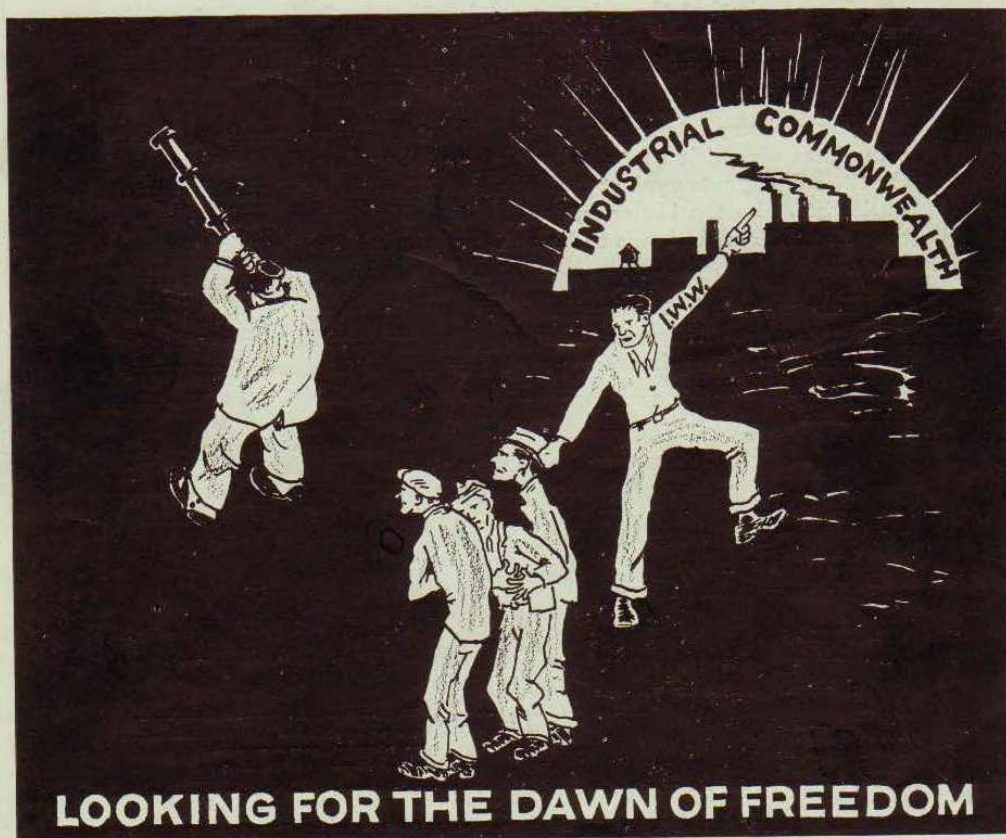


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Meat for the Wolves

When the prolonged cold of a hard winter results in a scarcity of game, the wolves on the icy steppes of Siberia hunt in packs and often (so we are told) they are driven by hunger to the point where the stronger turn on the weaker ones and devour them.

Whether this is true of the Siberian wolves or not, it certainly is true of the wolves of capitalism. These, in their pursuit of the profits gouged from labor, think it nothing at all to gorge themselves on the flesh of their own kind. Small capitalists are swallowed down by the thousands every year; but the slaughter reaches its heights when "times are bad"—meaning when there is great unemployment of labor and there are correspondingly fewer workers to exploit.

Then it is that there is a great howling in the arena of politics. The big capitalists try to cover up their raids for meat (profits) with a mighty yelping, while the little fellows snarl their protest at being chewed up.

It's all very interesting to read about in the papers but workers sometimes are misled into believing that they should take sides with the little disputants against the big ones. That's a fatal mistake. Little capitalists, like the big ones, live by exploiting labor, and as long as they live their ambition is to become big capitalists by exploiting more labor.

Labor's task is to organize itself to rid the world of the whole tribe of wolves. Labor should know that any meat the exploiters get in the form of rent, interest, profits, or subsidies comes from wealth produced by workers and that what the exploiters eat puts no fat on the slaves.

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FIGHTING FOR SPANISH FREEDOM

By

Fellow Worker Raymond Galstad

It was June 1937, I sailed with a group of seventeen workers for Spain via the port of Le Havre, aboard the S. S. President Harding, to join the Loyalist forces. Of these seventeen toilers some came from the logging camps of Idaho,

Michigan, and Minnesota, some from the coal mines of Pennsylvania; some from the textile mills of New Jersey; a few were maritime workers from the Great Lakes.

Upon arrival in Le Havre we boarded the boat train to Paris. There we contacted several labor organizations in order to have our itinerary arranged before leaving for the French frontier. We left our excess baggage behind, each of us taking only a shaving kit, a bar of soap, a towel, and a change of socks. The wisdom of this arrangement made itself apparent when we started our trek across the mountains.

The Climb

Our destination was Montpellier located in southeastern France near the Mediterranean Sea. We motored from Montpellier to Cerebes, a French border village. By fording a stream we eluded the French frontier gendarmerie. (It was rumored the evening before three men were killed while attempting to cross the dubiously "open" French border.)

Footsore, weary and rain-soaked we climbed the narrow passes and jagged rocks of the Pyrennees. This, in a dark and starless night was a most difficult and arduous task. Some of our group, completely exhausted, could proceed no farther without rest. We left them to wait for the next contingent and pushed on. Sixteen hours seemed like sixteen years at the shoe-dragging pace at which our weariness allowed us to move. Yet we smiled when we recalled that it took the mighty Hannibal several months to accomplish the same trail with his retinue of slaves and soldiers and giant elephants when he set out to conquer



Searching the ruins of a house in Barcelona after a fleet of rebel planes had completed another brutal assault on the residential section, killing hundreds of women and children.

the Roman Empire nearly two hundred years before the alleged birth of Christ.

The Old Fort

At the foot of the mountain a motor lorry awaited us. We were carried to an old fortress located near the city of Figueres. Here we prepared for military service, attaching ourselves to the French syndicalist section of the International Brigade, and spent four days drilling and unloading munitions from the motor transports.

The old fort was built in the sixteenth century. It is said the labor power of five thousand captured slaves was required for over a period of twelve years to complete the structure. The refined instruments of torture used upon the unfortunates were still to be found in the underground chambers catacombing the courtyards. The chambers were now put to use by Loyalist militiamen as a place of safety against the splattering shells dropped from fascist bombers that roared in a streak of silver across the skies.

Albacete

Then to Albacete we traveled through the historic cities of Barcelona and Valencia. Railway service in Spain was rather irregular. Frequent bombings of bridges and tracks were responsible for interruptions in transportation service, necessitating continuous repair by railroad workers of the Confederation of Labor to maintain even a semblance of service. The generosity and good-fellowship of the Spanish people was touching. At every stop workers would board the train bearing huge baskets of fruits, sandwiches and jugs of wine. Little boys and girl would be waiting on the station platforms singing the "Internationale" and "No Pasaran."

The city of Albacete was the training center for the recruits of the International Brigade. We spent two weeks here learning the technique of modern warfare under the guidance of competent officers. Almost all of us had previous military experience so we were able to execute the most intricate maneuvers flawlessly with only a few days' drilling.

To the Front

While at mess one morning we received our order to report at the parade grounds with full equipment including blankets and extra bandoliers of ammunition. We entered barracks and strapped on our military regalia, struggled with our blanket rolls and marched to the parade grounds. Here we stood at ease while our officer-of-the-day delivered a stirring talk, explaining our leaving for the Saragossa front. We were told of the splendid victories of the International Brigade in previous encounters with the Fascist armies, and were advised to fight unflinchingly to uphold the marvel-

ous reputation established by these working class soldiers who fought in the interests of their class.

A caravan of motor lorries that seemed endless approached us, and we clambered aboard and drove off amidst cheers dying away and giving precedence to the hum of chugging engines as we rode along. Mile after mile we traveled over a maze of dusty highways. The hot glaring sun beat mercilessly down upon us, but we thankfully drew in cool draughts of air with the coming of evening.

Our chauffeurs had a strenuous task, sometimes driving continually for forty-eight hours. The difference of defeat and victory often hinged upon the ability and endurance of these men. We were dependent upon the chauffeurs and their trucks for the bringing of foodstuffs, water, arms, and reinforcements. Fascist scouting planes ripping through the skies were always searching for them as a target for their deadly projectiles. Many of the trucks had been completely demolished and their occupants killed. Six miles from the front we dismounted from the trucks and with metallic equipment clanking and clattering in rhythm with our step we began our march to the trenches.

Facing Fire

Soon after we entered our trenches we faced a barrage of artillery fire that continued without abatement for two days. Shells burst around us as we dug ourselves in. Our artillery had been shifted to another sector previous to our arrival so we retaliated with machine guns. In the afternoon of the first day a squadron of planes flew over us. We thought they were ours, but we soon discovered they were not. Bombs came whirling groundward with a screeching, whistling sound that played havoc with the ears. They hit the earth with a terrific thud causing shrapnel and dirt to leap and fly in all directions. The planes swooped to the ground and raked the trenches with machine gun fire. Our casualties were heavy, and the cries of the wounded could be heard above the roar of battle. First aid was quickly applied to alleviate their pains. The disabled could not be removed to safety until nightfall. Messengers were dispatched to headquarters with urgent requests for artillery to reinforce us.

The barrage ceased early the second day and the Fascist hordes went over the top. We greeted them with withering rifle and machine gun fire. Their advance was halted abruptly and they retreated hastily in confusion leaving a tremendous number of dead and wounded in the fields. That night water, cool and fresh, arrived and also cigarettes to ease tense nerves. The next two days were comparatively quiet. Snipers exchanged shots now and then but no serious damage was effected in our numbers. Hot meals and laughter were our diet for a space while some of our men were collecting

fallen fascists and administering medical aid to them, trying the while to jolly them along and to reassure them they were not going to face firing squads.

Our clothes were stiff with dirt and dried perspiration. Sweat sores harassed many of us, causing a great many discomforts, and we itched for action to make us forget them. On the fifth day our artillery went into the field and we advanced. Over we went with fixed bayonets and bags of grenades. Stretcher bearers followed close behind the militiamen plodding steadily forward. When we were within throwing distance of the enemy trenches our hands crept into the bags. The grenades did their work. The fascists fled leaving us in possession of their trenches and quantities of military supplies.

The victory took its toll in lives, however, and volunteers were asked to bury our dead. We went through their pockets relieving them of their identifications and personal effects. These were delivered to headquarters. It was the regular procedure to ascertain the numbers and names of the dead.

Wounded

On the sixth day I was wounded by an exploding shell. I was sent to the base hospital where I remained for five days. In order to make room for the daily stream of incoming wounded, arrangements were made for those of us who were declared incapacitated for further military service to be removed to Barcelona. In the hospital there I put in fifteen days of solid comfort while the doctors and nurses went about their routines with an element of kindness totally out of perspective with my notions of professional severity their careers normally demand of them. Each one of us felt like a petted hero.

Moscow Wrecking Crew

After leaving the hospital, I wandered through the city, satisfying my curiosity about many things. In Barcelona camps marionettes were elevated to the exalted rank of political commissars. The manipulation of the marionettes was pretty securely in the hands of the Stalinists. They monopolized the avenues of propaganda and indulged in the less arduous tasks of class struggle, or "civil war" as they conveniently disguised it. Skimpily distributing cigarettes, chocolate candies, and the like, seemed to be the only practical assistance they gave, and even in doing that they did no better than the Salvation Army or the Y. M. C. A. in the 1914-1918 "war to end wars."

A shortage of tobacco was noticeable throughout Loyalist Spain. Most of the tobacco producing districts were held by the Fascist forces. It was nearly an impossibility to beg or borrow the weed in any form. The Stalinists had a monopoly and they used it to entice adherents!

They preached political propaganda day and night. Their lectures invariably ended up with the idea: "We're right behind you." I heartily agreed with them on that score. The first time I ever agreed with the Communists, if my memory serves me rightly. They generally were to be found in the security of an office miles "BEHIND" the front line trenches drawing a stipend of two thousand pesetas a month and arguing for a stabilized price system so that they would be the only ones with purchasing power. Of course the anarcho-syndicalists thwarted the Communists frequently in their capitalistic schemes by abolishing the price system completely in some of the industries which they controlled.

Need for Honest Perspective

To one who has seen the war in Spain closely and wishes to report it honestly, it is more than a civil war among Spaniards; it is more than a capitalist-fascist test for larger wars in the future. It is a CLASS STRUGGLE. It is Revolution. It is a fight for a progressive and sane way of living, against a retrogressive and insane way of existing.

On the insurgent side, Generalissimo Francisco



Civilian victim of Fascist air raid

Franco received aid from Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany. These two powers have aided the insurgents immensely with large numbers of troops, modern artillery, planes, small arms, ammunition, foodstuffs, and money. In payment for services rendered, Germany and Italy were to receive valuable concessions in the coal and iron mines of the Asturias.

Soviet Russia, on the other hand, with its tempting offers of arms and men, succeeded in attracting a large number of the Spanish people to its cause, chiefly recruiting sympathy among the dispossessed petty bourgeoisie. The Stalinist adherents have managed to instate a number of their followers in the present form of government, and through devious ways to change the complexion of Revolution to Counter Revolution.

Stalinist Cops

The venomous fangs of the Stalinist Okranja has struck on numerous occasions. Many of the most militant members of the C. N. T.—F. A. I., labor organizations, have "disappeared," some have been found dead, others are in prison. In their insatiable greed for power, no less inimical to working class hopes than capitalist greed, they have deliberately sent the militant Catalonians to the front with inferior arms, withholding proper support from the artillery and airforce. This "tactic" resulted in gruesome casualties and heavy loss of life to these militants.

Last May the Catalonian workers' militia prepared plans for an offensive on the Aragon front. Had it been launched at that time it no doubt would have been a decisive factor in bringing the war to a victorious end. The Stalinist Okranja, through politics, succeeded in removing the leadership of the army and supplanted it with a command of their own. The scheme behind that gesture was to prolong the war and weaken the determination of the Spanish workers in the hope that they would finally submit to the will of the Stalinist regime. Despite all the agonizing betrayals they were subject to, the Spanish working class displayed fine courage and an unflinching solidarity. At the outset of the war the workers' militia possessed no trained troops and had only obsolete

arms, yet they defended themselves, not only against Fascist and Communist Spain, but against two of the greatest military powers in Europe.

The Neutrality Act of the United States' Government has been a factor of detriment to the cause of Loyalist Spain and has proved an advantage to the Fascist forces of Franco, who through his alliance with Germany and Italy has not been hampered by a lack of war materials. But, nevertheless, the Spanish workers have adapted themselves admirably to the situation, proving to themselves and to the rest of the world that the working class can take over the industries and manage them efficiently. Factories that have been expropriated are operated at full capacity, manufacturing ammunition, rifles and field artillery, trucks, clothing and other supplies of war so that the Loyalists will not be dependent upon other nations for these equipments in the future. Engineers and technicians have wrought changes in industries that are nothing short of startling, even to converting old plants into airplane factories.

The suzerains have been driven from their vast estates over the protest of the Stalinists, and the tilling of the soil is accomplished by the workers and the crops managed by them. Although their agricultural machinery is not of the best, they have through cooperation increased the yield per acre in some crops nearly fifty per cent. Artesian wells and irrigation innovations have for the most part contributed to this end.

Complete Freedom

Young workers went regularly from the fields and shops to training camps to receive instruction in military tactics. The victory won at Teruel recently was, no doubt, due to these youthful and enthusiastic troops. The determination of these fighting workers proves conclusively that the revolutionary Spaniards know what they want. They will never bow to a Stalinist regime. They know if they do accept, even temporarily, the idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat the penalty of death or imprisonment will await their militancy. The emancipation of the workingclass and the establishment of a new social order of, by and for the workers are their objectives.





By
THE GADFLY

In which the author goes deep into the "Lazarus layer of the proletariat" and comes up with a story showing the effect intensive mis-education and exploitation, alternating with hungry joblessness, has had on at least one brother worker.

TRASH—Old paper bags, cigarette butts, a ripped shoe, fouled candy-bar wrappers, last week's funny-papers. Filth—gobs of phlegmy spit, dog dirt, pigeon dirt, a decaying banana skin. Yesterday, an eccentric twelve-hour rain. Now, a hot, late August noon-hour. Writhing grey cement walks, thru the outer muck. Relative humidity, 90. Murk. The East Wing of Grand Circus Park, downtown in Detroit.

Men, dirty, bleary, out of work, sit on coarse green benches—greenest things in the park. Too hot to move—just sit. Only Eli moves, shuffling thru the trash and filth on the walks. Murk—he is used to murk, likes it, almost. This way half the time on the farm back in Georgia. Eli is murk, mostly.

This weather—it recalls to his feeble mind that farm, where he lived before he came north to work at Ford's. Five dollars a day, they told him. No one thought of how many days.

He is thinking vaguely of the crisis of his life on the farm, the occasion when he heard his wife was carrying on with Ezra Cobb. He remembers how her lips thinned out into that mocking leer she had with her when he accused her. Only when he choked her some would she talk. Then he kicked her clear off the farm with his boots. She was limping by the time he got her to the road.

It was raining then. Cold, too. She didn't have her coat or hat on. Her hair streaked over her face. She turned to him and leered again.

Then her lumpy body collapsed. He left her lying in the mud of the road. He grunted, looked at the black sky, spat, and went back into the shack. She was gone an hour later. Next day he sold her coat and hat and her other dress for two dollars.

He wondered, then, what he ever saw in her. It took him two months of living without his woman to make him understand. She never came back.

Gradually, the fact that the West Wing of the Park is not as it was yesterday oozes into his consciousness. It is a labyrinth of brown canvas walls, like a sideshow of tents without roofs, and people are sauntering around between the walls, apparently looking for something, not knowing what—commercial people spewed out by the skyscrapers all around to eat lunch. Now they have eaten their lunches, most of them, and, having to pass thru the Park anyhow on their way back to work, they pause in the labyrinth to stare patronisingly at the artists and their art. This is the Art Fair.

Eli observes the change in the West Wing. He does not know what is going on. He never reads the papers. He only reads the Bible. Yet Eli does not speculate on the change; he merely sees it. By and by, with less thought than a dog smelling at a strange post, he slouches across the vacancy of Woodward Avenue and meshes with the crowd.

The canvas walls are heavy-hung with pictures,

most of them unframed. Other pictures, on the ground, lean against the walls, against the benches, against anything. Wherever there might be a picture, a picture is. They are like brilliant butterflies clinging to the form of the city, laying their eggs—eggs which may hatch into worms of thought and gnaw the city's thick-leaved pretense down to the hollow skeletons which support them.

Five of the six men, out of work dwellers like Eli in the East Wing, are grouped about a large oil nude. They grimace, squirm, pass low remarks, display their vulgarity in general. They spot Eli approaching—holy Eli, the Bible reader. Expectantly, they watch him, cough when he comes abreast to attract his attention. He looks at the picture. No expression shows on his face. The bums are disappointed. They troop back to their proper place in the East Wing.

Eli goes on. He hesitates for a few minutes to squint at a man on a camp-stool sketching a charcoal portrait of a stenographer, she gazing at him the while with maudlin worship and the thrill of being arty. Eli goes on.

"—from real life," says a voice beside him. The dialect is strange to Eli. As a matter of fact, it is the off-spring of affected British and affected Boston, at one time mated in the speaker's mouth, the off-spring thereof being influenced by Detroit environment. However, Eli does not know that. Eli knows very little of anything.

He looks at the source of the peculiar lingo. It is a tall, bony man with a beret and excessively black eyes. The beret is not his normal headgear; it is an ad, his trademark. The eyes are unnatural. The pictures on the canvas behind him are of his doing. He pauses in his conversation, momentarily neglecting the Prospective Buyer to return Eli's stare.

Under the excessively black eyes of the Artist, Eli feels shifty. He looks down at his hands. The nails are filthy, long and rough because he has not lately been hired to labor and break them off.

The Artist resumes his sales talk. Eli dares to gaze at him again.

"Painted from life."

"Yes?" encourages the Prospective Buyer, a prosperously loggy individual, out to buy a corner on culture.

"Yes. I was coming home from a party with the grandest brandy drunk singing thru me, you know. It seems it was raining, but I didn't notice it. Too intent on working out a means of painting the fourth dimension, I suppose. I generally plan the fourth dimension on brandy. Anyhow, something tugged at my sleeve over near the front of a red brick building. I was almost at the curb before I could stop and turn around—trifle unsteady, you know. And—well, there was this girl, no hat or coat on, soaked with rain, standing in the doorway. Probably said some-

thing about coming in out of the rain, though I can't remember that part very clearly.

"Well, it looked like good material, so I rushed her right up to my study and—er—made this picture. Took me all the rest of the night."

"Hm," says the Prospective Buyer, feeling very Bohemian for listening to this kind of talk. "And what are you asking for it?"

The Artist sizes up the Prospective Buyer rapidly, finds him good, and says in the most casual tone, "Oh, about a thousand."

Till this point, Eli has been dully regarding the Artist. But the mention of so much money stirs him at least partially out of his life-long coma. He looks at the picture.

As the Artist has described the reality, so is the picture. The woman, bedraggled, in the rococco doorway, tinted with the jaundiced light of a street-lamp, the varnish-like glare of the pavement and the wet wall behind her—all that. But Eli sees more.

He sees on the woman's head straight, coarse, black hair, and her smile is a long, thin segment of a circle intersected by quizzical shorter segments at each end. Her wet dress displays the outline of her figure with geometrical clarity. Her emaciated shoulders and arms, dangling hands that might, for their massive grossness, be a day-laborer's. Her breasts—two drooping parabolas slung to the front of her under the rigidly plane chest. Her protruding hips—two conversing hyperbolas. Her calves and ankles, almost regular cylinders, such is the diameter of the latter. Her long, broad, flat feet.

He sees her again leering at him. He forgets he is in Detroit. He forgets everything that has happened since she looked at him just so in the rain on the road outside the shack and fell. His emotions are the emotions of that moment—wolf-



Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?—Edwin Markham.

ish hate. Showing his broken yellow teeth he rushes at the picture, rips it to cracking shreds with his dirty long nails

It is the following morning. A weary judge is trying to pry from Eli's scanty vocabulary words which will explain his behavior. The Artist is present. He has not slept. He has consumed the night in cursing Eli. Yet he does not appear exhausted; he seems to be still cursing Eli under his breath.

After some fifteen minutes of the Judge's disinterested questioning, Eli's purpose begins to clarify. Then the Artist jumps at Eli, grabs him by the tattered lapels of his third-hand coat. Eli is limp. Yesterday's emotional crack-up has decimated his insignificant vitality.

"Do you mean you ruined my painting because you thought the prostitute was your wife?" demands the Artist, viciously. "Is that it? You think the woman looked like her?"

Eli nods stupidly. The excessively black eyes are cutting sheer thru his innate murk.

The Artist suddenly does a strange thing. He starts to chuckle. He laughs. He releases Eli and becomes downright hysterical. He falls into a chair. "His wife! His wife! His wife!" And he laughs some more. As tho turned off by a switch, he stops as spontaneously as he began. He grabs Eli again.

"Ass!" he cries, a trifle too dramatically. "There never lived a woman like that. She was the product of my own brain—my own brain! Do you understand?" He shakes Eli frantically, beating vainly against the dolt's animal immobility. "Smoke! I made her up. A dream! Why, you damned holy boob, a creature that shape could not exist! Five hundred dollars—at the very least—gone, because you—you, rotten swine—you can't appreciate the exaggerations of modernism!"

THE END.

The Historic Mission of the I.W.W.

By MORTINER DOWNING

Production—Distribution—Acquisition and Consumption, all these four words equal and relative, spell the story of human life. At no point may the balance be disturbed. Production is the basis; neither distribution, appropriation nor consumption can be had except of goods in being. If the production lags so do the other three. If the production increases, under a sane knowledge every human being is benefitted. Under the present competition of capitalism a contradiction appears. Instead of human benefit the whole social system is shaken. Prices fall, wages shrink and all in proportion to the growth of production. This latter system, the I. W. W. was born to destroy.

So in 1905 appeared a new scheme of life known as World Industrial Unionism. Every producer should be organized in his special capacity. All private concerns are ignored. In the social world and in political relations the individual is free—his obligation is one only. Every human being must contribute to the general welfare, and this should be balanced by the need of all to respond to the duty that, "An Injury to One Is an Injury to All." Self and selfishness fade away, and an interdependent human race stands erect and proud. Misery vanishes. Happiness reigns.

To gain these ends the I.W.W. was born and still lives. It has faced its responsibility along a blood stained trail beset by terror and brutality, but it still lives. It shall triumph.

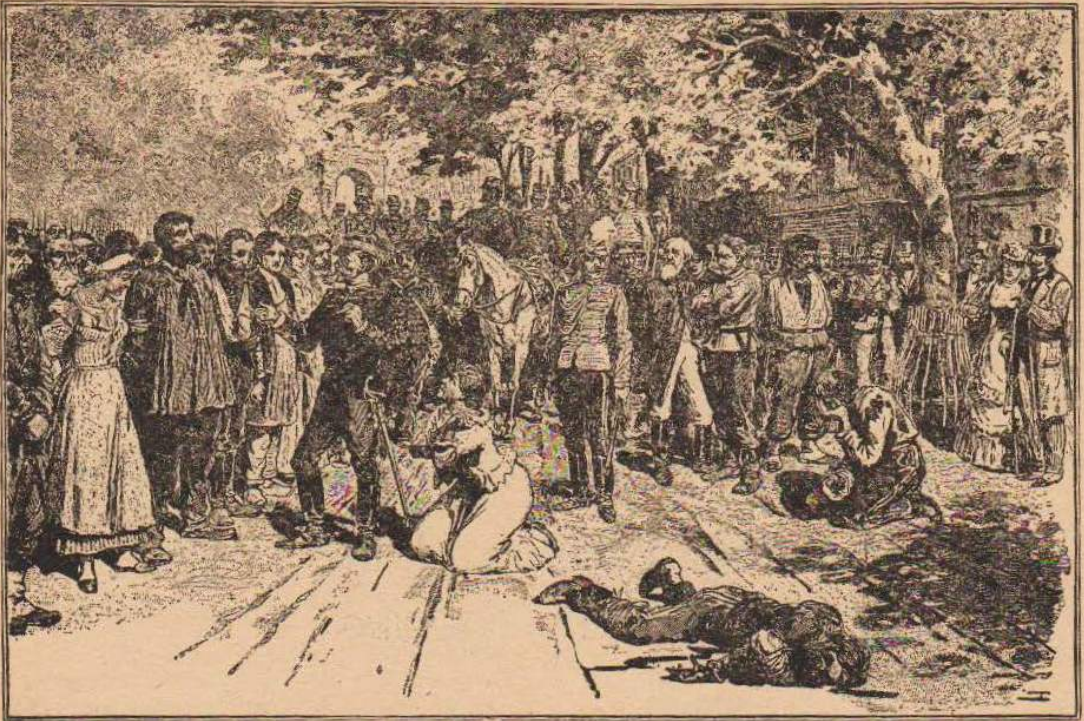
Mistakes of individuals, groups and factions have hindered, halted and sometimes confused. Short cuts have been heralded as revelations. But there is only one path toward a new life and that is the wide understanding that Production equals Distribution, that Distribution equals Acquisition and Acquisition equals Consumption.

To weld these into a purpose is the mission of the I.W.W. It is no greater, no less. Freedom from the wage system must be the act of the wage workers themselves. Politics, however enlightened, will not build up this new system. In all assemblies of talkers the orators will look out for themselves. So the wage workers, if they would be free, must meet at the point of production, where the only discussion is to save human labor power, to promote leisure and health. Scrap all mere talkers.

Wage workers must realize that the only good is security, or rather assurance that every baby born starts with the protection of all society. That everyone is a child in a world-wide human Commonwealth. Whether this can be done peacefully is a mere debate. It must be done at any and all costs. Either that or repression and suppression will be multiplied. On one horizon shines the sunrise on all the sky and land but on the outside is murk of murder, stealth and tyranny.

Workers of the World Unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains and a World to gain. Forget the past and face the dawn.

All Honor to the Communards!



GALLIFET SELECTS HIS VICTIMS

On March 18, 1871, in the midst of the war against the invading Prussians, the proletariat of Paris took charge of the city and commenced the establishment of workers' control in industry—the first such attempt in modern times.

How the capitalists took revenge after peace was made with the Germans is described in the following accounts from "The Civil War in France," by Karl Marx:

"The column of prisoners halted in the Avenue Uhrich, and was drawn up, four or five deep, on the footway facing to the road. General Marquis de Gallifet and his staff dismounted and commenced an inspection from the left of the line. Walking slowly and eyeing the ranks, the general stopped here and there, tapping a man on the shoulder or beckoning him out of the rear ranks. In most cases, without further parley, the individual thus selected was marched out into the center of the road, where a small supplementary column was thus soon formed . . . It was evident that there was considerable room for error. A mounted officer pointed out to General Gallifet a man and woman for some particular offence. This woman, rushing out of the ranks, protested her innocence in passionate terms. The general waited for a pause, and then with most impassable face and unmoved demeanor, said, 'Madame, I have visited

every theatre in Paris, your acting will have no effect on me' (ce n'est pas la peine de jouer la comedie') . . . It was not a good thing on that day to be noticeably taller, dirtier, cleaner, older, or uglier than one's neighbors. One individual in particular struck me as probably owing his speedy release from the ills of this world to his having a broken nose . . . Over a hundred being thus chosen, a firing party was told off, and the column resumed its march, leaving them behind. A few minutes afterwards a dropping fire in our rear commenced, and continued for over a quarter of an hour. It was the execution of these summarily-convicted wretches."—Paris Correspondent "Daily News," June 8, 1871.

"The Temps, which is a careful journal, and not given to sensation, tells a dreadful story of people imperfectly shot and buried before life was extinct. A great number were buried in the Square round St. Jacques-la-Bouchiere; some of them very superficially. In the daytime the roar of the busy streets prevented any notice being taken; but in the stillness of the night the inhabitants of the houses in the neighborhood were roused by distant moans, and in the morning a clenched hand was seen protruding through the soil."—Paris Correspondent, "Evening Standard," June 8, 1871.

SYNDICALISM WILL TRIUMPH IN FRANCE

By

JOSEPH WAGNER

Curbed and almost crushed by the War, and diluted by infiltration of conservative elements, French Syndicalism re-asserts itself in recent crises and again shows the only way out for the workers.

Sometime ago, in an article published in the "Nation," entitled "Will France Go Syndicalist," Robert Dell, its author, who seems to me well acquainted with the French situation, expressed his opinion (which the present writer fully shares, that in all probability France will never tolerate a dictatorial regime of any kind, whether fascist or bolshevik, but, that when the present regime will give up its ghost in France, it will be followed by a Syndicalist commonwealth. He presented an array of facts in support of his thesis and the article was not only encouraging to the revolutionist but instructive to those of his readers who are fairly well informed about the objective, subjective and historical conditions peculiar to France and the French people in general and the French working class in particular.

However, I am afraid that most of the readers of the article missed the most important points raised therein. For, few people realize how hard it is to convey exact information to the American reader on social and political events taking place outside of the borders of the U. S. A. or at any rate, outside of the English speaking world, And, to be sure, it is just as difficult to convey precise information concerning American events to people of non-English speaking countries.

In either case, the average reader of newspapers or magazines is apt to get a more or less distorted picture of the situation, due to the fact that the meaning and expressions, though correctly translated have different values in different parts of the



world, according to the different social, political and historical development of the various sections of the world. Thus, the term "republican," for instance, designates in many European and Asiatic countries some sort of a revolutionist, one who fights for, or at least desires a radical political transformation in his country, whereas in the U. S. A., which has been a republic ever since it formed itself into an independent state some sixteen decades ago, the term "republican" may—and generally does—designate a conservative, or even a rank reactionary. Yet, when reading foreign events even the well informed is liable to lose sight of such distinctions.

The above simple example could be multiplied indefinitely, but what particularly concerns us here is the misunderstandings concerning international labor situations. Even in labor and radical publications of all countries references are made to the "trade unions" movement in France, England, pre-Hitler Germany, etc., just as if the labor movements of those countries were the same, or mere parts of the same general body, and not as they really are—labor organizations belonging to at least three different and distinct systems of unionism. Failing to distinguish between them, and confusing them with each other, the stories read about them, often make no sense.

Trade Unionism

Up to the World War, the world's labor union movement, roughly speaking could be classified in-

to three systems: (1) Trade Unionism; (2) "Free" or "Socialist" labor unionism; and (3) Syndicalism. (For the present we leave out of consideration the so-called unions "organized" by employers—company unions—the yellow unions organized by the Catholic and other Churches and those called into being and controlled by the various governments). Let us briefly examine these union schools in order to be able to make the contrasts.

Trade Unionism.—Although composed of workers, strictly speaking, trade unions are not **working class** organizations. They are not based on working class solidarity and on the recognition of the class struggle, but rather on capitalist **business principles and practices**. Trade unions do not even claim to promote or defend the interests of the working class as a whole; they do not even claim to represent the interests of **all** the workers in a given industry, nor even those of **all** the workers of a given craft or trade. Originally a trade union is formed by a restricted number of mechanics in a given trade, to benefit the members of the union thus formed by striving for a monopoly over the jobs in the craft and by preventing by any and all means other skilled mechanics from working at the trade, and even preventing them from joining the union of their craft by prohibitively high initiation fees, by rigid technical examination, by the closing of the books of the union, etc. Thus trade unionism not only fails to develop class consciousness, it does not engender even craft consciousness.

In the industrially developed English-speaking world—the home of trade unionism—the craft union structure having become obsolete a long time ago, it has been subject to some modification in spots, from time to time, the latest being the C.I.O. movement. But the principle remains the same: repudiation of the class struggle, job monopoly on capitalist business principle. But this principle is even more obsolete. Before the advent of big business there may have been some justification for the belief that a craft monopoly could be created by allowing into the union only as many workers as there are jobs; but in modern times with the great fluctuation in employment, with entire crafts being wiped out overnight, it is utterly ridiculous to think that a ratio can be maintained between the number of jobs in a given calling and the number of the members in the respective craft union. In order to man the jobs in a busy season, a large number of new members have to be admitted into the union and when times become "normal" (slack season) the members are thrown out of work in large numbers and are forced to compete (isn't competition the life of trade?) with each other for the few remaining jobs, in spite of union-established wage-scales, just as if they had no craft union at all.

One need not be fooled by the many inter-trade-union formations we happen to see on all hands: City, District, State Federations of Labor and the A. F. L.—into the belief that these indicate some

sort of class solidarity, for they do not. These combinations are but the counterpart of the political machines and parliaments (city, state, national), where representatives of different and opposing interests gather to devise ways and means to keep peace between clashing interests and prevent open warfare between them.

For an example of the mentality engendered by trade unionism we may examine briefly one typical group of trade unionism in action, the building trades. Although all affiliated with the Building Trades Council, none of the crafts in the industry has any love or friendly feeling for the other crafts in the industry. Each of them feels in closer sympathy with the interests of the contractors than with that of the other building craftsmen. They reason: "Only when prosperous, can the contractor afford to pay us more wages." Consequently, the carpenters, for instance, hate to see the bricklayer, laborer, electrician, etc. get a wage increase for they figure that since the contractor can afford only so much for wages, the more he pays the other crafts the less chance remains for the carpenters to get their raise. Of course the other trades figure the same way.

As a rule there never is concerted action by the different building trades unions in the matter of negotiation of wage scales and working agreements. Even when the contracts of all the building trades expire at the same time, each craft negotiates separately and separate contracts are signed. As a rule most of the trades come to amicable settlement with the contractors, but at times one or more trades cannot do so and strikes result. The crafts at peace are displeased with such strikes because they interfere with **business**, with the regular and continuous work of the other craftsmen who consider themselves as "innocent bystanders." As the work of nearly all the building trades has to go on simultaneously, when one of the "basic" crafts is on strike the rest of the trades have soon to stop working unless some "scabbing" is done. If it is the carpenters who are striking, the bricklayers can work only a few hours when they have to quit unless certain carpenter work is done, such as setting door and window frames, floor joists, erecting bearing partitions, etc. This work in turn is tied up with the work of plumbers, electricians, etc. In some cases non-union carpenters are put to work, but more often, the bricklayers, laborers, plumbers, etc., do enough carpenter work to keep the job going. This is not done with the intention of scabbing on the striking carpenters, for they are all "good union men" and realize that it is unethical; they do it only in order to enable them to carry on their "legitimate" business, that of continuing to work at their trade as per agreement with the contractors.

And yet, practically the only reason for existence of the Building Trades Council is to maintain the closed shop in building construction, by preventing

non-union men working on the building jobs. The Council is practically and exclusively a **solemn pact** between rival, and at times warring bodies, guaranteeing that the members of none of the affiliated groups will work on the same job with non-union craftsmen. Yet, in the commonly accepted interpretation of these unions, a union bricklayer becomes a "scab" the moment he picks up a plank and sets it up on the wall as a floor joist, or the moment he sets a window frame on top of the stone sill he has laid on the brick wall, whether the carpenters are on strike or not.

But the Building Trades' solemn pact works no more automatically than did the solemn pact signed by some three scores of nations, who agreed to apply sanctions to Italy in order to prevent her invasion of Ethiopia. Collectively these big hearted nations agreed to common action, but separately each of them got busy carrying on her particular "business" in opposition to what she agreed on in the pact. It was not love for Mussolini, nor the desire to see Abyssinia exterminated that prompted the bolshevik rulers of Russia to furnish the gas and oil necessary for Italy to subjugate Ethiopia, but the necessity and the desire to do "business." And the same holds true of the Building Trades craft unions. For it takes some time before the carpenters' business agent is formally informed of the scabbing going on. He goes over and investigates, but as he has no power to order the other trades to desist from scabbing on the carpenters, he has to hunt up the business agents of the unions whose members were guilty of scabbing and induce them to come with him to "clean up" the job. But, by the time all this is gone through, enough scabbing has been accomplished to allow the job to go up another story. After which, other tricks can and will be used to get on with the job in spite of the carpenters' strike and the solemn pact of the Council.

"Socialist" Unionism

The operation of trades unionism in other industries varies in details from that of the building trades, but the underlying principles are the same. And whatever temporary and occasional benefits the members of these would be job trusts derive at the expense of the rest of the working class, it is certain that the interests of the working class are not advanced by trade unionism. Not because the workers composing it are anti-social, but because trade unionism in its pure and unadulterated sense is not a working class, but a capitalist "business" institution.

In many trade unions, socialists and other radicals are permitted to make fine speeches, and this may lead many to think that some of them are more "progressive" than others and that the entire trade union movement will eventually transform itself into instruments of working class emancipation. But this seeming "liberalism" means exactly nothing. It matters not whether

you are a revolutionary socialist, anarchist or what not, once you get aboard the vessel of trade unionism—even if it is labeled C.I.O.—you travel not to some Utopia of your fancy, but where the vessel is headed for regardless of your political or philosophical conceptions.

"Free" or "Socialist" Labor unionism.—Up to the outbreak of the World War, the "Free" labor unions formed by far the largest, best organized and disciplined section of the world's labor union movement, embracing not only the numerically powerful labor unions of pre-Hitler Germany, but of the entire continental Europe, with the exception of France, Spain, Portugal, Italy and some other small sections where its influence was entirely or partly limited by that of the Syndicalists. These "Free" unions were organized, educated and led by the social-democratic parties of their respective countries, and in fact they were an integral part of those parties. Being largely the creations of the socialist parties, members of the "Free" unions, as a general rule recognize the class struggle and believe in the eventual passing away of capitalism and in the emancipation of the working class from wage slavery.

But in the social-democratic scheme the role of the unions was entirely limited to the day by day struggles in the shops and factories, regulating wages, hours and shop conditions, leaving the broader aspects of the class struggle in the care of the political party, whose leaders were alone considered fit to work out theories, tactics and strategies for the unions as well as for the party. Even in the strictly shop struggles more reliance was placed on legislation than in the direct action of the workers through their unions. As a rule, especially before the World War, party and union were but two departments of the same organization. A worker joining the union of his calling would automatically become a party member. In this partnership, the union was very much a junior partner and was kept in that minor role. The most active, talented and militant of the union members would be drawn away from union activity and used for the political section. Instead of developing union fighters, good parliamentarians were produced in abundance.

This arrangement reduced the unions to "pure and simpledom," to a mere appendage of the political party and prevented them from ever developing into independent organs of the working class, capable of carrying on their mission as **working class organizations** at such times that the political party would fail them as it certainly did when the World War broke out and the party machinery aligned itself with the war machine of their masters dragging their "Free" unions with them; and later when fascism came to power in Germany. The powerful unions of Germany having been formerly "integrated" into the social-democratic party, were taken over by the Nazis without a struggle and "reintegrated" into the totalitarian Nazi state.

With the majority of the European countries gone fascist or semi-fascist, with the socialist parties reduced to impotence, the importance of the "Free" unions in the class struggle diminished to near zero point. Even though they still have a large number of adherents, "Free" or "Socialist" unionism is turning into traditional "trade unionism" and politically they are reduced to supporters of a waning bourgeois democracy.

Syndicalism

Syndicalism.—In the romance languages, the term **syndicalism** means simply **unionism**, but in the course of time the term came to be internationally adopted as the name of a certain type of labor unionism. There is very little difference if any between syndicalism, anarcho-syndicalism and revolutionary syndicalism. The last term very well covers them all. Syndicalist labor unionism is based on the class struggle and the solidarity of the working class locally, nationally and internationally. Its main tenets are: (1) labor unions, by the use of direct action, are all sufficient for the everyday struggles of the workers against the employers; (2) labor unions by the use of direct action are the only agency for the overthrow of the present system of exploitation of the working class and the inauguration of a new, classless society; and (3) labor unions are the only organs capable of carrying on production and distribution after the present capitalist system is abolished.

In both theory and practice, syndicalism leaves no function for the political parties and politicians, and mighty little for the "labor leader." Rank and file initiative and rule is considered as the main-spring of progress; dictatorship of any kind is detested. According to the foregoing the I.W.W. belongs to this system of unionism although it has never so designated itself.

The most conspicuous representative of revolutionary syndicalism at the present time is the Spanish C.N.T. but as readers of this magazine are well acquainted with the C.N.T. in action, on account of its magnificent role in the Spanish war and revolution, there is no need to discuss it here.

Syndicalism in France

For nearly two decades preceding the outbreak of the World War, the French syndicalist C.G.T. (General Confederation of Labor) held the international stage center. The question asked by Dell, "Will France Go Syndicalist?" was a very actual and pertinent question, often asked at the time by people, including politicians and statesmen of France and abroad. Dr. Louis Levine of Columbia University, in his book "Syndicalism in France," published in 1914 but covering the subject to the end of 1910 says: "What is the future that may be predicted for the General Confederation of Labor? Will the synthesis of revolutionism and of unionism that has been achieved in it continue

more or less stable until the 'final' triumph of the revolutionary syndicalists? Or will the latter be overpowered by the 'reformist' elements who will impress their ideas on the Confederation and who will change the character of French syndicalism?" These questions cannot at present be answered . . ."

And Dr. Levine ends his book with this paragraph: "The struggle has already begun. The government of the Republic is determined to put an end to the revolutionary activities of the syndicalists. It is urged on by all those who believe that only the weakness of the government has been the cause of the strength of the Syndicalists. On the other hand, the Syndicalists are determined to fight their battle to the bitter end. What the outcome may be is hidden in the mystery of the future. **Qui vivera-verra** (who will live will see)."

Yes, the C.G.T. was a great power then in France. The government's determination to stamp it out, as Levine mentions, did not succeed, and the C.G.T. continued to grow in importance for another four years. Then the war broke out, and with it patriotic fever. But even so, on the eve of the war the C.G.T. felt that organized labor should prevent its outbreak. It proposed to the German Trade Unions that a general strike be called in France and Germany to prevent mobilization and war. The offer was coldly turned down. "When the Fatherland is at war, the German worker is a German first of all," was the answer.

As a reaction to this many influential leaders of the C.G.T. became favorable to defend the country against invasion. The tide had turned, war hysteria with foreign troops invading their country ruined for the time being the work of years. War opponents were either sent to the first line trenches to get killed there, or were thrown in jails. War industry drew new, peasant elements into the factories in large numbers. By agreement between the union and the war government these new proletarians were forced into the unions. The entire mentality of the French working class changed by this infusion of the traditionally conservative peasant element into the proletariat.

The bolshevik revolution and the subsequent efforts of bolshevization of the labor organizations of all countries demoralized the French working class. The old guard of the syndicalists was scattered and the unions now lacking experience, could not resist the simultaneous attacks on its two fronts: on one side the bolsheviks and on the other the socialists who wished for "Free" unionism in France as a good hunting ground for socialist politicians. It seemed that the question asked by Dr. Levine: ". . . or will the C.G.T. be overpowered by the 'reformist' elements who will impress their ideas on the Confederation and change the character of French syndicalism?" would have to be answered in the affirmative.



One of the 1936 sit-down strikes in Paris

Disruption and Revival

After the war the 'reformist' element was dominating the C.G.T. which was being transformed into "Free" or "Socialist" unions. In 1920 the revolutionary and the communist elements in the C.G.T. revolted and split from the C.G.T. taking more than half the membership. There were now two Confederations warring against each other, one affiliated with the Red International and the other with the Amsterdam International. Trouble soon developed in the seceding federation. The communists got into control excluding the syndicalists and using the unions as an auxiliary for the zig-zagging Communist Party of France.

The excluded unionists formed autonomous industrial unions. For sixteen years a scandalous policy of disruption of the labor movement followed. Membership fell down especially in the communist controlled outfit and unionism became a by-word. The great mass of workers, who always take keen interest in the doings of the unions got disgusted and kept away from them. The conditions of the workers became unbearable. The fascists were parading the streets in military formation fully armed, making no secret of their intention to take power by force.

Then something that will seem strange to an American happened: The unorganized workers, filled with revolutionary syndicalist tradition, suddenly and spontaneously became active. They flocked to the meetings of socialists and communists, to meetings of communist and socialist unions and by heckling and other demonstrations forced all meetings into unity meetings, preventing

speakers to talk unless they favored unity. In spite of their past grudges the socialist and communist parties formed united fronts and the two confederations and the autonomous unions made organic unity.

The fascist forces were routed, the Popular Front parties won the election and the workers started a series of strikes in 1936, that amazed everybody. The outside workers not only forced unity on the warring factions, but now flocked in uninvited (and most of the time unwelcome) and increased the union membership from less than one million to five millions. Sitdown strikes were inaugurated with unexpected success, thus demonstrating to all concerned that the old syndicalist tradition was still alive with the French workers.

Communist Intrusion

The masses were able to give a powerful push to the mired union machine and get it out of the rut in 1936, but, of course, they were not trained to officer it. So the communists, who are past masters in demagoguery, succeeded to capture the offices of the most important unions but instead of carrying on the work of unionism so well started in 1936, they, as usual began to maneuver for positions, to get rid of non-bolshevik officials in order to gain control for the communist party of the entire labor union movement. The net result was that not only no more gains were made by the workers since 1936, but they even lost some of the previous gains. However, the latter part of 1937, another push was started from below and the communists seem to be heeding the signs and

are acting accordingly, or if not that, then they must have gotten orders from the incomparable Stalin, to tend to business and cut out all foolishness. But, I had better let M. Chambelland, the French syndicalist, talk to you through the "Revolution Proletarienne" for a few minutes:

End of the Year Fights

"As in 1936, the end of 1937 has been marked by some important social conflicts. Hardly has the successful struggle of the large department stores employees for the renewal of their collective contract been won, thanks to the occupation of the stores by the employees, than the strike of the Commercial Truck drivers, and that of the employees of the Food Stuffs depots has broken out. At the same time the Goodrich plant at Colombes has been occupied by the strikers on orders from the Chemical Products' Union. An attempt to vacate them with the aid of armed force caused several sympathy strikes in the neighboring metal shops, and for several hours there was talk even of a general strike in the entire metal industry. Then on Wednesday, Dec. 29, a general strike of the Public Service of Paris broke out.

"One cannot help laughing when one remembers the correspondence between the president of the Council (Chautemps) and the Executive Board of the C. G. T. last September. Mr. Camille Chautemps, in answer to some complaints from the National Committee of the C. G. T. promises but he also notes with great satisfaction that the C. G. T. renounces henceforth the methods of "occupation." With a C. G. T. that is determined from now on to respect property and the law, they will live in an idyllic social peace.

"Proudly the Board of the C. G. T. declared—unanimously, and that includes the Communists—that the Board accepts and approves the answer of the President of the Council. Yet in less than three months, we are assisting at a whole series of fights, which shows the foolishness of such fine promises. Less than three months later, under the control of the C. G. T., the employees of the large department stores are occupying, the workers of the Goodrich plant are occupying, those of the commercial transportation are occupying, those of the foodstuffs are occupying. Even the auto-bus barns were occupied by the employees of the Bus transportation company. What would it have been if the tactics of occupying of the shops would not have been given up!

"The rank and file militants will get some good points out of these first lessons of the great year-end fights. Too bad for the big shots if they don't want to see them.

"In the first place the employees of the large department stores have demonstrated that the occupation of the shops offers an efficacy that no other tactics offer any longer.

"But it becomes immediately evident that here

as in the old style strikes, the occupation is a method that should be employed only at the proper time, when the employers can be hit in a live spot, not at a moment when they can afford to meet the fight without much loss to themselves. I have no precise knowledge on commercial transportation or on foodstuffs, but at the time I am writing this it seems to me that the "occupants" are tiring out, that the bosses' truculence seems to indicate that they have a studied plan aiming at the destruction of the unions and that their plan has chances of success. I think that it could be said that if the strength of occupation like that of the strike, is in its suddenness, then its weakness is in its prolongation.

"Another thing: Increasing number of our militants, who were mixed up in fights, find that arbitration yields the workers nothing but deception. It is already a fact that in spite of the law, strikes break out before arbitration processes are gone through. And it is also a fact that even when it is invoked, arbitration awards are slow in coming, they are inconclusive and full of loopholes for the employers to crawl through. We see that enforcing of the awards are impeded and sabotaged by the Employers' Union. Does that mean that the union should hereafter reject arbitration and rely on its own efforts exclusively for obtaining results?

"Such a revival of direct action would dispel the mistrust, that is growing daily between the rank and file and the officials of the union. In support of this contention I will mention only the spontaneous rebellion of the metal workers in the Colombes district, who took action against the attempt to vacate the Goodrich shops with the aid of the Mobile Guard. At Colombes, it seems that it was the rank and file that forced the leaders to action, and to speak to the higher ups in a language we have not been accustomed to hear lately.

"Our leaders are sometimes forced to apply the famous saying: 'I am their leader, therefore I have to follow them.' This is not very good. It would be preferable that the militants should maintain the initiative in the fights, we might then have some strategy. Never was our union so strong as at present and yet never were the efforts of the membership less organized. To take action only when the pressure from below is too strong, results in haphazard, untimely strikes, lacking connections, as it happened lately.

"Finally, we should note the evolution of the second Popular Front government towards the classical methods of representing the labor movement. First is the case of Colombes and the Goodrich plant. Then the intervention of the army in the transport strikes. And above all the threats against the Public Service workers of Paris, on general strike. It is false to say it was provoked

by leaders. The leaders were in fact literally pushed to the strike by the masses, exasperated by the meager results their petitions to the government had. If Mr. Chautemps wanted to strike at those responsible for the strike, he should have fired Mr. Villey the Prefect, and called down Marx Dormoy, Secretary of the Interior who passed the buck to his Prefect. But, Mr. Chautemps preferred to rely on force: refusing to discuss with the strikers, sending them aggressive communication; bringing in the army to run the electric, gas plants, the subway and the buses. This entire beautiful program was to be put in application Thursday morning, unless the strikers during the previous night would vote to return to work.

"And do you know on what assurance they voted to return to work?"

"The return to work was voted on the assurance

given by the socialist members of the government that if they (the strikers) do not get entire satisfaction of their demands, they will resign their posts in the government.

"On that evening of strike, one could already feel the Noske air in Paris, and this answer of Paul Faure settled things. But, doesn't this affair show what the Popular Front is virtually dead, and that from now on the C. G. T. cannot remain in it if it really wants to defend the interests of the workers?"

"The leaders may say and do what they will, but the workers will find their salvation only in the revival of full independence of syndicalism from political and governmental interference and in direct action. The great fights of the end of 1937 incontestably prove it."

Get a Better Boat, Boys

By T-BONE SLIM

I cannot understand why politicians persists in hatching their eggs in labor's nest; nor can I understand why labor permits it. Why do they not hatch their eggs in their own nest? Is their nest so foul they have to use labor's?

Rank and file tells me the Communist party is trying to hatch out some doorknobs in the N. M. U. No harm in that except that it keeps the nest occupied so that the seamen cannot hatch any real eggs. Since when has a politician turned into a highsea mariner?

Seamen maintain halls, pay the rent so that politicians can strut their stuff and take up seamen's time from important matters. Politics has absolutely no remedy for seamen's ills. Once politics gets into a labor union it cannot be bailed out, deeper and deeper sinks the yawl.

Seamen, you have a Jonah in your boat. Better change boats.

All the gains seamen have made have been without political action, and will be lost with it. Politicians follow labor action like a tern follows ships—but they do not go far to sea.

They have no action of their own so they appear suddenly in the midst of labor action. WHY? I wonder—why do the "leaders" appear after the action is started? Think it over.

Don't Know Their Own Stuff

My contention is: politicians understand neither political action or labor action. The best they can do is set one body of workers against the other. Workers themselves have no quarrel.

Political action is by its nature—slow. Were we

to get our eggs through political action they would be over-ripe before they arrive—we'd be glad to get rid of 'em. So it is with everything political—relief comes to you thirty days after you are in jail for stealing bread.

You aren't supposed to be in jail, you are supposed to be dead—starved to death. Why couldn't you wait and let nature take its course? But why wait for jail or death just to please political muddlers? Why not join the I. W. W.?

*

Compromise is a loss to the workers.

When there is no mush in the cupboard, and none likely to be, it's a poor time to talk compromise; it, the mush, is or isn't present; and compromise spells isn't.

We do not need generals to get us "isn't," the boss hands us that without help from the labor generals of this work-a-day world.

We do not need labor generals to get us relief rations; the economic power of begging gets us the scrawny relief tickets automatically—begging adventures are followed by souplines, for uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Economic power will feed, clothe, shelter, and free the workers—generals never did, never will.

Join the I. W. W.

Economic power is the only power the workers have—only the workers have it. Parasites are using borrowed power—our power, our lawnmower, and our hired man to push it. Let's make them return it. The world needs a haircut.

Revolutionary Syndicalism In Britain

By ETHEL McDONALD

Actually the organized labor movement in Britain is dead. This is due to the fact that parliamentary socialism is no longer trusted by the worker owing to the record of the two Labor governments. The workers have come to realize that parliamentary socialism supports Imperialism and Empire and is not the road to their emancipation, and parliamentarians feel that this has justified their criticisms and prophecies of the past thirty years.

This result however is barren or purely negative, because the workers do not appreciate the relation between parliament and trades unionism. It stands to reason that the workers could not be betrayed on the political field unless they were also betrayed on the industrial field. Reformism is the essence of trades unionism and it is reformism that reconciles the worker to the Capitalist system. The joint nature of the betrayal of the working-class was demonstrated in the mis-called General Strike of 1926 when the very persons who had previously betrayed the workers through parliamentary action also betrayed them at the time of industrial action through the medium of the General Council of the Trades Unions.

The classic example of the parliamentary and capitalist nature of trades unionism was found in the case of the late John Turner who was an Anarchist and also General Secretary of the Shop Assistants' Union First as organizer, and later as secretary, John Turner's duties compelled him to support parliamentarism, whilst his approach towards Revolutionary Syndicalism was purely academic.

The history of trades unionism in Britain proves beyond doubt that the Labor Party is the child of the craft union. Kier Hardie for example, only obtained standing as a labor leader when he identified the Independent Labor Party with the trade union. During the war the bloc vote of the trades unions robbed Ramsay MacDonald of his leadership of the Labor Party. Under James Maxton the influence of the I.L.P. has dwindled to nothing because the trades unions are behind the Labor Party. Every vote in parliament of the Labor Party, and

of its different elements, can be traced to this or that union represented by the particular member speaking or voting. Today therefore, the task of anti-parliamentarism as such is to pass from its excellent criticism of parliamentarism as such to make war on trades unionism on the industrial field. The time has come to unfold the banner of revolutionary syndicalism and so give practical expression to the ideas of libertarianism or true revolutionary socialism.

It is only necessary to relate the details of trades union history in relation to the more important workers struggles to understand the reactionary role played by the British trades union leader.

Trades Union Activity

Let us begin with the demarcation disputes. These prove that the purpose of trade or craft unionism in Britain has been not to pursue the class struggle or to inaugurate socialism but to better the lot of one section of the workers at the expense of another section in a perfect cycle of futility. Here is the record of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers from 1865 to 1904 inclusive.

1865—Dispute with boilermakers over A.S.E. men working as angle iron-smiths.

1881—Fight with shipwrights.

1889—Blacklegged fellow Trade Unionists during the strike at Silver's Works, Silvertown.

1890-2—Persistent demarcation disputes with Tyne plumbers and boilermakers.

1894—Demarcation disputes with scientific makers at Weymouth.

1895—Similar quarrel with steam-engine makers at Burton-on-Tyne.

1896—With milling machine hands and brass finishers at Earl's of Hull, and Thornycroft's of Chiswick.

1897—Historic struggle with master-class; supported by machine workers and steam-engine makers. Blacklegged by moulders, smiths and boilermakers. Last mentioned blacklegged because their funds were invested in Armstrong, Whitworth and Co.

1899—Demarcation fight with smiths on the Tyne.

1904—Same with Electrical Trades Union in Harland and Wolff's Yard at Belfast.

* The author is a member of the United Socialists, a British Anarcho-Syndicalist movement. She was in Barcelona for some time after the commencement of the civil war and edited the English radio broadcasts. After the events of last May she was deported, it is presumed on the initiative of the Communist party.

Time remedied none of these grievances. These demarcation disputes continued down to the very outbreak of the war. There are records of disputes over the studding of armour plates between boiler-makers and engineers in which the employers were called upon to settle the dispute. Similar disputes arose over the making of bulwark stanchions and rudder quadrants.

Then there were disputes between the engineers and the plumbers over pipe fitting. In every case the employer settled the differences between the unions. In some cases strikes preceded the settlement; not strikes by the workers against the employers but strikes by the workers against each other. There is the classic statement of the secretary of the Portsmouth Branch of the Coppersmiths and Metalworkers who complained "of the activity of the boiler-makers, plumbers, etc., in claiming work that had been done hitherto by coppersmiths." This report declared that the purpose of the organization was "to prevent coppersmiths walking the streets whilst men of other trades are employed on work done previously by us."

No comment is necessary to show how thoroughly reactionary has been the role of trades unionism in Great Britain. From 1912-1914, the *Herald of Revolt*, the anti-parliamentary "Organ of the Coming Social Revolution," described in detail this phase of Trades Unionism.

Organized for Defeat

That trades unionism is unable to organize the workers' struggle has been demonstrated by the history of the great dock strike. Ben Tillet whose political and parliamentary record is that of a war jingo has retained his hold on the Labor movement purely and simply through ignorance and illiteracy of ordinary British Trades Unionists. In July, 1912, he published a manifesto on behalf of the dock workers giving the history of Trades Unionism since 1893. In that manifesto he showed that in 1911, the dock workers' struck without holding a trade union card, paralyzed shipping and won their strike. The following year they were organized into a trade union, struck again and were completely defeated. Further, in the second strike the trade union dockers of one port handled the goods sent by blacklegs from another port with the result that the workers were thoroughly demoralized.

The thing that brought about the defeat on that occasion has operated several times since, particularly among the railway workers; the accumulation of funds and the investment in the very industry in which the strikers were employed. As Dominion Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas persuaded the National Union of Railwaymen to invest its funds in a vast network of British Imperial finance that identified trades unionism with the ruling-class interests of the British Empire. In 1923, the peculiar organization for work and wages outlook of British trades unionism was demonstrated when

the Clyde workers rejoiced at the promises made by Stanley Baldwin that the Government was placing more ship orders on the Clyde. At Tyneside the trades unionists protested that the warship orders should go to the Tyne. This is an index to the mentality and outlook of trades unionism.

We can pass over the General Strike. Supported by the Communist Party, the General Council of the Trades Union finally betrayed the workers' struggle and turned what was actually a revolutionary situation into a triumph for reaction.

The 1926 strike was the last word in the betrayal of the British miner that began with the Datum line struggle in 1921. From that date to 1926, the Miners' Federation steadily retreated. The miners threw up one leader after another and each leader betrayed them in turn.

In 1925, the mine bosses were in despair and the Government granted a nine months subsidy. Instead of rejecting this concession the parliamentarians and the trade union leaders rejoiced at a bogus victory, at a peace that was a capitalist preparation for war.

In 1926 came the strike and the debacle. This should have ended the history of trades unionism in Britain. It has not done so because the mind of the British worker is still reformist. He is afraid. Fear is the explanation of parliamentarism and trades unionism. It is our business to awaken courage and develop syndicalist activity.

Syndicalist Revival

There is some promise of such awakening in the Omnibus Workers' Strike in the spring of this year. The Transport industry, so far as the road traffic is concerned was completely paralyzed and it was admitted that the strike was directed not only against the company but also against the Transport General Workers Union. The trade union officials repudiated the Strike Committee and made agreements behind the backs of the workers with the 'bus chiefs and government traffic commissioners. The unofficial action was 100 per cent and the trade union leaders had a rough passage. Although the strike was finally broken there is not the least doubt the transport workers will rally again. The United Socialist Movement intends to develop powerful syndicalist activity among these workers. It should be pointed out that there are four opposing unions canvassing for the Transport Workers. Just consider what a chaos of organization, or rather disorganization this implies.

The condition of the Transport Workers in Scotland brings us to a complete indictment of current Labor Parliamentarism. In Glasgow there is a Labor majority in the Town Council, a Labor Lord Provost and a Labor City Treasurer. This Labor majority has decided to have an Empire Trading Exhibition in Glasgow during the coming year. The parasites of the world are being invited to visit Glasgow. This creates a tremendous transport

problem. It was necessary to keep the workers quiet. Accordingly, with their Marxist understanding of economics the Labor majority met the Transport Workers Trade Union leaders and came to an agreement. The question of hours, which owing to its tax on the nervous energy of the worker, is a scandal never dealt with. The agreement conceded to the Transport Workers from the age of 14 to 19 an increase of one shilling per week; and to those over 19 an increase of two shillings. This agreement is binding for two years. It covers the period of the Empire Exhibition and the union pledges the workers not to strike. This is trades union treachery up to date.

The United Socialist Movement, which is an anti-parliamentary body and continues the tradition of the old anti-parliamentary movement founded in 1906, is entering the field of industrial action with a view to forming an Industrial Union of Direct Action (I.U.D.A.). The purpose of this activity and method of organization is not industrial unionism in the sense of a vast centralized body outside the workshop, although it is opposed to the craft form of trade unionism. Its theory and method is syndicalist and it intends to organize along the lines of solidarity, spontaneous action and no agreements with employers. In other words its activity is preliminary to revolution and its conception to what has become to be known historically as Bakunist and not Marxist.

The Industrial Union of Direct Action was first mooted in 1906 but was discarded for intensified anti-parliamentary agitation on the political field. The workers did not seem to be ripe for syndicalism. This organization, the I.U.D.A., is being revived to meet the situation. Glasgow which is a highly industrialized center and a port and is a center of the important Lanarkshire coal-fields is the very place in which to build syndicalism. The coming Empire Exhibition, and its support by the labor parliamentarians and trade union leaders is our opportunity.

It may be that in the development of our activities here, the workers on the Continent may be able to give us great support. We should endeavor by economic action to throw up forces that will challenge and paralyze the Empire Exhibition. If we are successful in organizing the strike at which we aim we shall need the support of the Continental workers in proclaiming a boycott. Declarations to this effect by the French workers would assist our organization here. Not only is there an opportunity of evincing the power of syndicalism in Britain but the intention to re-open the Paris Exhibition would also afford a splendid opportunity to the French workers to strike. In this way a united syndicalist movement of action pioneering an entirely new era of struggle could be built in France and Britain. By this action, French and British workers are brought into line.

FACTFUL FABLES

By COVINGTON HALL

All About Saving Uncle Sam

Once upon a time there was a grand old man named Uncle Sam. He ran away from his Mamma Britannia when he was a youngster, or rather, he thought he did. But Mamma always kept an eye on him, hunching that some day he would grow rich, powerful and prosperous. He did.

After his imaginary escape from Mamma he landed on a big and exceedingly fertile island. Being even then a man of big ideas, he promptly homesteaded all the middle and most salubrious part of it as his private property. This he did to the violent protests of the Amerinds who, being there first, had acquired the hallucination that they had some rights newcomers were bound to respect. This hallucination, however, proved fatal to the Amerinds, for bows and arrows aint in with cannon and muskets when it comes to deciding

who are the Chosen People, or who is to go back where they came from.

Well, however that may be, Sam and his crowd in time made themselves masters of a goodly slice of the island, and the more they saw of it the more they wanted. They were never satisfied. But before they cleaned up on the Amerinds, Sam and his Mamma, who still insisted on holding on to his apron strings, had a falling out. In the scrimmage, he licked Mamma, or rather, he thought he did. Humans are given to thinking many things that aint so.

Mamma let go of his apron strings, alright, but she took good care to see to it that the Right People were there to see to it that the Boy was well taken care of. He was. Somebody was always saving him. Everywhere he went, a whole slew

of Doctors, Doctors of Law, Doctors of Divinity, Doctors of Philosophy, Doctors of Economics, Doctors of Doctors followed him day and night trying to swap him Panaceas for Property. Always they swore he'd die of heartfailure or belliake if he didn't take their dope. Even when he was young, strong and husky they'd scare him into swallowing some concoction that only made matters worse. They never let up on him, and are still at it. All thru middle-age and on they doped him. He got to be the Champion Patent Medicine taker of all time, an then some. And so it went, goes, and is going.

First Dr. Ima Donk cupped and calomeled him and next Dr. Elephunt sweated and casteroiled him, both insisting that if they cured the Symptoms the Disease would disappear. About the only thing to disappear, however, was Sam's Property and the Patrimony of his children; for, as the old saying has it, Brains Come High, and it is a well-known fact that Experts are not in Business for their Health. So, as you can hunch, our good old Uncle all but took the count more than once. This thing of being Saved aint all it's cracked-up to be. Ask Uncle Sam. "He knows! He knows! He knows!" as the wise Omar saith.

But that aint the worst of it. This Saving has gone on now for over 150 years, and still they are doping him, this despite the fact that the old boy is just about shot. He is now really and truly sick. The Angel Azrael is knocking at his door. His recuperative powers are not what they were in the days before Doctors Big Bizz and High Finance were called into consultation by Doctors Repdem and Demrep. Nonetheless, they one and all still insist that "Dope, Dope and More Dope is what he needs to make him sit up and take notice once more." "Faith and Confidence," they swear, "is all he needs to feel as Prosperous as of yore." One and all they become indignant when old Dr. Commonsense butts in and says, "What he needs is a Major Operation. Cut the Graft out of his Guts and he'll live hale and hearty for at least another thousand years, happy in the midst of happy and admiring children."

Sensible as that sounds, however, and surprising as it seems to some people, his children will have none of it. Instead they order Dr. Commonsense out of the hospital and call in Doctors Bunk, Blah, Blatherskite and Buncombe, who immediately proceed by incantation to Exorcise the Hoodoo and bring Prosperity around the Corner, hoping that the sight of her will make the old boy forget the cancers that are eating at his vitals, as she often does.

These failing, and Dr. Commonsense being shut up in an asylum, some one suggests sending for old Dr. Hoss Sense, who lives at the Forksotheroad. "What!" cry his children, "send for that old idiot? He's been insisting for years that all Uncle Sam needs is to get rid of the Parasites that

are sucking the lifeblood out of him. 'Get rid of the Parasites,' says he, 'and Sam will soon be strong and healthy again.' No, he won't do. He's worse than Dr. Commonsense."

So they called in Doctors Dumb, Dodge & Doolittle, who said: "Pooh! There isn't a thing the matter with him. He's all right. All he needs is a few days rest in bed and, maybe, a few drops of lemon oil and, possibly, a psychiatrist to get the delusion out of his mind that he is broke with one-third of his children illfed, illclothed and illhoused and more going on the rocks every day. That's all. He's okay except in his imagination."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" cry all the Hoi Poiloi, and Everybody who is Anybody shouts: "Hurrah! WE told you so! Nothing is Wrong with Our Country! Nothing can stop US!" And it was even so as they had said, even More So. And one and all they departed to the Ballotbox and there voted another change of Doctors, provided none ever prescribed the Remedies suggested by Doctors Commonsense & Hoss Sense. After which Labor and Capital signed a Contract agreeing to Recognize each other, provided Brother Capital took no responsibility for furnishing jobs to the jobless and was, further, guaranteed the Profit guaranteed him by the Constitution, work or no work, crops or no crops, all Surpluses to the contrary notwithstanding.

This remarkable contract was supposed to act as THE KNOCKOUT DROPS to Uncle Sam's depressed state, but what I can't get into my nutt is howinhel Doping the Symptoms can Remedy the Situation or cure the Disease, or how you can get milk out of a Dry Cow. I may be crazy and I'm no Great Shakes as an Expert, but I'm all for calling in old Docs Hoss Sense and Commonsense and having them get busy on our good old Uncle before he kicks the bucket. And, you believe me, there is no time to lase!

Moral

Saving Uncle Sam is all right. He's worth it. But for God's sake, if not for our own and our Country's, let's hurry up and call in Surgeons before the Butchers harp and crown him. Therefore, Can the Bull and Get Busy doing something, for, as the Great Prophet Simple Simon saith: "The making of Much Palaver may be good Politics, and again it may not, but its Extension in The Record is the Limit; and he who talketh too often from the Fireside is liable to wake up finding himself wishing on his Successor what Buchanan the Benevolent bequeathed to Abraham the Emancipator—a Gordian Knot that only the Sword can Unite."

"O Lord of Love, look from above
On po' ol' Uncle Sam;
An' give him meat dat's fit to eat,
'Cause dis aint worf a dam."

MEAT FOR SUPPER

By
GEFION

Morning

The alarm clock of the Andy Bromberger family shack reverberated through the dark and chilly bedroom. Its arm beat a buzzing reveille against the brass bell, finally to die in a metallic rattle. Andy had lain awake long. He stretched himself and yawned. For him there was no need of an alarm clock—Nay, nay! It merely saved him the trouble of striking a match to tell the time. In his toilsome ups and downs through life, the stern duty of being on the job promptly and in ample time to ascertain the score for the day, and to exchange possible morning's pleasantries with his boss, had petrified itself in Andy's innermost brain cells to the extent that he would rise automatically, no matter what hour of morning the benefactors of humankind decreed the toil of day should commence. And Andy Bromberger, honest worker par excellence, was not a little proud of the fact that no alarm clock was needed to get him out of the hay—that such galvanization was at all unnecessary in order to send him scurrying through a murky and chilly winter's morning to the fountainhead of family bread and butter. Of course, in summer it was mere kid's play to roll out. And then the alarm clock ticked its calm seconds through the brightness of morning.

Minnie Bromberger stirred at the side of her wakeful spouse. She stretched and turned over. Andy never could get it through his head why his old lady couldn't get out of the nutty habit of what she called an extra forty winks. It was nothing but namby-pamby. When it was time to roll out, it was time. But Minnie simply had to stretch and tuck herself in for her silly extra snooze. And it had ever been so.

He could dimly see the whiteness of her neck against her dark hair. He knew it to be a full and handsome neck. But the mornings were long gone and past since he last had pressed a kiss upon that neck and whispered words for Minnie's ears only. He felt silly when he thought of it. He stuck his legs from under the covers and groped for his ancient bathrobe. It smelt of stale sweat. He shook his better half and told her it was high time to get up. From the adjoining room came the variant breathing of sleeping children.

Andy got the fire going in the kitchen stove and went into the back yard to see what kind of weather the day might bring. He gazed up into the gray morning. A strong wind was swaying the slender vertical branches of a Eucalyptus tree in the back of the yard. Its plumes whirled gracefully through the morning's half-light and became a dark bouquet. Then the wind relented and they floated out into gyrating clusters. Out toward the San Francisco Bay, the beacon on the airport punched its rotating red light beams through the soupy morning as if it were a giant doing arm exercises. Down on the flats, the town sprawled toward the winding shores of the bay. Indolently, the fog came drifting up toward the highlands and laid the plumes of the Eucalyptus upon a cushion of dripping grayness. But toward the north, the hills still stood etched in sharp relief. Their outline rose and fell like the sharp-drawn curve on a graph. On the crest of one grew a single row of cypresses. They stood there in the gray dawning day, stiff and black like the cropped mane on a horse's neck. Then the fog wrapped hills and trees in its dank gauze.

But in the nerve centers of Andy Bromberger's stout and honest body, the early manifestations of Nature's varying moods stirred no other response than that the fog likely would keep rain away. And, Christ, it had rained plenty! Three days in last period to make up—it was about time for a little decent weather. Well, anyway, today the ghost would walk, today was payday, mused Andy as he turned his steps to the kitchen for his morning's flapjacks and coffee.

Minnie was beating the batter under the watchful and hungry eyes of the four Bromberger biological distillations. They were all girls—Betty Marie, Patricia, Jane and Lou. If placed in a row, according to age, they would have appeared like figures in a chart purporting to show the steady increase in the country's population. For they had come into the Bromberger household with the clock-like regularity of one year intervals. Their faces bore the pallid imprint of too little milk, fruit and vegetables. They were watching Ma making hot cakes—and hot cakes tasted good—with syrup—could they please have some with Daddy? Minnie said to shut up and not to bother—Daddy had to get to work.

Andy scraped his feet on the back stoop. He

came in, bringing with him the dampness of the morning's fog. It mingled with the smell of unwashed bodies, steaming hot cakes and the faint recollections of last night's supper. He said it wasn't going to rain and for Betty Marie to get herself and her sisters dressed.

Minnie poured him a cup of muddy soffee and placed four hot cakes before him. She stretched her arms above her head and yawned—she wouldn't have minded another forty winks. Her four offsprings had left her a still buxom woman. Unpaid grocery bills, worries over gas and light turned off at intervals when Andy's fifty-five per month simply refused to be stretched any further, four kids to keep in grub, shoes and dresses—these little side excursions from Prosperity's main line had dug a network of wrinkles around her eyes. But her mouth still looked as if it could readily smile if given a little inducement. Her throat was still full and handsome.

Andy chewed hurriedly—his mind on boss and job. Unpaid rent and grocery bills, gas and light turned off now and again, four kids to send through life, had long ago made Andy oblivious to the white throat he had once kissed, to the mouth that no longer smiled.

He got up from the table and told Minn that if his check came today, to bring it down on the project so he could get it cashed. Betty Marie said could they please have meat for supper, Daddy? Yes, dammit, he would plunge for once and bring home some round steak.

* * *

Day

W. P. A. Project No. 9342 C stretched its yawning maw toward the harbor. Brakish water gurgled and churned in its depth as a pump made heroic but vain attempts at keeping it dry. Planks holding its gelatinous walls reared in a broken line above the ground. In some dim future this embryonic canyon would change its present hydrous status into that of a full-fledged and respectable storm sewer, and thus become a civic improvement of no mean importance.

Andy Bromberger stuck his feet into icy boots and laughed his best-natured chuckle at his boss' perennial inquiry as to the old lady's aphrodisical treatment of him this morning—ha, ha! He selected a shovel with care. He hefted it in his horny grip with the connoisseur's knowing judgment. If a guy was to do a decent day's work, he needed a number two that'd handle right—and no mistake. The whimsical push blew his cop's whistle with all the authority that such an instrument implies and the gang began slowly to drift across the sand flat to the shores and chasm of the ditch whence lay the day's labor. But in Andy Bromberger's rubber-shod steps, there lodged no reluctance.

Hank Mullins, top-mucker for Andy, was in no special hurry to start his duties toward society. He lighted his pipe and smoked reflectively as he went his measured steps across the sand. Eight hours were a long stretch when one had to keep his nose to the grindstone, and Hank had a desire to live to be a healthy old man. As he neared the ditch, he judged that his partner must have gone into action already. For up into the air there flew with automatic regularity shovelfuls of dirt, the size and speed of which Hank knew could belong to no other muck-stick than the one swung by Andy. As he came up, a miniature mountain awaited him. He yelled a greeting of, "Take it easy, Steamshovel!" down at Andy in the nether world and then set to work at a calm and steady stiff's pace to clear the muck away from the bank. Now and again there rose to his ears the sound of gummy suction, and he knew that Andy was moving his rubber-encased shanks. Down the line, muck was heaved from the ditch as if a legion of invisible dachshunds were rutting for badgers. As the ditch sunk deeper and deeper into the rotten subsoil, the water-logged shoring groaned under the increased pressure of moving earth. On the bank, the boss strode with a stride eloquently bespeaking that he full well realized the importance of his weighty responsibilities.

Noon came. The push cast a last reassuring glance at his Hamilton and blew his whistle. All production activity came to a standstill. Andy hoisted himself out of the ditch and slushed across to a pile of lumber where Hank was chewing his sandwiches in calm solitude.

Hank looked at his partner in pitying disgust and asked him if he could eat an extra sandwich. Then he wanted to know when t' hell Andy intended to slow down a bit—if not, he'd better get himself another mucker—Hank wasn't gonna put a hump on his back for him nor anybody else—not by a damsite. Andy mumbled something about a decent day's work and told Hank that they oughta be thankful for this relief work and not to shirk. Hank blew up:

"There ye go again—yuh and yer relief! I'd like to know, once and for all, how in t' hell a working stiff can receive relief?" And he swept a hand in a wide gesture toward the city's smoking factory and warehouse districts. "Relief! you poor empty-headed sap! D' ye see them factories and warehouses, eh? D' ye see them houses and buildings up town there? Throw yer lamps on that old S. P. drag coughing along over there. Well, it was thick-skulled baboons like yuh and me that put it there—that threw down the damn track it's running on. Take a gape at the bridge—it was the likes of yuh and me that heaved that across the Bay—Yeah, we even made the crummy rubber boots ye got on yer stinking feet!—Relief my eye! We made everything. And now that they are throwing us a few lousy pennies so that

we won't croak in the gutters and stink 'em out of house and home, now we orta go down on our prayer bones and hang a halo around the bald domes of the politicians, eh? Relief—yuh and mugs like ya make me puke."

Well, Hank could agitate all he wanted to—Andy wasn't gonna take no chances on getting a 403.

A lone figure was struggling across the sandy waste. Andy looked up and recognized his old lady. Minnie came up and said Hello to the two men. Hank said Hello and how was the kids? Oh, pretty well, thanks, they were all in school today. She handed Andy his check and said not to forget the meat for supper. Andy said okay and put the check in his shirt pocket and pinned it shut with a sweat-rusty safety pin. Then the gaffer blew his whistle, so it was time to hit the ball again.

* * *

How it happened, no one knew. It was three o'clock and the safety guy had just had a look at the shoring and thought it okay. He was on his way to the office when suddenly earth, water and planks churned in a deafening racket and made a stretch of the ditch into a mass of splintered planks and heaving mud. For a moment all became still as death. Then wild orders rent the air up and down the caved section and men began to dig frantically.

Hank had yelled at Andy that for Christ's sake to jump. But his feet were too deep in muck and slime to make a quick move. Earth and timbers crushed down upon him and bones splintered through his flesh.

Four o'clock, they found him. With ropes they dragged him up onto dry ground. The reporters were told that it was a most remarkable incident that only one man was caught—the two others working with Bromberger had been sent to unload lumber. The accident was most regrettable, but in no way due to negligence on the part of those in charge. Yes, Andy Bromberger had at all times proven himself a mose reliable and willing workman. His record was clear.

* * *

Night

The town sprawled toward the winding shores of the Bay. Here and there lights began to puncture the early darkness of winter. On a marble slab in the morgue, the remains of Andy Bromberger lay stiff and cold. The corpse had been slushed off with a hose to remove mud and blood. In a file in the office lay neatly labeled the pipe Andy had once smoked, an empty pocket book and two pulpy pieces of paper—one appearing to have been his W. P. A. identification card, the other a check drawn upon the Treasury of the United States.

In the family shack, Minnie Bromberger sat dry-eyed, fever and sorrow splitting her brain. Four kids were incomprehensively asking questions. Fear was written on their hunger-marred faces.

In Woo Sang's market, round steak, that night, was quoted at twenty-six cents.

THE END.

WE - - -

By
GEFION

It is not single you nor I,
Nor feeble he nor she.
It is You and I and He and She—
The mighty legion: WE.

But single chips are you and I
On Cosmos' whirling sea;
But little grains of sand are they,
The midget he and she.

Alone we are but specks of clay
In Life's endless march.
United we are Destiny—
The hewing, moulding WE.

Think not in terms of Ego I,
Nor yet as he nor she.
Think in the terms of Unity—
In terms of MIGHTY WE!

World War to Create Markets

BY

I.W.W. DELEGATE 46-S-8

Will Capitalism Take the Chance?
Can It Afford Not to Take It?

For thirty years the capitalists down in Brazil have been getting rid of their surplus coffee by dumping it into the sea or using it for fuel in railroad engines instead of coal. In later years as much as 75 per cent of the total crop has been disposed of in this manner. This was a simple method of cutting down the supply when shrinking foreign markets failed to absorb the wealth in coffee annually produced by labor. The system has worked with fair satisfaction to the capitalists of Brazil and other South American countries for years.

The workers have been kept busy for long hours at starvation wages. Expression of discontent among them is chilled by the fact that three-fourths of their labor was plain waste, because, as anti-labor propaganda never fails to point out, there is no market anywhere for the greater portion of the product of their labor. They are told that the absentee land owners would be justified in letting the whole coffee business go by the board and that it is only consideration for the workers that impells them to stay in business in spite of the yearly "losses."

Of course the politicians and other agencies of capitalism do their part explaining to the workers the necessity of government subsidies to the large land owners to prevent the country from going entirely to the dogs.

It is a comparatively simple matter to get rid of surplus agricultural produce, in Brazil or elsewhere. Most of these products are perishable and the destruction takes care of itself from year to year.

Industrial Surplus

In a highly industrialized country the problem of getting rid of the "surplus" is somewhat more complicated. It is well and good for the politicians to play around with the so-called farm problem and order a few pigs and cows to be slaughtered; but to attempt to get rid of millions of tons of already mined and refined minerals, such as iron, copper, or coal; and manufactured products such as automobiles and other heavy machinery in the same manner as they do with coffee in Brazil, is out of the question.

As expedient as the wholesale distribution of manufactured goods might seem, the capitalists with all their institutions to protect them, would

hardly dare to lay themselves as open to censure as that. The Boston Tea Party was successful all right but, after all, that was only tea—and foreign tea at that. So better schemes to get rid of the surplus that clogs up the profit system have to be devised.

The inevitable depressions ease the pressure and furnish temporary relief to the system. The accumulated surplus is worn down while factories are partially idle and workers go hungry. But depressions do not solve the problem of what to do with the surplus goods produced even when industry runs on a restricted schedule, as now and for some years past; neither do foreign markets or the development of new industries solve it. It is estimated that the productive capacity of modern workers is 100 times that of the workers of 100 years ago. Given an opportunity to exercise this ability to produce without restriction for even a few weeks and the channels of commerce are clogged up with goods that cannot be disposed of at a profit.

Although an army of unemployed workers is an integral part of the capitalist mode of production, that army tends to become so large in our time that it presents a danger to the system. It may get out of control and what would happen if it did is hard to tell. At any rate the capitalists sense the possibility and fear it.

Looking at the problem in one way, there is no surplus and never has been. The workers could consume the wealth they have produced; they could make use of the machinery and factories their labor has created to turn out products of which millions are in need. That wouldn't suit the capitalists at all for the very foundation of capitalist rule depends on the workers being kept on a "hand to mouth" existence. If the workers were allowed to get more than what their daily needs demand they might get the notion to keep everything they produce and that, of course, would be very unpleasant for the parasite capitalists.

So the capitalists turn to other methods of flushing the channels of commerce.

Dictators are being financed and from the brass check press and radio we learn that armament races are underway among the major nations throughout the world. Millions for defense.

So far so good. The rearming or defense program takes care of a lot of surplus labor and its products and it may usher in another period of semi-prosperity. But once again there is the problem of too much production, and battleships and cannon do not rot away like onions and potatoes. There is no alternative—war must be declared.

Danger in War

But wars are getting dangerous to the ruling class. It used to be that "generals died in bed" but during the last World War things got out of control in Russia and the old ruling class there was unceremoniously ejected. To the capitalists that was exceedingly bad business. So wars must be promoted on a smaller scale and further away from home to serve the purpose of destruction as long as they can.

One of the ruling class lackeys got the signal to conquer Ethiopia. Not much to start with, but a sort of trial balloon; and it went over satisfactorily. A counter-revolution was started in Spain where the radicals are far too aggressive to please the capitalist powers. Both sides are getting arms but from different countries. For the sake of capitalist business that war must be prolonged as much as possible.



She promised his dad a good time too

Another war between Japan and China. China for years has been the world's largest importer of war materials. Forty per cent of it was manufactured in, and bought from Japan.

During the last World War the cost per soldier killed was \$25,000 in materials. Now it costs more. In other words, for every surplus worker gotten rid of, they also get rid of more than \$25,000 worth of surplus commodities.

Yet even the World War, as long and as destructive as it was, did not for long hold off the need for dumping grounds for surplus products. Neither will the present "little" wars, nor will the new re-armament programs make more than a dent in the immense pile of wealth already produced, nor will they cause the factories to operate at anything like their capacity.

The Next Step

Our "60 families" are conferring with their counterparts in other countries over the question: "Can we risk another World War?" Slyly the propaganda is beginning to spread. Our ships are being sunk in the Far East; our sailors are being sniped at on the coast of Spain; and our dear Ambassador has been slapped in the face by the Japs. And we are asked not to wear any more silk stockings because they come from Japan.

This all serves as preliminary for the more flagrant war propaganda to follow. We will be told how one country is unjustly invading another and we will be told of atrocities. Of course some of "our" foreign investments will be in the danger zone—and we will be expected to defend them.

But the war mongers realize that starting a world war might not be quite safe. The capitalist system is between the devil and the deep blue sea. It must have a world war (nothing less will do) to destroy surplus slaves as well as surplus goods. Will they risk another war?

It does not matter what they do. The end of the capitalist system, as forecast by Karl Marx, is not in the remote future. The seeds of destruction are developed in capitalism to an extent that the old plant is forever doomed.

Labor must be on the alert as never before to what is going on throughout the world. Labor must organize to speed the day when the last remnants of capitalism shall have been stamped out forever. An orderly society will not spring up by itself with the downfall of capitalist society. The workers must organize to run industry for themselves.

The time is short. The message of industrial unionism must be carried to every worker everywhere. Every class conscious worker must be enlisted in this final struggle.

Only labor organized in the Industrial Workers of the World will be able to prevent another World War.

"Streamlined Justice" . . .

By JOHN LIND

(St. Paul, Jan. 22.—A speedy removal to Chicago, a quick trial, and death in the electric chair for the kidnap-slayer of Charles S. Ross was the program marked out, Saturday, for Peter Anders, the one-time lumberjack who hoped to execute the perfect crime.—A News Item.)

According to J. Edgar Hoover, the chief of the F. B. I. (G-men), this case was number 112 to be solved out of a total of 114 kidnap cases. At least it is the latest and one of the most sensational, in that Anders not only murdered the kidnaped, but also his partner in crime, James Atwood Gray.

The murderer is John Henry Seadlund, of Iron-ton, Minn., a mining town on the Cuyuna iron range. Seadlund, alias Peter Anders, is the son of Swedish working class parents. He grew up and went to school in Ironton. Upon finishing school, he tried to get work. Failing in this he spent two years at home "hopelessly" out of funds.

A young man, equipped with an average American education, in the richest country in the world, but hopelessly out of funds and unable to get work. Healthy and willing to try, but not given an opportunity. There we have the setting for a fling at crime.

One of the Lost Generation

J. Edgar Hoover is said to be responsible for the statement that Seadlund met with and carried food to the hideout of, at least one member of John Dillinger's gang. There he must have been told "how crime pays." Habitually out of work and funds, robbed of the honest enjoyment of life he had been led to expect was his heritage, this young man saw criminals, seemingly secure from the law, living and enjoying life, plentifully supplied with funds, and seeing that, he followed their example.

J. Edgar Hoover called Seadlund "stolid and nonchalant," a man who showed no remorse, a "killer with a brutal nature," "a man of many moods," whose criminal activities extended over wide sections of the nation. "Anger and peace charge through him intermittently," said Hoover.

By the time you read this, Seadlund, alias Anders, will have been tried and maybe electrocuted for his many crimes, which range from auto theft to bank hold-ups and murder. This one man, who individually rebelled against the system, must suffer the same kind of defeat as so many others before him. One is as naught against the many.

Seadlund was "shy and unassuming" as a school-boy, but turned into a "brutal killer." Why? Was it because of his nature? Not insofar as his early life would prove. But, just the same, many would-be reformers of criminals will try to ex-

plain that he had a "criminal trait" hidden away within him. Where? Why, somewhere within his brain.

Yes, of course. Somewhere within the brain warped by his earlier training that fixed the idea that he was living "in the richest and best country in the world," that all he had to do was to work diligently and save all he earned. But, when the time had come for him to go to work, he found that there was no work to do. Truly, Seadlund is a good example of the "lost generation" which matured into men and women during the depression, the generation that so many reformers have liked to write and talk about.

Cause and Cost

Recently J. Edgar Hoover wrote a series of articles on crime for our edification. In one article especially, entitled "The Costs of Crime" he tells us that "crime costs the average citizen more each year than he pays in taxes to the municipal, county, state and federal governments." "It has been estimated that the annual monetary cost of crime in the United States is fifteen billions of dollars."

The crime army of the country, he tells us, "includes more than 700,000 boys and girls of less than voting age, who, at the very threshold of life, were cut off from worthy careers."

What of the 700,000 mothers who risked their lives to bring these 700,000 boys and girls into the world?" asks Hoover.

As usual in such cases, the big worry seems to be the cost of crime, not the cause of it. The second big worry is the punishment of crime, not the prevention of it.

Class conscious workers worry about neither the cost nor the punishment. They know the cause and by getting rid of it they expect to prevent crime.

Therefore the case of John Henry Seadlund, alias Peter Anders, the son of a Swedish father, most likely originally named Sjödlund, serves but as one more addition to the thousands of illustrations we can use to prove our contention that the capitalistic system, based upon production for profit, is the cause of crimes such as John Henry Seadlund is charged with, a series of crimes in which the motivation was the acquisition of the means or the wherewithal by which he, John Henry Seadlund, could live well.

The Winnipeg Free Press captioned one of its news items about this case "Streamlined Justice." We hope to be forgiven the "crime" committed in using that headline for this article. It fits the times and so it also suits our purpose.

The Free Press, of course, by using that head-

line sought to convey to us that Seadlund will be getting his just desserts, a quick trial, and death in the electric chair, and that that will be "Streamlined Justice."

Our claim is different.

Not that we can sympathize with Seadlund. With the proper atmosphere and upbringing by class conscious parents he may have become a good social rebel. He may have properly learned that no individual can ever become so strong that he can singly buck the system and get by with it. He may have learned that only through co-operation with others also dissatisfied with the system could he have been able to do something to better his lot individually and at the same time better the lot of others collectively. He did not learn this, so, foolishly he tried to fight back individually and for his failure must now pay the price the system demands. Maybe the realization of this made him "stolid and nonchalant." No, we cannot sympathize with Seadlund—nor with his parents—and, anyway, sympathy wouldn't help them one little bit.

It is our contention that Hoover cannot, nor can anyone else, nor can the system in its entirety, stop such crimes as Seadlund's by arresting the criminal after the crime is committed. We contend that there is only one sure way of stopping 700,000 boys and girls from engaging in a life of "crime." That way is to take away the reason for crime and guarantee them a worry-free future.

We claim that the incentive to crime is a desire to better one's lot individually, to seek to secure and live a better life, with more luxuries at one's command than the average person is capable of securing through "honest" labor. We claim that this "desire" is fostered and abetted by the pulpit, the movies, the press, and school and the politicians who so stoutly defend each individual's right to "individual initiative" even at the expense of, and at high cost to, the "public."

We claim that crime is usually resorted to only after the person has exhausted "honest" means, or after he has, by a system of elimination, proven to himself that under the circumstances over which he has no control, he is doomed to a life of pov-

erty "in the richest land in the world." As he is taught to expect something better and knows that that something better is not unattainable, is it any wonder he prefers to go after it the only way left open?

A Criminal System

We contend that there is plenty of work in this world, and in this country especially. We contend further, that there are ways of arranging the work to assure each and everyone a just share of it as well as the product. We also contend that, under the present private ownership of the natural sources of wealth as well as the means of production and transportation, it is impossible to make this just division of labor and its products.

We therefore warn you supporters of this system, you believers in the inherent and inherited "brutishness" of all "criminals," that we are preparing real justice for the whole human race; that we are preparing—by educating otherwise future criminals—the way for a united effort on the part of all of us to mete "streamlined justice" to a system that has outlived its usefulness because it cannot guarantee a majority of its most useful members an honest living without recourse on the part of many of them to "crime."

Our "streamlined justice" will not be meted out to the individual victim of an unjust system; it will not even be meted out to the supporters of that unjust system (unless we call sentencing them to their share of labor for the rest of their "able" lives "streamlined justice").

But, it will be meted out to the system itself, which will be sentenced to a timely death—in glaring contrast to the untimely death of 27-year-old John Henry Seadlund and the sentencing of 700,000 boys and girls to unworthy careers.

Yes, you hypocritical hounders and persecutors of those who are outlawed by your own rotten and decadent system, our day of "streamlined justice" is near. Prepare to help us build it from the raw material left from the old—or perish in a useless effort to stop the wheels of progress.

Birth of a Song Hit

A Bit of History Dug up at Work Peoples College

There has been some doubt whether the radio favorite of recent years that may become the national anthem of our depression period, "Hallelujah! I'm a bum!" is the product of the I.W.W. A report of developments in Spokane early in 1908, before the I.W.W. little red song book was first issued, by J. H. Walsh, in the Industrial Union Bulletin of April 4, 1908, gives the story.

Since the entire report conveys an interesting story, we reproduce it in full:

"Spokane, Wash.—The membership of the Mixed Local in this city have pushed the agitational work, and hung on with that tenacity that is necessary to accomplish the desired result of industrial organization. They are now located in a new head-

(Continued on page 31)

Rank-and-File Rule

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT ISN'T

By FRED THOMPSON

We working people want to raise our wages, cut our hours, make our jobs safer and less injurious to our health and less unpleasant places in which to earn our living. If we realize what an injury the capitalist system does to us, we want also to get rid of it. We can not do these things by ourselves. We can do them together. That's why we form unions. Our unions are labor unions only when they do what we want them to do. A body of workers is not a union unless it is controlled by its members. That is reason No. 1 why the I.W.W. insists upon "rank-and-file" organization.

This phrase "rank-and-file" has come to be used in such strange ways of late that it has picked up some strange meanings. For that reason it is time that the I.W.W., as the foremost exponent and practioner of rank-and-file unionism, explained just what rank-and-file means, and what it doesn't mean.

The strange uses of the expression "rank-and-file" to which we refer are made most often by the communists and other addicts of the "leadership principle." Now the "leadership principle"—the idea that we should pick and follow leaders, and seek a cure for our troubles by changing leaders—is the direct opposite of the rank-and-file idea. It is indeed curious that those who advocate this "der Fuehrer" plan of organization should ever demand "rank-and-file control." How does it happen?

The object of these various political cults of "follow-the-leader" is to obtain more followers for their various leaders. (And since every time there is a new leader there are new cults, this results in a rather bewildering situation. Since their purpose is not to organize a working class to do something for itself, but to make sure that the leaders of one cult are followed rather than the leaders of another, they seek their following chiefly in already organized groups of workers. Sometimes they try to secure such a following by currying favor with the officials of these unions. That was and is the pet policy of the Socialists. The Communist sects vary this policy with that of "boring from within" to grab the official positions.

When a group of self-appointed saviours try to grab the official positions in a union, they must resort to the favorite tricks of the unsuccessful politician—the one who is out of office. They must charge the elected officials with "betraying their mandates," "not living up to their promises," "ignoring the wishes of the rank and file." They must promise that if they are elected, the "rank-and-file" will rule through them. As a

result we have the strange spectacle of "rank-and-file" committees waiting instructions from some leader before they can decide upon their next step!

To get into the saddle, these would-be leaders must convince their potential victims that they are now being ridden, but that with them in the saddle, they will no longer be ridden. It will not serve their purpose to urge that those who are being ridden should get rid of rider, saddle and all. They must urge that only the riders be changed. Their consequent political manipulations in the unions leave the impression that "rank-and-file" means disruption, misrepresentation, henpecking of the officialdom—anything and everything except the use of a union by its own members to give effect to their own wishes.

In the I. W. W.

In the I.W.W. control by the rank-and-file is implicit in our constitution, our structure, our financial arrangements, and our traditional procedure. Yet we have no rank-and-file committees, and rarely do we see any member in our ranks appealing to, or even mentioning, the rank-and-file. Just as the best evidence of a good liver is the lack of any occasion to take note of it, so is the best evidence of rank-and-file control the absence of any mention of it. We find use for the term chiefly in describing the inadequacies of other unions.

How is such complete rank-and-file control accomplished?

In the first place, there is no division of our ranks into officialdom and rank-and-file. There is no officialdom. We have officers, some voluntary, and some on the payroll, some devoting full time to the work of the I.W.W., some devoting only their spare time after regular working hours. None of them are officers for many years. The various terms of office vary from three months to a year, and in no case can a member serve more than three successive terms. Thus our members are elected into and out of office. If they stayed in office for life, as they do in many unions, they would no doubt be "sobered by the responsibilities of office, an dsubordinate their revolutionary urge to the necessity of balancing the budget." But they don't stay, and during this term of office, they look at the problems of organization in much the same way that the rest of the members do. Conversely, so many of our members who are not holding an official position at any one time, have held such positions, that the viewpoint of these members is based largely upon a realization of the

problems that confront the officers of a union. Thus there is a natural harmony and uniformity of views throughout the I.W.W.

The powers of these I.W.W. officers are very limited. They can not call strikes, nor can they stop them. Consequently they can not "sell out." If they are on pay, they have no votes in any membership meeting; and no official, whether on pay or not, has a vote in the Industrial Union or General Conventions. This is in marked contrast to the practice of most other unions. Their work is set out for them by the various conventions or other deliberative bodies of the membership; and should any unforeseen circumstance develop requiring any abrupt change of plan or policy, a referendum must be taken on it. At any time they can be recalled by referendum.

Not a Federation

The structure of the I.W.W. provides for the utmost cohesiveness with the utmost freedom or autonomy of its component parts to attend to local or specific problems as the definite circumstances may require. It is not a federation of industrial unions, but a One Big Union of the working class. All its members are directly members of the I.W.W. They meet as members of industrial unions, according to the sort of work they do; and there is a free automatic transfer from one industrial union to another. A good portion of the work of the I.W.W. is accomplished by general membership meetings, District Conferences of all members in a district, Industrial District Councils, and other structures that bring members of various industrial unions together. All this results in cohesiveness and solidarity without the imposition of a powerful central authority.

Consequently there is no sacrifice of cohesiveness in preserving a usual degree of autonomy for the component parts of the I.W.W. Job branches decide their own policies for organizing the job or for keeping it organized, or for improving it. Industrial Union branches decide their local organization policies, elect their own officers, decide upon their own ways and means. Industrial Unions do likewise. These bodies are limited only by this: all must act in conformity with the General Constitution and the by-laws of their industrial Unions, and the decisions of their conventions.

The financial arrangements of the I.W.W. are a further guarantee of rank-and-file control. Control over a union's treasury often means control over the union. Industrial Union branches have their treasuries; Industrial Unions have theirs; the General Organization has its own. Of the dues collected from the members a portion set by by-laws of each industrial union stays in the local Industrial Union branch, another portion goes to the Main Office of the Industrial Union. From this a certain portion set by the constitution goes to the General Office, and the rest remains as an

organizing fund to be expended by the General Organization Committee of that Industrial Union. If strikes or organizing campaigns break a union treasury, the General Office may be called upon for assistance, or the other Industrial Unions may be asked—but they can not be compelled to contribute their funds. In such emergencies the I.W.W. finds that its treasury is still "in the workers' pockets." And the closer this treasury is to the workers' pockets, the more considerate must union officials will be of the wishes of these custodians of the treasury.

* * *

But the most effective guarantee of rank-and-file rule in the I.W.W. is not in its constitution, structure, or financial arrangements, but in the viewpoints that have become traditional in our ranks. The I.W.W. members look upon rank-and-file not merely as a means for making sure that the union is run according to their wishes, but even more as a means for getting things done. The diffusion of responsibility in a rank-and-file organization begets initiative and releases energy. Even more important in getting results, it has things done by those who know what they want done, what obstacles are in the road of doing them, and consequently how they must be done. It may be possible to steer a boat on the open sea by remote control, but it won't work for riding a log down stream.

It is rank-and-file control that has enabled the I.W.W. with relatively so few members to accomplish such great results as it has in American industry. It is rank-and-file control that has kept it from being steered up blind alleys by the various fads and foibles that have beset the alleged intelligentsia of the labor movement. It is rank-and file control that has so developed organizational capacity throughout the ranks of our organization, that not only have most of our members proven competent organizers, but that somehow our ex-members have furnished a good part of the organizing force for other unions. It is this same development of individual capacity that has made the I.W.W. indestructible in the face of the most ruthless efforts to extirpate it; and it is to this development of individual capacity, and to the organized self-reliance that is back of it, that the I.W.W. looks as assurance that it can fend for itself no matter what suppression of civil liberties, no matter what despotism, and state intervention in unionism may grow out of "der Feurher principle."

It is little wonder that the I.W.W. places great emphasis on this idea of rank-and-file, looks for it in the unions that lack it, completely rejects the leader idea that would leave no room for it, and wishes the genuine article "rank-and-file rule" not to be confused with the ludicrous imitations that have been offered by the much-to-be-watched, self-appointed saviours of the American workingclass.

Birth of a Song Hit

(Continued from page 28)

quarters, and since my arrival here three weeks ago, we have taken in something like 125 members, paid off all the back indebtedness to headquarters, and also organized a branch of the Servians of some 35 members. The boys here are charging 50 cents initiation; but the times are not as strenuous as they are on the coast, and it can be collected much easier than it could at places like Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland.

"There are so many hundred idle men in this country that many around the headquarters have little to do but study the question, compose poetry and word up songs for old tunes. It might be of interest to some to know about the program that has been followed out in this city for a few weeks and which has its effect. Among the I.W.W. membership there are a few good singers as well as jawsmiths, and their genius has been expressed in the following composition, rendered at street meetings as well as in the hall:

HALLELUJAH! I'M A BUM!

(Air: Revive Us Again.)

Oh, why don't you work
As other man do?
How in hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

CHORUS

Hallelujah! I'm a bum!
Hallelujah! Bum again!
Hallelujah! Give us a handout
To revive us again.

Oh, why don't you save
All the money you earn?

If I did not eat
I'd have money to burn.

—Chorus.

Oh, I like my boss;
He's a good friend of mine.
That's why I am freezing
Out in the breadline.

—Chorus.

I can't buy a job
For I ain't got the dough;
So I ride in a box car
And am a hobo.

—Chorus.

Oh, whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke
And to work he must turn.

—Chorus.

"This may not be as scientifically revolutionary as some would like, but it certainly has its psychological effect upon the poor wage slave that inhabits the proletarian part of the city, and has the Starvation Army dope poured into his ears about five times a week. A jawsmith is not in it with this truthful sarcasm handed out by a quartet, when the new words are set to an old familiar tune, and every utterance portrays the actual truth of the living conditions of the proletarians who form the audience."

It was only a few months later that the "Industrial Union Singing Club," more commonly referred to as the "Overalls Brigade," was coming across the country to the Fourth Convention of the I.W.W., singing "Conditions, they are bad," to the tune of "Red Wing," "I'm a Bum," and other songs that by that time had been compiled in the first of the little red song books "to fan the flames of discontent."

FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

By
GUSSIE PERLMAN

Knit!
Knit the wrongs of a thousand years,
Knit!
Knit the hopes and joys and fears,
Knit!
Knit revenge into a square,
Strike the match and leave it there,
And knit, and knit, and knit.

Until every heart shall be in flame
And every yarn shall bear a name—
Of broken arms and sightless eyes,
Of limping feet and thumbless hands,
Of horror, misery and pain;
Endless days and tortured nights
And knit, and knit, and knit again.

When your pattern of hate is spun
Do not think your day is done
For your work has just begun,
Knit, and knit, and knit again.
Dye the cloth in deepest red,
Blend it with the golden thread
Of the knitter's happy dream!



Book Reviews

CAPITAL AND LABOR IN ITALY

By V. I. K.

UNDER THE AXE OF FASCISM. By Gaetano Salvemini. New York: The Viking Press, 1936. 402 pages.

Rearing its head at the present time more menacingly than ever before is fascism—capitalist dictatorship in its most violent and brutal form. As even the casual newspaper reader knows, fascism originated in Italy, where its advent is identified with the so-called “march on Rome” over fifteen years ago. Since that time it has taken root in other countries as well.

What does fascism hold in store for the working class? What is the life of the worker like under such a dictatorship? What are the economic and social consequences?

These are questions of the utmost importance, more so now than ever before. To seek an answer to these and many other questions of a similar nature requires a study of conditions under a dictatorial rule of this type. Fortunately, there have been published in very recent years works which present in a somewhat detailed manner the story of Fascist rule. One such volume is “Under the Axe of Fascism,” written by Gaetano Salvemini, formerly professor of history at the University of Florence and now a lecturer at Harvard.

This study does not aim to describe the whole fabric of economic and social life under fascism; only one phase of it—“the relations between capital and labor.” It is an absorbing account based upon facts and figures, practically all from Fascist sources. This is what makes “Under the Axe of Fascism” so much more convincing as an indictment of this twentieth-century prototype of dictatorship.

How It Started

Starting out with a mention of the beginnings of the Fascist movement, Professor Salvemini tells us briefly about some of the methods used by the blackshirts to attain their ends: the violent attacks on the unions in the latter part of 1920; the raiding of labor halls and other meeting places

of the workers; the assassination of active unionists, and so forth and so on. The Fascist bands, provided with weapons, could in most cases rely upon police protection; in innumerable instances, the “protectors of the state” actively assisted them. While all this was going on, so-called “economic syndicates”—Fascist unions—were being formed.

Where did these Fascist-controlled organizations receive their finances? Who paid the officials for their nefarious activities? Who supplied the arms and ammunition with which to terrorize the population and thus make it possible for the followers of Mussolini to wrest power? “It is scarcely too much to attribute,” says Salvemini, “the larger portion of their income to subsidies from industrialists, large landowners, merchants, bankers and others who welcomed the violent destruction of the unions and co-operative societies.” (Page 5.)

End of Unions

The ascendancy of the Fascists was the signal for large-scale concerted attacks upon workers’ organizations. Union halls were taken over by the blackshirts, opposition (at least in the open) was gradually stifled, co-operatives were wrecked, and the imprisonment of the most active and fearless anti-Fascists started in earnest. Lampedusa and Lipari were now receiving their first victims of the Fascist regime. Even at that it took some years before the unions were entirely destroyed.

And what has all this meant to the Italian working class?

In a brief book review such as this, it is, of course, impossible to detail even all the interesting material presented in this work, because Salvemini, in indicating the true nature of Fascist rule, marshals, in chapter after chapter, an imposing array of facts. However, it is in order to single out some of the chapters, such as those dealing with the labor court, agreements of labor, labor controversies, and so forth.

The law forbids strikes in any way, shape or manner, the penalty ranging according to the circumstances under which labor conflicts are called. The defenders of the Fascist dictatorship counter this with the statement that lockouts are also forbidden. What are the true facts? The author points this out very clearly: "But since the workers cannot strike, the employers have no need of recourse to the lockout. If an employer declares that he can no longer maintain the existing volume of employment in his concern, the stoppage of work is then not a 'lockout,' but a 'closing down' induced by a 'justified motive.'"

The Labor Court

And yet there have been strikes, 8,000 workers being found guilty of such a crime in the second half of 1926 alone. These facts are, it is obvious, not included in the Fascist propaganda for domestic and foreign consumption, for they would not square up with the statements purporting to show how the relations of labor and capital have been finally solved without either party resorting to labor conflict.

What about the Labor Court? Surely the worker has a right to appeal to it! Perhaps there is no occasion to strike when you have "impartial" courts such as this.

Well, the Labor Court, in the first place having no members who are representing the workers, unless the officials of the Fascist unions may be called such, knows that even though the decision is against the worker he has no way of fighting it for the very simple reason that real unions are taboo as well as strikes. Perhaps the record of the court can be no better illustrated than in the following sentence on page 210:

"There does not exist to this date a single case in which the Labor Court has increased workers' wages."

Dr. Salvemini debunks much of the propaganda emanating not only from Italy but also from those individuals who are praising the rule of Il Duce and its "achievements." The standard of

living, never high in Italy, has been dropping continually under Fascism; the housing standards are deplorable, to say the least; there is child labor, although it is supposed to be legally forbidden; the working conditions are horrible; the hours of labor are usually much longer than even the Fascist regulations proscribe; the life of the rural populace is anything but enviable; in brief, the general degradation of the Italian people is self-evident.

One may well take issue with some of the conclusions drawn by the author, but certainly there is no disputing the fact that he has presented a true picture of life as it is lived by the workers under the "blessings" of a capitalist dictatorship.

Salvemini ends his well-documented study with this illuminating observation:

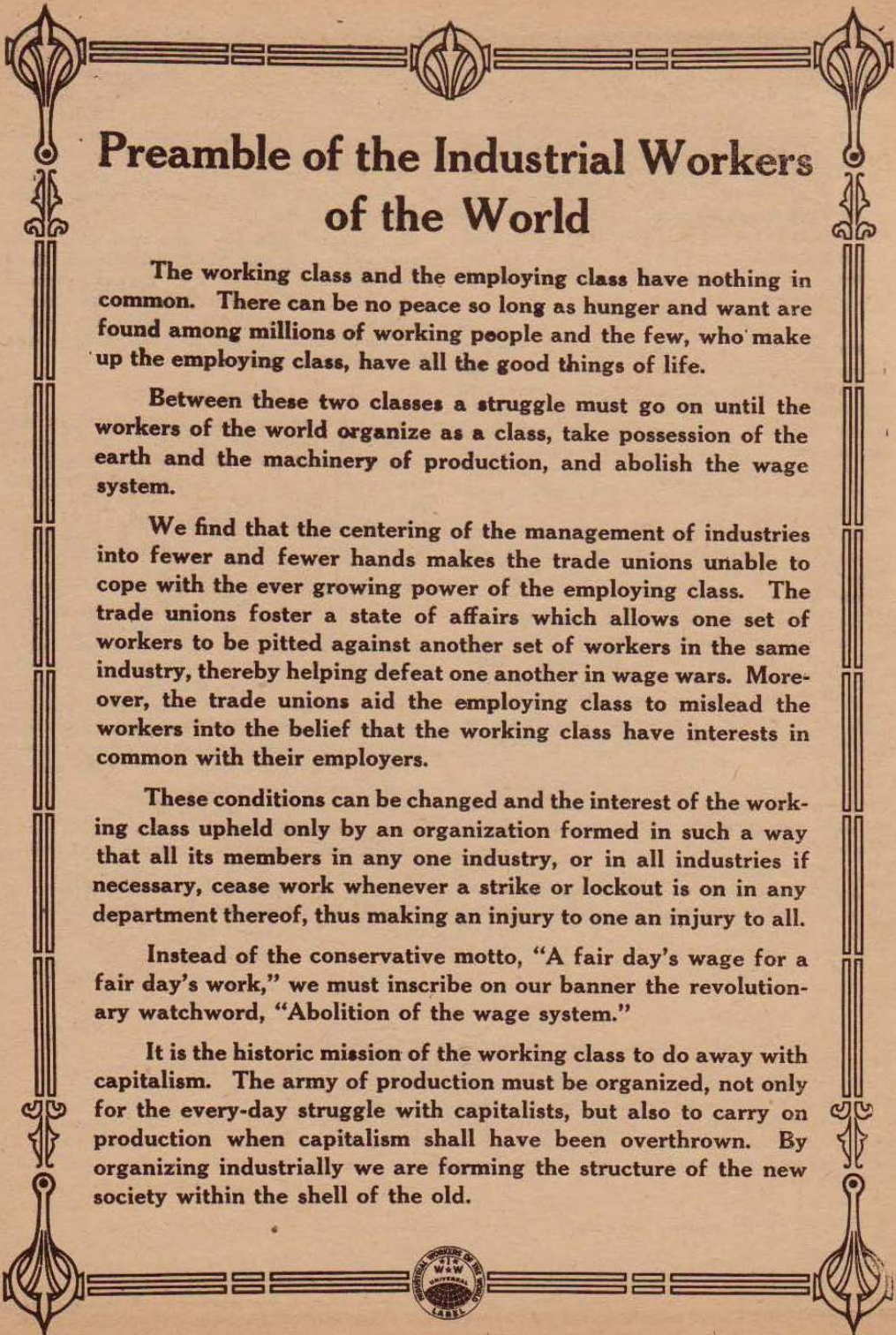
"Impartiality"

"For the time being one may gladly admit that Fascism has solved the problem of the relations between capital and labor by suppressing the *laissez-faire* of labor. To forbid strikes, to outlaw autonomous unions and create nation-wide 'company unions'—this is such a brilliant solution of the problem, that one wonders why it is not adopted in every country. It has the powerful logic of that commandment which, according to Anatole France, would forbid both rich and poor to steal bread or to sleep in the open air. But is this really a solution Italian big business men would of course answer in the affirmative. He who would think with his own brain, and not with that of the big business men, has more than one reason for affirming that the Fascist experiment indicates how the problem must *not* be solved, not only out of an elementary respect for human dignity, but because it is no solution at all."

As a historian and scholar, Salvemini offers no program to combat fascism, for his purpose is only to indicate the immediate consequences of capitalist dictatorship in this newer form.

And, in conclusion, this reviewer can only say that this volume should be classified under the heading of "required reading."





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.



Mr. Stockholder Will Be Looking for A Job When the World's Workers Organize Right!

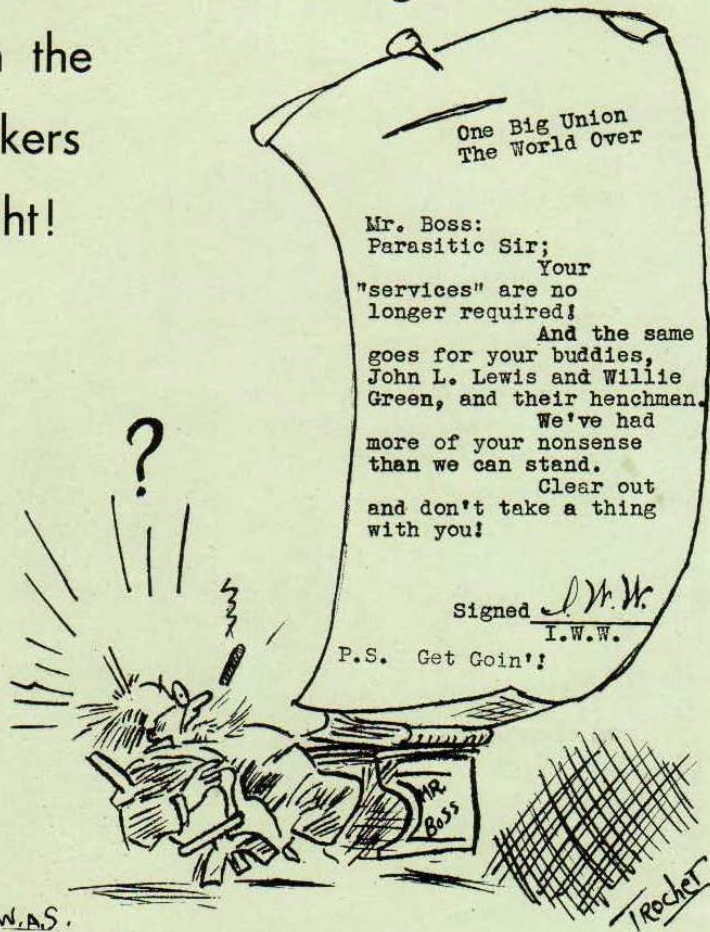
There is no question about it, under capitalist management the world has been slipping steadily backward. It's up to the working class to take hold now, before things get worse. Further progress in civilization depends upon that.

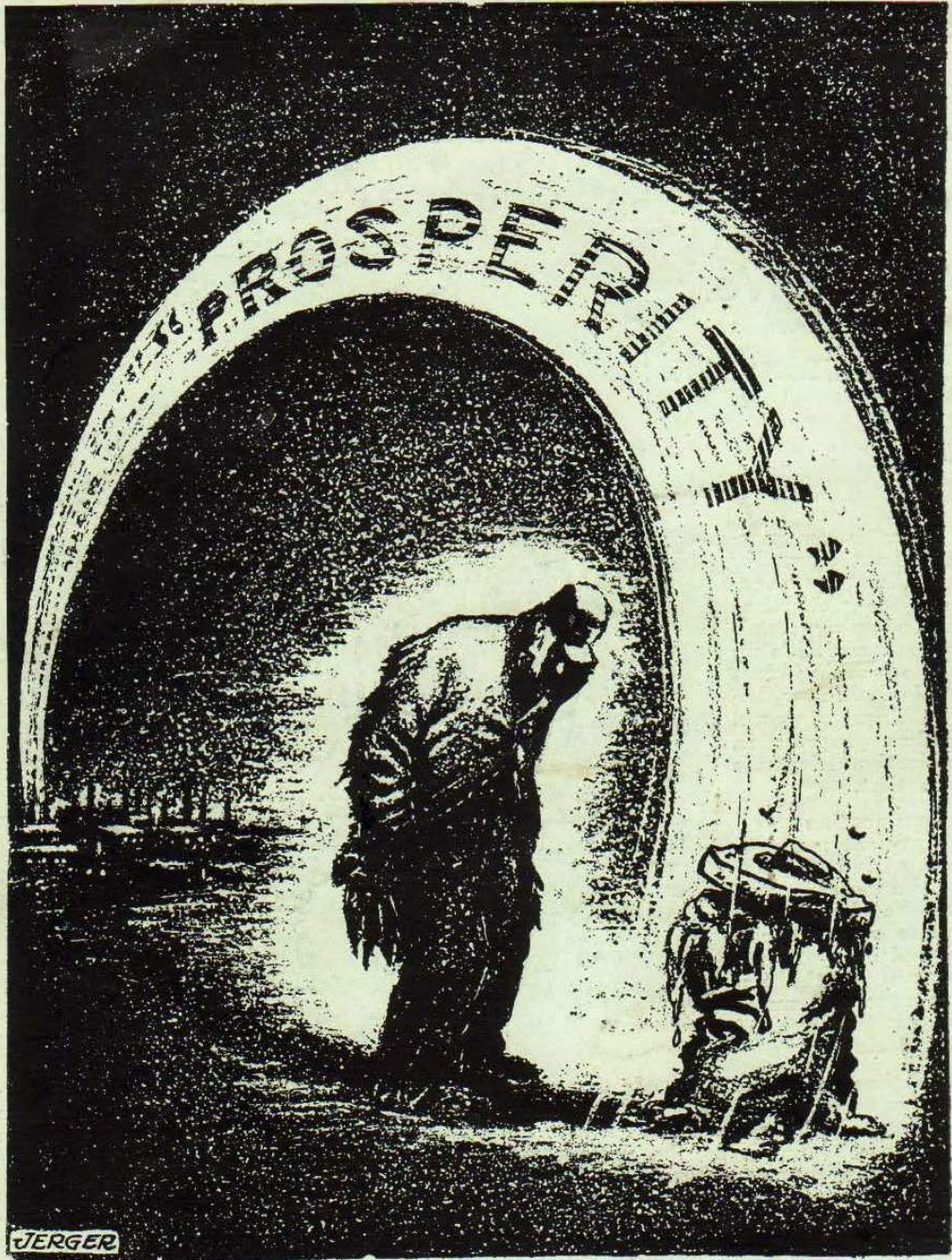
Continuation of the present management of industry under the direction and for the benefit of private owners spells the end even of such progress as the human race has made beyond the age of chattel slavery.

It's time to call a halt. Is there any question as to who is going to bring about the change? Surely it will not be the work of those who profit by the present system. Improvement to them means merely a readjustment of the existing order to make it last longer. Even at its best, when they claimed it was in perfect working order, their system has been a terrible burden on the shoulders of the working class. They will never again be able to do so

well as they did in the past, so-called normal times. What's the use of letting them tinker some more at the expense of the big majority of the population?

The time is here right now when the working class should take hold of the machinery of production and operate it for the benefit of all. Not until nobody makes a PROFIT from industry will everyone be able to make a LIVING out of it.





ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

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