

The New Magazine

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Fighting Spirit

TEN thousand fur workers, packed into a big hall in New York, splitting the roof with their cheers for the strike leader whom a few days ago certain elements thought they could get rid of because of his identity as a militant left winger, showed that the labor movement of the big city is neither so sick nor so easily handled for the employers as had been assumed. Ben Gold, the militant leader of the striking New York local, remains at his post and has the membership solidly behind him. The American Federation of Labor in the person of William Green also appeared at the great demonstration, to report that the American Federation of Labor fully supports the New York fur workers' strike, which declaration was for the good of the strike as well as for the prestige of the A. F. of L. The office in Washington which once housed Samuel Gompers cannot with impunity cut itself off entirely from the struggles of the workers. There is vitality among the New York needle workers—too much vitality to be easily crushed by bureaucratic methods. The fur workers' strike presents to the bosses a united front. The fur workers will fight to win, and their victory will be an important event in the current history of the labor movement.

Many things in many parts of the country show that the blood of the workers has not all been turned into water. The Passaic strike of 16,000 textile workers which has made a heroic record during the past three and a half months, is not an isolated incident. Going strong, with a good prospect of victory, the Passaic strike has won the effective loyalty of trade unions far and wide thruout the country in spite of many a cold stare from quarters which ought to have been the first center of official support. Passaic means fight, and a responsive chord has been found in the hearts of the labor movement; there is the spirit of fight among the rank and file, and Passaic is being supported.

The spirit of militancy extends to the coal mines. A few short days ago it was thought that the anthracite miners had been successfully sold and chained up for five years to come. We said at the time that the sell-out was not the end of the fight, but the beginning. Now the widespread determination to keep up the contest shows that we were right. It is easy to sell slaves, but not always easy to deliver.

Organization drives now going on in many cities show that the spirit of organization is not dead, but was only temporarily sleeping under the deadening effect of B. & O.-ism and the general slinking of the right wing leadership deeper into the protecting wing feathers of the employers. The organization drive of the machinists shows a force which encourages the hope of the recovery from the railroad machinists' Waterloo of 1922. The organization drive of the International Ladies' Garment Workers shows a red-blooded vitality there.

The wage movement on the railroads may soon prove to be important. The new organization drive among the Pullman porters is not to be ignored, either as a railroad phenomenon or as an indication of the trend among the always ignored and abused Negro workers. The report of the steady advance of the American Negro Labor Congress in organizing local councils for claiming the rights of the Negro workers in the A. F. of L. and other trade unions, and



POISON

A Character Study of Benito Mussolini by the Famous Artist, Hugo Gellert.

for the organization of the masses of Negroes, is far more significant than this new phenomenon is generally understood to be.

There is no strike wave. Nor can it be said that labor is on the offensive. The trade union bureaucracy is moving to the right, not to the left; and the trade union bureaucracy's hold upon the unions has not broken.

But the body of organized labor is not a dead body, it is not to be handled completely at will. There is some life and independent initiative beginning to show among the rank and file. This shows itself chiefly in the impulse to organize the unorganized.

Organize the unorganized! is the slogan that arises louder and louder. In a country having 30,000,000 wage workers, of whom 26,000,000 are unorganized, there could hardly be anything more important than this. If the trade union movement is reactionary because it is narrowly based upon the high skilled crafts, then the broadening of the basis of the trade union movement by the drawing in of millions of unorganized workers cannot but have an effect changing the character of the movement into a more advanced quality.

Evidences of spirit, vitality, independence of bureaucratic bluffing, the will to fight and the broadening of the field of solidarity—all this must be capitalized in organizing the unorganized.

—R. M.

Retreat of People's Armies

By TANG SHIN SHE.

What is the Significance of Feng Yu Hsiang's Defeat?

THANKS to the support of Japanese troops which fought on Chang Tso Lin's side in Chinese uniforms, thanks to Japan having prohibited the transport of troops within a certain zone, and finally, thanks to the intrigues of Japanese spies, Chang Tso Lin was able to overcome his powerful opponent Kuo Sung Lin and to have him executed. On the other hand, in spite of being supported with English money, in spite of being supplied with British munitions and arms, Chen Shui Ming, the English lackey, was not able to achieve success in his fight against the Canton government. In the same way, in spite of the numerous English warships lying at Hongkong, the English director of customs was not able to maintain the blockade of Canton which was directed against the strikers.

Thereupon the English, in order not to have similar sad experiences in North China, have joined the more fortunate Japanese; this is clearly expressed in the fact that Wu Pei Fu (the English lackey) and Chang Tso Lin (the Japanese lackey) who had hitherto been violent opponents, are suddenly working together under the slogan of "Fight against the Reds" to combat the people's armies which are in favor of the national revolution. Altho they have plenty of money, arms and munitions, and altho thousands of Russian white guardists and Japanese soldiers were fighting with them as auxiliary troops (Feng Yu Hsiang only recently captured 200 Japanese soldiers), they did not succeed in defeating the people's armies. It was only when the international imperialists took common action and issued an ultimatum to the Chinese government to clear the Taku forts and remove the mines, that the people's armies to withdraw.

Does this retreat mean nothing but a defeat of Feng Yu Hsiang? No! It is a blow aimed by the international imperialists against the whole Chinese movement for freedom, which they are trying to suppress with all the means in their power. Their next aim is to attack from the East the Soviet Union, the headquarters of the world revolution, which naturally sympathizes with the Chinese national revolution. Even now they are using every effort to tear asunder the friendly relations between China and Russia and are carrying on extensive propaganda against Russia in China. This was also the reason why the Japanese, thru their willing tool Chang Tso Lin, promoted the conflict on the East Chinese railway. Afterwards they intend to proceed against the revolutionary Canton government.

Will Imperialists Achieve Their Aim?

ALTHO the people's armies have lost Tientsin and Peking and will possibly have to evacuate Kalgan, there is no need to be pessimistic. The fate of the Chinese revolution is by no means sealed. The Chinese people is still seething and fermenting. The idea of revolution is already deeply rooted in the masses and all efforts to tear it up will be in vain. Neither is it now possible completely to annihilate the people's armies, the auxiliaries of the revolution. They will certainly be able to hold the provinces of Shensi and Kansu and the districts of Sacha-ori and Ghu-Yuan. They can make use of the pause in the fighting which will ensue for a short time, in order to undertake the purging and reorganizing of their ranks and to get rid of vacillating elements. Finally, there are still the strong, firm, revolutionary troops of the Canton government in South China, whose influence already reaches into the Yangtze district, into Central China.

On the other side, there can be no permanent accord amongst the opponents. The interests, or rather the predatory plans of the imperialists in China, clash. There is America in particular, which does not join in everything, but wants by a clever policy of its own, to create the impression of being an innocent angel in order to win China's friendship. The lust of power of the military rulers will also lead to conflicts between them and they will fly at one another as soon as the common opponent is

out of their reach.

What Great Dangers Are Impending?

AFTER the retreat of the people's armies from Honana in Central China and from Tientsin and Peking in North China the white terror will spread even further than hitherto. Unless effectual means are found to break its force, the movement for freedom may even be paralyzed. It is necessary to know how furiously the white terror is already raging in China and how much worse it threatens to become.

On March 18, Tuan She Sui, the tool of the imperialists, opened sharp fire on unarmed demonstrators who were protesting against the ultimatum of the imperialistic powers with regard to blockading the Chinese river Peiho; more than 70 persons were killed and hundreds wounded.

The magistrate of the international quarter in Shanghai took unwarrantable liberties; he gave direct orders to the local military ruler Sun Chuan Fang to shoot down, according to martial law, a leader of the peasants and the president of the Shanghai trades council.

The murderers have a legal justification for all such foul proceedings. As already reported, there is in China a law against robbers and a law for protection, which can of course be applied at any time against robbers. Since 1914, thousands of revolutionaries have fallen victims to these laws. If the law for police protection is strictly carried out, any organization, any association, any meeting can be prohibited and the participants arrested, while according to the law against robbery, any person who is disapproved of can simply be shot.

Attitude of International Proletariat.

NEEDLESS to say, the proletariat of the whole world and above all of Japan and England must raise the sharpest protest against the intervention and the interference of the international imperialists in Chinese affairs, against the blockade of Canton, against the ultimatum demanding the evacuation of the Taku forts, and against the employment of Japanese and Russian white guardist soldiers in Chinese uniforms to fight against the Chinese people. It is imperative that they should try, under the slogan of "Hands off China," to rescue their oppressed Chinese brothers from the clutches of the imperialist colonial politicians.

It is well known that the Chinese peasants and workers, who comprise more than 90 per cent of the population of China are the chief forces of the revolution. They have already proved by heroic fighting how seriously they take the revolution. But how is it possible, unprotected and unarmed, threatened by inhuman laws, to fight against the bayonets, machine guns, big guns, and tanks of the imperialists? It is then the task and the sacred duty of the international proletariat to come to their aid and, in a united front with the pacifists, to start vigorous action against the white terror in China. They should also support with all energy the demand of the Chinese for a law for protection of peasants and workers.

There is at the present moment a good opportunity for the international proletariat to intervene, now, when the international imperialists are holding a conference on extra-territoriality in Peking. Altho the imperialists are guilty of further interference in Chinese affairs, in that they are undertaking investigations into Chinese laws and prisons on the strength of the Washington China agreement of 1922, the international proletariat must make use of this opportunity and above all demand the abolition of the inhuman laws against robbers and for police protection and the creation of a law for the protection of the workers and peasants.

Conditions in China have become immeasurably more acute since the sanguinary events in Peking on March 18 and since the defeat of Feng Yu Hsiang. It is imperative that the international proletariat should, without delay, start a campaign against the white terror in China and come to the rescue of their revolutionary brothers in China.

Parisian Workers Put Fascist Deputies on Trial

An Impression of Proletarian Paris

By GEOFFREY FRASER.

(The Paris correspondent of the Sunday Worker—London, England—wrote this thrilling description of a phase in the Paris by-election, which occurred recently. It well illustrates the growing revolutionary spirit of the French Workers.)

A HUGE hall, packed with over 10,000 people; from outside come the sounds of cheering and of revolutionary songs from thousands more of the proletariat of Paris that has not managed to squeeze into the Manege Japy, where the two fascist candidates, Henri de Kerillis and Paul Reynaud, have, in answer to a challenge from the Communist Party, agreed to come and answer charges brot against them. Beyond the crowd teeming in the narrow, neighboring streets stand in serried ranks hundreds of policemen and municipal guards. Cavalry patrols amble up and down the adjoining boulevard.

Garchery, one of the Communist deputies, presides. "Tonight," he says, "your enemies are coming here. They are coming here as accused, to be heard at the bar of the people of Paris. Let no man interrupt them. Let no man jeer at them. They have come in a spirit of bravado, and their friends of the bourgeois press will acclaim their 'courage' in affronting the wrath of the people in this hall. . . . Let us show them that we can be calm and strong. In your behaviour you will vindicate the dignity of the proletariat."

Fascism on Trial.

AFTER him the two Communist candidates in this Paris double by-election in which, not only the Briand government, but fascism itself, stands on its trial. One is a worker who has subsequently gone into law and whose daily business it is to defend before the criminal courts those comrades whom a vindictive society has chosen to arrest for the "crime" of attacking it. The other is a working baker. As the latter is closing a sudden tremor runs thru the crowd like an electric spark. "Here they are!"

Escorted by a small band of picked stewards, the two fascist candidates, Henri de Kerillis and Paul Reynaud, with a small general staff of bourgeois journalists and politicians, march up to the platform.

The whole audience stands and greets these heralds of the enemy with one great, strong song; the International. Then, suddenly, dead silence. Marcel Cachin is on his feet.

Cachin's Appeal.

A MASTERLY speech, compact with biting irony and serried argument, driving his opponents inch by inch to the wall. "Henri de Kerillis, Taittinger's man, Mussolini's man, the honest broker for the firm of Farman, against whom in official documents stands the damning charge that thru his indefatigable efforts that firm cheated France out of eleven millions for worthless aeroplanes. A model of patriotism . . . lucrative patriotism. The man who prides himself on his bombardment of Carlruhe and the death of men, women and children. . . . And Paul Reynaud, the man of Milierand and the banks. The man who but a few days since said the people of Paris were 'canaille' . . ."

Relentlessly Cachin drives his points home, puts his questions, states the case for the people before the tribunal of the people.

Again the audience is swept to its feet, and, as the last sounds of the International echo thru the enormous hall, a spare, slight, pale figure, Henri de Kerillis, steps forward.

To do him justice he made no attempt at eloquence. He took point by point the questions Cachin had put to him and attempted to reply to them. On some personal points he seemed sincere. On others he stumbled and lost himself in a maze of contradictions. Only on one point was he assertive, almost provocative. "The day

you plant the red flag on the barricades of Paris," he exclaimed, "that day I will go down into the street and lead the assault that will tear it down and reinstall the tricolor in its place."

The audience rocked. One could feel the thrill of anger running from seat to seat. But there was not a murmur. The proletariat of Paris were the host tonight, and a host does not interrupt his guests.

Then Paul Reynaud, a small, rat-like man, with a pert expression and a reputation for demagogic oratory. From the first he struck a false note. He tried to be honeyed and provocative in turns. He was no fascist, he claimed . . . A titter went round, a tactful discreet, but significant titter . . . He was sure he would be believed by the "generous proletariat. . . ."

Like a bolt from the blue came the retort from a member of the audience: "The same you called 'Canaille' two nights ago."

He flinched. Then, putting a bold face on it, "I never used that word."

"Terrible Discipline."

FROM all sides came a storm of cries: "Liar . . . I was there, I heard you. . . ." Garchery got to his feet and secured silence. The rat-like speaker caught himself up. "Well . . . I merely quoted the late president Roosevelt. . . ." Anger dissolved in galling laughter.

To the end of a violent, provocative, insolent speech, the audience listened, with but rare interruptions. One of the bourgeois journalists on the platform leaned forward and whispered to a friend: "This is the first time I have been afraid of Communism. The discipline of this mob is terrible. . . ."

Cachin replied, very shortly, almost contemptuously. There was practically nothing to reply to. Then the standard-bearers of reaction left the hall with red escort. One cry only interrupted the silence. "Bonsoir, Messieurs les Assassins!" (Goodnight, murderers!)

The minds of all there flew to the hall in the Latin quarter where, two nights before, a band of fascists, armed with revolvers and batons, fell on a handful of Communist students, placed two within an inch of death, tried to shoot down Sadoul, and wounded a score of unarmed men and women. . . .

Once more, furious this time, as if driven by the wind of a great anger, swelling out thru the open doors, till one would think half Paris could hear it, there pealed forth the "International."

Then Cachin: "You have done good work tonight, comrades. You have listened to the accused. On Sunday the people of Paris will give its verdict."

A Second Poll.

ON Sunday night the figures were announced. Safe reactionary seats, where at last elections the right won hands down on the first ballot, with the liberal-socialist coalition a good second and the Communists, the polling well, having little real chance.

And this time the reaction has to fight a second poll. Its vote has dwindled down by 22,000. The socialists, for the sins of their parliamentary leaders, hypnotized by right wing tactics, sank to a comparative handful. Their liberal allies were almost wiped out. Only 9,000 votes behind the right came the Communists, with a solid phalanx of 38,000 votes, prepared to contest the seats a fortnight hence at the second poll, when it is hoped that the entire socialist vote will rally to them and bear the red flag to victory.

Pope Knives Mexico

WE print below the text of the recent "apostolic letter" sent by the Pope to the Archbishop of Mexico City and to the Roman Catholic bishops generally in the territory of the Mexican republic. It is a remarkable document revealing the methods of the archaic feudal church in alliance with modern capitalist-imperialists. At the present time the struggle is for the conquest of Mexico by the United States government for the benefit of the American exploiters of Mexican labor and resources. In this situation his holiness may be said to have found a job with American oil companies. The peasant economy in a large part of Mexico has left the Roman Catholic church still a considerable influence upon the least advanced of Mexico's population. This makes it possible for the holy church to trade off its power of stirring up superstitious hysteria; so the archaic church still has a function.

The text of the "apostolic letter" is as follows:

The Pope's Letter

"To His Venerable Brothers
"Joseph, Archbishop of Mexico City,
"And the other archbishops and
bishops of Mexico:

"Pius sends greetings and apostolic blessing.

"Venerable Brothers—

"The fatherly solicitude with which we, who, by reason of the high office bestowed upon us thru the will of God, follow all the faithful of the whole world, demands in a very special manner that we love with a singular love those whom we see stricken with graver ills, and who, therefore, need all the more the zealous care of their common father.

"Hardly had we been raised to the chair of St. Peter before we very gladly directed toward you venerable brothers, our most considerate and loving attention, as we realized that you were beset by such afflictions as certainly bring shame to a people al-

most totally Catholic, and who, at the same time, make up a civil society cultured and adorned with all the arts of civilization.

"It is scarcely necessary for us to tell you how wicked are the regulations and laws invoked against the Catholic citizens of Mexico which have been sanctioned by officials hostile to the church and which by their enforcement long have oppressed you.

"You are fully aware that these laws are far from being reasonable laws, nor are they useful and necessary for the common good as assuredly all laws should be. On the contrary, they do not seem to merit even the name of laws.

"Our predecessor, Benedict XV, of happy memory, accorded you deserved praise because you rightly, and moved by your religious beliefs, took exception to these laws by solemnly protesting against them, which action of Pope Benedict we by this our letter, do not only ratify but make our very own.

"Indeed, we are moved all the more insistently to utter this public protest and condemnation of such laws seeing that, day after day, the warfare against the Catholic religion is being waged more bitterly by the rulers of the republic, so that assuredly whatsoever lies within our power to aid the people of Mexico toward the establishment of peace, even that now becomes both ineffective and useless, all of which will result to the great detriment of our beloved country.

"Who is there that does not know that our apostolic delegate whom you two years ago received with such marks of appreciation and joy, was expelled from Mexico City as if he were a common enemy of the republic? This act not only betrayed lack of a sense of justice and a breach of good faith, but was likewise a most grievous insult both to us, to the hierarchy and the whole people of Mexico.

"PIUS."

The Two Ikon

By A. Serafimovich.

Translated from the Russian by
Eden and Cedar Paul.

IN the outskirts of a great town, high above the river, was a fine, white mansion, many-storied and containing a number of dwellings. Below, on the river bank, was a factory, blackened with smoke.

In the second story of the white house, in huge rooms flooded with sunshine, lived the factory owner with his family. The basement of the white house contained cellar-tenements, dark and damp, and in one of these lived a working man and his wife, both weavers in the factory.

THE factory owner's lady gave birth to a daughter, and on the same day the weaver's wife bore a girl.

In the splendid bedroom on the second story an ikon hung on the wall, a figure of the Virgin Mary, framed in gold. The lady was religiously inclined, but she knew that the Mother of God on the panel was nothing more than a painted image, and she knew likewise that the Virgin Mary was not lavish of gifts except to wealthy persons of rank and station. Beneath the cobwebs in a corner of the cellar dwelling hung another ikon, a smoke-grimed image of the Virgin Mary. To this image the weaver woman prayed with unquestioning faith, believing that the Mother of God in person was looking down on her from the wall.

THE child of the rich woman had a nurse and an under-nurse. She was suckled, not by her mother, but by a young woman whom poverty had forced to accept the post of wet-nurse, while her own child, unskillfully brought up by hand in her village home, pined and died.

The child of the weaver woman spent the weary days screaming and hungry, lying wet and untended. The mother, like the father, had to work long hours at the noisy loom in the factory, and the distressing thought of her little one at home never gave her a moment's peace.

The lady's daughter blossomed like a flower. Her cheeks were rosy. She

was sturdy and vigorous. As she grew the eyes of the Virgin Mary looked down on her from the golden frame. The weaver's little daughter was not rosy-cheeked, but sallow. Her face was prematurely old, and her thin legs were crooked. In the dark cellar-dwelling she was like a blade of grass that is sickly and colorless for lack of light. Upon her growth there looked down the eyes in the blackened face drawn upon a split panel.

Nevertheless, the daughter of the factory owner's lady fell ill. But she was well cared for. The best doctors were summoned, regardless of expense, and they cured the little girl. Once more she was rosy-cheeked and lively, twittering like a bird, full of the joy of life. And still, as she grew, the eyes of the Virgin Mary looked down on her from the golden frame.

The weaver woman's daughter, who had never been well and strong, fell sick in her turn. Her arms and legs, thin already, shriveled away to nothing; her pale face grew dusky, her mouth was drawn, and her lips were blue. In anguish, the mother tore her hair, threw herself on her knees, passionately praying, beating her breast in agony, and ecstatically invoking the figure on the blackened panel, in frenzied alternations of hope and despair.

"Holy Mother, Mother of God, Virgin unspotted, pray for us. Save my little girl. Bring her back to health. Watch over her and keep her from harm. Why should she suffer so? Most holy Mother. . . ."

The factory whistle sounded. The mother had to gulp down her tears. She must hasten to work for the rich folk who dwelt on the second story. The father, too, had to obey the same signal, and went to this daily task, anguish in his eyes.

THE little daughter died. She lay in the dark basement, looking like a withered leaf, and in the corner above her hung the blackened panel.

The priest who buried her had no time to spare. He wanted to get the job over as quickly as possible, and his phrasing of the burial service was little more than an unmeaning gabble.

A Negro on Capitalist Justice

By ROBERT MINOR

WE reprint here a letter written by a Negro to the Negro-baiting capitalist newspaper, the Chicago Tribune, dated April 9 and appearing in that paper on April 13. That the letter was held for a day or two and carefully considered and reconsidered by the editors before publication, is a thought which arises from a reading of its contents:

THE VERDICT IN KENTUCKY

Chicago, April 9.—I would like to know what is America's sense of justice. Your paper put it well. "Kentucky had a true test of its own law." And it has failed. But who is surprised? Nobody. I don't know of any place in the world where there is as much immunity for any one as there is for an American white man. That white brute that attacked that child in Kentucky is adjudged insane, and so is every white-criminal.

O, sure, we don't need a law to prevent lynching; the army was called out to give a judge the opportunity to do the lynching. But when a Negro child was most brutally attacked we were told the attacker was the son of rich parents. His father, no doubt, and his forefathers have abused Negroes so much until he cannot help it. Well, of all the pitiless animals, I think the American white man is the greatest.

Three times I have pledged to support the American constitution and the laws of the state. Many a day I have pledged my allegiance, but when I see the abuse of my people I wonder if I can live up to that pledge. If God still answers prayer, I will pray that the next human dog in Kentucky clothed in white skin will rape a white woman, so we can see if he is also insane. I hope that this will occur at once.

George W. Lawrence.

This letter is a social document. It is one of many small indications of a big social current that is now moving almost silently but swiftly and with corrosive effect under the soil of this capitalist society. A Negro, apparently a worker, writes his individual opinion about one of the proudest efforts of capitalist society to cover up its system of terror-supported exploitation with a "reform" which this Negro

But he ended with a personal exhortation to the parents.

"The ways of the Lord are past finding out. . . . It will be better for her there—in the other world."

"Even so, Father, even so. . . . But why could she not live out her short hour in this world?" asked the mother, bitterly.

The priest exclaimed against her impiety.

"Do not anger the Lord by questioning his judgment. God sends to each one of us his cross, and we must bear what is allotted. In his wisdom he has thought fit to visit you with this affliction. You must endure it patiently."

THE daughter of the factory owner's lady grew and flourished. The daughter of the weaver woman rotted in the grave, and never did the tortured mother forget her sorrow.

And still, in the great white building on the hill, the two images of the Mother of God hung upon the walls. Upstairs, the well-drawn ikon in a golden frame. Downstairs, in the dark cellar-dwelling, the black and discolored image upon the split panel.

A Strike Betrayed

ABOUT April 10, in the sewer pipe works at Peerless, Ohio, (about ten miles west of East Liverpool, Ohio), the kiln drawers and kiln placers were subjected to hard, unfair and bestial designs.

Groups or crews of eight men (setting) filling the kilns and crews of eight men (drawing) emptying the kilns were reduced to seven men in a crew. The amount of work to be done, remained the same, but the amount of wages to be paid was seven-eighths of the previous amount. Now those who had not been too much debased in spirit or intelligence by the present industrial system at once

worker intelligently sees was a case where "the army was called out to give a judge the opportunity to do the lynching." Then he writes his individual opinion of an almost simultaneous case occurring in the same town, in which a young white man of the capitalist class was sentenced to custody in a hospital for the raping in the most deliberate and cold-blooded manner of an eleven-year old Negro girl.

But in each case the view expressed is something more than an individual opinion; it is a view which reflects the whole of a wide social phenomenon—the rapid crystallization of a new ideology among the millions of exploited black people of the United States. The letter-writer's view is not yet mature, any more than the broad phenomenon is yet mature. He still expects "God" to help him—an expectation which the slave master taught him so that he would not help himself. And he notices that the state-licensed rape fiend "was the son of rich parents" and even sees that the immunity was the continuation of a long established class privilege. But he still thinks automatically that the immunity is for "the American white man" in general. He does not yet see that the immunity is for the American white man of the ruling class or those (of whatever class) who do the will of the ruling class. The mere mention of the frame-up in the Mooney case, that of Sacco and Vanzetti, the I. W. W. cases and hundreds of others, ought to bring him to the next stage of his thinking—to a realization that the legal and illegal terror on the one hand and the privileged position on the other have a relation to class exploitation. But this Negro worker and a good part of 12,000,000 more like him are well on the road toward understanding that there is no outlet for the Negro masses from their present slavery except in the overturn of this capitalist class society.

A new ideology is crystallizing fast among the Negro masses. It behooves the white workers to move fast in getting an understanding of the profound importance of the struggle of the Negro against a brutal race suppression which is inseparable from capitalist exploitation.

recognized the injustice and hard terms of the new condition. One of the conscious, seeing, workers at once protested and refused to work under the new condition. He also induced the other workers to cease their labors until the matter could be rearranged. He also succeeded in convincing workers in other departments of the industry that the new condition was unfair, and they pledged their allegiance to his cause and their cause in bringing about a just settlement in their wage dispute.

The class conscious workers then summoned a speaker and organizer to help them form an effective body that would advise and lead their struggle against this obviously unfair condition.

The workers, gathered for the purpose of designing ways to fight for their rights, succeeded in forming a strike committee. This organizing was done at night, and they promised the next day that they would get their extra men back or they would shut the whole works down.

The next day, the whole damn degenerate gang went back to work under the degrading conditions, and they upheld conditions so vicious that the class conscious champion of their rights had to leave town and seek employment elsewhere.

The bosses' greed for profits exceeds the desire to correctly manage humanity; for the upbuilding of humanity! The greed for profits impels only a desire to rule over a depraved, ignorant, spiritless autocratic mob capable of creating only material profit.

The cowardly greed for profits desires only to keep the mob in this submerged condition where they cannot develop a spirit, where they cannot develop an intelligence to fight against any degrading condition imposed on them.

A Worker Correspondent

The CRIER

By Henri Barbusse

TRANSLATED BY LYDIA GIBSON.

Third Installment.

"THE CRIER" is the nickname of a man who lived in a little village in France. His neighbors gave him this name because he had a mania for telling the truth to everyone. They feared him, not knowing who or what would be the next to come under his tongue-lashing. He told his consumptive brother that he would die, and he told the woman who had lived with him for awhile after his wife left him, that not love but necessity had brought them together. He laughed at the townsmen and the mayor for toadying to a millionaire tourist, he urged and showed up bunk like a whirlwind. But when his wife came back, after running away with another man, he took her back to their house. He told the churchgoers that "God is a product made for the use of those who produce nothing," and was amazed that they themselves didn't believe in God, though they went obediently to mass "to do as others do." And when they laughed at a Negro he showed them how all races of men are alike under their superficial differences, and that war is a fraud maneuvered by others higher up. The preacher and the mayor tried to quiet the people by explaining that by doing nothing they should improve everything; but with one of his huge bursts of sardonic laughter the Crier showed how ridiculous and hypocritical this was. But nevertheless, his neighbors feared him. They didn't like to have all their hypocrisies and illusions and comfortable lies pulled out and torn to pieces. And they wondered how this strange man would end. Then something happened.

THERE was a revolutionist. This red couldn't find work, he was chased away everywhere, he knew only the wrong side of the houses hereabouts. He was like something that had sprung up out of the earth. His clothes were ragged and patched. The light clothed him in gray.

The villagers, with the instinct of hunting dogs, growled at him.

The Crier stood by the hunted man, and said he was the only honest man among them:

"This man has against him all the jesuits, all the jingos, all the profiteers and the intriguers, all the ministers and hangmen in creation! They will make even peace between themselves in order to fall upon him all together.

"Revolution? Ha! Mix injustice with loyalty, start it fermenting and you will have revolution."

He made them see the sort of big trap they were caught in, when they stuck a finger into the fear of revolution, and that they were beaten and bound, and that the minute one wanted to do something better and decenter, the "immediate duty" was held up before one's eyes like an immovable thing—the "immediate," bah! (it was so true that several of his hearers put out a hand to push off that "immediate"), because the rich must make, for their success, more separation between men than there really is.

"Where is truth to be found, who will tell it to us" quavered the school marm, who was full of good ideas and of good will, but who was troubled by grave inner doubts.

He said, sonorously:

"Who tells us that the metric system is the truth? And yet you have the audacity to apply it? And before adopting this arrangement of weights and measures, you didn't wait for them to make that famous voyage to the moon to prove it?"

The reason that is in us is of fragile health; it easily sickens, with lots of complications; and this, in one flash, he had shown.

"He is insupportable!" said the gentleman.

This gentleman, who intervened so often, was never the same one. It was the petty officials, or the liberal professional man, or the investor, all cut to the same pattern. This time it happened to be a vast body which came walking on tiny legs; from behind, his trousers looked like a dwarf's.

The gentleman in question wanted very much to make a speech, but he had the disadvantage of only being able to call names. He wanted to say, for example; "You may hate the war and curse all you please. Very well. But if you so much as dare to rummage into the real causes of the war, Halt! Police, seize

this man." He wanted to say this with dignity and force, but it was like an indigestion.

But this didn't stop a great wave of indignation rising against the trouble maker who poured unrest and bitterness into people by showing them reality as it really was at work.

All were really against him. He was all alone, because, when you say what is so, it makes an explosion that shocks everyone.

But wait.

"Always me, they say, always more. I want more than you, more than you! Grab, here and there and everywhere, families, countries, everywhere and always. Then what?"

He put the question, and it was twenty questions at once sinking each person there.

"Why, the end of the world," said a little boy.

And what the little boy said was like a very soft and very clear clap of thunder.

The gentleman lifted up his voice, but he didn't say what he would have said an instant before. He humbly approached the upright man and in the soft voice of a tempter he said:

"My dear friend, I am as bold as you, bolder even. But keep your dreams to yourself. To respect Truth, begin by not speaking. Never avow it. It is not the proper time. It is never the proper time."

The shrill chorus of lawyers, and specialists called politicians, and all the vicious-minded, and the speculators sweating calculations, echoed that it was not the proper time. But it was like a drop of holy water sprinkled in the ocean.

Around the edges of the crowd voices were rising.

"Equality!" said one.

"Equality!" said another.

And more and more, each one saying the same thing. And they didn't stop.

The gentlemen, preacher and the mayor, were terrified by these people who were all saying what must be. For what in the world then could stop it from being? They had never been so frightened. They stuck their fingers in their ears and ran away from the hurricane that was rising there.

"A fool? You still say he was a fool? Don't you see that it would be a paradise—the only poor paradise possible—if everyone finished what he began?"

That day, from one minute to another, disapproval became approval. Everyone felt the miraculous swing of the seesaw. His sincerity, his simplicity, his truth, became evident to all.

Now you heard everywhere: "There's a capable man; there's a dependable man. He and his ideas will live a hundred years."

To the stranger passing by, he seemed a man like all the rest; to us, his neighbors, he seemed immeasurable. The hatred that had hung around him was now called "respect"; for that's what men are like.

ELECTION time came around; they said: "We'll vote for you." And the vote tellers read his name, his name, his name, nothing but his name, on every scrap of paper.

BUT at the time he was alderman, then mayor, he was ill.

A queer sickness—you couldn't say just exactly what it was.

It began about the time he didn't sell his hay. He had a stroke with all that hay unsold. He said then he was tired all the time. His face was lined, combed in all directions with wrinkles.

He cried once or twice (and it's a bad sign): "But it isn't age!" But that's what it was.

He was growing old; he had grown old. Age came slowly like a sickness and at the same time suddenly like an accident.

He became mayor at the same time that he became old, and that made a mixture.

THAT business of the chimney.

"Mister Mayor," said the people standing in rows in his office, "things are going wrong. It's on account of that new factory chimney. It smokes. The people to windward of it in the valley are all poisoned with it. It isn't natural smoke, it's metallic, it's like sand. We swallow it. You have to open your windows sometimes. When we wake up in the morning we have to open our windows to air out the rooms; then we have to eat that black smoke. We and our children are choked full

of that dirt. What are we anyway? Boxes for them to throw their clinkers and slag into? There it is. Think it over and we'll come back Tuesday to hear what you have decided to do about it."

They went away, very orderly and polite, having set forth their clear right not to be poisoned.

He knew that chimney, of course, which you could see from anywhere in the neighborhood, like the opposite of a lighthouse. But he made an inquiry, from which it was found that the master of the chimney smoke was a great personage who made a lot of money out of it. His chimney was metallic, and had all the modern improvements possible to chimneys, and used waste products and by-products and cinders. It was an "integral combustion" chimney, he said. But having noticed on his one visit to the factory that the smoke was asphyxiating half the town, this personage had approached the prefect and the under-prefect, the deputy, the senator, and the minister, to choke off in advance any interference with his chimney.

Tuesday, as they had said, the people came for the mayor's answer. They waited, gently grinding their teeth because of the cinder-dust.

"There are higher interests," he said.

"Well then?"

"There are higher interests."

He had said, he too—the phrase which the others said, which they have said since the world has been a world, or rather since the appetites of the mighty have not dared go entirely naked, and have had to cover themselves with words. He had said the phrase that makes wars, and great misery and incalculable slavery—and which is a lie.

For that business of the chimney was exactly in miniature, the great business of capitalism over the world.

They didn't move. One said:

"This superior interest. . . . it's just not a superior interest at all; riches, dividends. The poor. . . . the masses of poor people.

Briefly, he served up to the mayor, so to speak, old scraps of himself. But the mayor said:

"What's all that stuff and nonsense?"

Well, at last they had to walk out on their feet; dragging across the door-sill of the mayor's office their neatly polished shoes, their wooden sabots, their bare feet calloused by the roads.

LITTLE things happened. Then the big things.

There was a fine to-do, that morning. There was talk of a loan for military constructions, and the under-prefect sent to say that public opinion must be felt out.

The town hall was full. The gentleman was there. He didn't have much hope in this municipal council, knowing the ways and the gestures of the new mayor. But you have to do him the justice of admitting that he returned to the attack with the persistence of a clock, and really tried in every way to ram resignation and passive obedience into the people.

The audience thought, looking at this gentleman: "Look out! There'll be an uproar."

The first to talk was young, and spoke his thought crudely:

"They want to use up the money of the whole world in this dangerous nonsense. Let them fight it out among themselves, these gentlemen!"

"And our country! What will you do with our country?" cried the new mayor.

The young man: "They put up that word, Our Country, for all to see; and then they make a republic with a clean face and a dirty body."

"Over the republic is France, bandit!" thundered the mayor.

"France is the French," replied the youth, a little non-plussed. "It's men. . . . and you said that. . . ."

"Not at all, that's nothing to do with it! France is something entirely apart, for which all Frenchmen must sacrifice themselves to the end."

Dramatic moment!

And what was terrible about it, and stuck in everyone's gullet, was that he said:

"I, who have always told the truth. . . ."

He used that to shut them up. He adjourn-

Extracts from Jehovah's Diary

As Selected by Michael Gold.

MARCH 10TH: Well, little diary, here we are en route to New York for a grand vacation, combined with a little business on the side. One needs these little excursions even if one is divine. I get so bored with my own heaven sometimes I could positively explode. Some day I'm going to smash the faces of a few of these stupid, fat, lazy, respectable angels of mine. They're too damn regular for words—like a lot of cows. There's not a real man or woman in heaven. . . . Well, little diary, let's not get all sweated up; after all, aren't we on our way to New York to raise a little Hell?

MARCH 11TH: Didn't sleep well last night. The comet on which I am riding to earth was blocked by some enormous balloon filled with hot air. We all turned out to investigate and the conductor, with a lantern, went up close. He came back and said the balloon was a speech by Mussolini. One of the guards stuck a pin in the speech and it burst with a loud bang. There was a horrible smell, too, like something that had a long time ago. I like Mussolini but why does everything about him smell so bad?

MARCH 13TH: In sight of land. The Statue of Liberty and the skyscrapers on the horizon. I hope to God I won't have much trouble getting past Ellis Island. That quota law is so strict, it frightens me. When I get back to heaven, I'm going to agitate for a quota law against Americans.

MARCH 15TH: The inspector passed me all right, but one of them had the nerve to suggest that I ought to bathe oftener and learn to speak English. After all these years to be insulted by a jazbo in blue uniform! I told him I bathed when I pleased, and that Yiddish was good enough for me in the Garden of Eden before he was ever born and it was still good enough for me in America. He sneered a Nordic sneer and then asked me my business and what I intended to do in New York. I told him I was a marriage broker, a matzos salesman, a Rabbinical wine vendor. Also a few other things like undertaker, heavenly real estate agent, pork and ham specialist, hair and beard tonic manufacturer and consultant to Rabbis and clothing bosses.

What was I going to do in New York? Little diary, I'm afraid I told a lie. I said I was going to visit my beloved son, Abe Cahan of the Forwards. This got me by, but you know the truth, little diary. Well, all's fair in love and war.

MARCH 16TH: Well, well, here we are safe on the East Side again. It looks about the same; the push-carts, the tenements, and the sweat baths are still there, and there is just as much jabbering as ever. No one can ever tame my Jews. They will always be bargaining, shouting, pushing, fighting; worshipping me in the synagogues on Saturday and running profitable sweatshops the rest of the week.

MARCH 17TH: Little diary, I'm wrong. The Jews are not the same. I had my conference today with those who sent for me, the Kasher Kongress of Konventionel Rabbis, and the situation is bad. The working class Jews are not what they used to be. They've organized in big unions; they refuse to go to

synagogue and they refuse to become millionaires themselves or help others to become millionaires. They are rebels, Bolsheviks. I thought Russia was the only place these things were happening. I'd give up that country long ago, but here it breaks out in America. And with so much loose money lying around, too! I can't understand it. I must get on the job at once.

MARCH 19TH: I went to see Sasha Zimmerman, Louis Hyman, Julius Portnoy, Rose Wortis and other leaders of that bunch of rebel Jews who call themselves the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Would you believe it, little diary, they refused to take me seriously. Sasha Zimmerman, a raw, beardless youth, looked at me quietly with his blue eyes and smiled. "Well, Grandpop," he had the audacity to say, "are you still tottering around? I thought you were killed in the war." Someone else said, "The last time I saw this old faker he was scabbing." Even Rose Wortis, who is a woman and should have been at least womanly and kind to my gray hairs, munched at an apple and read a paper called the Freiheit. "No, I'm too busy to listen," she said, hardly looking up. "The union is more important than Jehovah. It means life and you mean poverty, stagnation, death."

I pleaded, I argued, I wept, I implored. I talked to them like a sorrowful father. "Be good, my children, and all will be forgiven," I said. "Give up these dangerous ideas; come back to the taleth, the phylacteries, the matzos, the synagogue, your own nation, your own people. Come back to Jehovah, your poor old deserted father."

"Jehovah and the sweatshop," sneered one of them brutally.

"Jehovah and the fat Jewish clothing bosses," said another. They did not heed my tears or my pleadings; they were hard as flint. I must see Abe Cahan tomorrow for some consolation.

MARCH 20TH: Abe Cahan hasn't much to offer in the way of consolation. "These people are thoroly spoiled and corrupted!" he shouted. "The only way to argue with them is with a blackjack. They are not Jews; they are Bolsheviks. They should be wiped out! They should be massacred; someone ought to start a pogrom against them; I would be glad to join it! To hell with them, kill them, down with them!" and so on and so on. Before he was thru he was almost raving. I got him a glass of water and tried to change the subject. When he calmed down he interviewed me for the Forwards. He got me to say I was a Zionist and that I believed in the A. F. of L. Also that it was true that he had helped me write the Bible. He is such a skillful interviewer that I agreed with all these statements, tho, really I wrote the Bible myself. Well, let it pass, little diary; there's enough glory to go around and after all, I am a stranger in this town and Abe Cahan is a powerful friend for even a Jehovah to have. Let me whisper a secret, tho, little diary: I am not going to let him into heaven. I'm afraid he'll want to run the place or claim that he made the world, just as he claims he made the radical move-

ment in New York.

MARCH 21ST: Saw Ben Gold today. He is leading a strike of the furriers. He's just as bad as the others and even more cheerful about it. He had the nerve to offer me a dollar for some grub; pretended that he thought I was a bum at first. When I told him who I was, he burst into hearty laughter. "Glad to meet you," he said, shaking my hand violently. "Often heard about you, grandpa," (how dare they call me, Jehovah, such a familiar nickname?) "Yes, when I was a kid, Grandpa! Sit down. How's business? Say, Grandpa, we could use you right now. Some of our pickets are arrested and we need a good character witness."

I told him I wouldn't think of such a thing. He laughed louder than ever. "That's right, Grandpa," he roared, "don't lose your good old respectability. Remember you have your position to maintain. Well, how's conditions up in heaven? Have the angels organized yet? What are their hours and wages now? You lost a lot of work when Russia struck against your shop, didn't you? Well, cheer up, Grandpa. We'll take care of you when all your business is gone everywhere in the world. We'll give you a job as janitor of one of our union halls."

And so on and so on, laughing all the time. My God, I never heard such talk. He was hopeless; this Ben Gold will be a Bolshevik to the end of his days.

MARCH 30TH: Abe Cahan is still the only friend I have. He arranged a banquet of socialist labor leaders, labor bank presidents, rabbis, Zionists, passover wine bootleggers, and chorus girls from the Second avenue theaters, each weighing 300 pounds—real old-fashioned Jewish maidens; it did my heart good to see them. Diamonds shone, and wonderful speeches were made. Everybody praised me and said I was the cat's pajamas, as the Americans put it. I got up and agreed. It was just like the old Bible days when Moses was my deputy sheriff. Everyone praised me then.

APRIL 1ST: I am so weary of trying to fix up this revolutionary mess here. I think I will give it up and just enjoy myself the rest of my vacation.

APRIL 2ND: Picked up a nice chicken on Second avenue and asked her would she like to be the Mommer of a little Messiah. She slapped my face and went looking for a cop. God, I wish I were back in Palestine. Them were the days. Mary wasn't stuck up like these Second Avenuers.

APRIL 5TH: Drank a lot of Kosher wine last night and have got an awful kosher headache. Think I'll pack my grip and beat it home. They left the earth too soon. No, I've lost some of my power. I'm getting old; these people in New York are too much for me. But dear Abe Cahan, I'll never forget how good he's been. If he didn't try to be such a boss; but I'm afraid I simply won't be able to let him into heaven.

APRIL 10TH: Well, we're off! Choo-choo! There goes the Statue of Liberty. What a Jewish nose the lady has. I never noticed it before! I'll bet Ben Gold has been doing something to her, the scoundrel!

the meeting after that piece of dirty work. It was the mixture of mayorship and old age that did it.

There was a young girl who was pretty and who attracted all the boys. And there was youth who was so handsome and strong, the thoughts of the girls flew after him like butterflies. But the girl and boy never noticed the best, but only each other. They completed each other, adorned each other, were made for each other.

Nobody was surprised when the young man, bruised up and smiling, went to the mayor to ask the hand of his daughter. Of course, there would have been better matches for her, in a material sense; he was only a farmer lad. But he was healthy and a hard worker.

Everyone expected him to say yes, and the young people smiled the same smile together, they were so sure.

And then he said no!

He said no when it would have been so natural to say yes, and when everything told him to say yes; the garden, the sunshine, the breeze, even, in person whispered it to him.

The reason?

His first argument was. "It is not to be thought of." And his second and his third were to shout it louder.

It seemed impossible to make him reconsider. All the more because he was mayor.

The two young people were stupefied and offered. At the foot of the staircase they met. He looked at her. Happiness flew away;

but not entirely, because it was still she, and she was still there. Happiness, which is so vast, is so fragile. And he told himself, while he looked at her big eyes and little nose and soft hair, that simple beauty is an exquisite thing.

To hold out his arms, to take her in his arms. . . . Those things you can do, but you may not. Never to touch her! The darling! He bent his head and thru tears he prayed to his little madonna.

That's the way the Crier made the last part of his life into a contradiction of the first part. And as little things are images of bigger things, he in his little village is an example of the sale of conscience.

In him you see all the well-known renegades whose names are printed ten times a day in the newspapers: Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, Mr. Robinson, and all the Robespierres of opportunism, and all the Cyranos of the established order of things.

He is well-fixed. He is at home. And nothing mars the serenity of the magnificent official.

"There is no case in history," he says, licking his chops, "in which, after a certain age, the most audacious do not become calm and reasonable."

And what he says is true also of the heart, of the pity that you have (and which opens you widest to life) because to understand the things of the heart, you must see what is not,

and the heart must really work and make a new thing each time and not a copy.

And thus he is like John and Mary and Peter and Paul, who after having understood, misunderstood, and after having found the secret of loving, lose it without knowing it.

"Yes, my poor friend, what do you want?"

"Yes, that would be too beautiful."

Yes, whatever you say, the old are men going down hill. They become weaker, and then they haven't strength to recognize the new, to love what they will not last to see; they let the first sophistry trip them up, they don't dig into circumstances, they don't resist the pressure of the immediate. They return to childhood, they return to their formation. You can say as much as you please: "I shall not change." You might as well say when you look in the mirror, that your face won't change.

Is there a poor traitor waiting in every one of us? Or does death creep into life beforehand? And are many men already dead, tho they still have a long road to go from their home to the cemetery?

Alas! Say "alas" for the torture of slowness. But don't say it, because there is still something left of even vanished rebellions, because to tell the truth about life is always to create the world. Something remains, sown in the wide nourishing earth that we call the people. That is why, thru time, what must be done will be done, by the force of things and by the aid of man.

THE END.

Dainty Lynchings for Southern Lady

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the January issue of a paper of Berlin, Germany, the "Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung", there was published an article, profusely illustrated, on the situation of the Negro in the United States of America. It drew a "correction" from a Southern woman visiting Heidelberg, to which the writer of the original article replies. We publish the two letters below.

The Southern Lady's Letter

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NEUER DEUTSCHER VERLAG":

I HAVE just received the "Illustrierte Arbeiter Zeitung" of Jan. 10, 1926. It contains a grave error. On the first page I found a picture of a Negro being punished by whipping—in Delaware, America—with the remark of the editor that in America this punishment was generally applied. On the contrary, since the liberation of the Negroes it has been abolished generally, and is severely punished itself.

In Delaware, however, an old law is still in force, which applies to whites and blacks, especially in the case of domestic tyrants who beat their wives—in which cases the use of the whip is justified.

Foreigners seem to have great difficulty in understanding the situation of the Negro in America, and this is particularly true of the propaganda for the new economies. With regard to this latter among the American Negroes it would be extremely necessary to have a thorough understanding of the Negro as well as of American conditions.

America harbors, from one hundred and ten million to one hundred and twenty million whites, about ten or twelve million blacks. It is just as if in Germany there were ten per cent Negroes, hence about six or seven millions.

Quite regardless of this, one must consider that the Negro has never had either a cultural nor national background, and that he possesses little understanding for thoughts of this kind. He is extremely restricted in big questions and very easily misunderstands them. An example of this is the Negro republic of Haiti. Notwithstanding all prejudices, it is a fact that it devolved upon an American expedition, and with partial success, to bring about some sort of order in Haiti. The Negro is also peculiarly apt to retrograde into deeply primitive conditions unless he is watched. These are the problems in America with regard to the American Negro.

From a scientific standpoint it may be stated it has taken Nature probably half a million years to push the star of the white race forward and upward. The average among Negroes can naturally not be equal to that among whites. The American refuses community with the Negro instinctively, and not because he hates them.

It is a terrible blunder, which can very easily bring about the greatest of misfortunes, if the American Negro were to be incited against the American world. The new economies can only be harmed by propaganda among the Negroes. The new movement will be pushed back for decades in America. Personal and chiefly racial feeling will destroy all other thoughts. Should the Negroes be incited to violence by doctrines hardly half understood by them, then they are doomed to be wiped out. It is a crime against these people to lead them to their certain destruction. Surely there is enough work to do in other parts of the world in which the new economy is more urgently applicable. There also success rests considerably upon a real understanding of the masses, but nowhere would the result be so destructive and futile as in America through a movement of incited Negroes.

Josephine W. Elston,
Heidelberg, Europäischer Hof.

The Answer

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ARBEITER ILLUSTRIERTE":

SO a gentle southern lady remonstrates against the article on the Negro question published in January? She writes: "Foreigners seem to have

great difficulty in understanding the situation of the Negro in America"—so they have, for it is rarely that the master-class viewpoint is expressed so naively as in this letter from Florida, via Heidelberg.

The article in question stated basically that since the present economic position of the Negro (as a result of the war, the stoppage of immigration, the advancing industrialization of the South itself) no longer in any way corresponds to his miserable social, political and juridical feudal status (in which since his introduction into the country he was held by terrorism and violence), therefore the Negro becomes today more and more a potential revolutionary factor. This was evidenced by figures on the mass migrations to the North, on the declining percentage engaged in agriculture and the mounting number entering industry and by citing the Negro protest movements. The seriousness of the situation was attested by the laws passed to punish severely anyone who encouraged the Negroes to leave the South and by the extensive propaganda which aimed to convince the Negroes that it was better to be robbed by a Southern landlord than by a Northern capitalist. But more than klan and newspapers were needed to stem that exodus—so to some slight extent wages were raised, "black and white" committees for social work were formed as a sop to the growing consciousness of the Negro intelligentsia, and in two states recently soldiers were called out to make sure that the lynching of accused Negroes was done according to the lawbooks after 16-minute trials, instead of in the extra-legal savagery that usually prevails. A Southern governor lays bare the gravity of the situation when he writes: In some counties (of Georgia) the Negro is being driven out as though he were a wild beast, in others he is held as a slave.

It should be noted that our gentle critic makes not a single reply to either the facts that support them. She limits herself to the alleged inaccuracy of a title beneath one of the pictures. She admits that the whipping post is legal "punishment" in Delaware and that Negroes are beaten there—but her defense is that white wife-beaters also are thus punished. I have not at hand statistics showing the exact preponderance of the number of Negroes tied to this infamous post, but everyone knows that the purpose of this form of punishment is as much degradation as physical torture, and a ruling class always sees to it that degradation is applied most liberally to its subjects. It is no answer to say that white wife-beaters, for whose blood the Southern lady also gently thirsts in her justification of the whipping-post, are tortured in the same way. In lynching also there is no hard and fast color line, of the 3,337 lynchings between 1882 and 1903 it is reported that 1,192 were of whites, yet no one denies that the purpose of lynching is and remains not that of punishing wrong-doers but of intimidating the more independent and courageous Negroes. And in Governor Dorsey's arraignment, in practically every one of the many authenticated cases of peonage and brutality cited, the Negro peons were whipped, while one master, charged with murdering too large a number of his black workers, defended himself with the claim that he had not beaten them any longer or oftener than the law provided!

The lady's protests are typical of Southern "reasoning" in that they contain not a single fact, not a shred of evidence to support the monstrous assumptions piled one on top of the other. "One must consider that the Negro never had a cultural background"—yet the cotton-pickers' ancestors were forging iron when the land owners' ancestors were still cracking mussels with unchipped stones. "It devolved upon an Ameri-

can expedition, and with partial success, to bring about some sort of order in Haiti," she says. But what sort of order? And whose? The facts are that U. S. warships sailed into the harbor and marines occupied the city, to force upon the Haitian government an unwanted "loan" of \$14,000,000 from the National City Bank—and on such terms that the Haitians would actually get one one and a half millions, the rest being eaten up in bankers' commissions or applied to old claims. The Negro republic of Haiti is an epic of credit to the black race and of shame to the white. Here is at least one slave class that struck blow after blow for freedom, and the great black rebel, Toussaint l'Overture, gave his people the right idea when he told them: "Your muskets are your liberty." Unfortunately, his estimate of the white masters' "honor" was not quite low enough, and he permitted himself to be trapped under a flag of truce.

The prattle about the "half million years spent by Nature to push the star of the white race forward and upward" is rather more poetic than "scientifically" accurate. It is true that the European whites have developed, during a certain period, greater economic and military power than have the African blacks. But the very process of development that brought about their dominance now goes on to destroy it, European industry depends for its very life-breath upon the raw materials and markets of the colonial lands, and this process, this desperate race for markets and raw materials in turn develops new industrial competitors in the erstwhile market countries, a new self-conscious native bourgeoisie and a new revolutionary colonial proletariat.

The Florida lady does not know her own problem. It is not as though ten per cent of the Germans had black skins; no, the Negro population is so concentrated that in two states they constitute more than a majority of the population, and in seven more only a slightly smaller proportion. In this "solid South" the Negroes have for three centuries done practically all the

useful work, relegating the "masters" more and more into the role of parasites. When she speaks of "inciting the Negroes against the American world" she, of course, refers to her white parasitic world.

She tries to tell us that "The American refused community with the Negro instinctively, not because he hates him." The white master in the South HATES the Negro because he FEARS him, fears his numbers and his growing economic importance. "Instinctively!" As far back as 1661 they passed laws in the South to flog white men and enslave white women who mated with Negroes. These remedies were rather obviously inadequate. We find cases recorded in which clergymen were fined for performing mixed marriage ceremonies. Far from instinctive aversion menacing the Southern masters' position, it was from the opposite quarter that they feared the wind.

In conclusion, it should be noted with interest that the Southern lady is apprehensive lest the "new economy" waste its time with propaganda that in her judgment would harm the Negroes. When the South took up arms to smash the United States rather than give up unlimited power over their slaves, of course they did it for the good of the blacks. But it was not the Communists who lured the black workers away from the starvation of the cotton fields and into the industrial cities of the North—and of the new South. This was done by capitalist enterprises. Again capitalism shows how it digs its own grave. These Negro proletarians in the manufacturing cities are a potential revolutionary factor that will have to be reckoned with. And the millions of Negro peasants are also restive. The gentle Southern lady probably likes capital all right, since it brings Heidelberg to those on top, but she can't have her capitalism without its inevitable consequences—in this case an awakening Negro working class groping its way toward the proletarian revolution.

William F. Kruse.

Glorious Garbage



"Hay Bales," Daily Worker cartoonist, drew this picture of himself playing the part of Hamlet. He finds the dead bones of the league of nations in the garbage pail of Geneva. But a "league of nations" has never really existed. The "league of imperialists to strangle the nations" it is not dead, but very much alive, very dangerous, and will continue to be so until the working class, the farmers and the colonial peoples destroy it.

Psychology of Revolution

By D. Kvitko.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST ON HIS HIND LEGS.

FROM the sources of Professor McDougal, the well-known English psychologist, many draw their psychological wisdom. It is curious, therefore, to learn what this representative of bourgeois psychology has to say about revolutionary mass action. This savant differentiates between a "simple crowd" and the army. The difference between them, he maintains, lies not only in the discipline, but in the education and traditions received by them. The "simple crowd" stands on the lowest rung of the ladder of culture and judgment. The reason for this is that those ideas which are grasped by the crowd must be accessible to the mind of the most backward and unintelligent member of the throng. Thus the most unintelligent person brings down the standard of intelligence of the rest of the crowd to his own level. Even intelligent people act differently in a group because of the variety of their education and culture.

In mass action only the primitive tendencies, common to all, come to expression. Another reason for the inferior intelligence of the crowd, according to McDougal, is its "suggestibility." The throng impresses each participant with a feeling of mysterious and invincible power. It cannot resist prestige. The most intelligent

person as member of the crowd loses the faculty of criticism. And when the orator makes a motion and the crowd applauds it, the intelligent person is also caught by the whirl of applause, though in normal times his attitude would have been of a critical nature.

In mass action the sense of personal responsibility vanishes, and this intensifying one's emotion, diminishes the possibility of reflection, especially when it concerns general action. The sense of responsibility falls in proportion to the number of participants, for every participant of the mob feels that he is only a small part of the whole, and therefore his responsibility is very insignificant. Another reason for the low degree of reflection of the individual in revolutionary action is the diminution of personal interest and attention, and also of the lack of observation. Such is the characteristic of the individual in the crowd.

The appeal to the intelligent person to refrain from mass action is too well evident, for to be an insignificant participant in an act in which one nearly loses personal identity, becoming a beast, is indeed of little attraction.

But is this evaluation of the individual behavior in mass action correct? Let us stop for a moment on this point. If the leader had no prestige in the eyes of the intelligent individual before the latter joined the crowd; if the individual were capable of criticizing him before he joined the

crowd, then why should not he be able to do it in the crowd also? How does controversy in a gathering take place; how division into opposing groups occur? No, the revolutionary mass is not the simpleton, the bourgeois psychologist characterized it; nor is the patriotic army as wise as McDougal depicts it. True, the orator must employ popular language addressing a motley crowd; but since the ideas he expresses, or the measures he proposes, are of a general nature, the advanced and the backward in the crowd are equally interested in the same proposition, whatever language may be used. Precision, clarity, brevity are required then. To one with critical training demagoguery is detected wherever it is. The mode of public argumentation must be different from debating in a small circle.

Since personal responsibility is diminished in mass activity, according to Mr. McDougal, why should emotion which is called out only when danger is imminent, or our innermost sympathy is enlisted—why should emotion be present at all, unless one is interested in the thing? And does not emotion take place in personal affairs, too, if the occasion calls for it? Wherein lies the difference?

Can a person be suggestible when he joins a throng to which he is either inimical, or indifferent? While people around him are excited, the stranger is left cold or is annoyed or cynical. Could the leader carry prestige with him? Evidently—not. Well, that means that one does not always forget about his own convictions if he had them beforehand. As a rule when one is in a crowd he indulges in an event of a general nature in which as a social being he is interested, though differently. In proportion to the interest in the social affair one has taken before he joined the gathering, he concentrates his attention on it; and in each case, as the occasion requires, on one particular thing. But once it is a matter of concentrating one's attention upon a particular thing, the rest must be in the "fringe" of one's consciousness, not in the center. If one's mind is shut off to the rest of the world while reading a book, and attention is fixated on it, the book is no less suggestive than the crowd orator. The degree of suggestibility depends upon the person. The author's prestige has the same effect as the orator's. Of course, while reading a book, action is impossible; the reader's emotion is then fruitless. Prestige in mass action depends upon the previous amount of knowledge, experience or interest, the individual pos-

sesses. And if action is necessary and one kind of action is required, the individual may have to choose between friend and foe, and trifling differences must be overlooked. Pondering and hesitating may harm more than benefit the case. The individual gives his undivided attention to the occurrence and acts quickly.

Suggestion, then, cannot take place, say, with an atheist listening to a Billy Sunday sermon. While the sermon will amuse the atheist, the zealot will be carried off his feet, for the zealot was a believer before he went to the tabernacle. Neither is the sense of invincibility of the crowd always present. The crowd may measure up the numbers of his and the other sides of the fence and, accordingly, retreat or attack.

After we acquainted ourselves with the behavior of the individual in the crowd, let us proceed with the behavior of the crowd itself. According to Mr. McDougal, its characteristic traits are—fickleness and extremity. The crowd is capable of murdering the same person who was extolled a short while before. It swings in its actions from a wild orgy of murder to a tender and touching care. The crowd has not will power, therefore it follows the leader, who makes his appeal in the most elementary way.

Why is the crowd both generous and cruel? Why irresolute and hasty in judgment, granting even that the characteristics are correct? It only signifies that the occasion calls for action of such kind as the individual is not confronted with in normal times, and with which he cannot cope single handed. But is not that a time when one must go further in his action than in personal affairs? That he is not behaving in everyday life in such extreme fashion may be explained from the fact that he is powerless and isolated from his associates. Another reason may be that he would not have the courage when alone. That is mass action where danger and obstacles are threatening does require will-power and personal sacrifice; and in this respect the revolutionary act is highly moral. Not that the individual is not emotional when alone, but he is not daring enough, or is irresolute, or may consider his isolated action futile, at times even underestimating it.

From this discussion it is evident how "true" and "impartial" the description of the revolutionary crowd is. From the "scientific" characterization of the army we shall see next time how well the psychologist serves his master.

Henry's Tin Goose



By William Gropper

She lays the Golden Eggs, says Henry Ford,—but it isn't true; the profits are really the stolen product of the labor of Henry's slaves.

Passaic

By ADOLF WOLFF.

PASSAIC is the battle field,
Of boss and working class.
Our war cry, "We shall never yield!"
We vow, "They shall not pass!"

Your bloodhound thugs can bark and beat,
And throw us into jail,
But bravely their assaults we'll meet,
Their dirty work shall fail.

We do not battle for the Lord,
But for a living wage;
This drives the greedy master horde,
To curse and fume and rage.

In this great war for human right,
Alone we do not stand,
All are concerned in this brave fight,
All workers of this land.

Should we be vanquished on this field,
By the army of black Greed,
Then workers everywhere must yield,
To those who make them bleed.

Workers, join us in this fight,
It's yours as well as ours.
We'll win if we will all unite
Against the ruling powers.

How English Critics React to Trotsky's New Book, "Whither England"

By R. PALME DUTT.

TROTSKY'S "Whither England?" has stung the representatives of the Independent Labor Party and Fabianism, who are so mercilessly criticized within it, to endeavor to reply. Replies have appeared from such representatives as the editor of the Daily Herald, Brailsford, Bertrand Russell, George Lansbury and others. The prominence given to these replies in the official labor press, and the space accorded, indicates the influence which the book is undoubtedly having in the movement. It is significant that no trade union leader has yet come out in opposition to the arguments of the book. The replies have been confined to the I. L. P. intelligentsia, the religious-pacifist group, etc. The Labor Party leaders have also maintained silence, leaving to these "theoretical" champions to maintain their case.

These replies are extremely instructive. In a future edition of Trotsky's book they should be reprinted as an appendix: for they bear out with comical exactness (and absolute unconsciousness) all the heaviest charges that Trotsky brings against this ideology of "English Socialism." The horizon of these writers is governed by personal questions and a subjective ("idealist") outlook. They complain, to begin with, that Trotsky has "attacked" them, that he is "offensive," that he is "superior," that he has no nice parliamentary manners and that he actually seems to have nothing but contempt for their beautiful theories. In the next place, they complain that Trotsky is a "Russian" and not an Englishman, and therefore cannot "understand Englishmen" or the superiority of English institutions (they do not attempt to show their superior understanding of England by meeting Trotsky on any of the historic or objective ground he covers). Finally, they complain that the outlook suggested is "gloomy," and that they prefer to "hope" and "trust" and "believe" that all will be for the best, and nothing unpleasant will need to be faced.

The Daily Herald devotes a principal editorial to Trotsky's book, under the heading "Two Years of Life in Conflict." The editor seizes on a quotation (misquoted, and actually referring to Cromwell) that "the recognition by a great historic mission confers the right to annihilate all obstacles in the way." This he erects into Trotsky's first principle. He then announces that Mussolini and British imperialism also hold this view. On this basis he proudly affirms the "breakdown" of Trotsky's reasoning. He prefers "the hope of persuading people that force is futile and despotism always detestable, that persuasion and generosity are for more powerful influences," etc. Needless to say, the Daily Herald advocates a very different policy when it comes to maintaining British imperialism against the subject peoples.

The "Clyde Group" of Scottish I. L. P. members of parliament is represented by Johnston in the Forward. This reply takes up a strongly national point of view against Trotsky's intrusion into British politics: "As Trotsky Sees Us" is the heading; and the writer complains that Trotsky should dare to make assertions about "a country other than his own, of which at the best he must only have a second-hand knowledge." Johnston's example of Trotsky's supposed ignorance is, however, unfortunate: he challenges the statement that "MacDonald operated in the realm of diplomacy with the aid of false documents" and endeavors in reply to gloss over MacDonald's direct share in the issue of the Zinoviev forgery with the childish plea that "MacDonald did not operate the Zinoviev letter; it was operated against him."

The I. L. P. ideologists are represented by Brailsford, the editor of the New Leader, and Bertrand Russell.

Brailsford contributes an introduction to the English edition. He considers that the issue of the book proves the existence of liberty in England: "the battle for freedom is not yet lost," altho the Communist trial was "a nightmare" which raised grave doubts in Brailsford's mind whether Trotsky might not be right. However, he rallies with the rest to the sanctity of British institutions. Revolutionary ideas have no relation to England; they are purely "Russian." The book is "a revelation of the Russian mind." It will not convert many to the Russian standpoint. A Russian cannot understand "our older civilization." "The respect for the majority has been inculcated in generations of Englishmen. What can a Russian know of that?" Trotsky does not understand the "free" and "democratic" character of religion in England. And so forth. This from the principal theoretical exponent of the I. L. P. in England, who is capable in his writings of dabbling with "Marxism" and even calling himself a "Marxist."

Russell begins with admissions of almost all the points the remainder dispute. "On the politics of the British Labor Movement Trotsky is remarkably well informed." Russell "agrees" with Trotsky on the question of the monarchy, on religion, on the imperialism of the Labor Party, on the lack of a coherent theoretical outlook, on the intellectual and social subservience of the leaders to the bourgeoisie. Nor does he even dispute the inevitability of civil war to over come the bourgeoisie. But he discovers a "practical" reason to avoid, as a British citizen, any revolutionary conclusion to these revolutionary principles to which, as a philosopher, he gives his assent.

Nothing can be done — because Britain is dependent on America. "It is impossible for us to advance at a pace which America will not tolerate." Enlarging and developing this liberating conception, he discovers that here is the true explanation of the "Pacifism" of the British Labor Movement. Unfortunately for the truth of this explanation, the "Pacifism" existed in the British labor movement before there was any question of a "Great War" or dependence on America.

This does not present Russell from coming to the conclusion (identical with the opinion of Mr. Baldwin) that Trotsky advocates revolution in Britain for "patriotic" reasons, because it would be "advantageous to Russia." "The fact is" declares Bertrand Russell "that Trotsky hates Britain and British imperialism, not without good reason, and therefore is not to be trusted when he gives advice."

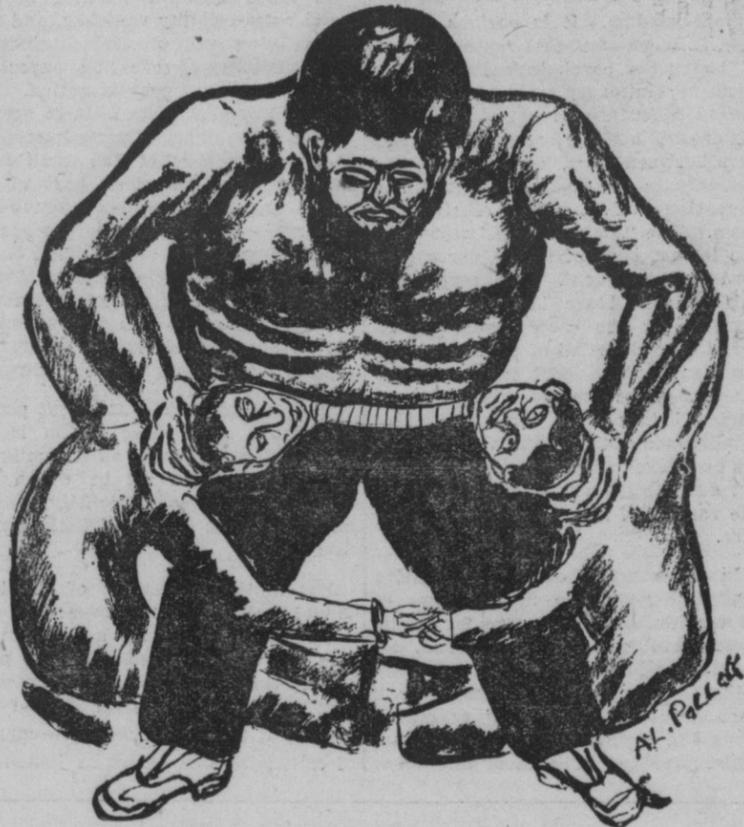
Finally, Lansbury has issued a reply which is a pitiful self-picture. He admits that the book is "theoretically sound;" but he feels personally attacked and wishes to answer back. Impelled to answer, not only on behalf of himself and his colleagues, but of the whole outraged British nation, he sings the glory of the British national mission with simple fervor: "Britain is the one country in the world where the opportunity of workers' control of every department of life is more possible of achievement than anywhere else."

"Our working class is learning the great art of administration—something which the Russian workers are only beginning to learn." (sic).

"The British people have the finest opportunity ever given to a nation to lead the world. I still believe we shall do it."

And so forth. But what of the struggle for power, which the British workers have still to win, and which might seem to make some difference in the relative position of the British and Russian workers? Lansbury does not entirely ignore this. But here he discovers what he proclaims as a "Bolshevik" theory—that there can be no socialism without a world revolution;

The Strangler



A. L. Pollack, worker-cartoonist, pictures the Capitalist-Imperialist Government in its "attitude" to the workers and farmers.

tion; therefore the task of socialists in every country is—to wait for the world revolution!

Finally, on the question of force, Lansbury is ready to maintain (a) that force settles nothing; (b) that "when the workers in Britain are sufficiently united and class conscious to want the revolution, there is nobody here strong enuf to deny them." After these clear conclusions on the problems of the working class in Britain, Lansbury turns to the defense of religion.

"What earthly reason is there for Trotsky to set himself up as a kind of pope over people's thoughts and actions in connection with religion? It is a purely personal matter, and something which neither he nor anyone else has the right to interfere with."

These quotations all reveal the expression of an old and decaying stratum which is passing away. They will never understand the shot or ac-

tion of the revolution; and, confronted with such a book as Trotsky's, they will only feel personally hurt at his contempt for all their illusions and evasions. In that sense they are right in saying that Trotsky's book will convert nobody—of themselves. But among the youngest British workers, who have been bred up in the conditions of the war and whose eyes and ears are eager to take in the facts, among the labor students, among the younger trade unionists who are winning their spurs in such movements as the minority movement, Trotsky's book will be eagerly read, and every page will give stimulus, will give greater strength and confidence, and liberation from the enslavement to the ideas of the old decaying stratum which still holds the leadership and whose ideas are only the echo of those of the bourgeoisie. This is the greatest service for which the British working class movement can be grateful for Trotsky's book.

Holy Week

HERE are a few of the headlines taken from the daily newspapers for six consecutive days. The powers that be have the audacity to persecute Anthony Bimba, a man who is honest enough to make a statement of his own convictions, and say "Man made God, not God man."

MONDAY: "Ohioan Stabbed to Death," "Eleven-Year-Old Cleveland Burglar Kills Self," "Worker Fatally Hurt in Fall from Top of Boiler."

TUESDAY: "Alleged Blackhand Leader Shot to Death at Canton," "Man's Body Found Dangling from Rope," "Ohioan Confesses He Hired Man to Murder Eighty-Year-Old Woman," "Threatened With Eighty-Year Jail Term," "Two 'Night Club' Bandits Reveal Names of 'Fences.'"

WEDNESDAY: "Youth Kills Girl and Self Inside of Taxi," "Nine Workers Killed, Six Fatally Injured, in Ammunition Blast," "Buffalo Man Leaps in Niagara River as Body Is Found."

THURSDAY: "World War Vet Shoots His Father; May Go to Asylum," "One Killed, Another Wounded, in Duel Over Woman's Love," "Prison-er Cuts Throat and Wrists," "High School Boy Missing, May Be Victim of Foul Play."

FRIDAY: "Bent On Suicide, Held in Hospital," "Lima Woman Is Given One to Twenty Years in Shooting," "Hint Rum War as Man Is Shot," "Held as Slayer, Is Unconcerned," "Condemned Bandit's Fate Sealed by Two Superior Court Judges."

SATURDAY: "Slayers Given Life Sentence; Three Men Confess to Murder of Aged Farm Couple," "Unwed Mother, Seventeen, Held in Strangling of Her Babe, Faints in Morgue Chapel," "Easter Trails of Life Abundant," "Easter Day to Bring Many Accessions to Churches," "Special Musical Programs By Choirs and Sermons By Pastors Will Feature Easter Services in City's Churches."

AND this is the result of our so-called civilized christian country. "And God gave His only begotten son to save the world." I wonder what would have happened if Christ had lived to save the world? OH, HELL!

Jimmy Clifford.