

THE Communist

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TWOPENCE

REPLY OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION

to the Memorandum of May 2nd, 1922

[We give below the essential part of the final Russian reply at Genoa. We ask everyone who reads it to look closely for the "absurdity," "insolence," and "cynicism" which the capitalist politicians managed to discover in it.]

THE Inviting Powers, in summoning Russia to the present Conference, gave as their reason the necessity of "restoring vitality to the European system which is now paralysed." The means of attaining this end were to be "the economic reconstruction of Central and Eastern Europe." It was unanimously agreed that Russia was the State whose economic reconstruction was of the greatest interest to Europe, and to the whole world.

The Russian Delegation, in accordance with the invitation of Cannes, came to Genoa with a whole series of plans and proposals, concerning the credits and the loans required by Russia in return for real guarantees. They brought also a detailed account of the juridical guarantees already realised in Russian legislation, assuring to foreign nationals, who desire to give Russia the benefit of their technical knowledge and capital, protection in their property, their rights, and the profits of their enterprises. Moreover, the Russian Delegation had intended to present a list of industrial, mining, agricultural, and other concessions, which it desired to grant to foreigners.

The Central Committee of the Communist Party of Russia has made the following declaration to the Communist International

IN the party press and organisations of the Second International it is represented that the tactic of the United Working Class Front is a Machiavellian mask of the Communist International serving as a cloak for Russian foreign policy.

¶ While the Comintern exerts itself only to unite the working masses in every country in their fight against the bourgeoisie by immediate demands, the propaganda of the Second International would make the workers believe that the Russian Communists only insist on this tactic of the United Front to aid the Soviet Government.

¶ By this propaganda the Second International endeavours to find excuses for its determined sabotage of the tactic of the United Front and to ward off the accusations of refusing to do its most elementary Socialist duty—namely, to defend the working class against the ever more brazen attacks of the capitalist class.

¶ Given this situation the Central Communist Committee declares that in order to give satisfaction to the Second International it is ready to withdraw all declarations and collective watchwords which are relative to the defence of Soviet Russia which knows how to defend itself with the aid of the revolutionary proletariat of the world.

¶ The Central Committee of the Communist Party considers that its first task is the unification of the working class in the fight against capitalist reaction.

¶ And for this reason wishes to give no chance to the Second International to distort the true position of the question in order to sabotage the United Front, and requests the Comintern to make known to the Second International this letter.

¶ It invites the Second International to give its concurrence not only in word but in fact to the United Proletarian Front under the watchword of the fight against capitalist attacks."

STALINE, Secretary.

In its first Memorandum, replying to the Memorandum of London, the Russian Delegation drew the attention of the Conference to the fact that the problem of reconstructing Russia ought to lie at the foundation of its labours.

The Russian Delegation declared its willingness to consider in concert with the other Powers this fundamental problem, whose solution would give to the world's industries 140 millions of consumers and an immense quantity of raw materials, and so contribute to the relief of the crisis, the unemployment and the misery created by the World War, the intervention and the blockade.

But up to now this, the most important side of the Russian problem, and of the economic problem of the world, has not been even touched upon.

The efforts of the Russian Delegation to bring this question before the Committee of Experts have met with an insurmountable opposition. The Committee of Experts has laid down as a condition preliminary to any examination of these questions, Russia's obligation to accept liability for the settlement of the State debts and the claims of private individuals.

This method of procedure can only condemn to sterility the most important part of the work of the Conference. Instead of

THE KID AND THE CARP:

Another Busted Entente

By J. M. Caley

THE blue-white glare of powerful electric lamps replaces the mid-day sun, the sanded-floored arena gives way to canvas-covered boards, the swords and battle-axes become padded gloves, the dress suit usurps the toga, the ghost of mighty Caesar is called the Duke of York. . . .

The years roll away, the gladiatorial contest of ancient Rome where death was "the loser's end," becomes the prize-fight of yesternight. But civilisation has intervened—the knock-out blow replaces the mortal thrust, the salute of death is the kiss of a golden purse.

Ali roads led to Olympia on the great night, everyone was there—[those living on the dole, the lock-out and other bounties, of the boss do not, of course, exist, socially.] From two quid a skull to ten guineas a head the vast ellipse was packed. From the glare of the ring-side—reflected in the glossy shirt-fronts of aristocracy of birth and notoriety, and the glistening diamonds and gleaming shoulders of fair ladies—to the dim recesses of the steel-girdered glass roof, where the more sober garb of petty-bourgeoisdom and the occasional muffler of the spendthrift blowing half-a-week's wages intensified electricity's twilight—sixteen thousand people crouched in tense anticipation.

A murmur of applause, a rippling movement of the mass, as when a light breeze stirs the bosom of the waters, and the Duke of York, accompanied by Prince George—a pleasing featured lad—took his seat by the ring-side.

The murmur becomes a roar, the rippling waves of people become a stormy sea—Jack Dempsey, the hero of a hundred battles, the reigning monarch of the squared circle, enters.

A tall, broad-shouldered son of the workers, walking with lithe, springing stride; a carpenter, whose splendid body, quick eye, and thinking fists have won him this homage of the crowd, homage which gives him alike ill-concealed pleasure and badly-hidden embarrassment. Part Irish, part Redskin, part this, part that, son of that strange conglomeration of refugees from a hundred tyrannies that to-day is called American, Dempsey is heir to the

physical strengths of a dozen races. It is in the liteness of his stride, the easy sway of his body, the set of his shoulders, the swing of his arms.

He is a big, easy-going fellow, this Dempsey, bearing the adoration of the mob with an engaging shyness. He thinks but little, nevertheless his early training has left its mark. The days of wandering through the Middle West as a carpenter, the ring battles in small halls where the prize was a week's respite from the bread-line, have left a dim consciousness that swell hotels and the handshakes of nobility have not eradicated. It creeps out in his speech: "I'll not always be champion," he says, "so I thought I might as well see something of the world while the money lasts. I've always wanted to have a look at the lords and dukes, so I came right across and saw them right where they live. I've only got a few years while I'm young, then I'll be a 'has been,' so I gotta have my fling while the doing's good."

Another roar of cheering, and Lewis, Ted Kid Lewis, the "little 'un," resplendent in a dressing gown reminiscent of Joseph's coat, climbed through the ropes.

"G'awn Lewis!" "Good old Kid!" "Attaboy!"

Then comes Carpentier, the Adonis of the ring, the erstwhile idol of the crowd. But to-night his nationality is against him, he is up against a Britisher. A little spatter of applause, the hand-clapping, more genteel, more subdued approval, which convention rules must be aristocracy's expression.

Preliminaries are gone through, gone through carefully, for, although this is sport, it is also the means of livelihood—and where commercialism enters there also comes trickery; and both sides watch carefully. Finally the dressing gowns are flung aside, the seconds and towel swingers are out of the ring—only the dress-suited referee and the two supple-bodied antagonists remain under the blue-white glare. The crowd becomes silent, audibly silent. Like the crack of a revolver comes the gong, tearing the silence. The fight is on.

Into the centre of the ring come they both. Lewis aggressing, the Frenchman watching. An exchange of feints and

misses and a clinch. A clinch of ferocity, a welter of short arm blows, both holding, both wrestling, the intensity of the contest visible only in the straining taunted muscles of their legs. The crowd murmurs, the murmur becomes a rumbling roar, the vast ellipse stirs in dissatisfaction.

"Break," the referee speaks weakly. Neither combatant takes any notice, the straining goes on. A hand on each shoulder the referee finally forces them apart. He stops them and speaks to both. He is cautioning them against holding. The crowd roars its approval.

Again they spring together. Then a break, an exchange of blows. Lewis finds Carpentier's lip, a thin trickle of blood runs down his chin. The crowd murmurs in satisfaction. Again a clinch, more wrestling, more holding, more short-arm blows. The referee fusses about, "Break, Break," the struggling continues. Lewis drives fierce blows to the body, Carpentier waits, then his right gets home, Lewis's legs grow less taut. He is rattled, he clinches, obviously leaning on the Frenchman, who pushes him away. Then his whole body in action, flashing energy, he goes after Lewis and his right goes to the jaw, a tremendous blow. Gauged with precision, quick as a flash, the blow of a master of his craft.

Lewis crumples up, the energy evaporates from his body, he slumps to the floor lifeless-like, the force of the blow carries Carpentier forward so that he jumps to escape treading on his fallen foe. "One, two, three, four," the referee's arm swings up and down. Lewis stirs uneasily, rolls restlessly, clambers to a half-sitting position. "Five, six, seven," the referee's arm still swings. Carpentier tautens. Lewis gazes dazedly around, strives to rise. Ones eyes flash to the intense figure of the Frenchman, and hopes Lewis will not be able to rise to meet the blow that one feels is already poised midway. "Eight, nine, ten," the referee's arm stops. Carpentier bends over and raises Lewis, who half struggling, is brought to his corner. The blue-white light beats down on his face, which seems grey as with death.

The crowd rises booing, booing . . . It is sullen, it is angry. Why? One hardly knows. The Frenchman stands victor. The booing increases. He swings his arms contemptuously towards the crowd and clambers through the ropes . . .

The great fight is over.

REPLY OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION

(continued)

beginning by examining those aspects of the Russian problem which would provoke the least controversy, the Committee of Experts have placed in the foreground the question which, because of its political and legal complexity, must inevitably give rise to the hottest discussions.

In consequence of this original mistake, the problems of the future, which interest everyone, have been subordinated to the interests of the past, which affect only certain groups of foreigners.

The assertion that a recognition of the debts of former Russian governments, and the claims of private individuals, is a condition essential to the co-operation of foreign capital in reviving the credit of New Russia, is contradicted by the fact that many foreign capitalists have already given their collaboration to Russia, without waiting for a settlement of the question of debts. It is not this or that solution of the question of debts which will make capital flow into Russia, but the guarantees which the Russian government may be able to furnish for the future, and the international consolidation of this government which would result from its *de jure* recognition.

The attempt to throw suspicion upon the attitude of the Russian Government in the eyes of future creditors, because it is unwilling to subscribe blindly to proposals which are too burdensome, is not unprejudiced. The repudiation of the debts and obligations contracted by the former regime, abhorred as it was by the Russian people, can in no wise indicate in advance the attitude of Soviet Russia, born of the revolution, towards those who would come with their capital and technical knowledge to help in its reconstruction. On the contrary, the fact that the Russian Delegation, in the matter of the settlement of these debts, takes into serious account the interests of the Russian people and the economic possibilities of Russia, proves that it

desires only to assume engagements which it is sure that Russia will be able to fulfil.

It is worthy of remark that more than one of the States represented at the Conference of Genoa has in the past repudiated debts and obligations contracted by it. More than one State has confiscated and sequestered the property of foreigners, or of its own nationals, without having been subjected on that account to the ostracism to which Soviet Russia has been subjected.

It is difficult to explain by the non-fulfilment of some financial claims the obstinacy with which certain Powers attempt to exclude Russia from international economic and political life, and to deny her equality of treatment.

If one considers what this attitude has cost the world, what it has cost the States which inaugurated it, what it has cost Russia herself, where for almost five years its dreadful consequences have been endured, one finds it difficult to believe that the interests of Russian bondholders or of former owners of nationalised property are the only things at stake.

The incidents of the last few days, especially with regard to the matter of the restitution of nationalised property to its former owners, show plainly that a political question has been grafted upon this purely material one. The conflict which has developed at Genoa about the Russian problem reaches farther and deeper. The political and social reaction which has followed in most countries the years of war, seeks in defeating Soviet Russia, which represents the collectivist tendencies in social organisation, to attain the complete triumph of capitalist individualism. The Russian Delegation has refused, and still refuses, to introduce into the discussions in progress any form of political tendency, but it cannot refrain from pointing out that this attempt to bring about at Genoa the triumph of the programme of a party or of a social system, is contrary to the letter and to the spirit of the first resolution of Cannes. If the labours of the Conference are threatened, the whole responsibility will fall upon those Powers which, alone opposing the general desire for an agreement, place the interests of certain social groups above the common interest of Europe.

THE GENERAL COUNCIL'S HYMNAL

By P. Q. and R.

THE General Council had at last met to consider the United Front. It considered, and considered, and considered, but could not think what to do with Sir Allan Smith. At long length, the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson arose, and, clearing his throat, in his best pulpit manner, said solemnly: "Brethren, it is obvious that there is no inspiration among us. Shall we have a word of prayer and seek it from above?"

"For myself, I don't believe in this thinking and praying business," remarked Thorne, "Can't someone oblige with a song?"

"At least a hymn," implored the Right Hon., "I must insist on hymns on this solemn occasion."

"Well, I don't mind if I begin," said Tillet, and, fixing his eyes on the ceiling, he trilled:—

"I am a young abstainer,
From drinking customs free."

When order had been restored, Macdonald, who had been dreaming of Georgia was heard to hum abstractedly:—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far, away."

The Council listened attentively until, his face assuming an air of deep melancholy, Macdonald began a less canonical verse:—

"See how the Menshies run,
When they hear that Trotsky's come,
Three slices"

But it was to be too painful a story to pursue, and the chairman called on Wedgwood, who, with a little pressure, atoned for his past by singing:—

"I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold."

After Gosling's ditty: "A little ship was on the sea," volunteers hung fire, until the

chairman called out: "Now then, Thomas, never mind if they did call you Jimmy, what's yours?"

The great P.C. who had been drawing sketches of 10, Downing Street on his blotting pad, intoned:—

"There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode."

This thrilled John Turner's soul, and his deep voice boomed out:—

"Can we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny."

"Good thing there's no one from the N.U.D.A.W. to hear you," commented the chairman. "Now, Brother Bowerman, can't we have one from you?"

"Well, really," replied Gentleman Charlie, "I am not sure that I have much of a voice, but I might offer:—

"Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord."
"M-m-m," said the chairman, "Could you do anything for us, Bramley?"

"Oh, certainly," said Frederick, and with a deep bow, he began:—

"Father, I know that all my life,
Is portioned out for me,
But the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see."

Here the chairman hurriedly intervened, quieted Bowerman, and called on Brownlie, who obliged with the first verse:—

"Hark, the voice of Allan crying,
Who will go to work to-day?"

and the last verse:—

"Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich rewards he offers free."

Which moved Smillie to stand and sing all the verses of:—

"When wilt Thou save the people."

Things were getting rather strained and uncomfortable, when Lansbury burst in. Ranging the *Herald* directors behind him, he sang:—

"Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

The General Council, wondering how much he was going to cost them.

Bevin needed no invitation, but hesitated between: "Jehovah, great I am," and "Oh that will be, glory for ME."

In the end he sang both.

"Now, won't one of the ladies oblige?" encouraged the chairman. Julia was coy, but Margaret trilled modestly:—

"God make my life a little light,"

Which emboldened Julia to follow with:—

"Jesus wants me for a sunbeam."

After that, Will Thorne's piping treble contributed:—

"I'm but a little faded flower."

It was now nearly closing time, and members were surreptitiously consulting watches, so the chairman arose. "Well, comrades, I had thought we might have had time for a few more hymns; but our 'young abstainer' grows impatient. I think we must all agree that we have spent a very profitable evening. Let us sing our final chorus. All together boys:—

"Now thank we all our Selves,
With hearts and hands and voices,
We wondrous things have done,
In which this world rejoices."

The "boys" seized their hats and departed, trying not to hear Smillie's tired voice humming:—

"Tell me the old, old story."

SHIPWRIGHTS BLACKLEGGING

Grave Allegations against one of the 47

INFORMATION which reaches us from Plymouth, points to an exceedingly grave breach of the united front, by the official action on the part of the shipwrights. The facts are briefly these:—

On March 11th, when the dispute commenced with the A.E.U., there was, being converted at Willoughby's Yard, Plymouth, a vessel named "Flying Cloud," belonging to the Duke of Westminster, into a yacht for the pleasure of his Lordship.

Willoughby's are members of the Engineering Employers' Federation, and belong to no other Federation. They posted notices and the members of the A.E.U. were locked out. Upon the breakdown of the negotiations with the 47 unions, the notices also applied to all other trade unions. The boilermakers, brass workers, joiners, associated smiths, workers' union, pattern-makers, in fact, all the members of the various trades, with the one exception of the shipwrights, left their job.

The shipwrights, however, did not see that it mattered much, and after their local officials, with two of their executive, had, behind the backs of all the other unions, negotiated locally with Willoughby's and arranged to carry on work, these men were ordered by their District Committee and Executive Council to continue; in spite of the fact that very prominent among the list of unions to whom the notices applied were the Associated Shipwrights and Ship-constructors' Society.

The local Lock-Out Committee thought there must be some mistake and approached the secretary of the Engineering and Shipbuilding Federation, Mr. Frank Smith. To their great surprise and bewilderment, they have now received a letter from the E. and S. Federation endorsing the action of the Shipwrights.

The ship, which was sent to Ipswich for completion, is still being completed by the shipwrights at that Port, and a letter from the Executive Council of the Shipwrights' Association to their organiser for this district is published below, together with the rest of the correspondence:—

ENGINEERING AND SHIPBUILDING TRADES JOINT LOCK-OUT COMMITTEE. PLYMOUTH DISTRICT.

Criterion Restaurant,
Devonport.
9th May, 1922.

Mr. Frank Smith,
Federation of E. and S. Trades,
15/16, Sicilian House,
Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sir,

I am directed by the above Committee to inform you that no Shipwrights have obeyed the instructions of your Federation in this District and are still remaining at work at Messrs. Willoughby's and at Messrs. Rogers, firms in this District belonging to the Engineering and National Employers' Federations.

On Friday last, Mr. P. Urell and the District Secretary at Plymouth attended before the Lock-out Committee and after a statement informed us that under instructions from their E.C. they were not withdrawing their members as in their judgment they were not affected.

The Joint Lock-out Committee desire me to request that immediate action will be taken by your Federation to deal with this matter.

Yours faithfully,

H. M. MEDLAND,
Chairman Joint Lock-out Committee.

FEDERATION OF ENGINEERING AND SHIPBUILDING TRADES, Etc.

15/16, Sicilian House,
Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.
May 10th, 1922.

Dear Sir,

We are communicating the complaint in your letter of the 9th instant to that Shipwrights Society, and immediately we receive a reply we will communicate with you.

Yours faithfully,

p.p. FRANK SMITH,

FEDERATION OF ENGINEERING AND SHIPBUILDING TRADES, Etc.

15/16, Sicilian House,
Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.
May 15th, 1922.

TRANSFERRED WORK AT IPSWICH.

Dear Sir,

Referring to your letter of the 9th instant, we have communicated your complaint to the Shipwrights Executive, and we are now in receipt of a copy of their instructions to the District Delegate

who covers the Ipswich District, Mr. Beeston, of Hull, and you will see their position with regard to Managerial Functions.

The matter has also been reported to the Shipwrights Executive Committee from the Devonport Representative.

Probably as you are aware, 95 per cent of the Shipwrights are concerned in Shipbuilding and Ship-repairing; therefore, so far as Managerial Functions are concerned and troubles arising therefrom, they are not concerned.

Yours faithfully,
p.p. FRANK SMITH,

May 13th, 1922.
Saturday.

Mr. J. R. Beeston,
8, Woodland Villas, Rensburg Street,
New Bridge Road, Hull.

Dear Sir,

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. We are obliged to you for your report in connection with the extensive repairs to the "Flying Cloud" at Ipswich, which we have given careful consideration.

We have had previous reports from our Devonport representative in connection therewith, and you are quite right so far as we are concerned, and our members were not to be dictated to by any outside Committee which has no constitutional authority within the terms of our General Rules, and the Executive are not prepared to hand over functions which are clearly prescribed within the terms of our General Rules to any outside body, and we agree with your construction that the members who are doing their own work and have not been asked to have any dealings in so far as Managerial Functions are concerned in the present dispute, and they are therefore entitled to continue work so far as Shipbuilding and Ship-repairing is concerned.

We quite agree with you that the attitude you have taken up is quite the proper one, as we have no trouble so far as our Society is concerned in the Shipbuilding and Ship-repairing industry with the Engineering Employers, and we agree with you and also our Devonport District Committee with the attitude that has been taken up.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. WILKIE,
General Secretary.

EGG TESTER.—A wonderful device which tells you with perfect accuracy if an egg is fertile or unfertile, and the sex which will be hatched. Price 1s. 50 per cent profit to the C.P.—P. Martin, 47, Clarkson Road, Barking, E.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

By T. A. JACKSON

R. W. POSTGATE, rising from the editorial chair to introduce his successor, likened the transfer to the setting of the Sun and the rising of the Moon. Whether he meant it so or not, the image carries a hint that things romantic and insurrectionary are expected from me;—things like Fenians drilling by night behind the turn of the hill; the glint of pikes at the "rising o' the moon," while a "soft wind shakes the barley."

True, he may have been "pulling my leg." Long gazing at a pile of typescript on the shelf—all that is finished of a history of Ireland—may have led him to tremble and quake at the thought of what you might have to suffer if "copy" does not arrive in a copious stream. Possibly it was no more than a hint:

"Ah, Moon of my Delight that knows no Wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again,
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden (*) after me—in vain!"

Or (cruel thought), he may have half insinuated that "the suns rim dips, the stars rush out, at one stride comes—the dark!" But this would be too bad.

The cold fact remains that I am installed in charge; a little lonely, a little awed by the magnitude of the task, but determined and confident that, with the help of all good comrades (among whom I am happy to number *all* the ex-Editors and contributors to the COMMUNIST), the official organ of the Communist Party will not suffer from the transition.

It is for several reasons expedient that I should begin by defining the scope and policy of this paper.

* * *

Francis Meynell, called upon (at a Party Conference) to define the policy of the COMMUNIST said:—

"The policy of the COMMUNIST is the policy of the Communist Party

"It is the policy of the Third International

"The policy of revolution, of class war

"The policy of the intensive culture of class hatred and class contempt."

I cannot find words which express my intention more finely.

To produce a weekly bulletin-review in which is demonstrated the theory and practice of the workers' class struggle; to give to all who suffer a word of hope and a spur to action; to give to all who struggle news of the whole battle; to explain the general directions of the central command; to hold up the banner of the revolutionary ideal; and to express, in fact, in argument, in retort, and rejoinder the innermost soul of the workers' emancipation struggle—that is a programme to tax the capacity, not of one man, but of a thousand.

Let me say at once that *one* man is not going to attempt the impossible.

I am, I suppose, possessed of all the faults of common humanity, with a few special to myself; but an inflamed ego-complex is, I trust, not among them. I shall have to aid me, as their circumstances will permit, all who have hitherto helped to make these pages noteworthy and attractive. My editorial predecessors will be available for aid and advice—Fred Willis near, Francis Meynell and Postgate, if not before me, easily within call. And those whom they gathered as contributors will be available equally for me.

With them will be—if my luck holds, and there is any virtue left in my powers of persuasion—all the new talent that will be gathered at every stride forward that we make.

* (Covent Garden)—R.W.P.

Postgate, last week, made an appeal for a closer contact between the readers of this journal and its editor. I echo his words and endorse his appeal:—

"The readers make the paper; the paper only lives if the readers are a part of it."

We want not only every Communist, but every class-conscious worker to feel that this is *his* (and *our*) paper.

* * *

That we shall give from week to week a survey of high politics from the standpoint of working class-consciousness, goes without saying. That we shall say what the Communist Party thinks upon the broad issues of domestic politics and industrial conflict, goes without saying, likewise. But we shall, with your help, do more.

Every week, we shall give the cream of such items of fact or comment, supplied by our readers, as will make real and concrete the bitterness of class war and the joy that comes with the abiding hope that Communism brings—and Communism alone.

We want, we intend, and with your help we shall make a new departure. We will build up a voluntary co-operation of readers and writers which will make of the COMMUNIST, not merely a sword flaming in the vanguard of the revolutionary struggle. We will make it the most complete and thorough going expression of working class psychology which has yet been produced in this Bourgeois-blighted land.

Critical destructions of the claims of the capitalist apologists we shall give as we have given. Positive indications of Communist policy on every concrete issue as it arises. These we shall give, and these we know will be welcome—to such as have learned enough to value them. But, even more than that we aim at making every page *alive* with the sense of injury and of revolt, of scorn for the oppressor, and of joy anticipant of the coming triumph of the World Proletariat.

* * *

They tell me that there are some who think that the COMMUNIST has been somewhat too "high-brow" too pre-occupied with high politics, to notice the little things that count for everything in the toiler's life. If it be so, it is a grievous fault. And, you, comrade, reader, must help us to cure it.

Do we omit anything?—write to us about it. Do we seem too calm?—write and wake us up.

Is there a case of special hardship among your neighbours or workmates? Is there a special instance of boss-class brutality or rapacity in your workshop; are your fellow-workers doing anything specially noteworthy in their sector of the class struggle? Are your trade union officials gifted with heads made of bone, even more solid than is usual? Or, is your Labour Member paralysed by red tape and blue funk? Is there *anything* you think the working class ought to know? If so—write to us about it and we'll do the rest.

Don't bother to apologise for bad writing and spelling, don't wait until you've had a course of lessons in composition. Get the facts down: get your feelings on paper. Write as you speak to your workmates. If you can't call a spade "a spade" but have got used to saying "b—shovel," write that and "damn the consequences." We shan't print all you send, of course. We may print none of it—but it will be here to keep us in touch with the state of working class feeling outside these walls.

* * *

For two years now the workers have been on the retreat. Since Black Friday, they have, in Britain, been on the run. Defeat upon defeat, disaster upon disaster; until whole districts, once centres of sturdy re-

sistance, lie supine before the arrogance of the triumph-intoxicated bosses.

This has got to end. And we, more than any, must help to end it. The COMMUNIST is the medium of a call and rallying cry to the workers—flogged and demoralised. Already we see in the engineers and shipyard workers' struggle—which the bosses fondly hoped would result in the total destruction of the organised workers' movement—a sign that the tide has turned; that the workers, having touched bottom, have begun to rise again.

It is our function to accelerate and intensify the recovery, just as we tried to retard and minimise the collapse. It is a magnificent task. It is work that gives promise of an adventure such as should inspire strong men to put out their strength and weak men to take heart and become strong.

With your help, that work we shall do.

* * *

The essential thing is that the workers as a mass should recover self-confidence; that they should look upon the conquest of political power and social mastery as not only desirable but as just and necessary—as, whatever the cost, indispensable and inevitable.

Detached critics will urge that this should be the work of the "Labour Party." That is, of course, true. Were *names* the only things that matter, the work of rousing, rallying, organising, inspiring, and leading the working mass in the struggle for that social mastery and control, which is involved in the much-tortured word "emancipation," would be the first and only work of the "Labour" Party—the Party of the Workers.

It should be—it would be—if . . .

* * *

The plain truth is that the bulk of the Labour Party have no better idea of how the Party was engendered, than has a newborn babe. [And they ought to be getting grown up by now.] If the methods and mental stock-in-trade of the Labour Party were things fixed, fast and frozen, it would be, without question, the paramount duty of everyone seeking working class emancipation, to destroy it at the earliest possible moment.

But they are—methods, ideas, and programmes—none of them incapable of change. From its nature, the Party, must be capable of complete mental and spiritual transformation, once the consciousness of the rank and file becomes sufficiently aroused and concentrated to compel a change. To that end the Communist Party has set itself. It has demanded as a right that it should be admitted to membership, and it is difficult to see on what logical grounds their application for affiliation can any longer be resisted.

Now, especially, when every effort is needed to stop the retreat and get the workers once again to form a front against the foe, it would be little else than treason to pretend that the Communist Party is not fit for inclusion in the Labour Party because it is over-eager for the battle—because it is all too impatient for the day of the workers' triumph.

For the moment it is not a question of triumph. Revolution is not in sight. To-day it is a question of re-starting the fight itself; and on this ground every man and every party claiming to advance the workers' cause, can, and must combine.

* * *

That, then, is the task immediately before us. And (a personal note in closing), the policy of this paper will be, while going straight at the enemy, to have a welcome and a word of encouragement for every fighter, whatever his label, who will help in the work.

LITERATURE AND COMMUNISM

By R. W. POSTGATE

PERHAPS our main task at the present—the revolution not being “on” just at the moment—is an internal affair. It is to make ourselves good Communists. No one can deny that the British movement is not entirely satisfactory—not in lack of enthusiasm or hard work, but because it feels itself in some ways inadequate to its own task. What we are feeling the lack of is mainly Communist self-education. For this reason it may not be unsuitable to dwell for a moment on what is, frankly, a by-path of Communist education. Most of us are under a general impression that we must have a knowledge of Marx’s economics—a bit of industrial history—something about the *gens* and primitive promiscuity maybe too—and if we have heard a lecture on Dietzgen as well, we are fully armed with all the knowledge useful for the class struggle.

That, if true for any, was never true for all. There are some who will always need more than that—speakers who need to train themselves to speak, and writers who must learn to write—agitators of all kinds who want to learn to cultivate their powers of perception and apprehension generally, without knowing too well how it is to be done. It is for this reason, I suppose, apart from its attractiveness as a mere relaxation, that classes all over the country are taking up the study of literature on the lines mentioned, for example, in the *Plebs*.

* * *

Generally, of course, one is only too glad of this. But the method of approach that is the commonest is only too likely to intensify the Marxist’s pet vice—the dividing up of everything into rigid compartments. The student is far too commonly told merely “Literature is to be studied as a branch of the Materialist Conception of History. Let us proceed to examples. Shakespeare and Scott are feudal. Sterne is early capitalist. Browning is late industrial capitalist. Kipling imperialist. All these people have schools, which also reflect the political and economic characteristics of the epoch.” We are left to understand that all fits in—all Browning’s contemporaries being notably industrial capitalist; all Kipling’s imperialist, and so on.

[How do they fit in Oscar Wilde, by the by, and what stage of economic development does he represent?]

Not only is this not true, but it gives an entirely false impression of the subject matter. For example—Keats’ Ode to a Nightingale:—

“Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,
No hungry generations tread thee down,
The voice I hear this passing night was heard,
In ancient days by Emperor and clown.

Someone recently, I think in the *Plebs*, pointed out acutely that the second line was an evidence of the effect of machinery on the workers. Maybe—it is, anyway, a very interesting theory. But what a lesson to teach the student! That he should go away with the idea that all there was to the Ode was a veiled reference to Arkwright’s spinning jenny. If that was all, why choose this Ode? The works of inferior writers are much easier to fit into your machine-made boxes and Charles Garvice is a better illustration than Joseph Conrad.

Or, again. Take the earnest student who is set down before Sterne’s *Tristram Shandy*. You will remember that the beginning deals with a certain affair of a clock—so business-like was Mr. Shandy that “my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up,—but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head—and vice versa:” . . . for it appears that Mr. Shandy wound up this clock regularly on certain days and had “brought some other little family concerns to the same period.”

Now imagine it. The earnest student enters in his notebook: “Early Capitalism, meticulousness of rising bourgeoisie in this period:—see Clock.” Also “Large Families, Need of in early stages of Capitalism—see Clock.” Like Mrs. Shandy, he “Knows no more than his backside what Mr. Shandy meant.”

More than that, let us turn to our own period. Kipling, teacher says, is imperialist. Take up the White Man’s Burden. But, of course, *broad-mindedly* imperialist. “You’re a better man than I am, Gunga Din.” All very well, but if this theory is correct, it applies to all other writers of that date. Kipling is an obvious—too obvious—illustration. Thomas Hardy and Conrad must be fitted in. It is true that there is some tedious writing by Conrad about the claims of Poland, that seem to fit nicely into the capitalist politics of to-day. But it is precisely this sort of unexpected, disappointing inferior matter, by which one does not judge Conrad. Conrad’s virtue lies in such stories as *The End of the Tether*—the story of Captain Whalley, the sea-captain who went on with his duty until the final catastrophe—going blind all the time. There is nothing in the whole story of Captain Whalley—not a word—that is specifically capitalist-imperialist. Change a few casual references to material circumstances—steamers and Dutch officials—and alter the names of rigging and Captain Whalley might have commanded a brigantine. Or a trireme, for that matter. There is nothing temporary or passing in Captain Whalley, the whole story deals with personal emotions that have not changed or have hardly changed, through the ages.

Nor is there much more truth in the more intelligent application of the theory. Jackson argues that it is true to say that Keats, Byron and the rest of them represent a revolt against the old aristocratic school of Pope and Dryden, corresponding to the fall of the aristocracy in the economic sphere. The aristocratic character of the former is shown by the former school’s formal and pedantic verse—imitated from the ruling French aristocratic school of the day. The revolt against this “dead poetry” written in frozen heroic verse, represents a revolt of the bourgeoisie . . . and so on. But just read these lines before you fly away on that tack:—

“White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have
searched the mead,
For violets pale, and cropped the
poppy’s head,
The short narcissus and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight and cassia
sweet to smell;
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining
hue;
Some bound in order, others loosely
strewed,
To dress thy bower and trim thy new
abode.”

But for the last line, that should, by all the rules have been written by Keats, but it happens to be pure Dryden.

* * *

The plain fact of it is that the “ideology” of an epoch only roughly and in the most general way correspond to the economic conditions, and very frequently mental survivals persist long after the conditions to which they correspond. They may be utterly in conflict with them. No more than this is true: that the literary life of an age is ultimately dependent upon the social life. But that does not mean anything more than that it is easier to understand a writer when you know something of his time. Economic progress is the main current of the river: literature the eddies and swirls of a backwater, from which it may be impossible to discover the direction of the main current.

Therefore, we cannot study literature wholly, or even mainly, as an example of the materialist conception of history. We can read it only (if we want an end beyond the mere reading of it) as an expression of the fundamental characters of man and nature, on which any capitalist or socialist system is a mere superstructure.

Capitalism in a Mess

Under the heading “American Topics,” the financial weekly review, the *Statist* (20-5-22) remarks:—

“There is one way, and one way only, that the United States can, if so minded, really assist Europe at the present time. That is by opening her ports to European imports and by selling such of her own products as cannot be produced on equally advantageous terms in Europe to as great an extent as she is able. . . . leaders in the United States are endeavouring to overcome the difficulty by encouraging investment of American capital in various parts of the world. This is difficult, because the countries most urgently in need of invested capital are competitors with the United States, in the sense that they produce to a great extent the same class of products.”

Of course they do. The United States wants to export raw materials, foodstuffs, and manufactures. But she wants to get paid for them. How? In raw materials, foodstuffs, or manufactures? If she does, what is to happen to her agricultural industry? How is it to go on paying its way? The Americans are creditors. They are wanting interest and principal returned to them! How? God knows! They want to export more commodities. Shall they send them out for profit or philanthropy? God

knows! One thing is certain, Wall Street does not.

The *Nation* (20-5-22), in a leading article says:—

“Before the war one-third of our industrial product went to foreign markets. If we are now to pay our way and buy abroad the increasing quantities of food and raw materials we require, we must enlarge our export trade. Moreover, a larger share of this increased foreign trade must go to Europe, and Russia in particular must absorb an increasing share of our manufactures. But the size of our interest in European trade is not measured merely by our direct sales to European customers. Our expanding trade with the Far East, South America, and other great markets is held up by the inability of Europe to buy and pay for goods from these distant countries, and the consequent inability of the latter to buy our goods.”

What a mess! And some people think that capitalism will recover! The signs of death are written over the face of capitalism here, and in America.

The *Journal of Commerce* (17-5-22), also in a leading article, stated:—

“most economists in the United States can see that a smash must come in 1923 unless a very big boost is made in U.S. foreign trade in the

interval. It is true that the United States has huge piles of gold; that she is now the world’s greatest creditor nation; but that will not count for much unless she can secure more foreign trade and an outlet for her shipping services.”

Trotsky said something, did he not, about another big war in 1924? Do you understand now what Tavarish Tchitcherin meant when he said at Genoa that Russia could afford to wait?

But you and I cannot afford to wait. We must build up a strong, intelligent, active, resolute rank and file membership, and make the Communist Party the party of the masses. What does that mean? It means the party of the unemployed, the party of the men on lock-out and strike, the party of the toilers, the party of the toilers’ wives, the party of the toilers’ kids!

Boys, get to it!

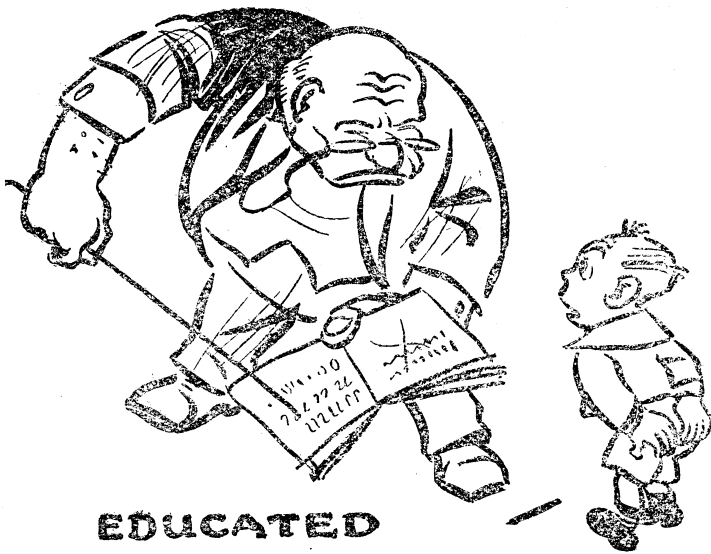
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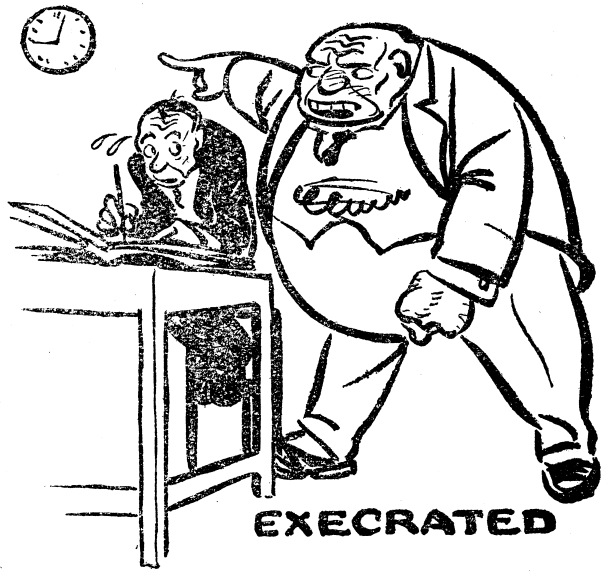
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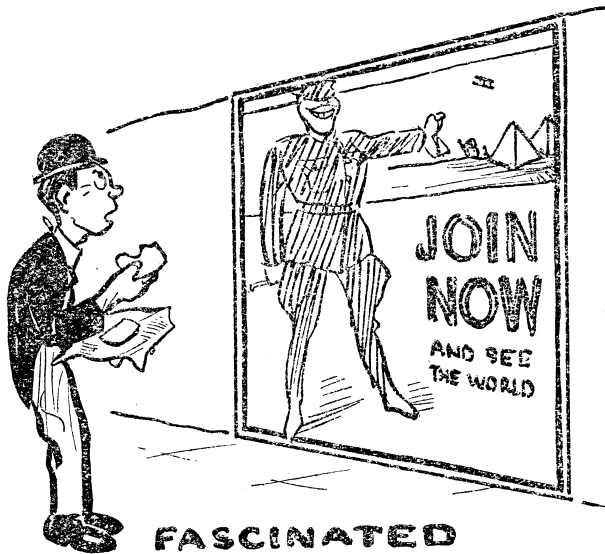
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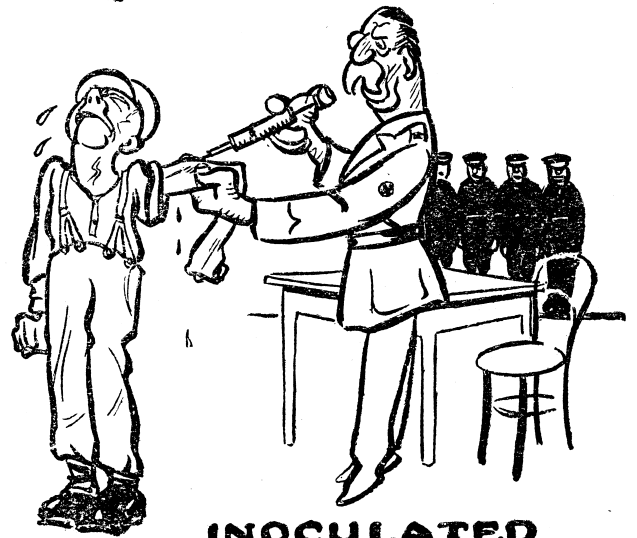
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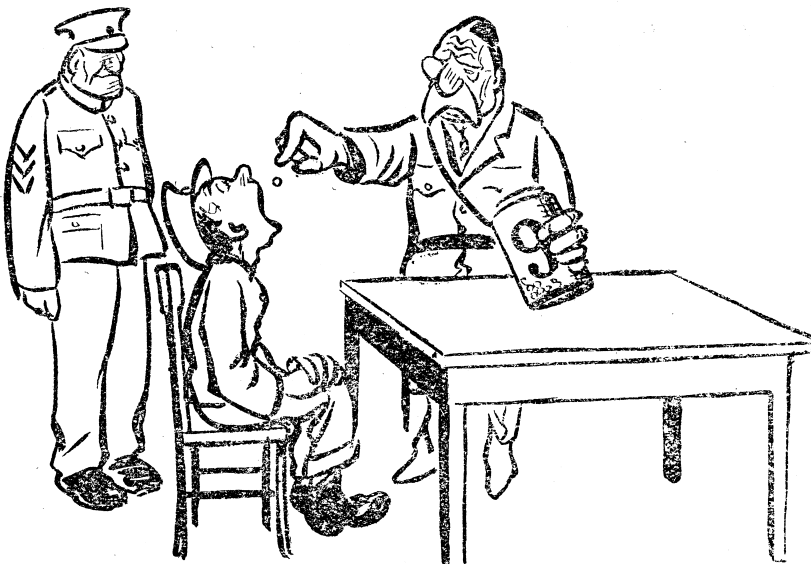
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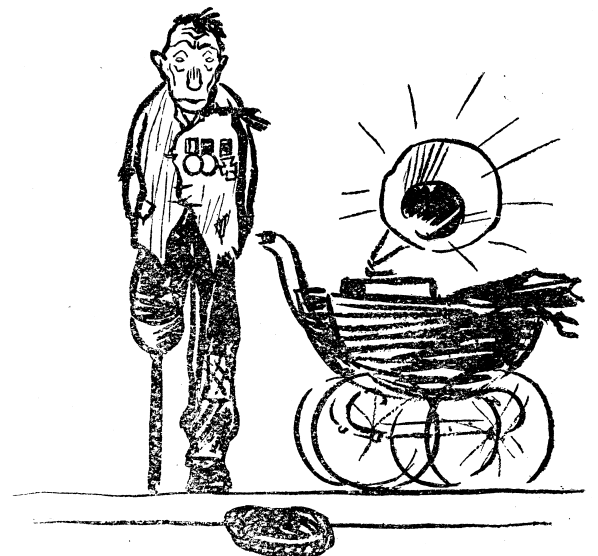
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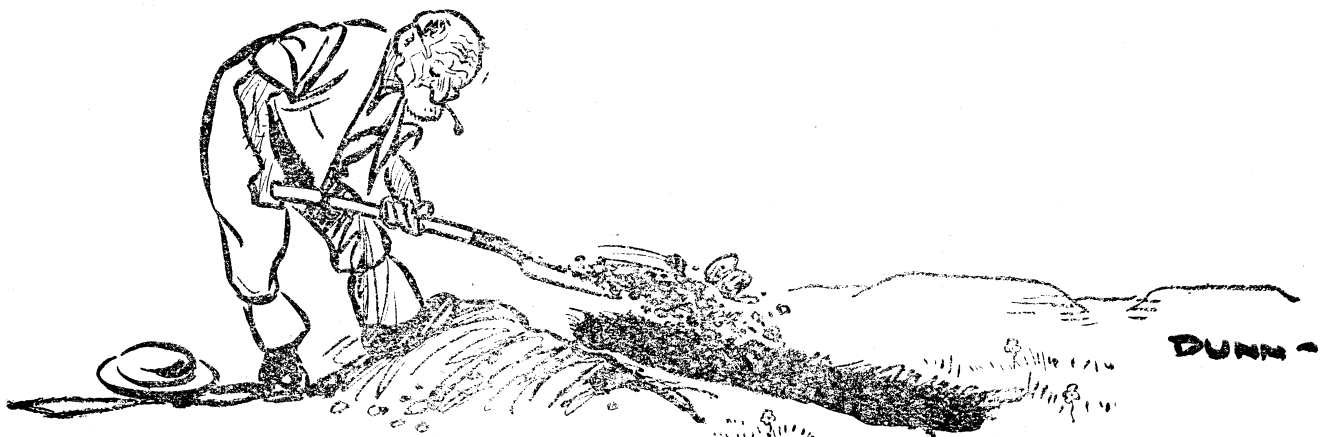
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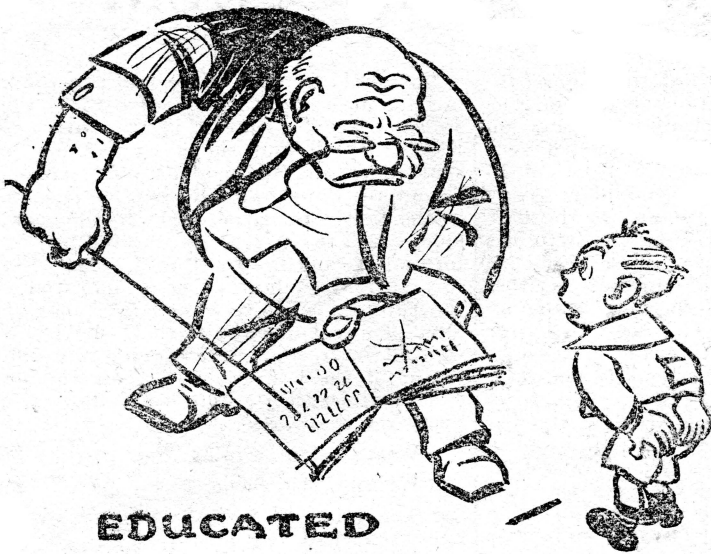
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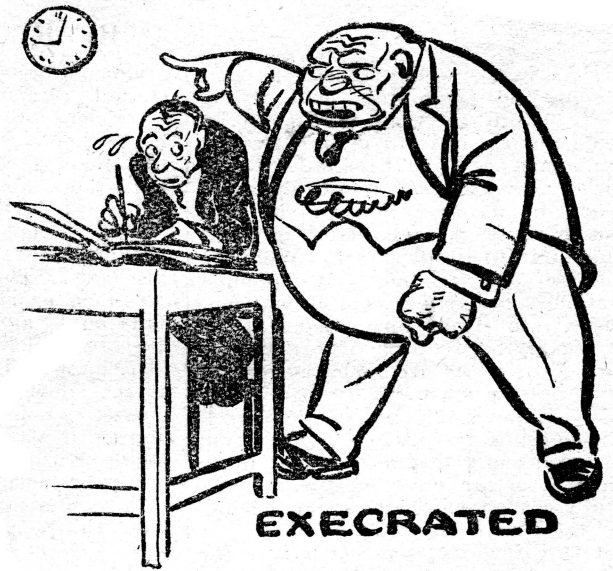
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From Cradle to Grave

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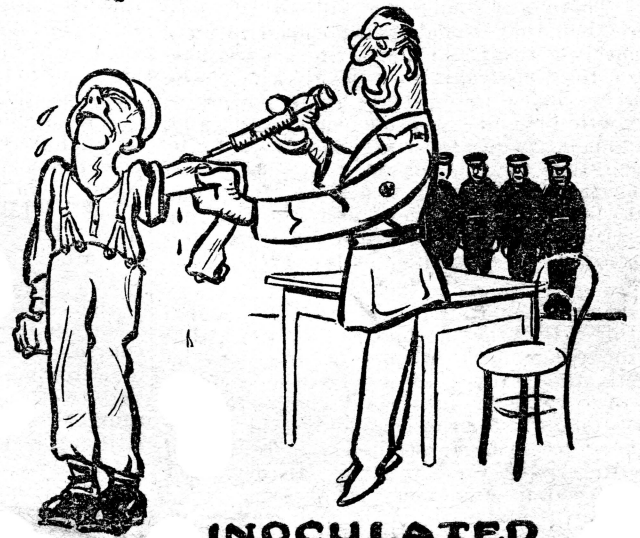
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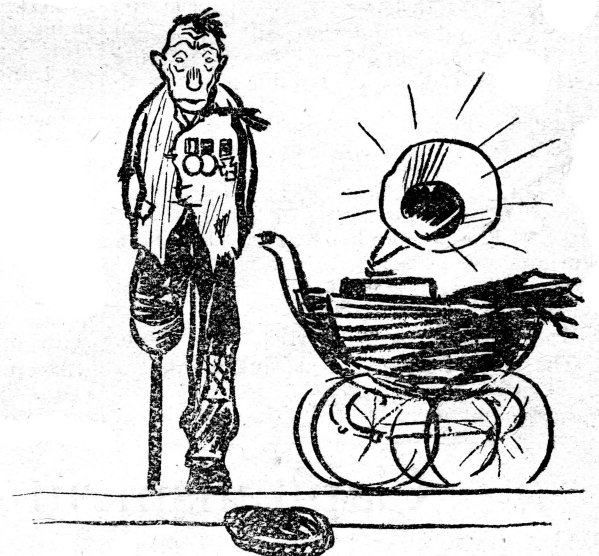
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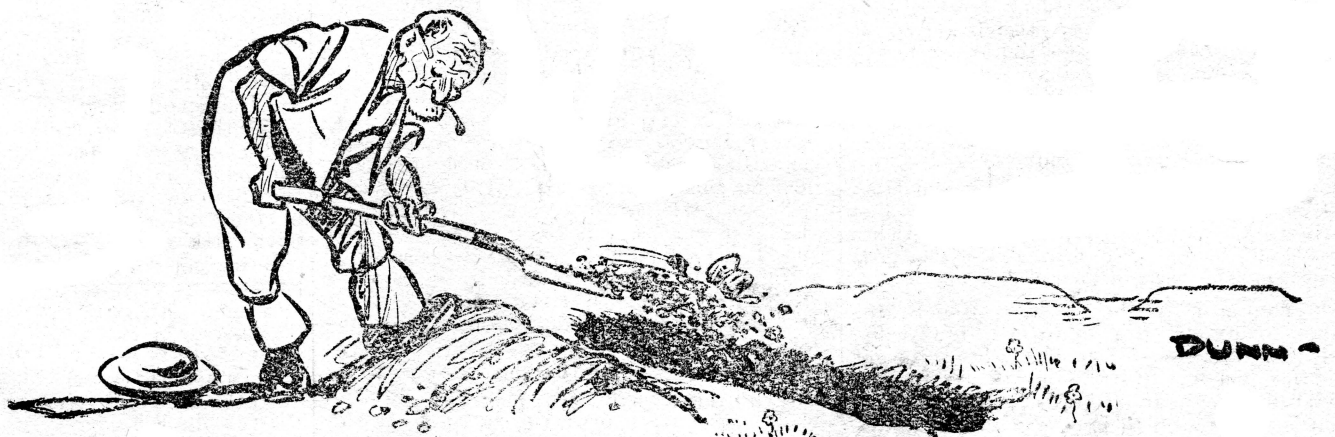
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From Cradle to Grave

END THE CONFUSION

By J. T. MURPHY

AGAIN the negotiations have opened. Again the negotiating forces have split. The A.E.U. have rejected the new memorandum. The 47 proceeds to negotiate.

The capitalist press reports that the 47 unions are tired of the die-hard policy of the A.E.U. It is high time we got to the bottom of these differences.

A week ago we printed extracts from the secret circular of the employers concerning the present struggle. [The *Worker* gave it in full—Ed.]. It is the charter of the Employers' Federation for the immediate future. If there are any who think that the employers have modified their position, they need only compare the findings of the Commission of Inquiry, with the Memorandum, which has split the union forces once again. If they can discover any modification they are welcome to the joy of it.

The circular is the completion of all the agreements since the lock-out of '99, with all the most vicious points in favour of the employer clinched and underlined for acceptance. Wage conditions have been held over. But don't think that they have been dropped. Remember that the leaders of the 47 have already accepted in the teeth of rejection by the rank and file, 16s. 6d. reduction.

Do the engineers expect to escape? We are confident they will not.

Ten weeks of lock-out and ten weeks of confusion. Ten weeks and we have still to clear the way for action.

Once before in the dispute a leading member of the A.E.U. Executive declared that the Communist Party was the only body to which they could turn—confident they would not be let down.

If the engineering and shipbuilding worker had followed the lead we gave on March 11th, there would be a much better fighting front than there is to-day. The A.E.U. Executive Committee was weak when it should have been strong. It is to-day attempting to be strong in negotiations without leading strongly among the masses.

We believe the splitting of the union in terms of the employers' organisation, i.e., in terms of the federated and non-federated firms, is a source of weakness and not of strength. It produces demoralisation in those who are already locked-out, and leaves the unions from whom we want assistance, in the position to retort that we are not pulling our full weight. This applies as much to the 47 unions as to the A.E.U.

They are, by helping the employers to eke out the work they require urgently, helping them to wage the struggle against us with a minimum of inconvenience.

To keep the non-federated workers going on the grounds of finance, is weak. No fight has ever been won on Trades Union funds. Even Mr. Brownlie spoke to that effect before the Inquiry. The leaders of the 47 unions show no sign of waging a fight. Nor is there unanimity in their ranks, as will be seen when the final terms are produced.

The issue before the industry is clear, if only the union leaders would be frank about the situation.

It is the old old battle between the skilled and the unskilled workers.

Sir Allan Smith leads, the union leaders are tricked into managing the details. Are the rank and file going to permit either Sir Allan Smith or the union leaders to shatter the position of the workers in the industry by dividing them against each other? That's the issue.

It is clear in the memorandum and we must make it clear in the negotiations. The A.E.U. Executive declare that the memorandum is based on the same principles as the first memorandum, which the rank and

file of all the unions have rejected. That is true. The Court of Inquiry (brought into being on the demand of the unions on the "bold" initiative of the vote-catching General Council); proved to be a weapon of the employers. The report grants the principle of employers control complete on overtime—with "conversations" on other points. The employers have banged this home in the new memorandum, which is the old one with its face washed.

In spite of this, the 47 go ahead. Up to Monday, May 22nd, they appear prepared to recommend a talking arrangement without the right to prevent the introduction of changes.

Why this difference between the unions?

Simply because if the skilled workers lose the power to prevent changes, their standards are destroyed. The leaders of the unskilled unions (aiming at immediate gains at the expense of the skilled workers) seek to cover this by demanding "conversations." In the process they are breaking the solidarity of the movement. They will,

IT IS YOUR FUND

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT

About the Fighting Fund?

Are you sure that your district is pulling its weight?

ARE YOU DOING YOUR BIT?

A valued Manchester comrade has promised £500. This is given as a spur to the members and sympathisers of the Party, but it is on condition we raise another £500 within three months.

We want £5,000. If everyone does his or her share we shall get it and more. A very small sum from every reader of this paper would do the trick.

Don't delay, give quickly.

The C.P. must be powerful in the political as well as the industrial world. Think what it would mean to have a number of virile Communist agitators in the British Parliament. It would be a message of hope to our struggling comrades in Russia. It would be a magnificent gesture from the working class of Britain.

COMRADES GIVE AND GIVE NOW.

A. E. COOK,
Secretary Electoral Committee
16, King Street,
Covent Garden W.C.2

if we do not stop them, in so doing break down every standard of unskilled and skilled workers alike.

It is utter folly to think it is possible to stop the development of machinery, which simplifies the labour process.

But, it is a greater, and a more damnable folly for union leaders to play the bosses' game of dividing the labour forces for the boss to conquer.

I cannot too strongly emphasise that *that* is the meaning of the new memorandum; and this is the game that is being played by the union leaders.

The whole memorandum is an elaboration of the process of creating machinery through which the union can talk whilst the employers act.

Take the overtime clause—recommended alike by McKenzie and Smith. The employers have the right to decide. The unions have in most cases the right to talk; but the employers decide.

Not only are the unions without a deciding voice, but the apparatus already en-

dorsed by the unions for conversations with the employers, maintains the old, old, division among the unions.

We opposed this agreement when it was invented; we oppose it now; during the war period we encouraged every shop-stewards' committee, which came along because its activity was revolutionary. At the same time we pleaded and worked for the unity of the skilled and unskilled in a single organisation. To encourage sectional committees now, to make them part of our organisational machinery is to intensify the difficulties of unity a thousandfold.

So long as there is this discord among the leaders, we ought to prevent them going into negotiation with the enemy. Any army that goes into battle with its generals squabbling, is doomed to defeat. In scores of districts to-day the rank and file are united under common leadership. Let us get together and hammer out a common policy. The basic principles must be:—

(1) The unions shall have the right to prior consultation on all proposed changes and the power of veto until agreement as to terms and conditions have been arrived at.

(2) There shall be no overtime on production work so long as members of the unions are unemployed.

(3) The workers in the factories shall be united in a single organisation, under the control of the district joint boards, which shall include all the unions; and all the unions shall act together and control the labour of the industry.

On the first two items there ought to be no disagreement whatever. The third proposal, we are convinced is the only way in which we shall get a revival of factory organisation. There can be no factory organisation, without agreement amongst ourselves. The unions must act together. Consolidate the lock-out unity by making engineering joint boards, which shall include all the unions in the industry. Second, drop this idea of each union having its own stewards. Let the stewards be elected by shop meetings of *all the unionists* in the shop. These constitute the shop committee, receiving endorsement from the Joint Engineering Board. Then let the works or Factory Committees be elected from a full meeting of the shop stewards in the factory, and the factory committee also receive the endorsement of the Joint Engineering Board. Thus consolidate the position in the factories and lay the foundation of the larger amalgamation which shall make one union for the industry.

These proposals were practiced successfully during the war in Coventry. They can be practiced again to-day if the unions agree. Then we progressed from the factories to the unions. Now unity among the unions must come first to get the organisation in the factory. This is no question of unofficialism versus officialism. It is a straightforward plan for the unions.

Adapt the principles and the plan we have indicated, both with regard to the memorandum and the organisations, and there is some hope for the engineering workers.

Refuse, and there is none.

Printing Pickle It seems impossible to forecast with any certainty whether there will be an open breach in the printing industry. The employers' demand for a reduction of 15s. per week in three instalments and the ballot of the trade showed a majority against the cuts, a circumstance which has been duly reported to the employers, who are suggesting further negotiations. From information received, it seems fairly certain that their next move will be to play upon the fact that certain individual unions in the Federation showed a majority in favour of accepting the terms. Already I have had reports of firms approaching members of these unions and telling their members that in the event of a lock-out they will not be affected. This move must be countered and the Federation has got to insist on fighting as a single unit.

PATRICK ON PAUL

A Review

By P. FITZPATRICK

Communism and Society. By William Paul. Communist Party of Great Britain, 16, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. Price, 2s. 6d.

FEW books enter the Labour world in which most of us cannot find at least "nodding" acquaintances. Originality in thought is rare in these days of pamphlet writing and book producing. Most Socialist books we read merely from a sense of duty. If old acquaintances were acknowledged while poring over the leaves of "new" books we would be raising our hats at every page.

Comrade Paul's book, while not claiming originality, has at least the valuable distinction of being interesting and instructive.

Some Marxians, judged by their action, or rather inaction, on practical affairs, would give the impression that they belong to some other world besides this real one. Paul's book will be of service to those Socialists whose activity has not driven them too far in the direction of the speculative Communism of the future. The following analysis may be useful:—

CHAPTER I.—Historic Roots of Communism.—The author, in his first chapter, deals very roughly with the ancient clan system; he merely hints in an interesting fashion how the kinship system operated. Its brevity is, no doubt, tantalising; but the annoyance will be compensated by reading his other book, "The State."

The development from kinship to property the author explains in a short, snappy manner, which we find interestingly suggestive, we should say. The reader feels a bit hurried when compelled to rush through clan, tribe, city, states, nations, and empires. The author's habit of comparing modern times with ancient Communism and, on his backward journey, touching on the main historic events and developments in the intermediate states, keeps the reader's mind on the jump from point to point. This method is quite refreshing: the reader feels as though wirelessing; the dead past switching, in return, "Excelsior!"

CHAPTER II.—The State.—In this chapter the author shows that the clan form of government had no weapon of coercion whereby to enforce its will upon its members. Such a merely moral authority became useless once society was revolutionised by private property relationships.

Your attention is here directed to the instrument of force. Force is the only effective weapon to maintain social discipline and order. The reader would be well advised to glue his mind on this chapter and see what part force plays in political society. Now is your chance to get a good sound idea of the power of force from its birth right up to modern times and nations. The question of armed peace will then be thoroughly understood, and dictatorship loses its terror to the class that holds the handle of the sword or rides on the wings of the bombing aeroplane.

CHAPTER III.—Economic Dictatorship of Propertied Interests.—In this chapter the author breaks into grim humour; the fancied freedom of the modern wage worker of his "free" life is reduced to the burlesque, the irrepressible sarcastic smile gives painful satisfaction. All working men should read Chapter III. It gives very instructive lessons. If, after reading this chapter, the mind of the hard-working man remains unaltered and no benefit is derived, then the only thing left for him to hope for is his death insurance benefit.

The dictatorship of the ruling class is well explained in this part of the book. The author tears away the decorative sticking-plaster and exposes the gaping wounds.

CHAPTER IV.—The Capitalist Democracy in Practice.—Paul, in dealing with capitalist democracy, explains the difference between things in their plausible appearance and in reality. On the surface democracy seems sound and genuine. This apparent stability, and the logic flowing from it, is, in fact, the stronghold of the Labour leaders. Comrade Paul deals with this phase of social deception in a very convincing manner.

The part dealing with the Press is, in my mind, exaggerated. Powerful as the Press is it does not influence the mind to such an exclusive extent.

Try the force of a Labour Press on the average worker's mind. As a rule it fails to make the impression expected. In point of fact, its success is very little. The Press of the masters depend on something more than mere print. This requisite something is the traditional mind which is very much older than the Press. The capitalist Press play upon this mind quite instinctively; it suits

their purpose; they do not create such a mind. Paul says: "Ideas do not drop from the skies, they flow from channels of human activity of experience." This statement to a great extent is true regarding the capitalist class. The working class is at present dominated by ideas contrary to their concrete experience. The mass mind in concrete thinking (i.e., in the field of industry) is instinctively correct, but in reflection (e.g., in politics or social duties or any form of social abstraction) the mass hold ideas belonging to periods before the dawn of a public Press. The reader would do well to ponder over this chapter as it deals with the power of the Press, education, and the function of the State. The logic of the latter institution is not argument but force. Evidently the author is under the impression that the Labour Party believe that on the capture of Parliament the armed power will fall into their hands; and that the rattling of the scabbard will have a similar effect on the mind of the capitalist. This question should be well discussed and understood, as it is the dividing line between the Labour Party and the Communist Party as a means of social ameliorations.

CHAPTER V.—Decadence of the Parliamentary System.—In Paul's mind Parliament appears as a sick man lying on his death-bed, suffering from an incurable disease—evidently of a slow, destroying nature. He views the Labour Party as a social doctor attempting to transfuse new blood into the paralysed and poisoned patient. The Communist Party is represented as an anxious undertaker striving to enter the sick death-chamber and affix the R.I.P.

Paul thinks Parliament's failure is due to its geographical nature being unsuitable for tackling industrial problems effectively. Much of this chapter is debatable. Only one thing at the present moment is certain, and that is that Parliament is the home of White Elephants.

CHAPTER VI.—Finance and Parliamentary Democracy.—Chapter VI deals with the history of Parliamentary democracy from its early corruption to its relative purity. From its puritanical high-water mark and its relapse into a more subtle form of corruption, Paul reduces the House of Commons to a branch of commerce where graft is the chief function of the cabinet, where the ordinary members are qualifying in the art of democratic deception, and where the overlord is finance capital. A side line of Parliamentary commerce is the hawking of honours for the purpose of augmenting the secret party funds. One gets the impression that the Government is bent on monopolising shame and making dishonour a fit industry for nationalisation.

CHAPTER VII.—Communism and Parliamentary Action.—This chapter dealing with the endless quarrels inside the revolutionary ranks, which the author styles self-criticism (a very far-fetched term), designating misunderstanding of the ever-changing problem of tactics. The tactical problem arises from a misunderstanding of what is rigid and what is flexible. The Socialist or (should we say?) the Communist family are only united in their hatred of capitalism. The drift runs all the way from the tame Majority Socialists to hot-headed anarchists and super-Marxists. We must give credit to Paul for putting the anti-politicals into their proper place. The author, in this chapter, views Parliament as an outpost of the enemy, which cannot be ignored except at great peril. Its capture simply means spiking the guns, which would otherwise be used against us.

At this point Daniel De Leon, the great American Socialist, gets due regard—a credit long overdue. The tribute Paul pays to De Leon stands in great contrast to the conduct of Labour leaders who wish to ignore this disturber of Labour grafters—particularly on the trade union question.

Another interesting feature in the above chapter is the cowardly attitude of the Government to armed sections of their own class, which defy all the laws of the country.

CHAPTER VIII.—Mass Industrial Struggle and Political Action.—This chapter opens with a description of the simple and definite understanding of the workers in their concrete industrial struggles compared with their confusion of mind when regarding complex and abstract political questions. There is no mystery attached to a cut in wages. Sophists are at a discount on this field.

The author traces the cause which gave rise to the Labour Party's activity in politics. He fails, I think, in his endeavour to explain why such political bodies as the S.D.F., the Socialist League,

etc., S.L.P., and the B.S.P. failed to attract the masses, despite the fact that they were all splendid Marxian propagandists. True enough some of those bodies became mere doctrinaire sectarian groups with good intentions misguided. Others shrank and crystallised into demented creatures well deserving our heartfelt pity. Chapter VIII., while failing to state the cause of this impotency and fanatical lunacy, will, if carefully read and understood, prevent, we hope, a recurrence of their like.

CHAPTER IX.—Tactics and Problems of Revolution.—The final chapter prepares the mind of the toiling mass for the staging of a revolutionary situation. The ability of the Communist Party to handle successfully such a situation must, of course, be developed, but the author's enthusiasm dwells on a speculative point which we trust, at the time of presentment, will pass from words into flesh and blood.

Communism and Society is written in very simple language; the charge of pedantry cannot be brought against the author. The simple illustrations recall Lenin's homely style, but it lacks the philosophical allusions which adorn the writings of Trotsky.

I have no hesitation in saying that *Communism and Society* is the best book produced on the subject in Great Britain since the Bolshevik Revolution.

LITTLE PARODIES No.3

Revolutionary Theorisings By R. W. P . . . e

ONE's own feelings should never be considered in a dispassionate survey of other people's actions. This is especially true of Book Reviews. Often and often my own tenderest feelings have been lacerated almost beyond endurance when criticising, in a few well-chosen words, some presumptuous person who has dared to venture "into the realm of authorship." He, poor devil, probably thought he was doing something clever, but in his own interests—as well as those of posterity—I felt it necessary to absolutely annihilate! oh! horrors! no!!—absolutely to annihilate him. I felt it to be a duty; something to be done once and for all.

Yet, as J. F. Horrabin—a rising cartographer of distinct merit, but of amazing impudence—intervenes to remind me, there may be, here and there, an individual almost as capable of judging as myself.

I reply, in the language of the classics, *credo quia impossibile est* (1); but I should prefer to retort even more violently, *suspensatur per collum* (2).

On general questions I agree entirely with the virile and intellectual section of Marxists (3), i.e., with those who think exactly as I do.

My own studies have led me to the conclusion that Bolshevism itself is no new thing. *There were Soviets before Moscow*. Less than ten years after the battle of Waterloo (4), a certain William Smith, organised, at Chorlton-on-Medlock, The Combined Mechanics' and Artisans' Goose Club and Sharing-Out Society. Workers of all trades, or of none, were members, and it held its meetings in the club-room of the Red Lion. Could anything be more conclusive? Possibly the Bolsheviks themselves may have based their theories on the manifesto issued by this society at its inauguration. I propose to reprint this important and lengthy document in full here (No, you don't!—Editorial Committee).

However, W. Gallagher (5) insists, at this juncture, in a most dictatorial manner, on my including whole chunks of his beastly Carlyle. My opinion both of Gallagher and Carlyle is not fit for publication. If it were Smith, of Chorlton-on-Medlock now—

In the ordinary course of things a series of appendices about twice the length of the article should appear here, but this course is obviously impossible.

With many additions, they will constitute the greater portion of my next book.

(1) From the Latin. Quite pleasing among some-time scholars of Oxford.

(2) Also from the Latin.

(3) As distinguished from utterly stupid people like ———. However, I will not unnecessarily be angry.

(4) Fought in 1815. The Battle of Hastings was much earlier.

(5) A notorious character from Paisley.

IS OFFICIAL IRISH LABOUR REVOLUTIONARY?

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

THE capitalist press is always confusing to the workers. The reports of events on the working class front are always intended to give a wrong impression. An occurrence that is not at all revolutionary will be branded as the rankest Bolshevism, while a course of action that would ultimately lead to the liberation of the working masses will be deliberately slurred over and carefully hidden from the public view.

We in Ireland have experienced this to a great degree of late. Certain occurrences that had the sanction of the official Labour movement were given widespread publicity. The Labour leaders were attacked by the Boss press. They were accused of organising revolution and of driving the country into chaos and anarchy. This was all to a purpose.

Every English comrade knows that the *Morning Post* calls the Labour Party in that country a revolutionary organisation; he knows that during the miners' strike the papers said that our friend Williams posed as the God-sent leader of the workers. In other words, he knows that the Boss class find it useful to accuse men of whom they are sure of naughty things. That puts the Labour men in a good light with their working class followers and the Labour men do not object to be considered *Enfants Terribles* provided there is not a jail sentence attached to it.

Unfortunately in Ireland we are at the present time suffering from this insidious sabotage at the hands of the Boss press. As everyone knows, the I.T.G.W.U. is still looked upon here as Jim Larkin's Union. At its inception that union was the most revolutionary in these islands. Its membership, under the leadership of Larkin, clearly understood the meaning of the class struggle. Agreements with the masters were of no account and strikes were the order of the day. The fighting spirit of the Irish proletariat was fed and nourished in the daily struggles with their class enemies. However, when in later years (after Larkin's departure) the Union developed and vastly increased in numbers, and its treasury soared up to tens of thousands, its outlook changed. It is always questionable whether a large organisation can remain revolutionary. When vast masses of the workers are gathered into unions it must result in the reactionary elements being in a majority. The reactionary majority is sure to elect reactionary officials and the reactionary officials are sure to pursue a reactionary policy. Thus it is that even though the Irish Transport Union is still looked upon as Jim Larkin's Union it is by no means following along the lines of the policy outlined by Larkin.

Without a doubt the policy of the I.T.G.W.U. is at present reactionary. Every Communist will agree to that. But there is another aspect to the case that is not so easily understood by Communists in foreign countries. Certain events on the Irish Labour front would lead one to believe that official Irish Labour had acted contrary to all laws and had remained revolutionary in spite of its vast membership and power. I refer to the frequent seizures of factories and mills all over the country, and to the truculent tone adopted towards the master class by the officials in their official organ. The average English Communist living in a country where the use of force and violence by the workers is undreamt of, and where the man who cries "Long live Soviet Russia" passes as a rebel, is prone to marvel at the wonderful daring of the Irish leaders in allowing their country branches to seize the shops. I would ask them to remember that in Ireland at the present there is no central authority strong enough to protect private property. The average man who would have courage enough to get up on an English Labour Party platform and denounce Lloyd George, would be quite capable here of going and seizing a mill.

Who is going to stop him? The Free Staters don't like to do it because they are looking for labour support. The Republicans don't like to do it, because they are looking for labour support. The bosses themselves have no private armed force to protect them, so there you are.

We are not surprised at the Labour leaders allowing their country branches to seize the mills, but we are surprised at their holding back from making an attempt to seize supreme power in the whole country. The official leaders here are more afraid of revolution than the bosses are if that is possible. Did not Lenin say that men of the Henderson type were a product of capitalist society and useful only under the present system. Well, the same holds good of Labour leaders everywhere.

These seizures of mills, etc., are merely incidental to the every-day struggle against capitalism and are not by any means revolutionary. When capitalism is weak the workers can be very daring and have a better chance of enforcing good conditions, but until they question the right of permanent ownership of the tools of production they are not acting beyond the bounds of capitalist production. Thus you have in Ireland the contradiction of certain groups of workers hoisting the red flag over a captured plant and setting up a Soviet while the central organisation to which they owe allegiance and which they support are stating on public platforms that their policy does not go any farther than mothers' pensions.

It is beyond question that the men who are seizing the mills are revolutionary. It is beyond question that they are eager to start the final phase of the war against capitalism, but without taking a national programme they are not able to affect anything that will vitally threaten the power of the bosses in the country.

While the workers in one section of the country are setting up a Soviet the workers in another portion belonging to the same organisation are calmly choosing candidates to contest an election for a Free State. Naturally the Boss class can laugh at these sporadic efforts, because it is ridiculous to imagine that a successful revolution can result from sporadic efforts of sections to set up Soviets locally without the direction of a national organisation guiding a policy nationally. Now since the national organisation, according to their own confession, do not believe in armed physical force revolution, but aim at educating the workers through the Free State parliament, these country elements who are seizing the factories are, if they are loyal to their bosses of the Labour Party, leading the workers down a blind alley.

Of course, we in Ireland are supposed to be very gullible, but foreign comrades who persist in looking upon the present struggle of the revolutionary republicans as merely a nationalist one that does not deserve the support of the labouring masses beat us to it. It is this nationalist movement that has made the present power of the workers to seize the mills possible. In spite of what any one may say the ideas of Communism have spread among the ranks of the rebel portion of the army, and it is peculiar that in those regions, Tipperary, etc., where Republican ideas are strongest, the workers are most daring and class-conscious. Why is that? It is undoubtedly because they have the support of the army. In the districts where the Free State party are in power and where the workers are setting up Labour candidates for the parliamentary elections the workers are most reactionary. There you find the Imperialist ex-soldier elements and the workers who just joined the trade unions through compulsion or some reason apart from the realisation of the class struggle. It is on these elements that the Labour Party is relying for support in its Free State campaign. The men that are rebelling against the reformist policy of the official leaders are as a whole favourable to the continuance of the national struggle against the British Empire, because they realise consciously or otherwise that until the British workers have succeeded in throwing off their backs the tyrants that are oppressing them and the greater part of the world the Irish workers will not be able to permanently free themselves.

The Irish Labour leaders have gone the way of all other Labour leaders. It is questionable whether they will be able to bring with them the masses of the Irish workers. The coming struggle is full of hope for the Irish workers as a class, but their hope lies not in the Labour leaders but in the battalions of the army.

A THING SEEN

By GEO SHILLITO

IT was in the main street (Carlton Street), Castleford, the last day of Pontefract Races, April 20th, 1922. Time just after 7 p.m.

A human derelict of capitalist society falls down in the street, a crowd quickly gathers. One or two under the impression the man has fainted attempt to bring him round. Along comes the "Long arm of the Law," the perambulating policeman. Way is made for him in awe of his clothes. Surveys the object laid out in the street, and orders some "Henry's" to carry him into a near by fruiterer's shop. The policeman bends over the prostrate body; then suddenly, straightens himself up and ejaculates, "Why, he's been drinking methylated spirits and is drunk." Forthwith he sends someone for a doctor.

The man begins to show signs of life but does not recover. Appears on the scene another policeman, who, after consultation with his mate, prop the man up on his feet, and between them they carry, shove, and drag the poor devil to the police station. Arrived there the doctor is sent for. He gives the man an injection over the heart to make him vomit. This he does, spewing up the stuff just as he had taken it. The unfortunate chap is kept in the station all night.

Next morning, having recovered somewhat, he asks a policeman who comes to the cell door, "Will you do me a favour? If so, strangle me out of my misery. I'm tired of life."

Hauled before the beak (a Mr. H. Masterman, J.P., who at one time professed to stand in the interests of Labour), he was fined 8s. or 7 days in default.

From enquiry it appears the man is down and out; has got no home and can't get work; has

attempted suicide once or twice before; has got a wife and child living at Knaresborough, Yorks; is desirous of work but unable to get it.

Asked as to why he drank methylated spirit replied—"It is cheaper than beer and you get a quicker kick with it which makes you forget your misery." He came to the races thinking he might pick something up somehow. So he did, 7 days in clink.

Oh, Hell! When will you proletarians, you in work starving, you out of work starving, you down and out, and you human derelicts get together and form the army of the working class to send this hellish system to its doom.

THE STRIKE IN HONG KONG

From a Chinese Correspondent

THE Chinese have never forgotten and never forgiven the opium war. The British Government has just given them something else to remember. On January 17th the Chinese Seamen's Union declared a strike, demanding an increase of 40 p.c. of wages, pensions, uniforms, and the providing of cooks and transport to and from shore. The offer of the shipowners' committee was of an advance of pay ranging between 7½ and 20 p.c., the former applying to the European and Pacific lines, and the latter to Chinese port lines.

These offers were refused and all vessels in the harbour were held up. Two days later the cargo coolies came out in sympathy.

On February 1st the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, Hong Kong Government, declared the Seamen's Union illegal and in a proclamation explained that

it did not intervene in this way because the seamen were striking for more money, but because they were striking to persuade or intimidate others into striking.

Chinese labour of all kinds now fell into line: domestic servants, printers, butchers, bakers, tramway employees, all came out. The Government now closed the Kowloon frontier, preventing any from leaving the colony on foot, and Chinamen were prevented from leaving the port by boat unless in possession of a special permit.

* * *

A Chinaman, Yung Yuk Tong, had been warned by the strike delegates not to engage seamen with the object of strike breaking. The warning had not the desired effect, and on February 24th a striker shot him while driving in a rick shaw. Later he died.

At Kow Loon a number of domestic servants were proceeding on foot to Chinese territory intending to entrain for Canton. They were unarmed and peacefully disposed; they were fired on, however, by troops and police. The Hong Kong Government report three killed and eight injured, which we imagine is an under-estimate.

The police and military together then visited all the lodging houses, arresting all the men they could lay their hands on. They gave them the choice of "back to work or prison." On March 6th the shipowners made a new offer. Delegates of both sides met, an offer of 20 p.c. on all lines was accepted by the men and other matters settled to the seamen's satisfaction.

It is a fine victory for Labour.

SURREY HOLIDAY CAMP, Newdigate, Surrey. Beautiful scenery; good food; 35/- week, 5/6 day. Send stamp for particulars Full Whitsun.

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TWOPENCE

REPLY OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION

to the Memorandum of May 2nd, 1922

[We give below the essential part of the final Russian reply at Genoa. We ask everyone who reads it to look closely for the "absurdity," "insolence," and "cynicism" which the capitalist politicians managed to discover in it.]

THE Inviting Powers, in summoning Russia to the present Conference, gave as their reason the necessity of "restoring vitality to the European system which is now paralysed." The means of attaining this end were to be "the economic reconstruction of Central and Eastern Europe." It was unanimously agreed that Russia was the State whose economic reconstruction was of the greatest interest to Europe, and to the whole world.

The Russian Delegation, in accordance with the invitation of Cannes, came to Genoa with a whole series of plans and proposals, concerning the credits and the loans required by Russia in return for real guarantees. They brought also a detailed account of the juridical guarantees already realised in Russian legislation, assuring to foreign nationals, who desire to give Russia the benefit of their technical knowledge and capital, protection in their property, their rights, and the profits of their enterprises. Moreover, the Russian Delegation had intended to present a list of industrial, mining, agricultural, and other concessions, which it desired to grant to foreigners.

The Central Committee of the Communist Party of Russia has made the following declaration to the Communist International

IN the party press and organisations of the Second International it is represented that the tactic of the United Working Class Front is a Machiavellian mask of the Communist International serving as a cloak for Russian foreign policy.

¶ While the Comintern exerts itself only to unite the working masses in every country in their fight against the bourgeoisie by immediate demands, the propaganda of the Second International would make the workers believe that the Russian Communists only insist on this tactic of the United Front to aid the Soviet Government.

¶ By this propaganda the Second International endeavours to find excuses for its determined sabotage of the tactic of the United Front and to ward off the accusations of refusing to do its most elementary Socialist duty—namely, to defend the working class against the ever more brazen attacks of the capitalist class.

¶ Given this situation the Central Communist Committee declares that in order to give satisfaction to the Second International it is ready to withdraw all declarations and collective watchwords which are relative to the defence of Soviet Russia which knows how to defend itself with the aid of the revolutionary proletariat of the world.

¶ The Central Committee of the Communist Party considers that its first task is the unification of the working class in the fight against capitalist reaction.

¶ And for this reason wishes to give no chance to the Second International to distort the true position of the question in order to sabotage the United Front, and requests the Comintern to make known to the Second International this letter.

¶ It invites the Second International to give its concurrence not only in word but in fact to the United Proletarian Front under the watchword of the fight against capitalist attacks."

STALINE, Secretary.

In its first Memorandum, replying to the Memorandum of London, the Russian Delegation drew the attention of the Conference to the fact that the problem of reconstructing Russia ought to lie at the foundation of its labours.

The Russian Delegation declared its willingness to consider in concert with the other Powers this fundamental problem, whose solution would give to the world's industries 140 millions of consumers and an immense quantity of raw materials, and so contribute to the relief of the crisis, the unemployment and the misery created by the World War, the intervention and the blockade.

But up to now this, the most important side of the Russian problem, and of the economic problem of the world, has not been even touched upon.

The efforts of the Russian Delegation to bring this question before the Committee of Experts have met with an insurmountable opposition. The Committee of Experts has laid down as a condition preliminary to any examination of these questions, Russia's obligation to accept liability for the settlement of the State debts and the claims of private individuals.

This method of procedure can only condemn to sterility the most important part of the work of the Conference. Instead of

THE KID AND THE CARP:

Another Busted Entente

By J. M. Caley

THE blue-white glare of powerful electric lamps replaces the mid-day sun, the sanded-floored arena gives way to canvas-covered boards, the swords and battle-axes become padded gloves, the dress suit usurps the toga, the ghost of mighty Caesar is called the Duke of York. . . .

The years roll away, the gladiatorial contest of ancient Rome where death was "the loser's end," becomes the prize-fight of yesternight. But civilisation has intervened—the knock-out blow replaces the mortal thrust, the salute of death is the kiss of a golden purse.

Ali roads led to Olympia on the great night, everyone was there—[those living on the dole, the lock-out and other bounties, of the boss do not, of course, exist, socially.] From two quid a skull to ten guineas a head the vast ellipse was packed. From the glare of the ring-side—reflected in the glossy shirt-fronts of aristocracy of birth and notoriety, and the glistening diamonds and gleaming shoulders of fair ladies—to the dim recesses of the steel-girdered glass roof, where the more sober garb of petty-bourgeoisdom and the occasional muffler of the spendthrift blowing half-a-week's wages intensified electricity's twilight—sixteen thousand people crouched in tense anticipation.

A murmur of applause, a rippling movement of the mass, as when a light breeze stirs the bosom of the waters, and the Duke of York, accompanied by Prince George—a pleasing featured lad—took his seat by the ring-side.

The murmur becomes a roar, the rippling waves of people become a stormy sea—Jack Dempsey, the hero of a hundred battles, the reigning monarch of the squared circle, enters.

A tall, broad-shouldered son of the workers, walking with lithe, springing stride; a carpenter, whose splendid body, quick eye, and thinking fists have won him this homage of the crowd, homage which gives him alike ill-concealed pleasure and badly-hidden embarrassment. Part Irish, part Redskin, part this, part that, son of that strange conglomeration of refugees from a hundred tyrannies that to-day is called American, Dempsey is heir to the

physical strengths of a dozen races. It is in the liteness of his stride, the easy sway of his body, the set of his shoulders, the swing of his arms.

He is a big, easy-going fellow, this Dempsey, bearing the adoration of the mob with an engaging shyness. He thinks but little, nevertheless his early training has left its mark. The days of wandering through the Middle West as a carpenter, the ring battles in small halls where the prize was a week's respite from the bread-line, have left a dim consciousness that swell hotels and the handshakes of nobility have not eradicated. It creeps out in his speech: "I'll not always be champion," he says, "so I thought I might as well see something of the world while the money lasts. I've always wanted to have a look at the lords and dukes, so I came right across and saw them right where they live. I've only got a few years while I'm young, then I'll be a 'has been,' so I gotta have my fling while the doing's good."

Another roar of cheering, and Lewis, Ted Kid Lewis, the "little 'un," resplendent in a dressing gown reminiscent of Joseph's coat, climbed through the ropes.

"G'awn Lewis!" "Good old Kid!" "Attaboy!"

Then comes Carpentier, the Adonis of the ring, the erstwhile idol of the crowd. But to-night his nationality is against him, he is up against a Britisher. A little spatter of applause, the hand-clapping, more genteel, more subdued approval, which convention rules must be aristocracy's expression.

Preliminaries are gone through, gone through carefully, for, although this is sport, it is also the means of livelihood—and where commercialism enters there also comes trickery; and both sides watch carefully. Finally the dressing gowns are flung aside, the seconds and towel swingers are out of the ring—only the dress-suited referee and the two supple-bodied antagonists remain under the blue-white glare. The crowd becomes silent, audibly silent. Like the crack of a revolver comes the gong, tearing the silence. The fight is on.

Into the centre of the ring come they both. Lewis aggressing, the Frenchman watching. An exchange of feints and

misses and a clinch. A clinch of ferocity, a welter of short arm blows, both holding, both wrestling, the intensity of the contest visible only in the straining taunted muscles of their legs. The crowd murmurs, the murmur becomes a rumbling roar, the vast ellipse stirs in dissatisfaction.

"Break," the referee speaks weakly. Neither combatant takes any notice, the straining goes on. A hand on each shoulder the referee finally forces them apart. He stops them and speaks to both. He is cautioning them against holding. The crowd roars its approval.

Again they spring together. Then a break, an exchange of blows. Lewis' finds Carpentier's lip, a thin trickle of blood runs down his chin. The crowd murmurs in satisfaction. Again a clinch, more wrestling, more holding, more short-arm blows. The referee fusses about, "Break, Break," the struggling continues. Lewis drives fierce blows to the body, Carpentier waits, then his right gets home, Lewis' legs grow less taut. He is rattled, he clinches, obviously leaning on the Frenchman, who pushes him away. Then his whole body in action, flashing energy, he goes after Lewis and his right goes to the jaw, a tremendous blow. Gauged with precision, quick as a flash, the blow of a master of his craft.

Lewis crumples up, the energy evaporates from his body, he slumps to the floor lifeless-like, the force of the blow carries Carpentier forward so that he jumps to escape treading on his fallen foe. "One, two, three, four," the referee's arm swings up and down. Lewis stirs uneasily, rolls restlessly, clambers to a half-sitting position. "Five, six, seven," the referee's arm still swings. Carpentier tautens. Lewis gazes dazedly around, strives to rise. Ones eyes flash to the intense figure of the Frenchman, and hopes Lewis will not be able to rise to meet the blow that one feels is already poised midway. "Eight, nine, ten," the referee's arm stops. Carpentier bends over and raises Lewis, who half struggling, is brought to his corner. The blue-white light beats down on his face, which seems grey as with death.

The crowd rises booing, booing . . . It is sullen, it is angry. Why? One hardly knows. The Frenchman stands victor. The booing increases. He swings his arms contemptuously towards the crowd and clambers through the ropes . . .

The great fight is over.

REPLY OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION

(continued)

beginning by examining those aspects of the Russian problem which would provoke the least controversy, the Committee of Experts have placed in the foreground the question which, because of its political and legal complexity, must inevitably give rise to the hottest discussions.

In consequence of this original mistake, the problems of the future, which interest everyone, have been subordinated to the interests of the past, which affect only certain groups of foreigners.

The assertion that a recognition of the debts of former Russian governments, and the claims of private individuals, is a condition essential to the co-operation of foreign capital in reviving the credit of New Russia, is contradicted by the fact that many foreign capitalists have already given their collaboration to Russia, without waiting for a settlement of the question of debts. It is not this or that solution of the question of debts which will make capital flow into Russia, but the guarantees which the Russian government may be able to furnish for the future, and the international consolidation of this government which would result from its *de jure* recognition.

The attempt to throw suspicion upon the attitude of the Russian Government in the eyes of future creditors, because it is unwilling to subscribe blindly to proposals which are too burdensome, is not unprejudiced. The repudiation of the debts and obligations contracted by the former regime, abhorred as it was by the Russian people, can in no wise indicate in advance the attitude of Soviet Russia, born of the revolution, towards those who would come with their capital and technical knowledge to help in its reconstruction. On the contrary, the fact that the Russian Delegation, in the matter of the settlement of these debts, takes into serious account the interests of the Russian people and the economic possibilities of Russia, proves that it

desires only to assume engagements which it is sure that Russia will be able to fulfil.

It is worthy of remark that more than one of the States represented at the Conference of Genoa has in the past repudiated debts and obligations contracted by it. More than one State has confiscated and sequestered the property of foreigners, or of its own nationals, without having been subjected on that account to the ostracism to which Soviet Russia has been subjected.

It is difficult to explain by the non-fulfilment of some financial claims the obstinacy with which certain Powers attempt to exclude Russia from international economic and political life, and to deny her equality of treatment.

If one considers what this attitude has cost the world, what it has cost the States which inaugurated it, what it has cost Russia herself, where for almost five years its dreadful consequences have been endured, one finds it difficult to believe that the interests of Russian bondholders or of former owners of nationalised property are the only things at stake.

The incidents of the last few days, especially with regard to the matter of the restitution of nationalised property to its former owners, show plainly that a political question has been grafted upon this purely material one. The conflict which has developed at Genoa about the Russian problem reaches farther and deeper. The political and social reaction which has followed in most countries the years of war, seeks in defeating Soviet Russia, which represents the collectivist tendencies in social organisation, to attain the complete triumph of capitalist individualism. The Russian Delegation has refused, and still refuses, to introduce into the discussions in progress any form of political tendency, but it cannot refrain from pointing out that this attempt to bring about at Genoa the triumph of the programme of a party or of a social system, is contrary to the letter and to the spirit of the first resolution of Cannes. If the labours of the Conference are threatened, the whole responsibility will fall upon those Powers which, alone opposing the general desire for an agreement, place the interests of certain social groups above the common interest of Europe.

THE GENERAL COUNCIL'S HYMNAL

By P. Q. and R.

THE General Council had at last met to consider the United Front. It considered, and considered, and considered, but could not think what to do with Sir Allan Smith. At long length, the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson arose, and, clearing his throat, in his best pulpit manner, said solemnly: "Brethren, it is obvious that there is no inspiration among us. Shall we have a word of prayer and seek it from above?"

"For myself, I don't believe in this thinking and praying business," remarked Thorne, "Can't someone oblige with a song?"

"At least a hymn," implored the Right Hon., "I must insist on hymns on this solemn occasion."

"Well, I don't mind if I begin," said Tillet, and, fixing his eyes on the ceiling, he trilled:—

"I am a young abstainer,
From drinking customs free."

When order had been restored, Macdonald, who had been dreaming of Georgia was heard to hum abstractedly:—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far, away."

The Council listened attentively until, his face assuming an air of deep melancholy, Macdonald began a less canonical verse:—

"See how the Menshies run,
When they hear that Trotsky's come,
Three slices"

But it was to be too painful a story to pursue, and the chairman called on Wedgwood, who, with a little pressure, atoned for his past by singing:—

"I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold."

After Gosling's ditty: "A little ship was on the sea," volunteers hung fire, until the

chairman called out: "Now then, Thomas, never mind if they did call you Jimmy, what's yours?"

The great P.C. who had been drawing sketches of 10, Downing Street on his blotting pad, intoned:—

"There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode."

This thrilled John Turner's soul, and his deep voice boomed out:—

"Can we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny."

"Good thing there's no one from the N.U.D.A.W. to hear you," commented the chairman. "Now, Brother Bowerman, can't we have one from you?"

"Well, really," replied Gentleman Charlie, "I am not sure that I have much of a voice, but I might offer:—

"Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord."
"M-m-m," said the chairman, "Could you do anything for us, Bramley?"

"Oh, certainly," said Frederick, and with a deep bow, he began:—

"Father, I know that all my life,
Is portioned out for me,
But the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see."

Here the chairman hurriedly intervened, quieted Bowerman, and called on Brownlie, who obliged with the first verse:—

"Hark, the voice of Allan crying,
Who will go to work to-day?"

and the last verse:—

"Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich rewards he offers free."

Which moved Smillie to stand and sing all the verses of:—

"When wilt Thou save the people."

Things were getting rather strained and uncomfortable, when Lansbury burst in. Ranging the *Herald* directors behind him, he sang:—

"Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

The General Council, wondering how much he was going to cost them.

Bevin needed no invitation, but hesitated between: "Jehovah, great I am," and "Oh that will be, glory for ME."

In the end he sang both.

"Now, won't one of the ladies oblige?" encouraged the chairman. Julia was coy, but Margaret trilled modestly:—

"God make my life a little light,"

Which emboldened Julia to follow with:—

"Jesus wants me for a sunbeam."

After that, Will Thorne's piping treble contributed:—

"I'm but a little faded flower."

It was now nearly closing time, and members were surreptitiously consulting watches, so the chairman arose. "Well, comrades, I had thought we might have had time for a few more hymns; but our 'young abstainer' grows impatient. I think we must all agree that we have spent a very profitable evening. Let us sing our final chorus. All together boys:—

"Now thank we all our Selves,
With hearts and hands and voices,
We wondrous things have done,
In which this world rejoices."

The "boys" seized their hats and departed, trying not to hear Smillie's tired voice humming:—

"Tell me the old, old story."

SHIPWRIGHTS BLACKLEGGING

Grave Allegations against one of the 47

INFORMATION which reaches us from Plymouth, points to an exceedingly grave breach of the united front, by the official action on the part of the shipwrights. The facts are briefly these:—

On March 11th, when the dispute commenced with the A.E.U., there was, being converted at Willoughby's Yard, Plymouth, a vessel named "Flying Cloud," belonging to the Duke of Westminster, into a yacht for the pleasure of his Lordship.

Willoughby's are members of the Engineering Employers' Federation, and belong to no other Federation. They posted notices and the members of the A.E.U. were locked out. Upon the breakdown of the negotiations with the 47 unions, the notices also applied to all other trade unions. The boilermakers, brass workers, joiners, associated smiths, workers' union, pattern-makers, in fact, all the members of the various trades, with the one exception of the shipwrights, left their job.

The shipwrights, however, did not see that it mattered much, and after their local officials, with two of their executive, had, behind the backs of all the other unions, negotiated locally with Willoughby's and arranged to carry on work, these men were ordered by their District Committee and Executive Council to continue; in spite of the fact that very prominent among the list of unions to whom the notices applied were the Associated Shipwrights and Ship-constructors' Society.

The local Lock-Out Committee thought there must be some mistake and approached the secretary of the Engineering and Shipbuilding Federation, Mr. Frank Smith. To their great surprise and bewilderment, they have now received a letter from the E. and S. Federation endorsing the action of the Shipwrights.

The ship, which was sent to Ipswich for completion, is still being completed by the shipwrights at that Port, and a letter from the Executive Council of the Shipwrights' Association to their organiser for this district is published below, together with the rest of the correspondence:—

ENGINEERING AND SHIPBUILDING TRADES JOINT LOCK-OUT COMMITTEE. PLYMOUTH DISTRICT.

Criterion Restaurant,
Devonport.
9th May, 1922.

Mr. Frank Smith,
Federation of E. and S. Trades,
15/16, Sicilian House,
Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sir,

I am directed by the above Committee to inform you that no Shipwrights have obeyed the instructions of your Federation in this District and are still remaining at work at Messrs. Willoughby's and at Messrs. Rogers, firms in this District belonging to the Engineering and National Employers' Federations.

On Friday last, Mr. P. Urell and the District Secretary at Plymouth attended before the Lock-out Committee and after a statement informed us that under instructions from their E.C. they were not withdrawing their members as in their judgment they were not affected.

The Joint Lock-out Committee desire me to request that immediate action will be taken by your Federation to deal with this matter.

Yours faithfully,

H. M. MEDLAND,
Chairman Joint Lock-out Committee.

FEDERATION OF ENGINEERING AND SHIPBUILDING TRADES, Etc.

15/16, Sicilian House,
Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.
May 10th, 1922.

Dear Sir,

We are communicating the complaint in your letter of the 9th instant to that Shipwrights Society, and immediately we receive a reply we will communicate with you.

Yours faithfully,

p.p. FRANK SMITH,

FEDERATION OF ENGINEERING AND SHIPBUILDING TRADES, Etc.

15/16, Sicilian House,
Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.
May 15th, 1922.

TRANSFERRED WORK AT IPSWICH.

Dear Sir,

Referring to your letter of the 9th instant, we have communicated your complaint to the Shipwrights Executive, and we are now in receipt of a copy of their instructions to the District Delegate

who covers the Ipswich District, Mr. Beeston, of Hull, and you will see their position with regard to Managerial Functions.

The matter has also been reported to the Shipwrights Executive Committee from the Devonport Representative.

Probably as you are aware, 95 per cent of the Shipwrights are concerned in Shipbuilding and Ship-repairing; therefore, so far as Managerial Functions are concerned and troubles arising therefrom, they are not concerned.

Yours faithfully,
p.p. FRANK SMITH,

May 13th, 1922.
Saturday.

Mr. J. R. Beeston,
8, Woodland Villas, Rensburg Street,
New Bridge Road, Hull.

Dear Sir,

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. We are obliged to you for your report in connection with the extensive repairs to the "Flying Cloud" at Ipswich, which we have given careful consideration.

We have had previous reports from our Devonport representative in connection therewith, and you are quite right so far as we are concerned, and our members were not to be dictated to by any outside Committee which has no constitutional authority within the terms of our General Rules, and the Executive are not prepared to hand over functions which are clearly prescribed within the terms of our General Rules to any outside body, and we agree with your construction that the members who are doing their own work and have not been asked to have any dealings in so far as Managerial Functions are concerned in the present dispute, and they are therefore entitled to continue work so far as Shipbuilding and Ship-repairing is concerned.

We quite agree with you that the attitude you have taken up is quite the proper one, as we have no trouble so far as our Society is concerned in the Shipbuilding and Ship-repairing industry with the Engineering Employers, and we agree with you and also our Devonport District Committee with the attitude that has been taken up.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. WILKIE,
General Secretary.

EGG TESTER.—A wonderful device which tells you with perfect accuracy if an egg is fertile or unfertile, and the sex which will be hatched. Price 1s. 50 per cent profit to the C.P.—P. Martin, 47, Clarkson Road, Barking, E.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

By T. A. JACKSON

R. W. POSTGATE, rising from the editorial chair to introduce his successor, likened the transfer to the setting of the Sun and the rising of the Moon. Whether he meant it so or not, the image carries a hint that things romantic and insurrectionary are expected from me;—things like Fenians drilling by night behind the turn of the hill; the glint of pikes at the "rising o' the moon," while a "soft wind shakes the barley."

True, he may have been "pulling my leg." Long gazing at a pile of typescript on the shelf—all that is finished of a history of Ireland—may have led him to tremble and quake at the thought of what you might have to suffer if "copy" does not arrive in a copious stream. Possibly it was no more than a hint:

"Ah, Moon of my Delight that knows no Wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again,
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden (*) after me—in vain!"

Or (cruel thought), he may have half insinuated that "the suns rim dips, the stars rush out, at one stride comes—the dark!" But this would be too bad.

The cold fact remains that I am installed in charge; a little lonely, a little awed by the magnitude of the task, but determined and confident that, with the help of all good comrades (among whom I am happy to number *all* the ex-Editors and contributors to the COMMUNIST), the official organ of the Communist Party will not suffer from the transition.

It is for several reasons expedient that I should begin by defining the scope and policy of this paper.

* * *

Francis Meynell, called upon (at a Party Conference) to define the policy of the COMMUNIST said:—

"The policy of the COMMUNIST is the policy of the Communist Party

"It is the policy of the Third International

"The policy of revolution, of class war

"The policy of the intensive culture of class hatred and class contempt."

I cannot find words which express my intention more finely.

To produce a weekly bulletin-review in which is demonstrated the theory and practice of the workers' class struggle; to give to all who suffer a word of hope and a spur to action; to give to all who struggle news of the whole battle; to explain the general directions of the central command; to hold up the banner of the revolutionary ideal; and to express, in fact, in argument, in retort, and rejoinder the innermost soul of the workers' emancipation struggle—that is a programme to tax the capacity, not of one man, but of a thousand.

Let me say at once that *one* man is not going to attempt the impossible.

I am, I suppose, possessed of all the faults of common humanity, with a few special to myself; but an inflamed ego-complex is, I trust, not among them. I shall have to aid me, as their circumstances will permit, all who have hitherto helped to make these pages noteworthy and attractive. My editorial predecessors will be available for aid and advice—Fred Willis near, Francis Meynell and Postgate, if not before me, easily within call. And those whom they gathered as contributors will be available equally for me.

With them will be—if my luck holds, and there is any virtue left in my powers of persuasion—all the new talent that will be gathered at every stride forward that we make.

* (Covent Garden)—R.W.P.

Postgate, last week, made an appeal for a closer contact between the readers of this journal and its editor. I echo his words and endorse his appeal:—

"The readers make the paper; the paper only lives if the readers are a part of it."

We want not only every Communist, but every class-conscious worker to feel that this is *his* (and *our*) paper.

* * *

That we shall give from week to week a survey of high politics from the standpoint of working class-consciousness, goes without saying. That we shall say what the Communist Party thinks upon the broad issues of domestic politics and industrial conflict, goes without saying, likewise. But we shall, with your help, do more.

Every week, we shall give the cream of such items of fact or comment, supplied by our readers, as will make real and concrete the bitterness of class war and the joy that comes with the abiding hope that Communism brings—and Communism alone.

We want, we intend, and with your help we shall make a new departure. We will build up a voluntary co-operation of readers and writers which will make of the COMMUNIST, not merely a sword flaming in the vanguard of the revolutionary struggle. We will make it the most complete and thorough going expression of working class psychology which has yet been produced in this Bourgeois-blighted land.

Critical destructions of the claims of the capitalist apologists we shall give as we have given. Positive indications of Communist policy on every concrete issue as it arises. These we shall give, and these we know will be welcome—to such as have learned enough to value them. But, even more than that we aim at making every page *alive* with the sense of injury and of revolt, of scorn for the oppressor, and of joy anticipant of the coming triumph of the World Proletariat.

* * *

They tell me that there are some who think that the COMMUNIST has been somewhat too "high-brow" too pre-occupied with high politics, to notice the little things that count for everything in the toiler's life. If it be so, it is a grievous fault. And, you, comrade, reader, must help us to cure it.

Do we omit anything?—write to us about it. Do we seem too calm?—write and wake us up.

Is there a case of special hardship among your neighbours or workmates? Is there a special instance of boss-class brutality or rapacity in your workshop; are your fellow-workers doing anything specially noteworthy in their sector of the class struggle? Are your trade union officials gifted with heads made of bone, even more solid than is usual? Or, is your Labour Member paralysed by red tape and blue funk? Is there *anything* you think the working class ought to know? If so—write to us about it and we'll do the rest.

Don't bother to apologise for bad writing and spelling, don't wait until you've had a course of lessons in composition. Get the facts down: get your feelings on paper. Write as you speak to your workmates. If you can't call a spade "a spade" but have got used to saying "b—shovel," write that and "damn the consequences." We shan't print all you send, of course. We may print none of it—but it will be here to keep us in touch with the state of working class feeling outside these walls.

* * *

For two years now the workers have been on the retreat. Since Black Friday, they have, in Britain, been on the run. Defeat upon defeat, disaster upon disaster; until whole districts, once centres of sturdy re-

sistance, lie supine before the arrogance of the triumph-intoxicated bosses.

This has got to end. And we, more than any, must help to end it. The COMMUNIST is the medium of a call and rallying cry to the workers—flogged and demoralised. Already we see in the engineers and shipyard workers' struggle—which the bosses fondly hoped would result in the total destruction of the organised workers' movement—a sign that the tide has turned; that the workers, having touched bottom, have begun to rise again.

It is our function to accelerate and intensify the recovery, just as we tried to retard and minimise the collapse. It is a magnificent task. It is work that gives promise of an adventure such as should inspire strong men to put out their strength and weak men to take heart and become strong.

With your help, that work we shall do.

* * *

The essential thing is that the workers as a mass should recover self-confidence; that they should look upon the conquest of political power and social mastery as not only desirable but as just and necessary—as, whatever the cost, indispensable and inevitable.

Detached critics will urge that this should be the work of the "Labour Party." That is, of course, true. Were *names* the only things that matter, the work of rousing, rallying, organising, inspiring, and leading the working mass in the struggle for that social mastery and control, which is involved in the much-tortured word "emancipation," would be the first and only work of the "Labour" Party—the Party of the Workers.

It should be—it would be—if . . .

* * *

The plain truth is that the bulk of the Labour Party have no better idea of how the Party was engendered, than has a newborn babe. [And they ought to be getting grown up by now.] If the methods and mental stock-in-trade of the Labour Party were things fixed, fast and frozen, it would be, without question, the paramount duty of everyone seeking working class emancipation, to destroy it at the earliest possible moment.

But they are—methods, ideas, and programmes—none of them incapable of change. From its nature, the Party, must be capable of complete mental and spiritual transformation, once the consciousness of the rank and file becomes sufficiently aroused and concentrated to compel a change. To that end the Communist Party has set itself. It has demanded as a right that it should be admitted to membership, and it is difficult to see on what logical grounds their application for affiliation can any longer be resisted.

Now, especially, when every effort is needed to stop the retreat and get the workers once again to form a front against the foe, it would be little else than treason to pretend that the Communist Party is not fit for inclusion in the Labour Party because it is over-eager for the battle—because it is all too impatient for the day of the workers' triumph.

For the moment it is not a question of triumph. Revolution is not in sight. To-day it is a question of re-starting the fight itself; and on this ground every man and every party claiming to advance the workers' cause, can, and must combine.

* * *

That, then, is the task immediately before us. And (a personal note in closing), the policy of this paper will be, while going straight at the enemy, to have a welcome and a word of encouragement for every fighter, whatever his label, who will help in the work.

LITERATURE AND COMMUNISM

By R. W. POSTGATE

PERHAPS our main task at the present—the revolution not being “on” just at the moment—is an internal affair. It is to make ourselves good Communists. No one can deny that the British movement is not entirely satisfactory—not in lack of enthusiasm or hard work, but because it feels itself in some ways inadequate to its own task. What we are feeling the lack of is mainly Communist self-education. For this reason it may not be unsuitable to dwell for a moment on what is, frankly, a by-path of Communist education. Most of us are under a general impression that we must have a knowledge of Marx’s economics—a bit of industrial history—something about the *gens* and primitive promiscuity maybe too—and if we have heard a lecture on Dietzgen as well, we are fully armed with all the knowledge useful for the class struggle.

That, if true for any, was never true for all. There are some who will always need more than that—speakers who need to train themselves to speak, and writers who must learn to write—agitators of all kinds who want to learn to cultivate their powers of perception and apprehension generally, without knowing too well how it is to be done. It is for this reason, I suppose, apart from its attractiveness as a mere relaxation, that classes all over the country are taking up the study of literature on the lines mentioned, for example, in the *Plebs*.

* * *

Generally, of course, one is only too glad of this. But the method of approach that is the commonest is only too likely to intensify the Marxist’s pet vice—the dividing up of everything into rigid compartments. The student is far too commonly told merely “Literature is to be studied as a branch of the Materialist Conception of History. Let us proceed to examples. Shakespeare and Scott are feudal. Sterne is early capitalist. Browning is late industrial capitalist. Kipling imperialist. All these people have schools, which also reflect the political and economic characteristics of the epoch.” We are left to understand that all fits in—all Browning’s contemporaries being notably industrial capitalist; all Kipling’s imperialist, and so on.

[How do they fit in Oscar Wilde, by the by, and what stage of economic development does he represent?]

Not only is this not true, but it gives an entirely false impression of the subject matter. For example—Keats’ Ode to a Nightingale:—

“Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,
No hungry generations tread thee down,
The voice I hear this passing night was heard,
In ancient days by Emperor and clown.

Someone recently, I think in the *Plebs*, pointed out acutely that the second line was an evidence of the effect of machinery on the workers. Maybe—it is, anyway, a very interesting theory. But what a lesson to teach the student! That he should go away with the idea that all there was to the Ode was a veiled reference to Arkwright’s spinning jenny. If that was all, why choose this Ode? The works of inferior writers are much easier to fit into your machine-made boxes and Charles Garvice is a better illustration than Joseph Conrad.

Or, again. Take the earnest student who is set down before Sterne’s *Tristram Shandy*. You will remember that the beginning deals with a certain affair of a clock—so business-like was Mr. Shandy that “my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up,—but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head—and vice versa:” . . . for it appears that Mr. Shandy wound up this clock regularly on certain days and had “brought some other little family concerns to the same period.”

Now imagine it. The earnest student enters in his notebook: “Early Capitalism, meticulousness of rising bourgeoisie in this period:—see Clock.” Also “Large Families, Need of in early stages of Capitalism—see Clock.” Like Mrs. Shandy, he “Knows no more than his backside what Mr. Shandy meant.”

More than that, let us turn to our own period. Kipling, teacher says, is imperialist. Take up the White Man’s Burden. But, of course, *broad-mindedly* imperialist. “You’re a better man than I am, Gunga Din.” All very well, but if this theory is correct, it applies to all other writers of that date. Kipling is an obvious—too obvious—illustration. Thomas Hardy and Conrad must be fitted in. It is true that there is some tedious writing by Conrad about the claims of Poland, that seem to fit nicely into the capitalist politics of to-day. But it is precisely this sort of unexpected, disappointing inferior matter, by which one does not judge Conrad. Conrad’s virtue lies in such stories as *The End of the Tether*—the story of Captain Whalley, the sea-captain who went on with his duty until the final catastrophe—going blind all the time. There is nothing in the whole story of Captain Whalley—not a word—that is specifically capitalist-imperialist. Change a few casual references to material circumstances—steamers and Dutch officials—and alter the names of rigging and Captain Whalley might have commanded a brigantine. Or a trireme, for that matter. There is nothing temporary or passing in Captain Whalley, the whole story deals with personal emotions that have not changed or have hardly changed, through the ages.

Nor is there much more truth in the more intelligent application of the theory. Jackson argues that it is true to say that Keats, Byron and the rest of them represent a revolt against the old aristocratic school of Pope and Dryden, corresponding to the fall of the aristocracy in the economic sphere. The aristocratic character of the former is shown by the former school’s formal and pedantic verse—imitated from the ruling French aristocratic school of the day. The revolt against this “dead poetry” written in frozen heroic verse, represents a revolt of the bourgeoisie . . . and so on. But just read these lines before you fly away on that tack:—

“White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have
searched the mead,
For violets pale, and cropped the
poppy’s head,
The short narcissus and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight and cassia
sweet to smell;
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining
hue;
Some bound in order, others loosely
strewed,
To dress thy bower and trim thy new
abode.”

But for the last line, that should, by all the rules have been written by Keats, but it happens to be pure Dryden.

* * *

The plain fact of it is that the “ideology” of an epoch only roughly and in the most general way correspond to the economic conditions, and very frequently mental survivals persist long after the conditions to which they correspond. They may be utterly in conflict with them. No more than this is true: that the literary life of an age is ultimately dependent upon the social life. But that does not mean anything more than that it is easier to understand a writer when you know something of his time. Economic progress is the main current of the river: literature the eddies and swirls of a backwater, from which it may be impossible to discover the direction of the main current.

Therefore, we cannot study literature wholly, or even mainly, as an example of the materialist conception of history. We can read it only (if we want an end beyond the mere reading of it) as an expression of the fundamental characters of man and nature, on which any capitalist or socialist system is a mere superstructure.

Capitalism in a Mess

Under the heading “American Topics,” the financial weekly review, the *Statist* (20-5-22) remarks:—

“There is one way, and one way only, that the United States can, if so minded, really assist Europe at the present time. That is by opening her ports to European imports and by selling such of her own products as cannot be produced on equally advantageous terms in Europe to as great an extent as she is able. . . . leaders in the United States are endeavouring to overcome the difficulty by encouraging investment of American capital in various parts of the world. This is difficult, because the countries most urgently in need of invested capital are competitors with the United States, in the sense that they produce to a great extent the same class of products.”

Of course they do. The United States wants to export raw materials, foodstuffs, and manufactures. But she wants to get paid for them. How? In raw materials, foodstuffs, or manufactures? If she does, what is to happen to her agricultural industry? How is it to go on paying its way? The Americans are creditors. They are wanting interest and principal returned to them! How? God knows! They want to export more commodities. Shall they send them out for profit or philanthropy? God

knows! One thing is certain, Wall Street does not.

The *Nation* (20-5-22), in a leading article says:—

“Before the war one-third of our industrial product went to foreign markets. If we are now to pay our way and buy abroad the increasing quantities of food and raw materials we require, we must enlarge our export trade. Moreover, a larger share of this increased foreign trade must go to Europe, and Russia in particular must absorb an increasing share of our manufactures. But the size of our interest in European trade is not measured merely by our direct sales to European customers. Our expanding trade with the Far East, South America, and other great markets is held up by the inability of Europe to buy and pay for goods from these distant countries, and the consequent inability of the latter to buy our goods.”

What a mess! And some people think that capitalism will recover! The signs of death are written over the face of capitalism here, and in America.

The *Journal of Commerce* (17-5-22), also in a leading article, stated:—

“most economists in the United States can see that a smash must come in 1923 unless a very big boost is made in U.S. foreign trade in the

interval. It is true that the United States has huge piles of gold; that she is now the world’s greatest creditor nation; but that will not count for much unless she can secure more foreign trade and an outlet for her shipping services.”

Trotsky said something, did he not, about another big war in 1924? Do you understand now what Tavarish Tchitcherin meant when he said at Genoa that Russia could afford to wait?

But you and I cannot afford to wait. We must build up a strong, intelligent, active, resolute rank and file membership, and make the Communist Party the party of the masses. What does that mean? It means the party of the unemployed, the party of the men on lock-out and strike, the party of the toilers, the party of the toilers’ wives, the party of the toilers’ kids!

Boys, get to it!

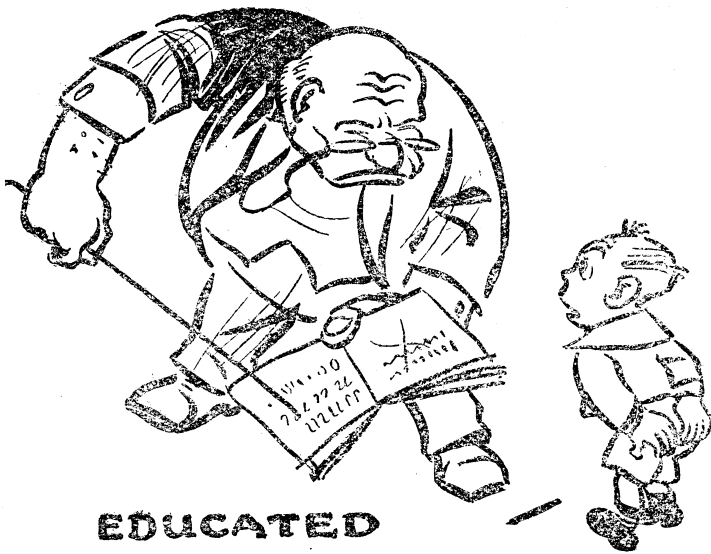
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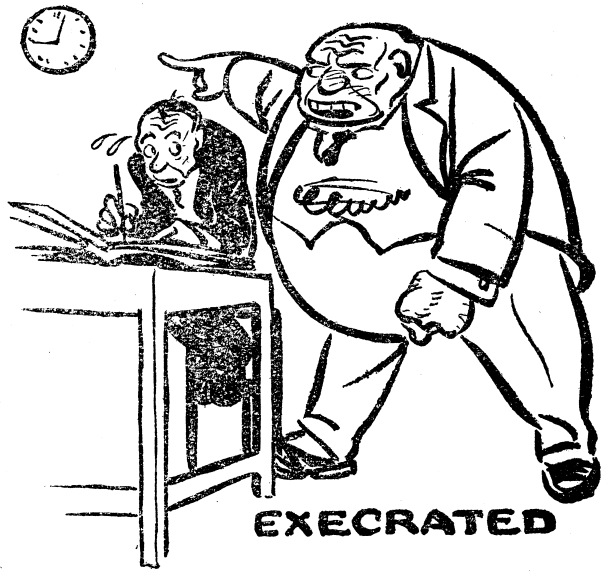
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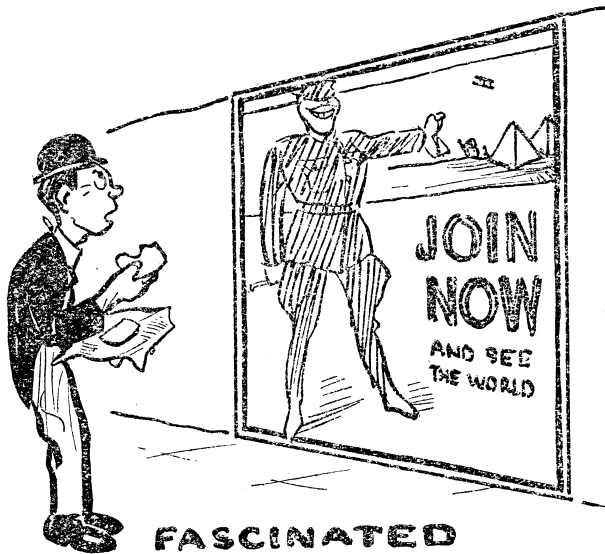
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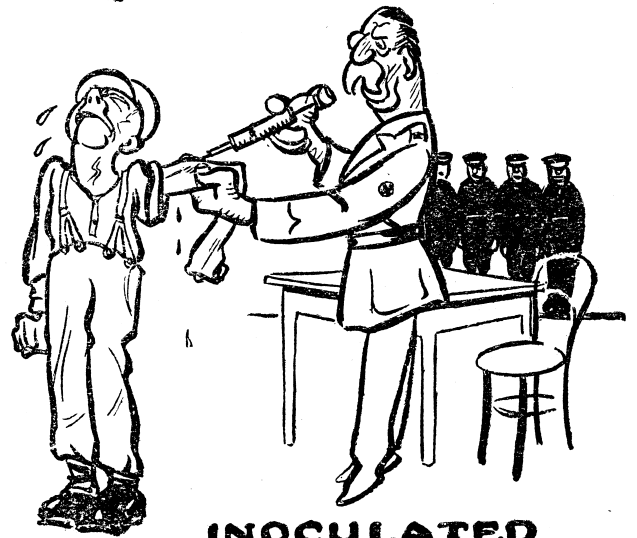
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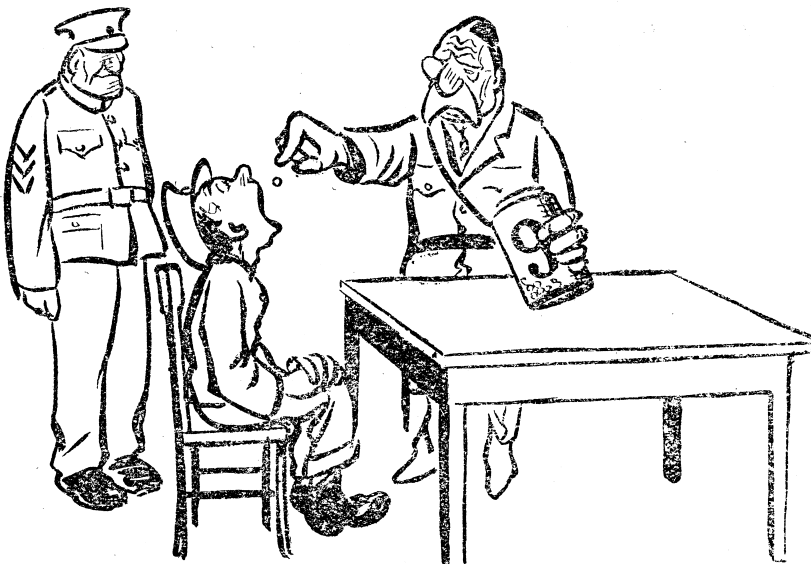
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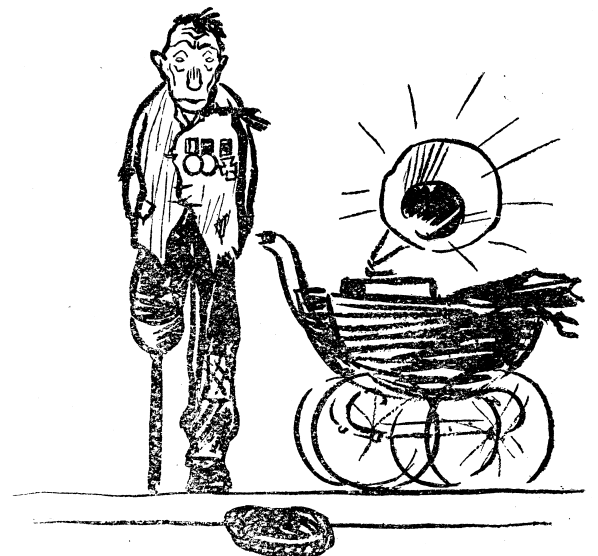
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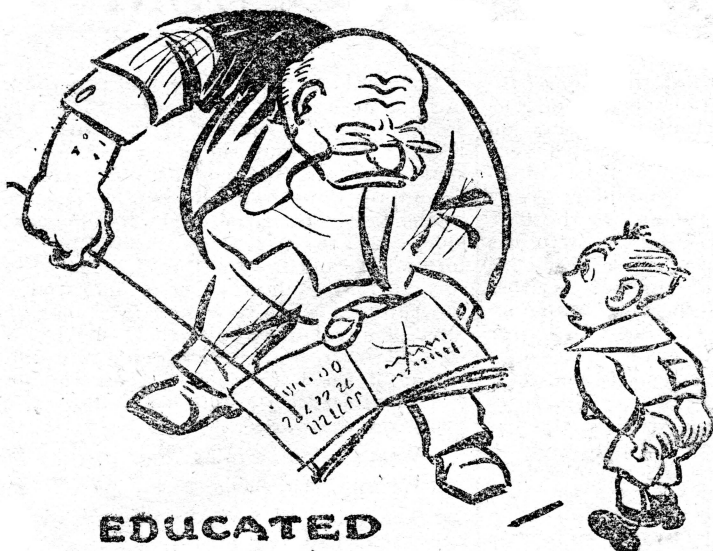


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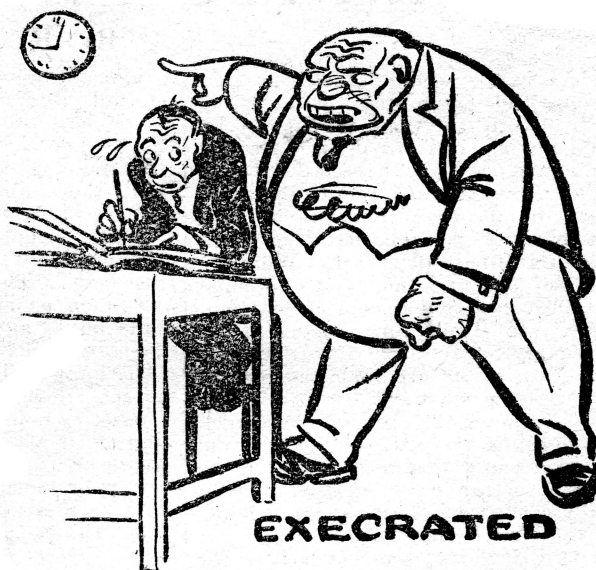


OBLITERATED

From Cradle to Grave



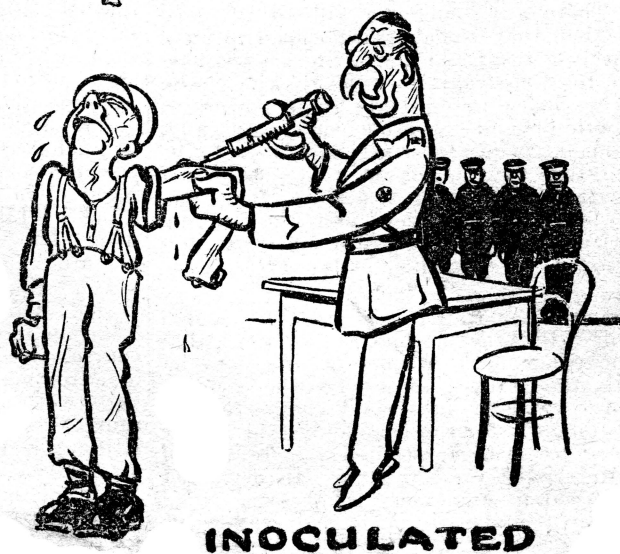
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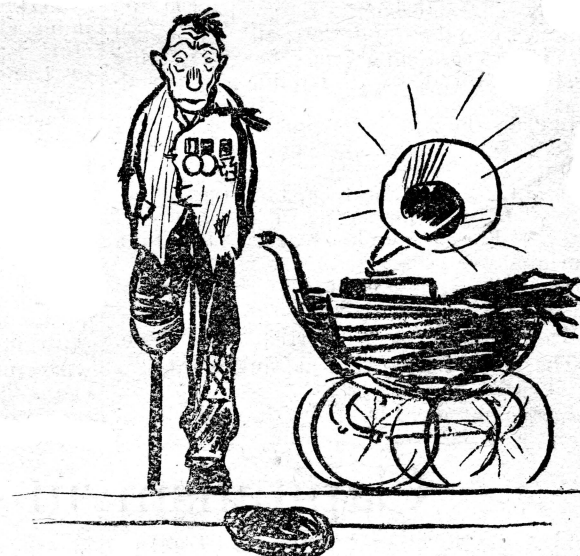
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REGULATED



DECORATED



OBLITERATED

From Cradle to Grave

DUNN

END THE CONFUSION

By J. T. MURPHY

AGAIN the negotiations have opened. Again the negotiating forces have split. The A.E.U. have rejected the new memorandum. The 47 proceeds to negotiate.

The capitalist press reports that the 47 unions are tired of the die-hard policy of the A.E.U. It is high time we got to the bottom of these differences.

A week ago we printed extracts from the secret circular of the employers concerning the present struggle. [The *Worker* gave it in full—Ed.]. It is the charter of the Employers' Federation for the immediate future. If there are any who think that the employers have modified their position, they need only compare the findings of the Commission of Inquiry, with the Memorandum, which has split the union forces once again. If they can discover any modification they are welcome to the joy of it.

The circular is the completion of all the agreements since the lock-out of '99, with all the most vicious points in favour of the employer clinched and underlined for acceptance. Wage conditions have been held over. But don't think that they have been dropped. Remember that the leaders of the 47 have already accepted in the teeth of rejection by the rank and file, 16s. 6d. reduction.

Do the engineers expect to escape? We are confident they will not.

Ten weeks of lock-out and ten weeks of confusion. Ten weeks and we have still to clear the way for action.

Once before in the dispute a leading member of the A.E.U. Executive declared that the Communist Party was the only body to which they could turn—confident they would not be let down.

If the engineering and shipbuilding worker had followed the lead we gave on March 11th, there would be a much better fighting front than there is to-day. The A.E.U. Executive Committee was weak when it should have been strong. It is to-day attempting to be strong in negotiations without leading strongly among the masses.

We believe the splitting of the union in terms of the employers' organisation, i.e., in terms of the federated and non-federated firms, is a source of weakness and not of strength. It produces demoralisation in those who are already locked-out, and leaves the unions from whom we want assistance, in the position to retort that we are not pulling our full weight. This applies as much to the 47 unions as to the A.E.U.

They are, by helping the employers to eke out the work they require urgently, helping them to wage the struggle against us with a minimum of inconvenience.

To keep the non-federated workers going on the grounds of finance, is weak. No fight has ever been won on Trades Union funds. Even Mr. Brownlie spoke to that effect before the Inquiry. The leaders of the 47 unions show no sign of waging a fight. Nor is there unanimity in their ranks, as will be seen when the final terms are produced.

The issue before the industry is clear, if only the union leaders would be frank about the situation.

It is the old old battle between the skilled and the unskilled workers.

Sir Allan Smith leads, the union leaders are tricked into managing the details. Are the rank and file going to permit either Sir Allan Smith or the union leaders to shatter the position of the workers in the industry by dividing them against each other? That's the issue.

It is clear in the memorandum and we must make it clear in the negotiations. The A.E.U. Executive declare that the memorandum is based on the same principles as the first memorandum, which the rank and

file of all the unions have rejected. That is true. The Court of Inquiry (brought into being on the demand of the unions on the "bold" initiative of the vote-catching General Council); proved to be a weapon of the employers. The report grants the principle of employers control complete on overtime—with "conversations" on other points. The employers have banged this home in the new memorandum, which is the old one with its face washed.

In spite of this, the 47 go ahead. Up to Monday, May 22nd, they appear prepared to recommend a talking arrangement without the right to prevent the introduction of changes.

Why this difference between the unions?

Simply because if the skilled workers lose the power to prevent changes, their standards are destroyed. The leaders of the unskilled unions (aiming at immediate gains at the expense of the skilled workers) seek to cover this by demanding "conversations." In the process they are breaking the solidarity of the movement. They will,

IT IS YOUR FUND

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT

About the Fighting Fund?

Are you sure that your district is pulling its weight?

ARE YOU DOING YOUR BIT?

A valued Manchester comrade has promised £500. This is given as a spur to the members and sympathisers of the Party, but it is on condition we raise another £500 within three months.

We want £5,000. If everyone does his or her share we shall get it and more. A very small sum from every reader of this paper would do the trick.

Don't delay, give quickly.

The C.P. must be powerful in the political as well as the industrial world. Think what it would mean to have a number of virile Communist agitators in the British Parliament. It would be a message of hope to our struggling comrades in Russia. It would be a magnificent gesture from the working class of Britain.

COMRADES GIVE AND GIVE NOW.

A. E. COOK,
Secretary Electoral Committee
16, King Street,
Covent Garden W.C.2

if we do not stop them, in so doing break down every standard of unskilled and skilled workers alike.

It is utter folly to think it is possible to stop the development of machinery, which simplifies the labour process.

But, it is a greater, and a more damnable folly for union leaders to play the bosses' game of dividing the labour forces for the boss to conquer.

I cannot too strongly emphasise that *that* is the meaning of the new memorandum; and this is the game that is being played by the union leaders.

The whole memorandum is an elaboration of the process of creating machinery through which the union can talk whilst the employers act.

Take the overtime clause—recommended alike by McKenzie and Smith. The employers have the right to decide. The unions have in most cases the right to talk; but the employers decide.

Not only are the unions without a deciding voice, but the apparatus already en-

dorsed by the unions for conversations with the employers, maintains the old, old, division among the unions.

We opposed this agreement when it was invented; we oppose it now; during the war period we encouraged every shop-stewards' committee, which came along because its activity was revolutionary. At the same time we pleaded and worked for the unity of the skilled and unskilled in a single organisation. To encourage sectional committees now, to make them part of our organisational machinery is to intensify the difficulties of unity a thousandfold.

So long as there is this discord among the leaders, we ought to prevent them going into negotiation with the enemy. Any army that goes into battle with its generals squabbling, is doomed to defeat. In scores of districts to-day the rank and file are united under common leadership. Let us get together and hammer out a common policy. The basic principles must be:—

(1) The unions shall have the right to prior consultation on all proposed changes and the power of veto until agreement as to terms and conditions have been arrived at.

(2) There shall be no overtime on production work so long as members of the unions are unemployed.

(3) The workers in the factories shall be united in a single organisation, under the control of the district joint boards, which shall include all the unions; and all the unions shall act together and control the labour of the industry.

On the first two items there ought to be no disagreement whatever. The third proposal, we are convinced is the only way in which we shall get a revival of factory organisation. There can be no factory organisation, without agreement amongst ourselves. The unions must act together. Consolidate the lock-out unity by making engineering joint boards, which shall include all the unions in the industry. Second, drop this idea of each union having its own stewards. Let the stewards be elected by shop meetings of *all the unionists* in the shop. These constitute the shop committee, receiving endorsement from the Joint Engineering Board. Then let the works or Factory Committees be elected from a full meeting of the shop stewards in the factory, and the factory committee also receive the endorsement of the Joint Engineering Board. Thus consolidate the position in the factories and lay the foundation of the larger amalgamation which shall make one union for the industry.

These proposals were practiced successfully during the war in Coventry. They can be practiced again to-day if the unions agree. Then we progressed from the factories to the unions. Now unity among the unions must come first to get the organisation in the factory. This is no question of unofficialism versus officialism. It is a straightforward plan for the unions.

Adapt the principles and the plan we have indicated, both with regard to the memorandum and the organisations, and there is some hope for the engineering workers.

Refuse, and there is none.

Printing Pickle It seems impossible to forecast with any certainty whether there will be an open breach in the printing industry. The employers' demand for a reduction of 15s. per week in three instalments and the ballot of the trade showed a majority against the cuts, a circumstance which has been duly reported to the employers, who are suggesting further negotiations. From information received, it seems fairly certain that their next move will be to play upon the fact that certain individual unions in the Federation showed a majority in favour of accepting the terms. Already I have had reports of firms approaching members of these unions and telling their members that in the event of a lock-out they will not be affected. This move must be countered and the Federation has got to insist on fighting as a single unit.

PATRICK ON PAUL

A Review

By P. FITZPATRICK

Communism and Society. By William Paul. Communist Party of Great Britain, 16, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. Price, 2s. 6d.

FEW books enter the Labour world in which most of us cannot find at least "nodding" acquaintances. Originality in thought is rare in these days of pamphlet writing and book producing. Most Socialist books we read merely from a sense of duty. If old acquaintances were acknowledged while poring over the leaves of "new" books we would be raising our hats at every page.

Comrade Paul's book, while not claiming originality, has at least the valuable distinction of being interesting and instructive.

Some Marxians, judged by their action, or rather inaction, on practical affairs, would give the impression that they belong to some other world besides this real one. Paul's book will be of service to those Socialists whose activity has not driven them too far in the direction of the speculative Communism of the future. The following analysis may be useful:—

CHAPTER I.—Historic Roots of Communism.—The author, in his first chapter, deals very roughly with the ancient clan system; he merely hints in an interesting fashion how the kinship system operated. Its brevity is, no doubt, tantalising; but the annoyance will be compensated by reading his other book, "The State."

The development from kinship to property the author explains in a short, snappy manner, which we find interestingly suggestive, we should say. The reader feels a bit hurried when compelled to rush through clan, tribe, city, states, nations, and empires. The author's habit of comparing modern times with ancient Communism and, on his backward journey, touching on the main historic events and developments in the intermediate states, keeps the reader's mind on the jump from point to point. This method is quite refreshing: the reader feels as though wirelessly; the dead past switching, in return, "Excelsior!"

CHAPTER II.—The State.—In this chapter the author shows that the clan form of government had no weapon of coercion whereby to enforce its will upon its members. Such a merely moral authority became useless once society was revolutionised by private property relationships.

Your attention is here directed to the instrument of force. Force is the only effective weapon to maintain social discipline and order. The reader would be well advised to glue his mind on this chapter and see what part force plays in political society. Now is your chance to get a good sound idea of the power of force from its birth right up to modern times and nations. The question of armed peace will then be thoroughly understood, and dictatorship loses its terror to the class that holds the handle of the sword or rides on the wings of the bombing aeroplane.

CHAPTER III.—Economic Dictatorship of Propertied Interests.—In this chapter the author breaks into grim humour; the fancied freedom of the modern wage worker of his "free" life is reduced to the burlesque, the irrepressible sarcastic smile gives painful satisfaction. All working men should read Chapter III. It gives very instructive lessons. If, after reading this chapter, the mind of the hard-working man remains unaltered and no benefit is derived, then the only thing left for him to hope for is his death insurance benefit.

The dictatorship of the ruling class is well explained in this part of the book. The author tears away the decorative sticking-plaster and exposes the gaping wounds.

CHAPTER IV.—The Capitalist Democracy in Practice.—Paul, in dealing with capitalist democracy, explains the difference between things in their plausible appearance and in reality. On the surface democracy seems sound and genuine. This apparent stability, and the logic flowing from it, is, in fact, the stronghold of the Labour leaders. Comrade Paul deals with this phase of social deception in a very convincing manner.

The part dealing with the Press is, in my mind, exaggerated. Powerful as the Press is it does not influence the mind to such an exclusive extent.

Try the force of a Labour Press on the average worker's mind. As a rule it fails to make the impression expected. In point of fact, its success is very little. The Press of the masters depend on something more than mere print. This requisite something is the traditional mind which is very much older than the Press. The capitalist Press play upon this mind quite instinctively; it suits

their purpose; they do not create such a mind. Paul says: "Ideas do not drop from the skies, they flow from channels of human activity of experience." This statement to a great extent is true regarding the capitalist class. The working class is at present dominated by ideas contrary to their concrete experience. The mass mind in concrete thinking (i.e., in the field of industry) is instinctively correct, but in reflection (e.g., in politics or social duties or any form of social abstraction) the mass hold ideas belonging to periods before the dawn of a public Press. The reader would do well to ponder over this chapter as it deals with the power of the Press, education, and the function of the State. The logic of the latter institution is not argument but force. Evidently the author is under the impression that the Labour Party believe that on the capture of Parliament the armed power will fall into their hands; and that the rattling of the scabbard will have a similar effect on the mind of the capitalist. This question should be well discussed and understood, as it is the dividing line between the Labour Party and the Communist Party as a means of social ameliorations.

CHAPTER V.—Decadence of the Parliamentary System.—In Paul's mind Parliament appears as a sick man lying on his death-bed, suffering from an incurable disease—evidently of a slow, destroying nature. He views the Labour Party as a social doctor attempting to transfuse new blood into the paralysed and poisoned patient. The Communist Party is represented as an anxious undertaker striving to enter the sick death-chamber and affix the R.I.P.

Paul thinks Parliament's failure is due to its geographical nature being unsuitable for tackling industrial problems effectively. Much of this chapter is debatable. Only one thing at the present moment is certain, and that is that Parliament is the home of White Elephants.

CHAPTER VI.—Finance and Parliamentary Democracy.—Chapter VI deals with the history of Parliamentary democracy from its early corruption to its relative purity. From its puritanical high-water mark and its relapse into a more subtle form of corruption, Paul reduces the House of Commons to a branch of commerce where graft is the chief function of the cabinet, where the ordinary members are qualifying in the art of democratic deception, and where the overlord is finance capital. A side line of Parliamentary commerce is the hawking of honours for the purpose of augmenting the secret party funds. One gets the impression that the Government is bent on monopolising shame and making dishonour a fit industry for nationalisation.

CHAPTER VII.—Communism and Parliamentary Action.—This chapter dealing with the endless quarrels inside the revolutionary ranks, which the author styles self-criticism (a very far-fetched term), designating misunderstanding of the ever-changing problem of tactics. The tactical problem arises from a misunderstanding of what is rigid and what is flexible. The Socialist or (should we say?) the Communist family are only united in their hatred of capitalism. The drift runs all the way from the tame Majority Socialists to hot-headed anarchists and super-Marxists. We must give credit to Paul for putting the anti-politicals into their proper place. The author, in this chapter, views Parliament as an outpost of the enemy, which cannot be ignored except at great peril. Its capture simply means spiking the guns, which would otherwise be used against us.

At this point Daniel De Leon, the great American Socialist, gets due regard—a credit long overdue. The tribute Paul pays to De Leon stands in great contrast to the conduct of Labour leaders who wish to ignore this disturber of Labour grafters—particularly on the trade union question.

Another interesting feature in the above chapter is the cowardly attitude of the Government to armed sections of their own class, which defy all the laws of the country.

CHAPTER VIII.—Mass Industrial Struggle and Political Action.—This chapter opens with a description of the simple and definite understanding of the workers in their concrete industrial struggles compared with their confusion of mind when regarding complex and abstract political questions. There is no mystery attached to a cut in wages. Sophists are at a discount on this field.

The author traces the cause which gave rise to the Labour Party's activity in politics. He fails, I think, in his endeavour to explain why such political bodies as the S.D.F., the Socialist League,

etc., S.L.P., and the B.S.P. failed to attract the masses, despite the fact that they were all splendid Marxian propagandists. True enough some of those bodies became mere doctrinaire sectarian groups with good intentions misguided. Others shrank and crystallised into demented creatures well deserving our heartfelt pity. Chapter VIII., while failing to state the cause of this impotency and fanatical lunacy, will, if carefully read and understood, prevent, we hope, a recurrence of their like.

CHAPTER IX.—Tactics and Problems of Revolution.—The final chapter prepares the mind of the toiling mass for the staging of a revolutionary situation. The ability of the Communist Party to handle successfully such a situation must, of course, be developed, but the author's enthusiasm dwells on a speculative point which we trust, at the time of presentment, will pass from words into flesh and blood.

Communism and Society is written in very simple language; the charge of pedantry cannot be brought against the author. The simple illustrations recall Lenin's homely style, but it lacks the philosophical allusions which adorn the writings of Trotsky.

I have no hesitation in saying that *Communism and Society* is the best book produced on the subject in Great Britain since the Bolshevik Revolution.

LITTLE PARODIES No.3

Revolutionary Theorisings By R. W. P . . . e

ONE's own feelings should never be considered in a dispassionate survey of other people's actions. This is especially true of Book Reviews. Often and often my own tenderest feelings have been lacerated almost beyond endurance when criticising, in a few well-chosen words, some presumptuous person who has dared to venture "into the realm of authorship." He, poor devil, probably thought he was doing something clever, but in his own interests—as well as those of posterity—I felt it necessary to absolutely annihilate! oh! horrors! no!!—absolutely to annihilate him. I felt it to be a duty; something to be done once and for all.

Yet, as J. F. Horrabin—a rising cartographer of distinct merit, but of amazing impudence—intervenes to remind me, there may be, here and there, an individual almost as capable of judging as myself.

I reply, in the language of the classics, *credo quia impossibile est* (1); but I should prefer to retort even more violently, *suspensatur per collum* (2).

On general questions I agree entirely with the virile and intellectual section of Marxists (3), i.e., with those who think exactly as I do.

My own studies have led me to the conclusion that Bolshevism itself is no new thing. *There were Soviets before Moscow*. Less than ten years after the battle of Waterloo (4), a certain William Smith, organised, at Chorlton-on-Medlock, The Combined Mechanics' and Artisans' Goose Club and Sharing-Out Society. Workers of all trades, or of none, were members, and it held its meetings in the club-room of the Red Lion. Could anything be more conclusive? Possibly the Bolsheviks themselves may have based their theories on the manifesto issued by this society at its inauguration. I propose to reprint this important and lengthy document in full here (No, you don't!—Editorial Committee).

However, W. Gallagher (5) insists, at this juncture, in a most dictatorial manner, on my including whole chunks of his beastly Carlyle. My opinion both of Gallagher and Carlyle is not fit for publication. If it were Smith, of Chorlton-on-Medlock now—

In the ordinary course of things a series of appendices about twice the length of the article should appear here, but this course is obviously impossible.

With many additions, they will constitute the greater portion of my next book.

(1) From the Latin. Quite pleasing among some-time scholars of Oxford.

(2) Also from the Latin.

(3) As distinguished from utterly stupid people like ———. However, I will not unnecessarily be angry.

(4) Fought in 1815. The Battle of Hastings was much earlier.

(5) A notorious character from Paisley.

IS OFFICIAL IRISH LABOUR REVOLUTIONARY?

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

THE capitalist press is always confusing to the workers. The reports of events on the working class front are always intended to give a wrong impression. An occurrence that is not at all revolutionary will be branded as the rankest Bolshevism, while a course of action that would ultimately lead to the liberation of the working masses will be deliberately slurred over and carefully hidden from the public view.

We in Ireland have experienced this to a great degree of late. Certain occurrences that had the sanction of the official Labour movement were given widespread publicity. The Labour leaders were attacked by the Boss press. They were accused of organising revolution and of driving the country into chaos and anarchy. This was all to a purpose.

Every English comrade knows that the *Morning Post* calls the Labour Party in that country a revolutionary organisation; he knows that during the miners' strike the papers said that our friend Williams posed as the God-sent leader of the workers. In other words, he knows that the Boss class find it useful to accuse men of whom they are sure of naughty things. That puts the Labour men in a good light with their working class followers and the Labour men do not object to be considered *Enfants Terribles* provided there is not a jail sentence attached to it.

Unfortunately in Ireland we are at the present time suffering from this insidious sabotage at the hands of the Boss press. As everyone knows, the I.T.G.W.U. is still looked upon here as Jim Larkin's Union. At its inception that union was the most revolutionary in these islands. Its membership, under the leadership of Larkin, clearly understood the meaning of the class struggle. Agreements with the masters were of no account and strikes were the order of the day. The fighting spirit of the Irish proletariat was fed and nourished in the daily struggles with their class enemies. However, when in later years (after Larkin's departure) the Union developed and vastly increased in numbers, and its treasury soared up to tens of thousands, its outlook changed. It is always questionable whether a large organisation can remain revolutionary. When vast masses of the workers are gathered into unions it must result in the reactionary elements being in a majority. The reactionary majority is sure to elect reactionary officials and the reactionary officials are sure to pursue a reactionary policy. Thus it is that even though the Irish Transport Union is still looked upon as Jim Larkin's Union it is by no means following along the lines of the policy outlined by Larkin.

Without a doubt the policy of the I.T.G.W.U. is at present reactionary. Every Communist will agree to that. But there is another aspect to the case that is not so easily understood by Communists in foreign countries. Certain events on the Irish Labour front would lead one to believe that official Irish Labour had acted contrary to all laws and had remained revolutionary in spite of its vast membership and power. I refer to the frequent seizures of factories and mills all over the country, and to the truculent tone adopted towards the master class by the officials in their official organ. The average English Communist living in a country where the use of force and violence by the workers is undreamt of, and where the man who cries "Long live Soviet Russia" passes as a rebel, is prone to marvel at the wonderful daring of the Irish leaders in allowing their country branches to seize the shops. I would ask them to remember that in Ireland at the present there is no central authority strong enough to protect private property. The average man who would have courage enough to get up on an English Labour Party platform and denounce Lloyd George, would be quite capable here of going and seizing a mill.

Who is going to stop him? The Free Staters don't like to do it because they are looking for labour support. The Republicans don't like to do it, because they are looking for labour support. The bosses themselves have no private armed force to protect them, so there you are.

We are not surprised at the Labour leaders allowing their country branches to seize the mills, but we are surprised at their holding back from making an attempt to seize supreme power in the whole country. The official leaders here are more afraid of revolution than the bosses are if that is possible. Did not Lenin say that men of the Henderson type were a product of capitalist society and useful only under the present system. Well, the same holds good of Labour leaders everywhere.

These seizures of mills, etc., are merely incidental to the every-day struggle against capitalism and are not by any means revolutionary. When capitalism is weak the workers can be very daring and have a better chance of enforcing good conditions, but until they question the right of permanent ownership of the tools of production they are not acting beyond the bounds of capitalist production. Thus you have in Ireland the contradiction of certain groups of workers hoisting the red flag over a captured plant and setting up a Soviet while the central organisation to which they owe allegiance and which they support are stating on public platforms that their policy does not go any farther than mothers' pensions.

It is beyond question that the men who are seizing the mills are revolutionary. It is beyond question that they are eager to start the final phase of the war against capitalism, but without taking a national programme they are not able to affect anything that will vitally threaten the power of the bosses in the country.

While the workers in one section of the country are setting up a Soviet the workers in another portion belonging to the same organisation are calmly choosing candidates to contest an election for a Free State. Naturally the Boss class can laugh at these sporadic efforts, because it is ridiculous to imagine that a successful revolution can result from sporadic efforts of sections to set up Soviets locally without the direction of a national organisation guiding a policy nationally. Now since the national organisation, according to their own confession, do not believe in armed physical force revolution, but aim at educating the workers through the Free State parliament, these country elements who are seizing the factories are, if they are loyal to their bosses of the Labour Party, leading the workers down a blind alley.

Of course, we in Ireland are supposed to be very gullible, but foreign comrades who persist in looking upon the present struggle of the revolutionary republicans as merely a nationalist one that does not deserve the support of the labouring masses beat us to it. It is this nationalist movement that has made the present power of the workers to seize the mills possible. In spite of what any one may say the ideas of Communism have spread among the ranks of the rebel portion of the army, and it is peculiar that in those regions, Tipperary, etc., where Republican ideas are strongest, the workers are most daring and class-conscious. Why is that? It is undoubtedly because they have the support of the army. In the districts where the Free State party are in power and where the workers are setting up Labour candidates for the parliamentary elections the workers are most reactionary. There you find the Imperialist ex-soldier elements and the workers who just joined the trade unions through compulsion or some reason apart from the realisation of the class struggle. It is on these elements that the Labour Party is relying for support in its Free State campaign. The men that are rebelling against the reformist policy of the official leaders are as a whole favourable to the continuance of the national struggle against the British Empire, because they realise consciously or otherwise that until the British workers have succeeded in throwing off their backs the tyrants that are oppressing them and the greater part of the world the Irish workers will not be able to permanently free themselves.

The Irish Labour leaders have gone the way of all other Labour leaders. It is questionable whether they will be able to bring with them the masses of the Irish workers. The coming struggle is full of hope for the Irish workers as a class, but their hope lies not in the Labour leaders but in the battalions of the army.

A THING SEEN

By GEO SHILLITOE

IT was in the main street (Carlton Street), Castleford, the last day of Pontefract Races, April 20th, 1922. Time just after 7 p.m.

A human derelict of capitalist society falls down in the street, a crowd quickly gathers. One or two under the impression the man has fainted attempt to bring him round. Along comes the "Long arm of the Law," the perambulating policeman. Way is made for him in awe of his clothes. Surveys the object laid out in the street, and orders some "Henry's" to carry him into a near by fruiterer's shop. The policeman bends over the prostrate body; then suddenly, straightens himself up and ejaculates, "Why, he's been drinking methylated spirits and is drunk." Forthwith he sends someone for a doctor.

The man begins to show signs of life but does not recover. Appears on the scene another policeman, who, after consultation with his mate, prop the man up on his feet, and between them they carry, shove, and drag the poor devil to the police station. Arrived there the doctor is sent for. He gives the man an injection over the heart to make him vomit. This he does, spewing up the stuff just as he had taken it. The unfortunate chap is kept in the station all night.

Next morning, having recovered somewhat, he asks a policeman who comes to the cell door, "Will you do me a favour? If so, strangle me out of my misery. I'm tired of life."

Hauled before the beak (a Mr. H. Masterman, J.P., who at one time professed to stand in the interests of Labour), he was fined 8s. or 7 days in default.

From enquiry it appears the man is down and out; has got no home and can't get work; has

attempted suicide once or twice before; has got a wife and child living at Knaresborough, Yorks; is desirous of work but unable to get it.

Asked as to why he drank methylated spirit replied—"It is cheaper than beer and you get a quicker kick with it which makes you forget your misery." He came to the races thinking he might pick something up somehow. So he did, 7 days in clink.

Oh, Hell! When will you proletarians, you in work starving, you out of work starving, you down and out, and you human derelicts get together and form the army of the working class to send this hellish system to its doom.

THE STRIKE IN HONG KONG

From a Chinese Correspondent

THE Chinese have never forgotten and never forgiven the opium war. The British Government has just given them something else to remember. On January 17th the Chinese Seamen's Union declared a strike, demanding an increase of 40 p.c. of wages, pensions, uniforms, and the providing of cooks and transport to and from shore. The offer of the shipowners' committee was of an advance of pay ranging between 7½ and 20 p.c., the former applying to the European and Pacific lines, and the latter to Chinese port lines.

These offers were refused and all vessels in the harbour were held up. Two days later the cargo coolies came out in sympathy.

On February 1st the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, Hong Kong Government, declared the Seamen's Union illegal and in a proclamation explained that

it did not intervene in this way because the seamen were striking for more money, but because they were striking to persuade or intimidate others into striking.

Chinese labour of all kinds now fell into line: domestic servants, printers, butchers, bakers, tramway employees, all came out. The Government now closed the Kowloon frontier, preventing any from leaving the colony on foot, and Chinamen were prevented from leaving the port by boat unless in possession of a special permit.

* * *

A Chinaman, Yung Yuk Tong, had been warned by the strike delegates not to engage seamen with the object of strike breaking. The warning had not the desired effect, and on February 24th a striker shot him while driving in a rickshaw. Later he died.

At Kowloon a number of domestic servants were proceeding on foot to Chinese territory intending to entrain for Canton. They were unarmed and peacefully disposed; they were fired on, however, by troops and police. The Hong Kong Government report three killed and eight injured, which we imagine is an under-estimate.

The police and military together then visited all the lodging houses, arresting all the men they could lay their hands on. They gave them the choice of "back to work or prison." On March 6th the shipowners made a new offer. Delegates of both sides met, an offer of 20 p.c. on all lines was accepted by the men and other matters settled to the seamen's satisfaction.

It is a fine victory for Labour.

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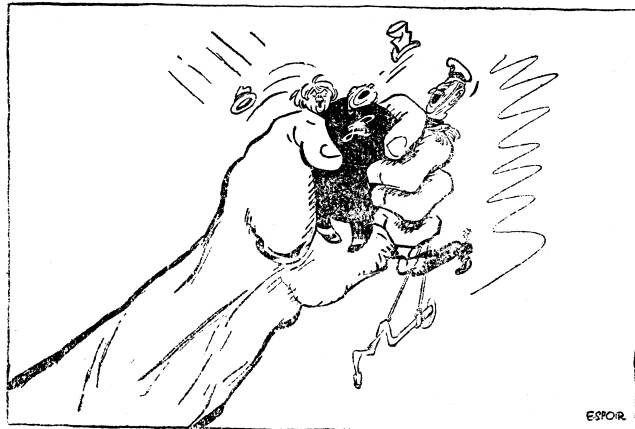
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FROM GENOA to the HAGUE

By J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD

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"Marconi"

On the 29th of December had failed what we may, justly, call the Marconi Bank. On the 6th of January, Mr. Lloyd George (friend of Godfrey Isaacs, managing director of the Marconi Wireless Company) proposed the holding of the Conference which has now ended (like the Marconi Bank) in proposals for a new incorporation.

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Genoa was chosen as the scene of the Conference. The British Premier, anxious to prevent the fate that had overtaken the industrialists of Genoa swallowing up his own friends and patrons, pocketed his pride and with it the pride of his patrons. In their interest and at their behest he consented to grasp "murder" by the hand.

Poincare

The French Premier, M. Briand, having acquiesced in that which he saw no immediate way to prevent, returned to Paris and there fell a victim to the equally intelligible and intelligent policy of the French industrialists.

Millerand (sometime attorney to the *Comité des Forges*), President of the Republic, thereupon called on Poincare (sometime attorney to the *Comité des Forges*, the *Comité des Houillères* [Coal Owners' Council] and the Association of Chemical Industries) to form an alternative Ministry.

Poincare, the willing tool of the Schneider Bank, the instrument of the *Banque de l'Union Parisienne* and the *Banque de Paris*, became Premier of France.

Poincare did not approve of the manner of the holding of the Conference, much less of some of the participants. He did not himself attend. He did not permit to his delegates a free hand. The spokesman of France, like the spokesman of Russia, had to refer matters to those from whom they had their mandate.

Capitalism v. Communism

The one party had to consult the agent of the Banks. The other had to have resort to the agent of the toiling masses.

It was not merely Barthou v. Tchitcherine nor even Poincare v. Lenin. It was Capitalism v. Communism.

Whenever there was a possibility of an understanding between Britain and Italy on one hand and Russia and Germany upon the other, Poincare (over the wire from Paris) made some difficulty. If he rested from his labours in the service of plutocracy, his colleague, Thèunis, Premier of Belgium, put in a spoke. Between them—these creatures of the allied banking houses of Paris and Brussels, the political office boys of the *Banque de l'Union Parisienne* and its participating partner, the *Société Générale de Belgique*, found a way, upon every available occasion, to prevent Russia and Britain coming to an economic and political accord.

Alfred, Thy Servant

All the time that the Conference was in session there was being waged in this country the battle of the newspapers. On the one hand were the organs of British capitalism, the organs of "newspaper millionaires," as the *Daily Mail* called them. On the other were the organs of a man who, with his brother, is the only great owner (or controller) of newspapers who has no capitalist connections outside the production of newspapers. All power in the direction of his organs is invested in Lord Northcliffe. No one can see behind him.

All other great syndicates of newspapers have passed from the control of individual journalists to that of industrial and financial magnates. The Northcliffe and Rothermere syndicates constitute the one great and memorable exception. In one other thing are they unique. They, alone, voice the aspirations of foreign interests. They, alone, have for their ideals not those of the British Banks and industrialists, but of the *French Banks and industrialists*.

They, alone, speak in the language of republican idealism, enunciating the principles of the two great bourgeois republics, the United States and France. They, alone, stand four-square in defence of the "Rights of Man," beginning and ending (for them) with the right to possess property and, through it, to exploit the toiling masses who have no property.

What's the Game?

Nothing is more remarkable, to-day, than this isolation of the Northcliffe press. It stands, like a beacon, throwing far and wide the identical signal which, curiously enough, is flashed, also, from the newspaper offices in Paris whose inspiration comes directly from the great French Banks.

"The Entente is dead," say some. "The Entente is in imminent peril because of the policy of France," say the others. "Stand by France and Belgium," says the Northcliffe press.

Bottomley has fallen. Once upon a time, he was as ardent in the cause of France as is Northcliffe. Just before his fall, he began to remonstrate with France. To-day, the newspaper which he used to edit exclaims "Watch Northcliffe!"

There is something in it. "Watch Northcliffe!"

However, the British Premier has had other difficulties to encounter besides this pro-Poincare press. He has had to remember that the balance of power within the Coalition has inclined definitely towards the Coalition Unionists.

Classes and Parties

He can no longer rely upon the effective support of the war-profiteering industrialists who provided the economic basis of Coalition Liberalism. They can no longer put at his disposal the unlimited funds necessary to swamp the electorate with the press publicity and platform propaganda which, between December, 1916, and December, 1918, enabled them to break the Liberalism of the traders and to put in power the Liberalism of the industrialists (the beneficiaries of the Munitions Ministry), to overthrow Asquith and to enthrone "Marconi" George.

The Conservatives, concerned with the interests of reactionaries of an older period, guarding the property of the landed proprietors and the credit manipulators—expressing the viewpoint of the Court and the Services—are now the strongest section of the capitalist class.

The old Liberals, like Asquith and Grey, are, with minor reservations, influenced by the same considerations as the more responsible Conservatives. One and all they are devoted to a speedy reduction of national expenditure as a means to reducing taxation of incomes and averting the menace of a raid upon capital.

They are all determined to prevent any such departure from the principles of "sound finance" and of "individual initiative" as is threatened alike by Russian Communism, German "Statism" and Lloyd Georgian Social Reform.

The Sorrows of David

The British Premier's troubles are exceedingly complex. It is nonsense to speak and to write as if they were of his own creation. He is the leader of a coalition of parties, representing the divergent viewpoints of different sections of the capitalist class in an empire which is no longer possessed of the economic and armed might which has been traditionally theirs and by means of which alone their prestige and power can be maintained.

Within British capitalism goes on an intense struggle: creditors who have come to the assistance of industrialists endeavouring to expand the productive capacity of their undertakings, mortgage-burdened industrialists striving to dodge foreclosure and surrender.

Simultaneously goes on an equally intense struggle between the creditors of the British Treasury and the British Government, in which the latter is endeavouring to keep intact the resources of its masters (the British Imperialists) and the former are endeavouring to exploit the opportunity to blackmail the Empire—for concessions, and for an abandonment of its habit of putting up all over the planet

that most characteristic emblem of England—"Trespassers will be Prosecuted."

British Capital v. U.S.A. Bondholders

The industrialists are, naturally, committed to a policy of British self-assertion. They must have markets. They must have adequate reserves of raw material. They cannot afford to become dependent on the goodwill of the United States.

The merchants and the investing classes would prefer, no doubt, to possess unlimited political power. It is not, however—so highly impersonal is the organisation of credit facilities and investment services—absolutely indispensable. They have acquired the habit of drawing their income from transactions in the innumerable commodities of all the lands subject to capitalist exploitation. For fifty years they have received their dividends from the United States, even as, for twenty years, they and their French and Belgian counterparts have derived profits from mining, railway and ranching properties in South and Central Africa.

Between the British autocracy and "the Upper Four Hundred" of New York "Society" there exists a very intimate relationship—of consanguinity, culture and property. This should never be forgotten.

Material Basis of Pro-French Politics

The English middle-class on the other hand—whose members have adequate incomes but do not operate businesses on the grand scale—find in the French type of company opportunities to invest their savings here, there and everywhere, in profitable ventures imposing neither responsibilities nor personal association with the property. Hence there are, in the shareholding classes of this country, tendencies pre-disposing them to sympathy with the ideas which the *Daily Mail* enunciates.

These elements having brought the Conference at Genoa to nought are now labouring hard to make impossible the proposed re-assembly at the Hague.

Oil!

We have heard a great deal about oil in connection with Genoa. The *Morning Post* went so far in its practical application of Marxian theory as to make allusion to "Oil Driven Politics." Wickham Steed, of the *Times*, had, also, nasty remarks to make about the odour of petrol which pervaded the assemblage.

Rumours came thick and fast of negotiations in hand or of agreements arrived at between the "Royal-Dutch-Shell" and the Soviet Government. Whence they emanated no one seems to be willing to disclose. Both the "Royal Dutch" and the Soviet delegates were emphatic in their denial that an agreement had been arrived at. The American Ambassador at Rome, the American Government and the whole entourage of the *Standard Oil Company* and the *Standard Franco-American* present in Europe were loud in their denunciation of any such concession as was alleged.

Swelling the chorus of protest rose, also, the strident voices of the Belgian oil interests.

What was all the noise about, and what is the significance of the attempt to adjourn to the Hague?

Why The Hague?

"The Royal Dutch Company for the Exploitation of Petroleum Wells in the Netherlands Indies"—to give the "Royal Dutch" its full title in an intelligible rendering—has its head office at 30 Carel van Bylandtlaan, The Hague, Holland.

It has an enormous capital and interests all over the world. It has been persistently alleged and as continually denied that the Dutch Company and its British associates and subsidiaries, the "Shell" Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., and the Asiatic Petroleum Company, are under the control of the British Foreign Office. The "Shell" has had for a decade, and has recently renewed for five years, an agreement whereunder it markets the production of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, a concern which is, definitely, under the control of the British Admiralty.

These two groups are, therefore, in close alliance. The one has its headquarters in Holland, the other in London.

Dutch Jews rule the Royal Dutch Company. Samuels and Rothschilds reign in the "Shell." With them are the Lazards—who made their fortunes in the Californian gold fields—and the Pearsons—who took pay for Mexican railways in Mexican oil wells.

(Continued on page 12)

FROM GENOA TO THE HAGUE

(Continued from page 11)

Into the services of the Pearsons went the late Lord Murray of Elibank (after the Marconi scandal) and, also, a son of Mr. Lloyd George.

The Royal-Dutch-Shell combination has, aided by British diplomacy, in the Lloyd George period, penetrated deeply into California, and other states of the Middle West. It has, also, been very active in Egypt whilst its little brother has been digging into Mesopotamia. In 1919, it established two subsidiaries to refine and market oil in France and did enormous business with French speculators. In fact, it almost succeeded in securing a monopoly in France. In the autumn of 1920, after the San Remo Conference—mainly about oil as Spa was mainly about coal—Sir Basil Zaharoff and the Anglo-Persian Oil Company set up another petroleum marketing agency in France and its Colonies.

Standard Oil Hits Back

Earlier in the same year, however, a fly got into the ointment (or into the oil). The Standard Oil Company pushed into France and formed the *Standard Franco-American*, "whose capital was provided in the proportion of 49 per cent by 'Standard Oil'" and 51 per cent by the *Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas*.

The president of the new concern was the ex-Ambassador Jules Cambon.

It is this alliance of the *Banque de Paris* and *Standard Oil* which has been making trouble for Britain (just as will the Schneider Banks and the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.).

Until Harding became President the Royal Dutch, "Shell" was pressing Standard somewhat hard. In the last year or so, Standard has been driving the Royal Dutch "Shell" back.

The Dutch used to be big creditors of United States capitalism. They sold their holdings to the war-rich Americans and invested the proceeds in low-priced German properties—and in marks. In their greed for big profits, the Dutch investors have suffered enormous loss, and there have been some narrow escapes for even the largest trading banks in Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Those banks, whose moneyed men (Van den Berghs and Jurgens) have one foot in Holland and the other in London or Hull, have been having an uncomfortable time.

The bottom has dropped clean out of the palm kernel and vegetable oil markets and the rubber planters are shrieking despair.

These were the colonial products in which Rotterdam (and the produce market of Mincing Lane) so largely traded. That catastrophe weakened least the *Rotterdamsche Bank*. The collapse of the German exchange has pained the directors of the *Amsterdamsche Bank*.

The other Dutch Bank is the *Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas*, i.e., the Bank of Paris and the Low countries, and it is, pre-eminently, a French Bank.

How they Line Up

The Americans stand behind Jules Cambon and Eugene Schneider (i.e., behind the masters of Monsieur Poincare).

The Americans, led by Secretary of State Hughes, the nominee of the Trusts, stand behind the Belgians.

The American "Equitable Life Insurance Co." and the "Guaranty Trust Company" reverse the traditional rôle and close in upon their one-time creditors of the Hague and Haarlem, of Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

The massed might of American money moves on—steadily encircling Threadneedle Street.

The British Premier and his masters know, that whilst Genoa was an important outpost, the Hague is a very citadel whose fall into hostile hands means their capitulation at no distant date to the inexorably ruthless will of America and France.

The Alternatives

These facts, known to the Marxist scholars of the Kremlin, will determine their attitude and influence their diplomacy. We must prepare for one of two eventualities—either of which means Revolution before many years go by.

The first is war with France and America, a war which will place arms in the hands of the wage-slaves of every capitalist country, and which by its violence and expenditure will bring the whole top-heavy system of credit crashing speedily to the ground.

The second is the merciless grinding down of the workers of this country to a standard of life as low as that of Vienna; the cutting off once and for all of the tribute of the dependencies with which to feed the hungry mouths of the home proletariat; the establishment of a system of repression and cruelty such as has been already employed as a preliminary canter in Colorado and West Virginia.

And either of these will bring the workers face to face with the dilemma—Revolution or Annihilation.

CORRESPONDENCE

The "Coolie" Level in Castleford

DEAR COMRADE,

You will have noticed from the Press that a dispute is on at the Glasshoughton & Castleford Collieries, Ltd. The men, 3,700 to 4,000, at a pit gate meeting, threw or accepted the gauntlet thrown by the manager. To quote his own words, "You can have a fight if you want one." The dispute is due to the fact that, in one part of the seam (silkstone) a view of dirt runs in the coal, which part of the seam he decided to stop, thus throwing 136 men out of employment. The official deputation who appealed on behalf of the 136 men were told that it was the management's intentions to put the men on in other parts of the seam, which, when interpreted, meant the breaking down of price-list conditions previously agreed to.

Negotiations (official) are proceeding, and in a report of the deputation to the strikers last Monday, May 15th, 1922, an incident was related which demonstrated the attitude of the management, viz.:—That men who come out of the pit expressing their solidarity with their mates would be seen walking the streets without boots before they got a start again at the Glasshoughton Colliery. This statement, coupled with the first, "That you can have a fight if you want one," has the tendency of making the men more militant.

The conditions of the men at Glasshoughton when working are often described as "a mad-house without the saving grace of a padded room." Speeding up, bad conditions, and no money in the "tin" on Saturday, men are taking home after a

VICTOR KINGISEPP

A deputation consisting of A. Macmanus, F. Peet, A. E. Cook, F. Willis and T. A. Jackson attended the Estonian Legation on Tuesday, 23rd May, to obtain their version of the facts concerning the execution of Victor Kingisepp.

A report of the interview will appear next week.

week's work sums as low as 30s., by men who have a family of seven to sustain; qualified, experienced miners have received as low as 7s. per shift. These cases can be verified, and no doubt worse exists.

The struggle in the near future may be broadened, and the coke-oven and bye-products workers on the Yorkshire coke and chemical plant may be asked to come into the fight. Their conditions are of a deplorable character, and need the miners' aid as much as the miners need theirs at the present moment.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. H. SHILLITO.

[Our Comrade Walton Newbold supplies the following comment:—The impudent arrogance of this brass-bound firm and its hirelings can only be correctly appreciated when one finds in the company's papers, as filed at the Registry of Joint Stock Companies, the following resolution passed at the meeting of its seven lucky shareholders on March 22nd, 1922:—

"That it is desirable to capitalise the sum of £225,000, being part of the undivided profits of the company."

and in a memorandum of agreement, dated April 3rd, 1922,

"there is standing to the credit of the Reserve Fund of the Company created out of profits and/or to the credit of the Profit and Loss Account of the Company at the 31st day of December, 1920, the sum of £330,000."

The paid-up capital was only £75,000. The accumulated profit were £330,000. The "share out" has been £225,000, or a gift free, gratis, and for nothing, of three shares for every share previously held. The largest shareholder is Sir J. R. Ellerman, the multi-millionaire shipowner and rice merchant. He had £59,119. He now gets £177,357 in addition to that. Does he want the Castleford men to come down to the living standard of his Lascars and eat rice?]

A Skirmish

DEAR COMRADE,—I am sending you a few particulars of a dispute that we have here at Oakdale Collieries.

Friday, May 5th, a dispute arose between a workman and an Overman over wages. The Overman accused the workman of trying to strangle him (which we don't believe!) Then the Overman

strikes the workman in the jaw with his safety lamp. Then fences his place off, and sends him out.

Saturday morning, May 6th, the workman saw us (the Committee) because his lamp was stopped. The Committee took the matter up, and went to the manager's office to demand his lamp. Our request was refused. Then we demanded to have the Overman suspended until an enquiry was held; but this also was not agreed to. Then the Committee appointed four to stay with the workman to see higher officials—to demand his lamp—and report to the full Committee same night.

Committee met to have the report of deputation. These reported that they had met the Company's agent (a regular *Barthou* from Genoa) and he told them he would hold an enquiry on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, when he would have both the workman and Overman present. [*Proper military style*, no workmen's representatives present.] The Committee agreed to the enquiry being held.

Well, the enquiry was held on Monday, May 8th. We appointed our chairman and secretary to accompany the workman, but they were not admitted. Present were the colliery agent, the manager, the Overman, the workman and his boy. [*Some Enquiry This!*]

The result of the enquiry was that they were going to summons the workman, and put him on the road. After a protest by our chairman and secretary they promised to give a final reply later. The reply was that the workman should have work as a sinker, but not as a collier.

The Committee then called a general meeting and recommended "down tools." This was agreed to.

Then we asked another Lodge (under the same Company) for support. They also "downed tools."

Then we reported the case to the "home of lost causes," namely, the Tredegar Miners District. The District officials got in touch with the General Manager. He offered to meet a deputation, if the Oakdale Committee would stop picketing. A joint general meeting was called, and it was decided to meet. The deputation reported to the Joint Committee in the evening. The offer was a little better, not much—that the workman could have a job repairing on night shifts.

Then after a bit of hard hitting with some of us opposing the advice of the Executive member, Sid Jones (and also some of the J.H.T. type—our Lodge officials), we got a majority against accepting this offer. The mass meeting also voted in a large majority against accepting the offer.

A Special District Meeting was called on Saturday, May 13th. It decided that the agent should get in communication with the General Manager to find out if the last offer was still open. Yes, the offer was still open. But not after Monday, May 15th, with just one small *crumb* more, namely, that they would meet a deputation on May 16th or 17th to discuss the whole matter.

The District meeting then decided to recommend to the Oakdale workman to accept the offer. A mass meeting was held this morning, Sunday, May 14th, agent and ex-member present, to advise the men to accept the offer, which the meeting did, after a short discussion.

Well, comrade, you must excuse my scribble. I will leave it to you to do what you like with it, if you think it any good. Perhaps some comrades would like to know there is a little fight left in the rank and file, if not in the *officials* local and national.

Yours fraternally,

R. FRANCIS,

Blackwood, Mon.

[This is the sort of letter we want.—ED.]

Worker's Soviet Creameries

DEAR COMRADE,—As you have probably seen in the Press, we have taken control of all Creameries in the South of Ireland owned by Cleeve Bros. owing to a wage dispute. We are working those very successful since last Friday, making butter in every Central. We have roughly a weekly output of 60 tons, and at the present we are securing markets for same. We are at the moment seeking a market for 40 tons for payment of wages, and we appeal to you, if you will favour us, in trying to get us a market for some quantity, and an immediate market, if at all possible, as we wish to continue this control, and consequently we require the market urgently to enable us to carry on. We trust you will endeavour to at once get us an order. The butter, of course, is first class, pure, etc. Trusting you will do us a favour, and thanking you for a prompt reply.

Yours fraternally,

THOS. O'DWYER, General Manager.

On behalf of the Council of Action,

T. O'DWYER.

CENTRAL LONDON BRANCH.—A course of six Public Lectures on *Psychology*, by Eden Paul, will be given, commencing Monday, 29th inst., at 8.15 p.m., in the Minerva Cafe, 144, High Holborn.

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The one party had to consult the agent of the Banks. The other had to have resort to the agent of the toiling masses.

It was not merely Barthou v. Tchitcherine nor even Poincare v. Lenin. It was Capitalism v. Communism.

Whenever there was a possibility of an understanding between Britain and Italy on one hand and Russia and Germany upon the other, Poincare (over the wire from Paris) made some difficulty. If he rested from his labours in the service of plutocracy, his colleague, Thèunis, Premier of Belgium, put in a spoke. Between them—these creatures of the allied banking houses of Paris and Brussels, the political office boys of the *Banque de l'Union Parisienne* and its participating partner, the *Société Générale de Belgique*, found a way, upon every available occasion, to prevent Russia and Britain coming to an economic and political accord.

Alfred, Thy Servant

All the time that the Conference was in session there was being waged in this country the battle of the newspapers. On the one hand were the organs of British capitalism, the organs of "newspaper millionaires," as the *Daily Mail* called them. On the other were the organs of a man who, with his brother, is the only great owner (or controller) of newspapers who has no capitalist connections outside the production of newspapers. All power in the direction of his organs is invested in Lord Northcliffe. No one can see behind him.

All other great syndicates of newspapers have passed from the control of individual journalists to that of industrial and financial magnates. The Northcliffe and Rothermere syndicates constitute the one great and memorable exception. In one other thing are they unique. They, alone, voice the aspirations of foreign interests. They, alone, have for their ideals not those of the British Banks and industrialists, but of the *French Banks and industrialists*.

They, alone, speak in the language of republican idealism, enunciating the principles of the two great bourgeois republics, the United States and France. They, alone, stand four-square in defence of the "Rights of Man," beginning and ending (for them) with the right to possess property and, through it, to exploit the toiling masses who have no property.

What's the Game?

Nothing is more remarkable, to-day, than this isolation of the Northcliffe press. It stands, like a beacon, throwing far and wide the identical signal which, curiously enough, is flashed, also, from the newspaper offices in Paris whose inspiration comes directly from the great French Banks.

"The Entente is dead," say some. "The Entente is in imminent peril because of the policy of France," say the others. "Stand by France and Belgium," says the Northcliffe press.

Bottomley has fallen. Once upon a time, he was as ardent in the cause of France as is Northcliffe. Just before his fall, he began to remonstrate with France. To-day, the newspaper which he used to edit exclaims "Watch Northcliffe!"

There is something in it. "Watch Northcliffe!"

However, the British Premier has had other difficulties to encounter besides this pro-Poincare press. He has had to remember that the balance of power within the Coalition has inclined definitely towards the Coalition Unionists.

Classes and Parties

He can no longer rely upon the effective support of the war-profiteering industrialists who provided the economic basis of Coalition Liberalism. They can no longer put at his disposal the unlimited funds necessary to swamp the electorate with the press publicity and platform propaganda which, between December, 1916, and December, 1918, enabled them to break the Liberalism of the traders and to put in power the Liberalism of the industrialists (the beneficiaries of the Munitions Ministry), to overthrow Asquith and to enthrone "Marconi" George.

The Conservatives, concerned with the interests of reactionaries of an older period, guarding the property of the landed proprietors and the credit manipulators—expressing the viewpoint of the Court and the Services—are now the strongest section of the capitalist class.

The old Liberals, like Asquith and Grey, are, with minor reservations, influenced by the same considerations as the more responsible Conservatives. One and all they are devoted to a speedy reduction of national expenditure as a means to reducing taxation of incomes and averting the menace of a raid upon capital.

They are all determined to prevent any such departure from the principles of "sound finance" and of "individual initiative" as is threatened alike by Russian Communism, German "Statism" and Lloyd Georgian Social Reform.

The Sorrows of David

The British Premier's troubles are exceedingly complex. It is nonsense to speak and to write as if they were of his own creation. He is the leader of a coalition of parties, representing the divergent viewpoints of different sections of the capitalist class in an empire which is no longer possessed of the economic and armed might which has been traditionally theirs and by means of which alone their prestige and power can be maintained.

Within British capitalism goes on an intense struggle: creditors who have come to the assistance of industrialists endeavouring to expand the productive capacity of their undertakings, mortgage-burdened industrialists striving to dodge foreclosure and surrender.

Simultaneously goes on an equally intense struggle between the creditors of the British Treasury and the British Government, in which the latter is endeavouring to keep intact the resources of its masters (the British Imperialists) and the former are endeavouring to exploit the opportunity to blackmail the Empire—for concessions, and for an abandonment of its habit of putting up all over the planet

that most characteristic emblem of England—"Trespassers will be Prosecuted."

British Capital v. U.S.A. Bondholders

The industrialists are, naturally, committed to a policy of British self-assertion. They must have markets. They must have adequate reserves of raw material. They cannot afford to become dependent on the goodwill of the United States.

The merchants and the investing classes would prefer, no doubt, to possess unlimited political power. It is not, however—so highly impersonal is the organisation of credit facilities and investment services—absolutely indispensable. They have acquired the habit of drawing their income from transactions in the innumerable commodities of all the lands subject to capitalist exploitation. For fifty years they have received their dividends from the United States, even as, for twenty years, they and their French and Belgian counterparts have derived profits from mining, railway and ranching properties in South and Central Africa.

Between the British autocracy and "the Upper Four Hundred" of New York "Society" there exists a very intimate relationship—of consanguinity, culture and property. This should never be forgotten.

Material Basis of Pro-French Politics

The English middle-class on the other hand—whose members have adequate incomes but do not operate businesses on the grand scale—find in the French type of company opportunities to invest their savings here, there and everywhere, in profitable ventures imposing neither responsibilities nor personal association with the property. Hence there are, in the shareholding classes of this country, tendencies pre-disposing them to sympathy with the ideas which the *Daily Mail* enunciates.

These elements having brought the Conference at Genoa to nought are now labouring hard to make impossible the proposed re-assembly at the Hague.

Oil!

We have heard a great deal about oil in connection with Genoa. The *Morning Post* went so far in its practical application of Marxian theory as to make allusion to "Oil Driven Politics." Wickham Steed, of the *Times*, had, also, nasty remarks to make about the odour of petrol which pervaded the assemblage.

Rumours came thick and fast of negotiations in hand or of agreements arrived at between the "Royal-Dutch-Shell" and the Soviet Government. Whence they emanated no one seems to be willing to disclose. Both the "Royal Dutch" and the Soviet delegates were emphatic in their denial that an agreement had been arrived at. The American Ambassador at Rome, the American Government and the whole entourage of the *Standard Oil Company* and the *Standard Franco-American* present in Europe were loud in their denunciation of any such concession as was alleged.

Swelling the chorus of protest rose, also, the strident voices of the Belgian oil interests.

What was all the noise about, and what is the significance of the attempt to adjourn to the Hague?

Why The Hague?

"The Royal Dutch Company for the Exploitation of Petroleum Wells in the Netherlands Indies"—to give the "Royal Dutch" its full title in an intelligible rendering—has its head office at 30 Carel van Bylandtlaan, The Hague, Holland.

It has an enormous capital and interests all over the world. It has been persistently alleged and as continually denied that the Dutch Company and its British associates and subsidiaries, the "Shell" Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., and the Asiatic Petroleum Company, are under the control of the British Foreign Office. The "Shell" has had for a decade, and has recently renewed for five years, an agreement whereunder it markets the production of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, a concern which is, definitely, under the control of the British Admiralty.

These two groups are, therefore, in close alliance. The one has its headquarters in Holland, the other in London.

Dutch Jews rule the Royal Dutch Company. Samuels and Rothschilds reign in the "Shell." With them are the Lazards—who made their fortunes in the Californian gold fields—and the Pearsons—who took pay for Mexican railways in Mexican oil wells.

(Continued on page 12)

FROM GENOA TO THE HAGUE

(Continued from page 11)

Into the services of the Pearsons went the late Lord Murray of Elibank (after the Marconi scandal) and, also, a son of Mr. Lloyd George.

The Royal-Dutch-Shell combination has, aided by British diplomacy, in the Lloyd George period, penetrated deeply into California, and other states of the Middle West. It has, also, been very active in Egypt whilst its little brother has been digging into Mesopotamia. In 1919, it established two subsidiaries to refine and market oil in France and did enormous business with French speculators. In fact, it almost succeeded in securing a monopoly in France. In the autumn of 1920, after the San Remo Conference—mainly about oil as Spa was mainly about coal—Sir Basil Zaharoff and the Anglo-Persian Oil Company set up another petroleum marketing agency in France and its Colonies.

Standard Oil Hits Back

Earlier in the same year, however, a fly got into the ointment (or into the oil). The Standard Oil Company pushed into France and formed the *Standard Franco-American*, "whose capital was provided in the proportion of 49 per cent by 'Standard Oil'" and 51 per cent by the *Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas*.

The president of the new concern was the ex-Ambassador Jules Cambon.

It is this alliance of the *Banque de Paris* and *Standard Oil* which has been making trouble for Britain (just as will the Schneider Banks and the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.).

Until Harding became President the Royal Dutch, "Shell" was pressing Standard somewhat hard. In the last year or so, Standard has been driving the Royal Dutch "Shell" back.

The Dutch used to be big creditors of United States capitalism. They sold their holdings to the war-rich Americans and invested the proceeds in low-priced German properties—and in marks. In their greed for big profits, the Dutch investors have suffered enormous loss, and there have been some narrow escapes for even the largest trading banks in Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Those banks, whose moneyed men (Van den Berghs and Jurgens) have one foot in Holland and the other in London or Hull, have been having an uncomfortable time.

The bottom has dropped clean out of the palm kernel and vegetable oil markets and the rubber planters are shrieking despair.

These were the colonial products in which Rotterdam (and the produce market of Mincing Lane) so largely traded. That catastrophe weakened least the *Rotterdamsche Bank*. The collapse of the German exchange has pained the directors of the *Amsterdamsche Bank*.

The other Dutch Bank is the *Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas*, i.e., the Bank of Paris and the Low countries, and it is, pre-eminently, a French Bank.

How they Line Up

The Americans stand behind Jules Cambon and Eugene Schneider (i.e., behind the masters of Monsieur Poincare).

The Americans, led by Secretary of State Hughes, the nominee of the Trusts, stand behind the Belgians.

The American "Equitable Life Insurance Co." and the "Guaranty Trust Company" reverse the traditional rôle and close in upon their one-time creditors of the Hague and Haarlem, of Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

The massed might of American money moves on—steadily encircling Threadneedle Street.

The British Premier and his masters know, that whilst Genoa was an important outpost, the Hague is a very citadel whose fall into hostile hands means their capitulation at no distant date to the inexorably ruthless will of America and France.

The Alternatives

These facts, known to the Marxist scholars of the Kremlin, will determine their attitude and influence their diplomacy. We must prepare for one of two eventualities—either of which means Revolution before many years go by.

The first is war with France and America, a war which will place arms in the hands of the wage-slaves of every capitalist country, and which by its violence and expenditure will bring the whole top-heavy system of credit crashing speedily to the ground.

The second is the merciless grinding down of the workers of this country to a standard of life as low as that of Vienna; the cutting off once and for all of the tribute of the dependencies with which to feed the hungry mouths of the home proletariat; the establishment of a system of repression and cruelty such as has been already employed as a preliminary canter in Colorado and West Virginia.

And either of these will bring the workers face to face with the dilemma—Revolution or Annihilation.

CORRESPONDENCE

The "Coolie" Level in Castleford

DEAR COMRADE,

You will have noticed from the Press that a dispute is on at the Glasshoughton & Castleford Collieries, Ltd. The men, 3,700 to 4,000, at a pit gate meeting, threw or accepted the gauntlet thrown by the manager. To quote his own words, "You can have a fight if you want one." The dispute is due to the fact that, in one part of the seam (silkstone) a view of dirt runs in the coal, which part of the seam he decided to stop, thus throwing 136 men out of employment. The official deputation who appealed on behalf of the 136 men were told that it was the management's intentions to put the men on in other parts of the seam, which, when interpreted, meant the breaking down of price-list conditions previously agreed to.

Negotiations (official) are proceeding, and in a report of the deputation to the strikers last Monday, May 15th, 1922, an incident was related which demonstrated the attitude of the management, viz.:—That men who come out of the pit expressing their solidarity with their mates would be seen walking the streets without boots before they got a start again at the Glasshoughton Colliery. This statement, coupled with the first, "That you can have a fight if you want one," has the tendency of making the men more militant.

The conditions of the men at Glasshoughton when working are often described as "a mad-house without the saving grace of a padded room." Speeding up, bad conditions, and no money in the "tin" on Saturday, men are taking home after a

VICTOR KINGISEPP

A deputation consisting of A. Macmanus, F. Peet, A. E. Cook, F. Willis and T. A. Jackson attended the Estonian Legation on Tuesday, 23rd May, to obtain their version of the facts concerning the execution of Victor Kingisepp.

A report of the interview will appear next week.

week's work sums as low as 30s., by men who have a family of seven to sustain; qualified, experienced miners have received as low as 7s. per shift. These cases can be verified, and no doubt worse exists.

The struggle in the near future may be broadened, and the coke-oven and bye-products workers on the Yorkshire coke and chemical plant may be asked to come into the fight. Their conditions are of a deplorable character, and need the miners' aid as much as the miners need theirs at the present moment.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. H. SHILLITO.

[Our Comrade Walton Newbold supplies the following comment:—The impudent arrogance of this brass-bound firm and its hirelings can only be correctly appreciated when one finds in the company's papers, as filed at the Registry of Joint Stock Companies, the following resolution passed at the meeting of its seven lucky shareholders on March 22nd, 1922:—

"That it is desirable to capitalise the sum of £225,000, being part of the undivided profits of the company. . ."

and in a memorandum of agreement, dated April 3rd, 1922,

"there is standing to the credit of the Reserve Fund of the Company created out of profits and/or to the credit of the Profit and Loss Account of the Company at the 31st day of December, 1920, the sum of £330,000."

The paid-up capital was only £75,000. The accumulated profit were £330,000. The "share out" has been £225,000, or a gift free, gratis, and for nothing, of three shares for every share previously held. The largest shareholder is Sir J. R. Ellerman, the multi-millionaire shipowner and rice merchant. He had £59,119. He now gets £177,357 in addition to that. Does he want the Castleford men to come down to the living standard of his Lascars and eat rice?]

A Skirmish

DEAR COMRADE,—I am sending you a few particulars of a dispute that we have here at Oakdale Collieries.

Friday, May 5th, a dispute arose between a workman and an Overman over wages. The Overman accused the workman of trying to strangle him (which we don't believe!) Then the Overman

strikes the workman in the jaw with his safety lamp. Then fences his place off, and sends him out.

Saturday morning, May 6th, the workman saw us (the Committee) because his lamp was stopped. The Committee took the matter up, and went to the manager's office to demand his lamp. Our request was refused. Then we demanded to have the Overman suspended until an enquiry was held; but this also was not agreed to. Then the Committee appointed four to stay with the workman to see higher officials—to demand his lamp—and report to the full Committee same night.

Committee met to have the report of deputation. These reported that they had met the Company's agent (a regular *Barthou* from Genoa) and he told them he would hold an enquiry on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, when he would have both the workman and Overman present. [Proper military style, no workmen's representatives present.] The Committee agreed to the enquiry being held.

Well, the enquiry was held on Monday, May 8th. We appointed our chairman and secretary to accompany the workman, but they were not admitted. Present were the colliery agent, the manager, the Overman, the workman and his boy. [Some Enquiry This!]

The result of the enquiry was that they were going to summons the workman, and put him on the road. After a protest by our chairman and secretary they promised to give a final reply later. The reply was that the workman should have work as a sinker, but not as a collier.

The Committee then called a general meeting and recommended "down tools." This was agreed to.

Then we asked another Lodge (under the same Company) for support. They also "downed tools."

Then we reported the case to the "home of lost causes," namely, the Tredegar Miners District. The District officials got in touch with the General Manager. He offered to meet a deputation, if the Oakdale Committee would stop picketing. A joint general meeting was called, and it was decided to meet. The deputation reported to the Joint Committee in the evening. The offer was a little better, not much—that the workman could have a job repairing on night shifts.

Then after a bit of hard hitting with some of us opposing the advice of the Executive member, Sid Jones (and also some of the J.H.T. type—our Lodge officials), we got a majority against accepting this offer. The mass meeting also voted in a large majority against accepting the offer.

A Special District Meeting was called on Saturday, May 13th. It decided that the agent should get in communication with the General Manager to find out if the last offer was still open. Yes, the offer was still open. But not after Monday, May 15th, with just one small *crumb* more, namely, that they would meet a deputation on May 16th or 17th to discuss the whole matter.

The District meeting then decided to recommend to the Oakdale workman to accept the offer. A mass meeting was held this morning, Sunday, May 14th, agent and ex-member present, to advise the men to accept the offer, which the meeting did, after a short discussion.

Well, comrade, you must excuse my scribble. I will leave it to you to do what you like with it, if you think it any good. Perhaps some comrades would like to know there is a little fight left in the rank and file, if not in the officials local and national.

Yours fraternally,

R. FRANCIS,

Blackwood, Mon.

[This is the sort of letter we want.—ED.]

Worker's Soviet Creameries

DEAR COMRADE,—As you have probably seen in the Press, we have taken control of all Creameries in the South of Ireland owned by Cleeve Bros. owing to a wage dispute. We are working those very successful since last Friday, making butter in every Central. We have roughly a weekly output of 60 tons, and at the present we are securing markets for same. We are at the moment seeking a market for 40 tons for payment of wages, and we appeal to you, if you will favour us, in trying to get us a market for some quantity, and an immediate market, if at all possible, as we wish to continue this control, and consequently we require the market urgently to enable us to carry on. We trust you will endeavour to at once get us an order. The butter, of course, is first class, pure, etc. Trusting you will do us a favour, and thanking you for a prompt reply.

Yours fraternally,

THOS. O'DWYER, General Manager.

On behalf of the Council of Action,

T. O'DWYER.

CENTRAL LONDON BRANCH.—A course of six Public Lectures on *Psychology*, by Eden Paul, will be given, commencing Monday, 29th inst., at 8.15 p.m., in the Minerva Cafe, 144, High Holborn.