

## The Bad Russian Bolsheviki

**I**NDEED, nothing is more frightful in this world than these Bolsheviki—a bad omen in the night! For instance, to mention only their chief—Lenin. He is the very image of a beast, an assassin, if we are to believe the local newspapers and magazines (and it is said they may, nay, must be believed). His exterior may be described thus: colossal in stature, squinting Chinese eyes, a large belt under which are always thrust at least a dozen revolvers, in a large brimmed hat—indeed, a very picture of Villa, perhaps a trifle more dreadful! So much for his exterior, and as to his deeds, things look still worse. As morning comes he thrusts a half dozen, and sometimes a full dozen, bombs into his pockets and goes out in the street where he starts to throw them at every passerby and to shoot from the revolvers! Killing thus about half a hundred men he returns home and rests till lunch time; during the lunch hour he engages in the same sort of business and night finds him doing the same thing all over again. So it comes to pass that each day he murders at least a few hundred individuals. Is it not dreadful? This sort of things forms the subject of the newspapers, and we cannot but to believe—for they know everything. Such is Lenin, but the rest of the Bolsheviki are really not much better. Their only occupation consists in torturing and killing bankers, factory owners, engineers, artists and writers. Here is M. Gorki, for an example. He is indeed a genius, a universally known writer, but that could not spare him from the Bolsheviki. They have tortured and beaten him up so much that

finally he could bear it no longer and . . . himself became a Bolsheviki! And he threw in his wife into the bargain; she has turned Bolsheviki. At the present moment they work together with Lenin. Poor Gorki! He must be now such a frightful sight!

Or, there is Breshkovskaya. . . . The Bolsheviki several times sent her to the world beyond! Kind-hearted folks scribbling in one of the local Russian papers (A Menshevist paper; hence, also, a quite reliable source) shed even a few tears over her death: "The poor dear old soul was murdered; gone is our grandmother—a murder, a murder!"—such were the mourning wails over the dead body. "The Czars tortured her—the incomparable one—and yet they could not kill her; the Czar's servants tortured her, but could not make an end of her. But . . . came the Bolsheviki and killed her! . . ."

Yes, they killed her—nay, she was several times killed. Are not the Bolsheviki monsters after that? Not satisfied with killing her once, killing her several times!

And suddenly . . . suddenly news is flashed to the effect that the "grandmother" is still alive, is, in fact, on her way to America to her "grandchildren," and, sitting in their editorial offices, these "undertakers" grumble: "The idea! An old woman like her! We have gone to the trouble to hold a mass over her, furnished the funeral and even delivered the funeral orations and written obituary articles in honor of her. . . . Well! She might have

known better! She had better lay quietly under the earth! But no. . . . Now she gets up and troubles her own old bones; why has she elected to resurrect herself! However, the worst of it is that the deuce takes her over to America! Really, the old woman has lost her senses!"

Well, why should we trouble so much about her? . . . The grandmother, as everybody knows, is an old woman! But the young ones have been slaughtered by the Bolsheviki. They killed Tereschenko; Spirodonava was tortured to death, and many, many others. Oh, murderers!

The other day a correspondent of one of the big American bourgeois newspapers warned his readers thus: "Lenin," he wrote, "is a man of great talents, deep thoughts and a statesman, and we make a big mistake not reckoning with him. . . ."

There you are! As for myself I do not believe all this thing. Why the deuce do they talk about the Bolsheviki being capable people and all this rot? Why they—the Bolsheviki—cannot even kill in a proper manner: today they kill a person, and tomorrow the murdered one is resurrected and walks abroad the sinful earth as if nothing had happened. If the capitalist hand will press a little harder and crush our brother-workmen! Then, of course, do not expect any resurrection business! Our capitalists, once they kill, make a clean job of it. But with the Bolsheviki it is different. All their victims of today are resurrected tomorrow!

## The Brotherhood of Sham

By Samuel Smalhausen

**T**HE season of Uriah-Heapy hypocrisy and universal fakerie is, alas, once more here. The earth resounds with the glad tidings of the re-birth of the Christian spirit. And what, pray, are these good tidings that fill the tremulous air at this high tide of the year? There be first, good brethren, the exhilarating Christian narrative of the most bloody war ever waged by mortal man in which (for the greater glory of God, no doubt) ten million Christian souls were murdered and twenty million Christian souls were mutilated (for the greater glory of God, no doubt). There be second, good brethren, the exhilarating Christian narrative of the occupancy of Governmental seats of (irresponsible) authority by the most reactionary clique of pompous politicians that ever conspired against the destinies and hopes of the common people.

Never before in the history of Parliamentary institutions was misrepresented government so powerfully entrenched as in the year of our Christian Lord, 1918. There be third, oh fellow Christians, the hair-raising knowledge that as a consequence of a world war motivated (as all good Christians believe, no doubt) by the thrilling ideal of a whole world made utterly safe for real democracy, we discover strangely that the only forces *not* represented at the culminating "Peace" Conference are the forces of De-

mocracy, Laborism, Socialism, Feminism, Internationalism, Sovietism, in sober truth, all the liberating radicalisms of our emerging social democracies—what of them in this, the most appalling crisis in the evolution of the modern State? We are piously exhorted to thank the Christian God for having brought us peace on earth and good will to man (and just before Xmas, too). This bloody Peace, stained with the counter-revolutionary invasion of Russia; this guilty Peace, stained with the anti-human creed of the competing imperialisms; this unclean Peace, botched by vainglory, sacred-egoism, secret manoeuvring, capitalist collusion—we humbly thank Thee, oh Christian God, for thy abundant mercies in this the unforgettable year of our common undoing. We thank Thee for having entrusted the Christian Capitalist Bourgeoisie with the high pacific task of undoing (by the employ of the historically legitimate Christian methods of blood and iron and steel) the revolutionary aspirations of the common folk of Finland, the Ukraine, Germany, Russia, Italy. . . . No one who surveys with coldly impartial eye the habitable globe can longer doubt that the dream of Christ (that enigmatically bellicose pacifist) is illuminating the Christmas horizon! Behold the Allied occupation of Siberia; behold the Japanese throttle-grip on meek unchristian China; behold the tantalizingly dem-

ocratic ambitions of an unchastened "Italy"; behold the unaccustomed spectacle of east-European pogroms; behold, oh my Christian brethren, these blood-red symbols of peace on earth and say not we owe aught but homage and unconditional soul-surrender to the beneficent, all-wise, all-merciful God of the truth-loving Christians.

Come, little brother, be not downcast. The swelling chorus of the Brotherhood of Sham fills the discerning heart with a richer music than heathen man is attuned to. Let thy wicked heart be straightway purged and thy conscience be made whole and thy face be clean uplifted, for the merry yule-tide is here. The Lord be praised. . . . *Truth* (as witness the American newspaper reports on Russia); *Justice* (as witness the punishments meted out by gentle Christian Judges to American-Revolutionary Socialists); *Charity* (as witness the reign of profiteering in our God-fearing land);—these three, Truth, Justice, Charity, dwell side by side in our land, the healing virtues of a civilization founded on force and fraud and rescued from a bloody oblivion by the sensitive reverence for their betters, by the superstitious acquiescence in the tyrannical rule of the mighty Feudalism on the part of the overawed masses. The war of the nations is well nigh over. The war of the classes has well-nigh begun.

## The Lettish Socialists in America

From the "Novy Mir"

**T**HE Lettish Federation of the American Socialist Party is a good example of revolutionary organization, unity and Socialist consistency. In this respect it can serve as an example, not only for national federations grouping around the Socialist Party, but also for the party itself. It can be stated without exaggeration that the cause of revolutionary Socialism would have considerably profited in America had all organizations comprising the S. P. acted as the Lithuanian organizations.

The round number of the membership of the Lettish Federation is about 2,000 and almost all of them are consistent Bolsheviki adherents of the Russian Soviet government and fully conscious. In the American Socialist Party they comprise the core of the left wing. The Lettish Menshevism is a quantity not to be reckoned with. The organ of the Let-

tish Mensheviki, "Darba Bals" (The voice of Labor"), ceased to be published and the small group of Mensheviki formerly with the Lettish Federation has begun to dwindle.

Now almost all Lettish Socialists are partisans of the Third International and the principles of the Communist Party (Bolsheviki). These principles they try to introduce into the American Socialist Party. In this case they do not merely limit themselves to words, but are doing active work.

It is of interest to learn how the Lettish Bolsheviki struggled for mastery in the Lettish Socialist movement. This struggle was a desperate one. Almost up to 1914 the leaders of the Lettish Socialist organizations in America stood on the platform of the American Socialist Party, in which revolutionary phrase

lives in perfect harmony with an actual opportunism. They did not wish to lend their ear to revolutionary Socialism in the slightest degree. Instead of an uncompromising struggle with opportunism they advanced the idea of a co-operation of Bolshevism with Menshevism, intimating, in fact, that there was not any great difference between the two movements. The arrival in America of the old Lettish revolutionary and theoretician, Rosin, with the active help of his partisans put Bolshevism on a firm footing in the Lettish organization. Already before the war our Lettish comrades had the opportunity of getting acquainted with the principal differences expressed in the Socialist movement. "Strahdnēks," the organ of the Lettish Federation has become the fighting organ of revolutionary Marxism and expresses current affairs from that particular point of view.