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ONE BIG UNION
Monthly



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ORGANIZATION CONTROL

American labor is up against a proposition that requires clear thinking and drastic action—direct action. The thinking no less than the acting will have to be done by the workers and not by the new crop of professionals who are undertaking to handle labor problems.

Labor leading has become a bigger and better profession than ever before in history. Many men are taking it up as others take up medicine or engineering, they expect to grow prosperous out of it. And, it must be admitted, any number of workers are ready, and in some cases even anxious, to place their organizational worries in the hands of this or that set of leaders.

On the surface these tendencies seem harmless enough. When people need a plumber they try to get an experienced one, and they let him do very much as he pleases on the job that is his specialty. Why not, then, take the same attitude when there are unions to be organized and strikes to be managed, and settlements to be negotiated?

The cases are vastly different. The specialist in the one case is placed in charge of mechanical, inanimate things, in the other he is placed in a position where he directs humans who, while they learn how to obey orders, soon lose the capacity of self-direction.

The chosen leaders in the end become tyrants whom they cannot shake off without extreme difficulty. This is the lesson history teaches.

Workers as they build their organization today, must be firm in their determination to run it, and diligent in their efforts to learn how to run it efficiently, otherwise they will be taken over by a leader who needs a job.

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THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER

By PEO MONOLDI

The construction worker is in the vanguard of the army of production. He builds the roads along which civilization moves, and he constructs its most enduring monuments. His occupation is most hazardous and often takes him into places where for months he is compelled to get along with less than the ordinary necessities of life.

For his service to society the builder of roads, dams, and tunnels gets pay that is wholly inadequate.

Necessarily his work is irregular, for once a job is finished he has to move away in search of another one, sometimes traveling across the continent to find employment in the line to which he is accustomed.

The experiences and necessities of these men has developed in them a spirit of independence that makes them good material for membership in the I. W. W. which fosters individual freedom and initiative in its rank-and-file controlled unions.

The workers in the construction industry, next to those in agriculture, have been the pioneers who have developed virgin territories to the point where they are today. Their industry has made it possible for new population to flow and find means of life. These builders, the vanguard of progress, have gone into the far places to build trails and wagon roads, and to provide the houses that sheltered the pioneers. They have bridged the streams and pierced the mountains in order to give us the railroads and highways.

Without the construction workers millions of acres of desert waste would have remained unreclaimed. The city of today would have been impossible if the construction worker had not applied his brain and muscle in the construction of its water system, and sewers to take away its waste, and in the building of houses and streets,

and the road beds for its fast transportation. Water transport would still be a slow motion process without the docks, deepened channels, and modern vessels that the constructor has given society. Aeroplanes would not be able to take off or land without the service rendered by the construction worker in building run-ways.

These builders of progress have made it possible for all of us to travel from one end of the country to the other in comfort by rail, highway, water, or the air. They have gone into the far places to harness raging waters to be converted into power and to irrigate the desert waste for the further advance of the cities and so the good of one might be brought to the other.

From the exercise of brute force and more or less haphazard figuring the construction industry has changed in a short span of time into one of



The short handled shovel is almost purely symbolic. Modern construction work is carried on with power-driven machinery. The machine operator to a great extent has replaced the "shovel stiff."

complicated and minute calculation carried to an actuality by gigantic and powerful machinery operated by a handful of men as compared to the number necessary under the old methods. What were considered Utopian dreams yesterday are today simply some more engineering facts. Mile-long bridges span immense chasms, towering dams hold once raging streams under control, forming vast new lakes to be put to the use of mankind for irrigation purposes, for water transportation, for city water, for flood control and electrical energy; concrete roads thread the continent in a magic web of transportation channels, and electrically driven motors haul seemingly endless serpentine strings of box cars over steep mountain grades diving into tunnels many miles in length to emerge once again on their cross-continent journey.

One might suppose that the hardship of remote scene undergone by these workers would be compensated for by higher financial return for labor and less stringent working conditions. One may also suppose that with the vision of the physical wonders he builds and the advancement of civilization he promotes the construction worker would

also carry with him a vision of social advancement to keep pace with the physical improvements he is creating. But not so with the great majority of construction workers.

The Construction Wonders of the Age

The gigantic projects of this day and age would have been impossible with the old shovel-board methods of construction. Such mighty undertakings as Boulder Dam, the Tennessee Valley project, the Bonnaville Dam, the Grand Coulee Dam, the San Francisco Bridges, the Tri-Borough Bridge of Greater New York would only remain a dream without the means and methods evolved in our own day.

Due to scientific research labor saving machinery has reached the construction industry and we no longer see a beehive of humans engaged in building highways, railroads, drainage systems, etc. The construction laborer is becoming more and more just a machine tender. The steam shovel, concrete mixer, road grader, steam roller, dump trucks, drilling machines, mucking machines, track layers, and countless other modern implements

too numerous to mention have made possible these wonders of the age. These modern construction projects, big in every way, are being carried on with the greatest precision and efficiency.

We know how great a part concrete and steel play in the erection of dams, bridges, and skyscrapers. The modern concrete mixer is electrically driven and controlled. Huge trucks dump the sand and gravel into giant hoppers. Bucket elevators convey the sand into one bin and the gravel into another. From these bins the sand and gravel being automatically stopped when the correct measure has been determined. The material is then carried into the mixers. Water is likewise measured automatically. If it is a skyscraper job the concrete is carried by chutes, buggies, buckets, or hoppers to the floors required.

On dams, such as the mighty Bonnaville, Grand Coulee, or Boulder, down a few thousand feet in a canyon a man waves his arm or rings a bell to signal another man who pulls a lever in a grotesque traveling crane. The crane reaches out like a heron spearing a fish, trolleys whine and cables jerk, a bucket-shaped steel receptacle moves downward, concrete pours from its jaws, and one more timbered frame has been filled. Block by block, level by level the dam rises from the river, already the water foams furiously against massive foundations and piers.

The herculean task is almost complete. The surging stream is about to be vanquished. Huge gates of iron and steel will slide between the spillway piers. The river will be diverted into yawning penstocks, generators will start to roar, turbulent rapids will be inundated beneath a smooth lake, ready to be used for any desired purpose. The product is hundreds of thousands of kilowatts of electrical energy and available water for millions of acres of desert and waste land—and the possibility of homes for millions of people.

But as we read about these wonderful accomplishments little do we realize the hardship and degradation that these construction workers have been up against, standing on a girder of a skyscraper or hanging on the side of a mountain chipping away rocks or hewing a base for the steel and concrete out of the rocky banks. Always facing the danger of a line snapping, a rock falling, a scaffold breaking, or a whole embankment coming down to bury them alive. And while these workers are sweating and bleeding, losing limbs or lives—for there isn't a dam, a bridge, a tunnel, or skyscraper that has been built or is being built in which the sweat and blood of these workers is not buried in its concrete, brick or stones—we find parasites lurching around, pushing and driving these workers to greater and greater speed so that their sweat and blood can be turned into profits in the quickest time possible.

While the construction workers who build homes and skyscrapers have a semblance of freedom with boarding houses, restaurants, homes, and stores to choose from, the workers on dams, bridges, tunnels, railroads, levees, or irrigation projects are at the mercy of belly-robbing company eating camps and commissaries. Generally the feeding and housing of these workers is left to a sub-contractor who has to make not only a profit for himself but also has to pay so much a day to the contractor for the right to exploit the workers' bellies.

Recreation in such construction camps is, as a rule, non-existent. Only where the number of men employed is large enough to run recreational features at a good profit is it given a thought. Liquor of course, is easy to obtain and there are always opportunities to gamble. Gambling and liquor help keep the workers broke and submissive. The isolation of these jobs makes existence there virtually exile.

The chief cause of the low wages in construction work, the dangerous working conditions, the poor food and housing, the endless speed up, and all the other misery the workers suffer from is that they lack proper organization to take care of their interests.

Organization

All operations on construction projects are simple and direct. All unnecessary movements are eliminated. Each and every classification of work is carried through with an eye to strict coordination. Each individual operation is performed in conjunction with some other. Cooperation is the keynote that is sounded through the whole project. United effort and the subordination of the individual to the whole makes it possible to complete the project. Wouldn't it be great if we workers could run our affairs in as efficient a manner?

If we workers could organize as well as the bosses and forget our differences while striving for some gainful end how much better off we would be. We would then have no more use for a couple of dozen craft unions but would unite in one union of construction workers. And not in a state controlled union, or in unions such as those affiliated with the C. I. O. and directed by Lewis and company, but in a union directed and controlled by the workers themselves.

The working class must watch and prepare its every move so that it will not fall into the same trap as did the workers of Italy, Germany, or Russia where they must either be yes men or go to the dungeon, or be placed against a wall and shot for expressing their opinions or demanding some of the good things of life.

The C. I. O. was born at the A. F. of L. convention of 1933 when General Johnson was sent there by the powers that be to tell the delegates

Papa Schaefer Is a Man Again

A Short Story

By S. I. Stephens

"Papa! You're going out!" Mama Schaefer's voice rang accusingly through the flat, soared out the open windows into the soft May air, and fell, no doubt, into the startled ears of her neighbors on the street below.

"Papa Schaefer!" she repeated.

Scraping sounds issued from the bathroom but otherwise nothing that resembled a human voice.

"Papa Schaefer! I'm speaking to you!"

There was a pause in the bathroom. "I heard you the first time, Nettie." The scraping sounds continued for Papa Schaefer was in the process of shaving himself. It was Saturday morning, the first of May.

Nettie Schaefer, clad in a faded lavender house-dress, turned in exasperation toward the coffee pot she was washing at the kitchen sink. "I know you're goin' out or you'd wait to tomorrow to shave." She glanced sharply at her second eldest daughter. "Elinor—put your leg down from that chair! Is that anyway for a lady to sit?"

There was a movement in the next room, the living room.

"A lady? Did you say something about a lady, mother?" And a tall, dark, thin, flat chested like her mother, appeared in the doorway, a heavy book under her arm. As she considered her younger sister through heavy rimmed spectacles, her large mouth twisted upward in an ironic smile.

Elinor, pert, ruby-lipped, saluted her with an outstretched tongue, and then carelessly flipped another page of the fashion magazine she was examining beside the kitchen table.

Someone near the window giggled—a gagging fourteen-year-old with blond bangs that seemed a trifle too heavy for her small, pale face. She was struggling with needle and thread, trying to attach a button to a ragged sweater of flaming red.

Scraping sounds still continued in the bathroom.

"Babe—throw that ragged mess away—I'll buy you a new one when I get my first check from the Youth Program."

Babe turned stubborn eyes upon her eldest sister and shook her head vehemently. She loved the flaming red sweater.

Margaret addressed her mother again: "You were saying something about a lady."

"Nev' mind, Margaret—don't make fun of your sister."

"But you were criticising her yourself."

"Nev' mind—"

"Well, you would have minded—if you'd seen her last night coming out of that Third Avenue beer parlor—"

Elinor tried to interrupt, "Say, mom, there's the darlinest sun-back dress here—can't I have one when pa gets his next WPA check?" She held the book up, pointing to the dress.

"She was coming out of that beer parlor with the Miner boy," Margaret went on.

Papa Schaefer in the bathroom spoke up: "The one whose uncle scabbed in the street car strike?"

Nettie Schaefer, drying the coffee pot, raised her eyes to the smoky ceiling, "Now you got papa started."

Water gushed from the bathroom tap. Papa Schaefer was cleaning his shaving apparatus.

"And," persisted Margaret, "he was so drunk! I was walking along with the assistant librarian from the branch—and Elinor was just as brazen as you please. Imagine my feelings!"

Mama Schaefer uttered clucking sounds, like a hen, "No other woman's ever put up with what I've had to—when I think what I give up—your grandpa owning the biggest store in Hayfield, and Uncle Torrance with the tile factory—" The clucking sounds continued.

Elinor slammed the fashion magazine down on the table and glared at her sister. "Well, smarty, Ray doesn't think any more of you—the first time he ever saw you, he asked who that freak was—an' I had to tell him you was my sister!" Elinor grimaced, "I felt like a damn fool—"

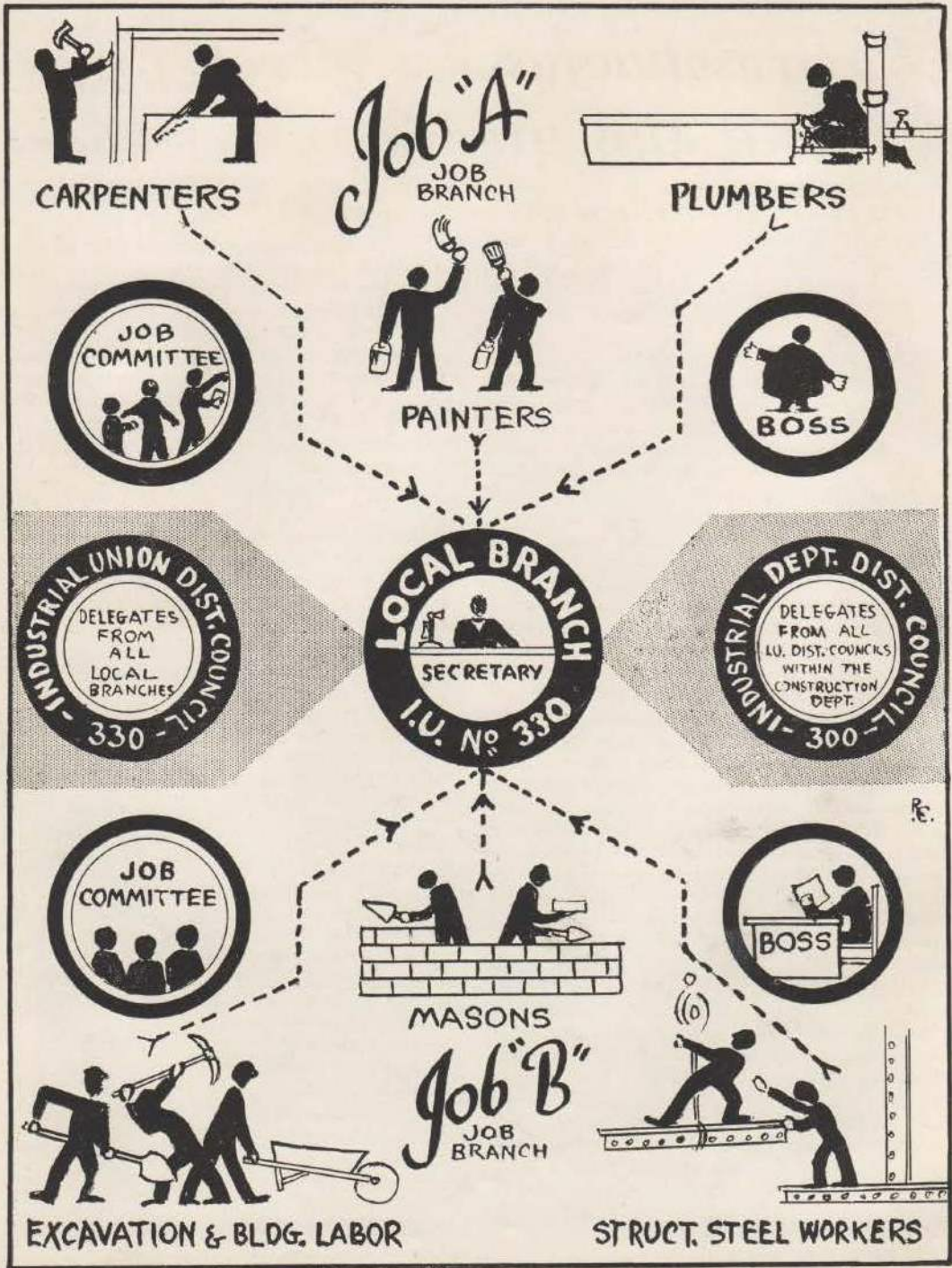
"Don't swear, Elinor," interrupted her mother. Regardless of WPA and the Youth Program she still clung to a few empty symbols of respectability—ladylike speech was one of them.

Margaret advanced into the kitchen with head high and tears in her voice, "Haven't you any control over your daughter—I won't be insulted."

"An' look at the way she talks," Elinor's voice rose, "so smart alecky—one year of college was too much for you—you'll never get over it!"

Margaret burst into tears. "No, I won't get

(Continued on page 31)



Read the accompanying article for a fuller description of how these structures that make for genuine industrial unionism work.

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IN THE I. W. W. THE JOB BRANCH

A Functional Organization of Workers

By **RAYMOND CORDER**

"The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall be overthrown. By organizing industrially, we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

A genuine industrial union is a syndicate of workers or unions, organized around the production of a commodity or the rendering of a social service, such as the construction of a building, the transportation of people and goods, or maintenance of health and sanitation. Craft unionism, on the other hand, is organization of workers grouped according to tools used, or functions on the job. Fake or compromise so-called industrial unionism, though it may be organized semi-industrially in certain mass-production industries such as coal-mining, steel and automobile production, still recognizes craft division in the industries especially among skilled workers and the white collar element. The CIO falls into this category. The CIO has inherited a top-heavy load of craft-union labor-leaders, craft-consciousness and a belief in the profit system, and the equality of both workers and capitalists within the democratic state, and, as such, it avoids and condemns revolutionary action.

The CIO, to begin with, resulted from a rank and file revolt against antiquated craft unionism and sell-out leadership, which was taken advantage of by John L. Lewis and his lieutenants. These fakers, viewed in the light of their slimy histories, are rank opportunists. Although the CIO may be workable in a clumsy manner as a bargaining agency between bosses and workers, its most outstanding earmark is that it is one of the most efficient instruments ever devised for the Fascist regimentation of a misled working class.

The CIO carries a hangover from the reactionary AFL: its lack of class consciousness, the fact that all organizing is done from the top. In spite of all the smoke of a three-cornered sham

battle between Lewis, William Green and the moguls of industry, the time will come when the rank and file in the CIO will taste the bitter disillusionment at being sold out and led into Fascist regimentation by their smug and scheming leaders.

The so-called liberal section of the capitalist press is saying nice things about John L. Lewis. They even hint that he has presidential potentialities! Experience teaches us, that when the capitalist press begins to speak well of a labor leader, it is high time for the workers to dump him overboard. The line-up of CIO affiliates will convince any intelligent worker that it is not real industrial unionism, that it is satisfied with the capitalist system as such, and has no revolutionary principles.

This article was not primarily intended as an argument against Lewis or the CIO, but to show how a rank and file controlled Revolutionary Industrial Union is built and how it should function in the everyday struggle with the capitalists, and become, automatically, a working class administration of industry after capitalism shall have been overthrown. Such an industrial union has its roots in the job. The job is the basic or fundamental unit of revolutionary industrial unionism. The producers of goods and services are the rulers, the highest authority.

Let us consult the accompanying chart. Two jobs in the building industry have been chosen to illustrate our point. Of course, there may be several building jobs going on at the same time within a given district, but for the sake of simplicity we select job "A" which is, let us say on

First Avenue, and job "B" a few blocks away on Sixth Avenue. For the same reason we have chosen three different groups of workers on each of these jobs as members of our job branches. On job "A" for instance, we have graphically portrayed carpenters, plumbers, and painters. Now, in a craft union setup, each of these groups of workers, including the workers on job "B", would be members of separate craft unions. In the IWW however, all of them, regardless of craft, or the kind of tools they use, belong to Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union Number 330. The IWW does not organize the workers according to whether one man uses the hammer and saw, another a brush or another a pipe wrench. The IWW organizes according to the product, and in this case the product is to be a building.

The craft unions would not only have these workers organized separately, but each craft would, more than likely, have differently dated contracts with the boss, each contract expiring on a different date. Thus, we have often witnessed carpenters on strike and picketing a building while the painters and plumbers are "compelled" to work with scab carpenters because they have been tied up for six months or a year longer by contract. While we are on the subject of contracts, let us not forget that the CIO is entering into contracts with the bosses—more evidence of the old craft-union hangover. The automobile workers in Detroit and elsewhere, have signed up with General Motors and Chrysler; and John L. Lewis, just recently, signed a contract with the coal barons for the "industrial union" he carries around in his pocket, the "United Mine Workers of America." The UMWA is the largest union in the CIO but they are bound by a two-year contract and thus cannot strike, unless it be an outlaw strike, to help their fellow workers in the steel and automobile industries.

But let us get back to an IWW job. Here on job "A" and job "B", as well as all the other jobs from "A" to "Z", all the workers carry the IWW card showing that they are members of B.C.W.I.U. No. 330. It is, at the same time, the same card carried by the workers in all other industries, but which, for the sake of simplicity, we will not go into here. As a unit, they face the boss in Industrial Union Solidarity, and as a unit their aim is to overthrow capitalism and the wage system, and to erase the circle in which you see the boss, and put him to work as a producer. The first thing the workers on the job did, was to hold a meeting, perhaps on the job, or perhaps at their local branch hall, and elect a job committee. In order that full representation be obtained, a committeeman is elected from each group according to his function. Referring to the chart, you will note that there is a job committee of three. One of them, a carpenter, another a plumber, and the other, a painter. The same kind of representa-

tion on the committee is found on job "B". The committee elects, from among themselves, a chairman. As they work, they keep their eyes on the job and the boss between shop meetings. The job committee is under direct control of the rank and file. They themselves are workers and we have here the nucleus of industrial democracy. The boss doesn't like this, but what can he do about it in the face of working class solidarity?

It will be noted, that, at the convergence of the dotted lines from the functional groups on jobs "A" and "B", there is shown a Local Branch of B.C.W.I.U. No. 330. Jobs "A" and "B", in common with job units in all other industries, enjoy full job autonomy within the structure of the IWW. This autonomy is used by the rank and file through their democratically elected job committees, regarding matters purely relevant to each job. But in matters concerning the workers on both jobs, or on all building projects within the local area, the building workers find their common meeting place within the Local Branch. It is here that they discuss and vote on matters of joint local concern, and call for local joint action. It is from here that delegates are elected to represent the workers in the Industrial Union District Council, the Industrial Department District Council, and, though not depicted on the Chart, the General Industrial District Council. Delegates to the Industrial Union Convention are also elected from the Local Branch. The Local Branch is composed of all workers in a given industry, in this case the Building Construction industry, within a local area. A branch secretary, nominated and elected from the floor for a term of six months, takes care of branch correspondence, receives dues from job delegates, or job committee chairman and generally oversees the affairs of the local organization, and is subject to recall for cause at any branch meeting. An IWW official, from branch secretary to general secretary, is a servant of the rank and file.

Let us assume that this branch is in the city of New York, and that it is the local branch for the borough of the Bronx. The Bronx is a large area in which many workers are engaged at building work, and it is at the same time, quite a distance to Brooklyn or Staten Island. Therefore other local branches, not shown on the chart, are located in the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond, and in Yonkers and the upper Westchester communities. Now let us suppose that an issue has arisen, such as the contemplation of a city wide or general strike in the building industry or in all industries, on which the membership must vote. Through what agency would it be put into motion? Naturally, if the issue pertained only to the building industry, the matter is discussed in the Industrial Union District Council by delegates elected to the I.U.D.C. from the Local Branches, and recommendations carried back to

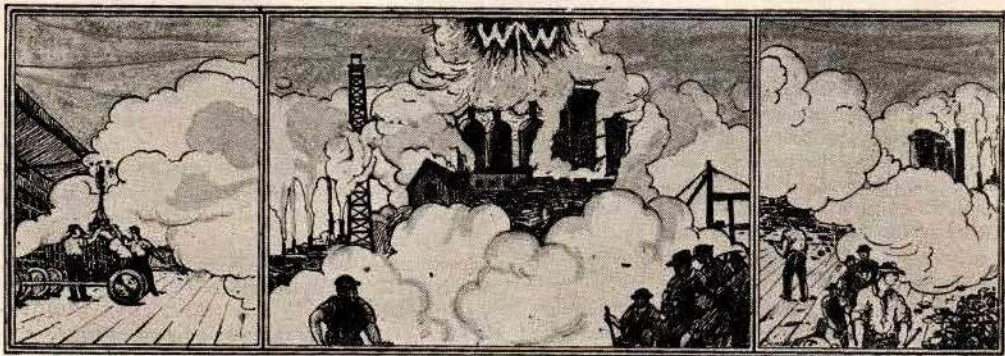
the branches. At the left, on the chart in the shaded section, we find I.U.D.C. No. 30. It is a deliberative and coordinative body for the Building Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 330 within the Greater New York district. The I.U.D.C. No. 330 may look as though it is far away from the job. But it is not. It is an assemblage of delegates from your own branches.

In the right hand shaded section is the Industrial Department District Council No. 300. This is a deliberative body of elected delegates from the Industrial District Councils or branches of the three industrial unions,* within the Department of General Construction No. 300 of the I.W.W.: Railroad, Road and Tunnel Workers I.U., No. 310; Shipbuilding Workers I.U., No. 320; and Building, Construction Workers I.U., No. 330. In the Industrial Department District Council No. 300, the delegates compare notes and discuss conditions within the General Construction Department, and carry back to their branches and Industrial Union District Councils, recommendations and resolutions acted upon by the delegates. The I.D.D.C. No. 300 acts as a clearing house for information of general organizing activities within the Industrial Department. The same applies to I.U.D.C. No. 330 except that it confines itself to District 330 busi-

* Last fall Railroad, Road and Tunnel Worker Industrial Union 310 and Building Construction Workers Industrial Union 330 held a joint convention, and decided that since much of the current construction work requires their joint operation to function as one consolidated industrial union. This article writes of the structures of the I.W.W. in this specific industry as provided before this step, or as they would be should circumstances cause the members in this industry to make Industrial Unions 310 and 330 function as they did prior to the last convention.—(Ed.)

ness. In forthcoming articles the functions of the I.U.D.C.s, the I.D.D.C.s, and the General Industrial District Councils, will be taken up, as well as representation from the local branches to the Industrial Union and General Conventions.

For 32 years the I.W.W. has propagated Revolutionary Industrial Unionism and it is certain that the effect will tell in the end. Where I.W.W. members have job control, as in the metal industry in Cleveland, in the Northwest woods and other localities, they are satisfied with their organization as a bargaining agent, but better than that, it points the way to the new society, to a Workers' Industrial Democracy. We of the I.W.W. have been a whip, lashing at the flanks of reactionary unions and we must continue to be the Revolutionary Industrial Union whip against C.I.O. reaction and misleadership. The workers are on the move. They wanted Industrial Unionism but have been headed away from the real thing by reactionaries, and their tools the political radicals. The Commies and the Socialists, are backing Lewis as zealots back a Messiah, but the time will come when Lewis will kick them all out, that is, when he feels that he has no further need of them. In time the C.I.O. workers will come to the realization that the I.W.W. is their Union. In the meantime the I.W.W. is the whip. The C.N.T. of Spain is not only an arch foe of, but also the greatest bulwark against Fascist dictatorship, as well as all other dictatorial isms. It is likely that the I.W.W. may very soon have to take charge of a like situation that is fast coming to a head in this country. We must keep to our principles; organize for rank and file job control, and abolition of the wage system.



The Future of Spain:

Industrial Democracy or?

By CON DOGAN

Con Dogan, member of the I.W.W., soldier and scholar, and worker with the fighting spirit of the Irish in him, weighs the forces at work in the scales of history to determine the future of Spain.

Philosophically society can be divided into two classes—those who in their ignorance are unable to recognize the operation of social forces, and those who in their enthusiasm translate the belly-ache of a group into a clarion call to a new era. But it is part of our equipment as true Wobblies to be able to gauge correctly every movement and its potentialities to weigh every social factor in a given situation, and to remember always that what happens tomorrow is the continuation of the workers' activity—or inactivity—of today.

Spain is in a period of transition. The old order where industrialism had made its peace and operated only by the grace and consent of medieval feudalism, is definitely a thing of the past. It is well to stress this point. The political union of all parties in La Frente Popularia has as its goal victory to maintain the Republic. The operation of industry by the workers is called a "temporary measure dictated by military exigencies." As with the Gironde in France in 1789, there is a conscious and unconscious attempt to minimize the emergence of the Mountain, to restrain as far as feasible the ideology and terminology of the old order. But France witnessed the transference of power from the States General to the Jacobin and Cordellier clubs, saw the Mirabaeus fade as the Marats and Robespierres emerged. So also with Spain, standing now much where France stood at the time of the second election to the States General.

Let us face the facts calmly. All the heavy industry and most of the light industry in Spain is being operated by the workers under sanction of the government. Every Church in Republican Spain has been damaged—(This is because the churches were so built as to dominate the villages from a military point of view as well as from any

other point of view—and consequently they have been the targets in the civil war.) Never again will a feudalistic religion regain its power.

A third fact is the organizational unity between the large socialist party and the communist party which has grown during the war. Fourth, the requisitioning of buildings, factories, etc., has been done in the joint name of two unions, the C.N.T. (the syndicalist organization) and the U.G.T. (the political unions). Fifth, and not least, is the military training of the vast majority of the workers. These are facts that are also big factors in the coming struggle for power in Spain.

It is an axiom of history that every dominant class has been opposed by a movement that in essence was two movements: one, the group desiring to replace the power of the old regime by the power of the new; the other groups, truly materialist, believing that the abuse of authority was inherent in authority itself and not in the individuals wielding the same, attempted to usher in a thorough democracy as the result of the revolution. Even a superficial reading of history will reveal the fraternity and common interests of such diverse characters as Lilburne, the Leveller in the Cromwellian revolution in England, Marat and Babeouf in the French revolution, or Jefferson and Shay in the American revolution. The working class movement is no exception to this historical law. No resolutions of good will and unity, no conscious act of abnegation by individuals, can conceal the chasm between the syndicalist and socialist concepts of a free society, or of the methods to achieve the same. The various socialist parties and communist parties may unite—indeed, logically, there never was any reason for disunity among them. But honest and logical adherence to the philosophy

underlying the syndicalist position precludes forever the organizational and ideological unity called for by designing or half-witted politicians. "Dictatorship of the Proletariat", "the Socialist State", and "Industrial Democracy"—these are not mere phrases. They are the very hearts of the groups using the terms—crystalizations of all the philosophy, strategy, and tactics of the varying forces of the movements. Moreover, they are terms that entirely overshadow everything else in modern Spain. The very fact of the war itself pales in significance with these terms.

* * *

Make no mistake about it. The "civil war" in Spain is already won. No intelligent person can doubt that the only alternative to a Republican victory in Spain is a World War which will engulf not only bourgeois society but in all probability everything that man has produced in the long upward climb from the jungle. Granted that economic forces within Italy and Germany may force Mussolini or Hitler to "bet the limit", to transform "friendly aid" to "hostile intervention"⁽¹⁾—but presuming that both pseudo-Alexanders have the sanity of half-wits, and that the present non-intervention pact is even one per cent efficient, then Fascism in Spain will be defeated before Christmas.

What then? Is it possible for a backward feudal country to enter the capitalist sphere in an industrially sated world? Will the Spanish people be content with the cultural level and economic standards of the little "banana republics" of South America? Spain, with no industrial machine, with only fruit and mercury as raw materials for exchange! Spain, with its splendid syndicalist traditions, its parliamentary socialist majority, its people imbued with the recklessness and camaraderie of one of the most bitter "civil wars" of history!

Eschewing every iota of "wishful thinking", we can arrive at only one conclusion: *Modern Spain MUST attempt one or the other forms of Collective Social Civilizations.* Here, ideologically at least

(1) This was written before the Italians sank the Ciudad de Barcelona and the Germans shelled and destroyed Almeria.

it the finest country in the world for testing the three main channels of workers' revolutionary hopes and ideals: Socialism as taught, Communism as preached, or Syndicalism the philosophy that grew without "philosophers". It is more than an interesting speculation. It is a vital question confronting the workingclass movement. On the answer depends the forms of the "new order" in all countries, and the disintegration or emergence into greater strength of all working class organization in the modern world. It can be symbolized roughly—if we care for symbolism—by the two countries that have been the only true friends of the Spanish workers in the hour of need—Mexico and Russia—Mexico with an inkling of an ideal of a country of Industrial Democrats—Russia with a practice and precept of "freedom through Praetorianism". It revives again, with new facets, the Plekhanov-Lenin debates. It calls for exact knowledge of the economic status not only of Spain but of all the modern world, together with the political factors arising from the economic basis. It demands an accurate appraisal of the strength and weakness of all working class organizations throughout the world. It cries for a refurbishing of our "knowledge boxes" of dialectical materialism, of revolutionary history, of our economic and determinist premises. Can an Industrial Democracy exist in a void? Can this particular Industrial Democracy survive? Can a communist led Spain exist, with or without the help of Soviet Russia? Can a truly Socialist Spain exist—with a practical monopoly of such a necessity as mercury, and lying athwart the "life line" of the British Empire, and controlling the front door of fascist southern Europe? Is the world working class movement strong enough and willing enough to force the parasites to leave Spain alone? Is the economic wealth of Spain sufficient to establish a criteria of any form of workers' social organization? A criteria acceptable even to the Missouri scissorbills who will accept anything so long as "it works". These are important questions, questions that we as Wobblies must be able to answer. I sincerely hope that some fellow worker, more in touch with conditions than I am here in the trench in Spain, with greater deductive powers, and with more opportunity to brush up on the "forgotten knowledge" we all have, will try to answer.



Sarah Plants a Garden

By a Ventura
Working Woman

The experience of thousands who try to break away from the clutches of exploiters by building a home on the farm.

"They shall rise up and call her blessed—this woman... Well does she look to the ways of her household."

There had been a rift in the Warren household. Sam Warren had always been a conscientious husband and father but since unemployment had sorted out all classes of workers en masse he had become bitter and irritable. He had previously been employed as steadily as the average. While with four children to feed and clothe it had been a constant uphill climb, thanks to his wife's thrift they had kept up somehow. Although at times he had become discouraged with the effort it took to just keep going it had been a satisfaction to know they had a home. He used to look down from the hill at nights and it was good to see how his place stood out from all the rest. The lawn and the flowers were always so trim and fresh. Three more years and they would own it completely, he had figured. Naturally, it was pretty hard to stand by as useless as a withered limb and see everything go. He tried to recall the details of the final surrender in the lawyer's office but everything seemed cloudy and unreal. It was a Frankenstein that he couldn't quite comprehend.

That had been several months ago and the beaten expression had turned to one of cynical defiance. He could explain everything now—it was all so clear. He'd gone to meetings and he had read—yes, long after the family had gone to bed he'd read until his eyes were bleary. He was naturally a thinker and it puzzled him why he hadn't seen it before. "Hm! God's country!" he muttered. "Well, He ought to know, He and the racketeers had it!" He had become disgusted with all political panaceas as he'd watched their bubbles swell and burst consistently into nothing but further disillusionment. But out of labor's age long struggle he had gleaned one fundamental on which to set his feet; organization! organization!—that was the key—but, it had to be right.

His wife had become impatient and was too busy to absorb much except the fact that something had to be done. They had moved to the country as she felt the relief would go farther where they

could have a garden. "Organization—hm—she said to herself. I'll show him organization that means something!"

Spring was in the air and she drank in its freshness. She had been born and raised in the country and the smell of growing things stirred her. She recalled the green acres of her father's farm and the peace of the cattle grazing. At sixteen she had won the prize for the county's best garden. That was a long time ago but when the ploughman came that afternoon she stood out in the tract and eagerly watched the turning of the moist furrows with equal enthusiasm. No, you couldn't fool her on soil—she was like her father. She enjoyed spreading the manure and handled it as she had always had to handle luxuries—dividing it with machine-like precision. Daily, after the seeds had been planted she watched for the sprouting shoots. When thinning and hoeing time had come the children had entered into the spirit of it wholeheartedly. Vaguely they sensed her resentment. Frequently they had heard her say to Sam, "I'll show you!" until Timmie who was scarcely four, was repeating it after her.

How the months had flown. It was almost fall and the harvest had been a full one. Everything had been in her favor and Sarah Warren had experienced a certain spiritual uplifting. She had always known that the country was her rightful place and it almost seemed as though God had helped her. As she opened the door of the bulkhead to add a few jars to the already crowded shelves, she glanced over the assortment arranged meticulously according to color and size. The appraisal having been made she closed the door and hummed a familiar tune. There was still plenty to do. She had to pack for the blueberry picnic. It was to be a two-day excursion and the children could hardly wait. She guiltily wondered if she should share their secret. After all there were many other people who needed food. But of course, their family was large she reassured herself.

(Continued on page 16)

THE STRAIT AND NARROW

A Short Story

By Walter Pfeffer

"When d'd you get out and how did you get in?"

"I got out today, and," Bob paused to take in the lay of the apartment, "I got in this way." He held up a little wire bent in various angles and curves.

"That's interesting. What is it and where did you get it?"

"It's a paper clip. I dropped in at a bank and picked it up on the writing desk."

"I'll be damned if it isn't; but where did you get the trick?"

"Oh, just some post-graduate big-house work. Rather neat I thought."

"I'll say it's neat. Show me how."

"What good'll it do you? You've always played the legit."

"Still do. Nothing beats it. But I can use that and it'll do me more good than it will ever do you. You'll only use it to get in again."

"Well, there's nothing suspicious about having a paper-clip in one's pocket. No, Dave, can't show you the trick. I got it confidential. It's just for a few of us boys and not for absentminded followers of the straight and narrow path who forget their latch-keys."

"Say, kid, that thing means big money to us. We can make a thousand times as much, and no trouble, playing that inside the law, as you ever can with your petty larceny glommin'."

"No kiddin'; spill the big idea."

"That can be used on all latch-locks, can't it?"

"Sure."

"There's money making locks, isn't there?"

"Suppose so; but I don't want to make them."

"You don't have to make them; we'll fix up a lock that won't work on."

"That sounds more like work than I ke money to me."

"Then we'll patent it."

"What, the paper clip?"

"No, the lock, you fool."

"What then?"

"Then we'll put all the other locks out of business by showing how they can be opened."

"You're not so dumb."

Bob showed the mystery of the clip. "You straighten it out and then you put it in the crack

there. Then you bend it this way. Then you push it that way. Then you put this kind of a crook on her. Then you give her one more turn and push. Then you make a little handle on the end for leverage, turn it, and there your latch is sprung back. See?"

Dave tried it again and again until he had it perfect. "Yes, it's very neat; now what would we have to do to make a lock proof against it?"

"That's simple. Just make the projection of the latch past the door jamb a bit longer than the height of the metal box into which it slides, and then you can't turn your hook."

"Then it's all fixed. I'll make the model and get the patent, and you I will be sitting on swivel chairs, smoking good cigars and giving orders to a bunch of beautiful dizzy blondes."

"Don't talk about 'em, Dave; I've been in the monastery for two years now."

"And come out with a five-spot, I suppose. Well, here's a hundred. Go make up for lost time. I'll show you that the straight and narrow path beats your k'nks every time.

* * *

Dave sat and scratched his nose. "Yes," he mused, "Bob's right. This is too damn much like work." He laid down the pencils that he had been trying to use as triangles, rulers and T-squares for his sketch and reached for the phone.

"That you, J'm? . . . You're up on things in Lasalle Street. When does the board of directors of the Ralston Lock Company meet? . . . Alright . . . Tomorrow afternoon? Good . . . Yeh, I was just obligin' a lady friend. Her meal-ticket said he had to attend that meeting and she wanted to make sure that there was one . . . Thanks . . . Yeh, any time."

* * *

Dave left the elevator at the seventh floor. In front of him was a spacious office where sleek young men, observant of all the ads about clean shaving, clean collars and halitosis, were patiently waiting their appointments. Dave had been particularly careful not to shave and to d'g up a dirty collar out of the laundry bag. He walked down the hall until he read a sign, "A. C. Rumledge,

President, Private." He took a paper clip out of his pocket, bent it, pushed it, bent it, pushed it, bent it, pushed it, turned it and walked in.

Mr. Rumledge turned away from his seated visitor with a "How did you get in?"

"With this," and Dave held up the wire.

Mr. Rumledge coughed. It was a cigar that he reached for, but nevertheless he was nonchalant. "Oh, yes, just a minute."

He soon dismissed his visitor and inquired further into the mystery of the mysterious stranger.

"Yes," said Dave, "I've always admired Ralston Locks, even though they have been a set-back to the profession. This little paper-clip is almost handier than a key, and well, more uh, more universal."

"Indeed, indeed," mused the executive as Dave showed him the trick. "I'll have to show this to my engineers."

"I don't think so."

"But I surely will."

"It would be poor business."

"How so?"

"First, it isn't necessary. Second, it would cost money to change your type of lock—just think of all the new dies! Third, it would ruin your reputation, if it became generally known that you've equipped most of the homes in America with locks that can be opened with a paper-clip."

"It is a predicament. Now just what have you on your mind?"

"Just to let you know about it and not tell anybody else."

"That's very considerate of you indeed. I'm sure that the company will be pleased to give you some mark of its appreciation."

"How much appreciation?"

"Well, I can't just say. The Board of Directors meets this afternoon. What would you think right?"

"Oh, five-hundred thousand."

"Tut, tut, man that's exorbitant."

"All right then,"

"All right, what?"

"Well just picture to yourself all the hardware stores in the nation with nice window displays showing a burglar as he opens all your locks with a paper-clip. Just picture big display ads in all the papers showing that only a lock with a cut in the jamb deeper than the height of the latch-bolt can stop this little clip from opening doors. Just picture the nice copy explaining that IXL locks alone have this feature, and that it's patented."

Mr. Rumledge was an imaginative executive and he did picture it. Dave was a stubborn salesman and wouldn't drop below his original figure. The deal was put through.

A month later Bob came in after the night before.

"Say, Dave, the taxi driver is waitin'. I didn't have anything in my pockets when I woke up this morning."

"Here, pay him then," snapped Dave.

"Say, what's the matter, snapping and giv'ng me a measly five-spot?"

"Don't argue, Bob, we've got to economize. I've spent a thousand on you in the last month—but hurry, pay that driver; then I've got some bad news for you."

Bob hurried like a slow motion picture and came back slower.

"The deal's off, Bob. Ralston Lock has our stunt patented."

"You're not spoofin', are you?"

"I never do. Here's the letter from the Patent Office. Read it and weep."

Bob read it but didn't weep.

"All my work gone for nothing, Bob. Well, let's not cry over spilt milk. If you want to do anything with your paper-clip you had better make hay while the sun is still shining. But for me the straight and narrow path. And here's a hundred to give you a start and keep you out of tempta-tion."

"Say, Dave, I always knew you were a square shooter. La, La."

Sarah's Garden

(Continued from page 14)

They were gone the full two days. They couldn't resist filling all the containers. As they turned up the driveway Sarah noted as she pursued the garden plot that the corn would be ready before long. Sam would have to add more shelves to take care of the later things. Sam got out first and was about to put the key in the door when he saw the lock had been broken. He went to the bulkhead but the door was open. He had never thought he was a coward but he just couldn't face Sarah—at least for awhile. He stood wondering what to say—what to do. But the children had followed him in and it was out of his hands. He turned to watch Sarah but she was climbing back into the car apparently insensible to direction. She clutched the upholstery as if nothing were sure any more. She heard Sam say faintly—"whoever stole it must have been hungry." Everything was blurry and the children were strangely silent. Perhaps in their childish way they realized too that something had to be done but it was more than planting a garden.

In the Name of the Working Class!

By Bert Russell

An account of the mad rush of fakirs and new intellectuals to get a good seat on the backs of the producers.

Mark Twain's remark that "Everyone talks about the weather, but no one does anything about it" applies well to industrial unionism among those in the C.I.O. and federation of craft unions. Their protests that they "are doing something about it," can be placed in the same category as the protests of a primitive witch doctor against those who doubted that he had any control of rainfall when he climbed a tree, sprinkled water and indulged in exhortations in an attempt to get a moist response from the clear skies. When their claims that industrial union exhortation makes for the real thing fail to convince the skeptics, they follow the illustrious example of their sorcerer predecessors and go through the same imaginative process to prove that their unagreeable critics are moved by the spirit of evil.

Foremost among the chanters is the C.I.O. which has seized the limelight with its high powered press agents and tub thumpers leaving only the shadows for the other industrial-union-panacea-patterers. Hitler's sage advice to tell a big lie if you want people to believe you, is heeded by the C.I.O. John L.'s followers tell the big lie and say that it is industrial unionism, but the lesser prophets, such as the federationists among the marine, lumber and film workers, evade the big lie and merely infer that they are industrial unionists. The I.L.A. spokesman during the embargo, to use John L.'s choice term for such disputes, between them and the teamsters said, "We believe in industrial unionism. Our strike taught us that." Their recent strikes would have taught a halfwit the need of industrial unionism but there are no signs that this great lesson has been taken to heart. The inference that they are industrial unionists fails to find support in the actions of their officials.

Ambitious Exworkers

This mouthy reverential regard for industrial unionism unaccompanied by any exhibition of its practice is exciting curiosity in the minds of many.

There is an attempt to explain this imitation industrial union bogey on the grounds of a misunderstanding of industrial unionism. This is to underestimate the knowledge of the labor leaders. Likewise to approach it as a sinister plot covertly hatched among the labor officials and the capitalist class to lead the working class into a worse



state of slavery is to over-estimate the intelligence of the capitalist class and to presuppose a state of harmony between these two predatory cliques that has not hitherto existed, in America at least. That this harmonious relationship has been entertained by some labor officials, to their benefit, and that it may be entertained by a majority some time, is granted but the petty intrigues and tempests in the union pot hardly lend themselves to such a dogmatic explanation. Such dogmatism condemns some, though few, well meaning officials to a part they are not playing and is a blanket vindication for the rank and file as being sinned against but without desire to sin.

Conservative labor leaders with few exceptions are still adherents to rugged individualism. Ambition, power, position and money is their objective. That some times their method to achieve this, advances the interests of the boss or is sometimes accompanied with improved conditions of the workers is interesting to the officials only in so far as it serves their ends. They maintain with the employers and among themselves that friendly disagreement of competitors in the same field of exploitation. Any amalgamation and agreement with their competitors wherein their individual personality is submerged is abhorrent to them. But the "trust" and "amalgamation" days of labor unionism and capitalism are coming and if the C. I. O. is not the first growth of this tendency it is at least the first that has developed sufficiently to forecast its character when, and if, matured. Even here the individual desire for power and prestige is playing a greater part unconsciously than any deep laid plain of the employing class.

Plus Politicians

This line of development of labor union officials exemplified in the C.I.O. and to a lesser extent because less powerful, in the federations of lumber, marine and film workers, converges with the path of development of another group entirely divorced from the struggles of labor unionists: a group, hanging on the fringe of the labor movement whenever employment in their chosen lines becomes scarce, made up of students with somewhere to graduate from but no where to graduate to, ministers without parishoners and declassé intellectuals and would-be intellectuals. Down on their uppers they have been thumbing a ride unsuccessfully from the labor unions for years. But their vague plans and far distant utopia of working class freedom from the capitalist class and their subjection to the intellectual class is gradually gaining recognition from the labor leaders who hitherto have scorned their attempts to encroach on the privileged hunting grounds of the ex-workers.

Now, pushed from below by a rank and file growing restless with the unfilled promises of higher wages and better working conditions, beckoned onward by the mirages of political power and prestige painted by the intellectuals (to be shared by the mentors), encouraged by the suggestions of the employers that labor should share in the responsibilities of industry (the losses) during these critical periods, the labor officials prepare for the new era. They welcome the assistance of those intellectuals and would-be intellectuals, without actual contact with the laboring masses but well versed in abstract political theories and political wire pulling when it is offered.

Unity Preached, Division Practiced

All the talk of industrial unionism, solidarity and progress, accompanied by craft and district separation, internal jurisdictional fights, the vacillating and conflicting policies of the tangle of cliques within the federation of craft union movements finds its cause in the struggle for power and influence of ambitious leaders bitten by the political bug. Industrial unionism is but a political slogan with them. It is not only not desired but positively opposed by them. Industrial unionism is packed with dynamite for political aspirations, and so long as it can be talked about and not achieved, further steps do not have to be considered. Industrial unionism to the worker is like a flea to a dog, as long as he fights to get it he forgets he is a dog, but when he does get it his mind dwells on his position in society. With nothing more in their bag of tricks the politicians would have to stand aside peaceably and see this weapon used or denounce it. In either case their privileged positions disappear.

The events within the federation setup offer themselves to this explanation only. In the Maritime Federation more energy is expended building up reputations for one leader and tearing down that of another than would take to build industrial solidarity and take over the shipping of the United States. Patriotism is said to be the last resort of a scoundrel. The exhortation of unity (how that word just rolls over the tongue of the political sect) is the last resort of the same bird in labor unions. It is the stock peroration of orators through the federations and the honeyed flow is followed by an avalanche of charges and counter charges regarding someone's morals, past, present and evermore. Those in glass houses should not throw stones but throwing meadow mayonnaise is permissible and advisable. It serves a two-fold purpose: exhilaratingly entertains the audience in the rank and file, and dims the transparency of their own actions and mistakes. Meanwhile the

biblical admonition that he that is without "things" toss the first brickbat, is abided by.

Maritime Federation

Instead of trying to build an industrial union, and practice its most simple essential, all workers in one industry in one union, the divisions between the crafts are made more apparent by their fight over who should collect the dues of a winchman. That a winchman should pay his dues in the proper place is more important than the industrial union principle that he should get the highest wages for that category of work. It is only one of many contradictions that keep their official journal full of petty scandalizing and articles on "Ain't I a great guy." Absolute agreement reigns among the officials regarding not using direct action but "send us to Washington," and the conventions of the federations all propose political hookups. The editor of the official Journal sets forth his views in a head "I.L.A. Convention Goes Progressive." Perusal of the article discloses that the convention went "definitely political." His impartial editing while awaiting the election of a permanent editor (for which his application will be considered) is perhaps not so impartial and reflects the aim of the politicians to control the unions.

Woodworkers Federation

Any sense of industrial solidarity evidenced among the rank and file of the Maritime Federation registers a minus in the Woodworkers Federation. The solidarity of only partially organized workers expressed in 1935 has been destroyed by company and district division. The members are promised that they can take action next spring "all together." What progress! They could do that two years ago. Then just as they get so they can act with officials on their shoulders, and their hands tied with contracts, the way they could without these burdens the phonies plan to add another load on them to slow them down—a political one. Their convention endorsed the Washington Commonwealth Federation. Some say that it will be the straw that broke the camel's back but as a camel with a broken back is of little use the outlook is not favorable. The less said of the federation among the film workers the better. Even the federationists have a dark brown taste in their mouth from that one.

Political Prestige Depends On Labor Unions

It has been under this influence of the intellectual saviours of the working class that the craft and company union officials are working to tie the unions to political parties. A labor political party supported by the labor unions offers these

college-bred intellectuals and self taught ex-workers all the advantages of the regular parties. Without this backing, a political party of the "masses" lacks that stability essential to successful political careers. Labor political parties in all countries, Germany, England and others are examples, have always depended upon labor union support for success. Mass parties dependent on individual membership are invariably subjected to large falling off of members swayed by the political winds. Witness the Townsend and Epic parties. The control of votes made possible by wooing the labor leaders warrants the labor politicians' demand for some control of political job favors. But in the meantime the loyalty of the workers to the politicians depends upon the defeat and division on the economic field.

Poison of Intellectuals' Puppets

Thus the group controlled by the intellectual aspirants for political positions have cried loudest for unity but have done everything in their power to place obstacles in the way of it. To apparently strive for unity and being careful it's not achieved aids them in their propaganda that the easy road to working class unity is in politics with a Farmer-Labor Party and places the "out" politicians under obligations to the stooges when they become the "ins." When S.U.P. had its charter lifted and the I.S.U. convention made changes in the constitution that would have nullified the gains that the sailors made in the '34 strike and installed the fink hall, it was this group that lead the "Back to the A. F. of L." cry. Even until last fall they were still working to this end. Then just on the eve of the S.U.P. accepting their charter again the same group forms a secession "union" called National Marine Union, on the east coast. The decision to launch this new union was made by "the rank and file committee on the Atlantic and Gulf Coast." The power to make this strategy move, as it is called, was vested in this committee by no one but themselves and their intellectual guiders.

It was this same rank and file group that advised the sailors to accept the Copeland fink book and to send the leaders to Washington to fight it out. When the book was withdrawn they claimed it was the spineless finks that took the books who were instrumental in getting rid of it and that if everyone had done as the I.W.W. members on the east coast and as the S.U.P. pledged themselves on the west coast, not to take the book, the ship crews would have been filled with farmers and the real sailors would have been out on the beach. When ships get so that dust bowlers and fruit farmers can guide them over the main, it is time for a sailor to pack his sea bag and get a stump ranch to learn his trade again. Not that the N.M.U. is necessarily intended to last. Noth-

ing formed by an autocratic few ever lasted so long as it becomes beneficial to these same few to disband it, but it is demonstrating to the high and mighties that the ones who breathed life into the N.M.U. have a number of sheep for sale to the highest bidder.

Home-Grown Product

Steering labor unions down the political skidway while chanting industrial unionism is just the American expression of that tendency in European countries of fastening the claws of political parties into labor unions and promising socialism in the far distant future. Socialism is a discredited doctrine in this country, partially because it never gained the control it did elsewhere, but mostly because industrial unionism advocated and practiced by the I.W.W. took the wind out of the socialists' sails. Because of the fighting tradition behind industrial unionism it is today the most revolutionary idea round which the politicians can pin their slogans.

The late appearance here of this movement as anything more than the croaking of a few cranks can be accounted for mostly by the fact that industrial development has proceeded at such a pace as to absorb the local intellectuals as fast as they were made. But in the last ten years the supply has far outstripped the demand for intellectuals as well as workers. The political movement plus industrial unionism is the expression of their discontent; not that of the workers. The New Deal absorbed many of them but it merely whetted their appetite and those that are "in" are desirous of building a bulwark against their early displacement by supporting the lesser intellectual malcon-

tents. Roosevelt doesn't need to be a communist to take lessons from Stalin who blew up Trotsky's greatest support in the U.S.S.R. by merely creating two or three hundred thousand more jobs for the intellectuals. Every liberal, progressive or "revolutionary" political measure has this one end; the increased control and regulation of economy by the state and the state controlled by the intellectual bureaucracy, the brain trust. A substitution of intellectual control for capitalist control. Just another class system.

That in those countries where such political control of unions was exercised the tide of fascism swept without resistance does not constitute a vital objection to their plans. After all the success of the corporate statists offers the same advantages, and if a number of these intellectuals experience a change of affection upon the rise of some fascist power this should be small reason for objection on the part of those who support government control of industry. There is no great chasm between the principle of the government control exponents, whether socialist or fascist. It is merely a squabble over which group shall rule the roost. As for the workers—it is merely a question of whether their children die for one fatherland or another.

But as the fascists upon achieving power have to fear those believing followers who take their promises seriously, so the politicians preaching industrial unionism fear that they may lose a power which may easily get out of hand.

That the workers organized in labor unions do get out of the hands of the politicians and others designing to ride on the workers' backs, is the aim of all revolutionary industrial unionists.



Songs of the Struggle

By Con Dogan

One of the things the working class movement is indebted to the I.W.W. for is the teaching of the value of songs to the struggle for emancipation.

The organization cannot lay claim to the invention of the idea of music as an aid to high spirits—Mr. Monk sang to his lady a few million years ago. Military songs were sung by the Phoenicians in their civilizing missions that made the average Phoenician almost as well travelled as an I.W.W. organizer. Military songs were sung by that half fabulous people the Fir-bolgs in their attempt to keep one corner of Europe free for the Ancient Faiths. But in the modern working class movement the I.W.W. alone has made a systematic attempt to popularize the songs of the struggle.

The songs the workers have sung are an accurate reflex of the struggle at any given moment. More though, they are the accurate reflex of the national and social psychologies of the differing racial groups.

Omitting the legendary songs of the Levellers of the Cromwellian period in England, modern working class songs begin at the time of the French Revolution. The "March of the Marseillaise" was composed in the heroic mood of the day—a people suddenly seeing the dawn of a new era, and willing to fight to retain it. "La Carmagnole" is the courage born of despair of the Paris fauborgs, "we'll dance with death—the Carmagnole," so sang the workers as they danced around the head of the finance minister who suggested people needn't starve as long as there was green grass. "Ca Ira" is suggestive of the debating clubs—the "shoemakers", the "Jacobin," the "farmers" clubs of the period. "What demands the republican? The liberty of all mankind." These songs have lived until the present day.

Of course, the most famous of working class songs was written by a Belgian. With a typical French air and a typical French ideology, it is still international enough to be sung wherever workers forgather.

Toilers from the ships and fields united,
The union we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers,
No room here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

During the period of the war and the reconstruction the favorite song of the Belgian worker was an adaption of "Marbrouck sa va t'en guerre." Marlborough was one of the ancestors of the present hybrid Winston Churchill, an English rabble rouser of some notoriety. Marbrouck, according to the original and the adaption was also the ancestor of a good many other people, none of them very much worth while. A bawdy song, a rollicking song with a rousing air.

The only songs the English labor movement has produced are the familiar "Hold the Fort," and Carpenter's "England Arise," and the "New Jerusalem," both of them with unsingable airs and wording never used by the overall stiff. The English workers depend for their songs on the I.W.W. song book and the songs of the Scottish and Irish labor movements.

Burns' songs are the bible of every Scot. They contain a dignity and manhood that is sadly lacking in England where the ideology of the serf remains after all these years of industrialism. "A man's a man for a' that," is the song of Burns most often sung by the struggling toilers.

Jim Connell and Jim Connolly are the two most famous of Irish song writers. Jim Connell wrote the "Red Flag" to the air of the "White Cocade" a marching song of the Scottish clans during the Jacobite rebellion. But because the air of "Maryland," popularized by the American Fenians, was

easier for the vast majority of voices, Jim's original idea was changed, even though James to the day of his death preferred the old Scottish air. Connell's "Stand up ye workers" was written to the air of "O'Donnell Abu" which, being written for Irish pipes, is hard on the human voice. Hence "Stand up" has never had the popularity such a fine song deserves.

James Connolly wrote many songs but the most popular "The Watchword of Labor" which is the song of the Irish workers and "Sing a Rebel Song" which is almost the official song of the English labor movement were written in the spirit of the French quotation which Connolly most admired: "The great appear great only because we are on our knees. Let us rise." The music of both was written by an individual named Peter Kearney, who after a life of service to the labor and republican movements, ended his career as a governor of a jail during the period when jails were places where a man rested for a few days before saying "good morning" to a firing squad in the days of the Civil War.

Connell and Connolly are not the only song writers the Irish struggle has produced. Almost all the songs of the national movement are couched in revolutionary terms. The songs of Mangan, of Kickham, especially, with a few alterations stand head and shoulders over most of the songs of the modern labor movement. The more so because of the fine harmonic airs, the plaint of the pipe drone that runs through all Gaelic music, makes these songs especially suited to solos and part singing in halls.

My own favorite in working class songs is one of the oldest songs in the world—a song which, as tradition has it, was first sung in the clan wars of the pre-Christian era.

"A rebel heart, a rebel heart,
From taint of slavery free
O grant there still through good or ill
A rebel heart in me"

is a sentiment we cannot have too much of in this day and age.

For the songs most suited to the needs of the struggle the prize must go to two American Scandinavians—Joe Hill and the man the world knows as T-Bone Slim. With pure genius, these boys have taken the songs of the witch doctors, medicine men of the street corner and made of such material songs that are sung all over the globe. Think of the glorious, impudent phrases of Hill's that have passed into the language: "Halleluia, I'm a bum," "Pie in the sky," "Why the hell don't you work"—these are phrases used now even by people who holler "cop" when the name of the I.W.W. is mentioned. The puckish humor of Slim—"the wise

guy sleeps in hoosier's barn," "they go wild, simply wild over me"—surely no other movement in the world has produced two such individuals with the capacity to use the earthy humor of the street corner and produce songs that are classics of their kind.

The I.W.W. is fortunate too, in having—as far as I can find out—the only song writer who is also a poet. Chaplin must feel honored in the knowledge that "Solidarity" is almost the official song of the comedians of Stalin's Church—English section. The fact that the English comical party is much more of a union busting outfit than their American comrades—though by no means as smart at the racket—adds irony. Chaplin, out of the kindness of his heart should write "a thesis" for the "praesidium" of the Comintern on Solidarity. I don't suppose for a moment they will understand it, but it might stop them from singing "Solidarity" in public. Those welshers have voices that only Jesus could love.

(Continued on page 34)



JOE HILL

Workers War To Stop Fascism

Reports on the Events in Spain by the Secretariat
of the International Workingmen's Association

Translated by JOSEPH WAGNER

The Development of Anti-Fascist Spain after July 19, 1936

In Spain, as elsewhere, the democratic bourgeoisie proved itself incapable of overcoming fascism. The Azana regime prepared the way for the clerical and military rebellion in the same way as the Weimar Republic had prepared the way for nazism. In the meanwhile, on July 19, 1936 a strong popular movement prevented the success of the military putsch in Spain, and if the traitor generals gained the upper hand in Saragossa, Palma, Seville, it was but due to the failure of the republican authorities. In a large part of the country the rebels were defeated only thanks to the heroic action of precisely that part of the population that was most relentlessly persecuted by the Azana regime: the revolutionary workers. The labor union organization of the revolutionary workers of Spain is the C. N. T. Its tactics resulted in the July 19 victory in Catalonia. The triumphs of the workers in this economically very important region of Spain created the possibility of seriously undertaking the war against fascism.

After the victory in the streets, the column of popular militia, proceeded to the other districts dominated or menaced by the rebels; and in the rear, the social transformation of the economic life was begun. In this, it was the labor unions that took the initiative. The social renovation of Spain began at the bottom: it was the workers who took the direction and the responsibility of the economic organization of the region. The only function that the state had left was to give sanction to the accomplished facts.

The Position of the Syndicalists and of Anarchists

With a clear view of the possibilities of the moment, the C. N. T. declared itself for the immediate realization of its own goal; libertarian communism. The C. N. T., through its syndicates, (labor unions), undertook the collectivization of the large and medium sized industrial enterprises, and declared itself for the substitution for the old State institutions, a new economic, political and cultural organism under the control of the labor unions. The position of the C. N. T. on this subject had been clearly set down prior to July 19, but alone, the C. N. T. could not accomplish this task. Therefore it proposed a revolutionary alliance between the anarchist and socialist labor unions: between the C. N. T. and the U. G. T., in order to be able to carry out these objectives. Starting from this viewpoint, the C. N. T. granted the U. G. T. equal representation with itself on all committees, although the U. G. T. was not a labor union force in Catalonia prior to July 19, and after that date its growth was due to the fact that it became a haven of refuge for a certain moderate layer of the proletariat, and of the entire lower middle class.

At the time the battle was raging at the gates of Madrid and the defense of the capital city had become the crucial point of the struggle (the socialist-bourgeois government had fled to Valencia), the C. N. T. demanded the creation of a Defense Council that should replace the central government. The Marxists and the republicans refused to accept this proposition. The C. N. T. wanted the unity of the people against fascism, at

all costs, and considered it its own mission to establish such a union. In order to facilitate the people's union against fascism, the C. N. T. laid aside its own tactical conceptions and consented to be represented in the central government. The workers of Madrid rallied for the second time in order to block the road to fascism and Madrid was saved.

Since July 19, the C. N. T. never ceased making sacrifices; many of its best militants died on the front and the C. N. T. did not insist on the unconditional immediate realization of its own social aims. In spite of its being a powerful revolutionary organization, it abstained from imposing its own dictatorship, which it could have easily done in large portions of the country. The C. N. T. was inspired consistently by its traditional principle of liberty and free and voluntary collaboration, in its relations with the other anti-fascist organizations that used to consider the C. N. T. as the enemy organization and treated it as such. The disinterestedness of the C. N. T., its generous tolerance towards the others and its readiness to forego, temporarily, the pressing forward of its own particular aims, all this was taken to be a sign of weakness by the old-line professional politicians—republicans, socialists, communists—and they took advantage of this to push forward their own political plans and to lessen the direct influence of the workers on the economic life of the country and to restore the old privileges. And discontent grew among the masses of workers, particularly in Catalonia. That was the real source of the tragical events of May 3-6, where the anarchists again gave proof of their strength and of their willingness to understand.

The Road Followed by the C. N. T.

The C. N. T. is a labor union organization; it considers that the building of socialism is the mission of the economic organization of producers and consumers, and not of a totalitarian State or of some political party with a dictatorial character. If the C. N. T. had followed, since July 19, a policy of understanding with the other anti-fascist sectors and had made numerous sacrifices in order to allow the common policy to be carried out, this was because it considered that in this manner it is possible to build up the libertarian and anti-dictatorial socialism. Its tolerance, its rapprochement to the U. G. T. had a constructive character and was directed towards a positive goal.

"No other organization works with so much zeal for the economic reconstruction of the country, in a socialist sense," recently wrote *Fragua Social*, Valencia organ of the C. N. T.

"The collectivization movement developed rapidly as soon as the bourgeoisie lost its economic power. Through the labor unions, the workers seized the factories, the landed estates, the mines

and the means of transportation. And that was but the natural outcome of an idea that was maturing in the minds of the workers. The workers were ready to take into their hands the administration and the direction of the national economy at the first opportunity they had . . ."

". . . Another proletariat, placed in the same circumstances but lacking the revolutionary tradition of the Spanish working class, would have lacked the social aim for which they should have striven, because they would have lacked the solid ideological basis which resides in the labor unions of the Iberian peninsula. The problems confronting us are not due to our lack of general orientation as was the case in the other revolutions (in other countries). The Spanish proletariat knows exactly what it wants. But we have to organize our activities, to coordinate them, so that our powerful popular movement, overcoming the difficulties of the embryonic stage of economic reconstruction, could advance towards the concrete forms of libertarian socialism. Pursuing this work, the C. N. T. consecrates its forces to the creation of national federations of industry on the one hand, and on the other hand, to the concluding of an alliance with the U. G. T. for the attainment of the economic and military tasks. The proletariat should solidly organize the economic life. The isolated enterprises and the efforts limited to certain particular spots, should be condemned. The economy should rest on the industry and on the coordination of all industries."

"We should also bear in mind the fact that neither the one nor the other of the two labor union tendencies—the C. N. T. and U. G. T.—can singly accomplish that mission. The two organizations cannot act independently of each other. The U. G. T. cannot impose its will on the C. N. T. or vice-versa. If such a case would occur it would mean civil war.

And neither can exist, simultaneously, two different forms of economy. In the factories, the workers have discovered the practical solution by mutual understanding between the followers of the two tendencies. But that should be realized also on a national scale. By contributing to the creation of industrial federations and to a C. N. T.—U. G. T. alliance, we are laying the foundation of a new Iberian economy, essentially different from all the other social experiments attempted up to now and which is a specialty of our own people."

The C. N. T.—U. G. T. collaboration policy is not a question of opportunism, but it is the very expression of the will of the Spanish syndicalists and anarchists. They are renouncing neither their libertarian aspirations nor their will to accomplish completely their social revolution. The C. N. T. has consistently followed this road since July 19, 1936. It has naturally met with obstacles on its road. The defenders of the old policy: politicians'

bureaucracy and special privileges, have placed themselves against the categoric postulates of the libertarian revolution.

Counter-Revolution Makes Its Appearance

For the revolutionary workers of Spain, the struggle against fascism is merged into the struggle against the capitalist regime. Neither the hope of the problematic "a'd" of the so called democratic states, nor the external political interests of Russia, could divert the C. N. T. from this point of view.

The small and middle class bourgeoisie of the country and of the cities, the artisans who are yet independent, the proletarian followers of reformist organizations and especially the communists, carried on an active policy for the restoration of the old economic conditions. The corrupt bourgeois parliamentarism was presented as if it was the ideal of the people fighting against fascism. A big offensive was inaugurated against the revolutionary committees composed of representatives of the C. N. T. and of the U. G. T. and often also of the representatives of the anti-fascist political parties, committees that had assumed all the vital economic functions, after the miserable failure of the republican authorities following the fascist rebellion.

All power to the government!

Such was the common slogan of the right and left republicans, of socialists and communists. They made use of the long duration of the fight and of its transformation into a war, necessitating the most modern means of combat and an adequate military organization, as an argument for imperiously demanding the restriction of the revolutionary initiative of the workers. The definition of the "petite bourgeoisie" who were left of the process of collectivization, was stretched. The rural landowners were set-up against the workers farm collectives. One of the symptoms of this struggle was the conflict that broke out between the communist minister of agriculture (of the Valencia government) and the farm workers' collective, formed by the C. N. T. and the G. U. T., in the orange plantations of the Valencia region. In the same sense the conflict broke out between the C. N. T. union of Barcelona and the minister of provisions, also an adherent of the Third International, who brutally opposed the socialization of distribution, (limited, as it was, to the food products and against the socialization demanded by the revolutionary workers of Catalonia.

Terroristic Campaign

This situation led to the terrorist campaign carried on at Madrid by the communists against the C. N. T. In the region of the Center, during the last months eighty anarchist comrades were

cowardly murdered. The Commissary of Public Order of the Madrid Defense Junta (abolished since), engaged in the most relentless persecutions against the C. N. T., in the region of the Center, where it is not as strong and powerful as in other places. At Almeria, the militia column chief, the anarchist Mareto was thrown in jail and shamefully slandered. He was finally released on May 3. At Murcia, a secret communist Cheka was discovered, which had already done away with several anti-fascist inhabitants, belonging to different schools of thought. The will of domination of the Third International, which never had a real influence over the masses of Spain, and whose centralistic ideology is diametrically opposed to the Spanish mentality, found a field of penetration in the socialist labor unions, the U. G. T. The Executive Board of the U. G. T. (whose seat is in Valencia), took issue against the domination of the U. G. T. by the communists in Catalonia. In the general elections within the U. G. T., the communists were defeated in Madrid as well as in the Asturias.

The contest between the defenders of the old bourgeois democracy, of the propagators of calm and of capitalist order on the one hand, and of the C. N. T. on the other hand, took more and more violent forms, especially in Catalonia.

The Conflicts in Catalonia: at the Frontiers of Pyrenees

Already during the last governmental crisis in Catalonia—that lasted three weeks—the extent of the already mentioned opposition came to light. On this occasion, too, the C. N. T. showed itself accommodating, and, for the sake of the anti-fascist unity sacrificed several demands that the revolutionary workers deemed of prime importance. The members of the C. N. T. gave then proof of their self-discipline by accepting the situation. But at that same time, certain incidents took place that seemed to be provocative.

Although the guard of the Pyrenees front was well taken care of by the workers' militia, the Central government suddenly sent several thousands of men into Catalonia as frontier troops for the replacement of the workers' guards. These troops (the carabinieri) were carefully handpicked in the preceding months by the central government and they were composed, almost exclusively, of the adherents of the two "marxian" parties. Their arrival in Catalonia provoked general astonishment and their placement at the frontier points as a provocation. There were violent frictions at the border. The small, purely anarchist, town of Puigcerda,—where the C. N. T. and the F. A. I. performed a great social and cultural accomplishment, admired even by the foreign visitors—was the center of this new conflict. The president of the Peoples' Council of Puigcerda, one of the most

notable representative of the Catalonia anarchist movement, Mart'n, fell under the bullets of the Catalonia separatist, who ranged themselves on the side of the troupes sent by the central government.

The Death of Roldan Cortada

At that same time, a new incident took place. A well known militant of the U. G. T., Roldan Cortada, was murdered near Barcelona by some unknown persons who to this day could not be discovered, in spite of all the searches undertaken. The Regional Committee of the C. N. T., in a manifesto that it immediately issued, condemned the murderous act. But, at Mollins, near Barcelona, nine members of the C. N. T. were arrested in connection with this murder. Not finding a shadow of guilt against any of them they were finally released. A campaign of slander was started against the C. N. T. Large peasant centers, where the C. N. T. was predominant, were placed in a state of defense and public order was maintained by armed workers. In such places where the old police—partly under communist influence—functioned, the anarchists were harassed, especially in the central quarters of Barcelona. In spite of all that, calm was reestablished in the Pyrenees region, in the agricultural centers of the Barcelona province. A compromise was reached with the central government on the basis of reducing its troops on the Catalonia-France borders to the size it was prior to July 19. The C. N. T. members, arbitrarily arrested, were released. The latent conflict seemed, therefore, disappearing. But, at this moment the provocations that caused the troubles on May 3-6, occurred.

In the latest ministerial composition of the Catalanian government, the control of the public order and the interior defense was in the hands of Aiguade, a member of the left bourgeois party. The General Commissar of Public Order was the communist Radriguez Salas. Both of them came from that same political medium, whose main preoccupation during the years of 1931-1934 was to hound the members of the C.N.T. and to secure the maximum convictions for them. The petty bourgeois nationalists and Catalanian separatists saw in the struggles of the revolutionary workers the greatest obstacles to their own political program. And there is precious little difference in principle between the left bourgeois and the Unified Socialist Party of Catalonia (PSUC), affiliated with the Third International. Both are constituted of the same social layers, pursuing the same anti-revolutionary tradition of the republican politics of 1931-1934. Their representatives in the organisms of the Public Security of Spain, made use of their power to realize their own political interests.

The Telephone Exchange of Barcelona was under the control of the C.N.T., and of the U.G.T., and

of some delegates of the Catalanian Generalidad (government). On May 3, at three o'clock of the afternoon, Aiguade sent a strong detachment of police, under the direction of Rodriguez Salas, to "seize the telephone exchange." But the workers did not allow the police to reach the upper floors of the building. There were brawls, there were gatherings of workers in front of the building, and in a few hours the C.N.T. workers of the workers' quarters were spontaneously mobilized." To the streets in the defense of the revolution!" Such was the watchword. Parleys were immediately instituted between the government and the regional committee of the C.N.T. and during the night an understanding had been reached. But the provocation of Aiguade and of Rodriguez Salas had, in the meanwhile, caused bloody incidents, which continued for three days, gravely compromising the anti-fascist unity of Catalonia. From the beginning, the attitude of the C.N.T. was purely defensive, for it was the C.N.T. that had created the anti-fascist front in July 1936 and maintained it since then at the price of great sacrifices. And now again the C.N.T. left its own aspirations and its own particular goals in abeyance, being aware that the very critical situation of Spain required that the Spanish anarchist movement contribute all its strength toward victory over the hordes of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini.

The Workers' Sections with the C. N. T.

Events of May 3 showed once again what the anarcho-syndicalist movement of Catalonia is. As on July 19, there was a total mobilization of the working population within the space of a few hours. This act was a veritable plebiscite of the streets. All the workers' quarters of the city, without exception, were transformed into fortified quarters of the C.N.T. In the workers' sections, where there were barracks, police stations, or republican or communist militia, these either sided with the workers (as was the case at Sans and at San Gervasio), or they declared themselves neutral, as was the case at the communist barracks of Sarria. The workers' sections of Barcelona remained loyal to the C.N.T. and they will continue to remain so. The old police, the republicans and marxists, were in control of the bourgeois quarters and of the central sections, inhabited precisely by that part of the population of which these parties were the emanation. But, as a whole, the police did not go against the workers. A large part of this police remained passive, only a very small part of them allowed itself to be dragged into the fight against the C. N. T. workers when the excitement of the masses and the provocations of certain elements caused the bloody incidents.

The general strike broke out immediately. Only industries producing war material continued to operate. The police and the communists attacked

some labor union halls; the revolutionary workers attacked, arm in hand, the police barracks and the halls of the parties and of the reformist unions from where shots were fired upon the workers. The headquarters of the Regional Committee of the C.N.T. was subjected to the fire of the enemy during these days. On this occasion too, the C.N.T. lost comrades of great value. The Italian anarchist, Berneri, was arrested at his home by the communists and one day later, being prisoner, he was murdered, shot in the back. Domingo Ascasi, the brother of Francisco (who had been killed by the fascist bullets July 20, 1936) was killed in the center of the city. The nephew of Francisco Ferrer was killed by the communists, while he was escorting his mother in the street. Having been wounded at the front, he was walking with the aid of a cane.

On May 5 a commission arrived from Valencia, composed of two members of the Executive Council of the U.G.T. and two members of the National Committee of the C.N.T. Although this commission entered immediately in conference with the various anti-fascist sectors of Catalonia, it was not possible to immediately pacify the spirits. After the C.N.T. and the U.G.T. on May 6 issued a joint appeal to the workers advising them to resume work, the communists and the police force took by assault the headquarters of the Leather Workers union of the C.N.T., destroying everything found in the locality. Other C.N.T. union halls, among them that of the sanitary branch, and of distribution were also taken, and everything destroyed within. In the center of the city, members of the C.N.T. and of the F.A.I. were arrested, disarmed and imprisoned, although they were authorized to carry arms the same as the other anti-fascist elements. In the workers' sections of the city, the armed proletariat took energetic measures against the police force intending to attack them. At Sans, after a violent struggle, the barracks of the civil guards was taken and 400 of the police force taken prisoners by the members of the C.N.T. unions. In the barracks monarchist and fascist emblems were found. In spite of that, these prisoners were treated humanly and after calm was re-established, they were restored to freedom, a regular procedure with the C.N.T. in cases of this kind.

Calm is Re-established

On the evening of May 5, a new Catalanian government was formed, composed of one representative of the C.N.T., one of the U.G.T., one of the left bourgeois party and one of the small peasant party. When the firing ceased and the barricades were dismantled, on the orders of the C.N.T. and the F.A.I., the Valencia government sent 5,000 assault guards to Barcelona to replace the Catalanian police functioning there up to that time.

The constitutional provision relating to the autonomy of Catalonia provides that in case of permanent troubles, the central government has to take charge, temporarily, of the control of Public Order in Catalonia. Minister Aiguade and chief of police Rodriguez Salas were dismissed from their jobs. Thus the two notorious enemies of the revolutionary workers, who considered that "maintenance of Public Order" consists in the persecution of the C.N.T. and the F.A.I., were put out of business. The new responsible heads of the Public Order, appointed by the Valencia government, and who are in charge of the police forces and of the anti-fascist patrols, gave assurance that they will discharge the duties of their office without regard to political tendencies.

We have to warn our friends against the biased versions of these events, circulated throughout Spain as well as in other countries by the Spanish communist and bourgeois parties. According to their version, there was an uprising "against the regular government." This affirmation is absurd since the C.N.T. had its representatives (and it had them before May 3) in the Catalanian government as well as in the Central government. The C.N.T. did not rise against a government of which it was itself an integral part, and which had to be reconstructed during the trouble, with C.N.T. collaboration. The protest movement was directed against the political parties that were using their power within the government, to create provocations against the revolutionary workers. And furthermore, this conflict was not in any manner the action of "irresponsible elements", or provocateurs. Our enemies hasten to qualify as "irresponsibles" not only the militants of the C.N.T., but also the populous workers' quarters of Barcelona during the troubled days; anyone who noted the beginning of the movement on that afternoon of May 3, has to admit if he is not deliberately lying (as they slanderously lied about the Spanish anarchist movement for the last 70 years), will have to admit that this was a spontaneous popular movement, a sudden revolt, a violent protestation of the masses themselves. Any of the slanderers who speak of "Trotzkyist" and fascist provocateur infiltration in certain labor unions, has not been to the workers' quarters of Barcelona in search of proofs, no matter how inconsequential, in support of his gratuitous affirmation.

Documents of the Fighting Days

At the beginning of the conflict, the Committee of the C.N.T. and of the F.A.I. issued a manifesto to the population, describing the Catalanian situation in the following words:

"For months past, hangs over Catalonia such a poisoned atmosphere as to make it impossible to maintain confidence between the different sections of the anti-fascist front. Besides other problems,

in the matter of war and revolution, we wish to call the attention of everyone to the facts interesting the Ministry of Interior of Catalonia (Public Security). In the first hours of the revolution, the central government, through a decree, authorized the creation of committees within the police formations, whose duty was to supervise the functioning of the police and to see to the elimination of fascist elements that are still within the police forces. When the present Minister of the Interior (Aiguade) took office, he absolutely refused to recognize these committees notwithstanding their legal standing. At the time, when elsewhere the fascist element was consistently excluded from police functions, in Catalonia, recognized fascists are allowed to remain at their posts, on the police force, because the Minister, in agreement with certain chiefs and officers, is opposed to all modifications. Thanks to this high protection, 62 civil guards from the post of Gerona, fled with ease to the border. Of the Barcelona post, 31 policemen ran away taking away with them important documents, among them the plans of the coast fortifications. And, yet, it was known for months before their escape, that these men were fascists.

"After the Central Council of the Civil Guards, (located at Madrid), was informed that a new batch of 40 men attempted to run away from the Ausias March barracks, the Council demanded a list of the elements with reactionary sympathies that were still in the ranks of the Civil Guard of Catalonia. It was only on April 13, that these elements were excluded by a decree of the Central Government. But the Interior Minister of Catalonia prevented the execution of the central government decree of discharge, and he allowed the fascists to remain at their posts. At the same time he stiffened his opposition to the committees. On the other hand he has done everything in his power to disarm the members of the C.N.T. and of the F.A.I., with the aid of the followers of certain political parties, in order to break the revolutionary power of the members of the C.N.T. and of the F.A.I., power that is the best guarantee for the working people, who are not wishful for the return of the regime of exploitation and for state oppression . . ."

And the manifesto concludes:

"For the restoration of confidence among the anti-fascist forces! For the victory over fascism! Against the systematic provocators, Aiguade and Rodriguez! For the purging of the high posts of the police force! Long live the social revolution!"

This manifesto was signed by the regional committees of the C.N.T. of the F.A.I., of the Libertarian Youth and of the Barcelona local committees of the C.N.T. and of the F.A.I.

An Appeal to the Policemen

The C.N.T. had therefore serious motives to be suspicious of the Catalonian police, which, un-

der the direction of the workers' enemies Aiguade and Rodriguez Salas, were ruling the region. In the meantime, even while the conflict was on, the two libertarian organizations appealed also to the members of the police force: "It is not against you," the appeal said, "that the present protest movement is directed, but against those who are using you as a counter revolutionary instrument of their political schemes." Here is a passage of one of these broadcasted appeals:

"They placed before us the question of force and this has to be now settled. The bloody encounters on the streets are the outcome of a long and painful development of facts, the aim of which is the annihilation of the C.N.T. after this organization has given the strength and the blood of its militants and members in the struggle against fascism. Don't let them fool you, members of the police force! You know, for you have the proof, that the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. are not fighting against you. You are, like ourselves, soldiers in the anti-fascist cause. Your place is on the side of the people as it was on July 19th."

The C. N. T., and F. A. I. and Trotskyism

In the appeals published by the different organizations, after calm was reestablished in Barcelona, reference is made in a general way to the necessity of establishing the anti-fascist unity in spite of all obstacles. Attacks and accusations against organizations of the anti-fascist front were avoided. The May 3 movement in Barcelona was a spontaneous action of the workers' quarters and not the work of some individuals or of an organization, and even less that of the P.O.U.M. Let us give a few facts on this matter.

The communist party could not miss this opportunity of throwing some accusations against its pet adversary, the so-called Trotskyites, (the P.O.U.M.) a small Marxist fraction that has developed in certain Catalonian workers milieus, and which is opposed to Stalinism. We do not want to wrangle on this subject as we do not feel competent to establish the fine lines of differences between the different opposition communist groups. By its organic form of unionism, by its anarchist ideology the C.N.T. is neatly and sharply separated from the other anti-fascist organizations.

The elements that at present compose the P.O.U.M. belong to that mass, that up to 1936, considered the exclusion of the anarchist movement as an essential condition for any progress of the Spanish labor movement. The C.N.T. and the F.A.I. have nothing in common with them. Since the middle of 1936 that party drifted constantly to the left and today it shares with us certain elementary conceptions of the anarchists in reference to the importance of the civil war.

However, the two tendencies have no come any nearer concerning their essential and positive postulates.

The P.O.U.M. participated in the anarcho-syndicalist protest movement, but to present them as the determining factor of the movement, carrying the C.N.T. in town, reminds one of the tactics used by the nazis, who made political scape-goats of the Jews making them responsible for everything: for the war, the peace pact, the revolution, and the reaction . . .

We have no ties whatever with the P.O.U.M. but the C.N.T. demanded that it be recognized as an anti-fascist organization. On May 9, **Solidaridad Obrera** demanded that the police return to the P.O.U.M. the print shop it had occupied, which was complied with.

To accord the P.O.U.M. the initiative and the responsibility of the protest movement of Barcelona, is another calumny circulated throughout the international press.

Another version of the tragic events is the following: The position of the C.N.T. in this affair was dictated by the Anarchists of the F.A.I., but that the C.N.T. rebelled against the anarchists and stopped the hostilities. This version also is of the domain of pure phantasy. In the discussions and parleys that have taken place between the third and sixth of May, all decisions taken, all proclamations that were drawn up and published, were by common consent of all the committees of the libertarian movements of Barcelona: the regional and local committees of the C.N.T., of the F.A.I., and of the Libertarian Youth. All decisions were adopted unanimously. The protest movement of the workers did not really come from the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. but from what is known as the "Barridas," of the workers' quarters of the city, from the masses themselves. The committees of the C.N.T. and of the F.A.I. were in constant consultation with the delegates of the workers' quarters ("Barridas") until the danger caused by the bloody encounters in the streets abated when by a common accord, they gave out the watchword: "Stop firing." In no case could there be question of an opposition between the C.N.T. and the F.A.I.

Statements of the Militants Concerning the C. N. T. and F. A. I.

On the night of May 4, speeches were broadcasted by the different representatives of the anti-fascist organizations.

Mariano R. Velasquez, the secretary of the National Committee of the C.N.T., said among others: "Comrades, anarchists, members of the C. N. T., anti-fascist workers. In this critical hour, maintain the same attitude as on July 19th! Do not waste

an ounce of the powder so sorely needed at the front! If you are not capable by your own will to do what you should do, Franco will impose on us his law. There will be no other choice for us if we do not defeat fascism, which is our duty to do. The world will spit its contempt on us if we are not masters of the situation and we do not emerge victorious from the battle."

Severino Campos, secretary of the Regional Committee of the F.A.I., wrote in **Solidaridad Obrera** of May 10, the following lines:

"We, anarchists of Catalonia, did not want to attack. We were on the defensive as anyone could ascertain. We figured that it was a crime to mutually slaughter ourselves in the rear, while on the front the workers of all political and unionist tendencies suffer and fight together. That we know and we shall not forget. We want the unity of all workers."

All the known militants of the C.N.T. and of the F.A.I. of Barcelona declared themselves in the same sense. The workers of the workers' quarters, in spite of their deep indignation caused by the provocations which are the source of these tragic events, accepted the decision of their committees and quitting the barricades, resumed work.

The Present Situation in Catalonia

An open fight between the different anti-fascist sectors was avoided. The C.N.T. and the F.A.I. have amply demonstrated that they are still the only workers' organizations that count in the workers' quarters. But they also have demonstrated that they are not disposed to allow themselves to be eliminated by the enemies of the social revolutionary development, and by the secret agents of a foreign power.

At the end of this fight there are neither victors nor vanquished. No sanction can, should, or will be taken. But the police forces should finally be purged and the suspected elements excluded. The police forces, sent by the Valencia government, are composed of anti-fascist militiamen of all tendencies, who have fought on the front as volunteers and who are qualified to function as policemen in Catalonia. The C.N.T. and the F.A.I. expect of them and of the present Catalan chief of Public Order, Torres (who was formerly an officer of the confederal militia column "Tierra Liberta") an impartial attitude. They hope that all fresh provocations will be avoided.

As before, the partisans of the social revolution are opposed by those who also call themselves "communists," but for whom the great sacrifice consented to by the Spanish people, should accomplish no more than the restoration of the political and economic conditions that existed prior

to July 19, 1936. As before, the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. will spare no efforts to propagate among the masses the ideas of integral social transformation. The two organizations know, that while the struggle in common of all the antifascists against the common enemy is on, that aim cannot be realized by competition or by violent rivalry, but it has to come as the fruit of the creative policy, of an intelligent, methodical, social and cultural formation.

The Spanish anarchist movement has demonstrated a thousand times that it cannot be destroyed, and the same is true of the C.N.T. It has fought for many decades against the regimes of exploitation and domination. All the governments that have succeeded each other in Spain, wanted to exterminate it. The prosecutions and the murders have not stifled the libertarian aspirations of the masses.

The conspiracies of silence, and the campaigns of slander of the international press of all tendencies, never attained their end. Slanders, like those propagated by the Spanish ambassador in Paris, Araquistain, abusing his official power, concerning an alleged absurd pact between the monarchists and the anarchists, turn against their authors.

The C.N.T. consolidates its positions and its effectives which are increasing, but one can also observe its powerful development in regions where formerly it was in the minority. It is also improving its tactics. It understands today perfectly well the teaching it received from Orobón Fernandez: "The two Spanish workers' organizations, C.N.T. and G.U.T. should never aim to devour each other, they should arrive at an understanding."

The Revolutionary Labor Alliance is the sole road towards an understanding. It is not a question if This or That will prefer to take another road. There is no other road to arrive at a solution.

But the understanding will be difficult. During many long years the two organizations had considered each other enemies, one having been on the side of the oppressors and the other on the side of the revolutionary masses.

It was only when the Spanish socialists began to lose some of their democratic illusions, after 1933, that a rapprochement on certain questions could take place. And there is still a long road to travel before a positive understanding can be attained.

Large layers of the bourgeoisie, scared and anxious to save their privileges, have taken refuge in the socialistic unions. A political current, that is not rooted in Spain, oriented towards a foreign power, that is making a show of its solidarity with the anti-fascist Spain, also profits by the political

situation for influencing the U.G.T. to progress backwards. In spite of all, the C.N.T. is ceaselessly appealing to the socialist workers of the U.G.T., who, since 1934, together with the C.N.T. members, faced the same persecutions and who are today attacked by the same hordes of Franco.

The C. N. T. Vital Nerve of Spain

After the tragic event of May 3 to May 6, **Solidaridad Obrera** of Barcelona, published the following lines:

"Every popular movement brings us a new lesson and the events that are developing have taught us that the spirit of revolt of the Catalonian people has not been exterminated, although they wanted to demonstrate the opposite to us. The Catalonians revolt against all injustices, and it is perhaps for this reason that Catalonia is the cradle of Iberian anarchism, and that it remained always loyal to that movement.

Basing itself on the libertarian tendencies of the Catalonian people, the General Confederation of Labor (C.N.T.) was able to develop here, as it has developed itself in all the other regions of peninsula, in such proportions that no other organization attempting to implant artificial doctrines into our country, will ever attain. And we are proud. For if we are not partisans of a narrow and sectarian Catalonianism, at the same time we are living in Catalonia, and we desire its development and its happiness and we wish that she should indicate the road leading to the social revolution which is our aim."

In a manifesto, published by the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. during the conflict, we read the following:

"The F.A.I. and the C.N.T. do not want a dictatorship, and do not seek to impose one. But as long as one of its members is living, they will not allow, and they will not submit to any dictatorship. If we are fighting fascism it is not because we like fighting, it is in order to safeguard the popular liberties and to prevent the return to power of those who want to massacre the militant workers and to exploit the working people and of those who, without openly calling themselves fascists, want to institute an absolutist regime, absolutely contrary to the traditions and the history of our people."

In spite of the provocation which endangered the anti-fascist unity for several days, the C.N.T. remained loyal to the line fixed by the May, 1936, Congress, which had already been worked out in 1934 by Orobón Fernandez. He formulated his ideas in the midst of hesitations and contradictions and of the scepticism of these, who, after having made for a long time, common cause with the oppressors, joined the organization which was later

to conclude an alliance with the C.N.T. because such are the supreme interests of all the workers, above all special interests. Orobon Fernandez said:

"The Spanish bourgeoisie has thrown off its mask of liberalism. The counter-revolutionary examples, which are presenting themselves in Europe, have given it courage. Today it endeavors to fortify its political and economic monopoly with the aid of the totalitarian state. In order to vanquish this enemy, which is menacingly raising its head against the proletariat, the creation of a granite-hard proletariat bloc is indispensable. The tendency which fails to recognize this truth isolates itself and assumes a heavy responsibility before history. For to defeat—which inevitably will result from isolation—we should, without hesitation, prefer a partial proletarian victory which will lead us (without there being an exclusive domination of one or the other tendency)—to the realization of a minimum program permitting in its turn the realization of the aspirations of all the signatories of the pact of

understanding, by the socialization of the means of production and by the first mortal blows against the capitalist domination. Placing itself at the head of the movement towards unity, means the opening of the road which leads to the revolution!"

"We see the things as they are, without glasses, without doctrinary prejudices. It is a question of a revolution and not of an academic discussion on this or that principle. Principles should not be rigid commandments, but subtle forms adapting themselves to the exigencies of reality. Does this platform guarantee the establishment of pure libertarian communism on the day after the revolution?"

Certainly not! But it guarantees the defeat of capitalism and the crushing of its sustainer, fascism. It guarantees the edification of a democratic regime without exploitation and without class privileges, and that will open wide the road to a libertarian society in the best sense of the word.

Papa Schaefer is a Man Again

(Continued from page 7)

over it. I might have been through—if papa—"

There was a step across the threshold of the bathroom door. The subject of Margaret's conversation stood before them—Papa Schaefer in frayed trousers and a threadbare undershirt and with shaving tools in his hands.

He was a small man with mousecolored hair, looking sixty-five, but was under fifty. A beaten look lingered about his stooped shoulders, and then you noticed his eyes—bright, blue, with a challenging gleam that appeared and disappeared in a most peculiar fashion. It set you wondering about the man. Papa Schaefer crossed the kitchen, set his shaving utensils on the shelf above the sink and faced his womenfolk.

"A prophet," the blue eyes twinkled, "is always without honor in his own country."

"I don't know what you mean," his wife answered tartly, "but it isn't funny."

The twinkle vanished. Weariness fluttered across Papa Schaefer's face. "Where's my good blue shirt, Nettie?"

"Your good blue shirt? . . . Well, something is going to happen!"

Babe dropped the red sweater. "I'll get it for you, dad, it's in the closet."

"Where in heck are you going, pop?" Elinor

was relieved that the conversation had taken another turn, "we can't drive you outa this dump other times."

"Where is he goin'? Isn't that what I been tryin' to find out all mornin'?" asked her mother peevishly.

Margaret slumped into a chair on the other side of the kitchen table from Elinor. She stared severely through her spectacles: "You're behaving very peculiarly—why so secretive?"

A grin spread over Elinor's saucy face. "It's got something to do with that young fella that was here last week. What were you two gassin' about all alone in the parlor?"

Silence while three women stared hard at Papa Schaefer.

Papa Schaefer rubbed his skinny arms and looked uneasy.

Nettie Schaefer began to whimper: "Now don't you go doin' anythin' foolish!"

Her husband stopped rubbing his skinny arms. The challenging gleam crept back into his eyes.

"Well, if you wanto know what I'm doing you might look at the calendar."

"At the calendar!" echoed Margaret, turning toward the wall behind her.

Elinor turned too. She was the first to speak. "It's May first!" she shouted.

Nettie Schaefer gave a little scream.

No one spoke. Babe, with the blue shirt over her arm, ran into the kitchen. "What's the matter, mama?"

Nettie Schaefer leaned against the sink, moaning: "I knew it—I knew it! You can keep quiet so long—just so long!"

"Then he has to begin making a spectacle of himself—and us!" There were tears in Margaret's voice again.

A hubbub filled the kitchen now. They all talked at once—protesting, pleading, condemning, accusing—all but Babe.

"Good Lord, you'll be standing around on soap boxes again—the way you used to."

"Every time you have to spoil things for us."

"No woman's ever stood what—"

"And here we thought you were going to be quiet for a while."

Papa Schaefer turned his back on them and stared through the kitchen window at Mrs. Letinsky's gray wash in the yard below.

"I've been quiet long enough," he said between his teeth. There were so many things he could say to them, but they were things he had already told them over and over—wealth that a few men had no right to possess, hungry children, underpaid men, pickets shot down in cold blood . . . a better world! May Day brought everything back . . . Yes, he could go on and on talking, but it would be useless. Papa Schaefer's shoulders drooped just a little more. Babe handed him the blue shirt. He accepted it without a word. He must be a rotten propagandizer when he couldn't win his own girls—not Nettie but the girls. He couldn't expect to win Nettie. He never had won her except physically, and that years ago when they both had been very, very young. Yes, it was too much to expect to win Nettie.

There had been her father with the biggest store in Hayfield and Uncle Torrance with the tile factory . . . But the girls—Margaret, Elinor—Babe was too young . . . one of them anyway . . . He turned again to his womenfolk.

"Why do you think I've done these things?" he asked them simply, "if it wasn't to make a better world—"

Nettie moaned again. "A better world—that's what you always say."

Margaret glared indignantly. "A better world—if you'd only behaved I could have finished—college." She lapsed into sobs this time.

The kitchen was quiet, but just for a moment.

Elinor crossed her elegant legs and looked bored. "Where do you come in on today's program?"

Papa Schaefer said nothing.

"I know," Babe said shyly, "Sophie Letinsky told me—her papa's on the committee."

"What did Sophie Letinsky tell you?" demanded her mother.

Babe's face shone. "He's going to speak—they asked him."

"No woman in the world—" Suddenly Mrs. Schaefer's manner changed. "You fool!" She screamed, forgetting to be ladylike: "We'd be on easy street if it wasn't for your crazy ways—Yes, I know you helped organize the first union in this town . . . and what did you get for it?"

"I kept my self-respect."

"Your self-respect?" Margaret stopped crying and began to laugh hysterically.

"You gotta kick in the pants," said Elinor.

"You lost a good job!" Mama Schaefer shrieked, "and now you'll lose this one on WPA."

Elinor jumped up: "Now I won't get my dress. Damn it!" She rushed into the bedroom. Babe's small face began to quiver but she checked herself, picked up her red sweater and sat down by the window with her back to her relatives.

Papa Schaefer said nothing.

Margaret stopped laughing. "We might have known he was plotting something when that young fellow came. He's the one who gives out those leaflets near the relief station—and he's always making speeches over in the park." Margaret turned toward her father: "I suppose that's what you'll be doing every day now?"

The old, bold challenging gleam flickered in Papa Schaefer's eyes.

"Herman," Nettie Schaefer's voice grew calmer and her eye more wily, "are you going to start your old tricks again—running around trying to change this world when your family needs so much?" She was pleading with him. He knew it. He was too soft with women but this time — —

Margaret pressed her lips together; her eyes asking the same question as her mother. Babe never turned from the window.

Nettie Schaefer spread her hands out, appealingly: "And here we are—just getting on our feet with WPA—"

Papa Schaefer straightened his shoulders, stared for a moment into his wife's face, and then marched past her into the bedroom with the blue shirt over his arm.

* * *

Spring had come early. Small, tender shoots of green, like pale gems, were strung along the tree boughs. Delicate bars of sunlight slid across them. You could not see the grass for the crowd in the park was enormous. The whole place tingled with life, so much life that it overflowed into the streets beyond where stood a row of blue coated skull-crackers as they always stood on May Days throughout the world. Papa Schaefer, on the platform with the May Day committee behind him and the passive crowd before him, saw them



Book Reviews

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

The Middle Classes; Then and Now. By Franklin C. Palm. \$3.50. The Macmillan Co., New York.

In world politics today the middle classes are assuming an ever greater role. With their assistance Hitler came to power and fascist movements all over the world are receiving their support.

Heretofore, little attempt has been made to understand this important social group. The literary ridicule of the pre-depression American Mercury and the novels of Sinclair Lewis do not provide proper analysis. No arbitrary delineation can be made. The best possible definition that can be made is that part of the bourgeoisie whose income is in part derived from their own labor and in part from the labor of others or from investments.

Originally the middle classes were the lowly tradesmen and guildsmen in feudal society. They were in between the lord and serf. As the demand for their craftsmen's products grew, they expanded, and handfashioning evolved into manu-

facture. As the manufacturing and trading towns increased in importance, the relations of the bourgeoisie with the landed ruling proprietors changed. This new class was in a position to demand greater freedom of action.

The bourgeoisie enjoying a greater share in government, with the French Revolution of 1789 signaling their emergence as a dominant class, it assumed a gradient form. There were the great bankers, merchants and industrialists, the few; "underneath, struggling upwards, were the petit bourgeoisie.

In this volume, the author traces the rise and the differentiation of this class. Once a unified group struggling for power against the ruling feudal nobility. Later an upper bourgeoisie holding the reins of government and power with a lower strata of independent producers struggling upwards to the higher rungs of the ladder of success. Now the 'uppers' are the dominant clique and the 'lowers' are changed to dependent salaried employees of the great corporations or of the capitalist government.

During the change in the composition of the middle class, accelerated by the post-war economic crises, many have been forced into proletarian ranks. The middle classes have sought the support of the workers and farmers in their struggles against the ruling clique. After concessions had been granted them, the bourgeoisie allied themselves with the rulers in suppressing any further revolt of the masses which might lead to change in property relations.

Today faced with the concentration of monopoly capitalism, which means ruin to many and transformation into hired servants for the majority, which direction does the bourgeoisie turn? Caught between the rising organized workers and farmers and the dominant capitalists, they first ally themselves with the latter to crush impending revolt. Then in desperate efforts to save themselves from the expropriation of finance capitalism or assimilation by the threatening socialists revolution, they go in for nationalism in its most vicious forms.

The striving for culture, to be more like the traditional rulers, their influence on morals and religion, allows us to really comprehend this important group in our changing world.—James DeWitt.

Papa Schaefer

clearly. They were like a blue hurdle, one of the many hurdles over which the working class must leap on the road to freedom. Papa Schaefer looked down into the faces, familiar and unfamiliar below him. He saw the old gang from the power house, the boys who had wanted an industrial union and got a kick in the pants for their pains, just as he had. Then, straight ahead he spied Babe in her old red sweater standing next to Sophie Letinsky and smiling up at him. The smile was one of understanding. It gave him a lift. After all, maybe he'd been wrong this morning about his propagandizing . . . Thoughts tumbled into his brain. There was so much to say and so he began: "Fellow workers . . ."

The sunlight still slid across the tree boughs as he talked; the crowd looked up eager, interested, and there was Babe in the flaming red sweater . . . There was the remembrance of many battles and many scars, the anticipation of many more to come, but the challenging gleam never left his blue eyes. It stayed . . . Yes, Papa Schaefer was a man again.

SONGS OF THE STRUGGLE

(Continued from page 22)

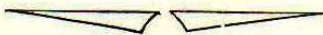
The Latin people have a genre all their own. "La Cucuracha" is now becoming a movie standby, but the "Cockroach" that was sung by the Zapata men in Yucatan, the song that became the marching song of Villa's army, this Cockroach couldn't be thought of by an industry whose idea of salacity is Mr. Booboisie Babbit with a gold-digging chorine. Very similar in tone is a song which was being sung around "Red Barcelona" just prior to the army dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. "La Regeneracion" told of the regeneration of man—but a good many of its verses confined themselves to the parts of the anatomy in need of regeneration. A wonderful song for men on the march, a great song for a stag party but not—assuredly not—a song for the little ladies. Like Mademoiselle from Armentieres the most famous of all war songs. "Regeneration" had verses safe and sterile for mixed company. But Mademoiselle in mixed company lost most of her charms. I wonder if Red Barcelona still thinks in terms of Regeneration.

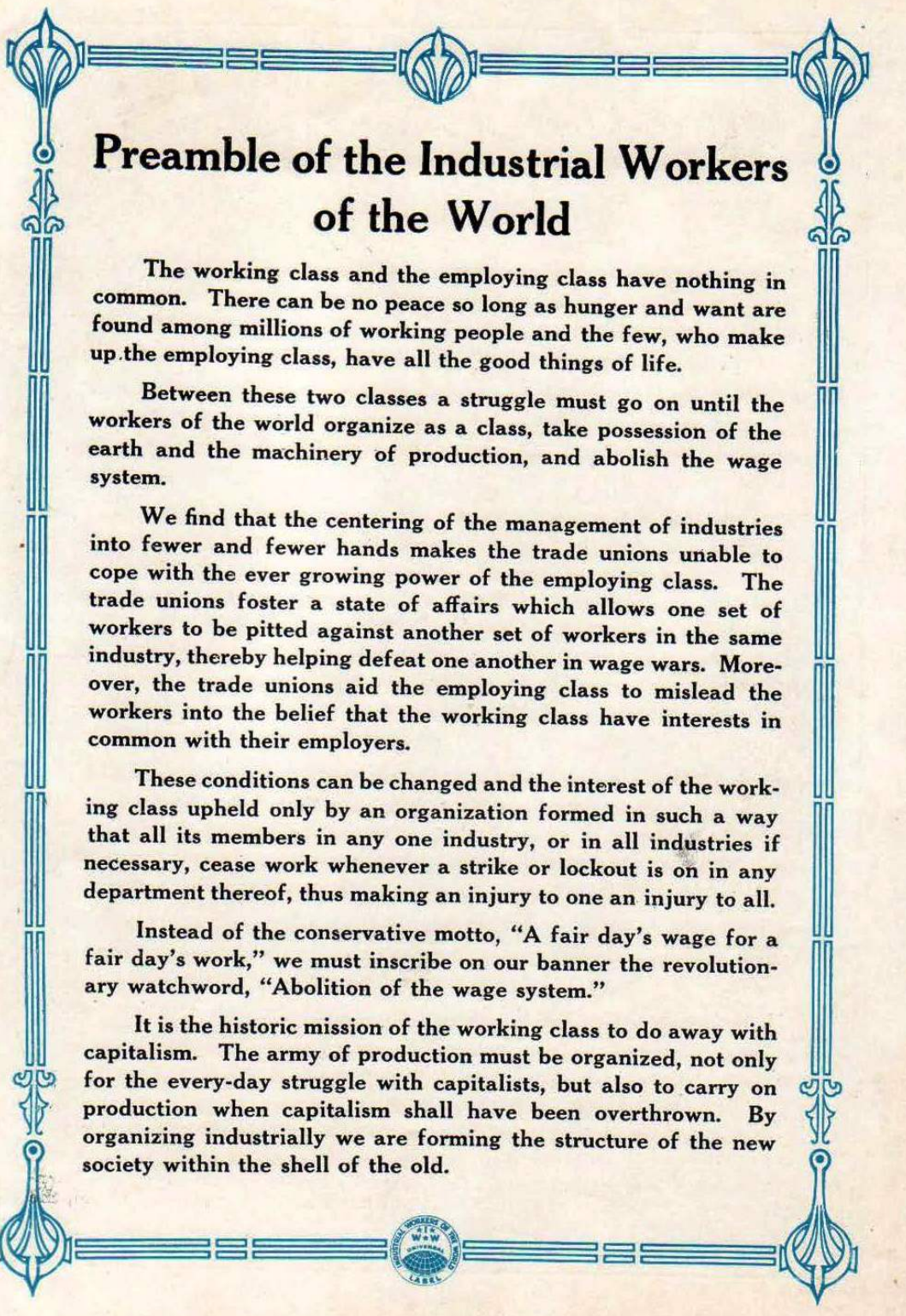
Probably no movement in the world's history has called forth so many poets as the American labor movement. Anyone who has contributed to a half dozen of the leading labor paper of the past fifteen years could edit an anthology of poetry far surpassing any now on the market. Every phase of human emotion would be amply covered from the introverted messianism so popular during the "hot" period when hundreds of our fellow workers were in the icebox (the acme is probably "Bars and Shadows" by Chaplin), the bitter irony of the underpaid overall stiff, the street corner humor, the idealistic aspirations the songs of sorrow and lament, here is a real treasure house for anyone desiring to place upon the literary market, the world's greatest anthology. The only labor movement as far as I know coming even a bad second

to the North American movement in this field is the Australian. Probably because both are "new" countries, probably because both have the same types of workers.

Even in this field the English labor movement lags behind. Probably R. M. Fox, the newspaper man—not the Ralph Fox who is famous for his communist apologetics,—and W. N. Ewer are the only two "real proletarian" poets. The world may laugh at the fact that English rebel poetry of this era has been written by two "reactionaries." Kipling who did his best to suppress his "Sons of Martha" and G. K. Chesterton. The world labor movement has failed to appreciate G. K. C. Thinking of him as the author of Catholic apologetics which are unrecognizable to any loyal son of Rome) they have forgotten that in all the history of England only two republicans have ever been born there—Tom Paine and G. K. C. Chesterton is outstanding as THE literary figure of 20th century England. His "Song of People of England," here is a spirit far in advance of the present labor movement in England. . . . "The men of tact who arbitrate, the slow reform that kills. Save your stinking grease master! Save it for your wheels," is appropriate today when talk of arbitration is the national mania.

It is the fashion to conclude with Soviet Russia. We must be fashionable. But the writer is the only one in the labor movement who doesn't know "all about Russia." I have heard the "funeral song" of pre '17 days sung by a fine chorus with dramatic effects galore. It was very impressive, but I thought of Russian music as I think of Russian ideology—it certainly is not for export. The "March of the Red Army" is tin pan alley, excellent for the Red Army but not having much bearing on the struggle outside of Russia.





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.

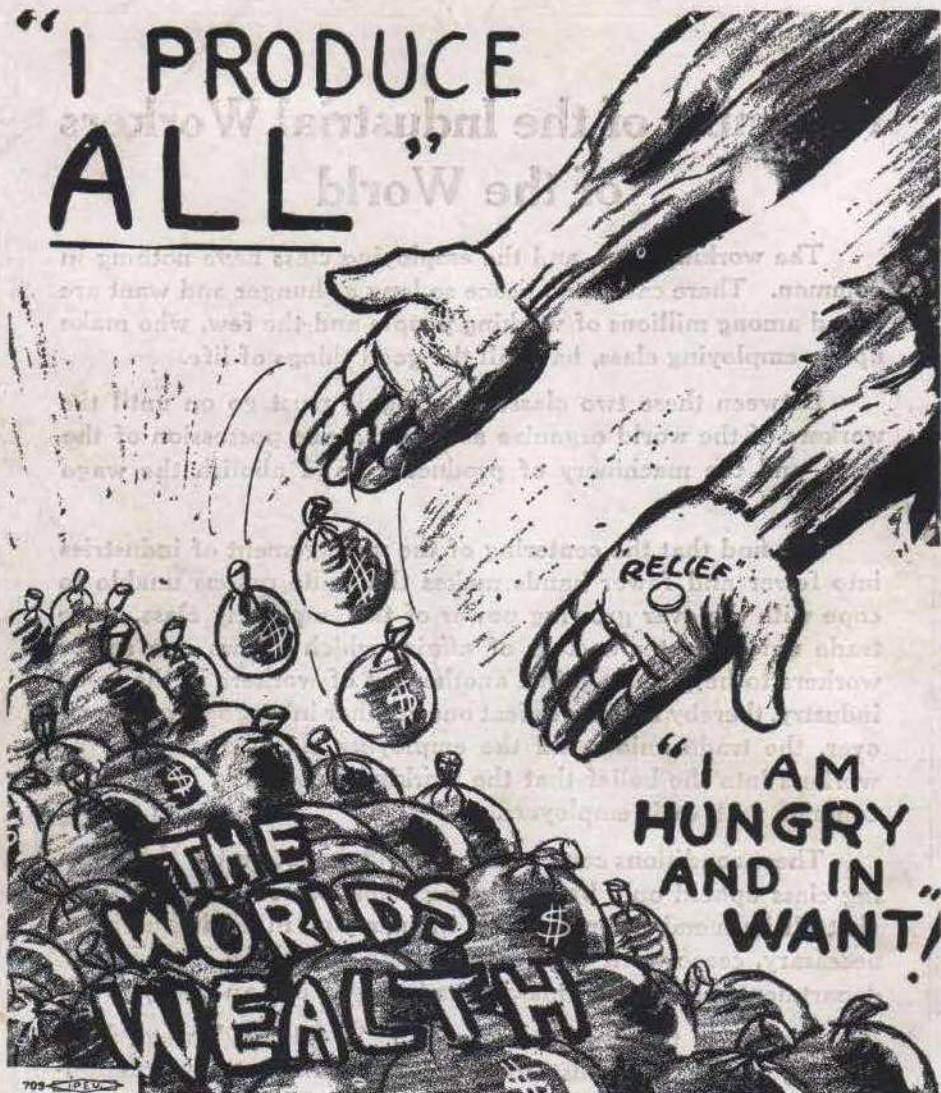
These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one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



**"I PRODUCE
ALL"**



No matter to what extent the intelligence and energy of the working class increases production, no matter how much the wealth of the world grows, it is the purpose and intent of the employers to allow the workers just barely enough to live on. Whether the toilers' share is doled out as starvation relief or as little better than starvation wages the principle remains the same. Like machinery and material the labor force of the world has to be kept in a condition of efficiency required to meet the needs of the profit system, beyond that it is supposed to require nothing.

But labor does require more and it demands more. Furthermore it is learning how to get more by organizing in its own rank and file controlled union, the Industrial Workers of the World.