

Alexandra Kollontay's Important Article, page 5

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by
SYLVIA FANEHURST

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THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

A CRITICAL APPRECIATION

By ROSA LUXEMBURG.

(Translated from the German by M. CAMPBELL.)

HOW THE BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

By PAUL LEVI.

I believe that in every respect I can justify the publication of this book. The story of how it originated is soon told. In the summer of 1918, whilst in prison in Breslau, Rosa Luxemburg wrote an article for the *Spartakusbriefe*, in which she set down a critical analysis of the political views of the Bolsheviks. It was during the period that followed upon Brest-Litovsk, the period characterised by supplementary treaties. Her friends considered publication at that juncture to be far from opportune, and I quite agreed with them. As Rosa Luxemburg remained obstinate in her insistence upon publication, in September 1919 I went to Breslau to see her about it, and the outcome of a long and detailed interview with her in prison was that I succeeded, not indeed in convincing her, but in inducing her to desist from the printing of an article she had just written against the tactics of the Bolsheviks.

In order to convince me of the correctness of her criticism, Rosa Luxemburg wrote the present pamphlet. Sketched in bold outlines, it was transmitted to me from the prison by a confidential friend, and she gave me to understand that she was energetically at work writing a detailed criticism of the happenings in Russia.

"I write this pamphlet for you," added Rosa Luxemburg, "and if in doing so I have been able to convince you alone, I shall not have undertaken the task in vain."

The material at her disposal for the writing of the pamphlet included not only the German newspapers, but the whole of the Russian newspapers and pamphlet literature that had appeared up to that time and had been brought into Germany by the Russian Embassy. It had reached her by being smuggled into the prison by trusted friends.

I shall be reproached from two quarters: from the one quarter, because it is *only now* that I am publishing the pamphlet, or that I consider, publishing it at all (for in a certain quarter the intention was to commit the pamphlet to the flames).

With regard to the moment decided upon for publication, it will be understood that it has

nothing to do with the disquisition that I carried on, for known reasons, with the Bolsheviks. In my opinion the prime factor that determines the moment is that to-day the rule of the Bolsheviks in Russia is more secure than it has ever been, and as secure as it can possibly be as long as the Western proletariat does not deliver Russia from her isolation. But a crucial factor which determines the moment is the fact that the present Bolshevik policy will be fraught with the most ominous consequences as far as Europe's Workers' Movement is concerned, and it has become imperative that everything be done to make the criticism of what is going on in Russia stand, as it were, upon its own legs. For only he who thinks critically is able to sift out the truth from the falsehoods, the lasting things from the mass of accidental things, the diamond from the rubbish.

On this account the publication appears to me to be both feasible and urgent.

Die Rote Fahne will start its cry: "Anti-Bolshevism!" I cannot help that; it is a matter that concerns its editorial.

The pamphlet is, as a glance will show, not complete. In a few passages, the train of thought has been traced only slightly, although, it is hoped, sufficiently clearly. I had rather remodelled it so as to make it hang together better, but I refrained from doing so in case misconstructions should creep in. I have merely interpolated the text in those places where the authoress, by leaving a hole in her manuscript, with the cue-note had indicated that I should do this.

Throughout the following pages I have hung with predilection on the words of Lenin or Trotsky, and have quoted them almost exclusively. I fear that this will give the impression that I was bent on "rubbing up against" Lenin. Nothing could be further from my purpose. I have quoted him essentially, because one ought to judge the Russian Revolution and its works by the big men who are leading it; not by what is written about it: either by their Narcissus or by their Therapists.

PAUL LEVI.

(The first instalment of Rosa Luxemburg's book begins next week.)



MAY.

May has come from out the showers,
Sun and splendour in her train.
All the grasses and the flowers
Waken up to life again.
Once again the leaves do show,
And the meadow blossoms blow,
Once again through hills and dales,
Rise the songs of nightingales.
Wheresoe'er on field or hillside
With her paint-brush Spring is seen,—
In the valley, by the rillside,
All the earth is decked with green.
Once again the sun beguiles—
Moves the drowsy world to smiles.
See! the sun with mother-kiss,
Wakes her child to joy and bliss.
Now each human feeling presses
Flower-like upward to the sun,
Softly through the heart's recesses,
Golden dreams, their wings outstreaking,
Now are making
Realms celestial,
All of azure,
New life waking,
Bringing treasure,
Out of measure
For the soul's delight and pleasure.

—MORRIS ROSENFELD.

"No 'arts of peace' are at present possible in England. The rich and poor are at deadly war; and you need not think to stop the mouths of the poor with plasters of oiled canvass."

—John Ruskin in a newly-published letter to J. S. Ravele, written about 1872 or 1873.

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"Those fellows have not come to heel yet."

FRANK PENMAN IN LONDON.

On Easter Saturday Frank Penman set out for a sketching excursion in Surrey.

"Just go down to the Royal Oak at Bumble. they'll do you well there," Dick Barbour had advised him, and guilelessly he went.

At Charing Cross Station Frank Penman found himself penniless. He was always careless about money. Mrs. Rose frequently brought to him coins she had picked up off his bedroom floor, which dropped out of his pockets when he flung his garments off at night. This time, however, he had been careful. He had withdrawn all his money from the saving bank for this excursion and had stowed the coins and notes away in a little bag for safety, thinking that it would never do to lose any of them in the fields.

He was sure he had put that bag in one of his pockets, but search as he might, he could not find it, and he had not even a penny left to take him back to Chelsea, because he had carefully left himself with only the fare to the station, loose in his pocket. He habitually kept himself short of money, because he had such a knack of spending it!

"By the time I've tramped all that way back with these traps, it won't be worth going to-day. It will be too late to chance finding the place full at the other end and to go hunting for somewhere else to sleep. They wouldn't care about taking people late in the evening. That means putting it off till to-morrow, and leaves me only one clear day. Not worth going," he grumbled to himself.

"What a curse money is!" He searched again through his pockets, this time dragging out all the handkerchiefs and notebooks and pencils and odd bits of paper.

"Why should one have to pay for a seat in a train? I'm travelling for a legitimate purpose; the train is running, anyway; there is room for me; why shouldn't I go? It's absurd that I should be prevented. It's barbarously anti-social. I wish to goodness we had Communism!"

"Well, it's a case of shanks' pony!"

He began to re-shoulder his traps, when a thought struck him. Had he put his money bag into his paint box by mistake? He unstrapped his baggage with eagerness. Yes, there it was:

"What a fool I am!" he laughed in relief.

Soon he was in the train, eagerly scanning the passing landscape for signs of Spring.

"Things are late this year, but it's glorious!" he told himself, glowing with pleasure.

"Gomble station at last. What a nice little place! Now for the walk to Bumble!" he thought, jumping down with a rattle of easels and paints. It was a big drop down to the ground, for the train was too long for the platform, but he would not wait for the engine to pull up further, although the porter told him it would. He left his baggage at the station.

"I'm sure to get a cart or something to bring it along."

Then he was off, stepping briskly.

"How nice it smells. What a sky and what sunshine. One forgets the colour of blue in dreary London. What a brilliant light on the horizon. I never noticed it like that before, pouring up into the blue. And leaf buds and catkins in the hedges; and the primroses; and the birds—what a fluting they raise. How fat those thrushes are. I never saw things so much alive. What fools we are to waste our lives in a town!"

On the hillside a man was calling the sheep; slowly and deliberately, as though he had all day to wait:

"Come on. Come on."

Then a long pause.

"Come on. Come on."

The sheep came slowly, very slowly, with many pauses, as though in doubt and reluctant, but steadily, over the wide field, crossing the ditches, climbing up through the gap in the hedge.

"Well, I mustn't stay watching all day: I'll never get to Bumble!"

The wind was warm. He was hot from walking up hill and the weight of his overcoat. He wished he had left it with his baggage:

"How slack one grows in a town!"

Gomble, with the pine-clad hills rising gracefully around it, and right at the head of the valley the Royal Oak.

"Barbour is something of a judge!"

A woman, a cook he thought, came out with a dish in her hands, and not from the main entrance.

"What do you want, sir?"

Penman was suddenly timid:

"A cup of tea."

"Go into the tea room."

The words were written on a glass door.

It was dark and cold inside, and smelt of beer and stuffiness.

"I shall be out all day," he said to himself, feeling crestfallen and with a lurking anxiety as to whether he would be able to say here at all. The place gave no welcome.

A girl came for his order. He was hungry and asked for an egg with his tea.

"I was wondering if you could put me up," he ventured when the girl returned with the tray.

"I don't think so: I'll ask."

A stout woman of forty-five, with a black dress and faded woollen jersey, appeared glooming in the doorway. Her face was forbidding and her dark-rimmed spectacles gave her an owl-like look.

"Of course, we are quite full. I think everyone in the village is full. I shouldn't think you could get a room anywhere."

Penman paid for his meal, looking ruefully at the change from his first note, reflecting that at the Royal Oak the charge was considerably higher than at his usual Lyons, and wondering whether his money would suffice to see him through. He was glad he had taken the precaution of buying a return ticket.

He walked humbly away from the Royal Oak, glad to be in the sun again, and inquired at a shop for lodgings. The shopman turned a quizzical gaze on him:

"I shouldn't think so. Everyone's booked up for months in advance."

A woman who had been buying a jar of marmalade followed him, kindly and sympathetic. She was a middle aged proletarian, with a tired sweetness in her looks.

"It's hard to find room," she said. "The houses are very small, and most families have got their own people staying with them for the holiday. You'd be surprised what a lot of girls have come home for Easter. They all go to London to work: there's nothing for them here. Have you tried through the village—that way up the vale and that way towards the Holly Bush?" She pointed in different directions. "If I'd known sooner I might have—No, I can't go back and get it ready—I can't. I'm not well—I'm too tired! Try at that red house, perhaps they would take you there."

At the red house "No," and at many others: "No." Incredulous smiles. "We are all booked up months ahead."

Then at last: "Try Mrs. Guy. She put off her visitors because she was ill; perhaps she is better now."

Mrs. Guy's cottage was away past the village, at the edge of the wood. She could not take anyone in. No; she was too poorly, her sister who had stepped in for a moment to see her, assured him round the edge of the partly opened back door.

"If I had my dinner out? I should be out all day."

They parleyed for a while and finally asked him in across the little scullery to the parlour kitchen. Finally they showed him the bedroom. The ice of reserve had thawed: it was settled that he should stay.

"If I cooked my own breakfast and supper," he ventured, and Mrs. Guy assented, or he thought she did. He left to arrange about getting his luggage and to do his shopping.

Dobbin, the carrier, was out in the road, with his ragged little girl, who was helping him to harness his old horse to the cab. He was going to fetch some visitors from the station. He volunteered to bring Frank's traps along without any charge. "You can give my little girl three-pence," he said.

Frank was delighted: "How kind they are in the country!"

At the shop he met Mrs. Biddlecum, the woman he had seen in the shop by the Royal Oak.

"I lost you," she said: "I just went in to ask Mrs. Dunn if she could take you; but when I came out you'd gone. Did you find a room?"

"Yes, thank you. I'm staying at Mrs. Guy's."

"I told my husband about you. He said: 'Well, you could have managed it.' I would have taken you rather than you should have been left without. But you see it's a bit awkward: we've only got two rooms. It'd have meant giving you our bedroom and us sleeping in the kitchen: it's a lot of moving about—and I'm not very well. But I'd have done it rather than you should be left."

"How kind," thought Frank, and returned to Mrs. Guy.

She was bathing the baby and seemed annoyed at seeing him. "Will you go straight upstairs?" she said. It was raining now, and very cold. It was cheerless in the bedroom and he was hungry again.

He went downstairs.

Mrs. Guy faced him from the fireplace:

"I'd rather you got all your meals outside," she answered decidedly.

"Couldn't I—I thought you said I could cook my own supper and breakfast—I bought a few things."

"It's using the stove—my husband wouldn't like it."

Penman noticed how beautifully clean was the open fire-gate with the little oven by the side. It looked as though the blacklead brush had only just finished polishing it.

"She wouldn't want me to be mucking about with it," he thought ruefully, and contemplated the scene lit by the bright log fire. It was charming, he thought. The room was not large—just cosy for two and the baby. How could he push his way in between the fireplace and the sofa drawn up before it? The mother and baby were nestling together so comfortably there in the dusk, waiting the father, the little one in her white night-gown and bare feet warmed by the blaze.

"I am intruding here," he felt, with a strong discomfort.

"You can get your meals at the Holly Bush, I should think: otherwise I'd rather you get other rooms," she proceeded, coldly.

"I'll arrange something," Frank said, and stumbled out.

"Of course, they don't want to take a stranger into a little place like that. Why on earth do they build the houses so small, with all this land about? Capitalism again, damn it! It doesn't pay to build them bigger, I suppose. Of course the people don't want lodgers. They want to have a quiet time together in the holidays, without anyone else about. He works hard in the open every day: he doesn't want to be bothered with a stranger at holiday time; and she wants a rest from cooking and cleaning. Perhaps they want to go out for the day: they don't want to feel there's a stranger hanging around the place."

"But why didn't she say so right away," he added in irritation. "Why did she make a fool of me like this, pretending to be willing and then treating me as if I'd forced her to take me against her will? Been thinking it over, I suppose—changed her mind."

The Holly Bush Inn was dark and apparently deserted. He knocked without response. On the far side of it, however, he found a door ajar, and entering, found himself in the village club which was attached to the inn. Some men were there playing billiards by lamplight. In response to Frank's inquiries they summoned the caretaker, a lean, middle-aged man, who answered with a mysterious air:

"We can't: we only do teas on the verandah in the afternoon. We can't supply anything else."

Penman learnt later that the inn was run by a committee on which sat the parson. The innkeeper was only the servant of the committee.

Up the hill was another small inn. Could he lodge there and get his meals there?

"Oh, no: the place is full; the missus has more than she can manage as it is."

Penman was despondent. He positively could not endure to remain at Mrs. Guy's, overburdened by the knowledge that he was intruding. He could scarcely get back to London now, and he did not want to do that.

HAPPENINGS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

On July 14th, 1789, the workers of Paris took the Bastille. The date is memorable. It was an important objective, for its cannon were trained on the revolutionary Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and on the Rue Saint-Antoine which leads to the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais Royal and the Tuilleries. The garrison of the Bastille numbered only 114 men, of whom 84 were pensioners, and 30 Swiss, and the place was not provisioned, but arms had been transferred from the Arsenal to the Bastille on the night of July 12th. The electors had already demanded the destruction of the Bastille. The people hated it because it was a prison, and also because it was a tower of danger to them. The order had been given to fortify the Bastille after the Réveillon affair, and the people therefore rightly understood its menace for them.

Already, on July 13th, musket shots were exchanged between parties of armed Parisians and the defenders of the Bastille. On the 14th the cry "A la Bastille!" became general, and from the small hours of the morning people flocked thither.

It was rumoured that the King's troops were advancing from the east, and the crowds barricaded the streets to the east of the Hôtel de Ville to bar their way.

The people successfully attacked the Hôtel des Invalides and took from there arms and cannon. Their attack had been anticipated; the pensioners on guard at the Hôtel, by order of their commander, were standing at their guns, match in hand, ready to fire. Nevertheless they made no attempt at resistance when, at 7 a.m., 7,000 or 8,000 men poured out of the neighbouring streets, crossed the fosse, 8 feet deep and 12 feet wide, which surrounded the esplanade of the Hôtel des Invalides, swarmed over the esplanade, and flocking in, ransacked the place for arms. It was 2 p.m. before the people had taken all they wanted, and meanwhile the crowd was growing, 200,000 people were thronging the streets. The day before the people had taken possession of 36 barrels of powder which were being taken to Rouen.

The middle classes were alarmed. Middle class delegates from the districts had been calling at the Hôtel des Invalides, on the 13th, asking for arms to protect their houses from plunder. It was promised that an authorisation to supply them would be obtained from Marshal de Broglie, but, as often happens, officialdom delayed, and the workers forestalled the middle class.

The Permanent Committee at the Hôtel de Ville, realising that the people meant business, implored de Launey, Governor of the Bastille, to withdraw the cannon and to commit no act of hostility towards the people. De Launey merely ordered the cannon to be drawn back four feet and the embrasures closed with wooden planks, so that the people could not see the cannon. The Permanent Committee proposed that the Bastille should be defended by the middle class militia and its garrison, and that de Launey should promise not to fire unless the fortress were attacked.

The people, however, were preparing for action.

Troops might have been brought up to save the Bastille, but the officers could not trust the soldiers to obey orders. This important factor must not be forgotten.

The people rushed on the fortress, crying: "We want the Bastille! Down with the bridges!" The first drawbridges of the outer part, called the Forecourt, were soon battered down. A grocer called Pannetier and a number of others entered a house built against the Forecourt and climbed from this house to the wall of the Forecourt, astride of which they moved as far as a guard-house standing beside the little drawbridge of the Forecourt. Thence they leaped into the first Court of the Bastille proper, the Government Court in which was the Governor's house. The soldiers had retreated from this Court with de Launey into the fortress itself. The intruders, with axes, lowered first the little drawbridge and opened its gate, then the larger one. Crowds rushed into the Government Court and lowered the two drawbridges which bridged the wide fosse of the actual fortress.

The defenders of the Bastille now opened fire on the crowd in the Forecourt and even attempted to raise the great drawbridge of the Forecourt to prevent the people escaping. Meanwhile the cannon began to fire upon the adjacent streets.

At this moment Thurnot and Corny, of the Permanent Committee, were announcing to the people in the Place de la Grève that the Governor of the Bastille had promised not to fire. A second deputation went from the Permanent Committee again offering that the middle class militia would aid the troops in defending the Bastille. The deputation returned, saying that the people would have nothing less than the destruction of the Bastille and the death of de Launey. A third deputation went forth from the Permanent Committee, charged to induce all persons found near the Bastille to return to their respective districts, in order that they might be at once admitted to the Paris militia. The deputation endeavoured to induce the people to withdraw from the Government Court of the Bastille, but the crowd, undismayed by the great numbers being killed and wounded by the fire of the Bastille garrison, met the gentlemen of the deputation with hostility and even threatened to kill them as traitors.

The people acted with amazing resource. They brought up two cartloads of straw, to which they set fire, using the smoke as a screen to mask their movements. They set fire to the buildings of the Government Court and brought the cannon they had seized at the Hôtel des Invalides into the Government Court.

Between 4 and 5 p.m. de Launey hoisted the white flag and demanded for the garrison the right to march out with its arms. The people refused this, and finally de Launey gave up the key to the lesser drawbridge.

The people then took possession of the fortress, disarmed the Swiss Guards and the Invalides and dragged de Launey towards the Hôtel de Ville. Many assaults were made upon him on the way and finally he was dragged from the hands of those who were guarding him and decapitated.

The prisoners of the Bastille were liberated amongst general rejoicing.

That evening the Court held a fête at Versailles. There was dancing in the orangery, and toasts were drunk to the coming victory over the rebellious people of Paris.

The Assembly, alarmed by the events of the day, had hurried to the King the same evening, begging him to recall the Ministers and send away the troops.

The King believed that the people could be subdued by placing some reliable officers at the head of the middle class militia and that promises to withdraw the troops would suffice.

Already the King had planned to leave for Metz on July 16th, to place himself at the head of the troops and to march on Paris, and he had intended to dissolve the Assembly. 40,000 copies of the declaration dissolving the Assembly had actually been printed for circulating through France. A hundred million State notes had been printed to supply the needs of the Court. The commanders of the Army stationed between Versailles and Paris had been given unlimited permission to massacre the people.

When the Court first heard of the taking of the Bastille it thought that this would aid its plans and provide the appropriate ostensible motive for its action. But when it was seen that the revolt was spreading, panic seized the Court.

On July 16th the horses were already attached to the King's carriage for his journey to Metz, but de Broglie refused to escort him there. The Princes and nobles were deserting the King and taking to flight. Many were captured by the people and killed in the attempt. Foulon, the immensely rich financier who had speculated in the people's misery and promised to make the workers of Paris eat grass, was discovered in hiding and dragged to Paris by the mob with a bundle of grass tied on his back. He was hanged to a lamp-iron.

The King meanwhile sought peace with the Assembly, presented himself before it, recognised its authority, and promised inviolability for its members. The Assembly replied with transports of applause, and its members rushed out to form a guard of honour through the streets for the King, with cries of "Vive le Roi!"

The people, however, proceeded with the Revolution.

ESPERANTO.

Ewald's charming story of animal life, "Bildoj el la besta vivo," the second chapter of which we now reach, is procurable for 11d., post free, from the Dreadnought Publishing Co., 152 Fleet Street, or the British Esperanto Association, 17 Hart Street, London, W.C.

LA DUPIEDULO.

CAPITRO DUA.

IDARO.

La tagoj pasis.

Multe da laboro estis en la tuta arbaro. Ĉiuj virinoj havis ovojn aŭ idojn kaj la viroj devis alporti nutraĵojn. Ĉiuj havis sufiĉe da zorgoj, neniu interesiĝis pri sia najbaro.

La novaj bestoj lokigis sur insuleton.

Tio okazis tial, ĉar la leono renkontis ilin foje ĉe la eliro de la arbaro. Li eliris el ilia vojo, kiel pli antaŭe ofte, sed rigardis ilin tiel minace, ke la virino de la dupiedulo ektemis pro timo.

— Li manĝegos nin unutage, ŝi diris. Mi ne havas plu kuraĝon dormadi trankvile sur la herbejo.

Tiel li ektrovis la insuleton kaj konstruis el branĉoj kaj herboj dometon. Ili ĉiumatene transvadis la akvon kaj alportis fruktojn el la arbaro. Nokte ili dormadis en sia dometo. La aliaj bestoj kutimigis malrapide al ili kaj nun jam malofte paroladis pri ili.

Nur la hundo ne forgesis ĉiumatene kuri insuleton por deziri al ili bojante bonan matenon. La orangutango ĉie, kie li povis, kalumniis ilin.

— Kiun interesas tio? diris la cervo; oni bone scias, kiaj estas la parencoj.

Ununokte la novaj bestoj havigis ideton.

— Ĉe la dupieduloj aperis malgrandulo, diris la pasero, kiu ĉien alvenis kaj ĉiam sciis novaĵojn.

— Mi foje aliros kaj ekrigardos la malgrandulon, diris la najtingalo. Miaj ovoj certe povos suferi mian kvinminutan foreston.

— La vulpino ĵus forkuris kaj mi povas riski forlasi miajn malgrandulojn por unu minuto, diris la ansero.

Ĉe la akvo estis kunvenita granda societo de scivoluloj. La virinoj forlasis siajn domojn kaj hejmon por ĵeti rigardon sur la nove naskitan dupiedulon.

La juna patrino sidis sur la herbo antaŭ la dometo tenante la infanton sur la brusto, ŝia viro sidis apude kaj manĝis oranĝon.

— Ankaŭ li ne diferencas de aliaj viroj, diris sinjorino cervino.

— Ekzistas ankoraŭ pli malbonaj, diris la talpino. Mia edzo manĝas siajn proprajn infanojn, se mi ne atentis.

— La viroj estas sentaŭguloj, diris la araneino. Mi manĝis la mian tuj, kiam mi demetis la ovojn.

— Indulgu nin je viaj abomenaj historioj, diris la najtingalino. Mi kredas, ke li povus ion kantadi al ŝi. Mia viro ĉiam faradas tion.

(Daŭrigota).

NOTES.

The word IDARO which heads the Chapter is an instance of two suffixes, ID and AR (meaning respectively *offspring* and *quantity*) becoming a noun by the addition of O, to signify *many young* or *a lot of babies*.

The suffix ID reappears three or four lines lower down as IDOJN, *young ones*, where it is a noun in the plural accusative; and further down to signify a *small, young one, or baby*, as IDETON, with the diminutive suffix ET.

In DOMETO the diminutive suffix is added to DOMO, *house*, making it a *hut*, or very small dwelling.

In DORMADI we have DORMI, *to sleep*, with AD the continuance suffix, implying usual, not occasional sleep.

MANGEGOS, from MANGI, *to eat*, with the magnifying suffix EG means *to eat up or devour*.

INSULETEN is really an adverb ending in E with the accusative N added to imply movement, thus we understand that the dog ran "*small-island-ward*."

Finally the word SENTAŬGULOJ made up of SEN, *without*, TAŬGO, *fitness*, UL, *person*, means "*good for nothing persons*," the opinion of the male sex expressed by the female spider (*araneino*).

These compound words are not necessarily found in the dictionary, it is for the reader to discern their meaning; a splendid mental gymnastic for children, equal to any Latin parsing.

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TOWARDS COMMUNISM.

Our May Day cartoon, for which we are indebted to the generous pen of Herbert Cole, expresses our wishes for the dawn of Communism:—

A classless order of society in which there shall be an end of buying and selling, of money and wages, of masters and servants, of rich and poor: that free fraternity in which all shall be supplied freely, according to their needs, and shall give freely, according to their capabilities.

We find, day by day, that many who call themselves Socialists or Communists, and have joined organisations bearing those names, are, as yet, unconverted to Communism. They did not realise that it means the new Order we have described. They thought that to be a Communist was merely to desire higher wages, or a more efficient Trade Unionism, or to put a Labour Government in power, or to believe in the rule of physical force.

For the complete transformation of the social order which we have indicated, they are, as yet, mentally unprepared; they had not contemplated it; and when it is brought before them that this fraternity is Communism, they shrink from it, protesting that it is impossible. They are stunned by the vision of Communism: it seems to them "too good to be true."

Yet signs are not wanting of a growing desire for Communism; for its basis of mutual aid, as a reaction from the pitiless competition of the capitalist system and its awful insecurities.

One of the most ancient industries in this country, Cornish tin mining, which stretches far back to the dim past before the use of coal was dreamed of, latterly came to a dismal close. One by one every mine ceased working, and the miners, who, during the war, had worked for a paltry pittance of 30s. a week, were left with only the Government dole to depend on.

Whether Cornish tin mining will revive shortly, or be superseded during the rest of Capitalism by tin from other parts of the world where working is less costly and difficult than at present in Cornwall, as well as by the use of other metals, may be open to question. The riches of the Cornish mining area, however, are positively assured, because this area is rich in radium ore and radio-active waters. These offer vast stores of potential wealth to the capitalist with the means to develop them. They will not long be neglected by capitalist enterprise, unless Capitalism very speedily disappears.

Meanwhile an effort is being made to re-open the Cornish mining to the miners, so that they may work it together in groups and share their product in a co-operative way. It is pointed out that, until recent times, the mines were exploited by small groups of working miners, and that the big capitalists were comparatively late-comers in Cornwall. When they came they bought out the working miners, and now, in their turn, the big capitalists have come to bankruptcy. These facts are well-known in Cornwall and therefore it has not been found a difficult task by those who are promoting the scheme to induce the miners to believe that they can work successfully in small groups.

A moving spirit in the new scheme is Bernard Walke, the priest of St. Hilary Marazion, in the Cornish mining area. A strong fervour seems to be dominating those who are endeavouring to re-build the industry on a basis of brotherhood.

Land is being given, money is being given or lent free of interest to buy land, and the miners have voted that any profit they make above an agreed subsistence level shall be turned over to a

common fund to start new industries. The scheme is not Communist: it still bears the taint of buying and selling. The miners still depend for the mainstays of their existence, food, clothing, housing, and the tools of their trade, upon the capitalist system. They will sell their ore in the capitalist market; for there are no Communist industries or even Co-operative manufacturing industries to make use of their product. The miners are starting their enterprise within the citadel of Capitalism, under the menace that Capitalism may re-start mining operations in Cornwall. In order to crush the small groups, the big capitalist, if he thinks it worth while, may sell tin beneath the miners' cost price for a period long enough to starve them out. The miners are taking the risk of that. They are not, however, taking the risk of living as Communists amongst themselves. They are not putting the whole proceeds of their work into a common store to be used for the sustenance of their whole community on equal terms. That is what was done in the old primitive Communist communities. This is what was done in the ancient pre-Christian and early Christian Trade Unions. The Cornish miners, who are entering upon their new co-operative scheme, and those who are promoting the scheme for them, have not yet shaken off capitalist habits of mind. They alone cannot destroy the capitalist environment and the capitalist competition which rings around their new community. They must wait for others to undertake that task to which they can only add their quota. They are not yet adventurous enough to assay the task which is possible to them of setting up the Communist way of life between the actual members of their community.

We need not wonder at this. We welcome the fact that the new miners' community and its active promoters are desirous of breaking away from Capitalism, even though it cannot yet be Communist, and are stretching out, even though vaguely and tentatively, towards the Communist life of mutual aid.

"New Villages" in Japan.

From Japan comes news of the establishment of a new village movement on Tolstoyan lines.

The new villagers will hold their land in common, but as to how far they will live Communistically, we have no precise information. We hope to learn more of this development and to inform our readers. The originators of these new villages are artists and writers desirous of living a life of usefulness and brotherhood, without sacrificing the practice of their arts.

THE MAN WITH THE GUN.

"Wobbly" on Ireland.

We print this week an article on Ireland from "Wobbly," who is a frequent contributor to our columns. We hope that the largely unpleasant impression this article makes upon us is not an accurate representation of "Wobbly's" real and settled point of view. We cannot, however, forbear to reply to this article, because we suspect it will make the same impression upon at least a considerable part of our readers.

The article appears to indicate a blind worship of physical force; and a willingness to hand over the destinies of the community to whoever can wield it. For our part we are not inclined to think that rule by the man with the gun is superior to rule by the man with the purse. They are usually one and the same thing: not only does the man with the purse control the capitalist government and its forces, but in America we see the capitalist actually hiring his own gunmen.

Recognition of the fact that the ruling power in capitalist society rests on material things—force and the possession of the means of sustenance—should not be translated into mere admiration for the power of the gun. Moreover, the power of the gun is only half, and, in the long run, much the smaller half of the power, even in capitalist society—unless the gunmen are fed, and clothed, and carried, and provided with munitions, their rule cannot stand.

The ultimate needs rest upon productive labour, as many a beaten army has discovered. The ultimate justice and sanity also rests there.

"Wobbly" observes that the Communist Party of Ireland has offered to support the Republican Army men who are opposing the Free State Treaty. He further observes that the

Communist Party's offer has been ignored by the anti-Treaty Army Executive. "Wobbly" infers that this is because the men with the guns are not going to help any political party into power.

"Wobbly," of course, has completely misunderstood the position. The I.R.A. party, which is opposed to the Free State Treaty, is itself a political party—the military part of a party. It of course refuses to help into power another political party which has other political views than its own—which has, in fact, political views to which it is opposed. The Rory O'Connor Party, the Cathal Brugha Party is not Communist—and does not want Communism. If it did it would be preparing the people for Communism: it would be carrying on a vigorous Communist propaganda. Its every utterance would be Communist. It is true that the anti-Treaty faction of the I.R.A. does not denounce Communism at present. It is better policy for those who are opposed to Communism in Ireland to ignore it. To argue with it would be to advertise it. When the atmosphere is electric with turbulent charges; when the old Order has been razed to the ground and the new Order is not yet established, new aspirations and claims are apt to take root and to grow apace. Therefore those who are opposed to Communism are well advised to stop all mention of it, lest it set the imagination of the people on fire.

The bourgeois Nationalist naturally makes all efforts to efface the class struggle from view and to unite the workers with the bourgeoisie in the Nationalist struggle. That is why the Land Courts were set up by Dail Eireann: that is why these Courts re-distributed some land and made at least a show of endeavouring to satisfy the land hunger of the agricultural workers. That is why Dail Eirann busied itself with arbitration in industrial disputes.

Silence on the question of working-class betterment, silence on Communism, the workers' only means of emancipation, are necessary to those who need the help of persons of all classes and of all shades of opinion in the Nationalist struggle. Therefore the anti-Treaty faction of the I.R.A. is tactically, as well as theoretically, opposed to Communism and Communist propaganda. The majority of the faction has probably not even considered Communism yet: its attitude merely is: "Do not bring that question up to divide us." If the anti-Treaty faction were composed of Communists, Communism would be a so much greater objective to its members than mere Nationalism, that they would not hide their intention of winning also the greater Cause.

The Communists in Ireland are as yet a very small band; smaller even than in this country, because the subject of Communism has been more thoroughly ignored in Ireland even than here. The Irish Communists have, however, a most fruitful field of work. Their task is to say to the Irish workers:—

"Do not let this Irish Revolution fail to emancipate the workers. To establish Irish Capitalism in place of British Capitalism will not emancipate the workers. The workers can only be emancipated by establishing a new Order, in which the land and the means of production and distribution shall be held in common. Wagedom and buying and selling shall be abolished. Both non-productive classes and uneducated classes of over-burdened manual labourers shall cease to exist. All must join in productive work for a short working day, and all shall share freely and without measure the common products, the common store of science, art and learning, of recreation and travel. There must no longer be workers and non-workers, workers and employers. All must share the work and the culture and leisure."

The Communist Party has the task of arousing in the people of Ireland a desire for Communism, and of preparing them to take the necessary action to secure it.

"Wobbly" speaks contemptuously of the Irish Labour Party. It is true the Irish Labour Party suffers from many of the infirmities which characterise all Labour Parties: infirmities which are inherent in the fact that they are Centrist parties attempting to cater for all workers of every shade of opinion. They call themselves Labour Parties, because the bulk of their members are not Communists, nor willing to be known as such.

Cont. on p. 5.

RUSSIAN WORKERS v. SOVIET GOVERNMENT.

By Alexandra Kollontay.

(Continued from our last issue.)

II.

Before considering the basic points of the controversy between the leaders of our party and the *Workers' Opposition*, it is necessary to find an answer to the question: How could it happen that our party—formerly strong, mighty, and invincible because of its clear-cut and firm class policy—began to deviate from its programme?

The dearer the Communist Party is to us, just because it has made such a resolute step forward on the road to the liberation of the workers from the yoke of capital, the less right we have to close our eyes to the mistakes of leading centres.

The power of the party must lie in the ability of our leading centres to detect the problems and tasks that confronted the workers, and to pick up the tendencies, which they have been able to direct, so that the masses might conquer one more of the historical positions. So it was in the past, but it is no longer so at present. Our party not only reduces its speed, but more often "wisely" looks back and asks: "Have we not gone too far? Is this not the time to call a halt? Is it not wiser to be more cautious, and to avoid the daring experiments unseen in the whole of history?"

What was it that produced this "wise caution" (particularly expressed in the distrust of the leading party centres toward the economic industrial abilities of the labour unions)—caution that has lately overwhelmed all our centres. Where is the cause?

If we begin diligently to search for the cause of the arising controversy in our party it becomes clear that the party is passing through a crisis which was brought about by three fundamental causes.

The first main basic cause is the distressful environment in which our party must work and act. The Russian Communist Party must build Communism and carry into life its programme: (1) In the environment of complete destruction and breakdown of the economic structure; (2) In the face of the never diminishing ruthless pressure of the Imperialist States and White Guards; (3) To the working class of Russia has fallen the lot to realise Communism, create new Communist forms of economy in an economically backward country with a preponderant peasant population, where the necessary economic prerequisites for socialisation of production and distribution are lacking, and where Capitalism has not been able as yet to complete the full cycle of its development (from the unlimited struggle of competition of the first stages of Capitalism to its highest form—to the regulation of production by capitalist unions—the trusts).

It is quite natural that all these factors hinder the practical realisation of our programme (particularly in its essential part—in the reconstruction of industries on the new basis) and inject into our Soviet economic policy *diverse influences and a lack of uniformity*.

Out of this basic cause follow the two others. First of all, the economic backwardness of Russia and the domination of the peasantry within its boundaries create that diversity, and inevitably detract the practical policy of our party from the clear-cut class direction, consistent in principle and theory.

Any party standing at the head of a heterogeneous Soviet State is compelled to consider the aspirations of peasants with their petty-bourgeois inclinations and resentments towards Communism, as well as lend an ear to the numerous petty-bourgeois elements, remnants of the former capitalists in Russia, to all kinds of traders, middlemen, petty officials, etc., who have very rapidly adapted themselves to the Soviet institutions and occupy responsible positions in the centres, appear in the capacity of agents of different commissariats, etc. No wonder that Zarupa, the People's Commissar of Supplies, at the Eighth Congress quoted figures which showed that in the service of the Commissariat of Supplies there were engaged 17 per cent. of workers, 13 per cent. of peasants, less than 20 per cent. of specialists, and that of the remaining, more than per cent. were "tradesmen, salesmen, and

similar people, in the majority even illiterate." (Zarupa's own words.) In Zarupa's opinion this is a proof of their democratic composition, even though they have nothing in common with the class proletarians, with the producers of all wealth, with the workers in factories and mills.

These are the elements—the elements of petty-bourgeois widely scattered through the Soviet institutions, the elements of the middle class, with their hostility towards Communism, and with their predilections toward the immutable customs of the past, with resentments and fears toward revolutionary acts—these are the elements that bring decay into our Soviet institutions, breeding there an atmosphere *altogether repugnant to the working class*. They are two different worlds, and hostile at that. And yet we in Soviet Russia are compelled to persuade both ourselves and the working class that the petty-bourgeoisie and middle classes (not speaking of well-to-do peasants) can quite comfortably exist under the common motto: "All power to the Soviets," forgetful of the fact that in practical everyday life the interests of the workers and those of the middle classes and peasantry imbued with petty-bourgeois psychology must inevitably clash, rending the Soviet policy asunder, and deforming its clear-cut class statutes.

Beside peasant-owners in the villages and burgher elements in the cities, our party in its Soviet State policy is forced to reckon with the influence exerted by the representatives of wealthy bourgeoisie now appearing in the form of specialists, technicians, engineers, and former managers of financial and industrial affairs, who by all their past experience are bound to the capitalist system of production. They cannot even imagine any other mode of production, but only that one which lies within the traditional bounds of capitalist economics.

The more Soviet Russia finds itself in need of specialists in the sphere of technique and management of production, the stronger becomes the influence of these elements, foreign to the working class elements, on the development of our economy. Having been thrown aside during the first period of the revolution, and being compelled to take up an attitude of watchful waiting or sometimes even open hostility toward the Soviet authorities, particularly during the most trying months (the historical sabotage by the intellectuals), this social group of brains in capitalist production, of servile, hired, well-paid servants of capital, acquire more and more influence and importance in politics with every day that passes.

Do we need names? Every fellow worker carefully watching our foreign and domestic policy recalls more than one of such names.

As long as the centre of our life remained at the military fronts, the influence of these gentlemen directing our Soviet policy, particularly in the sphere of industrial reconstruction, was comparatively negligible.

Specialists, the remnants of the past, by all their nature closely, unalterably bound to the bourgeois system that we aim to destroy, gradually began to penetrate into our Red Army, introducing there their atmosphere of the past (blind subordination, servile obedience, distinction, ranks, and the arbitrary will of superiors in place of class discipline, etc.), but to the general political activity of the Soviet Republic their influence did not extend.

The proletariat did not question their superior skill to direct military affairs, fully realising through their healthy class instinct that in military matters the working class as a class cannot express a new word, is powerless to introduce substantial changes into the military system—to reconstruct its foundation on a new class basis. Professional militarism—inheritance of the past ages—militarism, wars, will have no place in the Communist society. The struggle will go on along other channels, will take quite different forms inconceivable to our imagination. Militarism lives through its last days, through the transitory epoch of dictatorship, and therefore it is only natural that the workers, as a class, could not introduce into the forms and systems anything new and conducive to the future development of society. Even in the Red Army, however, there were innovating touches of the working class, but the nature of militarism remained the same, and the direction of military affairs by the former officers and generals of the

old army did not draw the Soviet policy in military matters away to the opposite side sufficiently for the workers to feel any harm to themselves or to their class interests.

(to be continued).

THE MAN WITH THE GUN.—Continued from p. 4.

The official Irish Labour movement is now pinning its faith on Parliamentaryism: it is looking eagerly forward to the forthcoming elections. It has given its support to the Free State Treaty, largely because this apparently leaves the way clear for immediate Parliamentaryism—the immediate advent of a Parliamentary Labour Party.

The one-day strike organised by the Irish Labour Party "against militarism" was intended to indicate that the Irish Parliamentary elections should decide Ireland's future destiny. It was tantamount to a demonstration in support of the Collins' Government and the Downing Street Treaty, and a threat to use the industrial boycott against the Nationalist Republicans.

The bogus placards put up apparently by Communist wags (whose object was not merely humorous, but gravely earnest) have strikingly revealed the actual position.

Placards were posted in the street, headed in bold type:—

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE IRISH WORKERS' REPUBLIC, LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN."

The workers were called upon to:—

"HOLD ALOFT THE TORCH OF COMMUNISM."

and to—

"MAN THE BARRICADES FOR LIBERTY."

The proclamation continued:—

"Down with the party parasites in uniform. Down with the capitalist class. Death to the exploiters. Long live the Irish Communist Workers' Republic!"

What purported to be the signatures of six well-known Labour leaders were appended, including Cathal O'Shannon and Thomas Johnson (chairman and secretary respectively of the Irish Labour Party and Trades Union Congress).

The *Daily Herald* reports this as the one "untoward incident" which "marred the general strike." Thomas Johnson repudiated the proclamation, declaring it to be bogus, and that his party knew nothing about it. The incident will doubtless have caused a tremendous amount of thought and discussion upon aims and policies, and not only in Ireland. In that it has accomplished much. Nevertheless we could wish that the originators of the poster had not confused the issue and raised a laugh by attaching to it the names of the Labour leaders and their headquarters.

We are opposed to the policy of the Irish Labour Party: we anticipate that it will become more and more confirmedly Reformist and that it will play a part similar to the British Labour Party and and to the German Social Democratic Party: it will cling to the old order in opposition to Communism, and is destined to wither away and disappear with the old order, giving place to the Soviets and the revolutionary industrial organisation from which the Soviets will arise. Whilst believing that, we must state that, in our view, the Communist Irish workers would be foolish to turn from the old Trade Unionism which has been their only weapon and refuge under Capitalism, to fling themselves into the arms of a militant-capitalist-Nationalism. The militant Nationalists will never assist their struggle for emancipation through Communism. The Irish Labour Party may be likened to a friend of the workers who has grown blind and deaf with age, and does not know the way in the new country to which the workers have travelled. The militant Nationalists are definitely opposed to working class emancipation.

The business of the Communist is to hammer away at Communism and to use every opportunity to mobilise the workers to secure it. The prevailing unrest and the fight between the rival schools of capitalists should be used by them to push forward Communism.

Irish Communists, like all Communists, should

(Continued on page 7).

THE FOUR COURTS.

By "Wobbly."

[We print the following article, because it is interesting as showing the standpoint of an industrialist of the I.W.W., just returned from Dublin. Nevertheless, we think that "Wobbly" does not justly estimate the situation. He asserts that the new Executive of the I.R.A. contains "at least a strong minority of Reds," and suggests that "the situation seems akin to the early stages of the Russian Revolution. We do not think so: we do not think that the Republican or anti-Treaty forces of the I.R.A. are in any sense of the word, Red; they are purely Green—bourgeois-Nationalist, as will presently appear.

Again, "Wobbly" says:—

"It is most peculiar that the C.P.I. holds very little sway in the world of politics."

There is nothing peculiar about that. Whatever truth there may be in the inference that the C.P.I. is inefficient, the main point is that the Irish people are not yet Communist. They still have faith in Nationalism; they have not by experience exhausted its possibilities. Moreover, there has not yet been enough Communist teaching in Ireland. One cannot reap till one has sown. It is the Nationalists who have sown with blood and tears; it is they who will continue to reap the Irish harvest until the Communist sow their own seed. —EDITOR, "Workers' Dreadnought."]

A huge building on the north bank of the Liffey, stately and sombre, apparently built with a view to military strategy—the I.R.A. are using it so. Amid all the military preparations and manoeuvres the traditional humour of the Irish exhibits itself. Hundreds of young men in trench coats, who are loitering unconcernedly in the streets adjoining the Four Courts, have suspiciously bulging pockets. They are the outside garrison, and, what is more, are quick on the draw.

At the back of the Four Courts stands the main Bridewell, and the Dublin Metropolitan police flatten their noses against the window panes, staring curiously at the busy Four Courts, or hurry nervously through the police station yard.

On the railings of the Four Courts opposite, has been placed a notice "TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED"; not even the might of the Irish Free State has dared to test the truth of the notice.

For a few hours after taking over, the garrison were busy erecting barricades and making windows and floors bomb-proof. The usual sightseers gathered round—not for long—a sharp command by the officer, and a party of men marched out and persuaded the sightseers to come inside the gates, to fill sandbags. No one objected—at least, not audibly.

In an adjoining street, the urchins have taken over an empty tenement house and parade officiously in front of it with pieces of timber for rifles, and from every window wooden machine guns are trained on the passers-by. Not having the backing to brave their parents' wrath, they evacuate the empty house in true military style each night and march quickly homewards.

Everywhere in Dublin one finds hundreds of young men in trench coats; in fact, Dublin is a city of trench coats and bulging pockets. One finds buildings everywhere being occupied, the Flanna, the Boy Scouts, armed with .38 calibre revolvers, have taken over this building; K Company irregulars that building, Cumann nam Ban (women's organisation) another building, Free State troops another building, and so on, until one wonders if there will be any room left for civilians. One reads in the Press that the Citizen Army have turned over its arms to the Free State Government, but at the same time one sees them still drilling (in conjunction with the irregulars) with the same old arms.

Over all stalks the New Executive of the I.R.A., the Big Sixteen, watching and waiting, refusing all co-operation with the politicians, Free State, Republican, Labourist or Communist, accepting aid from none, taking arms and ammunition from all. Collins and De Valera hold a convention, but the Big Sixteen hold aloof. The Labour Party sends a deputation to them, but the Big Sixteen growl: "Hands off the Army," the C.P.I. offer their aid and their official organ, but the Big Sixteen refuse to lend their force to jockey any political party into power. The

politicians shake their heads sorrowfully at the sad spectacle of men who refuse to accept political direction. Moryah!

It is extremely difficult to obtain any view of what the workers are thinking, or where they stand. In Dublin, many of them are hoping against hope that the big fellow, Jim Larkin, will return and send the puppet politicians of all parties packing. Some of the workers are wearied with the Terror, and hope for peace, some of them place their faith in the Big Sixteen, but none trust the politicians.

The Yellow Labour leaders, OBrien, Johnson, Foran, etc., are desperately pulling the wires to obtain the backing of the irregulars; pulling wires for a strike, in case the irregulars refuse Labour Party politics; pulling the wires to bring about a united effort on the part of the political parties: all with the object of harnessing the dangerous power of, maybe, 20,000 armed men, who refuse to be gulled by the political fakirs. According to the Labour leaders, it is impossible for an orthodox government to be carried on when a body of stubborn men, well equipped and armed, are supposedly intimidating the civil population and are virtually taking the place of the would-be-elected government.

On the other hand, the Big Sixteen, in conference with the Labour leaders, said that they would tolerate no civil interference with the Army. Evidently the majority of the Army are going to carry on taking over and holding strategic positions, capturing all arms, explosives and ammunition that the British Government kindly sends across, until a Republican Government is formed.

All the time the politicians are quietly working hand in hand to get some resemblance of a united government, in order that they may eventually crush the irregulars and once more hold the guiding rein of the common people.

"No interference with the Army," is one cry.

"No interference with Governmental policy and duty is the other cry.

Everywhere one is confronted with secrecy and attempts to appear to be in touch with Rory O'Connor, O'Donnell, or some other important member of the New Executive.

Viewing the situation from a working class standpoint, it is hard to find a unified opinion as to the trend of events towards the proletarian revolution. It seems hopeless to expect any party to bring forward any programme which will aid the workers and peasants in swinging away from the reactionary Free State, the bourgeois-Republican, and the Yellow Labour fakirs.

The revolutionaries are satisfied that at least a strong minority of the New Executive of the I.R.A. are Reds. The situation seems akin to the early stages of the Russian Revolution, when the Soldiers' delegates demanded that the Bolsheviks should take over the Government, or they themselves would carry on. One hears vain sighs for a James Connolly or a Larkin to give a revolutionary direction to the Army, and to eliminate the petty party squabbles.

The Communist Party itself is a tragic force; for although Ireland is filled with a blind revolutionary fervour and the tramp of armed revolutionaries is to be heard everywhere, the Red Army (save the mark!) drills with wooden guns.

Only in a few isolated instances has the C.P.I. arising to a realisation of its duty to the Revolutionary movement: in general, the Left Wing is fiddling while Rome burns; in other words, they are sorting out for themselves what position they will hold when the Revolution is accomplished.

That Connolly's name should be used for advertisement is to be deplored, for Connolly's work was well done and his name is engraved on the hearts of the Irish people; others must hammer out their own course, and work out their own salvation. It is most peculiar that the C.P.I. holds very little sway in the world of politics. "They asked for action and ye gave them a Thesis."

They have, through their official organ, given whole-hearted support to the Republican forces, but so far the I.R.A. have ignored them, and their support looks suspiciously like weak adulation of a popular military movement rather than a definite Communist constructive criticism, which should give a definite proletarian outlook to the new body.

From the other Labour bodies there is still less hope.

The military section that Larkin organised to guard proletarian interests in Ireland, the Irish Citizen Army, has severed its connections with the I.T. and G.W.U., and from what one hears of Liberty Hall, one does not wonder. The first Proletarian Red Army in these Isles is now cut away from the body which should give it a revolutionary outlook, and although many of its members are revolutionaries, and it still can claim to be the Irish workers' Red Guard, there is a doubt, and a grave doubt, that it will become a purely Nationalist Republican section of the I.R.A. and will be disbanded when the bourgeois Republic of De Valera & Co. is accomplished.

The I.C.A. is already an integral part of the I.R.A., and it is only the efforts of the Reds inside it which keeps it distinct as the I.C.A. The conflicting nature of the Labour movement is solely responsible for its split from its parent body, and when one sees the indecision and puerility of the C.P.I. and the secret group of Communists (still in existence), also the yellow fakirism of the band of place hunters in control of the Trade Unions, one can commend the I.C.A. for refusing to ally itself with the political side of Labour.

The Free State Party is gathering around it all the reactionary Boss and Farmer class; it is creating all the machinery for a cruel and merciless Government and it will fall before it can get a good hold on the country. The Civic Guard and the Free State Army is already taking in its ranks ex-R.I.C. and Black-and-Tans, it is already committing the cruelties of the White Guards, Black Hundreds, Fascisti, and kindred organisations, but the revolting I.R.A. and the populace are measuring them for their worth. Probably a few governments will fall in quick succession before the working class realise that they have a historic mission to fulfil; but the seeds being sown by the Four Courts will bear fruit when that time arrives.

* Our correspondent, "Wobbly," is, of course, writing nonsense here. The Big Sixteen, as he calls them, are politicians, like the rest—politicians with guns to their hands. If "Wobbly" is using the term politician in the sense of Parliamentary, he should discard that erroneous practice. Otherwise he will not be understood.

:: CORRESPONDENCE ::

DEAR FRIEND—

Copy of page 3 of your issue of February 22nd has just come to us. I am especially interested, of course, in the letter from Joseph Oates (the correct spelling) and his criticism of the General Defence Committee. He is mistaken when he declares that this committee has asked the British Labour organisations to contribute money on behalf of the political prisoners in American prisons. As a matter of fact, we specified very clearly to L. N. Larkin, secretary of the Class War Prisoners' Release Committee in London, and other British workers to whom we appealed, that we do not want any money sent to us from England, but that whatever funds might be collected in your country should be devoted wholly to the dissemination of publicity there.

It is true that we have asked the Class War Prisoners' Release Committee to help any of the politicals who may be deported to England. Surely there is nothing in that request which deserves criticism. Fellow Worker Oates somehow has failed to say for your information anything about the plans here for helping any alien members of the I.W.W. who may be released and then exiled. Money has been set aside by the I.W.W. organisation, so that each man released and subject to deportation will have in his possession \$100.00 when he leaves America. In addition, the American Friends (Quakers) will supply each man with a suit of clothes, and each will be properly cared for until he embarks.

We shall much appreciate it if you will give publication to this letter, so that there may be no misapprehension in the minds of British Labour.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

HARRY FEINBERG.

(Secretary, General Defence Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago.)

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ALL THINGS BELONG TO ALL.

By Peter Kropotkin.

All things belong to all, and provided men and women contribute their share of labour for the production of necessary objects, they are entitled to their share of all that is produced by the community at large. "But this is Communism," you may say. Yes, it is Communism, but it is the Communism that no longer speaks in the name of religion or of the State, but in the name of the people.

During the past fifty years a great awakening of the working class has taken place; the prejudice in favour of private property is passing away. The worker grows more and more accustomed to regard the factory, the railway or the mine, not as a feudal castle belonging to a lord, but as an institution of public utility which the public has a right to control. The idea of possession in common has not been worked out from the slow deductions of some thinker buried in his private study, it is a thought which is germinating in the brains of the working masses, and when the revolution, which the close of this century has in store for us, shall have hurled confusion into the camp of our exploiters, you will see that the mass of the people will demand expropriation, and will proclaim its rights to the factory, the locomotive and the steamship.

Just as the sentiment of inviolability of the home has developed during the latter half of our century, so also the sentiment of collective right to all that serves for the production of wealth has developed among the masses. It is a fact, and he who, like ourselves, wishes to share the popular life and follow its development, must acknowledge that this affirmation is a faithful summary of the people's aspirations.

The tendency of this closing century is towards Communism, not the monastic or barrack-room Communism formerly advocated, but the free Communism which places the products reaped or manufactured in common at the disposal of all, leaving to each the liberty to consume them as he pleases in his own home.

This is the solution of which the mass of the people can most readily take hold, and it is the solution which the people demands at the most solemn epochs. In 1848 the formula "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs," was the one which went straight to the hearts of the masses, and if they acclaimed the Revolution and universal suffrage, it was because they hoped to attain to Communism through them. In 1871 also, when the people besieged in Paris desired to make a supreme effort to resist the invader, what was their demand?—That free rations should be served out to everyone. Let all articles be put into one common stock, and let them be distributed according to the requirements of each. Let each one take freely of all that is abundant and let those objects which are less plentiful be distributed more sparingly and in due proportions—this is the solution which the mass of the workers understands best. This is also the system which is commonly practised in the rural districts of France. So long as the common lands supply abundant pasture, what Commune seeks to restrict their use? When brushwood and chestnuts are plentiful, what Commune forbids its members to take as much as they want? And when the larger wood begins to grow scarce, what course does the peasant adopt? The allowing of individuals.

Let us take from the common stock the articles which are abundant, and let those articles whose production is more restricted be served out in allowances according to requirements, giving preference to children and old persons, that is to say, to the weak. And moreover, let all be consumed, not in public, but at home, according to individual tastes, and in company with one's family and friends. This is the ideal of the masses.

But it is not enough to argue about "Communism" and "Expropriation"; it is furthermore necessary to know who is to have the management of the common patrimony, and it is especially on this question that different schools of Socialists are opposed to one another, some desiring authoritarian Communism, and others, like ourselves, declaring unreservedly in favour of Anarchist Communism. In order to judge between these two, let us return once again to our starting point, the Revolution of last century.

In overturning Royalty, the Revolution declared the sovereignty of the people; but by an inconsistency which was very natural at that time, it proclaimed not a permanent sovereignty, but an intermittent one, to be exercised at certain intervals only, for the nomination of deputies supposed to represent the people. In reality it copied its institutions from the representative Government of England. The Revolution was drowned in blood, and nevertheless, representative government became the watchword of Europe. All Europe, with the exception of Russia, has tried it under all possible forms, from government based on a property qualification to the direct Government of the little Swiss Republics. But, strange to say, just in proportion as we have approached nearer to the ideal of representative government, elected by perfectly free universal suffrage, in that same proportion have its essential vices become manifest to us, till we have clearly seen that this mode of Government is radically defective. Is it not indeed absurd to take a certain number of men from out the mass, and to entrust them with the management of all public affairs, saying to them, "Attend to these matters, we exonerate ourselves from the task by laying it upon you: it is for you to make laws on all manner of subjects—armaments and mad dogs, observatories and chimneys, instruction and street sweeping: arrange these things as you please and make laws about them, since you are the chosen ones whom the people has voted capable of doing everything!" It appears to me that if a thoughtful and honest man were offered such a post, he would answer somewhat in this fashion:

"You entrust me with a task which I am unable to fulfil. I am unacquainted with most of the questions upon which I shall be called upon to legislate. I shall either have to work to some extent in the dark, which will not be to your advantage, or I shall appeal to you and summon meetings in which you yourselves will seek to come to an understanding on the questions at issue, in which case my office will be unnecessary. If you have formed an opinion and formulated it, and if you are anxious to come to an understanding with others who have also formed an opinion on the same subject, then all you need do is to communicate with your neighbours and send a delegate to come to an understanding with other delegates on this specific question; but you will certainly reserve to yourselves the right of taking an ultimate decision; you will not entrust your delegate with the right of the making of laws for you. This is how scientists and business men act each time they have to come to an agreement."

But the above reply would be a repudiation of the representative system, and nevertheless it is a faithful expression of the idea which is growing everywhere since the views of representative government have been exposed in all their nakedness. Our age, however, has gone still further, for it has begun to discuss the rights of the State and of Society in relation to the individual; people now ask to what point the interference of the State is necessary in the multitudinous functions of Society.

(to be continued).



LEST WE FORGET.

"WRIT ON COLD SLATE." By Sylvia Pankhurst. The Dreadnought Publishers, 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

These are verses which will bring vividly back to the memory of many ex-prisoners the minor harshnesses and stupidities of those inverted bedlams where the sane were in the cells, and the lunatics, or their servants, in charge. Of all these minor harshnesses one of the stupidest was the forbidding of pencil and paper to the imprisoned "political." "In other ages," writes Miss Pankhurst in the title poem—

"dungeons might be strange,
With ancient mouldiness their airs infect,
But kindly warders would the tablets bring,
So captives might their precious thoughts in-
scribing,

The treasures of the fruitful mind preserve,
And culling thus its flowers, postpone decay.

Only this age that loudly boasts Reform,
Hath set its seal of vengeance 'gainst the mind,
Decreeing nought in prison shall be writ,
Save on cold slate, and swiftly washed away."

There is an immediate inspiration in the scenes and incidents inscribed. "Our steps that first impatiently outran the the brief hour's exercise"; "The cruel white dazzling square" which glared at the waker in ugly mockery of pre-waking visions; the sudden disappearance of faces that had grown into looked-for friends; the cleaner's unwelcome summons from exercise, the warders stiffening to regulation sourness if a chief warder heaves in sight, and, unforgettable for those who have heard them from their cell in the night hours, the blood-curdling cries of some poor soul who has at last been sent mad—all these and many other incidents of the man-made inferno that is prison, are brought back powerfully to our memory.

And it is well that we should be reminded, for others are still martyred victims of the dullness and heartlessness that perpetuates such conditions. What a mercy it was when one of the warders or officials damned the regulations and became for a moment a human being, and how it warmed one's heart for days if he forgot discipline so far as to say a kindly word! *Humanité* has just organised a contest among its readers, offering a prize for the successful naming of the worst employer around Paris. The choice may not be easy, but in prison the poet's phrase is reversed and generally it is man alone who is not vile; the warders were mostly very good chaps; easily and unanimously we could all name the worst warder, and the embarrassing problem would be the choice of the best—allowing for the official ban on humanity. So "Transgression" is perhaps the poem in this little book which will appeal most to those who have known the inside of Pentonville or Wormwood Scrubs, or, evidently, Holloway Prison. There are many others I should like to quote: "Unto the Birds," "The Yard," a picture of ugliness and beauty quite beautifully done, "In Brooding Depths of Night"—but this, I think, is the one which we should all select as describing the best that is to be found within prison walls:—

TRANSGRESSION.

A something boyish in her springing gait,
And in her full, dark eye that roguish beamed;
All downy was her rounded cheek, and sweet,
Ah sweet her red lips ripe; her dimpling smiles
Did gaily greet us as around we paced.
Two weary wights did seat them by the wall,
And one a little youngling baby held;
Then stepped the maiden from her watching
post,
And bending down, the baby face to glimpse,
Unto the seated three low murmuring spake.
But came there swiftly, by the path behind,
A small and pallid dame with beady eyes,
And angry to the startled maiden calls,
Who blushing goes to her with looks downcast,
Stands to be rated 'neath our pitying gaze;
For she hath failed stern dignity to hold;
Not as an officer hath she maintained
The rigid bar up-raised 'twixt us and her.

Miss Pankhurst has written a tender and poignant record, for which all humanitarians owe her a debt of gratitude.

P. D.

THE MAN WITH THE GUN.—Continued from p. 5. Communism. They must make Communism shine forth to the people as their beacon of hope, their looked-for goal.

In all the misery, poverty, and danger, of present-day Ireland, that should not be too hard a task. Where, indeed, can the unfortunate workers rest their hopes, save in Communism?

Comrades, you will canvass for the *Daily Herald*; you will canvass for candidates at elections; will you not do as much for Communism? Will you not work as hard to bring the knowledge of Communism, and not a mere jumble of palliatives, to the knowledge of the people?

THE CRIME OF POVERTY.

Nothing in the world is so heavily punished as poverty, fellow worker. Poverty is a punishment, and the poor are punished because they suffer it.

Charles and May Whybrow had the misfortune to be poor. Moreover, because it does not pay the capitalist to provide enough houses to accommodate the people, Charles and May Whybrow could not find a house for themselves and their four children.

They therefore took refuge in a small tool shed on an allotment in Edmonton. They had neither furniture nor bedding. They did their cooking in a pile on a coke fire, and at night lay on some sacks placed on the earth floor and covered themselves with old garments. Nevertheless they were fairly well fed and clothed. The man had his unemployment dole perhaps. At any rate they were fed and clothed and sheltered from the weather, they paid no rent, and no one appeared to have the heart to evict them.

Respectability and the social conventions are outraged, notwithstanding. Suppose hundreds, or even thousands of others should follow this example! Suppose they should go flocking on to the land! They might even build their own sheds, and grow their own food, and start non-co-operation with the landlord and the capitalist! What would become of the landlord? Who would provide him with an income if his houses were left without tenants to pay the rent?

This example must have no followers. Uncomfortable as was the abode of these people, their action was a dangerous precedent.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children stepped conveniently into the breach and prosecuted the inmates of the toolshed. The Society's inspector testified that although the children were "well nourished" and "well clothed," the conditions under which they were living were "injurious to their health."

The Bench, in its folly and hypocrisy, fellow worker, sentenced Charles and Mary Whybrow to a month's imprisonment. You can hardly believe it, fellow worker, it certainly does seem almost too bad to be true.

The children have been sent to the Workhouse, we suppose. Probably the Poor Law Guardians will now adopt them, in order that they may never again be restored to their parents.

The Law, fellow worker, has given the Guardians that power. Whether they exercise it is a matter to be decided by the Guardians now.

What is the crime of Charles and Mary Whybrow?

They could not find a house: therefore they lived with their children in a tool shed.

What other alternative had Charles and Mary Whybrow?

They might have asked the Edmonton Board of Guardians to provide them with accommodation.

The Guardians have only one sort of accommodation to offer:—

THE WORKHOUSE.

In the Workhouse parents are separated from children; husbands from wives.

The Workhouse is exactly like a prison: it is a prison.

Charles and Mary Whybrow wished to preserve their freedom and their family life, but Capitalist Society has parted them and imprisoned them.

And you, fellow worker; do you tamely approve the smug cruelties of Capitalist Society?

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

INDEPENDENT WORKING CLASS EDUCATION.

IS THE INDEPENDENT WORKING CLASS EDUCATION MOVEMENT TO BE RUN BY THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS?

SHALL IT ACCEPT GOVERNMENT GRANTS?

Last week THE SEARCHLIGHT dealt with these questions on our back page, pointing out that both the Governors of the Labour College and National Council of Labour Colleges had recommended acceptance of these proposals, putting the questions thus:—

"(1) Are you prepared to accept Government grants on condition they do not involve any interference with, or modification of the present educational policy of the N.C.L.C.?"

"(2) Are you prepared to participate in the proposed T.U.C. scheme, on condition that our present policy and standpoint in education remains unchanged, which involves the liberty to run the N.C.L.C. classes in any area, and to take the necessary steps to obtain Trade Union support?"

The N.C.L.C. is endeavouring to make the words italicised the crux of the situation. This is a wholly mistaken position to adopt. If the General Council of the Trade Union Congress runs the College and classes and if the Government makes grants, the independence of the College and its branches will disappear. It cannot be otherwise. We urge rejection of the entire scheme.

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