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Fred Ellis

the struggle of 1848, the first outbursts of the proletarian movement were so completely drowned in the blood of the workers, that a whole generation was required before the revolutionary movement revived. Then came the Paris Commune. After the defeat of the Paris Commune, it was impossible to find a working-class family that was not bereaved. The extent of discouragement of the French proletariat was enormous. Nevertheless, hardly a decade passed before the French workers again rose to the struggle. Ten years after the Paris Commune, the French labor movement had recovered from the blows it had received. Recall the revolution in Russia of 1905. It too, was crushed and drowned in the blood of the workers. A serious crisis arose. The working class of Russia had to meet a stern enemy, but hardly a decade passed and the Russian proletariat was again on its feet and victoriously carrying on the fight.

The Working Class is not Defeated.

Turn now to Germany. Take the years 1918-1923. The German proletariat in that period fought for revolution. The fight went on not in a steady rising line, but with interruptions, severe losses and so on. Taking the European labor movement as a whole, the severest losses were suffered by the German proletariat during this time. But what do we observe today in Germany, a country passing through the zone of a certain stabilization of capitalism. Do we observe in the working class there anything similar to the state of complete discouragement and despair as we observed it in 1848 and 1871? Nothing of the kind. Considerable sections of the working class of Germany have retained their courage, have not lost stamina and under most difficult conditions unhesitatingly are following the Communist Party.

And what of the other countries—France, Czechoslovakia and Poland? Do we see there a defeated and crushed proletariat, which may arise for revolution only after many years? Nothing of the kind, the situation is quite different. The working class has only attempted to bring about revolution, but it has not yet fought the decisive battle. Not in a single country in Europe has the working class been so utterly defeated in battle that we shall have to wait for a new generation to grow up. We see merely that the forces of the working class have not yet matured sufficiently to win a victory over the bourgeoisie, but under no circumstance can it be said that the working class has lost its leaders, has been defeated, crushed and drowned in the wave of White Terror. The situation is altogether different in Hungary or Finland where White Terror reigned. But—and this is worth mentioning—even in countries like Hungary, Finland and Esthonia, in spite of the terror that has raged, only a few years are needed in order that the workers may rise to the battle again.

Comrades, I say all this in order to warn you against an incorrect estimation of the present political situation and the state of the international labor movement. We may admit that in a country where a year ago the revolutionary cauldron was seething, the situation today has ceased to be revolutionary. But this fact must not serve as an excuse for discouragement in our ranks. It should not lead us to believe that the whole of our question of the working class has been crushed as was the case in 1848 and in 1871.

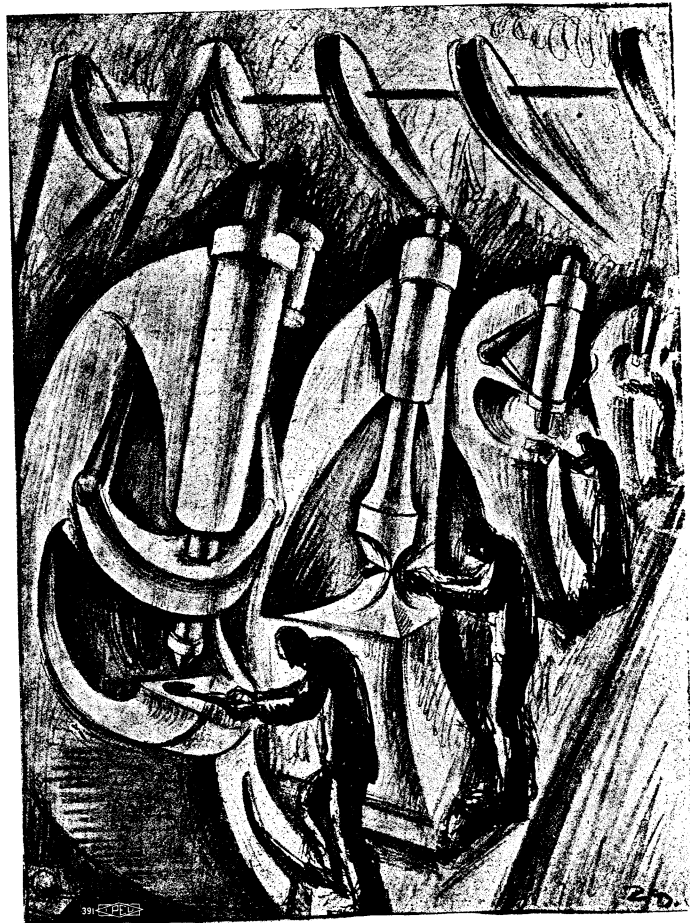
The Working Class has a Strong Revolutionary Base—the U. S. S. R.

I have written down seven points describing the peculiar features of the present moment in relation to the question that interests us.

In the period prior to 1917, the working class in each country fought isolately. Not in a single country during that period was a single more or less decisive victory of the proletariat recorded. What is the position today? Today, the international proletariat has achieved more or less conclusive victory in one country, I mean the U. S. S. R., representing a sixth part of the globe. It is of extreme importance that the international working class, that individual sections of the working class fighting against the world bourgeoisie, have a base, have a sort of revolutionary rear. This fact in itself is of world historical significance, and clearly shows that the present situation cannot be compared to the crises which occurred in 1848 and in 1871. Hence the first fact—victory, even if not final—of the working class in one country, is providing a revolutionary rear for the international proletariat.

The Orient Comes to the Aid of the World Proletariat.

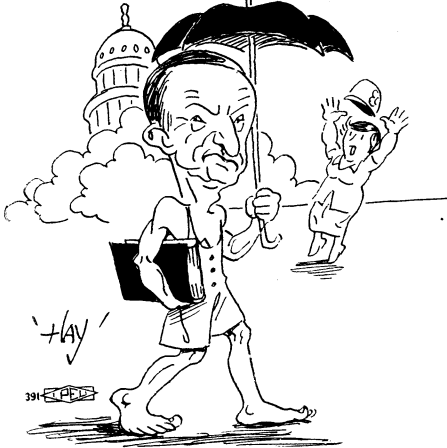
The second factor is the Orient. The Social Democrats tried to be witty at the expense of the allegedly naive people who are now setting out to bring about revo-



MACHINES AND SLAVES

G. Silzer.

SPRING & SUMMER ECONOMY STYLE
DEMONSTRATED BY OUR WASHINGTON
MANNIKIN!



Cartoons of the Month

By "Hay" Bales



MILLIONAIRE BRYAN
CRUCIFIED ON A
"CROSS OF GOLD"



The Awakening

I WAS sitting on the curb
In front of an employment office,
Down in the slave market,
Thinking.

A fellow handed me a magazine,
I looked at the pictures
And handed it to my pal.

He called my attention
To the picture of a fat capitalist
Beating a worker,
With a cat-o-nine-tails.

Bunk, he said;
They couldn't get away

With that stuff any more!
Of course not, said I.

Next day.
We got pinched in the railroad yards,
As we were trying to make a freight
To go to a job.

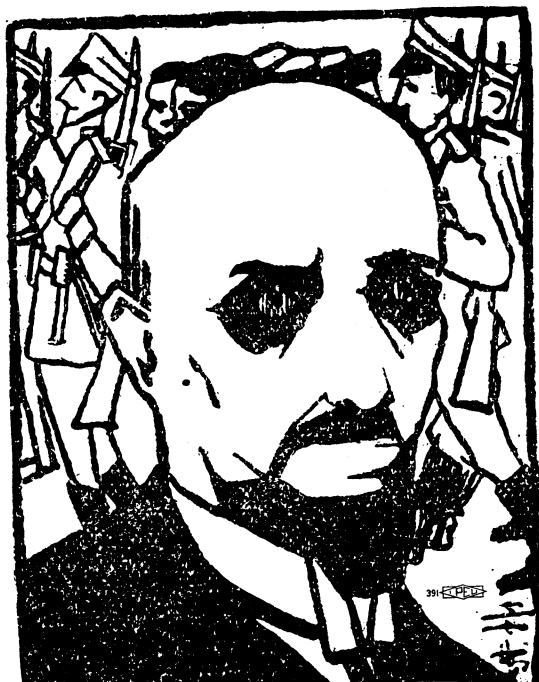
Now we are making little rocks out of big ones,
And a mean-looking guy is watching us;
And he wears a club and a gun,
And every once in a while he says:
Snap into it, and fingers his club.

I wish I could remember the name of that magazine.

—P. C. Sprague.

The Bulgarian Conflagration

By Max Shachtman



ZANKOV, SUPREME BUTCHER OF BULGARIA

IN a unique fit of truth, a European correspondent of the Chicago Tribune cables on the recent Bulgarian occurrences that "in the outburst of fury that followed the bomb outrage an army of police, militia and reserve officers searched out the most notorious Communists in Sofia and probably killed some 100 in cold blood."


This sadism of black reaction in Bulgaria is a continuation of almost unparalleled terrorism that has characterized the Zankov government since its victorious coup d'etat in June, 1923, when it overthrew the rule of the peasants' party led by Stambuliski. The wild acts of persecution that followed, especially after the failure of the Communist Party to issue the call of action to the workers and peasants, are incredible. Emile Vandervelde, one of the leaders of the Second International, has stated that the Zankov government has murdered 16,000 opponents in the last eighteen months. Every leader of the Communist Party, of the Peasants' Party, of the Macedonian national revolutionary movement, stands in daily danger of his life. Not even the sanctity of parliament has prevented the brutal murder of revolutionary deputies; even liberals, such as the lawyer, Patev, who defended the Communist deputy Dr. Maximov in court, are subjected to the bombs of assassins.

Throne of Reaction Shaky.

And yet not all this desperate terrorism has removed the towering difficulties that confront Zankov. In a country whose population numbers four million, there are over 100,

000 unemployed. Forty thousand civil servants have been fired; the partial eight-hour day which was won by the workers in the first years after the war has now been practically abolished; the wage of the workers goes swiftly along the decline, having decreased forty per cent in two years; the peasants, a good majority of whom had remained indifferent at the time of the coup against Stambuliski, have experienced

И. К. К. И.


Центральная Секция
ОТДЕЛА
ВНЕШНИХ СНОШЕНИЙ

19.....

№.....

МОСКВА.

THIS letterhead was used by the international forgery gang in fabricating the letter which serves Zankov's fiendish government as an excuse for the systematic massacre which it is now carrying on throughout Bulgaria. Purporting to contain "secret instructions" from Moscow to the Bulgarian Communists, it has been exposed by the London Daily Herald as a crude forgery emanating from the same sources which produced the famous "Zinoviev letter" in England. It masquerades as a communication from the Communist International, marked "absolutely secret, destroy after execution," giving elaborate directions for an insurrection on April 15.

Proof that this precious document is a brazen fake is contained in the letterhead itself which, translated from the Russian of the original, reads:

E. C. C. I.
CENTRAL SECTION
Department for Foreign Relations.

"Now such a paper never came out of the Comintern," points out the Daily Herald. "For the Comintern has no 'Department for Foreign Relations,' for the simple reason that it is an international organization, to which no country is more 'foreign' than another."

The document was not drawn up in Moscow but in Berlin. Evidence indicates that it is the handiwork of a former Wrangel officer named Gutschinski, now working as a secret agent and living at 96 Ansbacherstrasse, Berlin.

On the strength of this preposterous forgery two political parties—the Communists and the Peasant Party—are being indicted for murder and their leaders are being hunted down and shot like wild beasts.

a severe decline in agriculture and have had added to their burdens land taxes amounting to 340 million leva as compared to an income of three million leva in taxes from limited liability companies. And fifty foreign corporations are now engaged in exploiting the wealth and labor of the country.

Popular feeling rises daily to overthrow the shaking throne of Zankov. His ambitions to march on Bucharest and Belgrade are constantly balked by the revolutionary situation in his own domain. And so, every opportunity that can be found to wreak mass revenge against the Communists or Macedonian rebels is eagerly seized.

The bomb thrown in the cathedral of Sofia was such an opportunity.

Bulgarian Cauldron Boiling Over.

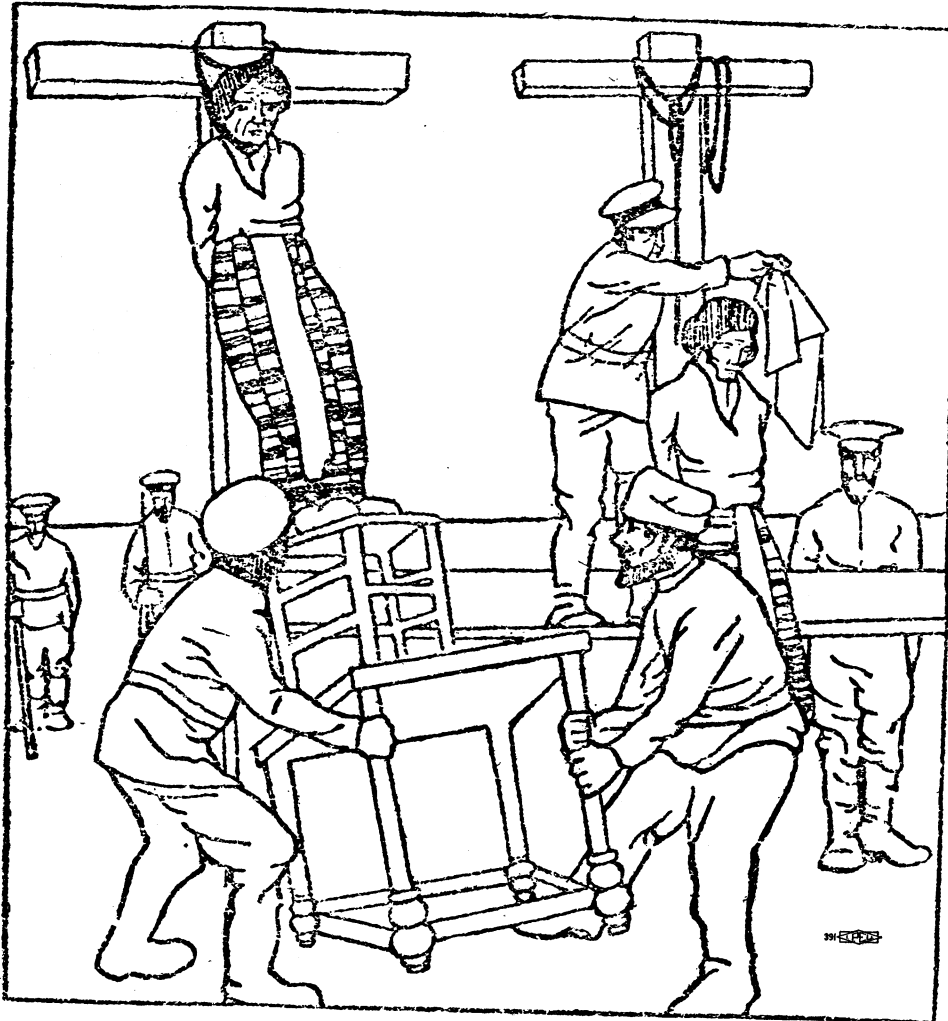
We need waste no tears over the two hundred that were killed there. Rage and horror over the thousands of noblest proletarian fighters murdered by the fascist camorra, and the thousands of others who still fill the dungeons with cries of anguish at the diabolical tortures that they un-

dergo, are a sufficiently strong deterrent. Suffice it to point out that it is ridiculous to ascribe the bomb-throwing to the Communists, one of whose historic struggles against anarchists has been the fight against individual terror. The deed was probably done by a group of Macedonian nationalists. But it is convenient to blame the Communists: it gives a formal excuse for a fresh wave of terror against them; it gives the international black press the opportunity to spew its bile in its hopeless efforts to prejudice forever the minds of the workers against the party of the revolution. On a much smaller scale the same thing was done when Professor Mileff was killed a few weeks ago: Two Communist deputies were immediately assassinated "in revenge"; a short time later the real murderer, a Macedonian revolutionary, was discovered.

But Zankov is involved in too many contradictions and difficulties, to settle them in this draconic but ineffective manner. It can be said that the Balkans, today more than ever, compose one huge boiling cauldron. The temporary alliances between essentially irreconcilable foes like Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece, cemented from time to time by the frantic allies who go into a cold sweat every time they think of an outburst in the Balkans, are weakened by trembling links; the national revolutionary aspirations of the Macedonians, Croatians, and the Bessarabians; the rising peasants' movements; and above all the Communist Parties.

Allies Aid Zankov Reaction.

The disintegration of the anti-Bolshevik united front in the Balkans is horror-inspiring to the allied imperialists. In almost every well-informed capitalist sheet it is admitted that a successful revolution in Bulgaria means the likelihood of the realization of the hopes of the Balkan Communist Federation for these many years; the union of Soviet Republics in the Balkans. Not only does this prospect terrify the entente, but it also cuts at the heart of its preparations for a new attack upon Soviet Russia. Not even the fear of playing into the hands of Zankov, whose ambition to overpower his lesser neighbors has been frustrated by lack of sufficient military force, has restrained the allies for a moment in their decision to prevent at all costs a Bolshevik revolt in Bulgaria. The request of Zankov to the Inter-Allied Military Commission that he be permitted to raise 10,000 "conscript volunteers" to suppress the Communist movement has already been granted. A



PEASANT WOMEN HANGED BY ZANKOV'S SOLDIERS

This picture is drawn directly from photographs which have reached this country depicting the reign of terror. The pictures themselves cannot be reproduced for technical reasons.

reign of terror, under the benevolent eyes of the entente, may be expected, the horrors of which may sicken even Europe.

The Social-Democratic Stink.

The scoundrelly role played by the Bulgarian social-democracy must be mentioned. When the Zankov regime rode into power it formed a coalition government with the so-called "broad" socialists, in which the latter remained for practically eight months, never uttering a single protest against the murderous acts of the government; in February, 1924, when they were no longer useful to Zankov, they were dismissed. Such a stink was raised by the putrid heart of the social-democracy that the Second International was obliged to try the Bulgarian Social-Democratic Party in Bucharest.

The Jugo-Slavian social-democrats demanded the expulsion of their Bulgarian comrades, but the upshot of the entire matter was a discreet silence.

Neither Zankov, nor the allies, and certainly not the despicable social-democrats, can prevent the persistent rise of the Bulgarian revolutionary movement, the incredible sacrifices and heroism of which will forever occupy one of the highest places in the monuments of working class struggle. The temporary stabilization of one or two countries of Central Europe has not cooled the volcanoes in other lands. The Bulgarian fire is burning fiercely now, and its color is red. Should the cauldron boil over the hot waters of revolution will spread swiftly and surely over Europe's historic section of turmoil, the Balkans.

Big Joe's Birthday

By Michael Gold

OTHERS got tired, others lost hope and shut their mouths,
or started little garages and grocery stores, found harbors of peace,

Others sold out, turned respectable labor leader, or politician
or foreman,

But Big Joe never shut his mouth, or turned respectable.

He stuck; the enemy nailed him to a hundred crosses, they
strangled him in a hundred prisons,

They spattered his body and soul with their machine-gun
fire of lies, beatings and persecutions,

His quieter friends thought Joe was wasting his life, his
wife grew discouraged, his children became Americanized and left him,

But Big Joe Connolly could never desert the labor movement,
The cords of birth still held him to his mother.

They tried to make a foreman of him once, but he turned
them down,

And once a silly District Attorney tried to buy Joe, but Joe
laughed at him in the prison.

And once they tried to frame him up with a woman, but he
laughed at the woman.

And once they tried to lynch him, they strung him up and let
him down, but they never made him show the yellow,

The cords of birth still bound him to his mother.

He never knew why he was loyal or why he would rather die
than desert the labor movement.

And thinkers would argue with him, and try to understand
his passion, but he could not explain it to them.

He could not explain that his mother had given him birth on
the stormy sea of poverty,

Where strong men had wept, knowing the bitter fate before
the child,

But his mother's faith shone like a light on a rock,

And she bred him to manhood, despite the black midnights
and steep waves of poverty,

And the cords of birth still bound him to his mother.

In the darkest city tenements she bred him.

The sun was quenched there, and failure lived in each room,

And landlords and bosses guarded the prison; there was no
escape.

But the gas-lit dungeons throbbed with his mother's fierce
chant,

"The Poor must not die! The Poor must live and be brave!"
So the cords of birth ever bound him to his mother.

Her back was twisted and bent with many loads, her hands
scarred by a thousand labors.

She was small, weak, kind, but dark and terrible as a jaguar
at times.

She sewed, swept, cooked, she never rested,
She took in washing, she stole wood and coal from the
railroad yards in winter,

When her man was killed, she did not despair, but went on
fighting,

And Big Joe loved her, and never forgot her after she died,
The years went by, jail-sentences, discords, strikes, defeats,
spies, thirty-five years of tragedy and hope in the labor
movement,

And the cords of birth still bound him to his mother.

Big Joe Connolly is fifty years old today.

And it is thirty-five years since he entered the labor move-
ment.

And the workers have brought a horseshoe of blood-red roses
to the union hall,

And they present it to Joe, who blushes behind his big gray
mustache like a school-boy,

And they shake his hand, punching him and hugging him like
huge brother-bears, showing him their rough love,

The pretty young girls kiss him, and the big, slow, kind
mothers in shawls smile as they clasp his hand,

The children climb his knees and grab his arms for affection,
And someone makes a rough speech, built of honest words
like bricks,

And Joe answers in a torrent of words like logs pouring down
a Maine river,

And the workers listen with tears in their eyes, glad that he
will be loyal to the grave,

And glad that the cords of birth still bind him to his mother.

Our Own Little League of Nations

By Manuel Gomez

WE have our own little League of Nations in the western world, with the Monroe Doctrine as its unratified but effective "protocol" and the U. S. government as supreme council, court of arbitration and police force rolled into one. Membership is obligatory for all Latin-American nations. The requirements are simple: unqualified submission to American imperialism.

It would be superfluous to dilate on the manifest advantages of this cozy little association. The beneficiaries are strictly limited but their gains are all the more abundant. Anybody in Wall Street can talk about them in glowing terms.

Tacna and Arica.

Take the case of Tacna and Arica for instance. For 45 years Chile and Peru have been at loggerheads over these two provinces, which Chile seized from Peru following the war of the 80's. The treaty of 1883 provided for a plebiscite within ten years but the plebiscite was never held: instead, Chile simply moved in, bag and baggage, carrying out a systematic policy of deporting Peruvians and importing Chileans.

What has all this got to do with Wall Street? Very simple. The financiers who control our government followed their time-honored policy of playing one nation off against the other. War preparations were speeded up. Costly armaments were disposed of to both nations by our munitions manufacturers. Military and naval "advisers" were kindly lent by our government, which having dispatched a fulsome corps of officers to Peru could scarcely do less for Chile. Diplomatic "influence" was exerted by our state department, amiably but decisively, in the well-known spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. Finally it appeared that the United States had so successfully insinuated itself into things that the dominant factor in the Tacna-Arica situation was neither Chile nor Peru, but Wall Street.

American Envoys Seized Advantage.

"The idea of 'arbitration,'" says Barron's Financial Weekly, "began to be harbored at both Santiago and Lima, where the American ambassadors quickly took advantage of the improved outlook. Secretary Hughes immediately dispatched notes to the two governments, offering to welcome their representatives in Washington to the end that such representatives might settle existing difficulties or arrange for their settlement by arbitration."

The invitation was not an invitation but a command. In due course the representatives arrived in Washington. But they were not prepared to abdicate their author-

ity entirely. The above-quoted financial weekly declares that "the disputants, having at their disposal the great prestige and efficiency of the United States department of state (!) chose to limit its co-operation to an interpretation of one article of the Ancon treaty, signed in 1883." Proving that while Latin-Americans may fail to appreciate the value of Yankee prestige and efficiency, they still have some sense left.

No Appeal from Coolidge!

But what are such diplomatic reservations in Our Own Little League of Nations? President Coolidge decided that a plebiscite must be held in Tacna and Arica and forthwith appointed General Pershing to take charge of carrying it out. Peru's protests were overruled with the curt reply that there could be no appeal from the decision. The plebiscite committee will meet in Tacna on Sept. 4.

Of course the plebiscite will favor Chile, which has been in possession of the territory for 45 years, has had complete control of press and schools and has to a considerable extent displaced the original Peruvian population by Chileans. But, as usual, the real beneficiary is Wall Street. Just as American policy in relation to Mexico is dominated by the consideration of oil, so American policy in the

south Pacific Coast area is determined by copper and nitrates. Chile is enormously rich in nitrates, her territory yielding \$173,000,000 worth of nitrate of soda yearly, which is 95 per cent of the world's mined supply. And the nitrate properties are controlled by Americans. The existence of this profitable mineral and its control by Americans has been the source of all the trouble between Peru and Bolivia on the one hand, and Chile on the other. American interests actually precipitated the war of 1879-82 which gave the nitrate fields to Chile and which started the feud over Tacna-Arica. The nitrate fields are situated in the north of Chile, in territory which she took outright from Peru and Bolivia in the war. Tacna-Arica lies still further to the north. It contains no nitrate, but it does contain the port of Arica, connected with the nitrate fields by direct railroad line, and a natural shipping center for nitrates.

How the War Started.

War broke out between Bolivia and Chile in 1878 following the refusal of the American-owned Chilean Nitrate Co. to pay the duty levied by the Bolivian government of 10 cents on each hundredweight of nitrate exported from Antofagasta. Peru was drawn in as an ally of Bolivia. In this



MAP SHOWING THE TACNA-ARICA DISTRICT

simple way did the American nitrate magnates solve their "taxation problems."

But American policy is many-sided. Peace has its victories no less than war. The United States now steps forward as the amiable pacifist, earnestly desirous of arbitrating between "the turbulent Latin-American nations." And all because Arica is a most important nitrate port, intimately linked up with the "Chilean" nitrate industry—so intimately that it would be a shame to have to pay an additional export tax, as would perhaps be the case if Arica should belong to Peru! Which explains President Coolidge's decision.

More serious than the decision itself is the implication that goes with it—the assumption of absolute authority over all the nations of the western hemisphere. The Monroe Doctrine licenses everything. Only the feeblest pretense is kept

up that this doctrine is now maintained to protect Latin-America against Europe. The Monroe Doctrine is the theoretical cornerstone of American imperialism, and all Latin-America knows it.

United Front Against Wall Street.

In weakly accepting the interference of the United States government in their affairs, the governments of Chile and Peru committed treason to the peoples of their respective countries. What is needed is not the dictates of a supreme arbiter which sets one nation against the other with the ultimate purpose of enslaving them both in its own private little league of subject nations, but an appeal to the solidarity of the Chilean and Peruvian peoples to join hands against the common exploiter.

At Last the Sphinx Speaks!



Lydia Gibson

A Series of War Lithographs

By Maurice Becker



FORT RILEY, AUGUST 25, 1918.

Introduction to Becker's Lithographs

By Roger Baldwin

MAURICE BECKER has drawn on the wealth of his own experience as a prisoner at Leavenworth to picture the drama of the conflict between military authority and the conscientious objectors. That drama was buried under the avalanche of propaganda against slackers. Few know the quiet heroism of the men who withstood the enormous forces arrayed against them. Only the devout faith of the sectarian Christians opposed to war and the revolutionary passion of the "politicals" could sustain them against ridicule, blandishments, torture and the dreary monotony of drab prison days.

Six conscientious objectors died in military prisons as a direct result of the treatment they got there. At least one, Ernest Gellert, committed suicide in a military camp as a protest against inhuman treatment and the futility of his

resistance. Many others contracted prison diseases. Some four or five men whom I knew personally were wrecked in mind and nerves, two of them permanently. Many more suffered for months after their release from the inevitable effect upon brain and nerve of the racking persecution, the dreary isolation, the weeks spent in dungeons on bread and water shackled to the bars of their doors.

It is this dark side of the objector's life in military camp and prison on which Maurice Becker's drawings throw such sharp light. His lines block out the central drama. He caught the conflict at the points where it was hottest and most brutal.

There is of course, another side to the story. There is the dauntlessness of the human spirits which rose above this brutality; who went through it smiling and serene. There was grim and laughing humor everywhere in the tragedy even in the midst of those tense days at Leavenworth when the objectors led the strike of 3,000 prisoners against intolerable conditions.

The Christian pacifists accepted their lot in befitting meekness. Their suffering and heroism for an old faith with-



FOUR HOURS IN THE SNOW—ERNEST GELLERT BEFORE HIS SUICIDE.

out relation to the modern class struggle was a marvel to the political objectors, who were rebellious and articulate. It was the political objectors who got their protests across the country, who led the hunger strikes in camp and the prisoners' strike at Leavenworth.

I came to know scores of these rebellious objectors during the two years we fought together for our rights against army tyranny. I visited camps and prisons. I saw the men and conditions first-hand. I had daily detailed reports of every event of importance. I wrestled with army men at Washington and in camps. I got well-rounded experience. My own brief imprisonment of a year as an objector was served in a comparatively comfortable civil prison in New Jersey about which I have no complaint. I speak, therefore, even more objectively of what my friends and comrades in the military prisons underwent.

Here as in other lands, so little seems to have come out of the valiant protest these men made. They testified dramatically to the inhumanity of the army, to the inevitable degradation of prison life, to the heartlessness of a system which will kill men to break their resistance to its authority. But the system goes on unchanged for their protest. Men are still shackled in the same dungeons; conscription is even more secure as a means for raising an army in time of war.

Yet two benefits have come out of the fire of this conflict. First, these few hundred men stood resolute either for



ORAL JAMES STATES THE CASE FOR 2,000 STRIKING PRISONERS—LEAVENWORTH, JAN. 1919.



IMMERSED IN FILTH OF LATRINES



Juanita Preval

“THE SUPREME COURT HAS DONE ITS BEST FOR US IN THE MATTER OF CHILD LABOR”
 (From a circular sent out by Cotton Manufacturers' Association)

A Dress Rehearsal For War

By T. J. O'Flaherty

CAPITALIST journalists grew lyrical as the steel armada of the United States steamed from its base to participate in the dress rehearsal for the coming war with Japan. A frenzy of jingoism swept through the capitalist editorial rooms of the nations as the floating bulldogs of Wall Street growled defiance at the foe on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. As the mighty monsters of steel churned the waters on their journey to the Hawaiian Islands, where the war games were to be held, American imperialism was serving notice that it was out to conquer the Pacific and would tolerate no rivals.

The Hawaiian Islands are situated in the middle of the Pacific. Though useful from a profit-making point of view,

it is because of their strategic value that the United States is so concerned about strengthening the islands' defense. They are distant 2,000 miles from San Francisco and 3,400 miles from Yokohama, Japan. Hawaii is 4,700 miles from Manila Bay and a little over 4,000 miles from Sydney, Australia. It is 3,850 miles from Auckland, New Zealand and 2,780 miles from the nearest point in Siberia. It is called the "Hub of the Pacific."

* * * *

The average American worker who takes the Constitution as seriously as he does the fiction that this is a free country for him, spurns the suggestion that the American government is the directing power of the lustiest and most powerful im-

well address is now as defunct as the declaration of independence and the clause in the Constitution guaranteeing the right of free speech and free assemblage. Finance capitalism claims the world as its country and to make profits its religion. The battleships are following the dollar. The American eagle is indeed the king of all predatory birds. It is out

to conquer the world. But there is a power it cannot conquer and that is the power of the working class which is growing up side by side with imperialism. And the advance guard of this mighty power is Soviet Russia which is girding its loins for the coming struggle between the forces of capitalism and labor for the conquest of the earth.

Herriot and the Heroic French Bourgeoisie

THE fall of the Herriot government in France writes a final chapter on the period of social pacifism symbolized by the Herriot-MacDonald combination in the forefront of European affairs. Herriot and his polite British colleague played the role of shock absorbers in the clash between the workers and their class enemies; they served capitalism well, by smoothing over the roughness of the class struggle and by helping to divert the aroused determination of the workers into illusory channels.

In connection with the switch from Herriot to the Painlevé-Briand-Caillaux ministry, three things come uppermost to mind: (1) the economic and financial breakdown of France; (2) the refusal of the French capitalists to bear any considerable share of the brunt of economic and financial rehabilitation; (3) the refusal of the Socialists to unite with the Communist Party in this situation to create a workers' and peasants' bloc against the bourgeois bloc.

Despite the crooked bookkeeping of a whole series of ministers of finance the French budget cannot be made to balance; the simple fact remains that revenue falls far short of expenditure. Through repeated borrowings, the national debt has been increased to ten times that of 1913. In the face of unprecedented inflation, the French franc continues to decline. Heroic measures are necessary if it is to be saved.

Nevertheless the bourgeoisie refuses to make any sacrifices. The French workers and peasants have seen the cost of living going up steadily, they have seen the conditions of labor reduced to desperate extremes, but capital and the big capitalists have remained untouched. Herriot's proposal for a tax on capital as the only way out met the united opposition of the financial oligarchy in France. That was the rock on which the policy of social pacifism foundered. Francois Marsal, the principal representative of high finance and heavy industry, made the attack which culminated in Herriot's resignation.



ON THE BILLOW

The situation showed itself in, and was itself in many aspects a reflection of an intensification of the direct clash of class forces in France. With the composition of the French chamber of deputies as it is, a thoroughgoing reversion to the extreme right was not possible. Another "left" cabinet was created, but in it was included no less prominent a figure of reaction than Aristide Briand. And of course Caillaux is included too. The French bourgeoisie saw in Caillaux the financial wizard in whom they were obliged to place their hopes; they were willing to forget all their wartime differences with this condemned "arch traitor" if only he would find some way to save the drowning franc, without interfering with their accumulated capital.

And what do the "Socialists" do when confronted with this new, fake grouping of the "left bloc?" They simply go along with it.

When the Communist Party proposes to make a united front with the Socialists and to create a workers' and peasants' bloc against the bourgeois bloc, the Socialist Party disdained to even send a reply.

—M. G.

to be practical, we must have labor banks, Hillman policies, etc.

Collaboration of classes is the practice that arises from the theory that the working class and the capitalist class have some common interests that enable them to work peacefully together to the benefit of both. This practice turns out to be, in reality, the surrender of the working class to the capitalist class, and its deliverance to the tender mercies of its enemy. It finds its institutional expression in the B. & O. Plan, labor banks in the present form, the Civic Federation, etc.

Hardman is a former Communist who is turning his talents toward helping confuse the workers as to what is the theory and practice of class collaboration, one who has become the handservant of reaction.

Nearing is a former liberal who is painfully fighting his way toward the position of Communism, of the relentless struggle of the working class for the overthrow of capitalism, but who has not worked out as yet all the implications of his position.

Class-conscious workers will know how to refute the sophistries of Hardman, accept the co-operation of Nearing and help to correct his errors, and continue to rally ever larger masses of the American working class for revolutionary struggle and against the vicious practices of class collaboration in the trade unions of this country.

Poems by Jim Waters

"CANNED"

TO hell with you!
You ain't the whole earth,
Not by a damn sight!

You sneak around shaking your fat paunch shouting:
"I'm losing money . . . hurry-up . . . pull-out . . .
"Step-on-it!" . . . and you "can" anybody that talks back.
I've seen your kind before—always losing money—
Riding in limousines, showing off on the golf links,
And talking open shop at the Union Club.
On Sunday you go to church and tell everybody
What a nice employer you are . . .
On Monday you go blue in the face cursing your men.
You can't bull-doze me!

To hell with you!
You ain't the whole earth,
Not by a damn sight!

SPRING POEM

SPRING is here
And the first rays of the sun
Slip fingers of warmth into the fetid slums;
The miasmal ooze of streets and alleys
Fills the nostrils with nauseous odors
That are vibrant with the music
Of thunderous church bells;
The tenements spew forth a flood of humanity,
Awkwardly dressed and solemn, that slips

Through the ducts of palatial churches;
At Fifth and Canal street,
The Rt., Reverend Percy Larder Livewell
Moves his hungry worshippers to tears
By pronouncing benedictions on the worthy,
And distorting his fat face in a caricature
Of the suffering and livid Christ.

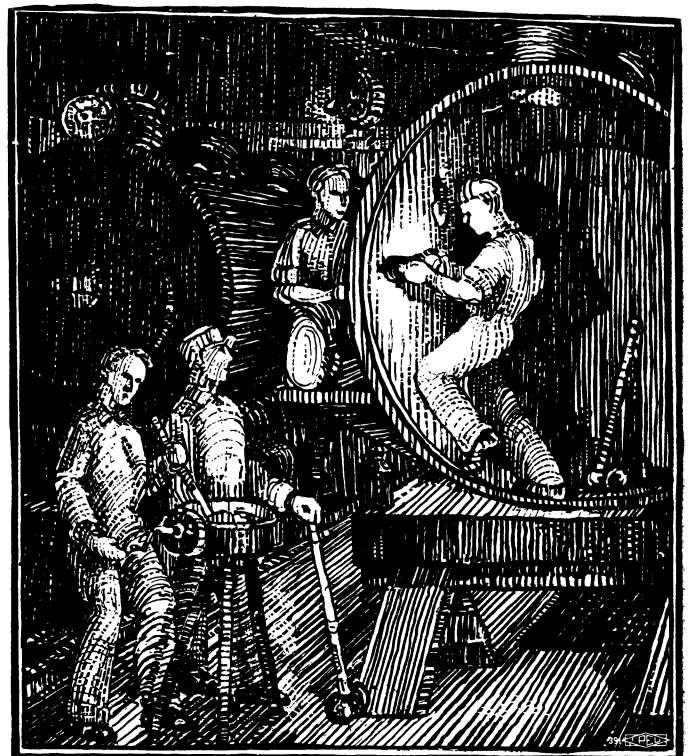
O, spring is here,
And the miasmal ooze of streets and alleys
Fills the nostrils with nauseous odors.

PUBLIC SQUARE (Cleveland, Ohio)

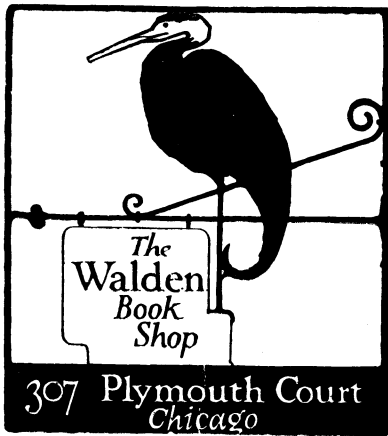
COME sit in my lap, and welcome,
You ragged sons of toil, you vagrant,
You prostitute, you drunk, you beggar;
I see more in you than objects for scorn:
You are red prayers, symbols of a new Dawn.

Come mount this rostrum, you radical;
Hurl your biting words of castigation
Into the sensitive flesh of smug plutocracy;
Fill the souls of these despised shards
With the rhythmic beat of revolt;
Your protesting voice means more to me
Than the labored rhetoric of politicians.

Come, gather here in welcome, my children,
For I am the Mother-heart of this city
Whose breast is aching with expectation.



Sylvester Jerreux



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