The ONE BIG UNION Monthly

Published by

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

MAY, 1938

New Series: Vol. II.—No. 5 Price, 15 Cents

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

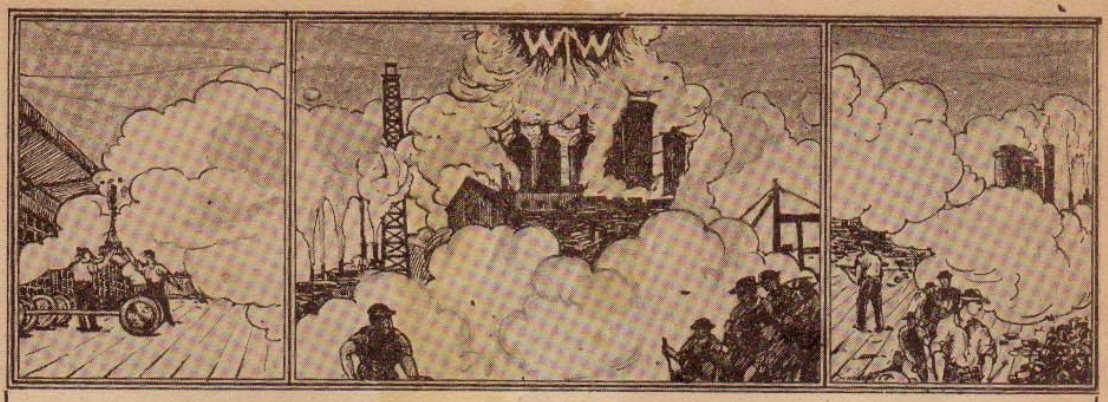
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



The ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

For World-Wide Solidarity of Labor

VOL. 2 MAY, 1938 No. 5

TABLE OF CONTENTS

		Page
Strikes	Editorial	4
Straws in the Wind	Gefion	5
Banker's Island	WPC Drama Class	7
Capitalism Must Go	Several Students	12
Götterdämmerung	John Hunter	16
Poems	Covington Hall	17
What is Americanism?	Ida Richards	18
The Lost International	Joseph Wagner	20
Workers are Staked-Out Cattle	Mortimer Downing	23
A World of Shams	A. B. Cobbs	24
The Feeble Strength of One, A Story	The Gadfly	26
The Growth of Fascism in Russia	Chas. J. Miller	29

Also Issued by the I. W. W.:

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER
A Weekly Labor Paper
$1.50 per year; $1.00 six months

BERMUNKAS
A Hungarian Weekly
$2.00 per year; $1.00 six months

IL PROLETARIO
Italian Fortnightly
$1.00 per year; $.50 six months

INDUSTRIALISTI
Finnish Labor Daily
$5.00 per year; $2.75 six months

ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY
$1.50 per year; $.80 six months
published by
THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
2422 N. Halsted Street
Chicago, Ill.

Entered as second class matter February 26, 1937, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

STRIKES

Can there be labor victories without strikes? The very idea is preposterous. A tool or weapon must demonstrate its effectiveness in use, a medicine must show its curative properties in practice—and so must organized labor furnish proof of its ability and will to enforce its demands in action.

Organized labor is powerful only if it is organized for action, that is to say, for striking. A show of force or a threat to strike is valid only if backed up by a record proving readiness and ability to strike. That record must be kept fresh and up-to-date.

In making demands labor announces the terms under which it desires to carry on production, in striking it proves its will to fight, and that is the only thing that can give weight to the demands. In a strike labor decrees—its will becomes the industry-governing law, in proportion to its its strength. The strike is a challenge thrown at the employer affected and, indirectly, at the whole employing class.

Labor victories, however, in ordinary strikes can be only partial and temporary. New industrial processes and speed-up tend soon to nullify the gains made even in the best of strike settlements. And so battle must follow battle until the war (class war) is finally ended with the complete defeat of the capitalist class through a GENERAL STRIKE of labor against the capitalist sytem.

The theory of the revolutionary general strike for the overthrow of capitalism is not a contradiction of or a radical departure from ordinary militant labor policies; it is, rather, the development of these to their logical conclusion.

In the ordinary strike labor demands that certain abuses are to be removed before the wheels of a plant or an industry turn. In the revolutionary general strike the demand will be for the rooting out of the cause of all abuses in all industries: private ownership, production for profit, the wage system.

It is indeed fanciful to think that all industries can be stopped for more than a matter of hours. Labor will continue to feed itself even in the throes of a gigantic strike but it can and will go back to work on terms set by itself. What power is there to prevent?

STRAWS IN THE WIND

By GEFION

The earth sunk into sleep. Under the trestle a lone fire blazes, its serpentine tongues licking at the night's blackness. A woman kneels over a skillet. She is heaping it with corn meal mush. On an upturned can, a man sits paring potatoes. Two boys and a baby sleep under a layer of ragged quilts. The cold night condenses their breaths into white vapours. They hang for a moment against the wall of blackness. Then the wind mingles them with the night. A mangy mongrel whines in the firelight and crawls with pleading eyes toward the frying pan. On the fringe of the darkness, the wind flaps the torn top of an ancient touring car.

The earth sleeps. But between its banks, the swollen river hurls its muddy waters pugnaciously against the trestle's creosoted timbers. Now and then the fire crackles and puffs a spray of glittering sparks up into the black night. And in the night's stillness, the woman says:

"Lem, ain't yo got them 'taters peeled yet?"

The man is silent. He spits a brown jet into the fire and wipes his chin. Then he folds his knife against his pantsleg and stumbles through the darkness to the river and washes the potatoes. He comes back and he says to the woman:

"Thar, put 'em on."

She empties the skillet into a pot and from a can she digs a lump of fat. It lies for a moment in the hot pan like a fragment of geological strata—mixed layers of ashen bacon drippings, pale mutton tallow and the yellowness of beef suet. But soon the fire makes it a sizzling lake in the skillet. The woman cuts the potatoes into the fat. She sits turning and waiting. Then she says to the man:

"Call the young'ns."

He pulls the quilts off the children and shakes them. He says:

"Get up—vittels is on."

The boys get to their bare feet. They have slept in their clothes. They rub their sleep-glued eyes with rickets-deformed fists. To their nostrils comes the smell of frying potatoes. They scramble across to the fire. The woman goes to the quilts. She wraps one of them around the baby. Then she opens her waist and gives it her breasts. The man empties the surplus fat from the potatoes into the corn meal. He tastes it. Then he says to the woman:

"Mira, ain't yo got no salt?"

She says:

"Yo know thar ain't none."

They eat in silence—greedily. Then the boys crawl between the quilts again. The woman changes the baby's diapers. Its bottom is red with inflamation. She cleans it with wet rags. The baby whimpers and struggles in her lap. The man scrapes his pockets and drops into his upturned mouth a mixture of tobacco leavings and lint. He chews reflectively, sitting before the fire. Then he says to the woman:

"Yo all better turn in."

She goes to the car and brings out an armful of sacks and quilts. Then she and her baby sleep. The man sits by the dying fire and chews. He scratches his chin and chews. After long, he empties his mouth into the blackening embers and lies down beside his woman.

The earth sleeps. The snoring of sleeping humans mingles with the swishing of whirling waters. Out in the black night, a coyote howls.

* * *

Lem's woman walks the town. It is early morning. In the front of stores, clerks are sweeping the sidewalks, saying, "Morning, ma'am," to early comers. A dog lifts a leg against a lamp post. It spies a cat crossing the street and hurls itself challenging down the sidewalk. In the front of Frank's Big Market, a truck is unloading vegetables.

Lem's woman is walking the town. She is looking for a day's washing or maybe a job of spring cleaning. She gets no day's washing—"Thanks, we have a regular woman coming in." And as for a job of cleaning—well, one simply doesn't want an ill-clad slattern prowling all through one's home—"No, thanks!"

But Lem's woman walks the town. She pleads here—three young'ns, ma'am, and the old man simply can't find nothin' to do. Sorry, my good woman—can't help it—try relief. Well, the old man is supposed to go there today. All right, they will help. And Lem's woman walks the town. She is sent here and yon. She stops in front of Schmerle's Butcher Shop—them thar pork shanks with a mess of mustard greens would do the young'ns good. Well, one has to keep going. And she moves on.

The sun passes the meridian and the shadows lengthen. Lem's woman turns her steps toward

the trestle. She walks through shantytown. Here no one looks with suspicion at her faded, patched cotton dress. Poor folk see plenty such. She walks toward the trestle. Two men sit on the stoop in front of a shack. They have a jug of red wine. One says to Lem's woman:

"What's your hurry, tuts?"

She says:

"None of your damn business."

The other man says:

"Won'tcha have a drink?"

Lem's woman hesitates. Her legs are shaking. She thinks. Then she says:

"Don't mind if I do."

The man says:

"Atta girl—come right in, sister."

And Lem's woman enters the shack with the two.

* * *

The sun is sinking behind the hills back of the town. Over the spring-green fields lie black shadows. Lem's woman walks toward the trestle. She is light-headed and the wine has left a queer feeling in her belly. In her hand, she carries a bag. She stops and pats her hair into shape. She straightens her dress. She thinks of Lem. She thinks: "He can't say I didn't try."

The fire burns under the trestle. Lem is by the river trying to catch a mess of fish. The water is high and muddy. They don't bite until late summer. Lem sees his woman. He sees the bag. He goes to the fire and throws on more wood. The boys are making a fort in the sand behind the car. The dog watches them with drowsy eyes. On the quilts, the baby cries.

Lem says:

"Any luck?"

The woman says:

"Thar ain't no jobs."

She hushes the baby and gives it suck. Lem opens the bag and finds two cans of hominy and a half-filled bottle of ketchup. He thinks. He takes the skillet and drops in a lump of fat. Then he empties the cans into the grease. When the hominy is hot, he pours the ketchup over it and stirs. The hominy turns to carmine beads.

The woman comes to the fire. She calls the young ones and they sit down to eat. Lem smells the wine on his woman's breath. He squints at her. Then he says:

"Yo been boozin'. Where did yo get them vittels?"

She says:

"I ain't been boozin'—a woman give me them cans and ketchup and she give me a glass of wine."

She chews in sullen silence. Then she says:

"It ain't none of your business, nohow—yo're eatin', ain't you?"

They chew in silence. Then the woman says:

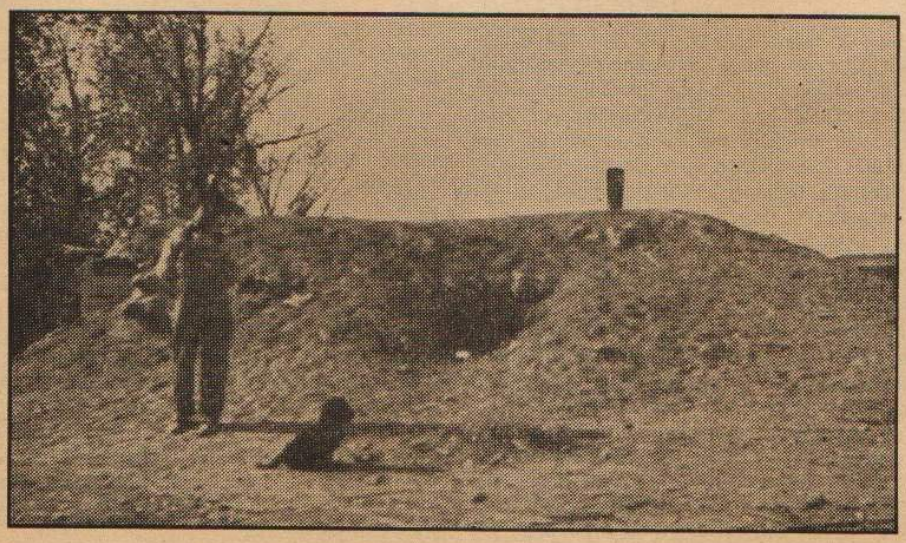
"Did yo go and see them relief folks?"

Lem says yes.

"What did they say?"

"They sed we ain't in the state long enough."

The earth sleeps. The snoring of sleeping humans mingles with the swishing of whirling waters. In the black night, the baby whimpers against the woman's empty breasts.



BANKER'S ISLAND

A dramatization of the I.W.W. leaflet, "An Instructive Fable," prepared by Work Peoples College Drama Department

PERSONS:

Vandergilt .....The banker
Murphy .....The cook
Swenson .....The lumberjack
Burton .....Hunter's guide

SCENES:

I. The island the morning after the shipwreck.
II. The island six months later.
III. The other side of the island.

SCENE I

Semi-tropical island. Trees, rocks, drift wood. A few rushes in floor cracks back of footlights.

MURPHY, asleep center front stage.

SWENSON, asleep at right of him snoring.
Large pot with ladle handle, a small tool chest, axe, saw, and a few bundles of clothes lie back of them.

VANDERGILT, asleep at left rear of stage, by a small brass-bound chest. His hard hat and silk scarf lie beside him.

MURPHY *(waking up and stretching)* Faith! I'm still alive. *(to Swenson)* You're not dead either. You're snoring. Wake up, you Swede.

SWENSON: Ugh! What a night! Yust us three here? Everybody else from the big boat drowned?

MURPHY: *(thinking deeply)* No, there was that English hunter fellow in the life boat with us . . . We tried to keep close enough to the other boats to hear them—but it seemed that they were to one side of us, and then to the other—and soon we couldn't hear them at all.

SWENSON: But where's the hunter?

MURPHY: It's beyond me to remember if he was here when we hit shore. I was that tired of rowing and rowing that I just crawled out and lay me down to sleep.

SWENSON: He's here. He got us here. It war so black we couldn't see each other, but he war sure he could smell fresh water and trees and animals, so we yust followed his nose and got here. We threw you and your kettles out, and then we helped the banker . . .

MURPHY. Who is that fellow anyway?

SWENSON: Don't you read the Sunday papers, or are you illegitimate? He's John Pierpont Vandergilt the Third—richest man in the world. He war so exhausted yust like he had rowed all the way instead of sitting still. We took him out of the boat as though he war a big baby, and he came to yust enuf to ask about his little box . . . *(turns to right)* here comes that hunter fellow now.

BURTON *(enters from right from among trees, with four small fish on a stick, a gun under his arm, eating a banana)* You seem to be recovering. Had breakfast yet?

VANDERGILT: *(waking, still in daze)* Who said breakfast?

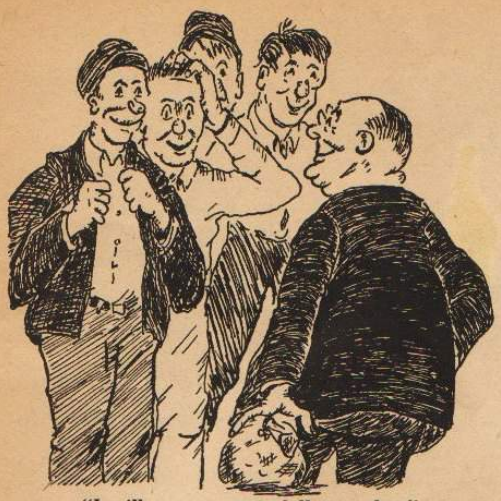
MURPHY: It's bananas and fish on the menu, sir.

BURTON: We're lucky. Good water. Good fishing. Plenty of fruit. There must be game here.

VANDERGILT: Those fish aren't cooked, are they?

MURPHY: They don't grow cooked; but I can cook them for you, sir.

VANDERGILT: Didn't you bring any more bananas?



"I will pay you ten dollars a day."

BURTON: You can get them fresh and sun-ripened if you climb the trees for them.

VANDERGILT: I'm not in the habit of serving myself.

SWENSON: Is it yust us four alive?

BURTON: I climbed a tree on the hill. This is an island. There is not another island in sight for all that it is such a clear day. There isn't a ship on the sea, or a sign of any survivor save ourselves.

SWENSON: And here I war on my way back to America again, yust to get myself a yob . . . and here I am shipwrecked on an island with my tool chest and my cross cut saw. I war going to bring my girl over. What will she say now?

MURPHY: Me too. I heard they paid cooks five dollars a day in America . . . think of it . . . over a pound a day . . . and here I'm stranded on this island, God alone knows how far from America and five dollars a day.

BURTON: I've guided big game hunters on every continent on the globe—killing game for them while they drank their whiskey and soda and played bridge. Then they boasted of their trophies afterward. I was on my way to America, for it's really better guiding around those summer resorts. The blooming natives aren't so dark, and there's shower bawths anyway. Well, cheerio, I can shoot a bit for myself here, and we can be thankful we have a cook and a carpenter.

VANDERGILT: Now, my good men, don't worry about this employment situation. We Vandergilts have always been noted for our public spirit. You have your pots, you have your tools and saw, and you have your gun and what-not—but I have even something more valuable. This chest is filled with pieces of gold . . . enough for us all to live on for a long time. You men work for me, and I will pay you what you hoped to get in America. No, to show you what a good sport I am, I will even pay you ten dollars a day.

SWENSON: *(doing a Kalispell hop)* Whoopee! Yust tank of it. Ten dollars a day!

MURPHY: Ain't the good Lord with us? Good jobs even before we get to America!

SWENSON: Yust tank how much we can save!

——CURTAIN——

SCENE II.

ABOUT NOON, SIX MONTHS LATER

At rear left a portion of cabin for banker shows. He is lying in a grass hammock busy figuring in a notebook. Murphy is busy at a fire place near it. A crude table is in center back of stage. Portion of a crude hut front right of stage shows. Swenson is on a stump dozing beside it. (To avoid long wait between scenes these needs can be covered by trees for a smaller setting for first scene; actors can have sunburnt paint on all but their faces in first act, and can tear clothes worn then to indicate condition in second scene, thus requiring moving of a few trees and painting of faces only for change.)

BURTON *(enters from lower right of stage as curtain rises—to Swenson)* Not a sign of a ship again today. I begin to wonder if it's worth while looking. You know it gets tiresome for me now that we have nothing to do. How long is it since we really did any work?

SWENSON: It took yust about a month to get our houses built, and we've been here a bit over six months now. It's what Murphy calls the life of Riley.

BURTON: Eat and sleep, and sleep and eat—even so I'm half starved after walking around this island this morning.

SWENSON: And yust sleeping here, I get hungry too. Oh, Mr. Murphy, is your dinner cooked?

MURPHY: Just to the dot, all ready to dish.

VANDERGILT: *(getting up from hammock and coming center stage)* Gentlemen: I have an announcement to make that concerns us all very seriously. I have been doing some figuring and I find I must tell Murphy to put just two plates on the table today.

SWENSON: Yust two plates?

BURTON: Why?

VANDERGILT: In a manner it's a depression, or recession . . . but we must keep our heads so as not to be hit by a panic.

BURTON: At least it really does sound quite civilized.

VANDERGILT: I have been figuring your accounts with me. Since *we* finished the work, and I had to lay you off, I have had to charge you for your board, and now your accounts are closed. You have no more money in the bank. There is nothing with which to pay your board. It hurts me worse than it does you, but I am obliged to tell Murphy to put just two plates on the table today, one for me and one for him.

SWENSON: Didn't we yust kill a buffalo the other day? We have fish. We found roots to make a sort of flour, and we have lots of that. We found honey. Why can't we eat?

VANDERGILT: That's the trouble. We have buffalo enough, and there is no reason for killing more animals. We have enough buildings. You surely don't want to see the place all cluttered up. You don't want a lot of stinking carcasses around, do you?

SWENSON: No—but why can't we eat?

VANDERGILT: Surely you don't want to eat the bread of a pauper? You surely have some pride, some sense of independence. You have no money left with which to pay your board. No one can hire you except me, and I can't find anything for you to do. There's no choice before us . . . Come, Murphy, set the table, for I'm exhausted thinking out this problem. And, please, Swenson, do not disturb me while I'm dining.

(Vandergilt sits at table. Murphy serves him from pot. Burton and Swenson saunter back and forth in front of stage.)

BURTON: If you were civilized, Swenson, you would understand it.

SWENSON: But we haff to eat. What will we do?

BURTON: There are millions of civilized people wondering about the same thing. You've read about their hunger riots and their unemployed demonstrations.

SWENSON: Yes, those communists and IWW's and radicals—that reminds me—once when I was in America before and I had a job in a lumber camp in Minnesota—

BURTON: I was up there with some game hunters in that Arrowhead country once. It was a fine country; but I ran into one of those lumber camps. It was a terrible place. It was positively full of lice. It stank of old socks and urine. and I really don't know what. Are all the camps like that?

SWENSON: They're all pretty much alike. That's yust what those IWW's I was going to tell you about, kicked about too. They showed us pictures of the kind of camps they had won out west—fine clean houses, good beds, fresh linen, and breakfast, dinner and supper fit for a king. They wanted me to yoin them, but I war going back to the old country, and they wanted a revolution, and I war not in favor of anything like that.

BURTON: No, it really isn't at all respectable.

SWENSON: But what I war thinking about, war how those IWW's used to talk and talk and talk about what made hard times, and say that if we would all yoin in One Big Union, we could yust take over everything and run it for ourselves. It sounded crazy to me . . . but . . . sitting here . . . and wishing I war eating my dinner . . .

BURTON: You surely wouldn't think of doing anything violent to Mr. Vandergilt, would you —like taking his dinner, or his house that you built, or that little box of gold?

SWENSON: No, I don't want the gold . . . but, say . . . do you know . . . maybe there isn't any gold in that box. Nobody ever saw the inside of it. Maybe it's all a fake, and we've been gypped, and have a right to eat!

(Running over to Vandergilt): Say, that box, you paid us everything out of it . . .

VANDERGILT: Yes, but don't bother me.

SWENSON: And yet, you never opened it.

VANDERGILT: No, I never opened it. I just kept your account, and acted as your banker. Don't bother me.

SWENSON: How do I know that there IS any gold in that box?

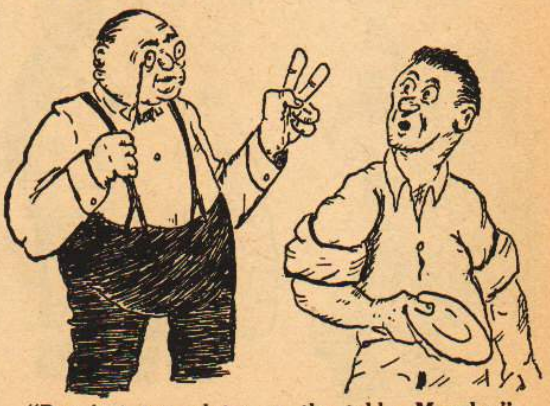
VANDERGILT: I'm surprised that you distrust me. It really wouldn't make any difference in our accounts whether there was any gold there or not. *(Getting up, getting box, opening it.)* You can see for yourself, it is full of gold.

SWENSON: I'm sorry. I yust wanted to make sure. *(Returns to Burton who is amused.)*

BURTON: So, now you're satisfied that everything is fair and square.

SWENSON: Yes, there really is gold in that box.

BURTON: You were talking about some idea that you had from those IWW's in a lumber camp in Minnesota.



"Put just two plates on the table, Murphy."

SWENSON: Oh those people. They said that with One Big Union we working people could use the natural resources, and carry on production for ourselves, and have no hard times.

BURTON: Just step out on this island say, and catch some fish, and hunt some game, and build us a cabin . . .

SWENSON: That's right, we CAN do that here . . . but neither of us can cook worth a damn.

BURTON: Murphy doesn't seem so well pleased with the present arrangement. Look at him.

SWENSON: Mr. Murphy, we two were going to start a union, a sort of One Big Union yust like I heard about in Minnesota, and then we yust go out and catch some fish, and hunt some game, and build a house, and not bother with the banker. Will you yoin us?

MURPHY: Sure thing, my lad. It's been breaking my heart, feeding Mr. Vandergilt this noon, and not giving ye a bite to eat too. It choked me so I couldn't eat—you can see my dinner still a-sitting there. I'm with you, boys. They told me in Dublin that Americans figure there's just two kinds of Irish—the good ones that come over and join unions, and the no-good ones that come over and join the police force. Count on me.

BURTON *(to Vandergilt)*: You see, Mr. Vandergilt, we three have formed a union, and we've decided to discontinue operations. Swenson and I have nothing coming, but you should pay Murphy $1800 for 180 days at $10 a day, in gold out of your little box.

VANDERGILT: This is terrible. It's an outrage . . . It's a general strike.

BURTON: This is no outrage. We are very temperate men. We could throw you into the sea to feed the fishes, but we're taking nothing that is yours. We shall leave you the cabin we built, although we paid you for the privilege of building it with our own labor. We shall head for the other side of the island. Pay Murphy off. We're packing.

—— CURTAIN ——

SCENE III

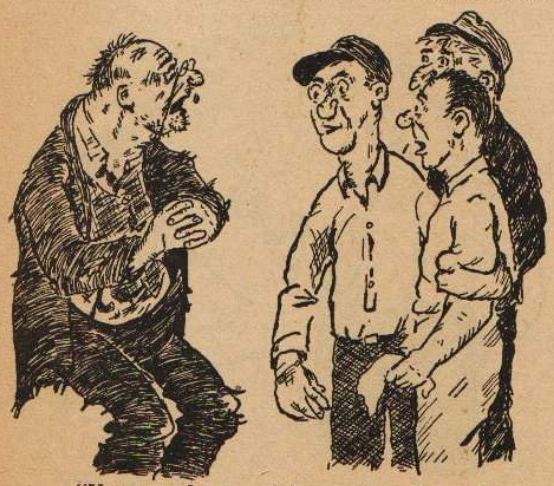
The other side of the island. — Cabin at right rear. —Murphy by it cleaning smoke off a kettle.— Swenson and Burton playing creckers down center.

BURTON: That's one more game for this side of the house. You had better practice up for a while. (Gets up.)

SWENSON: Yust think when I go home and tell them that I war playing checkers with solid pieces of gold, they won't believe me. No, not even when I tell them that Mr. Murphy didn't know what to do with the gold pieces he got for cooking for Mr. Vandergilt, and covered some of them with clay and baked them to make checkers for us to play with.

MURPHY: Sort of ritzy, huh?

SWENSON: I wonder how Mr. Vandergilt makes out. He's been over there alone for ten days now.



"You can have a job washing dishes."

BURTON: Did he worry so much how we would make out?

MURPHY: But he's a helpless sort of creature—he can't even climb a tree to get a banana. I sometimes think the rich people don't raise themselves right.

BURTON: He may be up against it rather soon. Each day after I climb the lookout and see that there's still no ship, I drop over to the old homestead without his knowing it to see how he's doing.

MURPHY— And how was the world's richest man progressin'?

BURTON: Yesterday morning he was fighting with the flies over the last of the buffalo that we killed before we left. He must have grown tired of that, for he tried to eat a starfish, but he hadn't sense enough to get it out of the shell first. It was really very amusing.

SWENSON: Yiminy yesus! Who's coming over there?

MURPHY: It's a man, for it looks terrible and has rags on it.

BURTON: I do believe, it is he.

SWENSON: You mean it's him?

BURTON: Yes, I'm really sure it is he.

SWENSON: And yumping Yehosephat! He's too weak to walk! I'm going to help him. *(Exit left.)*

(Burton and Murphy edge to left side of stage.)

MURPHY: The poor old man!

BURTON: And if only we were civilized enough, he'd have us all starving to death; but since

we're only partly civilized, I suppose we can save him.

(Swenson comes back, leading Vandergilt, tottering and about ready to fall down.)

VANDERGILT *(between puffs)*: Good-day, gentlemen . . . I've . . been having . . a terrible time . . You've got to . . come back . . I won't hold anything against you . . I'll raise your wages . . . double them — anything you say, but you fellows just have to come back . . . and work for me!

SWENSON: Yumpin' yiminy! Yust think of that! $20 a day!

BURTON: You know, we three men formed a union, so we'll have to have a union meeting to decide anything about that. So you just sit here while we decide.

MURPHY: And have a bite of something to eat while we're deliberatin' *(gives him dish of stew and some fruit which he eats greedily)*.

SWENSON: Twenty a day is a lot of money.

BURTON: On $10 a day we worked ourselves into a mess in six months. On $20 a day it might take longer, but remember we have our houses built. Aren't we having a jollier time of it this way?

MURPHY: And what would we do with our money?

SWENSON: But Yesus Christ! You can't let the richest man on earth starve to death.

BURTON: No, it wouldn't be considered proper.

MURPHY: I suppose it might hurt his feelings, but I'm having too damned much work cleaning the soot off those pots, and cleaning these dishes. Couldn't we hire him as a dishwasher to work for his board?

BURTON: That is an idea *(going to Vandergilt)*. We've decided that it is too risky to work for you for any money.

VANDERGILT: I was afraid of that.

BURTON: But we have a counter-proposition. We suggest that you work for us.

VANDERGILT: I never worked in my life.

BURTON: And we can't pay you, so we suggest that you take a job as dishwasher for us, working for your board.

VANDERGILT: Oh, oh, oh!

BURTON: If you don't, of course you can starve to death.

VANDERGILT: This is terrible *(licking rest of plate with his tongue)*—I mean this stew is excellent. But this situation, John Pierpont Vandergilt the Third washing dishes for his board . . . . Yes, yes, or I'll starve.

—— CURTAIN ——

As curtain falls, Burton steps out front of curtain and addresses audience directly:

We have had a reason for putting on this little play. Millions of us today are in the same situation as Murphy, Swenson and I on that day when Vandergilt told Murphy to put just two plates on the table.

We got out of it because we built One Big Union of the three of us. Swenson and Murphy could not have succeeded without the help of my humble self to catch their game. Murphy and I would have been up against it to build such a good cabin as Swenson knew how to build. If Murphy had not been with us we might well have died of indigestion from our own cooking, and of course we could not have brought Mr. Vandergilt down so well from his high estate.

It took One Big Union of all of us. It will take One Big Union for you as well.

We went to the other side of the island. For you there is no other side of the island. But with One Big Union of all of you, you will not need to leave the industries that you have built. You need only to take them over, run them for your own use, and have security and abundance for all.—Thank you!

CAPITALISM MUST GO

An indictment of the present order prepared jointly by one of the classes at Work Peoples College

Capitalism has masqueraded as a benevolent and progressive force, alleging that it has encouraged and stimulated the arts, the sciences, and their application to production; that it has furthered education and the development of mankind in an atmosphere of stimulative competition and freedom; that it has made full use of the resources of nature and the abilities and past achievements of man; that it has turned even individual vice into a source of general well-being; that it has yielded us a wonderful array of products for the most part undreamed of a century ago, and has offered them at such a price that even the poorest may enjoy them; and that it tends to do these good acts because it automatically arranged everything so that it shall be to the self-interest of each that they be done.

We charge that capitalism is a racket, and the source of countless rackets and crimes; that it wastes our resources, our equipment, our manpower; that it perverts the technical sciences to destructive purposes, and falsifies the social sciences to condone its countless crimes; that it makes of man a physical and moral weakling, a victim of avoidable diseases and a puppet jerked about by the strings of want and worry and fear; that it breeds hate, and prejudice, and war; that it deprives us of the security and abundance, the freedom and joy of living that could be ours were we but to rid ourselves of this incubus that so hypocritically masquerades as a system of automatic harmony, efficiency, and benefit to man.

Nothing will set the world right but a general house cleaning by organized labor but labor must organize AGAINST the capitalist parasites as in the Industrial Workers of the World, not WITH them as in political parties.

* * *

We charge that capitalism is in itself a colossal racket. It is based on the exploitation of wage labor, a condition made possible only by the expropriation of the earth and the products of previous generations so as to make it impossible for any of the mass of mankind to earn a living except on condition that they produce something for nothing for a parasite class. By this scheme of things all the benefits of our improvements in the useful arts flow to this proprietary parasite class. These conspirators forbid any production to be undertaken unless they can levy their tribute from it. In this way they nullify the improvements in the industrial process; for the rational purpose of these improvements is to turn out an abundance at low cost, but the racketeers of capitalism can levy their tribute only by maintaining scarcity so as to sell at a profit.

Because of this racket the mass of mankind have no claim to life other than the saleability of their lives to the conspirators who have expropriated the resources and equipment for production. But this saleability depends upon the opportunity to collect trib-

ute; and this in turn requires that means of production, resources, and man-power shall not be used fully.

* * *

Accordingly we charge that capitalism wastes our resources, our equipment and our man-power. It is not only that the conspirators force these factors of production to lie idle in the face of wide-spread want; their irrational and periodic exploitation of these factors wastes our forests and our mineral resources and turns our fertile plains to waste-land. Our productive equipment is deteriorated; mines are flooded; the men who can turn earth and stone into the glories of architecture, who can girdle the globe with copper cables, who can harness Niagara to light our homes, these it converts into gaunt derelicts of humanity, jobless, ragged, half-starved, homeless, hopeless and purposeless.

* * *

We charge that this supreme racket, the capitalist system, is the source of countless rackets and crimes. Since the sole concern of the conspirators in production is the saleability of the product at a profit, dishonesty in production and deception in merchandising become the established rules. Poor clothing, poor buildings, poor foods, goods that will not serve the purpose for which the victims of the conspiracy buy them, goods that will not last and thus block future sales, goods that will actually injure the unsuspecting victim who expects to benefit from them, are the results of its application of science to the ordinary industrial processes.

The consequent standards of get and grab, of customary dishonesty, of avoiding labor, combine to engender kidnaping and hold-ups, burglary and bank robberies, until man after his conquest of nature fears only two things: his fellow man and the microscopic germs with which our irrational way of living surrounds us. The system starts the younger generation off with traditional deceptions at their mothers' apron strings, follows this up with a training in the public schools that aims at making a living without soiling one's hands, gives the graduate a few years of unemployment in which to practice the game of grab and exploitation and dishonesty as best he can in his crude and individualistic way, furnishes a few pointers in its "reform" schools, movie shows and "best sellers," and provides a post-graduate course in its increasing but still overcrowded penitentiaries.

Misapplied Science

We charge that capitalism perverts our technical sciences to destructive purposes and falsifies the social sciences to condone its countless crimes. The skill of the metallurgist is turned to devise new means of slaughter. The chemist is commanded to desist from his labors to benefit mankind and told to devise new explosives for burying our wives and children in the ruins of our blasted cities, or to invent new and more terrible gases with which to cow the proletariat into subjection or to make the mass mutual slaughter of the working class in modern war the more ghastly. The bacteriologist is forced away from his work to free us from plague and pestilence and commandeered to perfect ways and means for infecting the drinking water of cities with diphtheria, infesting the cattle with anthrax, or for turning our cities into giant charnel houses with the bubonic plague.

Its academic science, which but thirty or forty years ago was the beacon light of liberation, is today the bulwark of capitalist ideology at bay. Its physical scientists blab of theology. Its social sciences are passionate pleas for the dictatorship of capitalism and its social institutions. Its economic sciences are the pimps of big business and finance. Its historical sciences are the servants of nationalism. Its biological sciences cling to outworn formulas and use them to defend militarism and the elimination of the so-called unfit, that is, of those who cannot fit themselves into the niches which this system of slavery and exploitation provides for them. Its philosophy blatantly formulates the instrumentalism of capitalist civilization and does not blush to offer to "save the children of fortune from the uprising of the poor."

Perverted Arts

As with its conscripted academic sciences, so too, with its arts. Its architecture is a chaos of hovel and skyscraper—a skeleton of steel draped with concrete and glass to encase countless stenographers as they induce hysteria or neurasthenia pounding out needless correspondence about a useless and needless business enterprise whose sole function is to sabotage actual industry. The false front has become the symbol of Main Street; the attempted prettiness of store front and middle class home protrudes from the general squalor like some adolescent ragamuffin bedecked in a cast-off evening gown torn and bespattered with mud. Its pictorial art glorifies cigarettes and

shoddy. The general cacophony of life under capitalism has generated jazz, and given birth to new hits daily whose departure within a week furnishes a relief even to the devotees of this distortion of rhythm, timbre, pitch and concord of sound. In order that there may be repeated sales, nothing produced by capitalism should be enduring. Whether it be ladies' stockings, song hits, million dollar movies, or what, it must be something that no one will want to see next week—and so it is. The increased literacy and the teeming presses that might have produced a great age of rationality, a new peak climbed by the intelligence of man, have resulted in the blessedly non-enduring products that stand witness against the system on every newsstand. The radio that might have been the most diligent servant of the true, the good and the beautiful, is forced to cry the wares of the conspirators and between the occasional glimpses of the lost beauty of pre-capitalist civilizations with which it furnishes an excuse for its being, to sing their praises; even these occasional glimpses into the beauty that might be, tend to be drowned out by the sports hysteria that has now replaced religion as the opium of the people. The very play and amusement of life have been turned from the healthful process of people amusing themselves to the dangerous process of being amused in mass; they dance, they sing, they wrestle, they play ball, they enjoy the thrills of life sitting down. Their amusement has ceased to be the enjoyment of reality and become an escape from it. And insofar as they do amuse themselves it is with rituals of chance that seem to have been devised to give irrational hope to the willing slaves of the system, or escape from the futility in which a leisure class renders its leisure and culture impotent. No art good enough to endure can be born of a system that finds durability unvendable; no search for the beautiful can be made by a culture based on the passive amusement of the mass; no art can serve truth when its function is the escape from reality. And there can be no inspiration from art to carry us forward when its notion of the beautiful is dug from the graveyard of the past and its motive for being done is to praise those who would strangle a progressive art. Thus whatever has been offered as progress in art in capitalism has been a distortion more insolent than its most blatant advertising.

Moral Decay

We charge that capitalism makes of man a physical and moral weakling. Poverty where there could be abundance; exploitation that lacks even the extenuation of accumulating necessary equipment—these iniquities are possible only because of the even greater iniquity that mankind has been enslaved. That men slaughter each other en masse is bad; that they do so as puppets moved about by an international murder trust far removed from the battle is much worse. The crowning crime of capitalism is that it has made of mankind a mass of scarcely vertebrate puppets so demoralized that they endure their own slavery without revolt and pave the road to fascism and social decay with the good intention of easing the lot of their children by fawning before the destroyers of the human race.

This demoralization has been accomplished by spiritually isolating each individual, so that his individual feebleness must cope with a vast world-wide conspiracy against him; so that his hope of escape from the mesh in which he is caught is that of individual escape. Though sprung of a stock to whom solidarity is normal, he has been made competitive and thus his sole source of security has been taken away and his morale, which was based upon solidarity, has been destroyed. An infernally cunning system of individual rewards and punishments has been devised to condition him to this servility. As an individual he is punished for the economic follies and the outright crimes of society; and the rewards held out to him are for so placing himself that the growth of a community may give him an unearned increment or that he may corner some market, or in some way make the creative capacity of society pay him tribute for breaking his solidarity with his fellows and committing some injury or nuisance to society. He is taught that it is shameful to be so unenterprising as not to exploit and betray his fellows. An "uneasy payment plan" furnishes him some temporary hold of the enjoyment of life that is just at the margin of his subsistence; and the fear that he will not complete his payments makes him hesitate over any act of self-defense. The continuous fear of unemployment, the continuous hopes of a better job, lash and prod the wage slave of today into a moral degradation compared with which the serf and slave were sublime examples of manliness. Production for sale at a profit, organized on a mass scale, completes this demoralization by isolation. He makes but the fragment of a thing. That his work is part of a world-wide social labor process is hidden from him. He knows nothing of what is to be done with the thing he makes and he cares less. He has lost the neighborly concern for the life and use of his product that led the earlier craftsmen to lay the economic foundation for our modern technology. On the job his instinct of workmanship is frustrated. Off the job he swings between the fear that his productive ability will prove unsaleable and the hopes of unproductive acquisition. Such rationality as is bred of his industrial techniques is sacrificed to the worship of chance, the mythology of which has been woven into his boyhood dreams, his manhood hopes, his fictional escapes from reality and his routine pastimes. Deliberate propaganda need add only a few finishing touches to make of the creature that has weighed the planets and linked oceans to serve his transportation, into the gibbering, irrational, prejudice-ridden imbecile who

places dictators over himself to damn his race to reversion and barbarism.

* * *

Medical progress is as thoroughly nullified by the capitalist system as is technological progress. Work could be a means of physical development; but mass production as carried on for profit means monotony, overstrain, fatigue, accidents, deaths, industrial diseases. It is technically possible to cope with the noise and vibration of fast moving machinery, with dust and gas fumes, with the poisonous substances used in industry—but it is not profitable and, therefore, unbusinesslike. Child labor in industry, poor food, poor clothing, poor housing, all serve to handicap us from the start. Accidents outside of industry are largely the result of the capitalist system. People drive poor cars not out of perversity, but out of poverty. Speed craze is born of the speed-up of intensified industry. Traffic is congested by the planlessness of transportation and lack of city planning and the use of individual transport where a public transport service, run for use, would be more economical and more convenient. Most accidents in the home result from doing things haphazardly there that a saner social order would do more systematically in industry. Diseases develop unchecked because people can not afford doctors. Contagion surrounds most of us because of the needless squalor born of needless poverty. The very nature of contagion makes disease a social problem rather than an individual one; but a profit system that depends upon the breaking up of solidarity for its perpetuation can not apply the results of modern science to the health of mankind. Capitalism forbids normal home life to millions of its wage slaves; it extends the concept of saleability even to sex, and mankind is scourged with venereal diseases as a consequence. Fear, worry, penny-pinching, poverty, all nullify the advances that science has made possible in the health of mankind.

We charge that the resources of science, technique, and production that should be used to make mankind healthy are used instead for the culminating insanity of large scale capitalist war. Capitalism breeds war. It is a system of production for the market and war is the one market that is never glutted. From no enterprise is such profit to be derived as from the mutual slaughter of millions of the puppet-class. The abolition of this colossal racket, capitalism, would remove every occasion for this colossal insanity, war.

Capitalism Must Go

We charge that capitalism deprives us of the good life that could be ours. We all have hopes and desires for a nice home, the average comforts of life, security, peace and the other good things of life. With our modern machinery and our capacity to produce, we all could enjoy a better and a fuller life. But this will be possible only when the profit motive and wage slavery are abolished and the cooperative commonwealth established in the place of capitalism. Then we will have a higher standard of living. We will be able to enjoy the fuller life; we will be able to enjoy nature, music, literature and the other fine arts. We will have better medical and hospital care, for the work of doctors will be available to all, as it will be directed toward prevention. We will have a better system of education; all children will have the chance to develop physically and mentally, in a social atmosphere free from the taints of bigotry and prejudice, hatred, envy and competition. The diffusion of knowledge and the increased possibility to use technology to save labor rather than to save wages, will stimulate invention and research. New standards of life will replace the insanity, cruelty and irrationality proffered as morality today, and mankind will be able to act humanly once more in a world that is the brotherhood of man. But these things cannot be until capitalism, guilty of every crime that can be conceived, has been abolished by a working class that organizes to resist the conspiracy of capital against it, that establishes its strength by practicing solidarity in this world of individualism, and from its mighty strength brings into being the abundance, the security, the solidarity of the world that is to be.

GOETTERDAEMMERUNG

By John Hunter

Said the Mouse: "If ever there was a set of four-flushers, it's the human race! And they have the crust to call themselves the Lords of Creation."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Mouse. "You are all worked up over your trip to town. You'll get a fever. I told you, you shouldn't have gone."

"But the things I've seen—yes, the things I've seen . . ." He piped and squeaked so shrilly about it that soon he had an audience of all the mice in the haystack.

"You want to know what it is that I have on my chest? It's this, my neighbors: We can inherit the earth and the fullness thereof. We can overcome the supremacy of Man."

"Nonsense." said his wife. "They have traps and cats and clubs, and they make walls that we can't gnaw. They are making it worse and worse for us with every sack of cement."

"But they are nothing," said the Mouse, "compared with the traps that they set for each other. That is what I am counting on—they are going to destroy themselves. You don't know how foolish they are. You thought these country folk were foolish enough when they burnt up the perfectly good wheat we could have eaten—"

The lordly master, Man, as represented by Mr. Block. If he doesn't soon do better than he has in the past he may as well turn the world over to the mice and other lower animals, who probably saw it first anyway.

"Now that wasn't foolish at all," said an old lady mouse. "If they had let us eat it, they knew we would become just that much more numerous and audacious. If you had only had a chance to chew up that book by Malthus that my great-grandfather ate, you would know something."

"But they treat each other the same way," said the Mouse. "Believe it or not, but these Lords of Creation could have plenty to eat, but they destroy it and go hungry for fear that they might grow too numerous and audacious. And these Lords of Creation could all have homes with concrete walls where no mouse could ever enter, but they live in hovels—and all for the same reason. They could be well, but they are sick, and for the same reason. Why, most of them have teeth that can hardly gnaw a piece of toast. And even with all their wretchedness they're so afraid of becoming too numerous that the buy things in the drug stores to make sure that they don't have children."

"They're getting ready for the biggest war that ever was . . ."

"More extras for us to chew," interrupted one fat old mouse.

"More ships for us to travel in," said another.

"More corpses for us to chew," said still another.

"If the carrion crows don't eat them first," broke in a fourth.

"We won't even have to travel," said the Mouse. "They are going to rain death down on the cities with shell and poison gas, and we can nibble to our hearts' content."

"It will kill you too then," said Nervous Nellie, the skinniest mouse in the haystack. "You will eat, and get thirsty, and drink water and die, just like my grandfather did when he helped bring over the bubonic plague."

"But we won't all die," exuberated the Mouse, "and we mice will never be foolish enough to start killing ourselves off like people do, so we shall inherit the earth. Come, Minnie," he said to his Frau, "let us retire into the haystack awhile, for our race must expand and take over the earth from these crazy Lords of Creation."

TWO POEMS

By Covington Hall

For Instance

There was once a strange old doctrine
that two and two made four,
That nothing unto nothing added ever
made it more;
But we live to learn, my brothers, and the
things that once we knew—
Or thought we did—for certain are no
longer fixed and sure.

For instance: our granddads thought the
more they raised the more they had;
The sight of fatted herds and fertile fields
made all hearts glad;
The countryside was full of cheer, the
houses rang with song;
The farer was a welcome guest the feast-
ing crowd among.

But since those days of innocence the
world has wiser grown,
And statesmen have discovered things that
never erst were known;
Where granddad held that plenty was "a
blessing from on high,"
We know today abundance means a fam-
ine time is nigh.

This last, indeed, may sound insane, but
this remember, friend,
That progress is a hard thing for a sage
to comprehend;
That great economists have found that
ten times two makes one,
And the causes of our panics are the
cyclones on the sun.

L'Envoi

Our granddads were not Liberals: they
called a spade a spade,
And harbored the delusion that by labor
all was made;
But then our granddads never had a brain-
trust them to guide,
To tell them what to plant and when, or
how to skin a hide;
And so they went in ignorance, our grand-
dads, to their doom,
But never was, "Here Lies a State Slave,"
writ on any tomb.

The Wisdom of Onc' Pierre

He soliloquizes on the Highpriests of the State, Church, Craft and Chamber, and agrees with the Prophets.

"The Hierarchs," said Onc' Pierre, "are
traitors to the truth,
Are saboteurs of liberty, are bondagers
of youth;
Where'er their tribe is vested with the
royal right to rule,
The toiler feeds the usurer, the genius
serves the fool;
In Russia as America, in Mecca as in
Rome,
'Tis the people's wealth that glitters on
their gilded temple dome.

"Over all the seas and continents their
poisons daily spread,
They graft upon the living and they prey
upon the dead;
While kneeling at the altars of the Christ-
us they have slain,
They conspire with praetorians their evil
ends to gain;
They fill the world with broken hearts,
with murdered minds and souls,
And salve their guilty consciences with
charities and doles.

"Thru all the bitter ages they have plot-
ted, schemed and planned
To servilize the nations and the common
wealth command;
For centuries on centuries they've spread
the creed of hate
Their power-lust to satisfy, their greed
to satiate;
They were, and will forever be, the pro-
fiteers of strife,
The mortal foes of liberty, the enemies
of life.

"But no night lasts forever, is, of history,
the sum—
The Hierarchs shall vanquished be—the
Golden Age shall come!
It shall come in all the glory that the
prophets have foretold,
With peace and bread for every one, and
no one asking gold.

What Is Americanism?

By
IDA RICHARDS

"So you've come to me for advice, have you?" said the Old Politician to the Young Politician. "You want to know how to succeed in politics, do you?" The Young Politician inclined his head.

"I do," he replied. "Will you tell me?"

The Old Politician was silent for a moment.

"Times change," he said at last, "and I dare say there are new issues now in politics that there weren't in the good old days. The technic is somewhat different, too. However, the basic principles remain the same and after all, the issues don't really matter; it's what you say about them that counts, and I can tell you what to say about them. Very well, I'll advise you. First of all, if you're running for office in these days, you must run as a hundred-per-cent American candidate."

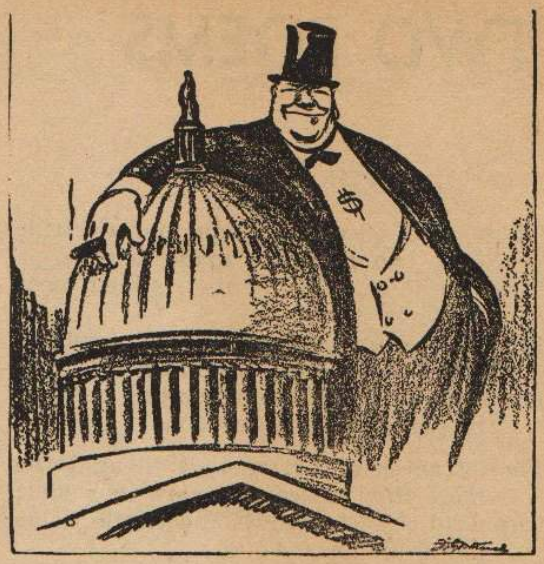
The Young Politician's eyes clouded with perplexity.

"What is Americanism?" he asked, "and how does one figure it on percentage basis?"

The Old Politician brought down his fist on the table with a crash.

"You aspire to political office, and ask a question like that!" he exclaimed in a voice of wrath. "Never question what hundred-per-cent Americanism is, even to yourself. If you do, somebody else will question too, nothing could be more fatal. Don't try to define it; assert it. Say, you're hundred percent, and your opponent isn't. Intimate that if George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln went over your opponent with a slide rule and an adding-machine, they couldn't make him add up to more than ninety-nine percent. If he's out for a seven-cent fare or a new set of municipal waterworks, tell the people that such things are un-American. Say that he's dodging the issue, and the issue is Americanism." He paused. "If you were my opponent, and asked what Americanism is, I'd double you up. 'Think of it, my fellow-citizens. He doesn't even know what Americanism is. Is that the kind of man to hold office in the country of Washington and Lincoln?' "

The Young Politician looked round uneasily to make sure that they were indeed alone, for the Old Politician was almost shouting.



"Please," said the Young Politician, "not so loud! I won't ask that question again. I see your point. What else do you advise?"

"You must learn," continued the Old Politician, "to be a good denouncer."

"A good what?"

"Denouncer. Keep your eyes open for objects of popular disapproval, and when you've got hold of the people, denounce them. At present I should advise you to denounce the high cost of living, the profiteers, and the Bolshevists. Next year, of course, the list may be quite different, but for the present those three are the objects of denunciation."

"What bothers me," suggested the Young Politician in a hesitating voice, "is that it may be rather hard to drag those things into the campaign. Suppose, for example, I'm pledged to broaden the Main Street of the city upon my election to the city council. Won't it be rather hard to tie Main Street and the Bolshevists together?"

The Old Politician looked upon the troubled face of the Young Politician with disgust.

"You're a great politician, you are," he said wearily. "Tie them together? Don't be so ridiculously logical." He rose to his feet, and as he did so, he smote the table once more with his fist. "Gen-tle-men," he cried hoarsely, surveying an imaginary audience with his glittering eye, "there is a movement on foot in this country, this very state, nay, this very city, to undermine our Congress, to topple over the Constitution, to put a bomb under our President! Confronted by such a menace to our President and our democratic institutions, what, gentlemen, shall be our answer? Let us broaden Main Street, as Washington would have broadened it, as Lincoln would have broadened it, and let us put down the red flag wherever it shows its head."

"Its mast," corrected the Young Politician, visibly moved.

"Thank you for those courageous, those hundred-per-cent words. I shall try to strike that note. But there is something else I want to ask. Suppose I am elected. What shall I do while I hold office in order that I may become ultimately eligible for still higher office?"

"In that case," replied the Old Man, who by this time had subsided into his chair, "you must not merely denounce the high cost of living, the profiteers and the Bolshevists, you must campaign against them."

"But suppose I am commissioner of roads or an attorney-general," inquired the Young Politician. "In that case nearly all such things lie outside my province. How can I campaign against them?"

"My dear young man," said the Old Politician with a weary smile, "don't bother about your province, as you call it. Your job will undoubtedly be uninteresting and the public won't know anything about it or care anything about it, and the test of your success will be your ability to conduct campaigns which have nothing to do with your job, and therefore stand some chance of interesting the public. There is no reason why even an attorney-general shouldn't campaign against anything, provided he handles his campaign right.

"The principal thing to bear in mind is that you must begin your campaign noisily and end it so quietly that the sound of the ending is drowned in the noise of the next campaign's beginning. That will put you on the front page again. Then when the conference meets, address them, tell them they've got to make conditions better, simply got to. Then after you have the conference well started, step out. Don't stay with them; they may begin asking you constructive questions. Step clear of the thing, and start a new campaign.

"I can't over-emphasize the fact that when the conference is well started you must help the public to forget about it, and stir up interest in something new. Flay the profiteers. Rap the Bolshevists while you're deciding what your next campaign shall be. Don't let the people's minds run back to the high cost of living, or they'll be likely to notice that it hasn't gone down. Refer constantly to the success of your own campaigns, and keep the public mind moving."

The Young Politician was visibly impressed, but apparently a doubt still lingered in his mind.

"There's one thing I'm afraid I don't understand," he said at last. "All this denouncing and rapping and probing—isn't it likely to look rather destructive? Will people want to vote for a man whose pleasantest mood is one of indignation?"

"My dear young man," replied the Old Politician, "I fear that you misunderstand me. A politician must be always pleasant to the people who are about him, and denounce only persons who are not present.

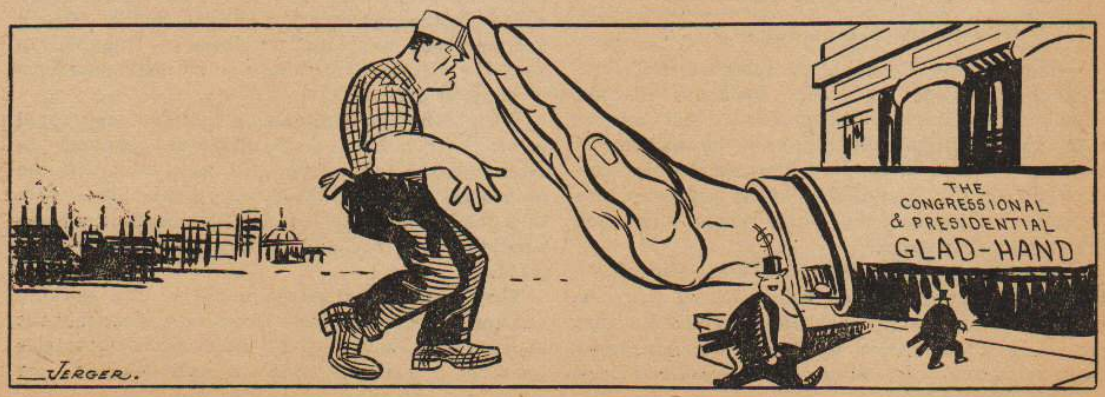
"Finally, give them a little patriotic rapture. Tell them this is a new age we're in. Picture to them how the capitalist and the workingman walk hand in hand with their eyes on the flag. Make the great heart of America throb for them. Unpleasant? Why, if you top off with a heart-throb, you can make the most denunciatory speech delightful for one and all."

The Young Politician rose. "I see," he said. "Thank you. Have you any other advice?"

"Merely one or two minor hints," said the Old Politician. "If the photographers want to take your picture, teaching your baby to walk, let them do it; the public loves the home life of its leaders. Always be affable to the reporters, but never state your views explicitly, or you may find them embarrassing at some later date. Stick to generalities. I think that's all."

"Thank you again," said the Young Politician, putting out his hand. "You are very good. You are—" an idea seemed to seize his mind, and his bearing perceptibly altered—"you, sir, are a good American. I'm delighted to have had an evening with a man who is absolutely one-hundred-per-cent Patriotic American to the core."

"Good night," said the Old Politician. "You're getting it very nicely. I think you'll do very well."



THE LOST INTERNATIONAL

By JOSEPH WAGNER

Discussion and even mention of the once famous Third (Bolshevik) International with headquarters in Moscow, has been diminishing in late years until at the present time hardly anybody is aware of its existence any more. Yet in former years one could hardly pick up a paper or a magazine whether radical, conservative or reactionary, that would not devote much space to that International. These writeups would be expressing love or hatred, respect or contempt, hope or fear, according to the social, philosophical or political inclination of the respective publications or writers. For Russia then loomed large and ominous to the rest of the world and the repeated assurances given to the world by the rulers of Russia that the Communist International was a distinct and separate institution from the Russian government would not fool anybody, neither the diplomats and politicians nor the common people all over the world. Both friends and foes of the Russian regime felt that the Comintern and the Russian government were but the two arms of the same body.

But now the excitement seems to be all over. It appears that the present rulers of Russia no longer need the Comintern in their business, hence the silence about it. But the title of this article is not referring to the Comintern, but to the **Red Trade Union International,** an appendage of the Comintern, that seems to have vanished entirely without leaving a trace behind. And, since the International we want to discuss was an offshoot of the Communist International, we will briefly touch on the highspots of the latter.

Heir to the Second International

Originally the Communist International was created to replace the then bankrupt Second (Socialist and Labor) International, that was at that time thoroughly discredited with the world's working class on account of the treacherous conduct during the World War of its affiliates, the Socialist parties and the "free" trade unions of the warring countries.

For half a century preceding the outbreak of the war, the workers had been assured that the international solidarity engendered by the Socialist parties in all countries could and would prevent an international war, only to see themselves driven into the shambles with the blessings of the leaders of that same Socialist movement. The end of the war found the Socialist parties and their allied trade unions broken to pieces and the workers disgusted with them.

So that when at that time the Bolshevik wing of the Russia Social Democracy, that had led a successful revolution in Russia, took the initiative to organize a new revolutionary proletarian International, the response was far and wide and enthusiastic. Workers' organizations all over the world signified willingness to join with the valiant Russian workers. Not only Socialists, but even anarcho-syndicalist organizations everywhere passed resolutions endorsing the new International and pledging full solidarity with it.

Little of the actual facts were known, beyond that a revolution was carried out, that the master class was dispossessed, and that the workers had been emancipated from wage slavery. It was considered natural that the true-blue revolutionists who carried the revolution to a successful issue in one of the largest countries of the world should be entrusted with the leading role in that International.

Attack on the Labor Movement

But these Bolshevik leaders were at the time confronted with another gigantic task: the reconstruction of organized social and economic life of a vast country in ruin and in chaos, in the midst of foreign and civil wars. The method chosen by them (or that was forced on them) for attaining their aim was the dictatorship (they called it the "proletarian dictatorship"). Strong arm methods were used exclusively. One had to obey the dictates from above or be unceremoniously bumped off.

We are not here discussing whether they could or could not have used different methods to attain the same objects. At any rate, in the desperate situation they were confronted with, they made use of any and all means to maintain what they attained and to forge ahead with their plans.

They needed the effective aid of the working class of other countries to whom they sent frequent appeals. The leaders of the old Social Democracies were not too friendly with the Bolsheviks and the

regime they were establishing in Russia, and were fighting against the spread of Bolshevism in their respective countries. The Russian rulers thereupon made use of the newly formed International to break up and liquidate the Socialist parties and their "free" trade unions (as well as any other labor organization that would not take dictation from Moscow), to take over the membership of the disrupted organizations and form sections of the Communist International with them.

They introduced the same ruthless dictatorial methods into the Comintern as the ones they were ruling Russia with. Democracy was abolished not only within Russia, but also in all the Communistic organizations in other lands. Emissaries with full power were sent from Moscow to supervise and to boss the work of breaking up of workers' political and economic organizations.

These emissaries would unseat officials regularly elected by the membership of the Communist sections and fill their places with appointees. Valuable and capable members and even whole organizations were expelled from the Communist fold by these emissaries. As Russia did not have a surplus of capable organizers, it would entrust such agencies to all kinds of shady characters and imposters, who often turned out to have been secret service men of the various bourgeois governments.

Nothing of any value to Russia was accomplished by these ruinous tactics, but the labor movements of all countries were in the long run systematically and almost completely ruined. Now, the present ruler apparently has found out that it is wasted money and energy, and the Comintern is being kept in the background.

Red Trade Union International

But to come back to the vanished Red Trade Union International. As stated above, when the Third International was launched, very little of actual facts was known of Russia outside its boundaries, and the workers all over the world greeted the Moscow International with joy and pledged solidarity with it. But as soon as a little of the truth became known, the best elements of the working class became cooler towards it. The militant proletariat did not relish being bossed in its unions by politicians and impostors of all kinds.

The powerful syndicalist movement of several countries of Europe and of Spanish America would not even hear of affiliation with political parties or a political International. Besides, the structure of labor unions did not fit in with the "21 points" laid down by the Moscow International. So a movement got started to create a revolutionary labor union International.

In 1921 the I.W.W. and the European syndicalists arranged for an international conference to launch such an International of revolutionary labor unions. The conference actually met in Berlin that year with an I. W. W. delegate participating, but action was postponed, because in the meantime, the politicians in Moscow got wise to the situation and themselves sent a call for a World Congress to meet in Moscow, May 1, 1921, to organize a Red International of Labor Unions.

Delegates to the Berlin Conference decided then that in order to avoid rivalry in the field, it would be best to wait until the Moscow Congress had acted. The Berlin delegates decided to take part in the Moscow Congress and act as a bloc together with other syndicalist delegates and fight for complete autonomy of the Labor Union International from the political one.

The Moscow Congress took place, not in May as called, but in July, 1921, and there the Red Trade Union International was founded. But in spite of the fight put up by the I.W.W. and the syndicalist delegates, the Red Trade Union International was to be a subordinate of the political International. Some of the syndicalist delegates met later in Germany and founded the I.W.M.A. The I.W.W. did not affiliate with either of them.

Losing Favor

At the beginning the new International had quite a large following. The entire membership of the trade unions of Russia belonged as a matter of course; they had no choice in the matter. Almost the entire trade union membership of Czecho-Slovakia went into it at first, but in a few years they all left the Moscow and went over to the Amsterdam International.

In France a bare majority favored the Moscow outfit and a split with grave consequences resulted. Until last year, when unity of the unions was restored, there were two rival Confederations of Labor, one bossed by the Communist party and affiliated with the R.T.U.I., and the other, dubbed "reformistic," affiliated with Amsterdam. In Germany, they claimed three million adherents out of a total union membership of 12 million.

On orders from Moscow, these followers had to follow a very much zig-zagged course, at times building dual unions, at other times boring from within the "reformistic" unions, and at still other times doing both at the same time. On account of that their membership could not be approximated and they claimed more than they were entitled to. In England and the United States they hardly had anything, a fact that never stopped them from claiming large membership.

For a while regular Congresses of the International were held in Moscow, at about the same time with the Communist International. Elaborate reports were printed in all languages showing the great progress the R.T.U.I. was making. The industrial proletariat of countries of Central Africa you never heard of, were represented there by some Moscow politician.

Moscow Statistics

The AFL never lacked representation there either. Some adventurer who probably never possessed even an AFL membership card, would there represent millions of "revolutionary minorities" of different parts of the AFL. Statistics would show that the R.T.U.I. was growing by leaps and bounds and that soon every proletarian from one end of the earth to the other would be enrolled

But, as a matter of fact, the membership was at its peak when the R.T.U.I. was founded. Ever since that time it diminished. All the great oratory and resolutions of the Congresses were but cheap comedy. One could never understand whom they intended to fool. However, the Russian membership was real, and so for many years the farce was kept up, in order to have something for a future horse trade with the International Federation of Trade Unions (Amsterdam).

Thus Moscow gave up to Amsterdam its French membership for a consideration. It needed Jouhaux's (the leader of the French GCT) support in its diplomatic deals with the French government. And very likely the entire International was buried for some such political considerations. For the great Red Trade Union International is no more.

Last year the General Confederation of Russian Trade Unions applied for admission into the International Federation of Trade Unions (Amsterdam International), completely ignoring the past or present existence of the R.T.U.I. Can there be a better proof than that for the death and disappearance of the once famous International? And when will the Communist International be put to rest? The following appeared in the French syndicalist paper "Le Combat Syndicaliste":

"Three members of the Bureau of the International Federation of Trade Unions: **Jouhaux,** vice president, **Schevenels,** general secretary, and **Stoltz,** assistant secretary, went to Moscow, in order to negotiate with **Chvernik, Moscatow** and **Nicolalva,** secretaries of the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, the affiliation of that organization with the I.F.T.U. It should be noted first of all, that there is no question at all of negotiations or of an accord with the Red Trade Union International.

"For that matter, Jouhaux points this out in his press statement, published in 'Le Peuple' of Dec. 3, 1937, in the following terms:

"There was no question of International unity, in the sense of an understanding with the Red Trade Union International.

"In other words the R.T.U.I is finished and the Russians are themselves accepting this dissolution, as matter of fact.

"The same as in France—and all over for that matter—the Russians are now destroying, as far as their foreign policies demand, the institutions that their external necessities brought into being in former times.

"After very cleverly having themselves admitted into the concert of powers, into that inglorious League of Nations, where they played the nice boys, after having accepted the English plan for Spanish non-intervention, of control and blockade, the rulers of Russia made away with the Red Trade Union International, the last obstacle to good international neighborliness.

"Let's not forget that the German-Italian-Japanese anti-Communist pact has not been concluded against the Soviet government, but against the Comintern.

"Let's also keep in mind that the Russo-German and the Russo-Italian treaties have never been denounced by either Germany or Italy.

"We should also keep in mind that Fascist Italy has for long boasted of having been the first great power to recognize Soviet Russia; let us remember that it was Russia that furnished to Italy the gas and oil necessary for the war in Abyssinia, and that at this very moment it is the Russian gas and oil that enables the Japanese to crush China, the supposed ally of the USSR.

"Like the disappearance of the Red Trade Union International, that of the Communist International is sure to come. That will permit Russia in the very near future to come to an understanding—as it should between totalitarian regimes—with Fascist Italy and Germany.

"Once this great treason is accomplished, there will be nothing to hinder a Holy Alliance of all governments against all peoples. The unity of capitalisms, whether State or private, will be realized against the workers of all countries. That is the lot that is being prepared for us all by all the governments of the world, that of Stalin included.

"And then what is the exact meaning of the Moscow understanding that treats the affiliation of the Russian Labor Federation as a mere formality?

"Why has Jouhaux felt the need of stating: 'All I can say is that this accord does not contain any secret clauses, and that there are no secret documents!'?

"What does that mean? What is he afraid that they may deduce?

"If it is nothing, the precaution taken by Jouhaux is futile and mischievous. If there is something behind it, why does he say that there is nothing? Everyone among us, and outside us, will be asking these questions. And many people will suspect, with or without reason, that Jouhaux and his pals have not gone to Moscow to merely discuss the affiliation of the Russian unions to the I.F.T.U. and that this affiliation has something to do with the Franco-Russian politics that ensues from the pact concluded between the two countries. We think that that is the truth and we do not believe that it could be otherwise.

"We strongly believe that the affiliation of the Russian unions to the I.F.T.U. marks a new turn in the Russian policies, and that the disappearance of the Communist International will mark the decisive turning.

"Whether there are any secret clauses or not, or secret documents, it is absolutely certain that the Moscow accord will have an important repercussion on the foreign and especially on the internal politics of the two countries, particularly on that of the French 'Popular Front.'

"It is as yet too early to prognosticate, but that will be possible in a very short while. The General Confederation of Labor is the backbone of the Popular Front, and Jouhaux is one of the consular personages of the Republic. That is sufficient to indicate to us that the Moscow accord will have important repercussions in France. For the moment let's record this accord and Jouhaux' statement."

After a good deal of agitation the application of the Russian unions for affiliation with the I.F.T.U. was rejected. So now the Russian trade unions are not affiliated with any international body.

Like so many prominent Bolshevik leaders, who disappeared, who were killed and buried without the formality of public trial and without having had the chance to confess to unearthly and impossible crimes, the Moscow International is dead and was buried without any public notice.

Workers Are Staked Out Cattle

By **Mortimer Downing**

Whether savage or gentle, humanity is subject to production. Commodities are the sill and the structure of society. Human life would cease if labor refused its tribute. This truth is everywhere recognized.

But when wage workers are driven to desperation their only convincing argument is to cease labor until their demands are allowed. This is one of the contradictions of capitalism. Why?

Mass production has come. What is mass production? It is a scheme by which a favored few organize for exploitation of wage workers. Within a competitive society nothing else seems possible. Its objective is not the supply of social utilities but the gathering of profit. Profits to the few and "the public be damned," as was well put by the elder Vanderbilt.

But production is the first factor in that endless chain of Production, Distribution, Acquisition, Consumption. This scheme of things can not be changed although it can be raped by greed.

Take a look at a modern Public Utility. First, experts in greed meet. They analyze the situation and estimate the mass need of humanity. They figure out the cost of necessary machinery. They have a sure thing. But they are not satisfied.

Secondly, they plan a bond issue to cover every dollar they put into the enterprise. Interest is high. Every dollar is protected by a mortgage on the plant. But this is not enough.

Thirdly, they issue stock for every dollar, so that they take a double toll on every cent of investment. Is this the last step? No.

When profits are high, as they usually are in the marketing of publicly useful commodities, they withhold part of the profit and issue it in the form of stock dividends, and these pile up sometimes eight or ten times the original volume of the stock.

Now the graft of profit taking is complete. When wage workers strike the robbers show their books to the court calling all these stocks and bonds fixed charges and raise the cry of "Rises in wages force rises in prices." How about this scheme to pick the public pockets, while they grind their workers to the very bone?

Meantime, the wage workers, forced by starvation, eke out a bare subsistence and the public pays through the nose.

Workers, wake up. You and you alone can right this wrong. It is economic theft that faces you. You can not right it by a Congress that is sensitive to the stock market.

Why, in the rich pasture of civilization, stand chained to a peg which automatically fixes the limit of your feeding? Why be contented cows? As things are you seem to be more than satisfied when your owners throw you a hunk of rock salt to lick. You wage workers, and you alone, must organize to root out these evils. You have the power of the one complete monopoly—the sale of labor power. By joining One Big Union, legislating in your union halls, you can take this graft out of the hands of the Sixty Families, but you must keep the power and the ownership in your union halls and remember forever what you have suffered through the centuries of chattel slavery and capitalism.

A World of Shams

By A. B. COBBS

"Every modern institution hides a sham."—Marx.

A fellow worker challenges the truth of the above statement. He demands proof. When Marx wrote that sentence some 75 years ago, he took it for granted that even then all wide-awake people could see the fraud behind every organized body. But today one has only to listen to the spokesmen for the various groups to get the low-down on the whole works.

They admit even their own failure. The church, the school and the government in turn plead not only their impotence but their sins. A man that so much as reads the daily papers and still doesn't know that the whole world ought to be scrapped and rebuilt is asleep or a mental wreck—a total loss and no insurance.

Take any organized society, the Church of Rome, the Government of the United States, the Salvation Army or the Communist party, read what they pretend to do and compare it with what they actually do. Not one of them deserves the least particle of respect, at every turn they show signs of cowardice, imbecility and rapid decay. Whenever a problem needs to be solved, no matter how important or how simple, each group in turn will pass the matter up to the others and all together try to blame the public.

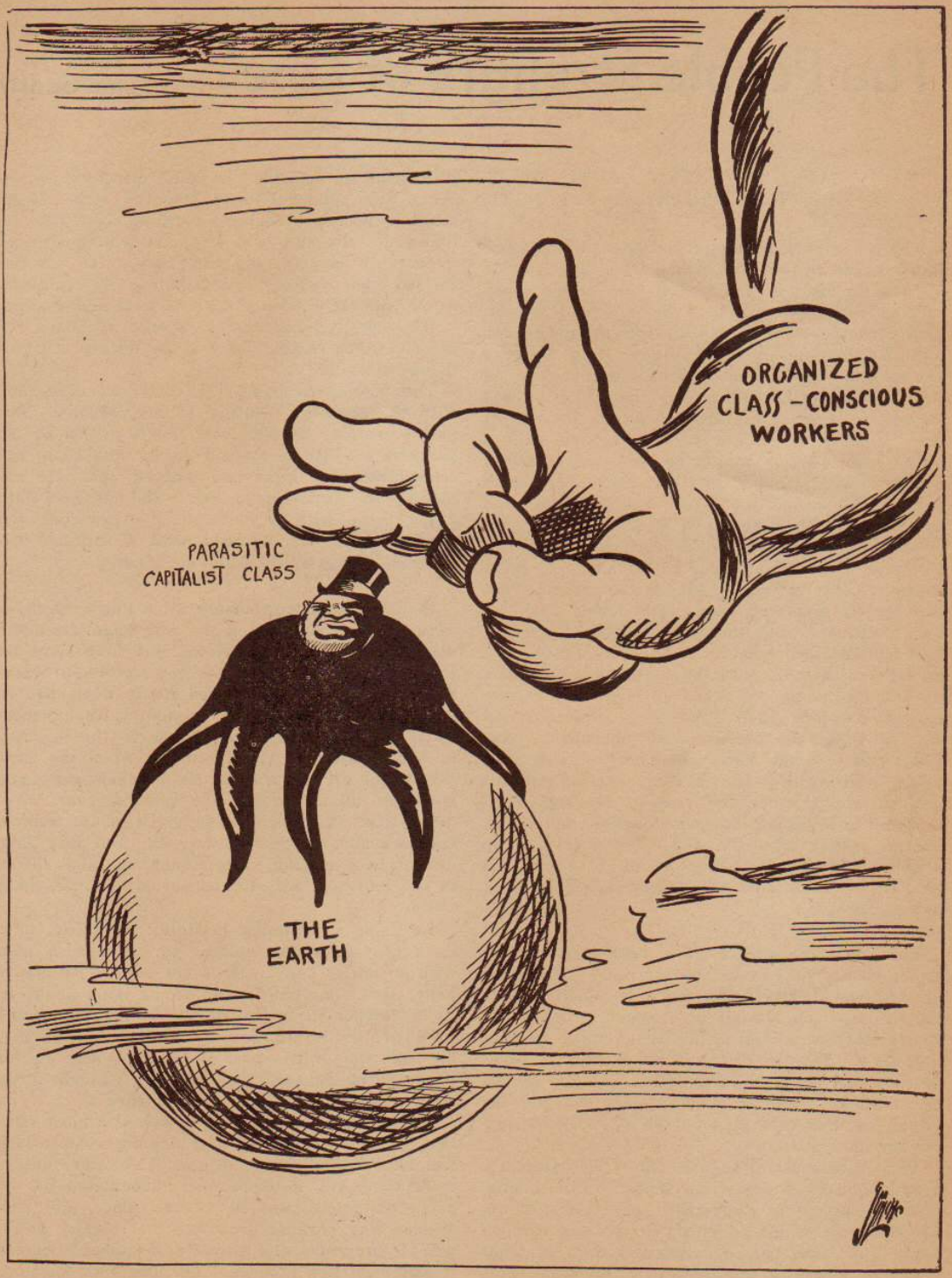
A remark by another social student, Lewis Morgan, fortells their doom: "Every institution that attains permanence will be found linked with a perpetual want." Our present day groups fulfill no needs, are fraudulent, parasitic and all of them must be reformed or die. Human desires are everlasting and to serve them we must have organs that further our ends instead of those that, when we ask for bread, hand out stones. Humanity will suffer greater calamities than ever before unless and until institutions are built to care for our needs instead of merely to hoodwink the people while they are being exploited. The population is in advance of its leaders; this situation cannot last.

In the Old World, the gangs that have ruled and robbed for centuries have now fallen so low that even the reactionaries are deserting them. The British Government, that so recently acted as sales-manager for the idea of "Making the World Safe for Democracy," has now come out to do everything possible to stop the upsurge of democracy in Spain. Its interference in Russia made democracy difficult and a dictatorship all but inevitable. The Roman Hierarchy, dedicated to the Prince of Peace, sanctified the gas that poisoned the Abyssinians, blessed the dynamiting and burning of women and children in Spain, the most Catholic country in Europe. The totalitarian states, pernicious, parasitic, fatal to all that is good in human nature, have at least one thing to their credit; they have torn away the mask of hypocrisy that heretofore has veiled the villainies of these others.

When the Constitution for these United tSates was drafted, many voices were raised against it as an instrument designed by the rich to oppress the poor. Since its adoption whenever questions arose relative to the importance of human rights as against property rights, the rights of property and the sacredness of contracts have almost invariably been held by the court to be supreme. Those phrases in the Preamble about Liberty, Justice, Freedom and the General Welfare are not law but sarcasm. As a result, in this land that has more natural resources and a more versatile population than any other country of equal size in the world, we find a third of the people lacking the barest necessities and another third threatened with the same fate.

The present Administration, in order to keep this lower portion of the public from getting too boisterous, and perhaps as a reserve of cannon-fodder, has endeavored to feed them at the general trough. But tories now as always, stand in their own light. They stand by the letter of the Constitution and is support of propery rights. Let the down-and-out live on the Preamble and its empty abstractions.

★ ★ ★


ORGANIZED
CLASS-CONSCIOUS
WORKERS
PARASITIC
CAPITALIST CLASS
THE
EARTH

The Feeble Strength of One

By The Gadfly

"YOU CAN GET SAFELY ONLY WHAT YOU'VE GOT THE ORGANIZED STRENGTH TO TAKE!"

The green park bench quaked beneath the soap-boxer as he shifted his weight from the flats of his feet to his toes and rocked back to his heels, socking a chapped fist into the air with an emphasis that seemed to clinch the argument for all his listeners—all but Pug-nose, who came to the park for his first time, and he did not come to hear a spouting radical, either. He came because he was miserable, just like the other denizens of the "public" park. But he was a man with a purpose, an ulterior one, to be sure, and he would not be swayed from it just because a Red orator looking like he had not a pot to spit in happened to jar him with a punch of logic.

The speaker zig-zagged through his night-time audience with a shoddy cap in his hands to catch a few reluctantly falling pennies and nickels. That cap served him well, especially during his oratorial matinees when the office crowds stopped to hear his radical humor. A few sparrows, not satisfied with their nests, eyed that cap covetously, and frequently embarked on imperialistic campaigns, dropping their splattering projectiles on the lid when the orator dozed beneath a tree. Else, how explain those splotches of encrusted avian whitewash? His passing of the ancient chapeau was the cue for some of his ungrateful listeners to break up into pre-occupied cliques that became pettily argumentative. Pug-nose spat up a phlegmy wad in a gesture of disgust, muttered "Nuts!" in a muffled tone and dragged his legs out of the park.

* * *

The grotesque silence of a residential section street corner at two in the morning. The clerk in the open-all-night drug store seems to respect the stillness, for, though he is asleep, propped uncomfortably on a stool behind the counter, he does not snore. The two lights in the window, a great green vessel on the left, a similar red one on the right, glow like altar lamps. Only the nervous pacing shuffles of a man on the sidewalk outrage the brooding solemnity.

This blasphemer, Pug-nose Riley, was formerly a prizefighter of expanding repute. But a long, sweeping upper-cut originating some place in the neighborhood of his adversary's right hip stopped him. The blow passed across his map in what might be termed a north-westerly direction, shattering the cartilage of his nose and plowing the ruins deep through the tips of his olfactory nerves. When the bandages were removed some weeks later, it developed that his sense of smell was obliterated. His nose was stranded ludicrously and irreparably beneath his right eye. He was informed that further participation in pugilism would certainly necessitate complete amputation.

However, fighting was Pug's only livelihood. "I can't quit the racket," he told the doctor. "I gotta eat, ain't I?"

The doctor shrugged. He was not concerned with the economic welfare of his patients. But in the corridor he met Nola, Pug's girl, a brassy peroxide blonde, an ex-gold digger who could not realize that the mine had petered out. He explained the situation to her. She marched into Pug's room with a determined expression; ten minutes later she emerged with a satisfied expression. Pug would fight no more.

* * *

It was exactly the moment when Pug's resources were quite exhausted, on the way home from the movie where he had sunk his last fifty cents on the tickets, that Nola discovered the 49.50 bracelet. She hinted for it, asked for it, demanded it, and finally published an ultimatum that henceforth for Pug the bracelet would be the sole key to her apartment. Furthermore, when the next evening he arrived without the bracelet, she made good her threat through the speaking-tube. Another time Pug might have gone to the service entrance and muscled his way in. But this time, having had nothing since doughnuts and coffee in the morning, his morale was down. He slunk away.

As many a capitalist hesitates to realize, it is an extremely simple matter to convince a man with an empty belly, who is not used to an empty belly, that something ought to be done about it. As a further incentive, he found himself unable to dispel his infatuation for Nola. Accordingly, he took the only course open to a man in his position: he repaired to the open-all-night drug store, desperately intent upon a stick-up.

Yet he hesitated, for Pug possessed a most virulent hoosier conscience, past dealings with which had taught him always to gain its consent before committing any misdemeanor. Stimulated by the cathedral impressiveness of the place, his conscience was working over-time that night. It required numerous and powerful arguments before it would let him proceed. Thumbing his memory, he moved back and forth before the show-window,

his distorted face illuminated now by the green vessel, now by the red one. His memory gave him admirable support. It showed him the images of numerous acquaintances, all of whom were crooks but all of whom were swell guys. Grudgingly his conscience allowed itself to be appeased. Hand in pocket, Pug entered the store.

The proprietor woke automatically as Pug crossed the threshold.

"Mornin'," he said. "What'll you have?"

With all the haste of a rank amateur, Pug displayed his gun.

"All de bucks in de box, buddy, and make it snappy."

The druggist slouched unconcernedly to the cash register at the end of the counter and sprung it. But before the bell would cease singing, he jerked a small automatic from the cash drawer and fired twice. Both shots missed. Pug, dropping his gun, which was empty anyhow, dragged the druggist around the end of the counter. They struggled in the center viciously at close quarters. The druggist anchored to a four-foot, slant-front case of cameras, perfume and fountain-pens. It toppled against them. It carried them to the floor. It smashed. Again the gun in the druggist's hand exploded, its report muffled by the two strained bodies which sandwiched it. The druggist relaxed, groaned. Pug got to his feet and shook himself, cleaned the cash register and ran out.

He moved abstractedly, viewing himself objectively, as one drunk or dreaming. He hailed a taxi. The coin bore oppressively upon his thighs as he climbed in.

In his room, still dazed, he swallowed a double dose of sleeping powder and fell into bed.

Next morning when he awoke his consciousness did not immediately resume the thread of his existence. He put his left hand on the tap to turn on the hot water. He touched the switch of the light with his right. There came a jolt in his forearm like a cracked funnybone, like the blow of a sledge-hammer, like (thought Pug) the juice in the electric chair. The shock brought him to himself and at once the commonplace sounds about him assumed an undreamed of significance.

"Murderer!" rumbled the street-car. "Murderer!" yapped an autohorn. "Murderer!" ticked the clock. "Murderer! Murder! Murderer gets the chair!" yelled a newsboy. Pug rushed to pull down the window. The pulleys screamed, "Murderer!" He turned on the tap in the basin. "Murderer!" hissed the water, and "Murderer!" sneered the drain. Many were the mouths of his conscience. He cupped his hands over his ears, and in the surflike roar which the action produced he heard it again: "Murderer!" He began to shave. The razor was dull, his beard tough. Every bristle as it was mowed down cracked and stung, and, crackling, seemed to Pug to add its tiny voice to the rasping chorus of "Murderer!" flowing from the edge of the blade.

Feverishly, he counted his haul. The very clink of the coins accused him, but he forced himself to count. "Ninety-three-sixty," he announced defiantly. "Murderer!" his conscience insistently reminded him. "Ninety-three-sixty," he repeated, thinking of enough food to eat and enough cigarettes to smoke, visioning Nola's light yellow hair, her passively inviting grey-green eyes, her sensual mouth, her voluptuously curvate body. Pug was a gourmand: The pleasure of the senses formed no small part of his life's philosophy. The picture of pleasure which Pug imagined was too much for even such a well-developed organ as his conscience. It subsided.

Putting up a front of synthetic buoyancy, he passed down into the street and headed toward the U-Like-It Lunch. Before he had traveled a block, an awareness of something extraordinary and malevolent in the attitude of the crowd pervaded him. Something so malevolent, in fact, that he fairly traveled at a dog-trot in his haste to attain the welcome of Acropulous, the proprietor of the lunchroom.

As he opened the screen door, the amicably gruff voice of McCarthy, the promoter, an old friend of Pug's, called to him. "Hiyah, Pug!"

He felt relieved. "Oke," he said, and seated himself on a stool next to McCarthy. He looked out the window to see if people were watching him. Satisfied, he turned to McCarthy. "How's da chili?" he asked.

But McCarthy did not reply. He was perched on the far edge of the stool, his nose wrinkled in an expression of disgust.

"Wot's up?" demanded Pug.

Without answering, McCarthy went out the door, leaving his chili uneaten. Acropulous entered from the kitchen just in time to see McCarthy leave. In amazement he walked down the way behind the counter to a position in front of Pug, and stood peering out the door.

"Guess your chili ain't so good," Pug jested.

Slowly Acropulous turned his eyes upon him. His leathery features contorted into a sneer. "It's not da cheelee," he murmured significantly. Then abruptly, "Whadya want, huh?"

Pug managed to stammer: "Ham and eggs." He did not like ham and eggs. It was simply the first thing that occurred to him.

"Holy chee," thought Pug while he waited for his breakfast, "What's de matter wid everybody?"

"Murderer!" suggested his conscience.

"No," he gasped almost aloud. "Jeez, no!" Surreptitiously he inspected his clothes. "Coupla powder marks on my vest. But nobody wot wasn't lookin' fer it would notice dem." An unworded memory of something he had read in a Sunday newspaper supplement about a sixth sense sprayed through his rabbit-punched brain. "Gawd! I wonder if dere's sumpthin' in dat stuff. Can dey tell I done it?" Something tickled the back of his left hand. He looked. So violently were his tortured nerves shaking his right hand which held a salt-

shaker that the salt was sprinkling from the cap. "Baloney!" he reassured himself, and banged the shaker down on the counter. Nevertheless, when it came time for him to go out upon the street and face the crowd a cold sweat soaked him.

Even the jeweler, in Pug's sphere the model of courtliness and suavity, treated him with deliberate contempt when he was buying the bracelet.

In the vestibule of Nola's apartment, he fumbled at the bell.

"Yes?" "It's me—Pug. Got somethin' fer ya."

The release on the door buzzed ecstatically, triumphantly. Pug took the stairs three at a time. In the presence of the reward for his extra-legal efforts, all his torments vanished. Her door was open. In pink dishabille, she awaited him.

"Oh, Pug!" she chortled, as he approached her holding at arms' length the bracelet, like a priest placing a sacrifice upon the altar of Baal. "Oh, Pug, I didn't mean for you to get me this." She threw her arms around his neck.

Then something happened. She backed away, and Pug saw in her eyes the embodiment of the attitude of McCarthy, of Acropulous, of the jeweler, of every passerby in the street.

"Why, hon—" he stammered.

Disdain changed to hatred on her face. "You—you—Get out," she screamed, "and don't you never come around here again!" She looked at the bracelet undecidedly for a moment. Then she tore it off and threw it in his face. "And you can take **that** to yer moll!" She slammed the door.

As he bent over to pick up the bracelet, apartment occupants all down the line stuck out their heads. He was rather hurt than surprised; it was beginning to seem natural, if inexplicable, that people should know him for a murderer. He trudged down the hall between the two cordons of gossipy faces, his head bent. Behind him budded a vicious twittering.

Pug wandered over to Harry's, stung and taunted at every dragging step by the faces of the crowd. He saturated himself with Harry's bad liquor, paid with his recently acquired money, and staggered to the down-town park. Harry seemed glad to have him leave.

As he advanced along the curvilinear paths, people shied from him, and after he had passed, many stood and looked after him scornfully, or giggled maliciously. "Know I'm a murderer, don't-cha?" he mumbled hiccoughingly over and over again, twisting clumsily in his stride to look back at them. "But ya can't prove nuthin', can ya? Ha ha! Nozir, ya can't prove nuthin'."

A policeman accosted him. "Think you better come along with me and sober up."

The desk-sergeant sniffed when Pug was brought in. He looked piercingly at him, and treated himself to a prolonged belly-laugh. "Begorra," he guffawed, "Oi've seen many a prize-fighter awaltzin' in the ring, but, to be sure, ye're the loveliest oi've yit had the pleasure of witnessin'!"

That night Pug enjoyed unusual privacy in his corner of the bull pen. In his drunken sleep he couldn't hear what the inmates were saying of him.

The following morning at eight o'clock they called him out to take him before the sergeant again. As he and his escort entered the room, the street door opened to admit a square built cop with a surly face. He headed for the desk. He reached it before Pug's party.

As Pug came up the sergeant was saying, "'Tis sweet ye're smellin' this foin mornin', Detective Levinsky."

Neither of them noticed Pug. Levinsky replied, "Nerts! It's that damned drug store murder. Gawd, what a mess! The old guy was buried under cameras and fountain pens, and layin' in a puddle of perfume. Got some on my boots, I guess."

Pug squirmed. "Murderer!" said his conscience.

His movement attracted the attention of the sergeant. "Guess you can go, Pug," he laughed. "Certain it is we don't want ye about here."

Pug turned hastily. But Levinsky shoved himself off from the desk upon which he had been leaning, and grabbed Pug by the shoulder. "Oh, no, you're not going. Not by a damned sight. You just wait a minute."

* * *

Several weeks later Pug stood upon the trap, waiting to be hanged. A guard knelt in front of him tying his feet. Another bent behind him tying his arms. The hangman fumbled under his left ear beneath the hood adjusting the knot. The priest—serving the state faithfully—stood to his right whispering nervously, —"Grand that this payment which this poor sinner is about to make may be sufficient, O Lord, and—" There was a twisting beneath the hood as Pug turned his head toward the priest. "I heard a guy lekchurin' in da park once 'bout organizin' with your class before ya try to take somethin'. He said it waz safer dat way. He wuzn't so dumb like I thot. Yeah, and Father, I waz just thinkin' 'bout dat time I wuz waiting fer my grub in de lunch-room." The priest, who was new to the job, was horrified. The hangman, accustomed to such things, merely grunted sorrowfully at discovering that Pug's ear was no longer above the knot. He rotated the noose to get it there. "Ya know, I was thinkin' den maybe it was da sixth sense wot wuz givin' me away. But jeez, I was part right. It sure wuz a sense—de sense of smell. Dat perfume in de case wot upset on me. Funny . . ." The hangman stepped back. Guards and priest followed suit. "Jeez, no wonder people wuz treatin' me like dey done. Dey musta thot I was a—"

There was a great banging of steel plates.

* * *

Off in the park dozed the philosopher spread out on newspapers beneath a tree. He was dreaming of a world without double hernias, without capitalists, without city halls, without jails. In his sleep he pulled his cap over his face, and just in time. The sparrow took good aim.

The Growth of Fascism in Russia

By
CHAS. J. MILLER

It is a far cry from John Reed and the revolutionary conspiracy in the sand dunes of Lake Michigan, with the World Revolution just around the corner; and now, 20 years later Commissar Hathaway of the Communist Party talking on "What Does Democracy Mean?" before the American Town Meeting of the Air, advocating the getting together of all people believing in Democracy, in a People's Front against Fascism.

No wonder the audience chuckled. No doubt some of them felt like holding their noses.

The Communists have mellowed with age like limburger, and like garlic, they are a small bunch, but, O Boy! whatever they are you can tell by the smell.

But how is it, that after 20 years, instead of learning by their mistakes and becoming a part of the revolutionary movement, they have degenerated to the point where they are more like Fascists than the Fascists themselves?

As they get their inspirations and instructions from Soviet Russia, it is there that we will find the key to the puzzle.

The history of the Russian Empire is the history of the dark ages. Starting in the ninth century, we find one thousand years later a great part of the Empire still in the cultural stage of Barbarism. And at the time of the Revolution only a small part of the Empire, in those sections that had dealings with other nations, had capitalistic civilization developed.

Retarded Development

At the time of the World War, Russia as a nation was a hundred years behind the nations of Europe in its economic, political and social development. The Russian Empire, the largest continuous area nation in the world, was at the same time one of the most backward nations.

This is the background of the present social development of Soviet Russia. It is also the basis of the psychological background of the leaders and the people. It is from this background of Czarism that Lenin, the selfless heroic realist, tried the impossible task of jumping from Feudalism to Industrial Democracy in one long continuous revolutionary jump. It was also the training ground of Trotsky, the egotist, fighter and organizer, and the foxy barbarian politician, Stalin.

The development of modern capitalism in Russia got its real start after the 1905 revolution. It did not pass through the slow growth of other countries, but entered into large scale concentrated capitalistic industry. These industries were chiefly engaged in export trade and were centered where they could deal in foreign trade.

In August, 1914, when Russia entered the war, you had these two extremes. On the one hand about nine-tenths of the people engaged in backward undeveloped peasant production, and the other one-tenth of the people worked in capitalistic industry production. About twenty per cent of the capital invested was from foreign countries.

The capitalists enthusiastically supported Czarism in the entry into the war, with its prospects of expanding and big war profits. But as the corrupt and inefficient Czarist bureaucracy bungled the management of the war, instead of a profitable victory, defeat stared the capitalists in the face. They became critical and demanded an ever more aggressive war against Germany.

With the support of foreign capitalistic interests and foreign government agents and the new younger group of officers, who had replaced the defeated Czar Guards, the capitalists plotted to replace Czar Nicholas with a "strong" Grand Duke, who would carry out the aggressive capitalistic policy.

But when the time came for replacing the Czar, another group took a hand and overthrew the Czar. It was the revolutionary direct action of the workers of Petrograd, strikes, demonstrations and food riots that shattered the tottering Czarism to ruin.

Direct Action

The finish of Czarism came when the workers ignored the Duma with its political trickery and betrayals and with the slogan of "Peace, Land and Liberty" turned to mass direct action.

This was the first phase of the revolution, March 8 to 15, 1917, which ended Czarism.

The capitalists in Russia were a minority group, and had developed under the Czarist bureaucracy.

With the destruction of Czarism, the capitalist class had no organization to replace it. They were left without any effective means to enforce their orders and they had no time now to organize.

They, with the help of the Socialists, who also did not have any organization to replace Czarism, tried to revive the remains of the Duma in a provisional "national" government of the usual "democratic" capitalistic type. This was on March 13, 1917.

At first the capitalist group controlled the provisional government, but because they lacked the organization and ability to deliver the goods, they drifted along with words instead of action and matters grew steadily worse.

In the meantime a new government had come upon the scene. On March 14, there was formed in Petrograd a Council of Workers and Soldiers. This council was a makeshift united front political organization to carry on the revolutionary work and propaganda. These groups were represented in the council: the Social Revolutionaries, a middle class peasant organization; the Mensheviks, right Socialists; and the Bolsheviks, left Socialists.

From this beginning the organizing of Soviets of peasants, workers and soldiers spread rapidly.

No sooner were they formed, than the struggle between the political groups for control of the Soviets was on. Things were moving fast. While the Social Revolutionaries and Mensheviks who controlled the Soviets were busy in the Provisional Government trying to capture control there, the Bolsheviks, a small determined group of the intelligentsia, past masters in the art of underground organization, were planting their men in key positions, undermining the opposition in the Soviets.

The failure of the Bolsheviks' attempt to overthrow the government in May was followed by the government control going to the right Socialists under laborite Kerensky. The Kerensky government acted just as all socialistic governments have acted when once in power.

Then came the second attempt to overthrow the government (July), with the vicious action by the Kerensky government to crush the demonstration with force.

With this treacherous counter-revolutionary action by Kerensky against the masses, the power of the Bolsheviks grew rapidly, and the agitation for "All Power to the Soviet" was bearing fruit.

The climax came when the All-Russian Soviet refused to call an All-Russian Congress of Soviets. The Bolsheviks, who now controlled the Petrograd Soviets, went over their heads and sent out a call for a Congress.

At this time the Bolsheviks started another insurrection to overthrow the government.

On November 6, Kerensky, realizing the end was near, attempted to suppress the Bolsheviks, but failed.

The next day, November 7, the Bolsheviks seized and dispersed the Parliament and swept the government out of existence.

The Soviets

When the All-Russian Congress of Soviets convened at the Smolny Institute, it was confronted with the accomplished fact. The Bolsheviks, with a left group of Social Revolutionaries representing the peasants who accepted the Bolsheviks' program, dominated the Congress.

The Congress decreed that the Soviets should be constituted as the Government of Russia.

They elected Lenin as President of the Council of People's Commissars and Trotsky as the Commissar of Foreign Affairs. The Dictatorship of the Proletariat was in the saddle!

On December 20, 1917, the Tcheka was organized and the Red Terror was let loose. At the time Lenin said: "No dictatorship of the proletariat is to be thought of without terror and violence."

All factories, mines, forests, railroads were seized and turned over to the workers, industrial production was placed under the control of the government. All property was socialized.

Trotsky organized the Red Army and there was fighting on all fronts, but after two years the last of the enemies came to terms and the Red Terror had put down the inside enemies, so by the end of 1920 the civil war came to an end.

During these years, 1918 to 1921, the militant Communism was in effect. By decree universal forced labor was applied to industry and agriculture. This was the real attempt to apply Socialism.

The war and revolution disrupted and destroyed a great part of the necessary industrial equipment. Vital sections, such as railroads, were disorganized and run down.

The Soviet, being a makeshift political machine, was now used as a means of running industry. The result was great confusion, the workers running the industries to satisfy their own needs, without any coordinating plans and no provisions for replacing, rebuilding, or the building of new industries. There was no surplus value.

Then came the two great droughts of 1921-1922, the peasant uprising and general discontent.

It was at this time that Lenin introduced the New Economic Policy.

Retreat

The New Economic Policy was a retreat to State Capitalism. Under the State Planning Commission (Gosplan) the state bank was restored and the nation was put under a capitalist money basis. Restricted freedom of trade was granted

the peasants. Socialized production was replaced by state control, industry was put under control of trusts, foreign concessions were granted.

The New Economic Policy marked the end of the Communist experiment and the birth of Fascism.

This N.E.P. was the rock that split the ranks of the Communist Party.

It marks the highest point ever reached on the march of Communism.

It was also the greatest demonstration of the fatal mistake in the Marxian theory of revolution as propounded by the political Socialists the world over, that the workers can, through a political machine, usher in a new economic society without first building the necessary economic control over the processes of production and distribution.

The greatest force in society is the control over the means of life. Labor is the creator of the means of life. When Labor controls this process through its economic organization, organized for this purpose, organized from the bottom up through a revolutionary industrial union, then and not until then, will the industrial revolution be successful.

Let us digress at this point to investigate this vital point further.

The history of the Bolsheviks during those ten months was a wonderful display of ability and persistency in the face of overwhelming odds.

This group of "intelligentsia" with Lenin, their leader, used their knowledge of history, especially the French revolutionary period and the Marxian revolutionary theories, "laws" and lessons, as a guide to their actions right up to the seizure of power.

Going through the mass of articles on problems, aims, lessons, tasks, appeals and resolutions dealing with various phases of the progressing revolution, you can follow the sure hand of Lenin, even when in hiding, guiding the group, working out practical programs of action in accordance with the immediate problems, step by step, always working toward the goal.

The application of Marxism to the Russian revolution was fitting. Marx and Engels lived in a time when Europe had passed through a somewhat similar economic and political period.

In the French Revolutions (1789 to 1871) the workers wiped out one form of property rights, Feudalism, and saved France for the bourgeoisie with its constitutional, parliamentary, republican government.

The Bolsheviks proposed not to stop with the overthrow of the Czarist Feudalism and the capitalistic parliamentary government, but to organize a new society through the new revolutionary "apparatus," the Soviet.

With the Bolshevik-engineered overthrow of the Kerensky government and the seizure of control of the All-Russian Soviet Congress the Dictatorship of the Bolsheviks by way of the Soviet was accomplished.

When Marx formulated his maxims on revolution, he too, thought that Europe was entering an epoch of world revolution by the workers to overthrow capitalism and set up Socialism.

But in spite of the facts that the world revolution did not materialize, that capitalism was really in its infancy, that the first modern trust wasn't formed until after Marx's death, the political Socialists from that time to this have used his theoretical writings as a peg on which to hang their hats.

One of these that the Bolsheviks used is: "The proletariat cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made machinery of the bourgeois state and use it for its own purpose."

Not a Workers' Machine

This is a truth as far as it goes, but it does not follow that the Soviet is a machine that can be used by the workers for the workers' purpose. The Soviets were mass organizations and were later turned into a political machine and used by the politicians to create the dictatorship of the small group of intelligentsia.

Another peg used by the Bolsheviks was from Marx's Criticism of the Gotha Program: "Between the capitalist and the Communist system of society lies the period of the revolutionary transformation of the one into the other. This corresponds to a political transition period, whose state can be nothing else than the revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat."

This, too, is true as far as it goes. But just look what a monster has been created from this plain statement.

The Bolsheviks, now the dictators, used the above to justify their action as follows: "The theory of Marx is the practice of the proletarian revolution in Russia. The dictatorship of the proletariat ruthlessly annihilated the rights and ideology of the old regime, and relentlessly crushes all counter-revolutionary movements."

We know that this "crushing all counter-revolutionary movements" meant the liquidating of any one daring to oppose the dictators.

The political Socialists of all countries have perverted these Marxian writings to justify their refusal to organize revolutionary industrial unions in preparation for the taking over of industry.

Society is a growth. The revolution is the labor pains of the birth of a new society. But the form of the new society is determined by the control of the economic organization formed in the old.

Ever since the days of Marx the Socialists have been steering the workers up the blind alley of capturing political power. And like Kerensky, when they got into power they had the bear by the tail, but couldn't do anything since they had no roots in industry.

Not only Russia, but France, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Italy, Great Britain have traveled this blind alley. Briand, Clemenceau, Scheidemann, MacDonald, Pilsudski, Mussolini, Kerensky, Stalin are some of the leaders that have led the workers into the bog of politics. There have been no exceptions.

The N.E.P. industrial success story has been told many times. There was rapid increase in industrial production. Then in 1928 the five-year plan was put into operation. This was followed by a second five-year plan which is now near completion. And never in the world's history has there been anything so gigantic, stupendous, colossal, as we say in America.

Extracting Surplus

Never in the world's history has there been so much surplus wealth extracted from the hide of one generation of workers. It is a fitting monument to the greatest slave system ever devised, and that under a so-called Communist dictatorship.

The introduction of the N.E.P. aroused a great storm of protest within the Communist Party. It was only the great dictatorial power wielded by Lenin that put it over.

This was the last important act of Lenin, who suffered a stroke in May, 1922, and never fully recovered, dying January, 1924.

During his inability, Kaminev, Zinoviev and Stalin carried on.

With Lenin's death, the fight for control came to the surface. Stalin outmaneuvered Trotsky, who was the logical candidate for the office.

With Stalin's ascent to dictatorship, he inherited the dictatorial power and prestige built up around Lenin and a weapon in the form of the capitalistic N.E.P. that Lenin had sponsored. Stalin now proceeded to repeat the process in the Communist Party that the Bolsheviks had previously carried out in the Soviets when they got control and wiped out all opposition.

The opposition to the N.E.P., that started out as a controversy that in any democratic organization would have been a simple, wholesome difference of opinion as to the methods of reaching the goal, was driven by tyranny to become treason. The responsibility for this treason rests with the tyrant. Tyranny is the cause, treason the result.

Dictator Can Do No Wrong

While Trotsky was busy organizing the opposition and charging Stalin with deliberately creating a new bourgeoisie, the Nep-men, foxy Stalin was busy building political fences and traps.

These activities of Trotsky that were counter-revolutionary plots, betrayals and frame-ups, these same acts by dictator Stalin were perfectly legal acts against the counter-revolutionist. You see, a dictator can do no wrong.

And so, steadily, as Stalin overwhelmingly defeated the opposition at every turn, these men of high intelligence, many with courageous revolutionary records and comrades of Lenin, were driven to further and ever further extremes to try to save the situation. After each defeat, a fresh opposition was started.

It was then an easy matter for Stalin with the control of the propaganda machinery to arouse the masses against all opposition. The record of the steps by which Trotsky was eliminated is an example of how the opposition was driven to defeat.

1924—Stalin gets job as Dictator.

1925—Trotsky is fired as War Commissar.

1926—Trotsky forms opposition bloc.

1927—Expelled from Communist Party.

1929—Tried for rebellion against the government and exiled to Turkey.

1932—Trotsky's citizenship cancelled.

Today, Trotsky, an exile, is a sick man, burning up with hate.

In the Fifteenth Congress of the Communist Party all leaders of the opposition were expelled. There was no longer any question of the absolute dictatorship of Stalin.

Another severe Communist Party crisis developed in 1936. Sherwood Eddy in his latest book, "Europe Today," estimates those loyal to Stalin as follows: "Some 99% of the youth and Red Army, 90% of the party and of industrial labor, about 80% of the collective farmers and about 60% of the intellectuals, professors and engineers who have not been dismissed or arrested on suspicion.

"But with equal emphasis I must maintain there is a grave party crisis of which the broad masses are not aware. There are strains, tensions and fear among party members and officials almost everywhere, and especially in Moscow.

"Never were so many party and government officials, factory managers and heads of departments dismissed, removed or attacked in the press.

"For every one who is Trotskyist or counter-revolutionary guilty of sabotage, a hundred are accused and a thousand suspected. Some hundreds have been shot during recent months and many thousands are in prison or in exile or have disappeared."

The "purgings" of the party, which have been almost continuous, have recently become much more drastic, reducing the membership of the party by one-third. There is a hysterical fear and suspicion which take the form of a witch-hunting campaign to root out all traces or even suspicion of "Trotskyism" and counter-revolution. This has affected industry with decreased production, which creates more suspicion and more political purging. Production, instead of increasing, is decreasing. This is Soviet Russia today.

Sovietism—Fascism

It is commonly held that Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia are the opposite poles of Dictatorship, Italy being the negative, trying to save a dying order, while Russia is the positive, building a new order. The new order of Russia is the most advanced Fascism. Fascism is the Italian form of Sovietism or vice versa.

Sovietism—Fascism—is the strict control, supervision and direction of the industrial, political and social structure of a nation, under a Corporate State, a Dictatorship.

A Corporate State is an institutional device for regimenting and controlling the agencies of national production.

The Fascist Party and the Communist Party are not political parties—they are an organ of the "State."

Mussolini and Stalin are the heads of the State and control the "parties."

Both parties are closed organzations, confined to a restricted selected membership. They are political machines. Out of a Russian population of 165,000,000 the Communist Party membership in 1934 was 1,872,488 or a little over one percent, while out of an Italian population of 42,000,000 the Fascist Party membership was 2,500,000 or six percent.

Both parties have a monopoly of supply of leadership. Both use identical governing mechanisms and political tactics and rigid discipline.

The "intelligentsia" in Russia and Italy lead the movement as a short cut to power. Both Dictators are ruthless, cruel, inhuman barbarians and depend on terrorism to stay in power. Both claim to "rule for the workers," suppress civil liberties; all are slaves of the State.

In Italy the workers are "silent partners" in industry. They are organized in workers' syndicates, similar to our C.I.O., and the employers are organized in their Confederations similar to our Manufacturers' Associations. These two parallel organizations are united in a higher organization, which is the Corporation. They are national in scope.

There are six of these Corporations,—1. Industry, 2. Agriculture, 3. Commerce, 4. Land Transport, 5. Sea and Air Transport and 6. Banking.

These are united in the National Council of Corporations which is composed of 52 Mussolini-picked men and 13 representatives of the Corporations.

The employers' Confederations are responsible to the State for the operation of their particular industry. The Syndicates are responsible to the State for the "Social Duty" of the workers to labor.

Labor courts are established; the State being the third party, maintaining strict supervision over terms and settling controversies.

Wages are paid "as best suited to the needs of the employes and the undertaking."

The collective Labor Contracts (Labor Bondage) are the real heart of the Corporate State program.

The Industrial Unions of Russia, instead of being the controlling force of economic life, are nothing more than the Fascist Labor Syndicate. You have the same conciliation and arbitration set-up, with the three-way makeup of the workers, the managers and the **neutral** third party, the State, i. e., Council of People's Commissars, which is also the Board of Directors of Industry and Agriculture.

You can imagine the brand of justice handed down to the workers from such an arbitration board, when the Commissars are the neutral party! The managers who may be shot if they do not carry out orders from the Commissars, and the representatives of the Union, which is controlled in every department by the Communist Party.

A Geographic Difference

The real difference between Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy is not in the "State," but is directly based on the difference in the economic geography of these two nations.

Soviet Russia is four times as big as the rest of Europe combined, or twice the size of the United States, or one-sixth of the inhabited world.

And what is even more essential, it has the raw materials basis of a complete economy. Russia has colossal stores of ore, fuel, lumber, water power, raw materials for the chemical industry, etc. With its vast resources it is self-sufficient—a "Have" nation.

While Italy, the very opposite, is a small nation. Including Sicily, Sardinia and other islands, it has a total of 110,684 square miles, about the size of the single state of Nevada.

Italy lacks in practically all necessary raw materials, minerals, etc., essential for a complete economy—a "Have-not" nation.

This is the real reason why Mussolini does not take over full possession of Italy's economy. He must have international financial, commercial and trade dealings; he cannot withdraw from world trade. This is the reason why Mussolini is in Ethiopia, in Spain, and has linked up with the other "Have-not" nations to make war on the "Have" nations for these materials. Mussolini's cry of "Communism" is simply a blind, just as is Stalin's cry of "Fascism." Stalin has got many things that Mussolini wants.

In order for Mussolini to carry on, he has to divide his power at least nominally with the King, Pope, corporate interests and international trade and finance.

Basically, Soviet Russia is not only not Communistic, it is more Fascist than is Fascist Italy. In Soviet Russia the State not only controls, it owns and controls.

Experience

There is no magic formula by which the workers can prepare to take over and run industry. They learn by doing. There is no other way.

Have you noticed that in all Communist propaganda, when they touch on the union movement in Russia, they always speak in glowing terms of the wonderful headquarters, efficiency classes, social work, everything from day nurseries to the two weeks vacation with pay; but did you ever hear one of them tell how the workers, through their union, are taking over the management of industry, replacing the tight grip that the bureaucratic dictatorship has fastened on industry and the workers?

At first the control was to be temporary, until the resistance of the enemy was broken. Years went by, the enemy without and within was defeated. The revolutionary fire has died down, the mold is set and instead of the promised gradual shifting of power from the Communist Party to the workers in industry, there has been a steady reactionary tightening of the grip of Fascism.

In 1918 Lenin said, "Russia is constructing the industrial State, preparing the conditions for a final abolition of the State, and the instituting of Engels' 'administration of things'."

Russia, after 20 years, has still to take the first step toward the workers' control of industry. Instead of Lenin's "the State withering away," it has become more tyrannical.

This is the real test of the sincerity of the dictatorship in Russia, and it has greatly embarrassed Stalin.

They realize the danger of this betrayal and are now trying to cover up their nakedness by taking another page from French history. It was Napoleon III that established a totalitarian state veiled by a form of parliamentarian government with its universal suffrage controlled by agents of the Emperor.

The new Soviet Government is composed of two chambers; the Council of the Union is elected from all citizens, while the Council of Nationalities embodies the federal principle with representatives from republics as the American Senate represents states. But they wouldn't even take a chance with this. Before the first election they had a wholesale liquidation of all opposition inside and outside of the Party all over Russia. Those elected were guaranteed 100 percent.

The new Constitution guarantees "Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assemblies, freedom of street processions and demonstrations . . . . these are at the disposal of the toilers . . . ."

Opposition Will Grow

With no political parties tolerated except the Communist Party which is really a State apparatus, the above is the Czarist and Communist idea of "liberty." For loyal Stalinites only.

In the Politburo, which is the inner ring which controls the Party, Kaganovich, Varoskeov, and Yezhov are the most powerful leaders around Stalin. Yezhov, who is in charge of the liquidating, has had a rapid rise to power. He is forty years old and, like Stalin, ruthless and is directly responsible for the fear and terror in Russia now.

They are driving on with ruthless disregard for the workers to the goal of complete Fascism.

Stalin's version of Communism is, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his labor," at so much an hour.

With State controlled propaganda for the masses, they have evolved a new religion, the new "opiate of the people." In the place of Jesus and the cross they now have Lenin and the tomb. Where formerly Marx, Lenin and Trotsky were to be seen on display everywhere, today it is Lenin and Stalin.

No stranger things have ever been done in the name of Jesus than are now being done in Soviet Russia in the name of the great revolutionist, Lenin. Out of twelve disciples, Jesus had but one Judas, but according to Stalin, Lenin had all Judases except one.

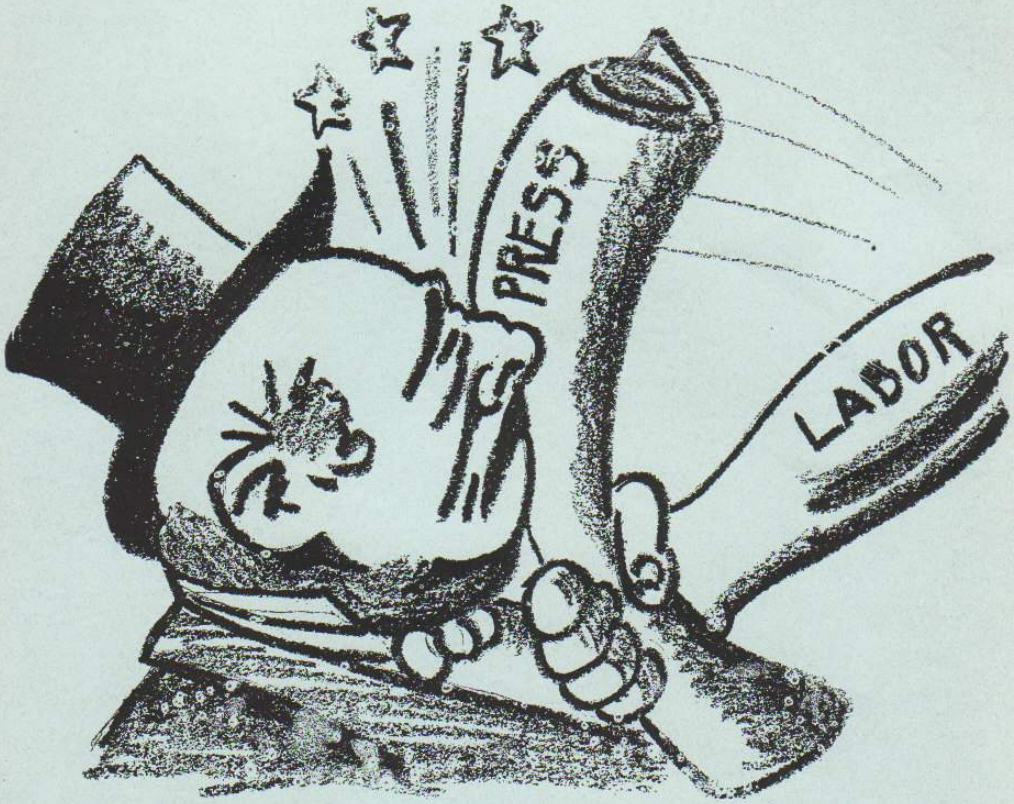
The new industrial environment in Russia will produce a new Russian who will not be satisfied to be treated like a cow, fed, milked, and when the time comes, be slaughtered, all for the Fascist State.

Already a serious food crisis (1932-33) brought about by sabotage forced the Dictator to let up. Again production is dropping.

In the mass of 24,769,000 wage workers the opposition, no matter what they label it, will continue to grow. The real danger to the dictatorship is in the necessary education that must be carried on. That, too, is the hope of the future.

The opposition to the new Fascism is growing and spreading in spite of terror. Fascism will meet its defeat from forces within.

This is the story of the growth of Fascism in Soviet Russia. It is also the explanation of the actions of the would-be Commissars in other countries.



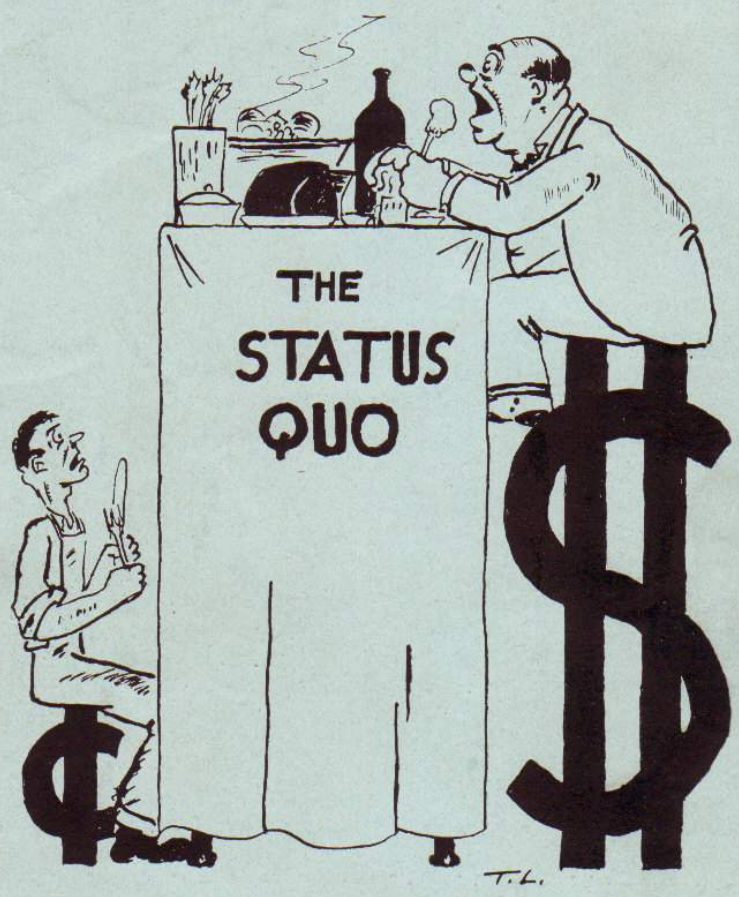
The I. W. W. Shows the Way

In Italy the compromising policies of political radicals were burried in a landslide of capitalist dictatorship. The same thing happend in Germany, Austria and in several other countries. Today the same calamity threatens in Spain, France and England. Every remaining democratic country is in danger.

It is the business of the labor press of this country to point out the danger ahead and the way to avoid it. The I. W. W. press does this, has been doing it for years. Our contemporaries almost without exception, and we say this regretfully, are following the road of compromise and collaboration—the road that in other countries has led working class movements to defeat.

To support working class rights, to build working class power, we must have, among other things, a strong labor press—and that, in this country, means the press of the I. W. W. Let's take a fresh start and with renewed vigor put it over the top! Let's make fuller use of it in furthering our drives for rank and file revolutionary industrial unionism, the only sure cure for the economic ills from which we suffer.

DOLLARS AND CENTS



When Mr. Cents gets organized in the Industrial Workers of the World he will knock the props out from under Mr. Dollars and the Status Quo into a cocked hat. After all it is Cents who produces the food, cooks it, and sets the table. He ought to play a bigger part when it comes to eating.