

Bon Voyage, Hillquit!

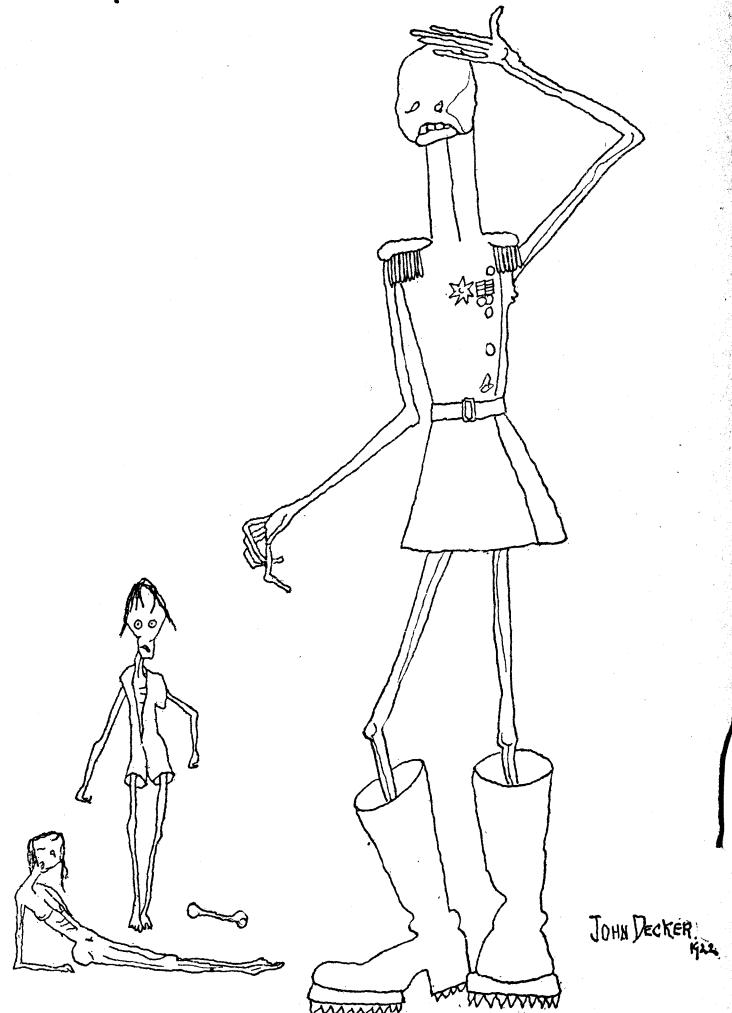
By John Pepper

THE Socialist Party has reached the limit of its political bankruptcy. The Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals are uniting in Hamburg, and the American Socialist Party takes part in this wedding. Hillquit, Victor Berger, Jacob Panken and Berman have departed for Europe, as the International delegation of the Socialist Party.

There is an old legend that when a violent storm breaks out on the open sea and a ship is in danger of sinking, it means that there is some great sinner among that ship's passengers. Since Berger, Hillquit and the others have sailed, we have been reading the weather reports three times a day, with the greatest anxiety. We tremble lest any storm befall the voyage, for it is certain that in case of a storm, the terrified passengers would throw Hillquit and Berger overboard without fail, because they would find no greater sinner in their midst than these two. It would be a pity if Hillquit or Berger should end up as food for the fish, because the great Convention at Hamburg would be incomplete without them.

The unity Convention of the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals is an event of the greatest importance. Millions of workers are organized in both Internationals. In addition, the unification will be reinforced by the Amsterdam Trade Union International, which contains the majority of the organized workers of the world. The capitalists throughout the world are everywhere on the offensive against the working class. It would indeed be an event of universal significance if millions of workers were to unite finally into a mighty centralized organization, in order to defend the working class, suffering from hunger, under Fascism. We repeat: The formation of a single gigantic International comprising the working class of the entire world, would be the storm-signal for the second great onslaught of the world revolution. The Communist International launched the slogan of the United Front already two years ago. It called upon the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals as well as the Amsterdam Trade Union International to carry on a common struggle against the economic and political offensive of capital. But all these pink and yellow Internationals rejected the idea of a common struggle, notwithstanding that the Communist International did not call upon them to fight for the dictatorship of the proletariat (for green cheese cannot turn into a moon), but simply to fight for the eight-hour day, against the reduction of wages, against the danger of new wars, for a piece of bread for the workers. And the Communist International was left in the lurch on the field of battle. The heroes of the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals deserted in face of the combat.

But now they are at last gathering in Hamburg. However, they are not gathering to fight against the capitalists, but rather to support them. They are gathering, not in order to consolidate the working class for the struggle, but rather to widen the split within the working class still further. The delegates of the Communist International will not be in Hamburg. This presents the situation clearly—the Communist International wants to struggle in the interest of the working class—and that is the very reason that the traitors



Burgfrieden

of the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals do not want to form the United Front with the Communist International. The Second, the Second-and-a-Half and the Amsterdam Internationals are creating a United Front in Hamburg among themselves. But for what purpose? This fake United Front means granting open permission for every Socialist Party to form a United Front with its "own" capitalist class. It is indeed remarkable—this United Front of the working class which will permit every one of the Socialist Parties participating in it, to rush to the aid of its "menaced fatherland" in any new war that may arise. In reality it is but a United Front of each Socialist Party with its respective government, against the workers, and even against the Socialist Parties of other countries.

The basic platform of this new "International" is the permission to every participant to conclude a social peace with the capitalists of the respective countries, and permis-

sion to defend the respective fatherlands. It is thus a true continuation of that International which collapsed in 1914, because it was not an instrument for war-time, but only for peace-time, as Karl Kautsky once characterized it with unintentional humor. The leaders of the Second, the Second-and-a-Half and the American Trade Union Internationals want a permanent split within the working class, and yet they will raise an unending clatter in a thousand variations, over the "destructive work" of the Communists. The eternal tom-tom over the disrupting Communists will be the leit-motif of this Congress, like the tom-tom which persists throughout the scenes in Eugene O'Neil's play, *Emperor Jones*.

Hillquit and Berger, Jacob Panken and Berman are going to Hamburg in order to unite. But with whom? Whom will they find in Hamburg?

They will find there the German Social Democracy—the Party of Fritz Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske. The betrayer of the German revolution. The murderer of Karl Liebknecht, and Rosa Luxemburg. They will find there Scheidemann, the Kaiser's minister, and Fritz Ebert, the president of the Republic of Hugo Stinnes. They will find there Wels who murdered the workers in Berlin. They will find there Severyn who murdered the workers in Middle Germany.

They will find in Hamburg the British Labor Party and all the leaders of the English trade unions. They will find there the dining-and-supping-companions of His British Majesty—those betrayers of the great coal miners' strike. They will find there the loyal supporters of the Triple Alliance of Great Britain, France and Italy—those disloyal destroyers of the Triple Alliance of the mightiest trade unions of England.

They will find there Turati, the champion of the coalition government with the Italian bourgeoisie. And d'Ara-

gona who made the first alliance with Mussolini's Fascisti in the name of the trade unions, and against the Italian working class.

They will find there the Russian "Social Revolutionists" who through assassination and armed uprising sought to crush the rule of the Russian workers. They will find there the Russian Mensheviks whose program was summed up by Martov in a classical manner: "Away with the obstacles which prevent the development of capitalism in Russia."

They will find there the representatives of the Hungarian Social Democracy who through their betrayal crushed the Hungarian Soviet Republic, and served as ministers in that white government which hanged Communist leaders.

They will find there the Polish Socialist Party which is the chief support of the military dictatorship of Pilsudsky's gang.

They will find there Branting, the ex-prime-minister of the king of Sweden, and Vandervelde and other heroes of the Belgian Labor Party—the present ministers of the king of Belgium and the responsible leaders of the shameless Ruhr invasion.

They will find there the German Independent Social Democrats, now united body and soul with the Party of Noske and Scheidemann.

They will find there the Austrian Social Democrats who by the Geneva Agreement, sold out the Austrian workers to Entente capitalism.

But it is impossible to enumerate all these countries, all these Parties of organized betrayal of the proletarian revolution, all these prostitutes of capital, all these ministers of the various majesties. Hillquit, Berger, Panken and Berman will arrive in Hamburg in time to find company entirely suited to them.

A Knee is Bent

THEY did not need to say
That you were beautiful:
I knew it on that day
I heard your name.
There was no need to dull
That iris-flame
Nor hint your mystery,
For oh! I knew it would be pain to me!

Nor did they need to say
That you were marvellous:
I knew, long years away,
How even the piteous human can be thus.
The knowledge that you live—
That is enough to give
Of high romance.
The very crumbs that fall
From your white table—they are sustenance,
Which given, one has all.
At sacrament
The knees are bent.
O constancy and flood
Of body and blood!

GEORGE STERLING.

City Fear

LAST night,
Standing outside the door of my house
I saw the white face of the city, lying asleep in the mist
Dreaming, with blind eyes turned inward.
Last night,
Listening outside the door of my house I heard
The silence of the dreaming city
Listening and attending to its dream.
Rigidly the lamp-posts waited in stiff rows, silent.
And the street-lamps spread white blotches in the mist;
Hoo..... on the river a ferry-boat.....hoo....
While on the roof-tops the cats
Paused, paw in air.....
Sheltered in silence, the listening city
Cowered and trembled lest Terror be loosened;
Clung to its dream lest the red ghost of Fear
Leap from the darkness, clamoring,
Bound and ricochet down the empty avenues,
Scatter the cats on the roof-tops,
Flicker the lights of the sentinel lamp-posts,
Beat on the faces of sleepers until
Up through the roofs a million voices rise.
Wailing, "I am alone,"
Screaming, "I am afraid!"

J. RORTY.