

The New Magazine

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Editor

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The Disarmament Conference



The Problem Is Not to Get Rid of Your Own Arms, But to "Get the Drop" on the Others.

What Kind of Blood This Morning?

THE QUARREL ABOUT THE WORLD COURT.

THE overwhelmingly dominant elements of American finance capital want to put the United States in as a regular member of the world court.

Some of America's capitalists want to **stay out**, and say some very hard things about the world court for that reason.

There is no question of whether the United States government is getting ready for the biggest war of history. There is no doubt that the United States government and the finance-capitalists whose political sub-committee the government is, are putting into execution vast plans for international exploitation which must be backed up with military force. Anyone who doubts this is in a class with those who write letters to Santa Claus. These interests conceive the entry of the United States into the world court to be necessary to their plans.

However, how do we account for the opposition of the Borah group in the United States senate and a considerable element of American finance-capital against the "European orientation"? Why these terrific denunciations of the "European entanglements" as voiced in the senate and in the newspapers of billionaire publishers? Are these people PACIFISTS? Certainly not.

Perhaps the best press representatives of this current are the Hearst newspapers and the Chicago Tribune. It is well known that Hearst drinks a quart of Japanese blood and a pint of the juice of Mexican laborers for breakfast.

As for the Chicago Tribune, it is perhaps the most frankly brutal exponent of the ideology of foreign military adventures. But

the Tribune (like the Hearst papers in this respect) does not take the orientation toward Europe. It turns its bloodshot eyes always toward the South and the Pacific.

That current in American imperialism for which the Tribune speaks is one which with especial belligerency claims Mexico as a colony of the United States. It is one which shrieks for a military establishment for the conquest of South America, and which is as eager as any to plunge into a world war in China and the Pacific, but which does not want to expend the strength of American militarism in Europe. It does not want the United States to enter the world court.

The Tribune seems to think that the orientation toward Europe will destroy or postpone its ambitions for the annexation of Mexico, the "glorious" conquest of every state in South America and the American strangulation of China. Apparently for this reason the Tribune engages now in attacks against the league of nations and the world court—as exemplified in an editorial of December 17:

"If the United States were being urged by the Standard Oil company, the International Harvester, the National City Bank of New York, the United States Steel corporation, etc., to adhere to the world court and to join the league of nations in order that this nation might declare itself a full partner in the divvy of the world's resources, the debate in the senate would have the virtue of recognizing the realities as they exist in these two organizations. America, gagged by the moralistic gas which has been pumped into its lungs, is asked to submit to a scheme which

(Continued on page 2)

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE WORLD COURT

(Continued from page 1)

has yet to do a thing not vital to the interests of its dominating members. And to submit as a credulous jack rabbit in a kennel of greyhounds.

"Atrocities Give Title.

"It is with considerable incredulity that we read the unanimous decision of the council to give the oil to Great Britain and the barren land to Turkey followed by the burst of indignation over Gen. Laidoner's report of the Turkish atrocities in Iraq. Iraq contains the oil. Incredulity that the realists of European empire should have had the face to predicate their decision upon a thing so remote from their considerations. When have atrocities disturbed these gentlemen except as they might happen where there were resources?

"Evidently the habit is so woven into the texture of modern exploitation that it cannot be hidden even when its appearance is farcical. To find a point of honor in a field of interest is the whole doctrine of modern land grabbing. . ."

But is the Tribune moralizing under the influence of the Christmas season? Not by a hell of a shot! She continues:

"Any one who searches for morals in history is possessed of an unconquerable illusion, and any one who seeks moral justification for a nation had better strictly limit the time for which he seeks it and be content when he finds that self-interest and morals happened to coincide. . ."

Is it possible, tho, that the group of American imperialists behind the Tribune is a group of anti-imperialists? Not at all. The editorial continues, and shows with the crudest directness just where the Tribune wants American troops to march—in South America and Mexico! The Monroe Doctrine as applied today is the program for the garrisoning of every South American and Mexican city with United States troops, and the shooting of all who resist, and the direct exploitation of Latin-American labor by United States capital. Says the Tribune:

"If we want a **HAPPY COMBINATION OF SELF-INTEREST AND MORAL OBLIGATION**, there it is, **EXPRESSED IN THE MONROE DOCTRINE**. It is as large an obligation as a nation ever undertook, and its consequences are found in the general well-being of the nations of two continents.

"The United States senate is being overpowered to depart from all the sound advice of statesmen who have gone before, from all the experience of the country, from all intelligent reading of history. It is being doped and driven into moral indorsement of and moral responsibility for a scheme which worked out under Dyer at Amritsar, under Sarrail at Damascus, which is working in the Riff and in China and in central Africa, **BUT WHICH IS NOT WORKING ANYWHERE IN THE AMERICAN HEMISPHERE**. America is urged to come in and condone this, applaud it, help it and give it moral support, and take the chances of having the system it adopts turn against it and injure it at the first chance.

"Old America would not have been hypocritical enough to give this an amen and would have been too hard-headed to be caught in it. . ."
(Our emphasis.)

As for the attitude of the capitalist interests represented by the Tribune toward Mexico, an editorial of November 23 put the thing with a ghastly frankness that beats anything the present writer can do:

"Mexican Exclusion; American Intervention.

"Mexico's parliament is considering a bill which would limit alien ownership of land and require that corporations in which foreigners are interested have more than fifty per cent of their stock held by Mexicans.

"It is Mexico's latest move at exclusion of the foreigner. By the same token, it is Mexico's latest move to provoke what she is trying to prevent—intervention. The handwriting on the wall is plain.

"Mexico, opening her gates to foreign developments, will benefit and retain her national sovereignty. Mexico, closing her gates to alien infiltration, will have those gates broken down.

"The normal expansion of nations does not recognize pacifist movements.

"The borders of Mexico confine some of the rich garden spots of the world. Unable even to govern themselves, much less found productive industry and business, the Mexicans have let their resources go undeveloped. Foreign capital, American, British, Dutch, and German, has done what the Mexicans themselves have been too weak to do.

"Now, in a futile gesture of natural pride, Mexico prepares to play dog in the manger. That sort of history has been written before. History, which is based on the fundamental passions of mankind, does not recognize humanitarian theories."

So the capitalist forces speaking thru the Tribune are of the war party as regards Mexico. But how about the rest of the world? Does this capitalistic gang want to keep out of war in the other parts of the world—Asia, for instance? Not by any means. Refer to an editorial of the Tribune of last October 20. It reveals a plan, definite and fully conscious, for a world war **AGAINST-SOVIET RUSSIA** and for the wholesale banding of all imperialist governments for war against the suppressed and rebellious peoples of Asia and Africa. The Tribune of last October 20 said editorially:

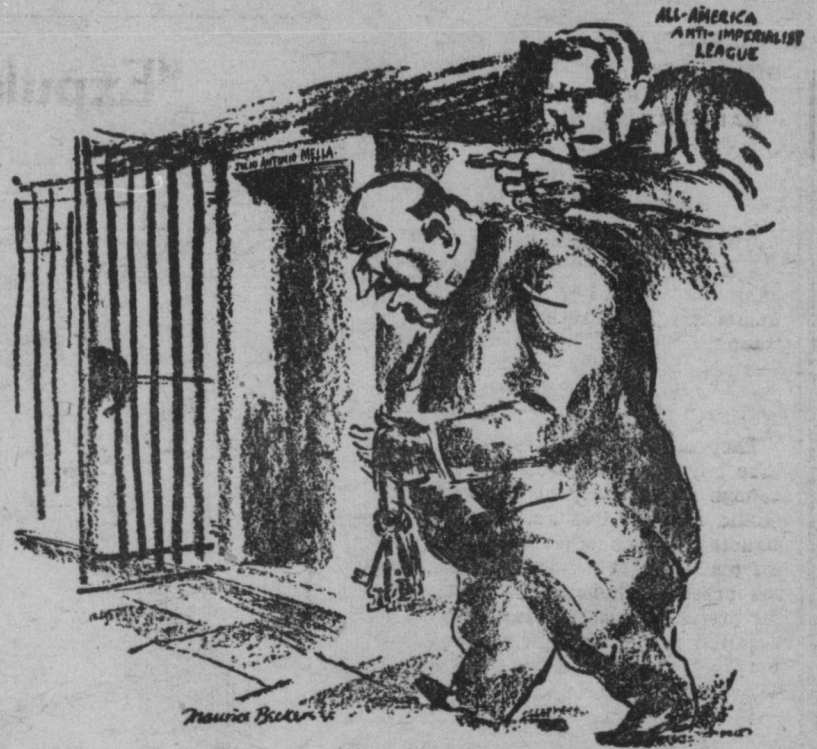
"**WINNING GERMANY FOR THE WHITES FROM THE REDS, BLACKS AND TANS.**

"It is revealed in London that fear of Russia enabled Great Britain to bring western Europe to the new peace of Locarno. John Steele, the Tribune's London correspondent, says that Austen Chamberlain, British foreign minister, saw another war coming. The question was where Germany would be in it.

"Peace with the Soviets of Russia is impossible. It is impossible just as peace with Napoleon was impossible. War was the texture of Napoleon's existence. It is the first principle of Russian syndicalism or red Communism, which cannot live in peace with the older, capitalistic, individualistic system of social order and government.

"Conflict is unescapable between two such systems. The Soviets

It Can Be Done



A cartoon by Maurice Becker

Julio Antonio Mella, the Communist leader imprisoned at Havana, Cuba, has been released from prison as a result of the protest of workers in the United States, Cuba, and elsewhere.

do not deny it or disguise it. They can't. It would be an abandonment of principle if they did. They can make other retreats, but not from the doctrine that their relation to the rest of the world is one of war. . . .

"In the unavoidable conflict between sovietism and the individualistic society of white civilization the place of Germany by tradition and conviction was with its recent enemies, but that place could not be taken unless these enemies would make it possible. They were driving Germany to agreements and treaties with Russia. Russians were on the outskirts of every conference in which Germany received new rebuffs and new humiliations.

"... The British empire has a long boundary of subject peoples in great unrest and discontent and sovietism is a gospel for the man under the heel.

"All along this boundary of subject peoples, black and yellow and tan, the Soviets could promote more unrest. . . .

"We do not know where or when the whites and the reds, the blacks, tans, and yellows will meet in settlement of the issues they have between them, but we know that it is a good thing Germany has not been forced into the Soviet combinations but has been permitted to take a stand with **THE GROUP WHICH, IN SUCH A STRUGGLE, INCLUDES THE UNITED STATES.**" (Our emphasis)

So we see that the dominant elements of American finance capital are about to annex the United States government to the world court of the league of nations as a maneuver concerned with imperialistic plans and a great world war.

We see that the opposition to the adherence to the world court is also concerned with deliberate plans for imperialistic conquest and the preparation for the great world war.

The fight in the senate against the world court is not an anti-imperialist fight.

The world court group is the war party.

The anti-world court group is also the war party.

Both lead directly to war against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and against the populations of Asia, Africa and South America. Both are busily arranging for the United States to enter this war.

The difference between these two is a difference between the particular interests of groups of capitalists, as to the precise detail and immediate direction of the program of wholesale murder and world conquest.

A point to be emphasized is that both forces are directed toward a war for the destruction of the Union of Socialist Republics. The fact that Borah, who will lead the fight against the world court unless the differences are adjusted over the holidays, is in favor of the recognition of the Soviet Union, does not alter this.

Both are the war party of imperialism.

There will be no voice raised in this debate in the senate against the coming world war of conquest.

The only voice that could be raised would be the voice of the working class. The working class has no voice in the senate. The working class does not yet understand, in the United States, that its early mobilization for independent working class political action is a matter of life and death.

Thru political action as a class (including parliamentary activity), the workers will learn the lesson of revolution. The voice of the working class in the senate now would help to teach the working class that—not in the senate nor in any other capitalist parliament—but in the proletarian revolution alone can the end of these incredibly ghastly war plans be defeated; and only by the establishment of the world union of Soviet republics.

—R. M.

Shall "Harness Bulls" Control the Unions?

THE PHILADELPHIA POLICE CONDUCTING THE CONVENTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION:

Another Article by
PAULINE SCHULMAN.

WE are progressing so rapidly that though the police in Philadelphia have not taken any courses in parliamentary procedure as applied to trade unionism they were nevertheless able to conduct the convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

They are by no means gifted more than any one else to be able to enter college immediately upon leaving the public school. But since their instructor was no other than the highest official of the union, Mr. Sigman, the president himself, he gave them the privilege to apply practically their acquired theoretical knowledge. They advanced rapidly and thus certainly made great progress.

On the Saturday morning the second week of the convention the police received their first instructions but in the afternoon they already took the lead in the convention. They acted as though they were quite inexperienced, for every now and then they turned to their instructor, who was stationed on the platform of the convention hall, ready to issue any information desired.

The instructor being a person who did not like to be annoyed with questions ordered them to stop their practice and to study theory for a little while. The course began Saturday before noon and Monday morning to the surprise of all, the police entered the convention hall as if they were men of long experience. Their work was done systematically, most of them were placed inside the hall, of course, others were at the door asking the delegates to show their badges to prove whom they represented. From visitors they demanded to see the union books and ledger numbers.

The police at the door did not question where the delegates came from, or how many members they represented. Once they showed their badge they were allowed to enter. But it happened that Mr. Feinberg, the ex-manager of the New York joint board did not pay much attention to his badge, for wasn't this his convention? "why should he bother with a badge?" he thought.

When this Mr. Feinberg attempted to pass into the convention hall a policeman asked him: "Your badge or union book sir?"

Feinberg replied: "I am a delegate."

Policeman: "Where is your badge? Whom do you represent?"

Feinberg: "I am—er—I was the manager of the union. I am a member of local two N. Y."

Policeman: "I don't care to know what you were; it is what you are now! You have no book, no badge—whom do you represent?"

Feinberg: "Don't you know? I represent local number — of St. Paul."

Policeman: "I cannot understand. First you are a member of local two N. Y. and now you are a delegate from the north pole. You have neither a book nor a badge. You better stay right here and wait until I'll inquire about you."

Whomever he approached to ask: "Do you know whom Feinberg represents?" he was met by a shrug of the shoulders, as if to say, "who knows?"

Police do not like to be fooled, and because of the Feinberg affair, an innocent boy photographer had to suffer. This boy came to take some pictures of the delegates. As soon as he entered the lobby of the convention hall, before he had a chance to look about him and see what was what, two police got hold of him; one grabbed him by the back of the collar, and the other held him by the shirt front.

First policeman: "Whom do you represent?"

Photographer: "I have to see some of the delegates."

"Expulsion?—The Hell You Say!"



One of the sorest problems for honest workers in the trade unions is—to stay in the unions when the bosses' agents have control of the unions and try to put the sincerest and most courageous workers out. Some think there is no way to succeed in beating the expulsion game of the bosses' agents. But recent events show that it can be done! How? By fighting!

Second policeman: "Your badge or union book?"

Photographer: "I have none."

The first policeman huddled him close to the wall and ordered him not to move until he could be identified.

The thin face of the poor photographer turned pale. He did not know what it was all about. Had he been informed that it was the police who conducted the convention it would have been different. But he had not been informed.

Those of the police who were inside the convention hall to attend to the "inside" business fared better than the ones at the door. For inside there was no need to identify anybody. When a point of order was supposed to be ruled out of order the instructor banged his gavel several times on the little table near which he stood. This meant to say: "Should they ask again for a point of order then consider them as disturbers of the convention and with such people you know very well what you have to do!" Of course they knew.

The police were not the only ones who profited by this eighteenth cen-

ennial convention. The workers, the rank and file of the "international," too, gained invaluable experience in the matter of maneuvering. They also gained in the realization of ex-

tent of their power. They are sure that that which took the Philadelphia police but two days to learn, they certainly will master in two years from now.

The March of the Workers

By JAMES H. DOLSEN.

DOWN the street

There comes the tramp of marching feet,
And the rat-tat-tat of the drum.
Watch them come
By the thousands, by the millions! Countless they
As the stars which deck by night the Milky Way.

At their head

Are proudly carried banners red,
Scarlet as the blood that fills their veins;
Tropic rains,
Desert sun, temperate zone, frigid north—all the earth—
Note the races, every color—gave them birth.

Oh well may tyrants quail and lords of trade turn cold
Who grind the workers into dust, their children into gold
When they hear that mighty army and see before them pass
The battalions of the workers, the future ruling class.

Socialism and Anarchism

Foreword by ROBERT MINOR.

This article by Lenin was published in *Novaya Zhizn* (New Life), on the 25th of November, 1905, during the revolutionary upheaval in Russia of twenty years ago. Yet there is nothing "old"—nothing outworn—about this work of the master of the revolutionary science and action.

The history of Russian anarchism after 1905 and especially during its brief flowering in the years 1917 to 1921, which virtually ended with the historical satire of the flight of the "anarchist general," Makhno, from the red revolutionary army of the Russian workers into the protecting arms of the king of Roumania; with the death of Kropotkin—again a "prince"—with his words of blessing for the "democracy" of capitalist imperialism unrepudiated—touched off with the last comic caper of Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman publicly "fleeing" Russia to establish themselves in the comfortable profession of anti-Bolshevik propagandists in Western Europe—all of this history of tragedy and comedy seems to fall with an amazing exactness into the implied prognosis of Lenin made twenty years ago when a group of representatives of this petty-bourgeois "philosophy" attempted to have themselves admitted into the Petersburg Soviet.

Revolutionary workers the world over are absorbing

the lesson of the historical role of treason played by the social-democratic opportunists. There has been little time and little attention for the other lesson of the treasonable role, of a parallel essential character, of the "anarchist" opportunists, confusionists and reactionists. This is a lesson of much less mass significance; yet it is worth learning. "Anarchist" opportunists and "socialist" opportunists today, side by side, form the first line of allies of the Gompers bureaucracy in some of the big city trade unions in the United States. For the workers to understand the historical role of "anarchism" is of some importance both for this as well as for more general reasons. The fact that some honest workers are still subject to the danger of being deluded by the Gompersite anarchist intellectuals, such as Yanofsky in the New York needle trades, is sufficient reason in itself.

The slogan of the bourgeois revolutions were: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" This was an expression, in idealistic terms, of the need of the bourgeoisie of that time for freedom of trade, for liberty of the industrial capitalist to exploit labor as he sees fit, and for the equality of their dollars with the dollars of a decadent landed aristocracy. Anarchism as a philosophy has its roots in the same period of bourgeois revolutions of a century and a half ago; the anarchist has no other slogan than the same "Liberty,

Equality, Fraternity!" and his claim for support of proletarians is upon the ground that the bourgeoisie does not make its "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" absolute, and that the great mass movement of the proletariat, the Communist movement, scorns this mercantile metaphysics. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the slogan of a day gone by, and of a revolution that has played its part and gone—this slogan means absolutely nothing to the revolutionary proletariat except reaction. The proletarian revolution has found its own slogan which expresses the heart and soul of its own cause:

"All Power to the Workers!"

In reading the following article by Lenin, one should remember that the term "social-democracy" as used at the time in Russia comprised the revolutionary Marxian workers' movement which ultimately created the Russian Communist Party, and with this leadership performed the great feat of the overthrow of the capitalist state and the conquest of one-sixth of the earth's surface for the international working class. Of course Lenin, in speaking twenty years ago in the terms of that time, of "social-democracy," was not defending the treacherous left wing of capitalist parties which today goes by the name of "social democracy," and whose greatest destroyer Lenin was. The article is translated by myself from the Russian.

:-: B Y L E N I N :-:

THE executive committee of the Soviet of Workers' Deputies decided yesterday, Nov. 23, (1905) to reject the demand of the anarchists for the admission of their representatives into the executive committee and the Soviet of Workers' Deputies. The cause of this decision the executive committee itself laid out in the following form: "(1) In all international practice, the congresses and socialist conferences do not have in their composition representatives of the anarchists, as persons who do not acknowledge the political struggle as a means for attaining their ideals. (2) Representation may be from a party, but the anarchists are not a party."

We consider the decision of the executive committee in the highest degree a correct step, having enormous significance both in principle and of a practical-political nature. To be sure, if one were to regard the Soviet of Workers' Deputies as a parliament of workers or as an organ of self-government of the proletariat, then the refusal to admit the anarchists would be incorrect. However negligible (fortunately) the influence of the anarchists in the midst of our workers, still there is undoubtedly a certain number of workers on their side.

Whether the anarchists constitute a party, or an organization, or a group, or a voluntary union of partisans,—this question is a formal one not having serious significance in principle. Lastly, if the anarchists while renouncing the political struggle, themselves beg to be admitted into an institution conducting this struggle, then such crying inconsistency certainly shows once too often all of the unsteadiness of the world concept and tactics of the anarchists. But to exclude from a "parliament" or an "organ of self-government" on account of unsteadiness is of course not permissible.

The decision of the executive committee appears to us fully correct and not in the least contradictory to the tasks of this institution, to its character or to its composition. The Soviet of Workers' Deputies is not a workers' parliament and not an organ of proletarian self-government, not in general an organ of self-government, but a fighting organization for the attainment of definite aims.

Into this fighting organization, on the basis of a temporary, undefined fighting agreement, come the representatives of the Russian social-democratic labor party (the party of proletarian socialism), the representatives of the party of "socialist-revolutionaries" (representatives of petty-bourgeois socialism or the extreme left of the revolutionary bourgeois democracy), and, finally, many worker "non-partisans." These last, however, are not non-partisans in general, but are non-partisan revolutionaries, for their sympathy lies wholly on the side of the revolution, for the victory of which they fight with limitless enthusiasm, energy and selfdenial. For this reason it will be entirely natural to include also the representatives of the revolutionary peasantry in the executive committee.

In the essence of the matter, the Soviet of Workers' Deputies is an undefined, broad, fighting union of socialists and revolutionary democrats, in which case of course "non-partisan revolutionaries" covers an entire series of transi-

tional stages between them. The necessity in such a union for the conducting of political strikes and other, more active, forms of struggle for the vital democratic demands that are recognized and approved by the gigantic majority of the population, is obvious.

The anarchists in such a union would be, not a plus, but a minus; they will only bring in disorganization; and by this they will weaken the force of common attack; they still "may argue" about essentiality and importance of political transformations. The exclusion of the anarchists from the fighting union conducting, so to say, our democratic revolution, is entirely necessary from the point of view and in the interests of this revolution. In a fighting union there is place only for those who fight for the aim of this union. And if, for example, the "Kadets" or the "party of constitutional order" were to gather even as many as a few hundred workers each in their Petersburg organizations,—the executive committee of the Soviet of Workers' Deputies would hardly have opened its doors to the representatives of such organizations.

In explanation of its decision the executive committee refers to the practice of international socialist congresses. We warmly welcome this declaration, this acknowledgement of the ideological guidance of the international social-democracy on the part of the organ of the Petersburg Soviet of Workers' Deputies. The Russian revolution already has attained international significance. The opponents of the revolution in Russia already are entering into conspiracies with Wilhelm II, with every dark reactionary, with every oppressor, every swashbuckler and exploiter in Europe, against free Russia. Let us, too, not forget that the complete victory of our revolution demands the union of the revolutionary proletariat of Russia with the socialist workers of all countries.

Not for nothing have the international so-

cialist congresses adopted decisions for the non-admission of anarchists. Between socialism and anarchism lies a complete abyss, which the provocator-agents of the secret police or the journalistic flunkies of reactionary governments vainly attempt to represent as non-existent. The world-concept of the anarchists is the world-concept of the bourgeoisie turned wrong side out. Their individualistic theories, their individualistic ideal, are found in direct opposition to socialism. Their views express, not the future of the bourgeois system, proceeding with irresistible force toward the collectivization of labor, but the present and even the past of that system, the reign of blind chance over the isolated, solitary, small producer. Their tactics, reducing itself to the rejection of the political struggle, disunites the proletarians and transforms them in reality into passive participants of one or another kind of bourgeois politics, because actual estrangement from politics is, for the workers, impossible and unrealizable.

In the present Russian revolution the task of consolidation of the forces of the proletariat, of its organization, of the political schooling and education of the working class, forces itself forward with particular urgency. The more liscientiously the black-hundred government acts, the more zealously its agents-provocators work to inflame the ugly passions of the ignorant mass, the more desperately the defenders of the disintegrating autocracy throw themselves into attempts to discredit the revolution by means of robl pogroms, murders in the dark organized themselves by means of debauching the riff-raff,—all the more important is this task of organization which falls first of all upon the party of the socialist proletariat. And we will utilize, therefore, all means of ideological struggle in order that the influence of the anarchists upon the Russian workers shall remain as negligible as it has been up to the present time.

Sensational Announcement!

The famous French writer

Henri Barbusse

whose tremendous art has shaken the entire literary world

writes for the New Magazine Section
of the Daily Worker

NEXT WEEK Saturday, January 9, 1926
Will Begin in This Section

A WONDERFUL NOVEL

BY HENRI BARBUSSE.

If you subscribe immediately you will miss none of this marvelous story appearing for the first time in English.

FREE—A Story by MICHAEL GOLD

The morning was spent in unwinding the yards of red tape that are woven into the chains of a prison. The four I. W. W. prisoners were checked thru several offices, the warden spoke to them a moment or two, then they turned in their gray prison clothes and received in exchange their own forgotten creased clothes, stale after five years' repose in a bag. Then they were searched twice for contraband letters, then they were given their railroad tickets to Chicago, the city where they had been tried.

"So long, boys," one of the guards at the last steel door leading to the world, said joyfully to them. He was a tall, portly, serene Irishman, with grey walrus moustaches, and he had seen hundreds of released men stand blinking like these four in the strange sunlight, dazed as if they had been fetched from the bottom of the sea. "So long, boys; drop in again some time when you're lonesome; we'll pay your visit."

The men smiled awkwardly at him, stiffly and without the show of prison deference to a guard. They were still deferential and cautious like prisoners; in their minds they were not yet free.

They walked silently down the flat dusty road leading from the penitentiary to the highroad, their jaws set, their pale faces appearing unfamiliar and haggard to each other as their eyes glanced from side to side.

"So this is America!" said little Blackie Doan, heaving a deep sigh and spitting hard and far into the road to display his nonchalance. Blackie was more nervous and trembling inside than any of the other men; but he could never forget that a gentleman swaggers and grins and spits with a tough air when he is in a difficult situation. This blow of sudden freedom and sunlight after five years in prison fell harder upon Blackie than upon the other men. He had just come, the day before, from five months of solitary confinement in a black, damp underground cell, where he had been expiating the worst of prison offenses. He had battered with fists and feet a guard more than half a foot his height for the reason that this guard had been beating with fist and blackjack and keys a weak, half-witted boy of nineteen who never seemed to remember his place in the line—another enormous prison crime.

"The land of the free and the home of the brave!" John Brown, a tall, lanky Englishman, with gray hair, hawk nose, and steady blue eyes added monotonously, as in a litany. "Wish I had a chew of tobacco!"

The other two I. W. W. prisoners just released after their five years' punishment for the crime of having opposed a world war did not say a word but stumbled along dumbly, as if waiting for something more interesting to happen. One was

Jones, a husky young western American, with the face and physique of a college football player, and with large luminous green eyes that stared at the world like those of an unspoiled child's. The other I. W. W. was Ramon Genzales, a young, slim, dark American-Mexican, the second generation of those hard-working Mexican peons who build the railroads of our western country.

"Wish I had a chew of tobacco!" repeated

Brown, licking his dry lips with his tongue, and sweeping the brown drab prairie with his eyes. "Feel as if I could spit cotton!"

The truth was, he wanted the tobacco to steady his nerves. Like the others, he was quivering internally with a rout of weird emotions. He had lived for five years in a steel house, behind steel bars, in a routine that was enforced by men with blackjacks and shotguns, and that was inhuman and perfect as steel. Now he was free. No one was watching him; he was strolling down a hot country road, under the immense yellow sky. He was back in the world of free men and free women; and he, and the others with him, should have breathed deeply, kissed the earth and rejoiced; instead they seemed tense and worried, a little disappointed.

What had they expected? They could not have said, but like all prisoners, they had built up, without knowing it, fantastic and exaggerated notions of the world outside. It seemed a little ordinary to them now. The sky was a dun yellowish waste with a sun shining thru it. The wide dull prairie stretched on every hand like the floor of some empty barn, with shocks of gray rattling corn stacked in dreary rows, file after file to the horizon. A dog was barking somewhere. Smoke was rising from a score of farmhouses, and they heard the whistle of a distant freight train. There was dull burning silence on everything, the silence of the sun. The world of freedom seemed dull; but prisons are tense with sleepless emotions of hope and fear.

They were passing a farmer in a flannel shirt, plodding behind a team of huge horses in a field of stubble. His lean, brown face was covered with sweat and fixed in grim, unsmiling lines as he held down the bucking plow and left a path of rich black soil behind him.

"Looks like a guy in for life, doesn't he?" said Brown, pointing to him with his thumb. "Looks like that murderer cell-mate of yours, doesn't he, Ramon?"

The little Mexican cast a swift, worried glance with his black eyes at the dull fanatic behind the plow.

"Yes," he said sharply, and stared back at the road beneath his feet.

"Same old goddamn corn," said Blackie, grinning, as he kicked a tin can out of the road, and spat, all in the same moment. "Same old goddamn, Hoosiers, raising the goddamn corn! Corn and Hoosiers—God, why don't they raise a carrot once in a while?"

The others offered no answer to this American condrum. They were moving on to fresh sights in this new world they had been thrust into—they were staring at the bend in the highroad where the town street began, two miles away from the prison. The ugly frame houses of the middle west set among trees and smooth lawns, the trolley tracks, the stone pavements, then the stores and shop windows when they came nearer the heart of the town—that was what they saw. Up and down the streets men and women walked in the humdrum routine of life. A grocer was weighing out sugar in a dark window. They passed the little shop of an Italian cobbler. They passed a white school building, from which came the sound of fresh young voices singing. There was a line of Fords standing at the curb near the railroad depot. There were more women and men walking slowly about the square near the depot, discussing housework, and the election for sheriff and the price of corn and the price of hogs. This was the world.

"I don't see no brass bands out to meet us home," said Blackie, with his irrepressible grin. "How do you account for that, Hill? Ain't they heard we're coming?"

Hill, the young husky quarterback with the large green eyes seemed unable to say a word. He scowled at Blackie, it seemed, and shook his head.

"What's the matter, Hill?" that worthy queried, with an insolent grin, "ain't we as good as the boys who fought to make the world safe for democracy?"

"Aw, shut up!" Hill Jones muttered, "you get as talkative as a parrot sometimes!"

"I'm an agitator, that's why I talk," Blackie jeered and would have said more, but that the Englishman Brown put his hand on Blackie's arm. There was a policeman loitering on the next corner, and for some strange reason, known only to ex-prisoners, the impassive Englishman was suddenly shaken to his soul.

"Let's get some coffee and," he said, leading them into the door of a cheap restaurant shaded by a wide brown maple tree. The four sat on stools against a broad counter loaded with plates

of dessert, and looked into a mirror at their pale prison faces.

"Coffee and crullers," ordered the Englishman, naming the diet of all those who wander along the roads of America, and pick up their food like the sparrows where they can find it.

"Ham and eggs," said Hill.

"Hand and eggs and French fried and coffee," said Blackie.

"Ham and eggs," said Ramon, in a muffled voice.

The restaurant proprietor, a fat, cheerful man in a white apron had been counting bills at his cash register and talking crops with a young farm hand in overalls. He locked the register with a sharp snap and took their orders leisurely, the while guessing their status with his shrwed eyes. He repeated the orders into the little cubby hole leading to the kitchen.

"Solitary confinement, eh, what?" Blackie said to the Englishman, pointing at the forlorn, middle-aged face of the cook that peered out of the cubby hole and repeated the orders as if in a voice from the tomb.

Neither Brown nor the others answered, but waited with grim patience for their food. When it came, they wolfed it down rapidly, as if someone were watching over them. Blackie could not be still however.

"This is better than the damn beans and rotten stew every day at the other hotel," he muttered. "Real ham and eggs! Oh, Boy!"

Brown looked at the clock. It was just noon. "I guess the boys are having their grub now," he said. "Yes, there goes the whistle. Gosh, you can hear it all the way over here!"

Yes, it was the prison whistle, the high whining blast like the cry of some cruel hungry beast of prey, rising and falling over the little town and all the flat corn-lands, the voice of the master of life, the voice of the god of the corn-lands. The four prisoners in this restaurant knew that call well; and everyone in the town and everyone living on the corn-lands knew it as thoroly as they did.

"Look," said Blackie, pointing thru a window behind them, "you can just see the top of the prison walls from here. Who would have thought you could see it so far?"

The men turned from their food to stare gloomily, while the fat proprietor hid a knowing smile behind his curled moustaches.

"Two thousand men in hell," said Jones quietly, "and all these Hoosiers know is corn and hogs. God, is it worth while? Twenty-five of our boys still in there, ninety-six still in Leavenworth—God, why do we let ourselves be crucified for these Hoosiers?"

"Jim Downey's got fifteen more years to go; so has Frank Varrochek, Harry Bly, Ralph Snelins and four more," said John Brown quietly, piercing with his deep blue eyes thru all the distance. "And Jack Small has consumption; and George Mulvane is going crazy—Hill, do you think we'll ever get 'em out alive?"

Ramon suddenly became hysterical.

He stood up with brandished fists and shook them at the distant prison, quivering with the rage of five years of silence. His olive face darkened with blood, and locks of his long raven-black hair fell in his eyes, so that he could not see. He flamed into sudden Latin eloquence.

"Beasts!" he cried, in a choked, furious voice, "robbers of the poor, murderers of the young; hangmen, capitalists, patriots; you think you have punished us! You think we will be silent now, and not speak of your crimes! You dirty fools, you can never silence us! You can torture us, you can keep us in prison for all our lives—"

"Oh, Ramon," Blackie cried, pushing him back into his seat, and patting him soothingly on the shoulder. "Easy, easy! We all feel as sore as you do, Ramon, and we hate just as hard. By God, we hate them. But easy now, old-timer, easy!"

The others helped quiet the nerve-wracked young Mexican, and he finally subsided and sat there with his face between his hands until they had finished their food. Then the four paid their check to the discreet but amused fat proprietor, and went into the street on their way to the railroad station, trying again to appear casual and unconcerned.

At the next corner another policeman was lounging against a store window, and it was with an effort that each of the freed men passed his vacant eye. They braced up and walked bravely, but they still found it hard to believe that they were really free.

It would take them some months to become accustomed to the greater prison house known as the world.



German Workers Visit the Soviet Union

TWO and a half months have passed since the German workers' delegation returned to Germany from the Soviet Union. Everybody remembers what great difficulties they met. But all these hindrances, which were placed in the way of the fifty-eight German workers by the German government forces and last but not least, by the social-democratic and trade union bureaucracy, did not prevent them from leaving Stettin on July 11, headed for Leningrad.

After six weeks the trade union delegates returned to Germany and encountered new difficulties. The same social-democratic and trade union bureaucracy, and in some places the police, attempted to prevent the delegates from fulfilling the promise they had given to the German workers to give a true and unexaggerated report of what they had seen in Soviet Russia.

But these hindrances also were overcome and the fifty-eight delegates, composed of twenty-nine social-democrats, seventeen Communists and twelve non-partisan workers, addressed approximately 1,000 meetings in giving their report. These meetings included a large number of industrial workers, white-collar workers and petty-bourgeois. At the same time the delegation committee printed a report of their trip, called: "What 58 German Workers Saw in Russia." It is about 160 pages, has many illustrations, and carries an introduction by Edo Fimmen.

In the face of great difficulties and disappointments following the German revolution of 1919, the German workers have long been asking themselves about the revolution in Soviet Russia and have been interested in working class life there. Was Soviet Russia a country in which the principles of Marx and Engels were really being applied? Does the eight-hour day exist in the Soviet Union? Has the factory committee really a decisive influence on production? How is the development of the life of the Russian worker progressing? Who leads the workers' movement in the Soviet Union? Are the workers of the Soviet Union free, or are they still under a yoke?

Kautsky Lies Fade.

The delegation wanted to investigate the reports that had been published in the Vorwärts (central organ of the social-democratic party). The followers of Kautsky have kept on asserting that in the Soviet Union the factory committee does not exist, that there are no really influential trade unions. The report says that the Soviet factory committees and trade unions have more influence than those in Germany; that without their agreement it is impossible to pass any social law; that they have an influence on all questions of economic matters and state construction.

The delegation was especially interested in investigating the cultural tasks of the factory committees and in general the cultural institutions existing in every factory in the Soviet Union. "As opposed to Germany," says the report, "Soviet Russia goes on this principle: that the more educated the worker and the peasant become, the more consolidated the state power. In Germany the official slogan is, on the contrary, as follows: the less educated and the less completely class-conscious the worker is, the stronger is the power of capitalism."

The general situation of production, the conditions of labor and wages, living conditions, the care of children, cultural tasks and achievements, all of these are closely bound up one with another and are frequently much better in Soviet Russia than in Germany.

The impression received in Leningrad was deepened by what was seen in the interior of the Soviet Union of Red Russia. Here they felt more strongly the pulse of the life of new

revolutionary Russia and the brotherly tie between the German and the Russian proletariat became stronger. In the face of the great and imposing demonstrations on the Red Square and before the mausoleum of Lenin, Comrade Bukharin could ask with an ironic smile: "Is the dictatorship above the proletariat?" And the report of the delegation answers this question as follows: "Everyone of us felt that this enthusiasm of the masses is not superficial or machine-made, and that the Russian workers, with all the fervor of their existence, bind themselves to their leaders and their government and are ready at any moment to defend the Soviet Union with their blood." Before the mausoleum of Lenin, the feeling of the delegation was very strong, as is shown by their words:

"How strange to the proletariat are those who speak about a 'new saint' or a 'red czar.' Those who speak so do not understand the difference between praising god and czar and the love of the Russian workers for their great leader. Today, when god is something mystic and czars are the result of the monarchist system, here to the grave of Lenin come workers who fought side by side with him at the time of his worst sufferings and bitterest moments and who freely followed his directions because they knew, 'he is our cleverest, our best . . .'"

The attention of the delegation was naturally more directed to the side of Soviet realities in which the German workers are more interested. Therefore the greater part of this report considers such questions as the co-operative movement, the concession policy of the Soviet government, the trade union movement, the working day, strikes, workers' vacations, participation of Communists in the leadership of the trade unions, etc.

After acquaintance with the co-operative movement, its functions and tasks, the delegation reports its impression that the general growth of this movement in recent years promises a great future and is one of the strongest means for the development of socialist society.

In a considerably detailed report of the trade union movement in the U. S. S. R., the account of the delegation dwelt with great attention upon the core crucial points, and these also were most often advanced by the German workers during the verbal reports of the delegates.

The delegation in the most indisputable manner established that the eight-hour working day, as general normalcy, is strictly adhered to in the U. S. S. R.

The more Soviet economy (industry) is developed, the more the Soviet enterprises are expanded, the better becomes the material condition of the Soviet workers. The delegation with some envy remarks that the U. S. S. R. and its working class lives under the conditions of a peaceful and stable political system. Even if the wages have not everywhere reached the pre-war level, nevertheless with all the privileges accorded the working class, it is assured of a fully satisfactory existence. Therefore in the Soviet economy (industry) there is no place for strikes.

The "Dictatorship of the Children."

At the meetings where the delegates appeared with reports about U. S. S. R., very often were heard statements, somewhat strange at a first appearance, that in the U. S. S. R. besides the dictatorship of the proletariat, there also reigns a dictatorship of children. By this will be understood the extremely attentive care of children and of the growing-up generation generally, which the report of the delegation marks with greatest interest during their visits to every factory and town.

The delegation's report naturally brought forth comparisons between the Soviet and German conditions. For in-

The Bridge to War.



The Locarno agreement is the liquidation of the past war and the advance to the new world war—according to this cartoon published in the Gudok. The skeleton on horseback is called War, and the bridge is called Locarno.

stance, the difference between the soldiers of the red army and the soldiers of the German reichswehr, which latter are merely simple hirelings besides being deprived of all their elementary political rights, was astonishing to them.

Wherever they went, remarked the delegates in their reports, they received the heartiest welcome of the workers. They encountered no opposition in their selection of the tour. Their every wish received lively response. Very often they went without an interpreter because some of the

delegates knew the Russian language, and in the Volga German republic, they were entirely in the midst of their own. In all the cadres of the population, we read further in the report, we notice loyalty to the Soviet republic and its government.

The delegation is convinced that the U. S. S. R. is on the right road and that no one is in power to stop the victorious march of its peoples to the cultural and material ascent.

Of course, the delegation saw much deficiency and disorganization, but this was the sad inheritance from the czarist and bourgeois epoch which left to the workers' and farmers' government innumerable ruins. Among these ruins here and there are still crawling those who are not satisfied with the new order of things, who have not understood the great idea embodied in it. But these elements compose a very insignificant minority.

The members of the delegation were very much interested in the condition of the jails in the U. S. S. R. and the condition of the political prisoners. The delegation visited many jails in the various localities in the U. S. S. R., and a group which was in the Caucasus especially undertook to get acquainted with the conditions in Georgia and the prisoners there, about whose condition the social-democratic press had recited so many different horrors. And in this connection the delegates were pleasantly disappointed. They were convinced that the basic principle of the prison system in the U. S. S. R. consists not in punishing the imprisoned, but in educating them and making out of them useful citizens of the Soviet republics.

From the entirely candid discussions with the participants of the Georgian uprising, the delegates learned that the uprising itself was only a stillborn fancy and its participants only await their freedom so that they can enter the ranks of the workers of their country on the Soviet basis.

According to the deep conviction of the delegation, Soviet Russia which

has shaken off its landlords and capitalists, is by its examples showing other countries the way to their emancipation. The first condition of success in this direction is the unity of the world trade union movement. The delegates put as one its problems to work in this direction.

By way of affirming the fact that the present report is the collective opinion and impressions of the delegation as a whole, each of its members in conclusion also individually subscribed to its correctness by a brief resume.

The authors of the report formulate at its conclusion a number of questions which they call to the attention of the reader. These five questions are:

1. What is your general opinion of the report?
2. What is in it that is not clear to you?
3. Which questions are not sufficiently clarified in it?
4. What can you offer for the creation of the united trade union front?
5. What would you like to know about Russia?

In a foreword to the report, Edo Fimmen among other things says to the delegation:

"During the last years I have read much about the workers' and peasants' republic, and I saw a number of courageous and honest attempts to break down the wall of lies and slander encircling Russia and to bring closer together the struggling working class of the U. S. S. R. and the struggling and suffering proletariat of the rest of the world.

"Among this literature there were books written better and in more scholarly fashion than yours. But I have never yet read anything with greater joy than your story about U. S. S. R. in the present report. The reason for this is because you are ordinary workers from shops and mines, who artlessly and without coloring, in your own way, tell the readers what you saw there. Among those who visited Russia previous to you there were men and women with better education, more learned and cleverer than you, but among them undoubtedly there was no one who could better understand and learn the life of the Russian workers and could compare their lot with that of your own and form an unbiased opinion. And therefore your book, regardless of its simplicity, is one of the best books on the new Russia which have thus far appeared."

The Turk is Not What He Used to Be



Fred Ellis

IMPERIALIST BRITAIN INTENDS TO STRANGLE TURKEY AND TAKE THE OIL WELLS OF MOSUL, BUT — !

Research Department Book Reviews

MYSTICISM IN ENGINEERING

The Tragedy of Waste, by Stuart Chase; MacMillan, N. Y., \$2.50.

By MORITZ J. LOEB.

ENGINEERING as a science has been developed both from the theoretical approach and empirically. Its first laws were developed by the trial-and-error method and later the researches of the scientists were brought to bear to develop the formulae of practical engineering. Engineers being practical, people have one most important demand to ask of every theory and practice of their trade: "Will it work?"

The new book by Stuart Chase and his associates of the labor bureau is an attempt at engineering, social engineering, and in such light it must be considered. The task set is the determination of what consists of economic waste in the United States, the measurement of the amount of this waste and how it may be eliminated. Quite properly then, the first step is the examination of human wants, for it is in the satisfaction of these wants by the production and consumption of commodities that the waste arises. Early in the book the authors make a survey of these factors and state the following to be the human wants, the satisfaction of which involves economic activity: food; shelter; clothing; language and education; recreation; government and law; health provisions; religion; art forms; love. If the trial-and-error method is accepted these may be adopted as the basis for the work and any errors involved will be exposed in the development of the problem and eliminated.

The second part of the task is then taken up, the measurement of economic waste of labor power and natural resources. Here the author-engineers find it necessary to make a comparison between society as it now exists,

i. e., a society which produces for profit and a society which produces for the satisfaction of human wants, which the authors term a "functional society."

Another engineer, Thorsten Veblen, in his book, *Engineers and the Price System*, treats this same subject from the standpoint of production. Chase also enters this field (from the practical viewpoint, avoiding the theory), and goes beyond this to analyze the economic waste in consumption, distribution and idle man power. This is done for the most part in a thorough and workmanlike manner. The findings are stated to be:

In consumption, at least.....	5,000,000
Idle, at least.....	6,000,000
In production, at least.....	4,000,000
In distribution, at least.....	2,500,000

Total20,500,000

Out of a total of 40,000,000 able bodied adult population in the United States it is therefore shown that a conservative computation of the lost man power is more than 50 per cent. At the same time it is shown that because of the waste in the utilization of natural resources, it would be possible, if waste were eliminated, to more than double the economic output without any increase in the rate of consumption of natural resources or in the amount of labor power available.

The third and most important part of the work is left for the last four pages of the book. Here in a section heading called "constructive," in a chapter entitled, "The Challenge of Waste," the authors make a partial attempt to come to a solution of the problem.

"We know no sure way out. . .

But the point at issue is the behavior of the animal. . . the behavior of 100,000,000 people can be predicted only with the aid of magic

and astrology. . . The way out turns on genuine science of social psychology more than on any other single factor." (Emphasis mine, M. J. L.)

"Meanwhile we note the co-operative movement making steady headway against waste in distribution—particularly in Europe—the labor movement combining its demand for more democracy in industry with the realization that only the lessening of waste can raise the standard of living.

"And we note the gathering cleavage between the stock-and-bond business men like Mr. Gary and the engineer business men like Mr. Ford. Mr. Gary sees industry primarily in terms of profitable investment, while Mr. Ford sees it primarily in terms of service turned out on a balanced load basis—with still an eye to the profit and loss account . . .

In short it is by no means clear that the engineering type of business man will not ultimately supersede the stock-and-bond type and so usher in a functional society of sorts while the radicals are still baying for the abolition of the profit system. This at least is Mr. E. A. Filene's guess."

Let us imagine an instance in which an industrial community had been established in a surrounding which made it possible for any food stuffs to be produced near by. Some distance away there was a rich agricultural territory occupied by farmers who, while they grew foodstuffs far in excess of their needs had no market for them and moreover had no access to any manufactured products. The citizens of these two communities met together and decided to take action to overcome their difficulties. They called in engineers to help them. The engineers took a survey and a census. They counted the population of the city and computed its production. They did likewise for the rural community. They measured the distance between the two points. Then they made their report. "What is needed," they said, "is a railroad." The farmers and the city dwellers thought this

was a good idea and they asked the engineers how to go about getting a railroad. "Oh," said the engineers, "just hope for it and trust to luck."

This is the kind of engineering turned out by Stuart Chase. He failed utterly in his task because he took into account only the superficialities. He regarded only the manifestation of the problem and avoided the problem itself.

What was necessary after the physical measurements had been taken was to re-determine the problem, something in this way:

The present order of society results in tremendous economic waste. Why is this so? Because there is production for profit instead of for use; because we have a capitalist society rather than a "functional" society. How then can we build a functional (or organized) society? It is first necessary to find out why the contradictions of present society exist, scientific research in this subject will show that it is the class nature of society which is responsible.

And now having come to the roots of the problem we are becoming able to solve it. The end is the establishment of an organized society. The means is the elimination of the class structure of society and the building of a classless society.

Mr. Chase fails to approach the problem in this manner and that is why his engineering ends in futility and mysticism. That is why his book is a piece of draftsmanship and no engineering at all, why in the statistics themselves many errors are allowed to remain such as the acceptance of religious activity as productive of economic wealth, the statements that of 250,000 prostitutes in America, 150,000 (only!) are waste; out of 320,000 criminals, 200,000 count as lost man power; that of 400,000 "watchers of criminals," only 200,000 would be necessary in a functional society.

There is a way out, Mr. Chase. The theory has been written and the practice is being worked out in Soviet Russia where the beginnings are being made in the building of an organized society.

"Go Home, Mr. French Capitalist!"



Maurice Becker, celebrated cartoonist, shows the new spirit of the peoples of the East, who resist the colonial plundering of the imperialist powers—and thereby become the allies of the revolutionary working class at home.

Concerning "Barbusse-ism"

By HENRI BARBUSSE.

(Translated by Harrison George from
"La Antorcha")

HENRI BARBUSSE, whose fame as a novelist is hardly equalled by any writer in the whole world of those who have arisen during and after the great world war—**IS A COMMUNIST**. Henry Barbusse leaped into world fame with his war novel, "Under Fire," a book in which he told his terrible experiences in the trenches as a soldier of the French army. Since that monumental work Barbusse has maintained and enlarged his standing as the world's leading young artist, with such other books as "Chains."

Henri Barbusse is the envy of the literary world.

But Henri Barbusse prefers to write for—**THE COMMUNIST PRESS!**

Henri Barbusse is writing for—**The DAILY WORKER MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT!**

Henri Barbusse has conveyed to **The DAILY WORKER** the right to publish for the first time in the English language his great new novel which bears the French title, "LAU DELA"!

This great novel will begin in the next issue of **The DAILY WORKER Magazine Supplement**—next Saturday, January 9. The translation is being prepared by the well known American Communist artist, Lydia Gibson.

But why does Henri Barbusse prefer to cast aside the glittering world of capitalist class rewards?

Barbusse tells why in the adjoining article from his own pen.

IT has come to my notice that in a certain circle the subject of "Barbusse-ism" was placed on the agenda of a public debate, and this same theme has been the object of lively comment in certain foreign centers.

I do not know what my friends and adversaries might be able to say on this question, for or against me, but if I might be permitted to offer a personal opinion on the subject I would say:

"Barbusse-ism" does not and cannot exist, and this for reasons which I am glad to furnish to my readers.

I am a writer who has tried to project certain generalizations and to enclose scenes of great dimensions and dramas of ideas within the architecture of books. Perhaps, with a little benevolence, it might be conceded to me that I have in this respect somewhat widened the field of literary action.

I have felt impelled by those principles of art which determine unified conceptions—or perhaps it may have been my ideas that have incited me to seek by that road new forms of expression; but if I add that I have always been sincere, it is to add also that this is not enough; that the writer must be not only sincere but also truthful.

The quality of his affirmation—because there is no work of art that does not affirm something—is much more important than his good personal intentions. I have already declared elsewhere that a writer is a public man who has no right to err because erring, he makes others err.

I believe that I have not erred. This pleasant certitude, which would be quite presumptuous in the transcendental plane of metaphy-

sics, is not so in the terrain of social things, so bound to the heart and towards which all those that have today the pretense of thought are irresistibly attracted.

I have interested myself with as much fervor as certainty in a number of principles concerning present society: the arbitrary and artificial organization of capitalist despotism; religious superstitions; democracy and patriotism; the formidable deceit of reformism; the necessity of the conquest of power and the regulation of labor by the working class; and internationalism.

My comrades will recognize how little this resembles any original doctrine that might be my personal one, and they will see that I have discovered nothing that others have not already discovered.

I personally joined the Communist Party. I belong to it definitely and I am able to say that I will always belong to it. If until now I have not contributed my voice, I will do so from now on, in view of the battle waged by those who personify the dogmas that I detest.

It has been said frequently that it was a mistake for me to join the party. Never have I understood the arguments that have been adduced on this score.

Reasons of immediate personal interest? They are quite debatable. But even though they might exist, I cannot see why I should give myself any other reason than those I give at times to the comrades in order to persuade them that they must sacrifice their immediate interests to their interest more broadly understood.

In our times, to keep on the fringe of the struggles that are transforming life, and to lose sight of their great objectives, is contrary not only to loyalty, but also to common sense.