W. the fellow-workers would tar and feather (almost) any intellectual who appeared among them. The word "intellectual" became a synonym for the word "bastard", and in the Amer-

**Daughter of the Revolution. Short Stories by John Reed. Vanguard Press. 50c.*

**Ten Days that Shook the World. By John Reed. International Publishers. \$1.50.*

ican Communist movement there is some of this feeling.

It is part of the American hard-boiled tradition, shared by revolutionists here who believe it is unproletarian and unmanly to write a play, or study politics, or discuss the arts. Mr. Babbitt feels the same way.

This tradition is dying in the American revolutionary movement. Jack Reed was one of the "intellectuals" who helped destroy the prejudice. He identified himself so completely with the working-class; he undertook every danger for the revolution; he forgot his Harvard education, his genius, his popularity, his gifted body and mind so completely that no one else remembered them any more; there was no gap between Jack Reed and the workers any longer.

He was active in forming the Communist party in this country. He edited one of the first Communist propaganda papers. He was on trial during the war for sedition. He rose in the courtroom, hitched up his pants, looked the Judge squarely in the eye, and testified boldly and frankly, like a revolutionist.

It is a difficult career being an active revolutionist. It takes all one's nerves, energy and character. It is almost as difficult to be a pioneer revolutionary writer. Jack Reed, in his short life, managed to combine both careers. But not many have this exuberance, this versatility. Robert Minor has given up his magnificent art for the revolution; is this necessary? Jack Reed did not think so, in Soviet Russia no one thinks so. But most Americans, even revolutionists, believe it unworthy for the man of action to be also a man of thought. Lenin was both.

The revolutionary intellectual is an activist thinker. This is what makes him so different from the careful men with perpetual slight colds who write for the *New Republic* and the *Nation*. Jack Reed needed for his activism a magazine like *The Masses*, and helped create it. I was working as a night porter for the Adams Express Company in New York when I began reading *The Masses*. It was the beginning of my education. It educated a whole generation of youth in America, many of whom did not survive the spiritual holocaust of the war. Those who did survive remember Jack Reed, and his courage flows in their veins. And the revolution will grow in America, and there will be a new youth and Jack Reed will teach them how to

live greatly again. This depression, this cowardice, this callousness and spiritual death will not last forever among the youth of America. It



K. E. VOROSHILOV

Trotsky's successor as Commander of the Red Army (President of the Military Revolutionary Soviet.)

cannot. Life is mean only in cycles; it sinks defeated, then it inevitably rises. There will be more Jack Reeds in America, his grandchildren perhaps. This mean decade of ours will pass on.

He had his faults. Most people have. But he was never petty in his faults. You can tell that even by his writing. It is difficult to write that way in America today. It is difficult to admit you enjoy life so hugely; that you are simple and loyal, that you are tender to the friendless, and wear your heart on your sleeve. A writer must act as mean and as hardboiled as the rest of modern Americans. Maybe this is a good discipline for writers. Maybe it is the way to the strength that writers need in this age. But I am sure that the best elements of Jack Reed's spirit will be preserved in any revolutionary writers who will appear in this country. They will have the bigness to be humane. They will laugh, but they will not sneer. Jack Reed was a fierce enemy to capitalism, but in all his books you will never find a sneer at humanity. And this is difficult to refrain from, too.

Many of his bourgeois friends were always sure Jack Reed was a kind of playboy in the revolution. The revolution was just another one of his huge jolly adventures, like the one in which he dived off an Atlantic liner leaving New York, and swam back to land on an impulse. Yes, the revolution was an impulse. It would exhaust itself when the fun had gone out of it.

Walter Lippman, in his article in the *New Republic* on John



L. D. TROTSKY

President of the Petrograd Soviet in October, Organizer and Commander of the Red Army during the Civil War, and now leader of the "Opposition."



K. E. VOROSHILOV

Trotsky's successor as Commander of the Red Army (President of the Military Revolutionary Soviet.)

Reed, smiled affectionately as he recounted how his Harvard classmate, Jack Reed, had confessed to the fact that he hadn't heard of Bergson, the latest Paris fashion among the intellectuals of the period. Walter Lippman and many others thought this showed Jack had no brains, and that his revolutionary philosophy was just a romanticist's impulse.

But Jack Reed went through the Paterson strike, and the Lawrence strike, and the Bayonne strike, and understood their significance. And he understood the economic basis of the World War, and refused to be a tool of J. P. Morgan, like Walter Lippman, and many other wise men who knew so much about Bergson, and so little about the inevitable treaty at Versailles.

And he had read and thought enough to grasp the full political and economic significance of the Bolshevik revolution for the world, when it was still a raw, bloody, chaotic embryo, which the "intellectuals" predicted could not last

a month. The book he wrote on it had an approving preface by the scientist and scholar, Lenin.

I was in Soviet Russia two years ago and visited Jack Reed's grave under the Kremlin wall. Under the rough stone, near the mausoleum of Lenin, and in sound of church bells now forced to ring out *The Internationale*, lay the splendid body of our comrade. He had not been a playboy. He had loved the Revolution when she was a haggard outlaw fighting for life against the ravening pack of capitalist nations.

He had lived with the revolution in famine, in civil war, in chaos and stern Cheka self-defense. He had seen hundreds of frozen corpses of Red Guards piled high in a railroad station. He had worked himself to the bone for this Revolution. He had wandered through typhus areas, he had been bitten by a typhus louse, and died. It was not all an impulse. It was the real thing with Jack Reed.

And what he had died for was the real thing—but what the boys



KARL RADEK

The most brilliant journalist in Russia and one of the founders of the Communist International.

whom the *New Republic* intellectuals sent out to die for was not the real thing. Walter Lippman's war to end war did *not* end war, but was the prelude to a more rapacious capitalistic imperialism and a greater imperialist war.

But Jack Reed's revolution was all about me in the Red Square of Moscow, where he lay under the rough stone. Peasants passed, coming from the land given them by the revolution to lay their problems before Kalenin, their peasant premier, in Moscow. Workers passed, coming from factories where they were masters, not the slaves. Old men passed, who had learned to read and write by the millions since Jack Reed died for them. Young writers and artists passed, thousands of them growing up to express themselves as freely and grandly as Jack Reed. Women passed, walking with their heads up, the freed victims of ancient bondage. Children passed, no longer drugged by the superstitions of a medieval church. There was a new social system growing up; the Elizabethan and Greek genius that had lived in Jack Reed had flowed into a whole nation; it was spreading with red banners in every land; it was the real thing. It was the romance of the real thing.

NOVEMBER 7TH—1917*

By JOHN REED

WEDNESDAY, November 7th, I rose very late. The noon cannon boomed from Peter-Paul as I went down the Nevsky. It was a raw, chill day. In front of the State Bank some soldiers with fixed bayonets were standing at the closed gates.

"What side do you belong to?" I asked. "The Government?"

"No more Government," one answered with a grin, "*Slava Bogu!* Glory to God!" That was all I could get out of him. . . . Shops were open, and there seemed even less uneasiness among the street crowds than there had been the day before. A whole crop of new appeals against insurrection had blossomed out on the walls during the night—to the peasants, to the soldiers at the front, to the workmen of Petrograd.

I bought a copy of *Rabotchi Put*, the only newspaper which seemed on sale, and a little later paid a soldier fifty kopeks for a second-hand copy of *Dien*. The Bolshevik paper, printed on large-sized sheets in the conquered office of the *Russkaya Volia*, had huge headlines: "ALL POWER—TO THE SOVIETS OF WORKERS, SOLDIERS AND PEASANTS! PEACE! BREAD! LAND!" The leading article was signed "Zinoviev,"—Lenin's companion in hiding. It began:

Every soldier, every worker, every real Socialist, every honest democrat

Jack Reed not only saw the most exciting days of the Russian Revolution, but he lived them. Perhaps that is why, ten years after the event, his account of that momentous happening remains unsurpassed. We are reprinting extracts from his diary dated November 7th, 1917, so that, while we are celebrating this Tenth Anniversary, we will all remember a little better just what it is we are shouting about.*

realizes that there are only two alternatives to the present situation.

Either—the power will remain in the hands of the bourgeois-landlord crew, and this will mean every kind of repression for the workers, soldiers and peasants; continuation of the war, inevitable hunger and death. . . .

Or—the power will be transferred to the hands of the revolutionary workers, soldiers and peasants; and in that case it will mean a complete abolition of landlord tyranny, immediate check of the capitalists, immediate proposal of a just peace. Then the land is assured to the workers, then bread is assured to the hungry, then the end of this nonsensical war! . . .

The Military Hotel at the corner of St. Isaac's Square was picketed by armed sailors. In the lobby were many of the smart young officers, walking up and down or muttering together; the sailors wouldn't let them leave. . . .

Suddenly came the sharp crack of a rifle outside, followed by a scattered burst of firing. I ran out. Something unusual was going on around the Marinsky Palace, where the Council of the Russian Republic met.

Before the door of the Palace was a crowd of soldiers and sailors. A sailor was telling of the end of the Council of the Russian Republic. "We walked in there," he said, "and filled all the doors with

comrades. I went up to the counter-revolutionist Kornilovitz who sat in the president's chair. 'No more Council,' I says. 'Run along home now' . . ."

PETROGRAD LEADS

The massive facade of Smolny blazed with lights as we drove up, and from every street converged upon it streams of hurrying shapes dim in the gloom. Automobiles and motorcycles came and went; an enormous elephant-colored armored automobile, with two red flags flying from the turret, lumbered out with screaming siren. It was cold, and at the outer gate the Red Guards had built themselves a bon-fire. At the inner gate, too, there was a blaze, by the light of which the sentries slowly spelled out our passes and looked us up and down. The canvas covers had been taken off the four rapid-fire guns on each side of the doorway, and the ammunition-belts hung snakelike from their breeches. A dun herd of armored cars stood under the trees in the court-yard, engines going. The long, bare, dimly-illuminated halls roared with the thunder of feet, calling, shouting. . . . There was an atmosphere of recklessness. A crowd came

pouring down the staircase, workers in black blouses and round black fur hats, many of them with guns slung over their shoulders, soldiers in rough dirt-colored coats and grey fur *shapki* pinched flat, a leader or so—Lunatcharsky, Kameniev—hurrying along in the centre of a group all talking at once, with harassed anxious faces, and bulging portfolios under their arms. The extraordinary meeting of the Petrograd Soviet was over.

It had been a momentous session. In the name of the Military Revolutionary Committee Trotzky had declared that the Provisional Government no longer existed.

"The characteristic of bourgeois governments," he said, "is to deceive the people. We, the Soviets of Workers', Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies, are going to try an experiment unique in history; we are going to found a power which will have no other aim but to satisfy the needs of the soldiers, workers, and peasants."

Lenin had appeared, welcomed with a mighty ovation, prophesying world-wide Social Revolution. . . . And Zinoviev, crying, "This day we have paid our debt to the international proletariat, and struck a terrible blow at the war, a terrible body-blow at all the imperialists and particularly at Wilhelm the Executioner. . . ."

Then Trotzky, that telegrams had been sent to the front announcing the victorious insurrection, but no reply had come. Troops were

*From *Ten Days that Shook the World*. International Publishers. \$1.50.



KARL RADEK

The most brilliant journalist in Russia and one of the founders of the Communist International.

said to be marching against Petrograd—a delegation must be sent to tell them the truth.

Cries, "You are anticipating the will of the All-Russian Congress of Soviets!"

Trotsky, coldly, "The will of the All-Russian Congress of Soviets has been anticipated by the rising of the Petrograd workers and soldiers!"

ALL POWER TO THE SOVIETS!

So we came into the great meeting-hall, pushing through the clamorous mob at the door. In the rows of seats, under the white chandeliers, packed immovably in the aisles and on the sides, perched on every window-sill, and even the edge of the platform, the representatives of the workers and soldiers of all Russia waited in anxious silence or wild exultation the ringing of the chairman's bell. There was no heat in the hall but the stifling heat of unwashed human bodies. A foul blue cloud of cigarette smoke rose from the mass and hung in the thick air. Occasionally some one in authority mounted the tribune and asked the comrades not to smoke; then everybody, smokers and all, took up the cry "Don't smoke, comrades!" and went on smoking. Petrovsky, Anarchist delegate from the Obukhov factory, made a seat for me beside him. Unshaven and filthy, he was reeling from three nights' sleepless work on the Military Revolutionary Committee.

On the platform sat the leaders of the old *Tsay-ee-kah*—for the last time dominating the turbulent Soviets, which they had ruled from the first days, and which were now risen against them. It was the end of the first period of the Russian revolution, which these men had attempted to guide in careful ways. . . . The three greatest of them were not there: Kerensky, flying to the front through country towns all doubtfully heaving up; Tcheidze, the old eagle, who had contemptuously retired to his own Georgian mountains, there to sicken with consumption; and the high-souled Tseretelli, also mortally stricken, who, nevertheless, would return and pour out his beautiful eloquence for a lost cause. Gotz sat there, Dan, Lieber, Bogdanov, Broido, Phillipovsky,—white-faced, hollow-eyed and indignant. Below them the second *siezd* of the All-Russian Soviets boiled and swirled, and over their heads the Military Revolutionary Committee functioned white-hot, holding in its hands the threads of insurrection and striking with a long arm. . . . It was 10.40 P. M.

Dan, a mild-faced, baldish figure in a shapeless military surgeon's uniform, was ringing the bell. Si-

lence fell sharply, intense, broken by the scuffling and disputing of the people at the door. . . .

"I declare the first session of the Second Congress of Soviets of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies open!"

The election of the presidium took place amid stir and moving about. . . .

Result—14 Bolsheviki, 7 Socialist Revolutionaries, 3 Mensheviki and 1 International (Gorky's group).

Then the old *Tsay-ee-kah* stepped down, and in their places ap-

peared Trotsky, Kameniev, Lunatcharsky, Madame Kollontai, Nogin. . . . The hall rose, thundering. How far they had soared, these Bolsheviki, from a despised and hunted sect less than four months ago, to this supreme place, the helm of great Russia in full tide of insurrection!

But suddenly a new sound made itself heard, deeper than the tumult of the crowd, persistent, disquieting,—the dull shock of guns. People looked anxiously toward the clouded windows, and a sort of fever came over them. Martov, demanding the floor, croaked hoarsely, "The civil war is beginning, comrades! The first question must be a peaceful settlement of the crisis. On principle and from a political standpoint we

must urgently discuss a means of averting a civil war. Our brothers are being shot down in the streets! At this moment, when before the opening of the Congress of Soviets the question of Power is being settled by means of a military plot organized by one of the revolutionary parties—"for a moment he could not make himself heard above the noise, "All of the revolutionary parties must face the fact! The first *vopros* (question) before the congress is the question of Power, and this question is already being settled by force of

ing, new Russia was being born.

Kharash, wearing the epaulets of a captain, passionately demanded the floor. "The political hypocrites who control this congress," he shouted, "told us we were to settle the question of Power—and it is being settled behind our backs, before the Congress opens! Blows are being struck against the Winter Palace, and it is by such blows that the nails are being driven into the coffin of the political party which has risked such an adventure!" Uproar.

Khintchuk, an officer with a long brown goatee, speaking suavely and persuasively: "I speak for the delegates from the Front. The Army is imperfectly represented in this Congress, and furthermore, the Army does not consider the Congress of Soviets necessary at this time, only three weeks before the opening of the Constituent—" shouts and stamping, always growing more violent. "The Army does not consider that the Congress of Soviets has the necessary authority.—" Soldiers began to stand up all over the hall.

Immense bawling outcry. "You speak for the Staff—not for the Army!"

"I appeal to all reasonable soldiers to leave this Congress!"

"Kornilovitz! Counter-revolutionist! Provocator!" were hurled at him.

Scarcely had he stepped down than a young, lean-faced soldier, with flashing eyes, leaped to the platform, and dramatically lifted his hand:

"Comrades!" he cried and there was a hush. "My *familia* (name) is Peterson—I speak for the Second Lettish Rifles. You have heard the statements of two representatives of the Army committees; these statements would have some value if their authors had been representatives of the Army—" Wild applause. "But they do not represent the soldiers!" Shaking his fist.

"I tell you now, the Lettish soldiers have many times said, 'No more resolutions! No more talk! We want deeds—the Power must be in our hands!' Let these impostor delegates leave the Congress! The Army is not with them!"

The hall rocked with cheering. In the first moments of the session, stunned by the rapidity of events, startled by the sound of cannon, the delegates hesitated.

Did they stand then alone? Was Russia rising against them? Was it true that the Army was marching on Petrograd? Then this clear-eyed young soldier had spoken, and in a flash they knew it for the truth. . . . *This* was the voice of the soldiers—the stirring millions of uniformed workers and peasants were men like them, and their



"No more council', I says, 'run along home now!'" (Scene from the Russian Film, "Ten Days that Shook the World")

arms in the streets! . . . We must create a power which will be recognised by the whole democracy. If the Congress wishes to be the voice of the revolutionary democracy it must not sit with folded hands before the developing civil war, the result of which may be a dangerous outburst of counter-revolution. . . . The possibility of a peaceful outcome lies in the formation of a united democratic authority. . . . We must elect a delegation to negotiate with the other Socialist parties and organizations."

Always the methodical muffled boom of cannon through the windows, and the delegates, screaming at each other. . . . So, with the crash of artillery, in the dark, with hatred, and fear, and reckless dar-



"No more council", I says, 'run along home now!' (Scene from the Russian Film, "Ten Days that Shook the World")



Drawing by William Gropper

LAND AND BREAD AND PEACE!

thoughts and feelings were the same. . . .

Then came Abramovitch, for the *Bund*, the organ of the Jewish Social Democrats—his eyes snapping behind thick eyeglasses, trembling with rage.

"What is taking place now in Petrograd is a monstrous calamity! The *Bund* group joins with the declaration of the Mensheviki and Socialist Revolutionaries and will leave the Congress!" He raised his voice and hand. "Our duty to the Russian proletariat doesn't permit us to remain here and be responsible for these crimes. . . . Unarmed we will expose our breasts to the machine guns of the Terrorists. . . . We invite all delegates to this Congress—" The rest was lost in a storm of hoots, and menaces and curses which rose to a hellish pitch as fifty delegates got up and pushed their way out. . . .

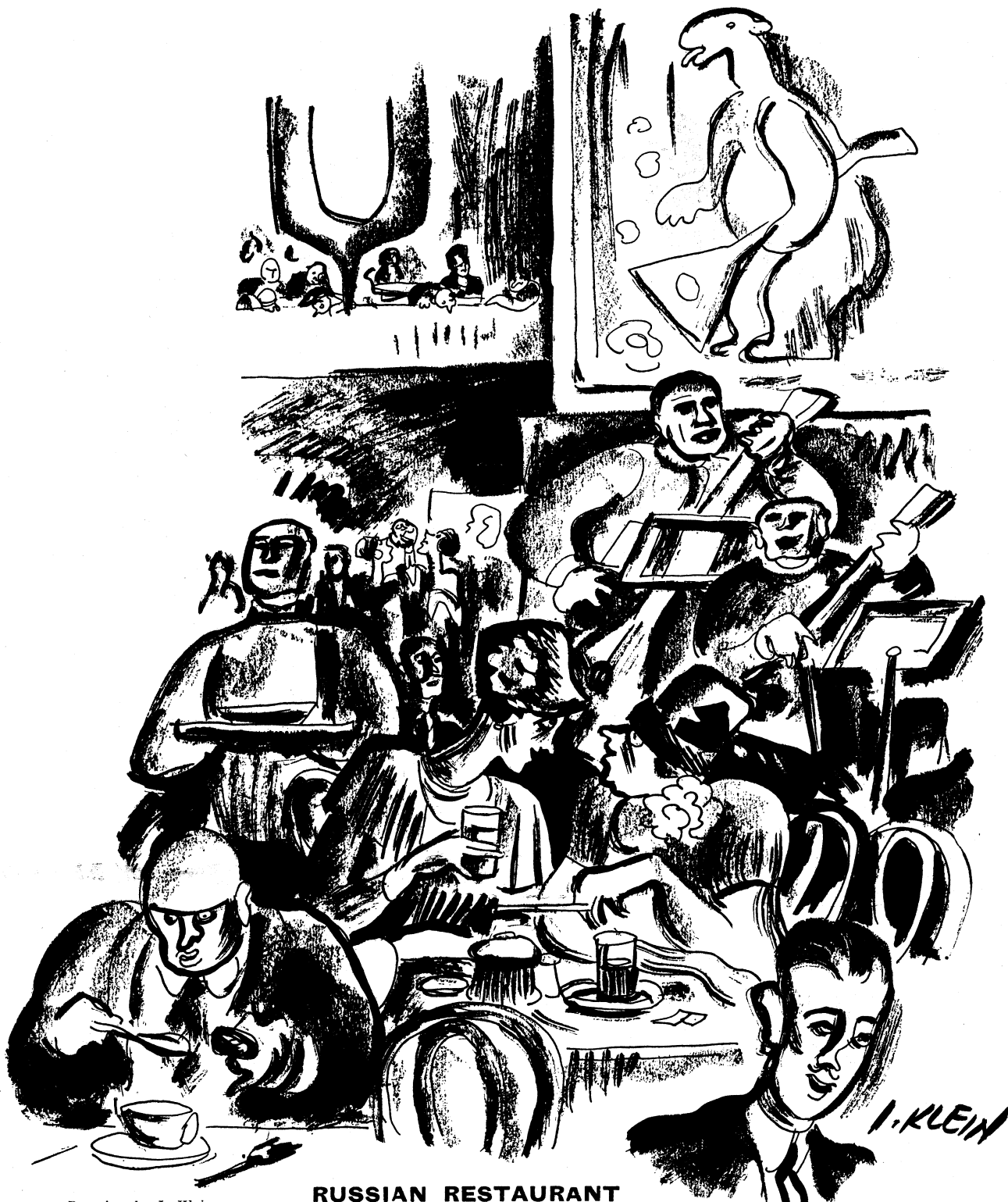
Kameniev jangled the bell, shouting, "Keep your seats and we'll go on with our business!" And Trotsky, standing up with a pale, cruel face, letting out his rich voice in cool contempt, "All these so-called Socialist compromisers, these frightened Mensheviki, Socialist Revolutionaries, *Bund*—let them go! They are just so much refuse which will be swept into the garbage-heap of history!"

* * *

Carried along by the eager wave of men we were swept into the right hand entrance, of the Winter Palace opening into a great bare vaulted room, the cellar of the East wing, from which issued a maze of corridors and stair-cases. A number of huge packing cases stood about, and upon these the Red Guards and soldiers fell furiously, battering them open with the butts of their rifles, and pulling out carpets, curtains, linen, porcelain plates, glassware. . . . One man went strutting with a bronze clock perched on his shoulder; another found a plume of ostrich feathers, which he stuck in his hat. The looting was just beginning when somebody cried, "Comrades! Don't touch anything! Don't take anything! This is the property of the People!"

Immediately twenty voices were crying, "Stop! Put everything back! Don't take anything! Property of the People!" Many hands dragged the spoilers down. Damask and tapestry were snatched from the arms of those who had them; two men took away the bronze clock. It was all utterly spontaneous growing fainter and fainter in the distance, "Revolutionary discipline! Property of the People. . . ."

We crossed back over to the left entrance, in the West wing. There order was also being established. "Clear the Palace!" bawled a Red



Drawing by I. Klein

RUSSIAN RESTAURANT

Bachelor Girl: Oh, Pansy, Isn't it thrilling!

Old Maid: Yes, they just might try some of that "nationalizing" . . .

Guard, sticking his head through an inner door. "Come, comrades, let's show that we're not thieves and bandits. Everybody out of the Palace except the Commissars, until we get sentries posted."

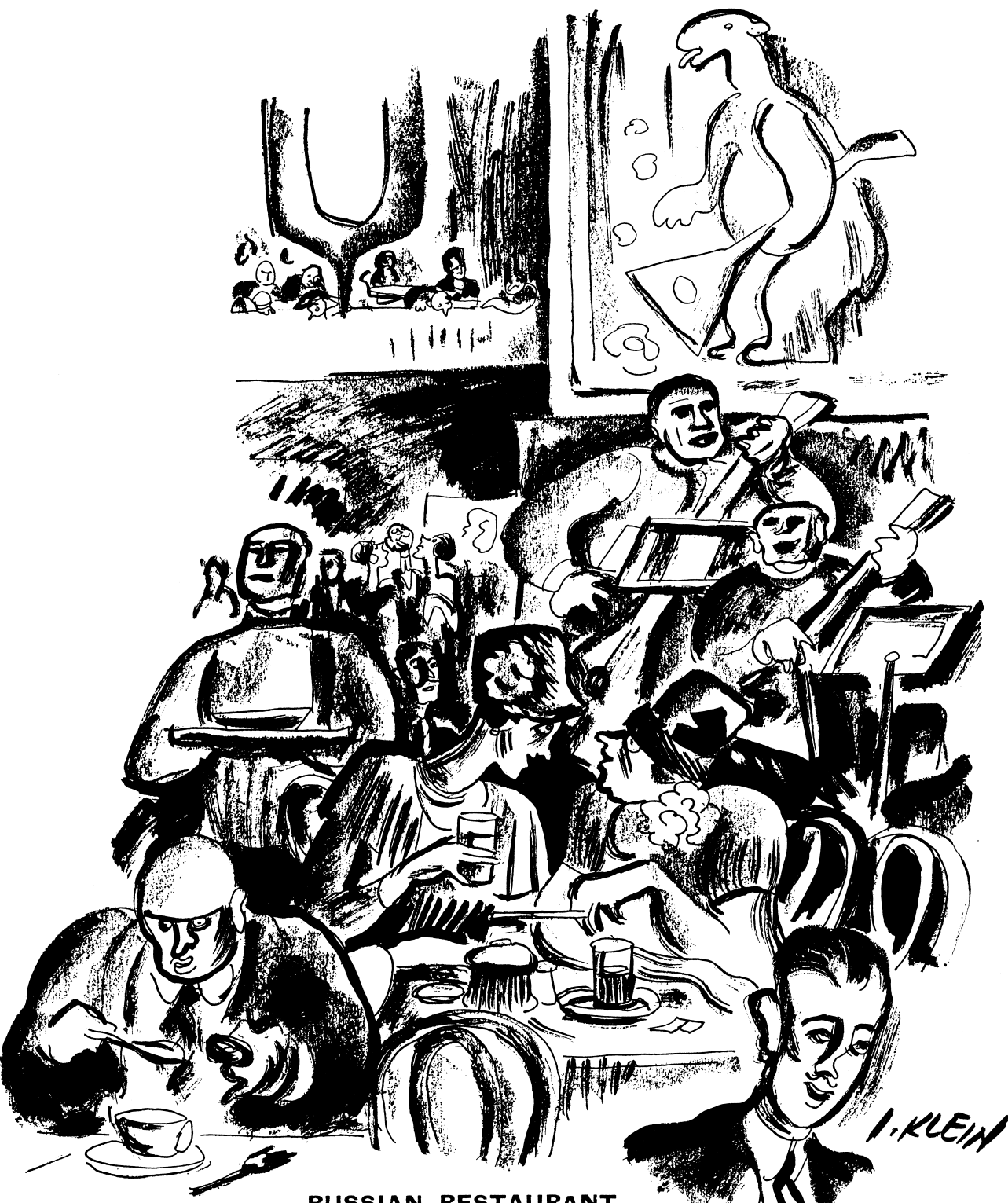
Two Red Guards, a soldier and an officer, stood with revolvers in their hands. Another soldier sat at a table behind them, with pen and paper. Shouts of "All out! All out!" were heard far and near within, and the Army began to pour through the door, jostling, expostulating, arguing. As each man appeared he was seized by the self-appointed committee, who went through his pockets and looked under his coat. The most amaz-

ing assortment of objects: bottles of ink, bed-spreads worked with the Imperial monogram, candles, a small oil-painting, desk blotters, gold-handled swords, cakes of soap, clothes of every description, blankets. One Red Guard carried three rifles, two of which he had taken away from *yunkers*; another had four portfolios bulging with written documents. The culprits either sullenly surrendered or pleaded like children. All talking at once the committee explained that stealing was not worthy of the people's champions; often those who had been caught turned around and began to help go through the rest.

* * *

So. Lenin and the Petrograd workers decided on insurrection, the Petrograd Soviet had overthrown the Provisional Government, and thrust the *coup d'etat* upon the Congress of Soviets. Now there was all great Russia to win—and then the world! Would Russia follow and rise? And the world—what of it? Would the peoples answer and rise, a red world-tide?

Although it was six in the morning, night was yet heavy and chill. There was only a faint unearthly pallor stealing over the silent streets, dimming the watch-fires, the shadow of a terrible dawn grey-rising over Russia. . . .



Drawing by I. Klein

RUSSIAN RESTAURANT

Bachelor Girl: Oh, Pansy, Isn't it thrilling!

Old Maid: Yes, they just might try some of that "nationalizing" . . .



Adolph Dehn 1923

Drawing by Adolph Dehn

RUSSIAN WHITE HOPES

Former Grand Duke: God help our poor country, Alexis. Our universities, our art museums, our theatres overrun with common workingmen!

ANOTHER UNKNOWN SOLDIER

By ROSE STRUNSKY

I too would sing to an Unknown Soldier. I would lay wreaths on him. He is much more mysterious than the figure so symbolic of unity in the Nationalist cause that lies in Arlington or under the Arc de Triomphe, for even in life he walked literally an unknown soldier, a nameless one. And his heroism was incomparable.

He is the soldier of the revolutionary wars in Russia. He is that revolutionist who for a century had each generation gone forth solitary and alone, in single file, and laid down his life, that in the end a new order could prevail.

No trumpets urged him forth, but the trumpet of his own conscience; not to rest till tyranny be destroyed. And he went forth wiping off all marks of his identity as surely as the gaunt Grey Figure destroyed those other Unknown Ones. He became homeless and nameless, that the hand of the enemy fall not too easily on him or on his own. He therefor never used his name, he never gave his address, he never wrote an address down or a name of a friend or a comrade, he never saw his own people except by a tap at night to ease some aching mother's heart.

My mind is crowded with many of these figures whom I met as I travelled through Russia and Finland in 1906 and '07. I do not know from where they came, I never knew who they were, only now and then did I pick up scraps of their history. Never did I know what their task was before it was over, and only casually and accidentally did I know their end. They were detached members of a great army whom I happened to meet because of letters of introduction to party members from abroad, because of friendliness of spirit, and because I lived some months in Finland with a family friendly and abetting the activities of the young terrorists of Russia.

One figure always stands before my eyes, a tall youth with the closely cropped head of a soldier and a very prominent Adam's apple which moved up and down when he talked or sang. And such singing! Such a golden voice! He was always ready to sing and he was called by everyone "Golubchik", Little Darling. Why I don't know. He was very shabbily dressed and he looked out of place in the Finnish drawing room with its white and pink furniture and its potted plants in the windows. One day Golubchik came in in a frock coat, looking so fine, but he sat silent and wouldn't sing. And

when he went away, he bent over and gave something to my friend. "Keep it for me," he said.

She told me scraps about him later. He had been a young lieutenant, a priest's son and he was stationed in the Fortress in Sebastopol where Savinkov had been brought, though we did not call him Savinkov, but Leo, then, just as Azeff was not called Azeff, but Ivan Nikolaevich. But we always knew who were meant by Leo or Ivan Nikolaevich, but never the others, no matter what names were used. He became devoted to Leo and the night before the scheduled execution, he went with Leo to the bath, shaved and dressed him as an officer and together they walked out of the Fortress. To Leo the years brought the Great War, and a passionate endorsement of the Allied Cause and a hostile, active counter-revolutionary career, which ended in supposed remorse, in a return to Russia, in an arrest and in a jump to his death from his prison window. But Leo was always temperamental and a literary person. Golubchik's life was simpler and shorter.

"You remember Golubchik?" said my friend a few weeks after he left. "Well, he did what he set out to do, but he remained to be caught and was hanged. He left me his revolver as a keep-sake—" She was looking at it in her desk. He has always sat for me on that pink sofa dressed and silent and somewhere to go.

It was my Finnish stay that gave me memories of those many silent Nameless Ones that live with me now. They too were visitors to Finland and quite often it was I who played hostess to them in my friend's absence. The Finns had arranged through the request of Ivan Nikolaevich I believe (perhaps he wanted to entangle as many as he could in his net) an underground station on one of the many little islands off the coast.

It was some miles away from the island where our friends were spending the summer and I with them. Their pretty yacht, the Dorit, lay in the bay flying the most exclusive yachting-club pennant in Finland, but it was really the transport boat to that other island. One day it brought two Russian men who spent the day before going farther on. They were bearded and silent, but smiled most readily at this and that and especially were they pleased with the sun and the wind and the freshness and the wildness of that little fisherman's island in the Finnish archipelago. I found myself picking raspberries with one of them. He was so happy at the game. He hadn't done that for such a long time, he said, ever since he left home! How reluctant he was to go into the house! How he wanted to be a little boy again! What strange thoughts he must have had as he picked raspberries that day!

By dawn they were gone (it was to get rid of possible spies that

the stop was made). They were taken up to that underground station, then they came down to Pskov, drove up and shot and killed and one turned his revolver against himself, and the other tried to do the same but the trigger caught. That night the "State of Extraordinary Protection" was proclaimed in Pskov to make a hanging more legal. For Russia was humane and there was no capital punishment for murder for lust or money, only for political terror. And I have always felt it was he of the raspberries whose trigger failed. In fact I grew to know, through photographs, but who he was who dreamed himself a little boy again on his mother's land for one afternoon, I never knew.

The men spoke of themselves less than the women. They sang or smiled, but the young, fresh life, temperamental, warm, that spent a day in Viborg was resentful.

"Do you think I don't want to live?" she cried suddenly. "Life is beautiful. It is a joy. I give it away because others blacken it. I give it away so that the little ones will some day dance in the bright sun as I never have."

She gave hers with wanton gesture. She carried dynamite in her blouse and blew herself up, a living bomb against him she designated as the tyrant.

They were a large and nameless army, young girls who used my room to dress in as carriers of dynamite into Russia. I never knew whence they came, or whither they went or who they were. They wore the dynamite under shirt or blouse and perfumed themselves with musk and ammonia, for dynamite has an unmistakable odor, and departed.

Only once did I ever meet one of them again. In the two days I spent in the Detention Prison in Leningrad, when Paxton Hibben we learn now was instrumental in letting us out—he being one of the secretaries of the American Embassy then—a young face called to me from behind the bars. I hardly placed her. "Remember Helsingfors," she spelled out. "Of course!" So there at last was one of them! Where else could I have expected to meet them?

They were like the coral that build the reefs with their own skeletons. It is on their bodies that the Russian Revolution has been built. I would have the Red Army pass and dip its flag to that Unknown Soldier of the past who lies imbedded in the road upon which the victorious walk now.



BURLESQUE

Drawing by John Reehill



BURLESQUE

Drawing by John Rehill

LENIN WAS AN ENGINEER

By MAX EASTMAN

THE change that has to be made in Marxism, although fundamental, is quite simple. Orthodox Marxism asserts that the material world is inevitably evolving, by way of a conflict of classes, to the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat which will usher in the communist society. The ideas of communists are a "mental reflection" of that inevitable process.

In other words, Marxists attribute their own purpose to the external Reality, and regard themselves as cooperating with that Reality. This is a religious, or animistic, and not a scientific way of thinking—no matter whether you call that Reality matter or spirit. I want to drop this way of thinking, or this way of stating our thought, and put Marxism into the form of a practical science.

By organizing the class-struggle and carrying it forward to a dictatorship of the proletariat, it will be possible to usher in a communist society. That is Marxism in the form of a practical science.

The change is simple, but its consequences are enormous. I have already shown in the NEW MASSES how it enables us to solve the problem about Marxism and Freud's psychology, and adjudicate the old conflict between Marxist and anarchist. Now I want to show how it enables us to appraise the genius of Lenin, and for the first time adequately appreciate his creative contribution to revolutionary theory and practice. The fact is that Lenin instinctively, and impetuously—notwithstanding occasional academic assertions to the contrary—conceived Marxism in this latter way, and so acted upon it, and this is the central point in all the new things he did.

The Birth of Bolshevism

If you wanted to build a bridge across a stream, it would be absurd to make your calculations upon the assumption that the properties of steel and iron are such that they are going across the stream, and that you are lending consciousness to the process. It would not require a book to demonstrate that this was a relic of animism. In creating a dictatorship of the proletariat, as a bridge toward a real human society, the absurdity of this way of calculating is less obvious, but it is equally great. The only difference here is that the material you work with is moving, and it is human, and you are a part of it. This does not alter the nature of thought and purposive action, or

justify you in regarding yourself as a reflecting apparatus, instead of an engineer. It merely gives rise to a large and altogether peculiar set of engineering problems. And it was exactly these problems which Lenin solved, and whose solution created the "Bolshevik" departure in Marxism. Lenin's fundamental contribution to the Marxian science was a determination of the way in which engineers who use it, must relate themselves to the moving human material of which they are a part.

Bolshevism, like so many other things, can be best understood by studying it at the point of origin. It was born in Lenin's attack upon a school of compromising Marxists who called themselves "Economists". Their idea was that the Marxian intellectuals in Russia ought not to alienate the workers by stressing the political aspect of the revolution, the necessity of overthrowing the czar's government, but ought simply to enter into the economic struggle with the bosses, leaving these political changes to follow in the natural course of events. They ought to subordinate themselves to the spontaneous, or as the Russian say "elemental", movement of the workers.

Lenin destroyed this humble-casual tendency completely in his journal *Iskra* and his book *What to Do?* He put in its place the idea of an "organization of professional revolutionists", who, while welding themselves into a dynamic identity with the elemental movement of the workers, should nevertheless retain their own organizational identity, and their own intellectual identity—their unqualified and undissembled loyalty to the whole programme of political and economic revolution. He maintained that such an organization was not only advisable, but indispensable to victory. "I assert," he said, "that no revolutionary movement can be durable without a solid organization of leaders capable of maintaining their succession."

In his further development and the development of his party, Lenin ceased to employ the concept of "professional revolutionist". It was a peculiarly Russian concept—the essential fruit, indeed, of that consecrated movement of revolt which had preceded Bolshevism in Russia. And Lenin apparently knew that it was Russian. He knew that it was out of accord with the Marxian manner of thinking as it had

developed in western Europe. He always resisted the proposal to translate into other languages the book in which he had laid down the foundations of Bolshevism. But he never yielded to those in Russia who accused him of having exaggerated in that book the role of these "professional revolutionists". He replied that their role *had been* indispensable, and he explained the disappearance of this concept from his writings of a later date, by saying that the "professional revolutionist has done his work in the history of Russian proletarian socialism". He has succeeded, that is, in welding himself into a dynamic unity with the elemental struggle of the workers, so that the organization ultimately formed can be treated as a single unit, the "vanguard" of the revolutionary proletariat. By an adroit use of this word "vanguard", Lenin reconciled his language in later years with that of western European Marxism. But I believe no Bolshevik would deny that the professional revolutionist continued, during the growth and triumph of Lenin's party, to play the same indispensable role that was ascribed to him at its foundation. In the official *History of the Russian Communist Party*, published during Lenin's life, we read:

"If you inquire, from the standpoint of the personal staff of leaders, what our party lives by at the present time, and even our state, it will become clear that to a significant degree even now after twenty years, the party so to speak, nourishes itself upon that group of professional revolutionists, the foundations of which were laid at the beginning of the century."

The concept of professional revolutionist belongs, then, not only to the origin, but to the essence of Bolshevism. And if you will reflect how directly a person's "class" depends upon his "profession", you will see that to make revolution itself a "profession", was a very real departure in a philosophy which regards revolution as an automatic outcome of the struggle of classes. To declare that the people of that "profession" are indispensable to the victory of the working class, has the appearance of heresy. And this appearance becomes more pronounced when you learn that, in describing his professional revolutionists, Lenin repeatedly declared that "it makes no difference" whether they belong to the working class or not.

"The organization of revolutionists," he said, "ought to em-

SPRING SOWING

Four figures moving back and forth across
A harrowed hill—two horses and two men.
And all about them earth and air and sky
Filled with a clamorous portent. Clouds career;
The windy vault of heaven is high and blue.
There is a great to do among the trees,
A twitter and a whistling and a stir;
And where the four have passed birds swoop to glean
The seed that is not swallowed by the soil—
The eager, silent soil pressed by their feet.

Stately and slow like steeds upon a frieze
Move the strong horses, rounding neck and neck.
The seed-box, long, bright red, on yellow wheels
Is like a toy. "They're much too fat," says man
To man. The other grunts. "What they need now
Is work." And both plod on in silence down
The furrowed field; and drop their seed, and turn,
And one clucks, "Gee!" the other flaps the rein;
The seed-box clicks and creaks and wheels about,
And up the slope the horses step again.

Four figures stand against the sky that hangs
Over the hill, the house, the barn, and curves
To where the shimmering of sunny air
Disturbs the calm horizon. "It won't rain
Tonight," says one; "they'll be a moon, I guess.
My gal will be awantin' me to spoon.
I've never saw the like! . . ." The other spits;
"All o' creation's warm this time o' year.
Git-op!" The horses rear and bob their heads;
And seed starts dropping to the waiting earth.

Irving Fineman



Lithograph by Beulah Stevenson

DISSONANCE

My dear man! Your piano is atrociously out of tune.
Why not? I have become a modernist.

brace first of all and chiefly people whose profession consists of revolutionary activity. . . . And before this general title of member of the organization, all distinction between workers and intelligentsia should be obliterated, to say nothing of distinctions between this and that separate profession."

Thus Lenin founded his Bolshevik organization upon a recognition of the *indispensable* historic function of a group of people who were not defined according to the economic class to which they belonged, but were defined according to their purposive activity and their state of mind. They were people committed and consecrated to a certain social purpose—but with this difference, from the "Narodniki", that they possessed the Marxian science and the Marxian technique for the achievement of that purpose. In short, they were scientific revolutionary engineers.

Lenin was accused by other Marxists of "Jacobinism" and "Blanquism" on the ground of this heresy, and I think the accusation should have been accepted. Lenin was amazingly contented, or rather determined, to attribute all of

his wisdom to Karl Marx. It seemed to fulfill some need of his emotional nature to do so. But a mature history of his policies would neglect neither his own contributions nor those of the great French revolutionists. Lenin corrected the error of Marx, which was a mystic faith in the proletariat as such; and he corrected the error of Blanqui, which was to trust all to the organization of revolutionists. He saw that the organization of revolutionists must be actually rooted in, and welded together with, the proletariat by a whole series of personal and organizational bonds, so that they not only assume to represent the proletariat, but also, when a revolutionary period arrives, actually do represent it. But he saw also that they must be a distinct body of men who "stand above society", and are thus able to understand it. And his arrant insistence upon centralized authority and military discipline in that body of men, smacks more of the tactics of Blanqui than of the philosophy of Marx.

Lenin's Heresy

Moreover, in discussing the part to be played by this organization of

revolutionists, Lenin contradicted the Marxian metaphysics and abandoned it absolutely. He abandoned all the confused ideological dodges of the priest of economic metaphysics, who is "bringing to the working class a consciousness of its destiny", and adopted the attitude of a practical artisan who is doing work, and doing it scientifically, and not seriously deceiving himself either about the historic destiny of his material, or the essentially decorative function of his own brain and volition. It is not easy to find a formula that will flatly and absolutely contradict an animistic construction as subtle as that invented by Hegel and stood on its head by Marx. But in this book *What to Do?* Lenin succeeded in finding one. He denied both its assertion that the material elements of the world are automatically evolving towards socialism, and its assertion that the thoughts of socialists are a mere reflection of the process.

"The elemental development of the workers' movement," he said, "goes straight toward subjection to the bourgeois ideology . . . for the elemental workers' movement is trade-unionism . . . and

trade-unionism means just exactly the intellectual enslavement of the workers by the bourgeoisie. For that reason our task, the task of the social-democracy consists in a *struggle with elementariness*, it consists in dragging the workers' movement away from its instinctive trade-union aspiration under the wing of the bourgeoisie, and attracting it under the wing of the social-democracy. The statement of the Economists, that no efforts even of the most inspired ideologists can distract the workers' movement from the path determined by the interaction of the material forces with the material means of production is equivalent to a renunciation of socialism. . . .

"There cannot develop among workers a consciousness of the irreconcilable opposition of their interests to the whole contemporary political and social structure—that is, a socialist consciousness. . . . That can only be brought in from the outside. The history of all countries testifies that all by itself the working class is able to develop only a trade-union consciousness—a conviction of the necessity of combining in unions to carry on the struggle with the bosses, to extract from the Government this or that law indispensable to the workers, etc. . . . The science of socialism grew out of those philosophical, historical, and economic theories, which were developed by cultivated representatives of the possessing class. . . . This does not mean, of course, that working-men do not participate in the working out of those theories. But they participate not in the capacity of working-men, but in the capacity of socialist theorists, . . . participate, in short, only when and in so far as they have succeeded to a greater or less extent in mastering the science of their age and advancing it. . . .

"Without a revolutionary theory there can be no revolutionary movement. . . . The Economists accuse *Iskra* of 'setting its programme over against the workers' movement like a spirit soaring above formless chaos'. In what consists the role of the social-democracy, if not in being the 'spirit', not only soaring above the elemental movement, but raising the latter up to its programme? It certainly does not consist in dragging oneself along in the tail of the movement. . . . One must indeed confess that people firmly determined always to follow a movement in the capacity of the tail, are once and for all absolutely guaranteed against 'minimizing the elemental factor'. . . ."

It is obvious that this is not Hegelian Marxism. This is a series of violent and magnificent denials of the whole thing. For the substance of Hegelian Marx-

NOVEMBER, 1927



Lithograph by Beulah Stevenson

DISSONANCE

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FROM A RUSSIAN
LITHOGRAPH POSTER

"They were like the coral that build the reefs with their own skeletons. It is on their bodies that the Russian Revolution has been built. I would have the Red Army pass and dip its flag to those Unknown Soldiers of the past who lie imbedded in the road upon which the victorious walk now."



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ism is the assertion that the proletariat *as such*, and by virtue of a dialectic necessity inherent in its elemental and material nature, is bound to fight the bourgeoisie and achieve the revolution, and the ideas and theories in the minds of socialists can be nothing but a reflection of the process. This fact was pointed out in the Party Congress of 1903 by one of the "Economists", Martinov, who arrayed against Lenin a whole series of contrary quotations from Marx and Engels, and from socialist programmes of other countries. But Lenin had then the support of Plekhanov. He had the majority of the Congress. He dismissed Martinov's theoretical attack with the remark that "the Economists had bent the stick in one direction, and in order to straighten the stick it was necessary to bend it in the other". This was no answer at all, for there was no element of degree in Lenin's heresy. He had given to his super-class professional revolutionists, defined and identified by their purposive ideas and idealistic activities, an indispensable dynamic function in the historic process which Marx's Hegelian philosophy absolutely denies to them.

Lenin's Excommunication

Plekhanov was aware of this fact, and he said so as soon as he had decided to abandon Lenin politically. He said that he had told Lenin his book was theoretically wrong when he saw it in manuscript. He said that he had "never regarded Lenin as an able theorist, and always considered him organically incapable of dialectic thinking". He said that Lenin's popularity was due to a "departure from Marxism which made his ideas accessible to those 'practicals' who are unprepared to understand Marxism". He proved this with a quotation from Marx:

"It is not a question of what goal this or that proletarian sets himself at a given time, or even the whole proletariat. It is a question of what the class is in itself, and of what, in view of this its being, it is historically bound to accomplish."

He reminded his readers that according to the philosophy of historic materialism, "Economic necessity gives birth to and carries to its logical end—that is, to the social revolution—that movement of the working class of which scientific socialism serves as a theoretic expression." And he excommunicated Lenin from the true church of this philosophy in these words:

"The disputed question consists in this. Does there exist an economic necessity which calls forth in the proletariat a demand for so-

cialism, makes it instinctively socialist, and impels it—even if left to its own resources—on the road to social revolution, notwithstanding the stubborn and continual effort of the bourgeoisie to subject it to its own ideological influence? Lenin denies this, in face of the clearly expressed opinions of all the theorists of scientific socialism. And in that consists his enormous mistake, his theoretical fall into sin."

In order to appreciate the authority of this excommunication, you must know that Lenin himself has described Plekhanov's philosophical writings as "the best in the whole international literature of Marxism". Nevertheless Lenin never answered Plekhanov's attack. He said four years later that it "had the obvious character of empty cavil, founded on phrases torn from their connections, and upon separate phrases not entirely happy, or not accurately formulated by me, ignoring at the same time the general content and whole spirit of the book". But this also was no answer. The general spirit of the book is exactly what is heretical, and what makes it a turning point in the whole history of Marxism. From the first page to the last, it is the practical science of Marxism, with the metaphysics stamped under foot and ignored. Lenin's statement about the bourgeois character of the spontaneous movement of labor may or may not be true; it is a statement that could not be proven. But a person thinking according to the metaphysical system of Karl Marx could not possibly conceive it as true. No matter what the passing situation may be, a dialectic materialist is bound to conceive the revolution as automatically produced by the contradictions in capitalism, and the Marxian scientist as "bringing consciousness" to the process, or "serving as its theoretical expression". At the most he may permit this Marxian scientist to accidentally-accelerate the movement. There is not a word in Lenin's book which is even a concession to this metaphysical ideology. The book tells you "what to do", if you want to produce with the material at hand a socialist revolution. It is a text book of practical engineering on the basis of the Marxian mechanics of history. Lenin was indeed "organically incapable of dialectic thinking", in so far as dialectic thinking means attributing your own purposes to the external world. He was incapable of animistic thinking. He was incapable of distorting facts to fit a metaphysics. He was a practical thinker to the depth of his mind, a scientist and not a priest, an engineer and not a "midwife" of revolution.



FROM A RUSSIAN
LITHOGRAPH POSTER

10 YEARS OF RUSSIAN MOVIES

Russische Filmkunst. Vorwort von Alfred Kerr. Ernst Pollak Verlag.

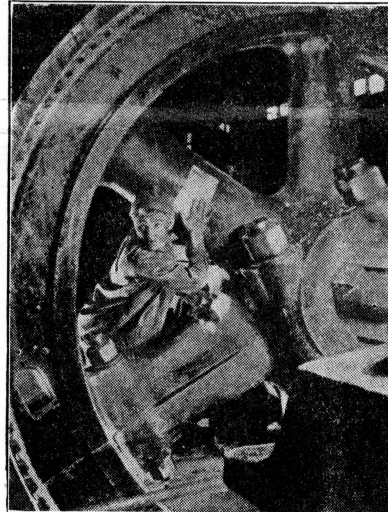
I CANNOT believe, as I turn the pages of this German book with its 144 excellent rotogravure illustrations taken from the pictures put out by the Soviet motion picture industry, that only twelve years have gone by since we used to gallop down the Nevski Prospect to the Picadilly Cinema and see films made in the Caucasus that were Russian crude but lively imitations of the American westerns . . . the Cossacks in sombreros, Georgian beauties in Mary Pickford sunbonnets and tartar boots. And it is even harder to believe that the miserable flecked news reels of the famine year were the best the Russians had in 1922.

I keep forgetting that this is the twentieth century and that both destruction and construction are vastly accelerated. The revolution in the Russian cinema industry has produced an art, in five years, and better than twenty articles telling you so, is a copy of this book, obtainable, I believe, at Brentano's. The pictures will tell you that the amazing vitality and excitement in the Russian pictures today is due primarily to their choice of theme. They are not afraid of social struggle. Their most dramatic pictures are not the struggles of two men for one woman, or two women for one man, nor war, castrated of any suggestions as to the causes of war, nor religious spectacles. Wait and see. Will Hays may have managed



The poignancy of this prison scene from Gorky's "Mother" is intensified by the exciting photographic composition.

so that the pictures of Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations are no longer to be thrown on the screen to remind us of August, 1927. Wait and see. From some Russian studio, presently, will come a film to tell that story. Long before Eisenstein made a picture of the revolt of the Potemkin in Odessa harbor, he had experimented with a picture called *The Strike*, a real strike . . . not one where the hero marries the employer's daughter and all is settled at somebody else's altar.



The Russian film directors know the dramatic possibilities of machinery. Here is a scene from Eisenstein's "Strike".



In "Potemkin" the audience is keyed and held to a high pitch of nervous tension by adroit use of swiftly changing close-ups of arms, legs, machinery, etc.

For the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, the Russian studios have searched Russian history for scenarios, and those who are lucky enough to be in Moscow this month will see the kino records not only of the struggle of the people in 1917 to free themselves from outworn czarism, and priests and landlords, but of all the old historical episodes when the people rose . . . the Pugachev rebellion . . . the year of the Decembrists. In all the good Russian pictures I have seen . . . and in my enthusiasm, do not imagine that three quarters

of the Russian experiments are not unsuccessful, though largely because they still engage in imitating America . . . there is one peculiar element. It is the lack of emphasis on stardom. It is the pictures of many people, of crowds in the square at Samarkhand, the sailors at work in the engine room of a battleship, convicts even in the Siberian camps, factory meetings, and peasant fairs, that have a curious dignity I do not find in mass pictures elsewhere. They never seem to be aggregates of dressed-up supes, but human beings, and in their aggregate so much more important and more moving than any single superior person. Where the hero is related to the crowd, arising out of it, able to lose himself again in it, he is doubly the hero. There is some cure here for the tragedy of *Faust*, that I cannot explain. But certainly it is the new theatre of the screen, and it is significant not alone as a Russian achievement, but as pointing the way for motion picture art the world over. When Maude Adams exclaimed to Robert Flaherty, as they sat together at the opening of *Potemkin*, in New York. "This is all news reel. Now I know what motion pictures are for," she was only announcing that the Russians had succeeded in making a motion picture that was not an escape from life, but had some intimate and real relation to the world of conflicting forces that we live in.

Ernestine Evans.

WHAT ABOUT THE DICTATORSHIP?

By H. N. BRAILSFORD

To what extent is the average Russian citizen irked or depressed by the Communist Dictatorship? If a foreigner could ever answer this question with confidence, it would be only after spending some years in Russia in some position which brought him into daily confidential intimacy with workers and peasants—I can form my impressions only from chance talks with workers whom I rarely met more than once. But I have been startled several times by the natural and spontaneous way in which a worker would say, when summing up the gains and losses of the Revolution, "Besides, we are free." He would say it, indeed, without emphasis, as if it were a thing which everyone knew and no one could possibly doubt. In trying to think oneself into this state of mind, one has to cross many countries. Behind our own views of personal freedom and democratic rights lies a long evolution which Russians wholly es-

caped. Human beings do not spontaneously resent government by dictation. To accept it is, indeed, the natural and habitual attitude of our species. That part of it which inhabited the two shores of the Atlantic has recently (for, in the life of instinct and emotion, three centuries is a brief span) acquired another outlook. It arrived at it after opening its mind to a series of revolutionary influences—some economic, some religious, some philosophical, which all tended to elevate the Western conception of the sanctity and importance of the individual. There were none of these self-conscious individuals in Babylon or Egypt. The Catholic Church did not breed them. They are the children first of the Reformation, then of Whig philosophy, and finally of the French Revolution. These movements, we are apt, in our insolent Western way, to regard as epochs in the history of mankind. They were much less than that. None of them touched Russia. It is true, indeed, that a few persons of eccen-

tric modernity at the court of Petersburg had read Voltaire and Rousseau before they died. It is true that, after barbaric Russia had hurled back the Napoleonic invasion, the minute literate class began to read, first French, and then German philosophy. They had less influence on the mass of the workers and peasants than the much larger class in India which has received a Western education has yet had upon the mass of Indian peasants. There was never in Russia any percolation downwards of the philosophic and religious individualism which in the West took such deep root in the working class. For, in the West, Protestantism and especially Protestant dissent had carried these ideas to ploughmen and thinkers. And what the Churches may have left unfinished the Trade Unions completed.

The Russian masses were immune from all such influences. They read nothing; indeed, they could not read. The Orthodox Church went on repeating the mystic other worldliness of the dark

ages. And the Trade Unions, when they did at last begin to influence the *élite* of the urban workers, brought with them not the individualism of French "philosophy" and English radicalism, but a rigid form of Marxism. This doctrine looked at mankind in the mass and taught the worker to think of himself, not as a human individual who had a title to certain personal rights, but rather as a member of a class to which he owed "solidarity." For nearly three generations English workers were absorbed in the struggle to win the Parliamentary vote which appeared to them to be a badge of their individual human dignity. When the Russian workers began to struggle in grim earnest, it was to win power for their class organization, the Soviet. If English workers have since turned to Socialism, they retain, none the less, much of the exalted conception of the individual's rights and of his standing in the eyes of God and his fellowmen which their forefathers drank in, with heads bowed in prayer, or

**From How the Soviet Works, by H. N. Brailsford. Vanguard Press, 50 cents.*



THE MODERN ANCIENT

Ten years ago isolated millions of Russian peasants were living under feudal conditions unchanged since the fourteenth century. The Soviet-fostered radio has spanned 600 years for this old mujik. He is no longer isolated. He is being taught and encouraged to share in the building of a Workers' State.



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learned to sing to the words of Robert Burns. This respect for the individual can be reconciled with the spirit of Western Socialism. To Russian Communists it seems merely a relic of "bourgeois mentality"—a true diagnosis in the sense that it was the middle-class revolution which first conquered the world for these conceptions of a humane democracy.

These reflections may seem trite and superfluous. But, in asking oneself what is the state of mind of the average man of another race and civilization, it is important to ascertain not merely what ideas his mind contains, but also what ideas are missing from its storehouse. The democratic individualist ideas never penetrated to the mass soul of the Russian workers. Why then, should this average worker and peasant resent the lack of democratic liberties for which he had never sighed or struggled?

The tragedy of Russia is that, while the conquering working class had escaped this democratic evolution, the minute intellectual class, nurtured on a great and humane literature and familiar with the thought of the West, had passed very thoroughly through it. It, assuredly, had sighed for freedom and struggled gallantly to win it. It—or a great part of it—feels itself injured and insulted by a dictatorship which despises the fundamental liberties. Part of it has rallied to the dictatorship because, on the whole, it aims at many of the concrete ends which humanitarian Socialism pursues. But part of it remains in the shadow, dejected and disappointed. But again, we must not, by following Western analogies uncritically, exaggerate its influence. Its ideas do not percolate down to the mass, as, in the West, the ideas of the middle-class usually do—and this for two all-important reasons. It enjoys no economic influence, for it is no longer an employing class, nor the associate and ally of an employing class. Nor has it the command of a press. The Dictatorship uses that instrument to make the thinking of the masses, and uses it with entire success. To speak of newspapers alone, its journals have more than twice the circulation which the whole Russian newspaper press possessed before the Revolution. The average mind cannot resist its daily influence, and feels (if I guess rightly) small inclination to struggle against it. For, with whatever jolts and jars and losses and privations, that system works. To the average unimaginative man it has the supreme merit of existing. The rebel is always the imaginative man, and it requires an effort of the imagination in modern Russia to conceive

any other system. Memory, indeed, can recall Czardom, but who would restore that?

But a candid mind, must, I think, go further. The Dictatorship in Russia was the inevitable

outcome of her tragic history. The economic collapse, the daily misery of the mass, the shame of defeat in the field, and the weakness of the politicians who tried during 1917 to find a solution in compromise,

IS THIS SLAVERY?

From 7,298 Speeches Delivered By
A. F. of L. Leaders Since October, 1917

By ROBERT W. DUNN

TEN thousand thousand slaves (10,000,000). Let us take a look at these pitiable captives of the Bolsheviks. Their condition must be lamentable compared with the conditions of the free workers in other countries.

1. In the first place these slave workers are prohibited by their own law from working more than 8 hours a day in factories, 6 hours a day in offices, 6 hours a day in dangerous trades, 6 hours a day from bank to bank for miners. The free workers of Europe and America work longer. Indeed some of them work 10 and 12 hours a day.

2. The enslaved workers of the U. S. S. R. receive an annual two weeks' vacation with pay. Those in dangerous occupations such as mining have a month annually to rest and play—with full wages. Their free brothers in Europe and America take vacations, when the company permits, and at their own expense.

3. The working mothers who are in slavery in the Soviet Union are given two months before and two months after the birth of a child—with full pay. They also receive a birth allowance and additional nursing privileges when they return to work. Their free sisters in Passaic, N. J., for example, sometimes have their babies in the mill. They receive no time off with pay either before or after giving birth to a child.

4. The enslaved workers of Russia have their own clubs, libraries, sports, classes, concerts, movies, educational circles—managed and carried on by themselves. About 1 per cent of the workers in the United States carry on a little educational work in unions, about 5 per cent receive certain welfare hand-outs from the boss. The remainder are free to pick up "culture" where they may.

5. Ninety per cent of the tyrannized and intimidated workers of Russia are in labor unions—ten per cent are unorganized. In the United States ninety per cent are out of the union. Ten per cent are organized. The freedom to scab is guaranteed by law and blessed by the National Association of Manufacturers.

6. The workers of the U. S. S. R. take a very active part in their trade unions, from ten to fifteen per cent of the rank and file—exclusive of the paid union workers—participating actively in union work. In America possibly one per cent of the rank and file of unionists are active in similar work.

7. The working serfs in Soviet Russia elect their shop mates to provincial congresses of the union. These congresses select the delegates to the All-Russian congress of trade unions. Thus workers from the bench get elected to this congress in large numbers. In America conventions of the A. F. of L. are composed almost exclusively of high union officials and business agents.

8. The union slaves in Russia—hundreds of thousands of them—write critically of their work and their union to the labor press, to their union journals. In America—ask any miner about the big waste basket in the office of the United Mine Workers' Journal in Indianapolis.

9. The slaves in the U. S. S. R. at open meetings elect shop committees nominated by themselves. These committees have extensive powers and are the primary organs of the union. In America our free workers—at least a million and a half of them—have company unions in their shops, run by the boss. Those in the A. F. of L. for the most part belong to geographical locals performing no functions in the factory. The union leaders of these freemen consider shop committees dangerous and Bolshevik.

10. The slaves in Russia cannot be fired without the consent of the shop committees which they have elected. About 95 per cent of the free American workers can be sacked at the whim of a super or a personnel manager.

* * * *

These are a few contrasts in freedom. In what a miserable light it leaves the poor Russian rabotchie. He ought to go hide himself behind a samovar and pray to the spirit of Samuel Gompers to send him American liberty done up in a neat company union package with a pink welfare ribbon, and sealed with a yellow dog contract.

* * * *

P. S. The lives of the poor union devils in Russia are not brightened by company gunmen, labor spies, injunctions, Hitchman decisions, state Cossacks, anti-strike legislation, blue coats with riot guns, frame-up trials, open shop associations, company stool pigeons, strike-breaking Presidents, Industrial Squads, manufacturers' lobbies, employers' association slush funds, anti-union campaigns and the few other incidentals that represent freedom as we know it in the U. S. A.

While in Soviet Russia this summer we did what we could to convey to the Russian unionists our heartfelt sympathy. We tried to tell them what they are missing. They promised to let us know when they are tired of their present bondage. To help them reach an early and impartial decision we have just mailed them a copy of the collected addresses of Mathew Woll and Eugene Lyons' new book on **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SACCO AND VANZETTI**.

left no way open save catastrophic upheaval. When once the follies and failures of the past have set to any society the problem of embarking on a rapid and thoroughgoing reconstruction of its foundations, Liberalism has no technique to offer it. The democratic idea came to life in close alliance with the doctrine of laissez-faire. For, while the middle-class, to free itself from the oppressions of feudalism, put forward its claims to civil liberty and a wider suffrage, it was far from supposing that the State would be better able, thanks to these reforms, to play a creative part in shaping the destinies of society. Even the democratic vote was conceived by them rather as a defense against undesired interference than as a means of ensuring rapid and fundamental change. They hoped, above all, that it would sweep away the last obstacles of the feudal tradition which hampered the free play of their own individual initiative as traders and manufacturers. The State was for them merely the door-keeper of the vast arena in which economic forces, personal energies, and self-regarding motives should have free play. That generation may have understood the implications of Liberalism rather better than its modern professors, who have discarded laissez-faire. For the moment one realizes in an historic emergency that the State must not merely regulate but also create, and that amid fierce struggle and at break-neck speed, the mechanism of democracy seems ill-adapted to its task. Could the two-party system and the tradition of the political see-saw which are common to both the British and the American systems survive a resolute attempt to introduce fundamental change? Would it be reasonable to expect of any party, which had done what this Russian party did in its first months and years of power, that it should jeopardize the very basis of the new system by risking elections which might bring its adversaries to the helm and result in the undoing of all that it had achieved? So much the candid observer may admit. He has still the right to ask how long it may be necessary to prolong the Dictatorship. He may argue that it cannot last beyond some point, which will always be difficult to locate, without causing lasting injury to the mind and will of a people which submits to it. He may doubt whether a party which has learned to use these rough methods will ever have the greatness of mind to discard them. But again, if he is candid, he will recognize that the Russian Communists are, by devious ways, attaining some of the advantages which democracy ensures.



Adolph Dehn 1927
Party.

Drawing by Adolph Dehn

“SO HAVE WE—GENERAL!”

“I have faith in my boys!” said General Pershing when warned of the pitfalls of Paris. Here are some of the pitfalls saying “Au Revoir” to the entraining Legionnaires. American manhood is again vindicated.

CLASS WAR BULLETINS

By ANNA ROCHESTER

While the coal miners have won a temporary victory in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and the Southwest, various ingenious attacks on the union are still continuing in Ohio and western Pennsylvania. Federal Judge Benson W. Hough ordered that "only American citizens who speak the English language will be permitted to serve as union pickets around the properties of coal companies in five eastern Ohio counties." Federal Judge F. P. Schoonmaker has discovered—at the request of the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corporation—that the Union is conspiring to prevent the shipment of non-union mined coal in interstate commerce, and a blanket injunction against union picketing is therefore in order. The same corporation, finding its evictions proceeding too slowly, has been tearing the roofs off the miners' shacks to force them to vacate. And of course the old story of protecting scabs and attacking pickets and invading premises of union and strikers continues.

Incidental to the mine fight is the notorious Cheswick case in the Pittsburgh district. The day before the midnight when Sacco and Vanzetti were to be executed, a great demonstration held on private land was broken up by the police with clubbing, and tear bombs, and riding down the crowd. Some 200 persons, including women and children, were injured. The state police arrested 21 striking miners participating in the demonstration, on charges of unlawful assembly, inciting to riot and resisting officers. They have not yet been brought to trial.

Rounding Up the Reds

This month Lithuania leads in the merry game, with twenty executions and several prison terms of three to twenty years. The victims were not Communists but Socialists, for the Communist Party took no part in the Taugoggen revolt against Lithuania's fascist dictatorship for which these sentences are retribution.

In Korea ninety-five Korean and Japanese Communists were brought to trial recently, charged with "intrigue against the existing social order." The Associated Press tells us that one thousand police surrounded the court room and barbed wire entanglements were laid as a precaution against demonstrations.

The Right Wing Nationalists in China are doing their bit. Latest

dispatches from Wuhan report laconically that executions continue.

The Turkish police are busily dumping Communist tracts into the waters of the Golden Horn. And eleven workers at a tobacco factory on the Bosphorus were arrested for distributing propaganda including placards with the legend "Hurrah for Lenin."

Portugal has done some silent deporting, and recently announced that absolute quiet and order again prevail.

In France, while they were busily deporting alien reds, so as to purify Paris for the festivities of the Legion, some of the most troublesome Communist leaders who have not hesitated to stir up unrest in the army and navy were sent to prison. André Marty, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, is in for ten years.

Strike and a Dead Picket In Sunny Queensland

A sugar central at South Johnstone which had been operated by the State was turned over a few months ago to a small group of hard-boiled sugar growers. They forthwith announced, at the opening of their first season, that they were reducing the force. They dismissed 103 of the more active union members, veterans of previous sugar seasons, many of them old settlers in the community, and brought in 53 new men from outside.

While the union was meeting to consider action, certain families were dispossessed and their belongings thrown out on the road. The strike was immediate and unanimous.

An industrial magistrate ordered a secret ballot by those employees recognized as employees by the bosses. Again the strike was almost unanimously endorsed.

Armed guards and imported scabs appeared. The sugar farmers and cutters, mostly Italian, were warned by the directors that contracts would be permanently cancelled if they withheld their sugar. The directors also tried to frighten the Italians by picturing luridly the race prejudices of the British mill workers. But the Australia Workers Union assured the farmers that it would uphold them if they stopped work and warned them that the inner ring of the directorate was only waiting for a chance to foreclose on the small

farmers and extend their own sugar holdings. Doubtless true, since it came out almost at once that when the mill production was cut to a minimum with the handful of scabs the directors gave preference to sugar from their own plantations and let the sugar of other farmers rot in the sheds.

The strike pickets patrolled not only the mill itself but all the little stations on the branch railway from Innisfail to South Johnstone. Twice gunmen descended from a train and set upon unarmed pickets standing five or six together at these lonely spots. On July 4, one of the pickets, Jack Haynes, rashly decided to follow the gunman from the station along the lonely road, but as soon as he was away from his comrades he was shot dead. The gunman escaped.

When the strike was in its third month the mill granted terms of settlement satisfactory *except* that the management refused to dismiss the scabs! The strikers voted to stay out and appealed to labor outside for help. The workers of Innisfail, the nearest town, declared a boycott against the South Johnstone plant, and road transport workers, waterside workers,



Drawing by Lozowick

and railway employees in neighboring centers declared all goods shipped to or from the mill to be "black." After the "labor" government's railway administration had made wholesale dismissals of workers who refused to handle South Johnstone goods, unions in Brisbane, Melbourne, and Victoria began to register support. Finally Premier McCormack locked out 18,000 railway workers and a general strike was threatened.

But the general strike never came off. The railway administration yielded, and in the latest papers from Australia it seemed certain that the sugar workers would be shortly winning a genuine settlement.

In the midst of the fracas, one day a scab fell into a vat of boiling sugar. The neighborhood that had experienced the methods of the mill directorate was openly questioning whether the management would drain off the vat or set cannibal sugar before the consumer.

Lining Up In the South Seas

Having fixed up a nice little colony of radical exiles on a distant island, the authorities in the Dutch East Indies are now turning their attention to the Chinese nationalists in Java. Books by Sun Yat-sen, pictures of him, Kuomintang emblems and all Kuomintang publications are under the ban. Chang Shen-tien and Miss Chian Feng-tse were shipped back from Java to Shanghai because they were publishing a Kuomintang paper.

In New Zealand, the government is itching to get after "agitators" in their mandated islands of Samoa. The pretext for legislation is trouble over the copra trade, but as the leader of the opposition pointed out, why should the native Samoans be hostile to the administration if the government is giving them, as they claim, a better price for copra than the private traders? In the discussion on the new Samoa deportations bill, passed by the New Zealand House of Representatives on July 27, the opposition could elicit no statement from the government as to specific charges. A certain section of Europeans had been trying to undermine the Administrator's authority. Agitators are at work. "Samoa should not be governed from the beach." So the government is proposing to give the Administrator power to act himself as police head, inquisitor, prosecutor, and judge, and then to deport for the good of the community.

Thayer Justice In Wuerttemberg

THE frameup is no longer a peculiarly American institution. In Stuttgart the other day eight communists were sentenced to serve, among them, forty-four years and six months of imprisonment with hard labor and two years and six months of simple imprisonment for a bombing fixed upon them by police spies and provocateurs.

The judge in the case is one Neidner, a friend of the steel helmet leaders who would like to furnish a Mussolini for Germany. Two years ago in Wuerttemberg these reactionaries were preparing a coup and the communists were preparing to resist. The police sent among the communists two undercover agents with the highly symbolic names of Diener and Konig.

They gathered in a group of revolutionaries and Neidner promptly railroaded three to execution and others to enjoy, in all, seventy years of hard labor. As a matter of form Diener and Konig were also sentenced to five and five and a half years respectively.

Then a few weeks ago this bomb was exploded at the building of a non-communist labor paper. The only person killed was an agent of the criminal police on duty there. Much secret quizzing by detectives; threats of arrest among relatives and neighbors of communists if they did not come across with the right kind of information; then a trial based on police spy evidence. Diener and Konig reappeared, this time as chief witnesses—free men although recently sentenced to five and five and a half years imprisonment.

According to the non-party paper, *Die Weltbühne*, of Berlin, nothing was proved. The trial was even more farcical than the trial of two years ago. Evidence offered in defense was thrown aside. Inconsistencies in the state's case were passed over by the court. And eight comrades are now in for sentences ranging from two years and six months to thirteen years.

Punishing Southern Textile Strikers

When the Henderson, North Carolina, textile strike was over, the company began to punish the active men. A telegram from the local organizer to the Federated Press tells the story: "Special relief given strikers by firm during early period of strike, groceries and drugs sent to neediest cases, now being deducted from pay. Profit-sharing promised and now being carried out through increasing work of each operator. Investigation of overseers not being carried out. Some scabs have been fired, also some strikers. Eviction notices to ex-strikers are reaching a large number. Of 150 leaving town about half received notice to quit. Dissatisfaction high since settlement, due to high-handedness of management. Strike talk again rising high."

North Carolina cotton mills enjoyed—in 1926 according to Federal statistics—an average full-time weekly wage of \$16.13.

TWO DATES ALL GOOD
NEW MASSES READERS
SHOULD REMEMBER!

NOVEMBER 21
Bertrand Russell - Max
Eastman Debate

DECEMBER 2
Russian Anniversary Ball

"I say—Russia is having a celebration!"
"Well, I ain't heard anything good about them Russians yet."



A NEW MASSES THEATRE

OVER four thousand readers of the NEW MASSES live in or near New York City. Some are Communists; some Socialists and Anarchists; many are liberals, Zionists, Irish Nationalists, Negro Nationalists, and every other kind of ist—we are sure there must be even a few Theosophists and raw-foodists among our friends.

What all of this group unites on is the platform that the revolt of the workers of the world is the most interesting and important fact in the world today.

To these readers we wish to make an appeal:

Let us all help create a theatre that has set itself the same tasks in the field of drama as has the NEW MASSES in the field of prose, poetry and graphic art.

This is the New Playwrights' Theatre, which presented two plays last season, and is returning with a season of six more. To the mind of the Editors these plays usher in the most important experiment in the American theatre since the Provincetown Players broke its new path.

John Reed, Mary Heaton Vorse, Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, Susan Glaspell and other editors and writers for the old *MASSES* were among the founders of the Provincetown Players.

It is fitting, in this new epoch, this melodramatic period of Fascism, jazz, the victory of the machine, radio, money, Broadway and the hard-boiled verities of industrialism, that editors and writers of the NEW MASSES should be prominent in establishing a new theatre to confront the epoch.

Of the plays to be presented none would have been even dreamed of twelve years ago when the Provincetown Players were pioneering. The first is *The Belt*, by Paul Sifton of *The New York World*, and takes place in Ford's automobile factory. It is a blend of machine noises, revolt, satire, jazz, old-fashioned country dancing and the Ford bunk. It will horrify every conservative.

The second play, *The Centuries*, by Em Jo Basshe, is a mass portrait of the East Side, showing the effect of America on the Jews fleeing from Russian pogroms, showing them as gangsters, pimps, business men and revolutionary workers in the new land. The Triangle fire, the death of the synagogue, the heroism of the needle trade workers, and a hundred other themes crash through this poetic melodrama.

The third play is by John Howard Lawson, the gifted author of *Processional*, and is a panoramic drama of the world conflict between Capitalist and Worker. It is called *The International*, and sweeps from Asia to America to Europe, showing Communists at work, Fascists, the struggle for oil supremacy, the mental conflicts of middle class idealists in this new world, all the fierce reshaping of our time.

Michael Gold's *Hoboken Blues* is a play about a Negro worker who takes 25 years to find a job, and goes through a strange jungle dream of race-oppression and revolution in the process. It gives also a picture of the mass-change that has come over the American Negro, showing Harlem 25 years

ago and today. *Airways, Inc.* by John Dos Passos is a study in the effect of the aeroplane on the mind of workers and middle-class in America, a poem of machinery and revolt. *Singing Jailbirds*, by Upton Sinclair, is the drama of the I.W.W. of California, the best play yet to portray the struggle of the migratory worker.

All these are mass-plays. All of them convey the spirit of workers' revolt. All of them break with the stodgy tradition of the propaganda play which has bored so many persons, including revolutionists. These plays, strangely enough, will be found fiercely entertaining by their audiences. They are packed with humor, melodrama, poetry, pathos, heroism, jazz, choral recitation, dancing, grotesquerie, and the new free technique of the stage which has been so greatly proven by Meyerhold and other futurists.

NEW MASSES readers need this theatre. It is the one chance we have all had for many years to create this necessary theatre. We must all throw ourselves into the work of supporting it. It must grow. It must fulfill its function of shaking up the commercial stage. It must be helped to develop playwrights who will express the revolution of the masses and the new machine age. The stage is an organic part of everyone's cultural life, and here is our theatre being born at last.

Everyone of us MUST help it. This should be both our duty and our great pride. This chance may not come again soon. We strongly urge our readers to perform their duty at once.

Michael Gold.

"I say—Russia is having a celebration!"

"Well, I ain't heard anything good about them Russians yet."



THE TWISTED WOMAN

By GLADWIN BLAND

HER name is Dolores. If you should enter the *vecindad* and inquire for Dolores, *viuda de Lopez*, any child would reply: "You are looking for the *viejita torcida*" (the twisted woman).

Many thousands have seen her hobbling in search of food with a basket suspended on what was once a hand, but now resembling more the talon of a bird of prey. To the passerby she excites no more sympathy than her numerous sisters in misery who throng the streets in search of food for their offspring.

The greatest mistake in the life of Dolores was being born. Her father was a *cabo* (petty foreman) on a *hacienda* in the State of Jalisco. Being quite thrifty and intelligent, he had planned to rear his children to a better standard of living than that of the peons who were worked and abused like so many cattle by the Spaniard whom they termed *amo*. (The term *amo* is derived from the word *amor* which means love.)

The first shock to Dolores' sensitive nature was when her father was murdered by a drunken peon with whom he remonstrated for having beaten a mule; and all hopes for a better standard of living for the little family were buried with his body on the rocky hillside.

Dolores was now fifteen. Being rather comely, she attracted the attention of the village barber, who soon led her to the altar. The young wife had inherited some of her father's thriftiness and this was a factor in piling up the snug little sum which was counted ten years after the marriage.

Then one spring the husband, who always had enjoyed good health, suddenly commenced to ail. The usual home remedies having failed to quiet the rebellious stomach, the local *medico* was consulted. His diagnosis was indigestion. More medicine was administered which only increased the vomiting spells. Next, a famous doctor whose portrait adorned the columns of the leading daily in the capital, was consulted by post. In return came a letter, offering a cure for the sum of one thousand pesos. Great confidence was inspired by the picture of this benevolent old gentleman with flowing whiskers. Dr. Hershy, he was called, as Dolores well remembers.

One thousand pesos, almost the entire savings, were forwarded and in return came pills of many hues, accompanied by instructions long and unintelligible. For six months the victim's agony was enhanced by the irritating concoctions of Dr.

Hershy. Finally in desperation, the family moved to the capital, where a reputable physician was consulted. His diagnosis was cancer of the stomach. (Dr. Hershy proved to be a mythical person and the man at the head of the institution which exploited the face and whiskers, looked more like a prize-fighter than a member of the medical profession.)

Dolores, like all the great souled, rose to her best when adversity darkened her door. Now with the responsibility of supporting a doomed breadwinner and six little daughters ranging from three to nine years of age, she commenced to seek means to stave off poverty and privation.

Being skillful with a needle, she sewed coarse garments, for so much per dozen, from daylight until late in the night. With rent to pay and seven mouths to provide for, what remained of her savings soon went to the Spanish grocery store around the corner, and only her scant earnings stood between the family and starvation.

Returning one night from a delivery of garments, she was horrified to find that during her absence her husband has passed away. The cries of the children had attracted the neighbors and a general lamentation was taking place. Only the poor sympathize with the poor. A collection was taken up among the neighbors and what was left of Dr. Hershy's victim was hurried away to the cemetery.

Dolores, being country bred, and possessing a strong physique, held her own in spite of the sordid conditions under which she lived and the long hours of monotonous sewing. All the little girls attended school and were the cleanest and best behaved in the *vecindad*. The anxious mother, realizing the awful danger of rearing children in a bad environment, kept a close watch upon her little flock and tried her best to train them to the higher standard of morality that prevails in the rural districts.

When the oldest girl was fifteen, a position was secured for her in one of the large dry goods stores. Before long, from contact with the grand ladies who patronized the place, this child became dissatisfied with her home. After treading over nicely waxed and carpeted floors and surrounded by every object which might tempt her vanity and ambition, it was only natural that she should feel a revulsion as she came each evening to the foul-smelling *vecindad* which had been her home for seven years. The two rickety beds; the earthen uten-

sils; the gaudy colored prints which adorned the walls; the flickering candle; and above all, the saffron stained floor, shocked the aesthetic side of the child's nature, a nature which developed in spite of the sordidness of her surroundings. The anxious mother noticed the change and a new fear took possession of her. That fear was well grounded, for a few weeks later, the girl failed to return at the accustomed hour.

That was the third great shock in the life of Dolores. Her first born had been seduced and was now eating the bread of infamy; and the mother in her sorrow was reproaching herself for not having been able to provide for the girl in a more genteel manner. What privation and agony had she silently endured in order that her daughters might grow to maturity with higher ideals than those of the drunken and improvident neighbors. And now to have those sacrifices rewarded by seeing her child becoming a harlot, broke the mother's heart.

Her cheery disposition, maintained during all those years of ill-fortune, now gave way to bitterness. She gathered the remaining children about her with the suspiciousness of an animal which fears for its young. The mention of the lost sheep's name was not allowed, for the mother's religious training had been severe, and her daughter's was the unpardonable sin.

Up to this period she had attended *misa* regularly and had lost none of the faith which had been her one hope and prop during the seven years' struggle against starvation. All the misfortune suffered, she believed, was sent by a just God whose every act was done with a purpose.

With the last blow, however, her faith was shaken. She felt that this God was giving her more than her share of worldly troubles. It seemed to her primitive Indian mind that rewards and punishments were not being dealt out fairly by the God she had been looking up to as the personification of goodness and wisdom. The Spanish pawnbroker around the corner, whose sole occupation was robbing the very poor, prospered, and his children were not denied the material comforts of life, while she, who had worked hard, and had never injured a soul, had suffered one calamity after another.

While this mental revolution was taking place another misfortune came along. An epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the city and by the time it had abated, her family had been reduced to two children. During this awful period, covering two months, the beds

were given up to the children, the mother sleeping on the damp floor. The result was rheumatism, which settled in her hands, and was pronounced a most peculiar case by the medical fraternity. Thus the poor creature was deprived of the free use of her hands, which had been her one source of revenue for years. She felt that all was lost.

In spite of the care and medicine lavished upon her by the kind neighbors, her fingers refused to hold the needle. In time, her hands began to assume the shape of claws. The most excruciating pain she stoically endured without a whimper, and like all misfortune that had come to her, she accepted it philosophically.

She taught her little daughters to sew the coarse garments, and by that means a fresh start was made, and the gaunt wolf was forced to retire until a new calamity presented itself. That was not long in coming for the terrible economic conditions, which came as the result of years of revolution, had its effects upon her hovel.

The coarse garments finished by child labor were for the working men. But when that class had no work, they had no money to invest in clothing. All the little family had to sell was their labor power and since there was no market for that commodity, other means to provide against starvation had to be found.

All her life, Dolores had contributed to the church poor box. Now, much against her pride, and with a feeling of shame, she applied for *socoro*, but the fat and sleek looking padre to whom she had confessed for years informed her that the church was *muy pobre* and that she would have to apply elsewhere. With a bored expression he listened to her tale of misery and uttered a sigh of relief when her bent and deformed figure passed out of his sight. He, however, with the insight of a professional and legalized beggar, informed Dolores that she could exploit her physical condition to a good advantage as a public mendicant.

And so the story of Dolores ends. In the attempt to keep her two remaining daughters from becoming harlots, this faithful creature may be seen wandering the city's streets imploring the passersby to give aid. She is only thirty-five years of age but as grey-headed and shriveled up as the average woman of seventy.

This is the fate of a human being who ten years ago was a happy wife, a proud mother, who believed in the innate goodness of mankind and a merciful and kind heavenly Father, whose every act was one of reward or punishment for us mortals here below.

A REVOLUTIONARY HANDBOOK

By PAXTON HIBBEN

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. The Macmillan Company. \$12.50.

THERE is something satisfying in the thought that this masterpiece by Charles and Mary Beard was the last book that Bartolomeo Vanzetti read. One can imagine him closing it, a reluctant hand still caressing its cover as he looks up at the waiting guards with serene eyes:

"I am ready. Nothing that you can do to Sacco and me will make any difference now. The tools of the future are here."

For never in his life did Lenin say a truer thing than when he wrote that the job of contemporary communism in America is "to know how to determine exactly and in a practical way, the one particular turn to be given events so as to lead the masses in the direction of the real, the final, the decisive revolutionary struggle." And how in the name of common sense the best intentioned revolutionist in the world is ever going to know how to do any such thing, unless he knows who these American people are, what their economic, social, religious, political and cultural background has been, and what are the motives that move, not only the proletariat, but the Babbitts and yokels as well, is beyond me.

That is why *The Rise of American Civilization* is a revolutionary document second only in importance to the Declaration of Independence, and one that, if they had any sense, the Bostonians would have banned from their bookshops long since. For a whole army of revolutionists may sleep every night with a volume of Bukharin under their pillows and never get arrested for anything more desperate than obstructing the traffic. But one near-sighted country school-teacher, with nothing but the real facts of American life and development straight in his head, may yet succeed in running up a red flag on the White House flagpole without half trying. With revolution, as with bond-selling, it is not the number of interesting people you talk to that counts, but the extent to which you talk a language they understand.

The principal weakness of the revolutionary brethren in this country is that while they may have heard of Kropotkin, the name of Ely Moore means nothing to them. They know all about Bakunin but nothing of Robert Dale Owen. Babushka Breshkovskaya is a name to conjure with but they look vague when Fanny Wright is mentioned.



From a Woodcut by Rockwell Kent

The Paris Commune is more familiar than Bunker Hill, but not a man in a million ever heard of the tremendous Communist demonstration in New York in 1871 or knows that in 1884 there was a bloody and momentarily successful Communist uprising in Cincinnati. They all nod their heads sagely

when Karl Marx is mentioned, but no one even takes the trouble to pretend that he has read *Progress and Poverty*.

Yet there is, in this very land, an older, a more sharply defined and a far less dilettante revolutionary tradition than Russia ever dreamed of or dreams of yet. From the days of Ivan the Terrible on, there never was any such bloodshed and agony in Russia as the American Negroes suffered in one half that period. Between December 1825 and November 1917, the history of Russia reveals nothing to hold a candle to the unceasing, bitter struggle in this country that began with the rebellion of Daniel Shays and is still going on. And when the Beards say that "the so-called civil war was in reality a Second American Revolution and in a strict sense, the First", they are not only talking sense for the first time an American historian has ever done such a thing, but they are recording a fact well worth the attention of those who hold that the development of this country to its present deplorable social and economic state has been

a smooth and orderly process.

As a matter of fact, no country in the world has paid more dearly the price of what the Beards call "the politics of acquisition and enjoyment" than these United States. Every step has been fought, and is still being fought, from the sanguinary railway strike in 1877 down through the Haymarket riots in 1886, the Homestead war of 1892, the Pullman campaign of 1894, the Miners' wars in Colorado, Idaho and west Virginia, the great textile strikes in the East, the guerilla warfare of the I.W.W.s. on the Pacific Coast, the Chicago race riots, the Centralia and Herrin affairs, and so on, and so on. "The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable on occasions" wrote Thomas Jefferson, "that I wish it to be always kept alive." He has had his wish.

And let him who thinks that the industrial struggle is over read the Beards' chapter on "The Politics of Acquisition" and refresh his memory. It has not been a very successful struggle largely because, with the exception of Gene Debs, the leaders who really spoke the language of the farmers and workers of this country have generally been cynical demagogues like Ben Butler or windy ignoramuses like William Jennings Bryan.

There can now be no more of that blind leadership of the blind. Heretofore, it has required half a lifetime to dig out of the apple-sauce histories of America the real facts of the sombre and portentous course civilization has followed in this hemisphere. Now all a youth who inclines to take the Declaration of Independence seriously has to do is to sit down with a copy of *The Rise of American Civilization*, and when he has turned the last page, leap to his feet, sing the *International* and fly to it.

A nation that can make the Beards' book a best seller and still do nothing about it, is not worth saving.

SACCO AND VANZETTI

Life and Death of Sacco and Vanzetti, by Eugene Lyons. International Publishers. \$1.50.

THE names of Sacco and Vanzetti are fading fast into the cloudland of myth where they are in danger of becoming vague symbols like God, country and Americanism. One of the most extraordinary things about industrial society of the present day is its idiot lack of memory. Tabloids and movies take the place of mental processes, and revolts, crimes, despairs pass off in a dribble of vague words and rubber stamp phrases without leaving a scratch on the mind of the driven installment-paying, subway-packing mass. It is up to the writers now to see to it that America does not forget Sacco and Vanzetti so soon as it would like to. Czar Will Hays of the moving picture industry has thrown the glove in our faces by ordering all news films dealing with the most dramatic episode in the industrial war of our time to be taken from the vaults and burned.

Eugene Lyons fires the first gun with this rapid and fluent account of the case from its beginning on a Brockton street car to its end the night of August 22, 1927, when the death house in Charlestown jail suddenly swelled to become the

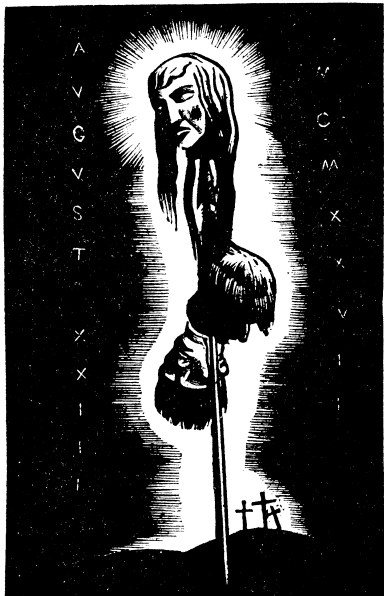
whole world. In this excellent pamphlet Lyons has done exactly what he set out to do, which was to write an account of this seven years of agony of the working class that would be immediately available to men of all languages and conditions. I can't imagine how this particular job could have been done better.

But there remain a lot of other jobs to be done. Every detail must be told and retold. Sacco and Vanzetti must not have died in vain. We must have writing so fiery and accurate that it will sear through the pall of numb imbecility that we are again swaddled in after the few moments of sane awakening that followed the shock of the executions. America must not be allowed to forget. All the elements on the public stage who consider themselves alive and who are considered alive, college professors, writers, labor leaders, prominent liberals, protested that they were mightily shocked and that if the state of Massachusetts went ahead with the executions. . . . Workers all over the country felt their blood curdle at the thought. Well, it has come to pass. Well, we have protested. Our blood has curdled. What are we going to do now?

John Dos Passos.

The general attitude of many intellectuals and liberals toward vigorous events that are going on in the world was especially emphasized during the days of stress about the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Liberals sit apart in the manner of a setting hen on her eggs. When something happens that threatens to disturb their routine they peck out anxiously and little gurgles of distress come from their throats. . . . In a moment they have settled back comfortably to brood.



From a Woodcut by Rockwell Kent

BOOTLICKERS' HANDBOOK OF INDIA

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Mother India, by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Company. \$3.75.

ACCORDING to the writer of this book, first was the Word, and then was British rule in India, and the Word *was* British rule in India. She says she did not go out to India to write a propaganda book; but, judging from results, she has nevertheless achieved this brilliant stunt and could not have done better had she been bought and paid for by India Office itself. She seems to have displayed a remarkable genius for meeting English men and women who could show her the darkest side of India in a convincing manner; for picking out just those Indians who are boot-lickers and who shudder to think of the awful thing that would happen were India free; for meeting Indian princes who are such noble chaps; or for reading those books, or extracting passages from books, whose chief virtue is damning India and lauding British rule. Hers is a brilliant achievement. An English Viceroy could not have done more on twice the money.

Her chief song and dance is the social evils of India—child marriage, purdah, enforced widowhood, over-emphasis on sex, untouchability, and so on. That is the prelude which occupies half of the book. The latter half is devoted to apologizing for British rule, for refuting the political charges of the Indian movement for freedom, for showing how noble the English are and how rascally and dishonest the Indians. She reminds me of the speech of Jawaharlal Nehru, the delegate of the Indian National Congress to the Brussels Congress against Imperialism, in which he said:

"Having disarmed and emasculated us, they now say we are unable to defend ourselves or our country; having destroyed our system of education and substituted a miserable system of English education, they now say we are too ignorant to rule ourselves."

It is not my intention to deny the social evils that exist in India, any more that it would be my intention to deny lynching or the miserable social conditions of the negroes in America. We admit the social evils of India. Every progressive Indian admits them and, with a heroism that this defender of Nordic supremacy does not even dream of, is fighting against them. But our solution of the problem is different from hers. Our solution is this: the doors of India's life must be opened, which means the immediate end of British rule, that the land may sweep its

house clean of the social evils which are bred under the present system. Miss Mayo's solution is: the continuation of British rule and the cooperation of Indians with the British power in India! I need take but one of the countless examples to prove that she has done British propaganda in this direction: throughout her book she speaks of Indian national leaders as "talkers" who do no solid work. She quotes Gandhi or Tagore or Lajpat Rai only when she can find something from their writings to show how socially reactionary India is. Then she stops. What they are doing, what the national movement is doing, she either ignores completely, or she belittles. That would disturb the picture she wishes to present to the world. Take untouchability, for instance, which she so condemns. We all condemn it. We condemned it long before Miss Mayo went to India or knew that India existed. Gandhi is the outstanding enemy of it and with a pen like a sword writes against it, travelling and organizing to abolish it. Not a word from her, of this, however. But when the Prince of Wales came to India and was boycotted until even the cats stayed at home, she descends to the cheapest American sob-stuff. She has the audacity to publish the unauthentic gossip of Englishmen as truth—that when this representative of British Imperialism went to India to try and crush the Indian national movement, the untouchables threw themselves before his carriage and tried to touch him, crying, "Our Prince, our Prince—we want to see our Prince!" It was delicious—only an American is capable of such cheap film rot as this. In other words, to read Miss Mayo, one would think that the Prince of Wales had devoted his life to working amongst the untouchables of India! But apart from all this, the fact is that this story is a downright lie. The pariahs did nothing of the sort. If there were a couple of hundred who did it, they were paid an anna a day to stand there and do it. Chagrined beyond words, the British have tried to offset the boycott of the Prince of Wales by concocting such stories as this. The truth is that the Prince was boycotted to the last cat, and the truth is that Gandhi's word, and not that of the Prince of Wales, is the law for the pariahs of India. Gandhi is the Mahatma for the pariahs, and it was he who ordered the boycott. It is Gandhi who is "my Prince" to the untouchables of India, not the representative of a system that

has reduced India from the richest to the poorest land on earth. It is strange that Miss Mayo can condemn the ignorant Hindus who crawl before the idol of Kali, the Goddess of Destruction, while on the other hand she resorts to cheap stage praise for the few untouchables who are said to have crawled before the Prince of Wales. Wherein lies the difference? Kali is a dying idea. The Prince of Wales represents a living system of destruction compared with which Kali is a goddess of blessing.

But it is useless to discuss a question like this by taking up details. There is a broader problem to consider. It is an economic one. It is this:

Up to two centuries ago, India was the richest and most prosperous land on earth, with a culture and civilization in advance of anything that existed in Europe. Two centuries have passed. Today, in the year of our Lord, 1927, India is the poorest land on earth, the pesthouse of the world in so far as ignorance, poverty, and disease are concerned. What has happened in those two centuries? The thing that has happened is that England has put her hand on India—and the touch has been deadly. England, the poorest land on earth two centuries ago, is today the richest and most powerful, the center of the British Empire. England was built, not only upon the slave trade from Africa, but upon the plunder of India, and it was India's plundered wealth that gave the capital for the development of machinery, that, in other words, caused the industrial revolution.

When the British, taking advantage of a period of reconstruction and chaos in India—similar to that in many European countries at the same time—conquered India by one war after another, and succeeded, they laid down a fundamental principle of their rule. They said: "All that we want to do is to hold economic and political power; we will not interfere with your social or religious customs." That has been the policy down to today. It was a very cunning policy.

A fundamental economic law is that social and religious customs are not independent of economic and political life. Economics is the soil from which everything else grows. Social customs and religion are indeed but *products* of an existing economic order. India is no exception to this law.

India, living as it does under slave economic conditions, produces slave social conditions. Ignorant to

the depths of animality, poor to the extent that no American can imagine, its social evils such as child marriage, the seclusion of women, and untouchability, sink their roots deeper and deeper into the soil which helps nourish them. Permitted to develop economically only in so far as English capitalism finds it profitable, is there any wonder that India's social life is a stagnant pool and that each year shows a lowering of the average length of life, a higher death rate, a deeper misery of the masses? Slavery produces all that Miss Mayo has written about in her book—ignorance, bigotry, cruelty, superstition. But India is not alone in this. Were it possible for Japan, for instance, to conquer and establish its rule in America; to establish a tyranny such as that of British rule in India; to drain the country of its wealth, not for one generation, but for one generation after another until even the memory of freedom is dead; to destroy its system of education and establish a few schools where Japanese would be the language of instruction to train clerks for Japanese rulers; to make laws whereby any man could be arrested and imprisoned for years without even a charge or a trial; to deny the light of education to the masses unless they paid for it themselves—and they had no money to pay; to cultivate the poppy and manufacture opium and establish 17,000 opium shops throughout the land where opium could be sold like cigarettes; in other words, were it possible for Japan to hold America on the same conditions as England holds India—I would wager my life that in two centuries America would be a stinking swamp of social evils and disease just as India is today.

There is but one solution of these evils under which India groans. It is that England should get off India's back. Nothing more, nothing less. Practically nothing is possible until that is done. Today it is the British, and not the Indians, who prevent social progress. It was the *British* representatives, and not the Indians, in the Central Legislative Assembly of Delhi, who voted against raising the age of marriage from 12 to 14 years. It was the *British* representatives who have time without number voted against woman suffrage when the Indian men fought for it. The British use not only their natural reactionary tendencies as an excuse, but they pretend they do not wish to "interfere in the social customs" of the people! It

is they who as rulers, as men dominating the political life of the country, are like a huge mill-stone about the neck of the Indian nation, preventing it from climbing upward. It is their expulsion that is the first and fundamental essential of Indian progress, it matters not what form of progress that is. There is much for us all to do in India when they go—enough to keep Indians busy for another half century to wipe out the last traces of their two centuries of shame—but at the present moment we can do little because we come up against the British Government at every step, as a prisoner comes up against his prison walls. An Indian national government—but not the abortion England is trying to force upon India—with an Indian dictator similar to Mustapha Kemal in Turkey, or a dictating party such as the Communists of Russia—could wipe out child marriage and other social evils in India within ten years. Indians never use such arguments as “not wishing to interfere with the social customs of the country.” With an iron hand they would wipe out those social evils or make men and women pay with their lives for their continuation.

For twelve years I—the writer of these lines—have worked in the Indian national movement. I know as much of India, and far more of Indians themselves, than Miss Mayo does. But I have never yet been able to meet the boot-licking Indians she seems to have met. That is because I haven't associated with Englishmen or diseased Indian princes, and didn't carry letters of introduction from the India Office as she seems to have done. I have yet to meet my first Indian, who pretends to be able to

think, who at the same time justifies or tries to perpetuate the social conditions of which Miss Mayo writes in her book. The Indians I know are filled with bitterness and with passion in their struggle against these evils and many of them grow old and gray in the two-sided fight—against British rule on the one hand and against the social effects of this subjection on the other. But I have met many Englishmen whose highest intellectual argument about India is: “Oh it has always been so, it always will be so. There never was any progress and there never will be any.” We want these Englishmen out of the way—out of the light. We, to whom a free India—social, economic, and political—is precious, we who hate with unabating hatred the social horrors that exist today, hate with a no less unabating hatred the economic and political system of British rule which harbors and perpetuates these horrors. And because of this, we regard such a book as *Mother India* as merely another attempt to convince western peoples that English rule should continue. We are convinced that this is her goal, for she has nothing but contempt for the national movement, and she has called the revolutionaries of Bengal names that only an enemy of India could do. The bomb-throwing of Bengal is to her a sign of perversion; perhaps the revolutionaries of Russia were also perverts! But this means that she regards the British Government with all its massacres and bomb-throwing against the Indian people an admirable and valuable system. One can only think of the old German saying: “The brain is often used as a prostitute of the desires.”

Agnes Smedley.

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The American Caravan, A Year-book of American Literature. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreyfberg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld. The Macaulay Company. \$5.00.

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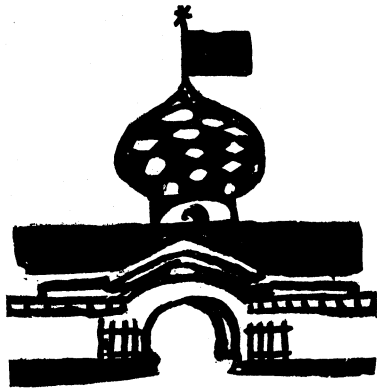
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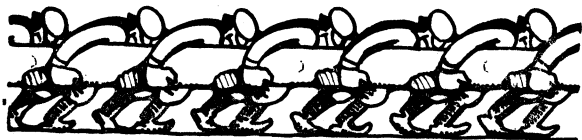
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N. M.

This book is one of the final results of the old Stieglitz school—the Stieglitz school, with a hospitable fringe. The best artists here belong to the fringe, I think,—and in several cases, the best artists here are not represented by their best work. Dos Passos, O'Neill, Hemingway and Wilson are headliners, but they have sold their best stuff, in the case of this book—elsewhere to the *Atlantic Monthly*, perhaps; this seems to contradict the rejected manuscript thesis. But still it stands. Because here are the new young writers, and their work undoubtedly is too good for the *Mercury*, the *Dial*, the *Century*, the *Bookman*. And they are the ones that matter, for this collection.

H. Phelps Putnam is undoubtedly the most important young poet in the collection. Margery Latimer seems to me to be the most promising prose writer of the younger group. Hart Crane and Allen Tate both contribute work of a high order. Yvor Winters, known to a small group of poets, does here some of his best work.

To strike the scale in the precise centre of merit is very hard. I tried it this way:

Louise Bogan, usually plus, here minus, but interesting.

Witter Bynner, usually minus, here minus.

Malcolm Cowley, often plus, here plus.

John Dos Passos, nearly always plus, here only interesting.

Michael Gold, either very plus or very minus, this time plus.

Paul Green, usually plus, here plus.

Ernest Hemingway, usually plus, here minus.

Archibald MacLeish, usually plus, here minus.

Eugene O'Neill, usually plus here minus.

Elizabeth Maddox Roberts, usually plus, here plus.

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The *Caravan* should earn the best work of the best writers from now on. *Plus for the book.*

Genevieve Taggard.

MIND AND FACE

The Mind and Face of Bolshevism, by Rene Fulop-Miller. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd. \$7.50.

THERE comes in my mail a large and costly volume from England, *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism*, by Rene Fulop-Miller. Inside I find a card, informing me that the book is sent with the author's compliments, and giving me his address in Vienna—which I understand to mean that he wishes me to tell him what I think of his book. So I send him what as children we used to call "my private opinion publicly expressed."

Mr. Fulop-Miller has visited Soviet Russia for a long time, and collected a mass of information, and presented it accurately, with many illustrations, and not too much prejudice; so he gives us the face of Bolshevism very acceptably. But when he comes to interpret the mind of Bolshevism, his class prejudices inevitably get in the way, and he misses the point completely. I, who have never been to Soviet Russia, but who have managed to free myself from class prejudices, venture to tell Mr. Fulop-Miller a few things about the mind of Bolshevism, as follows:

1. Bolshevism is not incompatible with and destructive of Western civilization, but is a product and evolution of Western civilization.

2. Bolshevism's setting up and glorifying of the mass is not a denial and destruction of individuality, but an effort to make indivi-

duality possible to those persons who have hitherto been denied it. Mr. Fulop-Miller's class prejudice is manifested in the fact that the beginnings of individuality in a hundred million peasants and workers mean so little to him, in comparison with the limitations of individuality in the case of a million or so aristocrats and intellectuals. Under Russian Tsarism all individuality was denied to the workers and peasants; and the gentlemen who wrote large and costly books were as a rule quite untroubled by this fact. The same condition prevails now to a great extent in Austria, where Mr. Fulop-Miller's book was written, and in England where it is published, and in America, where I am reviewing it; and for the most part the intellectual class remains quite untroubled.

3. If the masses are to have individuality, they must first gain political and economic power; and to get that, and hold it, they must have solidarity and discipline. That means temporarily a certain amount of surrender of individuality—as when men enlist in an army to fight for a cause. In the late unhappy disagreement among the capitalist masters of the world, some twenty or thirty million men were forced to enter armies and risk agony and death; but this loss of individuality did not as a rule trouble the gentlemen who wrote large and costly books, whether in Russia, Austria, England, or America.

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4. It is quite true that Bolshevism represses its internal enemies. Mr. Fulop-Miller tells us at some length how it does this, and he is much distressed thereby. But reading his book I found myself desiring to ask him this one simple question: what does he think would happen to Bolshevism if it let its internal enemies alone? What would happen to any state which suddenly declared complete freedom of conspiracy and assassination? Will Mr. Fulop-Miller tell us in another volume what did happen to Bolshevism in Hungary, where it failed to be stern enough? Will he write a book telling us about the White Terror in Finland, and Poland, and Roumania, and Hungary—yes, and Austria, and England, and Boston? Will he give us the best estimate he can make as to the number of lives taken by the "reds" in Finland, and then by the "whites" when they came back into power?

5. In short, what I want Mr. Fulop-Miller to do is to write me another volume, equally large and costly, entitled, *The Mind and Face of Fascism*. Now that I have been told about the "G.P.U." in Russia, I surely ought to be told about Mannerheim and Petlura, and Denekin and Kolchak and Judenich and Horthy; yes, and about the Hakenkreutzler and their murders in Austria, and about the New Fascist organizations in England, and about the American Legion, and the Centralia massacre, and the "deportations of delirium" and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. If my Austrian confrere will prepare such a book, he won't have to send it to me free—I will agree to pay the full retail price, and tell him of some other persons who will do the same. But I fear that, in spite of such inducements, the book will never be published by the patriotic Major Putnam!

Upton Sinclair.

AMERICAN EARTH SAGA

Profane Earth, by Holger Cahill. Macaulay Co. \$2.00.

TAKE a superficial look at *Profane Earth* by Holger Cahill and the hackneyed trick would be to call it another autobiographical novel. One more story of youth's disillusion. That dusty flower has been and will be the preoccupation of countless hopefuls, and hack reviewers to the contrary, what of it? To put the autobiographical rubber stamp on *Profane Earth* is to say nothing. True, the story begins with an individual, Ivor, and it ends with Ivor and Ivor holds the work together as did Pelle in Martin Anderson Nexo's *Pelle the Conqueror*, but in both books, so similar in feeling and design, the individual becomes less important than the many peopled complex world in which he lives.

Like Pelle, Ivor begins on the farm and ends in the city. The whole business of restless moving is in between: Farms falling to pieces, men milling around in cities, in construction camps, jumbled together on trains, riding aimlessly, hunting work, running away from work, growling, wondering, sweating to have a good time, scared and miserable and happy. This varied life in *Profane Earth* has the advantage of having for its protagonist no milk sop. Ivor is not—thank God—pining to become a writer. He hies himself to the libraries it is true, but back alleys and the riffraff are his teachers. He learns what he knows, not by the midnight lamp but through the skin. This skin knows smells and sounds, likes manure and sun better than city gas. So rarely do we get a genuine feeling for the soil

in our native literature that we have come to think of it as European and *Profane Earth* seems closer to Knut Hamsun and Nexo than to contemporary American prose.

But the soil in which the young Ivor digs his toes is strictly American for all that, and Chicago and the roving life are indigenous to this country alone. If one book can be comprehensive of the American scene, this is such a book.

Ivor grows up on a farm and follows the migratory worker's route to the big city. He washes dishes, scrubs floors, goes to sea, bums, gets pinched, discovers socialism, finds a girl, is battered and knocked about, sick at heart without bitterness, disillusioned without pessimism. Here is no sick calf bleating for an impossible and lost world, but a fellow with his eyes on the present and the future, with his heels in the mud, liking the mud, even as he struggles out of it. Ivor doesn't see himself as an apostle set apart, but as one of a crowd of sweaty fellows, who whether they like it or not, are sunk or saved together. Ivor's story is somehow made up of countless little stories of the poor; of their pitiful and poignant enjoyments,—warm beds, smell of hay, the comfort of a saloon. Spotty the Calf, the lascivious old gent with the modest wife, the bawds departing in the night from Bucktown, Black Ernie and the steamboat boys, the mission stiffs whining out how Jesus saved them for a lodging, the charge of the police on an I.W.W. meeting, make *Profane Earth* more than a one-man novel.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912. Of New Masses, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for Oct. 1, 1927.

State of New York:
County of New York.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Egmont Arens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the New Masses, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, New Masses, Inc., 39 Union Square, New York; Editor, Egmont Arens, 39 Union Square, New York City; Managing Editor, Egmont Arens, 39 Union Square, New York City; Business Manager, Eva Ginn, 39 Union Square, New York City.

2. That the owner is: Board of Trustees—New Masses: Egmont H. Arens, 39 Union Square, New York City; Helen Black, 46 Bank Street, New York City; Hugo Gellert, 39 Union Square, New York City; Michael Gold, 39 Union Square, New York City; Wm. Gropper, 20 Charles Street, New York City; Paxton Hibben, 422 West 22nd Street, New York City; Freda Kirchway, 20 Vesey Street, New York City; Louis Lozowick, 130 East 27th Street, New York City; Robert L. Leslie, 406 West 31st Street, New York City; Ruth Stout, 7 West 106th Street, New York City, and Rex Stout, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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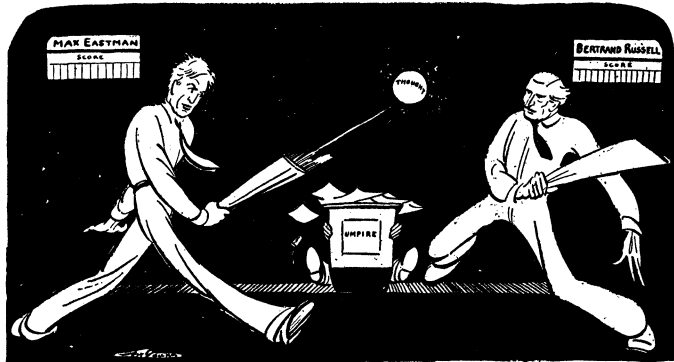
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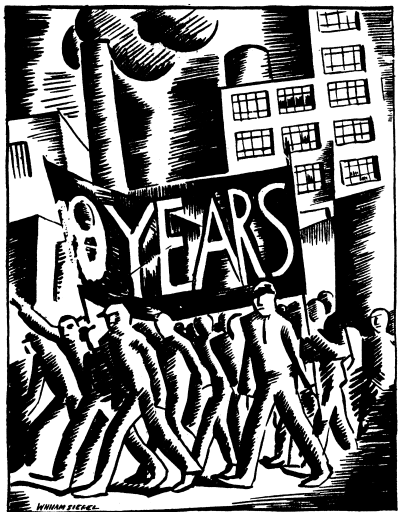
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