

# The New Magazine

Supplement of

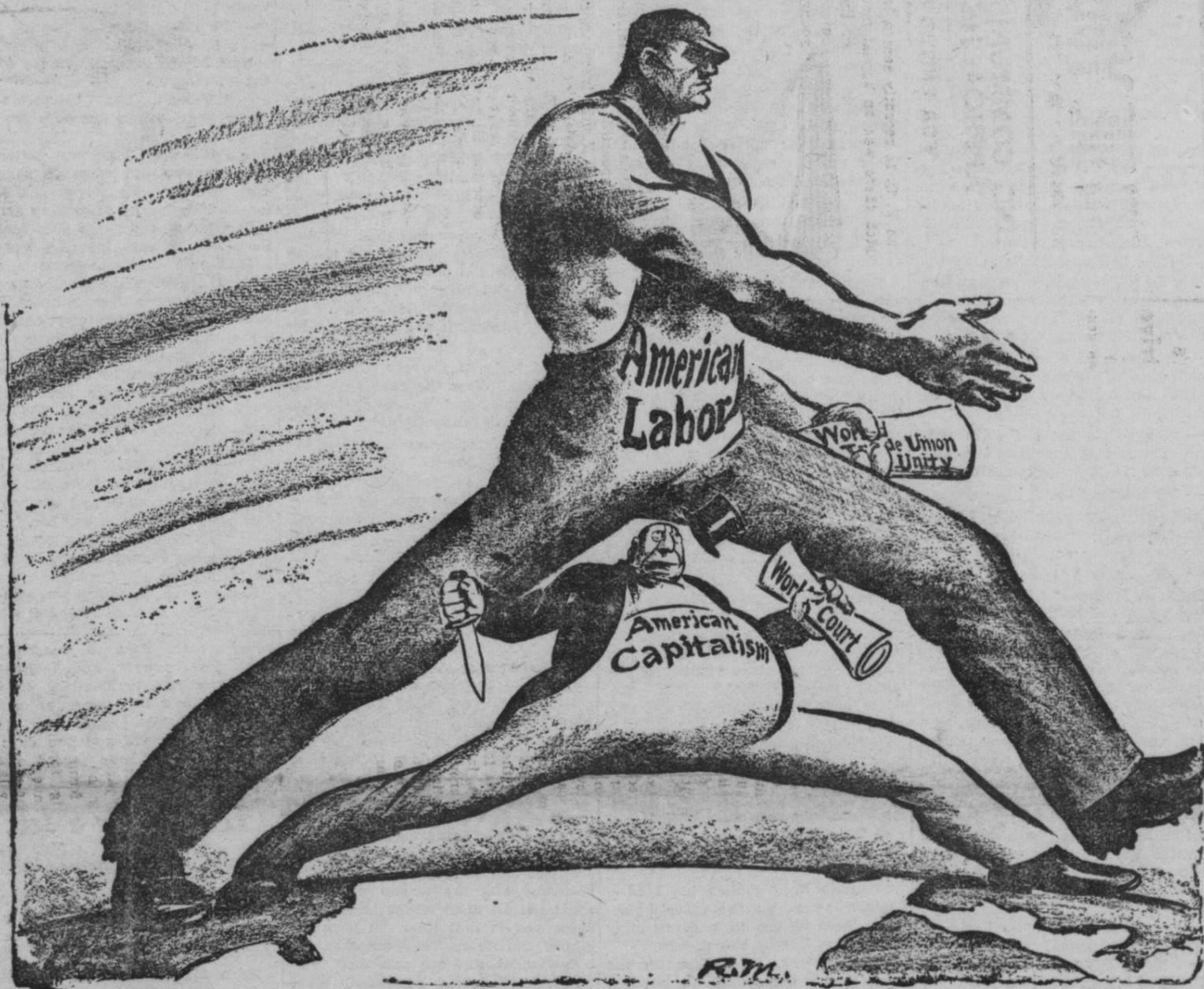
THE DAILY WORKER

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American Capitalism steps across the sea with the program of a world imperialist combine against the toilers of all countries. The immediate answer of the American workers must be—WORLD TRADE UNION UNITY!

## WORLD TRADE UNION UNITY

THE question of the unity of all organized labor of the world is before the American trade union movement.

The American trade union movement faces a crisis of a sort that has never been faced before. The labor movements of every other country face this same crisis together with the American labor movement. It is a crisis precipitated by a world-wide attempt to break down and destroy the trade unions, to break down the standard of living of all workers in the world, in the process of attempting to consolidate world capitalism.

The disgraceful sell-out of the anthracite miners by John L. Lewis this week accentuates the crisis. The action of the British miners' union to prevent the mining of Welsh anthracite coal for shipment to America, was the most significant incident of the strike, except for the betrayal of the American miners by their president, Lewis. We have only to refer to the coal strike of 1922, when union-dug coal was brot from England and France by union seamen and dumped in America by union railway men to break the strike of the United Mine Workers of America to show the simple, concrete need of a systematic and permanent basis of international action.

The open shop drive in the United States is not a "local issue," nor is it even solely an American issue. The concerted drive to smash and destroy the labor movement is world wide.

The phenomenon of international scab herding and general repression of the working class, is openly revealed in the league of nations and its world court, in which the Wall Street oligarchy of the United States has now openly taken the lead.

Ominous as is this attempted construction of a world capitalist government, seeking to extend itself over the earth—even to the crushing of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—this attempt has one useful by-product:

No longer can any of the smug hypocrites of American capitalism keep a straight face when they speak to American workers about the necessity of being "purely American." Even the

United States government is no longer a "purely American" affair.

There should not be any need for argument on the necessity of international unity of the organized trade unions of all countries. But such arguments are nevertheless necessary.

Why did William Green insult the fraternal delegate of the mighty British trade union movement at the last American Federation of Labor convention? The loathsome conduct of Green was explained by Green himself as a rebuke of Purcell for the fact that the great British trade union movement be represented demands a unity of all trade union movements of the world.

Why is Green opposed to the unity of the trade unions of the world? Is his opposition based upon the interests of the working class? Certainly not. Is his opposition based upon even the narrowest particular, monetary interests of any group of the skilled crafts which take the lead in the American Federation of Labor? No, not even this, any more.

All pretenses that the movement for world trade union unity is not to the benefit of American workers, is cowardly hypocrisy. Even local situations where workers are disorganized and where dual organizations show the chaos of disunity—even these local situations will be helped by the moral effect of this movement for the principle and practice of world unity.

The first step of the trade union movement of the entire world for common resistance against the international capitalist offensive, is unified action of all.

The British trade union congress at Scarborough four months ago joined with the powerful trade union movement of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, in issuing the call to all.

The question now faces every union in the United States. Every trade unionist in the United States owes the duty of working night and day to bring the American unions into this movement and for world solidarity.

R. M.

# Ten Days In The Life of John Reed

A Finnish Red Guardist, a Communist, tells the following story of the attempt of John Reed to break the blockade in 1919.

THE well-known sound of the Fiat automobile is heard in the winter night. The man was a nightly guest in the frontier camp.

— Hello, boys!  
— Zdorovoye!

There is a dark man with him. He does not speak our Finnish language, and he does not know much Russian. He sits silently and observes the frontier guards. The moon is shining. The cold is striking heavy blows at the trees and the corners of the log-house. The nightly shooting has not yet started. Revolutionary work is going on. The scouts on skis are watching the movements of the enemy, shooting and getting shot at. The strange war-fronts of the border—there is no war, no peace, but a continuous danger from ambush.

— Here is a comrade sent by Vladimir Ilyitch himself, a foreign comrade. He has tried to cross the border at several places in order to leave for home. Now we must help him.

— Difficult to cross now. The watch-dogs of white Finland are awake. But maybe we can give them the slip.

— "Maybe" is not the right word now. The fate of American comrades cannot be risked on any uncertainties.

— We'll do our best.

And so the responsibility for the stranger comrade is laid on the shoulders of the revolutionary frontiersmen.

Night is progressing in the frontier camp. Messengers are coming and going. They bring and take away newspapers and letters. Codes are deciphered. War is going on all around our socialist country. This is the only window to the outside world. And it must be held open by a crack, and at this crack the comrades sit, earnestly studying the news of the world.

— Can you speak English?

— Very little, but let's try Russian.

And then there begins a discussion in which words in several languages are used.

— Comrade, are you able to use skis?

— I don't know. Maybe I can do it well. I never tried.

— I see. Tomorrow morning you will begin a hard exercise.

— Is there no other way to get through?

— No. You must skii ten miles behind the pilots, and very fast, because the watch-dogs will be after you.

Reed sits thinking. He says:

— I have learned many things in this world, but now it seems that the revolution demands something new.

— So it seems. These northern morasses are such that you can go over them only with skis. The revolutionists in other climates may have their own ways.

The American comrade considers this at length. The next morning he is put on skis and staffs are put in his hands. He says: Maybe I can smoke a pipe first.—This is granted. He lights his pipe and starts skiing. But in a moment he is sprawling in the snow. He says something in his own language. The Finns give their advice.

— Not so hurried. Take it easy. First this foot, bend your body forward a little, keep your balance and let your staffs help you. It is the simplest thing in the world.

The stranger does not understand half of their advice. He is trying his best. The sweat is pouring from his forehead.

— The theory of the revolution was never so hard for me as this, he says. When is your lunch-time?

— Well, we can go in for that, but then you have to start again.

Bread and herring are consumed with great appetite. Then tea and talk.

— Come on, somebody, he says in English.

— Poidiom! the others suggest in Russian.

There is not much progress. Al-

ways, after a short while, Reed is down in the snow. This goes on. He sits in the snow, desperate, and looks at the others.

— If the victory of the revolution depends on my ability to skii, it will be hazardous, he says, but the others encourage him:

— It can be learned. And the art of revolution can be learned. This is one kind of international exercise. Old man Ilyitch in the Kremlin does his part and we are doing our stuff. As the jokes of the boys are translated to Reed, he laughs with them and tries again.

At twilight they stop. Then the Finnish bath—the steam from hot stones and bath-whisks of birch-branches. And hotter and hotter. When they are reddened, they plunge into the snow and come back.

Reed is looking on. He tries to take the bath, but cannot stand it.

— Is this necessary for revolutionary training, too? he asks.

They answer that this is not as necessary as skiing—there is room for bargaining here.

— Slava Bogu, thank god—he says, and rubs his sore hands with soap. After the bath there is supper and then they yield the best place, on the oven, to their guest. But the boys are preparing for something else.

— Where are the boys going? asks Reed. So heavily armed!

— To the frontier to scout. If you don't sleep very heavily you'll learn something about frontier life.

The stranger lies on the oven, smoking his pipe and musing.

But he wonders still more when the snow-covered men come in later with heavy bags. From these come papers—Finnish, Scandinavian, Italian, and all languages. There are Communist, socialist, right and left wing, radical, liberal, black, red, white, pink, many-colored. (Politically, of course).

— Hey, the world's news, Comrade Reed! the men cry as they take the papers from the bags and put others in their place. The men are leaving for Petersburg and the frontier.

— This is the blockade of Soviet Russia—the men laugh,—the mail boycott.

Comrade Reed shakes his head.—I never saw such a post-office, he admits. Then he lies down comfortably and begins to read the papers.

Three o'clock. It is time for the revolutionary smugglers to go over the border. Papers of the revolutionary country, leaflets in several languages, and letters to all corners of the world. Names are called, the Comintern is mentioned, the guns are loaded, Mausers, Nagans, Parabellums. Hand-grenades in pockets. Pipes are lighted and then these sincere men go on their road. In the cold night, in the frontier forests,

— Where did they all go? Comrade Reed asks.

— Over the frontier.

— Are they going all together?

— Some alone, some together, whatever tactics are needed.

— Is this the way I must go, too?

— The very same way.

— Are there not "white" watchmen on the border?

— Surely. Why else would they need those arms?

— Is there fighting sometimes?

— Very often.

— Isn't it possible to dodge them?

— Sometimes it is; we always try.

— And when you don't succeed?

— They will—and they got shot at, too.

— And you force your way, don't you?

— Sometimes we have to.

— That's a tough job!

— Yes, that's frontier life. There's the blockade, and the window must be kept open a crack.

— And it's your business to do that?

— Yes, and your business is to learn to skii.

— But what if I don't learn?

— You must. Exactly as those newspapers and letters and books must go over the border.

— I understand. I must learn. I must practise. . . .

The sound of rapid shooting outside interrupts the conversation. The camp watchman seizes his gun from the wall, grabs up some hand-grenades, and goes out into the dark night. The frontier peace is again disturbed; the comrades are in need of help. The shooting goes on for fully half an hour. The machine-gun joins in. Half a dozen bomb explosions are heard. Then everything calms down, and the peace of the forest is undisturbed.

John Reed has gotten up from his bunk; he paces alone in the room, and listens anxiously to the shooting. The place and the events are strange to him, and he does not know what is happening. His mind runs like this: Why don't the comrades send a message? Why didn't they take me out to fight the common enemy? I can shoot too, and I want to. I could have been of use out there.

Listen—there are sounds outside. All the comrades but one are coming in. Silently the men put down their weapons and take off their coats. Not a word is said. They have done their night's work and are ready for rest.

Reed looks at the comrades for a long time. When he sees that they are not going to tell him, he begins: What was the shooting about?

— The whites opened fire when our messengers crossed.

— Did they hit you?

— One of the comrades was left on the ice, and we didn't get his body, either.

— Did the messengers come back?

— Yes.

— But I don't see them.

— Why should they come here? They had to cross the border, you know.

— But how could they do that when the whites were shooting?

— Very simple. They took another road. The whites can't watch everywhere.

— How did they dare to try after they had been thrown back?

— Well, how does the red army try again when it's thrown back? We have to get things going. And the fight was between the frontiersmen, you see, not the messengers. We did the shooting with the whites and drew away the attention of their scouts on skis, and in that time the boys got across the river. They detoured for a few miles, and are safe now.

— And the dead comrade? What about him?

The whites got him when he fell close to their lines.

— Too bad.

— Yes, but such things happen. We will take some of them in our expeditions, and bury them in the morasses, as they're doing to our comrade, and then we're quits.

— Hm!

— What did you say, Comrade Reed?

— I only said "Hm!"

— Well, I think it's time to go to bed. You have had hard exercise tomorrow, you know.

And soon the boys are snoring, but the stranger is thinking things over.—Strange, this frontier life.

It is bitter cold next morning, but the skiing practise goes on. The pupil learns the ABC of skiing. Encouraged by this success, he is eager to skii all day. In the evening he eats like a wolf, and goes to his bunk early.

But his experience is not enough for the trip across. You have to run fast if you want to get by the enemy. The boys know it and do not let Reed cross yet. A sudden disturbance at the border interferes with his starting out the next night. There follow a few days of practise, and then comes the night when he is to start. Everything is ready, the pilots are there, the scouts skii around until they have discovered no one for a period of eight hours.

They step into their skis and start off. The trail goes down to a river-brink. There is a little hollow and the skiers gain speed. Comrade Reed loses his balance and tumbles into the snow. Silently he crawls up and tries again with the same result. The

frontiersmen begin to get nervous. The frontiersmen fall silent.

— Well, someone says.

— This won't do. We'll be observed before we're across.

They explain these things to the American.

— Let me go across, he says anxiously.

— No, you can't go. We are responsible for the people who cross and we can't let them be killed uselessly.

— I'll never learn any better. For three months I've tried to cross the border, in the west and in the south. Let me cross now.

— We can't. The discussion is closed, comrade. In two days you will cross.

— But I won't learn any better.

— But you will cross in spite of that. We have already taken steps for another means of getting across.

Reed calms down and goes back to the camp. He eats, muses, sleeps—

Then one evening comes a man with a sleigh, with sheepskins and mittens. After a few minutes John Reed is in the sleigh and looks like a peasant from the neighboring country. Every-one must be made to think that this is a wealthy farmer and his hired man. The snow is whirling when the horse pulls out. The miles spin out behind the sleigh, the winter night is silent, nobody disturbs the peace of the forest. Once they stop to change their horse for a still better one. The night ends, and the twenty-five mile road is at an end too.

— This is high speed, Reed had said, but the Finnish boy had not answered a word.

Now they are in a farm-house on the Finnish side. Comrade Reed gets food and rest, and in the afternoon he takes a bath. Then a second-class ticket for the train, and he gives a receipt, written in English, to the pilot, to show the comrades on the other side that he is safe.

The train starts and ten days of John Reed's life have passed.

## Looking for a Job.

By Sidney Keller.

I WAS looking for a job. I stepped into the free bureau of employers' association of automobiles. I asked him for a job.

He nodded his head as the line of men looking for jobs passed him.

He gave a slip of paper to each man to be filled out: Name, address, where born, how old, situation, where last worked, how long why quit, what kind of work.

Observed applicants again.

Sent over to clerk for filing.

A piece of paper handed, go to so-and-so.

Hand paper to so-and-so; filled, "sorry."

Sent out again to another so-and-so, "sorry too late."

Get into line for different job.

New registration etc.

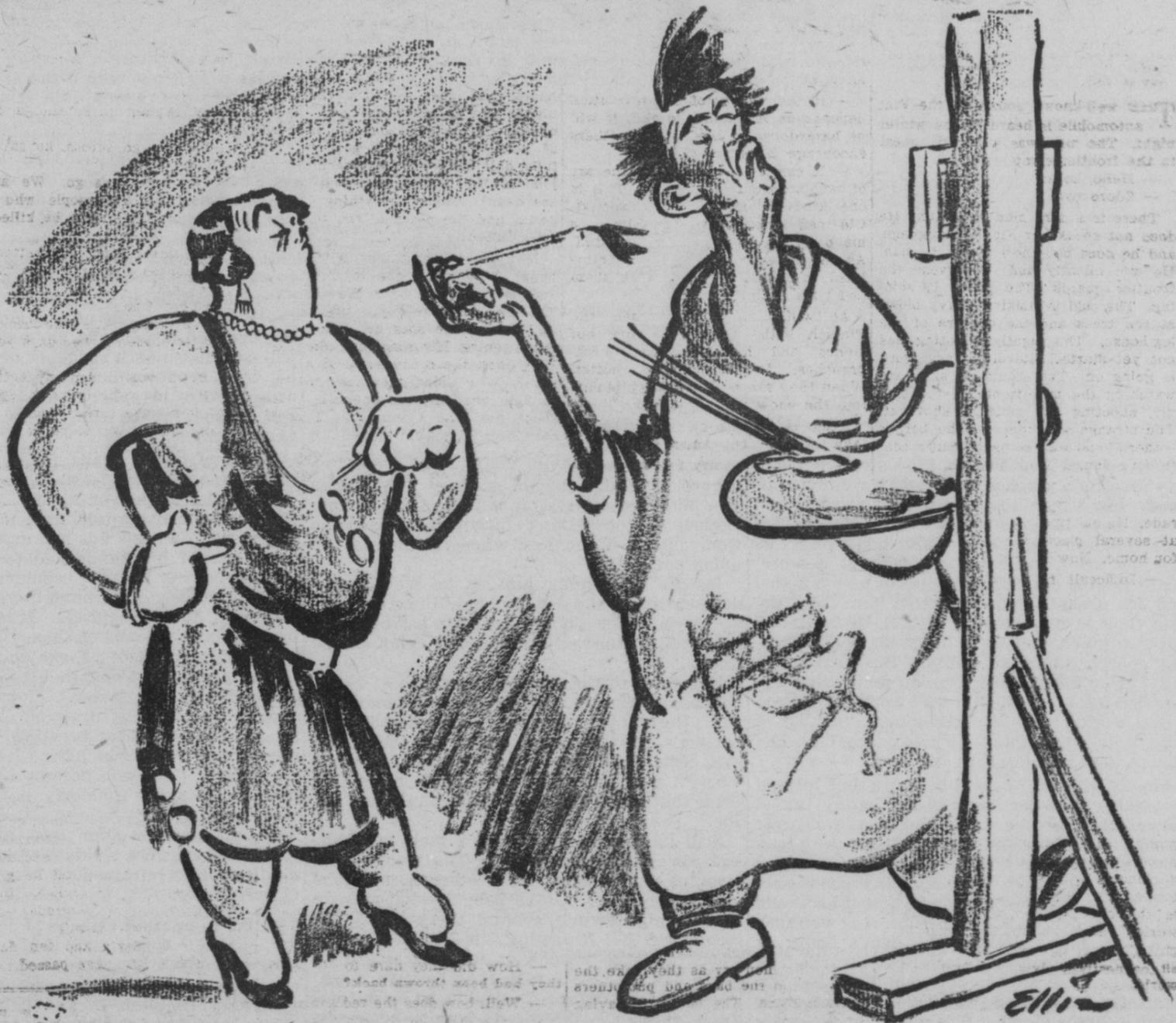
Job, hand screw man; the last job was punch press and set up man; this place, The Burroughs Adding Machine, asks (1) How long out of job? (2) How much money have you? (3) How are you physically? Is there death in family? (4) Have you ever been sick? (5) What do you know about that job?

How much money have you spent? \$800. I have two children; I've been out of work eight months; this was the reply. "No, I can't use you!"

The employers' association does not care if you work or not. They simply are camouflaging. They are useful for the registration of help so that they can judge whether they can cut wages or not.

The factory employment offices are packed every morning with men looking for jobs, so try and get a job at an employer's association. It is a humbug. The capitalists are contented but not the thousands of jobless workers. They tell you to "come Monday" and also "wait till after the auto show," "Come tomorrow" and "maybe" and all the old bunk.

## The Artist Flunkey



FINE LADY: "Are You Artists Bourgeois or Proletarian?"

ARTIST: "Well, We Try to Hover Between the Pocketbook of the Bourgeois and the Soul of the Proletarian."

Fred Ellis, the cartoonist, made this amusing drawing from an idea obtained from the French paper, *Le Rire*.

## Communist Party of Soviet Union Changes Its Name

THE Russian Communist Party at its recent convention changed its name to "All-Union Communist Party." This is not the first but the second time that the party has changed its name. In both cases there was a fundamental reason for the change. The party was founded in 1898 and was called the "Social-Democratic Labor Party of Russia." Note that the translation of the name has been inexact. The party was never called "Russian" (Russky), but "of Russia" (Rossiisky), which meant that it was not a party of Russians only, but a party of all nationalities in Russia. Attempts were made to make it a federative party of nationalities in Russia—for instance the Jewish Bund claimed the right to be in the party as a national federation. There were within the Russian empire some national parties, for instance the Polish and Lithuanian and Finnish parties, of which some took part in the Russian Party conventions thru fraternal delegations. But in principle national federations never were recognized. After the year 1912 there were actually two social-democratic parties in Russia, the Bolsheviks and the mensheviks, each of which had its own central committee and separate organization. In January, 1918 the change

of name described in the following article was made.

The recent change is the logical consequence of the enlargement of the "Socialist Federative Soviet Republic of Russia" (R. S. F. S. R.) into the "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics" (in the Russian language the initials are "S. S. S. R." or in English "U. S. S. R.") The change in party name is intended to continue to emphasize the fact that the party is not a party of Russians, but a common centralized party of all nationalities in the Soviet Union.

The first change was proposed by Lenin in his now famous April thesis immediately after his arrival to Russia in 1917. He gave the following reasons for it:

WE must emphasize the fact that we stand on the basis of the Communist Manifesto, which has been distorted by the social-democrats who have deserted it in two main respects: the workers have no country of their own and in regard to the Marxian theory of the state. The term "social-democracy" is incorrect, as Marx has several times pointed out, as for instance in his "Critique of the Gotha Program" in 1875, and Engels in 1894. It is true that we strive toward socialism, but this must gradually pass over into Communism. The word "democracy" in our party name is also incorrect in the scientific sense. Democracy is a form of the state and we are opposed to the state. Marx-

ism differs from anarchism in recognizing the necessity of the state in the period of the transition, but this will not be a bourgeois state, but such as the Paris Commune and the Soviet of 1905 and 1917. Marx and Engels consented to what they knew was an incorrect, opportunist expression, because history at that time put on the order of the day gradual organizational and educational work. We must also take into account the peculiarity of the present period. We should not imitate the deplorable "Marxians" about whom Marx said: "I sowed dragon's teeth and reaped fleas." Now, when the proletarian revolution begins, the majority of the "social-democratic" leaders have betrayed socialism, and deceived the masses. Should we in such a situation appear as "also social-democrats"?

We aim to refashion the world. We aim to make an end of the imperialist war, in which hundreds of millions of men are engaged, in which hundreds and again hundreds of billions of capital are involved, which cannot end with a really democratic peace without a proletarian revolution, the most stupendous in the history of mankind. And in such a situation, we ourselves are showing fear. We want to keep on wearing the "dear" dirty shirt which we are "accustomed to," as the comrades say about the old name. It is time to throw away the dirty shirt and it is time to put on clean clothes.

### Song of the Fleecers in China

By Felix Uotila.

I.

Oh we had it all on China,  
When we got the "Chinks" to work;  
We reaped up "dough"—kind-a,  
And our slaves would never shirk,  
But sweating thru the day till dusk,  
They worked in hell and musk,  
Rotten were their wages  
For any common man,  
But "Chinks" are easy for us  
And the troubling ones we'd "can."

II.

But ah those Red-blood Russians  
They know too god-damned much,  
They're telling all our slaves the truth,  
Their cries we cannot hush,  
Yet there's the high Locarno pact  
We might pay Red Russia back,  
Through it no use trying,  
Its no use crying,—  
The Reds have got us pat.

# THE SCAB

By Henry

IT had been like that for days, Rosie and himself on the outs about what appeared to him his simple duty, but what Rosie persisted in regarding as a sort of shirking on his part.

"Lot you care if your wife and kid starve to death," she said bitterly.

"But, honey, you don't understand. All the boys walked out. I couldn't stay and scab, could I? You wouldn't want me to do that."

"That darn union again! Don't talk to me about it. What has it ever done for you men but get you in trouble? Twice before you've gone out, and loafed weeks, and me sewing my fingers off to keep the house going. You never won before. You won't this time neither. I'm tired of pinching and scraping and going about looking like a scare-crow. I tell you straight, if I have to make the living I'll do it without supporting a lazy, good-for-nothing husband. There!"

She paused breathless, a little afraid. It was the first time she had ever said so much. Already she began to repent her words, and would have liked to recall them, because Joe looked so funny and white, and didn't retort as was his wont, but sat down without a word. Little Bobbie crawled into his lap and prattled and Joe absent-mindedly petted him. For the first time in his quarrels with Rosie he felt a bitter antagonism leap to life in his heart, making speech an impossibility. He was thinking: "She knew I was a union man when she married me. . . she knows I work hard when I can work." He was thinking: "So I'm a lazy, good-for-nothing husband, am I." The phrase kept running thru his head.

He ate little of the fried potatoes that formed the staple food for supper, and barely tasted his coffee. By the time the meal was over Rosie was wishing that he would speak to her. She wanted to tell him how sorry she was for what she had said; that she had been only tired, cross, and didn't mean it; that if he would kiss her and love her the same she wouldn't care how many dresses she didn't have, or parties she missed, or how hard she worked, or anything; that she understood how he felt about the union and was sure he was right about it, and so forth. She waited expectantly for him to say something; but when he took his hat and went out the door without a word, her resentment flared up anew. So he was going down to the union hall again, was he, instead of staying home and keeping her company? Well, she wouldn't stay home by herself for anyone. She didn't have to.

UP until that moment she had entertained not the slightest idea of going to the show with Browning. Now she decided she would. She'd show Joe. She'd show him there were other men willing, yes, and eager, to take her out. The next time he invited her. . .

At that psychological instant the telephone rang.

Browning's deep voice came over the wire. He said he had been presented by a friend with two complimentary tickets to a play at the "Fulton," a really good comedy, he believed, but he could think of no one to invite; and unless Mrs. Smith would take pity on him—

Without giving herself time for second thought, Rosie accepted. In the same reckless mood she put Bobbie to sleep. Mrs. Jones who lived across the hall would keep an eye out for him while she was absent. She dressed herself in her best. Her "best" was pitifully modest; but at that she made a pleasant enough picture for any man to look at. At least, so thought Mel Browning when he met her twenty minutes later.

Browning, to place him properly, was a real estate man in the early thirties, and the agent for the house in which she and Joe rented an apartment. Not any worse than the average man of his type about town, rather happily married, he none-the-less had, as he would have phrased it, "an eye for the chickens."

Rosie had intrigued his interest from the first. "A nifty skirt," he had meditated, and too good for that roughneck husband of hers who probably never took her any place. Look how her eyes glistened when he described plays he had seen, told her of the road-houses where he had dined and danced. Boy, she was hungry for them! And where a person was so eager—

So he had showered Rosie with invitations, invitations she had not mentioned to her husband, invitations she had, until tonight, refused. But tonight she had accepted. Surely

it paid to be persistent, he thought. To himself he visualized the beginning of a delightful affair. There would be the show; and after that a tete a tete lunch, dancing; then, then. . .

It was with a pleasant feeling of anticipation that he handed Rosie into his smart little coupe and swung the car away from the poorer quarter of town.

MEANTIME, as Rosie had surmised, Joe had gone to the union hall, but after listening to a general discussion for a while he drifted restlessly out into the street. In his head was beating monotonously his wife's words, "Lazy good-for-nothing, lazy good-for-nothing." The injustice of the charge rankled keenly. It made him think, "I've got to find work."

It was while in this frame of mind that he met Casey. Casey was head stevedore boss for Mickner and Mack's, and, of course, looking for men.

"More damn fool you, Joe, for going out," he argued. "You're bound to lose, way things are, and meantime your wife and kid are up against it, too. Don't forget that, Joe, the women get it in the neck when you men let the union pull you."

Instead of cursing him as he would have done earlier in the day, Joe only thought:

"Maybe Rosie ain't so wrong to bawl me out. After all, a married man has to think of his family. . ."

The voice of the tempter went on:

"Looka here, Joe, we need a good man like you. Right now. Tonight. Come in while the coming's good, because, believe me, they'll be stampeding back in another fortnight, and then where'll you be? The company'll remember them that stood by now. Better take me up, Joe."

Still Joe hesitated. To be a scab. God, he had always hated a scab! The words were forming on his lips. In another moment he would have said, "Go to hell, Casey," when a smart coupe swung around the corner. He recognized Mel Browning, his landlord, at the wheel, and the woman at his side looked so much like his, Joe's, wife that he gave a violent start. Of course it couldn't be Rosie; but the resemblance the woman bore to her started an unpleasant train of thought in his mind. After all Rosie was young and pretty, fond of nice clothes and a good time. What if she should be tempted to let some of them gay blades, like young Mel was, take her around? Of course Rosie wouldn't! Still if she did, wouldn't it be his fault? She was asking him for those things, wasn't she? and if he didn't give them, why— He felt his hands clench at the bare thought.

"Say, Casey," he muttered thickly, "how much is in that job?"

BROWNING had taken Rosie to one of the best shows in town, which she had unfeignedly enjoyed. It had been so long since she had been anywhere that she felt as if she were living in a dream. Afterwards he'd not find it hard to persuade her to run out to a gay little place he knew of for a bite to eat.

"It is twelve now," he replied to her half-hearted objections, "and your husband home probably an hour ago. Might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

She laughed at this. After all, why not? Joe always came home by ten-thirty; so Bobbie wouldn't be alone after Mrs. Jones retired. It might be a good thing to give Joe a jolt. Besides there was absolutely no danger with Browning. Her escort was proving himself a perfect gentleman, with just enough attention in his manner to make her realize that she was a woman, and young, and pretty, and desirable. Why not drain the cup of pleasure to the dregs for one night, since she could do so without harming anyone? Of course she would never go with him again; so—

SHE had never been to a roadhouse like this before. The main dining-room was a bowler of shaded lights, rose, green, purple. An orchestra played jazz that made the feet want to dance, dance. There was the tinkle of glass, the laughter of women. She felt intoxicated by the mere sight and sound. A deferential waiter took her shabby cloak, and made her feel altogether important and at home by his deft attention. Soon she and Browning were seated at a secluded table. Viands of a richness and a variety she had never dreamed existed, appeared and disappeared. Wines, that she at first hesitated to

drink, but which after a cup or two seemed to caress the throat with a touch of smooth velvet and to run through the veins with a warm glow of liquid fire, were drunk. She lost count of time. The vague feeling that she was doing what was not altogether right left her.

It had been long since she danced last, but under Browning's guidance all her old grace and lightness revived. She seemed to sway through the mazes of the two-step like a feather blown. Her companion was holding her closer and closer with each succeeding dance but it didn't seem to matter. When in the languorous glide of a moonlight waltz his lips brushed her cheeks, she only laughed; and when his hot mouth suddenly sought and found her own, crushing her lips almost to the point of hurt with the ardor of his kiss, she felt herself responding to the caress with primitive abandonment.

The end of the waltz found them by their table. Instead of releasing her, Browning sat down and drew her on his lap. For a moment some subconscious inhibition made her struggle, resist; then his lips had again claimed her own; one of his hands had found the round firmness of her breasts; sensuously she yielded to his embrace. All around them the dim lights flickered, music sobbed. Mirth, madness—love. Through the lashes that veiled her heavy, languorous eyes, she could feel the fire of his glances. Beneath his palm her heart beat faster and faster. Her body thrilled, yearned to his. His straining clasp, his throbbing pulse, his uneven breathing, became a rising harmony with which her whole being blended, merged. His will became her will; his desire, her desire. Suddenly he had stood up, was carrying her—where? It did not matter. Through an open door into a dim, scented room. They were sinking, sinking. . . She clung to him, strained to him. He held her closer, closer. . .

DOWN in number three hold Joe sweated and cursed. Casey had made him foreman over as inefficient a bunch of scab stevedores as it was possible to conceive of. He found it necessary to pitch in and demonstrate how cargo should be broken out.

God, they were rats! The scourgings of the city, for the most part. His soul sickened every time he thought of how the boys on the picket line had looked at him when he passed into the dock with Casey. They had not even booed. Probably they had been too stunned to realize at once what his presence meant. At any rate, they knew by now. Knew that he, Joe Smith, was a scab, a rat, a traitor.

"Damn you!" he screamed at an unsavory looking member of his gang, "how many times have you to be told to fix that sling right?"

He sprang forward, but was too late to stop the hoisting of the load as the signal had already been given the winchman on deck. Up, up went the load, tilting crazily.

"Hey, you!" he cried to the hatch-tender, leaping out to where he could be seen, and waving violently. "Lower that load again—down!"

But the tender was a green man, easily confused and couldn't understand what was meant.

"Down! damn you! down" screamed Joe. And at his second command, the load came down.

ROSA stirred and sat up. She pushed the tousled hair from her eyes and looked about confusedly. Her head ached and there was a bitter taste in her mouth. She did not at once realize where she was. The large well furnished bedroom was utterly strange to her. Then she became conscious of the tumbled bed in which she sat and of her own naked body, and of the fact that someone else— . . . some one who— . . . Horrified, she turned her head until she was looking down into Mel Browning's face. He was sleeping with his mouth open and did not make a pleasant picture. Instantly memory came back. Memory of the roadhouse, the supper party, the— A wave of loathing swept over her. Surely it couldn't be true. It couldn't be! No, no! it couldn't be possible that she had spent the night here, in this room, with Mel Browning; that the things she dimly remembered, had taken place. She was mad, dreaming.

At her recoil from his proximity, Browning woke up.

## George Weiss

"Hello," he said sleepily, reaching out and grasping her bare arm. "Give's a kiss, dearie."

But she flung his hand away.

"Don't dare touch me," she shuddered. Don't you dare."

"What the—" He sat up and stared at her.

She wrapped the bed-covering around her shoulders, sobbing convulsively, wildly, "What time is it?—Where are my clothes?— Will you go away!— What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"Look here, Rosie. It ain't no use acting like this, you know. What you stay for anyway if you didn't intend to be a good sport?"

"You brute! You beast!"

"Oh, hell!"

She cried feverishly: "I want to go home; I want to go home."

Moving him, he leaped from the bed and began to don her rumpled clothes. And all the time she was saying over and over to herself, "What will I do! Oh, what will I do?"

BROWNING pressed her to drink at least a cup of coffee before starting, but she would wait for nothing. He felt a bit alarmed.

"Damn those women! A man never knew how to take them. Who would think she'd cut up like this?"

Unless she walked, there was no way of getting back to town, save in his car. During the ride she leaned back with closed eyes, thinking, thinking. Oh what a fool she had been! Why had she ever gone out with Browning? What was she to say to Joe? She would lie before she'd tell the truth! Joe must never know—never! She would make it up to him with her love, consideration. She would never complain, scold again, about anything. How petty was the cause of dissatisfaction viewed in the light of what it had led her to. Her whole body writhed with shame, disgust. Oh, god! if she could only keep Joe from knowing she would work her fingers to the bone for him if he went on a thousand strikes!

"Joe, Joe!" she cried mentally, chaotically, "I stayed all night at my sister's. You must believe me! You must!"

A BLOCK from her home, she left Browning without a word. Breathlessly she covered the distance to her door. Here her neighbor, Mrs. Jones, met her.

"Oh, Mrs. Smith," she cried, "where have you been? Mr. Casey is wanting to see you. Oh, you poor thing! Hurry, hurry!" And she began to cry. Behind her Casey came down the steps. What was he saying?

"There was an accident down at the pier last night. Your husband was bossing the unloading of some cargo, when the hatch-tender misunderstood his signal and told the winchman to slack away quick, and the load came down, and—"

"Joe! Joe!" cried Rosie.

"Was killed instantly, ma'am."

# The Co-operative Movement in the United States

The December issue of "Die Genossenschaft im Klassenkampf," bulletin of the co-operative section of Comintern, reviews the co-operative movement in the northern states of the United States. Under the title "The Co-operative League of the Northern States," the review says:

THE "American Co-operative League" organized in 1915 and holding its fourth congress in New York in 1924 still includes only a small minority of the co-operatives in the United States. In 1924 it only had 337 co-operatives as members. In order to improve the possibilities for the unification of the Consumers' Co-operatives and for their ideological influence thru the central league thruout the extended territory of the United States, there were created in the last few years a series of sub-leagues which take in a group of near-by states. At the present time there exists sub-leagues for the consumers' co-operatives in the northern states, central and eastern states.

The largest and most important of the sub-leagues is the "northern states co-operative league," which this year made the first attempt to issue a year book (Northern States Co-operative League, Year Book, Minneapolis, 1925, 114 pages. Year Book 1925 of the Consumers' Co-operative League of the Northern States of America.) This league has existed since 1922 and has its seat in Minneapolis, Minn. It extends to about ten membership organizations in the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. The kernel of the league appears to be the Co-operative Central Exchange, in Superior, Wis. This is a wholesale buying society, made up of 41 primary consumers' unions which can show a total membership of somewhat more than 10,000 members. The great majority of the membership are Finnish workers and farmers.

The second largest organization of the league is the Franklin Dairy Co-operative, that can count 5,300 members and also has a center in Minneapolis. The Year Book contains a survey of the account and of the activities as well as the statistical material of the organizations affiliated to the sub-league. It also includes a number of articles dealing with matters of principle and history, about the co-operative movement in general and about the co-operative relations in America in particular. In reading thru this little book we cannot help getting the impression that after the moral and economic failures of pre-war times and of the war years, the consumers' co-operative movement in the United States, in the northern states at least, has since 1919-1920 begun to beat out new paths. With great effort and energy has there been begun a new construction of a real consumers' organization of the workers

and farmers. Beginning on a small scale, the last five or six years has seen significant economic and cultural successes. Wherein lies the mystery of this success?

Let us see how the year book answers this question? Under the head of "The Secret of Success of the Co-operatives" we read on page 74:

"The basis of the co-operative movement lies in the social contradictions of the present society. Naturally the starting point is to provide better and cheaper goods for the workers and farmers organized in the co-operatives. Therefore the co-operatives must organize their business end according to most effective methods.

"But, the business methods may be the best, and still the slogan for better and cheaper goods cannot be realized to such an extent as hoped for. The co-operative very soon finds out that its ability to reduce prices, to effect any great material savings to its members, is limited.

"During the last half century capitalism has developed from small shops and private business enterprises to enormous big industries, trusts, and even in the retail field to centralized chain stores, department stores, etc. The highly developed capitalism concentrates its power thru the big banks and thru the capitalist state.

"The co-operatives which have to fight on the workers' and farmers' side very soon realize that their main enemy is not the unorganized small business, but the whole capitalist system. The fight for better living conditions becomes a fight against the capitalist system.

"A co-operative store that is run purely as a business venture, no matter how effective its business methods are, no matter how good its customers may happen to be, will find that immediately when they get into financial difficulties their seemingly 'good customer' will desert them to look for a 'better and cheaper' store. Therefore, it is necessary for the life and development of the co-operative that it uses such methods which will make the customers in reality feel and know that this is their own store, a part of themselves under all conditions.

"And what are these methods which will make the co-operative to be closer to the working people? As we already pointed out, the fight for better living conditions ultimately becomes a fight against the capitalist system. Here lies the secret of the success of the co-operatives. By taking part in the workers' and

farmers' fight against capitalism, the co-operatives connect themselves with the masses. Thru the partaking of their everyday struggles, the co-operatives in a practical way show that they are not only purely business establishments, but that they are a part of the working class movement against capitalism.

"This will give strength to the co-operatives. The masses not only see a 'better' store, but they realize thru practical experience that it is one of their own weapons with which to fight. And then the co-operative will not only live, but grow in power and influence under all conditions."

Eskel Ronn, the director of the already mentioned wholesale society, the Co-operative Central Exchange in Superior, writes another article for the Year Book:

"Cures headaches, rheumatism, asthma, consumption, tuberculosis, hernia, scarlet fever, mumps, piles, housemaid's knee, and all other diseases known or unknown to the medical profession."

"This patent medicine advertisement always occurs to me when I hear some of our good co-operators advance the theory that co-operation is the 'cure-all' that will abolish all the social diseases and ills of mankind and lead us to that promised land, the 'co-operative commonwealth.'

"It is plainly evident that present society is composed of two opposing classes, namely the working class, and the capitalist class, whose interests are diametrically opposed to each other. There is no compromising between them. There can be no friendship between them, nothing but constant conflict. . . . In this class conflict the co-operative movement is a mighty weapon in the hands of the workers. A very brief study of the history of the co-operative movement will soon disclose the fact that it's during the struggles of the workers on the industrial field that they have organized co-operative enterprises.

"It is the co-operative enterprises which have been born amidst the turmoil of laborers' struggles that mean something in this great movement. It is they who work unceasingly for the ultimate aim of the co-operative movement. It is they who are not satisfied with more paltry dividends. They are the builders of a new system of society."

A contribution of Dr. Warbasse, the president of the American Co-operative League, is on the other hand, conceived more in the spirit of the "patent medicine co-operator." According to this, the entire distribution is and then also the entire production will gradually pass into the hands of the organized consumers and all this thru co-operative organization.

The secretary of the American Co-operative League, Mrs. Agnes Warbass, devotes an article investigating the reason why the co-operative movement in Europe has developed better than in America. She sees the cause of this in the fact already emphasized by other authors, that in America the dollar hunt masters the psychology of large sections of the working class masses. They do not think of making their relations better; they are always on the lookout to find better relations. To the natural question how to make these relations better, Mrs. Warbass gives only a very vague reply. She cites as an example the success of the live young co-operative organizations of the northern states. They have already told the secret of their success in other places in the Year Book.

The first Year Book of the Northern States of the Co-operative League is a wealth of evidence to us that even in the land of the dollar, the revolutionary class consciousness of the co-operative are beginning to awake. We can only congratulate the northern States Co-operative League on the issuance of this excellently prepared little book.

## French Imperialists Carry Civilized Customs to Asia



How the French Army Carries Civilization Into Syria. A picture taken from "l'Humanite," the French Communist Party daily paper showing French soldiers playing with the severed heads which they have cut off of their victims.

# A LETTER FROM CANTON, CHINA

This is the first of a series of letters received from Canton and written by our correspondent Sinbad.

CANTON, CHINA.

Dear Comrades:

ONCE again I come into your midst. Sinbad has come to Canton and is here to stay for some time. I will try to get these letters to you as often as possible and I am sure they will prove interesting not only to those who are themselves in a position to understand the struggles of the 400,000,000 of oppressed Chinese but also to those who read these lines in order to think up destructive criticism.

In this letter I will endeavor to depict the background of the extremely interesting situation existing in Canton.

Ever since the first unequal treaty was forced on China, Canton has had to suffer from the attacks and the continual encroachments of imperialism. One-sided diplomacy plus mercenary and marines have kept Canton always on the verge of a fear of swallowing, mastication, and digestion by imperialism, British, French, American, etc.

Ever since the revolution in 1911 China and Canton especially, had to suffer both from foreign imperialism and the class of petty militarists and corrupt officials which came into existence after this outbreak. Time and again Canton has been assailed and overrun by these, but time and again they have been repulsed. The history of Canton since 1911 is lengthy and time and space do not allow a detailed account. Let it suffice to say that the struggle between the revolutionary forces and the forces of open counter-revolution or forces of counter-revolution under the banner of revolution has been a lengthy and sanguinary one.

During the last few months, after the death of Dr. Sun Yat-sen several generals and officials, men high in the government and who had been high in the estimation of Dr. Sun, began to show counter-revolutionary tendencies. Chen Chiung-ming who had once been a co-worker of Dr. Sun, but who had become an open counter-revolutionary and a despicable tool of British imperialism was preparing another onslaught on the Canton government and when the government had sent troops to the East River to defeat Chen Chiung-ming, Yunnanese mercenaries under the leadership of Yang Shi-min and Liu Chen-wen, were left to guard the city. Swatow had been captured by the revolutionary forces and the whole East River district was restored to peace again. Then news came to the Eastern expeditionary forces at Swatow that their base, the heart of Revolutionary Kwangtung, Canton, was threatened with destruction by Shi-min and Liu Chen-wen who had by this time received orders from Hongkong to rebel and make Canton safe for the very real dragon of imperialism.

The story of the heroic march thru roadless country 78 kilometers, which was accomplished in 28 hours, and how the counter-revolutionists were surrounded with a steel chain of the revolutionary troops, has been sung and resung ever since June of this year when the event occurred.

The strike of Hongkong and Canton workers directed against British imperialism in general and Hongkong in particular, had by this time begun to become stronger and daily was becoming more stronger. Kwangtung had the chance to express its hatred of the imperialists and responded nobly to the demands of the strikers. Never before has a strike in China been effective. Never before has an imperialist colony been so entirely helpless in face of the mighty protest of 150,000 organized laborers, a protest against the ruthless and uncalled-for murder of innocent students and workers on the streets of Shanghai and on the docks of Hankow and against the absolutely ruthless butchery of cadets, students and strikers, on Shakee, in Canton on June 23.

## The Only Way Out?



In California prisons today are between seventy-five and one hundred members of the I. W. W. In San Quentin and Folsom prisons are Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings, Mathew A. Schmidt, J. B. McNamara, Herman Suhr, and in Alcatraz prison is Paul Crouch. All of these fighters for the working class, convicted by the capitalist courts for their activity in behalf of the labor movement, are rotting away, year by year. The cartoonist, Fanning, shows a black hearse at the door of the California prison, and asks: "Is this the only way out?" The labor movement must answer: "No!" The labor movement must rally to the support of the International Labor Defense to get labor's prisoners out.

The imperialists perceiving that there were no signs of the settlement of the strike decided to strike at the revolutionary government thru terrorism. They concocted a diabolical plot to assassinate the leaders of the revolution and with the aid of apparent revolutionists and counter-revolutionists in hiding in Canton, the first step of this fiendish plot was carried out. On the morning of August 20, Liao Chung-kai, the commissar of finance and the staunchest warrior of the revolution and its principles political commissar of Whampao military school, commissar of labor of Kuomintang, was shot dead in front of the Kuomintang headquarters. One of his assassins was shot by a soldier but did not die immediately and in the interval between his shooting and death he confessed the dastardly plot.

Those who were responsible for the crime sat back in their comfortable chairs and rubbed their fat, blood-stained hands entirely unconscious of the fate that awaited them. They were men who had once been fighters of the revolution. They sat back in their chairs, shedding crocodile tears, and at the same time were thinking of the British shekels lying stacked up in their cash boxes. They were generals who had been supporters of the nationalist government, who had been executing orders of the revolutionary military council who had now connived at the killing of Liao Chung-kai. Little did they dream of the fate that awaited them.

On the night of August 25, the government had its plans ready and struck. The blow was a smashing

one. All during the night firing was heard and in the morning the work had been done. The troops under those generals who had prostituted themselves to imperialism's gluttonous desire, who had connived at the death of Liao Chung-kai were disarmed. The generals had either been arrested or were being hunted down like dogs.

The soft-tongued political concubines of imperialist tools, who had put their names to the death warrant which had been executed on the morning of August 20, were arrested. They knew righteous vengeance would be wreaked on them and in their knowledge they were right. Peace once more in Canton, but the blood of Liao Chung-kai still moist.

A month passed by and the revolutionary cloud of Kwangtung was again darkened by a threatening scorpion. But the legs of this scorpion were cut off by the revolutionary troops and helpless, he was sent away from Kwangtung, glad to have gotten away with his life intact.

Peace again reigned in Canton and the strike was becoming stronger and was gaining more and more sympathizers. Hongkong again tried to destroy revolutionary Canton. At first she had tried by creating false rumors; military force failed, thru assassination, instead of weakening the government she caused it to be purged of a greater part of its evils, again military force, incendiarism but in each attempt she was crushingly defeated. Then the government's second Eastern expedition was launched to once for all tear out the roots of

Hongkong domination in Eastern Kwangtung, Chen Chiung-ming's uniformed banditry.

In Eastern Kwangtung there is a fortress which has never, since the Sung Dynasty, been taken by military force. It is a natural and traditional impregnable stronghold but the revolutionary forces showed their superiority, not so much in equipment, fighting tools, but their superiority in moral courage, and in their knowledge that in fighting for the revolution they were invincible, and scaled the walls of Waichow taking the city.

Their victories were gradual but steady and at last the columns of blue, the revolutionary forces, entered Swatow, and the East River districts were once more under the control of the revolutionary government.

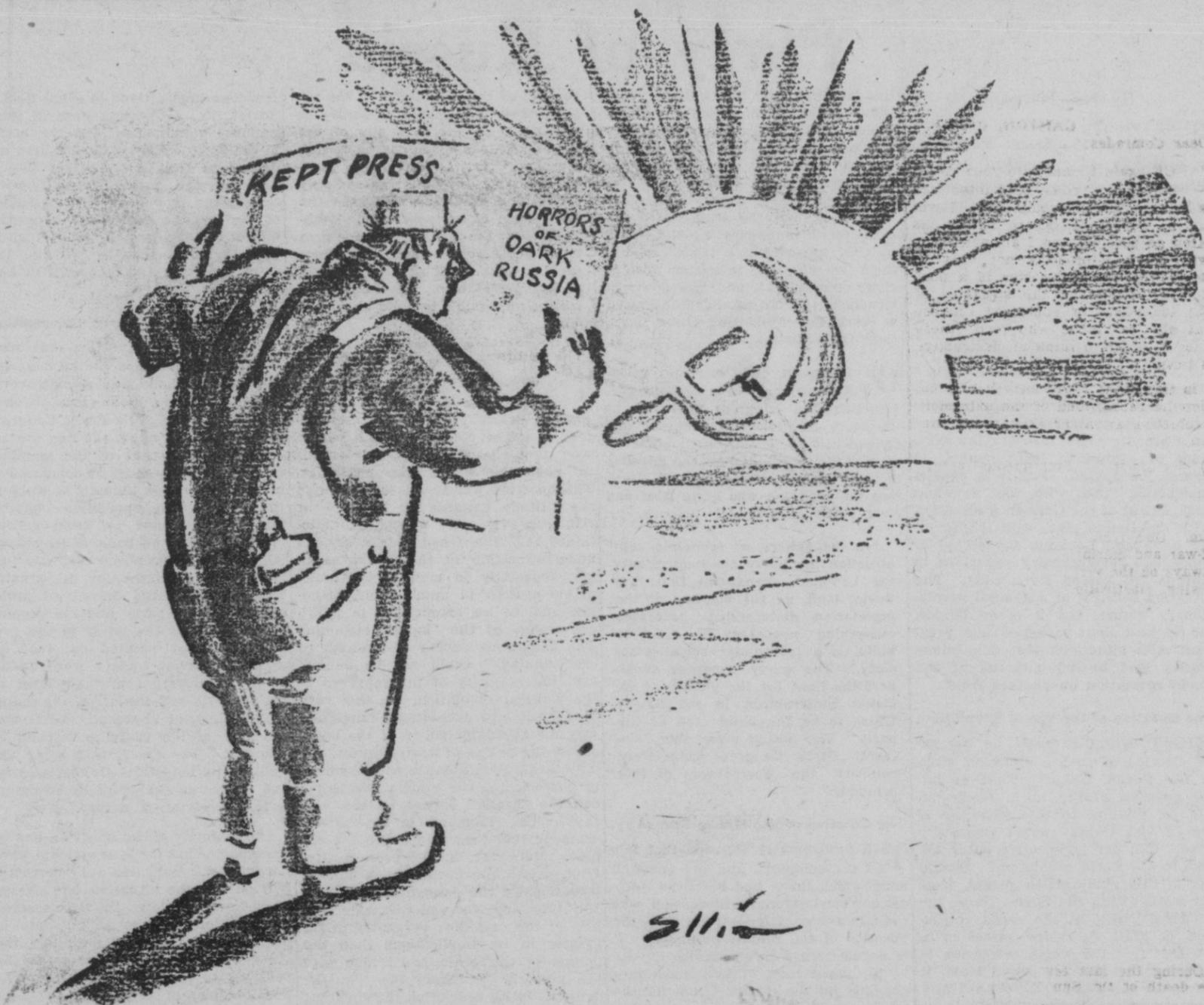
The greatest tribute that could have been paid to the revolutionary forces is embodied in the words of an editorial in the Hongkong government's official organ, The Hongkong Daily Press. The reader should keep in mind that the "anti-red" forces were subsidized by this same British Hongkong government, which makes the tribute all the greater.

War in the north has broken out. There are no signs of serious victory or defeat on either side. The outcome will have its effect on the future policy of the Kwangtung government.

Here in the south there is promise of peace for a long time now and reconstruction work has begun and will take great leaps forward.

—SINBAD.

## Bury Your Head — Don't Look!



Fred Ellis, the cartoonist, says the capitalist newspapers are filled with a new flood of horror stories about the Soviet Union in order to keep the workers from seeing the bright sun that is rising there for the workers of all the world. The kept press and the whisky bottle in his overalls pocket keep this worker occupied and keep him from participating in the struggle for the liberation of his class.

## Mr. Gibbons And The Filipinos

By Harry Gannes.

WITH the sixth commission for independence in the United States, waiting at the doors of congress for a hearing; with the long line of promises, intrigues and treacheries, the question of Philippine independence is beginning to weigh like an Alp on the alleged brain of American capitalism.

The Filipinos want independence. The people seriously, earnestly want freedom from the United States imperialist yoke that each year grows heavier and cuts deeper into the neck of the Philippine peasants and workers.

The cry for independence on the part of the Filipinos is meeting with delays, rebuffs, and insults. The Chicago Tribune is the latest imperialist spokesman against Philippine independence thru an article by its one-eyed Argus, Floyd Gibbons.

"War will break out in the Pacific within six months if the Philippines are given independence," Gibbons says a Filipino high in authority told him.

Who the informant is that supplied the Tribune with nearly two columns of "news" on Philippine independence is left entirely in the dark. All Gibbons can say about him is that "were he identified as the author of it, his life would pay the penalty." Thereby testifying to the fact that the question of independence is so thoroly engraved on the hearts of the great mass of the Filipinos that any serious attempt on behalf of influential natives or foreigners to defeat the campaign for independence would be met by stringent measures.

The main imperialist cry is that the

Filipinos are not ready nor capable of independence. The Jones Law, passed in 1916 promised independence and claimed "that it has always been the purpose of the people of the U. S. to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein."

The Filipinos have established a legislature working on a bourgeois basis. They have demonstrated that they are as "capable of self-government" as were the Americans when they broke away from the Domination of Great Britain.

Are the Filipinos prepared for self-government from a bourgeois point of view? President Wilson in his message of December 7, 1920, said: "The people of the Philippine Islands have succeeded in maintaining a stable government since the last action of the congress in their behalf, and have thus fulfilled the condition set by the congress as precedent to a consideration of granting independence to the Islands."

From Wilson to Coolidge is long jumps, however. Since Wilson's time American interests in the Philippines have grown tremendously. By 1920 there were 135 United States corporations in the islands with a total capital stock of \$443,000,000. The sum is several per cent greater today. Knowing that nearly 15,000,000 acres of public land are available for home seekers and 65,000 square miles of timber land ready to be exploited, plus the fact that the islands are "at the cross-roads to the greatest trade routes of the future," American capitalism cannot look smilingly at any

demands for independence.

Since 1921 when Major-General Leonard Wood was made governor-general of the islands the policy of the United States has become more and more brutally imperialist. Wood started out by paving the way for easier infiltration of capital. He brot pressure to bear on the Filipino government to turn over into the hands of private control such enterprises as the government had established to prevent them from falling into the hands of foreign capitalists. Recently Antonio D'Pagina, a councilman of the city of Manila, was arrested and sentenced to serve two months in jail for criticising General Wood.

General Wood is ardently upheld by President Coolidge. In a letter on the Philippines written in 1924, Coolidge completely white washes his appointee. He says:

"It has been charged that the present governor general has in some matters exceeded his proper authorities, but an examination of the facts seems rather to support the charge that the legislative branch of the Insular government has been the real offender thru seeking to extend its own authority into some areas of what should properly be the executive realm."

In every respect Coolidge wholeheartedly supports the imperialist designs of American capitalists in the Philippine Islands and has not the slightest intention to aid any move for independence.

The American capitalists look upon the Philippines as one of their best means of future development. There is no real revolutionary movement in the islands that the American govern-

ment fears. Tho the desire for independence is deeply rooted in the hearts of the masses, it is asserted that the machinery of the movement is to some extent in the hands of politicians, a great number of whom are undoubtedly maneuvering in their own interests. Many of the leaders have not thrown down the gauntlet to the imperialist power.

The Filipino people have shown themselves willing to back up their aim with true revolutionary action. The only way for them to attain independence from their imperialist boss is to shake off their back to those politicians who always can be bought off by American capitalism and to develop a revolutionary movement that will demand independence and not ask for it as a favor.

### Lenin—Torchbearer

Vladimir Ilyitch—You lie so seren in that Glass covered coffin. They say you are dead.

Vladimir Ilyitch—You are stirring men as never before. To throw off the chains that bind them. Can you be dead?

No—You are alive as never before In the hearts of the wretched; You are the very life force Speeding the lowly to victory.

—Worker Correspondent.

# Issues at the Congress of the Communist Party of Russia

By Will Herberg.

THE roots of the issues under discussion at the recent Fourteenth Congress of the Communist Party of Russia can and must be traced to the economic-political situation internationally and within the Soviet Union in the last period of time.

What are the main features of the present period on an international scale? A certain stabilization of capitalism—relative and very partial it is true, but a stabilization nevertheless. That this stabilization is limited to a degree that it is the source of many new contradictions which, together with the old contradictions reproduced on a broader scale, threaten the existence of capitalism itself cannot, of course, be denied. But it is equally undeniable that with the October, 1923, defeat of the German proletariat, with the Dawes plan, with the security pacts and Locarno, the period of immediate revolutionary situations in Europe has passed for a time. The situation remains of a general revolutionary nature, but it is no longer, for the next short period of time, pregnant with situations that can immediately lead to the outbreak of the world revolution on another front.

## The Question of the World Revolution.

WHAT naturally would be the reflection of such a situation within the Soviet Union? First of all, the question of the world revolution and its relation to the activities of the Soviet Union would naturally arise. Can our perspective, after all, take in the world revolution? Should we, in this stabilization period, base our work within the Soviet Union upon development of the world revolution, or shall we resign ourselves to the fact that the world revolution is "indefinitely" postponed and leave it out of our aims and calculations? Any such views the Fourteenth Congress of the party liquidated unanimously. The congress as a whole outlined the truly Leninist view of the role of the Soviet Union in the world revolution is the very basis of our international perspective and that it is the task and duty of the first proletarian state to serve as a basis of operations and a source of support for the world proletariat in its struggle and revolution. The political resolution of the central committee accepted by the congress was very positive on this point.

## The Question of Building Socialism.

THE next question was a reflection of the same general perspective upon the economic situation within the Soviet Union. It was a question of "building socialism." Of course, there was no disagreement over the fact that socialism could and must be built in the Soviet Union; the question was not whether socialism could be built in a country like the Soviet Union without the world revolution; it was whether socialism can be finally built, can be completed and a purely socialist system constructed in the Soviet Union before and without the proletarian revolution on a world scale. To this the Leningrad delegation and some others under the leadership of Zinoviev answered in the negative while the rest of the party congress, the overwhelming majority, were of the opposite opinion.

## The NEP and Socialist Industry.

CLOSELY bound up with this fundamental question of the possibility of the completion of socialist construction were some other very important questions, among them the questions of the estimation of the new economic policy, the question as to the socialist character of the nationalized state industry, and so on. The resolution of the party congress entirely cleared the atmosphere on these matters. It rejected the errors of certain elements (some of the "Red professors," etc.), that had the tendency to confuse the "NEP" with socialism. On the other hand, however, it firmly laid down

the fact that the nationalized industries were of a "consistently socialist" character (Lenin's words) in spite of the fact that the existence of these socialist industries in the medium of "free trade" had undeniable effects upon them. The congress issued a warning against the attempts to consider these industries as state capitalistic undertakings (thus making them resemble the mixed or "concession" enterprises), and laid down instructions for "an extended educational work for liquidating these deviations from Leninism."

ON the main question—the "possibility" of completing socialist construction—the congress spoke in no uncertain terms. The "doubts" and "questions" as to this main point indicated the possibility for the development of serious deviations and therefore the congress was quite firm and clear in its statement:

"In the sphere of economic construction the party congress adopts the Leninist standpoint that 'the Soviet land, as the country of the proletarian dictatorship, possesses everything necessary in order to build up a complete socialist society.' The party congress considers the fight for the victory of socialist construction in the Soviet Union to be the chief task of the party. The period since the Thirteenth Party Congress completely confirms the correctness of this principle."

## The Question of the Middle Peasantry.

THE fundamental question that faced the congress, and the question upon which there had been the deepest and most extensive discussion, was the peasant question—specifically the question of the middle peasantry. It is not necessary to emphasize the supreme importance of this question—not only for the Soviet Union for the whole world since the very question of the colonial peoples is essentially the peasant question reproduced on a world scale.

## The Leninist Line Among the Peasantry.

THE main lines of strategy in the peasant question—one of the most difficult facing the revolutionary proletariat—are well-known and were largely laid down by Lenin in the famous agrarian theses of the second congress of the Comintern (in 1920) on the basis, largely, of the experiences of the party in all the phases of its struggle. In countries where there are bourgeois nationalist revolutionary movements and where the dominant system still has within it many elements of feudal land relations (as Russia before March, 1917), the main line of strategy must be: Union of the proletariat and the whole of the peasantry under the hegemony of the proletariat. In capitalist countries, however, where bourgeois relations have become entirely reactionary and where the feudal land relations have been largely eliminated, the slogan is: The union of the proletariat and the poor peasantry, the neutralization of the middle peasantry, the struggle against the rich peasantry and the bourgeoisie. Such were the tactics of the Russian proletariat in the period of March to November, 1917.

All this is of course elementary. There was no controversy as to this. The controversy arose on the question as to the attitude towards the peasantry, specifically towards the middle peasantry, after the proletarian revolution, under the proletarian dictatorship, and in the period of the building up of socialism. The correct Leninist line, maintained and defended by this Fourteenth Congress, was: The poor peasantry is the support, the middle peasantry is the ally of the proletariat. Or in the words of the political resolution itself:

"If the village poor and above all the agricultural proletarians are the

support of the proletariat in the village, then the middle peasantry is and must be the firm ally of the proletariat. It must not be forgotten that . . . the middle peasantry have become exceedingly strong and that they now form the main mass of the peasantry. Without having these masses as our firm allies, merely by maintaining them neutral, now, after the consolidation of the proletarian dictatorship, it will be impossible to build up socialism."

## The Wrong Line of the Opposition.

THE opposition at the congress, the tendency represented by the Lenin-graders, while it did not openly defend it at the congress, stood for the view that the main task was rather to neutralize the middle peasantry. This question was also associated with the attitude towards the "kulak"—or rich peasant. The opposition maintained that there had been a serious underestimation of the "kulak" danger, especially in view of the undeniable growth in number and economic and, to an extent also in political power, of the "kulak" elements. The dangerous access of strength to the "kulaks" could not be denied, said the majority of the congress in the political resolution, but this very fact shows how exceedingly dangerous was the mistaken policy of the opposition, the policy of neutralization, for only thru a firm alliance with the bulk of the village, the middle peasantry, can the "kulak" danger be met and the socialist elements in the Soviet economy find their support in the village. Moreover, in the present situation within the Soviet Union and internationally the danger coming from the tendency to underestimate the role of the middle peasantry is far greater in its implications than the danger of the other trend that does not properly estimate the "kulak" danger. In its resolution the congress says:

"The party congress emphatically condemns the deviation which consists in underestimating the village (the "kulak" danger.—W. H.). . . But the party congress at the same time likewise emphatically condemns the attempt to obscure the fundamental question of Communist policy in the village, the question of the struggle for the middle peasants as the central figure of agriculture. . . . The party congress especially emphasizes the necessity of a struggle against this last named deviation."

## The Peasantry and Socialist Construction—Co-operation.

THE whole question of the peasantry is intimately connected with the previous problem of building socialism in Russia and this proves the inner unity of the multiple issues in the controversy. For in a country like Russia the building of socialism can only be possible if the large masses of the toilers are drawn into this constructive work along roads and thru methods dictated by their class position and their resulting traditions, beliefs, and prejudices. It is here that the question of the role of co-operation arises and is closely linked up with the questions of the peasantry and socialist construction.

"For the chief means of the construction of socialism in the village consists in the growing economic leadership on the part of the socialist state industry in the state credit institutions and in other dominating positions which are in the hands of the proletariat, in drawing the main masses of the peasantry into co-operative organization and in securing the socialist development of this organization by making use of, overcoming, and removing its capitalist elements."

It is hard to leave the question of the peasantry with so few words, but space is limited. We can only say that this—the central question at the congress—is a question of the greatest importance, a question of tre-

mendous implications in every field of Soviet life, a question even of international significance, and the action of the party congress in scotching any deviations from the straight line of Leninism the moment they showed themselves prove that the leadership of the Russian party—the opposition included—considers it their highest task to steer close to the line laid down by Lenin and embodied in Leninism.

## The Question of Party Composition.

THE next great question that occupied the attention of the congress upon which there was a controversy was the question of the composition of the party. The 13th Party Congress (1924) had laid down the line that at least fifty per cent of the membership of the party must be composed of industrial workers actually at work in the shop. The opposition charged that this had not yet been accomplished. Upon the basis of its charge the opposition proposed that the congress take measures for the greater absorption of large masses of proletarians by the party and the greater accessibility of the party to the proletariat. They pointed out that all strata of Soviet society were undergoing an elevation in their level of political life and initiative, the industrial proletariat above all, and it was the duty of the party to respond to this fact. The party, they said, was weak in its industrial proletarian core and there was danger of its losing its strictly proletarian nature.

The majority of the congress was of the opinion that these arguments were not correct. Bukharin very correctly pointed out the situation had changed in Soviet society—the "declassing" of the proletariat is at an end; in fact the trend is now definitely the other way; the tendency is for the peasants to leave the village for the town. This, of course, means that a large section of the town proletariat was really semi-proletariat (and semi-peasant) in composition, so that opening the doors to them would dilute the party. As for the increase in political life and initiative of the proletariat, this is a very true and welcome fact. But must this tendency find its outlet in the party? Are not the many non-partisan organizations sufficient to absorb this political energy—such organizations as the Soviets, the various Soviet organs, non-partisan conferences, etc.? In the demands of the opposition the party congress quite rightly saw a tendency towards the underestimation of the vanguard role of the party.

"The consolidation of the party and the strengthening of its leading role in all spheres of constructive work is a prerequisite for a correct regulation of the composition of the party. The party congress considers it necessary to conduct a policy of raising the qualitative composition of the party organizations, of striving to attract ever greater numbers of workers to the party and constantly to raise the preponderance of its proletarian core. The party congress at the same time affirms the necessity of a strict carrying out of the measures to restrict the admittance into the party and to its being swamped with semi-proletarian elements which have never passed thru any school of the trade unions or proletarian organizations. The party congress condemns such attempts which have nothing in common with Leninism, which deny the correct relations between the party (advance guard of the class) and the class which render possible Communist leadership."

IT is impossible here to examine the international significance and implications of the controversy in the Russian Party. We have limited ourselves to a brief exposition of the major issues that arose and to some indications as to the policy of the Leninist central committee of the Russian Party for the next period of time.