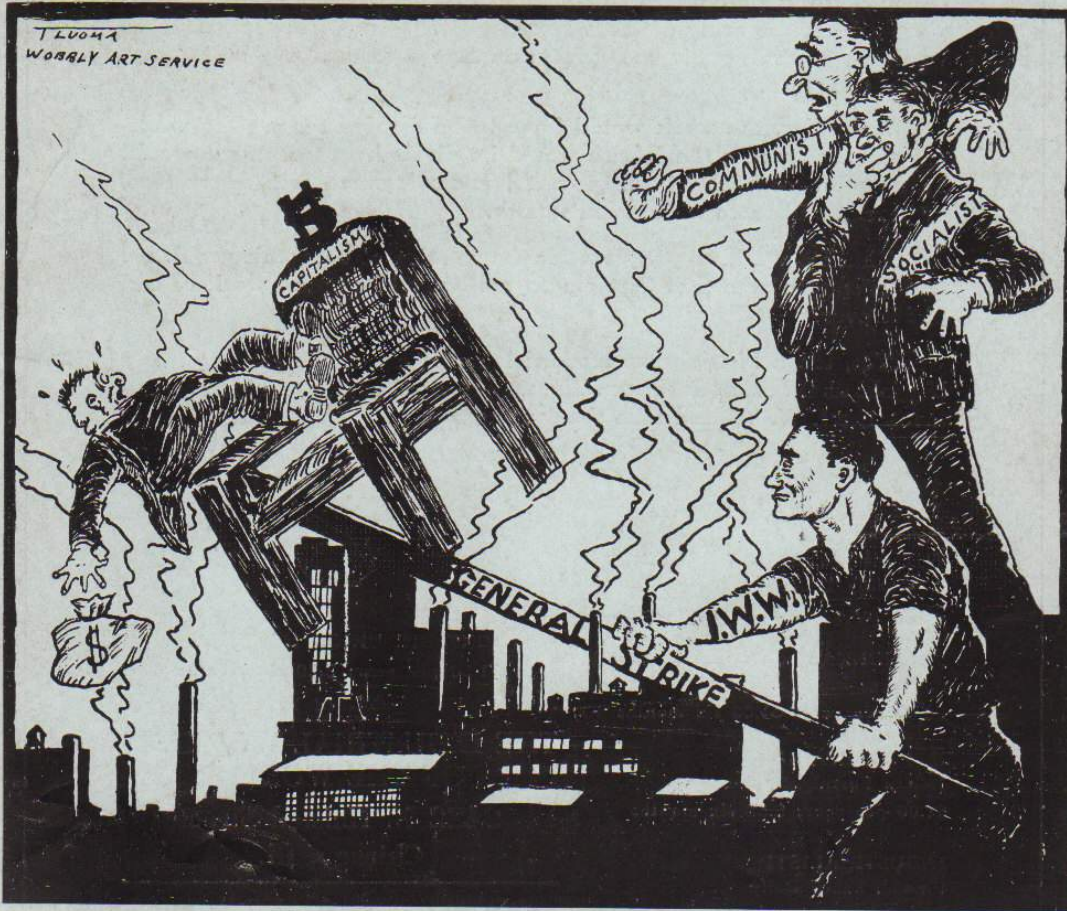


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The ONE BIG UNION Monthly

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THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD



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THE FOUR-HOUR DAY

Business people who live directly, or politicians who live indirectly, from profits, should not be consulted on any grave economic problem such as that presented by the poverty of millions of Americans at a time when all could be enjoying life with abundance. These people may know the answer but if they do they are going to keep it quiet.

The way to end poverty is to put more people to work. Wealth, the opposite of poverty, comes from work, and from no other source. Now if all those who swill in idleness as well as those who hunger in unemployment were put to useful work along with those already working, it would help. If those who now work at useless occupations—contributing nothing to human knowledge, wealth, or pleasure—were added, the army of labor would grow to such proportions that wealth would roll out in such profusion that poverty would fade away, never to return.

Naturally, the work would have to be divided among the workers and that means the leisure would be divided up too. There would be no more over-work with poverty, unemployment with starvation, or parasitic idleness with stolen wealth.

That's a workers' program for the solution of economic problems. and in spite of the fact that employers don't like it the workers can put it over.

Yes, it's a big job but modern labor is equal to handling many big jobs as it has often shown. The way to start on this one is to organize in the I. W. W. and take the four-hour day.

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Unionism at the Crossroads

By
A FORMER COAL MINER

An industrial union without rank and file rule, instead of being a powerful instrument in the hands of the workers, is an industrial stockade wherein workers are herded and regimented like sheep or cattle in a stockyard corral.

The maritime unions of the Pacific are in the grip of a serious crisis. In fact American labor, as a whole, is at the crossroads. The sinister forces that prepared the stage settings for the triumphant entry of the black hordes of fascist reaction in Europe are busily engaged today on the American labor stage, (the trade unions), in the same nefarious intrigue which brought complete enslavement to the workers of Italy, Germany and other fascist countries of Europe.

In Pacific Maritime Federation we find that the splendid spirit of solidarity borne out of the struggles since '34, the invincible power generated through the closer cohesion of the component parts of the Federation and the comradely relationship that has sprung into being because of the shoulder to shoulder fight against the common foe—all of this is now threatened because of the intrigue and machinations of an unscrupulous coterie of peanut politicians, who believe in unity only if they are in the saddle with absolute power to direct the destiny of the union.

Lewisism

Working hand-in-hand with these admittedly disruptive political elements is the arch-betrayer John L. Lewis with his self-appointed "Committee for Industrial Organization." The keystone in the shaky arch of the C. I. O. is the United Mine Workers of America, of which Lewis is president.

Lewis' record in the United Mine Workers of America is the blackest page in the annals of American labor. The sell-outs and betrayals during his stewardship had almost completely wrecked the United Mine Workers of America when the resurgence of labor unionism swept over the country in 1933.

With a membership of 500,000 in 1921, through

the disastrous leadership of Lewis, the U. M. W. of A. membership dropped to less than 100,000 in 1933. During his dictatorship the U. M. W. of A. had not won a strike until 1933 when Lewis began to pile up fishy "victories" with the help of Administrative forces and operator cooperation. Before 1933 Lewis was contemptuously referred to by the miners as "the swivel chair hero of a thousand lost battles." In the disastrous national bituminous strike of 1922 Lewis sold-out to the coal operators of the central competitive fields, (Ohio, Indiana, etc.) and left the miners of West Va. and Kentucky striking while the miners of the central competitive fields filled the orders and supplied the coal for industry. His entire tenure of office has been characterized by treachery, tyrannical domination and open betrayal of the mine workers.

In 1933 the union Lewis had almost strangled to death was resuscitated by the spirit of unionism which was aroused in the rank and file of American labor by the lowering of their standard of living through the rapidly rising high cost of necessities. And Lewis, the shrewd and unscrupulous labor politician, held on to the dictatorship of the U. M. W. of A. with the connivance of coal operators and the intimidation of his army of pluguglies and under-world gunmen.

However, despite operator support and the assassination of over 100 union coal miners of Illinois by gunmen, the Illinois mine workers (District No. 12) refused to bow down under the chafing yoke of Lewis dictatorship. The Illinois district had always been the backbone of the U. M. W. of A., but today, under the Progressive Mine Workers of America, it has escaped the Lewis dictatorship, though only to fall back into the reactionary A. F. of L.

Lewis, Self-appointed Dictator

John L. Lewis who now raises the hue and cry against the machine-rule of the A. F. of L. Executive Council was never elected to his position in a fair and square election. Paradoxical as it may seem, Lewis actually appointed himself as president of the U. M. W. of A. When John P. White resigned as president of the U. M. W. of A. in order to devote his time to the operation of a silver mine in Colorado, Frank J. Hayes, as Vice-president, was automatically induced into the presidency. John L. Lewis, who was employed in the International office as a statistician, got himself appointed by the International Executive Board to fill out the unexpired term of Vice-president, made vacant by Hayes' induction into the presidency. Lewis then hatched a scheme for Hayes to make an extended tour of Europe to gather data about mines and the miners' unions. Frank J. Hayes being a drunk, Lewis then proceeded to grease the skids for Hayes upon his return and to prime the Executive Board for his own appointment to the presidency. Hayes played the sucker and swallowed the bait, hook, line, and sinker; and Lewis succeeded to the presidency of what was then the most powerful and militant labor organization in America, without even the formality of an election.

Elections that have been held since that time have been tragic farces. In fact Hitler's Nazi elections have been far more democratic. And the danger of being killed because of opposition is less in a Nazi election than in one conducted by the well-paid tools of John L. Lewis.

Miners Still Under Dictatorship

"He has changed, now," retort his Moscow stooges when rank and filers confront them with his record. But the facts concerning the present situation in the U. M. W. of A. will convince anyone that John L. Lewis hasn't changed any more than a leopard can change its spots. Of all the army of high-paid office holders in the U. M. W. of A. today, not one man has been elected to his office by the rank and file. Every one of them is an appointee of Lewis and holds his job by virtue of his blind obedience to the dictator. Any sympathy manifested by an appointee to the rank and file is sufficient cause for summary dismissal. Many of the district representatives were formerly employed by the coal operators as gunmen. In fact, to be a buffer between the operators and Lewis, on the one hand, and the rank and file on the other hand, the representative must be qualified as a gunman, as well as a yes-man.

Underground Rank and File Movement

But Lewisism has failed to crush the spirit of rank and file revolt in the miners' union. There

is, today, a strong underground movement to get autonomy for the districts; that is, the right to elect their own district officials. In the 1936 convention, held in Washington, D. C., it required all the subtle maneuvering of Lewis, the intrigue of his Moscow stooges and much bloody work of his beef squads to defeat the resolution for rank and file elections in the districts. And, it will take more than all of those forces to stem the rapidly-gaining tide of rank and file revolt. The exact extent of the revolt cannot be accurately measured by Lewis' henchmen, even with the help of the Moscow G. P. U. Because of the danger of losing their jobs or their lives, the miners carry on the movement in the same secretive ways they so cleverly employed in the day of the Baldwin-Feltz gunmen regime. Only today they must be more careful, because the penalty for opposing Lewis is more severe than it was for "talking unionism" in the black days of the Baldwin-Feltz reign. An honest analysis of the present situation in the Miners' Union would reveal that more democratic rights are enjoyed by members of Nazi labor unions in Germany than are enjoyed by members of the U. M. W. of A.

C. I. O. A Self-appointed Committee

The Committee for Industrial Organization is the creature of Lewis and other labor skates of Lewis' stripe, with the help of some of the biggest exploiters in the country. Sidney Hillman, one of the committee, is the master strategist of class-collaboration. His success as a labor leader (?) is due, not to his popularity with the makers of men's clothes, but to his ability as an organizer of the bosses into associations for the maintenance of higher prices for men's clothes. Major Berry, czar of the Pressmen's Union, another member of the Committee is a multi-millionaire in addition to having the record of being a more effective strike-breaker than Bergoff or any other strike-breaking agency in America. One of his greatest strike-breaking feats was the crushing of the Allied Printers' Strike in New York City in 1923. This strike was so effective that there was only one four-page news sheet issued at the beginning of the strike. Each of the New York newspapers divided the space and put their paper's mast head at the head of their allotted columns, until Berry could get his strike-breaking machine functioning. He used the treasury of his organization to ship scabs from every spot in America and borrowed money from banks which was paid back from special assessments when the printers were later forced back to work. A good man for the Committee for Industrial Organization, eh, what! David Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union has, perhaps, the most progressive front of all the Committee, but rank and file rule in his

organization is a mockery with the possible exception of Local No. 22. Antonini rules the Italian Local No. 89 with an iron hand, and a more crooked labor faker was never spawned in the slimy bog of labor politics than this character. He is one of Dubinsky's right-hand men.

John Brophy, the C. I. O. "Director" once headed the communist controlled "Save the Union Committee" in the Miners' Union and was the "white hope" of the communists when he ran against John L. Lewis for president of the U. M. W. of A. The Lewis steam-roller made mince meat of his candidacy. He then started to make his living peddling scab shirts. Later he begged forgiveness from czar Lewis and today serves his master as "Valet De Chambre." The others on the Committee are of about the same ilk as those described, and it would be a waste of space to elaborate in greater detail on these labor-betrayers.

Success of C. I. O. Smells Fishy

No intelligent working man can view the phenomenal "success" of the C. I. O. in the plants of the U. S. Steel Company, the General Motors Corporations and Chrysler Company without entertaining the thought that class-collaboration played a hand in these "victories."

When the C. I. O. made its appearance on the stage, the workers in U. S. Steel and the auto industry had already begun the organization of independent rank and file unions. The rapidly rising cost of the necessities of life was lowering their standard of living and driving them to organize for self-preservation. The labor advisers of the steel and auto bosses, knowing something about the history of labor struggles, expected the workers to organize and initiate sporadic "irritation" strikes. The Roosevelt Administration also expected such to be a natural reaction of the workers to the devaluation of the dollar. The Brain Trusters fully understood that reducing the gold-content of the dollar would result in a general decrease in the real wages of the whole American working class, and consequently strike trouble.

Upon the basis of this knowledge, what better arrangement could be made than to have the workers organized in a controlled organization? Remember how General Johnson, W. P. A. Administrator, used to rave against the A. F. of L. and how he propagated "Vertical Union" with a level-headed leadership? Now, we can understand what was meant when John Lewis' Pacific stooge, Harry Bridges, reported to the District Committee of the National Maritime Union. Lewis stated that "the main job of the National Maritime Union was to eliminate the unnecessary job actions now prevalent on the vessels of the Atlantic and Gulf."

Quit Organizing the Unorganized to Disrupt the Organized

When the C. I. O. appointed themselves as the saviors of the American working class—they announced it as their avowed purpose to confine their activities exclusively to the task of organizing the unorganized in the mass production industries. To this the rank and file of the trade unions gave their blessing as well as material support. Little did they dream that they were arming an enemy that was biding its time for a treacherous attack on their own union. But, that is just exactly what has happened. Today, the C. I. O. has drifted far afield from its original policy of "organizing the unorganized" and is now engaged in a slimy game of political intrigue that has for its objective rule or ruin of the independent unions that already have 100% organization in their respective fields. In fact, the task of organizing the unorganized has been almost completely abandoned in favor of the policy of capturing existing unions to be used for political purposes.

Strange Bed Fellows

The C. I. O. has attracted to its organization staff the most disreputable aggregation of blood suckers that ever stuck their beaks in the bowed backs of the oppressed workers. Disqualified professors, unemployed scissor-sharpeners, Delancy street shoe-string peddlers, free-lance soap boxers, wagon-men, tinkers, back-sliding sky pilots, and a motley assortment of variegated peanut politicians, all vie, one with another, to shout from the housetops, praises for the name of him who is their common benefactor: "The greatest labor leader of all time," and this is echoed backward and forth from every rostrum of the C. I. O.

In addition to the parrots mentioned above, the C. I. O. has a propaganda machine, seemingly of limitless financial resources, which turns out tons of leaflets, pamphlets and press releases written by highly-paid intellectual prostitutes. And every word is designed to dope the brain of the American worker while casting a halo about the head that has hatched more schemes for betraying the workers and regimenting them in straight-jacket "unions" than any other labor faker who ever appeared on the American scene. The communist propaganda machinery also functions as an auxiliary in making a tin Jesus out of this arch-betrayer of American labor.

The coalition of communists and other faker elements with Lewis to straight-jacket labor in regimented unions constitutes one of the most unholy alliances ever consummated by enemies of the working class. Yet, there is nothing accidental about this conspiracy. "Birds of a feather flock together." The fundamental tenet of both their creeds is unquestioned obedience to the whimsical

orders of an absolute dictator. Just as surely as the finer particles of sand filter through the larger pebbles and finally find their level at the bottom, so individuals of like natures through the logic of events, ultimately find a common stomping ground. In the case of the communists and Lewis, the stomping ground would seem to be the lives and destiny of the American workers.

Lewis and the communists have a tacit understanding who will take orders without questioning the results of their action on the workers. And the commies considered themselves fortunate to get the opportunity to place their 13th St. (New York) "leader graduates" in a position to do a little "mass work." "Mass work," or more accurately speaking, organized disruption, is a requirement imposed on every party member.

In addition to the commies, "ham and egg" political careerists of all stripes have boarded the Lewis band wagon. Union halls will cease to be the council rooms where workers gather to discuss their present plight and formulate plans for economic salvation. Under the Lewis-Commie setup the union halls will become the arena where megalomaniac peanut politicians will bravely fight it out in lengthy word battles to the utter disgust and ultimate disaster of the workers. The union hall under the C. I. O. has already become the plaything of men who play the game of labor politics as a business.

The union hall must be kept free of these business politicians if labor is to make gains on the economic front. And that is why unions are organized in the first place. A labor union is an instrument of combat on the economic battlefield, the sector where the real fight is carried on. We organize unions to wring concessions from the bosses in the every-day struggle and through our experience we perfect the organizations to carry on the production of needed things when the economic collapse of the present system of exploitation makes possible the building of a new civilization. Furthermore, during the reign of dominant economic classes in previously existing systems of exploitation, the submerged class developed weapons of struggle peculiar to, and fitted only for itself. The instrument developed and successfully used against the feudal barons by our present masters was the parliamentary system. The tremendous sums of money necessary to carry on a political campaign precludes the possibility of the workers using this instrument in their struggle.

The only instrument of combat the workers have used to advantage has been the economic union. It is something they grab on to instinctively in time of struggle, the same as a man will grab a club to fight off a wild beast.

Labor Party

But, despite the fact that all attempts of labor to organize a Labor Party have proven to be labor's undoing, all "wings" and "splinter groups" of the communist party, together with C. I. O. fakers, have been assiduously brewing this diabolical concoction for the past seven years in order to drug the minds of the workers to accept the dictatorial decrees of the political messiahs.

In the first place so-called "Labor" parties are never controlled by labor. And the record of "labor parties" in other countries is nothing but the sad story of sellouts and betrayals of the workers on the economic field for temporary advantage, or, pelf and place for the political leaders on the political stage. We only have to look to England and Ramsay McDonald for confirmation of that fact. Yet, every country in Europe has had its McDonalds and Hendersons. Men who sold the heritage of their class for a stinky mess of political pottage.

The workers have never controlled a so-called "labor party" because the composition of such a party is such that the workers can become nothing more than pawns in the game. Petty business men, ambitious lawyers, abortion doctors, ministers of the gospel phony liberals and homely widows suffering from unrequited love—all madly dickering for leadership over labor. And worst of all the farmer who works his "hay hands" from the rosy fingered dawn till the dismal setting of the summer's sun, too, would embrace labor, and for the same reason as the others—economic advantages. John Farmer like every other employer, seeks the services of working men for as small a wage as he can get them to work for; while on the other hand, the worker naturally tries to get as high wages as he can command. To talk about the unity of these two diametrically opposed groups is ridiculous.

But the "labor party" brew will be dished out soon by Lewis and his coming allies as indicated by the remarks of Lewis in a recent radio speech. This is score No. 1 for the communists, because Lewis has really "bent over" from his former position on the subject of a labor party. The perfection of the C. I. O. labor party political machine, however, will be the dawn of Lewis' day.

When the initial danger period is past, Lewis will use the commies to help eradicate the misguided organizers who have gone down the line sincerely believing that democratic procedure

would be introduced after the initial organizational drive had been completed. Then will come the axe for the "splinter groups," Trotskyites, etc. And after the C. I. O. has put the new house in order, we can expect Lewis and the commies to get down to the work at hand—mass betrayal that will make pale into insignificance the wholesale betrayal of the German Workers by the commies. However, we are not so pessimistic as to believe that American workers have not profited by the disastrous mistakes of the German workers.

The history of the working class struggles, and especially those of Germany, proves that the workers lose faith in their union in proportion to the hope they place in political messiahs. The workers initiative is strangled, energy is dissipated and hope of economic salvation is killed in vain search for a mystical utopia in the boggy swamps of political opportunism.

Conditions Workers' Minds To Accept Fascism

And the greatest danger of all from a so-called labor party is this—it systematically conditions the working-class mind to succumb to fascist reaction without a struggle. Experimentations by Pavlov, the Russian scientist, and verified observations by Watson, American psychologist, prove conclusively that human and animal behavior on the whole is the result of conditioned reflexes. Constant repetition of a given function or, numerous reiterations of a statement tends to promote an automatic response. Men, for instance, who have served in the regular army, will stiffen up and assume a military bearing upon the approach of an army officer, even though they have been out of the army for years. In fact some have been seen to click their heels together and come to attention when suddenly confronted by a uniformed officer.

It is upon this scientific principle that all communist propoganda is based—the leaders of the communist party are infallible, and Lewis is a great labor leader going down the line with the communists! The principle is again used when they decide to assassinate the character of a rank and file leader who will not do their bidding. "If," correctly reason the communists, "we repeat often enough that Bill Smith is a counter-revolutionary and an enemy of the working class, the lie will take root and with constant repetition, become firmly embedded in the workers' minds." The communist propoganda machine in Germany had so doped the brain of the workers that they looked upon Thaelman as a demigod who could never lead them to defeat. Instead of placing their reliance in the economic unions, they centered their hopes in Thaelman. The disastrous result is now a matter of history. Just another communist mass betrayal added to that of Russia.

Spanish Workers Show The Way

Compare the capitulation of the German workers to the heroic struggle now being waged by the Spanish working class. The Spanish working class had not been exposed to as much of the "leadership opium" as their German comrades. On the contrary, they had a traditional rank and file, direct-action movement under the C. N. T. And when the motley assortment of political messiahs had thrown up their hands in despair and were ready to capitulate before the first onslaught of fascist reaction, it was the workers of the C. N. T. and the rank and file of U. G. T. who, with clubs, stones and improvised weapons climbed the barricades and showed the world what heroism really is. But their minds had not been conditioned to blindly accept the dictates of "infallible" leaders. They had learned that the emancipation of the workers can be achieved only through the action of the workers themselves.

C. I. O. Emasculates Industrial Unionism

Not only has the C. I. O. changed its policy of "organizing the unorganized" to one of disruption in existing unions, but it has distorted the very idea of industrial unionism. Industrial unionism means that all workers in a given industry be organized to act together. Certainly the C. I. O. Steel union, with over 200 separate contracts expiring at different times, is not an industrial union. Nor, is the U. M. W. of A., with over 30 separate district agreements, and industrial union in fact. An industrial union, if it is to be the genuine article, must be something more than merely, "industrial in form."

Industrial unionism in Lewis' hands has been "stretched" and "extended" as well as emasculated. His commie henchmen in their mad jurisdictional greed have gone so far toward mass organization as to organize workers of a cracker factory into the Auto Workers Union (Toledo). While in Passaic the C. I. O. commissars saw fit to decide that the proper industrial union for biscuit and cracker factory employees was in the Textile Workers Union. Of course conditions have changed considerably since the time when the commies were whooping it up back in New York for their own "little baby," "The Bath Towel Makers Industrial Union"! What the C. I. O. is really doing is giving the badge, "industrial union," to everything they can get into to mask the craft form of the setup and to conceal their reactionary intent.

C. I. O. Strike Breaker

The C. I. O., while still in its swaddling clothes, has a strike-breaking record, that must excite the

envy of Bergoff and other scab-herding agencies. In Detroit the workers of the Gordon Baking Company pulled an effective sit-down strike and were about to win the fight when the C. I. O. entered the fray on the side of the boss. The strikers were members of the Bakery and Confectionary Workers International, a union that has fought for industrial unionism on the floor of every A. F. of L. convention since the idea was born. But this fact didn't deter Double Cross Lewis from breaking their strike. The strikers were tricked into vacating the plant and a crew of scabs already recruited moved in and took the places of the strikers.

Then Lewis' Detroit stooges proceed to organize the scabs with the blessings of the boss. The scabs, now members of United Bakery Workers of America No. 30 (C. I. O.) have been whitewashed while the union men who struck are walking the streets looking for a job. A strike at the Frehofer Baking Company plant at Philadelphia was broken by the C. I. O. with the help of police and private gunmen. The C. I. O. shipped their scabs through the picket lines under police protection in much the same fashion as Bergoff does his work. In Rochester, N. Y., they signed an agreement with a bakery concern providing for lower wages and proceeded forthwith to corral the workers into the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union. How is that for scabbery and distortion of the idea of industrial unionism!

A Frankenstein

Ironical as it may seem, industrial unionism, which has been the hope of millions as signaling the dawn of Industrial Democracy, is now being distorted by the protagonists of political dictatorship into a Frankenstein monster. An industrial union without rank and file rule, instead of being a powerful instrument in the hands of the workers, is an industrial stockade wherein workers herded and regimented like sheep or cattle in a stock-yard corral. The American working class must be aroused to the imminent danger that lurks behind these fake "industrial unions." We must defeat these would-be Hitlers and Stalins and establish the genuine article on the firm foundation of rank and file control.

Incipient Fascism

Upon the basis of the evidence we can come to no conclusion other than that the C. I. O. has all the earmarks of incipient fascism. If we blindly accept the orders, or, meekly acquiesce to these power-crazed dictators our minds will be conditioned to accept with enthusiasm the totalitarian state with all its accompanying misery, privation and abject slavery.

The Sun Goes Down

By COVINGTON HALL

I.

The Sun goes down, and over all
The blue-black curtains of nighttime fall;
The lights burst out along the street,
Adown which thud the workworn feet
Of regiments who day by day
The hand of Want and Famine stay,
Upon whose patient shoulders rest
The empires of the East and West.

II.

The sun goes down: the silent mill
Is lying dark and dumb and still,
A brooding monster on the hill;
Its muscle, brain and hands are gone,—
The sullen Thing awaits the dawn,
The coming of creative mind,
By which alone the Thing may find
Itself alive, no longer dead;
For, come the morn, will sound the tread
Of those who serve it for their bread.
The great machine again will live,
Again their dole its servants give;
And they shall strike, rise, anger-rife,
Demanding of it peace and life;
And they who govern it will then
Throw larger crumbs unto its men;
And for awhile of joy and pain,
The mill will grind and grind again.
Then will the Leaders cry, "Well done!
A glorious vict'ry has been won!"

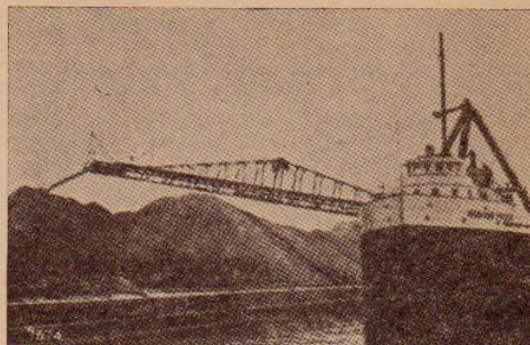
III.

The sun goes down; the world goes 'round,
And once again I hear the sound,
The muffled roar of workworn feet
As burst the lights along the street
Where seldom songs the farer greet;
And once again the soulless mill
Is lying dark and dumb and still,
A brooding monster on the hill;
A sphinx that has not answered once
The question asked by sage and dunce:
"What hold you in your womb, O Mill!
What, for the Massmen, do you will?
A wider world? A freer Race?
Or cringing Serviles begging "grace"
From those who scorn the calloused hand
And hunt the Thinkers from the land?"

The sun goes down, and over all
The blue-black curtains of nighttime fall.

Maritime Merry-Go-Round

By C. WEED



The year 1937 saw many happenings of major importance in the Marine Industry. The long drawn out Maritime strike terminated on the Eastern and Gulf coasts on January 24th. But, another vitally important issue arose . . . The Copeland-Bland Fink Book.

For several months prior to the strike the leadership of the Rank and File of the International Seamen's Union, had bitterly condemned this piece of anti-labor legislation. With the termination of the strike, the Communist element which was in the saddle in the Rank and File movement made a sudden about face and told the seamen to accept the book. "On May 1st we will take these books and make a huge bonfire with them in Washington," cried the leaders.

On the West Coast the Sailors Union of the Pacific took a determined and militant stand against the issuance of the Fink Books. "If you persist in forcing the men to take these books, we will tie every ship up against the docks," was the edict of the West Coast Sailors. Further in Frisco and other West Coast ports the S.U.P. secured injunctions restraining the Steamboat Inspectors offices from issuing the book.

On the East Coast the only organization that took the same militant, uncompromising stand was the Marine Transport Workers of the I.W.W. Numerically small, they picketed several of the steamboat inspectors' offices, and in the port of Philadelphia secured an injunction against the issuance of the book.

In the face of this militant opposition the government realized its impotence, and gave up the idea of being able to foist the book on the seamen without a bitter struggle; and compromised by making it optional for the men to take either a certificate of identification or the Fink Book.

Quick to jump on the bandwagon were the Commissars. They now told the men, "Turn in your Fink Books and take the certificate of identifica-

tion." (We are still waiting for the May 1st bonfire on the capitol steps.)

For the three months immediately after the strike the old line I.S.U. continued to do most of the shipping. And although the Rank and File used every known method to capture the I.S.U., lock, stock, and barrel they were unsuccessful. Overnight, they formed a new union, and christened it . . . The National Maritime Union. At this time the C.I.O. was at its zenith, it was waging the big automobile strike and was receiving reams of publicity.

"Hi, Presto, we are C.I.O.," shouted the Stalinists, and thus was born the N.M.U. (To date January 1st, 1938, the N.M.U. has no C.I.O. or any other national charter.)

Immediately the disciples of Moscow were sent forth throughout the land to tell all and sundry, "At last we have democracy on the waterfronts. A Real Rank and File union, of seamen, by seamen, for seamen." And to prove it they absolved all FINKS from their past "errors," issued them books in the new union, and stamped therein: Strike Record Clear . . . C.I.O. . . . Henceforth the brothers shall not be known as FINKS but as misguided and misinformed brothers.

For the next four or five months the N.M.U. used the proven weapon of job action to batter reluctant shipowners into line. How successful they were is proven by the fact that at the end of the year 1937, 75 per cent of the shipping was being done by them. The baby had grown up, and was now a lusty man 52,000 strong. In fact he was beginning to show signs of thinking for himself. (Something the Commissars did not want him to do.) "This is a Wobbly plot," thundered the brain batteries of 11th Avenue.

"We must nip it in the bud at once. Why, the next thing we know the seamen will really be running this union. And then what would happen to our nice shiny pie cards? The PARTY would

also feel the pinch, we would not be able to divert any of the seamen's monies towards it. This must stop!"

And so in the final weeks of 1937 we see the astounding parallel of a union which was built by Job Action, condemning Job Action. And threatening expulsion to any member who advocated or used it. To further their plans they dug down in their bag of tricks and pulled out the old reliable anasthetic—Relief. (Shades of the M. W. I. U.)

Thus we enter the year 1938 and briefly appraise the existing conditions in the maritime situation. On one hand we have a numerically powerful union—The N.M.U. Under the dictatorship of the Stalinists, a union whose policy is committed by the present officials to follow the party line. Where direct action is forbidden; the threat of expulsion being held over the head of any who dare to use it. A union which is making relief the

paramount issue. A union with great economic strength, wasting it. And insiduously spreading the doctrine of a political party as the cure for the present chaotic conditions throughout the land.

A new entry into the picture is the newly formed A. F. of L. Seamen's Union. (The second in less than a year.) With a membership of possibly 5,000 mostly young, untrained seamen. A "union" with plenty of financial backing, a potential strike breaking agency. A nonentity.

And last but not least the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union of the I.W.W. Numerically small, handicapped by lack of good speakers and finances. Its members are tried and proven, in the crucible of waterfront wars. By far the most enlightened of the maritime workers, they are spreading their message slowly but surely along the waterfronts. Hastening the day when all crafts, all coasts will be organized in the ONE BIG UNION.

A RADICAL IS MADE

By Beetee

"What makes a radical anyhow?"

We were lying around the fireplace, he on the davenport, I scattered over one chair and part of another. The room was dark but for the flaming glow of the fire. It was warm. We had eaten well and hoisted one or two. We had temporarily settled our differences of opinion in a rush of words, interruptions, raised voices—as though each feared he would not get a chance to get in his views before time ended. Pages from life were opening and closing, reminiscences, people, and ding philosophy.

My companion soloed a while and then, getting no answer, he kept right on, telling the story of how one rebel was made.

*

They are queer animals, radicals are. No one seems to know what makes them, or what makes them run when made. Some say that they are sensitive to the suffering around them, that they can't stand to see suffering and they become radical on that account. But I've seen some of them that wouldn't turn a hair at the most blood-curdling affair. Others say it's because they are intelligent and know what it is all about and are motivated by the understanding that in a certain direction and in a manner of acting and talking to others, there lies a better way of living.

Well, I've met some that seemed to know nothing when you pinned them down to it and yet were as steadfast and as hard-fighting as those that thought they knew it all, or those who are forever bewailing the fate of some poor innocent brat thrown out to live on his own in this cruel world, and all that sob stuff. For instance, look at that fellow we were talking about a while ago.

I first ran into him in a can up in Fort William at the head of the Lakes. The government had banned freight train riding and had the mounties, those riders of the plain people, as the stiff calls them, who "get their man" by riding freight trains. He had just got out of doing thirty days for freight train riding in Sudbury and was picked up again at Nipigon and got thirty days more at the farm.

He was a big kid, about twenty years of age. Rather quiet. I didn't pay any attention to him until some fellow workers who got into a mixup at the Sioux Lookout government camp were transferred to Fort William. Their coming had been heralded and was looked forward to with interest as their activities had been getting quite a lot of publicity. The papers said they had run amok in riot and that one of them had tried to kill a "provie" with an axe. That was all lies, of course, but still they had the reputation.



It was an industrial farm we were in, run dormitory style which gave us a good chance to get together and talk. Well, those fellow workers got more questioning and advice on how they should have acted by the rest of the fish than they did from the bulls and judge. What was the I. W. W.? What did they want to bother about things like that for, worrying about the poor saps that didn't know how to make it? They could speak, they were wise guys that should get into some racket that paid. What did the wobs want anyhow? Weren't they just like communists and athiests? They sound like Christ-killers one moment and Christ himself the next. How would the I. W. W. work? Would there be any police? This was an important question. How about money? And women? Hah, it wouldn't work. The I. W. W. is crazy.

Lessons in Jail

Every time a bunch got together it started all over again. And the fellow workers would bat it out with them over and over until "Tamarack Slim," the Oxford graduate screw, would announce that they must foregather somewhere else.

The big kid would ask questions and listen and ask some more. He had a brother, a garment worker in Toronto who, he said, talked like the fellow workers at times.

There was a long-haired kid, in for riding freights too, who smart-cracked and capered around like I don't know what. He was skinny and sickly looking but seemed a pretty solid rascal. He was always playing sick and wouldn't work.

The big fellow kept looking up the fellow workers when they were by themselves and ask more questions. Some of the scissorbillest did that too. Someone radioed in the new General Strike pamphlet and we gave it to him to read. He came back and wanted to know if a libertarian was the same as a libertine which he had been reading about in "The Hush," a scandal sheet from Toronto.

When he was going out we gave him some

letters to get out for us. Bill, one of the swampers who always boasted that he never worked for a living but made it boosting (he didn't count the years he put in jails as working) came to me with a look in his eyes as though he had seen the second coming and said:

"You never can tell about these guys. The last one I ever expected would leave his weed, passed it to me as he left. The big shoniker kid gave me a deck and a half."

Well, I thought, he has done a good turn for the reputation of his race and then just forgot about him. Just leaving tobacco in the jail when you leave doesn't make a radical.

About a year later I ran into him again. He came into the hall at Port Arthur just as the pulp workers' strike was due to break that fall. It appears that when he came out he went right over to the hall and lined up. He stayed on the picket line all through that strike and was one of those that took that 18-hour hike in below zero weather to catch the scabs in the camp before they were out of bed and to drive them out of the camp.

That winter he worked in the slave camps and he must have made every one of them that one winter. He was no sooner in one than he would get into an argument with the push and out he would be sent. Or he would get to talking about what should be done with the slave camps and they would give him his time. Several times, because he got quite hot when saying good bye to the push, they sent for the provincials but he made it out in time.

Finally they caught up with him at the air port camp at Nakina. They gave them clothes in the airport camps, old army issue; but as he lasted only a few days before the inevitable argument. They wanted to take the clothes off him. He wouldn't give them up and a provie was rushed in to arrest him. They took him to the town lockup but the camp workers pulled a strike and wouldn't go back to work until they were assured that he would be released and allowed to keep the clothes. But in the meantime the provie piled him on a speeder and took him down to Long Lac and from there to Port Arthur on the train. They gave him another thirty days although no one knew where he was until he was let out. I remember reading an article of his in the Industrial Worker where he related that they took not only the government issue of clothes from him but also some of his others.

In 1935 I ran into him again in Toronto. He hadn't had much schooling but he had been reading a lot and had ideas by this time. The trouble was that he had read something of everything and hadn't got it all straightened out in exact order. He was het up about Swedenborg. He wasn't religious but he figured that Swedenborg gave him an idea how to talk to the fellows that were religious. He got wised up to the commies by now too. He had always been of the opinion that our talk about the commies

was a little biased but now he had changed his mind. I don't remember just what it was about. He talked of money, and Tim Buck's wife, and that commie woman who got a rap out of Estevan with Sam Scarlett that time. Whether there were any grounds for his story or not they were in his bad books.

Making the Harvest

He was working at a warehouse and the A. F. of L. and the A. C. C. L. were trying to organize the drivers. The A. C. C. L. seemed to be winning out by their patriotic talk so we thought we would attend the next meeting. We didn't get very far after the speaker made it plain in answer to our question that the truck drivers would have to go through picket lines if they had a contract. I was asked out at this point and he soon after. He lost his job a couple of days later.

We knocked around together for a few weeks when we could but he didn't care for dancing or girls. He wanted to read and argue about the commies and the I. W. W. I got him some anarchist pamphlets from the libertarian group there and soon he was using this as ammunition against his opponents. He seemed totally wrapped up in clearing up this mess of capitalism. If he had stayed there a few weeks longer he was going to act as chairman for soap boxers coming through.

Heading for the harvest later that summer I ran into him again in Winnipeg with a speaker that had been running some sort of summer school in Sault Ste. Marie. He was going out to help some 110 dings do some soapboxing. As we were all going the

same way we threw in together. The mounties were riding the freights again and we got put off somewhere between Portage and the 'Peg and the next day they ran us up the North Canadian National line. It took us about a week to get to Saskatoon and in the meantime we learned a good deal of one another. He was getting more bull headed and argumentive all the time. But he was backing up his arguments with more facts. The only time he could keep out of arguments was when he was singing songs out of the little red song book. Quite a few things happened, and in our discussion of them we learned how they fit in the makeup of things in general.

We missed the freight out of Saskatoon to Rosetown on the Goose Lake line and so hit the highway. A fellow in a car picked us up and before long the driver and I were in an argument on economics. The driver was sympathetic to Bible Bill's Social Credit outfit in Alberta, but as he said, "with reservations." I might have known from that last crack what he was but didn't wise up until later.

I kept hedging him on Marxian economics without mentioning Marx because this fellow had said that he had a farm and, in spite of what commies say, old Charlie Marx and farmers don't mix. After driving about an hour he made a turn off our road so he let us out. Before driving off he gave us quite a spiel on how he would like to carry on the conversation and wondering what a fellow like me was doing bumming rides. He then introduced himself as the ex-premier of the province of Saskatchewan. Anderson, I think his name was.

The next fellow that picked us up was a farm implement salesman and in good spirits. He started talking about the good times coming for him and what was wrong with the working man was that he wanted too much wages. High wages were harmful to the working man he claimed and went on to tell us of an incident to prove his point.

He hadn't done any selling worth anything until recently. And then it appears that some I. W. W. agitators started organizing the harvest hands around Rosetown and were going to demand \$6.00 per day for a six-hour day. They were doing a lot of talking and arguing with the farmers that were wanting men for ten hours for \$2.00. The farmers got so excited at the prospect of having to pay such high wages or having trouble with the I. W. W. that they had been placing orders for combines so they could do their own threshing without hiring any help. More combines were sold in that district in those few weeks than had ever been known to sell there before. When he told the story I recalled the statement of the capitalist economist, Andrew Ure, of a century ago, that inventions are a "creation destined to restore order among the industrious class" and he added, that "when capital enlists science in her service the refractory hand of labor will be taught docility."



The petty-capitalist-farmer was going to teach the harvesters docility with the combine. The salesman owed the I. W. W. delegates a cut on the commission.

When we got to Rosetown we found, sure enough, the 110 delegates had been there, and did plenty of talking and sticking up stickers. But then he had moved on. So we caught the local heading towards Druid. As it was getting dark it started to blow and then hail. We were set out at some station but as it was still blowing we decided to hold it down until morning.

Next morning we found we were at Plenty and we also found that someone else besides the harvest hand had been taught a little meakness. Here the delegates had been busy too and the farmers had been buying combines. Grain that otherwise would have been cut and stooked had been left to ripen fit for the combine. What the hail hadn't laid low, it had shelled. The harvest hands started heading away from this section right now. The delegates we were looking for had been here and plastered the town with stickers and had moved on but that same day doubled back to Dodsland only to have some townspeople sic the police on them and they got three months in Prince Albert for "defacing property" with stickers.

A Fighting Radical

The big fellow and I broke up here. Each thought he knew a good spot to harvest. He wrote me that winter from a slave camp in British Columbia and wanted to get something started but as the other fellow workers thought it useless, I let it go by the board. Someone told me he was back in Toronto and then the next thing I hear of him is a head in the Industrial Worker this summer reading "Lou Walsh, Killed in Anti-Fascist Fight."

He went to Spain and got bumped off. And you know who was there too? That long-haired kid that was in the Fort William jail farm where I met Lou. He had an article in the One Big Union Monthly later last summer, telling about it. I guess he has grown up by now and cut his hair.

"I'll tell you no one knows what makes a radical but the memory of those two kids always stops me blowing my top about the youth of today. You never can tell when you are talking to the radical of tomorrow."

He stopped. It was quiet. The fire was dying out. I peered sharply to see his face for his voice was strange when he said:

"Hell, I feel like I sent Lou to Spain and his death."

MODERN MURDER

By GUSSIE PERLMAN

(Dedicated to Sacco and Vanzetti)

They kill no men as they used to do,
It was too gruesome a sight
To send a being to his doom
From nature's loftiest height;
Or to let him cry and groan
Under a torch and flame;
It is an eternal horror
An everlasting shame.

Then came this age of science
With wisdom most sublime
This era of defiance
The pet child of all time.
They tactfully have modified
The implements of war
Nor would they stone,
Nor break a bone
As in the days of yore.

No mocking cries of children
No shrieks, nor women's tears—
A ticking clock,
An electric shock—
Allayed are all the fears.
The gods now well may envy
The efficiency of men

Who hush a life within an hour
Create and crush again.

Here is a gift to mankind,
A brother in the nude;
Dissect his heart, dissect his brain,
Pray, tell us was he good?
O! Great men, you pure fine souls,
You find he was misfit,
To spend a life in men-made goals,
Or eat some beggar's bit?

Here us, you, we're all misfit
We, who cannot sing of bigots' gains
Nor send our blessings to the skies,
Our songs of praise for tears and pains!
We who cannot sink
Into the greedy sphere
Of ego's might
We who seek to live as men,
We who wish to stand upright.

Now we misfits shall strike a blow
At the robbers of our bread,
Of every slave a man shall grow,
Every despot shall be dead!

FOR HIS MASTERS' SAKE

By
BOB TROCHET

Dedicated to Fellow Worker Harry Owens
and other members of the I. W. W. who
fought and fell in the Spanish Civil War

You, just a witless Nazi soldier, are cringing against the wall of a trench. It is afternoon. The sun is bronze through the smoke.

Six nights ago, after you refused to accept the invitation to freedom that fell from the Spanish skies in myriad leaflets that eclipsed the sun, those strange, untrained but courageous fighters of the C. N. T.-F. A. I. took up the challenge of your stubborn mercenary generals, and laid down a barrage. It rubbed out all the front line—all but the short stretch of trench that shelters you. It rubbed out the front line as neatly as Generalissimo Francisco Franco has, no doubt, rubbed it out on his battle map back in his safe headquarters by now. Apparently he has also rubbed out your trench, along with the rest of the line. He thinks you were shattered and buried. You are forgotten! Lost! In six days no communication has reached you, not even fire from the anti-fascist forces. They do not know you're there.

A stray bullet has nipped the top from your ear. It is festering, and the pain spreads throbbing through your head.

Your stomach aches with emptiness. Sunday morning, at about the time you might be listening to your new Nazi religion were you at home in Berlin, you sucked your last gritty crumb of hard-tack, and scooped up some of the oily slime from the trench-bottom to wash it down.

You are not alone. There are about a hundred others in the trench. Some of them are unhurt; some are badly wounded. All the antiseptic and bandages were needed for the wounded. You could get none for your clipped ear. That is why it is festering.

You are cringing against the wall. Karl is standing next to you. He is too dumb to cringe. Back home he worked pouring steel for Krupp. That swastika ring on his little finger is his reward for piling up more surplus value for the Munition Kings in twelve hours than any other worker in the industry. He almost lost his precious little ring when a piece of shrapnel splattered the end of his finger into the mud. But it hardly bothered him. He just sucked the stub for awhile, and then let it hang down at his side. A drop of blood

comes from the raw end every minute or so and drops into the water at his feet. You watch it drop while the afternoon passes. The sun begins to set. Still the blood oozes and falls. The water was brown this afternoon; now it's reddish. But that does not matter. Karl has lots of blood. He is as big as a horse, and his hand, even without the little finger, is the size of a fat ham like your Mutter used to serve for Sunday dinner . . . And you hated ham more than you hated Jews who hate ham, too. You fool!

Soon it will be night. Then you will lie down in the bottom of the trench and try to sleep. Karl can sleep standing up, like a horse. You envy him.

There is a commotion a few yards down the trench. It is an epauletted officer elbowing his way through. He uses the face of a corpse as a stepping stone to keep his feet dry. "I need more men to run a wire back to the next trench," you hear him growl lowly.

You strain your ears to catch his words, and that hurts. You wish to your new Aryan gods he would talk louder.

"Those murderous anarchists don't know we're here," he explains, "but if we run for it they'll see us and wipe us out. They'll place us before a firing squad if we surrender.

Those leaflets about freedom for all are lies. Vicious lies! A trick!"

He is fearful lest you fascist soldiers desert. You did talk about dropping your guns after you read that C. N. T.-F. A. I. leaflet, remember? But this same officer talked you out of it, even as he is doing now. "If I send a runner, he'll have to risk coming back again. The only thing to do is lay a wire to regimental headquarters, and get instructions . . . Who'll volunteer?"

All this, you think, is going to take time. You want to get out quick. "Let's make the rush!" you say.

"Shut your loud mouth!" says the officer, shoving you against the wall. You hit your ear. You want to kill him.

But before you can do anything, Karl says, "I'll go."

The officer nods, looks at the sky. "In two hours." He goes back down the trench.

Soon it is dark. You have almost forgotten about the wire. Then somebody nudges Karl, and he walks away, down the trench. You do not see them go over the top with the wire, though you are watching. You think you are tired enough now to go to sleep, and lay down in the trench. The water is as cold as ice tonight . . .

Someone wakes you up. "They've stopped dragging the line," he says.

You sit up. "Did they make it?" The mud and water drips from your back.

"Don't think so. Only about a hundred yards of wire came off the reel."

He crawls away.

It begins to rain. You roll over on your side, and go back to sleep. The sky is grey all around when you wake up. The rain keeps you from drying. You are stiff and yet shivering with the cold. You squat in the trench, thinking of nothing. You wish. You wish you had gone out with Karl last night.

Comes evening, and you get your chance. The officer, slopping in the rain, asks for volunteers to pick up the end of the wire and carry it on through. Will you stay in this hole and rot consciously, or will you go as Karl did and rot as Karl is rotting, unconsciously? Possibly, you will get through. Anything is better than this.

"I'll go," you mumble.

"In two hours," hisses the officer.

You wait nervously. You are anxious to be gone. With tormenting reluctance night hedges in. Hasn't two hours passed yet? At last somebody nudges you. You follow him down the trench.

Someone else climbs over with you. A shadow. You don't notice who. You don't care.

You snake your way along on your belly, letting the wire slide through your hands to make sure there are no breaks. Every few yards it is held out of the muck by a forked stick, a tangle of wire, a little pile of rocks, anything that came handy when Karl was pulling it thru last night. Somewhere ahead is food, water, bedding, comparative safety. You wriggle faster.

You lose the wire. You search to find it. A break, clean cut, as though by shears. This must be the end of the wire. This is as far as Karl went with it. Not far. You grip the end and worm ahead.

It is time to locate a support. You reach out your arm and feel around. You touch something sticking up, but you can't tell what it is because the gumbo is thick on your hands, like heavy gloves. You sidle nearer to it. But it is dark. You wish there were more light to see. There is. A star-shell flashes overhead. You look quickly at the thing you have found. It is a dead fore-arm reaching straight out of the mud. A huge fore-arm . . . with a hand like a fat ham . . . on the end of it. Most of the little finger is gone, but a swastika ring hugs faithfully to the stub. "Karl said he would take it through," you say to yourself. You hook the wire over the bent thumb, and crawl on . . . to give your life to the class that stays at home and waits for you to win their wars. Even if you fight and win . . . you lose! You still have a master. You still are a wage-slave. Perhaps, an unemployed and hungry one.

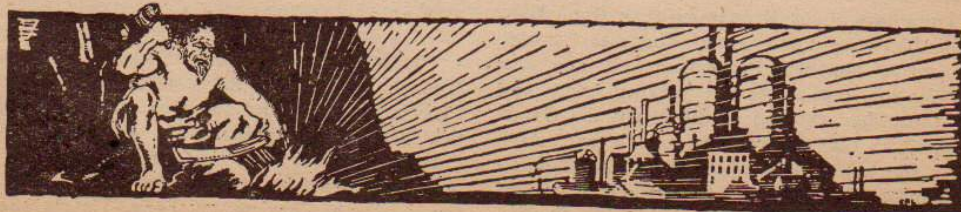
If you only knew the officer lied. Those anarcho-syndicalists told truths. They invited you to fight for yourself and your class . . . for freedom from the ravages of the wage system. You do think it was strange an anti-fascist aviator should fly over your trench and drop upon you nothing more lethal than a leaflet. He might have blown you to bits. Too late to consider the C. N. T.-F. A. I. message now. The earth is drinking your blood as it spurts from your neck . . .

Epitaph to Dead Fascist Soldiers

Greater Stupidity No Worker Hath That He Lay
Down His Life For His Economic Masters.

FINIS

Fascism cannot quell the cry
Of worker shouting "Viva! C. N. T.-F. A. I."
"Avajo Capitilissimo." "Avajo Franco!"
Our victory must come. Wage Slavery must go.
Viva Uno Gran Union De Los Trabajadores In-
dustriales Del Mundo!



FACTFUL FABLES

By Covington Hall

All About Sitting in The Game

Once upon a time there was a Great Labor Statesman named Grand Chief Prenter. He rose to his Exalted Position by Seniority, that is to say, by his ability to hang on to his job until the guy next above him croaked. Then he stepped into his shoes. The empties Prenter stepped into were those of a still greater Wizard. His name was Grand Chief Stone, the originator of Business Unionism, which, to hear the Labor Statesmen tell it, was destined to give Socialism the Knockout Drops and make their version of Capitalism what it ought to be, a still greater blessing to all its beneficiaries.

The main idea seems to have been that the Unions would own the Banks and that the Brothers, being the Unions, would all get rich drawing Interest from Each Others' pockets, not to mention the Rents, Profits and Bonuses that would flow into the Altrurians' treasuries from coal fields, Florida swamps and Equitable Buildings, etc.

Hearing of the Plan to perfect the American Plan, the Saturday Evening Pest, official organ of the Best Babbitry, could not believe its ears. I don't blame them. Besides, the news sounded Too Good to be True, and Was. Anyhow, the Great Pest decided to Interview the Great Guy. It Did, the Interview running something like this:

"What, Mr. Prenter, is meant by Labor Capitalism?"

"Labor Capitalism means," replied Mr. Prenter, "that we of the Brotherhood are tired of sitting on the Sidelines and seeing all the Cream go to Capital. We have, therefore, decided to sit in on the Game and get our Fair Share of the products of Labor's toil."

"But how can you do that," inquired the astonished Pestman, "and at the same time Save our Country from Socialism?"

"Our operations," haughtily and confidently replied Mr. Prenter, "have proven that Marx and Lenin knew less about Economics than Gene Debs and Bill Haywood knew about Unionism. Beside Myself and my lamented Predecessor, all four were Pikers. We know what we are Talking About and they Didn't. They refused to Sit in On the Game. We welcomed the Opportunity to do so. And, what are the Consequences? Look at our Magnificent Business Enterprises. Look at our Chain of Banks stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Look at our fellow Labor Statesmen rushing to

Get In On the Game before we get all the Gravy. Everywhere our Praise is being sung. Wall Street rings with Approval. All eyes are on Us because we have **Proven** that Labor can Sit In the Game with Capital and come out, not only with its Shirt-tails Intact, but with the Winnings. By so doing we have proved Marx and Lenin economic ignor-amuses, Socialism false, and Saved our Country. It, our Country I mean, not Labor, owes us a debt of Gratitude it can never repay. However, the idea of Pay Day never entered our minds. Our motto always has been and still is 'Service'."

"Marvellous! Marvellous!! Marvellous!!!" cried the Pestman. "Wall Street cannot allow the Brotherhood to get it where the Gobbler got the Axe! What a Remarkable thing Business Unionism is!" And he rushed off and wrote a Great Story all about it in the Pest.

But, sad to relate, hardly were the Bonuses on the Equitable equitably distributed than the Good Thing Blew up. Banks busted everywhere and so fast that Uncle Sam had to finally declare a Moratorium in favor of the Financiers and, not only did Florida and California "land values" Not reach the Sky Blue and Beyond limit predicted by the Great Economic Astrologer Arthur Brisbane, but they shot nadirwards with sickening rapidity, whole shoals of Gudgeons and Suckers dropping off the Shoestring on their way to the Bottomless Pit. It was horrible! In fact it was worse, for there were the Facts affirmed by Marx and Lenin, Debs and Haywood staring the Union Businessmen in the face and coldly asking: "Well, what are You going to do about it—Sell the Workers another Share in the Shell Game, or tell them the Truth: **that The System is Finished and that their only hope of salvation from wholesale starvation is through One Great Revolutionary Union that will forever end the Game of Grab and Gimme?**"

Moral

The Interests of Capitalist and Laborer may be Mutual, but, as the Sainted Redbeard hath said: "When the Lion and the Goat lie down together the Goat is usually inside the Lion." Yea, verily!

P. S.—Who ever heard of a Union of Goats binding themselves by Contract to help keep Lionism a Going Concern? Nobody. Unless they are two-legged, Goats ain't that dumb.

Everybody's Candidate

By Card No. X22063

We take great pleasure in introducing the Honorable Mr. Cureall, "Everybody's Candidate" for the office of President, Vice-President, Senator, Representative, and what have you. His colossal program for attending to everything at once in a manner guaranteeing to please everybody is, on this memorable occasion first given to the public.



Ladies and Gentlemen: The problems confronting us are many. It is my humble intention, as your servant, to solve them all. I shall solve the taxation problem by putting an end to all taxes. At the same time it is my intention to balance the national budget and to give each state and community from the surplus revenue of the government sufficient funds to balance their own budgets and to undertake any expenses that they deem necessary. I am prepared to guarantee honest, efficient, economical, businesslike government—and for the first time that such government has ever been offered to any people. I intend to drive the wolf from the door of every American home—put five cars in every garage if you want that many and seven chickens in every pot if you want that too—and thereby end this buyers' strike that is causing such grave concern to the business class of America.

Some may say that such objects, though worthy, are mere political promises, incapable of fulfillment, and mutually contradictory. Bear with me, ladies and gentlemen, and I shall show you that this is not so. This is a practical program—to cope with the many serious problems confronting us today, sweeping over us like a great tidal wave, and gnawing at the very roots of our civilization like a rat!

First of all—to balance our budget—to solve the problem of taxation by abolishing taxes—and at the

same time provide honest, efficient, businesslike, and economical government. The only way to do any of these things is to do them all. If elected I shall do them all by the simple expedient of abolishing the government.

In the place of our filibustering Senate and our House of Representatives, in the place of our coon-hunting vicepresident and our fishing president, in the place of all this complicated mechanism that has been built up by our forefathers to give us bigger and better headaches, I propose to substitute just one public officer. And to insure the preservation of that great democracy born on Bunker Hill and preserved at Gettysburg, he shall be elected by popular acclamation—and I shall run for the office. His title will alike manifest his outstanding position and his businesslike character, for he shall be called the Lord High Auctioneer, the only public official in American life.

It shall be his great duty to conduct an auction in the privilege of writing the laws of America. This auction shall be carried on in the presence of the public, and be broadcast over every network of the nation, thus assuring responsible honest operation of this greatly simplified government of ours. The question of a tariff on cane sugar is before us, let us say. Under this new dispensation the right to set that tariff will go to the highest bidder. Any economist will tell you that the cane

and beet sugar corporations will pay for this right under open competition, just what it is worth to them, no less and no more. Consequently they will have no kick coming. And since the price they pay will go into the public treasury, instead of as heretofore, into the pockets of the legislative bodies, the public that they gouge through such legislation will have no justified complaint either.

In short, instead of paying congressmen for the laws they want, they will pay the public treasury for the laws. Instead of the crooked, dark, and devious ways of the lobbyist and the politician, honest, public auctioneering will determine the result. Please, ladies and gentlemen, do not misunderstand me as considering that our politicians have been dishonest. They have been among the most exploited men in this country, giving the corporations laws worth far more than these corporations ever paid for them.

That is my program for honest, efficient, business-like economical government. It will save us the great overhead of having a government, by doing away with the government. It will provide unexampled revenues for the public treasury—so much revenue that no taxes will be needed, and thus there will be no tax problem, and there will be an abundance of funds to carry on great works for the public good.

* * *

We are in the midst of a great business recession. Our economic life is far more upset by the great Buyers' Strike than it has ever been upset by any strike of industrial labor. There is a simple remedy for this—a remedy that is nothing more than justice. We live in a great credit system, with the banks as the great agencies for administering this credit. All that I ask is that they administer it equitably.

I do not ask that they become unbusinesslike and give us money without proper evidence of credit—I merely ask that they treat all evidence of credit alike. With one great exception they already do this—but it is the great exception that causes this Buyers' Strike, this present Recession, and the recent Depression. This one great exception is this—while every other evidence of credit is honored at the banks, the most common evidence of credit—these little bills that we receive the first of each month in envelopes with windows in them—like this one from my butcher, and this one from my dentist, and this one from my grocer, and all the rest of these bills that have perplexed me sorely just as they perplex every other person receiving them—these are evidences of credit not respected by the banks. All that I ask is this: that a law be passed requiring the banks upon presentation of these bills, to cash them.

Think of the simple beauty of this arrangement! What objection would you have to getting these

bills, if you could take them down to the bank and cash them? What hesitation would you have to buy a car, and thus keep our auto industries running, if you knew that when the bill came, you could take it down to the bank to cash it, instead of having to pay it? And of course the banker would extend credit to the store for the amount of the bill, and the storekeeper accordingly benefit. The banker would send it in to a Federal Reserve bank, and so on, and so on, according to our practice with other evidences of credit. It is all so perfect, so complete, and withal, so simple. It is nothing more than justice to all, and special privileges to none. And it will solve the great economic problems confronting America today.

* * *

Now as to war. Since the Kellogg pact of 1928 we have been saved the great horror of seeing one nation declare war upon another. No war has been declared since that time—instead governments just send armies out to kill people elsewhere instead. Many are duly horrified at the daily reports we have heard from Abyssinia, Spain and China of the terrible suffering of the wounded, the agonies of the dying, the destruction of homes and whole cities. We all share this joint horror of war, and it is only partly mitigated by the assurance we receive from each one of the so-called aggressor nations, that their purpose and ideals in these military expeditions are among the noblest and most worthy that mankind could entertain. We are assured by many of the great leading minds that war is necessary to the full life of man, that pacifism would make us a pack of moral weaklings. This weighty consideration must be borne in mind in any attempt to cope with the problem of war or to determine our foreign relations as a great civilized nation in a community of nations. We are perpetually reminded that we cannot maintain the prestige of our country in a world of warriors if we too are not a warlike nation armed to the hilt. And that too is something to remember. Again our great industrialists and our great labor organizations like the great and glorious American Federation of Labor are mindful of the amount of industrial activity brought about by big-navy programs and by war in general. The great advantages of war in this respect beyond all other industrial activity, is beyond dispute—for no building of warships ever gluts the markets, and no war ever results in an overproduction of anything. Even this new labor organization that has appeared on our horizon, though not like its parent federation, as yet openly pledged to a greater navy program, has entered upon the field of our foreign relations, and urged a boycott upon Japan—the Chinese some years ago adopted the same policy with the present invigorating results that have so stimulated our scrap-iron and other industries. All these factors, I say, must be borne in mind, and with them the

horrible spectacle of the wounded and the dying, suffering the supreme agonies for the prestige of the governments that have thrown them at each other's throats.

I have a solution that meets all these considerations and warrants the hearty approval of us all—the man who objects to being shot, the man who objects to shooting others, the wife who objects to becoming a widow, the industrialist who seeks a market in war, the great labor organizations that also seek the stimulus of militarism to increase industrial activity, and the great minds and philosophers who appreciate the moral grandeur of men giving up their lives in war, and the necessity of belligerence to our integrity as a nation in a community of equally civilized and warlike nations.

I say, let America take the lead in this moral grandeur by starting a great Crusade in which all the nations can be allies fighting side by side, instead of against each other. In that way no one will be killed, which is a distinct advantage over any other type of war. To have an object to such a crusade, worthy of the great sacrifice of means and



materials, I propose that we rally the nations of the world for the Conquest of Atlantis, that great lost continent between the old world and the new! What could be a nobler vision! By what other enterprise could the glory of the stars and stripes be more enhanced! By what other means could American hegemony in the politics of the world at large be more readily achieved?

It would be a great Crusade in which not a single life need be lost. Sending our battle ships and tanks and great cannon to the bottom of the ocean is precisely what every pacifist has dreamed of as a "consumation devoutly to be wished"—and there would be no end to the market for war materials. The glory and grandeur of war would be there—the romance of the Crusade—and if perchance a general or two were left behind, what monuments and memorials we could raise to the great men who gave all in the Conquest of Atlantis! Lest any carping critic complain that there is nothing there for us, let me answer him in advance: What is there for us anywhere that we can get by war that we can't get much, much cheaper by buying it in the good old American way, instead of fighting for it, and then paying both the war debt and the previous owner for it afterwards?

* * *

These are the great problems confronting us, and my simple and fool-proof and eminently practical solutions for them. There are other problems, and I have solutions equally simple, and equally satisfactory to everybody, for all of them—for I am Everybody's Candidate for Everything. I cannot touch upon them all, and must content myself with this fundamental program of no taxes, balanced budget, abundance for all, cheap, honest, economical government, and a foreign policy for America that would be the glory of all time.

But as I was coming here this evening, I was approached by an old lady—a dear friend of mine—who besought me, with tears in her eyes to do something about the crime problem. She was not afraid that anyone would attack her, or rob her, or kidnap her, for she is old and has nothing of which she could be robbed. She is afraid that her son will become a criminal, for, as she tells me, her son "hangs around street-corners, and that is where gangsters and criminals are bred." So again I approach this problem of the crime wave in the same simple way with which I have coped with these other great problems. Since crime is born on the street corners, we will do away with the street corners, by making all the streets round like circles.

Remember, when election day comes around, that I am yours for a square deal. Thank you!

On Boring From Within

By
BERT RUSSELL

In which it is clearly shown that we cannot Build a new union by working inside an old one.

The advent of the C. I. O. on the American labor scene has been the grounds for the rebirth of scholastic arguments long thought crucified on the cross of experience and fittingly buried with the rest of the superstitions and myths of the primitive strivings of the wage workers. Aside from the possible immaculate conception of the Saviour, John L. Lewis—of his being born again after being bathed in the blood of refractory miners—the ghost which the Faithful are most ardently trying to blow life into, is the historically discredited doctrine of "Boring From Within."

Though at the danger of being burned at the stake as a materialistic heretic and non-believer in the revelations of St. Marx and his disciples, Lenin and Stalin, Hayes and Berger, Foster and Browder, a review of labor history in relation to this doctrine is in order. Experimental science of the twentieth century has more to offer us than has the jesuitical logic and dialectics of the dark ages.

As soon as the A. F. L. became the foremost labor organization of America, numerically if in no other way, the socialists set out to capture control of it to further party aims.

In 1893, they were successful in putting over in the A. F. L. convention a program including "the collective ownership by the people of all the means of production." But the following year, 1894, Gompers, opposed to the socialists, maneuvered successfully in having this rescinded. Apparently as compensation for this setback, the socialists were able to elect their candidate for president of the Federation. Gompers, however, resumed this position the following year.

This frustration, on the eve of success as it seemed, spurred the Socialist Labor Party to officially forsake the salvation of the A. F. L. and to promote the dual paper organization, the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance. A faction, however, tantalized by their near-success retained faith in changing the A. F. L. and the difference between the factions culminated in the formation of the Socialist Party, 1900, which adopted officially the policy of boring from within the A. F. L.

Socialists in the A. F. of L.

Despite their exorcism of dual unionism and wailing allegiance to the Federation, Gompers scorned the socialists and never missed a chance to give them a raking over the coals. But he was canny enough to use their support to counter-balance the

growing sentiment favoring the progressive groups which formed the I. W. W. in 1905.

The socialists' influence in the A. F. L. grew. In 1911, their candidate for president of the Federation, Hayes, received 5073 votes, against Gompers' 11,974. In 1912, the socialists lead the industrial union advocates in polling 5929 votes against the 10,934 craft union votes in the convention. Their party membership grew to 110,000 and votes polled in the presidential election, 1912, were 1,000,000.

The socialist leaders became impatient. The realization of a party similar to the German Social Democrat with its party funds, its officials and well paid jobs, its power to demand some of the political patronage-dispensing authority of the regular parties, was just around the proverbial corner. There seemed to be just one fly in the ointment to their quick ascendancy with A. F. L. support. Though the political parties were asked out of the I. W. W. in 1908, many members of the I. W. W. still placed some confidence in independent workers' political action and the means such a party offered in putting across working class propaganda. These members and their sympathizers maintained membership in the S. P. or supported it in other ways. Bill Haywood was a member of the S. P. executive board. This was a touchy problem in the party's relationship with the A. F. L. and as absolute proof of their loyalty to the principles of the A. F. L. the party convention, 1912, virtually ruled out the I. W. W. members. The I. W. W. members and their sympathizers left.

With this positive evidence of their good intentions, the socialist leaders turned hat in hand to the A. F. L. officials for praise and reward. They got none. The craft union officials figured it out this way: "If the socialists don't believe in interfering with our racket by running around with those I. W. W., and they promise to be faithful to us, what is the use of giving them anything? Any gifts we have to spare we had better give to those we are not so sure of."

From this time on the Socialist Party lost influence not only in the A. F. L. but as a political party.

Another Party Tries

The communists who after the war took up the boring from within methods had an even more dismal experience. Without the understanding bred from experience of the old socialists, steeped in the rule or ruin policy of the Moscow Messiahs, con-

trolled entirely by intellectuals out of touch with the working class, the communists did little but confuse and disrupt. Where they did gain success in taking over the officialdom of a union they milked the treasury for party funds; or the ones elected as officials promptly forgot their former radical views, if they ever had any, and used the powers in their hands for their individual good.

Aside from the political parties, boring from within had other advocates who had less influence. Foster's Syndicalist League seems to have exhausted itself by publishing the pamphlet "SYNDICALISM." Moreover, there is little evidence that even Foster himself was affected deeply with revolutionary syndicalism in his organizing activities in the lumber, steel and packing industries. He gained a seat in the officialdom and retained it at the price of endorsing and playing ball as official ball is played.

The anarchists followed the policy of each to his own individual conception, helping, obstructing, nullifying, and duplicating the work of others. As officials of unions their actions vary greatly from their ideals. We see anarchists on the executive board of the International Ladies Garment Workers fraternizing with politicians and working hand in hand with the state drawing up codes for the government to enforce.

It was not the labels of socialist, communist, anarchist, or syndicalist, with all their hysterically imagined implications, that accounted for the disappointing showing of the borers. Even those innocent of radical beliefs, those popularly referred to as liberals or progressives, failed equally as brilliantly to reform the conservative unions even the slightest. Those quaint persons, ex-wobs, ex-socialists, the ordinary run of scissorbills, who tell us that they are working for the same things as the I. W. W. but are doing it in a "different and better way" have nothing to show for all their efforts of pushing "good men" into the office of union leadership. After seeing their heroes one by one go the way of all flesh afflicted with piecarditis and exercise of authority, it must be plain to them that they are kidding no one but themselves and might just as well wave the red flag over their march to defeat.

Why Boring Fails

Why have all these groups and individuals failed to achieve the metamorphosis of the conservative unions into revolutionary industrial unions?

Primarily because a collective bargaining agency is an institution of capitalism and can function only in this way if it is to exist. Woven of and into the fabric of the "the catch as catch can, no holds barred" competitive system it functions as do all other capitalist institutions. Likened to a capitalist bank it may be more clearly shown. The function of a bank is to arrange debts in such a way that the investors are assured a profit on their investment. Now it is possible that a philanthropist could

be appointed as the official of the bank, but to carry into his every day banking operations his philanthropic ideas by loaning money without interest, or charitably cancelling debts, would inevitably lead to the destruction of the banking institution and not, as the borers from within assume, to a reform of the bank to a philanthropic institution. Aside from all doubt as to the bankers' sincerity and philanthropic integrity, the outcome is seen to be inevitable if the bank is to continue to operate.

So with the A. F. L., C. I. O., and other conservative unions. Allow for the sake of argument, radicals could be officials of the conservative unions. They could not put their radical policies into practice without destroying these capitalist collective bargaining agencies. Those who have attempted to do so with these outfits, at the expense of their functioning as collective bargaining agencies, have just sowed disruption and dissension and only by their removal or the changing of their ideas, have the organizations managed to survive. Look at the C. I. O.—A. F. L. rumpus and the weakness it has caused in the ranks of labor's collective bargaining agencies. The whole cause is, not as some would have us imagine, a fight between craft and industrial unionism, the attempt of political aspirant to make a collective bargaining agency function as something foreign to its nature, as a political vote catching machine.

Political parties are not interested in building revolutionary industrial unionism but are motivated in their boring from within relations to the conservative union by one thing; namely, the necessity of obtaining a secure mooring among the working population upon which to anchor their party.

Political Party Roots

Political parties must needs have their roots in an economic group, whether that party be republican, democrat, progressive or socialist. The two old line parties are rooted in the economic groups of the vested interests. Where so-called labor political parties have attained any degree of stability, as the Independent Labor Party in England and the Social Democrat parties in many countries of Europe, it has been only by sinking suckers into the necks of labor unions. The labor unions supply the blood and substance of these parties and only at the expense of their own health.

The labor union's role, in political party plans, is a source of campaign funds and as substantial evidence of their control of votes by which the labor politicians can bribe the old line parties for favors and some share in the political patronage of job dispensing for party lights. To gain this evidence of strength does not require building rank and file revolutionary industrial unionism. It merely requires the control of the officialdom of the labor unions. This is adequate for their political purposes. The training and education of the

union members to the benefits of rank and file control and the development of their abilities to control industry for their own use, as revolutionary industrial unionists propose, is not only superfluous to the needs of a political party but is an actual menace to its aims.

The exercise of rank and file control would nullify all the benefits of gaining control of the official machine. Even where the political partisans have appeared progressive by supporting the industrial form as a substitute for the craft form of unionism it has been merely as a political slogan or to facilitate better control of the members for the party when it should arise to official ascendancy. Their cries for the industrial form of unionism can be likened to the cuckoo advocating to other birds the building of good nests so that later on the cuckoo can lay its eggs in them.

For the run down at the heels intellectuals and aspiring ex-workers, the control of the finances and votes of the labor unions would make for the realization of their dream of a third party with well-paid jobs and authority to dispense patronage to the hangers on. Revolutionary industrial unionism would only blast the hopes of this political borer from within. If there was chance of this kind of success with this tactic they would not want it.

Speech Making Leaders

Foster depended for success on the methods that the syndicalists adopted in France, of gaining control of the official positions and passing resolutions and making speeches about revolutionary syndicalism. But syndicalists prove no different from the socialists and communists after being in office for any length of time; and in the land of Foster's inspiration, France, the C. G. T. officials were equal to Gompers and the Social Democrats of Germany in following the masters' wishes in regards the World War. A resolutionary-speech-making leadership does not make a revolutionary-feat-making rank and file, nor leadership either.

The pitfall to even temporary success of the borers from within appears to be the contaminating effects of the spoils of office, the exercise of authority and high salaries. Even their venerated prophet, St. Karl, did not reveal a revolutionary nostrum for the poisonous effect of officialdom, and it remains the dragon on guard against the Knights of the Bore. Man will protect a woman from everyone but himself, it is said. The opportunist will protect the interests of the rank and file likewise.

Any influence that the political borers have attained in their activities has been while they were tacitly supporting dual unionism. The high of the socialist influence was in the '90s when the ghost of the Knights of Labor was not entirely laid to rest and up to 1912 while they were still friendly to the I. W. W. The communists have time and again tried to bolster their prestige by forming dual unions and then running them back into the A. F. L. both before and with the T. U. U. L.

splurge. And even their present prestige, such as it is, is only because of the dualism of the C. I. O. Immediately the S. P. cut itself off from the I. W. W. officially its influence waned. And without doubt, on the consummation of the C. I. O.—A. F. L. peace the communists will go as flat as a pricked balloon. And they know it and will stand in the way of such a peace.

But without organization not even situations favorable to getting to first base with their political ball can be taken advantage of as has been shown conclusively in the development of the C. I. O. Even though the progressive elements and those who know what the score is, far outnumbered them; the politicians control by dint of their organization.

Whoever would influence the conservative union member must, as history shows, have organization, avoid all contact with the germs of officialdom and promote dual unionism. But even then, it still remains that a capitalist institution, whether bank or labor union, cannot become a revolutionary institution or even part of the new society. Such an attempt would destroy the institution, as the politicians are doing with the A. F. L.—C. I. O. without building anything to take over whatever functions are necessary to the working people.

The Job on Hand

Neither the banks nor collective bargaining agencies need be the objects of destructive intentions. As capitalism is destroying itself, so it is destroying the institutions that make it up. The job on hand is to build the structure of the institutions that will carry on when capitalism sinks to its doom. Therefore, it could not be a dual organization, as the C. I. O. is dual to the A. F. L., but would be of entirely different structure and aims, not attempting to duplicate the capitalist functions of conservative unions. In short, it would be the Industrial Workers of the World. The material for this purpose is at hand, the resources, the working men and women.

To destroy any of the institutions of capitalism, whether they be the A. F. L.—C. I. O. financial institutions or industrial administrative agencies, without having first built an organization structure to carry on whatever necessary functions these institutions were caring for, as well as to carry on the new responsibilities of the new conditions, is to court disaster as surely as it would be to tear down an old house before a new structure has been built in which to move. To bore from within the old structure in an attempt to build a new one is fruitless. But while in the old structure, we can build the new one by its side and the necessary arrangements can be quickly completed when the old capitalist system and its institutions, the banks, the industrial administrative agencies and collective bargaining agencies collapse in decay.

"By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

The "Uncontrollables" in Spain

By SOPHIA FAGIN

These last few days you have been reading—with a great deal of interest, I am sure, the newspaper accounts of the fighting going on in Teruel. You have been cheered by every victory, especially in the light of the long period of military failures from which the loyalists are now emerging.

But regardless how concerned you may have been about news from the front, if you were dependent upon the ordinary sources of information, I am almost positive that you are not familiar with the nature of the military leader whose division is responsible for the decisive loyalist victory. His name is Vivencos. Before the revolt of Franco, he was a transport worker in Barcelona, and an active member in the anarcho-syndicalist movement—the CNT. When Franco revolted, Vivencos joined the other thousands of CNT men in their march to wrest Aragon from fascist clutches, after they had crushed fascism in Barcelona and the rest of Catalonia.

It was not long before his courage and innate ability as a fighter were recognized, and he became the commander of a column of 200 men. As the war went on, the prestige of his column rose to its present status which is second to none in the military ranks of the loyalist forces. Certainly, you will agree, others who have done less have gotten greater commendation; but the nature in which the news is repressed and the sources from which it is gotten have so worked that the knowledge of this man and many more like him are kept from the reading public.

The extent of this conspiracy of silence can be estimated if we recognized that the majority of the military leaders on the Aragon front are anarcho-syndicalists. Yet, if your only source of information about syndicalism in Spain is the capitalist, or the Communist (Stalinist) press, or even often the liberal journals, you are likely to associate the term anarcho-syndicalist with the word "uncontrollable."

At the beginning of the struggle, when reporters got their information from more direct sources, or through direct observation, the tone of the articles of liberal writers about anarcho-syndicalists in Spain was somewhat different. Now when "information" is merely the interpretation of some intermediate agency, it has often little relation to the facts.

One of the reasons I want to discuss the Spanish

labor organization, the CNT, is that it is so completely misunderstood, and the cooperative weakness of the corresponding organization in this country does not successfully counteract the misinformation by other partisans. It has thus come to pass that the militants of the CNT-FAI, the most realistic and fervent anti-fascist fighters—those who recognize that only through a revolution in the rear can the war be carried out successfully in the front and its victories gather significance—it is they against whom the slogan "uncontrollable" has been often directed.

The origin of the slogan is not clear; its natural habitat seems to be in the communist, liberal, and capitalist press. It is a dirty and dangerous word because it has no limits and is so ill-defined that you can use it against anyone whom you cannot control, regardless of the nature of your control or how it is opposed. It is like the slogan, "slacker" used against conscientious objectors during the World War—it means nothing special, but generates a great deal of heat and no light.

Another reason for which I wish to discuss the anarcho-syndicalists in Spain, is that they were among the first to oppose fascism on the battlefield of Spain and they did so with such a complete fearlessness that Ralph Bates, the English novelist and their political critic has had to say, the proverb for impossible bravery in the future must be "as brave as a Spanish anarchist."

Moreover, their influence was probably the greatest single force in the Spanish labor movement, and their teaching determined the tone of all Spanish radicalism.

And finally I want to talk about them because their efforts at social reconstruction have met with much material and moral success among the masses of the Spanish people, and they have begun a trend toward the liberation of all Spain. They are creating a new revolutionary pattern which does not make oppression a *sina qua non* of liberation, and dictatorship a first step to social and economic democracy. . .

* * *

On July 19, 1936, as we all know, one of the very popular undeclared wars of modern history, broke out in Spain. It took the form of a military uprising of the army generals, who compensated for their lack of home talent with Italian brigades,

German war machinery and the paid donations of the Moorish Mohammedans—all generously offered to save Christianity from the infidel and politics from the radical.

But for many previous centuries, another undeclared war has constantly been fought, now overtly, now covertly, on Spanish soil—a war less publicized, it is true, but none the less serious; a war with as bloody battles, as significant international complications, as complete an alignment of forces. And this other undeclared war, this basic undeclared war—is the CLASS WAR!

In Spain the war of the classes was particularly acute. The peasants lived as peons, or oriental farm hands, on the vast properties of the feudal lords. It was no unusual thing for them to hunt weeds and dry grasses as their only nourishment in the frequent times of famine. The industrial workers likewise suffered under extremely low living standards and the numbers of unemployed were high. Reliable authorities of every political complexion assert that Spain's middle class was so small as to be almost negligible.

On the opposite side in the class struggle there were the three parasitical classes of the church, the army and the aristocracy. The Spanish catholic church has a long history of wealth and reaction. In Spain there was one priest to every 900 in the population, a figure to be compared with Italy's one to every 20,000. The Church has been the chief capitalist, landlord and banker of Spain. As the greatest landowner, it naturally has opposed all land reform. As an investor in industrial enterprises, and the leading banker, it fought the organization of labor. Down to 1931, it controlled at least half of Spain's meagre school system, and with 45 per cent of the people illiterate (compared with about 4 per cent in France) the church opposed every educational improvement. The moral disgrace of the church is testified to by the selling of papal indulgences at a few pesetas each; (and when signed by an arch-bishop they could be had at bargain prices in stores announcing, "Bulas are cheap today"); their unpopularity is further evidenced by the fact that the typical dirty joke in Spain, corresponding to our "travelling salesman" number here, is about a priest. (Small wonder that every uprising for the last 100 years has involved the burning of churches and the killing of clericals!)

The army was equally degenerate. Its only function since the 16th and 17th centuries when Spain was the great colonial power has been to suppress internal disorders and to provide an officers' caste as a catch-all for the idle sons of the rich. Its ratio of officers to men is about three times as high as in the French army. Completing the lineup on the side of reaction is the aristocracy—the absentee landowners, the few industrialists, the remains of a nobility—all entirely dissociated from the Spanish masses.

Anytime the workers or peasants tried to im-

prove their miserable conditions (and their uprisings were frequent) landlord, clergy and army ganged-up together to preserve law and order and wage slavery. When the republican government came to power for the second time in 1936 through legitimate electoral channels, and mildly and vaguely threatened their hegemony, the army officers decided that things had gone too far; this despite the fact that the first republican government of 1931-3 had done little more than write a very pretty constitution of which even a mild democrat has admitted:

"The proclamation of a republic and the adoption of a constitution again settled nothing. The old feudalism remained. The village bosses—the caciques—still held their power, the Church still controlled wealth and education, the monarchists still dominated the army, the wealthy few still owned the land."*

It is true that this government and the popular front government had made some effort to gradually relieve the army of its topheavy useless officialdom, but the half-hearted nature of this rejection is amply described in that realistic novel by Elliott Paul called *Life and Death in a Spanish Town*:

"When the government that succeeded Alfonso's was organized, Azana, who as president in the tragic days of 1936 was made Minister of War. He knew that the Spanish army had been built up by the monarchists to take care of sons and relatives and that of the inordinate number of officers there were few who were not hostile to republican ideas. Instead of disbanding the army, which was of no use except as a threat to free government, Azana proceeded more cautiously. He retired the officers who were most flagrantly hostile to his regime, but in order not to stir them up too much he consented to pay them their full wages as long as they lived. They had done practically nothing when they were on active service, but that did not satisfy their ideal. The prospect of full pay, and no work whatsoever, was alluring. It bolstered up their disrespect of a government of the people and made them feel that their enemies, the people, were afraid of them." (p. 37-8)

So we find one of their number, General Sanjurjo going to Berlin in 1936 to discuss ways and means with Mr. Hitler, and returning a few weeks before the uprising. We find workers organizations constantly warning the government of the militaristic plot but the government knew these men personally, and felt "They couldn't—they wouldn't—do this to us," and therefore ordering neither arrest nor dismissal of any of the militarists who were conspiring; the government thereby permitted the barracks, the churches, the palace and some of the

*Hubert C. Herring, *Spain, Battleground of Democ. Social Action.*

offices of the State to be converted into centres of conspiracy and they prevented the arming of the proletariat. Many provinces in Spain fell into the hands of the rebels because the civic governors did not have orders from the government to give arms to the people.

Thus we return to our starting point in the morning of July 19, 1936, with fascist troops marching into Barcelona, the nerve center of the industrial capital of Spain. The militarists reckoned on having a two-or-three day job, involving the wiping out of the most vital region of Spanish territory and the habitat of the most revolutionary workers in Spain. But they reckoned without their host. When the military emerged early that Sabbath morning from their barracks and the churches in which they were the guests, the workers rose from their slumbers, rose to the occasion and militantly and successfully defeated the trained armies with their miraculous enthusiasm, their crude weapons, their bare hands. And on the morrow, when the professional soldiers have been routed, and their civilian accomplices—especially the factory owners—have escaped, the workers must continue production on their own initiative. They must supply and strengthen Spain so that the struggle against fascism may continue. And the only avenue left open to them is to socialize industries. Thus the revolution comes to Catalonia, and in varying degree to the rest of Spain—in the form of a war measure.

The workers, who for many years had dreamed of being their own masters, and learned and planned and fought for that dream, realized it in the first week of the fascist revolt; but socialization, freedom, equality are to them not merely war measures—they are life measures—the only way a people can survive and progress. The military uprising they saw as but a single item in the class war; victory in the battles of one meant success in the battles of the other. And so their slogan became, "War in the front; revolution in the rear."

The democratic republic had given them neither bread nor land nor security; it had not dared to antagonize the wealthy nor to crush the fascist plotters. It offered only the classic phrases of unity and liberty... and then procrastinated its way into complete debility. It did absolutely nothing during the first days of the revolt but change ministers three times, try to keep the arms from the masses of the people whom they neither knew nor trusted. Could it be this the workers defend with their lives against such odds? Could they fight so spontaneously, so fiercely merely to return to the conditions before the rebellion?

No they couldn't. Even Companys, head of the Catalonian Generality, recognized in which direction the wind was blowing:

"Some republicans still believe, still dream of the possibility of establishing a political and social panorama similar to that which existed before July 19. This only demonstrates their

blindness or their lack of loyalty. I have said it before, and I repeat it, that the moment has come for the workers to take over political power . . ." (Info. bul. 1-5-37)

The policy of social reconstruction was advanced by that organization which contained approximately 90 per cent of the organized workers in the area first attacked. It had provided the leadership for the military offense and sacrificed its great comrades on the battlefield. It guided the syndicates in their conduct of the industries and agriculture after the revolt was quelled. It was the united revolutionary working class of Catalonia, Aragon, the Levante. It was the anarcho-syndicalist CNT.

Background

Let us pause for a moment to review the history and the ideals of the labor organization of the National Confederation of Labor (CNT) and its ideological leadership in the Iberian Anarchist Federation (FAI). Spain has traditionally been the home of anarchism, from the time when the seeds of non-authoritarian communism were planted in Spanish soil by Bakunin, way back in the middle of last century. From then until 1910 when the CNT was formally organized from the various anarchistic sections of the Spanish labor movement, its active partisans have gained expert inside information about the jails of Spain and lived much of their public life "sub rosa."

Both the terror of the state and the teaching of the anarchists made a pure and simple trade unionism impossible in Spain. Thus the CNT's aim was two-fold: 1. Under capitalism, to raise the material and cultural level of workers and peasants by direct action and the education of the masses; 2. the establishment of a new society based on libertarian communism, stressing not the conquest of political power but the conquest of the land, factories, means of production and the natural resources. It has constantly taught the workers that to turn to the state—be it autocratic or democratic—to establish advantages for the worker, is to misorient their struggles and to dissipate their energies; for the purpose and the *raison d'etre* of the state is to protect the interests of the class which is economically dominant, and therefore to suppress the workers. Rather has it counselled its members that through direct action alone is social betterment to be sought and social revolution to be accomplished. By direct action of the workers themselves—in their syndicates and communities—rather than by the dictatorship of a political party, however revolutionary, is society to be organized after the revolution.

Federalism rather than bureaucracy is not only the theory for the post-revolutionary society, but the pattern for the organization of the CNT in practice; thus the CNT is constructed from the bottom up, and much stress is laid on the autonomy of the separate syndicates. Paid officials

there are, but only in the large unions were the work requires more than volunteer labor. Officers are elected for only one year, and their remuneration is strictly the same as that of the workers in the respective trades.

Recognizing that the Spanish social transformation is impossible without the peasantry and the intellectual worker, the CNT unifies peasants, agriculture workers and white collar workers also—to the total tune of about 1½ million workers in pre-July 19th Spain. There were approximately 7,000,000 workers in Spain then and about 1 million of them were organized in the other strong labor organization—the UGT, which is led by the social democrats. (If space permitted we would present a more complete picture of the Spanish situation—and perhaps a fairer one—by describing the UGT and other organizations—however small and unimportant—in the labor movement there.)

Before the present events the CNT and FAI published not only their daily papers in Madrid and Barcelona but about 40 weeklies and 5 monthly reviews. To say the anarcho-syndicalists were completely dominant in Catalonia means that they organizationally controlled the region which contained ¾ of Spanish industry, one half of its wealth, and a large per cent of the Spanish population.

The slightest acquaintance with the role of the anarcho-syndicalists in their destruction of attacking fascism and their construction of a new society should serve to destroy any superstition of them as wild-eyed visionaries, adrift on a cloud of idealism. A superficial knowledge of their tolerance, their most sincere efforts at unity with other anti-fascist forces should serve to dispel any of the stereotypes of them as irresponsible bomb-throwing maniacs.

They Take Over

We have already seen how the revolutionary change in economic relations in certain parts of Spain was a *sine-qua-non* of continuing the war, and recognized as such even by the traditional opponents of socialization. But the people of Spain and the CNT were not content to wait for government requests that people continue Spanish industry and agriculture. (In fact, many of these so-called requests did not come until the people themselves had already made the required changes in ownership and production.)

Work on the social front was carried on with that same spontaneity, enthusiasm, and success as that on the military front. During the first months of the war we can recall reading one after the other inspired and astonished accounts of how industry, agriculture, and transportation, under the aegis of largely autonomous workers groups, flourished and progressed.

Let us take as an example of these accounts an article which appeared in the New Republic about

one year ago, written by the international journalist, Mr. Ravage. He tells us that the CNT took over the railroads in Catalonia directly after the rebellion, and that for the first time in his long acquaintance with Spanish travelling conditions, trains were running on time. The CNT management in the railroads immediately increased the rolling stock 25 per cent, doubled wages, reduced hours—and on top of all, were able to reduce fares. With all these, they were breaking even by February 2, 1937, and preparing to save for an amortization reserve. The workers' control committees, he continues, enjoy evident autonomy; in every plant, shop or office—especially in the numerous enterprises where there are both CNT and UGT workers, debates go on constantly. Of these Mr. Ravage says, "Their educative value to speak of no other, can hardly be overestimated. They removed the threat of discord." They had their final fruit in the pact between the two labor-union federations signed on October 22, 1936.

Unfortunately, time does not permit our indulging in many descriptive accounts of socialization in production, though the stories of the new life—in fishermen's villages and textile mills, in orange orchards and ammunition factories are all inspiring. Everywhere there has been possible a reduction of hours of labor required, and an increase in wages; everywhere volunteer labor works cheerfully far beyond the number of hours settled for.

Some notion of the extent of this accomplishment comes from the recent Daily News press dispatch that the Catalonian factories, running 24 hours a day, provide more than one half the war materials made in Spain for the loyalists; moreover, the CNT declares that ¾ of the land in Catalonia, Levante and Aragon is collectivized; no more than this amount because the CNT does not want to force the workers.

Libertarian in Practice

Here we get a clue of the libertarian nature of the entire social revolution. The stories of forced collectivization that have been circulated around by certain of the press seem to have no foundation in fact. In every proclamation of collectivization one can read there is a special clause noting that small producers are privileged to work outside of the collective, if they wish; that members who have joined the collective may leave after the harvest if they so desire. This is no war communism that will have to be corrected and completely contradicted several years hence by a "new economic policy." This is no nationalization, with some distant central government sending the local syndicate an order stipulating the number of hours to be worked or how the crop is to be raised.

The autonomous but federated communities go about the humble task of eliminating insects in the orange orchards with the same earnestness and skill with which they met the task of destroying

the fascist invaders in their territories. Local councils regulate money content of wages in relation to prevailing prices, but try to get uniformity throughout in the "real" wage. Wages are increased for those having family dependents at set rates. About the problem of having a uniform policy on this matter throughout the country, or at least the province, the CNT spokesman talk in their typical manner:

"Although the anarcho-syndicalist unions are in the majority in the province of Levante, they still recognize the need of coming to an understanding with the socialist unions on this plan. For this purpose, the convention recommends an intensive campaign of agitation and propaganda so as to persuade the backward workers who are still swayed by Marxist ideas."

So much for the theory and practice of the syndicalists on problems of economic adjustment. Another of the great sources of misunderstanding about the attitudes and actions of the Spanish unions is that of their stand on the problem of militarism, defense, the single command. There is a widespread notion that anarcho-syndicalists are by principle opposed to the unified command, which is related to the general feeling that they oppose organization of all kind and admit no sort of discipline.

The actual fact of the matter is that the syndicalists were the first to clamor for the unified command. In the first few months of the war we find them declaring:

"All the weakness in the organization of the anti-fascist troops are due to:

1. Shortage of armament and ammunition;
2. Lack of a common plan of war operations at all fronts;
3. Lack of unified command." (Info. Bul. 11-2-36).

What they definitely do not want, however, is a command which is dissociated from the workers or not responsible to them. They want no chance for a new military dictator to be nursed in the ranks of the anti-fascists. They want the general military headquarters to be composed of all the anti-fascist sections, and matters of policy to be referred to this headquarters.

To learn the syndicalist position regarding discipline in the ranks of the anti-fascists we can turn to no more authoritative source than Benvenuto Durruti, whose soldiers were admittedly among the bravest, whose slogan was "We never retreat," and on whom rests much of the credit for the defense of Madrid in the first months of the war. He was a leader in the moments of peace between the fighting just as he was at the front, for Durruti's battalion is known for success it had in socializing every town it passed through on the way to the front. The column would help the local organizations to establish economic councils and coordinate the work of the syndicates or communities. Of the problem of discipline, Durruti said,

"Much is said about, but little is understood. In my opinion, discipline is respect for one's own responsibility. I oppose the barrack-discipline, leading to brutality, hate and automatism. But I also deny this false 'liberty' which does not correspond to the necessities of the war, and usually is the excuse of the coward. In our organization of the CNT the best discipline reigns, because our members have confidence in the comrades represented in their Committee, whom they have entrusted with the right of leadership. In war time one must submit to the chosen leader. Otherwise war operations are impossible." (Info. Bul. 10-15-36).

That he was successful in carrying out this sort of discipline is testified to by this statement of one of his militamen, made at Durruti's funeral:

"Durruti was no general, he was our comrade. Not a very decorative position, but in this proletarian column popularity is not exploited. There is only one idea: Victory and Revolution!

. . . Durruti's greatness was due to the fact that he hardly ever commanded but always educated. The comrades used to go to his tent—after his return to the front line. He explained and discussed the reason for his operations to them. Durruti did not command, he convinced. Only by conviction, a clear and precise action is guaranteed. Everyone of us knows the reason for his action and is convinced of its necessity.

Thus everyone wants to obtain the best results of his action, at any price. Comrade Durruti gave the example . . ."

Then the same militiaman explains how everywhere the column of Durruti advanced, they collectivized, and

"When resting in villages, the column forms a community with the inhabitants. In former times one used to say army and people, or even the army against the people. Today there are only a fighting and working proletariat. They both form an inseparable unity. The militia is a proletarian factor, its character and its organization are proletarian and must remain so. The militas are exponents of the class struggle."

On the Battlefields

Another long-nourished misunderstanding, springing this time from slander, and entirely unbased in fact, is the claim that the anarchists, especially in Catalonia, were reluctant to go to the front, and preferred to stay at the rear, and as it has sometimes been put, "toy with the revolution." Moreover, this libel continues, the syndicalists kept the arms from the front and saved them for the fight behind the lines with other anti-fascist elements. This is not, at least at its primary sources, a mere misunderstanding—it's a downright

*) Memorial booklet for Durruti, pp. 24-26.

sources, a mere misunderstanding—it's a downright lie.

Perhaps the first, and one of the most well known and heroic marches of the syndicalists into other parts of Spain was Durruti's leadership, which we have just described, of a column of 9000 through the Aragon front into Madrid—with not a defeat to their record. Vivencos (whom we talked about at the opening of this discussion), Jover, Ortiz and many other anarcho-syndicalist leaders and their batallions have from the first days of the revolt fought on fronts near and far from their homes. The Libertarian Youth Organization of Catalonia has repeatedly urged the Government to send them into battle. "We are tired of waiting for a command to go to the front," they have insisted. Yet the conspiracy of silence permits the old delusion about "anarchist" slackers to go on. Whatever delusions there may remain on the anarcho-syndicalist attitude on the subject of mobilization must be dissipated by the reading of the program put out in February of last year by the Peninsular Committee of the FAI on mobilization:

1. Mobilization of all men and women capable of war activities. For this purpose and with this aim in view, should be suppressed all activities which do not assist in the prosecution of war, especially de luxe entertainments and mere frivolities, in view of the fact that men in the trenches are often short of bare necessities.
2. All arms to be sent to the front, and all armed to be employed only on war jobs.
3. All idle gold or other metals should be delivered up to the War department, or should even be confiscated if the necessities of war require it.
4. All organizations of workers and anti-fascists should pool their funds in a common stock to be used for means of the war.
5. A unified command of all fronts, and all ministries under the control of the syndical organizations." (Info. Bul. 2-25-37).

I would prefer not to go into the details of the May uprising which has been so inadequately and incorrectly presented as a revolt in the rear on the part of the "uncontrollables." I will omit also the stealing—on a forged order—of tanks by the communists and the placing of these behind the lines—and not for use at the front!—in the Voroshilov barracks: all of which occurred before the so-called uprising of the uncontrollables and the mythical fifth column.

It should be abundantly clear now that what the syndicalists opposed was the building of an army that was divorced from the people; the placing of the control in the rear in the hands of the old police, rather than in the workers' guard, and the use of the slogan "unified command" to build a bureaucracy which would crush all that opposed it.

Humanitarian Principles

If we pass from the anarchist position on defense and militarism to the attitude on repression of their enemies and "justice," we again are heartened by the humaneness of their approach. The theory of it is well expressed by Santillan, a long-time spokesman for the FAI-CNT and although later a member of the Catalonian cabinet and minister of economy, always an open critic of the practices and policies of the workers' organizations in control:

"Society has a right to protect itself against those who attack its interests. But what benefit does society get from a delinquent shut up in a cell for months and years? In the prison cells and in the prison yards I used to think about the stupid penal system of the bourgeoisie and the State. In what way have we modified or revolutionized this system . . . ?

"I have been present, since July 19th, at the execution of military traitors. I have even commanded firing squads. I do not repent having done so. But today, when our comrades seem to have become accustomed to the idea that the only solution for a prisoner is to shoot him, I wish to revindicate my independence to tell you that it is time for us to think what we are doing . . . As a disciplined militant as long as the organization does not dispose otherwise, I shall approve all the sentences dictated by the popular courts, but I want to have the right to exclaim at any time that the jails do not convince me, the executions do not convince me, and that I am not convinced by the perpetuation of the old penal system. I want a new form of punishment and I don't find anything more adequate for those who have never worked than their re-education for useful labor. Instead of sentencing an enemy to 30 years of prison I would sentence him to build 10 km. of public highways, or plant 100,000 or 200,000 trees."*)

Despite Santillan's criticism the comparatively humane and scientific penal practice in Spain has won the appreciation of non-partisan observers of all sorts.

The syndicalist attitude toward government and its adjustment to the revolutionary situation has brought vituperations of every sort and from all kinds of critics—some from its own ranks. Before discussing the concrete problems of Spanish syndicalism within the last year and a half, it is perhaps wise to state clearly what form of organization of society is planned for in syndicalist theory.

There is an erroneous and widespread prejudice that anarchists reject organization completely. This is true to a very limited extent only among a very limited number of individualist anarchists. Syndicalist-anarchists especially, recognize the need for organization, as the very existence of the CNT testifies.

*) Santillan, *After the Revolution*, p. 118-9.

Union Control

The anarcho-syndicalist plan for the organization of the new society is, as we noted before, pre-vised in the present organization of the CNT. The ideal is one of a society of federated, autonomous syndicates in the towns and cities and communities in the villages. Every member of society is to be organized into some syndicate, even the public service workers and the military. This prevents any alienation from the workers and the workers' organizations of the army, the police force, etc.

Now, all syndicates are represented in the central committee of the labor organization, whose function is to take care of those problems which cannot be locally determined. Every effort is made to avoid bureaucracy in this organ, and preventative measures include: short terms, no higher wages than the workers in the corresponding industry, direct responsibility, and federalism rather than centralism.

The extent of autonomy in the local organ is very important in distinguishing libertarian communism from authoritarian communism. Wherever possible the individual syndicate is the authority in its area. When a problem is the concern of all, it must be referred to the national committee. Policy is determined not by the national committee but when a decision is made, the disciplined militant is expected to follow it, as you have seen from the quotations from Durruti and Santillan. There is no more guarantee that he will follow it than there is that there will be no split in the various and sundry Marxian parties.

One of the differences between libertarian notions of discipline and the so-called "revolutionary discipline" of the Marxists is that the syndicalists retain always the right of criticism, regardless how the vote goes. Santillan's quote abundantly illustrated this.

The anarcho-syndicalist, does not have a "repressive state" as such. Repression of a sort, must and does exist in the transition to libertarian communism. But it is largely a matter of degree and point of emphasis that distinguishes it from the repression of an authoritarian state, be it bourgeois or "proletarian." Probably the fact that the anarchistic person is a humanist, that he emphasizes the individual—his integrity, the development of himself, as being all-important, the end toward which every effort is directed; the fact that he never loses sight of the proposition that to sacrifice an individual for the sake of the masses is to brutalize the individuals in the mass—at least to some extent, accounts for the anarchists' peculiar reluctance to repress.

There is always thorough representation to those of different opinions who have a common aim; thus, when anarcho-syndicalists were dominant in Gijon (to the score of a 90 per cent majority of the people) they turned over representation on

the Gijon economic council to every organization on the basis of its existence, rather than in terms of the number of its following. You will recall also, the selection quoted on the decision regarding uniform wages in the Levante, where the minority group is consulted despite its small numbers.

Now if the revolutionary syndicalist organization is not able to gain the support of the workers it cannot accomplish a revolution over their heads by constituting itself a repressive state. One must have the potential support of the widest masses of people before any revolution can be successful. This does not mean that one sits around and waits for unanimous vote of approval on the social revolution; it means that one does not—largely because one cannot—accomplish a revolution of the society thereafter, unless the support of the masses is behind one. That is why, although one strives to get all the workers into the anarcho-syndicalist organization, one must—if different factions do exist—give representation to all of them.

If on the basis of this discussion you wish to regard your national committee of all syndicates as a political power, there is nothing to prevent you from doing so. The syndicalists generally prefer to think of it as an administration of things rather than a government of the people. (This; of course, can only be approximated at the present time).

Position on the State

The bourgeois state to the syndicalist is merely, as it is to the Marxist, an executive committee of the dominant class, and can therefore not be used to bring about the destruction of this class. In the pre-revolutionary situation you are to ignore the state and its machinery; for to use it is to divide your efforts that might better be expended in building a strong labor union movement, and to misdirect the attentions of the workers.

Now let us review what the anarcho-syndicalists actually have done in Spain and how their actions square, or fail to square, with their theories. And regardless what are our personal attitudes, on concrete situations, we must agree that if the fact does not coincide with the theory, one or both must be modified; and if they both continue unmodified, along side of each other, confusion results.

Before the revolt, and during the February elections which ushered in the popular front regime, the CNT and FAI did not carry on their usual anti-election campaign. They permitted, for the first time in their history, the question of voting to be a matter of individual conscience. While we can see how the tenseness of the situation and the conspicuous differences between a fascist government and one where some modicum of freedom is permitted might be a strong temptation to make a choice, we do not see how voting, on the part of an anarcho-syndicalist can be reconciled

with his convictions regarding the nature of the bourgeois state and the political process.

Actually the elections made little difference in the struggle for power, for if the workers did not disregard them, the fascists did; and regardless which side would have been elected, the dominance of the fascists could only be checked in a military struggle. The popular front government did not even offer (as its protagonists claim) a breathing spell or a preparation for better resisting the fascists.

It is true that the prisons were opened and 30,000 political prisoners released, and that much land was decreed to the land-starved peasants. But there were both spontaneous unofficial moves on the part of the workers themselves. After they had been accomplished, the government, seeing that the workers meant business, came in tardily and passed decrees OK'ing these steps.

At the outbreak of the revolt, as we have noted before, the Popular Front government was completely bankrupt. It did not predict the uprising, it did not prepare for it, and what is more culpable, it sabotaged those who were prepared to fight by refusing them arms. What was true of the central government was also true of the local governments. And so, after the first days of the rebellion, economic councils of workers and Committees of Public Safety and Defence arose and took care of all the new business and all the old business of the localities. The actual governments were only theoretical; they were a sort of a rubber stamp to be added automatically after things had been decided on in other bodies. No one came to the governments for advice or permission.

Labor unions increased in membership, because the only way to have a say in what was going on was to be a member of one of the unions. The labor organization stamped your passport and distributed your food and contributed to your militias. Non-workers accepted steps like socialization because there was no alternative way to keep them fed and clothed, and protected from fascism.

The justification of the entrance of the anarcho-syndicalists in these economic and defense councils seems to me to be contingent entirely upon the composition of these councils. When these were representative of the workers and soldiers—that is, a replacement of the parliamentary-geographical state—their participation seems to me to be an honest fulfillment of their aims—for they would thereby be joining with other workers to assure the victory of the revolution. As soon as these organizations gained, however, the membership of parties with no bond in any syndicate or agricultural organization—and from that step became adjuncts to the state, participation by anarcho-syndicalists seems to me to be a violation of theory.

In all their propaganda the anarcho-syndicalists were clamoring for an all-Spanish Defence Council

or Economic Council which would coordinate the local organizations of that sort already in existence and make possible a unified command. But while this was being publicized, the Madrid government gradually sputtered its way back into existence. It found ready loyalty among the small numbers of the bourgeois and the communists, who though almost insignificant in number were extremely bold and articulate and seemed to hold in the palm of their hand the key to Russian aid of Spain.

They traded on the vestiges of a revolutionary reputation to achieve prominence and bourgeois support on the slogans of unity and a democratic program. The CNT recognized that to antagonize these anti-fascist parties might have meant to incur harm in the war and sabotage at the rear. The CNT-FAI apparently took the war against fascism more seriously than other organizations and individuals who devote much of their time to mouthing slogans and discovering plots, fifth columns, and nests of uncontrollables.

Their desire for anti-fascist unity determined the position of the anarchists. Subsequent events make it clear however, that the structure of this organization, rendered possible (though not inevitable) the hegemony of political groups, non-representative of the masses of the people. When that became abundantly clear to the anarchists, they moved out; and have since refused to collaborate with the Negrin government.

The anarcho-syndicalists refuse to stuff anything down the necks of the workers, even if that thing be revolutionary unionism. Yet their propaganda against the Negrin government must go on, along with their fight against fascism. That they are not slighting the latter is testified to by their constant activity at the front. That they must not slight their work of exposure of the Negrin government, not only to save Spain for after the war, but to have her win the war, should be clear to all.

No civil war can be carried on for so long a time without some definite hope and proof of social ameliorization for the volunteer fighters. But Negrin declares:

"Economic reforms, which have been carried out in Spain since the beginning of the civil war, have been accomplished according to the law, and once the smoke has blown away it will be seen that they have gone no further than reforms already carried out in other countries which pass for being conservative strongholds. (Edgar Ansel Mower's article in *The News*, 9-22-37).

But this cannot be an expression of the sentiment of the people who so many times have risen in revolt and sacrificed the lives of their dearest so that Spain would be more than a "stronghold

(Continued on page 33)

WET BULB — DRY BULB

By
JAY EFFIE

What do new inventions add to the comfort and wellbeing of the working class? Not much, as this article on air conditioning shows.

Air-conditioning is being hailed as the latest advancement for the comfort and health of human beings. It is presented as further evidence that capitalism does provide the working class with the better things of life.

A small fan or cheap filter is now added to the familiar items which usually include the old jollop and the ceramic toilet bowl. A little reflection will show that these, as well as other benefits, are secondary or co-incidental and, in many instances no benefit at all.

Artificial Weather

The prime motive in creating artificial weather is to make profits. Most all worth-while installations are made for production or sales promotion purposes. Air-conditioning for industrial process has been employed for more than 30 years. The conditions to be maintained are governed by the requirements of the product. The science has been applied to more than 200 different products:—Textiles, rubber, films, paper, clay products, etc. Some require warm and moist conditions, others cold and dry. It may be for drying, fermentation, baking, or storage. Maximum production, not health or comfort is the object here. Only in rare instances where the efficiency of the occupants can be increased, do the workers get a break.

The biggest strides were made during the World War when increased capacity and out-put was a paramount concern. Much of the data gathered and facilities acquired during that slaughter is now incorporated in the equipment that supplies ocean breezes and mountain air in the homes of the upper crust.

Complete air-conditioning systems for guests and patrons of swanky hotels, stores, and restaurants are also being installed. Here the elite satisfy their desires in regal atmosphere. Haile Sallasie with attendants waving palm leaves on a broom handle is poor by comparison.

Banks and loan offices are also being equipped. One of the first portable cooling units this writer knows of went into a bookie joint. The suckers are given soothing comfort such as comes from the wings of a vampire fanning its victim. A warm show in the winter or a cool matinee in the summer at one of the higher priced theatres is more justifiable. Here the total comfort of a large audience is more equal to the profits of the owners.

A Boost to Prosperity?

To many people air-conditioning has become a magic expression. Back in 1930 or '31, Hoover looked to air-conditioning as an avenue leading back to the prosperity to which we had been accustomed—thereby prolonging the profit system, as the automobile industry had done.

His forecast started a mild rush to the new industrial frontier—the capitalists looking for markets and the workers looking for jobs.

A well-known home appliance company came out with a small gadget selling for \$13.50 that would do everything—even to adding ozone. Others would revitalize the air with a wad of metallic wool in the stove pipe. Haberdashers' windows displayed air-conditioned hats and underwear. "To protect the public" the real weather makers took measures to inform that air-conditioning embodies the control of temperature, humidity, purity, and movement of the air.

"Comfort cooling" is a more recent term that takes in less territory. Real comfort cooling is an expensive proposition.

To meet more purses, attic fans that cool with night air, have been introduced. Electric companies have enclosed literature with the meter bill to household customers. Tests show these fans are comparatively satisfactory where climate conditions and room arrangements are suitable. Pulling down the shades on hot sunny days, remains the proletarian system.

A system called the "By-Pass" is patented. It is a system whereby a fee is paid for using the same air over again. It may make Selden, who years ago got a rake-off on every "self-propelled vehicle," look like a chump.

More Work But Not More Jobs

The best that workers can expect from air-conditioning is more work. Trade schools and technical institutes have enrolled thousands of young men for training in this field which combines heating and ventilating with refrigeration.

More work, however, does not necessarily call for more workers. Many are doomed to disappointment and the heart-breaks that go with failure to attain the coveted jobs. What is needed is more effort to get "the works" not work. Reconditioning our social order is of greater importance than air-conditioning. Line up.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The I.W.W. is a labor union, its work lies in the industries. When its members are not on the job they are trying to get there, primarily, of course, because they like other workers have to work to live; but also because they are bent on introducing unionism—the right kind—to all the workers of the world.

Unionism that doesn't aim at organizing all the workers is a puny sort. It may, for a time, by cooperating with employers achieve success, but in the end pressure from the army of workers it excludes will break down the barriers it has erected for the protection of a comparative few. The unionism of the future—and it is needed today—will be broad and big enough to include the workers of all the industries; and that means that it will eventually spread over the world, in complete disregard of the political boundaries that divide the people of the world into mutually hostile nations. That's the scope of labor organization in industry as the I.W.W. sees it.

What Real Unionism Demands

There is a type of unionism which, while agreeing theoretically at least to the proposition that all workers must be organized, would limit the scope of its demands on industry to what it calls a fair wage and security for workers. Aside from the fact that this dream of security under capitalism is utterly impossible of realization, it is plainly nothing but a slave's conception of an ideal slavery. A condition in which the workers, like cattle, machinery, and materials will be taken care of by a master class that clothes the practical business of exploiting slaves with humanitarian frills.

The I.W.W. is not deceived by the hazy promises of a servile security under capitalism. Its members know that capitalism has not made good as a provider for humanity and that now and in the future, as long as it lasts, it will prove less capable than ever before to protect the right to live and to enjoy life.

Whether capitalism breaks down of its own weight or not, the I.W.W. knows that it is the task of the workers, acting in their own interests individually and collectively, to take charge of

the machinery of production and distribution. That means the workers must be organized, not just to demand more wages from an employer but also to operate industry on their own. It goes almost without saying that this process of organizing must take place on the job, any job and every job. In other words, the transition from private ownership and control of industry to public ownership and worker control is the work of a labor union organization and not for any other.

It is reasonably clear too, that unless a large part of the working class is prepared to take over its new duty of management or, at any rate, has some considerable preparation for the task, no matter what happens to the present economic structure they will not be able to profit for themselves. Willing or unwilling to be subject to a master class, if they are unprepared to take over when a great crisis causes the closing down of industry because no profits are to be made for the owners, the workers will still be slaves; masterless slaves begging for a master. If the workers don't want to, or are unable to rule themselves it is certain there will be some one to take over the job.

At this point it may be necessary to remind that whoever, or whatever class takes over the industries, will be the ruling power. Will it be the state? Will it be a few super-trusts? Or is it possible to turn time back a century and re-establish the small scale ownership of an earlier capitalism? Or, finally, will it be the working class, the industrial workers of the world, organized in one big union, that will take command?

The last question is already partly answered in the preceding paragraph. It won't be the workers who take over unless they are prepared.

The Preparation

Now, no amount of theoretical education will enable the workers to get this preparation. What is needed is education on the job and, especially in the job branch meeting where job questions are discussed and decisions made by the workers themselves. Workers who have learned how to handle sensibly the immediate problems that confront them in the every day struggle are far advanced in the

kind of schooling most needed in the big job of taking over the world for the workers.

When the functioning job branch is part of an industrial union, and the industrial union is part of the one big union, the Industrial Workers of the World, then we have the set-up that is required to meet any situation that can ever arise in the struggle of class against class. What the workers of modern industry can't do through such an organization is not worth doing at all.

Well, the structure of that organization is here. It has many functioning branches where members are learning daily how to fight effectively to gain the things now within reach, from the employers while at the same time they are preparing themselves, though not always consciously, for the time when the working class will get along without employers.

What is needed now is more members in this organization, more functioning job branches, more workers learning through practical experience that when organized properly they have a power their employers are bound to respect; a power that will one day grow to such proportions that it will sweep wage slavery off the earth.

Help speed that day!

The "Uncontrollables" in Spain

(Continued from page 30)

of conservation." It is the expression of Negrin and his government. That government is a menace to the fighting people of Spain.

The Negrin government, representing the most backward and bourgeois elements in the country consistently fights the gains of socialization, tries to chain the army to its control, and flirts with the exiled industrialists to induce them to return to their old position of dominance. At the same time it betrays its non-democratic nature by its suppression of those who question its correctness and its motives.

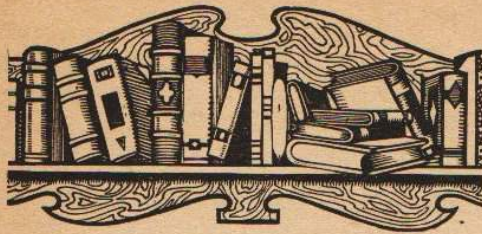
Those who teach against it, and yet fight valiantly at the front, those who may be ranked among the uncontrollables, represent the hope of Spain. Just as the war in Spain is not a private matter, but an international one, so is the revolution. Libertarian communism in Spain would mean impetus to social progress the world over! It would be a real threat to fascism, and an inspiration to those whose government is an insipid democracy.

HEAVE HO!

Come lend a hand, ye workers!
Quit begging them for doles,
Quit asking them for justice
Who've neither brains nor souls—
Heave ho, heave ho, ye workers!

Come lend a hand, yea workers!
Come help us end the cause
Of joblessness and hunger,
Of poverty and wars—
Heave ho, heave ho, ye workers!

Covami.



Assignment in Utopia — Wobblies One Meets There

Eugene Lyons's autobiography dealing mainly with Russia, entitled "Assignment in Utopia" (Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York), is just what William Allen White calls it, "a beautiful book." This is due, not only to its literary quality, but, despite the author's painful disillusionment, also to its ideal re-dedication.

Lyons was a United Press correspondent who was assigned to the land of Stalin from 1928 to 1934. He relates how, while there, he was, at first, a fanatical communist, protecting the alleged proletarian dictatorship and its supposedly great basic achievements, only, in the end, to be disillusioned, and to proclaim himself, not only a deceiver of self, but also of his American readers, all for the cause!

Following his spiritual revolt from a socialism, to paraphrase his own language, that professes to fill bellies only to slit them in behalf of tyranny that degrades a great idealism and a great people, Lyons re-dedicating himself to those human values and ideals of justice and liberty which had been his prior to his assignment in Russia.

It's a terrible picture Lyons paints of so-called Russian communism, one difficult of belief. In this respect his book is not beautiful, but as repulsive and as vile as the dictatorship which it depicts; a dictatorship at once inept and incompetent in all the arts, except those of intolerance and oppression in both of which it attains an unsurpassed excellence, according to Lyons. It makes gruesome reading.

What actually caused Lyons to write "Assignment in Utopia" Was it a journalistic flair for the sensational? Was it really a moral revulsion? Or was it, as some of his critics contend, a lack of guts peculiar to Utopians in critical periods requiring, to use the ruthless Bismarckian phrase, men of "Blood and Iron?" Possibly. But we hazard another guess, viz., his own pre-Russian psycho-

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Book Reviews

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By JUSTUS EBERT

logy, due, in great part, to his early contacts with the I. W. W. in this country.

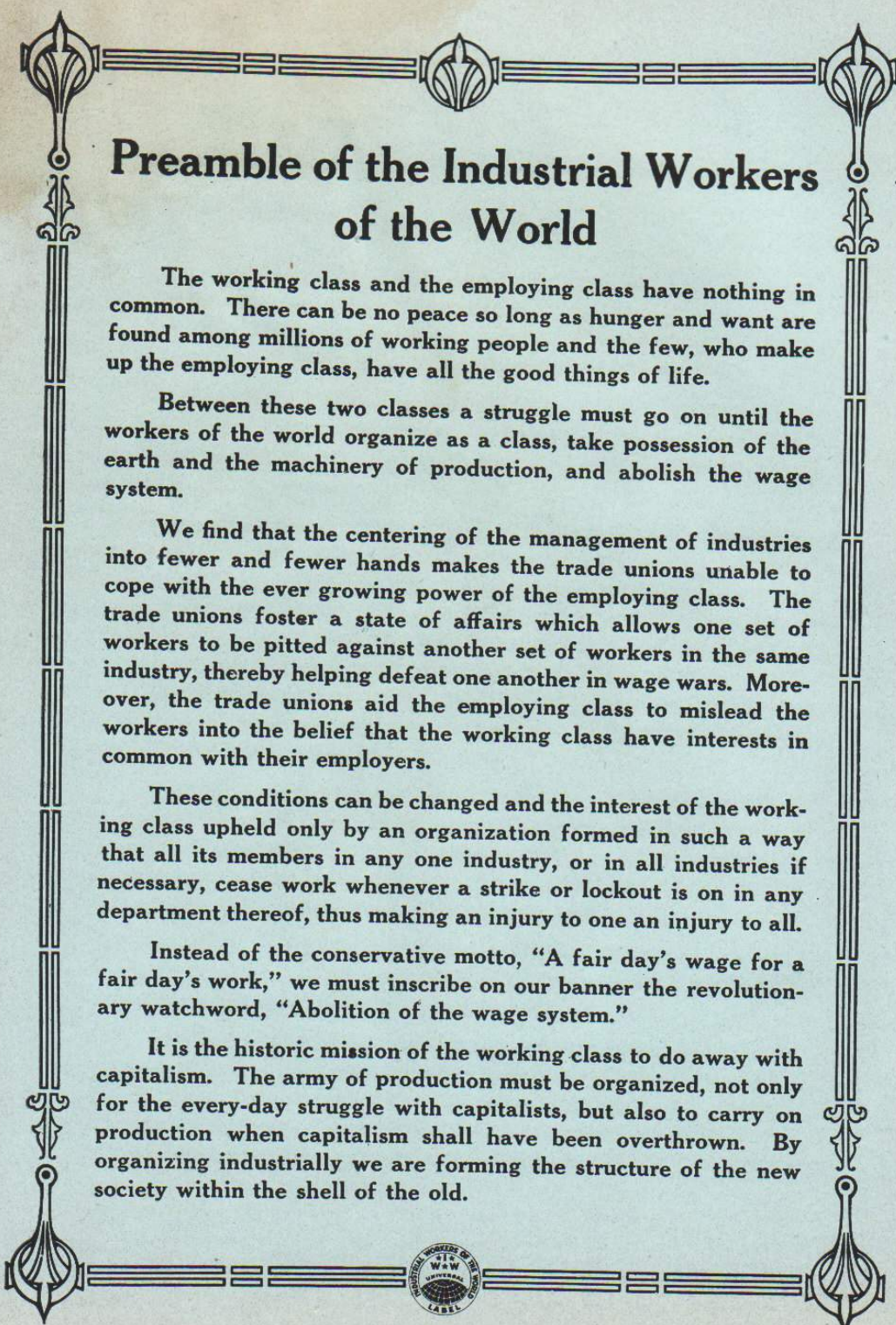
As he relates, before going to Russia to fill the United Press assignment, Lyons was a publicity man for a workers' defense league. As such he took part in the Krieger I. W. W. trial at Tulsa, Oklahoma and in the Sacco-Vanzetti trials, of which he wrote a book. In these trials, Lyons developed the humanitarian and libertarian ideals which he had previously acquired in East Side New York socialist Sunday schools. Apparently he could never divest himself of the deep sense of injustice thus imbibed in his formative years.

It is this aspect of his autobiography that makes Lyons's book interesting to old time wobblies. It contains well-drawn word pictures of Carlo Tresca, Vincent St. John, Fred Moore, Charles Krieger, John Beffel, all of whom he knew in the U. S. A.; and William D. Haywood, Bill Shatoff, George Andreytchine and Belinkes, whom he met in Russia.

Poor Bill Haywood! According to Lyons, "Out of one prison he had escaped into another prison. He was a pathetic ruin."

"Assignment in Utopia" is not pleasant reading for idealists. However, it is instructive reading for all who are not wedded to dictatorship, whether so-called proletarian, party or personal dictatorships. To us it proves that though revolution has a tremendously transforming effect, its defects in an undeveloped people cannot be so repaired by five or ten year plans dictatorially imposed upon them, as to make specialists of them. The psychology for such revolution must be inherent in conditions covering more extensive periods of development and growth. All else is appalling tragedy, as this book makes evident.

However, Lyons shows that "adventures in idealism" have a way of repeating themselves, as in his re-dedication, despite all self-disillusionment and tyranny to the contrary. This is the most beautiful thing in an otherwise sordid human history. Without it life would be hopeless.



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.





ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

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