Red International in Trafalgar Square.

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST

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SHAW'S GARDEN OF EDEN.

By SYLVIA PANKHURST.

A Story of his faith in Creative Evolution and his Vision of the Goal to which Evolution is conducting us.

Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah"* is a splendid work, vivid and new, thought-stirring and picturesque. But, in considering it, I observed to the critical philosopher: "If I write what I candidly think, and if Bernard Shaw should do me the honour to read what I have written, he will again say I am shaking my hair-pins—" I would have concluded: "into the lion's mouth," for I am still animated by a considerable reverence for our gifted predecessors; but the critical philosopher interrupted me, and irreverently substituted, "on to the tail of the kangaroo," for the philosopher, who has not read this play, desired to insinuate that Bernard Shaw is a "jumping Jack," or, as Shaw himself has it, a "celebrated Buffoon."

The obvious plea and argument of the play, "Back to Methuselah" (remember that the most obvious is not necessarily the most true and vital), is that the span of human life should be extended to three hundred years, because, for their present brief existence, people do not consider it worth while, either to educate themselves properly, or to incur the trouble of breaking through conventions.

"I daresay the Church was a bit thick for you," says Haslam, the young clergyman, in the second part of the book; "but it's good enough for me. It will last my time, anyhow. . . .

"Now I come to think of it, old Methuselah must have had to think twice before he took on anything for life. If I thought I was going to live nine hundred and sixty years, I don't think I should stay in the Church."

Moreover (runs the argument), our present brief existence is too short for the acquisition of knowledge and experience; the torch of civilisation, which is supposed to be handed on from generation to generation, dies down to a tiny spark as it passes from age to youth.

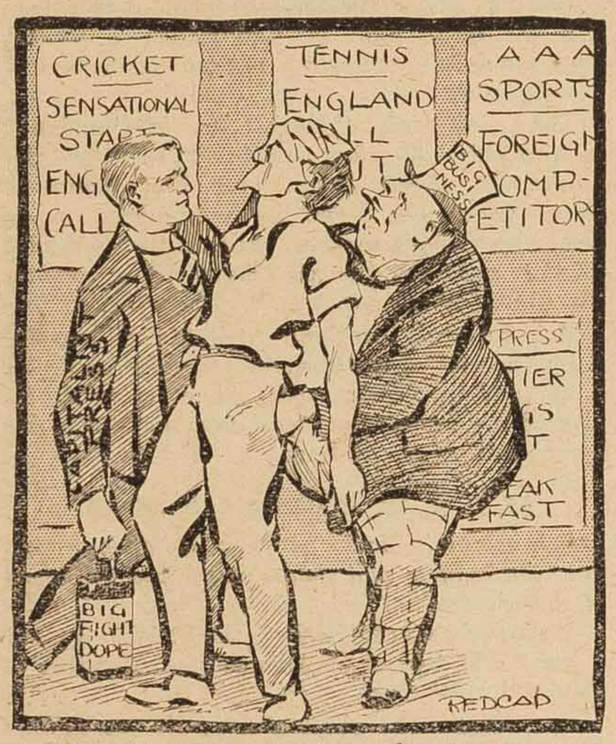
Each newly-born intelligence has to begin very near to the lowest stage in the ladder of human knowledge: the experience of preceding generations gives it at birth not even speech, not even the power to walk. Thus, it is argued, the process of evolution is perpetually flung back and retarded.

Says Franklyn Barnabas, one of the two brothers who formulated the Gospel of the Life of Three Hundred Years:—

"I was not shoved into the Church, Mr. Haslam, I felt it to be my vocation, to walk with God, like Enoch. After twenty years of it, I realised that I was walking with my own ignorance and self-conceit, and that I was not within a hundred and fifty years of the experience and wisdom I was pretending to."

Says "Zoo," the young woman of fifty years, who is going to live to three hundred, to the elderly gentleman of fifty, whose life will not last beyond the average span:—

"How often must I tell you that we are made wise, not by the recollections of our past, but by the responsibilities of our future. I shall be more reckless when I am a tertiary than I am to-day. If you cannot understand that, at least you must admit that I have learnt from tertiaries. I have seen their work and lived under their institutions. Like all young things, I rebelled against them, and in their hunger for new lights and new ideas, they listened to me and encouraged me to rebel. But my ways did not work; and their's did; they have no power over me except that power: they refuse all other power, and the consequence is that there are no limits to their power, except the limits they set themselves. You are a child governed by children, who make so many mistakes and are so naughty, that you are in continual rebellion against them; and as they can never convince you that they are right, they can govern you only by beating you, imprisoning you, torturing you, killing you if you disobey them without being strong enough to kill or torture them."



TAKING IT QUIETLY—THE BIG SPORT DOPE

This idea that the world would be reformed if we of to-day, we to whom our own efforts are so interesting, might but prolong our lives, is certainly a flattering one. It is especially grateful to those who have left the days of their youth very far behind. To the young, who are struggling to overcome the dogmas and dominations of the aged, the prospect, for the time being, may be less alluring; but the young will be old, too, some day.

Shaw's Prefaces, be it noted, are not by any means so good as his plays, whatever he himself may think of them, and reading the Preface to "Back to Methuselah," however strongly one may be attracted to the general idea of longevity, one is overwhelmed by the thought: "What a world of good it would do Bernard Shaw to be born again." ("It would give Creation a chance to decide whether to give birth to him a second time," the critical philosopher maliciously punctuates; but that is not our meaning.)

On the contrary, the desire for Shaw's rebirth comes upon us because we regret to discover his brilliant mind still cumbered by the dead wood of those silly old wrangles between the early tentative Atheists and the Evolutionists, themselves scarcely emancipated from the dogmas they attacked, and the most superstitious ignoramuses of the nineteenth century. The clogging environment of his past still clings so detrimentally to Shaw, that in this year, 1921, we find him devoting nearly two pages of precious paper and type to a silly story of taking out a watch and challenging what the company present called God, to prove his existence, by striking the owner of the watch dead within five minutes. Shaw proceeds to expend more space in refuting such follies as that of the man who cut off the tails of four generations of mice, to discover whether "acquired habits" become hereditary, and to rake up even the phrases he used in other old controversies long out-of-date. Those who can continue to interest themselves in the contests waged around old slain prejudices and superstitions, and can go on flogging the dead horse of their old controversies, are not yet wholly emancipated from their spell, whichever side they take.

Whenever I read the boring theses of those who were once enslaved by the dogmas of religion, from which they have painfully extricated themselves in adult life, I thank, from the inmost depths of my being, the enlightened father who preserved my infant mind from being thus encumbered and befogged.

The idea of steadily prolonging and improving human life until, with its approach to perfection, immortality is reached: the progressive postponement of death and decay, with all their sorrows, until finally they are banished altogether, cannot fail to enchant us. But whether longevity in itself would accelerate social changes and hasten the casting-off of old prejudices, is open to doubt. The fact that Bernard Shaw wastes so much of his energy in killing dead errors, is evidence in support of the opposite view.

In the interests of his creative output we implore him to refrain from the useless task of flogging dead horses, and to concentrate on the conception and propagation of new ideas.

In spite of his much-advertised daring and audacity of expression, we have occasion to regret that Bernard Shaw is still often afraid to be himself and say what he really means, because of his consciousness of the prejudices that were and are current around him.

He often fails to notice, we think, that those prejudices have been steadily losing their vitality with the passage of time. In his plays, crouching behind the masks of his puppets, he goes more deeply to the roots of things, and speaks more truly than he ever does in his long Prefaces, his speeches and articles, in which he appears as Bernard Shaw.

Both when, as in his Prefaces, he is supposed to be speaking plainly on his own account, and when, as in his plays, he is expressing his views allegorically, Shaw overlays the larger thought and structure of his philosophy with little good things, which he explodes in an almost continuous train. In his Prefaces especially, these quips are often but superficial little shafts, aimed at such futile bourgeois prejudices, such evident snobberies, that they are not worthy of his attention. Sometimes, although they may please for a moment, these witticisms are not even true: for instance, this from his chapter on "The Diabolical Efficiency of Technical Education":—

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* "Back to Methuselah." A Metabiological Pentateuch. By Bernard Shaw. Constable & Co., Ltd., 1921. 10s. net.

"The British Government is more afraid of Ireland now that submarines, bombs, and poison gas are cheap and easily made, than it was of the German Empire before the war."

That is absolutely untrue. Ireland does not menace the commercial position of the British Empire Co., as Germany did before the war.

But the quip is flattering to the Sinn Feiner and arouses within him a hopeful sense of self-esteem. So much is he pleased by it, that he is even ready to forgive Bernard Shaw for his scoffing at Irish Nationalism; even for such passages as this, from "Back to Methuselah":—

"They landed here; here in Galway Bay, on this very ground. When they reached the shore, the older men and women flung themselves down and passionately kissed the soil of Ireland, calling on the young to embrace the earth that had borne their ancestors. But the young looked gloomily on, and said: 'There is no earth, only stone.' . . . They left for England next day; and no Irishman ever again confessed to being Irish, even to his children; so that when that generation passed away, the Irish race vanished from human knowledge. And the dispersed Jews did the same, lest they should be sent back to Palestine. . . And what a ridiculous thing to call people Irish, because they live in Ireland! You might as well call them Airish, because they live in air."

What is Creative Revolution.

Shaw calls this book the beginning of his "Bible of Creative Evolution."

He argues that both he and other evolutionists contend that the neck of the giraffe grew longer in order that the animal might reach the foliage on the higher branches when that on the lower branches had been eaten away. But, he says, the other evolutionists declare that the necks became longer because the shorter-necked giraffes were apt to die of hunger, whilst the longer-necked were apt to survive, and because of their food-reaching abilities, the longer-necked were stronger and more greatly prized as mates.

These contentions of the ordinary evolutionist, Shaw is willing to accept; but he adds also, that the giraffe powerfully aided the growth of his neck by willing that it might grow long; indeed, that it was this will of his that was the real motive force.

He declares that without this belief of his in the will to develop, the doctrine of evolution is a soulless and destructive one, and he even goes so far as to accuse it of being the cause of the European war; a contention which we consider wholly unjust and entirely absurd.

As to Shaw's conception of evolution; we ourselves cannot conceive of evolution as anything but creative, and it seems to us so obvious that the will to develop in a certain direction will aid in that development, that we are surprised that anyone should argue about it.

We know many believers in evolution who will agree with Shaw as to the motive force of the will to live, in the evolutionary process, and who are ready to concede, further, that evolution is, in the long run, tending to a more highly evolved human being and a more highly evolved social structure.

The point at which our evolutionist acquaintances are disposed to quarrel and part company is in deciding what is a more highly evolved human being, and, especially, what is a more highly evolved social structure, and what steps we are to take to reach it.

Though Shaw is a Socialist, the only little bit of concrete, unmistakable Socialist propaganda he puts into this play, is in the words of the ghost of Cain, the first murderer, telling his mother, Eve, what he makes of the coming civilisation:—

"I invented killing and conquest and mastery, and the winnowing out of the weak by the strong. And now the strong have slain one another; and the weak live for ever; and *their deeds do nothing for the doer more than for another.* . . ."

The italics are ours; for clearly this is Communism.

But though he does not preach the class struggle and the overthrow of capital in this play, we must not blame Shaw for that; for it is so glaringly obvious that his vision of future life is so far removed from Capitalism that it would be ludicrous to imagine their existence together.

Nevertheless, it is interesting to notice that, although Shaw is an ardent Fabian, his plays never turn on the palliative reforms beloved of the Fabians, and that in his plays (that is to say, when his thought and his power is greatest), he occupies himself a hundred times with sexual relationships and abstract, speculative thought, for once that he turns to economic conditions, the struggle of the classes, and the practical organisation of society.

Shaw, in our judgment, is a great artist, but no politician. In politics, he flits about on the surface of things and burks an issue with bourgeois economics. He is a Socialist who avoids discussing plainly the establishment of Socialism and the destruction of Capitalism; a pacifist who avoids all expression of opposition to any existing war.

The best of "Back to Methuselah" is probably its first part: "In the Beginning," where Adam and Eve begin to learn from the Serpent, knowledge; when Eve, the curious mother, Adam, the peaceful worker, and Cain, the religious man who tortures and kills, first dispute together the aims of life.

But we shall conclude with Shaw's conclusion; the end of his play, in which he expresses as far and as clearly as he can conceive it, his idea of the evolutionary goal towards which this life of struggle is leading.

AS FAR AS THOUGHT CAN REACH.

It is now quite dark. A vague radiance appears near the temple, and shapes itself into the ghost of Adam.

A WOMAN'S VOICE [*in the grove*]: Who is that?

ADAM: The ghost of Adam; the first father of mankind. Who are you?

THE VOICE: The ghost of Eve, the first mother of mankind.

ADAM: Come forth, wife; and show yourself to me.

EVE [*appearing near the grove*]: Here I am, husband. You are very old.

A VOICE [*in the hills*]: Ha! Ha! Ha!

ADAM: Who laughs? Who dares laugh at Adam?

EVE: Who has the heart to laugh at Eve?

THE VOICE: The ghost of Cain, the first child, and the first murderer. [*He appears between them, and as he does so, there is a prolonged hiss*]. Who dares hiss at Cain, the lord of death?

A VOICE: There is one that became before the serpent.

THE SERPENT: That is the voice of Lilith, in whom the father and mother were one. Hail, Lilith!

Lilith becomes visible between Cain and Adam.

LILITH: I suffered unspeakably; I tore myself asunder; I lost my life, to make of my one flesh these twain, man and woman. And this is what has come of it. What do you make of it, Adam, my son?

ADAM: I made the earth bring forth by my labour, and the woman bring forth by my love. And this is what has come of it. What do you make of it, Eve, my wife?

EVE: I nourished the egg in my body and fed it with my blood. And now they let it fall as the birds did, and suffer not at all. What do you make of it, Cain, my first-born?

CAIN: I invented killing and conquest and mastery and the winnowing out of the weak by the strong. And now the strong have slain one another; and the weak live for ever; and their deeds do nothing for the doer more than for another. What do you make of it, snake?

THE SERPENT: I am justified; for I chose wisdom and the knowledge of good and evil; and now there is no evil; and wisdom and good are one. It is enough. [*She vanishes.*]

CAIN: There is no place for me on earth any longer. You cannot deny that mine was a splendid game, while it lasted. But now Out, out brief candle! [*He vanishes.*]

EVE: The clever ones were always my favorites. The diggers and the fighters have dug themselves in with the worms. My clever ones have inherited the earth. All's well. [*She fades away.*]

ADAM: I can make nothing of it; neither head nor tail. What is it all for? Why? Whither? Whence? We were well enough in the garden. And now the fools have killed all the animals, and they are dissatisfied because they cannot be bothered with their bodies! Foolishness, I call it. [*He disappears.*]

LILITH: They have accepted the burden of eternal life. They have taken the agony from birth; and their life does not fail them even in the hour of their destruction. Their breasts are without milk: their bowels are gone: the very shapes of them are only ornaments for the children to admire and caress, without understanding. Is this enough, or shall I labour again? Shall I bring forth something that will sweep them away and make an end of them, as they have swept away the beasts of the garden and made an end of the crawling things and the flying things, and of all of them that refuse to live for ever? I had patience with them for many ages; they tried me very sorely. They did terrible things; they embraced death, and said that eternal life was a fable. I stood amazed at the malice and destructiveness of the things I had made; Mars blushed, as he looked down on the shame of his sister planet; cruelty and hypocrisy became so hideous, that the face of the earth was pitted with graves of little children, among which living skeletons crawled in search of horrible food. The pangs of another birth were already upon me when one man repented and lived three hundred years; and I waited to see what would become of that. And so much came of it, that the horrors of that time seem now but an evil dream. They have redeemed themselves from their vileness, and turned away from their sins. Best of all, they are still not satisfied: the impulse I gave them in that day when I sundered myself in twain, and launched Man and Woman on the earth still urges them; after passing a million goals, they press on to the goal of redemption from the flesh, to the vortex freed from matter, to the whirlpool of pure intelligence that, when the world began was a whirlpool in pure force. And though all they have done seems but the first hour of the infinite work of creation, yet I will not supersede them until they have forded this last stream that lies between flesh and spirit, and disentangled their life from the matter that has always mocked it. I can wait: waiting and patience mean nothing to the eternal. I gave the woman the greatest of gifts, curiosity. By that, her seed has been saved from my wrath; for I also am curious; and I have waited always to see what they will do to-morrow. Let them feed that appetite well for me. I say, let them dread of all things, stagnation; for, from the moment I, Lilith, lose hope and faith in them, they are doomed. In that hope and faith, I have let them live for a moment; and in that moment I have spared them many times. But mightier creatures than they have killed hope and faith, and perished from the earth; and I may not spare them for ever. I am Lilith: I brought life into the whirlpool of force, and compelled my enemy, Matter, to obey a living soul. But in enslaving Life's enemy, I made him Life's master, for that is the end of all slavery; and now I shall see the slave set free and the enemy reconciled, the whirlpool become all life and no matter. And because these infants that call themselves ancients are reaching out towards that, I will have patience with them still, though I know well that when they attain it, they will become one with me and supersede me, and Lilith will be only a legend and a lay that has lost it meaning. Of life only is there no end, and though of the million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt; and though its vast domain is as yet unbearably desert, my seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to its uttermost confines. And for what may be beyond, the eyesight of Lilith is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond. [*She vanishes.*]

MAINTAINING THE FLAG OF EMPIRE.

By C. F. GLASS.

The Commune of Bullhoek—Another Capitalist Outrage—Natives set up Communist Village—Government Destroy Village—200 Workers Massacred.

An act of unprecedented and diabolical savagery was committed by the capitalist Government of South Africa, at Bullhoek, Queenstown, Cape Province, on May 24th, and, as a result, the blood of 200 native workers who were slaughtered, cries out for the destruction of the murderous system which is responsible for their deaths.

The following are the facts:

The "Prophet" Enoch, an educated native, gathered around him a number of people who regard themselves as a Christian congregation—this took place several years ago. Their distinguishing belief revives what was an expectation of the primitive church that has reappeared many times in history—the expectation of the impending return to this earth in physical form, of the founder of Christianity. A certain hill at Bullhoek was marked out by the "prophet" as the place whence the faithful will be caught up into a state of glory when the looked-for return occurs. It happens that on this hill there lies a parcel of ground which belongs to the "prophet," as an allotment holder in the location near Queenstown, and that among his followers and fellow-worshippers are holders of neighbouring allotments.

The "prophet," with his few followers, settled on their allotments and started the church "One God and the Saints of Christ." They obtained special permission from the Authorities for their outside adherents to visit Bullhoek at a certain time of the year, for the purpose of joining in a religious festival. The number of their adherents grew by leaps and bounds, and each year a very large proportion of of those who joined in the festival, instead of returning to their homes when it was over, remained at Bullhoek. Rapidly, as a consequence, a village of fair dimensions soon came into being, which was recently estimated to contain about 350 small houses. It had been stated that a part of the commonage was annexed by these people, in order to extend their village but this report has not been satisfactorily confirmed.

Bolshevism in Practice.

Let us see for a moment how the village was conducted. In the first place, they barred the health officer and sanitary inspector, and set up sanitary arrangements of their own, which, by all reports, proved to be efficient and satisfactory. They blocked the road passing through the village and built a dam on it. Their pursuits were purely agricultural, such as mealie growing, etc. They refused to pay taxes or to obey any existing laws, but set up a code of laws of their own. Their actions were entirely peaceable, as the following extract from a report laid before the South African Native Congress shows:—

"During the months that the congregation has been assembled at Bullhoek, no violence or theft or any breach of the common law has been committed by its members, and the neighbouring Europeans have been in no way molested."

"Bolshevism in practice," do you say? Well, these are the very words with which the Secretary for Native Affairs designated the whole affair. And, leaving aside the religious fanaticism which has inspired their actions, is he not right? The land they have is held and worked in common, and the few head of cattle they possess are the common property of the village.

Farm Labourers flock to Bullhoek.

But what sort of reception did this wholly successful experiment in Communism receive at the hands of the land-owning community of South Africa? The farmers in and around Queenstown were positively alarmed. A large number of native farm labourers had already left the farmers who employed them, and migrated to the Bullhoek Commune, and the latter could evidently foresee the day when there would be no farm labourers to exploit. Certain it is, that the natives prefer a thousand times rather to have their own native village, where they can work on their own land peaceably, to being exploited as a farm "hand" by a baas (master).

Farmers Demand their Eviction.

Ultimately, the Queenstown farmers sent a deputation to the Government, and demanded that these "Israelites," as they were called, who, they said, were a lot of dangerous fanatics, should be evicted from Bullhoek without delay. The Government, which, of course, represents the interests of the farmer and the land-owning classes of South Africa, had no alternative but to obey orders. They informed the "Israelites" that they had committed a breach of the law in annexing the commonage (this charge has not yet been verified), and in refusing to pay taxes, and in refusing to submit their village to inspection by official sanitary and health inspectors; on these grounds they ordered the unfortunate "Israelites to destroy their village and return to their homes, notwithstanding that the majority of them had no other homes to go to.

As was only natural in the circumstances, the "Israelites" refused to destroy the work of years, and stated in reply that they would not shift from Bullhoek without express orders from "Jehovah." Needless to relate, "Jehovah" did not reveal himself, and so, after further threats by the Police Authorities, which were paid no attention to, preparations were made to evict the "Israelites" from Bullhoek by force.

Government Destroy the Village.

A force of a thousand police was assembled at Queenstown, and on the morning of May 24th, armed with rifles and bayonets, and accompanied by a machine-gun detachment and some artillery, they set out for Bullhoek. On their arrival, their force was formed into fighting order, and a demand for surrender was sent into the village. The "Israelites" were preparing for a defence and refused to surrender. Colonel Truter, who was in command of the police force, then gave the order to advance. The "Israelites" blocked the entrance to the village, and attempted to stem the advance with assegais, knives and sticks, etc., but these crude weapons were no match for the weapons which the opposing force possessed. Nevertheless, the "Israelites" put up a brave fight in defence of their commune; but they were outnumbered almost three to one, and in ten minutes, 200 of them had been slaughtered and another 125 wounded as a result of a withering machine-gun fire. Seeing that it was futile to resist further, the village was surrendered and the work of demolition was commenced. Thus was suppressed in blood the Commune of Bullhoek.

Machine Guns against Sticks.

Oh! what an act of heroism, my countrymen—machine-guns against sticks and assegais! Throw up your hats, ye freedom-loving Britishers, and sing "Britons Never Shall Be Slaves." But listen! The Johannesburg *Star* thinks that "less expense would have been incurred if one or two bombing aeroplanes had been employed." Ye gods, and this in the year of our Lord, 1921!

However, this brutal act of savagery is but indicative of the brutal methods of suppresion to which the capitalist class will resort in order to preserve their system intact. If ever proof were required of the cheapness of human life, where the interests of private property are concerned, surely the cold-blooded butchery of these 200 natives at Bullhoek affords such proof.

Communism and the Native.

The first practical demonstration of the success of Communism in South Africa has been destroyed, but the IDEA of Communism still remains, and CANNOT BE DESTROYED. The seed of Communism has been sown at Bullhoek, and has aroused the fierce hatred of the master-class of South Africa, who have attempted to kill it with the utmost ferocity.

But long after the firing of the last shot and long after the burial of the last corpse, the memory of the Bullhoek Commune will shine in the hearts of the native proletariat of South Africa; oppressed and downtrodden as they are in every corner of this vast continent. This memory will serve as a beacon, lighting the path which they must tread to their emancipation, and it will in some measure help to spur them on to unite with their white fellow-slaves for the destruction of the capitalist system and the establishment of Communism, looking for inspiration and guidance, not to Jehovah, but to the justice of the Workers' Cause.

SOME MODERN PILGRIMS.

By M.I.C.P.

In the City of Capitalist Destruction there stood a slum with its low windows, old and torn curtains, damp and suffocating atmosphere, in the midst of thousands of other slums like it. In the front room of this slum sat John Smith, a stout, unshaven, ragged labourer. His hands were coarse; his skin dark; his eyes large; his countenance manly, strong and healthy-looking.

"Why!" he ejaculated to himself, with a frowning look; "Why, if Mr. Benevolent Employer will not employ me, what can I do? . . . What can I do? . . . Ah! I will——." And without finishing his sentence jumped off his stool and went out.

After a little walk he entered an office, through a dark passage, and saw before him a counter, and behind it a short, fat man, with a golden chain stretching across his stomach, his diamond ring sparkling, and his thick cigar burning itself out at his puffing. As John Smith entered, Mr. Freetrade (for that was the name of the fat one) smiled on him complacently, bid him come in and welcomed him into the house.

"Do I understand, Mr. Smith," asked Mr. Freetrade, "that you have seen your folly; and now have returned a repentant and free man?"

"Yessir," replied Smith, "I wants to know hif hi could do somethin'—on your terms."

"Certainly, but you must leave your follies once and for all, and understand that free-trade is your only salvation. You'll work ten hours a day at thirty shillings a week. Will that satisfy you?"

"But—er—er—Yessir."

Mr. Smith accordingly started his work. On the next bench to him worked a Mr. Communist, nicknamed "firebrand." One day Mr. Smith began to grumble about his pay, his lowly living and his hard work.

"I'm no better than you," said Mr. Communist, "I'm fairly sick of it; all the more so since I know the way to the City of Communism, where all are happy, work little and have much . . ."

"Why don't you go there?" asked Smith.

"Because I cannot go there alone," replied Mr. Communist, "I have my passport all ready—I'm only waiting for company."

"I'll come with you," said Mr. Smith. With this they began talking about the arrangements of the journey and other necessary matters.

Mr. Freetrade and his friend, Mr. Benevolent Employer, heard that Mr. Communist was taking Mr. Smith and a lot of others who did work for Mr. Benevolent Employer to the City of Communism. They said unto themselves, "We cannot stop them directly. Let us get Mr. Labour Leader to stop them from going on this journey; for otherwise our fat bellies will become empty, nay, we may even have to fill them ourselves."

Mr. Communist and his group started on their intended journey one fine morning in April. They walked merrily and happily on for nearly ten days. There was a breeze in the air, and roses did adorn the sides of the road wherein they walked. On a Friday morning they, suddenly, came to a spot where the road divided into two. One was called "Strike Road," the other "Betrayal Road." Here Mr. Labour Leader was standing with his responsible air and reassuring look.

"Good morning, Pilgrims," said he unto them, with a genial smile.

Mr. Communist whispered aside to his group: "Watch Mr. Labour Leader, for methinks I did see him speak sweetly with Mr. Freetrade." Then he said unto Mr. Labour Leader, who was also called Mr. Faint-heart: "Are you also going to the City of Communism?" Mr. Labour Leader smiled, but did not answer. He thus spoke unto those who did come with Mr. Communist.

"Brethren, I too am a pilgrim to a blessed City; for this am I on this road. Before you came, I went through this road called "Strike." There did I see Government tanks and Black and Tannery; there did I see the Slough of Semi-starvation; and there did I see lots of blood-shed and much else. Do not ye go into this road, but rather let us take this one misnamed of Betrayal."

Mr. Communist shouted that that was a lie, and raged his wrath. But his companions did believe Mr. Labour Leader, and forcing Mr. Communist (with an instrument called "Freetrade-prison") to go with them. They soon came to the edge of the Slough of Semi-starvation, and the men began to grumble. But Mr. Labour Leader, on seeing this, sat down and wrote a report explaining all things unto all men . . . .

Mr. Benevolent Employer and Mr. Freetrade hearing of it, smiled and rubbed their hands, saying, "Verily, Mr. Labour Leader is worth two thousand a year . . . ."

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THE RED INTERNATIONAL'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

The Red Trade Union International is an organisation already comprising over 15,000,000 workers, though in this country its organisation is in an embryonic stage.

The growth of the British section of the Red International is retarded by the fact that, although its existence has been advertised more than once in the *Daily Herald*, the address to which comrades desiring to attach themselves to it or communicate with its officials should apply has not yet been given.

On Sunday, July 3rd, the Red Trade Union International held its first public meeting, but unfortunately there was no public announcement of this important event save a single *Daily Herald* advertisement, which appeared only the day before the meeting, and a single advertisement in the "Communist," appearing the same week, which announced Tom Mann as the principal speaker, although it is well-known that he is in Russia. The "Workers' Dreadnought" was not notified of the meeting. The speakers received no notice of the meeting after the original invitation, and until we saw the *Herald* advertisement on Saturday we had almost come to the conclusion that the meeting had been postponed.

We are informed that the promoters of the meeting sent circulars advertising it to the Trade Union secretaries to be read to their branches. This was a step that should by no means have been omitted. But it is regrettable that, of all bodies, the Red Trade Union International, which knows the apathy of the old trade unionism, the hostility to the Reds of many trade union officials, and, above all, the poor attendances at branch meetings, should have relied on such a circular as the principal means of getting up the meeting. If a circular to branch secretaries could have produced the great demonstration which the occasion demanded the old trade union movement would have now been in a vigorous, intelligent condition, far from its real moribund state, and would have been prepared to throw in its lot with the Red International. As it was, the meeting provided no demonstration of the number of men and women in London and districts who to-day are enthusiastic supporters of the Red International.

In the *Herald* advertisement fifteen speakers were advertised, but not half a dozen of them were present on the plinth. Was this because they were not reminded of the meeting, or what was their reason for remaining away?

Neil Maclean, M.P., was one of the advertised speakers. Has he signified his adherence to the Red International? It is not long since he said in the House of Commons: "I am no Bolshevik."

Has he changed his mind?

The greatness of its object called for a seriously organised demonstration. We hope that on the next occasion the Bureau which has undertaken to represent the Red International in this country will do its work efficiently.

J. H. THOMAS VERSUS THE RED INTERNATIONAL.

The politics of the old Trade Unionism of which J. H. Thomas is the typical representative, mean "stay as you are"; the politics of Communism, the Communist International, and the Red Trade Union International mean "fight on to Communism."

We must choose clearly between these two issues. They cannot be conciliated. Thomas at Newcastle, on July 3rd, uttered what can only be regarded as a challenge to the members of the N.U.R., who are meeting in conference this week. He said that "the real lesson for railwaymen, as for everybody else is at present, not to be prepared for another fight, but to be prepared to settle down." He added that in August, railway decontrol would take place, and whilst it was hinted that this would be accompanied by another industrial crisis, he saw "no warrant for such an eventuality. £17,000,000 had already been taken off the wages of railwaymen, under the sliding scale, without any protest, or strike, or attempt to dishonour the agreement."

Thomas regards this as highly satisfactory; but what do the Reds in the N.U.R. say to Thomas, the friend and supporter of the bosses?

When are the Reds going to make a determined effort to eject Thomas and his like from the N.U.R.?

THE GREEKS AND THE PRIZE FIGHT

A beautiful barbarian head, fleshy, thick-set and low-browed, with hair that rose up straight from its front, as grass grows from the sod.

For two little horns our eyes instinctively searched, but our peering found them not, though the photograph was clear.

Many times we have seen you, oh barbarian, for it was you the Greeks chose for their model when they represented their fabulous fawns and satyrs and other semi-gods. Their gods were human; for man imagines nothing that has no roots in his experience; their semi-gods were a compound of man and animal. The Greeks portrayed in their gods the noblest human forms that their experience enabled them to conceive; but they did not use such splendid forms for their semi-gods, whose lower parts were those of beasts. They used for this purpose your head and your limbs, O barbarian.

Mankind cannot imagine that which has no roots in its experience, but you were familiar to the Greeks, O barbarian. It was to ward off your onslaughts from the area they had civilised, that they practised so assiduously the art of war. They kept themselves apt in the old savage art of warfare, in order to protect from destruction by savagery, the new arts of civilised peace, of which they were both transmitters and creators. They occupied the position which Soviet Russia occupies to-day, as the historians of future ages will agree in recording: holding the ring fence of the new civilisation against the barbarous hordes.

Your head, as we see it in the Sunday paper photograph, O low-browed barbarian, has no little horns in its stiff up-standing hair, for you are a barbarian of the twentieth century, a throw-back to ancestors living in a primitive barbarism; you are alive to-day, a perfect representation of brute force, specialised for brutal fighting, and not a sculptured figure from ancient Greece.

* * * *

Sir Sydney Low, in the *Sunday Pictorial*, takes up the cudgels of argument in support of the prize-fight, and claims it to be a civilised sport, on the ground that it was practised in ancient Greece. The Greeks, however, called upon their Olympians to excel not in mere fighting alone, but in music, in literature, in general culture of body and mind. But even were this not so, what more blasting commentary upon our bourgeois civilisation, and upon the education of our rich men's sons in the Public Schools, could there possibly be than this, that our most expensively educated men are still looking backward to the Greeks to discover a touchstone for their twentieth century culture?

Sir Sydney Low further tells us, by way of defending the prize-fight, that Carpentier is a musician and a man of culture, although a professional fighter in the ring. The waiter, the potman and the cab-driver supply the answer to this argument. When, contrasting the photographs of Carpentier's slighter, more graceful figure and intelligent countenance, with the rude, brute force of Dempsey, they say, "it was like putting a baby up against a full-grown man."

Says the *Daily Herald* special correspondent:—

"The idol of France was badly battered and eventually knocked out; but he went down game as a bull terrier to what I consider a glorious defeat . . . Carpentier's nose was also broken . Carpentier was always a trier, and, despite the fact that he broke his right thumb in two places in the second round, he never made a complaint. . . ."

Why did Carpentier, a lighter weight boxer enter the ring to fight Dempsey, a heavier one, more likely to slaughter him than be beaten by him?

For money; purely for money.

And thoughtless fools, who perhaps think themselves too highly civilised to attend a bull fight, crowded there to gloat over a much more brutal show.

OUR FALSE GODS.

By Arcturus.

You have not to look very far to-day in order to see that the present gang of T.U. leaders, being entirely out of touch with the class they sprang from, have been fooled by the masters, and have in turn led us blindly into a morass of wage reductions and unemployment. As if this were not sufficiently plain already, A. Thomas, the French renegade Socialist, comes along to inform us that the British Government has requested the International Labour Office, where A. T. is employed at a fat salary, to examine the methods used in various countries concerning reductions of wages in order to see whether any of them could be used in Great Britain!

But why go abroad to seek new methods, when those employed at home are so damnably efficient?

In the month of May the workers of this country suffered weekly reductions in wages amounting to £1,342,100. During the five months ending May 30th five million individual wage adjustments were made under sliding scales. H. Thomas pats himself on the back for the fact that £17,000,000 had been taken off the railmen's wages without any protest or strike, or "any attempt to dishonour the agreement." When these sliding scale agreements were entered into did the officials envisage the future with its three million unemployed? Moreover, how can the leaders justify acceptance of reductions in accordance with the Ministry of Labour's index number now that they have issued an index number of their own, which shows the Ministry figure to be calculated unjustly? Surely these agreements were only made on the understanding of continued employment. The workers are neither morally nor legally bound to keep an agreement when the circumstances have so completely altered as to render the performance of the agreement impossible. So much for reduction by agreement.

Next in order is arbitration, 199,000 reductions were effected by this method, and 33,000 by conciliation. The remaining 1,575,000 were arranged directly between employers and employed, or resulting from Orders made under the Trade Boards Act. For the next three months the miners will have to suffer cuts of 2s., 2s. 6d. and 3s. per shift, and after then further and greater cuts. At the same time unemployment among miners will tremendously increase. L. H. Thomas, M.P., told the railmen at Newcastle on Sunday that, "There were rumours" (only rumours) "that they must be prepared for another fight. He had no hesitation in saying that the real lesson for railmen, as for everybody else, was that they must be prepared to settle down." So speaks an alleged representative of the working class. "Settle down." If the present process is allowed to continue the workers of this country will be settled for ever.

It is very easy for the Thomases and other leaders to talk in this vein. They no longer feel the pinch of unemployment or poverty, or know aught of the hunt for a job. They have definitely become middle class. And it is our own fault that this is so. We have given them large salaries and raised them on pedestals and worshipped the ingenuity with which they mislead us. Thus they have come to consider themselves a class apart. They, who were once workmen like ourselves, now feel quite at home in drawing rooms, and hotels, or in meeting Cabinet Ministers. They even make visits to Chequers to discuss how they shall sell their former workmates into slavery. To-day we find these pampered parasites becoming "jealous of each other." Like performers in a different sphere they quarrel over the distribution of the limelight. They have questions of precedence to consider. And now their wives are to be taken in hand and made "ladies" of by Mrs. Webb at the Half Circle Club. In such an atmosphere our leaders, naturally enough, are softened. The iron that entered their soul when struggling their way out of the working class is transmuted by social influences into wax. They become pseudo-philosophers and clever talkers, but they can no longer lead. The bosses know them, know their petty weaknesses and play one off against the other, so that the industrial forces of the workers are never arrayed on the field together, but in sections which are led to defeat or are sold out according to the degree of depravity of their officials.

It is not a difficult thing to find new leaders. Ordinary intelligence, common honesty and courage are required and self-seeking must be absent. But leaders must not be allowed to become a separate caste; they must be kept in close touch with the rank and file, who have to bear the burden of the economic struggle.

IRISH CONFERENCE.

Nothing will come of it unless the Irish are prepared to compromise their demand for complete independence.

"Lord Middleton's attitude cannot be foreseen," says "Labour's Own Daily." Lord Middleton is the old fellow who represents not himself alone, but British Capitalist Imperialism in this fight; he is the figurehead behind which the clan is massed.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, Secretary of the Labour Party, and a number of clerical and titled persons (Mr. Henderson keeps illustrious company nowadays), have addressed a memorial to Lloyd George, in which they say:—

"It is our earnest hope that the Conference may be held in the peaceful atmosphere of a truce, and may be supported by the prayers of both peoples."

To be practical, the prayers of Mr. Henderson and his friends of these later days should be addressed to the implacable Lord Middleton and the capitalist gang behind him.

5,700 men are to be discharged from Woolwich Arsenal, at the rate of 300 a week; but Mr. J. H. Thomas says this is the time for settling down!

* * * *

In Russia, the Government has the Cheka: in England, the Chequers.

* * * *

Not the ablest; but the honest; Ablett.

* * * *

Was the *Daily Herald* leader on "the keen, kind competition of the ring," "arranged" for by the ring?

* * * *

E. F. Hunter, LL.P., under the Chairmanship of Ramsay Macdonald, debating on "Socialism: the Remedy for Industrial Unrest," with John Murray, M.P., said:—

"As it had been worth organising the country for war in the Socialistic way, the same methods should be adopted to organise the country for peace."

Is that the I.L.P. ideal of Socialism? Oh, D.O.R.A.!

* * * *

Sir Harry Newton (at the inquest on his father):—

"There is no truth in the suggestion that my father was in fear of anybody; he had no property in Ireland!"

DREADNOUGHT DEVELOPMENT FUND

Mr. P. Durant £1, Mrs. Cole's Collection £5, Mr. W. Reid 10s., Mr. W. J. Paul 1s. 9d., Madame Garistof 5s., E.S. 5s., Miss Haughton £3 10s. Total £10 11s. 9d.

INDUSTRY AND COMMUNISM.

BY I. STEPANOV

Since the question of the concessions which Soviet Russia has granted to Western capitalists has created a considerable stir in the Press, we reproduce from "Pravda" this article of Comrade Stepanov, dealing with the subject in a thorough exhaustive manner.

The past is weighing heavily on the present. Present day economics are extricating themselves but slowly from the meshes of capitalist industrial economics.

Let us take, for instance, the industries of Petrograd, which came into being, together with the fortress and port, during the capitalistic commercial epoch. While supplying the needs of the commercial and naval fleets, and having facilities to obtain coal and raw materials from abroad and to manufacture certain products, Petrograd gradually became an industrial centre.

As soon as Petrograd became dependent on Russian coal, the reason of its industrial development ceased to exist. Nevertheless, although a long way from the coal- and iron-producing areas, it continued to grow industrially, for the simple reason that capitalist industrialism had selected it for its centre.

If we take the central industrial quarter of Petrograd in its present state, and forget all about its past history, we are puzzled at the existence here of many branches of industry, far away from all the sources of raw material and fuel, except peat. But if we take into consideration the history of the town, we shall come to the conclusion that the conditions and relations of the capitalistic period have resulted in the establishment of an important trading and administrative centre.

The harsh exploitation under the serf system, brought to Petrograd a numerous population, which was at the disposal of the budding industrial capitalism in its primitive form. In the first stages of its development, industrial capitalism was made to exploit the village industries, which had received an impetus through trade capitalism and were growing rapidly owing to the very same exploitation of serf-labour. It was not *industrial* capitalism, guided by technical considerations, which chose this region for its activities: it received it from *trade* capitalism.

Capitalism is the Slave of the Past.

In all their reconstruction efforts, the capitalist countries still cling slavishly to the methods which prevailed before the war. If, in the vicinity of extensive works, coal and iron ore mines become exhausted, economic common sense would demand their transmission to another region; but the capitalist will cling to the old spot, even if there be nothing left of the works, for the only reason that the land here is his property and he would have to buy land if he went elsewhere, and that would entail enormous expenditure, unproductive from many points of view. Should a few walls have remained standing, the capitalist will consider them as a means of lessening his building expenses, of hastening the erection of the building and of pocketing profits; this is an essential point with capital, for creditors do not wait. Besides, should a few boilers have escaped destruction, the capitalist will reinstate the whole steam apparatus, even if the proximity of a powerful waterfall dictate electrification on a large scale. In his present actions, the capitalist is the slave of the past, which, through the inertia of capital, imposes its will on him.

Socialistic society can treat its past history with far more freedom when it begins to re-create and further develop its industries. In building and rebuilding, its first consideration is—what is economically rational at the present time.

Socialism is Emancipated from Past History.

Socialist society, removing all that is accidental and inimical, can with perfect clearness, weigh beforehand all the geographical variations, and can come to a decision as to the suitable sites for agricultural production, for various factories and works, for new centres of industrial life, for large cities, etc. At the same time, Socialist society, not being hampered by property considerations, can boldly create and re-create everything on a new technical basis.

The Revolution is Partitioning Industry.

Comrade Lenin said long ago, at the time of the 1905 revolution, that the revolution must partition the land. We can say now that the proletarian revolution is as energetically partitioning the industries, and is freeing them from the chains into which the capitalist pact had put them.

Preliminary work in this direction has been going on for some time. I have on my desk a pamphlet: "The Basis of a Plan of Electrification of the Northern Region." This pamphlet deals with some of the results of this work.

I will give but one example to illustrate the wide scope given to industrial enterprise, free from the demands of capitalist property owners. The capitalist past has left Petrograd with 200 electrical stations, out of which 44 are more or less powerful. Minute calculations have brought to light that seven stations, provided with certain necessary improvements, are sufficient to supply Petrograd with all the electricity required. The plants of the remaining stations are thus available for the electrification of the Northern Region.

Thus, the development of the forests of the North will give us, in addition to the products required at home, the means for the electrification of the entire Northern Region, based on the exploitation of river power. The construction of new railway lines, the electrification of the existing lines, the establishment of a whole series of industries, some of them new to Russia, such as the mining of lead, zinc, copper, aluminium, the production of phosphoric azolic and manures, sulphuric acid, etc.—all this will be able to transform, in a short time, the wild and desert North into a first class industrial area.

From the start, taking account of the shortage of labour, the engineers are carrying out electrification on a large scale in all the branches of industrial operations. In capitalist countries, the existence of private property hinders a rapid and complete breaking off from the old technical methods. A Socialist State, on the contrary, can exploit on an almost limitless scale all the achievements of present day science, especially those in connection with labour-saving devices.

How Concessions would be dangerous.

Concessions would constitute a great danger to us if the proceeds from them were to be put to so-called unproductive uses: as the purchase abroad of clothes, footwear, food-stuffs, etc. In that case, the concessions would only accelerate the spoliation of our natural wealth and would condemn us to a hopeless industrial backwardness. In fact, our concessions would lead to conditions similar to those prevailing in China, Persia, Turkey, and even in Spain.

It is quite another matter when concessions are made use of for the carrying through of some parts of our own programme for the re-creation of industries on a new basis. In this instance, it is not only the concessions, that is to say, not only the machinery created on the strength of the agreement, *re* development of forests, mines, etc., but to a great extent also the revenue from these concessions which will be a help to our undertakings.

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

By MARCEL PH. ANTOINE.

Was it Swift who said the passer-by is, at the same time, the best and the worst of observers?

Stepping out of the crowded world of one's thoughts and feelings, to look upon the stage of other people's doings, is certainly a pleasant, a recreative, if somewhat idle, occupation.

In my mind I had represented the work of the Red Trade Union International by the words: "and I came with a sword, to divide and to deliver."

This, I had said to myself, is what must be accomplished: "The wealth-producers, all the world over, for their protection against the greed of Capitalism and of the masters, have evolved a form of organisation, as yet primitive and imperfect, by which they are able to prevent their wages—their only means of subsistence—from dropping lower than the bare maintenance level. No further than that. In some places they had accomplished this with a certain amount of efficiency, in others but tentatively. With great difficulty, through imprisonment, forced unemployment, deep and obscure sufferings on the part of the pioneers. Then a lull: enthusiasm brought to a low level: almost disappearing: the growth of officialism, of a caste of fairly-well-paid, self-contented leaders: the rank and file passive, inert, chained to puny and trivial advantages of benefit, of superannuation, by comparison with the great issue of total freedom.

Suddenly the trumpet call of the Red International: "Do not make inert Unity a false god. Divide the chaff from the grain. It is only by internecine strife that progress is evolved.

"To become a fighting force, to wrestle the mastery of the world from the ruling-class, those social organisms we call Trade Unions must move out of the rut in which they were forced by the political domination of the possessing class: must aim, not simply at the stabilisation of wages—for that is a conservative function, which ultimately tend to keep up the capitalistic system—but mainly and chiefly at preparing the mind to form organisations whereby the control of production can effectively, and with efficiency, be achieved."

* * * *

Thus in my mind I kept reasoning, growing conscious of the magnitude and of the importance of the task.

It was in that mood that I went last Saturday to the meeting organised by the British Section of the Red Trade Union International, in Trafalgar Square.

There, perhaps, is no earthly reason why the process of cleansing and vivifying our organisations should be made clear and demonstrated in Trafalgar Square, amidst the guardianship of Landseer's lions and that of well-groomed and somewhat bored police inspectors.

Suffice for the day that amongst the organisers there be an advertising agent, to send to all Trade Union officials and sub-officials, a circular that will only be read at the next monthly branch meeting, and not even there if the officials disapprove it.

Good causes need no advertisement and, at any rate, let us hope the good work goes on, carried forward by its own momentum.

Looked on from the aristocratic elevation of the parapet, where "hobos," ex-Service men (our "Chocolate Soldiers," as a post-Shavian girl calls them), where parasolled-ladies strolled by, while Londoners queue up for the Hampton Court 'buses, the eager crowd of Red Internationalists on the Square is just as large as that which collects in a busy thoroughfare when a tyre bursts, or when swarthy "Dagos" start trench-making, previous to a road repair.

In order that no gaiety of colour, no beauty of line should deface the drabness of the scene, and therefore distract attention from the earnestness of the proceedings, all the circularised Unions refrained, by a well-kept accord, from sending any banners.

The helmets of seven constables, aligned at the base of the plinth, tower above the crowd, for it is right that the majesty of the Law should be made tangible and embodied in well-fed and physically-good representatives.

As befits a well-ordered city, kind-hearted St. John's Ambulance men and women are there, for July's faintings.

At the far end of the Square, on the step that is a seat, and, at times, a temporary bed, a baker's dozen of genuine "hobos" comfortably doze, in the hub of the Empire, empirically basking in the sun, enjoying the profound delight of being left undisturbed, they who do not disturb anyone and chew an empty clay pipe.

On the shady side of Gordon's statue, which looks sardonically on the plinth, two little girls with soft-hued primrose ribbons in their hair, play at "pretends."

Strolling about, one hears snatches of conversation. An American lady, heavy and fat, lifts matronly her lorgnette: "She looks—, she is— I wonder if it is she—" and walks away. Her interested husband goes off towards the crowd.

A man with an artistic temperament passes by the Early-Victorian statue of Washington, and comments: "Was it here before?"

Two U.S. sailors, on the parapet, turning their backs away from the speakers, beam with national pride and blend in their hearts Dempsey with America and America with Dempsey. They are lofty and distant.

A Pall Mall gent, who has forgotten that Ascot week is past, grey topper, white spats and all, walks amongst the listeners and curls his lips as a preliminary to the painful act of thinking.

A "young person," to-day is evidently her day off, keeps at a certain spot in the Square, is scanning all passing faces, heedless, she too, of the speakers: "He is late! Will he turn up?

The door of the church of St. Martin-in-the-Field is open, and the stained glass behind the altar is inviting and refreshing. From the pulpit, a man with a headmaster's tone of voice, thinking with difficulty and pausing between the adjective and the noun, explains to a juvenile audience that if one tell an untruth about someone, one may do great harm, even if the mischief be not at once apparent. The ills of untruth will spread far, just as the ripples spread over the water of a pond in which a stone is dropped. The girls listen attentively, in pretty frocks and hats to match. On the boys' benches, a jolly demon with golden curly hair pulls his neighbour's ear. The un-Christian neighbour retaliates. The contagion spreads, and presently there is a chain of hands and ears all along the bench.

Once more into the Square, pervaded by an air of Sunday restfulness.

The audience has grown, yet one has to confess that the response to the call of the Red International is comparatively poor.

One hears from old comrades, words of criticism, of rather bitter criticism at times. They need not to be repeated here. The old conventionality must be maintained, certain things can only be whispered in secret to everybody, whilst they must not be even hinted at in our Press.

So home from the Square with a sad, yet still hopeful frame of mind.

HODGES SUMMED UP!

Rising Sun miners, Wallsend, sent the following to Frank Hodges:—

"We cannot stand your latest move; it is pure betrayal. Act on ballot vote and keep away from Lloyd George and coal-owners. We can never forgive you and your Executive if you attempt this, the greatest sell in the history of Trade Unionism. Your speech at the Labour Conference staggered us. Your letter to the Prime Minister is contemptible to any miner who is suffering for justice."

The British have raided the Russian Trade Delegation at Constantinople.

We are not surprised, because we have never imagined that the British Capitalist Government had become anything but an enemy to Soviet Russia.

BADGES.

SOVIET ARMS, in gilt on red enamel, 1s. 3d. and 9d. each, 12s. and 6s. per dozen.—Apply, Manager, "Workers' Dreadnought," 152, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

THE ETHICS OF INVESTMENTS.

A DISCUSSION BY THE REV. J. T. SADLER AND SYLVIA PANKHURST.

The Rev. J. T. Sadler writes:—

DEAR EDITOR—

Let me say how much I admire your own sincerity and pluck. What I cannot understand, is your acceptance of Lenin's METHODS *as well as his* AIMS. *If a man wanted to educate his son, and, to do so, killed and robbed your friends, you would praise the* AIM, *but denounce the* METHOD *of realising it.*

In my own case, the Lenin group has robbed me of some hundreds of pounds lent to Russia to build railways, before the war. I do not desire interest, but I think the present Government should repay the capital in instalments, as able; but they repudiate it all: yet keep the railways! . .

Capitalism is a great evil, though it has done some good, e.g., gone abroad and necouraged production, and inventions at home and abroad, and brought orders, e.g., for cotton goods and machinery to be made here. The "workers" had not the "nous" to do all this organising, etc., but can learn it. . . .

Dr. Sadler has raised here a very important point, and a very sore point with many people.

Capitalism still persists in Britain; Socialism, or rather a partial form of it, has taken the place of Capitalism in Russia.

Dr. Sadler lives in Capitalist Britain and finds it hard to be bereft of a portion of his sustenance here, where he has to contend with capitalist conditions of life, in which all the means of existence have to be paid for in £ s. d., whether one is well or ill, old or young. It is very agreeable to have interest on invested money coming in to pay one's daily expenses without one's being obliged to work for it. It is very disagreeable to have that interest on one's capital itself swept away at a blow.

We quite understand our correspondent's annoyance.

We must remind him that the great masses of the population, in this country and in all countries, have no invested capital, no interest coming in to pay the weekly bills. Most people are dependent on their own exertions, and if they fall ill or grow old—if they become deaf or blind or otherwise disabled from following their employment, or if they are thrown out of work by a trade slump (as so many are at present)—they at once find themselves "on the rocks." The benefits derived from State Insurance, from Trade Unions and friendly Societies; the doles of the Boards of Guardians may save the wage-earners deprived of earning, from actual starvation; but their lot is a pitiable one. Dr. Sadler, and every one of us, shrinks with horror from facing such a lot for himself; but almost all the wage-earning people of every country know that that lot of misery and privation is always awaiting them if their wage-earning capacity is destroyed, as it may be at any moment by some unfortunate circumstance.

Dr. Sadler, of course, realises this greatly unfortunate fact. We are sure he regards with deep regret the precarious position of the majority of the people. He undoubtedly desires a social order in which the lot of every one of us may be secure.

But he wants this social order to be established without any personal sacrifice on his own part. He resents the fact that Soviet Russia, in building up a new order in which her population of 180,000,000 shall be freed for ever from the menace of poverty and want, should have struck at his own little fortune, should have menaced his own personal security.

Dr. Sadler's feelings are all too natural.

But it is essential that he and everyone else should regard the matter broadly; should consider the interests of Russia's 180,000,000 toiling millions, and also the interests of the wage-earners in all the countries of the world.

Dr. Sadler is not the only capitalist, not the only person who puts his money into an industrial enterprise. This investment of capital, this drawing of interest is Capitalism.

To talk of Nationalising, or, as some people actually do, of "socialising" industry, whilst continuing to pay interest on the capital invested, is a palpable absurdity; for whilst the interest is paid, the capitalist burden on the industry remains. Management of industry by the State might palliate the present conditions of the workers in industry; but only if the workers had a much stronger control over the State than at present. On the other hand, it might merely intensify the burden borne by the workers in the industry, by adding to the interest they pay to the capitalist, the salaries of bureaucrats, which might be more costly than the present management.

Of course, the State with its greater powers and resources, has the capacity to do more to render the industry productive than can be done by any single capitalist or group of capitalists.

Therefore, the burden of paying all the shareholders their present dividends might be minimised relatively.

The State might raise capital by means of taxation and by handing over profits to the development of the industry, and thus gradually diminish the proportion of the capital held by private persons to whom dividends had to paid.

But whilst the shareholding legion exists, all its efforts, all its propaganda, for which it will pay out of those dividends, all its influence, which will be powerful, because of that capital and of those dividends, will be used to prevent the State from emancipating itself and the people from the capitalist burden. To-day the Government borrows money from private persons, and will continue to do so as long as the capitalist and his power continue to exist.

Soviet Russia struggling to free her masses from the poverty and want in which they were submerged, must not maintain the capitalist burden by continuing to pay out this eternal interest.

The hordes of non-working dividend-drawers menace Communism, not only by their active opposition to it, but by their very existence, the social atmosphere they create, the desires and standards they set up.

Soviet Russia arising from the chaos in which her capitalism sank to its overthrow, Soviet Russia struggling to free her two hundred million people from the abysmal poverty in which they were submerged, cannot, must not maintain the capitalist burden.

Dr. Sadler complains that Soviet Russia keeps the railways and refuses to recognise the debts incurred for building them. There has been negotiation with Allied Capitalism about that; it is possible that Soviet Russia may repay at least something. But theoretically she should repay nothing to Capitalism. She has overthrown the capitalist system within her borders, and she handicaps the development of her Communism by any recognition of the burdens and obligations appertaining to the system that has been vanquished and superseded.

Dr. Sadler will perhaps say that that would be fair enough if he were living in Russia and could apply to the Communist community for sustenance, either as a worker, or as one who is disabled from work; but that it is unfair and altogether too hard, to deprive him of the sustenance he has acquired under Capitalism, before the country in which he lives has become Communist.

It is true that Dr. Sadler is unfortunate in having fallen between two stools; but Soviet Russia is obliged to put first the interests of the majority and of Communism itself. The total of foreign capital invested in Russia under the old regime was a very large one; the burden of interest upon it is great.

Soviet Russia needs all her resources for the creation of the new social order; she ought not to expend them in paying interest to those whose claims are based on debts incurred by the capitalism that has been overthrown. Much of the foreign money borrowed by Russia was in any case spent corruptly on fraudulent contractors and officials, and in maintaining the machinery of coercion to hold down the people.

But Dr. Sadler may say that he does not desire either for himself or others in his position, the payment of interest by Soviet Russia upon his capital. He only asks for the return of his capital.

Dr. Sadler's capital cannot be returned unless the capital of everyone else is returned also. To return all the vast sums of foreign money invested in Russia during the Czardom at one time would entail an immediate burden too great to be met by any country, and would cause a veritable explosion in the international financial system.

Perhaps Dr. Sadler would propose the gradual repayment of the capital during a period extending over a generation or so. The effect of that would be the same as though the old system of paying interest were still maintained, unless the repayments were heavier than the rate of interest, in which case the burden laid upon the people of Russia would be heavier, for the time being, than if the effort to dispense with the capitalist had not been made.

Dr. Sadler may argue that the generation of workers repaying the capitalist should be content to work to free the coming generation. But the coming generation will not be free whilst the capitalist remains in possession of capital with purchasing power. If the purchasing power of the capital repayed to the capitalist were to be abolished, as soon as the capital were repaid, then the capitalist of the coming generation would fight as Wrangel fights, and complain as Dr. Sadler complains to-day, and the struggle to emancipate the human race from Capitalism would merely be postponed.

Moreover, looking deeper, one perceives that the present generation can only help its descendants by emancipating itself from evil conditions. Only thus can it make itself fit to produce the coming generation. Only thus, can it create an environment favourable to the advanced development of the coming generation. It is not in a day that the Communist Republic will be built. It is not in a day that the Communist people will be reared. We create and are created by our environment. Capitalism and its competitive grind has set its seal upon us all, so deeply upon some, indeed, that they are almost destroyed.

NEWS FROM SOVRUSSIA.

The Denial of the Lie.

The Commissariat for Foreign Affairs states: "Recently the foreign press, and especially the American papers, have been circulating all sorts of comments upon the fact that American citizens are not allowed into Russia, and have attributed this to the reason that the Russian Soviet government, which is alleged to be in a crisis, wishes to shut itself off from the foreign world. On the contrary, at the present moment there are 2,000 delegates from all lands of the world who have come to the congress, and besides these twenty-three foreign missions in Moscow. The latter have the privilege of sending cipher telegrams daily and have their own courier service. Moreover, there are daily arrivals and departures of foreign commercial delegations from the different lands who are slowly concluding commercial conventions with Soviet Russia. Those persons who have thought out the various 'explanations' for the refusal to admit the Americans should naturally know that for people who come to Russia merely to sniff around and to satisfy their curiosity and have nothing serious to do there is no place for them.

Situation of Sovrussia.

A representative of "Novij Mir" had a conversation with Victor Kopp, who has just returned to Berlin as the representative of Soviet Russia. He states:—

"Russia's present condition is that of an convalescent invalid after a severe illness. Already after a few months one is able to remark a great improvement of the economic strength. I had the opportunity to visit many factories, chiefly metallurgical, and can state with pleasure that the equipment of the factories is not destroyed. Those factories which are in full operation are regaining their old workers. The lack of skilled technical personal is chiefly felt, and this lack will have to be made good by the training of new workers or the introduction of foreign assistance.

"An important task of the economic life, to which great attention was devoted at the last sitting of the all-Russian Central Executive, is the increasing of the industrial life of Petrograd, for, as result of the circumstance that all the other harbours of the Baltic have passed into the hands of the Baltic states, Petrograd is called upon to develop the trade between Russia and the West. The stories of the destruction of the city and of the factories by the bombardment of the Cronstadt mutineers are inventions. The most important question that plays a role in the re-establishment of the Petrograd industry is that of coal. Before the war the Petrograd industry worked with English coal.

"Concerning the general feeling in the country, the alteration of the economic policy resulted in a great pacification and settled the differences between the middle peasants and the government. In the Ukraine the struggle against the Machno bands is progressing successfully, and the bandit movement has passed its zenith.

"Concerning the events in the Far East they are considered in Moscow as a new attempt of some Entente states to resume the policy of intervention. In military respects this adventure is not dangerous, and the local forces will be sufficient for its liquidation."

Standard of Value for Barter.

The Petrograd Commission has fixed the following scale of value for the purpose of barter:—

One pood* of barley equals 1½ pood of wheat, or 2 pood of oats, 3 pood of potatoes, 5 pood of hay, 10 pood of straw, 6 buckets of milk, 5 pounds of butter, 1 pood of cream, 150 eggs, 15 pounds of meat, 10 pounds of small dried mushrooms, 5 pounds of large died mushrooms.

For industrial articles: One pood of barley equals ½ of a scythe, 1 sickle, 1 pair of flails, one sixteenth of a plough, 20 whetstones, 5 wooden rakes, 2 iron rakes, 1 iron shovel, 4 horseshoes, one-third of a pound of axle grease, 10 pound of salt, 20 pounds of tar, 10 pounds of petroleum, 30 boxes of matches, 3 arshin of cotton cloth, 10 lamp glasses, 4 packages of sewing needles, 2 rolls of yarn, 5 rolls of wall paper, 1,000 cigarette papers, 800 cigarettes, 1 pound of tobacco.

* One pood is equal to 36 English pounds.

School Attendance in Russia Grows Rapidly

Statistics just received here from Moscow indicate an interesting growth in educational institutions for children and older students following a normal course of education in Russia. In 1914—15 there was a total of 86,056 such institutions with a student enrolment of 5,646,000. By the end of 1920 and the opening of the present war, these institutions had grown to 106,400, with a total student body of 7,440,000.

The figures, which do not include the schools for illiterates and defectives, and schools set up by the trade unions and Communist party schools, are as follows:—

1914—15.	Institutions.	Students.
Universities	56	76,000
Secondary Schools	1,400	400,000
Elementary Schools	83,000	5,000,000
Professional Schools	1,600	170,000
Total	86,056	5,646,000

1920.	Institutions.	Students.
Universities	100	120,000
Secondary Schools	4,000	620,000
Elementary Schools	100,000	6,500,000
Professional Schools	2,300	200,000
Total	106,400	7,440,000

ECONOMIC EXTREMITY OF CAPITALISM.

By FRED TYLER.

Col. Wedgwood, in the House of Commons, recently made an interesting remark. Looking towards the Government benches and pointing in the direction of Sir Robert Horne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he said:—

"In 1925 the hon. Member's seat will be occupied by Mr. Graham (Lab., Central Edinburgh)."

I repeat this is an interesting remark, because it demonstrates clearly and plainly the optimism or pessimism, whichever you prefer to call it, of the Labour Party in political affairs.

Thinking over this statement, one is oppressed by a feeling of sickening hopelessness, and the grim reality of the economic situation is driven hard home to the mind.

Surely it is quite obvious to the thinker that 1925 must witness either the swift stabilisation of Capitalism, or the passing of revolutionary rumblings.

A movement lacking in high hope and giant faith, is a movement worthy only of defeat, and the observation of Labour Parliamentary spokesmen recalls the whine of a whipped dog, with morale and will broken.

Looking back on the shameful history of Labour cowardice and ineffectiveness of two years, it seems to my mind, that what Col. Wedwood should have said was:—

"Gentlemen, your policy of reaction against the workers will, in 1925, have succeeded. You will then have re-established the confidence of the numerous business "fry" in the Government, by making them a present of public money, through the appreciation of the value of National Debt stock, when the purchasing value of the £ slightly increases. You will have reduced export prices by wage reductions, leading to reduced cost of production. Further, by stationary taxation you will actually suck more increment from the masses to pay your way. You will have diluted food, increased rent, settled the perplexities of Empire by methods of iron.

"Having steered the modern commercial system off the rocks of 1921-22, and made its continuance sure, you will then remove all revolutionary atmosphere in Britain by providing an exhaust pipe—a Labour Government. Beyond this, only a wife for the Prince of Wales remains to be found."

The newspaper philosophy of such a period would make interesting reading: news headlines would refer to the Government as:—

"AN IMPERIALIST-DEMOCRATIC BULWARK AGAINST COMMUNISM, CAPTAINED BY 'SANE' MEN."

The haunting dread of revolution will then have passed from the minds of the "plute" Governmentarians of to-day, and they will cheerfully hand over to their fellow-Freemasons of the Labour Party, the cares of office.

Such is the Capitalist plan as I see it. That it will mature, I doubt.

Lenin on the World Situation.

Lenin, speaking before the Second Congress of the Third International, said:—

"The basis of hope and examination of the fortunes of World Communism, lie in the relations of World Imperialism."

The Parliamentary wisdom spoken en route for Hansard, therefore does not matter much.

The problem of Capitalist consolidation is, I believe of tremendous magnitude. That the attack on wages in each country will succeed, I am confident; that Labour will collapse in an open fight with Capitalism, I am gravely persuaded to believe. Yet I fail to grasp how a wage-cut, leading to cheapened production, can effectively reconstruct foreign trade.

I am grimly conscious of the fact that the war-strickened areas of Europe are hungering for commodities, yet lack the ability to offer substantial credit. How our rulers will succeed in persuading the hard-faced business classes to supply in such circumtances, without direct subsidy, I do not know.

The task of reconstructing Europe on commercial lines, is of tremendous magnitude. Yet we have the bigotted illiterates of the Labour Party looking forward to office in 1925, in a world dying of consumption, its very foundations shaken, its international arteries of trade choked and torn.

Atlas feels the world grows heavier, and sees, with relentless logic, the approach of a greater weight.

"Stay," says Col. Wedgwood, "until 1925, and Will Graham will straighten your finances."

Atlas pauses, and I wonder. Then remember how, in 1916, Count Osako, Japanese Foreign Secretary, said, looking at the European War: "This is the death-knell of European civilisation."

And then the thought comes of Peter Kropotkin, spoken in Paris, 1890:—

"Society is composed of institutions. Each springs into existence to meet human needs. With social development comes new needs. The old institutions becoming effete, die. New methods, new social organisations are brought into existence to meet new needs."

Then, looking at horrible and ghastly Europe and its tortured masses, I ask the question, forgetting political parties: "Who is right, Osako or Kropotkin? Will the European group of nationalities die and decay; or will distress and suffering bring light?"

Will harmony and prosperity reign under the banner of the sickle and the hammer, or will young Communists recommence a life-propaganda task?

Such is the nature of the cross-roads facing humanity. And as Capitalism reels, the steadying hands of the Labour leaders save it.

PARLIAMENT AS WE SEE IT.

Foreign Coal.

Mr. Bridgeman (Secretary for Mines), replying to Major Kelly, says orders for foreign coal "definitely placed" cannot be cancelled. It will be coming in even after the miners have resumed work, we assume, but "it will be disposed of in this country or elsewhere to the best advantage."

Foreign Refugee.

By a series of questions asked by Viscount Curzon, Mr. Young, Lt.-Col. Kenwrothy and Sir J. D. Rees (Coalition, Nottingham), and the replies of Mr. Harmsworth, we learn that the British Government, at the cost of £90,000 a month, assists 37,500 refugees, the greater part of them being the remnant of the Volunteer Army of Denikin, evacuated from South Russia in 1920. Mr. J. Jones would like to know if a similar principle—that of maintenance—can be applied to British unemployed. "That does not arise out of the question," curtly says Mr. Harmsworth.

Cost of Living.

Dr. A. L. Bawley and the London School of Economics, the Trade Union Congress, the Labour Party and the Co-operative Union, one and all disbelieve the official figures of the cost of living as being too low, says Mr. Hurd (Coalition, Frome). Sir M. Barlow (Parliamentary Secretary of Ministry of Labour) puts up a weak defence for these figures, but, kind-hearted, "he will go into the matter."

Unemployment Benefit Cost.

The House discussed whether to exempt policemen from unemployment insurance by schedule or at the Minister's discretion on the ground that "these men are not likely to be unemployed except for disobedience or neglect of duty."

Decided to leave it to the Minister's discretion on account of the women and the temporary police for whom the Minister does not wish to be responsible.

Messrs. Mills and Hayday (both Lab.) humbly requested that a man thrown out of unemployment benefit because the officialdom says he refused suitable employment, may have his case reviewed after six weeks if he renew his application.

The Government granted this humble request.

Mr. J. R. Clynes (Lab.) humbly urged that men thrown out of work through no fault of their own (not through such naughty faults as striking or getting locked-out), but through other people's disputes, should not be deprived of insurance benefit.

Dr. Macnamara said "the difficulty is to find a line of equity which shall not create greater evils than those it is sought to remove."

Jack Jones (Lab.) said: "There is a great dispute threatened in the engineering trade. I hope it will never fructify. Personally I would regret it. But where do the labourers stand? . . . Labourers recognising the inevitable are prepared to accept the reductions in wages, but stronger and better organised bodies of workers will reject them.

After a long debate the humble request of Mr. Clynes and the Labour Party was rejected by 144 votes to 104.

John Robertson (Lab., Rothwell) moved to give a man 18s. instead of 15s. a week unemployment benefit.

The Labour Party has not even the guts to ask for the old £1 a week that is being struck off! 18s. a week was all they dared claim for their unemployed comrades. The women's 12s. a week they left without protest.

Commander Kenworthy (Lib.) suggested that the Government must be made to propose the 15s. reduction, and suggested that the Minister in charge of the Bill should make himself popular by resigning as a protest against it.

The Labour Party argued with humble and temperate pleading, and their amendment was defeated by the capitalist machine by 141 votes to 77.

W. Carter (Lab.) moved to omit the clause in the Bill which extends the period of waiting for unemployment benefit from three days to a week.

J. R. Clynes (Lab.) complained that the Government seldom accepts what the Labour Party proposes.

The Labour Members argued with humble and temperate pleading. There amendment was defeated by 146 votes to 68.

Two at £10,000.

Sir W. Davidson elicited the fact that whilst the Minister of Transport is paid £5,000 a year the Treasury appoints another official at £5,000 to watch him. He asked why the Transport Department was so largely composed of big bugs.

Messenger Boys.

Messenger office boys are having their wages cut down like everyone else. Post Office boys are to get 18s. a week, district messenger boys 12s. and 12s. 6d. a week, because the Government counts on their getting tips.

War with U.S.A.

Asked that the U.S.A. be told that Britain will not support Japan in a Japo-U.S.A. war, Austen Chamberlain (C.U., Lord Privy Seal) said: "The U.S. Government are so fully acquainted with the real position that it has not been thought necessary to inform them of it."

Costly Beneficence.

Devlin (Irish Nat.) asked the cost of the opening of the Northern Parliament for Ireland, Hamar Greenwood (C.L., Chief Secretary for Ireland) said it was too much trouble to find out, but "whatever the precise figure may be it is negligible compared with the beneficial result of the Royal visit."

There was no Bolshevik outcry: Where was Neil McLean?

Bill to Cut Down Unemployment.

On the third reading Clynes, official spokesman of the Labour Party, moved the postponement for three months in what Macnamara, the Government spokesman, called a "moving and kindly speech," so they fraternise in the best club in London!

After some hours of speech-making the Labour motion was, of course, defeated, and the infamous Bill approved by 240 votes to 81.

Labour Trying to be Liberal.

On the Lafeguarding of Industries Bill Labour Members tramped through the Division Lobbies in support of Liberal Amendments, and took a hand in defending free trade, though, as W. Graham (Lab.) said, they "always approach these encounters with great hesitation," regarding every Minister as a "great authority on these questions," and each one thinking with Graham: "It would be rash on my part to pit my slight authority against his."

The Coal Strike.

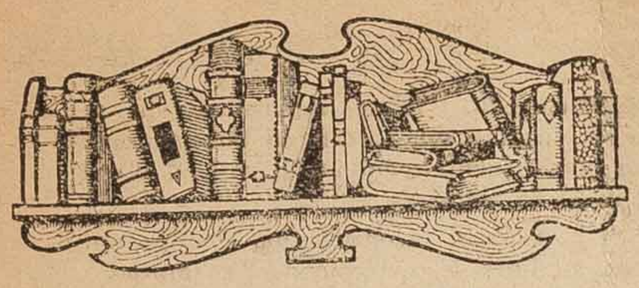
Lloyd George declared that the wages of the miners were now "permanently fixed," and that peace was "ensured for a very long period." In any case, the settlement could not be upset, he added, till December, 1922.

Asquith offered his congratulations to all parties concerned, and eulogised profit-sharing.

There was an effort to prevent discussion on the part of the Government; but Clynes, because Lord Robert Cecil and others opposed the gag, managed to get in a speech. How did he use the opportunity? To eulogise profit-sharing and copartnership like Asquith, and to complain that there had been a clamour in the House for a ballot vote of the miners in order that the workers might settle the dispute for themselves. Clynes objected to the rank and file being consulted. He said that "anyone can see" the Trade Union machine is "defective and out of date." He added:—

"The worst body of men very often, or the men least capable of forming a true judgment of their own interests, are the masses of the workmen themselves, and I would plead for them not merely to have greater faith in their appointed leaders, but to place in their hands the exercise of greater authority."

He was glad the Miners' Executive had taken powers to which, by the constitution of the M.F.G.B., they have no right in settling the dispute. It would be "a good thing for British industry" if the leaders were "vested with greater authority," he said, and added that this settlement would teach the whole trade union and Labour movement the lesson of the follies of the methods they have pursued.



OUR BOOKSHELF.

THE LABOUR PRESS.

(The Labour Party owes its popularity and its rather loosely knit membership to the vagueness of its aims and to its reformistic tendencies. We do not for a moment believe it will be the instrument that will free the workers from the slavery of wage-dom. It nevertheless absorbs the energy of many true and honest fighters, and for this reason we shall study its press. Whilst among us Communists, both here and abroad, there is a tendency to centralise the press of the Party, in the Labour and in the Socialist movement we notice the opposite tendency: that of creating local organs, giving scope to the activity of many enthusiasts who would otherwise find it difficult to take an active part. When one considers that the population of London is superior to that of several Nations, one cannot but be struck at the comparative weakness of the British Communist Press).

THE HAMMERSMITH PIONEER.

A monthly sheet of four pages that call itself "The Labour Journal for West London." We notice in the June issue a contribution by Anne Cobden-Sanderson to the Memory of William Morris. She states that the members of the old Hammersmith Society, founded by the Poet, "knew that it might be necessary to incur the penalties attaching to passive resistance, which is the true weapon of the weak and unarmed, and embarrasses a tyranny far more than acts of violence can do, turning the apparent victories of the strong and unjust into real defeats." We are pleased to note that that belief no longer holds good. The Author well renders the spirit of Morris' propaganda when she says:—

"An individualist society based on private capital is inevitably a hierarchy of tyrannies, and if left to run its course will either degrade the workman and, crushing out all resistance, make him and keep him a hopeless slave, or, by adopting some of the ideas of Socialism and grafting them on to its system of tyrannies, ultimately deprive the world of a great hope and ideal, and, in a still deeper sense, enslave the workman, shutting him up in contented servitude, whilst the tyrannies fight one another, as in the late world-war, for a world-tyranny.

"And this, in the opinion of William Morris, was the great danger to which Socialism was exposed, and the one to be most guarded against: the danger that the spirit of revolt against injustice, that divinest spirit of man, would be extinguished in contentment with a makeshift betterment of present conditions—a betterment to be brought about by such piecemeal adoption of Socialism as is compatible with the essential tyranny of private capital."

A contribution by A. C. Adams on the necessity of linking up the T.U.'s and the Co-op.'s contains this super-reformist statement: "Money is the Trade Unions' ammunition during strikes . . ." The examples brought forward to prove this point: the assistance given by the Bank of the Co-operative Wholesale Society to the Northumberland Miners in 1912, and to the Railmen in 1919, are not cogent, for against these cases hundreds could be pointed out where unions with large banking accounts were beaten by lack of workers' solidarity.

The paragraph "Priming the Press" is worth reprinting as an useful reminder:—

"Every effort is being used by the publicity agents of the Government and the mineowners to prejudice the public against the miners.

"The Board of Trade has a publicity department, presided over by an able and enterprising journalist, formerly in the employ of Lord Northcliffe, and this department has been very active. Nor is the work of priming the newspapers confined to London, for the Government is well aware of the formative influence of the provincial newspapers on public opinion.

"The coalowners' bureaux are also busy. In normal times they keep up a steady stream of free and tendencious 'copy' for the newspapers, and at periods of crisis the stream becomes a torrent."

A West End Free Speech Defence Committee has been formed. Secretary, Henry Bernard, 17, Richmond Gardens, W. 12.

THE TRADE UNION PRESS.

THE PRINTERS' WATCHWORD.

(Official organ of the Printers' Propaganda Society, 30, Gladstone Street, London, S.E. 1.)

Many of the well-established Trade Unions have their monthly journals, which are dutifully distributed, paid for and at times read. The majority of them, in fact, being stodgy and so uninteresting are but a mockery of what an organ inspired by class consciousness should be.

There are exceptions.

A striking one is the organ of the Printers' Watchword Propaganda Society, which held out promises of being in future still more interesting than it is now. In times of trade depression, there is a tendency for members to be critical, owing to the unpleasantness, to say the least, of unemployment. When trade is brisk, vigilance is less alert and things slide back once more in the old groove. The need for what may be termed democratic control of our Unions is very pressing. Leaders need to be watched, not only for what they do not do on the economic field, but also for what they do in the political movement.

In the issue under review we note a paragraph, "The Compositor as Censor," where Mr. Sanders, of the Fabian Society, is reported as having said that the revolution had not brought a free press in Russia because compositors refused to set passages, "however fine," which were not pleasing to the left wing of the party.

It is indeed a burning question, how far a person doing only a part of the job is, morally justified in making himself the judge of the whole. Censorship of opinions cannot be defended under any circumstance.

The opinions of my Lord the Duke of Northumberland, or those of the Tory-minded Hyndman, may be, either of them, the final expression of social truth! Mine be all cooked and erroneous. Each has the inherent right of being freely expressed; but there must also be equal material possibility of expressing them. If my Lord has at his disposal the wide pages of the *Morning Post*, its powerful distributing organisations and the means of paying for them, and I am out of the possibility of even printing a broad sheet, this freedom and this equality are non-existing. That is the case of the workers. They are voiceless with regard to the Press.

We feel confident we have the Editor of the "Printers' Watchword" with us when we say that we would most heartily approve if the compositors or any of our great dailies were to put forward the demand that a page should be given over—free of charge—for the free expression of Labour views: that, in case their demands be denied, type would not be set up to convey false news and information about Labour. How far this is practicable at the present moment, the Editor of the "P. W." may indicate in the next issue of his monthly. During a revolutionary period, the capitalist press being that of the enemy in the field, will have to be treated according to the rules of warfare.

The "P. W." produced at the Caledonian Press keeps up to the high standard of that establishment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor,—I was pleased to see in your columns the letters of Comrades Staple and Goldberg anent religion and Communism. The views expressed should be seriously considered by those pseudo-Socialists who have not cast off their theological swaddling clothes, and who think that the millenium will be ushered in by a Christianised form of Socialism.

We do well to remember the dictum of Marx that it is part of the function of Socialism "to free consciousness from the religious spectre." It was not till that was done in my own case that I saw that Socialism is the only way to reconcile the inherent antagonisms of the present system. Marx and Engels in the "Communist Manifesto" recognise that religion is one of the three things that block the path to Social Reform (pp. 19—26). And again Marx tells us that "Religion is a fantastic degradation of human life."

We need to declare the full orbed evangel officially enunciated by Wilhelm Liebknecht in the Reichstag that "the aim of our party is on the political plane, the republican form of State; on the economic, Socialism; and on the plane we term the religious, Atheism."

"Christianity and Socialism," said Bebel, "are opposed as fire and water." With Liebknecht I firmly believe that, "It is our duty to root out the faith of God with all our zeal, nor is one worthy of the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of Atheism." If, as Karl Pearson says, "Socialism arises from the recognition that the sole aim of mankind is happiness in *this* life," what need have Socialists of the dope of Christianity and its Grundyite mob of parasitical priests and mercenary bibliolaters? Undoubtedly Karl Marx uttered pure truth when he said: "The idea of God is the keystone of a perverted civilisation. It must be destroyed." How undeniable is the truth of the words of Bakunin: "The idea of God implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the most decisive negation of human liberty; and necessarily ends in the enslavement of mankind, both in theory and practice." And, again, "Religion is a collective insanity." I know of no more comprehensive statement of what a Socialist's attitude towards religion and Socialism should be than the short poem of Alexander Hadison, entitled, "Mr. Creed."

"Reason my final arbiter shall be,
Blind faith is barred from my philosophy;
Nor God, nor Chirst know I;
My Deity is Man: my Creed bows to no fetish;
Neither do I crave salvation in a life beyond the grave;
Far better strive mankind on earth to save through word and deed."

Not to any Deity or religion must the World's proletariat look for aid, but to their own initiative and powers of organisation for salvation.

In conclusion I should like to put this question to those psuedo-Socialists who regard religion as an ally. How do you propose to use your religion to compel or persuade the bourgeoisie to cease to monopolise natural resources, and hand them over to the community for the benefit of all?

JOSEPH NICHOLAS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Michel Florent (of "L'Avenir Social," a socialist syndicalist organ of Tunis) asks us, "with a cordial shake hand," to exchange the "Dreadnought" for his paper. Certainly, with pleasure. We return the greeting.

W. J. Paul (Wallasey) writes: "I thoroughly agree with the idea of an unofficial Communist paper." Thanks for donation.

F. Berret ("Le Réveil Ouvrier," Nancy, France) writes: "I have got through a friend two copies of the "Workers' Dreadnought." They interest me very much. I should be glad if you would exchange our paper for yours." With pleasure. Glad to see your paper.

J.P. (Mile End).—Malatesta's address: in prison, is Carceri di San Vittore, Milan, Italy.

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