

The Eye is Blind That Will Not See

Mari's Substack

32–41 minutes

Content note: Please note that this essay discusses sexual assault, rape, suicidal ideation, and organizational misconduct.

Introductory note: In recent months, divisions in DSA and PSL have triggered debates over when it is justified or unjustified to leave an organization, to call for others to leave an organization, or to air problems in an organization. My vantage point has been of someone who quietly left the PSL many months ago based on a private experience with the organization's systemic problems. In many people's view, I dealt with my issues with PSL "the right way."

The way I left did not create any damage to the left. It also denied the left the opportunity to grapple with some very real problems. I am seeing the issue with this as I watch the PSL color themselves as victims and readily labeling people who were formerly their trusted comrades as misogynists and racists and wreckers, without any real interrogation of their claims, and as the protest, fundraising and recruitment machine of PSL continues on uninterrupted.

I, like most serious leftists, do not believe in carelessly tearing apart our own organizations. I also don't believe good

organizations are built by evading accountability. My own experience with the PSL shows the stakes of long-term evasion, the damage it can cause to the movement, to organizations, and to the real people in them.

I also believe that no one can make an informed decision about joining or remaining in an organization if they are deliberately shielded from the actual character of its leadership and structures.

My assault within PSL and its mishandling

Reporting

I called Ben the morning after I was assaulted. I hadn't slept. I'd spent the night crying, shaking, staring at the ceiling and feeling like the entire room was spinning. By the time I sat on the couch and made the call, I was numb. Through tears, I told Ben what had happened the night before at the holiday celebration we had both been at with comrades. He said he was so sorry. And then, almost in the same breath, Ben said, "Eugene might just want to resign."

I remember pausing, the words landing somewhere far away from me. It felt strange to be thinking about what would happen to him while I was still trying to understand what had just been done to me.

At that moment, the morning after being violated by someone I thought I could trust completely, someone I considered a comrade and a friend, I said, "I'm not sure that's what I want to happen."

I knew instantly that was the right answer. I was commended for being so measured.

After that, the days blurred together. Conversations with Ben about responsibility. About protecting the Party, the projects, the work.

About ensuring that nothing would “roll downhill” onto others.

In a meeting led by Ben, I sat down across from Eugene. It had only been a few days since he had put his hand on the most private part of my body without my consent. Eugene said he had been too drunk at the celebration to remember sending me texts asking about how I was getting home before putting his hands on me. He read from a letter he had written, saying he wished he hadn't hurt me.

The three of us had that conversation in a room at The People's Forum. The same space we had all been working in together for months. I was sobbing. Self consciously, I reminded Ben and Eugene I wasn't unraveling just because of what Eugene had done. I reminded them that I have a history of experiences with sexual violence from before Eugene, that in the past I had been violently raped. That I had lived the experience of begging someone to stop. I tried to explain that, while I knew this wasn't the same as before, to my body the violations felt connected, and that I could feel myself spinning out.

Ben helped suggest a plan. Eugene would apologize. He would spend a month in Baltimore “for health reasons.” He would not chair Central Committee meetings for a while. We would all move on. I agreed.

Over the next few weeks, I spent more time outside my body than in it. I felt panic, my body's primal response to being harmed in a place I had believed was safe, and an overwhelming sadness. But woven through both was something else; an excruciating sense of responsibility.

It was that feeling of responsibility, more than anything, that felt

familiar to me. That I realize now is why I was so quick to agree to Ben's plan.

It is a feeling I have returned to after every experience of sexual violence. The instinct to search for the point where *you* went wrong. To locate the cause for harm within ourselves. As if assigning ourselves blame might restore some sense of control or safety.

To be honest about it, people seeking to take on the responsibility of our own harm is not just internal. It is reinforced from the outside. We all know the type of questions that are asked of women who have been sexually violated. "*What was she wearing?*", "*Was she drinking?*", "*Was she flirting?*"

In left spaces and organizations, locating responsibility becomes entangled with a different kind of pressure. The pressure of responsibility to the collective. The question shifts almost immediately from what was done to you to *what should be done about it?* And if there aren't trauma-informed practices already in place to be followed, that question is then handed back to the violated person to answer. *What do you want us to do?* As if the burden of response belongs to them, the person who was harmed.

I did not cause harm. Yet I was expected not only to manage my own pain, but its implications for the PSL.

And of course, I did want to move on. To forget. To go back to feeling safe. To think that the PSL was still what I had believed it was when I joined.

Joining

My go-to line was always, "*I didn't join the Party for Socialism and Liberation to be part of a cool-kid clique. I joined because I hate capitalism, and I want to destroy it.*" That was my personal maxim.

The line I lived by. Because long before I joined the PSL, I had already lived a life that made something unmistakably clear to me. Capitalism is killing our families, and socialism is the only real alternative.

I grew up in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in a working-class family with a single mom, two brothers, and a grandmother helping raise us. My mom worked constantly. She did everything she was supposed to do. She worked hard, showed up, and took care of her kids. Like millions of other parents, it still wasn't enough to build anything beyond survival.

We had food. We had places to stay. Most importantly, we had each other. But there was no safety net, no savings account, no sense that the future was something we could plan for. And despite my mom's best efforts when we were small, there were generational traumas that haunted us. Mental illness, religious abuse, domestic violence, sexual trauma. These weren't abstractions. They shaped our lives in immediate ways.

By the time I was 15, I made a decision that felt like the most stable option available to me. I left home. I decided to take full responsibility for myself because staying felt more chaotic than leaving. My mom was experiencing a mental health spiral, and I believed I could create more stability on my own than I could within that environment.

So I did. I got a job. I dropped out of traditional school and found an alternative high school program that would accept my pay stubs as class credits. From then on, I worked full-time. In fast food, retail, hotels. I depended on every dollar I earned and I spent *too damn much* of what little I made just to keep a roof over our heads.

Mine. My brother's. My various girlfriends and boyfriends, and just plain friends.

For years, I was hyper-focused on our survival.

I hustled hard all through my teenage years. But the truth is, hard work never scared me, and I don't often mourn how quickly I grew up because that work did create a lot of stability. I'm proud of the home I built from very little.

But living that life, watching my mom work herself to exhaustion, then doing the same myself, left me with questions that never went away. *Why is it that no matter how hard people work, some of us are always just barely scraping by?*

When I found Marxism at age 16, it didn't feel abstract. It felt like recognition. Like someone had finally put language to what I had already lived and understood. Marxism gave me a framework for something I had known all along. We weren't struggling because we didn't work hard enough or didn't know how to "get ahead." We weren't traumatized because our family was simply made up of broken people.

So when I joined the PSL in 2015, at 22 years old, I wasn't new to political thinking. I had already been working for nearly a decade. I had been a Marxist for years. I already identified as a communist. I had gone deep into studying Marxist theory long before it became trendy or visible online.

I joined the PSL because I believed I was joining something historically necessary, because at my core, I believed the highest calling of a working-class girl was to organize for the overthrow of capitalism. That belief shaped everything I gave to the PSL over the next decade.

Organizing

From the moment I joined, I jumped in deep. I organized my whole life around the Party. By 2017, I was asked to come on Party staff and help to build up branches amidst the post-Bernie surge in interest in socialism. I was paid a small stipend each month to organize full time. I drove around the country in my car, surfing on comrades' couches going city to city, helping branches get their start. I organized protests, mentored new comrades, taught candidacy classes, joined countless meetings, spoke at demonstrations, represented the Party in coalition spaces, and recruited dozens upon dozens of other people to join.

I was soon an invited observer to the Central Committee, then elected to the Central Committee for two terms. I served at points as an observing member of the Executive Committee of the Central Committee, at the time that that body was a real thing.

Eventually, I was asked to move to New York City to help plan the 2019 Congress. Once there, I spent every day with Ben and his family. We organized out of his apartment. We cooked and I helped care for his young child. In those years, I was one of only two party staffers. I did everything from liaising pre-branches around the country, to organizing Congress logistics, to mediating interpersonal issues.

My life was building the PSL. There was no one more loyal than me.

All of those years worth of experiences is why being assaulted by a trusted Party leader and friend at a holiday celebration in a comrade's apartment in November 2020 was so wildly disorienting. And why the way it was handled by Ben and Brian Becker was so hard to reconcile.

After the assault, I was told repeatedly by Ben not to tell anyone. Ben warned me that if I told anyone we might lose connections and projects. He told me that the only people *he had told* were Brian, Ben's father, and Karina, Ben's wife. But neither of them once spoke directly to me about it.

This also meant that out of the five-person Executive Committee, one person, Eugene, had assaulted me. And that two other members, Ben in consultation with Brian, were handling the response. The other elected members were left in the dark, including the one female member, Gloria La Riva. (An aside, I spoke to Gloria after resigning from the PSL in March of this year, and she confirmed that she had never known about the assault until I told her, six years later. Terrifyingly, Gloria also told me on that call that she knew Ben and Brian had mishandled other cases of sexual assault in the past, and that in her opinion they could "destroy the Party" due to their neglect and that she planned to confront them. However, I have since been made aware that Gloria was dispatched to speak with and reassure the few comrades who became aware of my experience after I left.)

The remainder of the Central Committee was also not informed.

Ben explicitly told me that this level of silence was necessary, because if not maintained we could lose the growing relationship with The People's Forum. We could lose the budding project that was BreakThrough News. That my friends, the comrades I was in a small COVID pod with could lose their jobs. And so, out of an intense sense of loyalty to the projects I had already spent years building, that I had organized my life in service of, I didn't say anything to anyone.

Except, one person. I had immediately told another member of the Party, my recruiter and mentor, my then best friend, Chris Banks.

When I told Ben that I'd already told Chris, he responded with disappointment. "I wish you hadn't." Ben told me he worried that Chris would now be upset because Chris himself had once been suspended for over a year over much less severe allegations, whereas Eugene was getting a much lighter response for a full-on assault.

I explained to Ben that I told Chris because I needed *someone* to know what had happened. I needed support. I wasn't okay. Ben recommended that, if I needed someone to talk to, I speak with Nathalie, another woman on the Central Committee. He called her first to explain the situation, then I was allowed to call her.

I remember crying over the phone, telling her how badly I was spiraling, and asking whether she thought all of this was okay. She told me to trust Ben. In every conversation we had afterward, I was encouraged to accept Ben's plan for how my assault should be handled. I had hoped she would help me make sense of what had happened and advocate for my wellbeing. Instead, our conversations consistently led back to why I should trust Ben's judgment and move forward with the plan he had already laid out. Looking back, I don't think I was being connected with a source of support. I was being directed to someone who reinforced Ben's approach.

A few short weeks later, Eugene was back at work. Comrades working with us, having no reason to suspect that his absence was for any reason sinister, celebrated his return. I told Ben *again* that I wasn't alright. That I felt terrible.

The day Eugene came back to work, I threw up in one of the office bathrooms.

And at the lowest part of what I now know was a months-long mental health spiral, caused by being sexually assaulted and receiving no trauma informed support in the aftermath, in February of 2021, I called Chris, the friend Ben said he'd rather I hadn't told, because I was prepared to take my own life.

I wept and told Chris that my life felt valueless and too painful **Fight, flight, or freeze - I rolled flight**

After Eugene came back to work, I asked to be moved. To be re-assigned away from New York City. I was willing to go anywhere. I couldn't keep seeing Eugene every day. I couldn't keep pretending I was alright. That was when Brian asked me if I'd like to go to Los Angeles. I wasn't sure I wanted to. But I was willing to try anything.

Three months after being assaulted, on March 8th, International Women's Day, 2021, I landed in LA.

Shortly after moving to LA, Brian had \$8,000 dollars sent to me to buy a car. I felt an unspoken message with that check: that I was lucky, that I had nothing to complain about, and that I should stick to the plan, keep quiet and move on.

In LA, I tried to keep up. To get back to normal. To keep being a "good comrade". Of course, I was also internally just trying to hold myself together, which no one else knew.

Once in LA, I asked to be taken off Party staff. At the time, I couldn't fully explain why. Looking back, I'm grateful my brain was protecting me. My subconscious knew I needed distance from the people who had manipulated me into silence, even if I couldn't yet name what had happened. It took another year, but by 2022 I was

finally off the Party payroll.

Even though I needed a break, I never stopped organizing. In LA I was elected to the Steering Committee, and was re-elected to the Central Committee at the 2022 Congress.

However, when it came to my relationship with Ben and Brian, I stopped feeling like a respected comrade and started feeling like a problem to be managed. When I would talk with them, I felt them caught between two impulses: keep me happy, and keep me at arm's length. The warmth I had felt in the past had disappeared, or it seemed to come in artificial, strategic spurts. When I sought their advice they were quick to dismiss any of my concerns, place blame onto me in conflicts, and called me "competitive". Which was stunning to me, because I knew competition with comrades was never a motive of mine. They stopped seeking me out for assignments.

At one point, I called Nathalie to seek her advice about how I was feeling. I described to her my struggle to get along with leaders who had a different approach than me in Los Angeles, and how I was now struggling to gain access to consistent areas of work nationally. I told her I couldn't help but wonder if things had shifted so dramatically because of what had happened with Eugene. She told me she didn't think that was the case, but offered no other explanation.

At the same time that I was fighting, seemingly now by myself, to move forward inside the organization, I was also starting to build a relationship with myself that I had never had before.

Growing up as fast as I did, my identity had been shaped by survival, caring for others, and then by the Party. For years, who I

was, what I valued, how I made decisions, it was all filtered through what the PSL needed, what was disciplined, what served the work.

But as I moved closer to being in my thirties, that began to change.

I started to pay attention to myself in a different way. To my limits, my emotions, the quiet signals in my body that I had spent years overriding. That the experience of rape will suppress in anyone, because in order to protect yourself, you shut off feeling your own body and emotions, and then that survival mechanism can echo for years.

Underneath the California sun, I started, for the first time, to develop a sense that I deserved care. Not just as a comrade, not just as a worker, but as a woman, as a person.

And that shift made something else happen. It made my experience harder and harder to explain away. To keep taking responsibility for. The more I respected myself, the harder it became to reconcile what had happened with the story I kept telling myself about Ben and Brian. I wanted to believe they cared about me. That they were mentors who had made mistakes but ultimately wanted what was best for me and for the Party.

But believing that required me to distort my own experience.

It required me to ignore the fact that when I was at my most vulnerable: crying, disoriented, asking for help, I had been managed and silenced, not supported. That what was actually obvious, be it painful to admit, was that their decisions had not been made based on care for me or our shared project. That what happened was totally lacking in transparency, accountability, or even the basic recognition that what had happened was truly wrong

and not something that could simply be explained away by “too much alcohol.”

Looking back now, I don't think what I actually needed then was particularly mysterious. I needed time with people who loved me. Time away from organizing without worrying that I was letting anyone down. I needed the comrades I worked beside every day to know enough to understand why I was struggling, so that I was surrounded by support instead of silence.

I think this kind of paradigm shift is something nearly all women experience as they move from their twenties into their thirties. There is a process of reflection, of looking back at the relationships, the institutions, the organizations, the choices that shaped us and asking, sometimes for the first time: *Was that okay? Was I treated with care? Did I deserve better? Was I just numb the first time around?*

As my identity became more defined, more grounded in my own sense of self rather than in what was expected of me, I couldn't bring the developing version of myself into alignment with what I had lived through.

Something had to give. And eventually, it wasn't my growing sense of self respect.

I started to look in a new way at the organization I had committed my whole adult life to building, and allowed myself for the first time to actually question it.

Disillusionment

My disillusionment with the PSL didn't come all at once, but a big piece clicked for me in 2025 with the 6th Party Congress.

Before the Congress, knowing I would again spend days in the same room as Eugene, Ben, and Brian, I realized I needed to talk to someone. Not Ben, not Nathalie, but someone I could trust cared about me. Even if it meant I was breaking discipline. I called a comrade in Albuquerque who is like a sister to me. I told her what had happened, what I was feeling. This time, I wasn't assured it was okay. She didn't say, "trust the comrades". She was outraged. She cried. She was disgusted.

That conversation helped confirm for me that I wasn't crazy, or weak, or responsible for what had happened to me. I *had* been wronged.

At the Congress, watching Eugene and Ben and Brian speak in session after session, I felt sick and trapped. On the third night of the Congress, I broke discipline again. I asked another woman on the Central Committee, someone who I had helped to recruit years before and who had been in very similar positions in the organization as me, if we could talk. We sat down on a curb in the dark and I told her everything. Again, it wasn't assured away. She recognized in what I told her the patterns of the organization. She understood intimately how this could have happened. We reeled together at the reality of the organization we served. I asked her not to tell anyone and she didn't.

While at the Congress, another situation unfolded that left me reeling. I watched leadership attack another woman comrade who I had known for years; who had also dedicated her life to building the Party.

During a session on artificial intelligence, this woman leader, an engineer with deep expertise, raised political concerns about the

highly positive orientation on AI that was being presented. She had already submitted thoughtful written criticisms through the official pre-Congress process. It didn't matter. Later that day, Brian pulled her aside and loudly berated her in view of people walking by.

Immediately afterward, leadership introduced an AI resolution and manufactured a "debate". Comrades were pulled aside and instructed to speak in support of the AI resolution without being given access to read it before the session. Consensus was manufactured in real time. Kei Pritsker spoke out against this maneuvering and manipulation from the Congress floor. (Kei and the woman engineer have since resigned from the PSL)

Watching this unfold confirmed a fear I had resisted for years. Inside the PSL, genuine, thoughtful, political disagreement is treated as a threat rather than part of collective development. Even when it's coming from trusted comrades who have proven their loyalty to the project from years of dedication.

Ultimately, it was at the Congress that I finally saw the organization from a perspective I could no longer deny. I was no longer looking at it as someone eager to prove herself or willing to explain away its contradictions. I was looking at it as someone who had given it everything, been harmed by a trusted leader, been left to navigate that harm alone, and yet still desperately wanted to believe the organization was capable of political honesty and growth.

What I saw instead was a leadership clique around Eugene, Ben and Brian that had consolidated its authority and would not tolerate meaningful criticism, even in the very spaces where criticism was supposedly being invited. And given my experiences with these specific men, I could no longer believe that the immense authority

they commanded was justified by respect they had earned within the Party. I knew too much about how they exercised that authority behind closed doors.

After the Congress I talked a couple of times in the year since with the woman comrade I had confided in there, and I told her I was debating leaving the organization. I told the woman comrade from Albuquerque who I first confided in the same. Out of a sense of loyalty to our friendship, I also decided to tell Chris, who at that point had been quietly moved to a different state after becoming involved in another sexual misconduct scandal himself.

Chris went to Ben behind my back and told him about our conversations.

Ben began messaging me, expressing concern that I was unhappy with how my assault had been handled. He told me he would fly out to see me.

I couldn't imagine having to sit in a room with Ben to discuss my assault again. I couldn't imagine being asked what I wanted to make this all go away. I didn't want to participate in figuring out damage control *again*, six years later. I knew the Party still had no processes in place to give me the care I needed then, let alone now. So I decided it was time for me to leave. I texted Ben back that his offers to fly out and see me didn't address the harm that was done. Then I left the dozens of PSL chats I was in, and that was it. I was out.

I was soon called and texted by another leader, this time a woman. She informed me that Eugene had offered his resignation and the Party had accepted, as they found my feelings that my assault had been mishandled as "legitimate". I was told the Party was taking

this very seriously and was “reconstituting” and “systematizing” the Party’s processes through the National Disciplinary Commission (NDC), so this would never happen again. I had to laugh, because the comrade texting me and I both knew the truth about the

NDC. The lesson PSL refuses to learn

The PSL learned in 2020, both from my case and another sexual assault allegation, that it needed better protections, not real protections against assault, but PR defenses for the organization. That was when the PSL established the National Disciplinary Commission (NDC). I was asked to be part of its creation, just two months after my assault, when I was actively spiraling.

From the beginning, the NDC was a performance. It was guided by Ben, with three women of color there to legitimize it with our identities and our experiences with sexual violence.

The NDC was sufficient as long as it existed conceptually enough to be pointed to. No process was ever concretely developed or implemented. Certainly there was no clear process ever distributed to the membership or local leaders, no process that members know to follow. I truly challenge any member to cite evidence otherwise. In reality, allegations of misconduct continued to be dealt with through loose processes, typically handled by women who would call themselves members of the nonexistent “NDC,” operating as intermediaries for Ben or Brian.

I looked back and found the draft document we developed, in January 2021, which never became a real thing. What it outlines is far from a set of trauma-informed practices. It’s a set of protocols for damage control. It’s irrelevant anyway. Real processes for the NDC were never actually researched or developed beyond the one draft document. The point was that there was a document that

carried the names of three women, including mine, which allowed the Party to say, *“Women built our process, women who themselves experienced sexual violence, women of color. Question that and you question them.”*

When in March of this year, Dolores Huerta and so many brave women came forward about César Chávez, PSL members in many of the branches that I liaised asked questions about our processes. In response to such questions from members, an internal orientation pointed to the NDC as proof of the safety and accountability for women in the PSL. It was just a few weeks later that I finally quit, and was told that the NDC would be “reconstituted” and “systematized:” an open admission that it had not actually been active, even though it had *literally* just been pointed to in response to concerns about Chávez that the PSL takes SA seriously.

To this day, nothing about how this was handled reflected care for me or concern for accountability. I didn’t ask for Eugene’s resignation. If what happened truly was a terrible drunken mistake, I do not believe it has to define the rest of his life. I never wanted punishment. I always wanted care.

When I was assaulted, I needed to be allowed to simply be the person who had been harmed. Instead, I immediately was handed the full burden of protecting both Eugene and the Party’s reputation. There needed to be a process that allowed me space and protection, allowed both of us to confront what happened honestly, and define a way to move forward collectively.

At the same time, their lack of process, and transparency means we still do not know whether I am the only person he has harmed. I

carry the fear that there are other women who could say, “Me too.” And that for years, while I tried to be a “good comrade,” my silence may have betrayed not only myself, but them as well.

And that is what makes watching this unfold so painful. Once again, Eugene quietly leaves Party chats under the explanation of “health reasons,” while unsuspecting comrades send him heart emojis and well wishes. The pattern has not changed. The leadership remains committed to protecting its own reputation rather than confronting harm with accountability, and it still does not reckon seriously with what sexual violence does to the people who endure it.

Yesterday

Eugene Puryear

Hey comrades, just a quick personal update: Just wanted to let you know, based on some health issues that have emerged I have to step away from political work for some time to really prioritize getting myself back on track. Apologies I won't be able to be actively engaged but I know this run is going to be historic 🦊💪

EP

3:26 PM



🔗 Eugene Puryear left the group.

Eugene's resignation six years after the fact is nothing but a

sacrificial offering to protect Ben, Brian, and the organization's reputation. It's a strategy. I anticipated from the moment I decided to leave that the Party would panic and want to put on record actions that can be referred to if they ever had to own up publicly to their mismanagement.

What their response has proven to me is that, despite every opportunity to learn their lesson, nothing fundamental has changed. Still the only thing that determines the process is the insulation of the organization. Not me, not what I want, not what will allow for reconciliation and healing, not what best protects women in the organization, not what corrects problems in the organization, but what protects Ben and Brian and the PSL from facing scrutiny.

What now?

I know what the response to this account will be: that Marissa never expressed any dissatisfaction with the "process", that we did the best we could, and we're learning now.

As a longtime organizer in a young and evolving organization, I have ample sympathy for the growing pains and inevitable shortcomings of an organization striving to do a lot with a little. But is this a good excuse?

It's true, at the time of my assault, the PSL had no formal standards for handling such matters. The organization had also existed for 16 years. Numerous situations requiring navigating allegations of sexual misconduct had already come up. Ample resources on best practices existed to support the development of clear, trauma-informed processes in any organization. The PSL just did not use them. It instead opted for whatever informal secret resolution best

served minimization in each case. And the truth is, if I sat down with Ben earlier this year when he offered to fly out and see me, I would have only experienced more of the same.

Unfortunately, my expectation is also that I will be more vehemently condemned by PSL leadership for my choice to share my experience than Eugene will be for assaulting me, or Ben and Brian will be for how they handled the situation.

This reality gets at the heart of something fundamental. *What does it mean when someone who has been harmed is held to a higher expectation of perfection and discipline than the men who harmed her? Why are her choices considered more harmful to the movement than theirs?*

An organization that cannot meaningfully hold its own leadership accountable, that must protect one or a handful of central figures at all costs, is not going to last.

If its members can substantially change it, great. For me, I no longer believe staying in the PSL is the principled choice. Nor do I believe the PSL can lead the kind of change our class needs. I don't say that out of bitterness, but after eleven years of trying to build the PSL and watching it fail to correct itself at every opportunity.

Our class doesn't need perfection. But it does need better leadership than this. It needs honesty. It needs accountability. It needs structures that can face harm without collapsing into denial or control. It needs organizations whose principles apply to their own leadership as much as anyone else.

It's not good enough to keep telling us that we have a responsibility to a bad organization just because organizations

must exist.

I still believe in fighting for a socialist future, but I believe we must do this with eyes wide open. I hope my story will help others to open their eyes and see.

Updates

September 2026 — Central Committee Response: A few days after the publication of this essay, the PSL Central Committee issued an official response to it's membership that was quickly leaked online. [A copy of that response can be read here](#). I am linking to the version hosted by *The Red Clarion* because it provides a stable, publicly accessible link to the Central Committee's statement. I have no affiliation or association with *The Red Clarion*, and linking to its archive should not be understood as an endorsement of the publication or its views.

September 2026 — My Response: I subsequently published my own response to the Central Committee's statements, **"Who Gets to Write the 'True Narrative'?"** [It can be read here](#).

Correction: An earlier version of this essay referred to the PSL's National Disciplinary Commission as the "National Disciplinary Committee." The correct name is the National Disciplinary Commission. The essay has been updated to reflect this correction.