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W. J. Doherty 1926

Coal Miners Stealing Coal.

IN THE WAKE OF THE NEWS

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

SECRETARY KELLOGG, as dumb a secretary of state and as obedient, as ever conducted the foreign affairs of the United States, is shaking the mailed fist at Mexico. The danger of intervention in Mexico is by no means over. The Knights of Columbus are discreetly singing low for the good reason that their yelling for war on Mexico might arouse the anger of the anti-Catholic elements and make things hot for the administration, if it could be proven that Coolidge was incited to action by papal pressure. American diplomacy is not as slick as the European brand. Kellogg usually speaks frankly. This is not a virtue. It is only stupidity.

THE reason for the latest threat against Mexico is as follows: There is a revolution in Nicaragua and Mexico was charged with supporting the progressive elements against the reactionaries that had the support of the United States. Washington made a bluff at not recognizing the reactionary Chamorra regime on the ground that it came into existence thru a coup d'etat. Yet this virtuous government of ours did not repudiate Mussolini of Italy, Horthy of Hungary, Primo de Rivera of Spain or Pilsudski of Poland tho all those brigands seized power by force of arms. But he who expects honesty from a capitalist government is liable to be found wanting.

THE reason for Washington's refusal to recognize Chamorro was other than that. In all probability Chamorro did not see the necessity for complying with the demands of American capital, or he held out for a better price than was originally offered. Then the progressive elements attacked, and his government did not look like ten cents for a while. The United States got busy and sent cruisers to cheer up the reactionary forces. It was reported that Mexico sent arms to the progressives. The latest news is to the effect that a fellow by the name of Diaz has been seated in the presidential chair with the backing of the United States. So

Kellogg warns Calles to keep his hands off South America since that is the stamping ground of American imperialism. It should also be noted that the American agent in Nicaragua, Lawrence Dennis, suggested to Diaz that he buy off the liberal opposition with a few cabinet seats.

IN connection with the threat against Mexico in the latest Kellogg note on the Nicaraguan question it might be well to notice that an obscure paragraph appeared in the capitalist press a few days ago to the effect that the secretary of war sent out a notice to draft boards that functioned in the world war to hold themselves in readiness. The war department did not deny the report point blank but suggested that the story was based on indefinite instructions. It looks very much as if American cannon fodder might be soon asked to add more oil fields to the domain of American imperialism.

WHY did the queen of Roumania decide to leave for home so suddenly? This question is on every tongue. The queen says it is because her husband "Ferdie" is ill. But the queen would not quit a dog fight for that reason. What we think is this: The queen has her \$150,000,000 loan tucked away in her royal stocking. And the storm of protest against her mission, which was initiated by the Communists is reaching such proportions that the wise lady believes discretion is the better part of valor and deems it a good time to make herself scarce. There may be interesting developments in Roumania also. Ferdinand's illness may only be diplomatic. But he is sitting on a tack and those that have the say in that oppressed country, those that own the real estate, can make "Ferdie" dance any way they want. Perhaps they are afraid the queen may get the \$150,000,000 and leave them biting their nails. There are many surmises. But just now we bet on the first two reasons.

eration leaders with more or less benevolent suggestions for acceptance. This is the only case we can recollect where the rank and file have persistently and successfully resisted the counsels of their leaders to surrender. A. J. Cook and Herbert Smith are honest trade union leaders, but they made serious errors during the severe crisis. And the most serious was Cook's failure to back up the demand for a complete discussion on the question of the betrayal of the general strike at the Bournemouth meeting of the British Trade Union Congress.

THE South Wales miners, the Lancashire miners and the Scotch miners have refused the terms of surrender. Those terms meant longer hours and less pay. On the other hand British industry is in dire straits owing to the strike. It has lost \$5,000,000,000 directly so far because of the tie-up and its loss in trade is enormous. British is now importing 4,000,000 tons of coal per month at a cost of more than \$35,000,000, while in the same period last year she was importing hardly anything but was exporting \$18,000,000 worth a month. Only five of her 470 blast furnaces are in operation. All this taken in conjunction with her \$40,000,000,000 war debt shows what a sorry plight the old empire is in.

THE heroic struggle of the British miners is a glorious page in labor history. But for the aid rendered them by the Russian workers they would have been obliged to return to the pits long ago, because of sheer hunger. It is to the everlasting discredit of the American workers that they have neither given financial nor moral support to their comrades in Great Britain outside of the contributions made by the radicals, those workers that the pampered labor fakers never tire of branding as enemies of labor. The A. F. of L. bureaucracy "received" a delegation of British trade unionists, who came here for money, gave them nice speeches and sent them home with their pockets empty. On the

Bernard Shaw---Fool of the Bourgeoisie

By K. A. WITTFOGEL.

Bernard Shaw, the English dramatist and writer, is no revolutionary Marxist. Co-founder and member for a long number of years of the reform-socialist union of the Fabians (so-called after a Roman general who is supposed to have crushed his opponents not by open attack, but by caution and hesitation*), Shaw has just recently rejected the revolutionary methods of Communism as a deplorable tactical error. Even for Marxism, the theoretical expression of the Communist movement, Shaw—quite logically—is unable to muster up any enthusiasm. Once before, in his literary youth, Shaw was an adherent of the Marxian theory of value. But that was a long time ago. Today he obviously has only quite a hazy idea of the basic thoughts of Marxism. That does not prevent him from disapproving these thoughts most energetically.

Like many social reformers who have no objection to socialism "coming" some day—a hundred years after their death—Shaw, too, calls himself a socialist. What is the nature of this socialism of his? In his dramatic cycle, "Back to Methusala," the poet presents a socialist to us who, in spite of his alleged socialist sentiments, holds fast to the good old manners and virtues of the bourgeoisie. "Bourgeois manners may be snobbish manners, they may offer no kind of pleasure . . . but they are better than no manners at all. Many bourgeois virtues may be false, but at least they still exist." Hence bourgeois socialism, "virtuous" or "honorable" socialism. This is undoubtedly one of the sides of the artistic-political personality of the English poet. In contradictory union with this, however, there is another side to Shaw's nature. Shaw is not only a last bourgeois; he is also a last bourgeois. In his manner he recognizes and hastens the decline of capitalistic bourgeois society. Herein lies not only his literary but also his political, world-historical significance.

Bernard Shaw's Other Side.

Nonetheless, Lenin, who knew Shaw's Fabian attitude very well, described the Englishman (more exactly the English-Irishman) as "an honest fellow among out and out hypocrites," as a reformist who stands much farther to the left than the rest. In fact, no reformist has recognized and piloried, like Shaw, the contradictions and the weak points of bourgeois society. Altho himself bound to the existing capitalist world by a thousand ties, Shaw still sees with outright revolutionary acuteness that the culture and the ideals of the bourgeoisie have run their course, that they are devoid of their meaning. Each single truth of the bourgeoisie is a lie. Bourgeois ideology, which once had its historic force, has today become rotten and weak with age. This ideology must be demolished; its emptiness must be exposed! Shaw, standing within the camp of the bourgeoisie, is one of the most persistent, one of the most clever and successful destroyers of the ideals of the bourgeois era. By means of the social comedy, he planfully attacks the structure of bourgeois ideology from all sides.

The bourgeoisie would very much like to make capitalistic wage-labor palatable to the workers by sentimental phrases. In Shaw's "Man and Superman" a young bourgeois "idealist" watches his chauffeur repair the damaged car with the sweat of his brow and says, while looking on: "I believe very much in the dignity of labor." This remark did not make the slightest impression on Shaw's chauffeur. He answered calmly: "That's because you have never worked yourself, sir. . . My aim is to do away with work."

According to Shaw, then, there is nothing to the "dignity of labor," as capital proclaims it. Nor does the "dignity" of the bourgeois fare any better. The latter is nothing but a legally protected robber. The Spanish robber-captain, Mendoza (in "Man and Superman"), faces the wealthy

English Tanner and introduces himself to him with the words: "Allow me to introduce myself: Mendoza, president of the League of the Sierra. I am a robber. I live by robbing the rich." Whereupon Tanner replies: "I am a gentleman; I live by robbing the poor. Let us shake hands!" The essence of bourgeois society is here drastically concentrated in a single sentence.

But the gentleman is not only a robber; he is also a hypocrite, a lying fellow who, in the face of the unpleasant aspects of his world, buries his head deep in the sand. "I have the scruples of a gentleman," declares Edstaston in "Katherine the Great." The Russian gentleman, his partner, does not understand this. "In Russia a gentleman has no scruples. In Russia we look facts in the face." Thereupon Edstaston makes the reply, mag-

What Shaw says otherwise about bourgeois culture—with the normal bourgeois it is a gloss which can be acquired by every poor devil in a short time if only one takes the trouble ("Pygmalion"), etc. etc. . . . can be read in Shaw's different writings themselves, or it can be heard from off the stage. Only two of Shaw's "exposures," because of their highly political significance, should be briefly touched upon. Shaw's remarks on the role of religion in bourgeois society, and his discussion of the problem of force. Both are found in the Salvation Army drama, "Major Barbara," that comedy in which the poet, in certain sentences, comes closest to a revolutionary concept of things.

The cannon king, Undershaft, declares serenely: "All religious organizations exist because they sell themselves to the rich." The defender of

a copy of Plato's "Republic" as a parting gift, but a revolver and hundred Undershaft cartridges."

All social pacifists who wish to see socialism brought about by purely "spiritual" means may confidently write these sentences of Shaw in their albums.

The "Fool" of the Bourgeoisie.

How, then, is it possible, many will perhaps ask themselves, that a man who utters such truths can be an author esteemed by the bourgeoisie and played in bourgeois theaters? The riddle is solved if we recall that Shaw is a comedy writer, that he utters all of his unpleasant remarks in the form of apparently unobligatory jests. One recalls the fool in Shakespeare's plays. 'This fool, under the protection of his cap and bells, could say things out openly the mere hint of which would have cost the head of anyone speaking seriously. It is just the same with Charlie Chaplin's social satire. And tho both artists have certain bourgeois evils, ambiguities and deviations in common, the destructive, anti-bourgeois effect of their best work remains untouched.

To conclude. Shaw is the Shakespearean fool of later bourgeois culture. But, said Lenin in connection with the remark reproduced above, may Shaw be a buffoon for the bourgeoisie, for the revolution he is something entirely different. We may make this sentence of Lenin's more concrete. Shaw is an enemy of the bourgeoisie living in the camp of the bourgeoisie. By his demolition of bourgeois ideology he weakens the moral authority of the ruling class, works into the hands of the revolutionary proletariat struggling to overthrow this class.

In doing this it is relatively unimportant whether Shaw "wants" the proletarian revolution or whether he does not want it. Neither did the great philosophers of enlightenment of the eighteenth century want the revolution. Nevertheless, they have become important spiritual wall-breakers of the coming social upheaval.

*Is supposed to. The Fabians, in choosing their name, fell a victim to an historical legend. More recent historical writings judge the accomplishments of Mr. Quintus Fabius Maximus essentially less favorably.

**Preface to "The Doctor at the Crossroads."



nificent in a twofold sense: "In England, prince, a gentleman never looks a fact in the face, if it is an unpleasant fact. . . ."

Measured by this standard, to be sure, Shaw himself is no gentleman, either; for, as we have already seen, he has an outspoken predilection for the "unpleasant facts" of bourgeois society. Here everything has become a commodity. But then the essential content of things and accomplishments is distorted in a twofold manner. Let us take the doctor. Under capitalism he is compelled to sell his medical services the greatest number of times and in the most remunerative form. Shaw formulates it thus: "I cannot seriously injure my shin without forcing upon a surgeon the difficult self-directed question: 'Would not a handful of gold pieces be more useful to me than this man's leg to him? Could he not write just as well, or even better, with one leg than with two? And the gold pieces would be so extraordinarily useful to me just now. My wife—my dear little ones—the leg may become gangrenous—it is always safer to operate—he will be well in two weeks—artificial legs are made so well now that they are really better than natural ones. . . .'" This schism, which arises from the innermost nature of capitalist society, can only be done away with, concludes Shaw quite correctly, thru the socialization of the medical profession. Until then the medical profession will necessarily remain what it is at present, "a conspiracy for the exploitation of the general credulity and human suffering."**

the Salvation Army exclaims indignantly: "Not the Army! It is the church of the poor." Whereupon the capitalist replies cynically: "One more reason for buying it." Now the Salvation Army man becomes angry: "I don't believe that you know exactly what the Salvation Army is doing for the poor." Answer: "Oh yes, I know. It pulls their teeth. That is enough for me—as a business man. . . ." "How so? Why, religion makes the workers altruistic!" "Indifferent to their own interests, that suits me to a T. It directs their thoughts towards heavenly things. . . . And not towards trade unions or socialism. Splendid!" We see, the social role of religion is clearly grasped and, indeed—may Shaw not be offended—entirely in the sense of the accursed Marxism.

At the end the problem of power is then cut into. "Spiritual" power alone, about which the reformist friends of Bernard Shaw rave so soulfully, is in no way adequate; material power must lie at the basis of it. The head master, Cusins, converted from his Salvation Army craze, declares: "I gave the educated man weapons against the common man in that I taught the former Greek. Now I shall give the common man weapons against the educated man." His bride says: "Is there no higher power than this?" She points to a bomb. "Yes," answers Cusins, "but this power can destroy the higher powers, just as a tiger can destroy a human being. Therefore man must first learn to control that power. I had to admit that in the last war between the Turks and the Greeks my best pupil left to fight for Hellas. I did not give him

To Webster-Thayer-Judge-Hangman.

You have given your decision
You have denied their appeal
Their last appeal
Not for freedom
Not for mercy,
But for justice
For a chance to prove
Their innocence
Their innocence believed in
By millions of workers
The world over.
Deep down in your soul
(If such as you have a soul)
You know damned well
That Sacco and Vanzetti
Are innocent
Innocent of robbery and murder
But guilty
For you and your kind
Of a far greater crime
A thousand times greater crime
The crime of being radical
Sacco and Vanzetti
Are guilty of despising
Capitalism
Militarism
Imperialism
And all the institutions
Sacred to the grafters.

You denied them a new trial
You want to cover up
With the martyred corpses
Of two innocent workers
The cesspool of iniquity
That is Massachusetts' justice
That is capitalistic justice
But the stench of your guilt
And the guilt of your gang
Shall rise to the heavens
And liberated posterity
Will curse your memory.
—By ADOLF WOLFF.

THE STUDENTS IN REVOLT

By HARRY KLETZKY.

The "Revolt of Youth" is sending cold shivers down the backs of the American capitalists. And the capitalists are not nearly as disturbed over the alleged moral lapses of the younger generation as they are over their discarding of all the props that have been erected to support the present economic system.

This revolt of the present-day youth against the indigestible fooleries which are being stuffed down their throats is making itself evident strongly in one of the most powerful units of the capitalistic system—the college campus.

Because the college students are at the age where even their youthful powers of rationality, such as they may be, are able to penetrate the imbecilic fetishes that are thrust at them in the guise of mental and spiritual nourishment, the Y. M. C. A., the Rotary Club and all its ilk of psychopathic bally-hooers, the commerce clubs, and "big business" men, ostensibly spurred on by a neurotic sense of philanthropy, but more truly by a remarkably intelligent insight as to what is happening, are taking keen interest in what the youngsters are doing in the colleges and churches.

Hence every college student body in the country is hopelessly bored and made the helpless victims of barrages of words by alleged "success" lecturers and fawning ministers who swarm to the college platforms, at the behest of the "big boys," to instill in the hearts of the "great American youth" the fear of god and the virtues of capitalism. True, once in a great while, when the college trustees are napping or busy clipping bond coupons or pay envelopes, a speaker gets by the "chapel committee" and tells the students some of the things they are clamoring to know. But these times are so rare and cause so much furore in America Legion, W. C. T. U. and Rotary meetings, ending with the dismissal of at least three social science professors (suspected of a tinge of pinkness) that the students barely have their intellectual appetites whetted, and are given a worse dose of capitalistic virtue than before.

How the students manage to survive is both a puzzle and a compli-

ment to their power of endurance. But they are surviving, and each year, despite heroic attempts of the capitalists, the colleges are producing young men and women who are thinking, or, at least, who are beginning to realize that there is something to think about. Not much credit for this, however, can be given to the average college. Most of them are thinking, not because of the colleges, but despite them. Many a bearded professor of economics looks back with horror on the memory of students who received his instruction and kept him

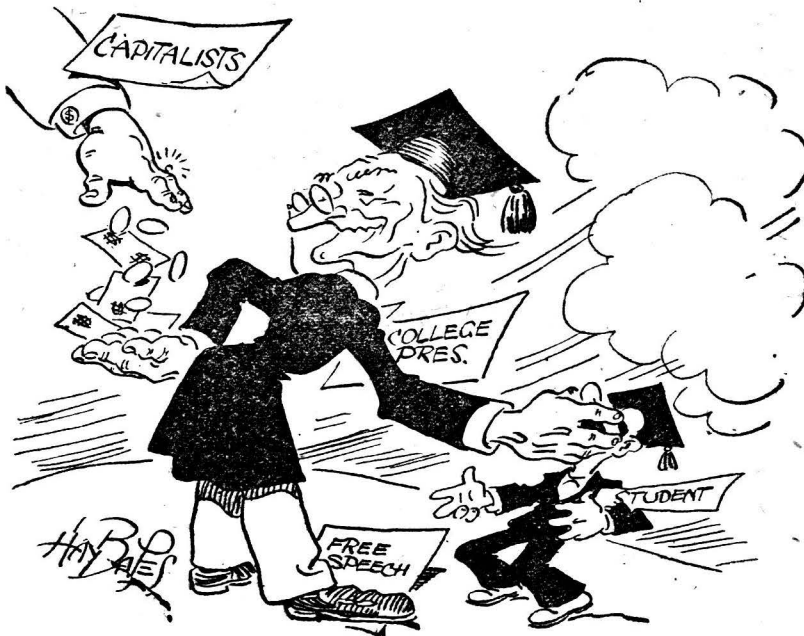
The modern college president is being driven frantic by the awakening, or perhaps, birth, of intelligence in his "charges." His main job is not to supervise education, but to raise money and endowments for "good old Colgate," usually for the purpose of constructing football stadiums. And as he sticks out one mit to the meat packers, oil magnates, big corset manufacturers and mail order millionaires, he has to use the other to place over the mouths of his students. Many a big gift has been withdrawn and many a college president has been sent to

lege system today is the fight between the students and "big gift" donors for control of the universities. The students are depending on the development of "class consciousness" as their main weapon. Weapons of the college administrations are more subtle, an open break being feared because of the increased numbers of "radical" students on each campus. Great reliance to curb the revolting tendencies of the students is placed in the "rah! rah" spirit of the colleges by the presidents and trustees. This explains the great emphasis placed on athletics, and especially football. The presidents realize that as long as they can keep the students in a state of frenzy over a football game, yelling madly for "alma mater," the students will be less apt to attack the policies of "alma mater."

"College spirit" is continually harped upon in every assembly of every college from Talahassee, Florida, to Baptist University of Missouri. And the capitalists realize with extraordinarily sound logic that "college spirit" works as a safety valve to student energy that might otherwise find expression in bringing about a college revolution. But the safety valve is beginning to show signs of decay, because the students are beginning to feel that college should be a place to learn some of the facts of society, rather than an institution for the development of lung power.

The Y. M. C. A. was at one time a great force in curbing student thought. It still is in some universities, but much to the alarm of the parent body, which is, of course, controlled by the capitalists, the college branches of the Y. M. C. A. are rapidly being controlled by the students themselves, and in some schools are even centers of student "bolshivism." Recently there was a movement to expell the college branches from the Y. M. C. A. on this account, but this was apparently dropped because the "big boys" felt that they would then lose what little "control" the organization did exert over the students.

Of course the "student revolution" is still in the distance, and cannot be considered something apart from the ever-present struggle between the workers and the employing classes. But the alarm of the capitalists is a good sign!



awake nights trying to think of "theories" which would stand the bombardment of the renegades who refused to accept his textbook dribblings.

Back in the former years a teacher of economics in college had a fairly easy time. His theories in support of the present system were accepted as readily as the bible. But not so today. The economics professor is the most punished member of the college faculty—that is, if he is the kind that handshakes with the university president every morning, is a member of the Rotary Club, and his wife has social aspirations. Of course, there are some professors who delight in the new spirit of the collegians and even foster it. But these are rare, and when their popularity becomes too great are soon slated for the "can."

Mayo brothers with nervous prostration because of an "outbreak" on the campus that caused the donor to believe that he was contributing to a university that was developing "reds" rather than the promised "safe and sound" 100 per cent citizens.

One western university recently lost such a big gift, it is reliably reported, because the college paper carried an editorial commending the action of student window cleaners affiliating with the local labor unions. Needless to say, a change in the editorial body of the paper was forced by the administration. Similar outbreaks, resulting in similar prostrations of presidents and hurried meetings of boards of trustees, have occurred thruout the country with pleasing frequency.

The main issue in the American col-

Impressions of the Bournemouth Congress

By EARL BROWDER.

AFTER sitting thru a week of meetings of the Trade Union Congress at Bournemouth, England, I came away with one impression dominating all the others—amazement as to how it was possible for a great national body of Labor, with delegates from every section and every industry, to meet for six days without a serious word being spoken by its leaders about the tremendous struggle which is shaking the British economic system to its foundations. And that these leaders should also be able to so effectively muzzle the opposition is astonishing to one from outside of Britain. A few impressions of an eye-witness of the congress may help to an understanding of the extraordinary events of Bournemouth.

Arthur Cook, leader of the miners, bears a large share of the responsibility for the failure of the congress to meet its responsibilities. Even the congress dominated by officials bitterly hostile to him, responded to Cook and the miners very deeply; Cook's appearance on the floor was the occasion of the first demonstration of enthusiasm in the congress. This was but a faint reflection of the deep feelings among the masses outside the congress. Cook occupied a position of tremendous potentialities. But he failed completely to make use of them. When the small group of minority movement delegates launched their main attack upon the general council, it was Cook who came to

the rescue of those who had betrayed the miners, calling upon the congress in the name of a million struggling miners not to open the question of the betrayal. Without Cook's active support on the floor, the general council would never have succeeded in shutting off all discussion as they did, even tho they maintained control of the machinery of the congress. Cook, after all the magnificent fighting he has done for the miners, had again allowed himself to be trapped and used as an instrument against the miners by their betrayers in the general council. Never was more forcibly brought forth the importance of a clear leadership, and the disastrous effects of muddle-headedness which cannot be remedied by the best of intentions.

The observer is especially struck by the enormous weight of tradition carried by the British unions. Everything must be done according to the forms handed down by the 57 previous congresses, and according to the "traditional British courtesy." Thus, the congress was opened by an address of welcome by the mayor of Bournemouth, for which he was officially thanked by the congress—all the while, each delegate knowing that this mayor is one of the bitter enemies of the labor movement, that he had victimized employes of the city after the general strike, driving many of them to starvation and one to suicide, that he had refused permission for a street collection for the miners. "Courtesy" required that these things should not be talked about. Tradition and precedent united with "courtesy,"

to give the president, Mr. Pugh, power to interrupt and close the speech of any delegate who said anything about the crimes of the general council, while the council members themselves must be listened to with gravest attention. The most revolutionary development of the Bournemouth congress was when an elemental outburst of resentment against the insult of Bromley speaking as supporter of a motion for miners' relief, developed to such an extent that Bromley, after standing for 25 minutes waiting for silence, had to give up and the congress was adjourned. "Such a thing never happened before in the 58 years of the T. U. C." wailed the general council members and the capitalist press. This was the first time the workers had ever broken thru the maze of precedent, tradition, and "gentlemanly conduct," which are the silken threads binding the activity of their higher organizations. And it was the most promising thing seen for years in the British movement.

The so-called left leaders made a miserable showing. Purcell spoke on international unity; the substance of it was to show that unity is impossible, and that the Russians are making the situation more difficult. After him, the speech of Brown, delegate of the Amsterdam International, sounded like a very left-wing speech; Brown proposed a platform of 11 practical tasks upon which he thot united action could be achieved; these included international financial assistance for strikes, prevention of international blacklegging, and other things. He did not explain why Am-

sterdam refuses all offers of joint action along these lines in concrete cases. That erstwhile "left," Hicks, appeared before the congress principally as the defendant to the charge of having split the Building Workers' Federation, of which the congress seemed to believe him guilty, for his motion was rejected after opposition by the other building unions.

From beginning to end of the congress a constant fight was made by the little group of militant delegates, members of the minority movement, to bring to congress to face its tasks. Squeezing their way thru the barb wire entanglements of legalism thrown up by the general council, they continually hammered away. Every motion that touched real problems, every discussion on the report of the general council, was initiated and led by this little group of revolutionary trade unionists. The others had nothing to offer but frantic defense and appeals for "toleration." Outstanding figures of the revolutionary minority on the floor of the congress, who made life uncomfortable for the general council, were Jack Tanner, of the Engineers' Union; Horner, of the Miners' Union; Elsbury, of the Garment Workers; Chandler, of the Railway Clerks; Loeber, of the National Union of Railwaymen; Strain, of the Wood Workers; Mrs. Bradshaw, of the Textile Workers; and McLochlin, of the Iron Fitters. This little group, with a few other faithful ones, stood in this congress as the herald of the new leadership to come, the only sign of hope to-day in the British labor movement.

Anatole France - - By A. V. Lunacharsky

The newspapers brought the sad news of the death of Anatole France, one of the most significant writers of our time.

Anatole France is such a unique figure in modern European culture that to judge and evaluate him is a very difficult thing and one which can be done from the most diverse points of view. I shall attempt to give a short sketch of his development and a few touches of his social-cultural growth.

Anatole France was born in 1845; his life may be divided into three parts: From his first work written in 1875—to the Dreyfus Affair; from the latter to the World War; and the last period—from the war up to the present. Anatole France began as a Parnassian. The Parnassian was an extraordinary refined school of bourgeois culture. Up to the time of the Commune, the intellectuals of the bourgeoisie were permeated with a certain bitter pessimism. The rule of the regime of the big bourgeoisie called forth a certain nausea in the best part of the French intelligentsia. The intellectuals tried to separate themselves from the spirit of the merchants and the inhumanity which found an especially raw expression under the regime of Napoleon III and of the Bourbons. At the same time, this intelligentsia had not the slightest intention of organizing any kind of effective, political protest. Among the gifted poets and writers, there were only very few who had an inclination towards politics. The politics of the government seemed impure, the revolutionary politics—fantastic; all that lay between—petty and useless. Hence the striving of the artists after formal content, hence their philosophic reflections on the imperfections of life and their heightened pessimism. These were the features with which the leaders of those days, the leaders of the Parnassian, were endowed: Lecomte de Lisle, the romanticist akin to him, Alfred de Vigny, such masters as Heredia, Gautier and others. The same spirit also dominated the great romanticist Flaubert.

The young Anatole France did not exactly incline towards pessimism, but he likewise felt himself to be a pure esthete, far from the hideous chaos of life, filled with the plastic wisdom common to the chosen strata of the refined bourgeois intelligentsia. Skepticism predominated in Anatole France already then. In his eyes, all truths were uncertain and vacillating. Towards Christianity he maintained a mocking attitude; he liked to oppose to it epicurean, heathen moods. In the eyes of Anatole France, the world had nothing serious to exhibit, and even this world seemed to him the product of chance. If life were worth living, then solely for the sake of the aesthetic enjoyment, the esthetic working-up of experiences, and still more—its esthetic reproduction.

Already then, Anatole France stood out as a prominent stylist. At the bottom, that which constituted Anatole France's unique charm, was the union of his eclectic style, of his immense knowledge of all epochs from which he chose his themes, with his fine skeptical smile, which shone forth from all of his pictures and characters (as if he were smiling a little at his own marionettes, as if he wanted to say that he no less than anything else belonged to his marionette world).

With his "Abbe Coignard"—a wise toper and skeptic whom he had set in the milieu of the middle ages—Anatole France had brought himself fame not only in France, but through the whole world. At the same time he also stepped to the foreground as a critic. It is very characteristic that Anatole France, in this his last quality, adhered exclusively at the time to the formal artistic performance. Zola, who at that time began to draw the serious furrow of his deep-reaching naturalism, inspired him with horror, and France wrote an article on him at that time, which is more like an exasperated pamphlet than a critical essay. Kerdin, the not unknown Russian publicist of social-revolutionary tendency, dedicated an article to Anatole France and Jules Lemaitre, a similar gourmet in the field of esthetic culture, in which he does not differentiate the one from the other at all.

Anatole France, from all appearances a representative of the skeptical literature of decadence of the seventies and eighties, differed nevertheless very essentially from Jules Lemaitre, which was sufficiently demonstrated by the Dreyfus affair. The skeptic, Jules Lemaitre, as a true bourgeois, was seized by the monarchic-catholic reaction. How was this possible? Why could Jules Lemaitre and other personalities akin to him, as for example Barres, believe the gross fraud of the general staff and sink down to the most naive religiosity, to the most reactionary repudiation of all freedom? Could this all really be due to the Jewish captain and his involved trial?

No, the matter is otherwise. To a certain extent, the French bourgeoisie drew its writers near to itself, those writers who up till then had occupied themselves with cultivating hot

house flowers. The French bourgeoisie was preparing itself for a new struggle. Socialism was maturing, a whole cloud of proletarian organizations, apparently peaceful for the time being, collected over Paris. In the sky of international politics there gathered storm clouds too. The French bourgeoisie decided to create a military police state. The democratic compromise of the radical republic seemed dangerous to it. This reactionary current flashing thru the entire body of capitalism, even caused the skeptics, shortly before so polished, to perform the most extraordinary antics. But Anatole France, just because of the fitness of his culture, proved himself proof against these aberrations. His trained healthy mind could not stand that unbearable nonsense with its hypocritical savour which sounded from the right. His skepticism turned against the black expanding reaction.

Confused by its sudden onslaught, Anatole France searched after people who would be fit to defend that highest culture of freedom, of polished scientific analysis, of luminous humanity which he considered as the sole possible atmosphere for the thriving of a culture. And then it appeared that the same uncouth writer whom he considered a dung-bettle wallowing in the dirt—Emile Zola—suddenly became the heroic bearer of a protest of the best part of the petty bourgeois intellectuals in the struggle against the military-clerical counter-revolution. Thus was consummated the drawing-nearer of all Dreyfusites, of all those who struggled against France sinking into a churchly, barrack-like night. Zola, Anatole France and Jaures became friends. It is pleasant and touching when, after the abuse of the young Anatole France directed against Zola, one reads the enthusiastic essays which the older Anatole France later dedicated to him, after he had understood how much warm, upright, truthfulness, how much true love-of-man was hidden in this heavy genre-painter. Anatole France began to examine, anew the latter's artistic aspects too, and a whole series of beauties hitherto hidden to him, revealed themselves to his enthusiastic esthete-eye. From that time on, he becomes the best friend and co-worker of Jaures. He participates most warmly in the Dreyfus Campaign, and remains even later a faithful ally of the socialism of the time, certainly a quite feeble and compromising socialism, but still far more noble than anything that the France of that time could present. His political labor, at times, gives one an odd, I should like to say, absolutely touching impression. I remember, for example, an enormous meeting at Trocadero, where from 4,000 to 5,000 citizens gathered in order to protest against the first assault upon China, against that notorious campaign of the European Robber-Knights which one of its leaders, William II himself, called a march of the Huns. Jaures spoke first; his voice rang out like a blare of trumpets; it rolled to the most distant corners of the immense hall. Following him, came the fine elegant old man, Anatole France, and, in a weak voice, read his venomous remarks directed against the imperialists. And the entire hall, packed full of workers, seemed to die away: the buzzing of the flies was heard; all leaned forward, almost all put their hands up to their ears in order not to lose a single word of what this noble ally, this unexpected guest from the far heights of the elegant Parnassian was saying. With a mocking smile, the speaker said: "As you know, the unexpressed international arrangement allows the Chinese to defend themselves against modern artillery, at any rate, with porcelain cannons. And now these Chinese—seriously begin to defend themselves. Such an attack against civilization is simply unforgivable. The yellows manifest patriotism! They are inclined to defend their barbarous homeland from the claws of our dear fatherlanders who manifest the natural lust for nourishing themselves with the flesh and blood of these low beings. This haughty people must be shown that civilization deprives it of the right of resistance."

These words in essence Anatole France said with his soft voice, but which was loud enough to be heard by the entire civilized world; it was then that he called out the words so real now: "Hands off China!"

In this period of the Dreyfus affair up to the World War, the brilliant literary activity of Anatole France unfolded itself. The "Histoires contemporeines" belongs here first of all. In his time the mighty Balzac wrote an enormous series of novels under the title of "La Comedie Humaine." In this series of novels, the extraordinarily interesting history of a society is portrayed in which capitalism developed and entrenched itself. Balzac was the favorite author of Marx. Something similar must have been in Anatole France's mind too. He too wanted to portray his time in a series of novels. But how great is the difference! His colors are pale and polished, all events cross the brain of a clever

hermit, of a hesitating, passive, but infinitely good shepherd. In this favorite hero of the author, one recognizes anew the striving of the best part of the French intellectuals carefully raising aloft the fringe of their snow-white garments in order to step out of the dirty valley of life and alight on a lovely, dry elevation. But from this elevation the intellectual hermit glances sadly down upon life. His eyes are sharp; at times a kindly, but often a malignant smile draws across the observer's lips. It pains and amuses him at the same time when he lets this bourgeois carnival procession pass before him.

Anatole France has brilliantly carried out his task. His mirror is of a kind different from the hyperbolic one of Balzac or the black one of Zola. But he too contributes a unique and for him and for everyone who wants to know capitalistic France, an extraordinary reflected image.

Anatole France began at this time to feel himself a new French Voltaire. In this barbarous empire, which he felt the world surrounding him to be, he wanted to be an envoy of incorruptible thought and humane taste. Against the pathetic patriotism of the French, he opposed in voltairean manner his "Penguin Island"—a masterful, very comical and, at the very bottom, sad satire on his native country. His book on Joan of Arc is permeated with this same voltairean spirit, attempting to recon-



—By Fred Ellis

struct the truth distorted by superstition, as is also his magnificent novel, "The Revolt of the Angels."

His interesting novel of the first Revolution, "The Gods Athirst," offers us a somewhat different cross-section. Here too Anatole France naturally places himself on the side of that hero who acts wisely and indulgently.

With a certain horror, he perceives the features of fanaticism with which the activity of men is permeated. But we must not forget for a moment the astounding freshness in his portrayal of the Revolution, and the great depth of his analysis.

Then the war begins. In the first months, Anatole France is confused by the events. He loves his Paris, he loves his French confinement, he fears that the heel of the Prussian officer might stamp out everything. For a time, the stream of patriotic demonstrations carries him along with it, but it does not last long, and the sober head of the old France emancipates itself from this epidemic.

The war completely revealed to him the true essence of that brilliant formal culture which was so dear to him. It showed him the brutal, threatening character of capitalism. And in the name of this fine culture which decorated the portal of the capitalistic prison, Anatole France speaks out his curse against this prison. With a power a thousand times stronger than that of the Dreyfus affair, the war reveals from Capital this most brilliant representative of the art created by the capitalistic epoch. And, without hesitating a moment, Anatole France attaches himself to the opposite pole. But now this pole is no longer represented by the petty bourgeois socialist and utopian, Zola, by the eclectic and people's tribune, Jaures. In spite of the greatness of their talent, these two went only half way. This pole opposed to Capital was now represented by the Communist Party, by the Communist International; and Anatole France gave courageous and determined expression to his warm and undivided sympathies for this new world.

Woman in Soviet Russia By L. S. Sosnowsky

"Every one who knows anything about history, also knows that great social upheavals are impossible without the feminine ferment. Social progress can be accurately measured by the social attitude of the fair sex (the ugly included)."

Karl Marx
(From a letter to Kugelmann, December 12, 1862.)

By L. S. SOSNOWSKY

When I think about Anna Agapkina and her cultural achievement, I recall everything I once read about the "To-the-People" movement of the aristocratic intellectuals of the seventies. They took refuge in peasant costumes; they went timidly to the people, knowing neither its language nor the customs and manners of village life upon which they wished to exert a decisive influence. And the people repelled them.

The ignominious end of several old Narodnik also occurs to me: Tschaikovskys, Breschko-Breschkowskajas, helper's-helpers of European Capital, lackies of the stock exchange, ideologists of the white-guardists and participants in the White movement. From the "To-the-People" to the "To-Paris-and-Prague"—what a frightful road of life! And the unavoidable

is, the new Russian woman, waiting for her Nekrassov to sing about her.

Called to Life by Revolution.

And how many of these Agapkinas has the Bolshevik Revolution called into life! How many Agapkinas has been brought up by our own women's section?

Abroad, they will not understand, nor even believe, that the peasantess Agapkina, cast away in a dark, distant village, is corresponding with one of the sections of the "horrible" Central Committee of the C. P. R.—with the women's section, is receiving advice and instructions from it and is reporting to it concerning her small but important work.

And the women's section does well to cultivate such connections. For such as Agapkina is worth more than twenty travelled urban women propagandists who flash up over the village like a meteor. The Agapkinas are the best and most powerful yeast for the village.

Some Quiet; Others Otherwise.

But there is another type of Bolshevik peasantess in the villages. If Anna Agapkina inclines towards quiet, intense cultural work, others carry on in the political cauldron of party work. The woman of whom I want to tell now requested me not to publish her name, and hence, in contradiction to Agapkina, I here call her—let us say, Kulikowa.

I came to know her under the following circumstances: At an agricultural exhibition, debates on new methods of agronomy took place under my chairmanship. Luminaries of agricultural science spoke before a thousand-headed peasant audience. But unfortunately these luminaries do not know how to speak to the masses. Their voices are more suitable for academic disputes. In addition, some of these luminaries tended to portray the future economic development of the country in extremely gloomy colors.

Made Things Snappy.

The meeting passed off gloomily. Then came the turn of the peasantess Kulikowa, and I gave her the floor. A young woman with a peasant-kerchief on her head stepped upon the platform. And the first few sentences which she uttered caused the mass of hearers to prick up their ears, woke them from the deep sleep of boredom. The passionate, upright speech of a person who has brought along with her from a remote little village her great longing after the new, her entire hate of the old, her entire fanatical faith in the creative power of the Revolution, immediately set the entire peasant audience afire. Her speech was interrupted constantly by thundering applause which enhanced the pathos of the woman even more.

She lashed the intellectuals of little faith who did not know the village of today, who had been asleep during its awakening and measure the present trend of development with the usual, pre-revolutionary standard.

The speech made the greatest impression upon all of us. The simple peasant woman taught the pessimistic scholars such a thorough lesson that the latter were embarrassed for an answer.

Came From Poor Family.

Some time later, I received a letter from Kulikowa which, to be sure, was not intended for publication, but which, with changing of the name and omission of a few passages, may be reproduced here.

Kulikowa comes from a very poor peasant family. She has not even attended grammar school. She learned reading by herself. One day she was seized with a passionate desire to write revolutionary poems. Hunger drove her to the Capital. For several years she worked in Petersburg factories. Her husband was a worker too. In 1917 she joined the Communist Party. In 1921 starvation drove her back to the village again:

"One does not dare recall how one bore this starvation with three small children."

She goes to a district city:

"Here I became a member of the bureau for the organization of the petty-bourgeois women, then instructor for the nourishment of children in the committee of provisions in which a stubborn struggle with the professionals was fought out, who misusing their position, were exploiting the public nourishment of children for their own advantage; it went so far that they built themselves two-story houses."

"In the year 1920, I was elected, at the district soviet conference to the district executive, then to the board of the committee of provisions, and a month later—as an executive member of the district co-operative, where I worked for two years."

Became Responsible Secretary.

In 1922, Kulikowa was given leave by the party committee to return to her native village, to her peasant household. There she became responsible secretary of the section group of the C. P. R., which really embraces not five but three sections.

Altogether there were thirty members of the C. P. R. and seventy members of the Y. C. L.

From January to August, to be sure, the general activity of the local group stopped, but still a little was done. Comrade Kulikowa did the following in eight months:

"Section meetings took place: seven closed, eight open, four women's meetings, one agricultural lecture, one anti-religious lecture, four mass meetings. Altogether 1,439 people participated of whom 320 were women, not including the mass meetings in which about a thousand people participated, among whom 40 per cent were women. In addition, three agricultural conferences took place with 545 participants.

Arranged Five Meetings.

"In another section, where there are no party nuclei, I arranged five meetings in which 400 people participated, half of whom were women."

"Further, I participated in an education tour in remote districts where I held a mass meeting and lectures on the subject: 'Women and the Soviet Power.'"

"This, briefly stated, is my lamentable activity impartially portrayed."

What, now, does the section secretary of the party group, Comrade Kulikowa, do besides her gatherings, lectures and meetings?

"Of the more than thirty members of the C. P. R. and seventy of the Y. C. L., several come daily as if to a friend and get advice; peasants and peasant women too come with the most diverse concerns."

Work on the Plenum.

"Besides, the secretarial work must be done and indeed, monthly reports to the government committee of the party, to the women's section and to the section of special application. A copy of all records goes to the district committee and government committee. Then there comes the work on the plenum and in the district and section commissions. The remote sections must be visited. One must prepare for the reports in the party and non-party meetings.

"And finally, one must take care of her farm and a family of seven, four of whom are children—four future communards—to whom, under the circumstances, I cannot give a desirable education."

"And above all, much energy is consumed by the labor on the farm."

She often thinks of giving up the farm. But aside from the necessity of nourishing her family, there is also the following consideration to be taken into account:

"I must be able to prove that I, as a peasant woman, am able to perform something useful on my own land in an agricultural respect, and thereby give the others an example."

The Revolutionary Surge.

"But I do not feel myself so much a peasant as rather a revolutionary worker who lives hundreds of kilometers away from me in the cities, in those cities in which the surge of the revolution has not yet come to rest."

"With such emotions, it is hard to live in a remote, gloomy village of a petty bourgeois and individualistic peasant province, where the revolutionary storm which could refresh one's enervated brain does not penetrate."

That is the true, great heroic deed of the Russian woman. That is more than accompanying one's husband to Siberia on post horses to forego for a time balls and aristocratic society.

Kulikowa longs for education. At least within the limits of the intermediary school. She would like to live once more in a workers' section for a time; breathe the air of the proletarian struggle. But her duty compels her to remain at her post, to hold upright the banner of the proletarian dictatorship in a peasant nest.

Family, household, women's section, party, demands of the rapidly changing life, and a weak woman, a Russian peasant woman who has not even attended school, bears on her shoulders this unheard of burden—the burden of building up the new state, of uprooting the old barbaric, Asiatic Russia.

Baptised in Factories.

It would be impossible to understand how such women as Kulikowa and Agapkina could arise in a village, if one condition were forgotten: both were baptized in St. Petersburg, both had been in factories, both had received the proletarian polish and tempering which cannot be softened by the individualistic property-psychology of the village.

These are veritable heroines of the great struggle for the new future. How many of these there are—we don't know, but all women's sections are full of them. A new type of Russian woman is being forged. It is no longer that Nekrassovian "Severely-tryed mother Of the all-suffering Russian people."

The Communist Movement in Iceland

By GUNNLAUGUR BJORNSSON

In order to throw some light on the prospects of the Communist Party in Iceland, it would be desirable to note the historic development of the country and its relationship to the outside world. This, however, is no mean task; justice to it could not be accomplished in a short article of this kind. But there are some main factors we must touch upon if there is to be any comparison drawn between the Communist movement in Iceland and the rest of the world. One might say that this is "much ado" about an insignificant country. The answer is that nothing is too small for a Communist point of view if it widens our knowledge.

In Iceland there is no industrial proletariat to speak of. Industries are few and have no possibilities of development beyond a certain amount of home production, excepting the fishing industry and dairy farming, which form the principal exports of the country. The population of approximately 100,000 is scattered over an area larger than that of Scotland or Ireland, an area of which probably four-fifths is uninhabitable.

Transportation is mainly by horse-back riding, automobiles and small coastal steamers, under municipal or government ownership. Roads are good, but costly of building and upkeep.

Since 1906 a network of telephone lines connect the remotest villages in the country, and about the same time a cable communication between the Shetland Islands and Iceland brought it in daily contact with the whole world.

As already mentioned, the majority of the population is engaged in the fishing industry and dairy farming, the farmers comprising as a whole straggling, hard-to-meet-both-ends, weather-beaten and frost-bitten individuals, with here and there an "aristocrat" who gets enough to eat without working for it himself—usually the municipal representative of the community. Not so with the sea man. He is the big brother of the "land crab" wage worker, and, like him, is organized into one of the strongest unions. These union men have a score or two marked on the butt of their axes, indicating victories over the bosses. The building trades, common laborers and harbor workers form another main section of the working class, part of which is comprised of floating wage laborers, shifting according to seasons from the towns to the agricultural districts in the summers, and back again to the towns in the fall and winters.

Common education in the island permits of any comparison. The language is one. And illiteracy is unknown.

Early in the year 1916 the workers of Iceland created their own political party for the first time in history. This is now a mass party, capable of a real opposition to the old parties and, in fact, the only adversary to be reckoned with by the conservative party in power. Unlike other labor parties, or perhaps it is the only one of a kind that serves the double purpose of a federation of labor and a political party at the same time. The unions are members by affiliation, and are the backbone of the party.

An auxiliary committee to the general party apparatus heads the affiliated unions in a capacity of a federation executive, which has the power to call and terminate strikes, formulate the general policy, etc. At the present time one-third of the votes on this committee are Communist.

The general executive committee of the labor party is dominated by the social democrats. There is only one Communist on the G. E. C., Comrade Okafur Fridriksson, one of the foremost Communist leaders in Iceland. He was Iceland's representative in Moscow, 1922.

Some time after his return from Russia his home was stormed by the entire police force of the capital. Fridriksson and some other comrades were taken prisoners, with arms in their hands defending the place. Special

citizens' militia was established and guards were thrown around the state prison. For months the papers gave their front pages to anti-Communist propaganda.

The labor union "Dawn" in Reykjavik is the oldest union in the land. It is over 20 years old. It has a membership of about 700 to 800, of mostly unskilled laborers. In the beginning this union was not what the name implied, having in its ranks many contractors and employers, who in later years have gradually been weeded out of it. The union published a weekly called "Dawn," which at the foundation of the labor party was taken over by it. In 1919 the name of the paper was changed to "Workers News." It is a daily.

Everything went smoothly with the party policy until 1921, when differences between the Communists and the social democrats took a sharp turn, and in the fall of 1922, when Comrade Fridriksson, editor of the Workers News, was to be sent to Russia, the general executive committee immediately threatened him with the loss of the editorship, and while he was away in Moscow a new editor was appointed. But in spite of all this there has always existed a unity of

action in election campaigns, and in strikes.

The labor party holds bi-annual conventions, to which are elected one delegate from each affiliated organization, and one delegate for every 100 members or a major fraction thereof. The convention elects a general executive committee of nine members for a term of two years.

The party is sprinkled with bourgeois intellectuals, professionals and misfits of the trading classes. These elements, with the social democrats, have the upper hand in the leadership. But on real issues the Communists lead the rank and file workers. The policy of the social democrats is and has been to look for an opportunity to force a split in the party and try to isolate the Communists from all contact with the movement, but all signs indicate that they will fail in their aims.

The Communist movement in Iceland is older than it is in the United States. On a miniature scale (compared with the great nations), this Communist group is going thru the same internal struggles that seem to be a necessary process in cleansing and steeling all Communist parties for the great struggles ahead. The prob-

lems facing the Icelandic Communist Party are in a measure the same as in all the others—there is a division on the line of policy and tactics within a mass movement—there are opportunist tendencies forming a minority faction, willing to make political deals with the social democrats for a few crumbs in the leadership, who have lost faith in their own ability to fight and to lead. And on the other hand, the group that fights on policy and believes it will win the masses for that policy in the end.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

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Will Appear in December.

A Glimpse of the Youth Movement in Soviet Russia

By ROSE KATZ.

I was invited to address a mass meeting held under the auspices of the Moscow Health Workers' Club in celebration of International Women's day on March 8th. They were eager to know about the activities of the women workers of America. At the end of my address many questions were asked of me about the youth movement as well as about the women's activities in America. I was obliged to promise the large group of Young Communists and Pioneers who were present that I would attend another meeting with them and endeavor to answer all they wanted to know about the Youth Movement of America.

Two weeks later I attended a meeting of the Young Communists. I told them of the difficult task confronting the Young Workers League of America in building up their organization, in combatting the capitalist propaganda in the schools, the churches, the movies and many other agencies of the capitalists which mold the mind of the youth of America.

Slowly but surely the Young Workers League was learning how to work, within the masses, how to build up shop nuclei, how to organize workers' sport clubs as opposed to capitalists' sport clubs, how to build up the Young Pioneers, to combat the activities of the Boy and Girl Scouts and how to counteract the militarist propaganda and overcome the religious and racial prejudices that keep the workers divided.

I told them that the Young Workers League of America was playing a significant part in the task now confronting the Communist movement of America in building up the unions. In the textile centers, in the mine fields and steel districts members of the Young Workers League are often found playing an heroic and leading part in these epic struggles of the American workers. I mentioned the beginnings that have been made in building up of Communist educational institutions.

I did not try to paint too rosy a picture. I spoke of the many blunders and mistakes that have been made, of the many times rebuilding was necessary because of faulty construction. But the Young Workers League of America was Communist in spirit, able to profit from their mistakes and unafraid to face difficulties. It would surely be a worthy part of the Young Communist International to whom they look for inspiration and guidance in the task confronting them in the United States.

They listened to me with the closest attention and from the many questions that were asked of me it was evident that they were by no means uninformed of what was going on in America. The following are some of the many questions that were asked: What were the American workers doing to help the British miners? Was the Young Workers League now organized on the shop nuclei basis? How about Mexico, Haiti and other victims of American imperialism? Would Mooney and Billings soon be freed?

Would the workers succeed in saving the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti? Do the unions still prevent colored workers from joining? What was being done to protect the interests of young workers?

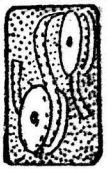
At the end of the meeting a resolution was passed conveying the greetings of those assembled to the workers of America and expressing confidence that the American movement would succeed in breaking the capitalist shackles and building up a workers' and farmers' government in America.

Through my work with the Moscow Health Department I came in constant contact with the Young Communists and Pioneers. Children born since the October revolution are known as Octoberists. They are organized and participate in parades under their own banners. Their ages are from five to eight and are under the guidance of the Pioneers.

From ages of eight to fifteen the children belong to the Pioneers. Though it is not compulsory to belong, most children are eager to join its ranks. Branches of the Pioneers are in every school. Besides their regular school work the Pioneers themselves conduct classes in economics. The school period is about seven years, at the end of which time they have completed the prescribed courses in economics and are now eligible to join the Young Communists. The Pioneers also conduct summer camps and participate in all kinds of outdoor and athletic activities. They have their own newspapers and periodicals. Their motto is, "always ready." The young Communist League is responsible for the welfare of the Pioneers.

Not all the Pioneers become members of the Young Communist League. Membership in the Young Communist League means obligations that all are not ready to undertake. Pioneers join directly, workers from the shop must first go through a period of six months probation, and office and professional workers must go through a probation of two years.

The Young Communist League is responsible for a good deal of serious work for the Communist movement in Russia. They conduct much of the organization work amongst the masses. It is expected of them to at all times guard the interest of the young workers and peasants. Besides themselves carrying on an intensive study of political and economic subjects they conduct classes to raise the political level of the masses. Their main tasks are in the nuclei of the unions and the factories. Non-party workers look to them for any redress of grievances and for improvements in conditions. They are also concerned in the raising of productivity. Their daily organ is the Young Communist Pravda, but they also have innumerable magazines, periodicals and wallpaper bulletins. They have organized many cultural and athletic activities amongst the masses. The fact is that in every undertaking of the Communist Party the Young Communist League plays an important and effective role.



A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



"BREAKING CHAINS."

You are going to be shown a better picture than the best picture you ever saw. "Breaking Chains" is about to start on a tour of the country. Here is a Russian-made movie acted entirely by workers who never faced the camera before and the result is the equal of any acting we have ever seen in the most praised picture. You can't realize how really good it is until you see it for yourself—and you simply MUST see it.

The photography is fine. The story is a thrilling one. It moves fast and comes to a thrilling climax that will send you away with a happy smile on your face, a little tear in your eye and determination in your heart. It begins on the barricades of Petrograd in 1917. The following events take place in the village. The story then takes you to the factories, meeting halls, educational clubs, the homes—and Lenin. It's a thrilling love story of two young workers of the new revolutionary Russia. In the telling of the story you are given an intimate picture of the life in Russia—so intimate and personal you will feel and see it as no written word could ever inspire you.

A girl whose name is not given acts the leading role of a peasant girl. It is a splendid characterization. The girl herself is a chubby, healthy, round-faced typically Russian little comrade who will win you as no movie queen ever could. Children act so remarkably they would surely prove a sensation in any American movie. One little fellow with a thousand or more freckles you will never forget. The men in the picture are fine, energetic types of workers and unusually good actors.

There is an inspiring atmosphere about the whole production that will astonish you. Technically, it is the equal of the very best American-made movie. In acting it is far superior. It is a picture that will hold you from the very first moment. There are moments of excellent comedy. There are dramatic spots that will bring a tear to your eye—as they did even to the unsentimental eyes of editors and others who were given the privilege of seeing it.

The International Workers' Aid has arranged the showing of the picture in this country. The first showing will be held in Chicago on Friday,



Drawing from poster advertising "Breaking Chains" by the noted proletarian artist, Fred Ellis.

December 3, at the Douglas Park Auditorium. Go to see it, comrade and fellow-worker! We promise you that you will thank us for the advice. You comrades in other cities throuth the country need not be without it. Begin today to make arrangements to have it shown in your city. Ten thousand books and ten barrels of leaflets will never do you one-half as much good as one showing of "Breaking Chains."

DOZEN IN BRIEF

The Black Pirate—"Yo-Ho Ho on a dead man's chest" with Douglas Fairbanks (Roosevelt).

Eagle of the Sea—Ricardo Cortez also takes to piracy.

Don Juan—The famous lover becomes cooler in our climate if we can believe John Barrymore's interpretation (With the Vitaphone at the McVickers).

The Strong Man—Funny. The Better 'Ole—Very Funny (They tell me).

Variety—We repeat—splendid!

London—Only Gish's gushes.

Subway Sadie—Clever and well done (Uptown).

Men of Steel—It takes men of steel to stand this.

Mare Nostrum—That's Latin for "Save your money."

Slums of Berlin—With so many bad pictures here there was no reason for importing this.

Passaic Strike—Real stuff. Go—and take the family.

THE THEATER

"IN THIS ROOM."

The first word in review condemns this play to the category of those you should not take the time or trouble to see. Little can be said for the good that is "In This Room" (showing at the Princess Theater), while much can be said for what is bad. In a few words we can say that very good acting is being wasted on a terrible plot.

Louis Wolheim does very well as Gustav Bruno, called such because "his mother did not know his father's name," but, try as he did, he could not "put over" the show. Wolheim plays a double role, as do Olive Tell and Donald Gallaher. This, however, is not a great feat, as the incidental introduction to the main part of the play at the beginning of each act and the epilogue are inconsequential.

The plot itself is not worthy of a long review. It is of hackneyed type, being the story of a playwright who writes a play which is enacted as he writes. His wife is the heroine, he is the hero and a friend is the villain. There is also a son, butler and housekeeper. Our playwright gets his inspiration from a diary which he finds in the room and some "Hennesy—1860" which probably was not as good as it was supposed to be. That may account for the result.

Adding a note of warning, if you want to have a good time, don't go to see "In This Room." P. E. B.

"SEED OF THE BRUTE."

A drama of America, which Eugene O'Neil could be proud of, had he written it, but which undoubtedly in certain ways is bigger and more far-reaching than anything he has ever given us, is now playing at the Little Theater, New York City. It is called, "Seed of the Brute," and the playwright is Knowles Entrikin.

It is stark realism, yet interesting from the prologue to the end of the third act. There is no attempt made to play to the gallery or to insert comedy relief. In this reviewer's opinion, it is the most significant play by an American since "What Price Glory?" several years ago. But its field is different. It shows passion in all of its nakedness, letting us see the petty-bourgeoisie of America as they actually are. Rough and coarse language is uttered, not to make the play more attractive, but because it fits into the situations wherever used. A spade is called a spade on every occasion.

To describe the story would take up too much space. Suffice to say: "Go and see it before our 100 per cent saints close it up."

Sylvan A. Pollack.

NOTICE

The next article on the farmer question by William Bouck, will appear next week.

The Workers in Iron and Steel

By W. J. WHITE.

WITH the single exception of those in the textile industry, I know of no union so weak in membership as the union of iron and steel workers. The steel union, like the textile, is faced by a giant combination of industrial and imperialistic capital which will stop at nothing in its endeavor to keep its slaves from organizing. As an outstanding and glaring example of the lengths the steel trust will go, we have the testimony of Gary that the steel trust spent fifty millions in the 1909 strike of the tin plate workers to break up their branch of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers.

The result of this merciless smashing and the unlimited millions which is appropriated to keep the workers from organizing is summed up in the testimony of Gary before the "Industrial Relations Committee," when questioned, in his answer. "Yes, we spent a lot of money, but we made a lot of tin workers." So merciless is this combination in its hatred of the union that they will not even tolerate that panacea of the business world for its numerous ills, the company union.

No Company Union Needed.

PERHAPS in this they are wise, for in the present weak Amalgamated Association, whose membership is largely composed of the highly skilled and fairly paid upper strata of workers who remain silent and refrain from resistance to the encroachments of the trust, they have a splendid substitute for the company union. They thus get rid of the trouble which they must incur in controlling a union run on the B. & O. plan, while in officers such as M. F. Tighe and D. J. Davis they have the ideal officials of a union which is the best possible substitute for the company class-collaboration union. The policy of this officialdom seems to be to keep the organization at a membership that will pay their salaries, sign a few scales, which the companies are willing to sign, and thus keep the rank and file hypnotized into the belief that they are members of a bona fide union. The strength of the union at the present time, as reported to the last convention, was a fraction over eleven thousand out of a possible six hundred thousand. D. J. Davis, the secretary-treasurer, reported at the convention held in Pittsburgh last April that they had lost 331 members during the year.

Spent \$60,000 for New Members.

M. F. TIGHE reported they had spent \$60,000 and had had 20 organizers in the field and had only brought into the association 100 members, at a cost of over \$600 dollars per member. Needless to say, this is a pleasing condition of things in the

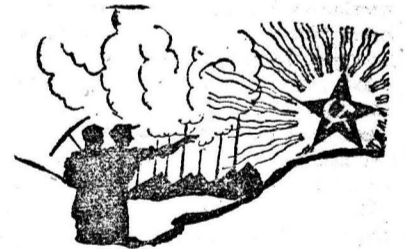
steel industry to Gary and the officers of the trust. This does not include the wages and expenses of the special organizers of the association, whose wages and expenses will run close to \$10,000 for the year.

That there is a growing unrest within the membership of the Association and also among the great mass of unorganized goes without saying. Many of the workers are ready to rebel, and all that is needed is the occasion, the right men at the head and a militant left wing is an assured fact. This leadership cannot and will not come from the present officials, nor will it come out of the so-called progressives, which include such workers as A. M. Jennings of Granite City, John Stose of Cannonsburg, who are honest and fearless, but whose hands are tied by the weak and vacillating membership who continue to confine their work within their own organized membership, and who refuse or who cannot or will not see the splendid opportunity for a militant organization of workers amongst the hundreds of thousands of unorganized who compose the great mass of workers in this most basic industry, and who are robbed and fleeced by the most ruthless band of industrial and imperialistic capitalists the world has ever seen.

Foster Did It once.

"BILL" FOSTER started such a movement in 1919, but he was hamstrung by Gompers and Tighe, who could see the rising tide of revolt of the steel slaves overwhelming them. This they did not wish, hence they did everything to kill the movement, with the result that it fell a victim to the machinations of Tighe and Davis, who, if they are not being paid by the capitalists at the head of the trust, are doing the kind of work the trust officials want done.

A militant left wing will come out of the steel industry when the time is ripe, but when it comes it must be led by men who have been trained in leadership and in the class struggle. Personally, I see no future for organization outside of the workers who have had such training, and there is no greater work the Communist Party can do than prepare men to lead these workers when the hour strikes, as strike it will in the not far distant future.



THE TINY WORKER

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Editor, Freddie Norris, Columbus, O.

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A WISE BIRD

By Freddie Norris, Columbus, O.

A WISE OLD KID IS OUR JOHNNY RED HE READS A LOT BEFORE HE GOES TO BED.

Oh, Boy—Here's A Good One!

NOW YOU TELL ONE By Henry Sampolinsky Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Pioneer once asked a rich man with a fat belly to give some money for the \$5,000 Campaign and the man took ten dollars from his pocket and said: "This money I give for the Young Comrade so it may have 8 pages and be issued oftener."

Isn't that a tall story? Send us some more Henry!

PERCY CHESTERFIELD CLARENCE McPLUM READS NOTHING AT ALL SO HE'S AWFULLY DUMB.



Johnny Red could hardly believe his eyes. He was watching a fisherman's tug coming up the river. Suddenly the fish began jumping out of the water and right into the boat!

And then—PLOP! Johnny Red fell out of bed.

"Aha," his mother said; "dreaming again! Your tummy must be out of order. That's what you get for eating so many good things at that affair the Young Pioneers gave. Better take some Castor Oil."

"Aw, ghee, ma—it tastes like heck!" Johnny said.

"No it doesn't," his mother said. "Look, I'll take some too!" And she did.

But when she looked around Johnny was gone!



HEY, KIDS!

How did you like the last issue written by the Little Reds of Grand Rapids?

Kinda snappy wasn't it? Those Pioneers are fine. We still have some good stuff left for other issues.

HEY SOME MORE

What city is going to be next? Come on, send in your stuff for a special issue of the TINY WORKER.

NEXT WEEK!

Oh, Boy—we have a dandy story by Margaret Johnson of Ashland, Wis. for next week. It's called "The Tale of A Cat."

SPORTS



LAST week we offered to sacrifice ourselves to go to Columbus to witness the Ohio-Michigan game (in disguise if anyone thought the presence of the state penitentiary there made it necessary). And what a game it turned out to be! When two teams get together on whom all the resources of modern education have been squandered to produce football wisdom—they play a worthy game. Ohio and Michigan were so evenly matched the close score of 17-16 could not have been otherwise.

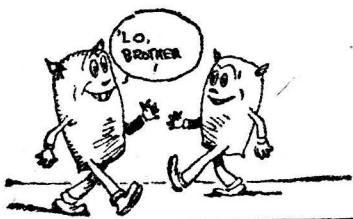
But no one volunteered railroad fare and as a result one Bug we know was missing from the game and only some few odd ninety thousand attended. The gate receipts will help you understand why our centers of culture pay fancy prices for professors of football and call a professor of anything else a Bolshevik if he asks for a dollar-a-week raise. Red Grange must still get a laugh when they call college football "an amateur sport."

Carl Rubin of Boston is a different kind of a Bug. He spied the Sports column and writes: "I wish to congratulate the Bug. I am one myself. Swimming is my hobby, and tho I am interested in other sports I think swimming is the greatest of them all. (Aha—a water Bug!) I note you fail to mention it when referring to the sports of 'New Russia.' Certainly a country cannot be even 'half awake' as to physical culture if they forget their swimming."

But they don't, Brother Bug! We said nothing about it simply because we knew nothing about it. But they swim, all right! Just how much of it as a competitive sport we are going to find out for you.

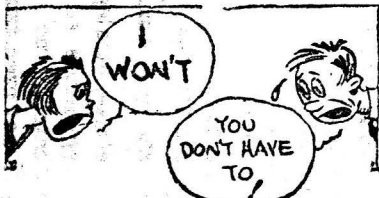
We do know that every place there is water in Russia (and there's lots of it!) you will find many Russian swimming Bugs of both sexes. Russian sports magazines carry a good deal on swimming and the next copy that comes along you will get, Friend Bug.

But Carl asks: "Do any of the Workers' Sports Clubs here in this country take swimming as a competitive sport? If so, please name them." We know of Workers' Sports Clubs with gym classes, basketball, football and other sports, but none with swimming teams. If there is a Workers' Sports Club that has them, speak right up!



We swore off peanuts at ball games a couple of years ago. Baseball Bugs, as you may know (especially this one) feed on the lowly peanut during ball. The vendors thereof threaten to form a union with advanced scale, working conditions improved, et cetera. The games. If the game is exciting enough, a full-grown Bug will consume enough sacks of peanuts to need a plumber before the game is over. If the game goes into extra innings a Bug has to be blasted. Or so it seemed, anyway.

But next season we're going to reconsider. A sports ruvor has it that "peanuts may be smaller or prices higher at the ball parks next season."



AN INDOOR SPORT

plan is said to be well under way." A common peanut is good "as is." But a common peanut sold by organized labor at a good ball game—ah, brother, that's something else again!



BEING a Bug on all sports gives me also an interest in the manly art of map-massaging. Next Monday Tiger Flowers, middleweight champion of the world (including the Scandinavian) will push over a set-up named Eddie Huffman. There's no reason for going.

But the champion with the fancy name happens to be just as fancy with his fists. We take a lively interest in his beauty business of lifting faces, because he is a Negro athlete. Negroes have no cinch in sports. This fellow was so unusually good he literally fought his way up. On December 3 he fights Mickey Walker, former title-holder—also in Chicago. That ought to be a bout worth seeing. The Tiger is a parson. But in the ring he doesn't use a bible. He wisely depends on his fists. If you enjoy seeing two excellent boxers exchanging compliments with both hands, here's your opportunity. If you look around the hall you might find

The Bug



A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales

