

TIT FOR TAT

The Backyard of the New York Call has become the storm center of the Socialist Party's "best minds." There they vehemently debate the grave and momentous question: whether the Socialist Party shall or shall not tolerate the borers from within. You need not ask, of course, what sort of borers from within are aimed at. For you may pleasantly and undisturbedly indulge in boring, whether from within or without, toward the right. No one will object to that. It is when you turn to the left that hell is raised. You may, as Grandpa Vic Berger does, openly advocate and actually seek an alliance with the Farmers' Non-Partisan League, an organization of anti-Socialist property-holders and labor-exploiters. Or you may stretch out for conditionless surrender to the A. L. P. (Abortive Labor Party), yet you will be outside the danger zone of any charge of political adultery. But, for the sake of love, don't you offer affiliation with the Third International, or the wrath of the Local Gods will destroy you. So beware, ye Engdahls, Glassbergs and Trachtenbergs and the rest of the brood of Third Internationalists.

Get Out or Shut Up—Julius Gerber has sounded the keynote and, by the Eternal, he means to have it. He will brook no opposition, and you will either be good to agree or agree to be good. No alternative for the infidels, for Julius speaketh the word of the Gods. And never mind the Waldman spasmodic fits of liberal-mindedness. The Detroit Convention will have none of it. The genius of Com. Hillquit will see to it that the Gerberian substance be properly couched in suitable Hillquitian form, may it be another Section Six, Article Two, or the like. The impossibilists will be done for and, as the character in the Yiddish play puts it: "What for reason if the Constitution does?" The fate of the minority is doomed. Will it not kindly please sit down and take notice? And while dwelling on the coming convention may we not suggest that the choice of Detroit by the N. E. C. is a rather strange one? With its City Labor Federation represented at the Red Trade Union Council of the Third International, Detroit is certainly no fitting place for an Anti-Third International Socialist Convention. With Comrade Hillquit still of the opinion that the American worker has no stomach for anything stronger than the National Platform of 1920, the Detroit A. F. of L. Unions surely show bad taste in sending a delegation to the Trade-Union Congress of the Third International. Or do they want to contradict the leader of the Socialist party and its best theoretician? No, the American worker will stand for no strong Socialist words, and the coming declaration of principles, of the party must be devoid of any mention of Class Struggle, Sovietism, Dictatorship, etc. Of course, Detroit, Seattle, the W. Virginia miners, etc., are puzzling contradictions. So much the worse for them!

William Morris Feigenbaum loves dearly that poor wretched little Soviet Russia. But he loves truth still more. So he, himself, blushing admits. And just because it is the truth that is so near to

his heart (of a publicity director) that he feels constrained to unveil those "Communist majorities in the Russian Soviets." Well, there is another reason why he must do it. He also loves political democracy, and he will certainly not stand for

"flub-dubbing about the Soviet system of elections being the free expression of the will of the majority. As practised in Russia, it is nothing of the kind . . ."

This from an especially prepared article on the Feigenbaum "Socialist News" page of the New York Call. The same page where with unflinching regularity there appear reports of elections stolen by our democratic republic from Socialist aldermen, assemblymen, congressmen and votes from presidential candidates. With Lee and Cassidy cheated out of their seats on the New York City Aldermanic Board and with Rogoff counted out and Waldman, Claessens, DeWitt and Jager ousted from the New York State Assembly Hall, Brother Feigenbaum takes up the cudgels of political democracy as applied in our land of the free and the home of the brave. Isn't he a marvel! To stand up so fearlessly and unflinchingly for what is the "truth"! Of course, you will wonder what made Billy become so bellicose and why he has not "done the right thing" so much earlier in the season, when it was so much more the fashion? Well, he had read a book and there the author, "one of the most cordial supporters of the Soviet regime," actually says it, and Bill must repeat it. But don't suspect him of meanness, however closely some of his statements may approach it. He is simply ignorant, and stupidity is certainly no crime, it is a misfortune. When he mixes up opposition to the Communist Party with opposition to the Soviet regime, he does it not out of malice. He simply does not know any better. When, while speaking of Soviet Russia under the dictatorship of the proletariat he brags of lack of Political Freedom, well, remember that after all there is one redeeming feature in Feigenbaum's outburst against the Proletarian Republic. Namely, no one, not even himself, takes him seriously, least of all, the Call Editor, or he would not let him cause his nonsense to be published.

Sir Wicks in the Detroit Proletarian is counsel for one Karl Marx vs. The Workers' Council. The plaintiff maintains that defendant had badly mutilated the said Karl Marx' theory of . . . But just here trouble starts. The honorable jurist heard a great deal of Karl Marx but knows of him little enough. As a matter of fact he is not precisely clear as to the real difference between Karl and Carolina. And because of it a great deal of really amusing mental disturbance in the head of the counsel for the plaintiff is exhibited. To start with he maintains with laudable though stubborn firmness, that said Karl Marx is a genuine Detroit resident, and is a thoroughbred American. Furthermore, it would appear from Sir Wicks' that Karl Marx had been the property of a certain Michigan "Marxian Group." That is presumably the presently defunct Michigan Left Wing that was rather famous for its uncompromising fight it put up against the Almighty himself. Karl Marx, as one well dead, was then and there bodily incorporated in the Michigan outfit. In fact the choice was most excellent. As a Jew by

origin and a German in make-up, who but he could attack a Christian God? And then again the name of Marx was rather popular with the Detroiters for the exceedingly good clothes the Hart, Schaffner and Marx clothing establishment served good Americans with. All this considered Sir Wicks may be unusually well qualified to speak for Marx. The trouble, however, is that Karl Marx has got nothing to do with neither Carolina nor the Hart, Schaffner and Marx firm. And to avoid any future misunderstanding we volunteer to enlighten our contemporary in Detroit on the following points:

1. Karl Marx, the founder of scientific socialism, never lived in Detroit and knew very little of the Michigan Left Wing, which is rather fortunate.

2. Karl Marx was never a "Marxian." He was a rather original thinker and surely he believed not in labels. He preferred the real thing.

3. Karl Marx did not know he would have any disciples. Would we have had any while he lived, he most likely would have taught them to have good sense to start with.

4. Karl Marx never said it, perhaps, but he believed that just repeating: Holy, Holy, won't bring one into Heavens. The acid test is to be applied first. . .

The Dearborn Independent, Henry Ford's antisemitic sheet, merits praise for having injected some truly humorous stuff in his ordinarily brazenly stupid outlay of matter. Indeed, the two page long account of how "Jew Trades Link With World Revolutionaries" reads with absorbing interest. It's really breezy. And it gladdens one's heart to learn that there are "Only 600,000 Communists in Russia; more than 300,000 in two Jewish Trade Unions alone," as the sub-title of the article has it. With this number of "Communists" a May Day Revolution may be somewhat more of an affair than is the common run of the Palmer variety we have been treated to so far. Of course, somewhat bewildering is the next headline—The Kehillah, a "Clearing House"—of the Communist outfit. Why the Kehillah of all? This purely religious body for support of religious education, Kosher butchery, etc.? But this is just a slight misunderstanding. The writer of the "Jew Trades Link" evidently mistook the English name of the "Kehillah"—Jewish Community—for, Jewish Communism. But what of it? Surely this does not affect the value of the Dearborn Independent stuff, except that you may perhaps think that all the 300,000 Jew Communists are of the "Jewish Community" brand. But even so, what of it? The story is interesting though untrue. And interesting it is. Just a few tit-bits picked at random will show it. Here:

"Russian Bolshevism came out of the East Side of New York where it was fostered by the encouragement—the religious, moral and financial encouragement—of Jewish leaders. Leon Trotzky (Braunstein) was an East-Sider. Whether he was a member of the New York Kehillah is not known. But the forces which fostered what he stood for centered in the Kehillah, and both the Kehillah and its associated American Jewish Committee were

interested in the work he set out to do, namely the overthrow of an established government, one of the allies of the United States in the recent war."

You see, Louis Marshall, the permanent president of the American Jewish Committee is thus directly implicated in fostering Bolshevism. And with him, Henry Morgenthau, that sturdy democratic politician and United States Ambassador, and Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago multi-millionaire and expert in paying \$6.00 a week to American girls working in his Sears, Roebuck and Co. mail-order house. All these—members and leaders of the American Jewish Committee are thus shown up to be the godfathers of the godless Bolshevik. And—well, what's the use hiding the bitter truth. Even the great apostle of the New Freedom—Woodrow Wilson—himself did it. Hadn't he hurry to recognize to the overthrowers of our "ally in the recent war"—the Tzar! Of course, it is not known, whether Trotzky (don't forget—he is Braunstein too) was a member of the "Kehillah." But neither do we know whether he ever played with Clara Kimball Young in the movies. Yet we say it. We can say anything without blushing: we abhor the red anywhere.

Well, There Is More in Stock. Just read and see for yourself. It appears that The International Ladies Garment Workers Union is part of the Jewish Kehillah and therefore Communist. Isn't it simple?

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers' of America is another part of the Jewish Kehillah and—Communist. Sidney Hillman, President of the A. C. W. of A. is a Sovietist; he is so radical that he would not even degrade himself by being called Socialist.

Benjamin Schlesinger, President of the I. L. G. W. U., is another avowed Communist; last year he went to Soviet Russia and to cover his expenses all the members of the Communist Party were assessed \$1.50 a piece. Get it? The two unions alone with 300,000 Communist members contributed \$450,000. Some Schlesinger this is. Got away with half a million dollars just like that.

It goes without saying that Schlossberg of the A. C. W. of A. is a Communist, for had he not said that "the industry is ours?"

And Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, President of the Jewish Community, is a Communist, for "the Kehillah is just what the word signifies—the whole Jewish Community." All of it—with Jacob H. Schiff, the Belmonts and the Guggenheims and the Strausses and the Yiddish wing of the Tammany Hall in the bargain.

Furthermore, the Jewish Workmen's Circle (Arbeiter Ring), is 98 per cent. Jewish; the 2,000 Jewish organizations in New York City are officered by Jews; most Russian Jews come from Russia; of 2,000 Jewish organizations presidents, 1,270 are under 50 years of age (a characteristic Jewish Trick!); the Czechoslovak Charles Recht is a Russian Jew, etc. . . .

Well, Gentlemen, this Dearborn Independent is a great magazine and the United States is a glorious country. But don't worry. There will be plenty of good Americans to read this Henry Ford stuff and believe it. For, in the words of Lester F. Ward, nothing is too absurd to be believed.

JAY BEE.