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ALL WEALTH
MUST GO
TO LABOR

Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOLUME 67, NUMBER 3 - W. N. 1284

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS MARCH 1970

10 CENTS

The latest nation to make a bid for top honors in the repression sweepstakes is Brazil. A lot of wind has been blown up here about the lack of freedom in Castro's Cuba, but little if anything is being said about what has been going on in Brazil. Torture of political prisoners and those under suspicion who are interrogated has reached newer depths of technique of attaching electric poles to various parts of the body has been improved upon with the dousing of water upon the victim. Such treatment goes on for hours or just short of the death of the person being tortured.

Even women are subjected to systematic torture, a favorite place for attaching the electric poles being on the nipples. One young woman who was apprehended and found to have no revolutionary connections was raped by the inquisitive caballeros before she was released.

But you say that is in far-off Brazil in the lower hemisphere. It's not so far off when you consider that there are seven men and their two attorneys in Chicago awaiting the outcome of the jury's deliberations (as of this writing) whom a senile autocrat in a long black robe has already slapped with heavy jail terms because they showed a little chutzpah to hizzoner's high-handed methods during one of the biggest kangaroo trials in modern history.

Your scribe was reminded of some years back when his derriere was in the big house when one of his fellow inmates suggested that nobody be permitted to be a judge without having served time himself, the idea being that the magistrate would consider his own experience when dishing out a sentence. This fellow inmate was really out to subvert our sacred tradition of American jurisprudence.

Now that the war in Biafra is over, our media are copiously exuding reptilian lacrimosities over the starving children in that vanquished land. Is it possible that attention is drawn away from the Vietnamese children who are getting fat off defoliated rice paddies? Or perhaps it's a sneaky way of letting people know that those ebony derriered savages can't be expected to behave like civilized christians. But alas, they have proved only too well that they can comport themselves in a civilized christian manner.

It seems someone didn't want those Biafran oil fields to fall into independent hands. Britain as well as Russia had been pretty generous with support to Nigeria, whereas the little help that the Biafrans got from the outside was strictly cash on delivery. All the rhetoric from certain so-called leftists notwithstanding, any outfit that was getting the shaft from both Britain and Russia as well as the indirect shaft from you-know-who couldn't have been all bad.

The situation in Palestine is another prime example of the need to recognize the obsolescence of the institution of the nation state. The Jews and the Arabs, who have so much to offer each other materially and culturally, are at each other's throats while their respective politicians are making political capital.

(continued on Page 6)

BRAZILIAN GENOCIDE A SECRET

Women and children are running into the forest followed by whining bullets... smallpox-infested clothing is given to the Indians... food is given to innocent tribespeople... Is this the United States of yesterday? Is this an account of events in the past of this country?

It seems that others are now emulating the atrocities of American history, and adding the embellishments of modern technology — machine-gunning, napalming, and dynamiting. The place is Brazil, and the people are the Indians of the Matto Grosso jungles.

Where previously the rage in Brazil had been manifested by shoot-ups, a conflagration of concern in Europe has forced the murderers into more effective and less publicized methods. It has been confirmed in Ottawa (Canada) that the Brazilian Government has purchased 12 Caribou aircraft with fittings for napalm bombs for use "in a campaign against Brazil's Indians".

In 1968, when a public scandal occurred over Brazil's fraudulent "Indian Protection Service", the man who was then Minister of the Interior, General Albuquerque Lima, admitted that this was in truth an instrument of the landowners' plan for the oppression of the natives, which was to be followed by their eventual extermination.

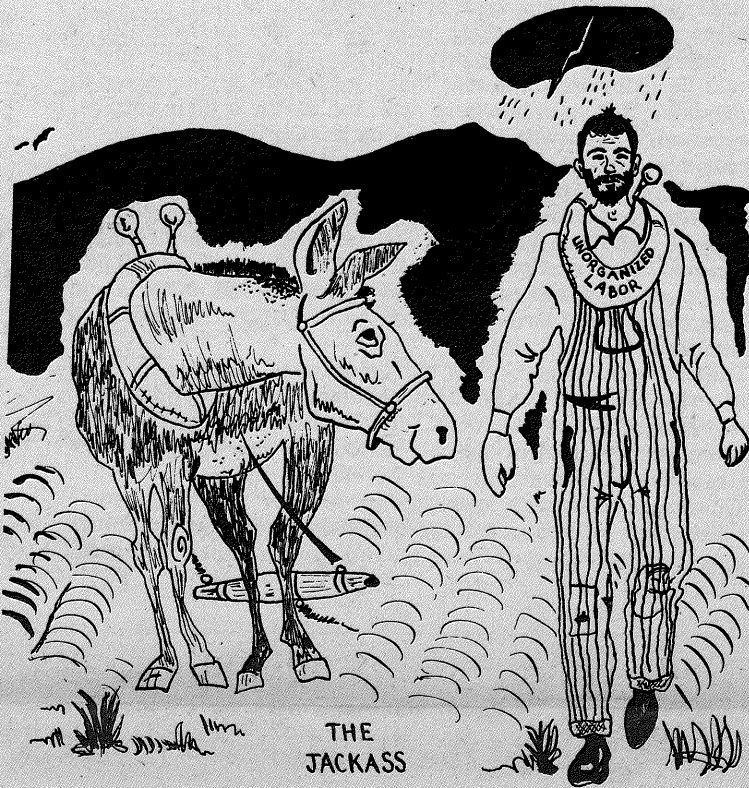
A report that originally appeared in the Berkeley Tribe (January 15, 1970) also listed numerous specific atrocities that had been committed either by the landowners themselves or by government men acting in their interest and stead. The furor that the original disclosure caused was given some time to die down, and then the entire thing was whitewashed and the persons involved were let off, charged ultimately with "a slight misuse of authority".

All of this occurred two years ago. Since then, a recent documentary by Tergny Andleberg showed that the accused officials were still free, and the massacres are continuing. Anthropologist Lars Persson reported from the scene that "Brazil is on the verge of the 'final solution'—complete physical extinction of its Indians." This involves about 50,000 tribes.

More scandals have occurred in Europe, including the demonstrations in Sweden and the October demands by a group of European anthropologists, which have not yet been effective in stopping the genocide.

In Brazil, citizens may not even mention anything about the murders, it being supposedly "detrimental to the peace and stability of the nation". In keeping with this inhuman decree, and considering the Vietnamese genocide, the American press has also been silent, both on the fact of the mass killings and on the European reaction.

PREZ PUTS DOWN ANTI-POLLUTION



NIX NIXES
POLLUTENIKS

Anyone who doubts President Nixon's sincerity on the question of pollution need merely read on.

The Nixon regime has decided to tolerate the domestic commercial use of the Boeing 747, which is the "jumbo jet" that was so widely publicized for its "maiden" voyage to London recently. What is not known is that an injunction was lowered upon the heads of some 8,000 people in the Long Island, New York area to keep them from demonstrating against the increased noise and pollution that this latest albatross around the neck of humanity produces. These people are all very straight individuals who are part of five different groups whose goals are pollution control and noise abatement.

GREAT WHITE FATHER DOES IT AGAIN!

Remember San Diego?

The past of fascist San Diego, California seems to be repeating itself, judging from the recent terror campaign directed against the free speech of a small underground

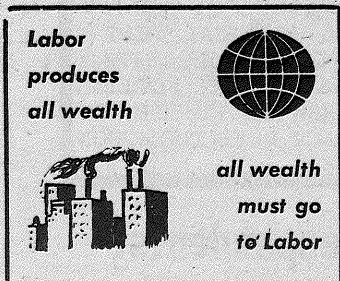
paper, The Street Journal. The windows of the newspaper office have been smashed four times and shots have been fired into the office three times, all in addition to four burglaries in which valuable equipment and goods were either lost or destroyed. These events preceded an eviction which came after the landlord's family was threatened. Another potential landlord was told by a detective that he should not rent to the paper "as a personal favor". When one did rent to them, he was arrested a week later for "suspicion of murder", even though the description of the suspect given was seven inches shorter and fifty pounds lighter than this man.

All of this occurred after The Street Journal printed an expose on the political and economic dealings of C. Arnholt Smith, a local millionaire plute, and James Copley, owner of the daily pig papers in San Diego.

If anyone wants to aid these besieged fellow workers, the new address is: The Street Journal, 360 Fifth Avenue, San Diego, California. Remember the free-speech fights!

SENTENCE TIJERINA

Reies Lopez Tijerina has been sentenced to 10 years in jail for the "false imprisonment of a deputy" and for "assault to commit a violent felony on a jailer". The convictions rose out of an incident that occurred in Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico on June 5, 1967, when a raid on a courthouse was carried out by the Alianza Federale De Los Pueblos Libre (Federal Alliance of Free City States), a militant Chicano organization.



The strip-mining outfits which have destroyed the Appalachian environment have won another victory in the struggle of death over life. The Peabody Consolidated Coal Company, with the active aid of the same President Nixon who was in Chicago a while back lying about pollution "control", is going to lower the water table of the Hopi mesa in order to use the Indian drinking water for a channel to transport coal slurry to the Colorado River. Thus the President has succeeded in polluting still another spot, destroying a people's way of life, and putting more money into the pockets of those whose interests lie in creating still more pollution for profit at the expense of the biosphere and ultimately humanity itself.

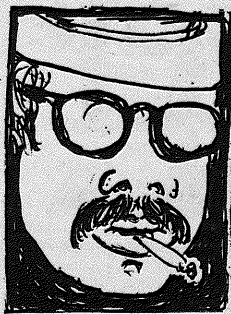
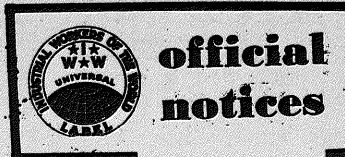
Belgian Miners Show The Way! So...?

26,000 coal miners in the northern mining areas of Belgium have gone on strike recently. This time, however, the miners have renounced the national "leadership" publicly, denouncing them as "tools of the capitalist class". UMW rank - and - file take notice.

"Spiro Knows All The Answers!"

EDITORIAL

ECOLOGY MAKES ORGANIZATION No.#1!



Several issues back in this column, your editor dwelled on the problem of the ever-increasing pollution of our once bountiful and untainted natural resources. At the risk of appearing redundant, he wishes to dwell on that problem a little more. With dire predictions such as cities like New York and Los Angeles becoming impossible for human habitation in another decade and a half and the doubling of the world's population by

the end of the Century, ecology is becoming a mighty important subject. The news media and the boob tube have been airing a lot of polluted air recently, and even honorable Dicky-boy has been rising up on his haunches to give his bit of lip-service to the rising concern over pollution.

But it is becoming apparent that lip-service is all you can expect from certain quarters. The Federal Government, in its recent crackdown on a number of Chicago-area industries, has done little more than administer a half-hearted slap on the wrist. All these industries have been dumping tons of garbage into the water and atmosphere every day, and they are being fined amounts ranging from \$500 through \$2500. That is about the surplus value that the boss extracts from the workers in a fair-sized shop in a day's production. Just you get caught, putting poison in your kid's Rice Krispies, and see how easy you get off. If you happen to live on one of the Great Lakes, you are well familiar with the restrictions on bathing due to pollution. All you have to do in some areas is look at the discoloration of the sand to lose your appetite for a nice cool dip. It's getting so the only place left to go skinny dipping is in your own bath tub, if you have one—and you can't even be too sure of that anymore.

Your Editor likewise has a sneaky hunch that a forthcoming recession will be explained away as a move to cut down on industrial pollution, thus saving face for the politicians. It is clear that the politicians are not really going to sink their teeth into the problems of environmental pollution, but will only be coming forth with high-sounding phraseology along with some half-hearted attempts at showing the people that they are taking steps to alleviate the problem. When the multimillionaire industrialists' money carries more weight than the desires of the electorate, what can really be expected from these duly elected representatives of the people?

What does the rich industrialist or fat politician care if there are no clean beaches for the working man to take his family to, when all he has to do is fly his jet down to some unspoiled

Caribbean or South Seas paradise. The poor worker's family will have to breathe the foul air of the cities, while the rich man's family can sojourn at some inaccessible unspoiled paradise free of air pollutants so that genetically they will continue to perpetuate their own kind.

The fact that wildlife in this land is dying off due to increasing polluted air, or that most of the land's natural waterways will no longer support life, means nothing to the person whose eyes are only on profits. If New York and Los Angeles become gas traps within the next 15 years, there will no doubt be hermetically-sealed factories and offices and the ordinary worker and his family will be furnished with gas masks at easy-term time payments. Such has the future in store for us if we let things ride as they are.

But is it necessary for working men to pay ungodly prices for poor-quality automobiles to drive through unbearably snarled-up traffic to work humdrum eight-hour days in some noisy factory just to keep up payments on the automobiles and be overcharged for at best substandard housing and chemically augmented food? Is it necessary for a worker to look upon his despoiled environment with the thought that without that there would be no jobs for him? That is all that "progress" has meant to the wage-worker for many centuries, and for many centuries we have been almost completely brainwashed into thinking that the passing of pleasant things into oblivion is but another phase in the march of progress.

Such progress as that is only to be seen in the health of the coffers of those who profit on the labor of others, and it should be quite apparent that those profiteers are not about to do anything that will interfere with the health of their coffers. Furthermore they will be putting up a vigorous resistance to anyone else who would venture to put a crimp in their comfort. They will, in the meantime, be perfectly happy to permit their underlings, the politicians and statesmen, to make an occasional outcry of righteous indignation and let things ride pretty much as before. If any real progress for the World and its inhabitants is to be made, and in this case saving what is left of the World is progress, it will have to be made by the productive members of the human race.

The productive members of the human race, and that includes YOU, who make all the World's machinery run and produce the World's wealth are the only force capable of bringing about a better society where adequate production can be made while the beauties of Nature can still be enjoyed by all.

This is no longer a question of whether your children or grandchildren will enjoy the flowers. It is a question of whether you are going to have flowers thrown on your casket or ashes.

—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 Lionel Bottari

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).

DENVER: Write to Delegate Gary Cox, 7126 Inca Way, Denver, Colorado 80221. Drop around and help organize a mile-high branch.

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).

LAWRENCE: The Stationary Delegate is John Weismiller, 1301 Louisiana, Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Telephone: 842-5701.

LOS ANGELES: Phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397), Van Nuys area: Srafsprint Co-op, E. W. I. U. #620, 14133 Gilmore Street, Van Nuys, California 91901. Phone: (781-7589) or (782-6185), Dan Family, Job Delegate.

NEW HAVEN: Contact IWW Delegate Bob Cook, 18 Court Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511.

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

PHILADELPHIA: Write to Jarama Jain, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone SA 4-4895

PHOENIX: Ruth Sheridan is the Stationary Delegate for the IWW, Post Office Box 13065, Phoenix, Arizona 85002.

SAN FRANCISCO: Michael Mack, 177 Harlod Avenue, San Francisco, California 94112. Phone: 584-4507.

SANTA ROSA: Write to Eugene Nelson, Post Office Box 7037, Santa Rosa, California 95401.

SEATTLE: The Seattle Branch is moving out of the Jones Building October 26, and until a new hall is opened inquiry to reach IWW delegates can be made at the ID Bookstore opposite the university

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.

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Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

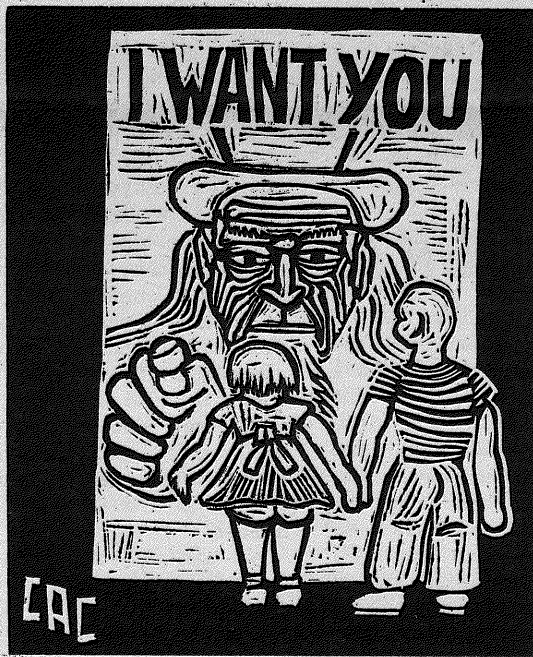
It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

THE HISTORICAL ARCHIVES DEPARTMENT OF THE IWW IS IN NEED OF CERTAIN JOE HILL MATERIAL THAT IS NO LONGER ON HAND AT CHICAGO HEADQUARTERS. ANYONE IN POSSESSION OF TRANSLATIONS TO FOREIGN LANGUAGES, OTHER THAN SWEDISH OR FINNISH, OF JOE HILL'S SONGS, PLEASE CONTACT FRED THOMPSON AT THE CHICAGO OFFICE.

Attention, Field Correspondents!

Monday, March 23, shall be the deadline for the April issue of the Industrial Worker. All copy intended for that issue must be received by that date.

— The Editor



NEW HALL IN VANCOUVER

Our Vancouver, British Columbia branch of IU 620 has opened a hall under the name of the Industrial Workers of the World, 995 Howe Street, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Members coming through there should visit the new hall, and members located in Canada should make it their business to correspond with this new branch and exchange ideas on the best means to organize the workers.

— J. B. McAndrew

"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

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
24 issues \$4.00
12 issues \$2.00
Make all Remittances payable to "INDUSTRIAL WORKER"

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 IWW 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.

Reader's Soapbox



MORE ON STUDENTS

Dear Fellow Workers,

Recently I've seen several letters in the Readers' Soapbox saying that student radicals are not really members of the working class. Now I realize that this quaint illusion is shared by most of the student radicals themselves. But thinking you're "middle class" does not relieve you of the need to work for a living.

Going to college is a fairly pleasant temporary holiday from the slave market. And thousands try to extend the holiday indefinitely by playing the game of being "perpetual students" — or "professional revolutionaries", amounting to much the same thing. There are even some who are born rich and grow up to join the boss class. But the vast majority end up working for wages sooner or later.

Partly because of that illusion that they are not working class, most of them are completely unprepared for the bitter experience of finding and holding a job. Thousands of liberal-arts majors find that, after years of "education", they have no training for any productive job. They end up as frustrated management trainees, library assistants, case workers, school teachers, and clerk-typists, making considerably less than a plumber.

The science and engineering majors are a little better off, but now they are getting the ax from the budget squeeze. Science magazine reports that of the graduates with PhDs in physics in 1968, 30% had no job prospects—and 10% were



(continued from Page 2)

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

YELLOW SPRINGS: Contact IWW Stationary Delegate Scott McNeil, 101 Tower Court, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45687.

OVERSEAS BRANCHES

AUSTRALIA: Bert Armstrong, 20 Barton Street, Concord, New South Wales.

GREAT BRITAIN: LONDON: Colin Beadle, 49 Lausanne Road, Horney, London N. 8.

HARTEPOOL (NORTHEAST ENGLAND): Brian Carter, 1 Ormesby Road, Seaton Estate, Hartepool, County Durham.

SWEDEN: David Sund, Harpundsavgen 44, 124 - 40 Bandhagen.

still unemployed a year later. The engineering trade journals are full of complaints about the "tightening labor market". Nobody knows how bad it really is because no unemployment statistics are kept in these fields.

Computer programming is supposed to be a booming field, full of money and opportunities for the bright young man. But they aren't hiring programmer trainees any more, which means there are jobs only for people with at least a year's full-time work experience.

In all these fields, as soon as things start to tighten up, they stop hiring new people. Though there is no formal seniority rule—so that older workers have less real security than in most blue-collar jobs—they try not to fire anybody. So the people hurt worst by the squeeze are those new college graduates. Being "middle class" is not much consolation.

The trouble with student radicals is not that they aren't working class. It's that they THINK they aren't working class. They have no idea of what a life of wage-slavery is in store for them. And since it's unpleasant to think about, they do their best to avoid thinking about it. In many cases they use their radical activities as an escape from the sordid reality. But the rest of the working class is just as fog-brained with illusions as they are.

In short, college students are no less workers than are apprentice plumbers. They need job organization too.

Yours for the OBU,

X 326432

AND STILL MORE

Fellow Worker Editor,

I wish to comment on the letter in the January IW signed "Jerry".

The writer begins: "The values, purpose, and principles remain unchanged." Up to this point the letter is reassuring. But then he goes on to suggest that perhaps this isn't really true after all, when he says that many of the new members are "completely different" and joining not as workers but as "revolutionary libertarians". He cites as some of the differences "attitude, dress, and language... alien to the mass of workers" et cetera.

He is correct in stating that many young rebels are joining the IWW because they reject the authoritarian left, and that society must be built from the ground up.

But if he believes that non-workers can do this, and do it in a just and rational way, he is dead wrong. Any revolution that does not aim at a just division of the work of society is not worth fighting, and past "socialist" societies have shown that a revolutionary body that is not in the hands of the workers will result not in workers' control but in tyranny or at best bureaucracy, and certainly not in a classless society.

True, it doesn't seem there is much hope today in America for the emergence of a revolutionary proletariat. But the IWW is the one organization that keeps open the chance for that kind of revolution and true workers' control.

"Revolutionary libertarians" who aren't doing or preparing to do their share of the work of society—regardless of the length of their hair—don't have the same values as the old-time Wobblies. They can't be trusted, no matter how well meaning they appear to be—to continue to identify with the vast mass of workers any more than politicians and bureaucrats can.

Besides being libertarian, the other principal way in which the IWW is different from other radical organizations is in its clearly spelled-out insistence in its constitution that members and officials be workers (or students preparing for work). This is based upon the correct principle that the people who do the work of society are the ones entitled to make the decisions and the ones most likely to promote the happiness of all. Non-working volunteers should be welcome—again, regardless of superficial matters of dress, et cetera—but they should not be allowed voice and vote in organization policy. As in Delano, where volunteers could not be members or vote, they should realize that actual workers are entitled to more power than they.

If the "new people" the writer speaks of are new only in superficial things like dress and smoking pot, et cetera, all is well. But if they are "new" in that they wish to be non-workers directing the masses with their "superior" knowledge and brains, then the IWW is in trouble and America's one hope for true democratic workers' control and a true classless society may already be fatally infected.

Spain's anarcho-syndicalist CNT, the nation's largest union and the first group to attack Franco, had only two paid officials. It was no accident that generals and privates received exactly the same pay. This closest approach of mankind to a truly humanitarian and classless society occurred because THE WORKERS WERE IN CONTROL. Not professional rebels, not radical politicians, not rich SDS kids, not unemployed "revolutionary libertarians", but workers. The length of hair doesn't matter. The length of time spent under a capitalist yoke at the workbench and the willingness to share in the productive work of a future rational society does.

— X 325919

CONCERNING "CLEAN" DICKY

Fellow Worker Editor,

Tricky Dick's plan to end the pollution of Lake Michigan is a classic example of how politicians "solve" problems.

He plans to give \$12,000,000 to the states bordering the Lake to end its pollution. He even admits it's a small sum, but "enough" when there's "action" on the problem. In reality \$12,000,000 could only pay for one or two filtration plants and a reservoir, so it is merely a pittance to put on a show.

Here's the real rub: The majority of the cost after the federal drop in our polluted buckets is going to be supplied 60% by the states and 40% by the Federal Government. The states are supposed to get their share of the cost through BOND ISSUES. The Federal Government will insure the bond issues in case the states do not have the money when

the bonds mature. This will insure the bonds as "stable investments". Who buys the bonds? You guessed it—the banks and large corporations.

First they pollute the environment, then Tricky Dick comes along and hands them a way to make a profit out of cleaning up their own mess, which by the paltriness of the proposed plan won't even clean the Lake up. In short he just handed the banks a corporation which they have nothing to do to gain but wait.

Who pays in the end? The taxpayer, of course! We have to pay for the bonds via our state income tax, and if the states do not get the money on time to pay the bonds, we have to pay for them via our federal income tax. Any way you look at it, we pay and the banks and corporations make a profit.

Only if the workers in the industries which do the polluting go on strike until the corporations put an end to their polluting processes—combined with an "economic" strike or boycott of the products of those corporations—will their be an end to the problem in view.

No politician ever will supply one!

— Milton Monson II

PENSAMIENTOS BY PITO

Companero Editor,

In the January issue of Playboy Magazine (of all places) Cesar Chavez had some good things to say about the fact that the poor will get what they want and need only by gaining economic power through organization, and that this takes precedence over politics. This is Wobbly talk!

However the fact that Chavez would sell or even give something to a whorehouse rag like Playboy is a source of disillusionment. I am still recovering from the shock of finding stories by the great (former?) humanist Graham Greene in a magazine that equates sex, money, and expensive snob products. On Page 91 of the same issue, Playboy brags that the sort of person who reads the rag is one whose "inclination for upbeat entertaining is matched by his upscale income. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by one out of every three men, 18-34, who earn \$15,000 and over."

The capitalist snob message of Playboy is that the only worthwhile people around and the only ones who get laid (often lamentably true on this last point) are the ones who read Playboy and buy its expensive products. The women who display their wares in the Playboy clubs aren't even good prostitutes—the patrons are forbidden to date them or even touch them, we're told. They seem to be exclusive places, banned to the poor by exorbitant prices and membership fees, where businessmen take other businessmen for mutual masturbation. The bunnies get their kicks by masturbating with money. I don't know what Huey Baby does as he reclines in his sunken bath on his new three-million-dollar private jet. Playboy must reason like the English noblewoman in the joke who complains that sex is too good for the common folk. Personally I believe in ass for the masses, including Pito.

I can tell that Nixon, although a Quaker, is basically dishonest, because every time a vote by hands is called, he raises both hands.

It's so generally known and accepted today that food products are phony, watered down, or contaminated that I saw this sign in a cafe recently: "Hamburgers made with real meat served by a real waitress." I went into the place and pinched the waitress to see if she was real, but she only opened her mouth and said "Mama...."

Hasta el mes que entra,

— Pito Perez

A PETITION FROM AUSTRIA

Editor, Industrial Worker:

Please be so kind as to publish my following

PETITION to the United Nations Committee working on Human Rights in New York.

Reading and studying the 30 Articles of the Human Rights I feel induced to call your attention to Article 23(3). It says: "Everyone who works has the right to just and favorable remuneration insuring for himself and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented, if necessary, by other means of social protection."

This recommendation is antiprogressive. Besides it has been repeated for thousands of years without any effect.

Instead I propose: Article 31 (1) Everyone who works has the right to full ownership of all things and values which he produces. (2) Everyone who works has the right to full co-ownership of all things and values which he co-produces. (3) Depriving him of any part of this property by means of the hired-labor system is prohibited. Wage work is as immoral as slavery according to Article 4 of this declaration.

Article 32. It is not sufficient to respect the Human Rights of other men as written in the preamble of the Declaration. Everyone is obliged to guarantee them. It is everyone's individual responsibility whenever and wherever Human Rights are offended. This means a change from inactivity to mental will, to political deed, and to spiritual struggle. Especially the organization and control of all public life with all its open problems become everyone's actual and never-ending task.

The obligation to mutual guarantee is suggested by everyone's selfish good sense and is equally and identically a moral necessity. Egoism and the love of fellow men cease to be contrary by the want to create a just social order.

Written in Central Europe, January 1970.

Yours with revolutionary greetings

I. L. UTAS
Wels, Osterreich

(continued from Page 4)

What Do We Aim To Do?

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Reader's Soapbox

(continued from Page 3)

OUR MONEY IN THE AIR

Fellow Worker Editor,

While millions of people are in need and a serious depression is right around the corner, President Nixon and his "rubber stamps" in Congress are squandering untold billions of dollars of our hard-earned tax money in a wild-eyed scheme to land men on the moon. By no stretch of imagination could this criminal waste be of any benefit to the common people who are forced to pay for it.

Uncontrolled inflation, ever increasing costs on everything we buy, and confiscatory taxes at all levels of government are rapidly decreasing the value of our already deflated "paper dollars". Under this system the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

Such shameful neglect of the wishes of the people and the squandering of their money by an extravagant, all-powerful government has caused the downfall of other great nations. It could happen here when the people reach the point at which they have nothing to lose. We are coming to that point faster than we realize.

The wishes of the people are ignored while their taxes are being used to enrich the DuPonts, the Rockefellers, General Motors, Dow Chemical, Lockheed Aircraft, and some thousands of other so-called "defense" contractors. The huge tax-free profits are increasing daily while millions are being denied even the simple necessities of life.

One of these Moon flights turned out to be a billion-dollar publicity stunt for a particular church and its foreign leader. Think this over while you get your money to pay the next tax bill!

Jack Odum
Fort Bragg, California

NEED FOR A LARGER ROCKIN' CHAIR

Fellow Worker Editor,

Here are some reasons for a \$200-a-month old-age pension if you want to live like a human person: Rent: \$90 a month for a three-room furnished apartment including modern furniture, kitchenette, living room, bedroom, and private bath with private water heater (all utilities included and telephone, TV, and radio); \$60 a month for groceries (1000

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INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

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to 1500 calories per day); \$10 a month for laundry and dry cleaning; \$5 a month for union barber (two haircuts); toilet articles \$5 a month; clothing \$15 a month; postage stamps, stationery, and reading material (including out-of-town papers and magazines) \$10 a month. Total: \$195.

You have \$5 left in case you would like to send someone a get-well or anniversary card or maybe take in a movie or a wrestling match. You will not have much to go on. Also if you belong to a union or a lodge, how are you going to pay your dues?

We old-timers aren't asking for much. We helped build this country. All we ask is to live like good citizens. You are asking where that money comes from. They have millions to increase the politicians' wages, billions for space and defense projects, but nothing for the old. Think this over. (More news in your paper and fewer cartoons will do well.)

Yours for the Works,

Pat McMillen,
Duluth

CONGRATS

Dear Friends and
Fellow Workers,

I would like to say that I have really enjoyed the last two editorials, "Punks of Pinksville" and "Women's Liberation". They were really excellent. The February issue is starting to groove. Keep up the good work!

I also would like to say "HURRAH" to whoever gave birth to the Chicago CTA pamphlet. That's revolutionary unionism. These are areas where the capitalist prostitutes of the AFL-CIO are incapable of treading. I'm greatly encouraged. I knew this kind of creative imagination was just lying there under the surface. Right on!

We may have One Big Union yet....

Gary Cox
Denver Branch

We are deeply indebted to the fellow workers of the New York Italian - language newspaper L'Adunata Dei Refrattari (The Call of the Refractories) for being the first (and for a long time the only) journal in the US to carry any material on the truth of what happened in the Italian bombing attacks and who the responsible parties were. Recently, in their January 17 issue, they revealed still more on the subject of railroad worker and anarchist Guiseppe Pinelli, who was murdered by police in a fashion that prompted the vamps of the Italian press to label it "suicide" and to go on to claim that it was also an admission of the man's "guilt". Naturally the capitalist press of the world followed this theory like the pack of rats that they are, except for the tiniest of exceptions.

The Guiseppe Pinelli "Suicide" (translated from the Italian)

A few hours after the explosion at the National Bank of Agriculture in Milan, on December 12, 1969, comrade Guiseppe Pinelli was arrested and brought to the Questura in Milan, where he was subjected to long and stringent "interrogation" during the days of December 13, 14, and 15, and sometime during the night of the 15th and morning of the 16th, his body fell from the window of the fourth floor of the Questura Palace onto the pavement below. "He was put into an ambulance and transported to the Fate - benefratelli hospital, where he died in less than two hours, without speaking a word." (L'Espresso, December 28, 1969)

The official press or their helpers, who have been sucking avidly at all the romantic fictions in circulation among the police and magistrates without looking for any consistency, have come up with so many versions of the "suicide" that the only thing one can conclude is that they are all doubtful.

The paper which is published

in New York, in a language that is something like Italian, carried in its December 17 issue a dispatch from Rome, attributed to the ANSA news agency, which gave this testimony: The detainment of Pinelli, a railroad worker, happened during the night between Friday and Saturday a few hours after the attentat at the bank. He was alone in a room at the Questura, during a pause in the interrogation, when he apparently found it advantageous to leap out of the window."

This statement is false. Pinelli was not alone in this room in the Questura where he endured three days of interrogation; he had company. The Turin newspaper La Stampa of December 18 informs us that: Present at the

moment when Guiseppe Pinelli found it advantageous to leap through a half-opened window were: 1) a lieutenant of the Carabinieri, Savino Lo Grano; 2) Doctor Luigi Calabresi, of the political squad (who had absented himself for a moment from the office), and 3), 4), 5), and 6) the soldiers Caracuta, Mainardi, Mucilli, and Panessa.

There were, then, at the moment when Pinelli went through the window, five persons present: Why then was it stated, in the first version from ANSA, that Pinelli was alone? There were five Carabinieri in a room the size of the average Questura office, and none of these Carabinieri was quick enough or had the time or the will to stop this "suicide" before he threw himself out a window...?

FROM PALERMO

This message appeared originally in the Italian Umanita Nova, and has since reappeared in the British Anarchist paper Freedom. Since so much controversy is still going on in the radical journals of Europe concerning the situation in Italy, and almost nothing has appeared in the American press, the Industrial Worker shall try to present a sampling of this dispute.

Palermo, Sicily

Recently the political squad from the police headquarters and the local Carabinieri have been very "concerned" about young comrades, imprisoning and then releasing them after the customary day of interrogation and the usual house search.

Don't be too ready to connect these occurrences with the recent explosions and thunder of bombs which have disturbed this Sicilian city. From the way in which the investigations were carried out and the nature of the imprisonments, we believe this is a definite plan of intimidation against which

we should act.

As everyone knows (since the press and TV have been full of it), a few squalid little fascists have been caught red-handed, and, reluctantly, the police were forced to prosecute them.

Long before their arrest, however, the CID knew very well that these delinquents kept an arsenal in their den, which has now been "discovered". For, to judge from the "courteous attention" which has been focused on our group, nothing could escape the eye of the political squad; and besides, the young members of the MSI and similar organizations have made public appearances armed with chains, iron clubs, Molotov cocktails, and various other weapons. So one doesn't need to give the police credit for particular brightness to believe that they have known for a long time who were the originators of the violence carried out against things and people by these worthy emulators of the fascist old guard, and their arrest was inevitable.

— Palermo Anarchist Group



AND IF YOU'RE SEEING TOO MANY CARTOONS, SEND SOME ARTICLES!

The Price Of Paradise

by Gordon L. Herman

Garbage by any other name would smell as foul. And so it is in the various "Workers' Paradises" of this World. The plute papers are full of denunciations of Russia, China, Cuba, et cetera. "See," they tell us, "do you want to live like those poor oppressed workers in those wicked Commie countries?" They're right, of course. The People's Democracies stink. The Chinese magically climb mountains just by using the thoughts of Mao! Great, but these same workers are out the next a.m. busting their tails for the glory of Chairman Mao, with no let-up in sight. "Things will get better in time." Where have we heard that one before? No boss in history has ever let up on his whip hand yet.

Surely that paragon of worker virtue, Russia, can do better. You bet. The mob that runs that land of enlightenment are not about to turn over their "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" to any working stiffs. What, and give up their sumptuous villas, Black Sea vacations, and chauffer-driven limousines? Ah, but some day, when the people are ready. Don't hold your breath.

Sure, we know all that; so what else is old? We here in America live in the best damn country in the world. Ask any Legionnaire. And again, in a sense he would be right. Certainly we've got all the makings of a paradise right here. The American working man is relatively better off in many ways than his counterparts in other lands. But he is still too often on the short end. Any country where one person in ten is on welfare, where industrial accidents outnumber Viet Nam casualties, where war is a way of life, where racism is rampant, and where know-nothings are labeled as heroes ought to go easy on the braggadocio.

The land is there, the factories are there, the workers are there. So what's the hangup? For that matter what's the hangup in Russia, China, Great Britain, France, Italy, et cetera. The working people of this world run it. And if you don't believe it, just let the plutes try running things by themselves. Let's wake up and give the bosses, by whatever euphonisms they call themselves, the old heave-ho.

PAMPHLETS AVAILABLE

Two classic pamphlets are now available through the Fellow Workers at Peace and Freedom in Buffalo:

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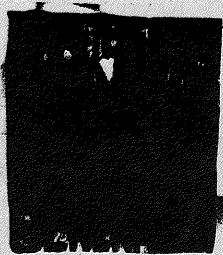
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**THIS WAR
is NOT
for workers**



Professors and preachers, students and teachers, those who are best informed about this war tell us:

It is built on lies

It is not needed

It undermines the future of mankind.

They are right. A few labor leaders have joined the protest. But union-minded workers should do something more basic. We should take action — union action — to stop this war and all the other wars now being hatched.

War does workers no good. Profits rise faster than wages. Resources needed for people get used for destruction. It is our sons and neighbors and brothers who get maimed and killed.

The union idea is straight and clear: We unite to stop others from using us against each other.

Unless workers can be used against each other, there can be no war.

We resist being used against each other in the same shop or industry. In this world market we should not let ourselves, even across oceans, be used to undermine each other's wage demands. Neither should we let national governments use us to bomb each other's homes or to slaughter each other's children.

Unionism grows. We replaced craft unions with industrial unions to stop the use of one craft against another. By industry-wide bargaining we stop corporations from pitting the workers in one plant against the workers in another. By an understanding among workers the world over we can make war impossible — and assure the best use of the earth's resources for a world of free men.

It is not sufficient just to wish for peace, or to vote for a promising man and hope he lives up to his promises. An organized working class can do things for itself that no man can do for us. It requires a determined effort against all the devices of those who would divide and rule us to build a world-wide organization of the working class. We ask you to help us build it.

RADICAL CHOICES

It has been said that man is the lord of the universe; he is surely at least master of our earthly portion of it.

We have here, then, the world of man. He can do anything in reason with it or upon it. It belongs to all mankind, not to a select few who presently claim ownership rights because of asserted superiority of mind or character. It is a fundamental fact of life that the earth is ours by right of birth. To that extent, every man is a property owner. The landlord, the employer, the capitalist, the rich man, the politician, all these are here on sufferance; squatters on the people's ground; but we cannot evict such usurpers, for they quote THEIR law of the land, which gives them clear legal title. Only in justice can we point out that the deed does not bear the stamp of the people. In justice, the earth is every man's homestead, subject to foreclosure by no base capitalist law.

We tend to take some pride in being thought civilized, but that is a mistake, for all citizens of advanced nations are so cultured. Our odious Adolf the Austrian was surely civilized, in his monstrous way.

Civilization guarantees the mental or moral integrity of neither nation nor individual. It is a meeting place where mankind can exchange ideas and experiences. It is a learning place, not a fount of ideality.

That which is necessitous is taught at this school, not the salvation of man. That element of society which caters to our selfish needs and desires cons its lessons here. He who seeks a diploma at this seat of learning is but a candidate for mediocrity. It is no place for those gifted with free-wheeling, radical minds. Common, thoughtful, conscientious people, who try to be kind and just and wise in their human relations, do not boast of their graduation from this academy of the status quo.

Call ye not man perfect, who first rode astride an ass and now glides round the earth in the bowels of a gigantic, mechanical bird, gazed upon with awe from below by man-creatures, more than half of whom do not have enough to eat.

Plainly, civilization has failed its creators. We might try brotherly love, altruism, the equality of man, production for use and not for profit, the Cooperative Commonwealth. Let us try them all some time.

— J. F. McDaniels

LEFT SIDE

(continued from Page 1)

Try as they can, they just can't seem to resurrect Der Fuehrer. The bosses in Germany are being badly shaken to their socks by wildcat strikes among the steel workers in Westfalen. The long-standing image of the German man on the street who was always docile and obedient to his superiors has been undergoing a drastic change. The "Mitbestimmung" which roughly translates as labor and management co-operation is being replaced by "English sickness". The latter is a translation of a German term referring to disruptive labor agitation that goes on across the English Channel.

Meanwhile, back at the Freedom Ranch, one of the little issues in the strike with General Electric had been over the matter of lint-free dresses for women workers engaged in a very critical operation in a dust-free room in one of the plants. The company paid for the first two dresses but refused to pay for any replacements, contending that the girls were wearing these dresses to church. The Union suggested that the company put the GE emblem on the dresses, so that even if they were worn to church the company would get free advertising. Anyway the thing was settled, and the gals can have their free replacements which they can wear to church, the Riviera, or Onassis's yacht—and they won't have to wear the GE emblem either.

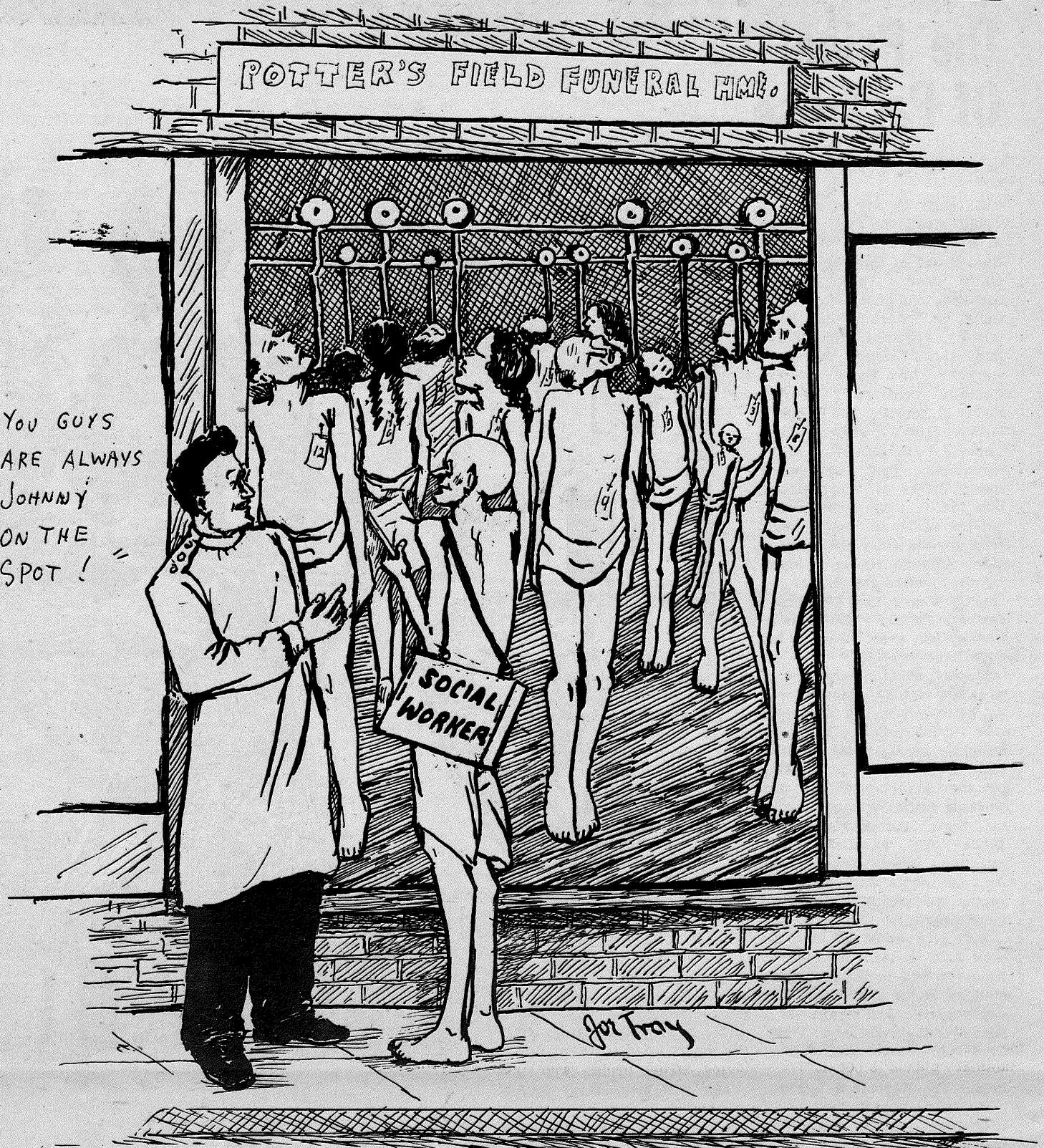
The latest in the Dick and Jane type stories that are required reading for school kids is about a California ranchers' kids, Jim and Jane, who watch the grape pickers at work wearing blue jeans and bright-colored shirts, singing merrily as they work away with their shiny automobiles standing by in a nearby parking lot. "...pick, bend, rise, pick, bend, rise. It's like doing a gym exercise together." So goes the book. All very pretty except to the kids whose parents are grape pickers and who do quite a bit of grape picking themselves. Sometimes they are spared the pleasure of reading such rosy accounts of their way of life when their families have to be on the move in order to supplement the larder.

In the same state a lot of bright Spanish-speaking kids are being shuttled off into "mentally retarded" classes because the intelligence tests are in English. One would think that in an area where there are so many Spanish-speaking kids, there would be some attempt at communication on the part of the educators. Incidentally the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, made at the conclusion of the Mexican War, stipulates that Mexicans continuing to reside in United States-occupied territory are to be educated in their native language. But as my great uncle, Chief Hornplanter, would say, that's just another treaty of the White Eyes.

Does the Jim and Jane book say anything about jobless farmworkers going hungry during the off months while the warehouses are bulging with surplus stock? Because of bureaucratic paper work, the Department of Agriculture won't release any of this surplus food because the poor "already have food stamps"

(continued on Page 8)

"YOU GUYS
ARE ALWAYS
JOHNNY
ON THE
SPOT!"



NEAR BLOW

What I really like is when I meet a girl I hit it off with right from the start, so that I know the instant our eyes first meet that we have instinctive, perfect rapport, and very soon will be making passionate, ecstatic love to one another.

That is the way it was with Vulga. The second our eyes locked in the ski-lodge bar I felt a shiver of animal electricity surge from my most susceptible lively parts up through my eyes, across to her piercing green eyes of feline hunger, and down to and up from her life-giving organs of joy. A glow lit my body and brain more powerful than any induced by those flashing flagons of forgetfulness on the mahogany backbar looking out on the busy, sparkling ice rink beyond.

"Where have you been?" I sat across the bend of the bar from her, scanning ash blonde, rakish hair, pert cones of sweated breasts, and flexed blonde sensuous curve of gleaming smooth calf below.

"Waiting for you, of course; you're the one who's late."

Our eyes still locked, my flesh swelled, and I knew it was right—no resistance, no games, perfect. Even before I settled on my stool and ordered my first hot buttered rum my half-bare calf was against hers, moving, rubbing, exciting, mating. For the cells mate too, all the little tingling skin cells, whispering their orgasms to our brain along those crackling taut

wires of nerves.

"I was held up in a drift," I said. "A few inches more snow and Fate might have been cheated."

"There can't be too many inches for me," she said. "I love snow. It's so pure. But I'm glad you made it in."

She raised her margarita and held it just below the level of her green eyes; a tiny figure skated through it, then tilted over the rim of her wet lower lip and was swallowed down. Her hand that wasn't holding the drink crept out and clutched me, and I reciprocated with a long, rippling massage up her mini-skirted thigh. I had seldom reveled in such spontaneity of bliss.

"Your drink, sir."

"Oh, that." I fumbled a bill out of my ostrich-skin and laid it on the bar; I caught just the faintest flicker of her eyes darting to the adequately filled wallet as I slid it back into my shrinking trousers: then our eyes locked again as I toasted her beauty.

"Girls are better than ever," I smiled across the heady brew, our hands still loving one another under the bar.

"Ask the man who made one," she glowed, giving an extra little squeeze.

The voices and faces swam around us. Outside, the ice showered up from flashing skates and lovers wandered off through the snow to frosted cabins. Two drinks later we were moving like a single intertwined body through the muted forms to my own snug

cabin just beyond the oval rink. We didn't speak; we knew what we were about.

One long shudder of icy snow and we were in by the crackling fireplace, alone with passion. Strangely, we hadn't kissed yet.

"Nice," she said, and with one sleek gesture released something and her skirt sank sweetly to the floor. There was nothing underneath. Her lithe blonde thighs flickered a moment in the firelight, then sank to the bear rug.

"Come."

She was so quick I hadn't had time to undress when she pulled me down beside her, stripping off her sweater in one swift passionate catlike movement. Her breasts, with mound upon mound of pink, sensitive tissue rising pagoda-like upon one another, stood out aggressively and gleamed in the fire. They seemed to contain tiny green rapacious snakeline eyes.

I sank down beside her and fumbled with my clothes.

"No," she pouted.

I grabbed her breasts with soft ferocity and laved them with hungry tongue and lips.

"No."

She lifted my head gently but firmly, as her strong, supple hands rippled down my shirt front. She wants to do it herself! I thought delightedly. With a miracle of co-ordinated smoothness she seemed to simultaneously undo my shirt front and run her fierce wet tongue down my heaving chest.

My god, I thought, what a girl! Not even a kiss—straight to the point!

"Tigress!" I cupped my hands over her quivering cones as she proceeded tantalizingly past rib cage and solar plexus, in and out of quivering navel, down toward my still-captive tower of passion below. Next the belt buckle, I thought; then the zipper.

But here a curious detour took place, and I thought: a tantalizing diversion to make the final repast even more sublime.

Her tongue wandered over calfskin belt, over pants top, down diagonally toward—my pocket!

Next her sharp, pearly teeth were nibbling at—my trousers!

With increasing frenzy—while her hard breasts seemed to contract with metallic iciness—her mouth and teeth tore at the resistant fabric; did I just imagine she sprouted fangs in the firelight?

And as I held her gradually congealing body, she tore on and on, slashing now into the naked wallet, until in one ravishing ecstasy of animal frenzy she bit into the crisp green bills themselves, caressing them orgiastically with her tongue and teeth, frothing them with eerie foam, swallowing them down in a final cataclysmic fellatio, those fine faces of Franklin, Hamilton, and Ulysses S. Grant, her whole frozen body trembling with joy.

—Eugene Nelson

"Movies Are Better...."

MEDIUM COOL
MIDNIGHT COWBOY
Z

Time was, this hoary old reviewer remembers, when about every four or five months a movie came along that just couldn't be missed. Such were conditions as they existed in much simpler days. Due to some pretty tough competition given to the domestic film industry by overseas film makers and independent producers on the home front as well as the boob tube taking over Hollywood's previous function of contrived inanity for the multitudes, the art of cinematography has undergone some definite changes for the better.

One of the most gratifying results of all this improvement is that messages are no longer confined to Western Union, and your reviewer is now being faced with sometimes as many as three pictures a month that just can't be missed. Combine this with certain other weekend activities, and that can put a bit of a strain on one's social calendar.

The first two films may be now be old-hat for many of the readers, but for those who have not as yet seen them this is a reminder that these are well worth considering keeping a lookout for in the neighborhood and late-run houses, since it is highly unlikely that they will ever be run on television in the near future. It seems that in this society of ours, watching John Painfull slaughtering Cholos and Chinks is classified as wholesome family entertainment, whereas the exposure to uncovered mammary glands is considered a corrupting influence on young impressionable minds.

"Medium Cool" was filmed in Chicago where much of the action had taken place during the Democratic Convention, and some of the film footage is live coverage of the disturbances attending that fiasco when an unruly mob was let loose on the streets. (This unruly mob Dave Dellinger identifies as the Chicago Police Farce.) The film could be classed as a documentary, although it is loosely wound around the story of a news cameraman who is being disturbed by pangs of social consciousness after discovering that the supposedly confidential interviews that he has been turning over to the TV station that he works for are being screened by the

Police Department and the FBI. It is interesting that the TV station in the movie is known as Channel 8. In many parts of Chicago, by turning the knob to 8 one can get the best reception of Channel 9, which happens to be the Chicago Tribune, whose mutual footsie-wootsie affair with the Chicago Police Department is one of long standing. The majority of the actors in this film are non-professional, including some Black militants who insisted on speaking their own lines. Despite the obviously unpremeditated manner in which this production was filmed, it has a reality that other cinematographers would be hard put to surpass. It definitely depicts the seamy side of the great city of Chicago, both the lower rungs of society found in the various ghettos and the subterranean playground of the upper echelon. These elements have been put together into a truly artistic production.

What "Medium Cool" does for Chicago "Midnight Cowboy" to a certain extent does for New York. A young Texas bumpkin who had been raised by a doting grandmother and had grown up with the impression that the World was his oyster takes off for New York with the idea of being a one-man stud service to rich but frustrated women who would be willing to part with some of their loot for some of his manly Texas physique. But instead of rich girls swooning over his cowboy outfit, he finds that he is more attractive to dirty old men and clean young boys. He encounters a prematurely aging street urchin who first takes him for a large wad of his money, then later, when the money is all gone, takes him into his own miserable hovel where both of them, absolutely penniless, try to live by their wits. Here is the hick kid, fresh from the sticks, healthy but abysmally innocent, contrasted with the slum kid who is a physical wreck but wise in the ways of the streets. They form a pact and work together at trying to beat the system, but never get anywhere near first base since neither has any real understanding of what they are up against. They wend their way around parts of the big city that few visitors or native New Yorkers ever get to see, away from Times Square and the Statue of Liberty, in that strange nether region where the dregs of both lower and higher society rub shoulders. This film is a good portrayal of how all of us are seduced by the society that we daily give support to, but yet

try to make our way to the top on an individual basis. Despite the tragic overtones of this movie, there are excellent bits of biting satire on the concept of free enterprise.

The last of the three movies mentioned here is by far the most relevant to our present day. The letter Z, which stands for the Greek word for life, was first scrawled on walls and streets of Greece after the assassination of anti-war leader Grigorys Lambrakis by right-wing extremists and the subsequent attempt at covering up by the police. It is understood that there are many who may be unfamiliar with this particular bit of recent history that transpired in a distant country, but that should not detract at all from the impact of this production. This story has too many parallels throughout history, and it has an especially uncomfortable parallel with certain events that have been transpiring here in Chicago. The plot depicts the police who were all too eager to dismiss Lambrakis's death as another hit-and-run accident as not only having been cognizant of the truth, but also having given encouragement and active support to the fascistic organization that murdered him. There are quite a few elements of an excellent film of several decades back depicting the life of Emile Zola and his involvement with the Dreyfus Case and the subsequent come-uppance of the police. The current film depicts the eventual exposure of the police—only to be followed by a disheartening epilogue which tells of the "accidental" deaths and demises of the key witnesses, the light sentences of the actual culprits, and the dismissal of the police involved with no penalty whatsoever. The movie pans out on a scene of army tanks in the streets of Athens with a list of all the things that have been banned by the Junta, ranging from beards and mini-skirts to sociological writings and the music of Theodorakis. This movie ought to disrupt the complacency of anyone who might be so naive as to think that any place can be safe from the ever-vigilant tentacles of tyranny.

Your reviewer has not recommended the three aforementioned films as a vehicle of light-hearted relaxation, as enough of that genre can be had on the boob tube. Rather it is hoped that movies like these will serve to unrelax people and shake them out of their apathy. Artwise, they are all worth seeing.

— C. C. Redcloud

"PEACE ON EARTH"

"Peace on Earth"—Vietnam burned and devastated, Bombed homes and children mutilated.

"Peace on Earth"—the Big Brass cry

While mothers weep and babies die.

"Peace on Earth"—the bullets fly

From the ground and from the sky.

"Peace on Earth"—man's blood is shed

Lying there so still and dead.

"Peace on Earth"—while mother's sons

Lie dead amid the bombs and guns.

"Peace on Earth"—the human race

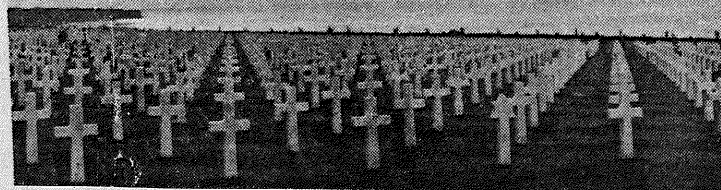
Atomic death, destruction face.

"Peace on Earth"—they mock and cry

While raining death from out the sky.

—Alvina Hayman

"Draftees of the World: Unite!
You have nothing to lose
But your Generals!"



NICKEL AVENUE

Miserable place! No work today for any canavlin rod salesman. The dreary lanes of commerce are clogged with bedrolls. The cold melts legs. Mumbling words for bread. You old stiff, keep moving. You've got to get that job.

—Gordon L. Herman

CONGEALED AND REVEALED

Heraldry proclaims a flag of hammers and tongs. Taverns will issue one each to every customer. Men must melt multiplex missiles, else they may be replaced. "The" Butchers' Union has held its convention: Tweedledum can amalgamate Tweedledee! Justice and whim are now equal. Our saviors stand on street corners passing out five-dollar bills. Cheat them and feed them cheese. Is it not all so wonderful?

—Gordon L. Herman

FAME AND GLORY

Arlington holds the long and short of life,
An abbey for silent mortal remains.
A band wafts its sad weary martial strains
Across the Potomac like a dime-store fife,
And cold gray ghosts march in disruptive strife.
Again legends long buried by winter rains
Admonish the town liars to take pains
Over their decomposed odes to a weeping wife.
On, under, beside, the so-naked fact,
Oblivious to all, the sweet lies merge:
Oddities of sword and pen forced to agree
Only in the lines of a flowery tract.
Orthodox prophets seek dry souls to purge.
Often the dawn comes, and yet we cannot see.

—Gordon L. Herman

More Than Sugar Cane

The departure of the "Venceremos" Brigade from this country has finally been announced. The capitalist press announced on February 12 that 600 individuals crossed the Canadian border, ostensibly on a "ski trip", but actually on the first leg of the journey to the Cuban sugar cane fields.

Among the persons departing were many friends and acquaintances of ours, some of them native to this land and others who came here almost as refugees, and who must leave as such. I am thinking of those Puerto Rican fellow workers who came here originally from their homeland hoping to find a better life, those who were striving for a meaningful change. They found instead, in a so-called "bastion of democracy", nothing but more suppression and inequity; not only those difficulties that the easily identifiable foreigner who has a language problem receives at the hands of the bigots and racists who constitute such a considerable portion of this population, but also the special oppression exercised by those in positions of power.

Those of them who tried to exercise their "freedom of speech" were arrested time and time again, merely for participating in demonstrations for the redress of their

legitimate grievances, or simply for being easily recognizable by the gestapo Gang Intelligence Unit (GIU) of the Chicago cops. On at least one occasion when one of our members was also arrested, the only possible motive for our arrest was that we had attended a peaceful meeting in a church-sponsored building.

Even though their hope of freedom did not die easily, how could it withstand the false arrests which occurred as often as the fascist police could plant "evidence", as often as there were lawful and peaceful protests, and even as long as these people dared show their faces in public?

These comrades of ours who are leaving are not leaving merely to visit and return. They leave as political refugees, going into a self-imposed exile, escaping from a country whose minions under the cloak of "legality" have committed incarcerations, assaults, and even murders upon them, all done in revenge for their speaking the truth.

You will be sorely missed, friends, whether you stay away or return to face certain jail terms. We are saddened to carry on the struggle here without you, but we hope that you find freedom and happiness somewhere, soon.

—Lionel Battari

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WHAT IS FASCISM?

The word "fascism" has come into vogue again. It is bandied on the left with all the abandon usually reserved for the word "Revolution". Yet few Americans, whether on the right, on the left, or in the middle, have any real appreciation of what fascism is or how it comes to be. It may be time they learned.

Fascism is a creature of the Twentieth Century. As such it has been in constant competition with socialism to be the "ism" of the century. The race has been close and hasn't been decided yet.

Modern fascism was born after the First World War as a direct response to Bolshevism. Europe, especially Germany and Italy, was on the verge of revolution. The ravages of war had been felt by workers who would be damned to continue under the same capitalists who had arranged their slaughter. Capitalism seemed doomed until small groups of army officers and opportunists devised a plan to fight the Communists and syndicalists with propaganda and the veterans of the great war. In exchange the capitalists promised to surrender part of their previous autonomy to their saviors. After all, half a cake is better than none.

LEFT SIDE

(continued from Page 6)

In the beautiful city of Chicago, as in many other communities, is a building code with a long list of restrictions and violations. The size of the pocketbook of the owner of the building has a certain bearing upon the vigilance or lack of vigilance of the city officials whenever they crack down on a violation. In the ghettos there seem to be many building-code violations that somehow go unnoticed. An exception to this has been in the case of a group of young people who have established a Black Theater. The city officials delight in harassing them with building - code violations. Reckon they oughta quit all that culture nonsense and try making something worthwhile out of themselves. Like landlords?

LSD, according to a recent survey, is used primarily among people of middle-class background. The poor working stiffs have to be content with beer and liquor that doesn't have any prolonged after effects. Make this a better World and we get along with less of all of that stuff.

If you're getting ideas that there is a plot against social change, aside from the Chicago kangaroo kourt, you are right. If you have been reading the funnies, you are getting hot. Back in 1966 the leading comic strip creators in the US were summoned to a meeting with State Department officials. They were told by the good officials that men of their talent had an important role in formulating public opinion on the Viet Nam war. Well, the graphists have come through in good style, and the Niggers, sneaky Greasers, and bloody Indians of yesteryear have been replaced by hippies, peacenik demonstrators, and outside agitators.

Yes, Santa Claus, you dirty old goat, there is a Virginia!

So the new fascists launched highly effective propaganda campaigns aimed at the veterans. And they convinced large numbers that communist victory would make all of their wartime sacrifices meaningless. Nobody likes to be told that he fought and bled for nothing—sometimes men would rather cling to a myth than do that, and the fascists knew it. They also convinced the veterans that they were the worker's friend and would make reforms in capitalism that would make revolution unnecessary. It is important to remember that fascism too is often a worker's movement.

So it was that German and Italian veterans turned their machine guns on revolutionary workers and effectively crushed the revolution. In Germany they shook the Weimar Republic and paved the way for Hitler. In Italy the movement was so popular that it succeeded in putting Mussolini in power.

America, too, experienced its postwar fascist movement, one which was encouraged by the Government and by capital. It was led by Colonel Robert McCormick of the Chicago Tribune; its military arm was the American Legion; and it was very effective in the suppression of Wobblies, Communists, socialists, and anarchists. The American fascist movement ultimately failed to take over the state primarily because America's postwar depression was neither as severe nor as long-lasting as the depressions in Europe.

This brings up a very important point: fascism thrives in a period of economic chaos. When the people are desperately searching for a solution to their problems, they will listen to anybody. If the chaos is great enough, and if the fascists can defeat the simultaneously growing leftist movements, it is virtually assured of success.

With a few minor differences most modern fascist movements have followed the post-First World War pattern. So it was with the abortive French OAS movement and with the Greek colonels.

Of course the important question today is: What are the chances of a new American fascist movement developing? To start answering that question, we must first

examine an often-neglected aspect of fascism — its economic policy.

Economic fascism entails government management of heavy industry, while the profits of that industry remain in private hands. In America we have heavy government regulation and control of industry and are moving continually in the direction of out - and - out government management. This is the trend in evidence since the New Deal which Republicans used to decry as creeping socialism. It is really creeping fascism, and you hear a good deal less complaining about it today than you did a few years ago. That is because business interests are realizing that they must put up with such "reform" or face a larger, more threatening left.

Ordinarily, this gradually developing economic fascism might be enough to make a fascist political movement unlikely. But the fact is that the Nixon Administration is especially inept at handling the growing economic problems of the country and will probably find itself with a major recession or depression on its hands. Such a depression will bring increasing support to an already vocal and active left, perhaps to the extent that a genuine mass movement will be built. Under such conditions some kind of fascist movement in defense of capital is inevitable.

Fascist leaders will rely on the American working class to provide them with popular support. They will exploit the very same elements of discontent among the workers that leftists will. The success or failure of such a fascist movement will depend on the strength, the unity, and the effectiveness of the American left.

One of the dangerous aspects of an American fascist movement might be that in its early stages many naive leftists may mistake the movement of workers for part of their own movement.

This is a time to build solidarity within the movement to lay the organizational groundwork for the coming economic crisis. It is also a time to be alert.

— Patrick Murfin

THE GRAPE PICKER

I'm just a poor grape picker working in a field,
Have an old straw hat I use for a shield.
From the Sun and wind which are very trying,
Makes me think sometimes of just dying.
Don't get enough to furnish the table,
Gotta go to work whether or not I'm able....
The Good Lord knows, and I hope he understands,
When I leave this World, Ill look for a better land.


— X 325505

PICKIN' FRUIT


At five a.m. I start to work
Picking apples, peaches, or pears
And I don't make my dirt!
Sweat and tears and toil all day
For peanuts is what they pay.
We need a change of plans down here
So I can rest maybe once a year.
Let's get someone in who understands,
That doesn't make promises of a "better land".

— X 325505

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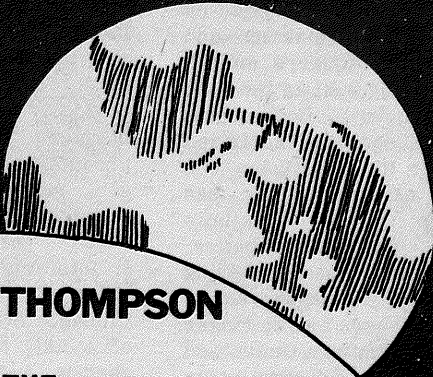
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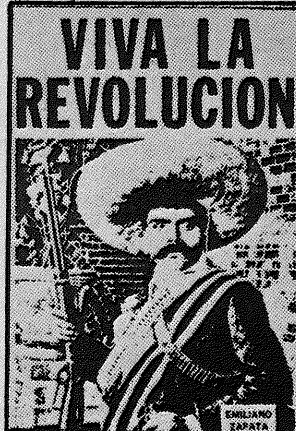
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