

LEFT SIDE

You know these asinine commercials on the boob tube where the friendly butcher has difficulty distinguishing between his highest-quality beef and the canned dog food that he feeds to der kleiner Fido? There is sense behind such high-pressure promotion. One researcher says that 50% of all dog food being sold is being consumed by humans. It seems that a large segment of our population can't make it any other way with today's prices on human food.

Cheer up, all you partakers of pooch pap. You could be in Vietnam gorging yourselves on oodles of California grapes.

In our own Windy City, Mrs. Padilla was preparing the evening meal for Mr. Padilla, Grandma was helping her, and the kids were watching the cartoons on the telly, when their apartment door came crashing down under the deluge of sledgehammers. It was just another police squad who were looking for gambling dens, but apparently had come to the wrong address. They had duly apologized for the boner and told the Padillas that amends would be made. Padilla had spent the better part of a week's paycheck to have as good a door as any suburban home, and as of this date he still hasn't been able to locate the proper department at City Hall where he will be compensated for the damage done to his home (that is, after he fills out certain forms). You try to make it with the American Dream, and look what you get.

Your correspondent has often been asked by some of the more recent crop of militants why he obviously refrains from referring to the gentlemen in blue as pigs, which seems to be the accepted practice among many quarters these days. Your correspondent likes to be able to sit down to a good mess of pork chops or bratwurst without having his appetite completely ruined by unpleasant associations. And besides, our little four-footed porcine fellow Earth inhabitant has served humanity so well these past innumerable centuries that it ill behooves us to dishonor him by synonymizing him with a lower form of creation.

And now the boys out of blue, the Mafia, seem to be getting the respectable business community up tight. According to two separate reports by two ever-investigating politicians, the Mafia is infiltrating everything from the Wall Street stock exchange to little cheese factories in the Midwest. With all due respect to the resourcefulness of the Mafiosi, your correspondent can only view this as a group of small-time crooks trying to move in on the all-time big-time gangsters.

Well, so they finally made it to the Moon—our side, that is. So you should be happy with what your withholding taxes have brought about, and not complain. One good thing about it: There were no inhabitants up there, so we will not have to hear flowery phraseology like "Great Earth Father" or "as long as the craters glow".

**SDS CONVENTION
BIG BUST WITHOUT
OUTSIDE ?? HELP!
(Report on page 4)**

LABOR
PRODUCES
ALL WEALTH

ORGANIZATION EDUCATION EMANCIPATION

ALL WEALTH
MUST GO
TO LABOR

Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOLUME 66, NUMBER 8 — W. N. 1277

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS AUGUST 1969

10 CENTS

THE MOON CAN WAIT

(SEE PAGE 2)

WHAT WE WANT IS DOWN HERE



EAST IS EAST-----

and someday the twain shall Meet"

WORKERS IN INDIA UP AGAINST PUZZLES

In mid-June the executive committee of the coal miners union in India decided on a Protest Week work stoppage July 13 to 20, to be followed by another token strike August 18, and if necessary a strike of indefinite duration September 22. Reluctantly the committee proposed this direct action because they could find no other way to get the mine

companies to put into effect the unanimous recommendations of the Coal Wage Board. They had hoped the government-owned railways would bring the necessary pressure to bear simply by following Cabinet instructions to enter into no new contracts for coal with any company that did not abide by Wage Board recommendations. But railway management

by-passed this instruction by extending the old contracts for coal supply.

Now the railway management that did this trick is supposed to be part of a democratic government, managing the railways for the common good in a country that declares it is building socialism. It is a sample of a growing pattern, and it raises the question:

What is the relation of a union worker to government and management in this sort of situation?

The Indian National Textile Workers Union is having similar difficulties. December 31, the Wage Board for the Cotton Textile Industry, after deliberating for three years and four months on the union request for a pay boost, finally awarded an increase of 1%. This was the first increase since 1960. But this April the Indian Cotton Mills Federation refused to pay the 1% wage increase, saying "the industry has no capacity to bear any increase in the wage bill." This despite extensive government assistance to the industry.

The 1% is in addition to a "dearness allowance" or cost-of-living factor that is presumed to have kept up with the 71% increase in consumer prices in the nine years since the last wage boost.

Now there are cotton mills and cotton mills, with a great variation in efficiency and profitability. Since the still-unfulfilled wage award was announced, a number of cotton mills had closed. In June the National Textile Corporation, a government

New Action, New History; Sacco-Vanzetti

(special to Industrial Worker)

NEW YORK CITY — Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti have been dead more than four decades, their lives blotted out by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the electric chair in 1927, six years after they had been convicted of two murders—convicted on the basis of circumstantial and contradictory evidence in a trial presided over by an openly-prejudiced judge.

But to a vast number of conscientious Americans they seem as much alive as if they were busy in their normal daily respective occupations—trimming soles in a shoe factory and peddling fish.

Notable current action in several areas has poignantly

reminded many individuals of the world-wide furor 42 years ago when Governor Alvan T. Fuller, leaning on an advisory committee headed by A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University, doomed the two Italian philosophical Anarchists to death.

Topping late events connected with their memory was the issuance of a new, amplified edition of the Transcript of the Record of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case, 1920-27, by Paul P. Appel of Mamaroneck, New York, long a dealer in rare books and now branching out as a full-fledged publisher. Comprising six volumes bound in buckram, printed on tough paper, and weighing 27 1/2 pounds, this set runs to 6,300 pages.

Just ahead of that came the publication of a book fittingly entitled "The Case That Will Not Die" (Boston, Little-Brown, 576 pages, \$12.50), by Herbert B. Ehrmann, last survivor of the lawyers on both sides. Ehrmann served as junior defense counsel in the last two years of the seven-year battle to save the two defendants.

Volume I of the new (second) edition of the Transcript opens with a 36-page prefatory essay by Justice William O. Douglas of the US Supreme Court, voicing his critical view of Massachusetts court practices in the 1920s and citing the probable difference in the verdict if such a trial were to be conducted today. One sentence by Justice Douglas

(continued on Page 7)

(Continued on Page 6)

editorial

TRY REACHING FOR THE EARTH!

When Columbus was grub-staked by Queen Isabella to make his voyage, that pile of pesetas could have fed quite a few starving peasants, not only in Spain but throughout a good part of Europe as well. The anxiety that other maritime nations might get the jump on Spain naturally put such a minor item as starving peasants sufficiently out of mind. It is needless to speculate what the several hundred million dollars just spent on landing two men on a dead planet could have done toward alleviating the plight of poverty-level people here as well as abroad, not to mention strides that could have been made combatting diseases the World over as well as taking steps to stop air and water pollution once and for all. These items, plus many more that the reader will think of, were shuffled sufficiently out of mind by the fear that some lousy furriners might get to the Moon ahead of us.

It does little good now to say this might have been accomplished sooner had all scientists of the World been working on this together, rather than two different groups working separately in absolute discommunication, and both under their respective military bosses, whose primary interest is not advancement of human knowledge but military and economic superiority for their own short-sighted interests.

Had these two large aggregations of scientists, explorers, and workmen been on their own, with no directives other than their own sense of social need, things might have been different. They might possibly have decided the Moon could

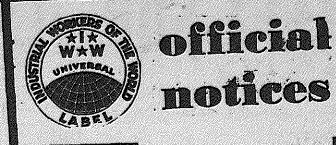
wait awhile, insofar as there were still many unsolved problems right here on Earth. Believe it or not, there are still many frontiers yet to be conquered on this old World of ours. One has only to delve lightly into the fields of soil conservation and irrigation, oceanography, and just plain old human relationships, not to mention a host of other studies.

With all due respect to the two men who it goes without saying took a lot of raw courage to set foot upon a strange sphere, the real and exciting frontiers are right down here on Terra Firma. What's more, this is frontiersmanship where everybody can get in on the act, for this is a job that will need the participation of everyone. Population explosion notwithstanding, the present bulk of the world's inhabitants could easily be stashed into a box a little less than a cubic mile in size, so there is still plenty of World left over no matter how much we multiply by the end of this century. The important thing is who is this World going to be used for — the greater majority of those who can be stashed in that cubic mile, or the few who always manage to be on top?

This of course is something that shouldn't be put off any longer, as the job gets increasingly more difficult with each successive explosion of population and continuing reckless exploitation of natural resources. It is a job that requires the education of one's own self as well as of others—and then we can really organize to build a real World for everybody.

That today is OUR frontier!

— CAC



BERKELEY: The Branch Secretary is Robert Rush, 1723 10th Street.

CHICAGO: Branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2422 North Halsted Street. Write to Branch Secretary W. H. Westman.

BUFFALO: Write to IWW Delegate Henry Pfaff, 77 Eckhart Street, Buffalo, New York 14207 or through Peace and Freedom, 507 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14222 (716-884-0426).

DULUTH: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate Patrick J. McMillen, Post Office Box 559 (55801), or phone Pat (727-3154) after 7 p.m. for an appointment.

HOUSTON: Robert (Blackie) Vaughan is Acting Secretary of the Houston I.U. 510 Branch. All communications intended for the Branch should be addressed to him at 7505 Navigation Boulevard (77011).

ITHACA: Stationary Delegate Bill Siebert can be reached at the Glad Day Press, 308 Stewart Avenue (phone 607-273-0535 or 273-1899).

LOS ANGELES: Phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397) or write to Eugene Nelson, Post Office Box 33463, Los Angeles, California 90033 (213-225-9304).

NEW YORK: For delegate service and information, phone Bill Goring (749-6465).

PHILADELPHIA: Write to Jarama Jahn, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone WA 3-6691

SAN FRANCISCO: See Michael Mack, Branch Secretary, 425 Presidio Avenue. Get involved in the action. Keep informed. It's been done by others.

SEATTLE: The Seattle GRU Branch Office of the IWW is located at 307 Jones Building, 3rd Avenue and Union Street, Seattle, Washington 98101.

VANCOUVER: IWW Stationary Delegate: J. B. McAndrew, 1896 I Avenue, Basement. Education Workers IU 620: 607 Queens Avenue, New Westminster, British Columbia (L. Gambone, Secretary).

WATERLOO: IWW Student-Teacher Branch at University of Waterloo, Ontario, Canada: Cyril Levitt, Secretary, c/o Federation of Students.

YAKIMA: Write to Stationary Delegate, Post Office Box 2205, Yakima, Washington 98902.

General Convention To Be Held November

The Ballot Committee met at General Headquarters July 21 to count the General Referendum ballot on the General Convention. The complete report of the Committee will appear in the August GOB.

At this time, however, it should be announced that the Convention will convene at 9 a.m. November 29. Question 3 on the ballot was also passed, enabling the organization to hold a workable convention in our present situation.

The GEB and GST would request that resolutions, proposed agenda, or any other suggestions aimed at facilitating a more productive convention be sent as soon as possible to the GHQ. For further developments and announcements concerning the convention preparations and plans, keep abreast of the forthcoming Industrial Workers and GOBs.

Chicago FWs will make every effort to provide diggings for the conventioners: it would be appreciated if members planning to attend would get in touch with the GHQ as soon as possible so that logistics can be expedited. Virtually everyone attending last year's convention agreed that much was accomplished to bring the IWW out of the history books. Hopefully all who can possibly attend this year will do so, contributing their vibrations to the accelerating Wob renaissance.

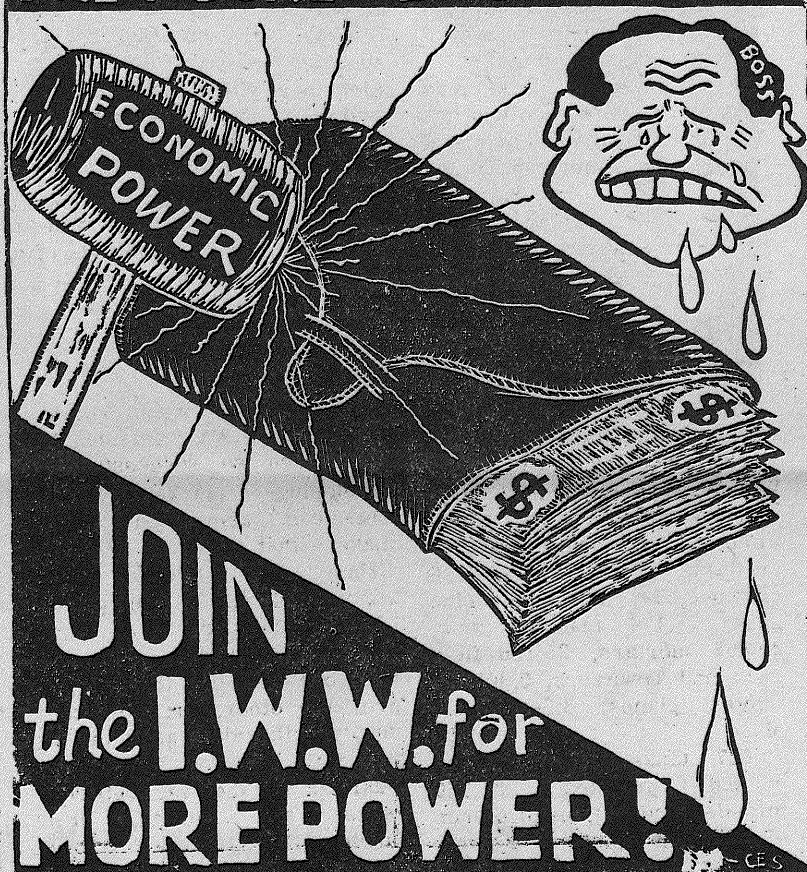
Al Just

General Secretary-Treasurer

ATTENTION: IWW MEMBERSHIP!

The General Organization Bulletin (GOB) is a three or four sheet mimeographed bulletin published monthly at GHQ and distributed to members in good standing only. It is essentially a "house organ" often containing proposed pamphlets for membership reaction, short "blurbs" of a personal or local nature, and other essentially intra-organizational matters including the monthly financial report. If the activity of the OBU continues and increases as it has recently, it is contemplated that the GOB might go to a bi-monthly schedule. In the past, there has been some irregularity as to who receives the GOB; if you have a paid-up little red card and haven't been receiving the Bulletin, and you're feeling abandoned and forlorn, a note to GHQ including your name, correct present address (with ZIP), and card number will take you out of isolation.

"-TO BREAK THE HEART OF THIS OLD CROOK -A SMASHING BLOW TO THE POCKET-BOOK"



FORESHADOWING TOMORROW

What you read in the Industrial Worker often describes the world as it will or might be. Learn more about tomorrow.

"An Injury to One is an Injury to All" • One Union One Label One Enemy



INDUSTRIAL WORKER

Official Organ of The Industrial Workers of the World
Owned and Issued Monthly By
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

2422 N. Halsted Street Chicago, Ill., 60614 Phone: LI 9-5045

Second-Class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois

Editorial and Business Offices of the Industrial Worker are at
2422 North Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill., 60614

SUBSCRIPTION RATES No Paid or Commercial Advertising accepted.
36 issues \$6.00 Make all Remittances payable to
24 issues \$4.00 "INDUSTRIAL WORKER"
12 issues \$2.00

Carlos Cortez Editor

AL JUST, General Secretary-Treasurer

W. H. Westman, Business Manager

It should be understood by members and others who read this paper that it is the policy of the I.W.W. to designate as OFFICIAL any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. Anything not so designated is not official. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual writing or editing the same.

Attention, Field Correspondents!

The deadline for the September issue of the Industrial Worker shall be August 18. All copy should be in by that date. —The Editor

ELVINYILATKOZAT

A MUNKASOSZTÁLY és a munkáltató osztály között semmi közösség nincsen. Nem lehet béke mindaddig, amíg éhség és nélkülözés található a dolgozó emberek milliói között, s az élet összes javait ama kevesek bírják, akikből a munkáltató osztály áll.

E KÉT OSZTÁLY között küzdelemnek kell folynia mindaddig, míg a világ munkásai, mint osztály szervezkednek, birtokukba veszik a földet, a termelő eszközöket és megszűntetik a bérrendszert.

UGY TALÁLJUK, hogy az iparok igazgatásának mind kevesebb és kevesebb kezében összpontosulása a szakszervezeteket (trade unions) képtelenné teszi arra, hogy a munkáltató osztály egyre növekvő hatalmával felvegyék a küzdelmet. A szakszervezetek olyan állapotot ápolnak, mely lehetővé teszi, hogy a munkások egyik csoportját az ugyanazon elősegítik, hogy bérharcok esetén egymást verik le. A szakiparban dolgozó másik csoport ellen uszítják s ezáltal szervezetek segítenek a munkáltató osztálynak a munkásokba beoltani ama tévhitet, hogy a munkáltatókkal közös érdekeik vannak.

E SZOMORU állapotokat megváltoztatni és a munkásosztály érdekeit megóvni csakis olyképp feleltett szervezetekkel lehet, melynek minden az egy iparban — vagy ha kell valamennyi iparban — dolgozó tagjai beszűntessék a munkát, bármikor, ha sztrájk vagy kizárás van annak valamelyik osztályában, így az egyen esett sérelmet az összeség sérelmének tekintik.

E MARADI jelszó helyett: "Tisztelességes napibért tisztességes napi munkáért", ezt a forradalmi jelszót írjuk a zászlónkra: "Le a bérrendszerrel!"

A MUNKASOSZTÁLY történelmi hivatása, hogy megszűntesse a bérrendszert. A termelő hadsereget nemcsak a tőkés-ekkel való mindennapi harcra kell szervezni, hanem arra is, hogy folytassa a termelést akkor, amikor a bérrendszer már elpusztult. Az ipari szervezkedéssel az új társadalom szerkezetét építjük a régi társadalom keretein belül.

LEARN ABOUT THE I.W.W.

The IWW: Its First Fifty Years cloth cover..... \$3.00
paper cover..... \$2.00
(203 pages, one-third discount on order of five or more)

Battle Hymns of Toil (Poems by Covington Hall)..... \$1.00

Song Book (new edition).. \$.40

One Big Union..... \$.35

The IWW in Theory and Practice \$.25

General Strike..... \$.20

Unemployment and Machine \$.10

(40% commission allowed on lots of 10 or more copies)

Reader's Soapbox

Fellow Worker Editor:

Just received the latest Industrial Worker, and the new format is terrific. It no longer has the image of a relic from the past, but on the contrary has the look of an up-to-date labor periodical that seems to demonstrate where things are at....

Fellow Worker Editor:

I received the July issue of the Industrial Worker, but the print is too small and I cannot read it....

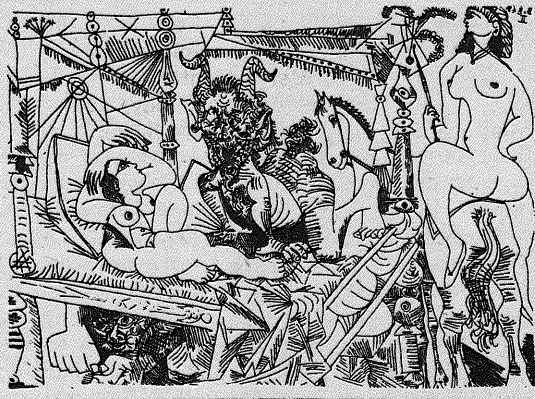
Editor's reply:

The two communiques above are samples of the comments, written and verbal that your editor has been receiving since the July issue when we have come out with a five-column page rather than a four-column one. The reason I had converted to a five-column page was for the sake of not only getting more material into the paper, but also presenting a more-attractive periodical to those who have yet to be introduced to our paper and ideas. Since we only come out once a month, it is felt that more material should be gotten in; and since it costs no more to print a five-column page than to print a four-column one, your editor felt he came upon a good solution. However it is true that reducing the type size to accommodate five columns would make the paper difficult for some people to read, and we don't want to deny anybody the content of the Industrial Worker. Your editor would appreciate hearing more opinions from our readership in order to make a final decision as to the ultimate format of our paper.

Supra-Corporations

The role of unions in relation to the new supra-national corporations is beginning to get discussed in labor circles outside the IWW. The London (England) Tribune, an independent labor weekly, is running a series of articles on the question, the first (by Reuther) appearing in the June 6 issue. He will be followed by other "leading trade unionists in Britain and Europe who have first-hand experience in the international ramifications of the motor industry".

The introductory article by Reuther points out that "several of the multi-national corporations which have burst into the world markets over the last 10 years... incomes which exceed the gross national products of all but a handful of the nations of the world." He proposes extension of the sort of model the Automotive Council of the Metalworkers Federation has established in its field, and urges common expiration dates for all contracts with the same employer as a pre-condition for effective union action. He points out that the power to take union action is likely to be concentrated among the workers in the more-advanced nations, and the need for them to bargain to raise standards in the plants of the same corporations in less-developed areas, and asserts that "union economic authority must be pooled, just as demands and grievances must be pooled."



Revolt Hits Army Bases

More than 20 underground papers are being circulated on army bases to oppose the War in Vietnam. One of them, The Bond, is the organ of the American Servicemen's Union. It proposes the election of officers and an end to this saluting and saying "Sir". (In some Slavic tongues, sir is a term of disrepute.) They also want collective bargaining and a federal minimum wage in the army, rank-and-file control over court-martial boards, the right to disobey illegal orders, and freedom of political association.

To old-timers this may bring back some recollections of veterans at the end of World War I. The American Legion was sponsored in Paris by officers who feared that American soldiers, like many European soldiers, might

become revolutionists. There were various efforts to organize them for strictly doughboy interests. The American Legion for a time offered strike breaking services (New York Times, May 7, 1920).

The use of vets to raid the IWW hall at Centralia stirred up such labor hostility toward the Legion that many labor bodies told their members not to join it, and the Legion soon called off its strike breaking activities.

What will be the social attitude of the vets of Vietnam? Will they come back saying if it were not for pantywaists here they would have won the war—or will they come back determined that no upper crust will ever send the sons of workmen thousands of miles to kill each other?

USA- Arms Merchant

The United States is the largest arms merchant in the world. Since the end of World War II, says Raymond Coffey, it has supplied the rest of the world with more than 2,150,000 military rifles, 1,445,194 carbines, 82, 496 submachine guns, 71,174 machine guns, 30,668 mortars, 25,106 field guns and howitzers, 9,300 jet fighter planes, 8,340 other planes, 2,496 naval craft, 19,827 tanks, 448,383 other combat vehicles, 31,360 missiles, and billions of rounds of ammunition.

"Pentagon drummers," says

George Thayer in his recent book "The War Business", have been so successful in developing markets for American arms and auto makers that they have spurred Czech and other arms suppliers to get into this phase of the arms race. It isn't necessary for the Soviets to arm one side and the USA to arm the other; the USA can supply both sides, as it did in the war between India and Pakistan or the war between Israel and Jordan. It's business.

"I spent 33 years and four months in active service as a member of our country's most agile military force--the Marine Corps... during that period I spent most of my time being a high-class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street, and for the bankers."

"I was a racketeer for capitalism... I helped make Mexico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped to make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in 1915. I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers in 1909-1912. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. I helped make Honduras 'right' for American fruit companies in 1903. In China in 1927 I helped see to it that Standard Oil went its way unmolested."

--Major General Smedley D. Butler



ADVERTISING

POWER

There are only 30,000 tobacco workers in the USA. It is estimated that the use of their product causes 300,000 each year to die earlier than they would otherwise. Each tobacco worker kills 10, but there is \$10,000 per tobacco worker spent each year on advertising to accomplish this trick.

(Withdraw the troops and send tobacco?)

poem written in berkely during the radioactive rains

I listen to the radioactive rain,
Which is not (like Eliot's rain)
A birth and benediction,
But a scourge and death;
And seeing my wife fat with child,
Begotten wrongly in a wrong time,
I wonder
If, when we are reduced to ragged claws,
And spring forth again with dubious brain,
We will bear blossoms sweeter
Than the radioactive rain.

4/3/58

— Gene Nelson

REBEL VOICES

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at \$4.95 each.



DON'T PLAY SHELL GAME!

The Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union has declared a boycott on Shell Oil and Shell Chemical Company products. All oil companies settled the recent strike except Shell. The company added issues to their contract that would be unacceptable by any union member. In the face of this, rather than sign under these conditions, the men returned to work without a contract. This foreign-owned company refuses to even negotiate a contract.

Shell demands the discharge

of 10 strikers, suspension of 15 others, and denial of 1969 vacations to 200. It also demands a breakdown of established work rules, so that skilled craftsmen and operators will have to do work traditionally belonging to other trades.

You can help by not playing the Shell game. Return your credit card to Shell Oil Comco, and tell them not to return it until they have reached a fair and just settlement with their workers in California.



On August 1, 1917, the bruised and mangled body of a lynched miner was found dangling from the end of a rope on the Milwaukee Railroad trestle just outside of Butte, Montana. He was a labor organizer—an IWW loyal to the core; one of the cleanest, gamest, and staunchest men the American labor movement ever produced. His name was Frank Little.

We of the IWW should recall this name and honor the memory of this man with every passing year. He stood for the very best in courage, intelligence, and clarity of vision that our Union ever produced. He represented that type of integrity and charisma without which any revolutionary movement is doomed to sink into garrulous inertia and futile senility.

If an adequate history of the IWW is ever written, Frank Little's name will rank high because his contribution to the Labor Movement was that indomitable and undefeatable fighting spirit which has made the IWW distinct among revolutionary organizations. It is not enough to repeat the fact that he arrived on the scene of the strike in Butte, Montana with one leg in a plaster cast as a result of his activities in the great strike of the copper miners in Hurley and Santa Rita, Arizona. Neither is it enough to state that he was, on a certain date, taken forcibly by armed men from his hotel room at midnight and dragged after an Anaconda automobile and hanged from a station trestle by Anaconda gunmen. It is more important to know that as an IWW organizer he did these organizing activities

cheerfully and willingly—as part of a day's work.

If the future historians of the IWW are to do a good job, they must catch the spirit of all this. They must understand and communicate to their readers the terrific driving force which impelled such men to fight against great odds with such indefatigable determination and bravery. If they do not do this they will miss the essential flavor—the unique something which made the IWW what it has been and what we hope it will continue to be. But those historians who have not lived in the ranks and active periods of the IWW will have a hard time understanding this. Somehow or other the IWW has never had much luck with its historians.

As with Bill Haywood, Vincent St. John, and Cesar Talbot, Frank Little's union origin was traced from the old fighting Western Federation of Miners. It wasn't necessary for them to learn about the class struggle from books. Battle was in their blood. They were natural able-bodied men whose courage, fearlessness, and fortitude evolved in the stress and struggle of class warfare. Their judgment was sound because it had been tempered by experience. They were poor theoreticians, poorer labor-union politicians, but incomparable rebels and strike tacticians. We can learn more from the example they have left for us than from any number of shallow and verbose disquisitions about the "militant" Labor Movement.

May the memory of men like Frank Little put iron in our blood and courage in our hearts for the present and coming future. —Din Crowley

SDS SPLITS: MITOSIS AT CHICAGO

By Virgil Vogel

Chicago's drab Coliseum at 15th Street and Wabash Avenue was once a Confederate prison (Libby Prison) in Richmond, Virginia. After the Civil War, its granite battlements and turrets were dismantled and shipped to Chicago to be re-assembled into an arena for circuses, rodeos, and political conventions. In this grim fortress William Jennings Bryan shook the rafters with his "cross of gold" speech in 1896, and Theodore Roosevelt launched his Bull Moose movement in 1912. In such a hoary atmosphere the Students for a Democratic Society, banned from five dozen campuses, assembled for their 1969 convention June 18 through 23, and wound up with two SDSs.

As some 1500 students poured into this city (which has been boycotted even by mild liberals since the August battles), tension already rode high in the seven-year-old organization. Since 1962, when Tom Hayden drafted the Port Huron Statement calling for participatory democracy and even extracted \$5,000 from the UAW for a Newark community project, the SDS has come a long way. After splitting with its stodgy parent, the League for Industrial Democracy, SDS rejected what it called the "Old Left" — while leaving membership open to everyone — and went on to scare the daylight out of the Establishment with programs and activities which were held to be a re-birth of anarchism. It became the Number One organization of radical white youth, rallying thousands to its banner for marches and sit-ins, and reaching, on paper at least, a membership of 70,000. According to last January's *Fortune*, ten times that many identified in some way with the "New Left".

It was not to be expected that the "Old Left" could be fenced off from such a potential harvest. SDS soon became a battleground for many contending groups of self-styled Marxist-Leninists of all shades, as well as all varieties of radicalism except the YSA and YPSL. Finally, in the 1969 convention, the Maoist Progressive Labor Party, a fast-growing split-off from the Communist Party, supported by its creature, the Worker Student Alliance, captured control of the eighth national SDS convention. The "regulars" — led by retiring national secretary Mike Klonsky and the rest of the national staff and supported by virtually everybody who wasn't in the PLP orbit — walked out of the Coliseum on Saturday night, June 22. While PLP won a technical majority by electing its own permanent chairman, Jeff Gordon, and carrying some procedural motions, their numerical lead was really slim, and cannot be interpreted to mean that they are that strong in the boondocks. By a carefully disciplined drive for delegates and some timely thuggery (opponents were physically assaulted at Michigan State), their well-drilled legions were able to outmaneuver the less skillful opposition; but in so doing, they captured only themselves.

The atmosphere of the convention was depressing not only in view of what it means to see a once-promising movement being caught up in the same kind of shenanigans which brought ruin and despair to so many protest movements

of the Thirties, but also because of the evidence of a growing police state in American society, which the convention revealed. Police and FBI agents took over an abandoned school building across the street and used movie cameras and binoculars to keep track of everyone coming or going. Electronics experts had been busy around the building. License numbers of all cars in the vicinity were recorded by undercover agents on the sidewalk. (Uniformed cops, remembering August, were not around.) Only a few weeks ago, Chicago police forced their way into national SDS headquarters in Chicago, on the excuse of a fake fire alarm, and arrested five national officers, including Mike Klonsky, who demanded that they produce a warrant before entering. Flowing from all this, convention security was tight. Only people with some kind of radical credentials were admitted, and these had their purses, wallets, and pockets thoroughly searched. Newsmen were excluded (except those from the "movement" press).

Most of the first three days of the convention was occupied largely with battles over credentials, for on this matter hinged the outcome of the power struggle. While these hassles went on behind the scenes, informal rapping and so-called workshops occupied the time of the delegates. No worse place could have been chosen for such activity. The acoustics were impossible, there were no rooms where separate groups could meet away from the din of hundreds of competing voices. Little could be heard, and many small bull sessions developed around the literature tables set up by every group with a message to promote.

By Friday night a plenary session was addressed by Jules Cook, field secretary of the Illinois Black Panthers, who read a statement prepared for him by the Panther headquarters in Oakland, California, which was alleged to have the support of the Chicago Young Lords, a former Puerto Rican gang now committed to radical politics and the Young Patriots, a similar group of Appalachian whites. (In Chicago these three groups recently formed a coalition.) The statement was a blast at the PLP,

excoriating them in particular for "deviation" from the Marxist-Leninist line on self-determination for black people and other colonized peoples. The statement terminated in an ultimatum that PLP be excluded from SDS as counter-revolutionary traitors.

The tragicomedy in all this flows from the fact that (1) the Panthers are not members of or even allied with SDS, and since they have scorned white groups which seek to give advice to the black movement, it seems presumptuous for them to give advice to the mostly-white SDS; and (2) the Panthers are themselves warm admirers and quoters of the same prophet who inspires PLP, Mao Tse-tung. The real issue dividing the two groups seems to be the Panthers' insistence that there can be only one vanguard party, their party, and any other party which claims to be the vanguard is an enemy of the people.

After that attack, which was interrupted with much shouting, PLP seized the mike to reply, accompanied by more shouting and the rejection of a motion from the Klonsky group to recess until Saturday. Following this, the "regulars" walked out.

Next day two conventions met in the same building. The PLP faction continued to meet in the Coliseum annex, while the regulars met in the adjoining main hall of the Coliseum. To this observer, their numbers seemed to equal or exceed those of the PLP group. In the regular assembly was literally everybody who wasn't a PLP-WSA member or stooge: the Independent Socialist Club of the Bay area, whose prophet is ex-ISL member Hal Draper; the Revolutionary Union, also of the Bay area, which admires both Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh but detests the PLP; the anarchists and young Wobblies, more than a hundred of whom caucused for two nights at IWW headquarters; the New York based Labor Committee of SDS, which incurred the displeasure of all factions last fall by supporting the AFT strike; the Communist-led Du Bois clubs; and most other assorted radicals, except the Trotskyist Young Socialist Alliance, which officially scorns SDS (though they had a literature table at the

convention). The big stars of SDS were also with the regulars: the NO staff headed by Mike Klonsky and Bernardine Dohrn; Mark Rudd of Columbia fame; and Howard Machtinger, who led the 16-day occupation of the University of Chicago administration building last February. (Old stars like Kissinger, Oglesby, et cetera were not around.)

In the Annex the PLP people were holding workshops on racism. In each of the circles filling the hall, a succession of PLP orators nailed down the party line. They were easily identifiable, even though it was hard to hear them, because they all wore a Red Star button on the right shoulder — each in the same spot, like army insignia.

The regulars differed widely on program, so much so that they seriously discussed having no program. They were united only in the conviction that it was impossible to remain in the same organization with the PLP, although their reasons differed somewhat, and so did their strategy. Some wanted to make an effort to re-capture the convention, but the majority felt that the regulars were the real convention already, and so they proceeded to "expel" the PLP. They then drew up a statement of policy (really an indictment of PLP) which was to be read from the platform in the annex where the PLP contingent was meeting. While this was going on, no one was allowed to leave the regular meeting; SDS security guards blocked the one open exit, to prevent "spies" from carrying out information.

Near midnight Saturday the regulars had their position ready, and filed out into the annex. The PLP agreed to hear them. Pretty, shapely Inter-organizational Secretary Bernardine Dohrn, flanked by a bodyguard of about 30, took the microphone and began to read the regular statement and to expound on it for more than half an hour. The PLP, she charged, was reactionary and anti-communist. It was hostile to the people's liberation movements in Vietnam, throughout the Third World, and among the black and brown "colonies" within the USA. It not only held aloof from their struggles, but also denounced all such movements as petit-bourgeois nationalism.

It was unfriendly to Castro's Cuba, to the National Liberation Front and the new provisional government of South Vietnam, to Ho Chi Minh and his regime in North Vietnam, and to North Korea. The regulars supported all of these; and in the list of people's governments which were worthy of support, oddly enough, she listed Maoist Albania, along with those aligned with Moscow in Asia. (The European satellites were not mentioned; neither was the Arab-terrorist Al-Fatah, which has been endorsed in recent issues of *New Left Notes*, the official SDS paper.)

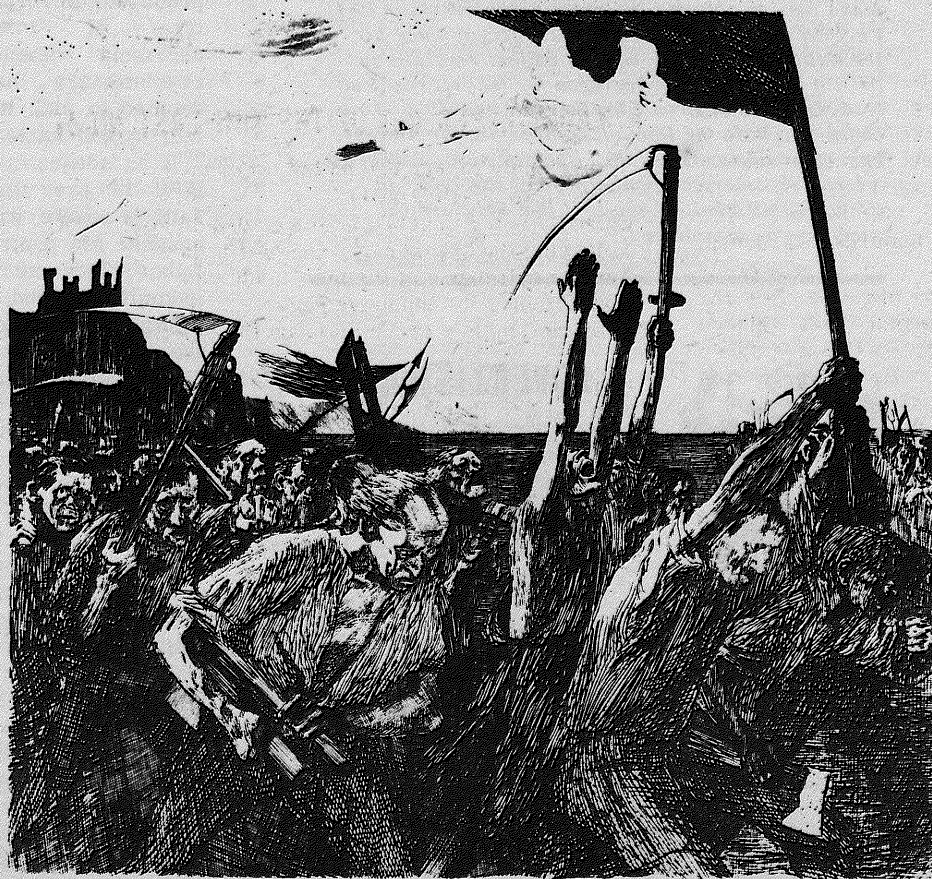
PLP was accused of withholding support for black self-determination, for open admission to schools, and for community control of political and social institutions. It did not support the battles of black students at San Francisco State or the school breakfast program of the Panthers. It did not support the socialist revolution in Cuba or the armed struggles of people everywhere against the common enemy: American imperialism. PLP emphasized "class" without taking into account the special needs of the people, and substituted slogans for a program.

Throughout her speech to the tension-filled hall, which could be called impressive if one could overlook its fantastic content, she was frequently interrupted by some of the best-organized heckling this writer has ever seen. It was reminiscent of the controlled laughter and applause in live TV shows, where the audience responds to cue cards. Sometimes the foulest obscenities were shouted, though these were from excess exuberance. Among the standard cries was "Shame, shame!" — made with all the trained seals standing and shaking their clenched fists each time they shouted the phrase. Hundreds rose as one to heckle, and sat down as one. A few minutes later they would rise again, and shout "Smash racism!" in perfect cadence, shaking their fists as before, the jerky, well-timed motions resembling those of the mechanical men in store window displays. The scene was like something out of Franz Kafka, or from the old movies of the Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg. One must see it to believe it, and it is not reassuring.

At the end of Miss Dohrn's speech, many among the regular group, most of whom were standing along the side aisles during the address, broke into their own well-measured chant as they filed out of the Coliseum: "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh; the NLF is gonna win." Meanwhile the PLP group were on their feet shouting "Power to the workers!" repeatedly, still shaking clenched fists in perfect time. (Doubtless few of them had done any work more strenuous than cranking a mimeograph.) The din was ear-splitting, and enthusiasm on both sides reached an intensity unmatched by anything seen in this writer's 31 years in the Movement. Yet it was all motivated by support for one kind of totalitarianism against another; none of it had anything to do with democratic socialism, a phrase seldom heard in the Coliseum that week.

Next day the regulars met in the First Congregational Church at 40 North Ashland, scarcely a half-block from the fortress-like SDS headquarters at 1608 West Madison, in the

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FEAR!

a story

I used to see him at the Russian Institute. To the average American, it may be surprising that there is such a thing as a "Russian Institute" in Mexico's second-largest city of Guadalajara—that close to home. And especially since it resembles so much a movie caricature of a "sinister" Eastern Bloc embassy, located as it is on a narrow dark side street, with an ancient gloomy facade, forbidding entrance hall, and narrow staircase vanishing into hidden rooms above.

But the average American needn't fear. Few visitors traverse that hall, and fewer still read that free literature designed to mold minds; all the gay young Mexican secretaries and clerks are down at the much larger and more cheerful American Cultural Institute several blocks away, imitating the latest American trends in dress, hair styles, and speech—and perhaps hoping to snare an American husband.

Why did I go there—to the Russian Institute? I am no Communist. At least not with a capital "C". Perhaps I went there partly to find out just what I was. Or was going to be. Or mainly out of curiosity. After all, the struggle between East and West is probably the most significant thing going on in the world today. I should think anyone would be interested and feel an obligation to be informed. And even remembrance of the most heinous crimes of Stalin could not detract from those marvelous prints of scenes from the October Revolution—the storming of the Winter Palace—which I had pored over for hours in that dreary little gallery off the upstairs library.

So I would go there occasionally on Tuesdays and Thursdays for the documentaries—mostly dry, technically-rather-poor films about the miracles of Soviet industry. After a while I got tired of seeing the same factories and oil refineries. But my persistence was occasionally rewarded by vivid scenes of the more-human side of Russian life—scantly-clad buxom girls at beach resorts, people rushing to and fro on history-drenched boulevards, glimpses of lovers and singers, magnificent vignettes from great ballets.

I didn't have many companions in the small auditorium. I would sit there among the turbulent prints, the bright Russian flag draped rather-startlingly before me, the portrait of Lenin peering perplexedly down on the room from behind me like a man with honorable intentions who could not understand why things had not worked out better, and I wondered where all the enthusiastic young revolutionaries were—the hearty "comrades", the idealistic students. They didn't come. Were they all down at the American Institute drinking Pepsi-Colas and discussing Dick and Liz? Only a few old men filed in, slowly, their ancient bones creaking, usually alone. A few words of unenthusiastic greeting would be exchanged in low voices—I would hear snatches of broken English, Spanish, something that sounded faintly like Russian—and then the lights would dim in the almost-empty room, and the film would begin.

Afterward it was the same. There were no refreshments,

no stimulating discussions, no enthusiastic greetings or after-show get-togethers. The silent old men filed out just as they had entered—solitary, silent, expressionless. We went down the stairs and the heavy wooden doors closed behind us like the doors of a tomb.

I had seen one old man, however, whose weathered face and eyes showed a glimmer of life. He must have been in his seventies—a short, stocky, white-haired fellow with vaguely-Slavic features whose stooped form moved with the jerky rhythm of eagerness as it labored up the narrow, twisting stairs. In the brief interval before the film commenced I would catch snatches of conversation in poor Spanish hastily exchanged with other less-avid spectators a few seats away. "This film is about _____; I lived there as a boy...left Russia in 1910...." I had halfway hoped to speak to the old fellow some evening, but it seemed the lights always dimmed just as the opportunity arose, or else he was engaged in one of his brief spates of broken speech with another septuagenarian. In the dim light I would see his eyes take on life as the film began, watching the old buildings and landscapes which he perhaps just imagined he recognized, giving themselves up to secret memories—and desires perhaps?—under the cover of darkness. A smile would come across his face; he would sit entranced; and then the lights would come on, and his features would revert to stone.

Then one evening I saw him at the American Institute (I like to keep in touch with all aspects of reality.), and I stopped momentarily and stared. It was rather delightful to see the friendly stooped old form in its somewhat shabby clothing here amid all this cold clean modern elegance. He was standing in the wide well-lit entrance hall, talking in his broken Spanish with a middle-aged Mexican. A look of genial disapproval shone in his old eyes. Perceiving a lull in the conversation, I approached, feeling a secret kinship with the old man, although I had never spoken to him.

"Good evening!" I said in Spanish, extending my hand. "I've seen you a few times at the Russian Institute, do you remember? The films—"

At the words "Russian Institute" the old man's eyes seemed to gleam for a moment brightly, like coals just before they expire. Then immediately afterward they assumed the opaqueness of stone. His wrinkled features hardened, and a tight cynical look froze on his frowning lips. For the barest second his glance darted furtively to his Mexican companion. He lowered his head.

"Who do they think they are fooling with all that propaganda?" he muttered in a harsh low voice, turning away with averted eyes. Did I just imagine his wrinkled cheeks reddened a little?

The man seemed suddenly incapacitated by overwhelming embarrassment. He looked covertly to left and right, avoiding the glance of the Mexican. I excused myself in as normal and friendly a manner as possible, and walked on. When I looked back from the further end of the hall, the old man had taken



leave of his companion and was proceeding in a fetal slouch out to the street.

I never saw him at the Russian Institute again. Nor at the American Institute, for that matter. Although once I did see him at a distance on the street several weeks later. Apparently spotting me, he hurriedly turned down an alley and disappeared from view.

What had I done? I wondered despairingly. If he had been a younger man I would have thought: It serves him right, since he doesn't have the

courage of his convictions. Or even if he wanted only to indulge in those old childhood memories, those secret fantasies, but wasn't willing to pay the price.

But he was old. With the very old these things—morals, ethics, principles, fade like memories.

I walked on. Was it possible, I thought, that in this new era of "good will" I could have robbed a dying man of his only remaining pleasure?

—Eugene Nelson

EVEN THOUGH THE WINDOWS ARE TINTED, THE SUN SHINES WHITE AND HOT

A. H. "Red" Blum —

The University of Wisconsin,
in Milwaukee —

passed me in the Seven Continents at O'Hare Field in Chicago and bought me a beer. And why?

Because I wore a button for non-violence, and wore a button indicating that I was against the crime of silence. Saying he didn't have the guts to do the same, but that he believed, too!

Look, friend, passing as you do —

take heart, have courage, don't fear, keep on believing!

The buttons are external, they are nothing —

while the inside heart will be counted by the Almighty Flux!

It will, it will!

And thanks for the beer, comrade —

thanks for the beer!

*** Joel Climenga

A MAN STEPPED OUT OF THE SUN LAST NIGHT

Are you able to understand the difference

Between the wailing siren

Casually being thumbed by the gold-helmeted robot

Following the breaker of some traffic law

And the dull drone of the man-made bee

Now hatching its explosive eggs

Over the jungle's green mass on the other side of the world?

I squash the life out of a gnat near my thumb on this desk —

Why did I do that?

This insect was alive, too!

(It's easy to forget, though, isn't it?

What are insects and airplanes filled with bombs?

All I need to do to forget is light another cigarette!)

*** Joel Climenhaga

BLUNT AXE

The visions of doom I foresee need not come true.

If only two people throw a flaming rocket into the grinding gears.

If only two people smash at the gaping wound with a blunt axe.

If only two people will refuse to go to the coming holocaust.

I cannot do it by myself!

Is there not one person somewhere who will help?

*** Joel Climenhaga

THE ESTABLISHED ORDER

by
J. F. McDaniels

The American Government; remains the established order which has come down to us from Revolutionary days. The slaveholders and other rich men who affixed their signatures to that celebrated document, the Declaration of Independence, must have done so wryly, with tongue in cheek, for they surely did not mean all that was said there on the written page.

Of equality, this great authority states that all men are created equal. Black men too, good forefathers? And the sons of the rich and the poor—did they then, or do they now, have opportunities in common?

When capitalists think of equality in economic matters, they mean a division of spoils as of crows dividing the carcass of a fallen beast. They mean no sharing with the worms. I do not think it is in nature for man to do scavenging. It is for the birds and creeping things.

There can be no proper approach to the brotherhood of man without a broad concept of equality. We may not be born equal, as Thomas Jefferson has worded it in the Declaration, but we do claim the blessings of equality for every citizen. It is a principle that stirs and invigorates all socialist and radical thought. It lends nobility to our dreams of a better world. It is the leavening in the bread of social justice.

That which has been handed down to us from those early days has come to be known as the Establishment. It is the system by which strong, affluent, ambitious, and unprincipled men retain control of government from generation to generation.

The standing army imposed by the British on the colonists has been replaced by an American one, for every able-bodied young man must serve his time in a conscript force. In peace or war, this vast army is quartered on the people, for they must pay the bill for its upkeep.

The rebellious colonists complained of tyranny and despotism, but what is that which we have here two centuries later, with great numbers of our young people imprisoned in barracks? I call it being in bondage to your government, which is slavery of the rankest sort. Free men do not, under compulsion, swear allegiance to any institution.

Our young men are treated as Hessians, mercenary troops willing to go anywhere and kill anybody, for a wage.

Those of us who are of a radical turn of mind do not construe such activity as any obligation of citizens in a free society.

* * * * *

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the fourth day of July, 1776, the Establishment. Death notices are not yet out.

J. F. McDaniels

REBEL VOICES

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at \$4.95 each.

WOBs in Mexico; Early B. Traven Classic (Book Review)

"The Cotton Pickers" ("Der Wobbly"), by B. Traven (Hill and Lang)

B. Traven died early this year in Mexico City. His life remains almost as shrouded in mystery as ever. When the IWW asked an American wire-service reporter in the Mexican capital if he could check on the validity of the rumor that Traven had been a member of the IWW, this greedy capitalistic hack refused to send any information without having his moist palms greased with pesos.

Traven, like most Wobblies, preferred to be an unsung hero and refused to meet the press. When asked for information about himself, he once wrote a publisher: "...I am in no way more important than the man who binds up my books and the woman who wraps them up and the scrubwoman who cleans up the office."

Now the publishing house of Hill and Wang is bringing out a whole series of Traven's proletarian novels and stories. First came "The Night Visitor and Other Stories" (in 1966), which had an excellent

introduction dealing largely with "Traven's Wobbly attitude and Anarchist philosophy". Now they have just released "The Cotton Pickers", a deeply moving, somewhat picaresque story of Wobbly-style strikes in the Mexico of the 1920s. Unfortunately the publishers did not see fit to include



any supplementary information about this novel, nor did they even mention the fact that it was published in Germany in 1925 as "Der Wobbly".

As Jack Conroy pointed out in a review in the Chicago Daily News, "the spirit of the Wobblies permeates the yarn", although the IWW is specifically mentioned only two or three times in the

course of the novel. This is partly because the hero, an unemployed seaman named Gales, has the same flair for anonymity as the author and Wobblies in general, preferring to use clever and subdued tactics to fight the capitalists rather than playing his hand immediately with fanfare and bombast. He coyly denies he is a Wob right up to the last fascinating page, while at the same time propagandizing powerfully for Wobbly ideas.

The first part of the book deals with a strike on a gringo-owned cotton ranch which involves American Negroes, a Spaniard, a Chinese, and a number of Mexican Indians. The shy and reluctant Indians are galvanized into action in the form of a successful sit-down strike by the strains of the famous Wobbly "Song of the Cotton Pickers". A bizarre murder adds to the suspense.

Later the protagonist becomes involved in a restaurant and bakery strike in Tampico. A number of

original and daring strike techniques are portrayed. At one point in negotiations, the tough union leader asks the owner why the workers should be expected to work completely on credit, with the employer extending them no credit at all; he demands the payday be in the middle of the week, with the employee putting in half his work before and half after being paid, representing a 50-50 exchange of trust—or lack of same.

The strike is successful because "the Mexican trade unions had no cumbersome bureaucratic machinery. Their secretaries didn't consider themselves to be 'officials', but were actually young hothead revolutionaries." They had "the elasticity of an organization that is still feeling its way and changing its tactics daily".

The hero comments that "War is war, and the workers were determined to wage war until they had won not just one battle but the whole campaign. States at war permit the use of

any weapon, so why shouldn't the workers in their war? Workers usually make the mistake of wanting to be regarded as respectable citizens, but no one thinks the better of them for it.... In Mexico, the workers were more or less undisciplined and the union secretaries were obliged to go along with the action of the rank and file...."

There are some interesting observations on the relations of cops to workers in the Mexico of the day. The union gets a police official fired for trying to help the cafe owner, and the union leader comments "In other countries, for example the United States, some of those reactionary old habits are ultra-modern institutions." Unfortunately Mexico has since followed the United States in this respect. However the resurgence of interest in proletarian novels such as "Der Wobbly" is an indication that this state of affairs may soon be changed.

—Pito Perez

SDS CONFAB MITOSIFIED IN CHICAGO

(continued from Page 4)

ghetto just beyond Skid Row. (The doors are reinforced with solid steel; the second-floor office windows are covered with chicken wire; the office is occupied 24 hours a day; one must phone in advance to gain admittance.) At the Church (like the Coliseum, under police-FBI surveillance) the regulars spent most of Sunday debating about long-range programs (the first real chance they had to do so). Some 40 resolutions thrown into the hopper at the main convention had never been discussed because of the power struggle.

The tone of the discussion was calm and orderly, and for once the sound-absorbent rugs made hearing possible. Though a miasma of cliches filled the air, a lot of people also had some perfectly-sensible things to say, and did so in a creditable manner. We cannot simply condemn this group out of hand. They deserve something better than Olympian scorn from alleged Leftists who tried to con them into Humphrey's corral. Despite their hang-ups on nationalism, and the failure of many of them to comprehend the sellouts of Communism as they have been so well told by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit in "Obsolete Communism", they are a diverse lot. There are among them many earnest and dedicated young people who, with a little more understanding of the past, might grow into valuable radicals. Unfortunately, many young radicals "recoil from historical references. They suspect that history and 'funky old things' will impede their momentum...." (Nora Sayre, Progressive, July 1969)

While the slogans of the CP, the RU, and the Panthers still are mistaken for a program by the dominant majority among them, still they are more varied in their political views than the monolithic group which continued to meet at the Coliseum. While this writer was at the Church (till 7 p.m. Sunday), the verbal exercises remained only that; nothing was mimeographed,

and no resolutions were adopted. Perhaps it is best, given the circumstances; SDS policy resolutions have never bound the chapters anyhow.

The regulars continued their meeting until Monday, and elected as national secretary Mark Rudd, leader of the Columbia occupation of April-May 1968. As education secretary they chose William Ayers of Michigan State, son of the head executive of the Commonwealth Edison Company in Chicago (chief polluter of the city's air). They retain the name SDS, and the national office with its \$10,000 printing press. Their allegedly-Communist landlord, John Rossen, owner of a string of Spanish-language movie houses, can be expected to back their continued occupation of his premises.

The PLP, hurrying to clear out of the \$400-a-day Coliseum by Sunday night, also claimed the name SDS, and elected John Pennington of Boston as national secretary, Patricia Forman as inter-organizational secretary, and Alan Spector of New England Regional SDS as internal education secretary.

The tragedy of SDS is not in the split. It is that neither group at present offers a program that spells anything but doom to any hope of becoming more influential among youth and adults. The tragedy is that a group which still considers itself "New Left" is in fact, in both of its splinters, mouthing moss-backed phrases from the worst of the Old Left, not excluding Stalin himself. These youth have been brought where they are by the deteriorating quality of life in America; it is not privation that moves them, as many of us were moved in the Thirties, but a deep concern over spiritual desolation and non-economic forms of oppression, and, above all, over the monstrous war in Vietnam. The pity is that no influential organization of the democratic Left has appeared to channel this healthy discontent in directions that can lead to real freedom instead of a new slavery. Such a movement is a most urgent need of our day.

Problems Plague Indian Working Stiffs

(continued from Page 1)

agency, proposed to take over 25 of the 49 closed mills. It has funds for this, but procedures delay such a takeover. The mills that closed are those that were least efficient, but their closing provides an excuse for

profitable mills to refuse the increase. The Government says they closed because the owners plowed back none of their wartime profits into plant improvement, and that it will provide better looms and plant rationalization. When they are opened, the new

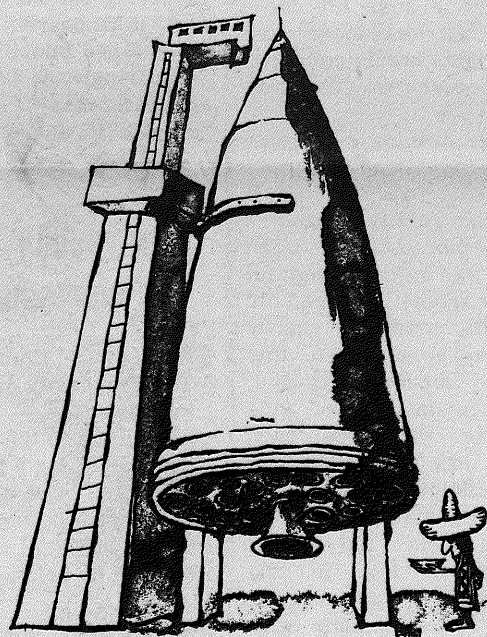
government management will face another sort of problem: massive unemployment creates a pressure to avoid the use of labor-saving equipment or techniques, yet this is what they must use to make the plants self-sustaining. Where does good union policy fit into all this?

Government ownership, "the public sector", is growing. In the life of India's three Five-Year Plans, it has grown from "15% to 35% of the reproducible wealth". This public sector now has 10,000,000 on its payrolls. In 1956 the Government adopted the following statement of policy: "The adoption of the socialist pattern of society as the national objective, as well as the need for planned and rapid development, requires that all industries of basic and strategic importance or in the nature of public-utility services should be in the public sector."

Labor standards in the public sector are subject to the same state and national laws as in private industry. Unionists have urged that public enterprises should go beyond this "to bring about the overall betterment of conditions in the areas where these enterprises are set up". This is only one of several issues that make for conflict between workers and management in this public sector. Management swings from the position that it is performing a strictly technical service for one big happy family to the rather-different contention that it must tell the workers no because of management's obligation to public, nation, and consumers.

The Indian Worker of June 16 and 23 from which these data are taken has much to say about labor relations in the public sector. It is the organ of the Indian National Trade Union Congress (INTUC), the largest union movement in India, often assailed as a projection of the dominant Congress Party and repeatedly stressing that its purpose is to serve both the workers and the nation. It urges arbitration and avoidance of violence. It notes: "Historically, the nationalization of undertakings like the LIC and Airlines and Imperial Bank of India was

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SAC
SVERIGE

ACCIDENTS RISE! (LIKE THE COST OF LIVING)

The industrial accident rate is rising. Back in 1958 there were 10.8 disabling injuries per million man-hours worked, but by the first half of 1966 the rate had risen to 13.2. "Each day 27,000 workers suffer injuries at work of which 6,000 are disabling and over 250 permanently disabling; 55 workers die each day from accidents and occupationally-connected diseases."

These data are taken from a special report on accidents issued by Labor Today—a Time-size illustrated magazine published monthly at 343 South Dearborn, Chicago 60604 (\$3.50 per year) by a group of unionists not allied to specific politics, but critical of the Establishment inside and outside the unions.

Little is being done about the rising accident rate. Says Esther Peterson, former Assistant Secretary of Labor: "We spend \$95 on auto-safety research for each traffic fatality...and \$6.57 on occupational-safety research for every worker killed on the job."

Speed-up and greed account for most of it. The Labor Department reported that when New Jersey and Pennsylvania banned the use of certain dye ingredients which gave workers bladder cancer, some manufacturers moved to states where these ingredients were still legal, and "workers are now getting bladder cancer in Georgia".

Not included in the death rate given above are the 300-odd deaths per day from heart attacks that occur on the job. Doctor Stammler, the well-known heart researcher, urges that unions should bargain for regular on-the-job heart examinations. Doctor Carnow, who teaches preventive medicine at the University of Illinois, urges that unions arrange for workers to switch jobs if continuous exposure to the same hazard makes some dangers that would not be of great concern if exposure were for a short time only. (Before fringe benefits cut down mobility, footloose workers used to practice that sort of preventive medicine.)

MUSINGS OF A WOBBLY

Standing on the sidewalk near a bus stop, while waiting for someone to arrive, I struck up a casual acquaintance with a young man on crutches who stopped to sat hello and nice weather today. We compared notes, and in the course of the conversation he told me he had fallen off a table when still a child and was paralyzed from the waist down. In time he had been enabled to move about on crutches; a piece of bone had been taken out of his shin and placed in his spine, so that he could hold his body erect, and his right leg is now responding to treatment so that before long he may be able to stand on it and even take a step. He is now 21. He has a brother 29 and another brother under the sod—a Vietnam War victim. The lad was only 18 when, against the advice of his paralyzed brother, he joined the Marines. After brief "training" he was shipped to Vietnam: a week or so after his arrival he was stationed near the "demilitarized" zone, sent out on "reconnaissance", and riddled with bullets, becoming one of the many thousands of victims of the military-fascist combine that has plagued these benighted states for lo these many years.

The lad from whom I drew this story evidently was of Mexican extraction, the son of a poor worker's family—of which there are thousands in the section of Los Angeles where I live. And I want to tell the reader of the indignation burning within me against the cowards that send young men out to be slaughtered like cattle, while reaping profits, high position, and medals of "honor" for themselves. Only the other day I read how one of these military fascists was rewarded with two medals in one day. His merits? As head of NATO he has managed to spend billions of dollars keeping whole nations at loggerheads, spreading division and suspicion among people who have no quarrel with one another except what is taught them in lying propaganda designed to make them ready for cannon fodder whenever it

suits the managers of mass murder's purposes. It's a rotten game, I tell you, and we, the world's workers, should long ago have put a stop to it. Yes, but why have we not done so? Why have we not said long ago: Halt, so far and no further, and put the deed to the word, and quit supplying the mass murderers with the sinews of war, with the Gatling guns, the explosives, the poison gases, and other foul means of killing humans. Yes, why?

There is an answer. We have been victims of delusion, and through delusion we are divided among ourselves. Though great strides have been made in organizing labor, still labor is very much divided within its own house. Industry is one, but the number of divisions within labor's ranks is legion. And the result? Labor, without whom not a wheel can turn, is still at the mercy of decisions made by bankers, privateers, and all manner of exploiters. Our children are taken from us, and in the name of patriotism shipped to remote regions to die in swamps like wild animals, and there's hardly a murmur of protest from so-called organized labor. That's a shame, I say; and sooner or later, but the sooner the better, an accounting will have to be made. The blood of the victims of war is on the hands of those who promote it, that's for sure.

Way back in 1905 the Industrial Workers of the World was founded for the purpose of making labor stand up and be counted. Since that memorable year, many courageous and far-seeing men gave their all to make that dream come true. Are we today putting our shoulders to the wheel to make the dream of the fallen a reality and create a world in which we can truly say: the blood of the victims of fascism is not on our hands, and look each other in the eye without shame? For we are our fellow worker's keepers, regardless of all that we see and hear around us.

Enness Ellae.

INDIA

(continued from Page 6)
never prompted by a concern for the lot of the employees."

K. M. Khullar observes that "Bureaucratization" and the degree of cynical manipulation inherent in public administration as a legacy of British rule in India has seriously jeopardized the working of public undertakings in India." He might note the same phenomena even where the British have never ruled, but he points to a possible advantage in following the Yugoslav "worker control" model, noting that since its adoption in 1950 the national income of Yugoslavia has increased 2.3 times.

There are unions in most public-sector enterprises. A survey of labor relations made in 1967 in 95 public enterprises found 197 unions involved. Of them 77 were INTUC, 25 were AITUC (communist-oriented), 23 were the socialist-sponsored HMS, 6 were UTIC, and 66 were not affiliated with any of the four chief labor groups. Some have complained that INTUC has special advantages: it belongs to the same international set-up as the AFL-CIO; but its official organ now takes note that its communist opposition, the All-India Trade Union Congress, does

contribute to getting results by "creating consciousness in the underdog" and "shaking the vested interests and the establishment in their complacency".

Unemployment, as in the closing down of the 49 cotton mills, limits bargaining. In these years of relative prosperity in Europe and America, the problem of unemployment and under-employment in other parts of the world has been growing. Chilean economist Andre Frank contends that under-development in some areas actually develops as counterpart to capitalist success elsewhere. Morse, the Director of the UN's International Labor Organization, anticipates that in the 20 years 1960 to 1980 Asia will have added 290,000,000 to the number of job-seekers; that industry will not be able to absorb them, and they will be left in an agriculture that is already saturated with a surplus of partly-employed labor. Tidke, Indian Minister of Labor, reported to the ILO 50th Congress last month: "In India out of a total estimated population of 52,000,000, the age group 12-to-30 accounts for nearly 180,000,000, of which 80% live in rural areas

New Action on Sacco-Vanzetti Case

(continued from Page 1)

stands out: "The records of the Sacco-Vanzetti case should bring home to every reader the shattering realization that convicting the innocent is easy where circumstantial evidence is used and constitutional procedural guarantees are tossed to the winds."

Volume IV includes a lengthy section dealing with a hearing by Judge Webster Thayer on alleged switching of gun barrels by a defense ballistic expert. This section was inexplicably omitted from the original edition of the Transcript, published by Henry Holt and Company in 1928-29.

Volume VI contains the record of the trial of Vanzetti in Plymouth in 1920, in which he was convicted of being the shotgun man in a payroll holdup attempt. (One witness, a high-school boy, who saw that man from a distance of 140 feet, testified: "I knew he was a foreigner by the way he ran.") And included also are an extensive chronology and a 47-year bibliography itemizing all English-language contributions relating to the whole situation. Also portraits of the leading protagonists in the proceedings appear in all the volumes.

Rowland Watts, attorney and chairman of the Sacco-Vanzetti Commemoration Committee

here and chairman of the Workers Defense League, commented: "While the \$200 price of the new edition of the Transcript may seem high at first glance, it certainly is justified by the substantial quality of the Appel production, which is far superior to the long-out-of-print first edition issued by Holt with Rockefeller Foundation money. Many of the Holt sets in libraries are yellowed and disintegrated, often with pages missing."

Concerning the Ehrmann work, Watts said: "Written by a master hand, that book is the most important single volume yet on this historic case, which has contemporary meaning in the continuing fight for justice for all people accused of crime. It is rich in documentation, objective, and contains significant photographs and essential maps. Surely it deserves a wide-reaching sale."

Meanwhile, in Boston and New York, copy is being written, edited, and translated for a final, commemorative issue of "Controcorrente", the quarterly published for many years by Aldino Felicani, Boston printer, who organized the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee on the day after the arrests of the pair in 1920. That issue will be in both English and Italian, and will go to a select list of libraries in

many countries. It will contain not only tributes to Felicani, who died in April 1967, but also considerable new history about the case which was the dominant interest of his whole life.

Following the momentous appearance of that publication, in early or mid summer, the voluminous and priceless Aldino Felicani collection of data on the shameful New England tragedy will go to the Boston Public Library, which will set up a Sacco-Vanzetti Room, in which there will be a special Felicani alcove.

In February the Equity Library Theatre here staged a two weeks' revival of the 1960 musical drama "The Shoemaker and the Peddler", for which the book and lyrics were written by Armand Aulicino and the music was written by Frank Fields. Bearing a new title, "Sacco-Vanzetti", the play received a long and enthusiastic review in the New York Times. There is likely to be another revival Off-Broadway in autumn, and a well-known producer is seriously considering a road tour for the production, with Boston as the logical first stop.

—John Nicholas Beffel

(Editor's note: John Nicholas Beffel is apparently the last survivor of the newsmen who covered the Sacco-Vanzetti trial in Dedham in 1921, having reported it for the New York Daily Call. He was defense publicist in 1920-21, and handled the running story of the case on the copy desk of the New York World in the weeks leading to the executions. In April 1927 he gave details of an affidavit of Judge Thayer's open prejudice. The affidavit told of a threat Thayer made against the defense in the presence of newspapermen on the fourth day of the trial.)

HOUSE INTERESTS

Members of the House of Representatives are now required to list some of their outside "interests"—and it turns out that 61 have financial interests in companies with defense contracts; 35 hold stock in companies with contracts to work on the Sentinel ABM; and 90 have interests in banks, savings and loan companies, and holding companies. There's no question about who or what these 186 representatives represent.

Dope on LA Fuzz

The American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California has released a brochure describing the work of its three police practice complaint centers—in Watts, East Los Angeles, and Venice.

The three offices were opened in 1966 to offer assistance in filing with authorities complaints against police abuse of civil liberties. In many cases, complainants may also be defended by ACLU volunteer attorneys.

Copies of the brochure are available at no charge from the centers: in Watts, 10209 Beach Street (567-8391); in East Los Angeles, 2222 East First Street (AN 9-7019); and in Venice, 617 Broadway (399-2937).

—SCACLU



where there is limited scope for material and mental advancement."

Here comes another puzzle. Education, especially technical education, is the leading accepted panacea. Next comes injection of capital. But with any mechanization of primitive agriculture, labor is shoved off the land into the cities, and Tidke reported to ILO on some "imbalances in manpower supply". He said: "Currently there is an over-supply of some critical categories of manpower, such as scientific and technical personnel. A high priority would have to be given further utilization of the human resources on the development of which large sums of money have been invested.... Besides the formal education in professional colleges.... there is a network of 356 Industrial Training Institutes with an annual intake capacity of 150,000... and a Scheme for Apprenticeship Training for imparting practical training in industry." Along with all this goes the steady insistence on coping with unemployment by labor-intensive methods of digging irrigation ditches or building steel mills with more labor than is needed.

This is the picture: massive unfilled creature needs; incompletely-used natural resources; industrial facilities in short supply and applied to questionable purposes; vast surpluses of unskilled labor and smaller surpluses of students who have graduated from special training in HOW various sorts of work can be done—all waiting as though paralyzed; waiting for corporate management or political bureaucracy to tell them WHAT work is to be done.

If it is physically possible to apply brawn and knowledge to unused resources to make them serve an unfilled need, it is also economically feasible, even though it may require cutting through some institutional hindrances. The old cave man could afford to do whatever he was able to do. We can afford as much if we—workers with jobs and without them, students who have studied how and those who have taught them how—re-organize ourselves to look at the world's work and decide what work is to be done as well as how to do it.

—FT

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Knowledge, like energy, is power only when it is put to work to get results.

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**Industrial
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"RICH LAND, POOR MAN"

Agribusiness, the country's most-essential industry, is sick.

Farm labor comprises only 7% of the nation's total labor force, but 43% of our poverty exists in agricultural areas. Since 1959 a quarter of the family-size farms have disappeared. But that percentage doesn't account for any proportionate drop in the use of productive land. Only 4% of farm acreage has been transferred to other uses. It just means that agriculture has turned into big business, with 9% of the farms paying 70% of the farm wages. Raising food and cotton is still California's biggest industry, accounting for a whopping \$4,000,000,000 revenue which annually supports, after its fashion, some 400,000 hands during peak season.

Yet this sizeable number of workers is not covered by NLRB or, until very recently, any other labor protection. Unemployment insurance is unknown to them. Only in December 1966 was a minimum wage grudgingly granted—on paper. What actually happens in the fields is a different story. And you may be sure that the growers take every advantage of the fact that union recognition has not been a part of the official picture.

But if NLRB fails to protect farm workers, it is not in the least diffident about breaking their strikes. Government officials, with the sanction of the US Department of Agriculture, escorted strike breakers across picket lines that Local 218 of the National Farm Labor Union threw around the vast grape ranch at Arvin, California in 1947. This strike against the Di Giorgio Fruit Corporation was lost when an NLRB injunction forbade picketing for 17 months.

The actors in the drama have changed. The vast Di Giorgio holdings have recently been sold. AWOC and NRWA were merged into the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee in 1962 under the dynamic leadership of Cesar Chavez. But the act is essentially the same—a struggle for economic recognition, human rights, the assurance of bread with a little butter on it.

Strike breakers who for so long have plagued the

organizational drive are recruited from students, housewives, and Mexican nationals. Also many Mexican Americans, with their unhappy history of job discrimination, marginal wages, and language barrier, have maintained a formidable obstacle to unionization. The growers so far seem to be able to recruit strike breakers from one source or another about as fast as the union can sign up workers. One method is to issue green tourist cards to temporary Mexican workers who cross the border under cover of darkness at 2 a.m. This was the way strikes were broken last year at Indio and Coachella. Many of these strike breakers were given rides—paid for by generous growers in the San Joaquin Valley—to come north to the grape country. These inexperienced grape pickers and packers spoil great quantities of grapes with unskilled handling. That's why the public is paying a scandalous price for poorly-paid scab grapes.

Readers of the Industrial Worker are familiar with stories of constant harassment which pickets have long suffered. They are sprayed with insecticides. Their picket signs are riddled with bullets. Company trucks threaten to run down members on massed lines. The Teamsters, at first sporadically co-operative, turned unfriendly when they were turned down as bargaining agents for the farm workers.

After seven years of a concerted union drive, none of the table-grape workers are working under an UFWOC contract as of July 1. In spite of current coverage by a minimum wage, these non-union pickers are customarily paid \$1.40 and \$1.50 per hour for miscellaneous year-round jobs of pruning, weeding, and elimination of grasshoppers. True, during the rush season, which may last four to five months, young experienced hands may make \$2.25 an hour at piece work. The union wants to eliminate the uncertainty and nervous tension of the piece-work system and substitute a more solid minimum annual wage of \$1.90 an hour, 10¢ of which would be set aside for a health and welfare fund.

Among its accomplishments UFWOC can chalk up 11 contracts covering 3,000 wine-grape workers. (But unfortunately, mechanization threatens to wipe out most of these particular workers' jobs within five years.)

A certified labor dispute has finally been recognized between UFWOC and 40 grape growers. What this means is that the State Employment Office refuses to supply the growers with new workers, and Congress has ended its bracero importation program. (Illegal importation still continues.)

A dollar per month set aside from union dues has established a credit union and a makeshift clinic. This clinic is housed in a large trailer on several acres of land donated by a rich angel in San Francisco. Lately the clinic has been on the sick list. The status-conscious AMA is discouraging doctors from donating a day each week to indigent farm hands. A union co-op filling station will go into operation as soon as sufficient funds are raised. At least, the station is there. In the meantime the official union paper, El Macriado, prints 15,000 to 20,000 copies every month, about 9,000 of which are supported by regular subscriptions.

Three years ago a huge march of grape strikers walked from Delano to Sacramento to present their grievances to the Governor on Easter Sunday. (The Governor, of course, was basking in the sun at Palm Springs.) According to legend, the workers headed their line of march with a huge, heavy wooden cross. Later, irate Delano residents tried unsuccessfully to burn this cross. Finally they chopped it into large pieces. You may still see its remnants lying in one corner of the field near the El Macriado print shop, a battered, perhaps apocryphal symbol of union solidarity.

The rent of strikers, living in small homes scattered throughout Delano and Arvin, is paid by the union. Strikers also receive subsistence handouts which they cook at home. Fifty-two hard-core striking families are entirely dependent on the bounty of other unions, students, churches, socialists, and other men of good will for donations of food and old clothes. One

caravan faithfully comes from Los Angeles every other month. Other groups come from San Francisco and surrounding areas every week or so. Hungry single strikers eat in the kitchen of the Filipino Union Hall in Delano. Recently the daily family allowance of milk has been reduced from a half-gallon to one quart. It's a long hard haul, and UFWOC is tightening its belt.

One day in the winter of 1967 30 farm workers boarded a bus donated by Colorado unionists to begin a national grape-boycott campaign. Their chief target was Safeway, the chain that annually purchases \$4,000,000 worth of California's table grapes. This boycott spread to 200 cities. A hundred thousand customers eventually signed a pledge to boycott Safeway until it agreed to stop buying scab grapes.

In mid-November last year the Los Angeles Times estimated that the boycott had cost the growers \$5,000,000. This figure does not include the cost of fighting the boycott. UFWOC estimates a decline of between 12% and 19% in the shipment of table grapes.

Until recently UFWOC's boycott has been a campaign of friendly persuasion enlisting the aid of fellow unionists. Now, however, the drive has entered a more serious, practical phase. On Saturday, May 10, from noon until 6, UFWOC threw picket lines around Safeway at strategic points throughout the country.

Between 40 and 50 stores were picketed in Los Angeles County in this first exploratory drive, with indeterminate results. Neighborhoods with large working-class Mexican quarters drew the enthusiasm of a hundred pickets; other sections received only token assistance. Most of the demonstrators conceded that a successful, all-out union drive was going to require mass picketing, with probable mass arrests, to break the injunction and block stubborn consumer patronage.

On our last trip to Delano with carloads of food, friends from Los Angeles found Cesar Chavez talking to an informal group of small-time politicians at Filipino Union Hall. "The reactionaries tell us they're out to quell the students, but they are really pointing their fingers at us. Labor unions are their real target," Chavez was,

warning us in his gentle, unpretentious voice. And later, directing his remarks specifically to CDC (a liberal Democratic coalition), Chavez added: "We aren't sticking to the Democrats, simply because they are Democrats. We will fight for anybody who will rid us of the Yortys (of LA) and the Reagans."

So this was the renowned personage who had welded a dedicated movement of farm workers—this tired, soft spoken, commonplace little man recovering from a long fast and painful back injuries. I closed my eyes and slipped back a generation to the union-conscious Thirties and listened again to the thread-bare phrases of other politicians and labor leaders. "We'll turn out our enemies and reward our friends." "Have to unite our political forces to defeat the reactionary office holders." "Defeat the devil in '36 or '38; then we can turn our attention to a united coalition of all labor." Had labor learned nothing from its fruitless support of "the lesser evil"?

Just before he hobbled painfully out of the Hall, Chavez mentioned negotiations then in progress between UFWOC and 10 table-grape growers (representing a third of the growers and about a quarter of all production). "When the grape growers asked us to sit down with them to talk things over, they were surprised we weren't hostile. We assured them we weren't really against them; we just wanted a union. The production of grapes—this was what we were both interested in."

Cesar Chavez would be a pleasant friend to invite to our homes. Never permitting the glitter of high union office to tarnish his humble principles, he would talk to us about the kind of breakfast the grape pruner's kids ought to have, the shacks where seasonal pickers have to live, the threat to health that DDT represents. What a sad waste of time and humanity when Chavez involves himself in the side issue of petty politics!

No, Brother Chavez, grape growers and grape pickers are NOT both interested in the same aspects of grape production! We'll be happy to discuss with you their very basic differences at IWW Hall,

Dorice McDaniels