Fascism is the Politics of the Bruisers

ONE PENNY

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR COMMUNISM AND BROTHERHOOD

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What is behind the Label?

A Plea for Clearness

Men and women call themselves Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, Individualists; thinking they thus explain their views to themselves and others.

Yet question them, but a little; you will discover how few of them have any clear conception of what they mean by their labels. Thus it is that many fail to recognise a brother of their faith, unless he bear a label, discourse he never so fully and clearly upon his beliefs and ideals.

When we are considering the as yet intangible things of the future; the life of our hopes, beyond our present experiences, precise thinking is difficult; prolonged research and meditation are necessary to arrive at any clearness of aim.

Therefore behind the labels we find abundant confusion. The advocate of such an extreme form of State interference with the liberty of the individual as compulsory birth-control is found to label himself Individualist. Zealous upholders of Capitalism also label themselves Individualists, though Capitalism could not be maintained an hour without the power of the State forces, which protect private property, and prevent those who have not enough to satisfy their needs from despoiling those who have something to spare.

Self-styled Anarchists are found who have not thought out a single fundamental of a society without law, and who support variously nationalisation of the land, the single tax, and other State organised panaceas, Trade Unions with their centralised mechanism and oppressive officialdom, and petty trading and production for profit, which, like the larger Capitalism, necessitates law and its forces to protect the property-holder from being dispossessed.

So-called Socialists are found whose idea of Socialism consists in various reforms of the Capitalist system: Parliamentary legislation to secure such things as more liberal charity towards the poor or closer supervision over them, higher taxation or taxation on a new basis, municipal trading, State Capitalism, State subsidies and other encouragements to great Capitalism, or, on the other hand, war on great Capitalism, and State encouragement of small Capitalism, and other confused and conflicting expedients.

Self-styled Communists are found whose aims differ little if any from those of the most confused and vague of the reformists.

"What is Socialism, what is Communism, what is Anarchy?" ask a multitude of would-be converts, weary of the cruelty and waste of Capitalism and eagerly desiring an alternative.

For answer they receive only confused denunciations of existing things; no hopeful vision of the new life which the labelled ones are supposed to advocate is vouchsafed them. They turn away empty and discouraged.

Programmes become cramping and conservative influences if men and women worship them as holy writ, and refuse their thoughts permission to go on before an accepted formula. Yet without discovering for ourselves what our aims really are, without defining them so that they may be understood by others, how shall we work for them, how shall we sow the seed that shall create a movement to achieve them?

Our aim is Communism. Communism is not an affair of party. It is a theory of life and social organisation. It is a life in which property is held in common; in which the community produces, by conscious aim, sufficient to supply the needs of all its members; in which there is no trading, money, wages, or any direct reward for services rendered.

The Individualist emphasises his dislike for coercion by the collectivity, his desire that the individual shall be free. We also dislike coercion and desire freedom: we aim at the abolition of Parliamentary rule; but we emphasise the interdependence of the members of the community: we emphasise the need that the common storehouse and the common service shall provide an insurance against want for every individual.

We aim at the common storehouse, not the individual hoard. We desire that the common storehouse shall bulge with plenty, and whilst the common storehouse is plenished we insist that none shall want.

We would free men and women from the stulifying need of making their own individual production pay; the peasant toiling uncounted hours with inadequate tools, the fear of incapacity and want always dogging his thoughts; the little business man counting his losses and profits

MR. "POINCARE LA GUERRE"
Specially drawn for Workers' Dreadnought by Manifer

with anxious mind; the wage-slave selling his labour cheaply and without security; the artist debarred from the effort to improve his skill and quest for his ideals by the insistence of the economic spur.

We aim at the common service: we desire that all should serve the community, that no longer should there be divers classes of persons; the hewers of wood and the drawers of water; the intellectuals, the leisured classes, who are merely parasites.

The Individualist cries: "Freedom." We answer: "Thou shalt not exploit." "Thou shalt not be a parasite."

Yet we would have nothing of dictatorship: we believe that a public opinion can be created which will produce a general willingness to serve the community. The exception to that general willingness will become, we believe, altogether a rarity: we would not have the occasional oddity who will not join the general effort disciplined by law; the disapprobation, even the pity of his fellows will insure his rarity.

The thought: "I will not produce because I can secure a better living as a non-producer," whether it be the thought of an employer, or of an unemployed worker, is a typical product of Capitalism. A society in which that thought predominates is inevitably one of poverty and exploitation. The thought: "I will not produce if I can avoid it" falls like a blight upon society to-day. It is the inevitable product of the capitalist system.

Let us produce in abundance: let us secure plenty for all: let us find pleasure in producing: these thoughts must pervade the community if it is to be able to provide, in lavish measure, plenty for all—in material comfort, in art, in learning, in leisure. At such a community we aim.

We emphasize the need for the Workshop Councils.

The Individualist fears that even the autonomous Workshop Councils may lead to the circumscribing of personal liberty. We however desire the Workshop Councils in order to insure personal liberty.

In the Communist Society at which we aim all will share the productive work of the community and all will take a part in organising that work.

How can it be done?

In these days of great populations and varied needs and desires people are not willing to return to the stage at which every individual or family made its own house, clothing, tools, utensils, and cultivated its own patch of soil and provided all its own tools. A return to productive work, a discarding of artificial and useless toil we desire and expect to see, but work in which many workers co-operate we expect and desire to retain.

The building of engines and ships and all sorts of machinery, the construction of cables, weaving and spinning by machinery, and numberless other things are dependent on the co-ordinated work of large numbers of people. It is probable that developments in the use of electricity, and other present and future inventions, will tend to render less economically necessary than used to be the case, both the vast workshop and the vast city. Moreover the influence of profit-making being eliminated, the unhealthy and uncongenial massing together of people will be checked. Nevertheless for at least a very long time, the large-scale production, wrought by many inter-related workers, will remain a necessary condition of maintaining both plenty and leisure for all.

If large numbers of people are working together and if the varied needs of large populations are to be supplied, the work will come either to be directed from above or from below. Unless each individual in the workshop is an independent co-operator, taking a conscious share in the organisation of the collective work, then all the workers in the shop must be under the direction of a manager; and that manager must either be appointed by those whom he directs or by some outside authority.

The same principle applies throughout the entire field of production, distribution, and transport; unless the workshops co-ordinate themselves, unless they themselves arrange their relationship with their sources of supply and the recipients of their products, then that co-ordination must be affected by an outside authority with power to enforce its authority.—

In order to promote the liberty and initiative of the individual, as well as for the welfare of the collectivity, therefore, we emphasize the need for the autonomous workshop councils, co-ordinated along the lines of production, distribution and transport.—E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

Socialism

By TOM ANDERSON.

(Proletarian Schools.)

On the hoardings here are big posters warning the workers against Socialism. They are issued by the Constitutional Defence Society of London.

One thing they especially draw your attention to is: "YOU WILL LOSE YOUR WORK."

That is not a joke, ye unemployed of Britain. That is meant to be dead earnest. "You will lose your work." Of course this is not meant for those that are not working. They do not count. It is meant for all the "Henrys" who are working. It is intended to make them fear that if they were to become Socialists they would lose their work.

Work: beautiful thing—for some people only. The men who have issued the bill do not believe in work for themselves, but they believe in other people doing the work. You, being very fond of work, would be in a terrible state if you had no work.

Why should you work? Why should you be afraid to lose your work? Work to-day is toilsome and degrading; no real man or woman should work under the penal code of to-day.

What is the difference between work and no work? Not much. The man who is hunting and praying for work is an unemployed slave. The man who is working is an employed slave.

When you come to consider it, there lurks something behind the idea of working. What is it do you think? It is respectability, "Henry." If you could throw overboard the idea of respectability, you would never ask to work again. For remember you cannot eat work, or sleep or drink work. All you can do with work is produce "surplus values."

The difference between the man who is working and the man who is not working is only a difference of respectability. That is the sum total. It is a phrase like "Your king and country need you." As for a country, there are a few hundred thousands who have got no place to bury their dead, and you only require a little bit of country some 7ft. by 2ft. for that purpose. Would you believe it—there are men and women in Scotland who have nowhere to sleep? And there are one hundred thousand in Glasgow who perform all the functions of life in a little square box called a house, measuring on the average 12ft. by 11ft. 6ins. If that is all they get by work, how much would they get without work? I have no hesitation in saying they could not get less, and the possibility is they might get more.

We have in Glasgow, and in fact every town in Scotland, a place called the Poorhouse. To this place a great number of old workless workers go, men and women, and they also keep a great number of children of deceased workers. They feed them, and clothe them, and keep them just the same as if they were respectable workers, and they send the children to a school, and bring them up just as foster parents, and none of these people work. How much would they get if they were working? If they were working they would be social outcasts, and all the submerged of the working class to-day are social outcasts, a grade below the inmates of our Poorhouse.

The posters also say "that the Socialist would number you, and you could only live, move and have your being by obeying the official placed over you." And again it says: "A Socialist State could not get trade, and that everything would be jobbery, and the result," the poster says, "is a gamble, and you, the workers, are being had."

Might I tell the poster-man that we don't want the State, and we don't want trading, neither do we want money, or any of the officials he has suggested. The Socialism that the poster-man has written about belongs to the I.L.P. and in a very few years it will be discredited. This kind of Socialism is a middle-class Utopia, and it will be adopted by all our leading politicians before many years are over, from the very simple reason that it will become an economic necessity.

What we want is our own: and when the people have their own, they will not require a Parliament or State to preserve stolen property. There will be no Capital, and no Parliament, no kings or queens, lords, dukes or knights, or fine ladies; the big and small parasites will be shorn of their glory, very many of the big festivals of to-day will pass away, all useless labour will cease, work in the modern sense will not exist, art will take its place, and the artists will be the owners: to-day they are slaves, alias workers.

When one is an owner what a marked difference it makes in your life.

Lord Soap lives in a mansion and lectures his soap slaves about thrift and business methods, because it is popular to do so; they all come the same gag, because they think the slaves know no better. Write it in large letters: "Every man and every woman who works for another man or woman accepts the badge of slavery." You may call the employment by any genteel name you choose, but it matters not what name you give it: the one that accepts enters into bondage, and, in plain language, is a slave. The workers will yet see that, and, once they see it, we are on the way to Communism.

Was She Insane?

She stood in the square in the moonlight,
And high were the heels of her shoon;
With dare-devil eyes she looked upward
And put out her tongue at the moon.

White was the light of the moonbeams,
And black were the shadows cast there;
Fiercely she stamped on her shadow
A figure of utter despair.

She lingered awhile 'neath the street-lamp
Which flared with a pale yellow glare;
And mockingly to herself whispered:
"Now, what are you going to do Claire?"

When midnight the town-clocks were tolling,
With bare shoulders turned to the light,
She gazed at herself in the mirror,
And struck at her cheeks left and right.

Then laughing she danced to a waltz tune
Which flowed from her lips tinted red;
Then put out the light with a shudder
And stumbled her way into bed.

Next morning what time in dim churches
Strict priests, full of sin, sins forgave;
With rouge on grim death's ghastly pallor
Poor Claire was stretched out for the grave.

FRED SILVESTER.

Slum Sadness

Calm thee, O troubled heart that sees the moon,
A dulled light amid the sombre sky
Pendant like some great tear beneath the cloud,
Sorrow sublime that broods above the world.

Frail little arms that wraith-like reach to knock
Upon the door that opens not and not
To weary children's urge. Now raucous sounds
The hollow cough of the consumptive there,
Clinging unto the lamp that shines
A feeble twinkle in this mistiness.

Resounds the swell of melancholic hymns,
O hymns immoral, resignation preaching
Unto this poverty and aimless drift,
This life of sadness in the appalling slums.

E.S.P.

Letters from Germany

PHASES OF THE GERMAN MOVEMENT.

The German working-class before the war was divided into numerous branches. In the first place there were the so-called Red Trade Unions (Freie Gewerkschaften). They had nearly three times as many members as all the other Unions together. These Trade Unions were allied to the Social Democratic Party; that is to say, the S.D.P. is the parliamentary representative of these Unions.

The other Unions were: Local-Verbände (Syndicalist organisation), Hirsch-Dunker Gewerk Vereine (organised by the National Democrats), Christliche Gewerkschaften (Catholic Unions), and Gelbe (Yellow) Gewerkschaften (the Unions of strike-breakers).

The German Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.) had two tendencies: The radicals and the reformists. The leader of the radicals was Bebel; the leader of the reformists Bernstein. For years and years these tendencies fought one another. In the year 1903 a split seemed inevitable; but the strong personality of August Bebel and his wonderful oration on the Party day, 1903, led the combatants back to unity.

Nevertheless the reformists—especially after the death of Bebel in 1913—became stronger and stronger, because all the leaders of the Trades Unions belonged to the reformists. When war broke out the reformists were supreme in the party and the old revolutionary German Social Democratic Party, which had long been the model for all the Socialist parties in the world, became a pro-war party, and voted for every war credit the Government desired. Without the support of the S.P.D., Germany would have been unable to make war, for most of the Socialist workers were against the war. Yet, seeing their leaders and their parties going with the Government, and trained to believe in the honesty of their leaders, they became confused, and went to the battlefields like lambs to the slaughter.

Karl Liebknecht, the leader of the radical wing, soon explained the true cause of the war, to small groups of workers, and by and by he succeeded in convincing some of the other Socialist members of Parliament that their vote for the war credit was directed against the principles of Socialism. When the German Government asked Parliament for the third war credit, Liebknecht and about sixteen other members voted against it.

The Government and the S.P.D. declared Liebknecht to be insane, and with being a quarrelsome man not worth listening to.

Those members who voted against the war credits were knocked out of the S.P.D. by a big majority. They formed a new Party, the U.S.P.D. (the Independent Socialist Party). In time other Socialist members of Parliament joined this new Party till it had about thirty members. It had a large and increasing crowd of followers in the working class.

Yet Karl Liebknecht and one of his friends, Otto Ruehle, did not join this new party, because this party voted only against the war credits but was not willing, as Liebknecht wished, to prepare for a general strike to stop the war.

On May 1st, 1916, Karl Liebknecht went to the Leipziger Platz, in the heart of Berlin, took a platform, and called upon the soldiers to throw away their arms and to finish the war. A big crowd of workers and soldiers cheered him, and cried "Down with the war! Long live the Revolution and the Republic!"

Liebknecht was not molested because the Government feared his arrest would stir the working class to disaffection, even to revolution. The Government believed that there was a big party behind Liebknecht and that this was the reason of his courage. When it learnt from the leaders of the S.P.D. that Liebknecht had no party behind him, the Government ordered his arrest.

The Court did not condemn him to death as martial law demands, because the Government would make the people think he was an insane man who must be pitied, not condemned. He was sentenced to four and a half years hard labour—time enough for the war to be finished in.

The new Party, the Independent Socialist Party (U.S.P.D.), in January, 1918, caused the general strike of the amunition workers, which lasted six days, and was at length beaten by the leaders of the S.P.D. and the Trade Unions. This same party (U.S.P.D.) was the preparer and manager of the revolution which took place in November, 1918.

Three weeks before, Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, and all the leaders of the January general strike were released. At once Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg formed the Spartacus Bund, an anti-Parliamentary organisation. Already during the war small Spartacus groups had grown up. Liebknecht wrote letters signed "Spartacus," which were periodically printed and sent without the sender's name to thousands and tens of thousands of people to tell them the truth about the war. None but a few friends in Germany knew the writer and the sender of these letters. It was said they were paid for by the Entente. (Every true word in Germany during the war was said to be paid for by the enemies.)

The Government and most of the members of Parliament guessed that Liebknecht was the writer, for he could not hide his splendid style. Yet, when he was in prison, the letters were still written and distributed, and the Government became puzzled as to who was the writer of these splendidly-written letters, who was so very well informed about all the facts.

This time the writer was a friend of Liebknecht and Luxemburg, Leo Yogisches, a man not known to the German officials. He was also a brilliant writer, and later became the head editor of the "Rote Fahne." In March, 1919, he was brutally murdered by the White Guards, but his murderers have never been accused. Yogisches was a wonderful fighter for the revolution.

After these "Spartacus" letters the Spartacus Bund (or league) was formed. The members of this organisation were above all things men who fight the monarchists with arms, heroic people who in most cases died, but did not surrender; people worthy to carry the highest order for their bravery were killed like sick dogs when captured. For Liebknecht they would have gone through fire and hell without question, although hundreds and hundreds of them were deserters and were called cowards in the army of the Kaiser.

After Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were murdered, the leadership of the Spartacus Bund fell into the hands of people who made it a Parliamentary Party. One of these was a lawyer, Paul Levy. Thus out of the heroic Spartacus Bund, grew up the K.P.D.—the Communist Party of Germany.

When it started, the K.P.D. was a real revolutionary party, inspired by the remembrance of their first leaders and their fights, considering Parliament only as a tribune to confuse all the members of Parliament, to disturb all the business of that House, to make a terrible noise and to prevent all speeches, and by short and plain interjections to turn the sittings of Parliament to a ridiculous farce.

When the K.P.D. became a Parliamentary Party, almost half of the K.P.D. formed a new anti-Parliamentary Party—the K.A.P.D. (the Communist Workers' Party). With similar parties in other countries this party formed the Fourth International in opposition to the Third International. Whilst the K.P.D. has its headquarters in Moscow, the Fourth International has its headquarters in Germany. The K.P.D. is at present only a left wing of the S.P.D. Both the S.P.D. and the K.P.D. are steadily losing their influence on the German working-class. The working class is marching quicker than the parties and the leaders are able to follow. While the parties in Parliament speak, the working-class acts.

All the Socialist and Communist parties without exception have much the same programmes. They differ more in word than in fact. Every party claims to be the only real Socialist party. All the leaders of all these parties are corrupt, and if they are not, then they will become so to-morrow.

Yet the worker members are learning the truth about the parties and the Trades Unions. They form new organisations based on industry and without leaders. Such organisations are needed to fight modern Capitalism. The foundation is not the office of the leader, but the workshop. Here is the place where the fight has to start, here is the place where the workers may learn who are their friends.

It is easy to cry in the meetings: "I am a good revolutionary," but it is not so easy in the workshop face to face with the employer.

A WORK OF ART

Holding under his arm an object wrapped in a newspaper, Sasha Smirnov, the only son of his mother, walked nervously into the office of Doctor Koshelkov.

"Well, my dear boy," exclaimed the doctor warmly, "how do you feel to-day? What's the good news?"

Sasha began to blink with his eyes, put his hand over his heart, and stammered nervously:

"My mother sends her regards and begs to thank you. . . . I am my mother's only son, and you have saved my life . . . and we both hardly know how to thank you."

"Come, come, my young friend, let us not speak of it," interrupted the doctor, literally melting with pleasure. "I have only done what anybody else in my place would have done."

"I am the only son of my mother. . . . We are poor people and consequently we are not in a position to pay you for your trouble . . . and it makes it very embarrassing for us, Doctor, although both of us, mother and I, who am the only son of my mother, beg of you to accept from us, a token of our gratitude, this object which . . . is an object of rare worth, a wonderful masterpiece in antique bronze."

The doctor made a grimace.

"Why, my dear friend," he said, "it is entirely unnecessary. I don't need this in the least."

"Oh, no, no!" stammered Sasha. "I beg you please accept it!"

He began to unwrap the bundle, continuing his entreaties in the meantime:

"If you do not accept this, you will offend both my mother and myself. . . . This is a very rare work of art . . . an antique bronze. It is a relic left by my dead father. We have been prizing it as a very dear remembrance. . . . My father used to buy up bronze antiques, selling them to lovers of old statuary. . . . And now we continue in the same business, my mother and myself."

Sasha undid the package and enthusiastically placed it on the table.

It was a low candelabrum of antique bronze, a work of real art representing a group: On a pedestal stood two figures of women clad in the costume of Mother Eve and in poses that I have neither the audacity nor the temperament to describe. These figures were smiling coquettishly and in general gave one the impression that, were it not for the fact that they were obliged to support the candle-stick, they would leap down from their pedestal and exhibit a performance which . . . my dear reader, I am even ashamed to think of it!

When the doctor espied the present, he slowly scratched his head, cleared his throat and blew his nose.

"Yes, indeed, a very pretty piece of work," he mumbled. . . . "But,—how shall I say it,—not quite . . . I mean . . . rather unconventional . . . not a bit literary, is it? . . . You know . . . the devil knows."

"Why?"

"Beelzebub himself could not have conceived anything more ugly. Should I place such a phantasmagoria upon my table I would pollute my entire home!"

"Why, Doctor, what a strange conception you have of art!" cried Sasha in offended tones. "This is a real masterpiece. Just look at it! Such is its harmonious beauty that just to contemplate it fills the soul with ecstasy and makes the throat choke down a sob! When you see

(Continued on page 7.)

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Editor: SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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Our View.

THE GERMAN SITUATION grows yet more strange. Still more evident grows the aggressiveness of reaction, the rapacity of Capitalism, the cowardice and frantic clinging of the Social Democrats to the present system, the blundering inadequacy of the Communist Party Third International, and the misery and endurance of the masses.

In Germany

The Central Coalition Government's suppression of the constitutional Government of Saxony is so amazing a piece of bullying illegality that even British capitalist newspaper correspondents are astonished by it. Yet the Social Democrats in the German Government made only the stipulation that instead of being arrested and deposed the Saxon Government—a coalition of Socialists with two Communist members—should be first given the opportunity to resign. Now that the Saxon Government, having refused to resign, has been deposed, the Social Democrats only demand that the maintenance of order in Saxony shall be entrusted to the police. The reinstatement of the Saxon Government they do not even resist. Meanwhile, though the German Trade Union Congress has passed a resolution to declare a general strike if the Socialist Governments of Saxony and Thuringia are interfered with, the Social Democrats beg the workers not to act. Even in Saxony the Social Democracy has merely organised a three days' protest strike and meanwhile is forming a new coalition Government: this time with the Democrats instead of with the Communists—by permission of Herr Stresemann, of course.

The deposing of the Saxon federal and local Governments and the prohibition of a meeting of the Diet until called by the Commissioners from Berlin is an act of pure Fascism. Herr Stresemann simply turned out his political opponents by force of arms and the Social Democrats have virtually approved his action, though not in every respect the manner of it.

He defends his action on the audacious plea that the Socialist Coalition Government of Saxony contained two Communist members, and that Communists ought not to occupy Government office. Stresemann's organ, the "Zeit," declares that the Communists are preparing a sanguinary revolt against the constitution. Therefore it is inconsistent with constitutionalism for them to occupy Government office. Even the capitalist press correspondents admit that the story has little or no foundation.

Apparently the basis of the charge is a bellicose article written in the security of Russia by Zinoviev, a member of the Soviet Government which has announced that it will not intervene in the German civil war.

As to the German Communists of the Moscow Order, they also talk revolution at times; but they have gone out of office in Saxony without a kick. The Saxon troops have left their arms with Stresemann's Reichswehr army, and the industrial workers remain calm. The Third Internationalists mention revolution in their perorations, but they make no preparation for anything save Parliamentary manœuvres. Thus they give a handle to Fascism to attack the working class movement without attempting to meet Fascism with any more forcible weapon than a resolution.

Meanwhile the Bavarian reactionary dictatorship grows daily more aggressive. The dictator Von Kahr has given orders that the land and industry tax decreed by the Central Government shall not be collected; yet the Stresemann Government makes no effective protest. Hitler's Fascist bands are massing on the Thuringian frontier doubtless to attack the Socialist-Communist Government and the proletarian movement there.

A coalition of Von Kahr, Hitler, and Ludendorf is freely discussed as a possibility which would break out to re-establish the German monarchy.

What will be the outcome?

Ultimately the masses will arise to form their their own policy and expel all the dictators.

The workshop movement and belief in free non-authoritarian Communism are the only hope for a better life for the German people.

As to the Rhineland Republic, the French Government plays with it whilst it negotiates with the great industrialists, Stinnes, Krupp, and the rest; the British capitalists oppose it whilst they also manœuvre for profit and power.

The destruction of Capitalism offers the only solution.

* * *

UNREST IN THE MINES is always an ominous thought to the industrial owners, since coal supplies and coal prices affect all industries.

The Miners Again

For ten years previous to the coal lock-out of 1921 the question: "What will the miners do next?" was ever present in the capitalist mind of this country. The miners were regarded as the leaders of the industrial movement amongst British workers.

* * *

THE ENGINEERS, by the formation of their Workshop Committees, independent of the Trade Unions, actually went further along the evolutionary road by which all sections of workers must eventually travel, than the miners. Nevertheless, the workers in the engineering industry were, on the whole, much less advanced than the miners.

Miners versus Engineers

The miners had their unofficial movement before the engineers; but they did not contemplate that the unofficial movement would ever supersede the Trade Union, its executive and officials. They regarded the unofficial movement merely as a means of doing propaganda to induce the members of the Trade Union to induce the Union executive to move. The miners' unofficial movement therefore regarded itself merely as a propaganda organisation.

The engineers were forced by the structure of their existing organisations and the peculiar circumstances of their work to develop, not merely a rank and file propaganda movement, but a rank and file fighting organisation.

The reasons are obvious: firstly the miners were united in an organisation embracing all underground workers: their lodges were formed on the lines of production, each lodge covering the workers, in a given pit. The engineering workers, on the other hand, were split up into a number of organisations having branches formed, not according to the working place, but to the residence of the worker. The workers in a single workshop were represented by many organisations, with executive officers actuated often by policies of rivalry.

The constitution of the Miners' Federation, being more democratic in structure than that of several unions to which the engineering workers belonged, provided always the illusion that the rank and file members could, or might, control the policies of their executive. Such an illusion could not gull the engineering workers, who clearly saw that even could they control the executive policy of their own society, they could not control the policy of the other societies, whose members worked beside them in the same workshop.

Hence the clear need for a Workshop Council covering all the workers in the shop.

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THE RANK AND FILE movement in the coal pits, especially in South Wales, where it began and remained the strongest, was constantly acting in local matters as though the lodges were workshop or pit councils, and taking direct action to settle local affairs without reference to the higher officialdom of the Federation. Had the workers in the pits been divided by their Union membership into separate groups, dependent for freedom to act on diverse outside officialdoms, unofficial pit committees would inevitably have been formed.

Workshop Committees in the Mines

Another reason why the unofficial workshop movement made more apparent headway in the engineering shops than in the mines was that the struggle of wages versus rising prices, the exactions of the Munitions Act, and the result of the Treasury Agreement between the Trade Union officials and the Government were more constantly and clearly felt by the engineering workers than by the miners. The phenomenal growth of the munition making, the enormous influences of new workers, the multiplicity of operations and piece wage rates, the various attempts to increase output and profits, and (by the Government) to control prices, maintained a constant struggle between worker and employer in the munition workshops. Therefore a machinery capable of representing the workers in that struggle had to be devised, and was devised—the Workshop Committees.

* * *

THE UNOFFICIAL rank-and-file movement in the coalfields long kept both miners and mine-owners seething with expectation of a great struggle; but the struggle was side-tracked by the officialdom of the union into the Government Inquiry presided over by Judge Sankey, and into the tame nationalisation proposals which the union put forward at that inquiry.

The Check in the Miners' Rank and File Movement

The struggle came at last when unemployment had fallen like a blight on the working class movement. The moment was chosen by the employers, not by the workers. When the struggle came it was one in which the workers were defending the existing conditions, not pushing forward to any extension of working-class power.

When the struggle came it was conducted by the officialdom. The result, as we all know, was a disastrous defeat for the miners, whose living conditions were seriously reduced.

* * *

NOW the miners are demanding some relief from their present poverty; the employers, so far from responding to this cry of real need, are proposing a further cut in wages. The Trade Union officialdom proposes a revision of the Agreement, concluded at the close of the lock-out.

Another Wages Cut

* *

ANOTHER STRUGGLE approaches. The Trade Union officialdom knows not how to cope with the situation. The actual workers in the pits grow more and more discontented. The time is ripe for the rise of a new unofficial movement. It must be more independent than the last; it must have bolder tactics and a larger objective.

Wanted—a New Unofficial Movement

It must aim at superseding the Miners' Federation. Its members may hold the Federation card if they choose, as long as the Federation will let them. The Federation may be tolerated as a benefit society; but it must be disregarded and eventually opposed on the industrial field because it stands for peace with the employer and the maintenance of the capitalist system.

The New Rank and File Movement, the Workers' Council Movement of the mines, must aim at taking control of the mines and joining the workers in other industries in the overthrow of the capitalist system. The All Workers' Union of Workshop Councils should be planted in the mines without delay.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the Fascist rise to power in Italy is at hand. Fascism is often referred to as a new phenomenon; it is even said that Mr. Mussolini has given a new philosophy to Italy. As a matter of fact, however, Fascism is merely the politics of the bruiser. Other Governments cover their violence with a veneer of legality: Fascism glories in its violence and accompanies it by utterly wanton torture and terrorism. We have often had in this country the thing that is called Fascism. The medical women assaulted by hired mobs when they went to sit for their qualifying examinations, Josephine Butler and her colleagues assailed in the same manner in their campaign against the C.D. Acts, the Suffragettes, the C.O.'s and opponents of war, the Germans and others whose houses were sacked during the "Intern Them All" agitation—all these have encountered Fascism.

The Birthday of Fascist Power

In Italy Fascism assumed more monstrous proportions and was invited to assume Governmental power, simply because the pioneering force Fascism was used to crush was stronger and more fundamental in its aims than the British movements we have enumerated.

* * *

THE SUCCESS OF FASCISM is the outcome of the failure of the Italian Socialists and Trade Unionists to destroy Capitalism in Italy whilst the Italian masses were seething for the struggle and the power of Italian Capitalism was weak. For three years nothing was lacking to a proletarian rebellion, save that those who held the executive power in the large working-class organisations should give the lead to break away from the tottering old capitalist constitutional structure and set up the new proletarian constitution.

How Fascism Got Power

Had the workshop movement which had grown up in Italy during the war been independent of the Trade Union movement, and had a similar organisation existed for land workers, the Soviets would have arisen even had the Trade Union and Socialist leaders opposed it.

As it was, the Socialist and Trade Union leaders who had opposed the Government's war policy held the leadership of the working-class movement.

These leaders led not towards the Soviets, but away from them.

The first mistake was the mistake of Lenin, who, clothed in the halo of the Russian Revolution, told the Italian comrades in the autumn of 1919 not to go to the Soviets and the revolution, but to the Parliamentary elections.

Serrati and his fellow Maximalists, who had secured the leadership of the proletarian movement, were too comfortable in temperament to cast off mere oratory and to realise that the time for action had come. Bordiga and his anti-Parliamentary Communists had not the stability to maintain their policy. They had not the foresight and capacity for action necessary to save the situation when the metal workers seized their factories and the Socialists met with the employers to negotiate the workers back from those citadels, from which the Government dared not attempt to dislodge the workers by force.

The Anarchists, either through lack of numbers or of capacity, failed to affect the situation.

* * *

WITH THE DEFEAT of the metal workers, Capitalism prepared to attack, if possible to destroy, the workers' organisations. Wholesale dismissals and victimisation were used against the workers' councils in the factory; Fascism was used to fight the workers outside the factory and even to attack the reformist organisations which had served the turn of the employers.

Fascism and Versailles

The question arises why the Fascisti, the hired bullies of big business, should have been allowed to take Government office and to remain in power. Why was it that a Liberal Government, under Nitti, for instance, did not follow the crushing of the proletarian movement?

The answer is that the peace of Versailles and the post-war policy of the British and French Governments had created in the Italian bourgeoisie a spirit of aggressive Nationalism.

The result of the war and the Versailles Treaty was that Italy found greater difficulty in obtaining coal and other raw materials than before. Italian business of all kinds was languishing, the currency was falling, old-established manufacturing concerns were going bankrupt.

The old order was crumbling: either it must be swept away altogether or re-built on a more aggressive pattern, pledged to use any and every means to benefit Italian Capitalism. The Socialists, having failed to make good their promise to create a new society, the way was clear for Fascism to rebuild the old.

* * *

THE IRISH WORKERS have shown themselves more disposed to strike for the release of Republican prisoners than many people imagined possible: witness the dock strike development and the Strike of Sligo gas workers, followed by the occupation of the barracks by Free State troops.

In Ireland

Though the dock strike began over wages, it is continuing mainly upon the question of the prisoners, the Government terms agreed to by the Transport Union Executive being rejected by the rank and file. Jim Larkin and his comrades who lead this revolt, have shown themselves more than a match for the executive of the Transport Workers' Union, which dismissed Larkin from the secretaryship of the Union. After the executive had called off the strike, the Larkinites have induced the men to refrain from work, even though the executive now refuses strike pay.

* * *

THE IRISH GOVERNMENT seems determined to prove to the workers that it can be as oppressive and partial to the employers as any Government, since it is supplying Free State troops to assist the owners of cattle to take them on board in spite of the strike pickets.

Free State Troops as Strike Breakers

* * *

PRESIDENT COSGRAVE has refused the offer of a return to work on condition of the prisoners' release; yet the hunger strike is forcing him gradually to liberate the prisoners. The release is unconditional. To follow the British Government in playing cat and mouse with two thousand hunger-strikers would be difficult. Moreover the Free State would probably have to pass a new law for the purpose. That will be done, no doubt, but it takes time to arrange these things. The official treatment of the hunger strikers, whose ages range from sixteen years up to old age, is terribly cruel. Fifty-two men who had been seven days on hunger strike, though poorly clad, were driven in open lorries from Mountjoy to Broadstone, and kept waiting there an hour before being put into a train for the Curragh. After three hours in an unheated train, they were transferred to open lorries and kept another hour waiting there before being driven to Tintown, which they reached at 3 a.m., having started from Mountjoy at 7 p.m. After another hour's wait in the open they were removed at 4 a.m. to a hut, into which most of them had to be carried. The sanitary arrangements of the hut are reported as deplorable.

The Hunger Strikers

At Hare Park Camp the hunger-strikers are in unheated huts. At Kilmainham Gaol they are in dirty, unheated cells. At Gormanstown the hunger strikers suffer intensely from cold and are practically without clothing. The blankets have not been washed or fumigated for a year and are filthy.

At Dundalk some of the hunger-strikers have been beaten with sticks and there is a reign of terror. At Tintown No. 1 Camp the hunger-strikers are in rags, the cold is intense, and the huts are infested with rats.

* * *

THE RECOMMENDATION of the Committee appointed by the Government to consider the dearth of servants makes the retrograde proposal that elementary, central and secondary school girls of 12 years and upwards shall be compelled to take courses of domestic instruction.

The Domestic Service Report

The proposal is retrograde because it makes a distinction between the education of boys and girls, and because it proposes to modify the education of the vast majority of girls in order that they may be fitted, if required, to become servants to a privileged few.

What a commentary on the condition in which the masses are obliged to live is the following statement:

> The home life of a very large number of girls does not provide them with such training, and since it is extremely difficult to place untrained girls of 14 in private homes nowadays, it is necessary to provide reasonable facilities for teaching young girls how to perform the work required of them.

If the recommendations are accepted we shall doubtless see an increase in the demand for poor little girls of fourteen years to do the heavy work in other people's homes.

Words of a Second Internationalist

"There may be a revolution; there may be foreign invasion; there may be the worst of all failures—a breakdown owing to internal weakness; there may be success. . . .

"General Harington has done splendid work for us. . . .

"Turkey will go from bad to worse until it again becomes a vassal, or, maybe, a conquered State, unless it can produce administrators, develop its resources and lay a sound financial basis for itself.

"Disinterested financial help and economic assistance, sound advice upon what the Government ought to do, in short, a hand outstretched in friendship, would be an enormous advantage to young Turkey now. If our policy had only had vision, that aid would now have been sought—and, to be effective, it ought to be sought. Will Turkey go elsewhere? Will it choose bad friends?

"In his heart, the Turk knows that our work in connection with the Public Debt, for instance, has not only been above reproach, . . .

"Moreover, a final sentence is not out of place pointing out that our TRADING INTERESTS here are important, and, if further neglected, a serious OFFENCE will have been committed. No country shows better than Turkey now does the connection between the blunders of our foreign policy and our unemployment."

From whose utterances are the above quotations taken—from Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, or what bourgeois politician?

The quotations are taken from an article in the "Daily Herald" by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, "Leader of His Majesty's Opposition."

Puzzle: Find the Socialism.

GERMINAL CIRCLE. GERMINAL CIRCLE.
Prince Henry's Room, 17, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5th,

EXHIBITION

of the works of

EMERICH GONDOR,

The Hungarian Artist, 6—8 p.m. Music and readings of their poems by the authors, 8—10 p.m. During the readings Gondor will illustrate the poems from the platform. Admission free. "Germinal" No. 2 will

BE ON SALE.

A Review of the Struggles of the Catering Trade Employees

By W. McCARTNEY

(Late Vice-President, United Catering Trade Union.)

II.—"THE HOTEL AGENT" (*continued*).

Our foreign applicant for work has arrived in this country at his or her expense, with an introduction to the London branch of a Continental hotel agency. The agent, speaking the applicant's language, says "Yes, I have a good place for you; my fee is 10s" (sometimes a pound). The applicant starts work in the new place, and quickly he begins to learn that England for the worker is not the happy hunting-ground he was told by the agent. He gets hardly any wages to start with, and has a hard fight to get an increase. Sometimes he is out of work for months. *The Kitchen Worker.*

At some of the great palatial hotels and restaurants the smallest amount of space possible is allowed for the kitchen, which is in the basement, gas or electric light being used all day. The worker soon almost forgets what daylight and sun are like—but he learns that his eyesight is not so good as it was and that his health is rather poor owing to the bad food that is given him—they call it "staff meals." Often the workers cannot eat the food offered them, and more goes in the pig-tub than is eaten.

Any afternoon in the small West End cafés or coffee shops you will see waiters, page-boys, and all kinds of kitchen staff, spending some of their miserable wages on plain, wholesome food. They have just left a place where there is plenty of good food, but it is reserved for the profit of the boss. Can you wonder that the workers obtain (the manager calls it stealing) some real food, and that nobody tells? Restaurant workers have a common comradeship where food is concerned.

Just picture to yourself a fine, smart, well-starched, well-dressed, half-starved waiter. Impossible, you say; but it is an every-day occurrence in your great London hotels to-day.

Just imagine a waiter hiding behind a door or screen, eating the leavings from the plate of his customer. Yes; but even they are preferable to the disgusting and indigestible staff-food. Woe betide him if he is caught eating leavings—if they are potatoes, they will make nice pomme sauté next day; if soup, that can go in the brown sauce; if joint, well, that will make very nice minced beef with poached egg; if chicken, next day we shall have more profit from chicken already paid for—either as chicken cutlets or curried chicken, and so on.

A certain large well-known city club has a basement kitchen; the members object to the smells coming up from the kitchen, so all the kitchen windows must be kept closed. It does not concern the members how the health, the eye-sight, and general welfare of the kitchen workers are affected by this cruel order. Gas fumes, coal heat, steam heat, artificial light, no fresh air, which is essential to life—and what is the natural result? Some kitchen worker is always away ill, very rarely are they all at work; some have even died in the kitchen.

At a well-known restaurant in the Strand, with an orchestra, carpets and liveried door-keeper, some five or six cooks have to work in a space not more than five yards square. The steam boiler is also in this space. Alongside the boiler is the water-closet for the male kitchen workers.

Another restaurant, not far away, has even a smaller kitchen, where you sit on the coals to change your clothes, slipping all the time on potato skins, etc.

At an hotel in the Strand we have another basement kitchen. Owing to its being so small all vegetables are prepared in a cellar under the pavement, so you can imagine the condition of the vegetable worker in the winter, shivering with cold—he can hardly peel potatoes. He crosses to the kitchen to cook, gradually gets warm, then hot, begins to sweat, then has to go into the ice-cold cellar. No wonder we are breeding consumption, asthma, and other dreadful complaints! Profit, profit all the time! Profit is the one and only thing that counts. The comfort and health of human beings are very rarely even thought of.

At a great West End Club we have the vegetable-preparing cellar under the pavement.

At a large Government Luncheon Club wages are low, staff food is poor, the passage on the walls of which the workers are allowed to hang their clothes is called a dressing-room. Its walls are running with water from the steam of the kitchen. Just imagine the state of the workers' clothes, and this still goes on in Government buildings.

At another city restaurant the kitchen is so small and the heat is so great that the Company very reluctantly had an electric fan placed in the wall, but the workers always had a very hard job to get the management to start it because of the expense.

At another famous city restaurant the man who cleans the knives has to work all day from 8 a.m. till 9 p.m. in the cellar, with just a common gas jet. Sometimes, if late dinners are on, he has to stop till 10 or 11 p.m. He is very lucky if he gets anything to eat or drink after his so-called dinner about 3.30, working down in a cold cellar all day. No wonder one man died, and another left after two years, broken in health and eye-sight ruined. He was half-starved, and sometimes too tired and ill to eat his supper when he got home at night, But he must go on, because jobs are hard to get—and this is "Merry England."

A kitchen worker is engaged to work for certain hours for a certain money-wage and food, but if there are late dinners once or twice a week, he is, as a matter of course, expected to stop and work. There is no talk about extra pay for extra work; you will be lucky if you get a bit more food than usual. Although you have produced more profit by your work for the boss, it is his—there is none for you.

If an hotel or restaurant is very busy with dinner parties, they may engage a few extra waiters for a few shillings, but never any extra help in the kitchen. Of course it pays to make a good show of waiters, but the kitchen—— Oh, nobody sees them, so they can be worked to death. Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

I know a lad, 17 years old, working as a waiter on commission from 8 a.m. till 9, 10, and sometimes 11 at night, with not even two hours off in the afternoon. This is no isolated case; it is too common an occurrence to-day in the hotels of this "great London." We fought for better conditions; even the Capitalist law says in its Shop Hours Act that no restaurant employee shall work more than 74 hours a week. Yet to-day, in many hotels and restaurants, 100 and 120 hours a week is quite the usual thing.

(*To be continued.*)

IMPORTANT!

We urgently suggest that comrades should endeavour to secure new subscribers to the "Workers' Dreadnought" and that they should collect at meetings and from their friends whatever is possible. However small the sum you can collect, it will be welcomed. Send it in stamps or postal orders. The "Dreadnought" is not self-supporting: the editing and managing is unpaid.

Mr. Wal Hannington, national organiser of the N.U.W.C.M., was howled down at the City Hall, Glasgow, for attempting to whitewash the baton charge on the Unemployed Workers' Organisation deputation in Glasgow.

Nettles and Docks

The "Daily Herald" writers are amongst the most accomplished eulogists in London, which is saying much. Take this:

Mr. Bonar Law.

His fiercest political opponents are amongst the foremost to testify to his rare personal qualities when he passed from the arena of political strife.

"I have come to regard him with a real affection," said the leader of the Labour Party, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, and almost every tribute paid him laid special emphasis on the straightforwardness and honesty of purpose that characterised him.

"If I can do no good while I am a member of the House of Commons," he is reported to have said, "I will try not to do any harm."

Most politicians are regarded as prize-fighters. . . . Bonar Law was thought of as a real man and an honest "trier." He deserved his reputation.

* * *

A few quotations from the speeches of the object of the "Herald" eulogy are appropriate here:

"If this Home Rule Bill should by any chance be forced through, then God help Ulster, but heaven help the Government that tries to enforce it."—From a speech delivered at Marne on April 9th, 1913.

"If Ulster does resist by force, there are stronger influences than Parliamentary majorities. They know that in that case no Government would dare to use their troops to drive them out. They know, as a matter of fact, that the Government which gave the order to employ troops for that purpose would run a great risk of being lynched in London."—From a speech in Parliament, June, 1912.

"We regard the Government as a revolutionary committee, which has seized by fraud upon despotic power. In our opposition to them we shall not be guided by the consideration, we shall not be restrained by the bonds which would influence us in an ordinary political struggle. We shall use any means—whatever means seems to us likely to be the most effective. This is all we shall think about. We shall use any means to deprive them of the power which they have usurped, and to compel them to face the people they have deceived."—From a speech at Blenheim, July 27th, 1912.

The above quotations were taken from the Dublin "Evening Telegraph." A class-conscious, working-class paper might find time to look up a few of the late conservative statesman's anti-Labour speeches.

* * *

Mr. Bonar Law was a strong advocate of conscription.

* * *

Russia in retrogression—gambling and banking:

"Fourteen workers' savings banks are now in operation, two more having been opened in Ekaterinburg and Tashkent. The deposits on current account in these banks were over 20,000,000 roubles on May 15th.

"Women workers have done extraordinarily well out of the Gold Loan. At the first draw a woman employee on the North Western Railway won 100,000 gold roubles and two women weavers won 25,000 gold roubles each.

"In Novo-Nikolaevsk province on the average twenty per cent. of the population are able to read. Some five per cent. of the adults, however, are now attending schools for illiterates, for which the State provides fifteen per cent. of the expenditure."—Russian Information and Review.

Even the illiterates will wake up some day to the fact that they have lost their revolution.

such loveliness you forget all earthly things. . . Just look at it! What life, what motion, what expression!"

"I quite understand all this, my dear boy," interrupted the doctor. "But I am a married man. Little children run in and out of this room and ladies come here continually."

"Of course," said Sasha, "if you look at it through the eyes of the rabble, you see this noble masterpiece in an entirely different light. But you certainly are above all that, Doctor, and especially when your refusal to accept this gift will deeply offend both my mother and myself, who am the only son of my mother. . . . You have saved my life . . . and in return we give you our dearest possession and . . . my only regret is that we are unable to give you the mate to this candelabrum."

"Thanks, friend, many thanks. . . . Remember me to your mother and . . . But for God's sake! You can see for yourself, can't you? Little children run in and out of this room, and ladies come here continually. . . . However, leave it here! There's no arguing with you."

"Don't say another word!" exclaimed Sasha joyously. "Put the candelabrum right here, next to the vase. By Jove, but it's a pity that I haven't got the mate to give you. But it can't be helped. Well, good-bye, Doctor!"

After the departure of Sasha the doctor looked for a long time at the candelabrum and scratched his head.

"This is beautiful, all right," he thought. "It would be a pity to throw it away. . . . And yet I dare not keep it. . . . Hm! . . . Now who in the world is there to whom I can present or donate it?"

After long deliberation he hit upon a good friend of his, the lawyer Ukhov, to whom he was indebted for legal services.

"Fine!" chuckled the doctor. "Being a close friend of his, I cannot very well offer him money, and so I will give him this piece of indecency instead. . . . And he's just the man for it . . . single, and somewhat of a gay bird, too."

No sooner thought than done. Dressing himself, the doctor took the candelabrum and went to the home of Ukhov.

"Good morning, old chap!" he said. "I have come here to thank you for your trouble. . . . You will not take money, and I will therefore repay you by presenting you with this exquisite masterpiece. . . . Now say for yourself, isn't it a dream?"

As soon as the lawyer caught sight of it he was exhilarated with its beauty.

"What a wonderful work of art!" he laughed uproariously. "Ye gods, what conceptions artists will get in their heads! What alluring charm! Where did you get this little dandy?"

But now his exhilaration had oozed away and he became frightened. Looking stealthily toward the door, he said:

"But, I can't accept it, old chap. You must take it right back."

"Why?" asked the doctor in alarm.

"Because . . . because . . . my mother often visits me, my clients come here . . . and besides, I would be disgraced even in the eyes of my servants."

"Don't say another word!" cried the doctor gesticulating wildly. "You simply have got to accept it! It would be rank ingratitude for you to refuse it! Such a masterpiece! What motion, what expression. . . . You will greatly offend me if you don't take it!"

"If only this were daubed over or covered with fig-leaves . . ."

But the doctor refused to listen to him. Gesticulating even more wildly, he ran out of Ukhov's house in the thought that he was rid of the present.

When the doctor was gone the lawyer carefully examined the candelabrum, and then, just as the doctor had done, he began to wonder what in the world he could do with it.

"A very beautiful object," he thought. "It is a pity to throw it away, and yet it is disgraceful to keep it. I had best present it to someone. . . . I've got it! . . . This very evening I'm going to give it to the comedian Shoshkin. The rascal loves such things, and besides, this is his benefit night. . . ."

No sooner thought than done. That afternoon the well-packed candelabrum was brought to the comedian Shoshkin.

That whole evening the dressing-room of the comedian Shoshkin was besieged by men who hastened to inspect the present. And during all the time the room re-echoed with hilarious laughter which most closely resembled the neighing of horses.

If any of the actresses approached the door and said, "May I enter?" the hoarse voice of Shoshkin was immediately heard to reply:

"Oh, no, no, my darling, you musn't. I am not dressed!"

After the performance the comedian shrugged his shoulders, gesticulated with his hands and said:

"Now what in the world am I to do with this? I live in a private apartment! I am often visited by actresses! And this isn't a photograph that one could conceal in a drawer!"

"Why don't you sell it?" suggested the wig maker. "There is a certain old woman who buys up antique bronzes. . . . Her name is Smirnova. . . . You had better take a run over there; they'll show you the place all right, everybody knows her. . . ."

The comedian followed his advice. . . .

Two days later Koshelkov, his head supported on his hand, was sitting in his office concocting pills. Suddenly the door was opened and into the office rushed Sasha. He was smiling radiantly and his breast heaved with joy. . . . In his hands he held something wrapped in a newspaper.

"Doctor!" he cried breathlessly. "Imagine my joy! As luck would have it, I've just succeeded in getting the mate to your candelabrum! Mother is so happy! I am the only son of my mother. . . . You have saved my life."

And Sasha, quivering with thankfulness and rapture, placed a candelabrum before the doctor. The latter opened his mouth as if to say something, but uttered not a word. . . . His power of speech was gone. . . .

The Unemployed

By J. T. BELLAMY.

During my three years with the unemployed I have often met comrades who claim to be class-conscious Communists coming into the organised unemployed movement, and after a few weeks, for no apparent reason whatever, suddenly leaving.

Invariably I manage to get into contact with these comrades, and when asked for an explanation of their conduct, they emphatically declare that the unemployed are useless, and it is a waste of time talking to them.

The line of demarcation between the employed and the unemployed man was invented and is still rigidly being maintained by the capitalist class as a potent tactic and one of their methods of keeping the great mass of humanity—the working class—subjected.

Causing dissension within its ranks by antagonising one section to another through the medium of the press is a factor and a weapon of the capitalist system, which should be given very careful thought and consideration by all class-conscious comrades. I do not suggest that we can do anything effective against the Capitalist Press at present, but what we can do is to show more comradeship towards the unemployed, treat all workers as human beings, and cease to condone the cruel lying criticism levelled at them in the doping press. Class-conscious men who say the unemployed are useless and then cease activities, by their own action prove that they are useless and can as easily be doped as the rest of the working class. Of course you cannot and will not see any immediate returns for your efforts, but the fires of revolt are still smouldering; and it is for every class-conscious man to do his little bit until the day dawns when these smouldering fires will burst into flames, destroying this wretched system which creates the unemployed, with much suffering and starvation in its trail.

You should get into the unemployed movement, or at least speak of and endeavour to cause other workers to speak of the unemployed men as human beings, and not as if they were a separate species apart from the human race.

It is a matter of little importance here to mention the methods the capitalist class adopt to antagonise the employed against the unemployed, but nevertheless the fact remains, they have been very successful in moulding the mentality of the masses, and so have caused the unemployed to be looked upon as something low, immoral and degraded, by their working-class comrades who are employed.

The working workers, those doped Dubbs who are fortunate enough to be allowed to pile up profits for the boss, are always ready to scorn the unemployed, call them lazy, indolent loafers, and declare that the unemployed are better off than they, and while they get the dole and relief will never work.

In the warehouse, workshop, or factory, one continually hears such remarks as these being made about the unemployed as a mass, but when one individual is singled out the accusers say they don't mean him, he looks for work—they mean the others.

The employed do not think for one moment on their statements, and these only go to prove how deeply the capitalist dope has been instilled into their minds. They should remember that nothing is certain, nothing is sure or permanent; to-morrow, the stroke of a pen, or some small mistake on their part, is sufficient to place them on the human scrapheap with the unemployed whom they so ardently scorn.

The one great worry of the employed man is how to keep his job. They are afraid to face the world outside the workshop in spite of the "glorious dole" and "relief," and they are always afraid that those "lazy, indolent unemployed" will take their job.

The workers' wages, we all know, are miserably low, but do they complain or ask for more? Not they: on the contrary they take the unemployed main scale of sustenance as a target, and unthinkingly, inhumanly declare that it should be lowered, because they get nearly as much out of work as those at work. The employed should recognise that these conditions are the inevitable outcome of this system of society.

The boss keeps one eye on the unemployed and reasons thus: if the unemployed can exist on a few shillings the employed do not require much more.

It may seem strange, but nevertheless it is true, that in many instances wages are determined by the scale of relief. If the employed man reasoned sanely and humanly, he would begin to better his own poor condition by lining up with the unemployed man and demanding from society, not an increased scale of relief, but the full necessities of life, i.e., food, clothing, and shelter, for every man, woman, and child, irrespective of being employed or unemployed, he then would be doing his duty to himself, his class and humanity.

The unemployed man is unemployed through no fault of his own; he is a product of the system. Being so, is it the wish of humanity that he should suffer, starve, and possibly die, because he is not allowed to sell his labour power? Of course not. Even the employed man who condemns them would not wish to see them starve to death; but if the full necessities of life were guaranteed to all, it would give freedom and independence to the man in the workshop which would be detrimental to the capitalist system.

The employed man should stop the silly, thoughtless abuse of the unemployed man, and remember we are all men, on this earth through no fault of our own, and as human beings have a perfect right to live. Who knows; to-morrow you may be placed in the ranks of the unemployed and forced to face the world of sorrow?

Class-conscious comrades who condemn the unemployed as hopeless should always remember that the unemployed are part of the working-class, and if they are hopeless, then the working-class cause is hopeless. Knowing the employed and unemployed (at present being amongst both) I have no hesitation in declaring that the unemployed are the advanced section of the working class. Economic conditions have caused them to think, having freedom to read what papers they wish, and easy access to any political meet-

ings (not being afraid of being seen by the boss or his representative) have broadened their outlook. This has tended to make them conscious of themselves, conscious of their class. The organised unemployed man is at least a few degrees above his employed fellow worker mentally.

To those who have abandoned hope, and labelled the unemployed hopeless, you should remember that unemployment is, and will remain, a permanent feature in this society, and the time to tackle the problem is right now.

Do not give up hope or trying, realise only by our small individual efforts, and by working for the common good can we ever hope to march forward to the dawn of the day when men will live as men, and unemployment, poverty, suffering and sorrow no more will be known.

F. J. Isley, whom the Poplar Guardians accused of cowardice, in (as they alleged, but he denied) hiding from the police behind a chair was recommended for the V.C. in the late war, but failed to receive it because his officer died and therefore could not give evidence on his behalf. Later he won the D.C.M., but lost it through overstaying his leave. Later on he won the Military Medal, which he still retains.

UNEMPLOYED WORKERS' ORGANISATION CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. Parker, who appealed for comforts for the comrades wounded in the baton charge at the Guardians' offices, sends letters from hospital patients:

K Ward, St. Andrew's Hospital,
Bow, E.3.,
October 12th, 1923.

Dear Comrade,—I wish to thank you and the comrades of Bow for their kindly thought of me in sending me the tobacco and fruit, which, needless to say, I very much appreciated. Trusting the comrades will rally together and sink all petty differences, in view of the tremendous conflict that is facing us.—Yours in the struggle,

W. A. ROBINSON
(Sec., Poplar Branch, U.W.O.).

B. Furniaux writes from R Ward, St. Andrew's Hospital:

"I hope to be able to get about again soon."

G. E. Hall writes from L Ward, St. Andrew's Hospital:

"The wound on my head is still open, done by those courageous fellows in blue. . . . Best of luck to you and the organisation."

Mrs. Robinson, of 142, East Ferry Road, Millwall, writing on October 24th, nearly a month after the baton charge, says her husband, having refused to stay in hospital any longer, had been brought home in an ambulance "still very weak."

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