



Breaks, Splits and Corruption

In this country there is a happy carefree bunch of revolutionists (revolutionary revolutionists) who imagine that a revolution consists of men and money. They seem to think that substituting themselves for the present riders on the back of labor is a revolution of consequence. In this respect their "idea" is very crude, unfinished so to say, or else they have lost all sense of proportion and direction. In fact, if I am permitted to say: their idea of a revolution doesn't measure or loom very large. It must be, they are poor judges in sizes.

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Nevertheless, they are delightfully nonchalant, verging right on the irresponsible. Having no organization to speak of they are found in various organizations, acting to the detriment of these and sometimes demoralizing them completely. Examples in point are the Communist party, which heaved its last breath recently. The Workers party which, it is expected, will not live till morning, and the Farmer-Labor party that, just the other day, went into convulsions over the attempt of the dictators of the proletariat to capture their convention.

In regard to this latest political casualty it may not be out of place to mention that the attempt to capture the farmers and laborers convention was a complete success, but the result of it was very discouraging: the (landless) farmer and the (jobless) laborer refused to fuse with the Federated Farmer-Labor party which took their name, Farmer-Labor (all they had left), and like a poisoned pup they hied themselves away to die. Thus we see, where before we had only one Farmer-Labor party we now have two. Both are Farmer-Labor but one is Federated. This makes a difference, it seems. A man cannot hope to arrive at any place unless he gets himself federated or vaccinated or something.

Now, as we look forward, we can expect to see a "Federated Industrial Workers of the Universe" composed of some 20 members. We can expect to see them capture conventions on paper, in the most entrancing manner.

Let me tell a story. I went out hunting with a fellow in the good old days when the Oregon Short Line was a good deal shorter than it is now. Well, sir, being a man of peace, I let my partner carry the gun, a double-barreled muzzle-loader. Suddenly, like a streak of brown and white a rabbit crosses our trail. My partner "let go" with both barrels and then out steps a big, black bear. Being a man of peace I started to climb a tree with such application that soon I was perched high on the top of the world. My pardner, ah, slaves, I haven't seen since the last fleeting glance I had of him going down the mountain trail chaperoned by the bear. I have always maintained that he should have withheld his fire on that rabbit, but I am duly grateful to him for putting distance between me and the bear, especially as he was slow of foot and must have suffered terribly in his exertions. Well, that bear is the I. W. W. and that rabbit is Farmer-Labor.

The old muzzle-loader is empty, a grievous blunder, and the twenty-odd dictators have now added another organization to the already long list in which they do their daily boring. It makes no difference to them if an organization moves out on them. They are as happy as if they had full sense.

Yes, society has its parasites; systems have their diseases and organizations have their borers; yet the world moves along with its trolley on the wire.

We of the I. W. W. have our troubles—boring from within is not one of them—organization is the cure. There is no other remedy for our troubles. We have tried everything else. We have tried everything else first, because we have not been permitted to organize. "Ha," you say, "a bad break, a bad break—we are not permitted to organize," us, the millions, are prohibited from organizing by the few! A bad break.

No, it's not a break at all. I am arguing the power of organization and when I say the few prevent the many organizing I come very near proving my case—not only one way but both ways. I have almost proven that the unorganized cannot get together, even without organization. I have, besides, almost made the point that the organized few can prevent them getting together; and a gloomy picture it is that I draw.

Yet the "power of organization" stands out clear: Together or perish.

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We have troubles; many of them, and no two alike. Our underwear may have been too light last winter; our breakfast may have absented itself without our permission on several occasions, which we recall with sorrowful regret. For nine months at a stretch we have been deprived of our customary physical exercise, and we have cussed more than is customary with us (during normal times) for that reason. Our non-existent bank account has dwindled down to almost nothing. For all these troubles there is only one remedy, get together. Search the bunch and find out who has unearned increment.—(T-bone Slim).