
A Dream No Longer

by Abraham Cahan

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Some days have passed since we published the special telegram from our Petrograd correspon-



dent, telling us, among other things, that the Bolsheviki had erected a monument to Karl Marx in Moscow. Some days have passed and that statement won't leave my mind.

Whatever I say, whatever I do, the picture is continually thrusting itself upon my imagination — a

statue of Karl Marx in the very heart of the Kremlin, the very heart of that section of Moscow “sacred” to the palaces and temples of the Tsars.

A statue of Karl Marx in the Kremlin! A monument to the father of the Socialist movement in the “holy of holies” of Russian darkness and Russian despotism! It sounds incredible, but it is true nevertheless. It is a gorgeous piece of historical reality.

Those who are not familiar with Russia and her history will scarcely realize to the full what it means. The Kremlin was the most important, the most inviolable, the most awe-inspiring spot in the Russia of the Tsars. There it was where the despotic rulers were crowned ever since Moscow became Moscow. Every inch of the ground in the Kremlin is sacred ground. The remains of the old

Tsars lie there. The throne of the Tsars stands there. The oldest and the greatest churches and the most gigantic church bells are there. And now behold — a statue of Karl Marx stands there.

What has been one of our golden dreams has become an inspiring reality.

It seems to me that in view of that glorious monument to Marx which now stands in the Kremlin, the most bitter opponent of the Bolsheviki among our comrades should forget his former feeling and become inspired with affection and enthusiasm for them.

The First of May festival was combined in Moscow with the celebration of Karl Marx's 100th birthday. It was the Socialist government of Russia that celebrated the two events. A national holiday was made of it. Workingmen marched through the streets, and with them the ministers and all other officials now residing in Moscow.

Ah, what a joy it would have been for us comrades of New York to participate in that pageant!

Truly, it reads like a story of the coming of the Messiah.

Now, then, can one bear the Bolsheviki a grudge? How can one experience anything like a hostile feeling against them?

We have criticized them; some of their utterances often irritate us; but who can help rejoicing in their triumph? Who can help going into ecstasy over the Socialist spirit which they have enthroned in the country, which they now rule?

The antagonists of the Bolsheviki are continually endeavoring to show that it will be impossible for them to retain their power. The present writer has remarked on more occasions than one that there is nothing impossible in the program and aspirations of the Bolsheviki; that nothing, in fact, is impossible these days. And now, as one visualizes the monument to Karl Marx, as it rears its venerable head in the Kremlin, one's heart swells with an ardent wish, with a prayer, that their victory should prove to be a lasting victory and that the exalted figure of Marx should forever remain standing in the Kremlin.

Try to picture the Bolsheviki driven from power and the monument to Karl Marx dashed to the ground — can a real Socialist afford to wish for such a day?

Our cherished dream has come true.

If 15 years ago someone had depicted Tsar Nicholas as an inmate of a Siberian prison, while a Socialist government is erecting a monument to Karl Marx, he would have been set down for a madman, yet this is exactly what has taken place; and with this vision for a hard tangible fact, the hope of seeing Socialism established all over the world is no longer a piece of remote idealism but something on the threshold of realization.

When the Bolsheviki had brought about

their revolution, the present writer was one of those who criticized them adversely. He acclaimed as well as criticized them, in fact. But since then many great events have taken place. We are living at a time so eventful that a single day is often more pregnant with epoch-making occurrences than is a quarter of a century in ordinary times. Circumstances are altering cases so rapidly that what was white yesterday may be black today and what is black today may be white in 24 hours. Where is the sense, then, in assailing the Bolsheviki with the same arguments which were advanced against them 7 months ago? Indeed, such arguments sound like the words of an old calendar.

At the end of 7 months we see the Bolsheviki, not weaker as has been predicted, but much stronger than they were, stronger in their grip upon the country and stronger as a moral force. Many of their sworn enemies, even among the capitalists, have since been fascinated by them. How, then, are we Socialists to tell?

Is it not about time for all of us to cast off our bitterness and venom? Is it not about time to clear our hearts of all factional pique, fix our mind's eye upon the monument to Karl Marx as it stands in Moscow and wish our victorious comrades in Russia further success and happiness?

Edited by Tim Davenport.

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