

God the Known and Unknown by Samuel Butler.

Workers' Dreadnought

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

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SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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The Truth about the Fascisti.

By Sylvia Pankhurst.

The "Daily Herald," the Labour Party organ, with unexampled treachery to the cause of the workers, and to all that makes for progress, has attempted to whitewash the White Terror of the Fascisti, which holds Italy in its grip to-day.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, the editor of the "Daily Herald," who ought to be sent to the right about for his gross errors, literary as well as political, observes: "Whether the Italian Fascisti are enemies to the point of view of the workers in this country is not very clear." He further declares: "It is impossible not to feel a certain amount of admiration for this man who has organised what he calls a bloodless revolution." Then he proceeds to argue that the Fascisti came into being to oppose the violence of the Communists.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is not alone in his suggestion that though the Fascisti have made use of violence they are rather splendid people, and that their final triumph has been a bloodless one. Bloodless it has been, in so far as its victims have succumbed to superior force, as an unarmed man obeys the order of "Hands up!" when he finds himself covered with several powerful revolvers.

What is the truth concerning the Fascisti and the Italian Proletarian movement which they were created to fight? At the close of the War the Socialist Party was the dominant force amongst these Italian workers. The movement was strong and virile. In each town it had its People's House, combining lecture halls, library, theatre, dance halls, cafe, restaurant and hotel. The co-operative societies were powerful and closely linked with the Socialist Party, as were the Trade Unions which also provided technical instruction in a large variety of trades. The extensive character of the movement, with its fine buildings and splendid equipment, was far beyond comparison with anything we have in this country. The widely-read Socialist Party organ, "Avanti," had a fine printing plant in Milan and in Turin, where several weekly and monthly organs and first-class colour printing were produced.

The "Avanti" had a much larger circulation than the "Daily Herald," without any such aids as betting tips and sensational news uncoloured by Socialist bias; it was a definite Socialist paper and a power in the land. It had the confidence of the average man in the workshop, and as the multitudes streamed forth from the factory it was the "Avanti" that one saw them snatch from the waiting newsboy and open to read as they hurried along the street.

The Italian workers were profoundly impressed by the Russian Revolution. The "Avanti" gave an enthusiastic support to the Russian Revolution and the Soviets, and to the Bolsheviks in the early days of their power, and the "Avanti" was moulding the opinion of the workers who read it so widely.

On the walls of the industrial cities, Turin and Milan, one saw chalked up the slogans of the proletarian revolution, with "viva" the revolution and Lenin, who was regarded as its leader.

The Trade Union leaders, whatever their private opinions might be, were obliged by the sentiments of the rank and file to do lip service, at least, to the international proletarian

revolution, and the coming revolution in Italy. D'Aragona, when he came to address the Southport Labour Conference in the summer of 1919, declared that the only question at issue was not whether, but when the revolution would come.

At the annual Conference of the Italian Socialist Party, in Red Bologna, in the autumn of 1919, the old Reformist leaders, Turati, Treves, and Modigliani, were left with only a handful of followers, and the centre party of Serrati and the "Avanti" received an enormous majority over the Right, whilst the anti-Parliamentarians had a substantial following.

The Serrati faction declared for revolution on Russian lines, for the Soviets, and for the abolition of Parliament; but this faction was determined to use Parliament in the meantime, and they refused to split the Party, by excluding the Reformists, who were opposed to making preparations for the clash of actual force with Capitalism, which the revolutionaries declared inevitable, and which, as events proved, was soon to come to pass.

The question of whether the moment had come for direct preparation for the coming struggle, and the setting up of the Soviets, was hotly argued; but, at this juncture, Lenin, on behalf of the Russian Communists, wrote urging the Italians to go, not to the Soviets, but to the elections, and declared that the Italian revolution should be delayed on the score of the unreadiness of the proletarian revolution in France and Britain.

Shortly afterwards Lenin proceeded to attack the Serrati faction for not expelling the Reformists; but the Serrati faction desired to retain the Reformists just because they feared to split the votes of their supporters and to jeopardise their Parliamentary success by expelling these popular Parliamentary figures.

The followers of Lenin's policy presently obtained the upper hand, and Serrati was placed in a minority; but the Parliamentary policy remained dominant, and, as events have proved, the movement did not develop the capacity to meet the forces of Capitalist violence which were soon to face them.

In 1920 the employers in the metal industries attempted to lock out their workers; the workers, organised in their shop committee movement, proclaimed the Soviets in the workshops and occupied the factories.

The employing classes believed that the proletarian revolution had come, and that resistance was unavailing. There is abundant evidence of that to-day. Many and many a business man has since confessed that he then saw no other alternative, and not a small number were even willing to try the experiment as an escape from the post-war anxieties that have befallen the trading community in the trade depression holding Europe in its grip.

At every stage the Soviet movement had been obstructed by the opposition of the leaders of the Trade Union Movement and by the older Socialist leaders.

The metal workers had arisen spontaneously; they had placed barbed wire round the factories, and machine-guns on the roofs, and other workers were rising to join them. Engineers, seamen, and others were giving proof of their solidarity; rural workers were

rising in squads of 20, 50, or 100,000, to seize the landed properties.

The Anarchists approved and supported the movement; but the Anarchists, with their newly started daily, the "Umanita Nova," were without the organisation to cope with the situation; it was not they, but the Socialists, who had the ear and the confidence of the great masses. And what did the Socialist Party, in which there were still the Reformists, Turati, Modigliani and Treves, as well as Serrati and Bombacci, the Marximalists and Bordiga, who had been given a seat on the executive as representing the Parliamentary abstentionists?

The great Socialist Party held aloof from the struggle and turned it over to the Trade Union leaders of the Italian Confederation of Labour.

The Socialist Party's Resolution.

This was the resolution issued by the Party in order that its policy might be known in this hour of crisis:

"Between the Party and the General Confederation of Labour there exists a pact of alliance which neither body desires to break. The executive of the Party, in view of the necessity of the struggle, accepts the decision of the National Council of the General Confederation of Labour, and proposes to assist the movement without intervening, reserving to itself the right eventually, should the occasion arise, owing to a change in the political situation, to take control of the movement."

The occasion of which the resolution spoke had arisen, but the Socialist Party had failed to realise it, and proved itself incapable of dealing with it.

Resolution of Socialist Members of Parliament.

And what did the Parliamentary representatives of the Socialist Party do? They asked for Parliament to be summoned. This is the resolution they adopted:

"Believing that this struggle which arrests the national life cannot be fully settled without the assistance of Parliament, which must be seized with the profound meaning of this movement, which is the clear condemnation of a system which, even by the merciless exploitation of the workers, cannot increase production, demands the immediate convocation of Parliament, to study the situation, and to take prompt and radical measures, which, through the requisitioning of the factories, and their control by the workers, would prepare for their direct administration in the interest of the community."

How the Workers were Betrayed.

And what did the Trade Union leaders to whom the Socialist Party had left the revolution? They led the workers into an absurd bargain, by which a Commission (on the Sankey plan, which was used here to side-track the miners) was formed of twelve members nominated by the General Confederation of Labour and twelve members of

(Continued on p. 4.)

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

A blue mark in this space indicates that your subscription is now due.

The high cost of production of the paper necessitates prompt payment.

FRANK PENMAN IN LONDON.

Frank Penman's life at the College was over: he must earn his living in the competitive world now.

He was finding it a precarious struggle, and now he had caught the "flu" and lost his spectacles. Truly a serious combination of ills. He would not be able to buy any more spectacles till Spotters had paid for those drawings he delivered the other day; and how long would that be? Moreover, the illness might prove even more disastrous than the loss of the spectacles. How long would it last?

He wished himself back with Mrs. Rose—she was a good sort, with all her faults, and would have stood him in good stead now. She would have made him a bit comfortable, and she would have waited for him to pay the bill till Spotters' money came.

He had left Mrs. Rose some time ago—to get a better light and more room for his work. He had only been able to afford his studio at the expense of everything in the way of comfort, and he paid the greater part of his substance to the profiteers who quadrupled the rent of the room when they put in a studio window. Mrs. Mercer came in to do a little charring twice a week; and for the rest, he either attended to his own needs or neglected them; lonely, unpractical and preoccupied as he was.

He was lying there now in the shadow. The dismal black curtains were almost closed, partly because the light hurt his eyes, partly because he felt too weak and dispirited to rise and draw them.

He had wanted a north light for his work, but he yearned for a glimpse of the sun to-day. The patch of sky that was all he could see of the outer world looked dazzling. The sun must be shining on the other side of the house. He fancied the golden rays that would lighten the gloom here, and the revivifying warmth that would touch him if the sun would only come round.

There was only a long blank wall and a woodstack to be seen from the window, unless one climbed on the sill: one could see the tops of trees then, with their delicate, bare branches silhouetted against the sky, a few lovely yellow-green leaves still clinging to them. What marvellous beauty in the lines of those branches! He thought of them with a dim pleasure; but his head ached, and his eyes were hot; he felt as though there were sand in his eyelids.

"I need a tonic, I suppose, quinine or something; but how can I pay for such things? It's all through going without a fire: trying to economise. What a poor fool I am!"

Gnawing anxiety tormented him.

"What shall I do if I'm going to be seriously ill? There's only Spotters' money outstanding, till I get more work, and suppose I'm not fit to do it? The spectacles and the gas bill will make a big hole in Spotters' money without counting the arrears of rent."

His restless eyes would not close, though his body seemed held in lethargy. He had a curious feeling of weakness and vacancy in the spine. His gaze dwelt coldly upon his pictures. He saw only their faults, which seemed to mock him.

How had he ever hoped to do anything? It would take years of study and effort for his art to mature. How could he hope to achieve anything worth doing without money or influence, tied to the necessity of earning the cost of his daily bread and the exorbitant rent? His efforts seemed tragic in their futility. He thought of his years of early struggle, how he had won scholarships to pay for his training, always studious and immersed in toil. And what was he now—a maker of pictorial advertisements, loathsome, disfiguring things, whose very purpose he hated.

His opinions had separated him from his fellow-students, kept him from joining any artists' set and being discovered by some patrons who might buy his pictures and give him material assistance in doing serious work. The thought of being a hanger-on of rich people was repugnant to him; but where

was he drifting? What end could there be to his present existence but a frittering away of his undeveloped capacities? He moaned and tossed in his excited weakness.

Then he wondered whether it were not mere imagination that he was ill and his back ached; whether he would not feel just as usual if he got up and worked. How absurd it was to lie there idling, now that he had no work on order, now that he could devote himself to something he really cared for; but he lay still, and turned away from the big, scarcely-touched canvas, surrounded by studies, which irritated him. Yesterday's newspaper lay unread beside him. He ought not to try his eyes, but he must have distraction, eyes or no eyes! He glanced at the sheet:

"Two months for sleeping out."

"Eight living in a cowshed: terrible plight of man who owns four houses."

"Cripple's forty-mile tramp. Long walk to answer a sixpenny charge . . . travelling on G.E.R. without a proper ticket . . . unemployed. . . . To get up to Court he tramped 40 miles through the night. . . . When he arrived . . . police-station . . . dead beat . . . had to be given food . . . fined 8/- . . . excess fare only 5d. . . . Magistrates made a collection for fine. . . ."

"Fresh Air Dreadnought: a giant plane mounting a 75-millimetre field-gun."

"It is a nightmare," he grumbled, and thrust the paper aside.

He thought he was toiling uphill along a rough country road. He was tired, so tired that he hardly seemed to move in spite of his exertions. His limbs seemed to be tangled in something heavy and hot. There was a burning ring of pain round one ankle, and his back ached. But the sky was beautiful: it was a spring day, like that on which he went adventuring to Surrey a year ago. . . .

He saw a big white house with red roof and shining walls. He would have entered, but he was falling. A smiling woman wearing a gay flowered apron appeared in the doorway, and held out her hand to him. He seemed to float into the house beside her. . . .

Somehow he found himself in bed in a large white room with windows on either side, through which the sun was shining. There was a bright fire burning, and on the mantelpiece were brightly coloured vases of red and yellow primulae. The beautiful woman with the flowered apron stood smiling beside his bed and offered him a basket of fruit. A younger woman, wearing a wreath of flowers, brought in a breakfast-tray. They poured out coffee and cream, and, lifting a silver cover, handed him a plate of bacon and eggs.

"I haven't any money," he protested, fearing that he might be incurring some penalty for being here under false pretences.

They laughed, and asked him: "What is money?"

He could not answer.

When he had eaten, the younger woman wearing the wreath of flowers asked: "What is your work?"

He said: "I want to decorate the walls of great buildings."

"Then of course you understand plastering," she said. "Will you help the plasterers at the new concert-hall to-morrow? You must rest to-day."

"I'm sorry," he answered. "I don't understand it. I only paint and make designs, and that sort of thing."

"I should have thought you would have known all about plastering. I don't see how you can do frescoes if you don't; but, of course, you help with the work: what do you do?" she asked again.

"I make advertisements," he answered shamefacedly.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I make the horrid posters they paste upon the walls to advertise pills and mustard and whisky and collars and ties: gaudy glaring things that disfigure the walls!"

"What do you do it for?"

"For money!"

Their smiling faces melted from his gaze. He woke with a start at the postman's sharp rat-tat.

Was it Spotters' money? he thought. He summoned his flagging energies and limped bare foot to the door.

Two letters; he brought them back to bed to examine.

Notice that the gas would be cut off if bill not paid in three days.

Notice to quit from the landlord on account of non-payment of rent.

It was hopeless, quite hopeless. He was cold, and his head ached so much that he buried his face in the bedclothes to stifle his groans, asking himself what he had ever done to deserve his misfortunes.

THE SYMBOL AND THE REALITY.

See Madonnas! See Madonnas! in their gilded frames so fine

They are costly, they are treasured, when in paint or carven shrine.

To see Kings, and Popes, and people, kneel in adoration deep

To a painted face on canvas, is enough to make one weep

When live women, the originals, are dying, crushed and weak

With the red blood coursing hotly over thin and hectic cheek.

On the marble steps of churches slept the mother and her child,

And the many rare art treasures which inside had me beguiled

Rose to mock me while the women were forgotten and in rags.

See Madonnas! See Madonnas! they are fainting on the flags.

CLARA GILBERT COLE.

REVOLUTIONARY LEFT-WING COMMUNIST GROUP (COMMUNIST WORKERS' PARTY) OF RUSSIA.

PROPAGANDA FUND.

October 18th, 1922.

To the comrades who contributed to the above fund.

Dear Comrades,—

We have learned through the organ of the English section of the Communist Workers' International (Fourth), the "Workers' Dreadnought," you have sent us some money for the printing of our propaganda material for the development of Left-Wing Communism in Russia and the whole East.

We do not want to thank you ordinarily for your support, but we want to express our warm feelings towards your perceiving of the necessity of Left-Wing Communist propaganda in Russia. You, comrades, have done your international duty; you have proved your international solidarity, and we are sure that you did not help us in order to receive our thanks afterwards, but to know that the little money which, due to the high English value, has resulted in starting already the necessary work of propaganda. You may be sure that the Russian comrades and sympathisers who will read the pamphlets and leaflets which will be printed, when also other comrades of your country and others do not fail in their efforts to support the poor Russian workers, will be very proud to know of your aid, and it will be of an effective influence on them, that English comrades gave their mite to propagate the tactics of the Communist Workers' Parties (not to be mixed up with the social democratic reformist "Communist Parties), the only groups who stand still for the revolution, in spite of all and everything.

We very much hope that your example will be followed and your help continued.

You understand your international duty; make use your fellow-workers understand it, and maintain the flag of pure Communism with us, for us, for all!

Yours with thankful greetings,

REVOLUTIONARY LEFT-WING COMMUNIST GROUP (COMMUNIST WORKERS' PARTY) OF RUSSIA.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £307 1s. 5d.
therley, 2/6; A Friend, £10; Putne
5/-; Lillian Gallagher, 2/6; Norw
rades, 5/- (monthly); J. Hill, 2/6.
week, £10 17s. 6d. Total, £317 18s.

ROSA LUXEMBURG'S LETTERS
FROM PRISON.

Translated by M. Campbell.

(Continued.)

Wronke, May 19th, 1917.

How lovely it is here now! Everything is becoming green and bursting into flower. The chestnut trees are clothed in their lovely new foliage, the current bushes have their little yellow stars, and the ornamental cherry trees with the reddish foliage are already in blossom too, and it won't be long before the black elder shows. To-day Louise Kautsky, who came to visit me, gave me as a parting present a bunch of forget-me-nots and pansies, and I have planted them out myself! Two little round clusters and a straight row in between, planted alternately with forget-me-nots and pansies—everything is looking up well; I can scarcely believe my eyes, for it is the first time in my life that I have done any planting, and I've met with an immediate success. Just at Whitsun I shall have such a lot of flowers before my window!

There are now a number of new birds about here; each day I get to know one that I had never seen before. Ah, do you remember that time we were in the Botanic Gardens early in the morning with Karl, when we heard the nightingale, how we also saw a great big tree that was still without foliage but covered with masses of little radiant white flowers? We were at pains to know what it could be, as it was obvious that it wasn't a fruit tree, and the blossom was rather rare. Now I know: it is the white poplar, and these flowers are not blossom but the diminutive young leaves. The full-grown leaf of the white poplar is, as a matter of fact, white only underneath, on top it is dark green; but the young leaves are covered on both sides with white down, and scintillate in the sunshine like white flowers. One of these big poplars stands here in my little garden, and all the singing birds prefer to perch upon it. On the day in question you both came to see me in the evening; do you recollect? We had such a wonderful time, we passed the time in reading something out loud, and when it was getting on for midnight, as we were standing there to say good-bye—a heavenly jasmine-scented air was flowing in through the balcony door—I gave you one more piece, that Spanish song I like so much:

Be praise to Him through whom these worlds arose.

How excellent He made this span increasing,
He made the ocean's endless deep repose,
He made the ships that glide across unceasing.

He made yon paradise of calmed radiance,
He made the earth, dear—and thy countenance!

Ah! Sonitschka, if you haven't heard that transfigured by the music of Hugo Wolf, you don't know how much glowing passion lies behind the simplicity of its last phrase.

Now, whilst writing that, a big bumble-bee has flown into the room and filled it with its deep buzzing. How wonderful in that profound joy in life that lies in this self-satisfied tone which vibrates with diligence and the warmth of summer and the perfume of flowers.

Your ROSA.

Wronke, May 23rd, 1917.

Your last letter of the 14th inst. had reached me when I sent mine off. I am very glad to get into touch with you again, and would like to send you to-day my best wishes for a happy Whitsuntide! "Whitsun, the charming festival has come round," is how Goethe's "Reynard the Fox" begins. It is to be hoped you will have rather a good time. Last year it was Whitsun when we went with Mathilde on that glorious excursion to Lichtenrade, where I gathered some ears of corn for Karl and the wonderful branch of birch catkins. Evening found us still on the move, walking across the heath at Suedende

with roses in our hands like the "three noble women of Ravenna." Here the lilac, too, is now out in flower already; it came out to-day. It is so hot that I have had to put on my light muslin dress. But in spite of the sunshine and warmth, my little birds are gradually giving up singing and becoming almost completely dumb. They are all so very busy—evidently with the business of breeding, the hens sitting on the nest and the cocks up to the neck in work providing food for themselves and their mates. And they prefer to build their nests out in the open country. At any rate, it is much quieter in my little garden now; only now and then an intermezzo from the nightingale or a clog dance by the wood-lark, or late in the evening one more warble from the chaffinch; my garden warblers no longer show themselves at all. Just once a distant blue-tit suddenly and quite casually passed the time of day to me, and it affected me very much. The blue-tit, you know, is not a native bird like the common tit, and is not with us till about the end of March. Like the others, it started by hanging about in the vicinity of my window, came along with them up to the window, and was soon busily singing its droll "Zizi ba," but with such a pronounced drawl that it sounded like the chafing of naughty children. I had to laugh every time and answer it in the same way. Then it disappeared with the others at the beginning of May, to build its nest somewhere or other in the open country. For weeks I neither saw nor heard it any more. Yesterday I suddenly heard the friendly greeting coming from the other side of the wall that separates our yard from some other prison grounds, but so completely altered, just a very short "Zizi ba—Zizi ba—Zizi ba" repeated quickly three times, and then it remained silent. I felt a thrill pass right through me, that hasty distant call meant so much to me, a complete little history of bird-life. It was, I take it, that the blue-tit was dwelling upon the beautiful hours of courtship in early spring, when there was nothing to do all day but sing and seduce, but now you have to fly about all day catching flies for yourself and the family, therefore just one reminiscence: "I have no time—yes, indeed, it was grand—spring will soon be over—Zizi ba—Zizi ba—Zizi ba!" Believe me, Sonjuscha, a little bird-call like that, carrying, as it does, so much meaning, makes a profound impression upon me. My mother, who considered the Bible, along with Shiller's Works, to be the supreme source of wisdom, firmly and steadfastly believed that King Solomon understood the language of the birds. At that time, with all the self-importance of my fourteen years and the superiority of a modern schooling in natural science, I ridiculed this motherly naïveté. Now I am myself like King Solomon: I understand the language of birds and beasts. Of course, it is not as though they used human words, but I understand the most diverse shades of mood and sensations that find expression in their utterances. It is only the crude ear of an indifferent person that always hears one and the same thing in the song of a bird. If you love animals and try to understand them, you will get to know the great variety of ways in which they express themselves—that is, understand their language. Even this general cessation of song after the commotion of early spring gives me to know that if I am still here in August, which in all probability will be the case, all my friends will return to me and look for something to eat at my window. I am already rejoicing at the prospect of seeing my coal-tit, who is a special friend of mine.

Sonjuscha, you are embittered because of my long imprisonment, and ask: "How does it come about that some people feel authorised to pass judgment on other human beings? What is it all for?" Excuse me, but I had to laugh out loud when I read that. In one of Dostojewski's books, "The Brothers Karamazoff," there is a Madame Chochlakova, who is in the habit of posing just that kind of question, and in her perplexity she appeals in turn to each one of the company, but before

anyone can attempt to answer she has seized upon some other subject. My dear child, the whole history of human civilisation, which, according to a modest estimation, has been going on for something like twenty thousand years, is based upon the "Judgment of mankind upon mankind"—a matter that is deeply rooted in the material conditions that make life possible. Evolution must advance further along its path of suffering before these things are changed. Just at this moment we are present witnesses of one of these chapters of suffering, and you ask, what is it all for? "What for?"—is not at all in keeping with a right conception of the totality of life and its forms. What are blue-tits in the world for? I really don't know, but I rejoice that there are such things and experience a sweet comfort when suddenly from afar a fleeting Zizi ba comes floating over the wall to me.

But after all you are over-estimating me when you think I see things with the clearness of an impartial observer. My inner equipoise and my sense of well-being can, unfortunately, be put out of joint at the merest shadow that falls across me, and I then suffer extremely, only in that case a peculiar trait of mine asserts itself and I am struck dumb. Literally, Sonitschka, in that case I cannot get my lips to frame a single word. For instance, these last days I was in such high spirits and feeling so happy and thoroughly enjoying the sunshine, when on Monday a strong icy wind quite suddenly almost cut me in two, and what should happen but that my serene cheerfulness was changed into the deepest misery. And if my soul's happiness were suddenly to stand in person before my eyes, my lips would be unable to utter a sound and the most I could do would be to plead my despair with a mute stare. After all, it is only too seldom that I am tempted to speak; for weeks on end I don't hear my own voice even, which, let me add, is the reason why I have heroically resolved not to let my little Mimi come here. The little animal is used to sprightliness and plenty of life; she likes me to sing and laugh and have a game of touch with her through all the rooms; with me here she would indeed become morose. I am leaving her, therefore, with Mathilde. Mathilde is coming to see me in a day or two, and I hope that will then brighten me up again. Perhaps Whitsun will be "the charming festival" for me as well. Sonitschka, be in good spirits and don't worry, it will all turn out all right, believe me. My kindest regards to Karl. With fond embraces,
Your ROSA.

Many thanks for the beautiful little picture.

THE URQUHART AGREEMENT.

We are glad that the Agreement between the Russian Soviet Government and Mr. Urquhart, of the Russo-Asiatic Company, has been withdrawn by Russia. We wish we could feel confident that it will not presently be renewed. Apparently the withdrawal is a protest against the refusal of the British Government to assent to Russian participation in the forthcoming Conference regarding Asia Minor and the Straits. We regret that those in power in Russia have not rejected it entirely as an ignominious capitulation to Capitalism. Concessions of this kind are like going to a usurious money lender: the concessionaire derives great and permanent benefit, whilst those who grant the concession lose their real wealth and obtain in return but temporary and inadequate relief. We do not wonder that the shares of the Russo-Asiatic Company should have jumped from 1/6 to 12/6 on news of the Agreement. That the shares have fallen only to a little under 9/6 shows that hope of renewing the Agreement is still lively in the Capitalist breast.

POVERTY.

Bite ye the dust; in anguish bite the dust,
For ye are poor, and, poor, must suffer so
As only suffer they who were forgot
When fortune shared her mercenary doles.
E. S. P.

Workers' Dreadnought

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THE OUTLOOK.

The Labour Party has issued its election programme. It is not a Socialist programme, such as the old Radicals might have sponsored.

Its main points are:

1. **Taxation of Land Values**, which a Liberal Government had made a beginning with before the War.
2. **Nationalisation of mines**, as recommended by the Sankey Commission and promised by the Lloyd George Government, though the promise was broken.
3. **Nationalisation of the railways**, which members of the Lloyd George Government also promised.
4. **A capital levy on fortunes over £5,000**. This will not make much difference. The capitalist need not fear it.
5. **Increase in Death Duties** on large estates, and **increase of the super tax** on large incomes. Reduction of tax on incomes under £500, and abolition of tax under £250. The Liberals might easily agree to introduce these small reforms.
6. **Free Trade**, and an untaxed breakfast-table. The Liberals advocate this.
7. **Restoration of the Agricultural Wages Board**. No innovation.
8. **Representative Agricultural Councils** "to promote all-round improvement in the use of the land, the reduction of transport charges, development of co-operative methods, and fostering of rural industries."

This is a vague proposition, which will probably amount to little or nothing in practice. The Labour Party, if it were to be even a good reformist Party, ought to have attempted the nationalisation of the land. Many a good old Radical stood for that! The Labour Party, however, ventures nothing drastic!

9. **A National Scheme of Housing**. We know the difficulties that will face the Labour Party when it attempts that, since it has not the courage to attack private interests.

10. **Mothers' Pensions**, which in practice is unlikely to mean anything better than the present Poor Law doles.

11. **Revision of the Peace Treaties and German reparations to be brought within Germany's capacity to pay**.

The Labour Party has not yet summoned up the courage to say scrap the treaties and drop the reparations payments. One of the Capitalist Parties—perhaps the Wee Frees, or perhaps the Tories themselves—will forestall the timid Labour Party in this direction.

12. **The Irish Treaty to stand**. Here again the Labour Party has utterly failed, even from the Reformist standard, in not declaring for complete Irish independence. The Labour Party slavishly follows the Capitalist Parties in this matter.

13. **Self-government for India**. Observe that independence is not advocated, but the Labour Party is Imperialist and timid in its policies.

14. **Real Independence for Egypt**. In view of the Labour attitude on Ireland, we do not take this proposal seriously: it is merely window dressing.

Finally, the Labour manifesto declares the Party "to be against Communism and revolution." That, of course, is what one would expect.

The Labour Party declares it is not a

"class Party," which means that it is not a working-class Party. Unfortunately, this means that the Labour Party is not a Party for emancipating the working class, which is the only way to put an end to the social classer

(Continued from p. 33)

the Employers' Federation, and with two experts on either side, to formulate proposals for joint control by the employers and the Trade Unions. Some slight wage increases were granted on a sliding scale to rise and fall with the cost of living.

The control boards afterwards established as a result of this Commission proved worse than useless. The workers soon refused to work them. Thus the movement, which could not be crushed, was betrayed into defeat.

When the crisis was over, when the workers had thus been led to surrender their conquests for a mere nothing, Capitalism heaved a sigh of relief and determined to run no risks.

The organisation of the Fascisti, the brigand White Guards with the black shirts, began. Mussolini, the renegade ex-Socialist who deserted the Party to join the Jingoists in the war, was supplied with funds by the great industrial employers of Italy. These funds were used to organise a force of the more ignorant and reckless of the destitute ex-soldiers and the reactionary young men of wealthier classes to destroy the Socialist movement of Italy by brute force. The premises of the Socialist, Co-operative, and Trade Union movements were invaded and wrecked, and meetings of the working-class organisations were broken up by the Fascisti with armed force. Socialists, Communists, Trade Unionists and Co-operators were killed and injured. Municipalities with Socialist majorities were attacked, the council chambers looted, the members wounded or killed, and forced to resign. Newspapers of all shades of opinion opposed to Fascism were systematically terrorised and their printing machinery was destroyed.

Capitalism provided the funds for the Fascisti; Giolitti, the Prime Minister, encouraged its growth. Bonomi, who succeeded Giolitti, went further: he even permitted officers and soldiers of the Regular Army to join the Fascisti.

Then the Fascisti began to run candidates for Parliament, and on a small number of these being elected, they took their firearms into the chamber to terrorise the assembly.

The Fascisti hold 20 seats in the Italian Parliament: in numbers a negligible minority; but as Mussolini says, they are determined that Fascism shall be the State. They desire power, and they will have it. Therefore, they mobilised to seize the power. The Facta Government took steps to resist the Fascisti advance; it declared martial law and stopped the railway traffic, placing the engines under military guard.

The King now came forward to aid the Fascisti. Was it in terror that he might be deposed, like the numerous officials of all sorts who have been violently ejected, because they displeased the Black Shirts? Or was it in sympathy for the forces of reaction? Be the reason what it may, the King refused to sign the decree of the Government declaring martial law against the Fascisti. The Facta Government resigned, and the King called Mussolini to form a Government. Thus Mussolini has won the first round, amid the plaudits of reaction everywhere. The Fascisti have made a bloodless revolution, says the "Daily Herald"; they have acted "with tact," says a "Daily Telegraph" correspondent. The tale of the latest Fascisti terrorism has yet to be told; but the Press telegrams published in the Capitalist daily Press record already that the Fascisti, on their triumphal entry into Rome, invaded the newspaper offices, destroyed the machinery, even of Capitalist papers opposed to them, and terrorised the editors with firearms.

It is reported in the Press that the Italian Communist leaders were given "a dose of castor oil" by the Fascisti, whatever that may mean. After this the Press reports that the Communist leaders announced the dissolution of the Italian Communist Party. We reserve comment on that matter until we have ascertained whether there is any foundation for the statement.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, in the "Daily Herald," writes of the Fascisti: "It is possible that they may show themselves more open-minded and forward-looking than they have seemed hitherto." Indeed, one could almost imagine that Mr. Fyfe is expecting a visit of the Black Shirt Terrorists to Tudor Street! The foreign policy of the Fascisti is that of intense Nationalist Imperialism, and their great object is to make the Mediterranean, which, of course, is bordered by many countries, an Italian sea. The home policy of the Fascisti is revealed by their actions.

As to the Fascist Cabinet: Mussolini holds the position of Prime Minister, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Minister of the Interior. Such a plurality of important offices clearly reveals that the Mussolini Government is to be a dictatorship. Of the thirteen other Ministers, all are Fascists or Nationalists, save two, one of whom is called a Democrat; the other is of the Popular Party. The under-secretariats are also mainly given to Fascisti.

Now the Socialists and Labourists in this country, whose policy is precisely the same as that by which the Italian Socialists and Trade Unionists missed the occasion in 1920, are complaining that the Italian workers were badly led at that time. A writer in the I.L.P. "New Leader" the other day declared that it was the failure of the Communists to proceed to revolution in 1920 which gave the Capitalists the time to organise the Fascisti. The "Daily Herald" editor, who to-day admires the Fascisti, whilst he prates of pacifism also, observes that the movement inaugurated by the metal workers "failed chiefly through absence of good leadership."

Comrades, let the Italian failure of 1920 be an example and a warning. Let there be no more such failures.

FOR THE "DREADNOUGHT."

Dear Comrades,—

We have arranged for a Sale of Work and Social, in aid of the "Workers' Dreadnought" Fund, to take place on Saturday, November 25th, 1922, from 3 to 10 p.m., at 84 Blackfriars Road, S.E. (National Builders, etc., Society).

We should much appreciate gifts of books, fancy and useful articles, cakes, jam, etc., tobacco and cigarettes for the stalls. Such gifts can be sent to Mrs. Cahill, 60 Limes Grove, Lewisham, S.E.13.

Yours for Communism,

F. BRIMLEY,
S. CAHILL.

COERCION IN INDIA.

The British Government, in the coming session of the Council, will introduce a new Press Act to stop the protests which are appearing in the newspapers of British India against the oppression of the people in the Indian States governed by a native Ruler under British suzerainty. The people in the native States are already deprived of freedom of speech and Press.

An Australian View.

A young Socialist worker on the land in Australia writes:

"The Bolsheviks made a mistake in not running the land as they ran the factories, on a big enterprise scale.

"In letting German and Yankee capitalists handle their resources they are getting their State Socialism tinged with State Capitalism, and telling everyone they have not the men in Russia capable of running the country properly. These German and Yankee companies will get a nice percentage of profit out of the mines, power, etc., which they are going to develop, and that percentage will be paid by the Russian workman in labour and money. That is a bit of International Capitalism, pure and simple—even if Lenin and Trotsky only draw £300 a year.

"The cutting about people attending beautiful plays while a terrible plague is going on does not impress. They would be more Communist in trying to take the necessary precautions against epidemics."

TO LENIN, AS REPRESENTING THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE RUSSIAN SOVIET GOVERNMENT.

We address you as representative of the Russian Soviet Government and the Russian Communist Party. With deep regret we have observed you hauling down the flag of Communism and abandoning the cause of the emancipation of the workers. With profound sorrow we have watched the development of your policy of making peace with Capitalism and reaction.

Why have you done this?

It seems that you have lost faith in the possibility of securing the emancipation of the workers and the establishment of world Communism in our time. You have preferred to retain office under Capitalism than to stand by Communism and fall with it if need be.

Yet if a great call, a high call, and a disinterested call to Communism might go out to the people at this time, from some source that could inspire them with trust, it seems that, in the terrible circumstances of the present hour, it must bear tremendous fruit. A period of great misery has fallen upon the peoples; they are suffering great bitterness in the bondage of this ruthless system of Capitalism, which is decaying from the awful and overwhelming growth of its own iniquities.

The exchanges are rising on the one hand, falling on the other, with a startling velocity, which is reflected in the miseries of the people. In the lands of high exchange values falls the blight of unemployment and lowered wages; in the lands of low exchanges is the merciless increase of prices, which forces the toilers to work, faster and ever faster, whilst starvation and want drain them, like cruel leeches, of the very life force they are expending, with desperate recklessness, upon their ill-requited toil.

The financial manipulators rule the world; they are the real Governments; and these puppet Governments, which take the stage for a time, must do their bidding or disappear from the scene.

In Italy we see once more the collapse of the old politics; but it is an evil and vile reaction which, in the shape of Fascism, has taken advantage of the general disgust with the sham fights and the futile tinkering and marking time of the Capitalist politicians. The Fascisti have acted. Because whilst others have so long been content only to talk through the welter of popular distress, the Fascisti, though with wickedness, have acted, multitudes have either followed them, or at least have refrained from actively opposing them. Because the talkers have only talked, no force has opposed the violence of the Fascisti.

The Fascisti have provided a means of existence, even though it is gained by the murder and terrorism of their class brothers and sisters, to masses of destitute demobilised soldiers. The talkers have done not even that; they have spoken of general well-being, but have produced nothing. Reformism can produce nothing of permanent value; it cannot change the essential features of Capitalism which are grinding the agonised masses between the upper and nether mill-stones.

These days of great misfortune are revealing, with piercing and ruthless clarity, the utter powerlessness of those who would reform the iniquitous system and would heal the grievous wounds which it inflicts. "Work or maintenance for the unemployed," cries the reformist. In so far as the claim is conceded, the local burden of the concession is immediately placed on the shoulders of the working-class householders and their families and lodgers. In so far as unemployment maintenance is made what is described as a national charge, it is transmitted, in the great complexities of the Capitalist system, into higher prices and reduced remuneration to the wage-earning community, which, having nothing to sell save its labour, has no means of recouping itself for its losses in the labour market and reduced purchasing power, since it cannot pass on its burden to be borne by someone else.

So it is with all the reforms projected by the reformer, in so far as they ever pass beyond the stage of discussion, for the populations of the world are in the grip of the great Capitalists, and there is no possibility of improvement till that strangle-hold has been destroyed.

Even the most ignorant and unsophisticated are to-day instinctively aware of this; they realise that the reformist and his panaceas cannot help them; they observe, on the contrary, that every action of that costly monstrosity, the Capitalist Government, is attended by a devastating increase of parasitic and opulent administrators, the burden of whose maintenance, since they cannot pass it on to others, always falls on the classes least able to bear it. Realising their hopeless position under Capitalism, the people sink into spiritless apathy, concentrating on the effort to maintain an individual existence. In fear of a catastrophic future, they long vainly for a return to the grey humdrum of the pre-war struggle, which was less fierce than this of to-day.

Urgent is the need for the strong call to Communism, the clear explanation of the Communist life: its sane and wholesome mutual service: its large and all-embracing fraternity: its escape from this nightmare of poverty and power.

What have you done, O one-time trumpet of revolution? In your impatience of the slow awakening of far multitudes, you have turned your face from the world's lowly and enslaved. You have dabbled in the juggleries of Capitalist diplomacy; you have bartered and bargained with the destinies of the Russian proletariat; and broadcasted the message of your own desertion of Communism, wrapped up in tortuous and misleading casuistry, to the Communist movement throughout the world. By your subtle and specious arguments, and by the glamour of the Russian Revolution, through which you were regarded, you have diverted from the quest of Communism many who had been aroused by the call of Soviet Russia. Therefore we find those who lately set out bearing the standard of Communism, now working to place in power a Party which openly declares its opposition to Communism.

Therefore, instead of placing the knowledge of Communism before the peoples, we find the parties of the Third International urging the masses to continue fighting for a hotchpotch of futile and impossible reforms.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

WHERE DOES LABOUR STAND?

If it were only possible for the mass of the people to see—for a few minutes—a vision of the world free from the complexities of so-called civilisation, to view the relationships of men and women in natural simple setting, the eve of the Great Change would be here. Competitive society continues to be possible because of the artificial view of human relationships that becomes marked on the impressionable child-mind of the present era.

Every incident in life outside the home circle, and the conversation in the home circle, expresses the viewpoint of a society of which the inherent basis is one of class distinction.

The editor of a certain Parish Church magazine who, consciously or unconsciously, though in language sufficiently vague to cause no offence to the upholders of the present system, expresses on occasions the ideal of a Christian Communism, voices in a recent issue the idea that class distinctions would

vanish if there were no distinctions of speech. Wittingly or unwittingly, he burks the whole question of economic power. We know of two men who can speak the King's English most excellently, but the one possesses economic control over the lives of many of his fellows, the other belongs to the ranks of the exploited; and, in spite of educational advantages which both have had, there is no real sense of equality felt when the two meet. On one side there is always the implied possession of a great power, on the other the recognition of this power which invokes an unnatural restraint which is in itself an indictment of Capitalism. Communism, on the contrary, seeks to make possible the natural and free expression of the personality of every man and woman.

It is because Communists know how ill and wrong is this control over the lives of others by certain people that they can raise little enthusiasm for ordinary politics, even Labour politics. They have seen how easy it is to talk democratic platitudes and emphasise a political view of things which cuts little or no ice in the realms of economics. There are those who insist that Labour, in its own interests, must control the political machine in order to obtain economic power for the whole of the people. But of even more importance is the task of getting Labour to understand what it is really out for, and such a clear grasp of principles that side-tracking will be impossible. Until the rank and file of Labour know what they stand for, the putting into power of Labour leaders will merely stave off a very few of the worst expressions of Capitalism. We will, indeed, be grateful for small mercies in this worst of possible worlds, but as Communists we will not deceive ourselves, and shall insist on the recognition of certain principles which lie at the heart of the matter of social organisation.

The test is: Do we really believe in a classless society? If so, what we may achieve must make for the ending of the relationship of employer and employee. Class distinctions, even under Socialism, may exist alongside a money basis. Are we, or are we not, willing that everyone may have what we desire to have on equal terms with ourselves? Do we, or do we not, realise that the only morally possible human relationship is based on the principle of from each according to his capacity, to each according to his need? And can we also realise that not only abstract justice demands this, but that a real love and a real brotherhood must concede it? No system of modified Capitalism as an end in itself can respond to such an ideal. Nor can a movement still impregnated with the selfishness inoculated to a greater or lesser degree by the system in which we live, hope to achieve the Communist ideal. Only in so far as the Cause claims the individual will the Communist movement succeed. Selflessness and Communism are identical terms in the movement.

E. B.

Special copies of the "Workers' Dreadnought" to give to the unemployed marchers when they arrive in London may be obtained from 152 Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

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PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AND THE ORPHEUS CHOIR.

By Tom Anderson.

The Council of Scottish Associations in London have decided to recommend the Scottish Societies in London not to give their patronage to the Orpheus Choir the next time it visits London.

The reason that the Council came to this decision was that the Choir, when it was in London last April, did not close the concert by singing the National Anthem, and they consider that is a disloyal action. "As loyal subjects," says the Council, "our position is absolutely clear. Sing the National Anthem. If not, don't come to London. We are loyal in London. It is etiquette in London to sing the National Anthem. Everybody sings it. Why did you not sing it, etc.?"

The Secretary of the Orpheus Choir says: "He knows it is used to conclude theatre, music-hall, circus, and brass band performances by the playing of the first few bars of the National Anthem. We have never heard of an orchestral, ballad, or choir concert being concluded in that manner, and we are much surprised that it should be suggested that we should follow the example of the music-hall or a brass band."

Possibly the Orpheus Choir does not know the King stays in London. Possibly, also, they do not know that the Council of the Scottish Societies, in London, are all members of the petty bourgeois, and, as such, they must keep in line with the "hall-mark" of respectability. It is not that the words or music of the National Anthem are above the gutter level or not; that does not matter. It is the National Anthem. And do you know what that stands for? It stands for our side; and our side is the Constitution.

At all big functions where "Fat" is in all his glory, they give the toast "The King," and they all stand up like great big dummy soldiers, glass in hand, and their bellies in front, less or more, with the wage-slaves standing at their backs to supply their wants. They sing—or rather howl; and very few of them know the words, but they manage to finish together with the words "God save the King," and they are well pleased, because it stands for "our side." See?

I happen to know the conductor of the Orpheus Choir. He is a man with advanced ideas, and a little bit of a fallen Christian and Liberal about him. He is a humorous sort of fellow. We call him Hugh, and I am of opinion he is largely responsible, although the Press does not say so. But for the members of the Choir, lord, you would get far more advanced men and women in Barnhill Poorhouse. I am writing so as to inform the readers of the "Dreadnought," in case they might think the Choir was Socialist. They would drop stone dead if you called them that. The Press and the Scottish Council in London are only making the noise to let the world know what the conductor is. I believe if he was "sacked" it would be all right; and I have no doubt they will manage their way in this matter. The truth of the matter is, no one in Scotland thinks anything about the National Anthem; if it were not for the halls and brass bands playing it, we would not know it. There is not a cultured Scotsman, I believe, would sing it; he might be proud to stand while the big and wee "Fats" were howling it, but he would have his tongue in his cheek all the time.

As for the average proletariat, he generally stands and lights his pipe or cigarette, and not a few make a bolt for the door.

I remember during the War, when in all the halls they got the audience to stand up in reverence and sing it, and at the same time they had a picture of His Royal Highness on the screen, and they impressed you, or tried to impress you, of the solidarity of the nation in the great struggle, and that we were all on the "one side," one nation, one people, whose interests were one. My wife and I sat still on our chairs, and I heard a

few of the boys round about saying: "There's a pair of bricks for you." We could not in honesty rise, and it is just possible that the conductor of the Choir feels the same way. If so, I raise my cap to him.

We have another choir in Glasgow, "the William Morris Choir." It is called after a good old Communist who died nearly forty years ago. Of course, if he had been living to-day, the Choir would have had a different name, and if old Robert Blatchford was passing away they might call it "The Nunquam Choir." They were singing in a common model lodging-house to the lowly proletariat; and the proprietor of it being the Lord Provost of Glasgow, he asked the conductor to close the concert by singing the National Anthem. The conductor said it would be better not to, as some of the members of the Choir might object.

In all likelihood the Choir will not be allowed to sing to the "model dossers" again. I might tell you the Choir does not sing any Socialist songs at these concerts—they give them the same "diet" as the usual church choir. I understand they have the music of the "International" and the "Red Flag," but they only sing them on big gala days, say, when Ramsay or Philip, or even Bob, comes to Glasgow. I heard them once try to sing the "International" in St. Andrew's Hall, and it reminded me of a class of school children being kept in for talking. After it was finished it seemed as if the Choir considered they had stood something.

Socialist songs and the National Anthem are not in the line of the Choir—they are musical. (I trust you see the point!) The Orpheus Choir, it is assumed, is cultured. So there you are. But for all that stands for respectability, do not mention Communism. Socialism is bad enough. Even to ally yourself with it is a little dangerous, for you see the cry that is being made. If it were we proletarians it would be nothing. We are dirty dogs, low-down dirty dogs, who have songs of their own, and sing them. They do not expect us to sing the National Anthem; they would have a fit if we did. They would not ask us to sing it. In fact, I believe if we were singing it they would say we were coddling; and in this they would be right. All their cheap sentimental loyalty simply means are you on our side? If you are you will sing the National Anthem, because the Anthem stands for "Fat."

ESPERANTO.

SLOSILO DE L'EKZERCO No. 18.

Patient: Good-day, Doctor.
 Doctor: Good-day, what ails you?
 Patient: Dear sir, it appears to me that I am mad.
 Doctor (with surprise): Mad? Why?
 Patient: I don't know, but I have that sentiment.
 Doctor: Be quite at ease, you are absolutely healthy.
 Patient: Are you quite sure? I cannot believe that.
 Doctor: I declare to you that you are quite normal. Good-bye.
 Patient goes.
 Doctor (looking back and shaking his head): "Madman."

ERRATUM.

YE should be JE (Esperanto has no Y).

MANIFESTO DE LA KOMUNISTA PARTIO.

Daŭriga.

La kapitalistaro estas elmontrinta kiel okazis ke tiu bruta elmontro de fortegeco en la mezepoko, kiun la reakcioj tiel multe admiras, trovis sian taŭgan komplementon en la plej granda mallaboremeco. Ĝi estas ia unua kiu montras kion povas okazigi la homa agemo. Ĝi faris miraĵojn grande superajn al egiptaj piramidoj, romaj akvokondukiloj kaj gotaj katedraloj; ĝi faris militirojn kiuj metis sub ombrojn ŝiujn antaŭajn elirojn de nacioj kaj kruemilitirojn.

Daŭrigota.

RAND STRIKER'S DEATH SENTENCE.

Comrade Stassen, a prominent worker in the Rand strike, must be killed under very grave provocation, or he would not have resorted to the method he did. In the warmth of a fight, when the whole Rand world was in uproar. Seven weeks long he has already been in the condemned cell, and has died a thousand deaths.

A petition of ten thousand people, irrespective of race, creed, or party, had asked that the death sentence be not imposed. A petition has been sent from the Trades Hall Council, Melbourne, Australia, appealing for clemency on behalf of the workers of South Africa who are awaiting trial as the result of recent happenings in the Transvaal. The officials of the South African Mine Workers' Union have been doing their utmost to obtain a reprieve for Comrade Stassen. Mr. J. Cowan, the general secretary, who has returned from Pretoria, where he moved a resolution at the Municipal Congress, visited the Department of Justice, and made an effort to see the Governor-General personally. Mr. Cowan said that it could be considered that the whole of the 20,000 strikers were as much morally responsible for Stassen's crime as Stassen himself.

Addressing a crowded meeting of over 5,000 people at the City Hall, Comrade Tom Mann made an appeal for the reprieve of Comrade Stassen, and the following resolution was adopted in silence, the audience rising:

"That this mass meeting of organised workers of the Cape demands the immediate reprieve of Stassen."

It was agreed that the resolution should be forwarded to the Prime Minister. A letter appeared in the Dutch paper "Ons Vaderland," sent to the Governor-General by the mother of Stassen. This letter asks his Royal Highness to exercise mercy and to spare her child's life. She says her son had never hitherto been before the Courts, and during the excitement in Sophiatown it was felt by all that her son had defended himself against danger. She pleads with his Royal Highness to alter the sentence to penal servitude. "As a poor mother, I pray you again for mercy. Do spare the life of my son."

According to the Press, the Prime Minister has received representations from all parts of South Africa in regard to the decision of the Government. Amongst the representations received were a letter and a telegram from General Herzog, to whom a telegram in reply has been sent by the Prime Minister, of which the following is a translation:

"The advice tendered to his Royal Highness the Governor-General by the Executive Council was only given after mature consideration of the full facts of the case, and no reasons have been adduced which render it necessary to reconsider the recommendation."

Stassen must die; the policy of the Government requires it. The magnates brought Stassen in the condemned cell; the Government, the tool of the Chamber of Mines, is going to put the rope round his neck.

The funeral is expected to be attended by over 50,000 workers, and every Trade Union with banner would be present, with black arm-badges and music bands.

I will conclude by quoting Shiller, whose words bring comfort:

"The ground beneath their tyranny is hollow, the days of their domination drew to an end, and presently no trace will remain—except the heavy track of blood which can never be washed out."

ISAAC VERMONT.

HAVE YOU READ?

History of the Great American Fortunes, Gustavus Myers (3 vols.) 30/-
 The Workers and Peasants of Russia, A. Soucky 2/-
 Ten Days that Shook the World, John Reed 5/-
 The Younger Generation, Ellen Key 6/-
 Origin of the Family, Engels 3/6
 The World Revolutions, Untermann 3/6
 Revolution and Counter-Revolution, Karl Marx 3/6
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GOD THE KNOWN AND GOD THE UNKNOWN.

By Samuel Butler.

["God the Known and God the Unknown" first appeared in "The Examiner" in May, June, and July, 1879.]

I.

Introduction.

Mankind has ever been ready to discuss matters in the inverse ratio of their importance, so that the more closely a question is felt to touch the hearts of all of us, the more incumbent it is considered upon prudent people to profess that it does not exist, to frown it down, to tell it to hold its tongue, to maintain that it has long been finally settled, so that there is now no question concerning it.

So far, indeed, has this been carried through all time past that the actions which are most important to us, such as our passage through the embryonic stages, the circulation of our blood, our respiration, etc., have long been formulated beyond all power of re-opening question concerning them—the mere fact or manner of their being done at all being ranked among the great discoveries of recent ages. Yet the analogy of past settlements would lead us to suppose that so much unanimity was not arrived at all at once, but rather that it must have been preceded by much smouldering discontent, which again was followed by open warfare; and that even after a settlement had been ostensibly arrived at, there was still much secret want of conviction on the part of many for several generations.

There are many who see nothing in this tendency of our nature but occasion for sarcasm; those, on the other hand, who hold that the world is by this time old enough to be the best judge concerning the management of its own affairs, will scrutinise this management with some closeness before they venture to satirise it; nor will they do so for long without finding justification for its apparent recklessness; for we must all fear responsibility upon matters about which we feel we know but little; on the other hand, we must all continually act, and for the most part promptly. We do so, therefore, with greater security when we can persuade ourselves and others that a matter is already pigeon-holed than if we feel that we must use our own judgment for the collection, interpretation, and arrangement of the papers which deal with it. Moreover, our action is thus made to appear as if it received collective sanction; and by so appearing it receives it. Almost any settlement, again, is felt to be better than none, and the more nearly a matter comes home to everyone, the more important it is that it should be treated as a sleeping dog, and be let to lie, for if one person begins to open his mouth, fatal developments may arise in the Babel that will follow.

It is not difficult, indeed, to show that, instead of having reason to complain of the desire for the postponement of important questions, as though the world were composed of knaves and fools, such fixity as animals and vegetable forms possess is due to the very instinct. For if there had been no resistance, if there were no friction and "vis inertiae" to be encountered even after a theoretical equilibrium had been upset, we should have no fixed organs nor settled proclivities, but should have been daily and hourly undergoing Protean transformations, and have still been throwing out pseudopodia like the amoeba. True, we might have come to like this fashion of living as well as our more steady-going system if we had taken to millions of ages ago when we were young; but we have contracted other habits which have become so confirmed that we cannot break with them. We therefore do that which we should perhaps have loved if we had practised it. This, however, does not affect the argument, for our concern is with our likes and dislikes, not with the manner in which those likes and dislikes have

come about. The discovery that organism is capable of modification at all has occasioned so much astonishment that it has taken the most enlightened part of the world more than a hundred years to leave off expressing its contempt for such a crude, shallow, and preposterous conception. Perhaps in another hundred years we shall learn to admire the good sense, endurance, and thorough Englishness of organism in having been so averse to change, even more than its versatility in having been willing to change so much.

Nevertheless, however conservative we may be, and however much alive to the folly and wickedness of tampering with settled convictions—no matter what they are—without sufficient cause, there is yet such a constant though gradual change in our surroundings as necessitates corresponding modification in our ideas, desires, and actions. We may think that we would like to find ourselves always in the same surroundings as our ancestors, so that we might be guided at every touch and turn by the experience of our race, and be saved from all self-communing or interpretation of oracular responses uttered by the facts around us. Yet the facts will change their utterances in spite of us; and we, too, change with age and ages in spite of ourselves, so as to see the facts as perhaps even more changed than they actually are. It has been said, "Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis." The passage would have been no less true if it had stood, "Nos mutamur et tempora mutantur in nobis." Whether the organism or the surroundings began changing first is a matter of such small moment that the two may be left to fight it out between themselves; but, whichever view is taken, the fact will remain that whenever the relations between the organism and its surroundings have been changed, the organism must either succeed in putting the surroundings into harmony with itself, or itself into harmony with the surroundings; or must be made so uncomfortable as to be unable to remember itself as subjected to any such difficulties, and therefore to die through inability to recognise its own identity further.

Under these circumstances, organism must act in one or other of these two ways; it must either change slowly and continuously with the surroundings, paying cash for everything, meeting the smallest change with a corresponding modification so far as is found convenient; or it must put off change as long as possible, and then make larger and more sweeping changes.

Both these courses are the same in principle, the difference being only one of scale, and the one being a miniature of the other, as a ripple is an Atlantic wave in little; both have their advantages and disadvantages, so that most organisms will take the one course for one set of things and the other for another. They will deal promptly with things which they can get at easily, and which lie more upon the surface; those, however, which are more troublesome to reach, and lie deeper, will be handled upon more cataclysmic principles, being allowed longer periods of repose followed by short periods of greater activity. Animals breathe and circulate their blood by a little action many times a minute; but they feed, some of them, only two or three times a day, and breed for the most part not more than once a year, their breeding season being much their busiest time. It is on the first principle that the modification of animal forms has proceeded mainly; but it may be questioned whether what is called a sport is not the organic expression of discontent which has been long felt, but which has not been attended to, nor been met, step by step, by as much small remedial modification as was found practicable: so that when a change does come it comes by way of revolution. Or, again (only that it comes to much the same thing), a sport may be compared to one of those hazy thoughts which sometimes come to us unbidden, after we have been thinking for a long time what to do, or how to arrange our ideas, and have yet been unable to arrive at any conclusion.

So with politics, the smaller the matter the prompter, as a general rule, the settlement; on the other hand, the more sweeping the change that is felt to be necessary, the longer it will be deferred.

The advantages of dealing with the larger questions by more cataclysmic methods are obvious. For, in the first place, all composite things must have a system, or arrangement of parts, so that some parts shall depend upon and be grouped round others, as in the articulation of a skeleton and the arrangement of muscles, nerves, tendons, etc., which are attached to it. To meddle with the skeleton is like taking up the street, or the flooring of one's house; it so upsets our arrangements that we put it off until whatever else is found wanted, or whatever else seems likely to be wanted for a long time hence, can be done at the same time. Another advantage is in the rest which is given to the attention during the long hollows, so to speak, of the waves between periods of re-settlement. Passion and prejudice have time to calm down, and when attention is next directed to the same question, it is a refreshed and invigorated attention—an attention, moreover, which may be given with the help of new lights derived from other quarters that were not luminous when the question was last considered. Thirdly, it is more easy and safer to make such alterations as experience has proved to be necessary than to forecast what is going to be wanted. Reformers are like paymasters, of whom there are only two bad kinds—those who pay too soon, and those who do not pay at all.

(To be continued.)

PROTRACTED PERSECUTION.

Arrested on March 15th, 1919, when I was going as a delegate to the Lumber Workers' Convention, and held from March 15th to February 6th, 1919, in Seattle Immigration Station.

Placed on board the "Red Special" February 6th, and sent to Ellis Island for deportation. March 17th, 1919, released, after refusing parole. Remained in New York and Philadelphia until May 1st, then returned to Seattle, Washington. May 6th, started as a delegate for the I.W.W. in Port Angeles, Washington, until November 14th, 1919.

Re-arrested and held on a charge of criminal syndicalism and sabotage. Held until January 7th, 1920, in County Jail at Port Angeles, Washington. January 17th, brought over to King County Jail and held until June 10th, 1920. Sent back to Ellis Island June 17th, 1920.

Subsequently ordered again deportation by the Department of Labour. Deportation held up by the action of the British Government.

July 15th, had hearing on writ of Habeas Corpus, held before Judge Grubb. Three weeks later, decision delaying writ was handed down. Re-hearing was granted on September 15th by the Department of Labour. Deportation ordered again, but British Government stands pat and refuses to grant passport.

I then appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court against the decision of Judge Grubb.

Released on bail December 3rd, 1920, bail being furnished by National Security Co., and then I went to the Western States.

On January 20th, 1922, a decision was handed down by the U.S. Court of Appeals.

On March 16th, 1922, the U.S. Court signed an order for my surrender to bail, and if not deported within thirty days I could be released on a new writ.

I surrendered on October 2nd, 1922, at Ellis Island, but the inspector in charge would not accept me or refund my bail.

I will have to go before the U.S. District Court and try to have my bond refunded on October 13th, 1922. Where do I get off at?

Yours for the C.B.U. of the I.W.W.,
(Signed) MCGREGOR S. ROSS.

364 Baledon Avenue,
Paterson, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Dear Comrades,

We are arranging a Sale of Work and Social on November 25th, at 84 Blackfriars Road, S.E., in aid of the "Dreadnought" Fund, and we would ask all who are willing to send contributions to the stalls to send them to either of the addresses below.

Fancy and useful articles, books, groceries, cakes, tobacco and cigarettes would all be welcome.

Yours for Communism,

S. CAHILL, 60 Limes Grove, S.E. 13.

F. BRIMLEY, 18 Grove Road, E. 11.

The Election.

You are fine fellows in these days, fellow-workers! You are "sturdy sons of toil" and "masters of the country": great fellows indeed, you are, fellow-workers—just for a few days!

Just now you are more praiseworthy and estimable even than you were in the heyday of the voluntary recruiting. Your virtues will only last about a fortnight this time, but they are still greater and more desirable while they last even than they were in war-time.

We are going through that perennial farce, the General Election, fellow-workers; that is why your virtues and intelligence have suddenly grown conspicuous. Your suffrages are being more hotly contested than they were in the coupon election: the old game must be played with more vim than it was last time, or it may cease to divert you at all. Your masters are determined that you shall be diverted, fellow-workers; otherwise you might start thinking for yourselves; and that would be most inconvenient for those who have hitherto done their thinking for you.

You are not supposed to think; that is not your province, fellow-worker; even Mr. Henderson, and the Labour Party, and the Labour Research Department, and the Trade Union Committee, make a distinction between "workers by hand and brain."

You are workers by hand, and by muscle and brawn, or anything else you like, **except brain**. Leave brains alone; they are not for you.

Come, come, fellow-workers; you are Trade Unionists, and not blacklegs. You are not supposed to go about scabbing on the intellectuals. There must be no amateur spare-time thinking; it is against the Trade Union rules. Mr. Clynes has taken particular trouble in the matter of delimiting the demarcation rules between the functions of "the workmen" and "their leaders." Pay attention to Mr. Clynes: then you will make no mistakes.

Remember, once for all, fellow-workers, that according to the united dictum of your leaders the practice of thinking, and anything connected with brain work, is no spare-time job. Keep up the elbow-grease, and do not spare it, fellow-workers, and your leaders will do the rest.

You have a great many leaders at election times, fellow-workers: all the classes are eager to represent the masses then, fellow-workers. They all handsomely promise to be Labour members; and they sacrifice their voices in the most generous fashion.

Mr. Lloyd George, "the most outstanding political figure of our time," has promised to stand by you. You can judge precisely the value of that promise, fellow-workers, because Mr. Lloyd George himself tells you that he has been standing by you for thirty years; so you know by long experience exactly what his support means. Mr. Lloyd George and his friend Mr. Chamberlain want to save you from yourselves: they have explained that there ought to be a Coalition against the menace of Labour. Make no mistake, fellow-worker; you are the menace. No one could suspect such moderate men as Mr. Clynes and Mr. Henderson of being a menace, and of course Mr. Thomas is not, because he has declared upon oath that he is not a Socialist and that he means to stand by the King in all cases of dispute.

Mr. Churchill has generously hinted that he will serve whoever comes into power, if he is asked; so you may count on him as the friend of all parties. Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain have spoken in the same sense; so you need not be anxious about them: they are willing to lead you at any moment; they need not be chosen at the election, but can be summoned at any time.

Mr. Bonar Law is at once the most frankly truthful of all the statesmen who are standing as candidates to lead you, and also the most polished and subtle in his compliments to you. He is aware that imitation is the sincerest flattery. Therefore he declares that he does

not quite know where he is, and adds that he has an instinct for understanding the common man. Not knowing quite where you are, fellow-worker, you are exalted by the flattering fancy that, in spite of your dullness, you are no worse than the Prime Minister. At the same time, he tells you frankly that you must not expect any improvement from him if he gets into power. You cannot help having a sneaking respect for one who tells the truth so plainly, can you? You certainly know by long experience that the elections make no change in your conditions.

Your old election hobby-horse, Mr. Asquith, seems like an echo of a distant past; doesn't he, fellow-worker? One has to scratch one's head a bit to remember him. He claims that he ought to win the race to lead you, because he declared a year before the Treaty that there would be trouble in Ireland if the Irish were not given something or other to satisfy them. You and I could have told him that when he shot Connolly and Pearse in 1916.

We certainly cannot award him the prophet's laurels, at any rate, and that is the only distinction he is claiming for himself and his Party in this election.

Mr. McKenna has thrown over poor old Asquith and Liberalism at last. He stoutly refused to do it for Lloyd George; but Sir Frederick Banbury is getting old now, and the bankers of the City of London are particularly anxious that Mr. McKenna should succeed him. It would be a grievous breach of traditional etiquette for the City to be represented by any other than a Conservative, and it would scarcely be seemly for Mr. McKenna to represent the moneybags as a mere freshman. So Mr. McKenna felt it his duty to join Bonar Law.

Finally we come to the Labour Party, which is as anxious as Lloyd George to stand by you, fellow-worker. You must clearly understand, however, that the Labour Party is not responsible to you. Mr. Clynes, the chairman of the Labour Party, has made it quite plain that the Labour Party policy is not to be influenced by your Conference decisions. Moreover, fellow-worker, you must know that the Labour Party is not a class Party: indeed the "Daily Herald" has stated that most emphatically. The Labour Party is not manned and controlled by the mere workers by hand. It has brains to control it: colonels, lawyers, and all sorts of gentlemen: its candidates present quite a respectable array of those "who sow not, neither do they spin."

When you read the Labour Party programme you will realise the influence that the black-coated gentlemen have had upon it, and how carefully they have safeguarded it from any tendency towards revolution. As Mr. Asquith said, even his Wee Frees could agree to most of us—and the rest is only window dressing.

The election will soon be over; and then, whether it be Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Henderson, who is vegetating in respectable opulence on the ex-Cabinet Minister's dole, your virtues, fellow-worker, will cease to be conspicuous and will return to their accustomed obscurity.

Having placed your cross on the ballot-paper, you will at once be invited to leave the decision of your fate and the control of your lives to your employers, as usual, and also to your Parliamentary representatives and the interests of those who control them.

If you obey instructions, the employer, the landlord, the shopkeeper, and the Government officials will continue to direct your way of life, whilst the larger Capitalists decide who shall be our noble Allies in the next war.

Meanwhile, fellow-worker, your real business is to build those job committees, and weld them into a union of all class-conscious workers, in order to smash this bad old system altogether, and to build a genuine fraternity of mutual service and mutual happiness in this sorely-tried human world.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.



Syllabus Series No. 1, 2, 3, 4, published by the Labour Research Department, 6d. each. These booklets are intended for study classes. No. 1, by G. D. H. Cole, is entitled "The British Labour Movement," but attempts to give information covering the international movement, and also gives lists of recommended books on Communism and Socialism. The lists have evidently been compiled on the clique principle. The notorious omissions include Marx, Engels, De Leon, Lafargue, Kropotkin, Godwin, Bucharin, Bebel, Kautsky, and Gorter, to name only a few whose works are obtainable in English; whilst amongst the recommended are to be found, of course, G. D. H. Cole, Page Arnot, L. S. Woolf, Tawney, J. A. Hobson, C. M. Lloyd, etc., etc., etc. It is rather surprising, also, that many histories of co-operation being recommended, the exhaustive history by Professor Gide, recently published by the Co-operative Movement itself, should have been omitted; but that, of course, is less amazing than some other omissions. In No. 2 of the series, Mr. Maurice Dobb deals with the development of Capitalism. This "authority" recommends the reading of pp. 786-800 of Marx's "Capital," but otherwise ignores the principal standard works, and recommends such writers as W. McLaine, Mark Starr, Alfred Marshall, Leonard Woolf, and so on. No. 3, on finance, by Emile Burns, gives a simple outline of such matters of common knowledge as banking, cheques, exchanges, share capital, and so on. Mr. Burns, unfortunately, postulates that "it is probable money, in the form of currency, would be retained under a system of public ownership, for wages (or allowances) and retail purposes."

Evidently the ideals and imaginings of Mr. Burns fail to soar above the wage system, which he appears to take as a matter of course, we regret to observe.

On the whole, we cannot recommend the syllabus to our readers.

HAVE YOU READ?

The Rights of the Masses, G. D. Brewer	1/-
No Compromise, W. Liebknecht	1/-
The Right to be Lazy, Paul Lafargue	8d.
Shop Talks on Economics, Mary Marcy	8d.
The Iron Heel, Jack London	2/-
War of the Classes, Jack London	2/-
Strength of the Strong, Jack London	1/6
Ancient Society, by Lewis H. Morgan	7/6
Batonala, by René Maran	7/6
Capital To-day, by Herman Cahn	10/-
The Iron Heel, by Jack London	2/-
The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard, by Anatole France	2/-
The Spy, by Upton Sinclair	3/6

COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT.

Central London Branch (Hon. Secretary, S. Cahill) meets Thursday evenings, at 152 Fleet Street, 7.30 p.m. Volunteers for meetings, clerical work, etc., should write to the Secretary at 152 Fleet Street.

COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT MEETINGS.

Friday, November 3rd.—8 p.m., Prince's Head, Battersea, C. J. Delahunty and C. T. West.

Saturday, November 4th.—6 p.m., Garrolds Corner, Edgware Road, C. J. Delahunty and C. T. West.

Sunday, November 5th.—11 a.m., Finsbury Park, A. Jarvis and C. T. West. 7.30 p.m., Stepney Green, J. Welsh, C. T. West, and J. Grant.

Monday, November 6th.—7.30 p.m., Liverpool Street, Walworth Road, J. Welsh and C. T. West.

Tuesday, November 7th.—7 p.m., Wren Road, Camberwell, Clara Cole and C. T. West.

Wednesday, November 8th.—8 p.m., Philippott Street, Commercial Road, Whitechapel, C. T. West, J. Welsh, and J. Grant.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS—1d. a Word.

REMINGTON (latest No. 10) Typewriter, coded, self-starter model, unused, as new. Sacrifice, £14. Approval willingly.—White, Arcade Chambers, Northampton.

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