Desirable Mansions by Edward Carpenter.

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST

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SOUTH AFRICAN LABOUR STRUGGLE.

By L. A. Motler.

With the bombardment of the " fortress " of Fordsburg, the Rand Strike ended. The *Revolution that never existed* was crushed. The massacre was accomplished. Smuts and the Chamber of Mines were triumphant.

When I undertook to tell the history of this, the biggest struggle on the Rand—the biggest in the whole labour history of South Africa, in fact—I had not anticipated the tragic turn of events that I should have known would be inevitable since the 1913 precedent.

It will be understood from my previous letters that the war spirit was entirely absent from the strike commandos, in so far as this presaged a revolutionary struggle. That some sort of struggle was necessary was obvious, but this was not anticipated as meaning more than the same sort of thing that happens in British Labour struggles. The statement that the police found documents on captured spies, exposing a revolutionary plot, is an incredibly ridiculous piece of nonsense. It is just as easy to invent spies as it is to invent a revolutionary plot and to forge the necessary incriminating documents.

What I want to point out—and on this I place the firmest insistence—is that it takes the revolutionary spirit to make a revolution. There must be not only the tyrant and the rebel, but there must also be a revolutionary purpose. To imagine that the Rand miners were out for a revolution, is to imagine a vain thing. It is to imagine A THING THAT NEVER EXISTED.

The first encounter between police and strikers occurred on February 27th.

The use of commandos for "pulling out scabs" had been prohibited by Chief of Police Truter. The use of pickets had been forbidden under an old Boer law concerning liberty. When, therefore, the police saw a commando moving at Boksburg, they tried to disperse it. The result was many casualties—on the side of the strikers.

Hitherto the commandos were absolutely peaceful. The harrying attention of the police could not, however, fail to raise a fighting spirit. But as late as March 6th the commandos were still unarmed. A press report of this date describes Johannesburg filled with mounted police with rifles at the carry and the strikers were only armed with red flags and " bludgeons, such as pick-handles."

Skirmishes were now the order of the day—the aim of the police being to break up the commandos in body and spirit. Bayonet charges were common.

The Strike Executive had at last proclaimed the long-delayed general strike. This was distinctly a failure, and the commandos moved about trying to make it effective. But the police were everywhere blockading, obstructing and terrorising.

On March 7th some firing occurred near the native quarters, and an Indian woman was killed; but this firing occurred at night; and if the idea was, as is alleged by the police, to terrorise the blacks, it was singularly ineffective. The firing was therefore resumed next day and six natives were said to have been killed in the Vrededorp district, 19 being being wounded.

The S.A.I.F. Executive however, condemned the attacks on the natives, and it is doubtful if it was the actual work of strikers. Vrededorp is the poorest district in Johannesburg, and contains a great deal of the hooligan element. It lends itself well to the work of *provocateurs*.

It should be remembered also that, as far back as February, the Communist organ in Johannesburg, warned the strikers of the probable attempt of the police to embroil the whites with the blacks. No wonder that the Editor of this paper was subsequently arrested when the round-up of the Red elements amongst the strikers began.

It is at this point that events began to take their most serious turn so far.

On Friday, March 10th, martial law was declared, and the police occupied the Town Hall, which the strikers had hitherto been using daily for their meetings. The Trades Hall was also occupied. This building houses most of the Trade Unions on the Rand.

Aeroplanes and machine-guns began to be in evidence, and the police were reinforced by the military. The G.H.Q. at Pretoria issued military communiques in war fashion. The strikers were officially described as revolutionaries and as being in possession of machine-guns and hand grenades.

All the Government aeroplanes carried bombs, and these were dropped indiscriminately wherever bodies of men were found. The Government having now discovered a revolution, they proceeded to wipe out the bogey of their own imagination in blood and iron.

When he was at Pretoria, Smuts had seen representatives from the strikers, the Chamber of Mines, and the Nationalist and Labour M.P.s. The result was that he issued an appeal for the men to return to work, promising more than ample police protection. Having launched this attempt to split the ranks of the strikers, he returned to Cape Town where Parliament was now opened. There is no doubt, however, that by this time he had mobilised all his forces.

To prove this, it is only necessary to state that —in the words of a capitalist sheet—within 70 hours of martial law being declared, the revolution was crushed.

All that was necessary was for the military and police to co-operate in rounding up the strikers and concentrating them on outside dorps where they could be wiped out. In this way it is stated that over 100 were killed, 500 wounded, and 11,000 prisoners taken. The last I believe to be an exaggeration.

After the military and police had taken Brakpan and Benoni, they wer easily able to concentrate on Fordsburg. This was the *pièce de resistance* of the revolution, and was watched by Smuts and his friends from a comanding position. No doubt his lords of the Corner House were there to see he did his duty. The result, everyone knows.

The strike has thus been brokn by force, where guile failed. The miners had stood solid for 60 days; then a five days' reign of terror was instituted and they succumbed.

Without a doubt the formatio nof commandos had a great deal to do with the enthusiasm and solidarity displayed. The strikers became a visibly coherent and solid body. All attempts to undermine their spirit could only fail. Is it any wonder, then, that a " revolutionary plot " was discovered, and a full military movement set on foot t ocrush their steadfast spirit?

Smuts and the Chamber of Mines are jubilant. There can be no question of running the mines as they think they should be run—with a plentiful supply of cheap black labour and a minimum of highly-paid white workers.

The moral effect on other workers who think of resisting approaching wage-cuts is obvious. Now the progress of " economy " will be a triumphal march.

What the master-class has accomplished in South Africa may well be accomplished elsewhere. The masters are not slow to learn from each other.

For the workers of Britain—who have stood by whilst this massacre has been going on—here is a terrible lesson.

The master-class is international. Their methods are international.

Let the British working class look out!

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:: CORRESPONDENCE. ::

WHITE TERROR ON THE RAND.

DEAR EDITOR—

I have just returned to England, and I am not surprised at the alarmist accounts of the "revolt" on the Rand.

Now in order to have a revolt, there must be something to revolt against. This "something," from the miners' point of view has always been the colour-bar, since the strike started in January, and, incidentally of course, the dictatorship of the Chamber of Mines.

In spite of their "commandos" and marching parades, the strikers have never had the idea of taking Johannesburg by storm. In order, however, to find an excuse for the present White Terror on the Rand, a complete military plot has been attributed to the strikers. And having erected this plot in their imagination, they are proceeding to blow it and the miners to bits by means of the air squadrons from Roberts Heights and Baragwamath.

As I have explained to you in a previous leteer, the solidarity of the strikers has been so amazing from the first, that the methods of 1913-14, projected by Smuts and the Corner House, could not be applied at the beginning. The forming of commandos gave to the spirit of the strike a corporeal basis of solidarity. The attempts of the Government, the Press, and the police to break up this spirit and this body were so futile that the present operations are the result. I have not been able to read the papers for the last three weeks, owing to being on the high seas; but whatever started the bloody struggle now proceeding, it has been by no means any act of the strikers, except their unbounded enthusiasm, their solidarity, their unwillingness to see 5,000 of their fellow workers thrown out.

The Press talks of the "retrenchment of a few redundant whites," which would have been necessary. Since the Corner House could not get them retrenched by ordinary methods, they have now proceeded to remove them by aeroplane bombs. Than this I can say no worse.

The Press says: "It is now known from the capture of spies and documents, that the money for this Red Revolution came from abroad."

Spies! Of course, if spies do exist and have been captured, then spies carry incriminating documents and tell everything they know, don't they? There is no more money in this revolution than there is red in it.

It is from first to last a massacre of the white workers, and the Press knows it. Hence their sensational stories of pitched battles and strategic moves, as if the strikers were a compact force supplied with tanks, aeroplanes and artillery. And when this bloody murder is over, Smuts will pass himself a Bill of Indemnity and be the guest of the Chamber of Mines at a Victory Luncheon at the Carlton.

L. A. M.

ANOTHER EXPULSION.

Comrade Arthur Carford has been expelled from the Sheffield Communist Party for sending to the *Workers' Dreadnought* a letter, entitled "How Sheffield Unemployed Took a Hall," which appeared in our issue of February 25th. This was the second attempt to expel Comrade Carford for sending communications to our columns.

Comrade Carford was obliged to be in London on business on the date on which his expulsion was to be discussed. He requested the matter be postponed till his return. On this being refused, Comrade Carford resigned. We print below his letter of resignation:—

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SHEFFIELD COMMUNIST PARTY,
183 WEST STREET,
SHEFFIELD.

DEAR COMRADE—

I have received your letter of February, in which you state that as I have already been censured by the Sheffield C.P., for writing misleading letters to the *Workers' Dreadnought*, my second letter to that paper appears to be "a deliberate flouting of branch authority."

My letter to the *Dreadnought* regarding the unemployed and the halls is not misleading, but true in every particular. Therefore I feel myself perfectly justified in having sent it. I think it important that the movement should be informed on these matters, both as to the special case in point and as to the general methods of taking halls. I thought our Sheffield example was one that should be followed all over the country. I also considered that those who stepped in to interfere with the plan had made a great mistake which certainly should not be copied.

I believe in the free ventilation of opinion in our movement, and I knew that the columns of the *Dreadnought* are also open to such matter.

I have now decided to hand in my resignation. I consider that the sympathy of the Communist Party, if it were a genuine revolutionary and Proletarian Party should have been unitedly with me and against those timid and inefficient persons who came in to spoil the action that I and other comrades had taken. Instead of going out of its way to quarrel with me for exposing their action the branch should be dealing with them for disloyalty to comrades and to the movement. I am altogether opposed to the view that no good move may be made unless it has been dictated by a committee. Such a policy stultifies all action and initiative, and prevents the growth of a genuine revolutionary movement and cripples all action.

Those who tried to destroy the result of our action, did so merely because they were conscious that they had been inactive and were therefore jealous.

The main reason of my resignation is, however, a broader one, and I have been seriously considering this step for some time. I do not agree with the policy of the Party.

I do not agree that the Communist Party should take part in Parliamentary and local government elections. I consider this is only throwing dust in the eyes of the workers, and that our business is to turn their hopes from such bodies and lead them to realise that they can only emancipate themselves by their own action.

I disagree with the policy of seeking affiliation to the Labour Party. I consider that we must continually impress upon the workers, firstly, that the Labour Party is a Reformist Party bolstering up the capitalist system, and secondly that the Labour Party will fight against the Workers' Revolution. We cannot make this clear to the workers if we go into the Labour Party.

I do not agree with the policy of "boring within" the Trade Unions. I consider that our duty as Communists is to build up revolutionary workshop committees and thus prepare the way for the Soviets and the seizing of industry by the workers, and its administration by the industrial Soviets.

I do not think that revolutionaries can work hand in hand with counter-revolutionaries. Revolutionaries can never make any headway so long as they attempt it.

I do not think Communists can work hand in hand with anti-Communists: that is what we are obliged to do when we support Labour candidates and seek affiliation to the Labour Party.

Yours fraternally,
A. CARFORD.

Carford's Arrest.

Comrade Carford of Sheffield was arrested on Thursday, March 16th, charged with being in possession of firearms, which he says had been brought to him to mend.

Comrade Carford has long been one of the most active members of the movement in Sheffield. He has suffered much persecution, is in poor health, and recently had a serious operation.

A Defence Fund is being raised. Collecting sheets for this Fund may be obtained from Mrs. Carford, 183 West Street, Sheffield. Comrade Carford has a wife, and two children aged five years and eighteen months.

INDIA.

The resignation of Mr. Montagu from his post of Chief Secretary for India means that the Government's anti-Turkish policy is to be maintained and that there is to be more repression in India. Gandhi's arrest is the signal for that. We do not think the independence movement will be at all retarded by the arrest; we believe it has acquired a momentum which makes it quite independent of outstanding leadership. More coercion will certainly add fuel to the fire of the enthusiasm for independence and non-co-operation.

Karmi, an Indian paper "devoted to the cause of clerks and other workers," publishes an article on non-co-operation, showing the thoroughness of the spirit in which the Indians are tackling the problem of emancipating themselves from British Capitalism. This article is by Dr. C. P. Ray, and was written as a foreword to a pamphlet by Mr. Satis Chandra Das Gupta, of the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works, Ltd. Here is an extract:—

"For introducing the habit of spinning, every one, every adult man and woman in Bengal, must take a vow to spin at least two hours a day. When once the habit is formed, spinning will be a permanent feature of our homes, as in the old days. The intrduction of home spinning is a great end in itself, and for that end the rich and middle classes in Bengal will have to take to Charka, even as a painful exercise for the service of the country. Sick and poor, man and woman, old and young, must, in all solemnity, fulfil this great task, namely, the introduction of Charka in the homes of Bengal.

"There is another point. In order to successfully introduce it we must be satisfied with coarse yarn and rough cloth. It has been found that in a definite time proportionately greater quantity of coarse yarn can be spun than fine yarn. We must all, therefore, wear Khadi, or coarse cloth, for the present. Bengal is the greatest sinner in the matter of using foreign cloth. All Bengalis, rich or poor, have their eyes on fine cloth. In the Punjab, Bihar or Central Provinces, it is still customary to use home-spuns to a certain extent, but in Bengal we are absolutely dependent on others for our clothing.

"It will not be possible to succeed if our women do not whole-heartedly and nobly take up the cause. Think for a moment to what expenses our people have been driven on account of this vice; this hankering necessitates the use of underwear, such as chemise, blouse, etc. These luxuries may be at once curtailed by using coarse cloth. My earnest appeal to our women is that they should take a vow not to use fine cloth any more. They should not only clothe themselves in coarse cloth, but should induce others to do the same. Just as the Rajput woman of old did not tolerate a husband who fled from the field of battle, similarly should the women of the present day treat those husbands with equal abhorrence who wear fine clothing.

"This vow to wear home-spun has not the slightest tinge of hatred in it. Just as we have the elementary right to maintain ourselves on the produce of our soil, so we have the same sort of elementary right to clothe ourselves from cotton grown in our fields and spun in our homes.

"In conclusion, I have to add that Sriman Satis Chandra Das Gupta, who has written this pamphlet on 'Charka,' is the Superintendent and one of the principal workers of the 'Bengal Chemical.' He knows the benefits of the modern machinery and their possibilities thoroughly. I had, myself, grave doubts about the feasibility of introducing Charka. In fact, in these days when spinning machinery has been brought almost to perfection, the idea of handspinning by Charka, appeared at one time to me to be ludicrous and deserving of no consideration. But facts and figures have convinced me. I fully believe that if we four-and-a-half crores of Bengalis are determined to use Charka and wear cloth from Charka-spun yarn, then we shall not have to look outside the province for meeting our clothing necessities."

FRANK PENMAN IN LONDON

"Yes," said Penman, "I think it should be noticed that Marx was living in England when he made 'abolition of property in land and confiscation of ground rents to the State' one of his temporary slogans of the transition, and, at the same time only suggested a partial abolition of privately-owned industry. In England the problem of nationalising the land is a less complex one than the nationalising of industrial production and distribution, because, broadly speaking, there is in England but a small class of large landowners, whereas industry and trading have their ramifications in almost all sections of the populace, and consequently an enormous mass of upholders.

"In countries where there are peasant owners of land, and where land-owning is not mainly concentrated in the hands of a few persons, the basis of opposition to nationalising the land is of course broadened. The impossibility of securing partial socialisation within the capitalist system, I think, became more evident to Marx. I think his critique of the Gotha programme proves that. And surely we at this stage ought to be able to realise it still more clearly than Marx realised it? I have got the critique of the Gotha programme in my pocket," added Penman, pulling it out and opening it.

"Take this passage, for instance: Marx is quoting the Gotha programme here. It says:—

"'To pave the way for the solution of the social problem, the German Labour Party demands the introduction of co-operative societies, with State aid and under the democratic control of the working people. In manufacturing, industry, and in agriculture, productive co-operatives are to be called into existence to such an extent that out of them the Socialistic organisation of collective labour will arise.'

"Marx replies to this:—

"'In accordance with the Lassallist "iron law of wages," the prophet's panacea!'

"He is sarcastic, you see. Then he goes on:—

"'In place of the existing class struggle, we are presented with a journalese phrase, "the social problem" for whose "solution" we are "to pave the way."'

"'"The Socialistic organisation of collective labour" is to "arise," not out of a revolutionary process of social transformation, but out of the "State aid" which the State is to furnish to co-operative societies, societies which are to be "called into existence," not by the workers, but by the State. It is worthy of Lassalle's imagination, this idea that with a Government loan it is as easy to build a new social order as it is to build a new railway!'

"It sounds like the Fabians, doesn't it?" added Penman, "and especially the stunts we heard so much of at the beginning of the war. The stunts with which the reformers and social workers were bribed into supporting the war."

"It sounds like something else beside that," observed Dick Barbour.

"What?"

"Kuzbas!"

Penman agreed, and continued reading:—

"'From very . . . shame the "State aid" is to be placed under the democratic control of the "working people."'

"Yes, that is like Kuzbas. Marx goes on:—

"'First of all, in Germany, amongst the "working people" there are more peasants than proletarians.'

"That is one of the big problems of Russia, isn't it?"

"You weary me with these arid discussions over phrases," Miss Mayence interjected. "What does the pamphlet tell us of Communism? I want to see the golden apples in her gardens, too see the play of the light upon their shining leaves. I want to feel the breath of Communism's white garments; to hear the coming of her feet, her white feet gleaming upon the flowery meadows. I want to know her stainless joys; her peace away from this sordid life of money-getting.

"I stayed in the Black Country once. Do you know it? It is where chains and nails are made: a hideous district. That country had been lovely: all hills and dales; but now it is blighted. At night the hills are aflame with furnace fires and the glowing cinders of forges. By day all is blackened. No trees. The grass, even, scarcely grows; it is sooty and scanty. The sky is heavy with smoke, from countless chimneys, that pours up and up in streams of various tinted grey. The people are herded together in little hovels in all the most desperate stages of dis-repair. There are factories where the great cables are made, and little domestic workshops; tumble-down brick boxes, threatening dangerously to fall on those who use them. Everyone is at work: men and women, boys and girls. Babies sit on the forges at which their mothers are working, whilst sparks fly past and sometimes sear a baby hand or a baby cheek, eyes too, always run a certain amount of danger. Old grandmothers are blowing the bellows for the forge: everyone working against time: haste, haste, haste, to earn a few shillings. Then breaking their hearts when the work is done and they are kept waiting, perhaps a day or two, for the next demand from the dealers for more chain.

"What dirt! What squalor! What utter neglect of sanitation! The roads are unpaved; all ups and downs and humps and hollows. The rubbish is tipped as you please and left to rot. One would imagine it were no one's business to attend to such matters; yet, I suppose there are the local authorities in chain-makers' land, as in every other district."

"The Black Country is not the only place where sanitation is neglected," the others told her.

"I know," she said; "but it seems the classic example of all the most squalid districts.

"One day I chanced upon a road away from that dismal blackness. I found myself in a country of trees and leaves and sunshine. There was hardly a building by the wayside. Then I came to an old nail-maker's house, with her workshop and forge close by. The walls were covered with ivy, and there were warm red tiles on the roof and the floor. The old woman wore a flowered apron when she was not working at the forge, and a black chenille net on her white hair. She talked of the good times long ago, when better prices were paid for nail-making, before the machine-made nails were introduced. She explained to me why a hand-wrought tack is superior to a machine-made one. Chains, she said, are always made by hand and never by machine. She was puzzled to know why the chain-making rates had so fallen.

"As I came away I was thinking of all that countryside as it might be. The chain shops built away from the houses, so that the tapping would not disturb the home. All that blackness and smoke abolished. The houses and workshops well-built, with flowers around them. Near by the nursery gardens: fruits grown under glass and in the open; tomatoes, grapes, cucumbers, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries groves of apples and pears: poultry-farming carried on yonder: those fields across the valley, gold with the ripening corn.

"There are sounds of music. The workers sing at their forges. And when the half-day's work is done, they study and play. This one is designing a beautiful fresco for the walls of the library, this is busy in his laboratory where he is trying to discover a readier method of producing chain. That one seeks to increase the yield of the soil: he is experimenting in chemical fertilisers. This one, again, is composing a sonata; and these, in the exuberance of their youth, are merely dancing and playing upon the green and making love.

"No longer is any part of England made into a dismal 'Black Country.' No longer are any people condemned to live in squalor or filth."

The others smiled with indulgent eyes upon her.

"The pamphlet tells you nothing of that," Frank Penman said gently. "Its authors, indeed, would dismiss you as a poor foolish Utopian."

"Sentimental," said Barbour.

"In fact, a little 'touched,' I should say," Frank Penman added.

"No doubt the authors explain Communism much more wisely than I can," Miss Mayence answered humbly; "but tell me, please, something they really say, instead of teasing."

Frank Penman read:—

"'Stated in the terms of modern psychology——'"

"Oh, cut the cackle!" objected Barbour.

"Hush!" said Miss Mayence. "I want to hear."

Penman continued:—

"'. . . this means that man has a group self as well as an individual self, and that freedom cannot be secured for the individual self alone. The new society will be based, not upon the specious freedom of the individual voter, but upon the freedom of self-governing occupational groups or Soviets—self-governing in so far as is consistent with the needs of the whole of Communist society.'"

"Jargon!" muttered Barbour.

"Don't interrupt," Penman replied, then continued reading.

"'This Soviet idea is the most characteristic idea of twentieth-century Communism. It may be that the largest kinds of occupational groups under Communism will be the great industrial unions which play so large a part in the guild conception of society. Certainly the "professional unions" are at this stage coming to bulk more and more largely in the organisation of Soviet Russia.'"

"I dissent from that," said Dick Barbour; "obviously it is not true! Every report the Russians publish shows more clearly that the present tendency in Soviet Russia is all towards one-man management and away, both from the workshop or Soviet and from Trade Union control. (Trade Unions, by the way, are not Soviets). The Soviet Government has scrapped workers' control of industry altogether."

"The 'new economic policy,' which is the old policy of reversion to Capitalism, makes workers' control of industry an impossibility," observed Bistre. "But have I not recently seen something bearing upon this very point? Have I not seen that there was recently a proposal to disband the Russian industrial unions, but they refused to be disbanded? Was there not a heated controversy on this very point quite recently in Russia?"

"Have you read what Kollontay says about the Workers Opposition?" asked Penman. "I read an article by her in the *Workers' Dreadnought*, some months ago. She said that the Workers' Opposition is composed of Trade Union members and the most advanced sections of the proletarians who were the advance guard of the Revolution.

"Kollontay says that only the pick of the proletarian revolutionaries have stuck to the Trade Unions and to the masses: the others have taken 'high' positions as Soviet officials. She says that the proletarian industrial workers are leading, in Soviet Russia, 'the miserable existence of inmates of a house of correction.' Certainly it is quite a mistake to say with the authors of this pamphlet that the tendency is for the Trade Unions to bulk larger in Russia: the tendency is quite the other way."

"Quite so," said Barbour.

But Miss Mayence objected:

"You are arguing again, instead of telling us what the pamphlet says about Communism. We are all agreed they have not got Communism in Russia."

"The authors of this pamphlet are not. They say:—

"'Yet in the interval Marx and Engels had seemed more interested in what we should now term 'social democracy' than *in what Russia is realising in the form of revolutionary Communism.*'"

"Be just!" said Miss Mayence. "This pamphlet must have been written some time ago, before the decline had set in in Russia; and when it was thought, at least, over here, that Russia was moving towards Communism."

"Perhaps you are right: I thought the pamphlet had only come out during the last few months."

"Will you please tell me at last what they say about Communism?"

"Of course I will; but there isn't much more. I read you what they said about Soviets, a minute

(*continued on page 7.*)

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN MASSACRES.

In the South African Strike the fact that the capitalist Government always helps the masters in the Labour struggle was once more revealed in startling colours.

"Parliament can do nothing," said General Smuts, during the strike debate in the Cape Parliament. "Parliament,' he said, is a deliberative and not an executive body. It is not for me to approve of the economic factors which government and the world have to submit to."

Parliament certainly did nothing in the strike; Parliament never acts; its uselessness is not over-rated by Smuts; but Smuts and his Government could act when they chose; and did so, and most drastically. An early act of the Government was to suppress the *Transvaal Post*, the strikers' organ; a mild, conservative sort of sheet; by no means revolutionary. The *Transvaal Post*, however, would give true accounts of the massacre of the workers by Government troops. The one newspaper which supported the workers was suppressed: the several newspapers supporting the employers went on as before.

The farmers opposed to the big capitalists of the Rand, supported the strikers: they furnished them with ample supplies of food, in the Communist spirit, without payment. Finding that the strikers could not be starved into submission, the Government adopted violent measures to insure the victory of the employers. The frame-up and the bomb flung from aeroplanes were actively employed against the strikers, as well as all the new and old measures of regular warfare.

The strikers did not desire a revolution; they were only fighting to maintain their actual conditions of work and pay unaltered.

As Comrade Motler rightly points out, there could be no revolution, because there was no revolutionary spirit. Some Communists express the strange belief that the Communist order can be established in some miraculous manner through a strike in which the workers are merely desirous of obtaining wages or hours concessions. The South African example is the latest instance of the futility of such a view.

Very sadly we must admit that whilst the capitalist Government and the employers were the conscious perpetrators of the crime, it was workers who made the South African massacre of strikers possible Workers conveyed the troops to the Rand; workers manned the regiments.

Perhaps they were not workers who bombed the strikers from the aircraft, since such engines of destruction may be operated by but few persons.

THE LOCK-OUT OF ENGINEERS.

The Lock-Out of Engineers proceeds quietly: whilst Trade Union officials confer and make Parliamentary speeches, the working engineers are already going through the second week of the sort of hunger strike which the employers and Trade Union officials have mapped out for them.

The Trade Union officials continue appealing to the Government to settle the dispute. The Government haughtily replies that it will not even consider whether to intervene till the 47 other Trade Union organisations which are balloting on the employers' terms are prepared to accept them or to be locked-out like the engineers.

In the House of Commons debate on the question, on March 20th, J. R. Clynes declared that in all the great disputes of recent years, the workers had been on the defensive. Were this true, it would be a conclusive proof of the failure of Trade Unionism in not having enabled its members to make any fight for improved conditions. That Clynes, the Parliamentary leader of the Labour Party, should make such a statement, as though it were something to be proud of, shows how low the Trade Union officials rate the Trade Union machinery and the rights and needs of the working class.

Clynes voiced the typical official Labour point of view when he asserted in the debate, that there is "a mutual interest" between employers and employed. Official Labour in general, and Clynes in particular, has no ambition for the working class that reaches beyond the realms of wagedom. Labour leaders desire emancipation for themselves from the position of a wage-slave in the factory, the dockyard, the footplate, or the mine. We find that some of them have not only emancipated themselves from the factory worker's life and the factory worker's wage by securing official positions, but have also dabbled in investments and become directors of great manufacturing and trading companies. They have emancipated themselves from wage-slavery, but they approve the system which makes wage-slaves, and cannot conceive the possibility of ending it.

The Labour Members of Parliament cheered Mr. Hopkinson (an employer of labour, but not a member of the Employers' Federation) when he said that employers who complain that "their men will not do what the employers wishes" are "utterly unfitted to employ British workmen." The Labour Members cheered because, like Mr. Hopkinson, they refuse to recognise that the worker is entitled to overthrow the system which makes him a servant and a wage-slave, and which makes the product of his labour the property of an employer.

Every great industrial dispute brings out still more clearly the fact that the capitalist system ought to be abolished, and that the Trade Unions will never accomplish the task.

Yet the Right-Wing Communist Conference has again, by a large majority, declared for working with and through the Trade Unions, and for affiliation to the Labour Party.

As a concession to the restive Left Wing, the Executive proposed, and the Conference confirmed, that the Communist Party might "support the formation" of workshop committees, but these must only work with, and not in antagonism to, the official Trade Unions. This means that the workshop committees can only act in obedience to the Trade Unions. It they act independently, antagonism will at once arise; for experience has proved that the Trade Union officials are extremely jealous of their authority. How bitterly they fought the Shop Stewards' Movement, which became so extensive during the war! How ruthlessly they punished those who took part in the strike for reduced hours, organised by the Shop Stewards during the Armistice, in February 1919, in order to prevent the present unemployment, which, of course, was anticipated. Is it so soon forgotten that the national executives and officials of the Trade Union then dismissed the district committees and officials, who supported that strike in obedience to the majority decision of their Union members in the districts affected? Is it forgotten that the Union officials even went so far as to evict from their home (which happened to be in Union premises) the family of Harry Hopkins, during his imprisonment by the Government for his part in the strike?

It is undoubtedly the case that if the workshop committees act when the Unions fail to act, fierce conflict between the committees and the Unions will arise. Attempts to build up workshop committees, to act in harmony with the Unions, must fail, unless they are an integral part of the Union machinery and subordinate to the Union executives. In that case, no action need be expected of them.

Another great working-class tragedy of long drawn-out privation and wholesale victimisation is obviously preparing. Its victims wll be the engineering and shipyard workers.

Workers, in other industries, are you still unprepared to do more than watch the enactment of another Black Friday? Will you content yourselves by making the insincere protests of those who might have acted, but preferred merely to complain that others were not acting?

SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT AND THE STRIKE.

Are Governments and Parliaments Worth While?

According to Smuts—Certainly Not!

The *South African Review*, a mild Reformist Labour paper, says:

"'*Parliament can do nothing; it is a deliberative, and not an executive body.*

"'*It is not for me to approve of the economic factors which Governments and the world to-day have to submit to.*'

"In the above two statements, during his speech in the Strike Debate, the Prime Minister clearly confessed that Governments and Parliaments are subordinate to powerful private interests.

"If Parliament is not an executive body, then what is it, who is it, that controls the daily lives of the people? Who but the Money Power?

"If 'Governments and the world' have to submit to 'economic factors,' and have no say in the creation of economic factors, then who but the Money Power is the creator and controller of those factors?

"This admission by a Prime Minister, of the impotence of Governments and Parliaments, in regard to the vital interests of humanity, is certainly most useful. It means that Governments, including the Union Government, merely exist for the purpose of arranging things within a prescribed field, the limits of that field being laid down by some higher power than Governments.

"That higher power has its headquarters in the great banking trust, which was formed towards the end of the war, in order to entrench the position of Finance as the creator and controller of employment, and the terms on which it would allow employment (the means of life to the masses) to be given.

"The banking trust is as potent in South Africa as in London, New York and Paris, and its chief representatives in this country are the Chamber of Mines and De Beers.

"It is a contradiction for General Smuts, to say that he is not the agent of the Chamber and in the same breath to confess that he has no say in regard to economic factors, no power to settle the strike, no executive power in anything at all but only deliberative power.

"It is because the Government is the agent of the Chamber in the economic sense, that it behaves as if it were the agent in the ordinary commercial sense. In truth, even the latter applies, if we take the salaries they receive as Ministers to represent payment for services as agents of Big Finance.

"When the Government gave over the Far East Rand to the financiers, when it appointed as chairman of the Far East Rand Commission a representative of De Beers, when it awarded Bewarplaatsen funds to the mining houses, did it not act like an agent?

"And now that the Government enlarges on the terrible disaster to the country attending the stoppage of the gold mines, whilst allowing De Beers and the Diamond Mines to stop diamond mining rather than reduce the price of diamonds—does not the Government in this case also act like an agent of Big Finance?

"The Government does not merely act like an agent; it *is* an agent."

COMMUNIST WORKERS
(LEFT-WING ANTI-PARLIAMENTARY COMMUNISTS)

WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT MEETINGS.

ST. LEONARD'S ACADEMY.
698 HIGH ROAD, LEYTONSTONE.
SUNDAY, APRIL 2ND.
Discussion on "Communism and the Unemployed." Opened by Sylvia Pankhurst.

PORTSMOUTH COMMUNIST WORKERS' PARTY.

TRADES HALL, FRATTON ROAD.
SUNDAY, MARCH 26TH, AT 7 P.M.
Sylvia Pankhurst on "Communism."

RUSSIAN REVOLUTION AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY.

Whilst the Russian Soviet Government was the target of capitalist abuse, Communists all over the world long refrained from criticism. In this country the Soviet Government and the leaders of the Communist Party have been widely eulogised. Now that the chorus of praise is swelled by the bourgeois politician, now that the Soviet Government has introduced a "new economic policy" of reversion to old Capitalism, now that Tchitcherine, the Foreign Minister of the Soviet Government is praising the policy of Lloyd George; whilst Lenin and his colleagues are going to negotiate with the Capitalist Powers at Genoa, we think it time that the case should be considered, of those Russian workers who declare that the proletarian revolution is being betrayed.

The following article by a Russian comrade has been translated from "Le Libertaire." The comrade who was long resident in France, but expelled during the war, is well known to "Le Libertaire." The writer has watched events as a resident of Russia, not as a visitor. Though the article perhaps contains some exaggerations, it deserves attention.

II.

The Terror is tempting, by its multiple possibilities. It solves, mechanically, insoluble problems. Psychologically it explains itself as a state of defence, as the necessity for getting rid of responsibilities, in order to deliver more effective blows at the enemy; but the principles of terrorism strike an inevitable blow at liberty and the Revolution.

Monstrous power corrupts and slays equally its enemies and its servants. The people, which has never known liberty, accustoms itself to the dictatorship. The government setting forth on the path of terrorism inevitably severs itself from the people, it must limit to the greatest extent possible the circle of people armed with extraordinary powers in the name of its safety; and then it is only what one can call the panic of Power, the cause of which is to be found in the hyperatrophy of the central power. The dictator, the despot is always full of fear; he sees treason always and everywhere, and the more the despot fears, the more it seems to him that he is surrounded by enemies, the more he sows around him hate and repulsion.

The government which has chosen this way must logically pursue it to the end. The people were silent, and rightly, it was in their name, on the pretext of mortal blows at the counter-revolutionaries that the frightful hunt after the adversaries of the C.P. took place.

All shapes and forms of human liberty were torn up by the roots; freedom of speech, of the press, of opinion. of association, of assembly, and of free labour were proclaimed to be middle-class ideas and prejudices, tentatives of the counter-revolution.

The organ of governmental Terror is the Extraordinary Commission—the "TCHEKA*"—armed with unlimited powers, in fact, outside all control, possessing simplified forms of judicial procedure and a numerous *personnel* of functionaries, almost illiterate. Very rapidly this commission has become, not only a bugbear of the real or imaginary counter-revolution, but also a hideous sore for the whole country. . . .

From the commencement of the Revolution (1917), when the labouring masses abolished instinctively the system of private property and the State, the Anarchists were with them.

The Revolution of October 1917, pursuing the path pointed out by the popular explosion, quite naturally reflected the Anarchist tendencies: it abolished the ancient State machine and put forward, in the political domain, the principle of the Federation of the Soviets. It had recourse to direct expropriation in abolishing private property and in taking back the land again from the lords and landed proprietors; the banks, industrial enterprises, the real estate and capital from the traders, the manufacturers, and the financiers. Thus, at this time, the Anarchists were fighting for it with all their might, and working parallel with the Bolsheviki. Amongst these fighters who remained faithful to the end to the ideas and tactics of Anarchism, we must mention Justin Jouch, a worker in the powder factory of Schlissembourg, who died heroically at his revolutionary post, combating the counter-revolution; it was he who turned out the Constituent Assembly.

But immediately the Bolsheviki had taken possession of the movement, the forms and character of the social reconstruction changed completely. The Bolsheviki, under cover of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, directed all their efforts towards the building up of a centralised and bureaucratic State, and then all who understood the social revolution as the self-organisation of the labouring masses, as the birth of a really free anti-State Communism, all these began to be proceeded against.

These persecutions made themselves felt first against the critics of the Left: the Anarchists. In the month of April, 1918, the governing party undertook the liquidation of all the Anarchist organisations. On the night of April 12th, Anarchists' clubs were surrounded and cannons and machine-guns pointed at them. The Anarchists present were summoned to give themselves up, and fire was opened on those who refused. Those who escaped death were imprisoned, and on the morrow their whole press was seized and the publication of their papers prohibited.

From then on, persecutions against the Anarchists and their organisations took a systematic character.

* The "Tcheka" is now abolished.

PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

By Tom Anderson.

The True Story of Jonah.

During the school holiday season in our city (Glasgow), the School Board gives the Jewish community the use of the Public Schools, to hold summer classes.

I was invited by one of the Hebrew scholars to give a lesson to their school, which I did. In return, my friend, Mr. Esterson, called on me and and related this beautiful story, entitled "The True Story of Jonah." I have since given this story as a lesson at our Schools, and should anyone think it frivolous, remember it was related to me by a Hebrew scholar, who speaks five languages, and he told it with such a childish delight, that he made me much interested in it. So to you, my readers—old and young—I tell the story.

When reading it, you have to try and think as they did 3,000 years ago; if you can do that then, like me, you will laugh.

Mr. Esterson said: "Mr. Anderson, I have come this morning to tell you a beautiful story, 'The True Story of Jonah.' You know the story of Jonah, as given by your Bible. Yes, well, this is a better one, but it follows much on the same lines as your Biblical story:

"Jonah was commanded by God to go to Nineveh and preach to the wicked people there. Jonah did not do so, but went and took a ship that was going to Tarsus. In that ship was a Golden Throne which was being sent to a king of a great city, and also one thousand gold watches."

"Mr. Esterson," I said, "a thousand gold watches! Surely, never?"

"That's right, Mr. Anderson, a thousand gold watches; that's part of the story, and there were also two hundred black slaves being sent to the great king.

"On the second day, when they were out at sea, a great storm arose, and all the seamen were afraid, and each one prayed to his own god, and, lo and behold! when they looked over the side of the vessel, a monster whale was following them. Then the captain of the ship said: 'Someone has offended his god; what must we do?' and he looked at the golden throne and commanded the sailors to throw it overboard. Lo and behold! the whale swallowed the golden throne——"

"Mr. Esterson," I said, "impossible!"

"Mr. Anderson, God made the whale swallow the golden throne."

"Oh, that's different," I said. "If God did it, that's all right. He is your God and mine, Mr. Esterson."

"Yes, yes," he said. "But the storm still kept raging. They then threw overboard the thousand gold watches, which the whale at once swallowed. The two hundred black slaves were then thrown overboard, and the whale swallowed them also——"

"Impossible!" I said.

"Mr. Anderson, God made the great whale swallow them."

"Oh, that's all right," I said, "if it was God that did it."

"Still the storm did not abate. At that point the sailors saw Jonah sleeping in the bow of the boat, and went and wakened him, saying: 'Do you not know of the great storm?' Jonah looked up and said: 'I am the cause of all the trouble: I have disobeyed the order of my God, the creator of heaven and earth; the sea and all it contains, and of everything that moveth on the earth; the sun, moon, and stars are his children.' And the sailors did marvel at so great a God, and did fall down and worship him. Then the captain said to Jonah, 'What shall we do with you?' Jonah said: 'Take me and throw me overboard, and all shall be well.' And the sailors did as Jonah commanded them. And the great whale did swallow Jonah, the storm ceased, and the sailors did each pray to his own god.

"The great whale got sick and God sent it ashore, where some fishermen saw it. The king of the fishermen saw it and said: 'God hath sent it; pull it ashore and open it up; it will contain a message.'

"What do you think they found, Mr. Anderson?"

I was langhing—so was Mr. Esterson.

"Well, when the fishermen ripped open the belly of the great whale, there was Jonah sitting on the golden throne, selling the gold watches by auction to the two hundred black slaves."

AUSTRIAN WORKS' COUNCILS.

Emmy Freundlisch, a Socialist Member of the Austrian Parliament, describes the Works' Councils established by law when the Social Democrats held a majority in the Austrian Parliament after the overthrow of the Emperor.

The law requires that every factory employing more than five workers shall have an annually elected Works' Council, to take part in managing the plant:—

"The Councils are charged, in the first place, with the duty and the right to watch over the carrying out of collective agreements, to inspect the pay-rolls, and to defend the workers' interests. In some plants they have also been permitted a voice in the hiring and discharge of workers. They may at all times make suggestions to the management for the improvement of hygienic arrangements and of the productive processes and the internal organisation of the plant.

"The management is obliged to meet in monthly conferences with the Works' Council, and to discuss all questions relating to the administration of the plant. There are firms operating very large factories, which discuss with the Works' Council even their new orders, the general business condition of the enterprise, and many other matters, because they realise how much is gained in zeal for work when the worker develops an interest in his industry. In the case of corporations, the Works' Councils are entitled to send representatives into the board of directors, and to inspect the books.

"The law relating to Works' Councils, notwithstanding strong opposition from all sides, even from some of the Trade Unions, has been a great success for the working class."

Such Councils cannot emancipate the workers whilst Capitalism remains. Indeed, we do not support their formation. The fact that capitalists find them useful is, however, another instance of the fact that workers' management of industry is not the impractical dream that some "Socialists" and "Communists" would have us believe.

WRIT ON COLD SLATE.

By E. Sylvia Pankhurst.

Price 1s. 7d., *Post Free.*

This verse was written on the prison slate by the author during her six months' imprisonment in Holloway Gaol, and is printed as then conceived, as a memory and as a document.

DESIRABLE MANSIONS.

By Edward Carpenter.

After all, why should we rail against the rich? I think, if anything, they should be pitied. In nine cases out of ten, it is not a man's fault. He is born in the lap of luxury, he grows up surrounded by absurd and impossible ideas of life, the innumerable chains of habit and circumstances tighten upon him, and when the time comes that he would escape, he finds he cannot. He is condemned to flop up and down in his cage for the remainder of his days, a spectacle of boredom, and a warning to gods and men.

I go into the houses of the rich. In the drawing room I see chill, weary faces, peaked features of ill-health; downstairs and in the kitchen I meet with rosy smiles, kissable cheeks, and hear sounds of song and laughter. What is this? Is it possible that the real human beings live with Jeames below-stairs!

Often as I pass and see, in suburb or country, some "desirable mansion" rising from the ground, I think: That man is building a prison for himself. So it is—a prison. I would rather spend a calendar month in Clerkenwell or Holloway than I would in that desirable mansion.

A young lady that I knew, and who lived in such a mansion, used, with her sisters, to teach a class of factory girls. Every now and again one of the girls would say:

"Eh, Miss, how I would like to be a grand lady like you!"

Then she would answer:

"Yes, but you know you wouldn't be able to do everything you liked; for instance, you wouldn't be allowed to go out walking when you liked."

"Oh, dear!" they would say to one another, "she is not allowed to go out walking when she likes—she is not allowed to out walking when she likes!"

Certainly you are not allowed to go out walking when you like. Reader, did you ever spend a day within these desirable walls? I have, many. I wake up in the morning. It is fine and bright. I think to myself: I will have a pleasant stroll before breakfast. Yes—man proposes. It is all very well to meditate a morning walk; but where, O where are my clothes? I cannot very well go out without them. What can have become of them? Suddenly it occurs to me: James, honest soul, had taken them away to brush. Good! I wait. Nothing happens. I ring the bell. James appears. "My clothes, James." "Yes, sir." Again I wait—an intolerable time. At last the familiar jacket and trousers appear. Good! Now I can go out. Not so fast—where are your boots? Boots, good gracious, I had forgotten them.* Heaven knows where they are—I don't. Probably fifty yards away. I creep downstairs. All is quiet. The servants are evidently at breakfast. It would be madness to hope to get boots brushed at such a moment. I would like to clean them myself. In fact, I am fond of cleaning my own boots; the exercise is pleasant, and besides, it is just such a little bit of menial work as I would rather do myself than have others do for me. In the first place, in this house, where every one is fifty yards away from everything one wants, I have not the faintest idea where my boots are, or the means and instruments of blacking them; in the second place, an even more fatal objection is that, if I did succeed in committing this deed of darkness, the consequent uproar in the house would be perfectly indescribable. The outrage on propriety would not only shock the feelings of the world below-stairs, but it would put to confusion the master of the house, upset the whole domestic machinery, create unpleasant qualms in the minds of the other guests, and possibly make me feel that I had better not have lived. Accordingly, I abandon the idea of my pleasant stroll. It is not worth such a sacrifice. The birds are singing outside, the flowers are gay in the morning sun—but it must not be. Within, in the sitting-rooms, chaos reigns. Chairs and tables are piled in cheerful confusion upon one another, carpets are partially strewn with tea leaves. To read a book or write an aimless letter to some one (the usual resource of people in desirable mansions) is clearly impossible. To do anything in the way of housework is forbidden—it being well understood in such places that one may do anything except what is useful. There remains nothing but to beat a retreat to my chamber again—put my hands in my pockets and whistle at the open window.

"Who was that I heard whistling so early this morning?" says my kindly old host at breakfast. "Oh, it was you, was it? I expect, now, you're an early riser; get up at seven, take a walk before breakfast; that sort of thing—eh?"

"Yes, when I can," I reply with ambiguous intent.

"Well, I call that wonderful," says an elderly matron, not likely, as far as appearances go, to be accused of a similar practice: "such energy, you know."

"What a strong constitution you must have to be able to stand it!" remarks a charming young lady on whom it not yet dawned that the vast majority of human kind have their breakfast before half-past nine.

This is not a good beginning to the day; but the rest is like unto it. I find there are certain things to be done—a certain code of things that you may do, a certain way of doing them, a certain way of putting your knife and fork on the plate. When you come down to dinner in the evening you must put on what the Yankees call a claw-hammer coat. It is not certain (and that is just the grisly part of it) *what* would happen if you did not do this. In some societies, evidently such a casualty has never been contemplated. I have heard such people seriously discussing—in cases where the required article was missing—what could be done, where one could be borrowed, etc.; but, clearly, it did not occur to them that anyone could dine in his natural clothes. Sometimes, when in a fashionable church, I have wondered whether it would be possible to worship God in a flannel shirt; but I suppose to go out to a dinner party in such a costume would be even more unthinkable. As I said before, you are in prison. So submit to the prison rules and it is all right—attempt to go beyond them, and you are visited with condign punishment. The rules have no sense, but that does not matter (possibly some of them had sense once; but it must have been a very long time ago); the people are good people, no better nor worse in themselves than the real workers, the real hands and hearts of the world; but they are condemned to banishment from the world, condemned into the prison houses of futility. The stream of human life goes past them as they gaze wearily upon it through their plate-glass windows; the great Mother's breasts of our common humanity, with all its toil and sufferings and mighty joys are withheld from them. Dimly at last I think I understand why it is their faces are so chill and sad, their nourished lives so unhealthy and over-sensitive. Truly, if I could pity anyone, I would them.

By the side of the road there stands a little girl, crying; she has lost her way. It is very cold, and she looks pinched and starved.

"Come in, little girl, and sit by my cottage fire, and you'll soon get warm; and I'll see if I can't find you a bit of something to eat before you go on. . . . Eh! dear! how stupid I am—I quite forgot. I am sorry I can't ask you in; but I am living in a desirable mansion now—and though we are very sorry for you, yet you see we could hardly have you into our house, for your dirty little boots would make a dreadful mess of our carpets, and we should have to dust the chairs after you sat upon them, and you see Mrs. Vavasour might come in, and she would think it so very odd; and I know cook doesn't like beggars, and—O dear!—I'm so sorry for you—and here's a penny, and I hope you'll get home safely.

* A friend of mine tells me once, to revenge himself for this sort of trifling, he concealed his nether garment under the mattress, and then in the morning, slyly watched the footman as he vainly sought round the room for it. The consequence was, however, that he fell much in the estimation of the latter, who, doubtless thought that, like Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, his master's visitor "had gone to bed with his breeches on."

(to be continued).

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ESPERANTO.

LA DUPIEDULO.

(Daŭrigo.)

— Ili devas esti tre bongustaj, diris la leono. Mi havas la deziron provi, ĉu ili ekektive estas bongustaj.

Volonte mi konsentas, diris la orangutango, ili ne faras honoron al la familio, kaj certe ili havos malbonan finon.

La leono proksimiĝis al ili, sed kiam li staris antaŭ ili, subite perdis la kuraĝon. Li mem ne komprenis tion, ĉar alie li tute ne estis timema.

Sed la du novaj bestoj havis tiel mirajn okulojn kaj marŝadis tiel maltimeme kaj ĝoje sur sia vojo, ke li kredis, ke ili posedas sekretan povon, el kiu li nenion povis vidi. Iliaj dentoj havis nenian apartecon kaj iliaj ungegoj tute ne estis grandaj. Tamen io devas esti en ili.

Li do kun mallevita kapo lasis ilin pasi.

— Kial vi ne manĝegis ilin? demandis la leonino.

— Mi ne estis malsata, li respondis.

Li kuŝiĝis la altan herbon kaj faris kvazau li ne pripensus plu pri ili.

La aliaj bestoj imitis lin, ĉar li estia la plej eminenta. Sed neniu el ili estis sincera. Interne ili ĉiuj okupiĝis je la novaj bestoj.

Dume la dupiedulo kaj lia virino migris ĉiam pluen en la mondon kaj ju pli pluen ili iris, des pli ili estis mirigitaj de la belego kaj pompo de la tero.

Ili eĉ ne suspectis, kian miron ili kaŭzis kaj ne vidis kiel ĉiuj bestoj sekvis iliajn postsignojn. Kien ajn ili alvenis, tie la arboj kunmetis siajn kapojn kaj murmuretis, la birdoj akompanis ilin en la aero super iliaj kapoj kaj el ĉiu arbeto aŭ folio fikse rigardis post ili scivola okulo.

— Tie ĉi ni logu, diris la dupiedulo kaj montris amindan, malgrandan herbejon, kie la rivereto serpentumis inter floroj kaj herboj.

— Ne, tie, ekkriis la virino kaj forkuris en la proksiman arbaron, kie densa ombro kuŝadis sub la arboj kaj kie la tero estis kovrita per molega musko.

— Kiel kurioze sonoras iliaj voĉoj, diris la najtingalo. Ili havas pli multe da tonoj ol mi.

— Se ili ne estus tiel grandaj, mi petus ilin nestiĝi apud mi en la kanaro, diris la kanpasero.

La du novaj bestoj iris pluen kaj ĉiam ili trovis pli belan loketon, kiu pli bone plaĉis al ili, kaj ili ne povis decidi, kie ili restadu. Tiam ili renkontis la hundon, kiu treege, lumis, ĉar ili vundis sian piedon per akra ŝtono.

(Daŭrigota).

CLASS WAR POINTS.

Andrew Soukup, a young clothing worker of Baltimore, was shot in the spine, when on strike picket duty, by a blackleg. The blacklegs are allowed to carry revolvers and other weapons, and are escorted home by policemen. When strikers pass the policemen they are greeted by: "Keep on walking, you bum. Why don't you get a job and stop bumming around?"

HOW TO HELP.

When there is a meeting in your district where the *Dreadnought* might be sold, write to us at 152 Fleet Street. Give us as much notice as you can.

Send to us for *Dreadnoughts* to sell at public meetings and branch meetings in your district. Our terms are 1/6 for 18 papers. We take back unsold copies if returned within six weeks. We pay postage and supply posters free.

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Get a collection for the *Workers' Dreadnought* taken at all meetings held in your district.

Take a second collection, to enable you to give copies free, or at half price, to the unemployed.

See that the *Dreadnought* posters are on show everywhere. Get your organisation to display one at its public meetings and in its branch room. Fly-post them on the walls of your district. Put one in your window, or, better still, on the wall of your house.

We supply back numbers, to give away, at 1/3 a quarter cwt., carriage extra.

CLASS WAR PRISONERS.

Guy Aldred is still serving sixteen months' imprisonment in Scotland.

John McClean is on hunger strike in a Scottish jail.

In the U.S.A. the sentences are longer.

On August 17th, 1918, 93 men, who had already been held in prison, waiting trial, for twelve months, were sentenced to a total of 807 years, and to fines amounting to 2,700,000 dollars. Their crime was that of organising the workers on the industrial field to secure better conditions. 125 such victims of the Class War have already been nearly four years in prison.

Amongst those who are serving sentences of from 5 to 20 years in the U.S.A. are the following comrades who are natives of Britain:—

Sam Scarlett of Glasgow, an old member of the A.S.E.; Richard Brazier of Birmingham, a metal worker, and Charles Lambert are serving 20 years.

Bert Lorton, J. A. Macdonald, Don Sheridan and Fred Esmond are in for 10 years.

Joe Oates, a miner from Cleator Moor, Harry Lloyd, Ted Frazer from Manchester, Herbert Mahler and William Moram have nearly served their term of five years.

Jim Larkin and Ben Gitlow, a member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, have been sentenced to an indeterminate sentence of from five to ten years. This indeterminate sentence is an American method as yet unknown in this country. The minimum sentence expires at five years, the rest of the period expires at the pleasure of the authorities.

Larkin was convicted of "Criminal Syndicalism," a "crime" which is undefined and which is generally interpreted as anything that interferes with capitalist exploitation of the workers. "Criminal Syndicalism" is only a crime in certain States which were able to rush it through their legislatures during the war hysteria. It was framed and is used exclusively against the workers. Larkin was one of its first victims.

Agitate for the immediate release of all these comrades!

HIGH-HANDED ACTION.

Attempt to Force Lumber Workers Into R.T.U.I.

The Red International of Labour Unions was called "a piebald International" by many of its present supporters when its constitution was formulated. It is not so Red as many advanced workers desire. Bear that fact in mind when considering the following facts submitted by John Olson, Chairman, and Carl Berg, Secretary of the Edmonton District of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of Canada.

These comrades report that the General Executive Board of the L.W.I.U. of Canada has suspended the members of the Edmonton District:

> "Until such time as they elect officials who will abide by the aims, purposes and constitution of the R.I.L.U."

A members' meeting of the Edmonton District has passed a resolution dealing with the situation, from which we take the following extracts:—

> "We hold that you have no power to suspend a district for refusing to abide by the rules of the R.T.U.I. until such time as you have referred the matter of affiliation to the rank and file by a referendum vote, and further, that no convention or G.E.B. have the power to affiliate this organisation with any other such organisation until such time as the rank and file have endorsed such a move by a referendum vote.
>
> "We shall continue to consider ourselves as members of the organisation until such time as you have put this matter to a referendum vote of the rank and file, and they have had a chance either to uphold or repudiate your autocratic action. We shall further appeal directly to the rank and file of the entire organisation, to demand that they take action to see that the constitution is upheld and that they be given the right to vote by a referendum vote on the matter of affiliation and constitutional amendments."

The resolution further protests that the District should have been notified of the proposal to suspend it, and have been given an opportunity to reply.

It continues:—

> "We have investigated the credentials given to Gordon Cascaden by our district officials, and we find that they have acted in accordance with the instructions given by the membership of this district."

Cascaden was sent as a delegate to the Moscow Congress of the R.T.U.I.

A referendum of the Union membership is demanded.

The resolution, which was unanimously adopted, is signed by Dick Carroll, O. P. Gustavson, Jerry Hollerand, who acted as a Resolution Committee.

FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN STRIKER.

This letter was written by a miner at Brakpan, in the strike area, on February 16th.

"A few lines to let you know some truths concerning the strike.

"We are perfectly solid, and do not intend returning to work on the Chamber's conditions. Jannie Smuts, the Prime Minister, appealed to us to return, but our answer was to hold monster meetings, and nobody returned to work.

"Some of the mines have made a start with only the officials working; some are even working their batteries; but no rock is being broken. What they are crushing now is just what was in the bins before the strike. No engine-drivers have returned to work.

"The manager of the New State Areas was showing how to work the hauling engine; he pulled only one skip to the top of the head-gear and into the engine room, the other is in the sump at the bottom of the shaft, with five thousand feet of cable on top of it. The shaft, of course, is wrecked. So much for theory *versus* practice!

"It is amusing to hear the hooters blowing every morning, with nobody turning out.

"The farmers are sending us huge quantities of meal, potatoes and cattle, and we shall not be starved into submission.

"It is a fact that nobody has gone short of one meal yet. It is there for the asking, and nothing is charged.

"We had a great meeting in Brakpan last week, when the Benoni Commando paid us a visit. We met their Commando half-way. One hundred mounted men led the way, followed by the women's Red Cross, numbering about eighty. Then came about four hundred foot, with ambulance waggons, etc., finishing up with about six hundred cycles. There must have been about four thousand on the Square.

"To-morrow the whole of the East Rand meet in Benoni. I am on the Brakpan Commando. We expect about eight thousand.

"No hotels are open, and drink is unobtainable.

"You must not believe anything you read in the papers. According to these we are creeping back to work, but such is not the case. We know every 'scab.' Their names are posted up outside our strike offices and there are six names only. We know just what is going on. Everything is quiet in Brakpan, and no rioting. We don't intend to give Jannie Smuts the chance to proclaim martial law."

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THE POMP OF ROYALTY AND WEALTH.

Aye, there they are—
Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,
Monopolists and stewards of this poor farm,
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart,
These are the lillies, glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not, neither do they spin, unless
It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the Earth, scarce leaves
The tithe that will support them till they crawl
Back to her cold hard bosom. Here is health
Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,
Waste by lame famine, wealth by squalid want,
And England's sin by England's punishment.

. . . . . .

A troop of cripples, beggars, and lean outcasts,

. . . . . .

Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins
And rotten hiding-holes, to point the moral
Of this presentment, and bring up the rear
Of painted pomp with misery.

—SHELLEY.

FRANK PENMAN.—*Continued from page 8.*

ago, and about the Trade Unions. Then it goes on—I haven't left anything out:—

> "'But to the Communist, the guild scheme seems a premature and Utopian attempt at the detailed formulation of methods that will have to be worked out in actual practice.'"

"Good Lord!" said Barbour, "I'm always telling those fellows in the C.P. they are fools to expect an immediate revolution; but if they think the revolution is near, how can they leave our whole policy after the first crisis of the revolution to be worked out afterwards? It is all very well to talk about details being worked out later, but this is a question of fundamentals. In Glasgow and Belfast and the Port of London: when there was the engineers' strike that didn't come off; old Eden was saying the Revolution was coming, right then. I remember the Pauls writing in that paper, *The Masses*, that only ran three or four numbers. They suggested that that particular rush against the wall of Capitalism, as they said, might succeed in pushing it over. With a revolution having taken place in Russia and Hungary and half a revolution in other countries, these folk still talk as though what is to happen after the Revolution is something we mustn't even speculate about. If they don't want to formulate a Communist policy for after the Revolution—other people will: that is a certainty. It's a necessity, too, what's more!"

Miss Mayence broke in:

"But Guild Socialism is anything but Communism! Surely they ought to have said that, instead of calling it premature. The Guild Socialists want a Parliament as well as the Guild Council, and they want buying and selling by the Guilds, and wages, even unequal wages! Certainly Guild Socialism is not Communism. I am surprised that a Communist Party would sell any pamphlet which fails to make that perfectly clear."

"Arguing again!" cried Lily Carter, rushing up to them. "Will you people never have done?"

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TO THE HUMBLE-MINDED WORKER.

At an open-air meeting the other day, fellow worker, the speaker was talking about Communism—explaining what it is, you know.

"That means the Revolution, doesn't it?"

Well, not exactly, fellow worker. The change from this system to Communism would be a revolution, of course; but Communism means holding property in common—not your watch and chain, or your overcoat, of course; but watches and chains, before they are put to use.

Under Communism, the land and the means of production and transport shall be held in common, and we shall all use what we want of the common produce, just as we want it, because more than enough to go round can be produced and there will be no stint. There will be no money you understand; neither will there be barter, which is exchanging one commodity for another. Of course, there will be no employers and no employed, no rich, no poor, no money, no wages.

The administration of production and transport will be by those responsible for the actual work. That is what is called Soviet administration.

There was a big crowd at the meeting: it was estimated by the local capitalist press at 700 or 800: probably a thousand or more people were present. Most of them were workers, and a big proportion were unemployed.

After the explanation of Communism, the speaker asked for questions. None were forthcoming. The speaker expressed surprise; but several voices shouted:

"We're all converted."

The speaker then asked for a show of hands from those who believed Communism possible and desired to have it. The hands went up in a mass: hardly anyone refrained from raising both hands.

After that came a question, "Seeing that the workers cannot understand Communism, how do you propose to take advantage of this situation? Can't you suggest putting forward some proposal that they can understand, so that we can take advantage of the present situation?"

The speaker was a member of the Communist Party; one of those superficially-book-learned people who imagine the rest of the world to be incapable of learning anything. That is always the way, fellow worker. It is not the humble-minded working man and woman who cannot understand Communism, but the sophisticated individual, who has stuffed his brain with jargon and politicians' palliatives and catch-cries, so that there is no room for thought and simple common sense and the entrance of an idea that is new to him.

Such persons belittle your intelligence, fellow workers. They believe that you will always go round and round in your squirrel-cage after the baits of higher wages and lower hours. They declare you will never use the key to unlock the cage, though it is in your hands.

Such persons imagine that the only way to free you, fellow workers, is to keep you very rigidly under their discipline, because they alone have the intelligence to use the key. They propose to continue dangling the old palliatives before your eyes, just as the people do who are not Communists at all. They believe that if they do that, you will become their obedient tools, just as you have been the obedient tools of the Labour leaders, who believe that the squirrel-cage is the proper place for you. Having made you willing to be their tools, their obedient flock of humble sheep, these clever ones mean to guide you. They promise to use the key that you have not the intelligence to use.

Meanwhile, in case you should join their organisation, they have resolved to place new members and delinquent members "upon probation."

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