

# WHY?

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# SPAIN AND THE WORLD

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Speculation as to the role of Spain in International affairs is rife in the press of today. "Holier than thou" administration newspapers gently chastize the State Department for its indefinite attitude towards Franco Spain. The March of Time reporter in the cinema short presents pictorial evidence that Spain is fascist. But all this civilian griping does not impress our State Department. It is more interested in wooing and winning this fascist state to the allied cause than in the fight against totalitarianism.

This deduction is not new. It has been our contention right along that governments do not fight fascism. The scope and structure of governments is such that they must make use of fascist or totalitarian measures when carrying on a strictly military campaign against each other.

How then is fascism to be fought? Somehow the heat of July makes us think back a few years (seven to be exact), and recall the struggle against fascism that took place in Spain. With a remarkable courage that excels all records of heroism in the present war, the Spanish people, militarily unequipped, were successful in chasing the fascists from the important cities of Spain. These early victories are worthy of some analysis. We do not mean to discuss the flank movements or military strategy of the loyalists but to understand the psychological motivation of the anti-fascist fight.

When the popular front won the elections in February, 1936 the revolutionary unions came out from their underground hiding places and began immediately to carry on an extensive campaign of propaganda and action; organization for thoroughgoing radical economic and social change was the order of the day. When they were surprised by the fascist attack on July 19, 1936 they fought back because they knew that the fight against fascism meant more than just fighting. It meant a complete re-organization of the very basic patterns of society in such a manner that the good things of life would be available to all. This striving is what we call the libertarian inspiration of all social development. When the political ma-

chine becomes chaotic, the people react in a creative manner. This reaction finds real expression in the various functional groupings of men. People always co-operate in order to do some specific thing for themselves or each other. Outside coercion is not necessary if an agreement is reached on a purely voluntary basis. Essentially this is libertarianism or Anarchism. And it is this spirit that pervaded the masses of the Spanish people in the beginning of the defense of Spain. We recall Herbert Matthews' despatches in the New York Times in which he frankly admitted that he never thought that an organization like the C. N. T. (anarcho-syndicalist National Confederation of Labor) could so effectively manage transportation in Catalonia without any governmental interference. We must remember that revolutions are always made by people, and in order to keep them for the people, all activity must originate from the people.

The early days of the Spanish Revolution really set an example for revolution to the modern world. Workers and farmers, doctors and teachers, workers of brain and of brawn were able to release their energies for the benefit of all. The expropriation of the large farms, church lands, and factories allowed for the beginning of a no-profit economy, especially in Catalonia. Today neither in the United States, Great Britain, nor in Russia do we have an economic structure based on production for use. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is the keynote of life today. How different was the situation in Spain that first year. The voluntary land cooperatives were truly functioning with the very essence of decency and justice: "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs". In the cities and towns the building workers were rebuilding the slums into good, habitable homes. Even though the actual accomplishments of this period were not phenomenal, the feeling for revolutionary social change was apparent throughout. The solidarity of the people on the job for a better world, the handshake of a *companero* is something no propaganda can teach us. It is bigger

# Reflections On An Early American

Rare indeed among philosophers of freedom is the man whose life is in harmony with his ideals. It is Henry David Thoreau whose special and greatest appeal was that he not only developed a powerful philosophy but that he lived it as it grew. His was the austere and noble notion that man has more than a right to be free; he has a duty to be free—certainly a refreshing idea in this age of subservience.

To sectarian minds his seemingly crabbed theories do not appeal, for he lacked cant phrases about the "class struggle" and the "proletariat". He entertained the single notion that revolution, like charity, begins at home. Although the problems of political and economic slavery concerned him more than a little, he went much further, striking at the servility of mind and spirit which allows such intolerable conditions to exist. "Our foes" he wrote, "are in the midst and all about us. Our foe is the all but universal woodenness of both head and heart, the want of vitality in man, which is the effect of our vices; and hence are begotten fear, superstition, bigotry, persecution and slavery of all kinds." Detroit papers, please copy.

Thoreau examined and found wanting the ways by which men ordinarily live. He has often been accused of being anti-social, but in truth it was only in an economic sense that he turned his back on society by choosing to live a life of voluntary poverty instead of that of the exploiter or the exploited. Were he alive today, he would still consider such retirement the only alternative. Yet no

man had a deeper capacity for friendship, none was ever so rich in friends—and that is as true today as in his lifetime.

Even though the weaknesses and tragedies of our modern industrial society were only beginning to be apparent in Thoreau's time, he saw them clearly; his criticisms grow more valid daily. He made clear his readiness to scrap the present social system before it was fairly begun: "I cannot believe that our factory system is the best mode by which men may get clothing. The condition of the operatives is becoming every day more like that of the English and it cannot be wondered at, since, as far as I have heard or observed, the principal object is, not that mankind may be well or honestly clad, but unquestionably, that the corporations may be enriched."

Has that a familiar ring? Again:

"It is a mistake to suppose that in a country where the usual evidences of civilization exist, the condition of a very large body of inhabitants may not be as degraded as the savages... To know this I should not need to look further than the shanties which everywhere border our railroads, that last improvement in civilization; where I see in my daily walks human beings living in sties, ... and the forms of both old and young are permanently contracted from the long habit of shrinking from cold and misery... It is certainly fair to look at that class by whose labor the works which distinguish this generation are accomplished... Their condition proves that squalidness may consist with civilization."

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and better than all political machinery and all government.

Unfortunately, it was not fitting for the governments of the world (Russia included) to broadcast the truth about Spain. The "democratic" countries turned a deaf ear and passed neutrality laws; Russia sent some old scrap for good gold and Spain became a political pawn in her hands. Slowly, but surely, Spain became a "democratic" country too; its leadership legally elected. But somehow legality and revolution do not go hand in hand. Political rulers always tighten the reins no matter what their background. Conservatism is inherent in government. This is obviously true of all governments. From the very beginning their legalistic structure aims at self perpetuation. So it was in Spain. The defense of a revolution was

gradually hastened into a defense of a government; a government no better than all the rest despite the fact that some of its adherents were at one time a-political. The last year and a half of the struggle in Spain had very little new to offer the world. Franco and his fascist hordes completed the military conquest of the country.

The desperate fight for freedom seems to have been in vain; but nothing is ever done in vain. The memory that a free cooperative society did function in the face of such adversity keeps alive the spirit of defiance. Reports still reach us of guerilla fighting in the hills. The desire for freedom can never be suppressed, for underneath the current of superficial calm there boils an undercurrent of revolt which at some time or other will erupt and cover the world.

# Anarchist

Thoreau was an implacable enemy of the State which countenanced human slavery—and which continues to thrive on a more subtle and dangerous form of slavery. "It costs me less in every sense to incur the penalty of disobedience to the State than it would be to obey. I should feel as if I were worthless in that case." And our various committees on civil liberties might profit from this: "It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right . . . Law never made man a whit more just; and by means of their respect for it, even the well disposed are daily made the agents of injustice." Thoreau had particularly in mind the Fugitive Slave Law; but his remarks apply with equal force to the Connally-Smith anti-strike law. Even our liveliest upholders of civil liberties insist that our resistance to unjust laws must cease once they are legally adopted.

Why? Can the government legislate justice? Certainly it can legislate a War Labor Board; but can it do more? The foundation stone of government is force, not justice, and if the working man turns to the government for help he can expect nothing but the application of force against him. He will continue to be at the mercy of every cheap political trickster who comes along. Until he realizes that "the fate of the country does not depend upon how you vote at the polls—the worst man is as strong as the best in that game; it does not depend upon what kind of paper you drop into the ballot box once a year, but on what kind of man you drop from your chamber into the street every morning."

Thoreau had no particular plan to offer nor did he work out a clear "technique for revolution." Our fundamentalist friends have been critical of Thoreau for this; but let us remember that each must strike at the roots of evil in his own way if he is to be at all effective. It is idle to urge that an equitable society can be achieved only in this or that particular fashion. When it comes, freedom will be the sum of the combined efforts of everyone honestly fighting for it, not the result of the efforts of a single man or group. "Principle alone is not enough. How can a man be satisfied to entertain an opinion merely and enjoy it? . . . Action from principle, the perception and performance of right, changes things and relations; it is essentially revolutionary."

That is perhaps as near as Thoreau came to evolving a technique for social struggle, unless we

## CALLING ALL ANGELS!

### Catch That Bomb!

The following air raid precautions, published in *The Zealandia*, deserve serious thought wherever danger exists:

"(1) If your conscience is not in order, go to Confession. Once the enemy planes are overhead, it is too late.

"(2) Further, keep your soul from mortal sin; the bombs don't care if you are ready to die or not.

"(3) Recall the Church's teaching on perfect contrition. Failing an opportunity for Confession, perfect contrition secures pardon for all mortal sins. Learn a simple formula by heart for emergencies, when no priest is at hand; 'O my God, I am very sorry that I have sinned against Thee, because Thou art all good. I will not sin again.'

"(4) Have some holy water always ready in the house and sprinkle it when the air-raid alarm sounds. This act is symbolic of the Church's prayer that whatever this water touches may be protected. •

"(5) Remember your fate is in the hands of God, your loving Father in Heaven, who commissions His angels to watch over you. This thought gives strength and calm and makes you ready to take God's hands whatever He will provide."

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remember the principle of non-violent direct action which Gandhiji was to employ with such effect in India's struggle for political freedom. It would not be true to say that Thoreau originated the idea—it is as old as social struggle itself—but he did give it emphatic voice in his tremendous pamphlet *Civil Disobedience*.

But to many of us, his greatest value is as a backbone stiffener. We can work out our own methods of dealing with a decadent world, but when determination falters, it is always an inspiration to turn to the thoughts of a man of probity and courage. And until men learn, like Thoreau, to practice what they preach, the best-laid plans will come to nought, for the roots of social injustice lie as much in our own weakness and fear as in any system.

J. A. W.

# LITVINOV-NIGHT

Diplomatic representatives of the Soviet Union will soon receive official formal uniforms that they will be expected to wear at all state occasions in the capitals to which they are accredited. Similar uniforms will be provided for all members of the newly established career diplomatic service who are employed at the Foreign Commissariat in Moscow. They will wear the uniforms while on duty in their offices...

Before summer's end, foreigners can look forward to seeing Russian envoys attending gala functions dressed in splendid formal attire, such as has not been worn by representatives of the Russians since the days of the Czars...

The exact design of the new uniforms is not yet known and the only information this correspondent has elicited is that they will be suitably formal to represent so huge and powerful a country as Russia. If the elaborate military uniforms worn by Red Army officers can be assumed to offer a precedent, one might speculate that the diplomatic uniforms will be sufficiently splendid...

New York Times, June 29, 1943, dispatch by C. L. Sulzberger from Moscow.

**Scene:** a gloomy night in blacked-out Moscow.  
**Time:** the present. The action takes place in the bed-chamber of Maxim Litvinov, Soviet ambassador to the United States, who has come to Moscow to receive his instructions and his uniform. During the episode there can occasionally be heard the explosion of German bombs in the suburbs. M. Litvinov is having a difficult night, for the Stukas interrupt him every time he is about to doze off; Washington was never like this!

Some sleepless men count sheep to induce slumber; others attack intricate mathematical problems; but M. Litvinov was using the method of counting the bright gold buttons on the glittering uniforms which were to bedeck his aides. What made the pursuit the more charming and—to Maxim—the more terrible was that on each of the buttons he read the name of some former Comrade who had suffered the displeasure of the Holy Father to the point of being shot. The more names he counted, the more was Maxim beset by the fear that he might join the departed.

While the renowned diplomat was thrilling to this macabre spectacle, the sound of bombs suddenly seemed to grow fainter, the ambassador's keen ears detected faint strains of the Internationale, and his eyes noted a brightening of the room, which disclosed what appeared to be a visitor. Now, ever since the esteemed Soviet representative's admission about the execution of a couple of Polish Social-Democrats, Maxim had been very worried by unwonted intrusions. In America he had picked up the phrase "fall guy," realized the commonness in Russian politics of the practice this phrase described, and feared that he would have to pay the Kremlin fiddler for his bluntness about Erlich and

Alter. Accustomed to the Muscovite elephants, Maxim did not know how short-lived are the indignation and memory of American labor leaders. So, when he thought he saw a man in his room on a blacked-out, bomb-laden Moscow night, Maxim thought he had reason for alarm.

"Who's there? Speak up!" he demanded, his voice touched with excitement. The response was instantaneous, and in the language and accents of the Petrograd worker:

"Comrade Maxim Litvinov: I would like to have two words with you." By this Maxim understood that it was not a question of the GPU (his realistic mind rejected the euphemism NKVD), but an illegal and perhaps burglarious intrusion into the sanctity of an ambassador's bed-chamber. But, before he could sound an alarm, his guest continued: "Where we are, we find it difficult to obtain exact information about the progress of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics," he said, rolling off the full sonorous title with obvious pleasure. "But there has recently come to our attention a dispatch to the New York Times by a certain . . . uh . . . Sulzberger, who asserts that the Soviet Union is to clothe its foreign representatives in resplendent uniforms eclipsing even those of the diplomats of decadent capitalist powers.

"Now, Comrade Litvinov, personally I gave this dispatch slight attention, because we all know how unreliable is the capitalist press. But some of the other Comrades were a little disturbed, particularly by the closing sentence of the dispatch: 'Certainly those changes are already serving to bring it closer to its own Russian past.' Finally, we decided to elect a delegation to come to you, Comrade, our representative to the greatest of the capitalist nations, to learn the truth. Of three of us who departed, unfortunately I alone succeeded in making my way here. So upon me now falls the task of learning the falseness of these slanderous, calumniating and lying reports."

The Petrograd worker paused to allow Maxim to put the quietus upon these fearful rumors. But Maxim was not of such a mind. For one thing, he was still disturbed by the presence of the uninvited guest; for another, he had but recently been trying to lull himself to sleep on the wings of a Te Deum to the shiny buttons on the forthcoming uniforms. He was about to order the stranger out, when something in the look the worker gave him restrained him. Maxim hesitated, them blurted forth:

"But of course Mr. Sulzberger is correct and reliable. He is our unofficial emissary to the American people; through him and his quiet confidence in our great victory and omniscience we are cementing our relations with the great readers of the New York Times. Just think, my friend, what a grand thing it will be when all the representatives of the Soviet Union are clad in garments which will put to shame the dead hand of the capitalist past. You will understand, my friend, what a great thing it will be to show that the Soviet Fatherland is in no respect one whit inferior to our capitalist allies—I mean, comrades—I mean... uh..." For once Maxim was at a loss for words; his visitor had visibly bristled upon the pronunciation of the words "allies" and "comrades." When Maxim showed no inclination to continue, the visitor began again:

"Comrade Maxim Litvinov: We had been led to understand that a great many things had happened in our country in the past twenty-five years; we had become accustomed to many strange and un-Marxist and un-Leninist things. We had even become accustomed to Comrade Josef Stalin—" here Maxim crossed himself—"but there are some things which continue to mystify us. You see, Comrade, we are but humble workers, and we know it is hard to keep abreast of the many complex developments and changes during these many years—but it seemed to us that as Revolutionists—"The Petrograd worker never finished that sentence. Maxim leaped back in horror:

"Revolutionists? Did you say Revolutionists, Sir? What do you mean by pronouncing that word here? What do we have to do with Revolution? Do you want to have the GPU down on me for harboring a Revolutionist? What would become of my career? There are no more Revolutionists except in the imagination of certain reactionary forces in the British Labor Party. Don't say such things, you gave me a dreadful scare. Thank Stalin," again Maxim crossed himself, "I have never been tainted with the faintest tinge of Revolutionism; and now someone comes into my own house, entirely uninvited, in ordinary working-clothes, and talks to me about **Revolution!** Get out of here! Get out of here, I say!"

The Petrograd worker was now genuinely alarmed. What he had heard was enough to shake a man with the nerves of a GPU agent; and now Comrade Maxim Litvinov had ordered him out. He began again, humbly and apologetically:

"I beg your pardon, Comrade, but it appears that I have made some mistake. I had thought you were Comrade Maxim Litvinov, emissary of

the Russian working class to the workers of the United States. I—" Again Maxim interrupted him.

"To the workers of the United States!" Maxim repeated in a tone mixed with scorn, anger and surprise. "To the workers of the United States? What kind of talk is that? You will surely end up by having both of us arrested. What have I to do with the workers of the United States? Next thing I know you will be talking about world revolution, and communism, and liberty and equality and a lot more of that Anarchistical nonsense! Beware the long arm of the GPU!" As Maxim said this, he looked about him, shuddered, and again crossed himself. The worker seemed unable to grasp what he was saying, and only stared in the blindest amazement when he crossed himself.

"But surely," the worker began again, "but surely, you are, perhaps, Comrade Maxim Litvinov?"

"And surely you are a spy of the GPU here to test my loyalty to our glorious State! Now! out with you! before I call the guards. They will know what to do with you." But Maxim's eyes were becoming very tired, and his mind dull, and he scarcely remembered the beginning of the interview. "But who are you? What do you want with me?" The Petrograd worker began again:

"Comrade—well, whoever you are, listen: I have come a long way expressly to see you, and I will indeed dislike to have to go back and tell our Comrades that you—whoever you are—were so uncomradely toward me and that the information you gave was of such an astounding nature. You see—Mister whoever you are—we are a group of workers who died in the street-fighting in Petrograd on October 25, 1917, and we naturally have a keen interest in the progress of the Revolution. I am sorry to have disturbed you—I shall have to see if I cannot find Comrade Maxim—" Again the worker was unable to finish.

"Revolution? Again Revolution! Where did they teach you to talk that way? What is all this gibbering about dying and October and Revolutions? This is all ridiculous. Get out of here, I say!" Maxim reached under his bed for the heavy walking-stick he kept for protection against revolutionary intruders, but as he was raising it to strike his visitor the room grew darker, the worker disappeared, the explosion of bombs and the shrieks of Stukas became more audible, and M. Maxim Litvinov slipped back into his bed, his hand and brain paralyzed by sleep.

The Litvinov-Night had ended,

Detroit race riots seriously threaten production of vital war materials. This stoppage seems to have been the pressing, vital question which most newspapers and commentators were anxious to solve. The fact that thirty odd persons were killed was not considered too important, especially when compared to the lists of war casualties published from time to time. Few, if any, considered the impassioned hatreds, the stark brutality, the humiliating insult to human dignity, which the riots revealed. The riots and the editorial comments both demonstrated the pressing need for social education if the workers hope to achieve a free society.

It is a fact that the men and women who beat and killed each other on the streets of Detroit, of Beaumont, of Los Angeles were for the most part workers. It was white workers against colored workers.

In trying to find an explanation for the occurrence of the riots, it is not sufficient, or even necessary, to blame the Ku Klux Klan, the Nazis, or native American fascists. They may have been the inciters but the elements of ignorance and prejudice needed for a riot to start have been part of American life for years. Race prejudice, jimmecrowism, and hatred are interwoven in the very fabric of American life.

Physical differences have been used to set men against each other from time immemorial. A band of people who set out to conquer another band honored itself with the distinction of being a "superior" race. The conquered were "inferior". This differentiation was not due to any inherent hatred, but was a political instrument used to keep the conquered in a relatively passive state. This attitude of superiority is an integral part of all imperial and colonial systems. Mussolini was not the first to educate a supposedly "inferior" race at the point of a gun. The English used and are using this policy to deny India her Independence. The Americans used it against the Indians, the Latin Americans, and the Phillipinos.

The foundation for American race prejudice was laid in colonial days. The South was ruled by a feudal, landed aristocracy which needed for its maintenance a cheap, plentiful labor supply. Slavery was the answer to this problem, but American political beliefs were such as to make the acceptance of white slave labor difficult. It was a wise merchant who brought to Jamestown in 1620, a boatload of "*Primitive, heathen Blacks*." They were "inferior" creatures. Thus the white master was actually doing the Negroes a favor by edu-

# LAND OF

cating them, giving them a living and making Christians of them.

With this reservoir of slave labor the South flourished. But the small independent white farmer was forced to work the marginal lands. His standard of living decreased, and the "poor whites" came into being. To bolster up the ego of the 'poor white,' hatred of the Negro was encouraged by the 'Southern gentlemen,' for harmony between the 'poor white' and Negro slaves would have jeopardized their position.

Meanwhile the North was undergoing swift changes. New machines and inventions made it the leading industrial section. The interest of the two conflicted. A gigantic political struggle ensued. At the same time many sincere people began to advocate the abolition of slavery. The Civil War followed, and with it millions of Negroes were freed. They became potentially an important political force. The Southern leaders foresaw this and began to rally the support of the "poor whites" by creating a Negro menace. To this was added the cruelty of Northern politicians who hoped to use the Negro vote to satisfy their own greedy ambitions. Out of this chaos of Reconstruction days developed the deep-set Negro hating attitude, and with it a whole panoply of rules, taboos and penalties. From the cradle to his death a Southern white was inculcated with the concept of "White Superiority." Thus even a Jeeter Lester dirty, ignorant, semi-starved could rejoice in the thought that he was better than a "damn nigger."

After the Civil War the Negro began to migrate north. He came to the great industrial centers such as Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, New York etc. Again the rulers used him to strengthen their position. Only the dirtiest, hardest and lowest paid jobs were open to him. In all of these cities an unannounced policy of segregation followed. The Negro was allowed more freedom in the North but nothing approaching equality was even considered.

For years, both in the North and the South, the Negro accepted this position of inferiority. The threat of lynchings, beatings, the knowledge that a fair trial was denied him in any American court, kept him cowed and submissive. In his misery he turned to the white man's God, to whom he poured out all his sorrows and hopes. The sad, haunting melodies of the Negro spiritual are an expression of his resigned attitude to the adver-

# THE FREE

sities of life. But there were those who were restless. They are the "Bigger Thomases" whom Richard Wright describes. Their restlessness leads to all sorts of resentments. Their days usually terminated at the end of a rope or in the electric chair.

Today the "Bigger Thomases" are multiplying. The United States has announced a policy of job equality. It had to do so to prove to the world that it is sincere in its fight for Democracy. But actually the government continues to discriminate and to acknowledge discriminations. All it has done is open a few doors: doors which the Negro might have kicked open otherwise. Thus for the first time the Negro has opportunities hitherto denied. Of course it does not approximate equality, but opportunities are more numerous. The government and industry have made these concessions because they need the actual physical labor the Negro can supply. At any rate, with the better jobs, the Negro has started moving out of his ghetto. He is coming into closer contact with his fellow workers. But the prejudices of a lifetime cannot be forgotten in a few days.

There are other factors involved in the problem of race riots. The animosity existing in the relations between Negroes and Whites is given violent expression when economic and social conditions become unbearable. In every city where riots have occurred recently, we find existant poor and crowded housing conditions, bad health and recreational facilities. Coupled with this are the inevitable exigencies of a war time economy.

There is another side to this problem. Most of the workers in the large industrial centers are immigrants or the children of immigrants. To them, the Negro was a new experience. Newness always creates a certain amount of uneasiness. This was true not only of Negroes, but also among the various immigrant groups. Irish, Italian, Polish were rather distrustful of each other. If they had been allowed to live their lives together in full freedom, this distrust would have soon disappeared. The need for work threw them into direct competition with each other, and the rulers who profited by this competition saw to it that this distrust became hatred. But the children of white immigrants were almost always sent to the same schools, they played together in the same parks and came into daily contact. Thus they learned to know each other and to live together. They became united

by the discrimination of the "native stock" aimed at all immigrant groups. But with the Negro it was another story. Segregation was more complete. Discrimination by government officials, schools, and other public institutions was more intense.

There is a reason for this segregation and the teaching of prejudice. Life is filled with innumerable frustrations, especially for the worker. After years of sweat and labor he sees only the prospect of more sweat and labor. Psychological tensions are created which lead to a certain amount of aggressiveness. This is especially common among the youth before life browbeats them into submission. The neighborhood gang, street fights, petty crimes are ways of letting off steam. If Negroes are present in the community, they bear the brunt of these outbursts. We cannot stress too often the fact that these outbursts have a quasi-official sanction of the government. Not only is aggression against Negroes ignored, but whenever a disturbance occurs between Whites and Negroes, the great majority of those arrested, beaten and killed by the police are Negroes.

This psychological tension would not exist in a free society, and if some still existed, it would find an outlet in a more constructive manner. Educated and well integrated human beings do not behave in this fashion. We must realize that we are living in a society which cannot afford to have well integrated human beings. A society based on the exploitation of the many by the few must have an obedient, easily lead mass. Well integrated human beings will never be an obedient mass. It is futile, therefore, to hope for a permanent solution of this problem from any government, democratic or otherwise.

What then is the solution? The answer is education! We must do everything in our power to show our fellow workers the fallacy of hating a person because of his color. Science proves that the color of the skin, the nature of the hair are physical qualities which have no bearing whatsoever on the abilities or character of an individual. Above all we must try to bring home the point that this hatred among the workers is an effort to keep them disunited and subjugated. The only hope for a better world lies not in fighting each other in wars or race riots, but in a united struggle against the forces of oppression. It would behoove the colored worker to remember that many of the colored Leaders are staunch supporters of the status quo. Those who rule know the value of unity, and they use it well!

*(Continued on page 9)*



# CARPET-BAGGING IN STEEL

The \$32 question: What steel mill did Phillip Murray, Van A. Bittner, Clint S. Golden and David J. McDonald ever work in? The \$32 answer: They never did.

The \$64 question: Then how come Murray is president, Bittner and Golden assistants to the president, and McDonald secretary of the United Steel Workers of America (CIO)? You'll have to ask the steel workers that; they elected 'em.

To those of us who know something about ante-CIO days and even the old unmourned Gompers period, it is almost beyond belief that Murray and Bittner should be former miners' officials who last earned an honest day's pay 30 or 40 years ago; that McDonald should hold his \$12,000-a-year job because he was Murray's secretary when the latter was the miners' vice-president; and that Golden should have a very slight industrial background. Fortunately for the rest of us, the steel workers are the only major industrial group blessed with such a combination of sterling carpet-baggers. That the steel workers are the victims of ambitious union careerists is a sad and significant commentary on the influence of the CIO on the American labor movement.

Unquestionably, the steel workers were in dire need of organization when the CIO arrived. For 35 years after the formation of the giant US Steel trust in 1901, the industry remained absolutely open shop. In 1918 and 1919 old W. (for War Bond) Z. (for Zig-Zag) Foster set out to organize the steel workers—a job the fossilized Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers had abandoned as impossible of accomplishment. "Behind" the organizing effort Foster rallied 24 AF of L International unions—all eager to grab their share of a craft-divided industry, as they did long before the 1919 strike was lost. These unions gave a few dollars and a few organizers—but two of them considered themselves under no obligation to call their members on strike; after a month, the AA broke whatever solidarity there was by ordering its men back into the "independent" plants and withdrawing from the strike committee. Rigidly controlled from the top, called prematurely, the strike was a complete failure.

Among the results of the 1919 strike was Bill Foster's unearned reputation as a labor leader. More important was the lesson, on which the IWW and the rest of the radical movement had been hammering for years, that the steel industry could not be organized by the Blacksmiths, Bricklayers,

Coopers, Hod Carriers, Machinists, Molders, etc., etc., etc. But nobody did anything about it. A lot of enthusiastic young steel workers made brave efforts to organize under the "mandate" of 7 (a) of the NIRA, but between Amalgamated Mike Tighe and the steel octopus the union was crushed and the AA sank back into its traditional obscurity. The 12-hour day had passed in the 1920s, but ruthless exploitation continued unabated.

The formation of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee by the CIO in 1936 marked the beginning of a new era in steel. In the midst of the initial organizing drives in steel, early in 1937, the labor world was electrified by the news that US Steel, the most powerful of the corporations, had come to terms. Even though the provisions of the US Steel agreement gave the workers little enough, most were willing to accept it as a great step forward—until succeeding events cast doubts on the methods used by the SWOC.

On the surface, the Little Steel strike of the Spring of 1937, highlighted by the tragic South Chicago Decoration Day massacre, was merely a new proof of the cold-blooded brutality of the captains of the steel industry. But some less naive observers asked: Why was the Little Steel strike called? Everyone on the spot agreed that preparations and organization were inadequate, that there was little prospect of victory over the entrenched Bethlehem, Republic and Youngstown Sheet & Tube corporations. Why did the SWOC rush into the strike in the face of such obstacles? Some answered the question this way: the strike was a condition of the US Steel agreement, by which that corporation hoped to regain markets lost to the more aggressive and modern companies collectively known as Little Steel. This may or may not be true; but if the strike leadership was honest it was incredibly stupid—and that leadership consisted primarily of CIO President John Lewis, Chairman Murray of the SWOC, and Mr. Bittner.

Although the SWOC and its successor, the United Steel Workers of America, have since organized virtually all important steel mills, the activity of these unions has done little to dispel the early doubts about its leadership. The 1942 wage revision is a case in point—especially since it resulted in that infamous Little Steel wage formula.

The steel workers' demand for a flat \$1-a-day increase was politely submitted to the War Labor Board. That august body, then lacking any real authority to do anything, (especially to fix wage



# JUSTICE!

formulas), announced after endless months of deliberation that a 15% wage increase would rectify all past and future changes in the cost of living. As a matter of cold fact, the steel workers were entitled to an award of only 25.6c a day under the 15% formula, but the WLB knew the decision was too raw and the formula too severe to permit full immediate application; thus, an additional 18.4c was granted on various pretexts. Phil Murray howled this was not enough.

The steel workers didn't think it was enough, either. But what happened? Very simple; in a couple of days, Phil Murray's policy committee ratified the award. The steel workers, whose earnings are actually little above the 1918 level, are still looking for the rest of that dollar they demanded.

But that's not all. Murray, Bittner and their henchmen loudly proclaim their detestation of Lewis' mine union dictatorship—but they took over the United Mine Workers' autocratic constitution almost intact! They demand district autonomy for the miners—but the USWA has no districts! The four national officers, carpet-baggers all, draw down \$56,000 a year among them in salary alone—and they were elected in the May, 1942, convention for three-year terms. Dues collected by the steel workers' local unions is transmitted to the union's International office—which sends a part back to the locals. Anyone interested in becoming an official of the union need only beg an appointed union job from the present carpet-baggers; the appointment will make him eligible for membership, and membership will make him eligible for elective office.

The reasons for the undemocratic structure of this relatively new union are not hard to find. They are inherent in the way the union was organized. The older unions, such as the UMW, were organized from the bottom up, by the men working at the point of production, through long, bitter and costly struggles. It took two decades to fasten a dictatorship on the coal diggers; the steel workers had one when they started.

Not one person in a hundred outside the steel industry can name a single steel worker prominent in the union. The staff which organized the union was composed of old-line UMW organizers with a judicious admixture of Communists—who did the work while the UMW arm-chair organizers watched the "angles" to see that everything was kept in line for Lewis and Murray. The steel workers never had a chance. From the very start, they were hamstrung by the carpet-baggers.

The steel workers have inherited an offshoot of

The great state of New York is defending itself against the onslaught of crime! In these trying days when "our boys" are clearing the world of crime and injustice, the civilian authorities are ever ready to uncover evidences of criminality. Crusades against juvenile delinquency are valiantly launched. Examples are made of such youthful criminals as fall into the hands of the authorities. Retribution is meted out "fearlessly and courageously", as in the case of Edward Haight, 17, William Diaz, 18, and Benietz de Jesus, 19.

We do not aim to apologize for, nor to defend the crimes of these boys, for the murder of two little girls, and the robbery and murder of another cannot be approved. It is brutal and horrible! But we can expose the smugness and hypocrisy of the officials who have seen fit to judge and condemn these boys. Has anyone attempted to delve into the backgrounds of these boys? No! Perhaps such an investigation might emphasize the fact that such crimes are inevitable in a society whose economic and social system is based on ruthless disregard for human life. Poverty,

*(Continued on page 11)*

the official UMW family. However much Murray and Bittner protest their hatred for Debbil John—and they hate him, no question of that—they received their training in his school; when he was putting his machine together, they were his right-hand bowers.

Is it possible to expect Murray, with his inferiority complex and his ties to Catholicism and Roosevelt, to do anything for the steel workers? Can we expect him to serve the labor movement as a whole as CIO president? Can the steel workers expect ever to gain control of their own union, make it a militant, dynamic force to further their own interests, without ridding themselves of Murray and his fellow-refugees from Lewis? Those are \$2 questions.

—FRANK LANHAM

## LAND OF THE FREE *(Continued)*

As a group and as individuals we must stress this point: to us this is not just a Negro problem that we face but the problem of all oppressed and exploited human beings in their struggle for a free society. To achieve this freedom we must have the complete solidarity of all workers regardless of color.

D. D.

# WE WILL NOT BE LEAD!

We are not Utopians, we do not indulge in "dreams" of how best to do away immediately with all subordination; these Anarchist dreams... are basically foreign to Marxism...

Only the proletariat... is capable of leading all the toiling and exploited masses... who are incapable of carrying on the struggle for their freedom independently.

—Lenin, *State and Revolution*

Thus spake the prophet of Stalinism and proletarian dictatorship; thus spake the man who must bear the responsibility for killing the Russian Revolution. His words merit consideration, for they epitomize the basic differences between ourselves and the Marxists; they represent the central question about which the original conflict between Marx and Bakunin developed.

Most non-Communists have, of course, understood what Lenin meant by proletarian dictatorship. They understand it to mean what Leon Trotsky so precisely defined it in the days before he was Stalin's foe or Lenin's friend: By the dictatorship of the proletariat, Trotsky said, Lenin understands the dictatorship of the Bolshevik Party over the proletariat, the dictatorship of the Central Committee over the Bolshevik Party, and the dictatorship of Lenin over the Central Committee. Though Trotsky was merely indulging in a little political sniping, and was later to show great fondness for Lenin-style dictatorship, he had given a remarkably accurate summation of Lenin's views.

But we must not be satisfied with the analysis of the failure of the Russian Revolution which naturally follows from Trotsky's comment. We must go further, and determine whether the philosophy and ideology of *leadership*, accepted by all brands of Marxists, including the then-Menshevik Trotsky, is not equally dangerous and equally responsible for the death of the Russian Revolution as its refined Leninist application. Because of the great scope of the problem, no effort will be made here to do more than suggest some basic points.

The question of leaders has become much less academic now than ever. Nearly everyone who thinks of social change thinks in terms of leaders; many earnestly believe that the success or failure of any movement hinges on the quality of its leadership. Similarly, names of leaders are used as personifications of nations and governments—Germany is called **Hitler**, Russia **Stalin**. Since the rule of these men is personal, the identification is

perhaps justifiable, but the same careless language is often used with reference to Roosevelt and Churchill. The quarrels between Giraud and De Gaulle are watched as though they were epoch-making instead of routine sand-bagging between a couple of generals with unlimited political ambitions.

There is, of course, no use ignoring the role individuals have played; history would unquestionably be different had they not lived. One can, nevertheless, seriously question whether the world *today* is substantially different for Napoleon's having lived; one can seriously question whether outstanding men do more than alter the *timing* of history. And one can assert with certainty that in many key historical situations leaders have been conspicuously absent.

Where were Robespierre, Danton, Saint-Just, Marat and the rest in 1789? Where were Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and the multitude of Bolshevik, Menshevik and Social-Revolutionary leaders in the February Days of 1917? Rather ask who were the nameless thousands of peasants who set the French Revolution in motion; rather ask the names of the workers who stormed the Bastille and wrecked the French monarchy. In Russia the "revolutionary" leaders did not appear until the Tsar had been forever driven out—and when they appeared they throttled the revolution.

For some reason, leaders are somewhere else, preserving their own skins, when the workers are beginning the fight. Unless they are so blind as not to see the end approaching, unsuccessful leaders are likewise extremely efficient in removing their skins from dangerous premises. The first to mount the barricade is a worker; the first to mount the tribune an "intellectual" leader; the first to pay the penalty a worker.

Nor are leaders dangerous only after they reach the top of the political heap. They can be an equally grave menace to a growing radical movement. Among the important factors in the post-war decline of the IWW was the imprisonment of its ablest leaders in Leavenworth and other dungeons. While the IWW was still recovering from this shock, factional strife leaped the prison walls to split the movement outside, causing thousands to quit the organization in distrust. Dependent on their leaders—and they had some fine ones—the IWW dropped from an important rank in the American radical movement down to its present

lamentably low ebb. Until we learn to get along without leaders, the master class will always be able to kill a movement by chopping off its head—not a very difficult task.

Unfortunately, too, the master class does not always have to use its jails and its firing squads to decapitate an insurgent movement. To understand this, we need only refer to the treachery of “revolutionary” and labor leaders in Europe in 1914, and again in France during the Spanish days. We must learn to do without leaders; we must learn to utilize the talents of individuals without allowing them to outgrow the movement.

Bakunin’s life showed how a great revolutionist can be effective without becoming a “leader.” The workers did not fight beside Bakunin because they thought he had a commission from God or history, but because they believed in his program. The most dangerous kind of leader, on the other hand, is of the type of St. Paul, who crystalized what he imagined to be the Christian dream by institutionalizing it and put it on a “paying” basis.

Our primary efforts must be directed to minimizing and destroying the power and influence of leaders, so that the marvelous creative energies of the workers may be unloosed. With the choice today restricted to two roads—the fascist and the libertarian—we must bend every effort to bring the workers to realize that they **can** and **must** be independent of leaders. For, after all, the State is essentially a form of leadership, and fascism is only the State developed to its ultimate degree. Dependence on leaders can bring us only to the sad plight of the Russian workers under Stalin; dependence of the workers on themselves alone can bring us to the free, libertarian world which is the ideal of all mankind.

—Howard Johnson

## EXIT MUSSOLINI

As we go to press the story of the ousting Mussolini is being blasted from every radio station. Every newspaper is running full page articles on Il ex Duce’s past, famous and infamous.

It is too soon for anyone to predict the outcome of this incident: we use the word advisedly for the downfall of one man is but an incident in the many-ringed circus of present-day world affairs. The rise or fall of fascism in any country does not lie in one man’s hands. One puppet has been overthrown by those who aided and abetted him as long as he served their purpose. Another has been put in his place. Badoglio catches the “fasces” from Mussolini’s hand to maintain the governmental regime in Italy. According to what we read in the press the allies are keeping fascist officials at their posts in Sicily. Totalitarianism is growing the world over. The conge cannot be given to this latest stage of statism by the wresting of power from one set of demagogues by another.

We have said many times, and we must repeat, the defeat of Fascism lies in the hands of the workers themselves, and the fight must be waged by them wherever the least vestige of totalitarianism makes its appearance.

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## JUSTICE! (Continued)

ignorance and slums, the products of a profit economy, breed violence and crime. Today such crimes are given impetus by the glorification of efficient killing. Had Haight, Diaz and de Jesus been able to keep out of trouble long enough to become soldiers, they might have been hailed as heroes.

When will men learn that prisons and the electric chair do not abolish crime? On that day when our youths can satisfy all their needs will crime be destroyed; not only the physical needs for food clothing and a clean, healthful place to live, but also the intellectual need to use whatever mentality an individual might have, even if it is deficient. But when this day becomes reality, there will be no judges or courts to send our children to death.

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### Speech by Herbert Hoover before National Industrial Conference Board, May 20, 1942.

“To win total war President Roosevelt must have dictatorial economic powers. There must be no hesitation in giving them to him and upholding him in them. Moreover, we must expect a steady decrease in economic freedom as the war goes on.

“We must start our thinking with a disagreeable, cold, hard fact. That is, the economic measures necessary to win total war are just plain fascist economics.”

New York Times, May 21, 1942.

## OBITUARY

### Demise of the Third International

Radio. Moscow, May 1943. Today, at the mature age of 24 the internationally, notorious lady, Third International, died of a heart attack. For some time she and Mr. Stalin have not been on very good terms. Being anemic from birth, the frequent escapades of her well-known Casanova, were always severe blows to her delicate constitution. Stalin's latest heart-throb is the beautiful teen-aged blonde, Allied Nations. The young lady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. International Capital, is astute and well-groomed in diplomacy.

According to reliable reports, the beautiful blonde told Mr. Stalin that she would not play "second fiddle" to Miss T. I. and he "must choose between them." The gentleman, being an experienced man of the world, had realized for some time that Third International had served her purpose and was now passe. He put his arm around Allied Nations and together they made known his decision to his late flame. The declaration proved a great shock to the delicate lady. Third International retired to her birth-place and died quietly of a broken heart. She leaves no record of outstanding deeds for posterity, only her name. The Third International is dead.

## LOST

Lost in New York, somewhere between 1933 and 1943 quite a number of Libertarian Centers and Forums with their corresponding activities of libertarian orientation such as lectures, debates, and celebrations of labor significance.

## HELP WANTED

**WANTED:** Men and women of libertarian ideals to help re-establish above mentioned centers. Must be free from fanaticism and inhibitions, able to think clearly, fearless and able to take the consequences of their actions; responsible and able to take it on the chin if necessary. Wages: a place in the hearts of the workers of the world and the satisfaction of having lived and worked for one's ideals. There will be a bonus of jealousy, insults and misunderstandings. Never has a better opportunity presented itself for men and women, young and old. With the end of the war and the return of the boys, work will be endless and competition keen; so make your application now.

## OFF THE PRESS

We have available for those interested a few copies of each of the following pamphlets:

### Trade Unionism or Syndicalism?

by Tom Brown ..... 10c

This is an able treatise on syndicalism as contrasted to the present counter-revolutionary union set-up.

### New Life To The Land, by George Woodcock 15c

A proposed solution of England's food problem.

### Objections to Anarchism, by George Barret ..... 10c

This is not a new pamphlet but the stereotyped "objections" are so ably dealt with as to make this little book a **must** for those interested in the subject.

### Now ..... 50c

A publication of a series of occasional volumes of social and literary writing.

### Vote, What For?, by Errico Malatesta ..... 10c

This is a free translation of "En periode elettorale." Its arrival at this time serves to remind us that July 22 is the eleventh anniversary of the death of this outstanding anarchist. Vote, What For? is a clear exposition of the fallacy of salvation through the ballot. It should prove timely reading just now for the New York Electorate in view of the political machinations of the Communist Party. Its sponsorship of the erstwhile, redbaiting reactionary dictator, Frank Hague is not as astonishing as it would first appear. Did not the German Communist Party unite with the National Socialists against the Social Democrats in the last few years of the Weimar Republic? Wasn't there a Stalin-Hitler Pact?

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

### CONTRIBUTIONS

Balance 5-10-43	\$92.12
Washington: G.B.A., F.H., I.W.W.	6.00
California: G., Del Rosa, J. G.	43.25
New York: A.G., D.R., H., J.W., C.M., D.W., C.B., J.C.	23.00
New Jersey: B. L.E.	5.00
Michigan: Italian Group	15.00
Illinois: Italian Comrades thru C.G.	2.25
Louisiana: B.S.	1.00
Massachusetts: P.	1.00

\$188.62

### EXPENDITURES:

Printing	\$152.00
Postage	16.00
P. O. Box	4.00

Miscellaneous ..... 3.00

\$175.00

Contributions	\$188.62
Expenditures	175.00

Balance 7-20-43 ..... \$ 13.62

We face the forthcoming issue of WHY? with about \$14.00. Some of you may have noticed that our expenses have increased in the last few issues; but the size of our bulletin has increased too. We have gone from 8 to 12 pages and with your continued support we hope to make WHY? an important bulletin for radical thought.

Please make all contributions payable to: A. GOOD-FRIEND, P.O. Box 208, Station D, N. Y. C.