



Phil Bard

TAKE OFF THAT MASK—WE KNOW YOU MR. MORGAN!

Chase in his recent *Nation* confession, of a good-will pilgrimage, a painless and invisible change from one system to another. The corporations will be merged into a few great national trusts; a dividend of eight per cent will be guaranteed the former shareholders; a planning board made up of Stuart Chase and his friends will run the industries; Utopia will arrive as by stealth, like a god in the night.

They quarrel with the Communists as to means. But what are their own proposed means for bringing in this eight per cent Utopia? We are not told; I am afraid we shall never be told, for if there is anything the American liberal lacks, it is a sense of economic or political reality, and a sense of organization.

Utopians are sometimes valuable; certainly Saint Simon and Proudhon and Thomas More and Shelley were great pioneers in the emotional realization of the possibilities of a free world. But these latter day Utopians, with their sordid eight per cent reservations, are really nothing but the rear guard fighters for capitalism when it is in retreat.

Stuart Chase and the liberal-Socialists are "constitutional" capitalists. They want to save the eight percent system by rational and necessary concessions, of the type Bismarck made to save Germany from the Socialists.

The deed could perhaps be done, the world might be changed painlessly into a fair garden of industrialism awarding eight per cent dividends to idlers with all the reasons, but for the fact that capitalism produces catastrophes.

It is fated to produce greater wars and panics than even the ones we are living with now. Karl Marx pointed this out 70 years ago, but the liberals are Bourbons incapable of learning. Capitalism has made great wars, great panics; capitalism is speeding

into greater cataclysms. This is so stale a truth one hesitates to repeat it, yet it is the all-important truth. Capitalism, by the laws of its own nature, is fated to go through recurrent cycles of expansion, collapse; boom-time and depression; imperialism and war; prosperity and unemployment. The cycles grow shorter and shorter; the crises greater and bloodier. How can you plan for orderly Fabian change with such materials?

Freud has helped explain most liberalism and Socialism; it is the crudest wish-fulfillment. These philosophers prefer to believe that war and unemployment are not inevitable under capitalism, and that capitalism can be reformed. But wars and panics arrive periodically, like the cruel blows of reality that fling the neurotic from his soft nest of dreams. So they find other escapes, they invent eight per cent Utopias or discover "war to save democracy."

The greatest answer to Fabianism is all around us today. It is the long breadlines of New York and Detroit, for example, or the Japanese artillery booming away in Manchuria. All our good-will, all our liberal dreams cannot brush away these capitalist realities. Men are dying, men are starving, because of capitalism. And they cannot wait until Stuart Chase and the *New Republic* have finally drawn up all the charts and blue-prints for the 8 per cent Utopia.

Politics is a series of crises, and if the masses are not organized and led to a co-operative commonwealth by leaders who know how to act in crises, they will be misled into race massacres and world wars by Fascist capitalists as in the past.

Today, with 10 million jobless men walking the streets of America, the Communists say to them: "Workers, do not kill yourselves. That is helping the capitalist class; it is not a solution for workers. Workers, your lives are precious and useful; they are the bricks with which we can build a new Communist world. Workers, use your lives; fight for unemployment insurance; fight for the rights of your class. In organization you will find a new power that will give you confidence and hope. Workers, the struggle is bitter and painful, but it has its glory, and it is better than the suicide's grave. Workers, organize, and all things will be added to you!"

This is the crime of the Communists, that they organize the masses. In Socialist cities like Milwaukee and Reading, the Socialist police have clubbed the organized unemployed, exactly as in other places. Every political group seems to unite against the Communists for this grave crime of insisting on the class struggle.

On December 7th there will be a Hunger March in Washington, D. C. From every corner of the free and famished republic squads of the unemployed will converge, and form a regiment of the damned to parade before the White House.

Already, the officials have begun the propaganda that danger and violence are in the air. Everyone knows this is a lie, but Washington is being turned into an armed fortress. It seems certain the old Tory answer will be given to the hungry; they will be sapped, kicked, jailed, slugged, slaughtered and damned. It is sedition to talk about hunger. And liberals and Socialists, will as usual, deplore the demonstration, and advise the unemployed to starve quietly and politely.

But one Hunger March like this will perhaps save a thousand workers from suicide, teach ten thousand others the lesson of organization, alarm a few thousand capitalists and legislators into some thought of unemployed relief, and spread the truth for a day on the first pages of America's newspapers.

## VETERANS

Casualties of the war called Peace, they go  
Clumping on wooden caricatures of feet  
Beneath snow's white cold or sun's yellow heat.  
Or legless and hawking pencils mid the flow  
Of hurrying men too busy for their woe,  
They crouch amid the spittle of the street.  
With darkened sockets where suns vainly beat,  
Blind, blind, they sing for whom they do not know,  
Hoping for pennies. They draw hunted breath  
Lest epilepsy—a mad-dog in their blood—  
Wakens to tear them foaming. Or they lie  
Paralyzed, mattress-tombed, in conscious death.  
Or the moon draws their reason in a flood  
Up shores of madness, roaring at the sky!

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