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Individual Action - 1953, January 19, Monday

John Goldstein

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INDIVIDUAL ACTION

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January 19, 1953

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REPUBLICANS PREPARE FOR ATOMIC WAR

John's Corner

Mayor Bob Wagner of New York who has a reputation for honesty appointed his predecessor Impy to the Court of Special Session after the ex-Mayor named two Tammany Hall men to the Water Commission. Impeliteri in his new job will receive \$19,000 a year plus a pension when he retires. Politicians, it seems, are nice to everyone but the exploited.

We are far more interested in action than we are in theory. Unfortunately, we have had little to report concerning libertarian activity and so were constrained to emphasize theory. Lately, however, two groups of free thinkers have undertaken some action and we take great pleasure in reporting their activities to our readers.

During a recent election in the Paddington district of London, a group of anarchists distributed a leaflet urging their fellow humans not to vote. The leaflet pointed out quite correctly that those who voted were in effect acknowledging the right of the politicians to rule them. Our London Comrades were pleading — and are still pleading — with workers and others to act and think for themselves. We extend our heartiest congratulations to the English anarchists.

Young libertarians in the United States participated in action, too. In Chicago, the LSC and the Peacemakers passed out over 5000 anti-war leaflets and in addition carried 12 large posters with such signs as, "Against Both War Camps", "This is not our War", and "Give Your Child a Peaceful World." Similar demonstrations of this sort will convince the complacent public, we do believe, that there are pacifists and others who are equally opposed to both war camps. And in the future, we would like these groups to inform us about their projected actions so that we may be able to induce our readers to indulge in anti-war dem-

onstrations like the Chicago one.

A few comrades are under the illusion that a theoretician who merely writes a few books or pamphlets is more valuable to the anarchist movement than those who are mainly activists. We, however, feel that the activists are just as important as the theoreticians if not more so.

For example, no anarchist contributed more to our cause than the rank and file of the FAI and CNT who laid down their lives not for Spanish Democracy but for an anarchist Spain.

Nor has any theoretician behaved more bravely than Sacco and Vanzetti who refused to renounce their ideas despite the enormous pressure put on them to do so.

And we could continue to enumerate the deeds of those comrades who were primarily interested in putting their ideas into practice. But we believe that both theory and action are necessary concomitants. As a matter of fact, we want to obviate the differences between "philosophical" anarchists and anarchists of the deed. Each one of us, insofar as it is possible, should engage in activity as well as in formulating libertarian concepts. In short, every comrade ought to contribute as much as he can to the noble cause of anarchism.

Propaganda By The Deed or The Heart of the Matter

I wish to make it quite clear at the beginning of this article that the propaganda by the deed I wish to discuss is not that which takes the form of political assassination. Jean Grave, in his anarchist classic, "Moribund Society and Anarchy", says of propaganda by the deed,

"How it has been wrangled over! What an amount of fallacy has been uttered apropos of it, both by those who com-

continued on page 4

Frown on Human Rights

President Eisenhower, in his State of the Union address, inferred that future wars would be fought with Atomic weapons instead of manpower. That is why he was able to propose a cut in the Armed Forces. He declared further that his government will support the French in Indo-China, Chiang Kai Chek of Formosa, and other members of the "free world", probably with American lives.

His message also dealt with such topics as civil rights, unemployment, labor relations, among other things. Most of the speech seemed like mere gibberish to erudite observers.

In the realm of civil rights, the President pleaded with Congress to revoke the citizenship of Communists and others who are convicted under the Smith act for conspiring to advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence. It seems that Mr. Eisenhower is oblivious to the fact that the United States government, a government that he and other politicians revere to the fullest, was established not through peaceful means but by this same force and violence that Eisenhower now deplores with such vigor. But Congressmen praised this portion of his message highly. Those of us who have the courage and integrity to still advocate civil and human rights will probably be placed on the subversive list.

Despite Eisenhower's glittering generalities, he appears to be cognizant of the mounting unemployment. As of now, there are at least three million unemployed — and this figure is expected to increase drastically during the ensuing months. The President's proposals to remedy this intolerable and harrowing situation are similar to the ones put forth by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bismark. His Government plans to initiate huge public works projects to alleviate unemployment. If the Republicans emulate the WPA, only the workers with "proper" connections will be given jobs. In addition to this governmental program, the administration will grant loans to businesses besides relieving corporations of

burdensome taxes. In short, Eisenhower and his associates intend to use Keynesian methods for the purpose of averting a calamitous depression.

So far as labor relations are concerned, Eisenhower, contrary to the wishes of organized labor, feels that there should not be any basic changes in the infamous Taft-Hartley act. In other words, the secondary boycott will still be outlawed, the 90 day cooling off period will remain in effect, and union officials will still be compelled to sign the non-Communist affidavit if they want to use the "services" of the NLRB. Certainly the President is no friend of labor and never was one.

It should be obvious that governments cannot and will not solve the complex problems that beset humanity. But we have no right to condemn the government, if we ourselves become complacent. It is necessary for us to assert our individuality and make decisions independent of government. Once we become thinking individuals instead of pawns, the State will be relegated to oblivion.

Recession

According to the Commerce department there were more than 400,000 more unemployed in December than in November. The CIO claims that the total unemployed are now more than 3 million. Just a "readjustment"? Ask those 3 million workers.

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New Brave World

'Canberra, Tuesday. Professor Oliphant said today 'Only a madman would use the Cobalt bomb. It would cause as much damage to the attacker as to the attacked'. The cobalt bomb is an atomic bomb surrounded by chemicals containing cobalt. After the explosion the chemicals are dispersed over a very wide area, with long lasting results.

Press report.

Honestly, I am worried, very worried. Not primarily about ato-hydro-cobalt bombs — after all, it does not appear as though the average person anywhere cares two hoots for them or for his chance of being blown to pieces at any moment. This being the undoubted case, why should I be one of the few exceptions and start worrying on my own account? No, my worry is something far deeper, a thing that will appeal to the sense of fairplay and innate decency in all of us. My concern is with the threatened disappearance of a caste that has rendered incalculable service to humanity in the past, indeed, one may call them the benefactors of the human race. I refer, of course, to the class, the caste, known as the professional soldier. It will be clearly understood that these were, and are, not entirely taken from the so called ruling classes, it is true that Bourne described war as 'The health of the state' but if the rulers have the brain the masses have always shown themselves to be very subject, and powerful, limbs. So when I speak of a military caste I refer to all, from field marshall to private, from admiral to cabin boy.

It is articles such as the one I have quoted that have prompted my concern. We all know of the power of the new weapons, indeed, the Democracies have already used them upon two occasions to impress the benefits of Democracy upon those not of their way of thinking, but what is one to say of the future? Suppose, just suppose, that war was to come again tomorrow, of course between countries that were rich enough to afford these expensive aids to killing without being forced back upon the old fashioned palliatives such as poison gas and bacteria. What would be the result? In all possibility a very great disappointment to all concerned. Merely a few planes taking off from secret airodromes, several tremendous bangs, and then, probably, the end of the war, there not only being little will left among the survivors to continue the battle, but also precious few survivors. All the long and arduous days of training, the years of preparation to perfect the art of murder, the costly blueprints, the readings of Clausewitz and Mahan wasted, and for what? A war that was hardly worth fighting. No fun, no honours, medals, glories; who could be unmoved by the prospect?

But this article will come to many as food to a starving man, a gleam of light in the stygian darkness. The ideas expressed are not entirely new but they have been brought up to date, to fit into the times. Our group have not had a lot of time to attend to all the details but will be pleased to give whatever assistance they can to any nations who may be enthusiastic about the idea.

It is difficult to deny that, with the ever expanding means of communication between the various countries, and the workings of the various cartels and agreements, the standard of living in one country as opposed to another is rapidly becoming identical. In all countries we find great wealth and great poverty, similar sexual taboos, the strangle hold of competing religious organizations. In all countries we find that the masses, the workers, are prepared to fight to the very death to defend their brand of 'freedom', although this is often anathema to those living in a different country and who regard their neighbor's freedom as the worst possible oppression. These conditions, aggravated by others into which we have not the time nor the patience to delve at the moment, have in the past, produced many wars, each war so increasing in horror that it now appears likely that one band of power crazed baboons may go too far, not only destroying the greater part of mankind (including their own worthless selves) but also the great military machines, the pride and the glory of the peoples of so many nations. So for the Great Idea.

Faced with this grave threat to the military leaders of the world, and their happy accomplices, we make the suggestion that the various nations, in conditions of friendship and peace, pool their common military resources and cordon off a great part of the surface of the Globe for their warlike games. The choice of territory can be safely left to those concerned, it may be the interior of Australia or, maybe, a large block of the mighty South American continent would be best for the purpose. The essence of the idea is that the various nations could then be given colours under which to fight (they would soon supply the reasons) and, from the word go, they could produce the most bloody carnage to satisfy even the most warlike individuals. It is to be regretted that, for reasons of space, there would have to be some measure of control upon the use of the latest and most destructive weapons but no one, except maybe the scientists responsible for them, need worry over much about this. Also, a system of handicaps would have to be imposed, for naturally, even the smallest Power would wish to be represented in such a glorious scheme. Indeed, it may be possible to arrange for several wars to be waged almost independantly of the large struggle, the various allies swapping their allegiances in the approved and time honoured manner.

I did, originally, think of having colours only, without any nationalistic backing, but on reflection it was felt that international rivalry would add to everyone's enjoyment. Also, I did consider the question of the churches who, naturally, would not wish to be left out of this. It was felt that the suggestion that the rival armies be divided into groupings according to their religious persuasions was maybe the ideal one, but ideals must lie in the future. We must, for the time, be content to have the churches give their blessings, and an unfailing army of padres and priests, to the various colours instead. They will, of course, be on familiar ground here, and will do invaluable work in assuring all and sundry that they are fighting, and dying, for the right colour, if not country. The more one thinks of this idea the better it appears. Not only would the men and women who love to gratify their sadism in small matters to be able to fully express their egos, but also the vast army of ordinary people who, in time of war, never tire of assuring both themselves and others that they can 'Take it', whatever 'It' may be. Towns and cities would, of course, be built, and we may be certain of a never ending stream of kings and queens, dictators, leaders and such like, who will not fail to provide inspiration and act as a focal point for the many deeds of heroism that are certain to be performed. Think too, of the wonderful — (and Glorious) new regiments that could be formed, the new ranks, salutes, forms of drill, medals, ribbons, buttons and bows that are so dear and important to the military mind, both male and female. One can imagine them salivating at the mere thought.

Yet a further advantage is that the various cartels and monopolies now existing between the various countries would not be, as at present, forced to conduct their business underground during the waging of wars. All could flourish quite openly, the Stock Exchanges, as at present, reflecting the sizes of battles and the numbers of the killed and maimed. Indeed, if any one country were found to excell in the preparation of a special kind of poison gas or high explosive that country could be relied upon to supply the demand, its trade mark a guarantee of quality, as it were. Also, just as at present. Of course, the cost of such a project would be great, but as all countries at present maintain far larger standing armies than they can possible afford this should not be an insuperable difficulty. In any event, the cost would be gladly met by taxation, the peoples being proud to be taxed for such a purpose.

I know that I have not dotted all the Ts, indeed, in an article of this length one could not hope to do so, but I have, I trust, conveyed the general idea. I must add that it is just possible that a handful of people, in all countries, would not feel their interests to lie in the directions indicated, who are sickened by the very thought of monarchs, dictators, wars and military parasites. For these malcontents, if there are sufficient (and this is by no means certain) we would suggest that they be offered enough territory, far removed from the exciting turmoil, in which to create what has always seemed to them of greater importance than shallow patriotism and nationalistic wars; the formation of a freer society than any at present known.

A society in which men, proudly and consciously, work together to free themselves from the degradations of fear and servitude, their goal the well being and the happiness of the individual.

—EDGAR PRIDDY

THIS SALESMAN WILL NEVER DIE

By Ridgely Cummings

An energetic scribbler could make a minor career out of writing about "Death Of A Salesman" and I seem to be doing just that.

When the play first hit the boards a few years ago I caught Thomas Mitchell's performance as Willy Loman, the aging salesman who never made a lot of money and never got his picture in the paper but who is an important human being for all that. Hugely moved by Mr. Mitchell's portrayal of outraged dignity, desperate rebellion and bitter resignation, I wrote a lyrical essay on the subject.

Then when Frederic March did a masterful job in the filmed version I was impelled to jump to the typewriter again to point out that the movies had watered down the script and softened the message but that fortunately much of the beauty of the play came through on the screen despite the pulled punches.

Two articles on the same subject should have been enough but the other night in my capacity as a reviewer for a Hollywood paper it became necessary for me to attend a revival of the play. The drama editor, an understanding soul who sympathizes with my tendency to go overboard on things I like, warned me:

"Remember now, there is a 300 word limit. And don't use them all up talking about Arthur Miller. Be sure to work in some local names."

With this injunction in mind I promptly sat down in a flurry of what seemed pure inspiration and wrote a thousand words. After I had trimmed the review down to the measly size permitted on the drama page, a size dictated by the expansiveness of the flaring movie ads which pay the freight, there were a lot of words left over. It seemed a shame to let them go to waste, so here are a few that didn't get in.

What haunts one after seeing this revival (I wrote) is a new appreciation for the skill of the playwright.

Arthur Miller piles detail upon detail to make the characters and the setting flow with pulsing life. Willy Loman becomes more than a wornout salesman who spent his life putting up a false front and chasing the intangible of being well-liked.

He becomes a symbol for the thousands of his kind. His name is Willy but also it is legion. References to his arch support, his glasses, his false teeth, his constant use of aspirin and sac-

Felix says . . .

Ammon Hennacy will spend the first part of this year travelling in the North — speaking in many places — and after that he'll go to Denver.

I wouldn't like to go to jail and I sincerely hope I don't get beaten up, but I'm on my way to Arizona to continue Hennacy's work there — on a more humble scale.

Ammon has the tougher assignment because Denver is an extremely reactionary place and he has already been warned in advance to stay out of that town.

You readers should take cognizance of the fact that John Goldstein has to put most of his weekly earnings into the paper. If you'd send in a dollar once in a while it'd lighten his load.

Charine tablets make him both a definite individual and an archetype for the faceless millions who reflect our era of advertising. Like them he is a perfect dupe of slogans and user of crutches.

In the same way Miller by a multitude of homely details etches permanently for us the environment of Willy and of our own time. There is the 25-year mortgage on the shabby home and Willy's remark just before the last payment is made: "Not many men can weather a 25-year mortgage."

There is the refrigerator which wears out just as it is finally paid for, the car which continuously needs expensive repairs, the garden seeds which he carries in his coat pocket and tries desperately to bring to life in the barren city soil. In short, Miller shows us a lie lived on the installment plan, always a payment behind. Like so many of us Willy is a slave, waiting for the miracle of freedom that, for him, never arrives.

Miller's prize-winning play is pure tragedy, a savage indictment of the meretricious aspects of our commercial culture. His lines are so eloquent that even when given a mediocre reading they retain tremendous impact.

Here is a play which many of us have already seen several times in various versions but which is well worth seeing again and again because it has something to say. And what it has to say is important. Miller's salesman dies onstage but he will live a long time in dramatic history.

Thus I wrote and thus I believe, as of now. Comes the next revival and I may have more to say.

Ever Rebel, Erect and Flying

*In the pearl madly leaping the shell
My mineral eye saw your grain.*

*One wild note in the nightingale's
throat*

And my lover sings again.

*I, the pistil in the harebell
Where mad Sweeney is the stamin
Making March's meadows fertile.*

*The knot in the nut-tree is my
lover's eye.*

*I said, "Oh Sweeney, you cannot
leap too high
But I will follow and find you
Whether at Magh Rath or in the
bath
Ever rebel, erect and flying!"*

*From "The Deer and Dachshund,"
Volume One Number Two*

—HYACINTHE HILL

Anarchist Groups Wanted

This is the time that anarchist groups should be formed in the United States. They should raise money for INDIVIDUAL ACTION and other anarchist publications and should expound anarchist ideas to workers.

Necessary funds to carry on the above mentioned important work can be raised through the mediums of parties and socials.

In the event enough money can be procured by these projected anarchist groups, they could distribute pamphlets and leaflets at workers homes, factory gates and elsewhere.

It is imperative for us anarchists to engage in activity instead of merely philosophizing in comfortable chairs.

—SEATTLE LIBERTARIAN

Another Subversive

Congressional Inquisitors will summon Dr. Kinsey, the author of the highly controversial book on the sex life of American Woman. One congressman proclaimed that anything that tends to break down confidence in the home and marriage is subversive. We suppose that Dr. Kinsey was attempting to overthrow the government by force and violence through his works on sex-life. Very naughty, Dr. Kinsey.

Solicitations

John L. Lewis has granted the International Longshoreman's Union \$50,000 and promised to give Ryan's union all the support it needs in case of a strike. It is quite obvious that John L. who is not known for his benevolence expects the ILA to affiliate with the United Miners. This would greatly increase Lewis' source of revenue. John made a safe investment.

Letter to the Tax Man

412 N. Third St. West
Mt. Vernon, Iowa
March 8, 1953

Mr. George M. Humphrey
Secretary of the Treasury
Treasury Department
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Humphrey:

When World War II ceased to be the source of prosperity we no longer read in the papers that Russia was a peace-loving nation but learned that she was bent on world conquest.

To prevent this world conquest the Democrats inaugurated numerous programs with the announcement that each would save the world from communism. With each new program launched they apparently forgot the world had already been saved and went about it all over again.

We thus had a succession of gigantic military appropriations, the Truman Doctrine, the Atlantic Pact, intervention in the Korean War, the march to the Yalu, etc. Those programs failed, for they were followed by increased international tension, by the Korean War and by the addition of China to the war.

The communists know as well as we that our economy would collapse if war spending ended. They believe further the United States would go Communist after our economy collapsed. The attempts of the Democrats to save us from a war against a political system whose leaders don't believe a war necessary have succeeded in partially accomplishing what they were supposedly trying to prevent.

Now, you Republicans are in power and have adopted and intensified the policies of the Democrats demonstrated by recent history to be so wrong. The Republicans seem to think that turning Chiang loose, blockading China, etc. can't have unpleasant consequences.

I haven't voluntarily paid the Democrats any money to prepare for and wage war since 1943. I'm not going to pay any to you Republicans either. You will find enclosed a tax return, but no money.

Yours truly
Walter Gormly

Announcement

Hyacinthe Hill, charming young poetess of INDIVIDUAL ACTION, will give a poetry recital at Sam Hartman's studio 30 E. 14 St., New York City on Jan. 23 at 8:30. Those who plan to attend Hyacinthe's reading will be fully rewarded. She is one of the best poetesses to come along in years.

Propaganda By The Deed or The Heart of the Matter

Continued from page 1

bat and those who extol it! Propaganda by deed is nothing more than thought transferred into action; and . . . to feel a thing profoundly is to want to realise it."

My thesis is precisely this question of our thoughts and feelings and how we can and must transfer them into deeds in order to further the realization of our ideal, the free society of anarchy.

I
We are a world of frightened people. We are frightened of ourselves, of our neighbors, of our love and our hate. Each of us cowers behind his or her own mask, terrified lest the mask may slip. Sometimes it does. When we are angry, when we are faced with danger, then sometimes our real self comes out — but only for a moment. Most of the time we hide behind counterfeit emotion and empty trivialities, not daring to see ourselves, afraid to be ourselves. Everywhere looms the omnipresent They. The people who stop us being ourselves, the people in uniforms or with papers in their hands who conscript us into their armies of murder, who impose their wills upon us when we are weak children and cripple our souls and deaden our love with authority; who operate an economic system that kills our creative urges, that turns us into wage-slaves and mechanized robots sacrificed to the holy trinity of rent, interest and profit. Always the policeman and the judge, the symbols of human slavery, standing guard over the universal prison they call "our way of life".

We would like to love life, we would like to hate with healthy vigour the system that kills our spirit and often our bodies, but always the do's and don'ts of our upbringing stand in our way. How often as we walk the streets of the city do we meet the calm gaze of the strong in spirit or encounter the genuine pride of the single soul? A few of us feel the urge to revolt, feel the need for the cleansing fire of liberty to destroy the civil ideas and institutions of this world. But we, the few who sermonize and criticize are caught up in the tinsel glitter of our time, and the drab and monotonous procession of toil and routine. We lead an existence like unto theirs whose understanding of the world is as yet dim and unformed and our anguish is the greater because we see what could be yet fall short or become bogged

down in the swamp of our fear.

We know the way out is that of liberty. We know that to choose the way of liberty in a world of authority is very difficult. The tendency of government to take over more and more control of our lives has made the mass of the people even more dependent upon some power outside of themselves, which they think is greater than they are, yet is but the reflection of their submission. To many this power is the State, those 'in the know', to some it is a church or a god, something onto which they can shift the responsibility for their destiny, which they can blame for the failure and frustration they experience. But no man is good enough to be another man's master and, even if he were, he still would have no right to be. We must be our own saviours. No priest, no scientist can save us. We must save ourselves, for the final choice lies in ourselves.

The time comes in our lives when we have to make this final choice — to dare to live in the light of what we consider to be the truth; or to fall back into the herd, that plastic tool of demagogues and rabble-rousers whose tongues speak fire but whose hearts are ice. To do this is no easy thing. Often we seek to put it off with glib excuses and smooth rationalisations. To follow the path of liberty in this world does not of necessity bring one into a rose-garden of paradise—it leads usually to ostracism, perhaps into danger and sometimes violent death.

It is not my intention to be melodramatic in writing this. I merely wish to record the plain and unvarnished fact of what it means to be an anarchist in this world. Only twenty-six years have passed since Sacco and Vanzetti were murdered because they were anarchists. Even in this country (Britain) of alleged freedom and tolerance in the last five years comrades have been sent to prison or forced to go on the run because of their refusal to obey the State. To be an anarchist does not mean one belongs to a vicar's tea party or a village institute discussion group. The agents of the law are ever ready to persecute or to entrap us. But if we would be true to ourselves and to our ideas, if we really desire to work for the achievement of the love, beauty and dignity which we believe are inherent in our principles, then we must hold unto the last, come what may.

II

You may think that the picture I have drawn is too sombre,

that the world isn't such a gloomy place and that people do not go around as if they were living in the valley of the shadow of death. Sombre the world is, yes, for if we look beyond the mere surface things, if we try to penetrate behind the shop-talk of our fellows and ourselves, then we will find, I think, that the picture is not overdrawn. No world that allows the millions of deaths, the disease and poverty that ours does is a healthy one. Now, it is no use blaming it on the capitalists and rulers alone. Their tyranny could not exist without the acquiescence of their slaves, and to the extent that we allow this acquiescence to pass without protest then we too are responsible. And it is no use arguing that we do what we can. If we are honest with ourselves we must admit that we can never do enough. Our excuses are all too often the result of our fear of losing the little securities we have obtained, of our desire to have our cake and eat it.

If anyone feels the desire to raise the old objection, "That's all very well, but it is very convenient in this society to abide by its customs." let me answer them thus:

We cannot hope to have any effect upon people's attitudes or the task of creating a free society if we do things only when they do not inconvenience us. There is no patent, painless method for the birth of a new society. The person who loads himself down with so many commitments to custom that he is afraid to move, is nothing but a hindrance, and the best thing he can do is bury what to him is obviously only a pipe-dream and get out of our way. Our propaganda will not succeed if it is toned down or diluted in order to avoid offending the susceptibilities of university professors or the prejudices of parents. This does not mean that we should run around shouting to all and sundry, "Look, I am anarchist and I intend to com-

mit this or that illegal act." Prudence can be of value at times, but it should never be allowed to become an end in itself nor to interfere with our determination to assert our right to liberty.

Our movement cannot be built on weak individuals who look to others for leadership. Only those who are strong in their belief that there can never be freedom until man ceases to rule over man and consistently endeavor to put their belief into practice can merit the title of free men. Because they do not realize this many are defeated by the odds against them. Unless we continually intensify propaganda by the deed we, too, are in danger of following in their footsteps. One of the defeated is the ex-Wobbly poet, Ralph Chaplin, but before the vision left him he put the essential truth of propaganda by the deed in his poem, "Mourn Not The Dead". with it I conclude:

*Mourn not the dead that in the
cool earth lie —
Dust unto dust.
The calm sweet earth that mothers
all who die,
As all men must.*

*Mourn not your captive comrades
who must dwell —
Too strong to strive —
Each in his steel-bound coffin of
a cell,
Buried alive;*

*But rather mourn the apathetic
Throng —
The cowed and meek —
Who see the world's great anguish
and its wrong
And dare not speak.*

—S. E. PARKER

Chairman Snoop Velde of the Un-American Committee has asked the House of Misrepresentatives for \$300,000 so that he may have the opportunity of interrogating individuals who exercise their prerogative of thinking. No Witch-hunt?

INDIVIDUAL ACTION
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